

College of Marin Music Department Presents

# MARIN ORATORIO

Boyd Jarrell, Director

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN  
The SEASONS



WITH GUEST VOCAL SOLOISTS

Christa Pfeiffer, Mark Mueller, Jeffrey Fields

Saturday, Dec. 11<sup>th</sup> at 8 PM & Sunday, Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> at 3 PM

Fine Arts Theater, Kentfield Campus



2010

COLLEGE OF  
MARIN

# Marin Oratorio

Boyd Jarrell, Director

Jeff Paul, Accompanist

## SOPRANO

Dana Al-Suwaidi  
Kathleen Auld  
Dianna Baetz  
Lori Bailey  
Elza Burton  
Lisa Conlon  
Sarah Cook  
Geri Cooper  
Carol Donohoe  
Kathy Engle  
Carol Farley  
Nancy Fickbohm  
Rosemary Greenberg  
Alice Hakim  
Helen Hamm  
Pascale Hery  
Pris Imlay  
Abigail Millikan-States  
Mary Mills  
Ann Nichols  
Hannah Panger  
White Pearl  
Hermina Rosskopf  
Nancy Schrock  
Melody Schumacher  
Susan Stitt  
Gerrie Young

## ALTO

Judy Alstrom  
Annette Arena  
Carolyn Ashby  
Molly Bricca  
MaryLee Bronzo  
Leslie Brown  
Ruth Brown  
Posie Carroll  
Elizabeth Chesnut  
Polly Coote  
Joyce Davie  
Christine deChutkowski  
Donna Dutton  
Emily Dvorin  
Nancy Flathman  
Dottie Hamilton  
Dorli Hanchette  
Mary Hauke

Alice Hofer  
Catherine Houghton  
Roberta Jeffrey  
Ruth Kelly  
Gretchen Kucserka  
Leslie Kwartin  
Linda McCann  
Kathryn McGeorge  
Marie Narlock  
Ruth Nash  
Mary Osterloh  
Myrna Pepper  
Lori Rathje  
Jill Ross-Kuntz  
Cynthia Sawtell  
Julie Schnapf  
Mare Skipper  
Hillary Sloss  
Audrey Stolz  
Katrina Urbach  
Elaine Weston  
Kathy Wilcox  
Shelley Winn  
Spirit Wiseman

## TENOR

Ben Bonnländer  
John Crandall  
Linda Davis  
David Hanchette  
John Hart  
Christophe Hery  
John Kelley  
Jim Kohler  
Dewey Livingston  
Michael Maeder  
Kevin Mahoney  
Will McBride  
Moshe Oron  
Stephen Orsary  
Bob Platt  
Michael Reighley  
Joe Stewart  
Babs von Dallwitz  
Barbara Wakida  
Kory Zipperstein

## BASS

Pete Bowser  
Michael Burch  
Robert Burton  
Stan Caires  
Michael Carroll  
Charles Colety  
Peter Dahl  
Thomas Dreyer  
David Fickbohm  
John Griffin  
Claron Jorgensen  
Thilo Koehler  
Neil Kraus  
Charles Little  
David Long  
Daniel Ochs  
Greg Rathje  
Rishi Schweig  
Robert Teichman

## ORCHESTRA

### VIOLIN I

Roy Oakley - concertmaster  
Susannah Barley  
Pamela Carey  
Alice Kennelly

### VIOLIN II

Lynn Oakley, principal  
Daryl Schilling  
Gregory Sykes  
Julie Smolin

### VIOLA

Meg Eldridge, principal  
Stacey Bauer  
Gordon Thrupp

### CELLO

Carol Rice, principal  
David Wishnia

### BASS

Mark Culbertson, principal  
Michael R. Knapp

### FLUTE

Carol Adee

### OBOE

Brenda Schuman-Post  
Terri Knight

### CLARINET

David Treganowan  
Shelley Hodgen

### BASSOON

Karen Wright

### TRUMPET

Jason Park  
Jon Pankin

### HORN

Jenny Crane  
John Chapman

### TROMBONE

Mac Kenley  
Donald Kennelly  
Floyd Reinhart

### TIMPANI

Ken Crawford

### HARPSICHORD

Jeff Paul

# The Program

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN ..... 1732-1809

## The Seasons

### SPRING

Behold how surly Winter flies - Simon, Lucas, Jane  
Come, gentle spring! - Chorus  
From Aries now the sun shines brightly - Simon  
With joy th'impatient husbandman - Simon  
The farmer now his work has done - Lucas  
Now be gracious, bounteous heaven - Chorus, Lucas, Simon, Jane  
Our fervent prayers are heard - Jane  
O how lovely is the landscape - Jane, Chorus  
Wonderful, powerful, merciful God! - Chorus

### SUMMER

In misty mantle now draws near - Lucas  
So now the cheerful shepherd goes - Simon, Jane  
And now ascends the sun - Chorus, Jane, Lucas, Simon  
What refreshment to the senses - Jane  
O see! There rises in the sultry air - Simon, Lucas, Jane  
Ah, the thunderstorm comes near - Chorus  
And now the storm has passed away - Lucas, Jane, Simon, Chorus

..... INTERMISSION .....

