

Saturday, May 18, 2013 @ 8:00 PM
Sunday, May 19, 2013 @ 3:00 PM
FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
21st and J Streets, Sacramento, CA

sacramento
MASTER SINGERS
PRESENTS

Sondheim!

A CHORAL CELEBRATION

DR. RALPH HUGHES | artistic director & conductor
TINA HARRIS | assistant conductor
HEIDI VAN REGENMORTER | accompanist

Our Timefrom *Merrily We Roll Along*ARR. BY ROBERT PAGE,
ORCHESTRATED BY VICTOR PIETRZAK**No One Has Ever Loved Me**from *Passion*

ARR. BY ROBERT PAGE

Lovelyfrom *A Funny Thing Happened**On The Way To The Forum*

Eva Cranstoun & Pat Pagendarm, soloists

Send In The Clownsfrom *A Little Night Music*

ARR. BY MICHAEL MARTIN

Ballad of Boothfrom *Assassins*

ARR. BY ROBERT PAGE

Justin Pratt, soloist

**Asya Pleskach Memorial
Scholarship Presentation
& Winner Performance****Into The Woods Medley**

ARR. BY ED LOJESKI

Liz Johnston, Mia Watts, Mary Patt, Amber Lidskin,
Liz Johnston, Chris Goff, soloists

INTERMISSION

Another Hundred Peoplefrom *Company*ORCHESTRATED BY VICTOR PIETRZAK
Carol McCormick, soloist**You Could Drive A Person Crazy**from *Company*Elli Johnston, Nancy Sheperd,
& Emily Burr, soloists**The Ladies Who Lunch**from *Company*

ARR. ROBERT PAGE

Nancy Balenzano, Nancy Sheperd,
Carol McCormick, soloists**Being Alive**from *Company*

ARR. MAC HUFF

Justin Vaughn, soloist

Take Me To The Worldfrom *Evening Primrose*

Jenny Guemmer, soloist

I Rememberfrom *Evening Primrose*

ARR. ROBERT PAGE

A Little Priestfrom *Sweeney Todd*

Nancy Balenzano & Bill Zinn, soloists

Sweeney Todd: A Choral Medley

ARR. ANDY BECK

Kevin Mirsepassi, Nancy Sheperd,
Elizabeth Johnson, Chris Goff, soloists

SACRAMENTO MASTER SINGERS



soprano

Emily Burr
Eva Cranstoun
Jenny Guemmer*
Tina Harrist
Jennifer Helm
Debbie Hill
Suzanna Hoye
Julie Jenness
Elli Johnston
Amber Lidskin
Pat Pagendarm
Nancy Sheperd
Mia Watts

alto

Nancy Balenzano*
Celia Buckley
Lucy Bunch
Katharine Hall
Laurie Hanschu
Carol Horner*
Elizabeth Johnson
Debra Kahan
Laura Lofgren
Carol McCormick
Mary Patt
Haruko Sakakibara

tenor

Jon Eric Hill
Stephen Hill
Byron Jackson
Kurtis Kroon
David Manea
Paul Miller
Kevin Mirsepassi
Justin Pratt
Dave Segura
Joseph Silmaro
Andrew Smith
David Temme*
Justin Vaughn

bass

David Aagaard
Keith Atwater
Chris Dainard
Chris Goff
David Kasperik
David Robinson
Thomas Voigt
Mark Watkins
William Zinn*

† Assistant Conductor * Section Leader



artistic director

Dr. Ralph Hughes

assistant conductor

Tina Harris

accompanist

Heidi Van Regenmorter

accompanist for solos

Joseph Silmaro

board of directors

William Zinn, president

Elizabeth Johnston,
vice president

Katharine Hall,
secretary

Stephen Hill, treasurer

Carol Horner,
choral liaison

business manager

Julie Jenness

cello
Steve Millington

bass
David Rees

flute
Pat Walton
Julie Jenness

clarinet
Patty Wassum

bassoon
Cathleen Williams

horn in f
Susan Hamre

trumpet
Victor Pietrzak
Tom Goff

trombone
Walter Johnson
Shaun Hogan

timpani
Aaron Smith

percussion
Jim Nakayama

synthesizer/piano
Joseph Silmaro

piano
Heidi Van Regenmorter

2013 Asya Pleskach Memorial Scholarship for Young Choral Musicians Winners

Asya Pleskach was a 2002 Cordova High School graduate who performed and toured with the Sacramento Master Singers while still in her teens. A talented and promising young vocalist, she had just begun music studies at American River College when a car accident claimed her life at the age of 18. After Asya and her family immigrated to the United States in the mid-1990's, she began singing in the Bethany Slavic Missionary Church choir and in the Cordova High School Choral program. Asya also spent two summers at the prestigious Young Musicians Program at UC Berkeley and had recently sung in the opera chorus at Capitol Opera Sacramento.

To honor her memory and encourage other young singers, the Sacramento Master Singers established **The Asya Pleskach Memorial Scholarship for Young Choral Singers**. This year, with your financial support, we were able to expand the scholarship to now include singers age 20-22.

CATEGORY I: AGE 14-16

1st place (\$400)
Karena Pullen-Miller, St. Francis HS

2nd place (\$250)
Danielle Baldwin, Sheldon HS

3rd place(\$150)
Carly Adamson, St. Francis HS

Commendation Award (voice lessons)
Isabel Petty, St. Francis HS

CATEGORY II: AGE 17-19

1st place (\$400)
Sophia Guerrero, Sheldon HS

2nd place (\$250)
Elise Savoy, CSUS

3rd place(\$150)
Jasmin Mould, Davis HS

Commendation Award (voice lessons)
Haleyanne Freedman, SCC

CATEGORY III: AGE 20-22

1st place (\$400)
Kyle Sullivan, CSUS

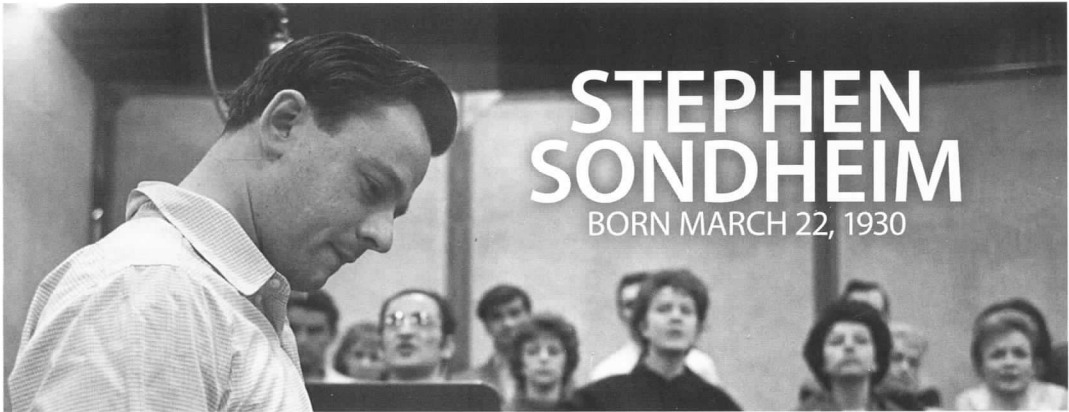
2nd place (\$250)
Sarah Haile, ARC

3rd place(\$150)
Samantha Smith, ARC

Commendation Award (voice lessons)
Samantha Smith, ARC

Visit www.smsasyascholarship.com
for more information about the
scholarship and audition information.





