

FRANCESCO SANTOLIVUOI Giardin idi Ualata

When the moon is high in the sky I will tell you about the gardens of Ualata, while we wait for Moktar to pour water into our cups and to rouse the musicians. You say the moon is high in the sky? Very well, I will tell you about the gardens of Ualata. They are beyond the sea in Alcazair, the country of silk. As you place a flower between a woman's breasts, so God placed those gardens between the hills of Mzara. Melodious brooks run through them. Beautiful maidens walk in them and their breasts are shaped like pomegranates. You must go sit in those gardens when your heart is full of love as the moon shines in the middle of the sky. One night when love was in my heart I breathed the perfumes of the gardens of Ualata. Oh memories, oh nostalgia! I said to him, "You have led me far from my home and now I am close to you like a tamed gazelle. The water of your kisses increases my thirst." Implacable love! Only the murmur of the breeze could be heard. I sat silently next to him on the sand silvered by the moon.

VIRGILIO MORTARISerenata del Maggio
(1902-)

I have come to sing a serenade. If you stay and listen you will hear it. There is a girl who is beautiful and graceful, and I know you keep her in your house. Tell her that her love passed by, that she is in his heart day and night. Tell her that her lover passed by, that she is in his thoughts day and night.

VIRGILIO MORTARISerenata di Burtoli

I've been down here for three hours with my guitar and mandolin. I can't understand why you don't come down to me. Come on out, take a peek, it's your dear Burtoli. Whenever I don't see you, how my little heart beats! Hush, I think I hear a lot of noise on the balcony. I hope it's not your father coming down with a stick. When I think of the day we'll get married my heart goes into raptures and jumps out of my vest.

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTILa Pesca dell'Anello
(1880-1968)

There were three sisters, all three of an age for love. Rosetta, the prettiest one, went sailing. While she was sailing her ring fell off. "Oh fisherman of the waves, come fish nearer to me. Fish up my ring that has fallen into the sea." "When I have fished it up, what do you want to give me?" "A hundred gold sequins and an embroidered purse." "I don't want all those sequins nor an embroidered purse, only a kiss of love if you want to give it to me." "What will people say if they see us kiss?" "They will say it was love that made us do it."

ILDEBRANDO PIZZETTIDonna Lombarda

"Love me, woman of Lombardy, love me." "I can't love you sacred crown, because I have a husband." "If you have a husband, make him die, I'll teach you how. Go to the priest's garden where there is a snake. Take the head of that snake and crush it well. Then give it to him to drink." The husband returned, tired and thirsty, and asked for something to drink. "Which do you want, my husband, white or red? The white wine is the best." A nine-month old baby spoke: "Don't drink that wine, it is poisoned" "What's the matter with this wine, woman of Lombardy? Why is it cloudy?" "It must have been the thunder the other night that made it cloudy." "You drink it, woman of Lombardy." "I can't drink it, husband, because I'm not thirsty." "With this sword that I hold in my hand I will kill you." "It is for the love of the King of France that I die."

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1132nd Concert

Sunday, December 29, 1968

8:00 P.M.

In The East Garden Court

GIANNA PINCI, *Soprano*

William Petterson, *Pianist*

ALESSANDRO SCARLATTILe Violette
(1660-1725)

Dewey, fragrant, graceful violets, you stay shyly half-hidden among the leaves and rebuke me for my too ambitious desires.

GIACOMO PERTIScioglie omai le nevi
(1661-1756)

The snow and ice are melting and the earth's splendor returns. And the earth which had been languishing adorns itself like the sky.

GIACOMO PERTISperar io non dovrei

I shouldn't hope and yet I go on hoping. The sight of my beloved subdues my tears.

GIAMBATTISTA PERGOLESI*"Stabat Mater"*: Vidit suum
(1710-36) dulcem natum

She saw her sweet first-born in distress, dying. Then he drew his last breath.

GIAMBATTISTA PERGOLESI "La Serva Padrona": Stizzoso,
mio stizzoso

My peevish one, you act haughty but it is of no use. When I prohibit it, you must be silent and not talk. Sh! sh! that's what Serpina wants. I think you understand me since you have known me for many days.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART Ridente la calma
(1756-91)

Let calm awake smiling in my soul and let no trace of disdain nor fear remain. You come meanwhile, my love, to tighten the sweet chains so dear to my heart.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART Un moto di gioia

I feel a joyous movement in my breast which announces pleasure in the midst of fear. Let us hope this anxiety will end in gladness. Fate and Love are not always tyrants.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI "Serate Musicali": L'Invito
(1792-1868)

Come, Ruggiero, your Eliose cannot remain separated from you. You were already replying to my tears, come, answer my prayer. Come, beautiful angel, my delight, come rest on my heart. Feel whether it throbs, whether love invites you. Come, my life, come, make me breathe.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI La Pastorella delle Alpi

I am a pretty shepherdess who comes down every morning to offer a basket of fresh fruit and flowers. Whoever comes at early dawn will have lovely roses and dewey apples. Come to my garden. Whoever loses his way in night's horror will find his way again at my hut. Come, wayfarer, the shepherdess is here but her finest thoughts she will give to only one.