### AUTUMN

What with all its blossoms was promis'd - Jane, Lucas, Simon  
So Nature thus rewards his toil - Simon, Jane, Lucas, Chorus  
Now on the bare denuded fields - Simon  
Look there upon the open field - Simon  
The hares from out their beds - Lucas  
Hark a sonorous sound - Chorus  
The shining grapes are fully ripe - Jane, Simon, Lucas  
Joho, joho, the wine is here - Chorus

### WINTER

Now pale, the year begins to fade - Simon, Jane  
Light and life are both enfeebled - Jane  
The lake lies bound in grip of frost - Lucas  
The trav'ler stands perplex'd - Lucas  
As he draws near - Lucas, Jane, Simon  
Whirring, whirring, whirring - Chorus, Jane  
Now the flax has all been spun - Lucas  
There was a squire as I've heard say - Jane, Chorus  
From out the East there comes an icy blast - Simon  
So understand, misguided man - Simon  
Then comes the great and glorious morn - Simon, Lucas,  
Jane, Chorus

### SOLOISTS

CHRISTA PFEIFFER, Soprano.....Jane  
MARK MUELLER, Tenor.....Lucas  
JEFFREY FIELDS, Baritone.....Simon

☛ Please turn off all cell phone ringers and electronic devices so that all may enjoy the concert without interruption.

# The Seasons Text

## SPRING

No. 1 Introduction & Recitative / SIMON: Behold how surly Winter flies; to polar regions, now he goes. Now follows at his call the savage storm's tumultuous host with all its dreadful roar. LUCAS: And see, from craggy rocks the snow in muddy streams flows down the slopes! JANE: And see how from the South, by mild and gentle winds allured, the Spring again appears.

No. 2 Chorus of Country Folk / Come gentle spring! The gift of heaven come, from deathly winter sleep, bid Nature now awake! And now she nears, the gentle Spring; her soft and balmy breath we feel, and soon will all to life return. But yet do not too soon rejoice, for oft enwrapped in mist and fog the winter will return, and spread o'er bud and flower his chilling frost. Upon our meadows now descend. Return, delay no more.

No. 3 Recitative / SIMON: From Aries now the sun shines brightly down upon us here. Now frost and fog retire and mild mists hover all about. Our mother earth is now revived; enlivened is the air.

No. 4 Aria / SIMON: With joy the impatient husbandman sets forth to till the field, the furrow's length he strides along and whistles as he ploughs. And then with slow and measured step he casts the seed abroad. By faithful earth preserved, it soon will grow to golden corn.

No. 5 Recitative / LUCAS: The farmer now his work has done, avoiding neither pain nor toil. The hand of Nature will in time provide reward. For this he pleads, and so he prays to heaven above.

No. 6 Trio & Chorus: Prayer / Now be gracious, bounteous heaven. Open wide and pour thy blessings over all our lands below. Let earth receive the dew's refreshment. Let rainfall now enrich the furrows, and let thy breezes gently blow. Thy sun, send forth his shining rays. To us abundant life will flow, and we will give thee thanks and praise!

No. 7 Recitative / JANE: Our fervent prayers are heard. The warm west wind arises and fills the sky above with sailing clouds. The clouds increase; they now descend, and pour into the lap of earth the pride and wealth of Nature's store.

No. 8 Song of Joy/ JANE: O how lovely is the landscape spread before our eyes. Come, dear maidens, let us wander over the verdant fields. LUCAS: O how lovely is the landscape spread before our eyes! Come, young fellows, let us wander through the fresh green woods. JANE: See the lilies, see the roses, all the flowers in bloom. LUCAS: See the pastures, see the meadows, see the open fields. CHORUS: O how lovely... JANE: See the mountains, see the rivers, see the sparkling air. LUCAS: All is living, all is floating, every creature now astir. JANE: See the lambs, how they are leaping. LUCAS: See the shoals of fishes swimming. JANE: See how all the bees are swarming. LUCAS: See the birds now all aflutter. CHORUS: All is living... O what pleasure, what enjoyment swells within our hearts. Sweetest fancies, gentle charms bring gladness to our souls. SIMON: That which touches and delights you is the presence of the breath of God. CHORUS: Let us honor, let us worship, let us give our praise to him. In resounding songs to thank him raise your voices high.