STEPHEN SONDHEIM

BORN MARCH 22, 1930

Stephen Joshua Sondheim was born in New York City but, when he was ten, was taken by his mother to live in Pennsylvania. Their neighbor — playwright, lyricist, and producer Oscar Hammerstein II — soon came to be a role model, and Sondheim resolved that he too would write for the theater. Sondheim studied piano seriously through his prep school years, while Hammerstein tutored him in writing for the theater.

Although Sondheim aspired to write both words and music, his first Broadway assignments called on him to write either one or the other. At age 25 he was hired to write lyrics for Leonard Bernstein's music in the landmark musical *West Side Story*. In 1957, he won a second lyric-writing assignment for the Broadway musical *Gypsy*. The credit, "Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim" finally appeared on Broadway for the first time in 1962. The show, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, was an unqualified success, and introduced the first of Sondheim's tunes to become a show business standard, "Comedy Tonight."

Sondheim made a historic breakthrough as both composer and lyricist with *Company* (1971). The show marked a sharp break with Broadway's past, and established Sondheim as the most inventive and daring composer working in the musical theater. Sondheim's detractors claimed that his work was too bitter to win wide popularity, and his music too sophisticated for popular success. His next production, *A Little Night Music* (1973), put these doubts to rest, while its signature song, "Send in the Clowns," became an unexpected pop standard.

Sondheim's plays and music have won him eight Grammy Awards, seven Tony Awards, seven Drama Desk Awards, an OBIE, and six Lawrence Olivier Awards. *Sunday in the Park With George* (1984) brought Sondheim and collaborator James Lapine the Pulitzer Prize for Drama — a rare instance of the Pulitzer committee honoring a musical play. "Sooner or Later," written for *Dick Tracy* (1990), won Sondheim an Oscar for Best Song. In 1990, Sondheim spent a term as the first Visiting Professor of Contemporary Theatre at Oxford University. In his own country, he was honored with the National Medal of Arts.

Stephen Sondheim's 75th birthday was celebrated with all-star tribute concerts in New York, London and Los Angeles. In 2008, the American Theatre Wing presented him with a special Tony Award for Lifetime Achievement. Sondheim has gathered his writing for the stage in his 2010 book, *Finishing the Hat: Collected Lyrics (1954-1981) with Attendant Comments, Principles, Heresies, Grudges, Whines and Anecdotes*. The book provides invaluable insight into the art and craft of songwriting, as practiced by an artist of monumental accomplishment.

Over the last 50 years, Sondheim has set an unsurpassed standard of brilliance and artistic integrity in the musical theater. His music, steeped in the history of the American stage, is also deeply informed by the classical tradition and the advances of modern concert music. His words, unequalled in their wit and virtuosity, have recorded a lifetime of profound, unblinking insight into the joys and sorrows of life and love.

Our Time

from *Merrily We Roll Along*

ARR. BY ROBERT PAGE

ORCHESTRATED BY VICTOR PIETRZAK

Merrily We Roll Along tells the story of Franklin Shepard, a rich, famous and influential songwriter and film producer. But how did he get to be where he is today? The story moves backwards through time from the 1970s to the 1950s showing momentous events in Frank's life as well as in the history of the country. During Our Time, Frank, Charley and Mary are on the roof of an old apartment house on New York City's 110th Street, waiting for the first-ever earth-orbiting satellite. Suddenly, Sputnik is there in the sky, and now, for the young friends, anything is possible.

Something is stirring,
Shifting ground ...
It's just begun.
Edges are blurring
All around,
And yesterday is done.

Feel the flow,
Hear what's happening:
We're what's happening.
Don't you know?
We're the movers and we're the shapers.
We're the names in tomorrow's papers.
Up to us, now, to show 'em ...

It's our time, breathe it in:
Worlds to change and worlds to win.
Our turn coming through,
Me and you, pal,
Me and you!

Years from now,
We'll remember and we'll come back,
Buy the rooftop and hang a plaque:
This is where we began,
Being what we can.

It's our heads on the block.
Give us room and start the clock.
Our time coming through,
Me and you, pal,
Me and you!

No One Has Ever Loved Me

from *Passion*

ARR. BY ROBERT PAGE

Based on the Italian movie *Passione d'amore*, Stephen Sondheim's *Passion* is a story of obsessive love. Giorgio, a soldier, and Clara, a woman with a husband and child, are deeply in love, but their idyllic happiness is disrupted when Giorgio is transferred to another post. Here he meets Signora Fosca, a homely and ill woman who is the cousin of the regiment's commanding officer. Fosca soon falls in love with Giorgio and pursues him relentlessly, saying "Loving you is not a choice / It's who I am." He is repulsed and resists her advances, but eventually he succumbs to the power of her love and sings her this song.

No one has ever loved me
As deeply as you.
No one has truly loved me
As you have.

Love without reason,
Love without mercy,
Love without pride or shame.
Love unconcerned with being returned:
No wisdom, no judgment
No caution, or blame.

No one has ever known me
As clearly as you.
No one has ever shown me
That love allows everything.

Not pretty, or safe, or easy,
But more than I ever knew.
Love within reason?
That isn't love.
And I've learned it from you.

Lovely

from *A Funny Thing Happened
On The Way To The Forum*

*This musical was the first for which Stephen Sondheim wrote both the music and the lyrics. He had previously written the lyrics for **West Side Story** and **Gypsy**; but here launched his composing career, as well. In this madcap take on life and love in Ancient Rome, he introduces the audience to regal homes, eunuchs, slaves, brothels, the long married, and innocent young lovers. In the show, this song is sung between an impossibly beautiful young couple. Our duet is between the beautiful young girl and her mother.*

I'm lovely, all I am is lovely.
Lovely is the one thing I can do.
Winsome, what I am is winsome,
Radiant as in some dream come true.
Oh, isn't it a shame I can neither sew,
Nor cook, nor even write my name.
But I'm happy merely being lovely,
For it's one thing I can give to you.

You're lovely, absolutely lovely.
Who'd believe the loveliness of you?
Winsome, sweet and warm and winsome,
Radiant as in some dream come true.
Now, Venus would seem tame.
Helen and her thousand ships
Would have to die of shame.
And I'm happy, happy that you're lovely,
For there's one thing loveliness can do:
It's a gift for me to share with you.

