

VI

JOHN DUKEWhen I set out for Lyonesse
(1899-)

JULIA SMITHThe Door that I would open
(1911-)

CHARLES IVESCharlie Rutledge
(1874-1954)

NED ROEMEarly in the Morning
(1923-)

RICHARD CUMMINGA ballad of the Good Lord Nelson
(1928-)

Mr. Howard appears through arrangement with
the National Music League, Inc.
130 West 56th Street
New York, New York 10019

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARK HOWARD, *Baritone*

Donald Hassard, *Pianist*

SUNDAY EVENING

FEBRUARY 16, 1969

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK
IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

THIS CONCERT IS BROADCAST BY STATION WGMS 570 AM AND 103.5 FM.

1139th Concert

I

THOMAS ARNEAire from Comus
(1710-1778)

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDELWhere e'er you walk
(1685-1759)

RICHARD LEVERIDGEWhen Dull Care
(c.1670-1758)

II

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART Concert Aria "Mentre ti lascio,
(1756-91) o figlia", K.513

As I leave you, my daughter, my heart trembles in my bosom. Oh, what a bitter parting. I feel in my sorrow frenzy and terror, I depart. You weep? Oh God! I ask of you one moment only, my child. I leave you. Oh God, what cruel torment. Oh, my heart is breaking. . . . I leave, Goodbye. You weep? Oh, what a bitter parting! Oh God! What cruel torment! My child, I am going, I leave you. Goodbye!

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART "I should like a word with all you
lovely women", from "Cosi Fan
Tutte" K.588

III

RICHARD STRAUSSNichts
(1864-1949)

You say I should name her, my queen of the realm of song! What fools you are, I know her less than you. Is not the sun the source of all life, of all light: and what do we know of it, I and you and everyone: Nothing! Nothing!

RICHARD STRAUSSAllerseelen

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes and let us speak once again of love as once in May. Come to my heart that I may have you now again, as once in May.

RICHARD STRAUSSHeimliche Aufforderung

Come, lift the sparkling cup to your lips and then, as I do, silently gaze around us over the crowd of intoxicated drinkers. Do not despise them too much. No, drink and let them enjoy their noisy feast. But after you have dined and quenched your thirst, come to the garden. I will await you near the rose bushes and entwine in your hair the splendour of a rose. Oh, come, wondrous longed-for night.

RICHARD STRAUSSMorgen

And tomorrow the sun will shine again, and on the path that I will follow, it shall again unite us, happy ones, upon this sun-breathing earth. . . . And to the wide shore, with its blue waves, we will quietly and slowly descend, speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes. And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness. . . .

RICHARD STRAUSSZueignung

Yes, you know it dear Soul, that far from you I languish. Love causes the heart to ache. To you my thanks! Once drinking to freedom, I raised the amethyst cup and you blessed the drink. To you my thanks! You exorcised the evil spirits in it so that I, as never before, cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast. To you my thanks!

IV

GIUSEPPE VERDI "E sogno", Ford's Monologue from
(1813-1901) "Falstaff"

Ford learns from Falstaff that his wife is fickle and in this monologue swears revenge.

INTERMISSION

V

MAURICE RAVELDon Quichotte A Dulcinée
(1875-1937)

Chanson Romanesque: If ever for rest you are yearning, I'll hush the winds and the seas, my love. If ever for morning you sigh, the stars I will hide in their wonder. If you were lost in space and chaos I'd come with my spear and sow the stars, radiant before you. But if ever I hear you cry "Give me your life! Prove how you love me!" Then, Blessing you still, I shall die. . . . O Dulcinée.

Chanson Epique: Good Saint Michael come! My lady bring to me. Her champion let me be, with knightly grace her fame defending. May the light of heav'n on my sword be lying, and lend my heart sweet piety. An angel watches ever near me, my own beloved, so like to you Madonna, maid divine! Amen.

Chanson à Boire: Lady adored! Wherefore this sorrow? I live in your glances divine. Say not that love and good wine brings to us mortals grief tomorrow. Drink then to joy! For good wine makes you laugh like a merry boy. Ah to joy. . . . Drink on to joy!