

V. Two Love Songs (Rilke)

Extinguish my eyes. . .
Extinguish my eyes, I still can see you:
Close my ears, I can hear your footsteps fall:
And without feet I still can follow you:
Voiceless, I can still return your call.
Break off my arms, and I can embrace you:
Enfold you with my heart as with a hand:
Hold my heart, my brain will take fire of you,
As flax takes fire from a brand!
And flame will sweep in a flood:
Through all the singing currents of my blood.

When my soul touches yours . . .
When my soul touches yours a great chord sings:
How can I tune it then to other things?
Oh, if some spot in darkness could be found
That does not vibrate when your depths sound!
But everything that touches you and me
Welds us as played strings sound one melody.
Where, where is the instrument whence the sounds flow?
And whose the magic hand that holds the bow?
Oh, sweet song!

VI. Cuatro Madrigales Amatorios

Con qué la lavaré?
With what shall I wash the skin of my face?
I who live in such pain.
The married ladies wash with lemonwater,
I wash myself carefully with pain and sorrow.

Vos me matásteis
You have slain me,
Child with long tresses,
I have died,
On the banks of a river I saw a virgin,

A child with long tresses.
You have slain me,
Child with long tresses,
I have died.

De dónde venis, amore?
From whence do you come, my love?
I know well from where.
From whence do you come, friend?
I was a witness!

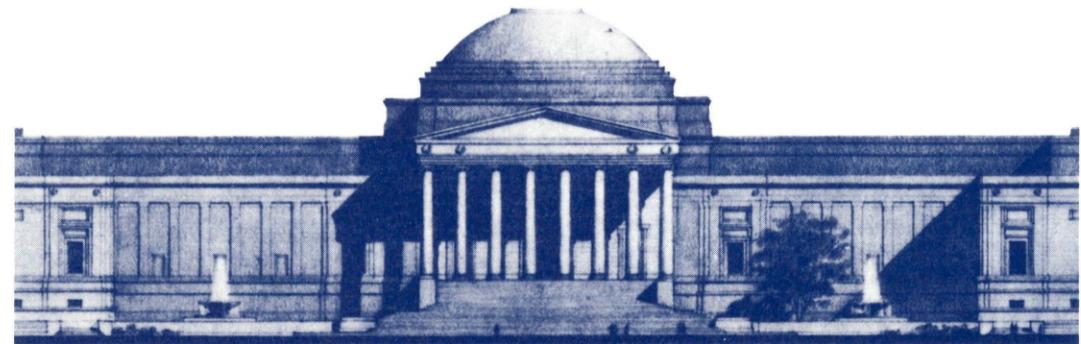
De los álamos vengo, madre
I come from the poplars, mother,
From seeing how the branches sway in the breezes.
From the poplars of Seville,
From seeing my dear, beautiful friend.

*Concerts at the National Gallery are broadcast live on Radio Station
WGMS, 103.5 FM. The use of recording or photographic equipment
during the performance is not allowed.*

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



1991-1992 Season

Celebrating Fifty Years of Free Concerts
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George Manos
Director of Music

Sunday Evenings at Seven O'clock
West Building, West Garden Court

2050th Concert

May 24, 1992

GEORGINE RESICK, *soprano*

WILLIAM BROWNING, *pianist*

PROGRAM

I

Francesco Cavalli Delizie contente *from* Giasone
(1599-1676)

Alessandro Grandi O, quam tu pulchra es
(1575-1630)

Domenico Sarri S'en corre l'agnelletta
(1678-1740)

Francesco Durante Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile
(1684-1755)

II

Hugo Wolf Songs on Poems by Eduard Mörike
(1860-1903)

Auf einer Wanderung
Denk' es, O Seele
Die Knabe und das Immllein
Verborgenheit
Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens
Er ist's

III

Karol Szymanowski Des Hafis Liebeslieder, Opus 24
(1883-1937)

Wünsche
Die einzige Arznei
Die brennenden Tulpen
Tanz
Der verliebte Ostwind
Trauriger Frühling

INTERMISSION
(*Twelve minutes*)

IV

Francis Poulenc Five Songs
(1889-1963)

Violon
C.
Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Montparnasse
Avant le cinéma

V

Leonard Bernstein Two Love Songs
(1918-1990)

Extinguish My Eyes
When My Soul Touches Yours

VI

Joaquin Rodrigo Cuatro madrigales amorosos
(b. 1902)

Con qué la lavaré?
Vos me matásteis
De dónde venis, amore?
De los álamos vengo, madre

*The audience is requested to refrain from applause until the
end of each group of songs.*

Currently teaching studio voice at the University of Notre Dame in South Bend, Indiana, GEORGINE RESICK is an internationally recognized soprano in both the operatic and concert fields. She has sung a wide variety of leading roles with the Vienna State Opera, the Chicago Lyric Opera, the Paris Opera, and the Houston Grand Opera, among others. Renowned for her Mozart and Strauss interpretations, Ms. Resick has appeared at the festivals of Salzburg, Edinburgh, Lucerne, and Schwetzingen, where she recently made a film of Cimarosa's *Il matrimonio segreto*. Recent appearances include the role of Zerlina in gala performances of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Israel Philharmonic, conducted by Daniel Barenboim.

