

UNCSA

**UNCSA SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA AND
CANTATA SINGERS:
HANDEL'S JEPHTHA**

Nov. 19 at 7:30 p.m.

STEVENS CENTER

James Allbritten
CONDUCTOR

WITH GUESTS

UNCSA Cantata Singers

AJ Fletcher Opera Institute Soloists

PRESENTED BY
UNCSA

Brian Cole
CHANCELLOR

Saxton Rose
SCHOOL OF MUSIC, DEAN

UNCSA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND CANTATA SINGERS: HANDEL'S JEPHTHA

Composer: **George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)**

Oratorio: **"Jephtha" HWV 70 (1751)**

Libretto: **Thomas Morell**

Conductor: **James Allbritten**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Jephtha..... Kameron Alston, Tenor
Iphis, his daughter..... Carly Orr, Soprano
Storgé, his wife Kathleen Felty*, Mezzo-Soprano
Zebul, his brother..... Robbie Raso, Baritone
Hamor, in love with Iphis Danielle Romano, Mezzo-Soprano
Angel..... Claire Schuyler, Soprano
Chorus of Israelites..... UNCSA Cantata Singers

*James Allbritten Distinguished Guest Artist in Opera

CHORUS

Soprano

Regan Almond
Angelina Bassi
Alicia Bivona
Bentley Dorics
Anne Everhart
Frida Garcia
Jillian Griffey
Karen Mason
Caitlyn Maurer
Ashae McCarroll
Gabrielle Meinke
Ruby Moore
Della Pierce
Claire Schuyler
Kya Stein

Tenor

Quinn Albinus
Caleb Horner
Tommy Johnston
Joshua Jones
Quy Mai
Jackson Ray
Jack Sargeant
Onyx Velez
Carson Weddle

Alto

Evie Afflerbach
Lani Basich
Adeline Beavers
Spencer DesChenes
Riley Dyson
Abigail Fox
Olivia Grocott
Anika Gupta
Katherine Ledbetter
Achilles Lippard
Racqella Marrs
Sarah McDowell
Phyllis Pancella
Melody Wheeler

Bass

Barrett Bailey
William Brickhouse
Wyatt Johnston
Alex Nunley
Marcel Pietrus
Evan Smith
Kevin Spooner
Ethan Wood

UNCSA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND CANTATA SINGERS: HANDEL'S JEPHTHA

ORCHESTRA

Violin

Ruth Kelley, Concertmaster
Ryan Keith, Associate Concertmaster
Marina Zimmerman, Assistant
Concertmaster
Austen Speare, Principal Second
Nathaniel Thomeer, Assistant
Principal Second
Kennedy Graves
Jose Olea Vico
Yu'laun Owens-Davis
Sara Palacios
Jules Rabinalek
Kate Rampel
Keely Reitman
Zandra Sain
Julian Walther
Nick Williams

Viola

Yujie Wang, Principal
Dawson Yow, Assistant Principal
Joshua Forbes
Amanda Harrell
Jacob McCoy
Xue Mei

Cello

Sam Mihavetz, Principal
Emi Smith, Associate Principal
Elizabeth Coffin
Becca Fuller
Ella McGovern

Double Bass

Emery Wegh, Principal
Gavin Hardy
Simon Vazquez-Carr

Flute

Lauren Davies, Principal

Oboe

Maggie Williams, Principal
Ger Vang

Bassoon

Baron Thor Young, Principal
Fernando Peraza Ruiz

Horn

Myles Moore, Principal
Alex Partridge

Trumpet

Sam Natvig, Principal
Desmond Harrell

Timpani

Danté Thomas

Ensembles Staff:

Mark A. Norman, Director of Instrumental Ensembles
Ken Wilmot, Director of Artistic Operations
John McKeever, Assistant Conductor

Production/Operations Graduate Assistants:

Tristen Craven
Sam Natvig,
Jose Olea Vico
Carlotta Wareham

Ensemble Library Graduate Assistants: **Lauren Davies, Clara Ruiz Medina**
Cantata Singers Undergraduate Assistant: **Caleb Horner**

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LIBRETTO

OVERTURE

ACT I

Scene 1

Zebul, with his brethren.

