

V

IRISH FOLK SONGS

- CARL HARDEBECKThe Song of Glen Dun
BENJAMIN BRITTEN (ARR.)The Sally Gardens
(Poem by W. B. Yeats)
MILLIGAN-FOX (ARR.)The Short Cut to the Rosses
JAMES BOLGER (ADAPTED BY)Over Here (arr. Charles Woods)
GERARD VICTORYAn Old Woman of the Roads
(Poem by Padraig Colum)
VINCENT O'BRIENThe Fairy Tree
(Poem by Temple Lane)

Miss Greevy appears through arrangement with
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Argo Records

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1128th Concert

BERNADETTE GREEVY, *Contralto*

Jeannie Reddin, *Pianist*

SUNDAY EVENING

DECEMBER 1, 1968

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

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

I

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL Recitative and Aria: *Lascia ch'io pianga*, from "Rinaldo"

Let me bewail my cruel fate and sigh for liberty; in pity alone let my grief break the bonds of my martyrdom.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL Care Selve, from "Atalanta"

Come, my beloved! Through the sylvan gloom I wander day and night. Oft I call thee. Come, my joy and my delight.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL *Alma mia*, from "Floridante"

My soul thou art, yes, thou alone, my glory and my delight.

G. O'CONNOR MORRIS (ARR.) Alleluia (17th Century Carol)

II

JOHANNES BRAHMS Acht Zigeunerlieder, Opus 103

He, Zigeuner: Ho here, gypsy, strike your strings and sing of faithless love until tears bedew your cheeks.

Hochgetürmte Rimafluth: Why are the banks of the mighty river so dreary? Because I mourn my lost love, as I watch the rushing waves.

Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen: Do you know when my beloved is dearest to me? When he folds me in his arms and kisses me.

Lieber Gott, du weisst: Once I had the misfortune to kiss my lover and ever since I can think only of that first kiss. Love is often sweet and bitter at the same time.

Brauner Bursche: A gypsy lad leads his girl to dance and, spinning and whirling, kisses her to the clashing cymbal's sound.

Röslein drei: Three roses bloom on one tree: many pretty lassies live in the village—which does one choose?

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn: Are you thinking, sweetheart, of love and of your vows to me. Forsake me not but love me as I do you.

Rothe Abendwolken: Rosy clouds hang in the sky, my heart longs for you. Just as the heavens glow in glory, so does my love for you.

INTERMISSION

III

MAURICE RAVEL (ARR.) Cinq mélodies populaires grecques

Le Reveil de la mariée: Wake up, my dear, my bonny bird. Spread thy white wings, 'tis morning. With thy beauty, this heart of mine is burnt. A ribbon, love, I bring to thee, say wilt thou wear it, binding thy hair as bright as gold. Love, tarry, none will say us nay.

Là-bas vers l'église: Out there where the church tower of Ayio Sidero doth shine, O Blessed Virgin, the people have come from all parts of the world; they come in crowds.

Quel galant m'est comparable: Which gallant can compare with me, love, of all who pass by. See the sword I draw so freely, see my pistols bright and new, and Oh, my love, I love you.

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisque: Oh my best loved, my heart's treasure, my dearest one. Oh my joy, thou whom I love so well. Thou art like an angel come from heaven, and when thou comest, like an angel fair in the clear sunshine, then I am worn with sighing.

Tout gai!: Be gay, love, be gay. See the moon shines so brightly. Come and dance, love, come and trip lightly.

IV

MANUEL DE FALLA Siete canciones populares españolas

El paño Moruno: The fine Moorish cloth in the window had a stain upon it. It sold cheaply because it had no value.

Seguidilla Murciana: People in glass houses should not throw stones. We are travelers who may meet any time, and your fickleness can only be compared to a coin which has changed hands so often that nobody wants it.

Asturiana: When I sought consolation from my misery I lay down by a green fir tree and when it became aware of my weeping, it wept too.

Jota: All our neighbors think we have quarreled because we never speak—so goodnight; until tomorrow I must leave you, and I hope your mother does not hear me.

Nana: Lullaby, my baby, my little morning star.

Canción: Your eyes have deceived me and you don't know how much I have lost through looking into them. People say our love is over, but you were mine once. Something was won then, but something is lost.

Polo: My heart is broken, but I must disguise it. May love be accursed, and especially the girl who won my love.