

V

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

MARGARET BONDSTo A Brown Girl Dead
(1913-) (Countee Cullen)

With two white roses on her breast, white candles at head and feet.
Dark madonna of the grave she lies, Lord Death has found her sweet.
Her mother pawn'd her wedding ring to lay her out in white.
She'd be so proud she'd dance and sing to see herself tonight.

MARGARET BONDSThree Dream Portraits
(Langston Hughes)

1. Minstrel Man
Because my mouth is wide with laughter and my throat is deep with song, you do not
think I suffer after I have held my pain so long.
Because my mouth is wide with laughter you do not hear my inner cry; Because my
feet are gay with dancing you do not know I die, you do not know I die.

2. Dream Variation
To fling my arms wide in some place in the sun, to whirl and to dance till the white
day is done, then rest at cool evening beneath a tall tree while night comes on gently
dark like me.
That is my dream.

To fling my arms wide in the face of the sun, Dance! Whirl!
Whirl till the quick day is done, rest at pale evening a tall slim tree.
Night coming tenderly, black like me.

3. I, Too
I, too, sing America, I am the darker brother,
They send me to eat in the kitchen when company comes;
But I laugh and eat well and grow strong,
to-morrow I'll sit at the table when company comes.
Nobody'll dare say to me "Eat in the kitchen" then,
besides they'll see how beautiful I am and be ashamed.

ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM**Minakesh
(1928-) (Vocalise on the Antics of a Magician)

*First Performance in the United States.
**World Premiere.

Miss Parker appears through arrangement with Arthur Judson Management, Inc. of
New York City.



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1206th Concert

LOUISE PARKER, *Contralto*

JONATHAN BRICE, *Pianist*

SUNDAY EVENING

NOVEMBER 15, 1970

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK

IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

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

I

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDELCh'io mai vi possa
(1685-1759)

How shall I live your call to love, precious eyes, nor your grief, not even in jest can
it ever leave me. No, no.
Lovely vision, today and always I will never leave the sweet stars.
Oh shine eternally for me alone!

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDELNon lo dirò col labbro

I will not say it with my lips, which have not that courage; perhaps the sparks of my
burning eyes revealing my passion.
My glance will speak.

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDELCangiò d'aspetto (*Admeto*—1727)

Cruel destiny has changed its aspect and in my breast is reborn complete happiness.
I will no longer feel pain and suffering now that my heart has turned to joy.

II

GUSTAV MAHLERKindertotenlieder (1902)
(1860-1911) (Songs on the Death of Children)

Text by Frederick Rückert

1. Now the sun prepares to rise as brightly as if the night had brought no cause to
grieve. The grief was mine alone; the sun shines for all alike.
You must not shut the night into yourself but drown it in eternal light.
A lamp went out in my tent — I bless the light that gladdens all the world.
2. Now I see, O eyes, why you sometimes flashed such dark flames towards me!
To collect, as it were, all your power into a single glance.
But I could not guess, because deluding Fate had shrouded me in its mists, that your
brightness was already preparing to return to its home, the source of all light.
With your shining you wanted to tell me: We would gladly stay near you, but fate will
not grant our wish.
Look at us well, soon we will be far from you! What in these days you think of as
only eyes will be only stars to you in nights to come.
3. When your mother comes in the door and I turn my head to look at her, my eyes
light first not on her face but on the place nearer the threshold where your dear little
face would be if you came, bright-eyed, into the room with her as you used to, my
little girl.
When your mother comes in the door holding a flickering candle, I always think you
are coming with her, you slipped into the room as you used to do. O, you refuge of your
father, light of joy extinguished all too soon!
4. I often think they have only gone out and will soon be coming home again.
It is a beautiful day — do not worry, they have only gone for a long walk.
Yes, they have only gone out and will presently be home again.
Do not worry, they have taken a walk to those hills there.
They have only gone before us, and will not be coming home again. We will overtake
them on those heights in the sunshine. The day is beautiful on those heights.
5. In such stormy weather I would never have sent the children out.
They have been carried out, and I could do nothing about it.
In such windy weather I would never have let the children go out.
I would have been afraid they might fall ill. Now these are idle thoughts.
In this dreadful weather I would never have let the children go out.
I was afraid they might die the next day; that fear is now past.
In this stormy weather they rest as in their mother's home.
God's hand covers them.

III

GEORGE BIZETSeguidilla and Habañera
(1838-1875) (*Carmen*—1874)

INTERMISSION

SONGS BY BLACK COMPOSERS

IV

GEORGE WALKERThe Bereaved Maid
(1922-) (14th century Anon.)

Lully, lullay, the falcon has borne my mate away. He bear him up, he bear him down,
he bear him into an orchard brown. And in that orchard there was a hall that was
covered with purple and pall. And in that hall there was a bed that was covered with
color so red. And in that bed there lieth a knight, his wounds bleeding by day and night.
And in that hall there standeth a May, she weepeth both night and day. And on that
bed there lieth a stone, Corpus Christi written thereon.

GEORGE WALKER*So we'll go no more a-roving
(Lord Byron)

So we'll go no more a-roving so late into the night, though the heart be still as loving
and the moon be still as bright.
For the sword outwears its sheath and the soul wears out the breast, and the heart must
pause to breathe and love itself have rest.
Though the night was made for loving and the day returns too soon.
Yet we'll go no more a-roving by the light of the moon.

GEORGE WALKER*I went to Heaven (Emily Dickinson)

I went to Heaven, t'was a small town, lit with a ruby, lathed with down.
Stiller than the fields at the full dew. Beautiful as pictures no man drew.
People like the moth of Mechlin frames, duties of gossamer and eider names.
Almost contented I could be 'mong such unique society.

GEORGE WALKER*Lament (Countee Cullen)

Now let all lovely things embark upon the sea of mist, with her whose luscious mouth
the dark, grim troubadour has kissed.
The silver clock that ticked away her days, and never knew it's beats were sword
thrusts to the clay that too much beauty slew.
The pillow favored with her tears and hallowed by her head; I shall not even keep my
fears, now their concern is dead.
But where shall I bury sun and rain, how mortalize the stars, how still the half-heard
cries of pain that seared her soul with scars?
In what sea depths shall all the seeds of every flower die? Where, where shall I scatter
the broken reeds, and how erase the sky?
And where shall I find a hole so deep no troubled ghost may rise?
There will I put my heart to sleep wanting her face and eyes.