

Sorrow, sing sorrow.
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod,
And none knows she loved him, but herself and God.

One day, when the snow was on the mead,
He passed her by on a milk-white steed.
She spoke to him low, but he paid no heed.
Sorrow, sing sorrow...

So if you be a lass from the low country,
Don't love of no lord of high degree,
For they haven't a heart, nor sympathy!
Sorrow, sing sorrow....

Mary Ann

Oh, fare thee well, my dear Mary Ann, Our days have all gone by.
Spring is a-comin', and soon I'll be gone,
But I'll come back, don't you cry, my dear Mary Ann.

Oh, don't you see that pretty turtledove
That flies from pine to pine?
Cryin' for his own true love,
The way I cried for mine, my dear Mary Ann?

A lobster dies in a boiling pot, Oh, pity the bluefish, too.
But they're quickly gone, and they suffer none
Like the ache I bear for you, my dear Mary Ann.

Fare thee well now, fare thee well, my love,
Fare thee well, my own true love,
For the ship is waiting, and the wind blows high,
And I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann.

*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.*

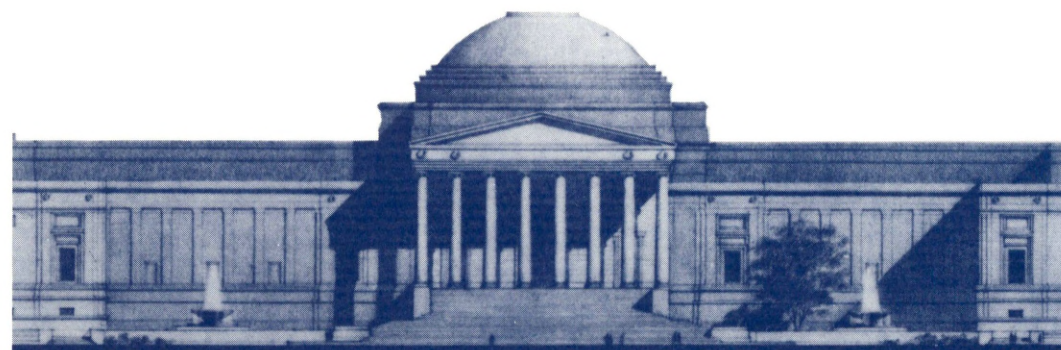
*For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café
remains open until 6:30 p.m.*

The Fifty-third Season of

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2133rd Concert

NATIONAL GALLERY VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE

ROSA LAMOREAUX, *soprano*

BEVERLY BENSO, *contralto*

SAMUEL GORDON, *tenor*

ROBERT KENNEDY, *baritone*

GEORGE MANOS, *Artistic Director and pianist*

Sunday Evening, October 23, 1994
at Seven O'clock
West Building, East Garden Court
Admission free

PROGRAM

I
 Henry Purcell Evening Hymn
 No, Resistance Is But Vain
 Sound the Trumpet
 In These Delightful Pleasant Groves

II
 Mozart Terzett: Das Bandel
 (Sung in German)

III
 Dvorak Duos for Soprano and Alto, Tenor and Bass
 (Sung in Czech)

If My Scythe Were Whetted Sharp and Keen
 The Maid Imprisoned
 The Wild Rose
 From Thee Now I Must Go
 Ere We Part, Love, Kiss Me
 Omens

INTERMISSION

IV
 Pilkington Now Let Her Change
 Climb, O Heart
 The Messenger of the Delightful Spring

V
 Brahms Quartets for Solo Voices, Opus 51
 (Sung in German)

An die Heimat, Opus 64
 Spätherbst, Opus 92
 Sehnsucht, Opus 112
 Neckereien, Opus 31

VI

English Folk Song Arrangements

Margaret Vance	Turtle Dove
Maurice Gardner	Sing Sorrow
Paul Hendrickson	Mary Ann
Andrew Carter	Two for the Price of One

Since the NATIONAL GALLERY VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE was founded by George Manos in 1985, it has presented a wide repertoire of music for vocal quartet at the Gallery, has undertaken four concert tours of Europe, and has brought home an international award and rave reviews.

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, of course, 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.

Samuel Gordon, the tenor of the National Gallery Vocal Arts Ensemble, is Professor of Music and Head of the Music Department at the University of Akron, Ohio. He is an award-winning conductor as well as a singer. During his tenure at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County, he brought his Maryland Camerata to the Gallery for many fine Christmas concerts and American Festival concerts. Dr. Gordon is also a composer, and a number of his original compositions and arrangements of American spirituals have had their first Washington performances at the National Gallery.

Baritone Robert Kennedy is also much in demand as a soloist, both as a recitalist and for his fine interpretations of operatic roles. One such interpretation that Gallery audiences were privileged to hear was his realization of 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. Mr. Kennedy teaches studio voice and opera workshops at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County.