Send In The Clowns

from *A Little Night Music*
ARR. BY MICHAEL MARTIN

***A Little Night Music**, a 1973 musical (once again in collaboration with Hal Prince), presents an enchanting bittersweet look at the foibles of love, set in turn-of-the-century Scandinavia, where reviewers note that "love, laughter, and music float through the air." Conceived as a "chamber opera about romance and foolishness," with some ideas drawn from an Ingmar Bergman film, one of the show's songs, Send In The Clowns, became quite popular. To unify the show's musical ideas, Sondheim says that he "put everything in some form of triple time so that the whole score would feel vaguely like a long waltz with scherzi in between so that no song would seem to have come from another texture."*

In Send In The Clowns, Desirée, an older and wiser sophisticate, reflects on her life as she looks back on an affair years earlier with the lawyer, Fredrik. Meeting him after so long, she finds that he is now unhappily married to a much younger woman. Desirée proposes marriage to rescue him from this situation, but he declines, citing his dedication to his bride, which leads to this poignant ballad.

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air.
Send in the clowns.

Isn't it bliss?
Don't you approve?
One who keeps tearing around,
One who can't move.
Where are the clowns?
Send in the clowns.

Just when I'd stopped opening doors,
Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours,
Making my entrance again with my usual flair,
Sure of my lines,
No one is there.

Don't you love farce?
 My fault I fear.
 I thought that you'd want what I want.
 Sorry, my dear.
 But where are the clowns?
 Quick, send in the clowns.
 Don't bother, they're here.

Isn't it rich?
 Isn't it queer,
 Losing my timing this late
 In my career?
 And where are the clowns?
 There ought to be clowns.
 Well, maybe next year.

Ballad of Booth

from *Assassins*

ARR. BY ROBERT PAGE

*In 1987, Sondheim collaborated with author John Weidman on an extremely disturbing topic: **Assassins**, the dark, funny, sometimes frightening stories of the people who attempted or successfully killed presidents of the United States. Narrated by "The Balladeer," who serves as the voice of reason, the play explores the personal motivations behind each of these terrible acts of violence, ultimately leaving the viewer with the conclusion that "Angry men don't write the rules, and guns don't right the wrongs." Due to its controversial subject matter, **Assassins** is rarely staged.*

Someone tell the story, someone sing the song.
 Every now and then the country goes a little wrong.
 Every now and then a madman's bound to come along.
 Doesn't stop the story, story's pretty strong.
 Doesn't change the song!

Johnny Booth was a handsome devil.
 Got up in his rings and fancy silks.
 Had him a temper, but kept it level.
 Ev'rybody called him Wilkes.

Why did you do it, Johnny? Nobody agrees.
 You who had ev'rything,
 What made you bring a nation to its knees?
 Some say your voice had gone.
 Some say it was booze.

They say you killed a country, John
 Because of bad reviews.

Johnny lived with a grace and glitter.
 Kinda like the lives he lived on stage.
 Died in a barn alone and bitter.
 Twenty seven years of age.

Oh, tell us why did you do it, Johnny?
 Why did you throw it all away?
 Tell us why did you do it, boy,
 Not just destroy the pride and joy of Illinois,
 But all the U.S.A.?
 Your brother made you jealous, John:
 You couldn't fill his shoes.
 Was that the reason, tell us John,
 Along with bad reviews?

Johnny Booth was a headstrong fellow,
 Even he believed the things he said.
 Some called him noble, some said yellow.
 What he was was off his head!

How could you do it, Johnny, calling it a cause?
 You left a legacy of butchery
 And treason we took eagerly,
 And thought you'd get applause.
 But traitors just get jeers and boos,
 Not visits to their graves,
 While Lincoln, who got mixed reviews,
 Because of you, John, now gets only raves.

Oh, Damn you, Johnny, you paved the way
 For other madmen to make us pay.
 Lots of madmen have had their say,
 But only for a day!

Listen to the stories. Hear it in the songs.
 Angry men don't write the rules,
 And guns don't right the wrongs.
 Hurts a while, but soon the country's
 Back where it belongs.
 And that's the truth, still and all
 Damn you, Booth!

Into The Woods Medley

ARR. BY ED LOJESKI

Into the Woods tells the intricate tale of multiple fairy-tale characters crossing paths in the woods, not merely resolving the characters' dilemmas but also exploring what happens **after** happily ever after. Sondheim's chamber-scale music, recipient of the 1987 Tony for Best Score, is one of his most beautiful and accessible.

Prologue

The Narrator introduces four characters who each have a wish: Cinderella, who wishes to attend the King's festival; Jack, a simple young man who wishes that his cow, Milky-White, would give milk; and the Baker and his Wife, who wish they could have a child.

The Baker's neighbor, an ugly old witch, reveals the source of the couple's infertility is a curse she placed on the Baker's line, after catching the Baker's father in her garden stealing "magic" beans. In addition to the curse, the Witch took the Baker's father's newborn child, Rapunzel. The curse will be lifted if the Baker and his Wife can find the four ingredients that the Witch needs for a certain potion — "the cow as white as milk, the cape as red as blood, the hair as yellow as corn, and the slipper as pure as gold," all before the chime of Midnight in three days' time. All begin their journeys into the woods — Jack goes to the market where he receives "magic beans" in exchange for Milky White, Cinderella's family goes to the Festival, Cinderella to her mother's grave to ask for guidance, Red Ridinghood to her Grandmother's house, and the Baker, refusing his wife's help, to find the ingredients.

[NARRATOR] Once upon a time

[CINDERELLA] I wish...

[NARRATOR] in a far-off kingdom

[CINDERELLA] More than anything...

[NARRATOR] lived a fair maiden,

[CINDERELLA] More than jewels...

[NARRATOR] a sad young lad

[JACK] I wish...

[NARRATOR] and a childless baker

[JACK] More than life...

[CINDERELLA & BAKER] I wish...

[NARRATOR] with his wife.

[JACK] More than anything...

[CINDERELLA, BAKER & JACK] More than the moon...

[BAKER'S WIFE] I wish...

[CINDERELLA] The King is giving a Festival.

[BAKER & WIFE] More than life...

[JACK] I wish...

[CINDERELLA] I wish to go to the Festival.

[BAKER & WIFE] More than riches...

[JACK] I wish my cow would give us some milk.

[BAKER'S WIFE] More than anything...

[CINDERELLA] And the Ball...

[BAKER] I wish we had a child.

[JACK] Please, pal! Squeeze, pal...

[BAKER'S WIFE] I want a child...

[CINDERELLA] I wish to go to the Festival.

[JACK] I wish you'd give us some milk or even cheese...

[BAKER & WIFE] I wish we might have a child. I wish...

[CINDERELLA & BAKER]

Into the woods, it's time to go,
It may be all in vain, you/I know.
Into the woods-but even so,
I have to take the journey.

