THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1006th Concert
Sunday, October 10, 1965
8:00 P. M.
In The East Garden Court

CLAUDIA LINDSEY, SOPRANO
KENNETH MANZER, PIANIST

I

Music for a while
Hark! The ech'ing air
When I Am Laid in Earth (from "Dido and Aeneas")

Purcell
Purcell
Purcell

II

Liebesbotschaft (Love's Message)
Du bist die Ruh (You are the peace)
Geheimes (Secret)
Gretchen am Spinnrade (Marguerite at the spinning-wheel)

Schubert
Schubert
Schubert
Schubert

III

Tacea la notte placida (from "Il Trovatore")

Verdi

INTERMISSION

IV

Rencontre (Meeting)
Clair de lune (Moonlight)
Après un Rêve (After a dream)
Fleur jetée (Cut flowers)

Fauré
Fauré
Fauré
Fauré

V

The Daisies
Sleep now
I hear an army

Barber
Barber
Barber

Miss Lindsey is managed exclusively by the National Music League, Inc., America's first non-profit management for young concert artists.

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM
Liebesbotschaft (Love's Message) Schubert

Rustling, silvery brook, are you hurrying to my beloved? Dearest brook, be my messenger and bring her my greetings.

Du bist die Ruh (You are the peace) Schubert

You are the peace, the rest and longing, in thee I am blest. When your eyes look into mine, my heart draws near. Live forever in my heart.

Geheimes (Secret) Schubert

At the winking of my sweetheart's eye, everyone seems to wonder. I, the knowing one, understand the secret glances.

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Marguerite at the spinning wheel) Schubert

Deserted by Faust, the distraught Marguerite longs for him and laments, "My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I shall never find peace again."

Rencontre (Meeting) Fauré

I was sad and melancholy when I met you. I felt less torment today. Tell me, will you be the woman long desired and the dream sought for so vainly? Will you be the friend who will bring happiness to the lonely poet and shine on my soul like the native sun on my heart?

Clair de lune (Moonlight) Fauré

Your soul is landscape where spirits, like masqueraders, play their lutes when they dance. There is sadness beneath their disguises, for, though they sing of love and life they seem to doubt that love and life are real. In the moonlight their songs bring tender dreams to the birds and ecstasy to the fountains.

Après un Rêve (After a dream) Fauré

In a slumber, charmed by your image, I dreamed of happiness-ardent mirage. Your eyes were more gentle, your voice pure and clear. You called me and I left the earth to flee with you towards the light. Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams! I call to you, oh night, give me back your illusions. Return, return with your radiance, return. Oh mysterious night!

Fleur jetée (Cut Flowers) Fauré

Cut flower, gathered with a song and thrown away in a dream, carry my passion away with the wind. Like you, the hand that has chosen you, now shuns me forever. Oh poor flower, a while ago so fresh, and tomorrow colorless, let the wind that withers you, wither my heart.