462nd Concert
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
Washington, D. C.
Sunday, November 25, 1951
8:00 P. M.
In The West Garden Court
DAVID BAKER, Baritone
REV. RUSSELL WOOLLEN, Pianist

Folksong Program

Auvergne-arr. Canteloube
"Hey, shepherd across the water, how's the weather?" "Not so good."
"The pasture's in bloom, come watch your flock." "The grass is better over here."

Auvergne-arr. Canteloube
"Sleep, come down, for the child does not want to sleep" --
but at last he sleeps.

France-arr. Tiersot
"Nightingale, fly to my love!" The nightingale flew to her window
and sang her a song. "What are these bad tongues that slander me?"
"Your lievers." "What do you want me to give you? I've already
given you too much--my fairest flower."

Spanish Pyrenees-arr. Baker
When I take up my guitar, I think of my Pedro who was killed in
the wars. Ah, my husband, killed in the wars of Spain!

Portugal, 13th Cent.-arr. Bantock
I went to the fig tree orchard to find six weeping, captive
maidens. I slew the Moor who held them and took the beauties away.

II.

Sicily-arr. Favara
Everywhere I have searched for my dear child, and down by the sea
the winds tell me she has been taken by the Turks. Her mother sent
her to the sea to look for me. Didn't they know it was forbidden?
The Turks are there.

Sicily-arr. Favara
I have come to sing under the stars, where we made our agreement.
If you tell me "yes", I'll wait a hundred years. If you say, "no",
we'll break the pact. Don't worry that I am young -- my word is
better than a contract. Take a knife and cut open my breast.
There you'll find your portrait.

Naples-arr. di Meglio
Why won't you sleep? The sky is already dark and I want to sleep
myself. Angels will stand by you 'til morning.
I have no house and no bed and I'd sell my pants for a plate of maccaroni. I'd be a good soldier and go to war if the cannons would fire at least a patty of maccaroni. The old spinster, half dead, would make her will if she got a plate of maccaroni. The tarantella is sung and some money paid. I'm happy, friends, now I'll buy some maccaroni.

INTERMISSION

III.

**Sweden-arr. Hägg**

I think I shall have to give up mourning, although the whole world is against me. Although a girl brought me bad luck, I am in good humor. The beauty of her body invites love -- her eyes are beautiful, and her feet dance. "My little sweetheart, here you have me. Never in the world will I betray you. Don't cry, we shall be happy. Lay your hand in mine."

**Sweden-arr. Hägg**

In the wide frame of heaven the little stars are set, but she whom I have loved can never be mine. I loved her and could not help it. She promised to be true 'til death.

**Sweden-arr. Hägg**

High mountain and deep valley, here's one that pleases me. "Hey, my little sugar top, we'll dance 'til the sun comes up!"

**Sweden-arr. Hägg**

There was a maid who loved her roses and cared for each little bloom. She was lovely and white and pure as a lily, but one day she found a particular rose tree from which she could not part. I would not want to say that a snake was in the rosebush, but one rose was poison for her, for she is now in tears and never will be so white again.

**Sweden-arr. Hägg**

The flowers of joy will never bloom in earth, and even love brings sorrow to the heart. But above, flowers of hope and joy and faith are always fresh. Don't you hear the spirits whisper to your heart?

IV.

**England-arr. Sharp**

**England-arr. Vaughan Williams**

**United States-arr. Simmons**

**United States**

**United States-arr. Niles-Baker**

**Ireland-arr. Hughes**

Green Bushes

Bushes and Briars

The Cambrioc Shirt

Lolly-too-durn-day

Mattie Groves

The Star of the County Down

This concert is broadcast by Station WCFM, 99.5 on the FM Dial.