Recitative

Zebul

It must be so, or these vile Ammonites,
(Our lordly tyrants now these eighteen years,)
Will crush the race of Israel.
Since Heav'n vouchsafes not, with immediate choice,
To point us out a leader, as before,
Ourselves must choose. And who so fit a man
As Gilead's son, our brother, valiant Jephtha?
True, we have slighted, scorn'd, expell'd him hence,
As of a stranger born, but well I know him;
His gen'rous soul disdains a mean revenge,
When his distressful country calls his aid.
And perhaps, Heav'n may favor our request,
If with repentant hearts we sue for mercy.

Air

Zebul

Pour forth no more unheeded pray'rs
To idols deaf and vain.
No more with vile unhallow'd airs
The sacred rites profane.

Chorus of Israelites

No more to Ammon's god and king,
Fierce Moloch, shall our cymbals ring,
In dismal dance around the furnace blue.
Chemosh no more will we adore
With timbrell'd anthems to Jehovah due.

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Scene 2

Enter Jephtha and Storgè.

Recitative

Zebul

But Jephtha comes. Kind Heav'n, assist our plea.

O Jephtha, with an eye of pity look

On thy repentant brethren in distress.

Forgetful of thy wrongs, redress thy sire,

Thy friends, thy country in extreme despair.

Jephtha

I will, so please it Heav'n, and these the terms:

If I command in war, the like command,

(Should Heav'n vouchsafe us a victorious peace,)

Shall still be mine.

Zebul

Agreed. Be witness, Heaven.

Air

Jephtha

Virtue my soul shall still embrace,

Goodness shall make me great.

Who builds upon this steady base,

Dreads no event of fate.

Virtue my soul. . . da capo

Recitative

Storgè

'Twill be a painful separation, Jephtha,

To see thee harness'd for the bloody field.

But ah, how trivial are a wife's concerns,

When a whole country bleeds, and groveling lies,

Panting for liberty and life.

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Air

In gentle murmurs will I mourn,
As mourns the mate forsaken dove;
And sighing wish thy dear return
To liberty and lasting love.

Exeunt.

Scene 3

Enter Hamor and Iphis.

Recitative

Hamor

Happy this embassy, my charming Iphis,
Which once more gives thee to my longing eyes.
As Cynthia, breaking from th'involving clouds
On the benighted traveller; the sight
Of thee, my love, drives darkness and despair.
Again I live; in thy sweet smiles I live;
As in thy father's ever-watchful care
Our wretched nation feels new life, new joy.
Oh haste, and make my happiness complete!

Air

Dull delay, in piercing anguish,
Bids the faithful lover languish,
While he pants for bliss in vain.

Recitative

Iphis

Ill suits the voice of love when glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.
There act the hero, and let rival deeds
Proclaim thee worthy to be call'd his son,
And Hamor shall not want his due reward.

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Hamor

I go. My soul, inspir'd by thy command,
Thirsts for the battle. I'm already crown'd
With the victorious wreath, and thou, fair prize,
More worth than fame or conquest, thou art mine.

Duet

These labours past, how happy we!
How glorious will they prove!
When gath'ring fruit from conquest's tree,
We deck the feast of love.
These labours past. . . da capo

Exeunt.

Scene 4

Jephtha, alone.

Recitative

Jephtha

What mean these doubtful fancies of the brain?
Visions of joy rise in my raptur'd soul,
There play a while, and set in darksome night.
Strange ardour fires my breast; my arms seem strung
With tenfold vigour, and my crested helm
To reach the skies. Be humble still, my soul!
It is the spirit of God, in whose great name
I offer up my vow.
If, Lord, sustain'd by Thy almighty pow'r,
Ammon I drive, and his consulting bands,
From these our long-uncultivated lands,
And safe return a glorious conqueror,
What, or whoever shall first salute mine eyes,
Shall be forever Thine, or fall a sacrifice.
'Tis said.

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Enter Israelites.

