

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

National Gallery of Art

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*1244th Concert*

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LOUISE McCLELLAND, *Mezzo Soprano*

MARTIN KATZ, *Pianist*

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Sunday Evening, October 31, 1971 at Seven in the East Garden Court

# SONGS OF HUGO WOLF (1860 - 1903)

## I

### MÖRIKE-LIEDER:

Der Genesene an die Hoffnung  
Zitronenfalter im April  
Denk' es, o Seele  
Auf einer Wanderung

## II

### FROM THE "ITALIENISCHES LIEDERBUCH":

Schweig einmal still  
Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen  
Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen  
Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

## III

### GOETHE-LIEDER:

Mignon I, II, III:  
Heiss mich nicht reden  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
So lasst mich scheinen  
Philine  
Kennst du das Land?

## INTERMISSION

## IV

### FROM THE "SPANISCHES LIEDERBUCH":

Ach, im Maien war's  
Bedeckt mich mit Blumen  
In dem Schatten meiner Locken  
Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt

## V

Der Musikant (Eichendorff)  
Elfenlied (Mörike)  
Wiegenlied im Sommer (Reinick)  
Storchenbotschaft (Mörike)

*This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM.*

## Der Musikant (Eichendorff)

I love a wandering life, living any way I can. I know beautiful old songs, but I don't know where I'll rest at night. Many a beauty makes eyes at me . . . if only I amounted to something. May God send you a man with house and home! If we two were to be together, I would forget how to sing.

## Elfenlied (Mörrike)

The watchman cries "eleven o'clock!" ("Elf!") A wee elf asleep in the woods starts up in fright, thinking he has been called. He wanders softly on tiptoes, still drunk with sleep, down into the valley and creeps up onto the wall. "The windows are lit and children are singing—it must be a wedding. I'll just take a little peek." Ouch! He bumps his head! Elf, have you had enough?

## Wiegenlied im Sommer (Reinick)

The sun is setting; my child lies in the cradle. One small bird still sings, "Good night, dear child." The cradle rocks gently, the clock ticks, the flies hum about him 'Good night, dear child.' The birds and the stars and all things love my child, and even more, the angels. They cover him with their wings and softly sing, "Good night, dear child."

## Storchenbotschaft (Mörrike)

The shepherd's house stands high up in the hills. Strange sounds come in the night, but the shepherd quickly says his beads and goes to sleep. One night he could stand it no longer and opened the latch. There stood two storks! "A charming couple, but what does this mean? Did you bring my sweetheart a gift? . . . now the baby's crying and the mother cries even harder? . . . she wants her sweetheart there? . . . and money for the christening? Go tell her I'll come in two or three days, and take care of my boy. But wait—why are there *two* of you? You don't mean . . . twins?!!!" The storks happily flap their wings curtsy and fly away.

## I

*Mörrike*

## Der Genesene an die Hoffnung

Death came for me that morning, but I clung to thee, sweet Hope, until the fight was won. I brought an offering to the gods, remembering all but thee. You watched from a distance. Oh forgive me! Come forth from thy veiled grace that I may gaze, as a child, upon the beauty of thy face; only once, free from pain and sorrow, let me rest in thine arms!

## Zitronenfalter im April

O cruel sun of spring, you awaken me before it is time; only in the warmth of May can I live. If there is no maiden here who can offer me a drop of honey from her lips, then I must die, never to be seen by May in my yellow gown.

## Denk' es, o Seele

A little fir-tree grows, perhaps in the woods; a rose-tree, too, who knows, in which garden. They are chosen already, oh soul, to take root and grow upon thy grave. Two black steeds are grazing in the meadow; they canter home with prancing hoofs. They will slow their pace when drawing thy dead body . . . perhaps even before the iron I see gleaming loosens on their hoofs!

## Auf einer Wanderung

I enter a friendly little town; the rosy glow of sunset bathes the streets; from an open window, half-concealed by flowers, golden bells are heard, and a voice comes, as if a choir of nightingales. The blossoms tremble so that the air throbs, and the roses shimmer with deep red. I stood for a long time, spell-bound; how I found my way to the gate I cannot say. Here, how bright the world lies! The heavens weave in purple masses: the town lies in golden haze. How the brook rushes, the mill turns; I'm as if intoxicated with joy. O Muse, you have touched my heart with a breath of love.

## II

*Italienisches Liederbuch*

## Schweig einmal still

Be quiet, you noisy thing! Your hideous singing is detestable. And if you should strain from dawn to midnight, no pleasant sound would emerge. Be still and go to bed. I'd rather hear a donkey's serenade!

## Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen

Now let us make peace, my dearest. Our feud has raged too long. If you are unwilling, I will yield. Kings and soldiers can make peace; surely two loving hearts can achieve as much.

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen

How often I have longed for a musician to be my true love!  
Now heaven has sent me in very flesh and blood the man of my  
desire. Here he comes with gentle mien, and bows his head,  
and plays the violin.

Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen

My lover invited me to supper, but had no house to receive me.  
No wood, no hearth to cook. He didn't even have a drop of wine,  
nor glass to drink it from. The table was small, the tablecloth  
a mess, the bread hard as stone, and the knife very dull!

### III Goethe

Heiss mich nicht reden (Mignon I)

Do not bid me speak—bid me be silent! To keep my secret is  
my duty. I would like to show you my mind, but fate is unwilling.  
In time the sun dispels the darkness, and it must grow bright;  
the hard rock opens its bosom and does not grudge the earth  
the deeply hidden springs. Everyone seeks rest in the arms of a  
friend, where the heart can pour out its laments; but my lips  
are sealed by an oath and only a god may open them.

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt (Mignon II)

Only he who knows longing knows what I suffer! Alone and cut off  
from all joy I look to the firmament beyond. He who knows and  
loves me is far away. I am giddy, my insides burn. Only he who  
knows longing knows what I suffer!

So lasst mich scheinen (Mignon III)

Let me appear an angel until I become one! Do not take my white  
robe from me. I am hurrying from the lovely earth to the solid  
dwelling you know of. There, for a while, I will rest in silence;  
then, refreshed, my eyes will open; I shall leave the pure white  
raiment, the sash and the wreath behind. And those heavenly  
forms will not ask if I am man or woman, and no clothes, no folds  
will encumber my transfigured body. True, I have lived without  
trouble or care, but I felt deep pain enough. With sorrow I grew  
old too early; make me forever young again!

Philine

Do not sing mournfully of the loneliness of night; no, dear ladies,  
it is made for pleasure. As woman was given to man as his better  
half, so is night the better half of life. How can one enjoy the  
daytime, which only interrupts our pleasure? With night's coming,  
as the lamps send out their rosy glow and love's promises pass  
from lip to lip, as the wild and rushing youth calmly sits bemused,  
when the nightingale sings of love, heard only by the captive as  
a song of woe; how happily we hear the slow bell's twelve strokes,  
entoning peace and security! So, dear heart, mark what I say:  
with each day there come new cares, with each night some new  
delight!

Kennst du das Land (Mignon)

Do you know the land where the lemon trees blossom, where  
golden oranges glow among dark leaves? A soft breeze blows from  
the blue sky; the quiet myrtle grows there and the tall laurel.  
There I long to go with you, my love.

Do you know the pillared house? Its rooms gleam and glisten.  
Its marble statues seem to say 'what have they done to you, poor  
child?' There I long to go with you, my protector.

Do you know the mountain and its cloud-wrapped paths, where the  
mules stumble in mist, where the dragons still dwell in the caves;  
the rock falls sheer and the torrent over it? Do you know it?  
There lies our way! O Father, let us go!

### INTERMISSION

### IV Spanisches Liederbuch

Ach, im Maien war's

It was in May, when the warm breezes blow and lovers come  
together; I, alone, languish here in prison. I cannot see when it is  
daylight and do not know when it is darkening. Only one bird  
told me it was May. Now cruel hands have killed my songbird.  
May God punish them for this!

Bedeckt mich mit Blumen

Cover me with flowers, I am dying of love. Cover me, so that the  
sweet fragrance will not be borne away; it is all the same, the  
smell of flowers or the breath of love. Make ready my grave of  
jasmine and lilies; I am dying. And if you ask of what, I say;  
of the sweet pain of love.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In the shadow of my tresses, my sweetheart has fallen asleep.  
Shall I wake him? Ah, no. I shall be told how I have tormented  
him, how his whole life depends on the touch of my sunbrowned  
cheek. He calls me his snake, and yet he has gone to sleep by my  
side. Shall I wake him? Ah, no.

Geh', Geliebter, geh' jetzt

Go, beloved, go now; the dawn is here. People are out on the  
streets and the neighbors will reprove me with looks of scorn,  
for they know not how deeply I love you, and you love me. When  
the sun appears, it is like night to my eyes, for we must part.  
Go, beloved, flee from my arms; if you miss the right moment  
we would trade a brief happiness for a long grief. We can en-  
dure the tortures of one day when hope lets us see the glory of  
heaven. Therefore, go now, beloved; the morning dawns.