No. 8a Trio & Chorus/ CHORUS / Wonderful, powerful, merciful God! TRIO: From thy most blessed table dost thou provide our food; from streams of joy unending thou givest us to drink. CHORUS: Glory, laud, and praise be thine, wonderful, merciful God.

## SUMMER

No. 9 Introduction & Recitative / LUCAS: In misty mantle now draws near the gentle morning light; with limping step at her approach the weary night retires. To dark and gloomy caves the birds of doom now take their flight, and with their mournful cries appal the timid heart no more. SIMON: The herald of the new-born day with sharp and penetrating voice, to new activity now calls the shepherd from his rest.

No. 10 Aria & Recitative / SIMON: So now the cheerful shepherd goes to gather all his bleating flock. To pastures rich he drives them out, slowly o'er the verdant hills. Towards the East he gazes then, while leaning on his shepherd's crook, and waits to see the rising sun shed abroad his glorious light. JANE: The rosy dawn breaks forth in light; like wisps of smoke the clouds disappear. The heaven is clothed resplendent in blue, the mountain peaks in fiery gold.

No. 11 Trio & Chorus / JANE: And now ascends the sun. He climbs, he nears, he comes, he beams, he shines!  
CHORUS: Now shine with glorious power the fires of his majesty. Hail, O sun, all hail! The source of light and life, all hail. Thou soul and eye of all the worlds; thou God-like shining star, we give thee grateful thanks. TRIO: For who can tell the jubilation thy gracious presence stirs in us? Who numbers them, the many blessings that of thy kindness we receive? CHORUS: The jubilation: Who can tell Thy blessings? Who numbers them? TRIO: All thanks to thee for giving joy, life, health. But more to God who gave to thee the power thy beams display. ALL: Hail, O sun, all hail! The source of light and life all hail! Now praises come from all men; these praises Nature joins.

No. 15 Aria / JANE: What refreshment to the senses; what a comfort to the heart! Life through every vein is flowing, and in stirring every nerve invigorates the soul. The spirit now awakes to pleasure and to joy; with strength renewed it lifts the heart to fresh delights.

No. 16 Recitative / SIMON: O see, there rises in the sultry air, close by the border of the hills, a pallid fog of mist and vapor formed. 'Tis small at first, but now expands, and soon black darkness covers all beneath the gloomy sky. LUCAS: Hear, from the vale, how the dull roar announces storm to come! See how the baleful cloud with slow progression makes its way and threatens all the land beneath. JANE: In dread foreboding all living nature waits. No beast, no leaf dares stir itself. A deathly hush is all around.

No. 17 Chorus / Ah, the thunderstorm comes near. Help us, heaven! O how the thunder rolls! Now rage the winds about us! Where shall we fly? Flashes of lightning now streak through the air; the bolts from the sky now burst the clouds open to pour down torrents of rain. Where is safety? Dreadful roars the storm. The open sky is aflame. Save us wretches! Crashing, smashing, crack on crack on crack! The thunder rolls with awful noise. Help us heaven! Save us! The whole world shakes and trembles e'en to the ocean floor.

No. 18 Trio & Chorus / LUCAS: And now the storm has passed away; the clouds disperse, the winds die down. JANE: Before the time to set has come the sun looks out once more, and so his final sparkling rays with pearls adorn the fields. SIMON: Now to its well-accustomed

home, enlivened and refreshed the well-fed herd returns. LUCAS: The quail already calls his male. JANE: The cricket chirps from out the grass. SIMON: The frog is croaking in the marsh. TRIO: The distant curfew tolls. The evening star shines from above, inviting us to soft repose. MEN: Maidens, young men, women, come! Soothing sleep awaits us now, for this is granted honest hearts and healthy bodies after toil. WOMEN: We come, we come, we follow you!

## AUTUMN

No. 19 Introduction & Recitative / JANE: What with all its blossoms was promised by the Spring, what the warmth of Summer to welcome ripeness brought, Autumn with its fullness shows to the farmer now. LUCAS: For there on heavy loaded carts the abundant harvest home is borne. The plenty that the fields provide his massive barns can scarce contain. SIMON: With cheerful eye he looks around and measures all the bounteous produce there, and pleasure floods into his heart.

No. 20 Trio & Chorus / SIMON: So Nature thus rewards his toil, she calls, she smiles at him. Encouraging his hopefulness, she willing gives her aid. She works for him with power and strength. LUCAS, JANE: From thee, O toil, comes every good. The cottage where we dwell, the clothing that we wear, our daily bread to eat, are blessings all by thee bestowed. TRIO: O noble toil, from thee comes every good. In thee all virtues grow and manners rude are overcome. By thee the heart of man is cleansed and purified. From thee all courage comes, that duty and good may fill our daily life. CHORUS: O toil, O noble toil. From thee comes every good.

