

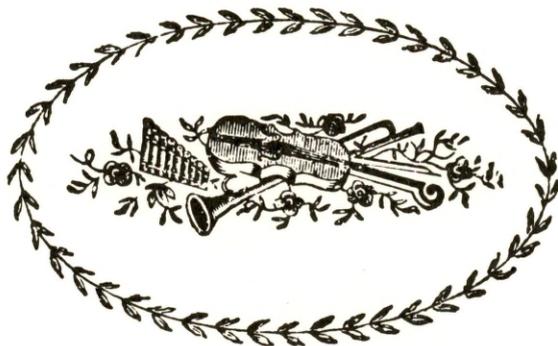
THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

**National Gallery of Art**

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*1807th Concert*

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LINDA MABBS, SOPRANO  
MICHAEL CORDOVANA, PIANO

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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 as 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!

## Traumgekront

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.