Attend, ye chiefs, and with united voice,
Invoke the holy name of Israel's God.

Chorus of Israelites

O God, behold our sore distress,
Omnipotent to plague or bless,
But turn thy wrath, and bless once more
Thy servants, who thy name adore.

Exeunt.

Scene 5

Storgè, alone.

Recitative

Storgè

Some dire event hangs o'er our heads,
Some woeful song we have to sing
In misery extreme. O never, never
Was my foreboding mind disturb'd before
With such incessant pangs.

Air

Scenes of horror, scenes of woe,
Rising from the shades below,
Add new terrors to the night.
While in never-ceasing pain,
That attends the servile chain,
Joyless flow the hours of light.
Scenes of horror. . . da capo

Scene 6

Enter Iphis.

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Recitative

Iphis

Say, my dear mother, whence these piercing cries,
That force me, like a frightened bird, to fly
My place of rest?

Storgè

For thee I fear, my child;
Such ghastly dreams last night surpris'd my soul.

Iphis

Heed not these black illusions of the night,
The mocking of unquiet slumbers, heed them not.
My father, touch'd with a diviner fire,
Already seems to triumph in success,
Nor doubt I but Jehovah hears our pray'rs.

Air

Iphis

The smiling dawn of happy days
Presents a prospect clear,
And pleasing hope's all-bright'ning rays
Dispel each gloomy fear;
While ev'ry charm that peace displays
Makes springtime all the year.
The smiling dawn. . . da capo

Exeunt.

Scene 7

Enter Zebul, Jephtha and Israelites.

Recitative

Zebul

Such, Jephtha, was the haughty king's reply:
No terms, but ruin, slavery and death.

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Jephtha

Sound then the last alarm! And to the field,
Ye sons of Israel, with intrepid hearts;
Dependent on the might of Israel's God.

Chorus of Israelites

When his loud voice in thunder spoke,
With conscious fear the billows broke,
Observant of his dread command.
In vain they roll their foaming tide,
Confin'd by that great pow'r,
That gave them strength to roar.
They now contract their boist'rous pride,
And lash with idle rage the laughing strand.

Scene 8

Enter Hamor, Iphis and Chorus.

Recitative

Hamor

Glad tidings of great joy to thee, dear Iphis,
And to the house of Israel I bring.
Thus then, in brief - both armies in array
Of battle rang'd, our general stept forth
And offer'd haughty Ammon terms of peace,
Most just and righteous; these with scorn refus'd,
He bade the trumpet sound. But scarce a sword
Was ting'd in hostile blood, ere all around
The thund'ring Heavens open'd and pour'd forth
Thousands of armed cherubim, when straight
Our general cried: "This is thy signal, Lord,
I follow Thee, and Thy bright heav'nly host."
Then rushing on proud Ammon, all aghast,
He made a bloody slaughter, and pursued
The flying foe, till night bode sheathe the sword,
And taste the joys of victory and peace.

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Chorus of Israelites

Cherub and seraphim, unbodied forms,
The messengers of fate,
His dread command await;
Of swifter flight, and subtler frame
Than lightning's winged flame,
They ride on whirlwinds, directing the storms.

Air

Hamor

Up the dreadful steep ascending,
While for fame and love contending,
Sought I thee, my glorious prize.

Recitative

Iphis

'Tis well.
Haste, haste, ye maidens, and in richest robes
Adorn me, like a stately bride,
To meet my father in triumphant pomp.
And while around the dancing banners play...

Air

Iphis

...Tune the soft melodious lute,
Pleasant harp and warbling flute,
To sounds of rapt'rous joy.
Such as on our solemn days,
Singing great Jehovah's praise,
The holy choir employ.
Tune the soft. . . da capo

Exeunt.

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Scene 9

Enter Jephtha and Chorus.

Recitative

Jephtha

Heav'n smiles once more on His repentant people,
And victory spreads wide her silver wings
To soothe our sorrows with a peaceful calm.
Zebul, thy deeds were valiant;
Nor less thine, my Hamor,
But the glory is the Lord's.

