

3. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer, ein  
Messer in meiner Brust,  
o weh! o weh!  
Das schneidt' so tief in jede Freud'  
und jede Lust,  
so tief, so tief!  
Ach, was ist das für ein böser Gast!  
Nimmer hält er Ruh, nimmer hält er Rast,  
nicht bei Tag, noch bei Nacht,  
wenn ich schlaf!  
O weh! O Weh! O Weh!  
Wenn ich in den Himmel seh',  
seh ich zwei blaue Augen steh'n!  
O Weh! O Weh!  
Wenn ich im gelben Felde geh',  
seh' ich von fern das blonde Haar  
im Winde weh'n! O weh! O weh!  
Wenn ich aus dem Traum auffahr'  
und höre klingen ihr silbern Lachen,  
o weh! o weh!  
Ich wollt', ich läg auf der schwarzen Bahr',  
könnt' nimmer, nimmer die  
Augen aufmachen!

3. I have a glowing knife, a knife in  
my breast,  
alas! alas!  
It cuts so deep into every joy and  
every delight,  
so deep, so deep!  
Ah, what an evil guest it is!  
It never keeps still, it never rests,  
neither by day nor by night when  
I would sleep!  
Alas! Alas! Alas!  
When I look up to heaven,  
I see two blue eyes there!  
Alas! Alas!  
When I walk in the yellow field.  
I see from afar the blonde hair  
blowing in the wind! Alas! Alas!  
When I awake from the dream  
and hear her silver laughter ringing,  
alas! alas!  
I wish that I were lying on the black bier,  
and could never, never open  
my eyes!

4. Die zwei blauen Augen von meinem Schatz,  
die haben mich in die weite Welt geschickt.  
Da musst' ich Abschied nehmen vom  
allerliebsten Platz!  
o Augen, blau! Warum habt ihr mich  
angeblickt?  
Nun hab ich ewig Leid und Grämen!  
Ich bin ausgegangen in stiller Nacht,  
wohl über die dunkle Haide.  
Hat mir Niemand Ade gesagt,  
Ade! Ade! Ade!  
Mein Gesell war Lieb und Leide!  
Auf der Strasse stand ein Lindenbaum,  
da hab' ich zum ersten Mal im Schlaf geruht!  
Unter dem Lindenbaum, der hat  
seine Blüthen über mich geschneit,  
da wusst ich nicht, wie das Leben thut,  
war Alles wieder gut,  
ach, Alles wieder gut!  
Lieb' und Leid! Und Welt und Traum!

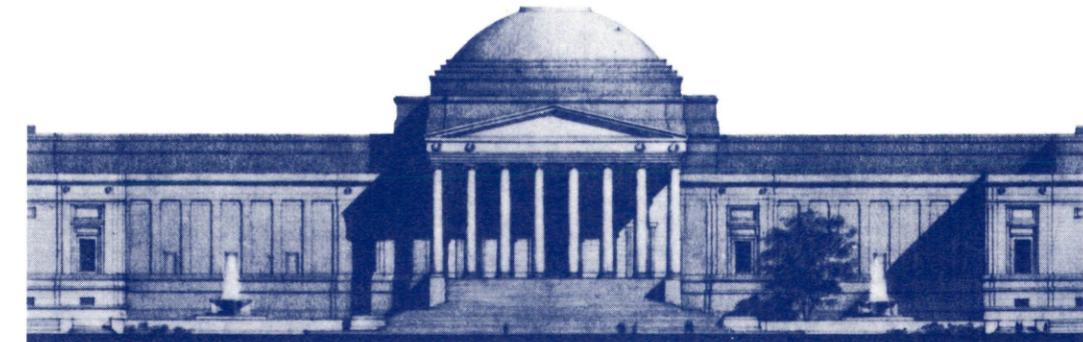
4. The two blue eyes of my sweetheart  
have sent me into the wide world.  
So I had to take leave of the  
dearest place!  
O eyes, blue! Why did you  
look at me?  
Now I have eternal pain and sorrow!  
I went out in the still night,  
over the gloomy heath.  
No one said farewell to me,  
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!  
My companion was love and sorrow!  
On the highway stood a linden tree,  
there for the first time did I rest in sleep!  
Under the linden tree,  
which snowed its blossoms down on me,  
there I knew not how life goes,  
everything was fine again,  
ah, everything was fine again!  
Love and pain! And world and dream!

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WGMS, 103.5 FM. The use of photographic or recording equipment  
during the performance is not allowed.*

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and  
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

**National Gallery of Art**



*2052nd Concert*

NATIONAL GALLERY ORCHESTRA

GEORGE MANOS, *Conductor*

ROBERT KENNEDY, *baritone, Guest Artist*

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Sunday Evening, June 7, 1992  
Seven O'clock  
West Building, West Garden Court

PROGRAM

Gustav Mahler . . . . . Adagio from Symphony No. 5  
(1860-1911) (1901-02)

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen  
(1883-85)

- I. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
- II. Ging heut' morgens übers Feld
- III. Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
- IV. Die zwei blauen Augen

INTERMISSION  
(Twelve minutes)

Carl Maria von Weber . . . . . Overture and March from Turandot  
(1786-1826) (1809)

Paul Hindemith . . . . . Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of  
(1895-1963) Carl Maria von Weber (1943)

This concert is presented in honor of the exhibition  
*Käthe Kollwitz*

Baritone Robert Kennedy appears frequently as soloist with the National Gallery Orchestra, having most recently sung the role of Colas in a stage production of Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne* honoring the 1991 Washington Mozart Festival under the direction of George Manos. A native of Florida, Mr. Kennedy earned his bachelor of arts and master of music degrees from Yale University. He studied voice with Phyllis Curtin and opera with John Mauceri and Richard Crittenden. He is instructor of voice and director of the opera program at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County, and he has been a member of the National Gallery Vocal Arts Ensemble since it was founded by George Manos in 1985.

