

THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

WASHINGTON, D. C.

883rd Concert

Sunday, June 17, 1962

8:00 P. M.

In The East Garden Court

JEANNE GAGE, SOPRANO  
ROBERT PARRIS, PIANIST

Program

I

John Dowland  
Henry Purcell  
Franz Josef Haydn

The Lachrymae Pavan  
From Rosy Bowers  
Fidelity

II

Robert Schumann

Requiem  
Mit Myrthen und Rosen  
Auftraege  
Maedchen Schwermut  
Liebeslied  
Melancholie  
Er ist's

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

III

Paul Hindemith

Two Songs  
Cum Natus Esset  
Nuptiae factae sunt

IV

John Edmunds

Two Songs with Middle  
English Texts  
The Knight's Bird  
The Litel Childe

V

Hugo Wolf

From the Spanish Song Book  
Wer tat deinem Fuesslein weh?  
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen  
Sie Elasen zum abmarsch  
Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!  
Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein  
Wehe der, die mir verstrickte  
meinen Geliebten

This concert is broadcast in stereophonic sound by Station WGMS  
570 on AM and 103.5 on FM



Translations to Foreign Language Selections

Robert Schumanns:

Requiem (Altkatholisches Gedicht): Turn from the pain and temporal pleasures of life to the richer reward promised by the Savior!

Mit Myrthen und Rosen (Heine): I would hallow this book of love songs with a myrtle wreath. Here enshrined, they will await my beloved. These faded pages will whisper to her of my undying devotion.

Auftraege (Ch. L'Egru): On the ripples of the brook would I glide to my sweetheart; on the wings of the dove, would I send her a thousand greetings; on the crest of the moon would I ride to her window, to ask for a kiss. But you, impatient ones, would not wait for me!

Maedchen Schwermut (Unbekannter dichter): Dewdrops on the petal's edge, are you tears from a broken heart? Is this melancholy sighing I hear, the wind, or my inner longing? The stars no longer seem like the eyes of God! Nowhere do I find solace in this joyless world!

Liebeslied (Goethe): My heart longs to declare my love. I would gladly dedicate my life to serving him, and yet, I can only worship him from afar.

Melancholie (E. Geibel): My life has known only pain and sorrow. When will death release me from this misery?

Er ist's (E. Moerike): The charming, familiar, strains of spring are in the air. Listen to the harp-like tones. Yes, it is spring!

Paul Hindemith:

Cum natus esset (St. Matthew)

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, enquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him:

And being warned of God in a dream that they should not return to Herod they departed into their own country another way.

(Continued)



Paul Hindemith:

Nuptiae factae sunt (St. John):

And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there:

And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto him, They have no wine.

Jesus saith unto them, Fill the waterpots with water. And they filled them up to the brim.

And he saith unto them, Draw out now, and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory; and his disciples believed on him.

Hugo Wolf: (From the Spanische Liederbuch nach Heyse und Geibel)

Wer tat deinem Fuesslein Weh?

"Pretty maid, why do you weep?"

"While picking a rosebud, my heart was wounded, as if by a thorn.

While in the woods gathering lilies, I was stung by words of love.

In the garden where carnations grow, a splinter (quarrel) made my heart bleed."

"Pretty maid, let me be the doctor you need to dress your wounds!"

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen:

Prepare my grave with Jasmin and pure white lilies, for I am dying of life's sweetest sickness--love.

Sie blasen zum abmarsch:

The guns of the infantry sounded at dawn. My sweetheart has gone to the trumpet's call. Oh mother, if the sun left the heavens, my days could not be darker.

Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt!

"Go, my beloved, go now! If the neighbors in the market place see you leave my house now, they will gossip, because they do not know how much we truly love each other. For them, the day dawns; for me, with your departure, dark loneliness descends."

Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein

Hidden within the grey flintstone is a spark. To the world I turn a calm exterior, to hide my aching heart.

Wehe der, die mir verstrickte meinen Geliebten

Woe unto the one who stole my sweetheart!