



The Sixty-third Season of  
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin  
Concerts

National Gallery of Art  
2,504th Concert

Alessandra Marc, *soprano*  
David Chapman, *pianist*

October 10, 2004  
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

*Admission free*

Music Department  
National Gallery of Art  
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW  
Washington, DC

*Mailing address*  
2000B South Club Drive  
Landover, MD 20785

[www.nga.gov](http://www.nga.gov)

2,504th Concert  
October 10, 2004, 6:30 pm

---

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)  
Scene: “Ah! Perfido”  
Opus 65 (1796)

Alban Berg (1885–1935)  
Seven Early Songs (1905–1908)  
Nacht  
Schilflied  
Die Nachtigall  
Traumgekrönt  
Im Zimmer  
Liebesode  
Sommertage

Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)  
“Vissi d’arte” from “Tosca” (1900)

*Intermission*

George Gershwin (1898–1937)  
Can’t help lovin’ dat man  
Someone to Watch over Me

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)  
“Climb Every Mountain” from “The Sound of Music” (1959)

Carlisle Floyd (b. 1926)  
“Trees on the Mountain” from “Susannah” (1954)  
Spirituals  
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot  
Guide My Feet  
Ride on, King Jesus

Gershwin  
“My Man’s Gone Now” from “Porgy and Bess” (1935)

For the convenience of concertgoers  
the Garden Café remains open until 6:00 pm.

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the  
performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones,  
pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that concerts now begin at 6:30 pm.  
Late entry or reentry after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

## The Musicians

### ALESSANDRA MARC

“Une étoile est née (A Star Is Born),” headlined *Le Figaro* (Paris). The *New Yorker* proclaimed: “an instrument of unsurpassed beauty and impact and perhaps the richest, fullest, most beautiful big soprano voice around.” Such accolades have been and continue to be a staple in the career of the outstanding American soprano Alessandra Marc. A frequent guest of the world’s leading opera houses and orchestras, she collaborates with the most eminent conductors of our time, including Daniel Barenboim, Sir Georg Solti, Zubin Mehta, Christian Thielemann, Michael Tilson Thomas, Riccardo Chailly, Seiji Ozawa, Christoph von Dohnanyi, Christoph Eschenbach, Sir Colin Davis, Charles Dutoit, Edo de Waart, Lorin Maazel, Marek Janowski, Kent Nagano, Heinz Fricke, Leif Segerstam, Andreas Delfs, Franz Welser-Möst, Daniele Gatti, Sebastian Weigle, Mariss Jansons, Esa Pekka Salonen, James Conlon, and Gerard Schwarz. Marc collaborated most frequently with the late Giuseppe Sinopoli, and she was called upon to sing at his funeral mass in Rome in April 2001. Her Metropolitan Opera debut saw her in the title role of *Aida*, which she has also sung at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, the San Francisco Opera, and the Vienna State Opera.

The 2000–2001 season began with Alessandra Marc’s triumphant return to the Metropolitan Opera. Of her opening night performance as *Turandot*, the *New York Times* reported: “She displayed burnished tone and enormous volume, especially in climactic phrases that soar above the orchestra and chorus.” She repeated the role at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., in her debut at the Teatro alla Scala, and with the

Danish Radio Orchestra. In 2004 she performed it at the Festival Casals in televised concert performances, and she will sing in staged productions of *Turandot* in 2005 and 2006 in Lisbon, Barcelona, Florence, and Tokyo. Other highlights of the upcoming seasons will include solo appearances with the Seattle Symphony, the Milwaukee Symphony, at George Mason University, and in recital at Tokyo’s Suntory Hall.

Alessandra Marc’s discography is equally impressive. Delos Records issued her first aria recital recording, *American Diva*, and her many releases include four on the Teldec label: Schoenberg’s *Erwartung*, Berg’s *Altenberg Lieder* and *Lulu Suite*, with Sinopoli and the Dresden Staatskapelle, and the final scene of Richard Strauss’ *Salome* with the North German Radio Orchestra. Her most recent recordings are Albéniz’ *Henry Clifford* on the Decca label (2003); a complete *Turandot*, recorded by the Regional Opera Company of Bilbao, Spain; and an Opera Gala with Andrew Litton and the Dallas Symphony Orchestra on the Delos label. This concert marks Alessandra Marc’s fourth appearance at the National Gallery. Her debut recital at the Gallery occurred in January 1991, and her second appearance came just two months later, when she stepped in at the last minute for the ailing Arleen Auger to sing Richard Strauss’ *Four Last Songs* with the National Gallery Orchestra under George Manos. The concert was a critically acclaimed triumph and a fitting observation of both the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Gallery and its 2,000th Sunday concert on March 17, 1991.



