



*National Gallery of Art*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*1076th Concert*

Sunday, May 21, 1967

8:00 P. M.

In The East Garden Court

PAUL SPERRY, *Tenor*

Alexander Farkas, *Piano*

I

HENRY PURCELL ..... Music for a While  
(c.1659-95)

HENRY PURCELL ..... I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly

JOHN DOWLAND ..... Sorrow, Stay  
(1562-1626)

HENRY PURCELL ..... Take not a Woman's Anger III

HENRY PURCELL ..... Sweeter than Roses  
(MR. SPERRY AND MR. FARKAS)

II

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART ..... Sonata in E Flat Major, K.282  
(1756-91)  
(MR. FARKAS)

ERNEST CHAUSSON ..... Sérénade Italienne

Let us go in a boat on the ocean to pass the night among the stars. See, the breeze is just blowing enough to swell the cloth of the sails. The old Italian fisherman and his two sons, who guide us, hear but do not understand the words that we speak to each other. On the ocean calm and sombre, see, we can exchange our souls, and no one will understand our voices, but the night, the sky and the waves.

FRANCIS POULENC ..... La Grenouillère (Apollinaire)  
(1899-1963)

At the edge of the isle I watch the empty little boats bumping against each other. And now, neither on Sundays nor on weekdays, neither the painters nor Maupassant come to row, bare-armed, with their buxom, foolish women. Little boats, you make me melancholy at the edge of the isle.

FRANCIS POULENC ..... Main dominée par le coeur (Eluard)

Hand dominated by the heart, heart dominated by the lion, lion dominated by the bird. The bird that a cloud obscures, the lion that the desert intoxicates; the heart that death inhabits, the hand closed in vain. No help, everything escapes me. I see that which disappears. I understand that I have nothing, and I barely imagine myself. Between the walls an absence, the exile in the shadows with eyes pure and head inert.

FRANCIS POULENC ..... Montparnasse (Apollinaire)

Oh hotel doorway with two green plants, green which will never bear flowers, where are my fruits? Where shall I plant myself? Oh hotel doorway, an angel is in front of you distributing prospectuses. Virtue has never been so well defended. Give me forever a room at weekly rates. Bearded angel, you are in reality a lyric German poet who wants to know Paris. You know those cracks in the sidewalk on which one mustn't walk, and you dream of spending Sunday at Garches. The air is a little heavy and your hair is long, oh good little poet, a bit stupid and too blond, your eyes look so much like those two big balloons which take off in the air after adventure.

FRANCIS POULENC ..... Voyage à Paris (Apollinaire)

Ah, what a charming thing to leave a gloomy country for Paris, lovely Paris that long ago Love must have created. What a charming thing.

(MR. SPERRY AND MR. FARKAS)

THIS CONCERT IS BROADCAST BY STATION WGMS 570 AM AND 103.5 FM.

### III

ROBERT SCHUMANN ..... Der arme Peter (Heine)  
(1810-56)

1. Hans and Grete are dancing around, shouting for sheer joy. Peter stands so silent and mute, and is as white as chalk. Hans and Grete are bridegroom and bride, and sparkle in wedding raiment. Poor Peter there bites his nails and wears his everyday clothes. Peter speaks softly to himself, and sadly gazes on both: "Oh, were I not so sensible, I would do away with myself."

2. "In my breast there dwells a pain, which almost breaks my heart; wherever I go, it drives me away. I am driven to be where my sweetheart is, as if Grete could make me well; but, when I look into her eyes, I must hurry away again. I climb into the mountain's height. There at least one is alone; and when I quietly stand up there, then I am still and weep."

3. Poor Peter, he totters by, quite slowly, deathly pale and shy. The people, as they see him pass, are almost stopping in the streets. The girls whisper among themselves: "Could he have come out of the grave?" Oh no, you lovely maidens, he only goes into his grave. He has lost his beloved, hence the grave is the best place for him to stay and sleep until Judgment Day.

ROBERT SCHUMANN ..... Schneeglöckchen (Rückert)

The snow, that only yesterday fell in little flakes from the sky, hangs congealed today like a little bell on a tender stem. Snowdrop, its little bell is ringing; what does it mean in the still wood? Oh come quickly! There in the wood it rings in the spring. Oh come you leaves, blossoms and flowers, you that yet dream. All come into spring's holy bower! Come without delay.

ROBERT SCHUMANN ..... Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden (Heine)

Beautiful cradle of my suffering, beautiful tombstone of my peace, beautiful city, we must part. Farewell, I call to you. Farewell, farewell! Farewell, you sacred threshold, where my sweetheart walks, farewell, you sacred place, where I first beheld her, farewell, farewell! If I had never seen you, lovely queen of my heart! It would have never, never happened that I am now so miserable. I never wished to move your heart, I never begged for your love, I only wanted to live a quiet life near where you breathe. But you yourself drive me away, your mouth speaks bitter words; madness rages in my senses, and my heart is sick and hurt. And my limbs, faint and weary, I drag along on my walking staff, till I shall lay my tired head far away in a cool grave. Lovely cradle of my sufferings, lovely tombstone of my peace, beautiful city, we must part! Farewell, farewell!

ROBERT SCHUMANN ..... Erstes Grün (Kerner)

You young green, you fresh grass! How many a heart have you made well that was made ill by winter's snow, oh how my heart yearns for you! Already you grow out of the earth's night, how my eyes smile at you! Here in the forest's silent depths I press you, green, to heart and lips. How it drives me away from mankind no human word can heal my sorrow, only young green, laid on my heart, makes my heart beat more peacefully.

ROBERT SCHUMANN ..... Wanderlied (Kerner)

Come, let's drink once more the sparkling wine! Adieu then, you loved ones, we shall have to part. Adieu then, you mountains, my paternal house! A mighty force urges me to go to the distant lands. The sun does not stand still in the sky, it is driven over countries and seas. The wave does not stay by the lonely shore, the storms roar forcefully through the land. With clouds the bird flies there, and sings in the foreign land a song of homeland. Thus it drives the young fellow through forests and fields, to resemble his mother, the wandering world. There birds will greet him that he knows from across the sea, they flew from the meadows of his homeland there; there flowers surround him with intimate scent, breezes from the homeland wafted them here. The birds know his paternal house, the flowers he planted as a bouquet for love; and love follows him, helps him along: thus he will find himself at home in the most distant land.

(MR. SPERRY AND MR. FARKAS)

### INTERMISSION

### IV

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN ..... Berceuse, Opus 57  
(1810-49)

FRÉDÉRIC CHOPIN ..... Polonaise in E Flat Minor, Opus 26, No. 2  
(MR. FARKAS)

### V

ERNEST CHAUSSON ..... Le Colibri (Leconte de Lisle)  
(1855-99)

The green hummingbird, king of the hills, seeing the dew and the bright sun glitter on his nest, woven of fine grasses, like a light breeze escapes into the air. He hurries and flies to the nearby springs, where the bamboo makes the sound of the sea, where the red hibiscus, with its heavenly scent, unfolds and brings a humid light to the heart. Towards the golden flower he descends, alights, and drinks so much love from the rosy cup that he dies, not knowing if he could have drained it! On your pure lips, oh my beloved, my soul in the same way would have wanted to die of the first kiss, which has perfumed it.