Air

His mighty arm, with sudden blow,
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe.
They fell before him, as when through the sky,
He bids the sweeping winds in vengeance fly.

Chorus

In glory high, in might serene,
He sees, moves all, unmov'd, unseen.
His mighty arm, with sudden blow
Dispers'd and quell'd the haughty foe.

INTERMISSION

ACT II

Scene 1

Symphony

Enter Iphis, then Jephtha.

Recitative

Iphis

Hail, glorious conqueror, much lov'd father, hail!

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Behold, thy daughter and her virgin train,
Come to salute thee with all duteous love.

Jephtha

Horror! Confusion! Harsh this music grates
Upon my tasteless ears. Begone, my child,
Thou hast undone thy father! Fly, begone,
And leave me to the rack of wild despair!

Exit All.

Air

Jephtha

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
And hide me, earth, in thy dark womb,
Ere I the name of father stain,
And deepest woe from conquest gain.
Open. . . da capo

Recitative

Zebul

Why is my brother thus afflicted? Say,
Why didst thou spurn thy daughter's gratulations,
And fling her from thee with unkind disdain?

Jephtha

O Zebul, Hamor and my dearest wife,
Behold a wretched man,
Thrown from the summit of presumptuous joy,
Down to the lowest depth of misery.
Know, then, I vow'd the first I saw should fall
A victim to the living God. My daughter,
Alas! It was my daughter, and she dies.

Recitative

Storgè

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First perish thou, and perish all the world!
Hath Heav'n then bless'd us with this only pledge
Of all our love, this only child, for thee
To be her murderer? No, cruel man!

Air

Let other creatures die;
Or heav'n, earth, seas and sky
In one confusion lie,
Ere in a daughter's blood,
So chaste, so fair, so good,
A father's hand's embrued.

Recitative

Hamor

If such thy cruel purpose, lo, your friend
Offers himself a willing sacrifice,
To save the innocent and beautiful maid.

Air

On me let blind mistaken zeal
Her utmost rage employ.
'Twill be a mercy there to kill
Where life can taste no joy.
On me. . . da capo

Quartet

Zebul

Oh, spare your daughter!

Storgè

Spare my child!

Hamor

My love!

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Jephtha

Recorded stands my vow in Heav'n above.

Storgè

Recall the impious vow, ere 'tis too late.

Jephtha

I'll hear no more, her doom is fix'd as fate!

Hamor, Zebul, Storgè

And think not Heav'n delights

In Moloch's horrid rites.

Scene 2

Enter Iphis.

Recitative

Iphis

Such news flies swift. I've heard the mournful cause

Of all your sorrows. Of my father's vow

Heav'n spoke its approbation by success.

Jephtha has triumph'd. Israel is free.

For joys so vast, too little is the price

Of one poor life. But oh, accept it, Heav'n,

A grateful victim, and thy blessings still

Pour on my country, friends, and dearest father!

Air

Happy they! This vital breath

With content I shall resign;

And not murmur or repine,

Sinking in the arms of death.

Happy they. . . da capo

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Recitative

Jephtha

Deeper, and deeper still, thy goodness, child,
Pierceth a father's bleeding heart, and checks
The cruel sentence on my falt'ring tongue.
Oh, let me whisper it to the raging winds,
Or howling deserts; for the ears of men
It is too shocking. Yet have I not vow'd?
And can I think the great Jehovah sleeps,
Like Chemosh and such fabled deities?
Ah no; Heav'n heard my thoughts, and wrote them down.
It must be so. 'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness. Horrid thought!
My only daughter! So dear a child,
Doom'd by a father! Yes, the vow is past,
And Gilead hath triumph'd o'er his foes.
Therefore, tomorrow's dawn - I can no more.

Chorus

How dark, O Lord, are Thy decrees,
All hid from mortal sight!
All our joys to sorrow turning,
And our triumphs into mourning,
As the night succeeds the day.
No certain bliss,
No solid peace,
We mortals know
On earth below;
Yet on this maxim still obey:
Whatever is, is right.

Scene 3

Jephtha, Iphis.