#### DAVID CHAPMAN

David Chapman, a native Californian, holds degrees and performance diplomas in piano from the Peabody Conservatory and the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, where he was concerto soloist and served as opera coach in both conservatories. He was awarded a Fulbright grant in solo piano performance and spent two years in Germany. He remained in Europe for a total of eleven years, during which time he performed recitals in Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Hungary, and Germany under contract to Steiner, Weylach, and Schulte concert managements. Chapman has recorded for the Süddeutscher Rundfunk in Stuttgart and the Westdeutscher Rundfunk in Cologne and has appeared on German television with the world-renowned soprano Felicia Weathers. He has played in master classes for Martina Arroyo, Evelyn Lear, Felicia Weathers, Hans Hotter, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

Chapman studied orchestral conducting with George Cleve and choral conducting with Charlene Archibeque. For six years he conducted and arranged music for ensembles that toured throughout Germany with soloist Felicia Weathers. He coached for three years at the International Bach Academy in Stuttgart under Helmut Rilling, performed in several Stuttgart Ballet premieres, and worked as pianist in collaboration with Fernando Bujones of the American Ballet Theater. Chapman began teaching vocalists in 1990. Since then he has given voice master classes at the University of Oklahoma, the University of Nebraska, the Sichuan

Conservatory in Cheng-du, China, the Pedagogical University of Beijing, and the Moscow Conservatory. David Chapman is a founding member of Vocal Arts International (VAI), a group dedicated to establishing a network of cultural exchanges with singers of other countries in which American and foreign artists perform, teach master classes, and exchange information, both at home and abroad. He is a member of the Friday Morning Music Club and the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS).

### Liebesode

Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905)

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir  
selig ein,  
Am offenen Fenster lauschte der  
Sommerwind,  
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden  
trug er hinaus in die helle  
Mondnacht.  
Und aus dem Garen tastete  
zagend sich ein Rosenduft an  
unsrer Liebe Bett  
Und gab uns wundervolle  
Träume,  
Träume des Rausches, so reich an  
Sehnsucht.

### Sommertage

Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,  
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,  
Im Sommerwind verweht die  
Zeit,  
Nun windet nächstens der Herr  
Sternenkränze mit seliger Hand  
Über Wander- und Wunderland.  
O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen  
Dein hellstes Wanderlied dann  
sagen  
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust;  
Im Wiesensang verstummt de  
Brust,  
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild  
um Bild  
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

### Love Ode

Blissful in love's arms we fell  
asleep;  
The summer wind watched at the  
open window  
and carried out to the moon-bright  
night the peace of our every  
breath.  
And from the garden, feeling its  
timid way, a scent of roses came  
to our love bed and gave us  
wondrous dreams,  
  
ecstatic dreams, so rich in longing.

### Summer Days

Days that have been sent from blue  
eternity now travel through the  
world; time drifts away in the  
summer wind;  
Now at night the Lord twines  
garlands of stars with his blessed  
hand above wander- and  
wonderland.  
O heart, what, in these days, can your  
clearest wanderer's song then say of  
your deep, deep delight;  
  
In the meadow's song the heart is  
dumb;  
The word is silent where image  
upon image comes to you and  
fulfills you completely.

### Texts

#### Ah! Perfido, spergiuro

Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Ah! perfido, spergiuro,  
barbaro traditor, tu parti?  
E son questi gl'ultimi tuoi  
congendi?  
Ove s'intese tirannia più  
crudel?  
Va, scellerato!  
Va, pur fuggi da me, l'ira de  
Numi non fuggirai!

Se v'è giustizia in Ciel,  
se v'è pietà, congiureranno a  
gara tutti a punirti!  
Ombra seguace! presente,  
ovunque vai, vedrò le mie  
vendete;  
io già le godo immaginando;  
i fulmini ti veggo già balenar,  
dintorno.

Ah no! fermate vindici Dei!  
risparmiate quel cor, fermite il  
mio!  
S'ei non è più qual era, son' io  
qual fui; per lui vivea, voglio  
morir per lui!  
Per pietà, non dirmi addio; di te  
priva che farò?  
Tu lo sai, bell' Idol mio! io  
d'affanno morirò.

Ah, crudel! tu vuoi ch'io mora!  
tu non hai pietà di me?  
Perchè rendi a chi t'adora così  
barbara mercè?  
Dite voi, si in tanto affanno non  
son degna di pietà?

### Translations

#### Ah! Faithless One

Ah! Faithless one, deceiver,  
barbarous traitor, you depart?  
And are these the last words you  
have to say to me?  
Did anyone ever suffer such  
cruel tyranny?  
Away, villain! Go, you may  
escape me, but you will never  
escape the wrath of the gods!

If there is justice in heaven,  
if there is mercy, may they  
punish you in unison!  
My shadow follows you;  
Wherever you go, my vengeance  
will follow you.  
I am already enjoying the  
thought of lightning flashing  
around you.

But no! Stay, vengeful gods!  
Spare his heart, and stop mine!