[CINDERELLA, BAKER & WIFE]

Into the woods, the path is straight,
You know it well, but who can tell-

[BAKER & WIFE] Into the woods to lift the spell-

[CINDERELLA] Into the woods to visit Mother-

[BAKER'S WIFE] Into the woods to fetch the things-

[BAKER] To make the potion-

[CINDERELLA] To go to the Festival-

[CINDERELLA, JACK, JACK'S MOTHER, BAKER, WIFE]

Into the woods without regret,
The choice is made, the task is set.

Into the woods, but not forget-

Ting why I'm on the journey.

Into the woods to get my wish,
I don't care how, the time is now.

[JACK'S MOTHER] Into the woods to sell the cow-

[JACK] Into the woods to get the money-

[BAKER'S WIFE] Into the woods to lift the spell-

[BAKER] To make the potion-

[CINDERELLA] To go to the Festival-

[LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD]

Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

Into the woods to Grandmother's house...

[ALL]

The way is clear, the light is good,
I have no fear, no one should.
The woods are just trees, the trees are just wood.
No need to be afraid there-
There's something in the glade there...

Into the woods, without delay,

But careful not to lose the way.

Into the woods, who knows what may
Be lurking on the journey?

Into the woods to get the thing
That makes it worth the journeying.
into the woods-

[STEPMOTHER & STEPSISTERS] To see the King-

[JACK & MOTHER] To sell the cow-

[BAKER & WIFE] To make the potion-

[ALL]

To see- To sell- To get- To bring-

To make- To lift- To go to the Festival!

Into the woods! Into the woods!

Into the woods, then out of the woods,

And home before dark!

I Know Things Now

When Little Red Ridinghood arrives at her grandmother's house, she is swallowed by the Wolf. The Baker slays the Wolf, and Red rewards him with her red cape, boasting of her new experiences.

[LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD]

Mother said, "Straight ahead,"

Not to delay or be misled.

I should have heeded her advice...

But he seemed so nice.

And he showed me things many beautiful things,

That I hadn't thought to explore.

They were off my path, so I never had dared.

I had been so careful, I never had cared.

And he made me feel excited-

Well, excited and scared.

And I know things now, many valuable things,

That I hadn't known before:

Do not put your faith in a cape and a hood,

They will not protect you the way that they should.

And take extra care with strangers,

Even flowers have their dangers.

And though scary is exciting,

Nice is different than good.

Now I know: Don't be scared.

Granny is right, just be prepared.

Isn't it nice to know a lot! And a little bit not...

Agony

Cinderella's and Rapunzel's Princes, who are brothers, meet and compare the misery of their new-found and unobtainable loves

[CINDERELLA'S PRINCE]

Did I abuse her or show her disdain?
Why does she run from me?
If I should lose her, how shall I regain
The heart she has won from me?

Agony! Beyond power of speech,
When the one thing you want
Is the only thing out of your reach.

[RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE]

High in her tower, she sits by the hour,
Maintaining her hair.
Blithe and becoming and frequently humming
A lighthearted air: Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Agony! Far more painful than yours,
When you know she would go with you
If there only were doors.

[BOTH]

Agony! Oh, the torture they teach!

[RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE]

What's as intriguing-

[CINDERELLA'S PRINCE]

Or half so fatiguing-

[BOTH]

As what's out of reach?

[BOTH]

Agony!

[CINDERELLA'S PRINCE]

Misery!

[RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE]

Woe!

[BOTH]

Though it's different for each.

[CINDERELLA'S PRINCE]

Always ten steps behind-

[RAPUNZEL'S PRINCE]

Always ten feet below-

[BOTH]

And she's just out of reach.
Agony that can cut like a knife!
I must have her to wife.

It Takes Two

The Baker and his wife reunite, now with three of the four items for the potion. The Baker admits that they've had to work together to fulfill the quest.

[BAKER'S WIFE]

You've changed. You're daring.
You're different in the woods.
More sure. More sharing.
You're getting us through the woods.
At home I'd fear we'd stay the same forever.
And then out here-
You're passionate, charming, considerate, clever-

[BAKER]

It takes one to begin, but then once you've begun,
It takes two of you.
It's no fun, but what needs to be done you can do
When there's two of you.
If I dare, it's because I'm becoming aware of us
As a pair of us, each accepting a share
Of what's there.

[BOTH]

We've changed. We're strangers.
I'm meeting you in the woods.
Who minds what dangers?
I know we'll get past the woods.
And once we're past, let's hope the changes last

Beyond woods, beyond witches and slippers and hoods,
Just the two of us-
Beyond lies, safe at home with out beautiful prize,
Just the few of us.

It takes trust. It takes just a bit more and we're done.
We want four, we had none. We've got three.
We need one. It takes two.

Last Midnight

The Baker, Little Red Ridinghood, and Cinderella await the return of the Baker's Wife when The Witch drags in Jack. The characters first blame each other for their predicament, until finally they all decide to blame the Witch for growing the beans in the first place. Disgusted, the Witch curses them, throws away the rest of her magic beans, reactivating her mother's curse and making her vanish.

[WITCH]

It's the last midnight. It's the last wish.
It's the last midnight, Soon it will be boom-Squish!
Told a little lie, stole a little gold, broke a little vow,
Did you?

Had to get your Prince, had to get your cow,
Have to get your wish, doesn't matter how-
Anyway, it doesn't matter now.

It's the last midnight, it's the boom-Splat!
Nothing but a vast midnight.
Everybody smashed flat!

No More

The grieving Baker flees but is visited by his father's spirit, who convinces him to face his responsibilities.

[BAKER]

No more giants waging war.
Can't we just pursue our lives
With our children and our wives?
'Till that happy day arrives, how do you ignore
All the witches, all the curses,
All the wolves, all the lies,
The false hopes, the goodbyes, the reverses,
All the wondering what even worse is still in store?
All the children... All the giants...
No more.

No One Is Alone

Cinderella comforts Little Red and tries to answer her qualms that killing the giant makes them no better than she is, while the Baker explains to Jack his inability to say what is really morally correct.

[CINDERELLA]

What do you leave to your child when you're dead?
Only whatever you put in its head.
Things that your father and mother had said,
Which were left to them, too.
Careful what you say.

Mother cannot guide you. Now you're on your own.
Only me beside you. Still, you're not alone.
No one is alone. Truly. No one is alone.
Sometimes people leave you

Halfway through the wood.

Others may deceive you. You decide what's good.
You decide alone. But no one is alone.

[CINDERELLA]

Mother isn't here now

[BAKER]

Wrong things, right things

[CINDERELLA]

Who knows what she'd say?

[BAKER]

Who can say what's true?

[CINDERELLA]

Nothings quite so clear now.

[BAKER]

Do things, fight things,

[CINDERELLA]

Feel you've lost your way?

[BAKER]

You decide, but

[BOTH]

You are not alone

[CINDERELLA]

Believe me, no one is alone

[BAKER]

No one is alone. Believe me.

[CINDERELLA]

Truly.

[BOTH]

You move just a finger, say the slightest word,
Something's bound to linger, be heard

[BAKER]

No acts alone. Careful. No one is alone.