The ensemble's artistic director and pianist, George Manos, has been director of music at the National Gallery of Art and Conductor of the National Gallery Orchestra since 1985. Maestro Manos founded and directed for ten years the renowned Killarney Bach Festival in the Republic of Ireland, which received repeated acclaim in both Irish and international media. He is the music director of the Kolding, Denmark, International Music Festival.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

An Evening Hymn

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,
And bid the world Goodnight,
To the soft bed my body I dispose;
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms.

Can there be any so sweet security?
Then to thy rest, O my soul,
Singing praise the mercy that prolongs thy days! Hallelujah!

No, Resistance Is But Vain (Anthony Henley)

No, resistance is but vain,
And only adds new weight to Cupid's chain.
A thousand, thousand, thousand arts
The tyrant knows to captivate our hearts.
Sometimes he sighs employs,
And sometimes tries the universal language of the eyes.
The fierce he destroys, the soft with tenderness decoys.
He kills the strong with joy, the weak with pain,
No, resistance is but vain...

Sound the Trumpet! Till around You make the list'ning shores rebound.

On the sprightly hautbois play.
All the instruments of joy That skillful numbers can employ
To celebrate the glories of this day.

In These Delightful, Pleasant Groves

Let us celebrate our happy loves:
Let's pipe and dance, laugh and sing;
Thus ev'ry happy living thing
Revels in the cheerful spring.

Das Bandel – The Ribbon (W. A. Mozart)

Constanze: Dear Mandel, where is the ribbon?
Mozart: It's there in the room, shining brightly.
Constanze: Give me light!
Mozart: Yes, yes, I'm right here and right there.
Jacquin: What the devil are you looking for, a piece of cake?
Mozart: Did you find it?
Constanze: No, go away! March! Go now!
Jacquin: That's really too fresh! Dear people, may I ask what you presume to ask? Phooey! I'm such a good-hearted fellow, you could wrap me around your little finger! If you're in need, look, I'll bet I can be of service. After all, I was born a Viennese! Ha, ha!
Constanze and Mozart: Our countryman? Then one must hide nothing from him, rather tell everything clearly.
Jacquin: Oh, sure, I believe that one! So, let's hear what you have to say, confound it, or you can both go to the devil!
Constanze and Mozart: Only be patient, you severe gentleman, we're looking for the pretty ribbon.
Jacquin: The ribbon? Hm! Now that I have in my shop!
Constanze and Mozart: Dear young man! Out of gratefulness I will love you forever!
Jacquin: Hold your tongues! It's late and I must be off.
All: What bliss, what pure sunlight, to live in true *amicitia*. And we have the ribbon, the pretty ribbon!

If My Scythe Were Whetted Sharp and Keen,

With the corn and autumn grain
I would mow the flow'rs that grow between them;
They for life should plead in vain.

Fair, blue-eyed flow'rets, wherefore should I mourn you?
False, blue-eyed maiden, wherefore should I scorn you?
With thy love o'erladen, with these flow'rs fast fading
I would fain adorn you for your new elected swain!

The Maid Imprisoned

Pretty maiden, locks a-flowing, By the vineyard went a-mowing;
From afar the landlord sees her,
Beckons to her, thinks to tease her.

“Saddle horses, 'cross the field wide
To the maid we shall with speed ride.”
At a gallop they are riding,
T'wards the maid their horses guiding.

“For this grass you shall make payment;
Pluck your scarf from off your raiment!”
Then the scarf she gave him meekly;
He her hand drew t’wards him gently.
“By thy face I am enraptured;
Now, my girl, thou hast been captured.”
“Oh my Lord, thou art so handsome, Never shall I ask for ransom!”

The Wild Rose

There was a bonny lass Went to the meadow grass,
Dew fell so cold, alas! She could not mow the grass!
Weeping, she turned away; Sad, she did homeward stray.
Down where the brooklet flows She spied a budding rose.
“Autumn’s last rose so fair, Thou shalt adorn my hair!”

Cull’d neath cold winter’s sky, Soon ev’ry rose must die
Neath summer sun’s hot ray Spare me to live one day;
But when sweet spring is come, Cull me, and take me home!

From Thee I Now Must Go

“From thee I now must go, borne fast by Danube’s flow.”
“Hast thou never seen how I fulfil my wishes,
Cast my rod and line and catch unwary fishes?”

“When I long for freedom, into dove I’ll change me,
Soaring up and letting heaven high my range be.”
“But I have some falcons, swift in flight and swooping;
Ne’er the fastest pigeon could resist their stooping.”

“Then let me tell thee now, I’ll be a broad-wing’d crow,
From my country fleeing, never more thee seeing.”
“I’ve a trusty crossbow that I’ll soon be needing;
Straight to heart of crow I’ll send an arrow speeding.”

“I’ll become a starlet in the sky reclining,
And for earthbound mortals ever I’ll be shining.”
“Oft men count the stars, and soon thee will discover.
Dost thou truly think thou canst escape thy lover?”

Ere We Part, Love, Kiss Me, for we met in gladness;
I shall miss thee, thou wilt miss me; yet, why part in sadness?
Thee will I remember, once ev’ry year in May;
Love, thee I must remember, fondly night and day!
Yea, thee I must remember, with ev’ry step, where e’er I stray.