VINCENZO BELLINI "I Capuleti e i Montecchi":
(1801-35) O quante volte

Here I am dressed in festive garments, adorned like a victim for the altar. If only I could fall like a victim there at the altar's base! Oh dreaded wedding, so hateful and inevitable, for me let these torches be fatal. How I burn, a flame, a fire, I am being completely consumed. In vain I ask the cool wind for relief. Where are you, Romeo, in what lands do you wander? Where can I send you my sighs? How often I ask the sky for you, weeping, with what ardor I wait for you and beguile my desire. The brilliant daylight is like the gleaming of your countenance. The breeze that blows around me is like your sighing.

INTERMISSION

GIULIA RECLI La Lune Prigioniera
(1890-)

There is a beautiful garden in the world that turns all around far, far, far away, with a hundred and three fountains, with lilies and miniature roses and with my lady moon searching for good luck, far, far, far away. You sweet little moon, tell us a story or grandfather's tale that will put us to sleep. Once upon a time at evening's gate there was an unlucky moon always tired and condemned to turn around above the earth. When she came to a castle in a garden at the bottom of the sea she put down her sack and cape and wanted to rest and she slept, slept, slept in Fortune's garden. While the fountains sang the roses and the lianas surrounded her with nets as thick as hedges so that before evening the moon was a prisoner.

GIULIA RECLI Piangono gli occhi miei

My eyes are weeping bitter tears. Even the sky weeps for my grief. They weep for my departure, for the separation that makes me die. Even though I want to, I cannot do it, cannot move my feet to leave. When I think, my love, that I must leave you the road is filled with sighs.

VALENTINO BUCCHI Rio Bo
(1916-)

Three little houses with steeply pitched roofs, a green field, a small brook: Rio Bo. A vigilant cypress. A microscopic village, it's true, not worth much, but there is always a star above it, a big magnificent star which sort of flirts with the tip of the cypress of Rio Bo, a star in love. I wonder whether it even has a big city.

VALENTINO BUCCHI El Fior Roba

Oh beautiful good friend who looked at me, I want to give you a rose because you looked at me. In your eyes perhaps a rose is not enough. You deserve a whole garden because you were mine. But I don't have a garden, I stole this flower. It is worth your kisses, believe me, because I stole it.

ADRIANO LUALDI Filastrocca
(1887-)

Seven little flames of boats are going out to fish. The Great Bear has fallen into the sea. The Great Bear walks in the moonlight along the water's paths searching for fortune. Little flames of the Bear, what are you looking for? Lady, we are looking for a boy lost in the sea. Perhaps he is no longer in the sea but on the mountain. Perhaps by now he is sleeping in the great mother's shadow. We will ask the white sirens to have mercy on him. How can a mother live when she has lost what she loves? If you find that boy in a cave or grotto I will give you all the roses that bloomed last night. I will give you all the pearls that the fresh dew gathered until morning in the lap of the leaves. With my song I will weave you the magic road that will lead you back to the company of the stars above.

ADRIANO LUALDI La Morte di Rinaldo

When Rinaldo returned from the war, gladly his mother greeted him. "Rinaldo, be joyful, your bride has given birth to a king." "Neither my bride nor my son can bring joy to my heart. Lead me to a soft white bed so that I can lay my tired, tormented body down." And as he lay down on his white bed the unhappy man drew his last breath. "Tell me, mother, loving mother, why this mournful tolling of bells?" "My good daughter, these are the processions leaving the church for the rogations." "Tell me, mother, loving mother, who is that pounding without stopping?" "My good daughter, it is the carpenter mending the bin for the grain." "Tell me, mother, loving mother, shall I wear amaranth or pink?" "Forget about pink and amaranth. Get out the black dress sacred to mourning." "Tell me, mother of my heart, for whom must I mourn?" "Oh daughter, I cannot go on lying. Our Rinaldo is dead and buried." "Open up, oh earth, that I may sink into you. I want to join Rinaldo, my king." The earth trembled and opened up and swallowed up the beautiful bride.

FRANCESCO SANTOLIVUDO Alba di Luna
(1883-)

Look, the moon is rising all red like a flame frozen in the sky. The pond reflects it and the water rippled by the wind looks as though it were shuddering in the cold. What immense peace! The sleeping wood is reflected in the pond. What silence all around! Tell me, is this the sunset of the dawn of love?