WILLIAM BROWNING is a graduate of Kansas State University in Pittsburg, Kansas, and of the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. He has appeared as a recitalist, accompanist, and soloist with orchestras in Europe, the United Kingdom, Canada, the People's Republic of China, and here in the United States. As a part of the Kennedy Center's *Bicentennial Parade of American Music* in 1976, Mr. Browning performed the world premiere of a piano sonata composed for him by William Ferris. He has appeared on Public Broadcasting System programs as soloist, chamber player, accompanist, and panelist.

Text Translations

I. Italian Songs

Delizie contente

Contented pleasures that make the soul blissful, stop!
Ah! distill no more the joys of love in my heart!
It is enough, I do not desire more.
In the bosom of love, among sweet chains, death draws me,
A murderous sweetness guides me to death
In the arms of my beloved.

O, quam tu pulchra es

Oh, how beautiful you are!
How beautiful you are, my friend, my dove, my beauty,
Oh, how beautiful you are!
Your eyes are like doves, your hair like a flock of goats,
Your teeth like a flock of ewes to be shorn.
Oh, how beautiful you are!
Come, come from Lebanon, my friend, my dove, my beauty.
Oh, how beautiful you are, come, crowned with flowers.
Arise, arise quickly, my bride, my chosen one, my immaculate one!
Arise, come, because love is fainting.

S'en corre l'agnelletta

As the lamb runs at a sign from the shepherd,
Not knowing how to ever part from him,
These lips which entice me can dispose my heart
To live or to die.

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile

Dance, dance, gentle maiden,
To my song,
Turn lightly, subtly,
To the sound of the waves of the sea.
Listen to the charming voice

O the playful breeze
Which speaks to the heart
In languid sounds,
And invites one to dance
Without pause.

II. Songs on poems by Mörike

Auf einer Wanderung (On a journey)

I enter a friendly little town,
On its streets lies the red glow of evening.
From an open window,
Beyond the richest array of flowers and away,
One hears the sound of golden bells ringing.
And a voice seems such a choir of
 nightingales
That the blossoms are quivering,
That the breezes are alive,
That the roses are glowing in the height
 of the red.
Long I stood amazed, gasping with delight.

How I came out through the gate
I truly do not know myself.
Ah, here, how bright the world is!
The sky billows in clusters of crimson,
Behind me the town is a haze of gold;
How the stream chatters among the
 alders,
And the mill too behind it!
I am like one intoxicated, led astray.
O Muse, you have touched my heart
With a breath of love!

Denk' es, O Seele (Think of it, O soul)

A pine tree grows, who knows just where, in the forest,
A rosebush grows in a garden, who can tell in which?
They are already destined, think of it, O soul,
To take root and grow upon your grave,
Two black horses graze upon the meadow,
They canter briskly back to the town;
They will pace slowly with your funeral bier . . .
Perhaps even sooner than the shoes on their hooves,
Which I now see gleaming, are loosened.

Der Knabe und das Immelein (The boy and the bee)

Atop a vineyard hill
A little house is standing, fearful of the wind;
It has neither door nor windows,
Weary of the passing of time.
And when the day is sultry,
When all the birds are silent,
Then, buzzing around a sunflower
Comes a lonely bee.
Boy: "My beloved has a garden
Where a pretty beehive stands;
Have you flown from there?
Did she send you to me?"
Bee: "O no, you handsome youth,
No one sends a message through me;

The child knows nothing of love,
She has scarcely noticed you,
What could maidens know
When they have barely left school!
Your beloved little treasure
Is still a child.
I shall bring her wax and honey;
Farewell, I have gathered a whole pound.
How the little darling will laugh,
Already her mouth waters."
Boy: "Ah, would you tell her
I know something much sweeter;
Nothing is lovelier on earth
Than when one loves and kisses!"

Verborgtheit (Seclusion)

Leave me to myself, O world!
Tempt me not with love-offerings;
Let this heart have alone
Its joy, its suffering!
Why I grieve, I do not know,
It is some unknown pain;
Always through my tears I see
The beloved light of the sun.

Often I hardly know myself,
And radiant joy flashes,
Through the troubles that oppress me,
Blissfully within my breast.
Leave me to myself, O world!
Tempt me not with love-offerings;
Let this heart have alone
Its joy, its suffering!

Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens (The maiden's first lovesong)

Something in the net? Have a look!
But I am anxious:
Will I catch hold of a tasty eel,
Or of a serpent?
Love is a blind fishergirl;
Tell the child
Where to seize it.
Already it twitches in my hands.
Oh torment! Oh delight!
Nestling, squirming,
It slithers at my breast,
It bites its way, oh wonderment,

Brazenly through my skin,
Rushes down to my heart!
Oh love, I am frightened!
What to do, where to begin?
The horrible thing,
It wriggles there inside,
Curls up in a ring.
I must have poison!
It's crawling around here,
Blissfully burrowing,
And yet it will kill me.

Er ist's (It is he)

Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter again through the air;
Sweet, familiar fragrances
Caress the countryside in anticipation.
Already the violets are dreaming,
Soon they will flower.
Hark, the distant, faint sound of the harp:
Yes, spring, it is you!
I have heard you!

III. Des Hafis Liebeslieder (Love Songs of Hafez)

Wünsche (Wishes)

I wish I were a lake clear as morning,
And you the sun that mirrors itself in it.
I wish I were a spring in the meadow,
And you the flower that smiles at itself in it.
I wish I were a green thorn on the bush,
And you the rose that glistens red around it.
I wish I were a tiny kernel in the sand,
And you the bird that quickly, quickly pecks it!

Die einzige Arznei (The only medicine)

Yes, I am sick, I know,
But leave me!
The best of doctors cannot help me.
There is no medicine for these wounds,
Which so devastatingly rage in my breast!
Only one can help me,
The one who gave me this sweet poison,
From which I am sick.
If she would love me!
I would instantly be well.

Die brennenden Tulpen (The burning tulips)

One day, from my grave,
Uncounted tulips, red tulips,
Will sprout, flaming.
Don't be amazed at this miracle,
Rather, wonderful one, consider
What monstrous ardor,
Love-passion dedicated to you,
Burned in the living,
That the dead still glows so.

Tanz (Dance)

Today everything dances!
The dance is heavenly!
Some dance in stockings,
Some only in shoes,
Some naked!
To you! naked dancing girls,
To you beautiful and bold!
Today everything dances!
The dance is heavenly!

Der verliebte Ostwind (The east wind in love)

I, miserable one,
Who will give me news of my beloved?
It's true the east wind came
And hastily whispered a message in my ear,
But he whispered so stammeringly and confused,
That I couldn't understand him!
I know it well:
The wind himself is the one to pity,
Quite drunk and delirious
On the beauty of my beloved.

Trauriger Frühling (Mournful spring)

Spring is come.
Hyacinths and narcissus and tulips poke laughingly
Out of all the flower beds.
But where are you?
The earth holds you fast in its darkness.
I will weep like the spring clouds,
So that you will perhaps grow upwards from your depths,
As the most beautiful flower of spring!

IV. Violon (de Vilmorin)

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents,
The violin and its player please me.
Ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
On the cord of uneasiness.
In chords on the cords of the hanged,
At the hour when the Laws are silent,
The heart, formed like a strawberry,
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

C. (Aragon)

I have crossed the bridges of Cé;
It is there that it all began.
A song of bygone days
Tells of a wounded knight,
Of a rose on the carriage-way
And an unlaced bodice,
Of the castle of a mad duke
And swans on the moats,
Of the meadow where comes dancing

An eternal betrothed;
And I drank like iced milk
The long lay of false glories.
The Loire carries my thoughts away
With the overturned cars
And the unprimed weapons
And the ill-dried tears,
O my France, O my forsaken France,
I have crossed the bridges of Cé.

Figure de force brûlante et farouche (Eluard)

Image of fiery wild forcefulness,
Black hair wherein the gold flows towards the south
On corrupt nights, engulfed, gold-tainted star
In a bed never shared.
To the veins of the temples as to the tips of the breasts
Life denies itself.
No one can blind the eyes,
Drink their brilliance or their tears,
The blood above them triumphs for itself alone.
Intractable, unbounded, useless,
This health builds a prison.

Montparnasse (Apollinaire)

O door of the hotel with two green plants,
Green which never will bear any flowers,
Where are my fruits?
Where do I plant myself?
O door of the hotel,
An angel stands in front of you distributing prospectuses;
Virtue has never been so well defended,
Give me forever a room by the week.
Bearded angel, you are really a lyric poet from Germany
Who wants to know Paris.
You know on its pavement
These lines on which one must not step,
And you dream of going to pass your Sunday at Garches.
It is rather sultry
And your hair is long,
O good little poet
A bit stupid and too blond.
Your eyes so much resemble these two big balloons
That float away in the pure air at random.

Avant le cinéma (Apollinaire)

And then this evening we will go the cinema.
What kind of artists are they?
They are no longer those who cultivate the Fine Arts,
Not those who go in for Art,
Poetic art or even music.
The Artists are the actors and actresses.
If we were the Artists,
We would not say the "cinema",
We would say the "ciné";
But if we were old professors from the provinces,
We would say neither "ciné" nor "cinema", but "Cinematograph".
Thus, my God, we must have good taste.