No. 23 Recitative / SIMON: Now on the bare denuded fields some uninvited guests appear, that on the stalks found nourishment and wander seeking further food. These little thefts do naught to harm the farmer; he can leave them be unless excessive losses come that he can ill afford. Then action that can this prevent he sees as benefit and willing enters on the hunt that gives his master such delight.

No. 24 Aria / SIMON: Look there upon the open field! The hound is moving through the grass. He searches there to find the scent and then will tireless follow it. But

over-eager now he runs; he heeds his master's orders no more, then sudden stops and stands unmoving as a stone. The startled bird now takes to flight in hope the danger to avoid, but all his speed will not avail. The gun is fired. He is struck by the shot that drops him dead from the sky to earth.

No. 25 Recitative / LUCAS: The hares from out their beds are driven by the closing ring. Now pressed about on every side they find there's no escape, and soon they fall to be laid out as trophies of the hunter's sport.

No. 26 Chorus / Hark, a sonorous sound is through the forest ringing. What a clamorous din is heard throughout the wood! It is the horn with its thrilling call. The ravenous hounds are now baying. The stag already is aroused. Pursuing are huntsmen and eager dogs. He flies! O see how he bounds! See how he leaps! Then from the cop-pice he breaks for the fields and hastens across to the thickets beyond. He now has bewildered the hounds. At fault, they range and go astray; they wander here and there. Tally ho! The huntsman calls and blows his horn to gather them once again. With redoubled ardor now the pack recovers the scent of the fleeing prey. Thus overtaken by his foes, his courage and his vigor lost, exhausted now the deer will fall. Proclaiming that his end is come, proclaiming that the stag is dead, the jubilant song of sounding brass announces the hunter's victory. Hurrah!

No. 27 Recitative / JANE & SIMON: The shining grapes are fully ripe upon the branches of the vine. They call the happy vintner out to gather them without delay. Already tubs and vats below the hill are set, and from their houses villagers stream, and gather ready the welcome work to do. See how the mountainside with swarming folk is covered. And hear how joyful sounds from every quarter echo. The work is eased by humorous talk from morn until the evening comes and then the sparkling juice of the grape will raise the mirth to shouts of joy.

No. 28 Chorus / Joho! The wine is here! The barrels now are filled, so let us merry be. From open throats we shout! Let us drink, then. Drink up, brothers! Let us merry be. Let us sing, then. All must sing now, let us merry be. All hail to the wine! All hail to the land that brings it forth. All hail to the vat that gives it strength. All hail to the bowl from whence it flows. All hail to the wine! Brothers come and fill the tankards, drain the mugs and let us merry be. The pipes are now playing, the tabor

is beating. The fiddle is screeching and buzzing the zither. The bagpipes now drone. The children are skipping, and leaping, the youngsters. Now foot all the maidens, embraced by their lovers, the steps of the dance. Heisa, hopsa, we are skipping, leaping, dancing! Come brothers, the tankards fill, and drain the mugs. Let us merry be! Roister, revel. Skipping, dancing, laughing, singing. Roister, revel. Heisa, hopsa, dance around. Now here we have the final jug, so let us praise in full the joyous produce of the grape! All hail to the wine, the noble wine, that trouble and grief removes. His praises sing we loud and high, exalting him a thousand fold! Ho, there, let us merry be. And joho, from open throats we shout!

## WINTER

No. 29 Introduction and Recitative / SIMON: Now pale, the year begins to fade and cold the mists form round about. They wrap the mountains in their fogs and lastly cover all the land. And even at noon the sun is hid in all pervading gloom. JANE: The Winter with his dismal storms now rushes forth from Lapland's caves and his approach doth freeze all Nature, filled with anxious care.

No. 30 Cavatina / JANE: Light and life are both enfeebled, warmth and joy alike have vanished. Gloomy mournful days now follow nights of seeming endless darkness.

No. 31 Recitative / LUCAS: The lake lies bound in grip of frost; the passage of the stream choked with ice. The waterfall plunging from towering cliff is silent now and flows no more. No sounds are heard within the wood; the fields lie white, the valleys filled with monstrous drifts of heavy snow. The face of earth is now a grave, where Nature's charms quite buried lie. A deathly color sadly rules, and wheresoever the gaze may roam it finds no more than desert wastes.

No. 32 Aria / LUCAS: The traveler stands perplexed, uncertain and unsure which way his wandering steps to turn. In vain he strives to find the road, but neither track nor path appear. In vain he struggles on his way, and wading through the drifting snow he finds himself still more astray. Now all his courage fails, and fear overcomes his heart. He sees the day will soon be gone, and weariness and cold turn all his limbs to stone. But suddenly his

searching eye discovers shining lights at hand. With life restored to him, and joyful beating heart, he runs in haste to reach the house where, stiff and cold, he hopes relief.

