



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Founders Day Concert

Judas Maccabaeus

An Oratorio in Three Acts
by GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL

THE FESTIVAL CHORUS

DONALD BRYANT, *Conductor*

GLEENDA KIRKLAND, *Soprano*
(Israelite Woman)

WALDIE ANDERSON, *Tenor*
(Judas Maccabaeus)

ROSEMARY RUSSELL, *Mezzo-soprano*
(Israelite Man)

JAMES TYESKA, *Bass-baritone*
(Simon, brother of Judas)

PHILIP PIERSON, *bass*, is Eupolemus and the Messenger in Acts II and III;
SALLY CARPENTER, *mezzo-soprano*, and STEPHEN ROGER VANN, *tenor*,
are the solo voices in the chorus of Act III, "Sing Unto God."

MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

NANCY HODGE, *Harpsichordist*

MARILYN VAN DER VELDE, *Organist*

Chorus of Youths, First Presbyterian Church

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 15, 1981, AT 2:30

HILL AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

*In order that the continuity of the work be maintained, it is requested that the audience
refrain from applause until the end of each Act.*

ACT I

OVERTURE

*Israelites gather to mourn the death of
Mattathias, father of Simon and Judas Mac-
cabaesus.*

CHORUS—Mourn, ye afflicted children, the
remains of captive Judah, mourn in solemn
strains; your sanguine hopes of liberty give
o'er; Your hero, friend and father is no more.

ISRAELITE MAN—Well, may your sorrows,

brethren, flow in all th' expressive signs of
woe: your softer garments tear and squalid
sackcloth wear, your drooping head with
ashes strew and with the flowing tear your
cheeks bedew.

ISRAELITE WOMAN—Daughters, let your
distressful cries and loud lament ascend the
skies; your tender bosoms beat, and tear with
hands remorseless your dishevelled hair; for
pale and breathless Mattathias lies, sad em-
blem of his country's miseries!

CHORUS—For Zion lamentation make with words that weep, and tears that speak.

ISRAELITE MAN—Not vain is all this storm of grief: to vent our sorrows gives relief. Wretched indeed! But let no Judah's race their ruin with desponding arms embrace. Distractful doubt and desperation ill become the chosen nation. Chosen by the great I AM, the Lord of Hosts who, still the same, we trust will give attentive ear to the sincerity of pray'r.

Pious orgies, pious airs, decent sorrows, decent prayers will to the Lord ascend and move His pity, and regain His love.

CHORUS—O Father, whose almighty power the heavens and earth and seas adore, the hearts of Judah, thy delight, in one defensive band unite. And grant a leader, bold and brave, if not to conquer, born to save.

Enter Simon

SIMON—I feel, I feel the Deity within who, the bright Cherubim between, His radiant glory erst displayed; to Israel's distressful prayer He has vouchsafed a gracious ear, and points out Maccabaeus to their aid. Judas shall set the captive free, and lead us on to victory.

SIMON AND CHORUS—Arm, arm, ye brave! a noble cause, the cause of Heaven, your zeal demands. In defence of your nation, religion and laws, the almighty Jehovah will strengthen your hands. We come, we come, in bright array, Judah, thy sceptre to obey.

Enter Judas

JUDAS—'Tis well, my friends; with transport I behold the spirit of our fathers, famed of old for their exploits in war. Oh, may their fire with active courage you, their sons, inspire, as when the might Joshua fought,

CHORUS—Fallen is the foe; so fall Thy foes, oh Lord! Where warlike Judas wields his righteous sword.

ISRAELITE WOMAN AND MAN AND CHORUS—Zion now her head shall raise, tune your harps to songs of praise.

ISRAELITE WOMAN—Oh let eternal honors crown his name; Judas! first worthy in the rolls of fame. Say, "He put on the breastplate as a giant, and girt his warlike harness about him; in his acts he was like a lion, and like a lion's whelp roaring for his prey."