The *Adagio* from Mahler's *Fifth Symphony* is one of just a few movements from the symphonic repertoire that have taken their place in concert

programs as works to be performed on their own, apart from the full symphony from which they come. The sublime orchestration that characterizes the *Adagio* and the whole symphony are the result of years of painstaking revision on the part of the composer, who re-orchestrated the work for almost every performance of it that he conducted. It was not until the year of his death that he was able to confide in a friend, Georg Göhler, that "the *Fifth* is finished."

*Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* (Songs of a Wayfarer) is the first song cycle Mahler wrote for solo voice and orchestra. Rather than turning to existing poetry for inspiration, Mahler wrote the poems himself, thus revealing his thoughts and moods in a way that is more immediate, although not necessarily more eloquent, than the way in which they are revealed in his instrumental music. The texts, which appear in translation on the following pages, deal with unrequited love, loneliness, and sorrow, mitigated only temporarily by the writer's joy in beholding the beauties of nature.

The legend of the Chinese princess Turandot was known to nineteenth century Europeans by way of a play by Friedrich Schiller that was based on it. The *Overture and March* are both from incidental music which von Weber provided in 1809 for a production in Stuttgart of Schiller's *Turandot*. One hundred thirty-four years later, Paul Hindemith chose these same two pieces as the thematic material for his *Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl Maria von Weber*. The originals would surely have remained in complete obscurity, had not Hindemith brought them to life in a new form.

Both Käthe Kollwitz and Paul Hindemith were among those German artists who felt a need to respond to the tumultuous conditions that prevailed in that country in the 1920s. The response in the case of both the artist and the composer can be characterized as an effort to communicate with the average viewer or listener and to avoid what was seen to be the irrelevancy of some of the innovations of the previous decade. In Hindemith's case, the response took the form of *Gebrauchsmusik*, or as Hindemith himself preferred to call it, *Sing- und Spielmusik*. Solidly grounded in German Renaissance popular song and simple enough that it could readily be sung or played by amateurs as well as professionals, this music played much the same role in the world of sound that realism played in the world of art. It served to bridge what had often been a wide gap between the contemporary composer and the general public. Although he ceased composing music in this style in the mid-1930s, Hindemith remained convinced of the importance of amateur music-making in the cultural life of a nation. In *A Composer's World*, published in 1952, he wrote: "It is not impossible that out of a tremendous movement of amateur community music a peace movement could spread over all the world . . . People who make music together cannot be enemies, at least while the music lasts."

Texts and Translations

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen  
(Texts by Gustav Mahler)

- 1. Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,  
fröhliche Hochzeit macht,  
hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!  
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,  
dunkles Kämmerlein!  
Weine! Wein! Um meinen Schatz,  
um meinen lieben Schatz!  
Blümlein blau! Blümlin blau!  
Verdorre nicht, verdorre nicht!  
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!  
Du singst auf grüner Haide!  
Ach! Wie ist die Welt so schön!  
Ziküth! Ziküth!  
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!  
Lenz ist ja vorbei!  
Alles Singen ist nun aus!  
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',  
denk' ich an mein Leide!

- 2. Gieng heut' Morgens über's Feld,  
Thau noch auf den Gräsern hieng;  
sprach zu mir der lust'ge Fink:  
"Ei, du! Gelt? Guten Morgen!  
Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
Zink! Zink! Schön und flink!  
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt!"  
Auch die Glockenblum' am Feld  
hat mir lustig, guter Ding'  
mit den Glöckchen, klinge, kling,  
ihren Morgengruss geschellt:  
"Wird's nicht eine schöne Welt!?  
Kling, kling! Schönes Ding!  
Wie mir doch die Welt gefällt! Heia!"  
Und da fieng im Sonnenschein  
gleich die Welt au funkeln an,  
Alles, alles Ton und Farbe  
gewann im Sonnenschein!  
Blum' und Vogel, Gross und Klein!  
"Guten tag! Schöne Welt!"  
Nun fängt auch mein Glück wohl an?!  
Nun! Nein! Das ich mein,  
mir nimmer blühen kann!

Songs of a Wayfarer

- 1. When my sweetheart has her wedding,  
has her joyful wedding,  
I will have my wretched day!  
I'll go to my little room,  
gloomy little room!  
I'll weep! I'll weep! for my sweetheart,  
for my beloved sweetheart!  
Little blue flower! Little blue flower!  
Wither not! Wither not!  
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!  
You sing on the green hearth!  
Ah! The world is so lovely!  
Chirrup! Chirrup!  
Sing not! Blossom not!  
Spring is truly past!  
All singing is now done!  
evenings when I go to bed,  
I think on my pain!
- 2. I went out this morning over the countryside,  
dew still hung from the grass;  
the merry finch spoke to me:  
"Oh, it's you, is it? Good morning!  
Is it not a lovely world?  
Chirp! Chirp! Pretty and lively!  
How the world delights me!"  
The blue bells in the meadow also  
rang merrily and cheerfully for me  
with their little bells, ring-a-ring,  
rang their morning greeting:  
"Is it not a lovely world!?  
Ring, ring! Pretty thing!  
How the world delights me! Ho!"  
And then in the sunshine  
the world at once began to sparkle,  
everything, everything took on  
sound and color in the sunshine!  
Flower and bird, the large and the small!  
"Good day! Lovely world!"  
Now surely my happiness also begins?!  
No! No! What I love  
can never bloom for me!