No. 33 Recitative / LUCAS: As he draws near, into his ears, till now by the howling winds oppressed, comes the sound of voices clear. JANE: In the warm room he happy he finds a gathering of friends from nearby dwelling places, who with light work and chatter make short the drawn-out evening hours. SIMON: Around the blazing stove the fathers talk of youthful days. Their sons, in cheerful groups are gathered too, repairing traps and baskets with fresh willow wands. The mothers work at the distaff, their daughters at spinning wheels seated, and all their work is cheered by artless song and melody.

No. 34 Song & Chorus / CHORUS: Whirring, whirring, whirring, all the wheels are turning. JANE: Little wheel, please twist about, twist a slender thread for me, for the veil you're spinning. Weaver, weave it soft throughout, weave the veil so skillfully, for the fair that's coming. Pure within and fair without ought the maiden's breast to be, worthy then the veiling. Work and prayer and modesty sets brave lads a wooing.

No. 35 Recitative / LUCAS: Now the flax has all been spun, the wheels no longer turn. The circle closes in, the men and boys are gathered round, impatient to hear the tale that Jane will soon recount to them.

No. 36 Song & Chorus / JANE: There was a squire as I've heard say, once loved a pretty maid. And meeting her alone one day, sprung off his horse and said: "My pretty lass, you've won my heart, indulge me with a kiss!" Her heart would fain have answered No, her lips responded Yes! CHORUS: Ha, ha, but why not answer No? JANE: "Be not alarmed, my pretty lass, but give thy love to me, and doubt not that I'll always prove a true love unto thee. Thou shalt be happy, see this ring and purse to thee I grant. I'll study every wish of thine, in nothing shall thou want. CHORUS: So, so, indeed young, squire, you promise fair! JANE: "What if my brother were to know, or what my father, say? They're both in yonder field at plough, perchance they'll look this way. Were they not there, why then, indeed, I can't say what I'd do. Creep through the hedge and let me know if they can see us two." CHORUS: Ha, ha what next, I pray? JANE: The thorns and briars held him fast, as he were in a vice. Meanwhile the maid sprung on his horse and vanished in

a trice. "Farewell to thee, my gentle swain," she cried in bitter scorn. "And when you next would pluck a rose you'll not forget the thorn!" CHORUS: Ha, ha well done my girl. Poor squire, goodbye, goodbye!

No. 37 Recitative / SIMON: From out the East there comes an icy blast with piercing cold. Harsh and cutting to the bone it gathers up the fog and steals the breath from man and beast. This tyrant, full of rage, the Winter now has victory won, and voiceless in her fear the whole of Nature lies aghast.

No. 38 Aria & Recitative / SIMON: So understand, misguided man, the picture of thy life is here. Thy Spring was short and now is gone, exhausted is thy Summer's strength. For now are come thine Autumn years, while Winter pale already nears, and shows to thee the open tomb. Where now those hopes of joy and gladness, those lofty schemes and plans? Misfortune's heavy burdens, the vain desire of fame? Where are they now, those times of plenty, once spent in luxury; and where those cheerful evenings and nights of revelry? Where are they now? They are all vanished as a dream! Only virtue stays. Alone she stays, and leads us on, unchangeable, through passing days and years; through good or evil fortune, to reach the highest goal of life.

No. 39 Trio & Chorus / SIMON: Then comes the great and glorious morn; the word of the Almighty Lord calls us to second life, from pain and death forever free. SIMON, LUCAS: The gates of heaven are opened wide, the holy hill appears. There stands the house of God where peace and freedom dwell. CHORUS: But who may pass between those gates? TRIO: The man whose life was incorrupt. CHORUS: And who may climb the holy hill? TRIO: The man whose lips spoke only truth. CHORUS: And who may make that house his dwelling? TRIO: The man who helped the poor and weak. CHORUS: And who shall joy and peace delight in? TRIO: The man who saved the innocent. CHORUS: O see, the glorious morn is near. Behold, the splendid light. The gates of heaven are opened wide, the holy hill appears. Now are they gone, forever past, the days of woeful suffering, the winter storms of living. For Spring eternal reigns, and everlasting happiness is virtue's true reward. TRIO: May we alike reward deserve! Let us labor, let us struggle. CHORUS: Let us struggle and continue our attempt that prize to gain. Direct us in thy ways, O God, and make us strong and brave. Then shall we sing! We shall ascend into the glorious realm of heaven. Amen.

