

CONCERT

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART  
Washington, D. C.

Sunday, February 11, 1945

8:00 P. M.

In The East Garden Court

NATIONAL GALLERY SINFONIETTA  
RICHARD BALES, CONDUCTOR

SOLOIST  
MARGARET SHERIDAN, SOPRANO

Programme

Handel

Concerto Grosso No.21 in D Minor

Grave  
Allegro  
Air  
Allegretto  
Allegro

Concertino: Jan Tomasow, Violin  
Herbert Bangs, Violin  
Sidney Hamer, Violoncello

Haydn

Symphony No.104 in D Major,  
"London"

Adagio-Allegro  
Andante  
Menuetto  
Allegro spiritoso

I N T E R M I S S I O N

✓ Barlow

Songs from The Silence of Amor  
(William Sharp)

The Reed Player  
Evocation  
Communion  
MARGARET SHERIDAN, SOLOIST  
(First performance in Washington)

Kreisler

Praeludium and Allegro in E Minor

Berlioz

The Damnation of Faust

Danse des Sylphes  
Rakoczy March

✓  
Over

I. The Reed Player

I saw one put a hollow reed to his lips. It was a forlorn sweet air that he played, an ancient, forgotten strain, learned of a shepherding woman upon the hills. The Song of Songs it was that he played. And the beating of hearts was heard, and I heard sighs, and a voice like a distant bird song rose and fell. "Play me a song of Death," I said. Then he who had the hollow reed at his lips smiled, and he played again the Song of Songs.

II. Evocation

I heard the voice of the wind among the pines. It was as the tide coming over smooth sands. On the red pine-boles the sun flamed goldenly out of the west. In falling cadences the cuckoo calls across the tides of light. In dreams now I hear the cuckoos calling across a dim sea of light, there where a sun that never rose or set shines goldenly upon ancient trees, in whose midst the wind goes sighingly, with a sound of the tide slipping swift over smooth sands. And I hear a solitary voice singing there where I stand among the gold flamed pine-boles and look with hungry eyes upon the light of a sun that never rose nor set.

III. Communion

In the hollows of quiet places we may meet, the quiet places where is neither moon nor sun but only the light as of amber and pale gold that comes from the hills of the heart. There listen at times; there you will call and I hear. There I will whisper, and that whisper will come to you as the dew is gather'd into the grass at the rising of the moon.