

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

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| 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, <i>pianist</i> | Works by Beethoven, Liszt,
Skryabin, Anton Rubinstein,
César Cui, and Johann Strauss, Jr. |

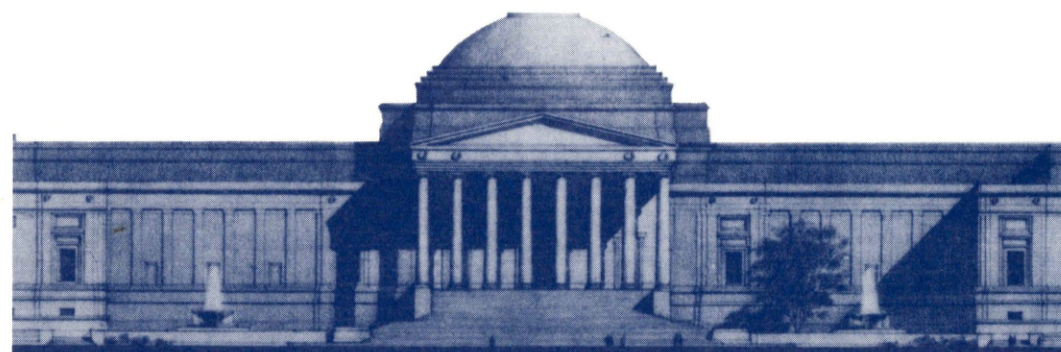
*There are no concerts at the National Gallery during the months
of July, August, and September. Concerts will resume on Sunday, October 2, 1994,
with a performance by the
National Gallery Orchestra, George Manos, Conductor.*

*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
F. 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

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 flutter 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.