# Biographies



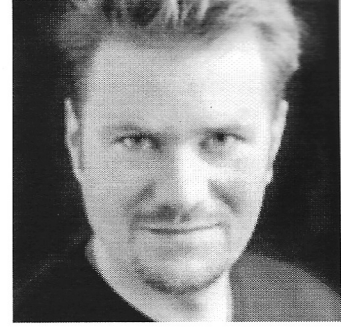
Mark Mueller

Tenor Mark Mueller's musical career can best be described as "eclectic," ranging from performances in medieval mystery plays to playing guitar in the punk parody band The Mondellos (née "Porque"). He made his Northern California debut at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1971 when, at the age of 15, he was a member of a choir that backed up jazz legend Carmen MacRae. Almost thirty years later, he became one of a very few people to have performed at both the Monterey Jazz Festival (1972) and the Carmel Bach Festival (1999-2002). Mr. Mueller worked for the Berkeley Repertory Theatre as musical director and composer for *Mad Oscar* by Sheldon Feldner and *Servant of Two Masters* by Goldoni. He has performed with over twenty vocal and instrumental ensembles in the greater Bay Area, including the Albany Consort, the American Bach Soloists, the Baroque Arts Ensemble, the California Bach Society, Clerestory, the Choir of Men & Boys of Grace Cathedral, the Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, and the San Francisco Choral Artists. Recent solo performances include *Soul's Light*, Rachmaninoff's *Vespers*, MacMillan's *Seven Last Words*, Bach's *Magnificat*, Mozart's *Coronation Mass*, and Bach's *St. John Passion*. He has recorded for Koch International (American Bach Soloists) and Avie (Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra). His operatic roles include Dr. S. in *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*. (Michael Nyman), Nathanael in *Heaven Ablaze in His Breast*. (Judith Weir), Acis in *Acis and Galatea* (Handel), and Narrator/Bishop in the solo opera *Tango* (Robert X. Rodriguez), which he performed in the Britten Theatre at the Royal College of Music in London. He graduated from Stanford University with a degree in Drama and now lives in Point Richmond with his wife Elisabeth, sons Michael and Max, and two cats, Plato and Calypso.



Christa Pfeiffer

Christa Pfeiffer has been enchanting Bay Area audiences with her pure, effortless singing for over a decade. *San Francisco Classical Voice* wrote that her "voice was like a balm to the ears" and that her "artistry elevated the performance." The *Independent Coast Journal* wrote, "From the first note her voice was relaxed, controlled and gorgeous." On the concert stage, Ms. Pfeiffer has been soloist in Haydn's *St. Nicolai Mass* at St. George's Cathedral in Cape Town, South Africa, Mozart's *Mass in C Minor* with the Arizona Masterworks Chorale, J.S. and C.P.E. Bach's *Magnificats* with the San Francisco Choral Society and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Marin Oratorio. Operatic roles include Dido (*Dido and Aeneas*), Galatea (*Acis and Galatea*), Nero (*Agrippina*), St. Settlement (*Four Saints in Three Acts*) with the Mark Morris Dance Group/American Bach Soloists, Ilia (*Idomeneo*), Musetta (*La Bohème*), and Gilda (*Rigoletto*). As a recitalist, Ms. Pfeiffer performed a live broadcast program including Poulenc's *Banalités* on KPFA, Ravel's *Chansons Madécasses* at Old First Concerts, *Villa Lobos Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5* on the San Francisco Public Library recital series, and most recently Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* and Mahler's *Symphony No. 4* with the American Philharmonic Sonoma County. Other recent engagements include *Eden/Eden*. by Steve Reich with the San Francisco Ballet, Part 1 of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* with ChamberMix, and the role of Clori in Handel's *Clori, Tirse e Fileno*. She received a bachelor's degree in vocal performance from the Eastman School of Music. In 2003 she released her first CD entitled *Hush: Lullabies from around the World*. To find out more please visit [www.christapfeiffer.com](http://www.christapfeiffer.com).



Jeffrey Fields

Baritone Jeffrey Fields has performed regularly throughout California in concert, oratorio, and opera since moving to the Bay Area in 1999. In 1998 he was selected as an Adams Fellow at the Carmel Bach Festival and has had numerous solo appearances there since. He sang the Monteverdi *Vespers* there this season. He also sings regularly with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra and American Bach Soloists. Mr. Fields made his Carnegie Hall debut in Handel's *Messiah* in December 2007. Recent and current engagements include Handel's *Acis and Galatea* with California Bach Society, Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle* with Chora Nova, Dvorak's *Stabat Mater* in Berkeley, Handel's *Alexander's Feast*. at UC Davis under Jeffrey Thomas, Brahms's *Requiem*. in Palo Alto, San Francisco, and Berkeley, Mozart's *Requiem*. with the Marin Symphony and at Grace Cathedral, Orff's *Carmina Burana* and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* at Stanford, Handel's *Samson*. with Philharmonia Baroque, the title role in Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with Marin Oratorio, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* in Berkeley, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. at the Carmel Bach Festival and the Bach Society of St. Louis, the *Requiems* of Fauré and Duruflé, and Haydn's *Creation*. in Los Angeles and Carmel. Mr. Fields did his voice study and taught voice and singer's diction at the University of Iowa with Albert Gammon and John van Cura, and was an artist fellow for three seasons at the Bach Aria Festival, Stony Brook, New York. He was a three-time winner of the NATS Central Region auditions. His repertoire includes Marcello in *La Bohème*, Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte*., and King Herod in *Hérodiade*, as well as a broad spectrum of concert works, oratorios, and art songs. More information is available at <http://baritone.org>.





