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
Fantoches

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 Wanderingers 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 getting into then makes my heart dance and glow;
and I hold you and kiss your warm, rose-red cheeks, dear maid, and fold you, trembling, in my arms,
maid, maiden, and press you close to my breast where until my last dying moment I would gladly hold you;
then my etrumpeted gaze is o'ershaded by a dark cloud; and I sit exhausted but happy beside you.

Johann Georg Jacobi

SIX ELIZABETHAN SONGS

1. Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maidens dance in a ring,
Gold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, powe, towitta woow! The palm and may make country houses gay, Lams frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day, And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug jug, powe, towitt woow! 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, powe, towitt woow! Spring! the sweet Spring! Spring! 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, my silver chair,
Are to be loved of their dams;
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
I do love thee as each flower loves the sun's life giving power;
I do love thee as my lambs
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

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
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses.
My part of death, no one so true
Lies zur Gesellenreise

Heigh ho, how do I love thee!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
In every street, these tunes our ears do greet,
For dead, they breath to life might move me.
To weep there.

Dedicate a tear to me, and oh!

Shed for me a tear, you also,
To weep there.

Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

Or the bees their careful king:
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
To weep there.

That in thy sweets all sweets encloses.
To weep there.

For dead, they breath to life might move me.
To weep there.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
Did share it. Did share it.

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

My shroud of white stuck all with yew,

On my black coffin let there be strown;
With dark forgetting of my care return.
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
With dark forgetting of my care return.

Relieve my anguish and restore thy light,
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And let the day be time enough to mourn
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses.
My part of death, no one so true
Lies zur Gesellenreise

And the shipwreck of my ill adventured youth:
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, powe, towitt woow! 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, powe, towitt woow! Spring! the sweet Spring! Spring! 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, my silver chair,
Are to be loved of their dams;
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
I do love thee as each flower loves the sun's life giving power;
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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,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
To model forth the passions of the morrow;
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
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To add more grief to aggravate my sorro
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  
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 sadly 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 hushed  
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 note,  
The voice of our despair,  
The nightingale, shall sing.

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

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 moon  
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 singing,  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,  
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.

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, have... 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 consol'd 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!

Johannes Schlaf

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,
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.

Paul Hohenberg

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,
and so my content,
my gate reposed in yours,
as the minutes gently pass.

Johannes Schlaf

Liebesgedichte
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,
eccstatic dreams, so rich in longing.

Otto Erich Hartleben

Sommerstrophe
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 onhs the heart is dumb
words cease where image upon image
comes to you and fills you wholly.

Paul Hohenberg

A1 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 consol'd 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!

El Vito
An old woman is worth 10£
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.