

Um Mitternacht

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternengewimmel
Hat mir gelacht
Um Mitternacht.

At midnight
I awoke
And looked up to the heavens;
No star in that multitude
Smiled upon me
At midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in die dunkle Schranken.
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht
Um Mitternacht.

At midnight
My thoughts stretched out
To the dark limits of space.
No image of light
Brought me consolation
At midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Nahm ich in Acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht
Um Mitternacht

At midnight
I heeded
The beating of my heart;
A single throb of pain
Was roused
At midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht
Um Mitternacht.

At midnight
I fought the battle,
O humanity, of your suffering;
I could not resolve it
With my might
At midnight.

Um Mitternacht
Hab' ich die Macht
In Deine Hand gegeben;
Herrüber Tod und Leben,
Du hältst die Wacht
Um Mitternacht!

At midnight
I yielded all might
into your hands;
Lord of death and life,
You stand guard
At midnight!

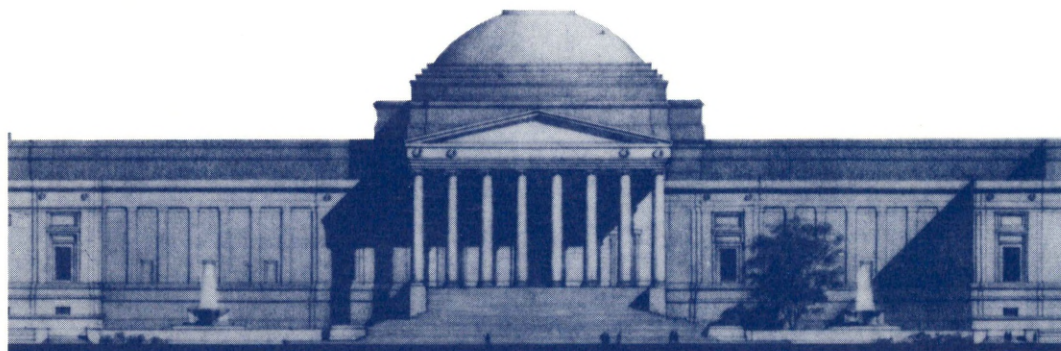
Concerts from the National Gallery are broadcast in their entirety at 7:00 p.m. on Sundays on radio station WGTS, 91.9 FM, four weeks after the live performance. The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2110th Concert

NATIONAL GALLERY ORCHESTRA

GEORGE MANOS, *Conductor*

CATHERINE ROBBIN, *mezzo-soprano, Guest Artist*

Sunday Evening, February 6, 1994
at Seven O'clock
West Building, East Garden Court
Admission free

PROGRAM

Music of Gustav Mahler

1860-1911

Symphonic Movement: *Blumine* (1883-1888)

Five Songs on Texts by Friedrich Rückert (1900-1901)

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Liebst du um Schönheit

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Um Mitternacht

INTERMISSION

Totenfeier (1888)

The National Gallery welcomes as a returning guest artist mezzo-soprano CATHERINE ROBBIN, whose 1989 recital at the Gallery was warmly received by the audience and praised in the press. At ease in a wide range of vocal music, she is particularly noted for her masterful interpretations of baroque and romantic literature. Among her appearances this season have been the 250th anniversary celebration of the first London performance of Handel's *Messiah* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Bach's *B Minor Mass* with the Milwaukee Symphony, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with the Ottawa Choral Society. She is a favorite guest artist among Canadian orchestras, and has been featured in recent Montreal Symphony performances of Mozart's *Mass in C Minor*, with Helmuth Rilling conducting, and *Requiem*, conducted by Charles Dutoit. Catherine Robbin has recorded the Mahler *Rückert Lieder* with the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony, and her recordings have won two *Grands prix du disque* and a Juno award. Her *Messiah* on Gardner/Philips, Pearlman/Telarc was nominated for a 1993 Grammy Award. She appears at the National Gallery by arrangement with Thea Dispeker, Inc., of New York City.

The Symphonic movement that carries the title *Blumine* was originally one of the five movements of Mahler's *First Symphony*. The symphony was subtitled *Titan* and was provided with a programmatic scheme. Later, Mahler was persuaded to delete the *Blumine* movement from the symphony and to publish it without the programmatic titles of the remaining four movements. The *Blumine* movement remained unpublished until 1967, when it was released for publication by the owners of the manuscript, the New Haven Symphony Orchestra.

Mahler turned to poems of Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) for inspiration shortly after his marriage to Alma Schindler in 1901. The daughter of Austrian landscape painter Anton Schindler, Alma was nineteen years younger than her husband, and their relationship was often troubled. *Liebst du um Schönheit* takes on special poignancy when one notes that Mahler presented it to Alma as a personal gift, in the form of a manuscript for voice and piano, and did not make any effort to perform or publish it during his lifetime. It was later transcribed for full orchestra by Max Puttmann. The delicacy of a gentle breeze is captured in the sparse orchestral textures of *Ich atmet' einen linden Duft*, while *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen* is rich with the serenity that orchestral strings are uniquely able to express. *Um Mitternacht* is set in a minor mode, from which it repeatedly tries to escape. At the end, the music finally breaks into the major mode, reflecting the consolation that appears in the final verse of the poem, after four verses of protest and despair.

As was the case with *Blumine*, Mahler conceived the music now known as *Totenfeier* as a movement for a symphony. As the work on the symphony, Mahler's second, reached a point where he wondered if he would ever finish it, he decided to publish the completed movement separately as a tone poem.

Texts of the Rückert Songs

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht vertrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen:
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!
Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selber auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Do not look at my songs!
I lower my eyes as if I were
caught in a crime.
Even I do not dare
To watch them as they grow:
Your curiosity is betrayal!
Bees, when they build their
cells, let no one watch,
Nor do they watch themselves.
When they carry the rich
honeycombs to daylight,
May you be the first to taste them!

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht
mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein
goldnes Haar!
Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht
mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling, der jung ist
jedes Jahr!
Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht
mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel
Perlen klar!
Liebst du um Liebe, o ja -
mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb ich
immerdar!

If you love for beauty, do not
love me;
Love the sun with its golden
hair.
If you love for youth, do not
love me;
Love the spring which is young
every year.
If you love for treasure, do
not love me;
Love the mermaid with her many
clear pearls.
If you love for love, oh yes,
then love me!
Love me forever, as I will
always love you!

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft.
Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

I breathed a gentle fragrance;
In the room there was
A branch of the lime tree,
A gift of a dear hand.
How lovely was the lime
fragrance!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!
Das Lindenreis
Brachst du gelinde;
Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden Duft.

How lovely is the lime
fragrance! The sprig of the
lime tree you plucked so
gently; Softly I breathe in
the fragrance of the lime tree
the gentle fragrance of love.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

Ich bin der Welt abhanden
gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit
verdorben;
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir
vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei
gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran
gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen
dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben
der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

I have lost touch with the
world where I once wasted
too much of my time.

Nothing has been heard of me
for so long that they may
well think me dead.

Indeed, I hardly care if the
world thinks I am dead.

Neither can I deny it, for I
am truly dead to the world.

I am dead to the bustle of the
world and repose in
tranquil realms. I live
alone in my heaven, in my
devotion, in my song.