Boyd Jarrell

With this concert, Boyd Jarrell completes his seventh season as Director of Choral Activities at the College of Marin. A conductor as well as a bass-baritone soloist, he is familiar to California audiences through his appearances with the Berkeley Symphony Orchestra, the Oakland Symphony, and the Santa Cruz Symphony. As a Baroque specialist, Boyd has performed with the California Bach Society, the Baroque Choral Guild, the American Bach Soloists, and the San Francisco Bach Choir. He toured with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and performs frequently with the Magnificat Baroque Ensemble. Boyd toured and recorded with the acclaimed conductor Paul Hillier and the Theatre of Voices. He conducted his chamber choir, the California Vocal Academy, in repeat engagements in the prestigious New Music Series at Mills College. Boyd appeared onstage with the San Francisco Ballet singing the music of Brahms in the George Balanchine production of *Liebeslieder Wälzer*. He served at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral as Cantor and Associate Choirmaster for over twenty-five years. He has recorded on the Angel/EMI Harmonia Mundi, Gothic, and Koch international labels.



Marin Oratorio

Marin Oratorio was founded in 1961 as the College of Marin Community Chorus. It has enriched the cultural landscape of Northern California for nearly 50 years with performances of choral masterpieces from the 16th to the 20th century. Chorus directors have included Drummond Wolff, Scott Merrick, Stan Kraczek and, for the last seven years, Boyd Jarrell.

The 110-voice group, which has been called "Marin's best kept secret," seeks to meet an ever higher standard of performance. Led by Boyd Jarrell and accompanied by Jeff Paul, the chorus prepares two major concerts each year. Most performances also include orchestral accompaniment. Programs in recent seasons have included music of Gabriele accompanied by the period consort, The Whole Noyse, Beethoven's *Choral Fantasy* with guest artist Paul Smith on the piano, a concert performance of Purcell's opera *Dido and Aeneas*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and Mendelssohn's masterpiece *Elijah*. Each summer Marin Oratorio sponsors classical choral music sing-a-long events.

For information about joining the chorus and our Spring 2011 program, please refer to the College of Marin Spring 2011 Schedule of Classes or visit our website at [www.marinatorio.com](http://www.marinatorio.com).

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# Program Notes



**FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN'S** oratorio *The Seasons* was the last major work the composer produced in a long and extremely productive musical career that spanned the turn of the 18th into the 19th century. Haydn spent most of his 77 years (1732-1809), years of turmoil that saw the French revolution and the expansion of Napoleon's empire throughout Europe, in the country side depicted in *The Seasons*. Born in a village in southeast Austria now part of Croatia, he was the son of a wheelwright and cook who, despite having little education, musical or otherwise, raised three sons to be professional musicians. Josef left home at age 6, recruited to sing in the choir of St Stephen's cathedral in Vienna. Later he supported himself doing musical odd jobs in Vienna until the big break came: He was hired as director of music (*Kapellmeister*) for a prominent noble family. Haydn held that position for almost 30 years, providing musical entertainment and ceremonial pieces for his patron, the music-loving Prince Nicholas Esterhazy. Obligated to live and work on the Esterhazy estates in the country, Haydn had

little freedom to travel and cultivate contacts with the political and cultural center, but he did enjoy financial security and the provision of a complete company of musicians to work with, which freed him to "be original" (as he said) in his musical creation. During those years, thanks to his prolific output, he became known abroad for reshaping the symphony into the classical form performed in public concert halls rather than private salons and for establishing the form of the quintessential chamber music genre, the string quartet.

When a less musical prince after Nicholas dissolved the Esterhazy musical establishment (1790), Haydn was free to move to Vienna to continue as freelance composer – and to see the world. Engaged to provide and conduct an opera, symphonies, and other works for a concert series in London, Haydn made two trips to England, 1791-2 and 1794-5. His reputation abroad was such that George III sought to retain him, as his grandfather George I had retained the German Handel, to establish national Haydn festivals like the huge Handel oratorio festivals held annually at Westminster Abbey. Haydn declined the invitation but was greatly impressed by his encounter with the Handel heritage.