Omens

“Grass, O forest grass, be green! Richly adorned thou growest.”
“Soon the scythe will lay me down; I cannot live, thou knowest.”

“Grass, O meadow grass, be green! Sparkling in the sunlight.”
“Yesterday they cut me down; grieve with me in my sad plight.”

“Tulip, tulip, show thy green, leaves unfurl in their splendor!”
“I have lived a glorious life; beauty I now surrender.”

“Handsome boy, oh why wilt thou leave thy maiden tender?
Look at yonder apple tree, watch it so closely in the springtime;
If ’tis clothed with fresh leaves, wedding bells shall ring.
Look, my love, at that dark pine; keep thy sweet eyes upon it;
When it puts forth fingers green, thou’lt wear a wedding bonnet!”

I looked closely yesterday, close at that wretched pine tree;
But it still bears wintry hue; no green shoots were shown to me.
Ev’ry day I search for green, yesterday, this morning;
Up aloft at last I see fresh green shoots adorning.

Now Let Her Change and spare not,
Since she proves false I care not;
Feigned love so bewitched my delight,
That I still doted on her sight.
But she is gone, new desires embracing,
And my deserts disgracing.

When did I err in blindness, Or vex her with unkindness?
If my care did attend her alone, Why is she thus untimely gone?
True love abides till the day of dying;
False love is ever flying.

Then false, farewell forever, Once false, prove faithful never!
He that now so triumphs in thy love
Soon shall my present fortunes prove.
Were I as fair as divine Adonis, Love is not had where none is.

Climb, O Heart, climb to thy rest;
Climbing yet take heed of falling.
Climbers often at their best
Catch love, down fall’th heart appalling.

Mounting yet, if she do call And desire to know thy arrant,
Fear not, stay, and tell her all,
Falling, she will be thy warrant.
Rise, oh rise, but rising, tell
When her beauty bravely wins thee;
T'soar up where that she doth dwell,
Down again thy baseness brings thee.

If she ask what makes thee love her,
Say her virtue, not her face.
For though beauty doth approve her,
Mildness gives her greater grace.

The Messenger of the Delightful Spring,

The cuckoo, proud bird, mocking man,
On lofty oak and ev'ry budding thing
To chant out cuckoo scarce began,
When young Menalcas, like the swan, His winter cloak did fling,
And nimbly, nimbly spring, And as the cuckoo cuck did sing,
The shepherd's down was fara diddle dan.

An die Heimat – To the Homeland (C. O. Sternau)

Homeland! Wonderful sounding word!
You draw my heart to you as on feathered wings.
Exulting, as though I bring the greeting of every living soul,
I set my pace toward you, friendly homeland!

With the soft sounding (of that word), old songs reawaken within
me which long since took flight.
They call me joyfully to the alluring sounds of home:
You, you only, are true repose, sheltering homeland!

Give me back the peace that I lost in the wide world,
Give me your glowing happiness!
Under the trees, by the brook where I was born so long ago,
Give me a sheltering roof, loving homeland!

Spätherbst – Late Autumn (Herrmann Allmers)

The gray mist drops so silently down on field and meadow,
As if heaven would weep in overwhelming sorrow.
The flowers refuse to bloom, the birds grow silent in the glades,
The last green shoot has died; heaven may indeed weep.

Sehnsucht – Longing (Franz Theodor Kugler)
The waters run day and night; thy longing remains awake.
Thou rememberest times past; they are so far gone.
Thou lookest out into the morning light, and art alone.

Neckereien – Teasing (Traditional Moravian)

Men: "Depend upon it, my love, I'll have you as my wife;
You will be mine, beloved, though you would not."
Women: "Then I'll become a little white dove and flee into the woods; I will
not be yours for even one hour."
Men: "I have a flint rifle of very true aim; I'll shoot down that little dove in
the woods. You will be mine, beloved,"
Women: "Then I'll become a little goldfish, and spring into the fresh, clear
water; I will not be yours for even one hour."
Men: "I have a little net that catches fish very well; I'll catch the goldfish in
the river. You will be mine, beloved,"
Women: "Then I'll become a little rabbit, swift as can be, and run off into
the open fields. I will not be yours"
Men: "I have a little dog, very crafty and fine; he'll catch that rabbit for me
out in the field. You will be mine,"

The Turtledove (Traditional English)

Fare thee well, my dear, I must be gone And leave you for a while; For
though I go, I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art, my lovely lass, So deep in love am I.
But I won't prove false to the lass I love
'Til the stars fall from the sky.

The crow that's black, my dear, my love,
Shall change its colors white;
Before I am false to the one I love, The noonday shall be night.

O yonder sits a turtledove, He sits on yonder high tree,
A-making a moan for the loss of his love, As I will do for thee.

Sing Sorrow (Traditional English Ballad)

Sorrow, sing sorrow.
O, she was a lass from the low country,
And he was a lord of high degree,
And she loved his lordship so tenderly.