

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

National Gallery of Art

1362th Concert



STAFFORD WING, *Tenor*

THOMAS WARBURTON, *Pianist*

Sunday Evening, October 27, 1974 at Seven in the East Garden Court

PROGRAM

I

HUGO WOLF Mörike Lieder
(1860 - 1903)

Auf einer Wanderung
Jägerlied
Nimmersatte Liebe
Der Gärtner
Er ist's
Schlafendes Jesukind
Auf ein altes Bild
Verborgtheit

II

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF O Cease thy Singing (Pushkin)
(1873 - 1943)
Lilacs (Beketova)
It's Lovely Here (Galina)
The Harvest of Sorrow (Tolstoy)

INTERMISSION

III

NED ROEM Early in the Morning
(1923-)
(Robert Hillyer)
See How They Love Me
(Howard Moss)
For Susan (Paul Goodman)
Clouds (Paul Goodman)
What Sparks and Wiry Cries
(Paul Goodman)

IV

ERIK SATIE Le Statue de Bronze
(1866 - 1925)
(Léon-Paul Fargue)
Daphénéo (M. God)
Le Chapelier (René Chalupt)

V

BENJAMIN BRITTEN Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo
(1913-)

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Sonetto XVI | Si come nella penna e nell'inchiostro |
| Sonetto XXXI | A che piu debb'io mai l'intensa voglia |
| Sonetto XXX | Veggio co'bei vostri occhi un dolce lume |
| Sonetto LV | Tu sa' ch'io so, signior mie, che tu sai |
| Sonetto XXXVIII | Rendete a gli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume |
| Sonetto XXXII | S'un casto amor, s'una pieta superna |
| Sonetto XXIV | Spirito ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede |

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM.

Sonnet XXX

With your lovely eyes I see a sweet light that yet with my blind ones I cannot see; with your feet I carry a weight on my back which with my lame ones I cannot; with your wings I, wingless, fly; with your spirit I move heavenward; at your wish I blush or turn pale, cold in the sunshine, or hot in the coldest midwinter. My will is in your will alone, my thoughts are born in your heart, my words are on your breath. Alone, I am like the moon in the sky which our eyes cannot see save that part which the sun illuminates.

Sonnet LV

You know, beloved, that I am come nearer to enjoy you more; and that I am still the same. Why, then, do I hesitate to greet you? If the hope you give me is true, if true the strong desire that is granted me, the wall between us crumbles, for secret griefs have double force. If I love in you, beloved, only what you love most, do not be angry; for so one spirit is enamoured of another. That which in your lovely face I yearn for and seek to grasp is but ill understood by human kind, and he that would see it, first must die.

Sonnet XXXVIII

Fountains and rivers, give back to my eyes the waves of those strong currents that are not yours, which make you swell and grow with greater power than is your natural way. And thou, heavy air, that dims the heavenly light to my sad eyes, so full of my sighs are thou, give them back to my weary heart and lighten thy dark face to my sight. Earth, give me back my footsteps that the grass may sprout again where it was trod; and Echo, yet deaf to my laments, give back thy sound; and you beloved eyes, give back to my eyes their glances; that I another time may love another beauty, since with me you are not satisfied.

Sonnet XXXII

If love be chaste, if pity heavenly, if fortune equal between two lovers; if a bitter fate is shared by both, and if one spirit, one will rules two hearts; if in two bodies one soul is made eternal, raising both to heaven on the same wings; if at one stroke and with a gilded arrow love burns and pierces two hearts to the core; if in loving one another, forgetting self, with one pleasure and one delight there is such reward that both wills strive for the same end; if thousands and thousands do not make one hundredth part to such a bond of constant love, can, then, mere anger break and dissolve it?

Sonnet XXIV

Noble soul, in whose chaste and dear limbs are reflected all that nature and heaven can achieve with us, the paragon of their works: graceful soul, within whom one hopes and believes Love, Pity, and Mercy are dwelling, as they appear in your faces; things so rare and never found in beauty so truly: Love takes me captive, and Beauty binds me; Pity and Mercy with sweet glances fill my heart with strong hope. What law or earthly government, what cruelty now or yet to come, could forbid Death to spare such a lovely face?

I

HUGO WOLF

Auf einer Wanderung

I entered a friendly little town as the streets were bathed in the red glow of evening. From an open window, out over a bed of marvelous flowers, drifted the tones of golden bells. A voice like a chorus of nightingales made the flowers quiver, the breezes spring to life, and the roses glow in deepest splendour. I stood there a long time astonished, overcome with joy! How I came to leave the gates of the town, I cannot recall. Ah, the world is beautiful here! The sky is surging in crimson billows and in a golden haze the brook rushes under the alders and the mill rumbles in the gorge. I am bemused, intoxicated! O Muse, you have touched my heart with a breath of love!

Jägerlied

Dainty are the bird's footsteps in the snow as he wanders about the mountain tops. Daintier is my sweetheart's hand as she writes to me in a far-off land. High in the air above an eagle soars where neither shot nor arrow flies. Yet, a thousand times higher and faster are the thoughts of true love.