Since the mid-18th century the oratorio genre had been defined by Handel. His many settings of stories from the Bible for large-scale performance in secular venues, not churches or princely courts, became the model for generations of composers in England and the German states, from Mendelssohn to William Walton. Haydn's contribution to the genre was *The Creation* (1798), based on the biblical book of Genesis by way of the English poet Milton's epic *Paradise Lost*, and *The Seasons* (1801) loosely based on a collection of poems by the Scottish-born poet James Thomson (1700-48).

Thomson wrote in the preface to his most celebrated work, *The Seasons*: "I know no subject more elevating, more amusing; more ready to awake the poetical enthusiasm, the philosophical reflection, and the moral sentiment, than the works of nature . . . In every dress nature is greatly charming – whether she puts on the crimson robes of the morning, the strong effulgence of noon, the sober suit of the evening, or the deep sables of blackness and tempest! How gay looks the spring! How glorious the summer! How pleasing the autumn! And how venerable the winter! – But there is no thinking of these things without breaking out into poetry; . . ." which he did at great length, producing four long poems in blank verse,

“Winter” (1726), “Summer” (1727), “Spring” (1728), and “Autumn” (1730), all four first published together in 1730. The collection became enormously popular through the 18th century, a classic found in every literate English-speaking home from cottage to mansion, and in translation on the continent as well.

The libretto for Haydn’s work was created by Baron Gottfried van Swieten (who also did the libretto for *The Creation*.) on the basis of a German translation of *The Seasons* from 1745. Van Swieten was an Austrian court official whose father had come from the Netherlands to Vienna as physician to the empress Maria Theresa; the son had a distinguished career as a diplomat, later as prefect (director) of the imperial library. Van Swieten also cultivated musical interests and is best known to us as the patron and collaborator of his contemporaries, Mozart and Haydn, and for promoting the works of the previous generation of composers, Bach and Handel.

Van Swieten’s libretto for *The Seasons* drew extracts from the original poem and gave them focus and a touch of drama by putting much of Thomson’s philosophical reflections and didactic musings into the mouths of three characters he invented, an elder and a younger farmer, Simon (baritone) and Lucas (tenor), and Simon’s daughter Jane (soprano), Lucas’s intended. What plot there is in the oratorio is based on natural cycles as the seasons move from spring through summer and autumn to winter then to spring again, at the same time as the day moves dawn to dusk to new dawn, and life itself moves from youth to maturity to death to rebirth. The collaboration between composer and librettist was not altogether easy: Haydn had difficulty throwing himself into a story involving peasants rather than angels, as in *The Creation*., and resisted but yielded to Van Swieten’s insistence that he reproduce sounds of nature, like frogs and roosters, in the music. He complained about toiling on a paean to toil, perhaps recognizing that real back-breaking agricultural labor might not be much to sing about, and indeed the labor of composing *The Seasons* so exhausted him that he undertook no more such long works for the rest of his life.

Though modeled on the Handelian baroque oratorio, replete with arias, recitatives, and grand choral fugues, *The Seasons* was not one’s fathers’ oratorio, either in subject matter or musical style. In place of biblical

heroes, roles are played by peasants who might be at home in a contemporary comic opera, except that these are philosophical, moralizing peasants with considerable musical sophistication. Musically, the dawning of a new age is evident from the very start: the opening chorus, more country dance waltz than chorale, represents a transmuted folk style that runs throughout the work.

Each movement opens with instrumental evocation of season. “Spring” depicts the opening of the year with the return of the sun and gentle rain, but with ominous flashbacks to winter that help to frame the whole work. The chorus invokes spring with its gift of new life and raises thanks to God for blessing the land with bounteous growth. Simon tells of the labor of plowing and sowing the fields; young lovers, led by Lucas and Jane, are enjoying the blossom time much like Adam and Eve in the Eden of *The Creation*.

Hailed by the chorus, the “Summer” sun rises, as does the melodic line, from dawn to the full noon day; crops and flocks are flourishing. But its scorching rays and sultry heat drive people to find relief in the shade of trees. A terrifying late afternoon thunderstorm, narrated by the chorus, is followed by a peaceful starlit evening, marked by the tolling of the curfew bell.

“Autumn” brings the harvest, the reward of summer’s labor (“O toil, from thee comes every good,” sings the chorus). Lucas and Jane now have leisure to court, in the simple virtuous manner of plain country folk. The chorus engages in a full-scale stag hunt, before going on to a spirited celebration of the grape harvest that has them musically staggering toward the end.

The “Winter” sun is weak and fleeting; chill and darkness blanket the earth. A traveler is lost and near death on a snowy night but finds a warm welcome in a humble cottage where neighbors have gathered for spinning and storytelling. The close of the day, the close of the year, the close of life are upon us, what is left of spring’s promise, summer’s vigor, autumn’s rewards? Only virtue remains, as the final day dawns (in C major like the first appearance of light in *The Creation*.) to usher in an eternal spring, to guide us to our glorious home in heaven.

*By Polly Coote*

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