[BOTH]

People make mistakes.

[BAKER]

Fathers,

[CINDERELLA]

Mothers,

[BOTH]

People make mistakes, holding to their own,
Thinking they're alone.

[CINDERELLA]

Honor their mistakes

[CINDERELLA]

Everybody makes

[BAKER]

Fight for their mistakes

[BOTH]

One another's terrible mistakes.

Witches can be right, Giants can be good.

You decide what's right you decide what's good

Just remember: (Just remember)

Someone is on your side

[JACK, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD]

Our side

[BAKER, CINDERELLA]

Our side — Someone else is not.

While we're seeing our side

[ALL]

Our side (Our side)

Maybe we forgot: they are not alone.

No one is alone.

[CINDERELLA]

Hard to see the light now.

[BAKER]

Just don't let it go

[BOTH]

Things will come out right now.

We can make it so.

Someone is on your side —

No one is alone.

Children Will Listen

Each of the previously deceased characters returns to describe the lesson they learned. The survivors plan to rebuild their lives together, and The Baker's Wife returns (in the form of a spirit) to give her husband one final lesson: Tell their child the story of the Woods; actions have consequences — even for future generations. The Baker begins to tell the story as the Witch appears, with the final moral: Be careful what you pass on to your children.

Careful the things you say, children will listen.

Careful the things you do,

Children will see and learn.

Children may not obey, but children will listen.

Children will look to you for which way to turn,

To learn what to be.

Careful before you say, "Listen to me."

Children will listen.

Finale

Into the woods you go again

You have to every now and then;

Into the woods no telling when

Be ready for the journey.

Into the woods, but not too fast,

Or what you wish you lose at last.

Into the woods but mind the past.

Into the woods, but mind the future.

Into the woods, but not to stray

Or tempt the wolf or steal from the giant.

The way is dark, the light is dim,

But now there's you, me, her, and him.

The chances look small, the choices look grim,

But ev'rything you learn there

Will help when you return there.

The light is getting dimmer.

I think I see a glimmer.

Into the woods, you have to grope,

But that's the way you learn to cope.

Into the woods to find there's hope

Of getting through the journey.

Into the woods each time you go,

There's more to learn of what you know.

Into the woods, but not too slow,

into the woods, it's nearing midnight.

Into the woods to mind the wolf,

To heed the witch, to honor the giant,

To mind, to heed, to find, to think,

To teach, to join, to go to the festival!

Into the woods! Into the woods!

Into the woods, then out of the woods

And happy ever after.

I wish.

Company, a vignette style musical, was one of the first to deal with adult themes. Sondheim himself said, "Broadway theater has been for many years supported by upper-middle-class people with upper-middle-class problems. These people really want to escape that world when they go to the theatre, and then here we are with *Company* talking about how we're going to bring it right back in their faces."

The play follows the life of a confused young bachelor, variously known as Robert, Bobby, Robbo, or Robby, among other names, whose married friends spend a great deal of effort trying to show him that he would be better off if he "settled down."

Another Hundred People

from *Company*

ORCHESTRATED BY VICTOR PIETRZAK

Marta, one of Robert's girlfriends, sings this reflection of the busy and impersonal, yet wonderful New York City, as well as her own vulnerability and ordinariness.

Another hundred people just got off of the train.
And came up through the ground,
While another hundred people just got off of the bus
And are looking around
At another hundred people who got off of the plane
And are looking at us
Who got off of the train
And the plane and the bus
Maybe yesterday.

It's a city of strangers,
Some come to work, some to play.
A city of strangers,
Some come to stare, some to stay.
And every day the ones who stay
Can find each other in the crowded streets and the
guarded parks,
By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the
battered barks,
And they walk together past upholstered walls
with the crude remarks.
And they meet at parties through the friends of
friends who they never know.
"Do I pick you up or do I meet you there or shall we
let it go?"

"Did you get my message? 'Cause I looked in vain."
"Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain?"
"Look, I'll call you in the morning or my service will
explain."

And another hundred people just got off of the
train.

It's a city of strangers,
Some come to work, some to play.
A city of strangers,
Some come to stare, some to stay.
And every day some go away
Or they find each other in the crowded streets and
the guarded parks,
By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the
battered barks,
And they walk together past the postered walls
with the crude remarks.
And they meet at parties through the friends of
friends who they never know.

"Do I pick you up or do I meet you there or shall we
let it go?"

"Did you get my message? 'Cause I looked in vain."
"Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain?"
"Look, I'll call you in the morning or my service will
explain."

And another hundred people just got off of the train.
Another hundred people just got off of the train
And came up through the ground,
While another hundred people just got off of the
bus.

You Could Drive A Person Crazy

from *Company*

In this lively trio, Robert's girlfriends show their affectionate frustration with his reluctance to commit.

You could drive a person crazy,
You could drive a person mad.
First you make a person hazy
So a person could be had,
Then you leave a person dangling sadly
Outside your door,
Which could only make a person gladly

Want you even more.
 I could understand a person
 If he said to go away
 I could understand a person
 If he actually was gay!
 But worse 'n that,
 A person that
 Titillates a person and then leaves her flat
 Is crazy,
 He's a troubled person,
 He's a truly crazy person himself.

[KATHY]

When a person's personality is personable,
 He should not sit like a lump.
 It's harder than a matador coercin' a bull
 To try to get you off of your rump.
 So single and attentive and attractive a man
 Is everything a person could wish,
 But turning off a person is the act of a man
 Who likes to pull the hooks out of fish.

[APRIL, KATHY, MARTA]

Knock-knock!
 Is anybody there?
 Knock-knock!
 It really isn't fair.
 Knock-knock!
 I'm workin' all my charms.
 Knock-knock!
 A zombie's in my arms.
 All that sweet affection!
 What is wrong?
 Where's the loose connection?
 How long, O Lord, how long?
 Bobby-baby-Bobby-bubbi-Bobby,

You could drive a person buggy,
 You could blow a person's cool.
 Like you make a person feel all huggy
 While you make her feel a fool.
 When a person says that you upset her,
 That's when you're good.
 You impersonate a person better
 Than a zombie should.
 I could understand a person
 If he wasn't good in bed.
 I could understand a person
 If he actually was dead.

Exclusive you!
 Elusive you!
 Will any person ever get the juice of you?
 You're crazy,
 You're a lovely person,
 You're a moving,
 Deeply maladjusted,
 Never to be trusted,
 Crazy person yourself.
 Bobby is my hobby and I'm giving it up!

The Ladies Who Lunch

from *Company*
 ARR. ROBERT PAGE

In a somewhat sad display of drunken belligerence, Joanne, one of Robert's married friends, makes a fool of herself in a bar. Her scathing judgment of rich, middle-aged, women falls flat when she realizes she is exactly like them.