From mighty kings he took the spoil, and with his acts made Judah smile.

ISRAELITE WOMAN AND MAN AND CHORUS—Hail, hail, Judea, happy land! Salvation prospers in his hand.

JUDAS—Thanks to my brethren; but look up to Heaven; to Heaven let glory and all praise be given; to Heaven give your applause, nor add the second cause, as once your fathers did in Midian, saying, "The sword of God and Gideon." It was the Lord that for his Israel fought, and this wonderful salvation wrought.

How vain is man, who boasts in fight the

and those amazing wonders wrought; stood still, obedient to his voice, the sun, till kings he had destroyed, and kingdoms won.

Call forth thy powers, my soul, and dare the conflict of unequal war. Great is the glory of the conquering sword that triumphs in sweet liberty restored.

ISRAELITE WOMAN AND MAN—Come, ever-smiling liberty and with thee bring thy jocund train; for thee we pant, and sigh for thee, with whom eternal pleasures reign.

CHORUS—Lead on, lead on! Judah disdains the galling load of hostile chains.

JUDAS—My zealous father, now at rest in the eternal mansions of the blest. "Can ye behold," said he, "the miseries in which the long-insulted Judah lies? Can ye behold their dire distress and not, at least, attempt redress?" Then faintly, with expiring breath, "Resolve, my sons, on liberty, or death!"

We come! oh see, thy sons prepare the rough habiliments of war. With hearts intrepid, and revengeful hands to execute, oh sire, thy dread commands.

CHORUS—Disdainful of danger, we'll rush on the foe that Thy power, oh Jehovah, all nations may know.

JUDAS—Ambition! If e'er honor was thine aim, challenge it here. The glorious cause gives sanction to thy claim.

No unhallowed desire our breast shall inspire. Nor lust of unbounded power! But peace let us gain, and conquest shall ask no more.

ISRAELITE MAN—Haste ye, my brethren, haste ye to the field, dependent on the Lord! our strength and shield.

CHORUS—Hear us, oh Lord, on Thee we call, resolved on conquest, or a glorious fall.

ACT II

valor or gigantic might! And dreams not that a hand unseen directs and guides the weak machine.

Messenger enters

MESSANGER—Oh Judas, oh my brethren! New scenes of bloody war in all their horrors rise. Prepare, prepare, or soon we fall a sacrifice. To great Antiochus; from the Egyptian coast, where Ptolemy hath Memphis and Pelusium lost, he sends the valiant Gorgias, and commands his proud, victorious bands to root out Israel's strength, and to erase every memorial of the sacred place.

ISRAELITE WOMAN AND CHORUS—Ah, wretched, wretched Israel! fallen, how low, from joyous transport to desponding woe.

SIMON—Be comforted, nor think these plagues are sent for your destruction, but for chastisement. Heaven oft in mercy punisheth, that sin may feel its own demerits from within, and urge not utter ruin. Turn to God, and draw a blessing from His iron rod.

The Lord worketh wonders, His glory to raise; and still, as he thunders is fearful in praise.

JUDAS AND CHORUS—My arms!—against this Gorgias will I go. The Idumean governor shall know how vain, how ineffective his design, while rage his leader, and Jehovah mine.

Sound an alarm! Your silver trumpets sound, and call the brave, and only brave, around. Who listeth follow—to the field again! Justice with courage is a thousand men.

We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call, and follow thee to conquest; if to fall, for laws, religion, liberty, we fall.

ISRAELITE MAN—Ye worshippers of God, down, down with the polluted altars, down; hurl Jupiter Olympus from his throne, nor reverence Bacchus, with his ivy crown and ivy-wreathed rod. Our fathers never knew him, or his beastly crew, or knowing, scorned such idle vanities.

