

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

National Gallery of Art

1807th Concert



LINDA MABBS, SOPRANO
MICHAEL CORDOVANA, PIANO

Sunday Evening, February 23, 1986 at Seven
West Building, West Garden Court

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Lied zur Gesellenreise
(1756-1791) An Chloe

Abendempfindung an Laura

Dominick Argento Six Elizabethan Songs
(b. 1927)

Spring
Sleep
Winter
Dirge
Diaphenia
Hymn

Gabriel Fauré C'est l'extase
(1845-1924) Mandoline

Prison

Claude Debussy Fêtes Galantes I
(1862-1918)

En sourdine
Clair de lune
Fantoche

INTERMISSION

Alban Berg Sieben Frühe Lieder
(1897-1945)

Nacht
Schilflied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage

Fernando J. Obradors Al amor
(1897-1945) Con amores, la mi madre

Consejo
Del cabello más sutil
El vito

These Concerts are broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM.

Lied zur Gesellenreise

You who now approach a new level
of understanding, wander secure
knowing that it is wisdom's path.
Only the fair man may come close
to the source of light.

Truly, life's journey is harsh,
but sweet is also the prize.
He who longs to be one of the
Wanderers will know what to do.
Happy is he who can say there is
light on my path.
Joseph Franz von Ratschky

An Chloe

When love looks out of your clear,
blue open eyes and the joy of
gazing into them makes my heart
dance and glow;

and I hold you and kiss your warm,
rose-red cheek, dear maid, and
fold you, trembling, in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and press you close
to my breast where until my last
dying moment I would gladly hold
you;

then my enraptured gaze is o'ershaded
by a dark cloud; and I sit exhausted
but happy beside you.
Johann Georg Jacobi

Abendempfindung an Laura

It is evening, the sun has disappeared,
and the moon shines, silver;
so fleet away life's fairest hours,
they fly past as in a dance.

Soon life's motley scene is over,
and the curtain falls.
Our play is ended! Our friend's tears
flow already on our grave.

Soon, perhaps, is borne towards me,
like the gentle west wind, a still foreboding.
I will end this life's pilgrimage,
and fly to the land of rest.

If you will weep then by my grave,
and mourn my ashes,
then, o friends, I will appear to you,
bringing a breath of heaven.

Shed for me a tear, you also,
and pluck for me a violet from my grave:
and let your tender eye
look gently down on me.
Dedicate a tear to me, and oh!
do not be ashamed to do so
in my diadem it will become
the fairest pearl.

annon.

SIX ELIZABETHAN SONGS

1. Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king:
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, puwe, towitta woo!
The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug jug, puwe, towitta woo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives asunning sit,
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug jug, puwe, towitta woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

2. Sleep

Care charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light,
With dark forgetting of my care return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill adventured youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams the images of day desires
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Never let rising sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

3. Winter

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
The nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whoo! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whoo! Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

4. Dirge

Come away, Come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, Fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O prepare it! O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it. Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, Not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there.

5. Diaphenia

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how do I love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are to be loved of their dams;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.
Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower loves the sun's life giving power;
For dead, they breath to life might move me.
Diaphenia like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king:
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

6. Hymn

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light, thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.
Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight
Goddess, Goddess excellently bright.
Lay they bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short so ever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, Goddess excellently bright!

C'est l'extase...

It is languorous ecstasy,
it is loving lassitude,
it is all the tremors of the woods
in the embrace of the breezes,
it is, in the grey branches
the choir of tiny voices.

O the frail, fresh murmuring!
That twittering and whispering
is like the sweet cry
breathed out by the ruffled grass...
You would say, beneath the swirling
waters,
the muted rolling of the pebbles.

This soul which mourns
in subdued lamentation,
it is ours is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
breathing a humble anthem
in the warm evening, very softly?
Paul Verlaine

Mandoline

The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs,
There is Tireis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis,
who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tender verses,
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and gray,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling of the breeze.

Paul Verlaine

Prison

The sky above the roof is so blue, so calm ...
A tree above the roof rocks its crown ...
The bell, in the sky that one sees, softly rings,
A bird, on the tree that one sees, plaintively sings...
My Lord, my Lord! Life over there is simple and quiet!
This peaceful clamour comes from the town...
What have you done, oh you, who now weeps endlessly,
Say! What have you done with your youth?

Paul Verlaine

FETES GALANTES I

En Sourdine

Serene in the twilight
Created by the high branches,
Let our love be imbued
With this profound silence.
Let us blend our souls, our hearts,
Our enraptured senses,
Amidst the faint languor
Of the pines and arbutus.
Half-close your eyes,
Cross your arms on your heart
Drive away forever all plans.
Let us surrender
To the soft and rocking breath
Which comes to your feet and ripples
The waves of the russet lawn.
And when, solemnly, the oaks,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, shall sing.