Here's to the ladies who lunch —
 Everybody laugh.
 Lounging in their caftans
 And planning a brunch
 On their own behalf.
 Off to the gym,
 Then to a fitting,
 Claiming they're fat.
 And looking grim,
 'Cause they've been sitting
 Choosing a hat.
 Does anyone still wear a hat?
 I'll drink to that.

And here's to the girls who play smart —
 Aren't they a gas?
 Rushing to their classes
 In optical art,
 Wishing it would pass.
 Another long exhausting day,
 Another thousand dollars,
 A matinee, a Pinter play,
 Perhaps a piece of Mahler's.
 I'll drink to that.
 And one for Mahler!

And here's to the girls who play wife —
 Aren't they too much?
 Keeping house but clutching
 A copy of LIFE,
 Just to keep in touch.
 The ones who follow the rules,
 And meet themselves at the schools,
 Too busy to know that they're fools.
 Aren't they a gem?
 I'll drink to them!
 Let's all drink to them!

So here's to the girls on the go —
 Everybody tries.
 Look into their eyes,
 And you'll see what they know:
 Everybody dies.
 A toast to that invincible bunch,
 The dinosaurs surviving the crunch.
 Let's hear it for the ladies who lunch —
 Everybody rise!

Being Alive from *Company* ARR. MAC HUFF

In the dramatic ending to Company, Robert finally understands that, despite the quirks and flaws of his friends' marriages, finding someone to share his life with is worth the risk of heartbreak.

Somebody hold me too close,
 Somebody hurt me too deep,
 Somebody sit in my chair,
 And make me aware of being alive.

Somebody need me too much,
 Somebody know me too well,
 Somebody pull me up short,
 And put me through hell,
 And give me support for being alive.

Somebody crown me with love,
 Somebody force me to care,
 Somebody let me come through,
 I'll always be there, as frightened as you,
 To help us survive being alive.

Somebody pull me up short,
 And put me through hell,
 And give me support for being alive.
 Make me alive, make me confused.
 Mock me with praise, let me be used,
 Vary my days.
 But alone is alone, not alive.

Somebody, crowd me with love,
 Somebody, force me to care,
 Somebody, make me come through,
 I'll always be there, as frightened as you,
 To help us survive being alive,
 Being alive, being alive!

*Based on a John Collier short story, **Evening Primrose** was originally written as a television special, which first aired in 1966. The musical focuses on a poet who takes refuge from the world by hiding out in a department store after closing. He meets a community of night people who live in the store and falls in love with a beautiful young girl named Ella. Bizarre complications arise when the leader of the group forbids their relationship, and the "Twilight-Zone style" ending leaves the viewer unsure of the fate of the two lovers. Sondheim's lyrical style shines in I Remember, in which Ella recalls the outside world she barely remembers as a child, and Take Me to the World, where she speaks of her desire to leave the store and rejoin the living world.*

Take Me To The World from *Evening Primrose*

Let me see the world with clouds
 Take me to the world
 Out where I can push through crowds
 Take me to the world

A world that smiles
 With streets instead of aisles
 Where I can walk for miles with you

Take me to the world that's real
 Show me how it's done
 Teach me how to laugh, to feel
 Move me to the sun

Just hold my hand whenever we arrive
Take me to a world where I can be alive

Let me see the world that smiles
Take me to the world
Somewhere I can walk for miles
Take me to the world

With all around things growing in the ground
Where birds that make a sound are birds

Let me see the world that's real
Show me how it's done
Teach me how to laugh, to feel
Move me to the sun

We shall see the world come true
We shall have the world
I won't be afraid with you
We shall have the world
I'll hold your hand, and know I'm not alone
We shall have the world to keep
Such a lovely world we'll weep
We shall have the world forever for our own

I Remember

from *Evening Primrose*

ARR. ROBERT PAGE

I remember sky. It was blue as ink.
Or at least I think I remember sky.

I remember snow, soft as feathers,
Sharp as thumbtacks, coming down like lint,
And it made you squint when the wind would blow.

And ice, like vinyl, on the streets
Cold as silver, white as sheets,
Rain like strings and changing things like leaves.

I remember leaves, green as spearmint,
Crisp as paper. I remember trees,
Bare as coat racks, spread like broken umbrellas.

And parks and bridges, ponds and zoos,
Ruddy faces, muddy shoes,
Light and noise and bees and boys and days.

I remember days, or at least I try.
But as years go by they're a sort of haze.
And the bluest ink isn't really sky.
And at times I think I would gladly die
For a day of sky.

A Little Priest

from *Sweeney Todd*

In this playful, very dark comedic duet, Mrs. Lovett and Sweeney Todd consider how to go about disposing of the bodies Todd will eventually accumulate.

[MRS. LOVETT] Seems a downright shame,
Seems an awful waste,
Such a nice plump frame what's-his-name has...
had...has
Nor it can't be traced.
Business needs a lift,
Debts to be erased
Think of it as thrift, as a gift, if you get my drift?
No? Seems an awful waste,
I mean, with the price of meat what it is,
When you get it, if you get it,

[SWEENEY TODD] Ah!

[ML] Good you got it!
Take for instance Mrs. Mooney and her pie shop,
Business never better using only pussycats and
toast,
And a pussy's good for maybe six or seven at the
most,
And I'm sure they can't compare as far as taste.

[ST] Mrs. Lovett, what a charming notion
Eminently practical and yet appropriate as always,
Mrs. Lovett, how I've lived without you all these
years I'll never know!

[ML] Think about it! Lots of other gentlemen'll
soon be coming for a shave
Won't they think of all them pies!

[ST] How delectable, also undetectable!
How choice! How rare!
For what's the sound of the world out there?

[ML] What Mr. Todd, what Mr. Todd, what is that
sound?

[ST] Those crunching noises pervading the air!

[ML] Yes, Mr. Todd, yes, Mr. Todd, yes all around!

[ST] It's man devouring man, my dear,
And who are we to deny it in here?
These are desperate times, Mrs. Lovett,
And desperate measures are called for.

[ML] Here we are now, hot out of the oven.

[ST] What is that?

[ML] It's priest, have a little priest

[ST] Is it really good?

[ML] Sir, it's too good, at least
Then again they don't commit sins of the flesh,
So it's pretty fresh.

[ST] Awful lot of fat.

[ML] Only where it sat.

[ST] Haven't you got poet, or something like that?

[ML] No, you see the trouble with poet is,
How do you know it's deceased,
Try the priest.

[ST] Mmm, heavenly.
Not as hearty as bishop perhaps, but not as bland
as curate, either.

[ML] Good for business, too.
Always leaves you wanting more.
Trouble is, we only get it on Sundays.
Lawyer's rather nice.

[ST] If it's for a price.

[ML] Order something else though, to follow,
Since no one should swallow it twice.

[ST] Anything that's lean.

[ML] Well, then if you're British and loyal,
You might enjoy royal marine,
Anyway it's clean,
Thought of course it tastes of wherever it's been.

[ST] Is that squire on the fire?

