

Lauda Jerusalem Dominum (Psalm 147)

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem, praise thy God, O Zion,
For he hath made fast the bars of thy gates,
And hath blessed thy children within thee.
He maketh peace in thy borders,
And filleth thee with the flour of wheat.
He sendeth forth his commandment upon the earth,
And his word runneth very swiftly.
He giveth snow like wool,
And scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels;
Who is able to abide his frost?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them;
He bloweth with his wind, and the waters flow.
He showeth his word unto Jacob,
His statutes and ordinances unto Israel.
He hath not dealt so with any nation;
Neither have the heathen knowledge of his laws.

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Under the direction of George Manos

OCTOBER 1995

- 15 David Hardy, *cellist*
Lisa Emenheiser Logan,
pianist
- Beethoven: *Variations on a
Duet from "The Magic Flute"*
Frank Bridge: *Sonata for Cello
and Piano*
Brahms: *Sonata in F Major*

*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. The use of cameras or
recording equipment during the performance is not allowed.*

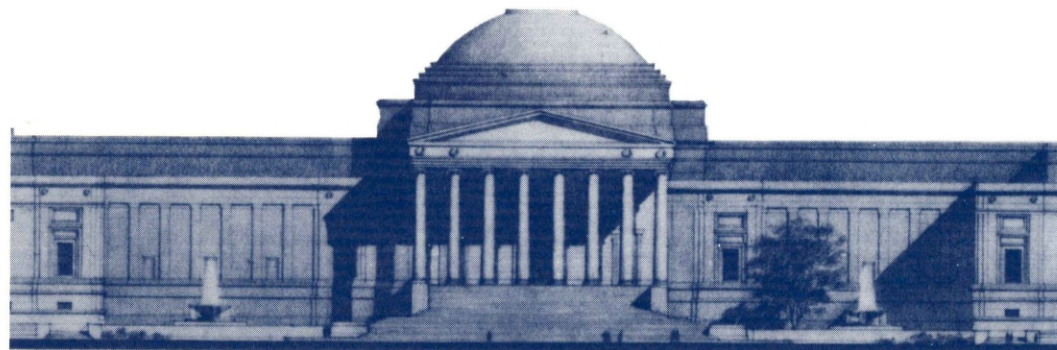
*For the convenience of concertgoers
the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.*

The Fifty-fourth Season of

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2166th Concert

THE NATIONAL GALLERY VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE
GEORGE MANOS, *artistic director*

ROSA LAMOREAUX, *soprano*, BEVERLY BENSO, *contralto*
SAMUEL GORDON, *tenor*, ROBERT KENNEDY, *baritone*

With assisting artists:

FRANCIS CONLON, *harpsichord*, CARLA ROSENBERG, *cello*
GEORGE MARSH, and GLEN ANGUS, *violin*

Sunday Evening, October 8, 1995
at Seven O'clock
West Building, East Garden Court

Admission free

Bernard de Ventedour Pour oublier mon malheur
(17th Century French) (contralto)

Jean-Baptiste Lully Aria: Plainte de Venus sur la mort d'Adonis
(French, 1632–1687) (soprano)

Gabriel Bataille Qui veut chasser une migraine
(French, 1575–1630) (baritone)

Jan Sweelinck Chanson: Chantez à Dieu
(Dutch, 1591–1621)

Jean-Baptiste Bousset Bon vin, quoique ton pouvoir soit divin
(French, 1662–1725) (soprano, contralto, and baritone)

Antoine de Boësset Chanson: Philis, vous avez tant d'appas
(French, 1586–1643)

VI

Maurizio Cazzati Lauda Jerusalem Dominum
(Mantuan, c.1620–1677)

Now in its tenth year, The NATIONAL GALLERY VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE has presented numerous concerts at the Gallery since it was founded by Gallery music director George Manos in 1986. It has undertaken five concert tours of Europe, the latest of which featured a concert at the Louvre Museum in Paris, and has brought home an international award and rave reviews. The ensemble has produced a CD, *Four Centuries of Vocal Music*, on the Koch International Classics Label.

