

What are life's storms, if your roses blaze and blossom for me!
What are mankind's tears, when the sunset glows a gentle red!

Accept, Lord of the Universe, the fruit of blood, suffering, the grave –
The last foaming cup of passion from an unworthy vassal!

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Under the direction of George Manos

FEBRUARY 1995

- 26 Paul Badura-Skoda, *pianist* Schumann: *Scenes of Childhood*
Symphonic Etudes, Opus 13
Chopin: *C-sharp Minor Nocturne*
Ballade No. 3
Sonata in B-flat Minor

MARCH 1995

- 5 National Gallery Orchestra Music of J. S. Bach:
George Manos, *Conductor* *Concerto for Violin and Oboe in*
C Minor
Orchestral Suite in C Major
Coffee Cantata
- 12 Henriette Schellenberg, *soprano* Wolf: *Italienisches*
Daniel Lichti, *baritone* *Liederbuch*

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 Fifty-third Season of

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2148th Concert

ECCO TRIO

JUNKO OHTSU, *violin*
EVELYN ELSING, *cello*
COLETTE VALENTINE, *piano*

with guest artist

LINDA MABBS, *soprano*

Sunday Evening, February 19, 1995
at Seven O'clock
West Building, East Garden Court

Admission free

Formed in 1983, the ECCO TRIO gave its first performance at the National Gallery in 1986 and its New York debut at Carnegie Recital Hall in 1987. Noted for its heightened sense of rapport and its warm lyricism, the ensemble has received high praise for its performances from many sources, including music critics of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. The Ecco Trio personifies the growing cultural interchange between East and West, not only in the partnership between Japanese-born Junko Ohtsu and her American-born partners, but also in its frequent choice of repertoire by Japanese and other Asian composers. Ecco Trio's debut recording, *America*, was released in April of 1994 on Japan's Fontec label.

Soprano LINDA MABBS has appeared as soloist with the English, St. Paul, and Smithsonian Chamber Orchestras, and with the symphony orchestras of St. Louis, Chicago, and Washington, D.C. Conductors with whom she has collaborated have included Sir Neville Marriner, Robert Shaw, Sir George Solti, Leonard Slatkin, and Mstislav Rostropovich. A specialist in interpretation of the music of Georg Frideric Handel, Ms. Mabbs appears regularly with the Kennedy Center Handel Festival, Chicago's Music of the Baroque, the Handel & Haydn Society of Boston, and the Maryland Handel Festival. Her recital programs are noteworthy in that they always include at least one group of songs by American composers. A former pupil of the great British tenor Sir Peter Pears, Ms. Mabbs is professor of music at the University of Maryland, College Park.

Composer LOWELL LIEBERMANN is a native of New York City and received the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree from the Juilliard School of Music. His *Trio, Opus 32*, was commissioned by Susan and Elihu Rose and received its world premiere at the hands of the Eroica Trio at the 1990 Cape and Islands Music Festival in Cape Cod. Mr. Liebermann has written numerous other works, including two piano concertos and an opera based on Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Grey*. His *Sonata for Flute and Piano* was selected by the National Flute Society as one of the best newly published works for the flute and has been taken on tour by such well-known flutists as Carol Wincenz, James Galway, and Paula Robison.

The City Is Asleep

The city is asleep, shrouded in mist; the street lights are barely flickering.
Over there, in the distance beyond the Neva, I can see the glimmer of dawn.
In that faraway reflection, in that glimmer of flame,
There lurks the awakening of days which will bring me sorrow.

The Storm

Oh, how frantically there howls and rages outside the window a vicious storm.
With driven clouds, pouring rain, and a wind that buffets and lulls.
Dreadful night! On such a night I feel pity for the homeless, and compassion drives me out into the cold and the wet to battle against the darkness and the rain, to share the sufferings of those wretches.
Oh, how frantically the wind howls and slackens outside the window!

Secret Signs

Secret signs flare up out of the bare, ever-sleeping wall.
Gold and red poppies hang above me in dreams.

I take refuge in the caverns of the night and no longer remember stern marvels.
At sunrise, blue chimeras gaze from the mirror of bright skies.

I escape into moments from the past; I close my eyes out of fear;
On the pages of a book that grows cold appears a girl's golden tress.

The skies press down upon me; a black dream oppresses my heart.
My predestined end is approaching; wars and fires lie ahead.

Music

At night, when fears are asleep, and the city hides in the mist –
Oh, how much music there is in God's hands, what sounds pervade the earth!