Die alten Bösen Lieder

The old hurtful songs, the evil, sad dreams,
Let us bury them now - so fetch a great coffin!
Many things I will lay within, but what I will not yet say;
The coffin must be larger than the Tun of Heidelberg.
Then fetch a bier and firm, thick planks,
Even longer than the bridge at Mainz!
And fetch me twelve giants,

Even stronger than the great St. Christopher in the cathedral at Cologne on the Rhein.

They shall carry the coffin away, to sink deep in the ocean; For so mighty a coffin deserves a mighty grave. And do you know why the coffin had to be so heavy and huge? There I have sunk all my love, and all my grief.

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

June 1994

12	National Gallery Orchestra George Manos, <i>conductor</i>	Works by Fauré and Mozart
19	Charles Wadsworth and Samuel Sanders, <i>piano duo</i>	Works for piano four hands, by Schubert, Mozart, and Samuel Barber
26	Jeffrey Biegel, pianist	Works by Beethoven, Liszt, Skryabin, Anton Rubinstein, César Cui, and Johann Strauss, Jr.

There are no concerts at the National Gallery during the months of July, August, and September. Concerts will resume on Sunday, October 2, 1994, with a performance by the National Gallery Orchestra, George Manos, Conductor.

Concerts from the National Gallery are broadcast in their entirety at 7:00 p.m. on Sundays on radio station WGTS, 91.9 FM, four weeks after the live performance. In addition to these broadcasts, which will continue without interruption during the summer, select concerts from the 1993-1994 season will be featured in the program, "Music from Washington" on WETA, 90.9 FM, during the months of August and September. "Music from Washington" is broadcast on Fridays at 9:00 p.m.

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and E. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2126th Concert

CARL HALVORSON, tenor
STEVEN BLIER, pianist

Sunday Evening, June 5, 1994 at Seven O'clock West Building, West Garden Court Admission Free

PROGRAM

I

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Let the Florid Music Praise Not Even Summer Yet

Canticle 1, Opus 40: My Beloved is Mine and I am His

II

Sergey Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

Oh, Never Sing to Me Again The Muse The Lilacs

Day to Night Comparing Went the Wind Her Way

INTERMISSION

Ш

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Dichterliebe, Opus 48 (1840)

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai Aus meinen Tränen spriessen Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube Wenn ich in deine Augen seh' Ich will meine Seele tauchen Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome Ich grolle nicht Und wüssten's die Blumen Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen Ich hab' im Traum geweinet Allnächtlich im Traume Aus alten Märchen Die alten, bösen Lieder

IV

William Bolcom Fur (b. 1938)

Richard Hundley Straightway Beauty on Me Waits

Christopher Berg Poem

William Bolcom George

CARL HALVORSON's versatility as an opera, oratorio and recital soloist is attested to by the highlights of his activity during the past few seasons. He has sung Bach's *B Minor Mass* with the Milwaukee Symphony and with the Oratorio Singers of Charlotte, North Carolina, Handel's *Messiah* with the Jacksonville, Florida Symphony, Mozart's *Requiem* with the Oregon Symphony under James DePriest, and Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with the Indianapolis Symphony under the direction of Raymond Leppard. After his successful opera debut in the role of King Oswald in Purcell's *King Arthur*, he was invited to sing the role again by the Washington Opera. He is a frequent soloist with the famed Oregon Bach Festival and the International Bachakademie Stuttgart, both under the direction of Helmuth Rilling. A graduate of Yale University and the Juilliard School of Music, Carl Halvorson has received Yale's William Waite Concerto Award, as well as the Joy in Singing Award and the Ruth Lopin Nash First Place Award in the Oratorio Society of New York's Solo Competition.

Pianist STEVEN BLIER first came to prominence as pianist and arranger for the noted cabaret singer Martha Schlamme, and his career has since brought him on stage with such outstanding singers as the late Arleen Auger, Maureen Forrester, Evelyn Lear, and Roberta Peters. This is his second appearance at the National Gallery, having performed Schubert's Winterreise here with baritone Christopher Trakas in 1988. Mr. Blier is recognized for the wide range of his repertoire and his innovative programming, which ranges from art song cycles to solo recitals of ragtime, blues and stride piano works. A co-founder and artistic director of the acclaimed New York Festival of Song, he has also directed musical productions at such venues as Lincoln Center's Beaumont Theater, the Yale Repertory Theater, and the Long Wharf Theater. A native New Yorker, Steven Blier completed his undergraduate studies at Yale and undertook further studies at the Juilliard School of Music. His teachers were Alexander Farkas and Martin Isepp.

TEXT TRANSLATIONS

Oh, Never Sing to Me Again

Sing not in my presence, dear beauty,
The songs of Grusia with sadness.
For they remind me a life past, And of that faraway shore...
Alas! Thy haunting melody brings to me the steppe, the night,
And in the moonlight the features of that hapless maid...
I forget her gentle image when I behold thee.
But with thy song her face again appears before me.

The Muse - Alexander Pushkin

From childhood's early days, her grace she gladly shower'd To play the seven-finger'd flute my hands empower'd; She listened smiling to the measure in surprise, The simple piping notes my cunning could devise, What time, to clumsy touch, no method would surrender, The ancient *Hymn of Gods* with artistry to render, Or some poor peaceful shepherd's son in Phrygian mode.