ISRAELITE WOMAN—No more in Sion let the virgin throng, wild with delusion, pay their nightly song to Ashtoreth, ycleped the Queen of Heaven. Hence to Phoenicia be the goddess driven, or be she, with her priests and pageants, hurled to the remotest corner of the world, Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

Wise men, flattering, may deceive us with their vain, mysterious art; magic charms can ne'er relieve us, nor can heal the wounded heart. But true wisdom can relieve us, God-like wisdom from above; this alone can never deceive us, this alone all pains remove.

ISRAELITE WOMAN AND MAN AND CHORUS—Oh! never, never bow we down to the rude stock or sculptured stone, but ever worship Israel's God, ever obedient to his awful nod. We never, never will bow down to the rude stock or sculptured stone. We worship God, and God alone.

INTERMISSION

ACT III

ISRAELITE MAN—Father of Heaven! from Thy eternal throne, look with an eye of blessing down, while we prepare with holy rites to solemnize the feast of lights. And thus our grateful hearts employ: and in Thy praise this altar raise, with carols of triumphant joy.

ISRAELITE WOMAN—Oh grant it, Heaven, that our long woes may cease, and Judah's daughters taste the calm of peace; sons, brothers, husbands to bewail no more, tortured at home, or havocked in the war.

So shall the lute and harp awake, and sprightly voice sweet descant run, seraphic melody to make in the pure strains of Jesse's son.

Enter Messenger

MESSENGER—From Capharsalama on eagle wings I fly with tidings of impetuous joy. Came Lysias, with his host arrayed in coats of mail; their massy shields of gold and brass, flashed lightning o'er the fields, while the huge tower-backed elephants displayed a horrid front; but Judas undismayed met, fought and vanquished all the rageful train yet more, Nicanor lies with thousands slain; the blasphemous Nicanor, who defied the living God, and, in his wanton pride a public monument ordained of victories yet ungained. But lo! the conqueror comes; and on his spear, to dissipate all fear he bears the vaunter's head and hand, that threatened desolation to the land.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS—See the conquering hero comes! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums; sports prepare, the laurel bring, songs of triumph to him sing. See the godlike youth advance! Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance; myrtle wreaths, and roses twine, to deck the hero's brow divine.

FULL CHORUS—See, the conquering hero comes! Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;

sports prepare, the laurel bring, songs of triumph to him sing.

March

SOLI AND CHORUS—Sing unto God, and high affections raise to crown this conquest with unmeasured praise.

Enter Judas

JUDAS—Sweet flow the strains that strike my feasted ear; angels might stoop from Heaven to hear the comely song we sing to Israel's Lord and King. But pause awhile; due obsequies prepare to those who bravely fell in war. To Eleazar special tribute pay; through slaughtered troops he cut his way to the distinguished elephant, and, whelmed beneath the stabbed monster, triumphed in a glorious death.

With honor let desert be crowned, the trumpet never in vain shall sound; but all attentive to alarms, the willing nations fly to arms, and, conquering or conquered, claim the prize of happy earth, or far more happy skies.

Enter Eupolemus, the Israelite Ambassador to Rome

EUPOLEMUS—Peace to my countrymen; peace and liberty. From that great senate of imperial Rome, with a firm league of amity, I come. Rome, whatever nation dare insult us more, will rouse in our defense her veteran power, and stretch her vengeful arm, by land or sea, to curb the proud and set the injured free.

ISRAELITE WOMAN AND MAN—Oh lovely peace, with plenty crowned, come, spread thy blessings all around. Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn, and valleys smile with wavy corn.

SIMON AND CHORUS—Rejoice, oh Judah! and in songs divine, with Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious join.

Hallelujah! Amen.