Nimmersatte Liebe

So this is how love is! Not to be quieted by kisses; who is such a fool as to attempt to fill a sieve with water? If you were to try for a thousand years, always, always kissing, you could never satisfy her. Love has every hour some wonderful new desire; we bit our lips until they were sore while we kissed today. The maiden remained quite still, like a lamb under the knife; her eyes pleaded: Go on forever, the more it hurts, the better! This is how love is, and has always been, as long as love has existed, and even the Lord Solomon the Wise did not love any other way.

Der Gärtner

On her own little snow-white horse the fairest Princess comes riding along the avenue. On the road where the horse prances so smartly, the sand which I sprinkled sparkles like gold! Rose-colored bonnet bobbing up and down, oh, toss a feather discreetly this way! Should you wish a flower from me in exchange, take a thousand for one . . . take them all for just one!

Er ist's

Spring is floating his blue banner once again on the breezes; sweet, well-remembered scents pervade the land with promises. Violets, already dreaming, will soon begin to bloom. Listen! From far away, the soft sound of a harp! Spring, yes it is you!

Schlafendes Jesukind

Son of the Virgin, Child of Heaven! On the ground, asleep upon the wood of torture, which the pious master, in deep reflection, made as the pillow for Thy gentle dreams. Oh, flower, still in the bud, shrouded in the Father's glory! Oh, who could perceive what images beyond this brew are reflected in gentle succession!

Auf ein altes Bild

In a green landscape, summer flowers by the cool water, reeds and rushes, look how the innocent boy plays happily on the Virgin's lap! And there in the pleasant wood, ah! the tree for the cross is already in leaf!

Verborgtheit

Leave me to myself, o world! Tempt me not with love-offerings; let this heart in solitude feel its joy, its pain! I do not know the cause of my sadness, it is some unknown pain; yet, constantly through my tears I see the beloved light of the sun. Often I hardly know myself, and radiant joy flashes through the troubles that oppress me and blissfully lightens my heart. Leave me to myself, o world!

II

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

O Cease Thy Singing

O cease thy singing, fair maiden, the sad songs of Crusia. They remind me of another life and of a distant shore. Alas! Your haunting melodies bring to my memory the steppe, the night, and in the moonlight the features of the poor girl, that dear, fatal ghost. I forget when I see you, but when you sing her image appears before me.

Lilacs

At dawn I walk along the dewy grass, breathing the fresh air so fragrant with the masses of lilacs. I search among the many blossoms for that rare one with five petals. If I have the good fortune to find just this one, then I shall find my happiness, the one desire of my heart.

It's Lovely Here

It's lovely here . . . look, the distant river is aglow, the meadows are a carpet of flowers, and the clouds are white. There are no people here . . . it's quiet . . . here are only God and I, the flowers and the old pine tree, and you, my dream!

The Harvest of Sorrow

Oh you, my field of wheat, you cannot be reaped with one stroke, you cannot be tied into one sheaf. Oh you, my thoughts, you cannot be forgotten at once, you cannot be expressed in one word. The wind swept over you, my field, bending you to the ground and scattering your ripened grains. Widely scattered are my dreams as well, and where each thought fell grew up wild and bitter grass, deep sorrow and misery!

IV

ERIK SATIE

Le Statue de bronze

The frog of the game of Tonneau is bored in the evening under the arbor. He is tired of being a statue, with mouth open wide as if ready to pronounce something grand! He would rather be with the other frogs who make bubbles of music with the soap of the moon at the edge of the basin. Instead, all day long people toss him a meal of coins which pass through him without bringing him any profit; but ring within the hollow of his numbered pedestal. And at night the insects go to bed in his mouth.

Daphénéo

Tell me, Daphénéo, what is this tree whose fruit is weeping birds? This tree, Chrysaline, is a bird tree. Ah . . . I thought that hazel trees bore hazelnuts. Yes, Chrysaline, hazel trees do bear hazelnuts, but bird trees bear birds that cry. Ah!

Le Chapelier

The hatter is astonished to find that his watch is three days slow, although he had taken care to keep it greased with butter of the finest quality. He allowed bread crumbs to fall into the gears; and it was a big mistake to dip the watch in tea, for that does not help to make it go faster.

V

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Sonnet XVI

Just as there is a high, a low, and a middle style in pen and ink, and as within marble there are images both rich and poor, as our desire wishes to bring them forth; so within your heart are both pride and humble feelings: but I take only that which is my desert and like to what I show outside on my face. Whoever sows sighs, tears and lamentations reaps and gathers grief and sadness; whoever looks on high beauty with so great a grief reaps doubtful hopes and sure and bitter pain.

Sonnet XXXI

Why must I go on venting my ardent desire in tears and melancholy words, if Heaven that dresses the soul in grief, never allows relief? Why should my weary heart long for death since all must die? So to these eyes my last hours will be less painful, all my grief being greater than any joy. If, therefore, I cannot avoid these blows nor even seek them, since it is my fate, who is the one that stands always between joy and grief? If to be happy I must be conquered and held captive, no wonder then that I remain the prisoner of a Cavalier in arms.