The ensemble's artistic director, GEORGE MANOS, has been Director of Music at the National Gallery of Art and Conductor of the National Gallery Orchestra since 1985. A native of Washington, George Manos was already organizing and conducting orchestras and choirs in this city at the age of seventeen. First among these was the New Washington Sinfonietta, followed in later years by the Hellenic Choral Society, the Washington Oratorio Society and the National Oratorio Society.

The quartet's soprano, ROSA LAMOREAUX, is well known to Washington audiences through her many appearances at the Smithsonian Concert Series, the Kennedy Center, and here at the National Gallery. She is a favorite oratorio soloist for many of the large choruses of Washington, and was recently selected by Robert Shaw to perform as soloist in the Cincinnati May Festival.

Contralto BEVERLY BENSO is also well-known in Washington as a uniquely gifted singer in her range. Prior to her 1990 debut at Carnegie Hall, Ms. Benso had already established an international reputation through her performances in the Bach Tricentennial in Leipzig, the 1989 Salzburg and Rheingau Festivals, and the 1986 Mahler Festival in Canada. Ms. Benso is a member of the voice faculty at the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore.

Tenor SAMUEL GORDON is professor of music and head of the School of Music at the University of Akron, Ohio. He is an award-winning conductor and composer as well as a singer, and a number of his original compositions and arrangements of American spirituals have had their first American performances at the National Gallery.

Baritone ROBERT KENNEDY is also much in demand as a soloist, both as a recitalist and for his interpretations of opera and oratorio roles. He has been heard at the Gallery in the role of Colas in the National Gallery's concert production of Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne*, which was presented in the context of the 1991 Washington Mozart Festival, and more recently in the role of Herr Schlendrian in Bach's *Coffee Cantata*.

TEXT TRANSLATIONS

Tutto lo di

Let everyone sing together, bell-like, day after day.

Il bianco e dolce cigno

The lovely white swan dies while singing, and I while weeping.

If I feel no pain in dying, I should be content to die a thousand deaths a day.

Matona, mia cara

Matona, my dear one, Oh! Listen to this song

I sing beneath thy window While night clouds roll along.

I pray you, hear my ditty, 'Tis sweet and not too long;

'Tis pointed, if not witty, And sharpened like a prong.

The words of choicest issue To shoot love's aim belong,

Petrarcha could not match them, They are so sweet and strong.

O bella fusa

O beautiful spindle, see it whirling so gaily!
Will someone please come and buy it? See it go!

Abschiedsliedchen (Little Song of Farewell) - Johann Daniel Koschwitz

Beloved, sadly I must now part from you;
But I want to see you again with joy, my jewel.
Parting brings such sorrow to the heart;
Reuniting brings comfort and joy.

Would jealousy and torment, friend and foe part us,
Should we ne'er call ourselves Bride and Groom,
It would yet be my consolation
That I will die alone.

Herbstlied (Autumn Song) - Simon Dach

O you once green fields, O you thickets and pastures,
Before my palace and my tents there is now a desolate grayness.
O you streams, that used to rush by so clear and clean,
There where Pan oft chased the host of nymphs,

My Phyllis has obliged me to say good night to all of you;
You are sad, pale, and dying, she is my whole life;
Autumn's imperative has taken away all your glory;
She is white and the blush of the sun is on her cheeks.

Phyllis, my desired prize, my jewel and crown,
You in whose milk and blood I live most,
Come! Venus herself is ready to lead us to such a place
Where no north wind can or shall challenge us.

Trinklied (Drinking Song)

Who cares if I have decided to carouse all day, as long as I wish, whether
tomorrow comes or not?
Innkeeper, leave me free to be merry, and I will show you how many fresh
glasses I can empty!