UNCSA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND CANTATA SINGERS: HANDEL'S JEPHTHA

Air

Jephtha

Hide thou thy hated beams, O sun, in clouds,
Deep as is a father's woe.

Recitative

A father, off'ring up his only child
In vow'd return for victory and peace.

Air

Jephtha

Waft her, angels, through the skies,
Far above yon azure plain.
Glorious there, like you, to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign.
Waft her. . . da capo

Recitative

Iphis

Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stain'd
With human blood, why are ye thus afraid
To execute my father's will? The call of Heav'n
With humble resignation I obey.

Air

Iphis

Farewell, ye limpid springs and floods,
Ye flow'ry meads and leafy woods;
Farewell, ye busy world where reign
Short hours of joy and years of pain.
Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love.

Symphony

The Priests prepare the sacrifice

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Recitative

Angel

Rise, Jephtha, and ye rev'rend priests, withhold
The slaught'rous hand. No vow can disannul
The law of God. Nor such was its intent
When rightly scann'd; yet still shall be fulfill'd.
Thy daughter, Jephtha, thou must dedicate
To God, in pure and virgin state for ever,
As not an object meet for sacrifice,
Else had she fall'n an holocaust to God.
The Holy Spirit, that dictated thy vow,
Bade thus explain it, and approves thy faith.

Air

Angel

Happy, Iphis shalt thou live,
While to thee the virgin choir
Tune their harps of golden wire,
And their yearly tribute give.
Happy, Iphis, all thy days,
(Pure, angelic, virgin-state)
Shalt thou live, and ages late
Crown thee with immortal praise.

Arioso

Jephtha

For ever blessed be Thy holy name,
Lord God of Israel!

Chorus of Priests

Theme sublime of endless praise,
Just and righteous are thy ways;
And thy mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

UNCSA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND CANTATA SINGERS: HANDEL'S JEPHTHA

Scene 4

Enter Zebul, Storgè , Hamor and Chorus of Israelites.

Recitative

Zebul

Let me congratulate this happy turn,
My honour'd brother, judge of Israel!
Thy faith, thy courage, constancy and truth,
Nations shall sing; and in their just applause,
All join to celebrate thy daughter's name.

Air

Zebul

Laud her, all ye virgin train,
In glad songs of choicest strain.
Ye blest angels all around,
Laud her in melodious sound:
Virtues that to you belong,
Love and truth demand the song.

Recitative

Hamor

With transport, Iphis, I behold thy safety,
But must forever mourn so dear a loss;
Dear! Tho' great Jephtha were to honour me
Still with the name of son.

Iphis

My faithful Hamor, may that providence
Which gently claims, or forces our submission,
Direct thee to some happier choice.

Quintet

Iphis

All that is in Hamor mine,
Freely I to Heav'n resign.

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Hamor

All that is in Iphis mine,
Freely I to Heav'n resign.

Iphis

Duteous to the will supreme,
Still my Hamor I'll esteem.

Hamor

Duteous to almighty pow'r,
Still my Iphis I'll adore.

Iphis, Hamor, Storgè, Jephtha, Zebul

Joys triumphant crown thy days,
And thy name eternal praise.

Chorus of Israelites

Ye house of Gilead, with one voice,
In blessings manifold rejoice.
Freed from war's destructive sword:
Peace and plenty now shall spread,
While in virtue's path you tread.
So are they blest who fear the Lord.
Amen. Hallelujah.

BIOGRAPHIES

JAMES ALLBRITTEN

James Allbritten has enjoyed being a part of the University of North Carolina School of the Arts (UNCSA) since coming to North Carolina. He has served as the music director of the school's Cantata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, and he was the founding artistic director of the A.J. Fletcher Opera Institute.

In 2014, he became the general director of Piedmont Opera, where he currently serves as artistic director. He returned to the classroom during the pandemic and is enjoying leading the Cantata Singers once again. His work for the Piedmont Opera has received considerable critical acclaim. Of PO's "Madama Butterfly," Opera Lively said, "Jamie Allbritten does understand it, and his conducting, if we need to define it by one word, is elegant." The New York Wagner Society had this to say of his "Flying Dutchman:" "The joy of the afternoon was Allbritten's finely modulated conducting, which brought out the varying moods of the score." Of the company's "Un ballo in maschera," Opera News said, "The musical excellence for the entire evening was the work of the conductor, James Allbritten...His tempos were well chosen, attacks were precise, and coordination and balance with the singers was exemplary."