If he is not faithful as he once  
was, I shall remain so. I lived  
for him; I wish to die for him!  
For pity's sake, do not say adieu;  
what will I do without you?  
You know, my beautiful idol, that I  
would die of grief.

Oh, cruel one! You want me to  
die! Have you no pity on me?  
Why do you treat the one who  
adores you so savagely?  
Tell me, does not such anguish  
deserve your pity?



**Berg: Sieben frühe Lieder****Nacht**

Carl Hauptmann (1858–1921)

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht  
 und Tal,  
 Nebel schweben, Wasser  
 rauschen sacht.  
 Nun entschleiert sich's mit  
 einemmal; O gib acht!  
 Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan;  
 Silbern ragen Berge, traumhaft  
 groß,  
 Stille Pfade silberlicht talan aus  
 verborg'nem Schoß,  
 Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft  
 rein.  
 Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege  
 Steht schattenschwarz,  
 Ein Hauch vom fernen Hain  
 einsam leise weht.  
 Und aus tiefen Grundes Dürsterheit  
 Blinken Lichter auf in stummer  
 Nacht.  
 Trinke, Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit! O  
 gib acht!

**Schilflied**

Nikolas Lenau (1802–1850)

Auf geheimen Waldespfade  
 Schleich' ich gern im Abendschein  
 An das öde Schilfgestade,  
 Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Wenn sich dann der Busch  
 Verdüstert,  
 Rauscht das Rohr geheimnisvoll,  
 Und es klaget und es flüstert,  
 Daß ich weinen, weinen soll.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
 Leise deiner Stimme Klang,  
 Und im Weiher untergehen  
 Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

**Berg: Seven Early Songs****Night**

Clouds grow dark over night and  
 valley, mists hover, and waters  
 softly murmur.

All of a sudden, an unveiling:  
 O pay heed!  
 A vast wonderland opens.  
 Mountains soar, silver-tinged  
 and dream-large; still, silvery  
 paths work their way into the  
 valleys from a hidden source;  
 and the lofty world is pure as in  
 a dream.

A mute beech tree stands by the  
 way, shadow-black;  
 A lonely breath blows quietly  
 from the distant forest,  
 and, from the deep valley's  
 gloom, lights flash in the silent  
 night.  
 Drink, soul, drink solitude!  
 O pay heed!

**Reed Song**

By a secret forest path,  
 I love to steal in evening light  
 To the desolate reedy shore  
 and think, maiden, of you.

Then, when the wood grows  
 dark,  
 the reeds rustle mysteriously,  
 whispering and lamenting  
 that I should weep.

And I think I hear the sound of  
 your voice wafting softly  
 and your lovely song  
 disappearing into the pond.

**Die Nachtigall**

Theodor Storm (1817-1888)

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall  
 Die ganze Nacht gesungen;  
 Da sind von ihrem süßen Schall,  
 Da sind im Hall und Widerhall  
 Die Rosen aufgesprungen.  
 Sie war doch sonst ein wildes  
 Blut,  
 Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,  
 Trägt in der hand den Sommerhut  
 Und dultet still der Sonne Glut,  
 Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.  
 Das macht,....

**Traumgekrönt**

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

Das war der Tag der weißen  
 Chrysanthemen,  
 Mir bange fast vor seiner Pracht  
 Und dann, dann kamst du mir  
 die Seele nehmen tief in der nacht.

Mir war es so bang, und du  
 kamst lieb und leise,  
 Ich hatte grad im Traum an dich  
 Gedacht;  
 Du kamst, und leis' wie eine  
 Märchenweise erklang die Nacht.

**Im Zimmer**

Johannes Schlaf (1862–1941)

Herbstsonnenschein.  
 Der liebe Abend blickt still  
 herein,  
 Ein Feuerlein rot  
 Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.  
 So, mein Kopf auf deinen  
 Knie'n,  
 So ist mir gut,  
 Wenn mein Auge so in deinem  
 ruht,  
 Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

**The Nightingale**

It is because the nightingale has  
 been singing all night that  
 roses have sprung up in the  
 echo and re-echo of her sweet  
 voice.  
 Such a wild thing she once was;

Now she wanders, deeply pensive,  
 carrying her summer hat in her  
 hand, silently enduring the hot  
 sun, and knowing not what to do.  
 It is because....

**Crowned in a Dream**

It was the day of white  
 chrysanthemums;  
 Its splendor almost made me feel  
 afraid; and then you came to take  
 my soul from me in the dead of  
 night.  
 I was so afraid, yet you came  
 sweetly and softly;  
 I had been thinking of you in a  
 dream;  
 You came, and the night resonated  
 softly, like a fairy tune.

**In the Room**

Autumn sunshine.  
 Fair evening looks silently in.  
 A little fire blazes red, flares up,  
 and crackles in the stove window.  
 So, with my head on your knees,  
 I am content;  
 How quietly the minutes pass when  
 my eyes rest in yours.