This is the drink that dispels the bad temper, that makes us happy, that
pulls our spirit out of its anguish and gives us a joyful demeanor.
It reveals to us the depths of our hearts, makes beggars into princes; we become
so clever and brave under its spell, that we downright thirst for blood.

O wine, now even I am getting light-headed from your offerings;
The tongue sings, the soul springs, the feet want to jog away.
All right! I still want to sing through this glass the praises of the German race;
let me yet play a good roundelay.

Weisheit und Tugend (Wisdom and Virtue) - (Simon Dach)

He who strives to gather wisdom and allegiance swears to virtue,
That his diligence may yield to him their treasures,
Shall discover that they do have their rewards.

He looks just within himself, and craving nothing of the world,
Has a heart that's rich with storage of those values
That can satisfy and be desired by all.

Neither flaunting his good fortune, nor o'erwhelmed when luck turns bad;
These are arts that only such a man can master:
He turns suffering to advantage, and what cannot be avoided
He is ready to accept with cheerful mien.

Dulcis amica mea (My Sweet Mistress)

Come, sweet mistress, foremost solace of the night,
Though a bird, there is no one like you.
You, Philomela, render thousands of different tones and modes.

Seguidilla dolorosa de una enamorada (Mournful Song of a Girl in Love)

Away to the mountain I go to see if I find a soul to console me in my grief.
Woe is me! I am dying, for my heartless lover has gone, to return no more.

Seguidillas del oficial cortejante (Song of the Courting Officer)

An officer was my love, and in a few weeks he was without a sou. Now he is
gone, but I am consoled by the fact that he went away penniless, without a
dime. What a fine trick on the soldier! But I am consoled by his going away
impoverished. Poor fellow! How happy he must have been!

With soldiers it is apparent that their purses are always convalescent. Ah!
What a fine trick on a poor soldier! Their purse is always sickly. But even so,
some soldiers are generous, and with some of them a single promise is worth
more than two gifts from a civilian.

Canción picaresca (A Roguish Song)

I bought a sofa this morning, and it has told me everything done by its first owner, who was a lady much wooed by a certain suitor. Not only servant girls discover secrets, since even seats reveal everything! My sofa has told me of all the deficiencies and excesses that were in that other house: what lover and lady did, and especially if they sat on the couch. I am going to tell you what happened between that sport and his lady. But since it is late today, I'll do it tomorrow.

Lamento della ninfa (Lament of the Nymph)

The nymph laments her lost love while a trio of voices expresses pity and compassion for her. She asks love, "Where is the fidelity the betrayer swore? Make him return or kill me; don't torture me."

Alcun non mi consigli

Suggest nothing to me. I lost my heart and abandoned myself to (my lover.) She is cruel, hoping that I die, wafting as the wind, still hoping for her. It is vain to lament my ill-fortune. Fighting is not worth the torment. Her beautiful eyes are deathly darts; her gold braids, chains; her tenacious tones waft in the wind; my one peace is my own lament.

Bel pastor (Good Shepherd)

Nymph: How much do you love me?

Shepherd: With all my heart.

Nymph: This fondling does not satisfy my desire.

Shepherd: I love you with all my heart.

Nymph: More happy words, sir!

Shepherd: You are the object of my suffering.

Nymph: I want to hear other words, words that console me. Do you love me as your own life?

Shepherd: No, you astonish me! You talk of disdain, not love. You are the inn of my sadness, with two eyes which are stars - so cruel, so beautiful!

Nymph: Don't tell me again that you love me deeply. Tell me you love me more than your own life!

Shepherd: Oh! I do, with all my heart!

Tremulo spirito

Tremulous spirit, weeping and weary, go quickly;

Fly, spirit, that turbid and greedy Erebus awaits.

Poor Priamus, forget Hecuba, forlorn widow;

Paris and Helen cause the final terrible exile.

