

Le front comme un drapeau perdu. In my head like a lost flag, I drag you when I am alone, in the cold streets of the dark rooms, screaming with wretchedness . . .

Une roulotte. A gypsy van covered with tiles, the horse dead, a child master. This melodrama tears away reason from the heart.

A toutes brides. Like an unbridled horse, you whose ghost prances at night on a fiddle, come reign over the woods.

Une herbe pauvre. A blade of grass, wild, appeared in the snow. My mouth was enraptured with its taste of fresh air.

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer. I want nothing but to love you, days and nights to understand us, to see nothing more in your eyes but what I think of you, and of a world in your image.

Figure de force. Image of strength burning and fierce, dark hair where the gold runs to the south to the corrupted nights, gold buried, star corrupted in a bed never shared . . .

Nous avons fait la nuit. We made the night. I hold your hand and watch. I help you with all my strength. I mark on a rock the star of your strength.

MAURICE RAVEL Chansons Populaires Grecques
(1875-1937)

Réveil de la mariée. Awake, little partridge, greet the morning. The three beauty spots put my heart on fire. Look at the golden ribbon which I bring you to tie around you. Let us get married, my love, if you will!

Là-bas, vers l'église. Yonder, at the church of Ayio Sidero, the church, O blessed Virgin, of Ayio Costandino, have come together all of the bravest people!

Quel galant! What dandy, of all those passing by, can compare with me? Won't you tell me, Vassiliki? And it is you I love!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques. Oh joy of my soul, joy of my heart, thou, more handsome than an angel, when thou appearest before our eyes, alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

Tout gai! Very merrily, beautiful legs, dancing, even the dishes dancing, tra-la-la-la.

*First Washington Performance.

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

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1063rd Concert

FLORE WEND, *Soprano*

Reynaldo Reyes, *Pianist*

SUNDAY EVENING

FEBRUARY 19, 1967

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

Program

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI Canzonette
(1567-1643)

Quel sguardo - sdegnosetto: That disdainful glance, brilliant and menacing, that poisonous arrow flies to wound my heart. Beauties which enkindle my ardor and are separated from me: Wound me with your look, heal me with your smile . . .

Maledetto . . . Damned by the image which burns wretched me. I feel bitter torment and can die nor be restored but by you.

MARC ANTONIO CESTI Recit. and Aria of Silandra
(1620-69)

Farewell Corindo, farewell! Back to another sphere, my heart will not remember its grief. Come, Alidoro, comfort the one who is dying. Calm my ardor. Enjoy serene days in Silandra's heart.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART Als Luis (Köchel 520)
(1756-91)

(As Luise was burning the letters of her unfaithful lover) Written in a moment of ardent feelings, return to the fire, and may nothing remain of the tender songs he was not singing for me alone!

Un moto di gioja (Köchel 579)

A joyful feeling is in my heart, despite my fear. Happiness should end my pain, for Love should not be always a tyrant.

FRANZ SCHUBERT Die Liebe hat gelogen,
(1797-1828) Opus 23, No. 1

Love did lie. Pain is bitter. Burning tears are rolling down. Poor heart, stop beating! Love did lie!

Liebesbotschaft, from
"Schwanengesang" Cycle

(Love's Message) Dear prattling brooklet, so silvery bright, haste to my fair one with eager delight. Take her the greeting of love from afar.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY From "Chansons de Bilitis"
(1862-1918)

La Flûte de Pan. He has given me a syrinx made from well-cut reeds, and is teaching me to play it, seated on his knees. But I am trembling a little. We have nothing to say to one another, but our songs wish to answer each other. It is late; the song of the green frogs begins with the night. Mother will never believe that I have stayed so long looking for my lost belt . . .

La Chevelure. He said to me: "Last night I dreamed I had your tresses like a black necklace round my neck. I caressed them and they were mine. And we were bound together forever in this way. And gradually it seemed to me that I was becoming yourself or that you were entering into me like my dream." When he had finished, he gently placed his hands on my shoulders and looked at me with such a tender look that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Fantoche

Scaramouche and Pulcinella, dodging and dancing under the moon, darkly are plotting. Over there, goes the famous doctor, seeking rue and sage. Meanwhile his daughter, gay young maid, slyly creeping across the glade, is looking for her lover, the pirate, whose mistress is loudly voiced by a lovelorn nightingale.

INTERMISSION

NOEL LEE *Canciones Amarillas
(1924-) (Garcia Lorca)

Agosto. August, harmonies of peaches and sugar. And the sun in the evening, like a stone in a fruit. The ear of corn keeps intact its yellow smile. Children eat dark bread and rich moon . . .

Nocturno. Sticking my head out of my window, I sense the desire of the wind's blade to cut it off. Under this invisible guillotine, I placed the eyeless heads of all my desires.

Clamor. In the yellow towers, bells are tolling. On a road, Death marches on, crowned with withered orange flowers; singing a song on her white guitar . . . In the yellow towers, the bells cease . . . The wind blows silvery dust.

Paisaje. The evening, uncertain, covers itself with coolness . . . Behind the muddy panes, all the children watch a yellow tree changing into birds. The evening moves along the river . . .

FRANCIS POULENC "Tel Jour telle nuit" (1937)
(1899-1963)

Bonne Journée. A good day. I saw again the one I can't forget, the one I will never forget. I saw my carefree friends, the sky so large. A good day, started in melancholy, dark under the green trees, but of a sudden soaked with love, entered my heart by surprise.

Une ruine coquille vide. A ruin, an empty shell, cries in her apron. The children who play around her make less noise than flies.