Paul Verlaine

Claire De Lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and dancers
Are promenading,
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises,
While singing in the minor key
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming,
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

Paul Verlaine

Fantoches

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
Whom wicked intentions have brought together,
Are dark figures gesticulating in the moonlight,
While the excellent Doctor from Bologna
Is leisurely gathering healing herbs
In the dark grass,
While his pertly pretty daughter,
Beneath the bowers, stealthily
Glides, scantily dressed,
In quest of her handsome Spanish pirate,
Whose distress an amorous nightingale
Proclaims at the top of its voice.

Paul Verlaine

Nacht

Over night and vale the clouds grow dark,
 mists hover, waters softly murmur.
 Now, of a sudden, an unveiling:
 oh, give heed, give heed!
 A vast wonderland opens.
 Silver soar mountains, dream-large,
 still paths, silver-bright, go valleywards
 from the hidden castle;
 and so dream-pure is the lofty world.
 A mute beech tree stands by the way,
 shadow-black; from the distant wood a breath
 blows solitary soft.
 And from the deep valley's gloom
 lights flash in the silent night.
 Drink, soul. Drink solitude!
 Oh, give heed! Give heed!

Carl Hauptmann

Schilflied

By a secret forest path
 I love to steal in evening light,
 to the desolate reedy shore
 and think, maiden, of you.

Then when the wood grows dark,
 the reeds rustle mysteriously,
 lamenting and whispering
 that I should weep, weep.

And I think I hear wafting
 softly the sound of your voice,
 and, drowning in the pond,
 your sweet singing.

Nikolaus Lenau

Die Nachtigall

It is because the nightingale
 all night has sung;
 and from her sweet noise,
 in echo and re-echo
 roses have sprung.
 Such a wild thing she was once,
 now she wanders deeply pensive,
 her summer hat in hand,
 and bears in silence the glow of the sun
 and knows not what to do.
 It is because the nightingale
 all night has sung;
 and from her sweet noise,
 in echo and re-echo
 roses have sprung.

Theodore Storm

Al Amor

Give me, Love, countless kisses,
 Your hands upon my hair,
 Give me eleven hundred of them,
 And eleven hundred more,
 And then ...
 Many more thousand!
 And so that no one may know,
 Let's forget the count
 And ... start all over again.

Con Amores, La Mi Madre

With love, oh mother of mine,
 with love I fell asleep;
 And thus asleep I dreamed
 Of what was hidden in my heart,
 That love consoled me
 Better than I deserved.
 This boon of love
 Lulled me to sleep,
 And lessened my grief.
 Through my faith in you and
 With love, oh mother of mine,
 With love I fell asleep!

Traumgekrönt

That was the day of white chrysanthemums,
 its splendour made me feel almost afraid ...
 And then you came to take my soul from me
 at dead of night.

I was so afraid, yet you came sweetly, softly.
 I had been thinking of you in my dreams,
 you came, and soft as a fairy tune
 the night sounded.

Rainer Maria Rilke

Im Zimmer

Autumn sunshine.
 Fair evening looks silent in.
 Red fire
 blazing, crackling in the stove.
 Thus, with my head on your knees,
 thus I am content,
 my gaze reposed in yours,
 as the minutes gently pass.

Johannes Schlaf

Liebesode

Blissful in love's arms we fell asleep,
 the summer wind watched at the open window,
 and bore out the peace of our every breath
 to the moon-bright night.
 And from the garden, feeling its timid way,
 a scent of roses to our love bed came
 and gave us wondrous dreams,
 ecstatic dreams, so rich in longing.

Otto Erich Hartleben

Sommertage

Through the world now travel days
 sent forth from blue eternity,
 in the summer breeze, time drifts away,
 the Lord at night now twines
 with blessed hand, garlands of stars
 above wander- and wonderland.
 O heart, what, in these days, can
 your clearest wanderer's song then say
 of your very deep delight:
 in the meadow's songs the heart is dumb,
 words cease where image upon image
 comes to you and fills you wholly.

Paul Hohenberg

Consejo

Women are made out of glass,
 but one should not test if they can break
 because anything could happen.

Oh! And since it is so easy for them to break,
 it is not wise to "test" them, because then
 they cannot be put together again.

Women are made out of glass,
 but one should not test them
 because anything could happen.

And I know everybody agrees with my statement,
 because it is founded upon reason:

If there is a Danae* in this world,
 there are also gold showers.

Women are made out of glass.

(* Danae was the mother of Perseus. Zeus, who was the father
 visited her in the disguise of a golden rainshower.)

Del Cabello Mas Sutil

Of the softest hair
 Which you wear in braids
 I shall make a chain
 To draw you to my side.
 A jug in your house,
 My darling, I would like to be,
 To kiss your lips,
 When you take a drink.

El Vito

An old woman is worth 10c
 and a young one two quarters
 but since I am so poor,
 I'll take the cheaper one.

That is life, ...
 Do not tickle me,
 because I might blush.