Canto di bella bocca: che dolce udire (Song of the Beautiful Mouth: How Sweet to Hear)

How sweet to hear

A lovely mouth joyfully singing verses of love.

A fair, enchanting voice allures you in passing,

allures you in its swift, swift passage,

Surrounds you, indeed touches you, and enters as if to kiss your heart.

How sweet to hear,

While lip-borne music tells forth the treasures of love,

that happy singing tells none other than the joys you are feeling, it tells none other than the delights you experience.

It tells none other than your new pleasures, your old satisfactions.

Say so, say so, o my heart.

How sweet to hear,

That breeze, the harmonizing of a melodious throat, renews and restores you, brings bliss to your soul.

You are mad if you do not rejoice, confined down here in a fleeting veil, do not arise to taste the melodies of heaven.

You are mad if you do not begin, confined down here.

Fa una canzone

Sing me a song without sorrow,

That it may make me to slumber.

La, la, la, je ne l'ose dire

Ooh, la la, I dare not tell this - but I will, anyway.

There is a man in our village who is very jealous of his wife.

He's not jealous without cause, because he is constantly cuckolded!

When he takes her to the market, she pays attention to everyone but him.

Au joli jeu (At the Pleasing Game)

While out looking for amusement the other day, I met a lovely girl. I tried to kiss her, but she objected, wriggling about. What a fuss! But I press on with the game.

Pour oublier mon malheur

In order to forget my unhappiness, I must sing.
My song calms the dolor which torments me night and day.
One hundred sighs per day, that is my sad wage,
The only reward I have for love is a slow death.

Refrain:

Everyone says I am a fool; I know it better than any of you!
My heart has good right and reason to adore the belle,
For every man who sees her falls in love with her.
No one can deny it or claim it is not so.
Happy is he whom she receives under her sweet tent.

Plainte de Vénus sur la mort d'Adonis (Venus' Lament at the Death of Adonis)

Ah! What cruelty not to be allowed to die, and to have a tender heart made for suffering. Dear Adonis, your destiny is fatal and mine is pitiable. Come, dreadful monster, come and devour what remains, and not merely half of it! O that the countenances of death could be numbered among my charms, but it has no power at all over the length of my days, and my divine nature reduces my despair to eternal sighing and weeping.

Qui veut chasser une migraine

He who wants to get rid of a headache has only to drink good wine and keep his table loaded with sausage and ham. *Refrain:* Water only rots away the lungs. Drink, drink, my hearties! Empty this glass and we will fill it up!

Wine, enjoyed by our worthy father, which makes him such a handsome fellow, makes us talk without learning grammar and makes us clever without education. Water only

Lot, drunk in a cave, made his daughters pregnant, demonstrating that the elixir of the tavern is better than that of a doctor. Water only

Let us drink then right away to make our kidneys function, and may the one among us die who says evil of any comrade. Water only

Chantez à Dieu (Psalm 96)

Sing to the Lord a new song; sing to the Lord, all the earth!
Sing to the Lord, bless his name; tell of his salvation all the day.
Declare his glory among the nations, his marvelous works among all the peoples.
Ascribe to the Lord the glory due his name; bring an offering, and come into his courts.

Bon vin, quoique ton pouvoir soit divin

Good wine, though your power may be divine,
Nevertheless our joys will always make fine work of you.
But while time flies by, flow, good wine, flow without ceasing.
Since we cannot determine the course of our days,
Let us be sure to determine the course of your flow.

Phylis, vous avez tant d'appas

Phyllis, you have such charms

That one must die upon seeing you suffer:
Your eyes, kings of the spirits,
Consume me in their flames,
And your glances bless me with their darts.

The enamel with which earth decorates herself
Is nowhere near as graceful as your lovely tint
Where the flowers mix lilies and roses,
There is a spring to delight the eyes.

Beautiful one, dear object of my desire,
What gold can equal the gold of your tresses?
Glorious ropes, in which all of the most beautiful senses
Find themselves bound in willing servitude.