

(IN POLISH)

WITOLD LUTOSLAWSKI*Two Polish Songs
(1913-)

A Nightingale—Late for Dinner: Mrs. Nightingale is crying in her nest because Mr. Nightingale was to have been home for supper before nine . . . here it is after eleven. His meal is getting cold: soup of midges and evening dew, Mosquitoes stuffed with nectar of lily-of-the-valley, a butterfly seasoned with the thick shadows of the forest. And a cake of air and moonlight for dessert. Perhaps something happened to him? Perhaps he was set upon by a brood of larks and his feathers plucked, his silver voice stolen? Feathers, foolishness, but his voice, a fortune. At last Mr. Nightingale appears, whistling, jumping. "Where were you flying and fluttering, I was so worried." Then Mr. Nightingale chirped sweetly, "Forgive me, my dear, but the evening was so delightful that I walked all the way home."

Mr. Tralalinski: In Songville, on Joy Street, a famous singer lives—Mr. Tralalinski. His wife, Tralalina, his daughter, Tralalurka, his son, Tralalinek, his dog, Tralalesek, his cat, Tralaloteck, and his parrot, Tralaluzka. And the entire family sings this song, yes. Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la, tra-la. From the kitchen and garage, those at home and passersby are singing. His chauffer, Tralalofer, his cook, Tralalarka, his maid, Tralalowka, the news boy, Tralaleciarz, the storekeeper, Tralalikarz, the policeman, Tralalicjant, and the lawyer, Tralalokat, and the doctor, Tralaloktor. Even the tiny gray mouse, Tralaliszka, who is afraid of the cat, Tralalotek, and sat down in the corner, in the dark Tra-la-corner and squeaked softly—Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la leeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

BENJAMIN BRITTENA Charm of Lullabies, Opus 41
(1913-)

A Cradle Song (William Blake)
The Highland Balou (Robert Burns)
Sephestia's Lullaby (Robert Greene)
A Charm (Thomas Randolph)
The Nurse's Song (John Philip)

*First Washington Performance

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1144th Concert

JOYCE CASTLE, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Larry Graham, *Pianist*

SUNDAY EVENING

MARCH 23, 1969

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

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

(IN ITALIAN)

FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN Arianna a Naxos (Cantata a voce
(1732-1809) sola)

Recitativo: Teseo, beloved, where are you? It appears you have turned away from me, but a dream deceived me. Already the rosy dawn appears in the sky and grasses and flowers are opening up and waving in the breeze. Where have you gone? Perhaps in your haste to return you stumbled on the rocks . . . ah, come my dear and thank me for I have been help to you. I desire you so, my heart sighs. Come, come, my idol.

Aria: Where are you, my beloved treasure? What is hiding you from this heart? If you don't return, I shall kill myself. If you have mercy, gods, support my prayers. Return my beloved to me.

Recitativo: But to whom do I speak? The words echo themselves. Teseo doesn't hear or answer me and my words are only carried by the breezes. He can't be far. I will look for him. Oh Heavens, have mercy! I see a ship in free sail, Greeks are always thus—Teseo—there at the prow. He has deceived me. He flees. He abandons me. I have no hope. I am betrayed. Oh be just, gods. Punish him. Perjurer! Infidel! He leaves me. To whom do I turn? Who will have mercy? I can no longer stand, my legs don't support me. My soul trembles.

Aria: Oh, I wish to die in this fatal moment. But of my cruel tormentor I cry out to the sky in misery. Unfortunate, abandoned, none are able to console me since this one I loved so much has flown away. The barbarous infidel.

(IN GERMAN)

HUGO WOLF Cophtisches Lied I
(1860-1903)

Leave pedants to quarrel; let scholars be austere. All the wisest men of all time are in agreement on one point: It is foolish to wait for fools to become enlightened; the wise man will deal with the fool according to his folly, as it is right and proper! Old Merlin from his shining grave, where I consulted him in my youth gave me the same instructive advice: It is foolish to wait for fools to become enlightened; the wise man will deal with the fool according to his folly, as it is right and proper! Whether on the windy peaks of India or in the depths of Egyptian tombs, all oracles give the same answer: It is foolish to wait for fools to become enlightened; the wise man will deal with the fool according to his folly, as it is right and proper!

HUGO WOLF Cophtisches Lied II

Take my advice; spend your youth profitably, be wise in time. The pointer on the scales of Fortune is seldom at rest. You must rise or fall; win, and be master, or lose, and be slave. You must suffer or triumph, you must be the anvil or you must be the hammer!

RICHARD STRAUSS Morgen
(1864-1949)

And tomorrow the sun will shine again, and on the path that I will follow, it shall again unite us, happy ones, upon this sun-breathing earth. . . . And to the wide shore, with its blue waves, we will quietly and slowly descend, speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes. And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness. . . .

RICHARD STRAUSS Zueignung

Yes, you know it dear Soul, that far from you I languish. Love causes the heart to ache. To you my thanks! Once drinking to freedom, I raised the amethyst cup and you blessed the drink. To you my thanks! You exorcised the evil spirits in it so that I, as never before, cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast. To you my thanks!

(IN TURKISH)

ULVI CEMAL ERKIN *Four Turkish Folksongs
(1906-)

Maya: Ah, my black-eyed girl, why do you come to this vineyard? It is ours. Do not attempt to build a home here, faith would destroy it.

Fourteenth of the Month: Today is the full moon, girl. Who braided your hair? "My love braided my hair, the moon was dark, who saw it?"

Turkish Town: The Turkish girl prepares the yeast and takes her camel to the field. Ah, you crazy girl in love.

Gum Falling from the Tree: Girl, your fiance is looking. Your hair and braids smell of perfume. Turn me to that side and hug me. Turn me to this side and hug me. I have a wound on my right, kiss me on my left.

INTERMISSION

(IN HUNGARIAN)

BÉLA BARTÓK Five Songs, Opus 16
(1881-1945)

Autumn Tears: In the autumn afternoon, how difficult to smile at young girls. In the autumn evening, how difficult to look up at the stars. In the autumn evening, in the autumn afternoon, how easy to fall down crying.

Autumn Echoes: In the autumn when the fog churns about, something sobs in the night. Something pulsates. Someone has put together all his woes. Someone old and shrivelled knocks on old planks. An ancient man—while he lived there was never a star in the sky, and now, and now, the poor soul wants to look around a bit.

Lost Content: I'll lie down. Oh, my bed. Yesterday you were different. A dream place, a place for kisses, happiness. What has become of you? Coffin. Coffin. Each day you close a bit. To lie down with fear and to wake up with fear. To wake, to look about, to feel, to see, to look out, to hide, to want, to be sad, to lose perspective, to break down, to be ashamed. Oh, my bed. Coffin! Won't you call me? I'll lie down.

Alone with the Sea: The seashore, small hotel room . . . she left. I'll never see her again. She left a flower on the bedcover. I caress that bedcover. Her perfume floats amid my kisses. The sea roars, the sea is happy. I listen to the singing, wild sea and I dream on that old bedcover. The sea is singing and so sings the past.

I Cannot Come to You: It is a nice summer. Here every youngster has his summer. I just die. Do you want me? You are my holy craziness. I die. Songs, songs, others can go, come, live. I die. Your arms, perhaps you're not even waiting. If you don't hold me, I die. Everything of mine is sad and plain; my kisses, my path, my destiny. I die.