From morn till eve in shelter'd Paradise I stood, Informed with quick desire to profit by her schooling; And when my spirit flagged, to rouse my ardor cooling, She brushed her hair aside that on her brow was blown, Reached forward for the pipe, and gave me of her own. With breath of life endowed in melting tones resolving, The reed subdued my heart, my soul to tears dissolving.

Lilacs - E. Beketova

In the morning, at dawn, O'er the dew-covered grass, I'll go to breathe in the fresh morn; In the fragrant shade, Where the lilacs abound, I'll go forth to seek my happiness.

In this life, one happiness alone I am destined to find, And that happiness abides in the lilacs, On their verdant branches, In the fragrant clusters, My poor happiness blooms.

Day to Night Comparing Went the Wind Her Way

A passing breeze blew caressingly about me And whispered sadly: "Night is stronger than day." The sunset faded. The clouds darkened. The gloomy spruce trees trembled and stirred, And on the dark sea, where the billows heaved, The passing breeze raced over the swells. Night reigned on earth.

Meanwhile, in the distance, behind the sea,
A fiery eye began to glow.
A new flower blossomed forth in the heavens;
The east began to gleam with light reborn.
The wind had changed, and blew into my eyes,
And whispered with a smile, "Day is stronger than night!"

Spring Waters - Fyodor Tyutchev
The fields are still all white with snow,
But rushing waters ring with spring.
They flow and waken sleepy shores;
They flow and glitter and proclaim.
They brightly shout from end to end:
"The Spring is here! The Spring is here!"

And soft, warm May days' rosy ring Crowds joyfully behind the Spring!

Dichterliebe (The Poet's Love) - Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wondrous beauty of the month of May, When all the buds were bursting, love sprang up in my heart. In the wondrous beauty of the month of May, When all the birds were singing, I told her of my longing and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

From my tears spring forth many blossoming flowers, And my sighs become as a choir of nightingales. And if you love me, little one, I'll give you all the flowers, And at your window shall sound the song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun; I loved them all in love's delight.

I love them no more - I only love the little one, The fine one, the pure one, the only one! She is all of love's delight;

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When I look into your eyes, my suffering and pain all vanish; But when I kiss your lips, my very being is restored. When I lie upon your breast, I am overcome with heaven's delight; Yet when you say, "I love you!" I must weep most bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I will steep my soul in the cup of the lily;

The lily shall breathe a song of my beloved.

The song will quiver and tremble like the kiss from her lips,

The kiss she once gave me in a wonderfully sweet hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

In the sacred River Rhein is reflected the sacred, mighty Cologne, with its great cathedral. In the cathedral there is a portrait, painted on golden leather; it has cast a kindly gleam into the wilderness of my life. Flowers and angels hover around our Lady; her eyes, her lips, her cheeks are those of my beloved.

Ich grolle nicht

I am not bitter, even though my heart is breaking.

Love lost forever!

I am not bitter; however much your splendid diamonds glitter, no ray pierces the darkness of your heart.

I knew it long ago, I saw you in a dream, and saw the night within your soul, and saw the serpent eating at your heart.

I saw, my love, your wretchedness.

Und wüssten's die Blumen

And if the flowers knew how deeply wounded my heart is, they would weep with me to heal my grief.

And if the nightingales knew how sad and sick I am, they would gladly sing a heartening song.

And if the little golden stars knew of my grief, they would come down from their heights to comfort me.

None of them can know my sorrow; it is known by only one - she who has broken my heart.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

There is a playing of flutes and fiddles, and a resounding of trumpets, too.

There is my love dancing, perhaps her wedding round.

There is a thudding and piping on drums and shawms,

And there among them sob and groan sweet little angels.

Hör ich das Liedchen klingen

If I should hear the melody that once my dearest sang,

Then would my heart be torn by the wild violence of grief.

A dark longing drives me to the wooded heights;

There my infinite sorrow overflows in tears.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A lad loves a girl, who has chosen another; this other loves another, and has married her.

The girl, out of pique, takes the first man who comes along, and our lad gets the worst of it.

It is an old, old story, but stays forever new; and he to whom it happens, his heart breaks.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

On a bright summer morning I wander in the garden.

The flowers speak in whispers, but I pass silently by.

The flowers speak in whispers and gaze at me in pity.

"Bear our sister no malice, you pale and sorrowful man!"

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

In my dream I was weeping; I dreamt you lay in your grave.

I woke, and a tear was rolling down my cheek.

In my dream I was weeping; I dreamt you were forsaking me.

I woke, and wept long and bitterly.

In my dream I was weeping; I dreamt you cared for me still.

I woke, and even now my streaming tears flood on.

Allnächtlich im Traum

Each night in a dream I see you, and lovingly you greet me; Sobbing loudly, I throw myself at your dear feet.

You whisper a gentle word to me, and give me a wreath of cypress; I wake, the wreath is gone, and the word I have is forgotten.

Aus alten Märchen

From the old fairy tales a white hand beckons;

There is a singing and a ringing from a magic land.

There gay flowers bloom in the golden evening light

And, sweetly scented, glow with bridal faces;

Green trees chant ancient melodies;

And breezes softly murmur to the warbling of birds.

Misty figures rise up from the earth,

Their strange company circle in airy dance;

Blue sparks dart on every leaf and twig,

And red lights flitter in a frenzy all around.

Riotous springs gush forth from craggy marble rock,

And in the streams shine weird reflections.

Oh, if I could only go there to restore my heart

And take away all anguish, and be happy and free!

Ah! What a land of delight I see in my dreams!

But with the morning sun it vanishes like foam.