

If you'd like to sing with friends, email moberfield@harbor.net for an audition time.

Silver Lake College.

Megan Oberfield, Artistic Director of Tacoma Singing Society, is also Music Director for Puget Sound Revels, where she orchestrates a variety of seasonal celebrations throughout the year, culminating in The Christmas Revels. She teaches choir and general music in Tacoma Public Schools, is the Director of Music for First United Methodist Church, Tacoma, and is the co-founding director for South Sound Youth Choirs. Megan teaches private voice lessons and performs in various venues. She is a graduate of Westminister Choir College where she studied Music Education and Voice, and holds a Master of Music Education, Kodaly Emphasis, from



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|---------|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Bass | Brian Franzman | George Edman | Joe Whelan | Matt Oberfield | Norm Seidel | Scott Miller | Steve Lane |
| Tenor | Alexander Garzon | Bob Matthews | Loren Kelley | | | | |
| Alto | Amanda Franzman | Carrie Washburn | Christie Smith | Debbie Birkey | Jan Jiles | Karen Carr | Marie Paxton |
| Soprano | Anne Jones | Ashley Middleton | Heather Urschel | Molly Callender | Mary Lynn | Nancy Shonk | Ruth Chaffee |
| | | | | | | | Shirley Schultz |

Tacoma Singing Society



Tacoma Singing Society

Friday, June 22, 2012

8pm

Sing Me to Heaven

Daniel Gawthrop



Four English Madrigals on Love and Spring

**April is in My Mistress' Face
Now is the Month of Maying
Strike it up, Tabor
Fair Phyllis**

Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)

John Farmer (1570-1605)



Four Swan Songs

So I have Seen a Silver Swan

Emma Lou Diemer (1927-)

*So have I seen a silver swan, all in a watery looking-glass,
Viewing her whiter form and then courting herself with lovely grace,
As now she doth herself admire, being at once the fuel and the fire.
-anonymous (c. 1600)*

Un cygne

*Un cygne avance sur l'eau tout entouré
de lui-même, comme un glissant tableau;
ainsi à certains instants
un être que l'on aime est tout un espace mouvant.
Il se rapproche, doublé, comme ce cygne qui nage,
sur notre âme troublée...
qui à cet être ajoute la tremblante image
de bonheur et de doute.*

-Rainier Maria Rilke

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

*A swan advances over the water
All wrapped up in himself like a gliding tableau.
Thus at certain moments, a being that one loves
seems just like a moving space.
He draws near, doubled, like that swan who swims
across our troubled soul, who adds to this being the
trembling image of happiness and doubt.*

Il bianco e dolce cigno

*Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more,
et io piangendo giungo al fin del viver mio.
Strano e diversa sorte Ch'ei more sconcolato,
Et io morirò beato.
Morte, che nel morire mi empie di gioia tutto di desire.
Se nel morir altro dolor non sento
Di mille morte il di sarei contento.*

-Alfonso d'Avalos

Jacques Arcadelt (1507-1568)

*The gentle white swan, singing, dies;
and I, weeping, approach the end of my life.
The difference is strange: he dies disconsolate, and I die
blessed.
That death, which is not to die, but to fill me with all joy
and desire: if in dying thus I will not feel sorrow,
I will be pleased to die a thousand times each day.*

The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

*The silver Swan, who, living, had no Note, when Death approached, unlocked her silent throat.
Leaning her breast upon the reedy shore, thus sang her first and last, and sang no more:*

The Blue Bird

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Anne Jones and Heather Urschel, featured singers

Quick! We Have But a Second



Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Old Irish Air

Alexander Garzon, mandolin; Heather Urschel, mandolin; Debbie Birkey, guitar; Megan Oberfield, harp

*Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today;
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy wings fading away
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close:
As the sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.*

-Thomas Moore



Hard Times Come Again No More

Stephen Foster (1826-1864) Arr. Doc Taylor

Norm Seidel, piano

Nelly Bly

Arr. Jack Halloran



PLEASE JOIN US FOR REFRESHMENTS IN THE PARLOR