

THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

934th Concert

Sunday, December 8, 1963

8:00 P. M.

In The East Garden Court

ELLA LEE, SOPRANO  
EDWARD SCHICK, PIANIST

Program

I

Cantata: Arianna a Naxos . . . . . Haydn

This "Italian" cantata written especially for voice and piano in 1782 was accompanied by the composer personally in one of his appearances in London as a pianist. It was his favorite cantata to which he referred as "My dear Arianna".

II

Widmung . . . . . Schumann

Thou art my life, my soul, my heart! Thou, all my joy and sadness art!

Der arme Peter . . . . . Schumann

(Sung without pause)

Der Hans und die Grete tanzen herum: Hans and Gretel in bridal array are dancing in jubilant happiness. Poor Peter, pale and disheveled, in work-day clothes, stands, silently watching them.

In meiner Brust da sitzt ein Weh: The pain in my heart would tear my breast asunder. Whate'er I do, where'er I go, it drives me ever on. To mountain's lonely heights I climb, there to weep unseen!

Der arme Peter wankt vorbei: Poor Peter staggers slowly by, shy and ghostly pale. Men stare and maidens whisper as he passes, "He must have risen from the grave!" Ah, no, fair maids, into the grave he soon descends for there alone can he find peace; since his love is lost to him for aye.

Stille Thränen . . . . . Schumann

While thou, unheedful dreaming, without a care hast slept, the heavens, till day's wan gleaming, full many a tear have wept. Likewise through nights how burning flow tears from eyes full sad; and ye would think at morning their hearts are always glad.

III

Nachtzauber . . . . . Hugo Wolf

Night treads softly down the mountains in shimmering light as in your dreams. Nightingales sing of bygone beautiful days. Come, oh come, to this place so full of calm.

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung . . . . . Hugo Wolf

This song is said to have been regarded by Wolf as an expression of his own thanksgiving for the renewal of hope and creative strength that he owed to the poetry of Mörike. "Death wrestled for me that morning . . . but now, freed from pain and sorrow, let me rest serenely in thine arms".

Elfenlied . . . . . Hugo Wolf

The night-watchman shouted, "Eleven o'clock!" A little elf woke up. Drunk with sleep he thought some one was calling him. He saw the glow-worms on the stone wall and mistook them for lighted windows. "I'll look in," he decided, "it must be a wedding there". And he hit his head on the hard stone. Well, Elf, did you have enough?

I N T E R M I S S I O N

IV

Ständchen . . . . . Richard Strauss

Awake, awake, and softly arise! So softly, dearest, that none may know.  
Haste thee to me in the garden below!

Die Nacht . . . . . Richard Strauss

Night's darkness, which takes away all the bright glitter of day-time beauty, may rob me of my beloved as well.

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten . . . . . Richard Strauss

Why should we keep our love a secret? No, let it soar in happy flight!  
Yes, open wide our hearts' recesses, let all men know our deep delight!

V

Song Cycle: On This Island . . . . . Benjamin Britten

Let the Florid Music Praise  
Now the Leaves Are Falling Fast  
Seascape  
Nocturne  
As It is Plenty

Miss Lee appears through arrangement with  
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