Allbritten trained at Indiana University under Jan Harrington, Robert Porco and Thomas Dunn. He was fortunate to have worked with some of the greatest names in opera, including Boris Goldovsky, Brian Balkwill, James Lucas, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Virginia Zeani, Giorgio Tozzi and Margaret Harshaw. Allbritten also serves on the faculty of Opera Theatre of the Rockies' Vocal Arts Festival. He has led performances for Opera Theater of the Rockies, Opera Carolina, the Carolina Chamber Symphony, the Mozart Club of Winston Salem and the Winston-Salem Symphony.

UNCSA MANIFESTO

We Believe

ARTISTS enrich our culture, enlighten our society, lift our spirits, and feed our souls.

Integrative **ART EDUCATION** from an early age sparks a lifetime of creative thinking, powerful self-expression, and innovative problem solving.

Rigorous **ARTISTIC TRAINING** empowers our students and graduates to engage our communities, advance local and global creative industries, and inspire the world.

ART ORGANIZATIONS improve the quality of life and place in big cities and small communities, transforming them from merely livable to truly lovable.

UNC SCHOOL OF THE ARTS nurtures the talent, hones the craft, and develops the unique voices of emerging artists. We realize the full potential of exceptionally creative and passionate students to do their best work and become their best selves.



THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

The School of Music gives talented young artists the opportunity to perfect their musical talent and prepare for life as professional musicians. Our training includes both private instruction and public performance experience, including more than 150 recitals and concerts presented each year. This performance experience, combined with career development opportunities and studies in music theory, literature and style, provides the ultimate training to help young musicians grow as both artists and professionals.

DEAN'S CIRCLES

The Dean's Circles support each of the five arts schools at UNCSEA — Dance, Design & Production, Drama, Filmmaking and Music. Dean's Circle members support the school of their choosing with an annual gift of \$5,000 or more in support of discretionary funds, scholarships, or other fundraising priorities. Members enjoy special events and opportunities to interact with the school's dean, faculty and students. If you are interested in joining one or more UNCSEA Dean's Circles, please contact Shannon Wright, Director of Development for Leadership Annual & Family Giving, at wrights@uncsa.edu or **336-770-1427**.

DEAN'S CIRCLE FOR THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Bergstone
Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm M. Brown
Mr. and Mrs. F. Hudnall Christopher, Jr.
Mr. Henry W. Church
Ms. Jean C. Davis
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Mr. Thomas S. Kenan III
Mr. Joseph P. Logan
Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. McNair
Dr. Kathryn Mitchener
Dr. Jane Pfefferkorn and Mr. William G. Pfefferkorn
Mr. and Mrs. William R. Watson
Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wigodsky
Ms. Patricia J. Wilmot

WINTER CONCERTS

Guest Artist: Julian Lage Trio

Dec. 13 at 7:30 p.m.

WATSON HALL

Julian Lage, one of the most talented guitarists of his generation, performs a mix of original compositions and jazz standards with his trio, featuring bassist Jorge Roeder and drummer Dave King.

He has been described as “one of the most accomplished and prominent guitarists in modern jazz and improvised music,” as well as a “complete virtuoso who plays, composes, and improvises with unfailing taste.”

The Nutcracker

Dec. 9, 14, 15, 16 at 7:30 p.m.

Dec. 10, 17 at Noon and 5:30 p.m.

Dec. 10 at 10 a.m.

Dec. 11, 18 at 2 p.m.

STEVENS CENTER

Every year, hundreds of UNCSA students dance, play, design and produce Winston-Salem’s favorite holiday tradition, “The Nutcracker.” This year’s performance will welcome back our dear Mother Ginger, the boisterous opening party scene and feature more ballet dancers than ever before.