

THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

947th Concert

Sunday, March 8, 1964  
8:00 P. M.  
In The East Garden Court

THE FELDMAN STRING QUARTET

Dora Short, First Violin  
Lawrence Mednick, Second Violin  
Ronald Marshall, Viola  
Janet McCarron Kriner, Cello

Assisted by

Elizabeth Forman, Soprano

Program

Boccherini

String Quartet in A Major,  
Opus 33, No. 6

Allegro - Andantino - Minuetto con moto - Finale,  
Presto assai

Elwell

Blue Symphony  
(Poem by John Gould Fletcher)

Mrs. Forman

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

Villa-Lobos

String Quartet No. 6

Poco animato - Allegretto - Andante, quasi Adagio -  
Allegro vivace

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM

BLUE SYMPHONY

I

The darkness rolls upward.  
The thick darkness carries with it  
Rain and a ravel of cloud.  
The sun comes forth upon earth.

Palely the dawn  
Leaves me facing timidly  
Old gardens sunken:  
And in the gardens is water.

Sombre wreck-autumnal leaves;  
Shadowy roofs  
In the blue mist,  
And a willow-branch that is broken.

Oh, old pagodas of my soul, how you  
glittered across green trees!

Blue and cool:  
Blue, tremulously,  
Blow faint puffs of smoke  
Across sombre pools.  
The damp green smell of rotted wood;  
And a heron that cries from out the water.

II

Through the upland meadows  
I go alone.  
For I dreamed of someone last night  
Who is waiting for me.

Flower and blossom, tell me, do you  
know of her?

Have the rocks hidden her voice?  
They are very blue and still.

Long upward road that is leading me,  
Light hearted I quit you,  
For the long loose ripples of the meadow-grass  
Invite me to dance upon them.

Quivering grass  
Daintily poised  
For her foot's tripping.

Oh, blown clouds, could I only race up like you,  
Oh, the last slopes that are sun-drenched and  
steep!

Look, the sky!  
Across black valleys  
Rise blue-white aloft  
Jagged unwrinkled mountains, ranges of death.

Solitude. Silence.

III

One chuckles by the brook for me:  
One rages under the stone.  
One makes a spout of his mouth  
One whispers - one is gone.

One over there on the water  
Spreads cold ripples  
For me  
Enticingly.

The vast dark trees  
Flow like blue veils  
Of tears  
Into the water.

Sour sprites,  
Moaning and chuckling,  
What have you hidden from me?  
"In the palace of the blue stone she  
lies forever  
Bound hand and foot."

Was it the wind  
That rattled the reeds together?

Dry reeds,  
A faint shiver in the grasses.

IV

On the left hand there is a temple:  
And a palace on the right-hand side.  
Foot passengers in scarlet  
Pass over the glittering tide.

Under the bridge  
The old river flows  
Low and monotonous  
Day after day.

I have heard and have seen  
All the news that has been:  
Autumn's gold and Spring's green!

Now in my palace  
I see foot passengers  
Crossing the river:  
Pilgrims of autumn  
In the afternoons.

Lotus pools:  
Petals in the water.  
These are my dreams.

For me silks are outspread.  
I take my ease, unthinking.

(Continued)

Blue Symphony - Continued

V

And now the lowest pine-branch  
Is drawn across the disk of the sun.  
Old friends who will forget me soon,  
I must go on,  
Towards those blue death-mountains  
I have forgot so long.

In the marsh grasses  
There lies forever  
My last treasure,  
With the hopes of my heart.

The ice is glazing over,  
Torn lanterns flutter,  
On the leaves is snow.

In the frosty evening  
Toll the old bell for me  
Once, in the sleepy temple.

Perhaps my soul will hear.

Afterglow:  
Before the stars peep  
I shall creep out into darkness.

John Gould Fletcher