[ML] Mercy no, sir, look closer,
You'll notice it's grocer.

[ST] Looks thicker, more like vicar.

[ML] No, it has to be grocer, it's green.

[ST] The history of the world, my love...

[ML] Save a lot of graves, do a lot of relatives
favors...

[ST] Is those below serving those up above.

[ML] Everybody shaves, so there should be plenty
of flavors...

[ST] How gratifying for once to know,
That those above will serve those down below!

[ML] Now let's see, we've got tinker.

[ST] Something pinker.

[ML] Tailor?

[ST] Something – paler.

[ML] Potter?

[ST] Something – hotter.

[ML] Butler?

[ST] Something – subtler.

[ML] Locksmith?
Lovely bit of clerk.

[ST] Maybe for a lark.

[ML] Then again there's sweep if you want it cheap
And you like it dark.
Try the financier, peak of his career.

[ST] That looks pretty rank.

[ML] Well he drank, it's a bank cashier.
Never really sold. Maybe it was old.

[ST] Have you any Beadle?

[ML] Next week, so I'm told.
Beadle isn't bad 'til you smell it,
And notice how well it's been greased,
Stick to priest!
Now this may be a bit stringy,
But it's a fiddle player.

[ST] No, this isn't fiddle player, it's piccolo player.

[ML] How can you tell?

[ST] It's piping hot.

[ML] Then blow on it first.

[ST] The history of the world, my sweet...

[ML] Oh, Mr. Todd, Ooh, Mr. Todd, what does it tell?

[ST] Is who gets eaten and who gets to eat.

[ML] And Mr. Todd, too Mr. Todd, who gets to sell!

[ST] But fortunately, it's also clear,
That everybody goes down well with beer!

[ML] Since marine doesn't appeal to you, how
about rear admiral?

[ST] Too salty. I prefer general.

[ML] With or without his privates? With is extra.

[ST] What is that?

[ML] It's fop. Finest in the shop.
Or we have some shepherd's pie peppered with
Actual shepherd on top.
And I've just begun.
Here's a politician so oily
He's served with a doily, have one?

[ST] Put it on a bun,
Well you never know if it's going to run.

[ML] Try the friar, fried it's drier.

[ST] No, the clergy is really too coarse and too mealy.

[ML] Then actor, that's compacter.

[ST] Yes, and always arrives overdone.
I'll come again when you have Judge on the menu!

[ML] Wait! True, we don't have Judge – yet – but
we've got something you might fancy even better.

[ST] What's that?

[ML] Executioner.

[ST] Have charity towards the world, my pet.

[ML] Yes, yes, I know, my love...

[ST] We'll take the customers that we can get.

[ML] High born and low, my love.

[ST] We'll not discriminate great from small,
No we'll serve anyone,
Meaning anyone,
And to anyone, at all!

Sweeney Todd: A Choral Medley

ARR. ANDY BECK

Through a combination of dark humor, tragedy and sheer horror, Sondheim's Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street tells the story of Benjamin Barker, a simple barber wrongfully shipped to Australia by the corrupt Judge Turpin, who lusted after Barker's wife. After a fifteen year absence, Barker returns to London, consumed with hatred for Turpin and obsession over the loss of his wife and daughter. Under the name "Sweeney Todd," Barker exacts revenge by enticing the rich and powerful to his barber shop, where he murders them and, with the help of his accomplice, Mrs. Lovett, cooks them into pies. Through Sweeney Todd, Sondheim explores the dangers of obsession and revenge, the tragedies of humanity, and the darker aspects of the human soul.

The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

Through clashing chords and driving rhythms, the chorus gives us the mood of the story to come.

The Worst Pies in London

Todd enters a restaurant below his former barber shop and finds Mrs. Lovett, a dirty and crude pie-maker with no skill at the trade.

Johanna

Anthony, a young and naïve sailor who arrived in London with Todd, sees a beautiful girl at a window and falls madly in love with her. Little does he know, she is Benjamin Barker's long-lost daughter and the ward, and prisoner, of Judge Turpin.

By the Sea

Mrs. Lovett, who has long been in love with Barker/Todd, dreams of their future together as he listens absently, agreeing to "anything you say."

Green Finch and Linnet Bird

In this beautiful, but melancholy tune, Johanna expresses despair at her imprisonment and longs to be free.

Pretty Women

Judge Turpin appears at Todd's barber shop, wanting a shave to impress Johanna before he proposes to her. In a duet layered with meaning, Todd attempts to lull Turpin into a false sense of security by appealing to his lecherous nature. Todd sings about "pretty

women" with a hint of irony, as Turpin lusts after Todd's daughter.

Not While I'm Around

Another example of a layered duet, this song features Toby, a child who Mrs. Lovett hired to help her mind the shop after Todd (unbeknownst to Toby) murdered his former employer. Toby has begun to suspect Todd is dangerous, and promises to protect Mrs. Lovett, who he has come to see as a mother figure.

The Ballad of Sweeney Todd (Reprise)

Blinded by his obsession with murdering Turpin, Sweeney finds he has murdered his own wife. Having discovered Mrs. Lovett concealed her knowledge of his wife's fate, Todd shoves her into her own oven. Cradling his wife in his arms, he is murdered by Toby, who has been driven mad by what he's learned.

The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.
His skin was pale and his eye was odd.
He shaved the faces of gentlemen
Who never thereafter were heard of again.
He trod a path that few have trod,
Did Sweeney Todd,
The demon barber of Fleet Street.

He kept a shop in London town,
Of fancy clients and good renown.
And what if none of their souls were saved?
They went to their maker impeccably shaved
By Sweeney Todd,
The demon barber of Fleet Street.

Swing your razor wide, Sweeney,
Hold it to the skies!
Freely flows the blood of those who moralize.

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.

The Worst Pies In London

[MRS. LOVETT]
These are probably the worst pies in London.
I know why nobody cares to take them,

I should know, I make them.
But good? No, the worst pies in London.

Even that's polite. The worst pies in London.
If you doubt it, take a bite.
Is that just revolting? All greasy and gritty.
It looks like it's molting and tastes like...

Well, pity a woman alone with limited wind
And the worst pies in London.
Times is hard.

Johanna

[ANTHONY]
I feel you, Johanna, I feel you.
I was half convinced I'd waken,
Satisfied enough to dream you.
Happily I was mistaken, Johanna!

I'll steal you, Johanna, I'll steal you.
Do they think that walls can hide you?
Even now I'm at your window.
I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair.

I feel you, Johanna, and one day I'll steal you.
Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there.
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair.

By The Sea

[MRS. LOVETT]
By the sea, Mister Todd, that's the life I covet,
By the sea, Mister Todd, ooh I know you'd love it!
You and me, Mister T., we could be alone
In a house wot we'd almost own down by the sea!
Wouldn't that be smashing?
By the sea.

[SWEENEY TODD]
Anything you say.

[MRS. LOVETT]
With the fishes splashing.