THE FESTIVAL CHORUS

DONALD BRYANT, *Conductor*

LEIF BJALAND, *Assistant Conductor*

NANCY HODGE, *Accompanist*

STEPHEN BATES, *Manager*

First Sopranos

Kimberly Jo Buechner
Letitia Byrd
Elaine Cox
Phyllis Denner
Gladys Hanson
Ann Holz
Sylvia Jenkins
June Krebs
Doris Luecke
Marilyn McCallum
Charlene McIntire
Gay McNally
Loretta Meissner
Linda Mickelson
Ruthellen Mulberg
Karwyn Rigan
Alice Schneider
Mary Ann Sincok
Theresa Smith
Lynn Tarrant
Margie Warrick
Joanne Westman

Second Sopranos

Christine Arnison
Tina Datsko
Alice Horning
Judith Lehmann
Karen Myhre

Barbara Nordman
Virginia Reese
Carolyn Richards
Suzanne Schluederberg
Patricia Tompkins
Christine Wendt
Kathleen Young

First Altos

Martha Ause
Kathlyn Marie Boyer
Ella Brown
Marion Brown
Lael Cappaert
Sally Carpenter
Georgia Hartman
Carol Hurwitz
Gretchen Jackson
Marta Johnson
Olga Johnson
Dawn Kalis
Nancy Karp
Geraldine Koupal
Lois Nelson
Kathi Rosenzweig
Martha Swartz
Lise Thompson
Helen Thornton
Betsey Van Hamersveld
Charlotte Wolfe

Second Altos

Marjorie Baird
Susan Schalon Broome
Judith Fettman
Mary Haab
Dana Hull
Katherine Klyklyo
Elsie Lovelace
Cheryl Melby
Susan Nisbett
Susan Ribaud
Beverly Roeger
Joan Roth
Carol Spencer
Kathryn Stebbins
Margaret Thompson
Helen Welford

First Tenors

Hugh Brown
Bruce Carter
Tim Dombrowski
Robert MacGregor
James McNally
Dennis Rigan
Stephen Roger Vann

Second Tenors

William Bronson

John Alan Comfort
Albert Girod
Donald Haworth
Jay Harris Klein
Richard Olson
Carl Smith
David Woods

First Bases

Richard Bachmann
Mark Bush
Mark Hyssong
Klair Kissel
Lawrence Lohr
John MacKrell
Sol Metz
Joseph Shacter
Steven Spencer
David Varner

Second Bases

Howard Bond
John Brown
Bruce Dicey
John Dietrich
Charles Lehmann
Alfred Meyer
Raymond Shankin
Vergil Slee
Terril Tompkins
John Van Bolt

MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

GUSTAV MEIER, *Director*

First Violins

Joan Hurley
Patti Gouvas
Rhonda Wilkinson
Karen Clegg
Deborah Schmaltz
Pamela Sternad
Amy Maynard
Julia Jones

Second Violins

Dianne Cooper
Francisca Mendoza
Gwen Laster

Kevin McMahon
Laura Hammes
Bonnie Becker

Violas

Roberta Zalkind
Nancy Newby
Reed Anderson
Michaela Kemp

Cellos

Lynn Peithman
Eliana Mendoza
Mike Sedloff

Double Bases

Doug Rooks
Jack Steward

Flutes

Shelley MacMillan
Barbara Novick

Bassoons

Jennifer Kelley
John Peterson

Trumpets

Jay Shuler
Robert Howard
Carolyn Bybee

Oboes

Nancy Ambrose
Theresa Delaplain

Horns

Michael Fehrman
Cindy Jersey

Timpani

Lon Grabowski

Manager

William Robertson

MEMBERS OF FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH YOUTH CHOIRS

DONALD BRYANT, *Director*

Howard Austin
Carolyn Bixler
Matthew Boylan
Carol Carpenter
Amy Crawford

Annie Crawford
Charles Derr
Cindy Downs
Leta Huang
Jenny Jelinek

Laura Kenney
Jean Lombard
Bejun Mehta
Tania Morton
David Roberts

Becky Smith
Dawn Smith
Wendell Stuber
Heather Vander Ley
David Zelisse

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

Burton Memorial Tower, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109

Phone: 665-3717, 764-2538