

Le manoir de Rosemonde (The Manor House of Rosamund) - Robert de Bonnières

With its unexpected and ravenous tooth,
Love, like a dog, has bitten me....
By following the blood I have spilt,
Come, you will be able to follow my track....

Take a horse of fine breeding,
Set out, and follow my arduous road,
Be it quagmire or lost footpath,
If the journey does not exhaust you!

As you pass where I passed by,
You will see that I went through
This sad world alone and wounded,
And that thus I went off to die far away,
Without discovering the wonderful domain of Rosamund.

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.

The recital next Sunday at 7:00 by violinist Alexander Romanul will be the final concert of the Gallery's 1994-95 season. Concerts will resume on October 1, 1995, with a performance by the National Gallery Orchestra under the direction of George Manos.

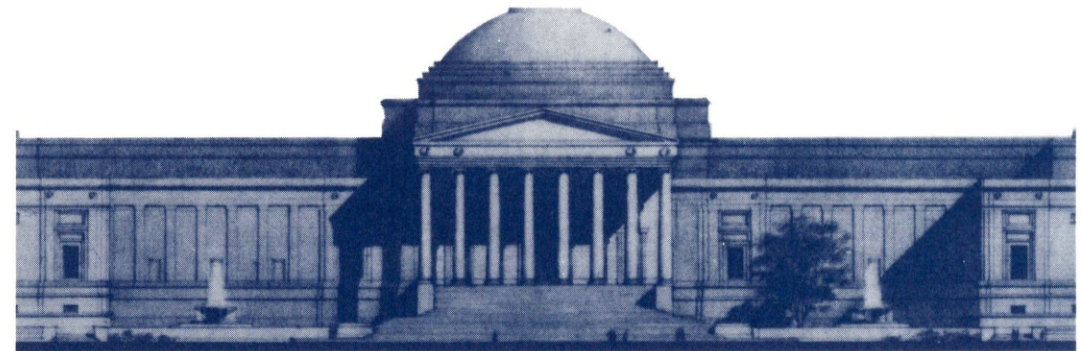
For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.

The Fifty-third Season of

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2164th Concert

SHARON MABRY, *mezzo-soprano*

PATSY WADE, *pianist*

Sunday Evening, June 18, 1995
at Seven O'clock
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission Free

PROGRAM

Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)	Reflets Le retour
Henri Duparc (1848–1933)	Chanson triste Extase Phidylé Le manoir de Rosemonde
Charles Ives (1874–1954)	The Housatonic at Stockbridge The Children's Hour Ann Street The Greatest Man Two Little Flowers
Elizabeth Vercoe (b. 1941)	Irreveries from Sappho Andromeda Rag Older Woman Blues Boogie for Leda

INTERMISSION

Rhian Samuel	Before Dawn
William Bolcom (b. 1938)	Over the Piano The Actor Amor, from <i>Cabaret Songs</i>
John Jacob Niles (1892–1980)	Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair
Katherine K. Davis	Nancy Hanks (Abraham Lincoln's Mother)

SHARON MABRY first received national recognition when she was featured in the 1980 National Public Radio series, *Art of Song*. Since then, her sensitive interpretation of twentieth century vocal music has placed her in demand as recitalist, soloist with symphony orchestras, and as a master teacher of vocal techniques. She has performed at numerous international music festivals, including the International Music Analysis Conference and the International Congress on Women in Music. In 1986 Miss Mabry made her critically acclaimed New York recital debut in Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. In addition to her concert career, Dr. Mabry is professor of music at Austin Peay State University in Clarksville, Tennessee, where she received the Richard M. Hawkins Award for Academic Excellence. A former pupil of Elena Nikolaidi and Louis Nicholas, Miss Mabry has been a scholarship participant in the prestigious *Franz-Schubert-Institut* in Austria. Sharon Mabry records for the Owl and Coronet labels and writes a column on trends in contemporary music for the journal of the National Association of Teachers of Singing.

Pianist PATSY WADE appears as both soloist and accompanist with a specialty in contemporary music and has premiered several works by American composers. Among her projects in the interpretation of new music have been a number of recordings with Sharon Mabry. Miss Wade holds degrees from Birmingham Southern College in Alabama and from the George Peabody College for Teachers in Nashville, Tennessee.

TEXT TRANSLATIONS

Reflets (Reflections) - Maurice Maeterlinck

Within my soul where thoughts are streaming,
There's naught but fear.
In my heart the moon, like a spear,
Has plunged to the depth of my dreaming!

And in the waters 'round the reeds
Weeping reflection there disposes
Of palms, of lilies, and of roses
Where the deep stillness supersedes.

And from the flowers, one by one,
The petals fall, lit from above,
And, descending, reflect in the flood
Of all my dreaming and of moonlight.

Le retour (The Return) - Georges Delaquys

Ulysses moves toward Ithaca,
Sails unfurled to winds gently blowing;
The lullaby of waves rolls on in steady flowing.
The fullness of his heart embraces all the sea
Where in his sight the birds fly free
And jeweled spray afar is showing.

Ulysses moves toward Ithaca,
Sails unfurled to winds gently blowing.
With beating heart his eyes do stare
From the golden prow of his galley,
And he laughs at his black despair, his spirits rally;
For he sees that his son is proudly standing there;
Combat at an end ev'rywhere
Proclaims victory for his father.

Reflecting thus with beating heart,
As the galley carries him further,
Ulysses moves toward Ithaca,
Sails unfurled to winds gently blowing.

Chanson triste (Mournful Song) - Jean Lahor

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer,
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! sometimes rest on your knees,

And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

Extase (Extasy) - Jean Lahor

On a pale lily my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death....
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of my beloved....
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death....

Phidylé - Leconte de Lisle

The grass is soft in the sun under the cool poplars,
On the slopes of the mossy springs,
Which, issuing from a thousand sources in the flowering meadows,
Lose themselves under the black thickets.
Rest, O Phidylé!

Mid-day shines on the leafage
And invites you to sleep.
Alone amid the clover and the thyme,
In the bright sunlight, the fickle bees hum.

A warm scent flows along the pathways,
The red flowers of the corn droop;
And the birds, skimming the hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the wild rose-bushes.
Rest, O Phidylé!

But when the sun, bent low at the end of its shining course,
Sees its ardours dimmed,
Then may your sweetest smile and your best kiss
Reward me for having waited.