I can see us waking, the breakers breaking,
The seagulls squawking. Hoo! Hoo!
I do me baking, then I go walking with you-hoo!
I'll warm me bones by the esplanade,

Have tea and scones with me gay young blade.
Then I'll knit a sweater,

[SWEENEY TODD]
While I write a letter,

[BOTH]
Unless we've got better to do-hoo.

By the sea, in our nest, we could share our kippers
With the odd paying guest from the weekend trippers.
Have a nice sunny suite for the guest to rest in.

[SWEENEY TODD]
Now and then I can do the guest in...

[MRS. LOVETT]
By the sea, married nice and proper.
By the sea,

[SWEENEY TODD]
Anything you say.

[MRS. LOVETT]
Bring along your chopper.

[BOTH]
By the beautiful sea.

Green Finch And Linnet Bird

[JOHANNA]
Green finch and linnet bird, nightingale, blackbird,
How is it you sing? How can you jubilate,
Sitting in cages, never taking wing?

Outside the sky waits, beckoning, beckoning,
Just beyond the bars. How can you remain,
Staring at the rain, maddened by the stars?

How is it you sing anything?

Green finch and linnet bird, nightingale, blackbird,
Teach me how to sing. If I cannot fly,
Let me sing.

Pretty Women

[SWEENEY TODD]
Pretty women, fascinating, sipping coffee, dancing,
Pretty women are a wonder, pretty women!
Blowing out their candles or combing out their hair,
Even when they leave you and vanish, they
Somehow can still remain there with you.
They're there.

Not While I'm Around

[TOBY]
Nothing's gonna harm you, not while I'm around.
Nothing's gonna harm you, no, sir,
Not while I'm around.
Demons are prowling everywhere nowadays.
I'll send 'em howling, I don't care... I got ways.

No one's gonna hurt you, no one's gonna dare.
Others can desert you, not to worry,
Whistle, I'll be there.
Demons'll charm you with a smile for a while,
But in time nothing can harm you,
Not while I'm around.

The Ballad of Sweeney Todd (Reprise)

Sweeney wishes the world away,
Sweeney's weeping for yesterday,
Hugging the blade, waiting for years,
Hearing the music that nobody hears.
Sweeney waits in the parlor hall,
Sweeney leans on the office wall.
No one can help, nothing can hide you.
Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?
Sweeney wishes the world away,
Sweeney's weeping for yesterday.
There he is, is Sweeney!

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.
He served a dark and a hungry God.
To seek revenge may lead to hell.
But ev'ryone does it, if seldom so well
As Sweeney Todd,
The demon barber of Fleet Street.



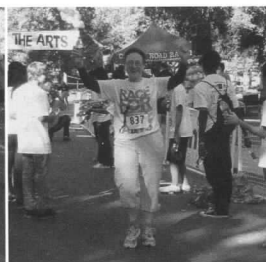
Thanks to everyone who donated during the Sacramento region's first Arts Day of Giving. The contributions made during this 24-hour giving challenge — both online and at our Open Rehearsal — were augmented by a prorated portion of a \$100,000 matching pool available to all of the arts organizations that participated. We're looking forward to taking part in this challenge again next year and hope to be able to list your name, too!

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Sacramento Master Singers members will be participating again this year. Run/Walk and help us raise funds! Be a cheerleader for our runners! Discover other groups in the area!
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For a contribution of \$50 or more, we will include your name or company name in our programs and offer you preferred seating at our concerts. We are proud of the group's strong fiscal health over the years. As performing costs increase, however, we rely heavily on contributions to help us meet our budget demands. Your tax deductible donation helps us to continue to offer tickets at affordable prices.

<i>BENEFACTOR</i>	<i>\$1,000+</i>	<i>Unlimited seats/concert</i>
<i>GOLD PATRON</i>	<i>\$500-\$999</i>	<i>12 to 16 seats/concert</i>
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<i>BRONZE PATRON</i>	<i>\$100-\$249</i>	<i>4 to 6 seats/concert</i>
<i>ASSOCIATE</i>	<i>\$50-\$99</i>	<i>2 seats/concert</i>

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(\$500-\$999)

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Greg & Marilyn Gregory
Susan Hoeffel &
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Maureen &
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(\$250-\$499)

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Celia Buckley &
Marion Randall
Lucy Bunch &
Nancy Flagg
Alan & Susan Boyd
Ken Carter
Betty Clark
Margaret Everett

Charmaine Ferrera
Laurie & Jim Hanschu
Tom Kaiser
Meegan, Hanschu
& Kassenbrock
Tess & Michael Keehn
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& Michael Sestak
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Robert & Velma
Goodlin
Christina Griffiths
Jennifer Helm
Jeff & Suzanna Hoye
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Linda Jahn
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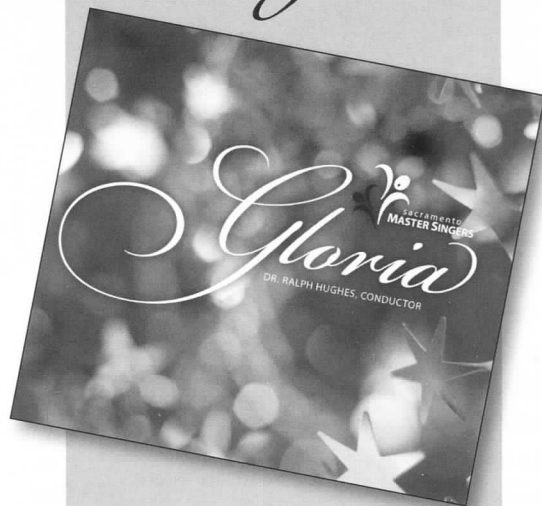


Special thanks to **First United Methodist Church** for the use of their beautiful sanctuary and facilities.

The Sacramento Master Singers also thanks the staff and congregation of **Arcade Church** for the kindness and generosity of their people and the use of their facilities during SMS rehearsals.

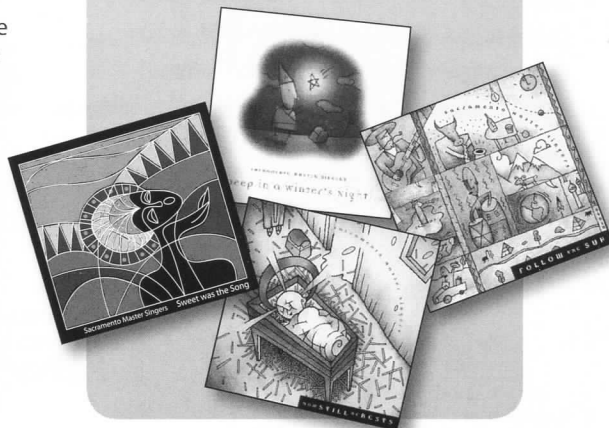
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Saint Francis of Assisi Church

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Three Stages, Folsom

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December 14 @ 2:00 pm
Saint Francis of Assisi Church

