

WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERT

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1001st Concert

Sunday, June 13, 1965
8:00 P. M.

In The East Garden Court

MAXINE MAKAS, LYRIC-COLORATURA SOPRANO
ANTHONY MAKAS, PIANIST

Program

I

Alleluia, from Motet, K. 165 Mozart
O Sleep, Why dost Thou Leave Me? Handel
Leise, leise, from "Der Freischütz" Weber

II

Der Nussbaum Schumann
Er ist's Schumann
Volksliedchen Schumann
Schneeglöckchen Schumann
Stille Tränen Schumann
Marienwürmchen Schumann
Aufträge Schumann

III

"Sventurata, mi credea" from "La Cenerentola" Rossini

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

IV

Fiançailles Pour Rire Poulenc
(Six melodies sur des poemes de Louise De Vilmorin)
La dame d'André
Dans L'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Violon
Fleurs

V

Five Songs (poems by E. E. Cummings) Celius Dougherty
O Thou to whom the musical white spring
Until and I heard
Thy fingers make early flowers
Little four paws
O by the by

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

FRANCIS POULENC

FIANÇAILLES POUR RIRE (Louise de Vilmorin)

La dame d'André

André does not know the lady whom he takes today by the hand...
He loved her for her color, for her Sunday good humor.
Will she pale on the white leaves of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe

I can no longer say or do anything for him.
He died outside under the tree of the Law
In full silence, in full countryside, in the grass.
He died unperceived crying out his passage, calling, calling me,
But as I was far from him and his voice no longer carried
He died alone in the woods beneath the tree of his childhood...

Il vole

(A play on the phrase "il vole" which means both "he flies" and
"he steals")

Where is the crow? Il vole.
But where is my lover? Il vole.
I have a voleur for a lover
The crow vole and my lover vole
But where is happiness? Il vole.
I weep for I wish to be desired
And I am not desirable to my voleur.

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

My cadaver is soft as a glove of suede and my eyes
Like two white stones heavy with the dead weight of images.
My fingers which strayed so often are joined in holy attitude
And my two feet are the two last mountains which I saw
At the minute when I lost the race which the years alone can win.

Violon

The violin and its player delight me.
I love its sighs on the cord of uneasiness.
The heart, in the form of a strawberry, gives itself to love
Like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs

Flowers promised, held in your arms,
Who brought you these flowers in winter
Powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves,
A grieving heart burns in the chimney with
Its holy images.