

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

November and December 1992

*Dates and Performers*

*Programs (Subject to change)*

NOVEMBER

15 Jeffrey Siegel, *pianist*

Haydn: *Sonata in C Minor*,  
*Hoboken No. 20*  
Schumann: *Carnaval, Opus 9*  
Prokofiev: *Sonata in B-flat Major*,  
*Op. 84*

22 National Gallery Orchestra  
George Manos, *Conductor*  
Jeffrey Chappell, *pianist*  
Rosa Lamoreaux, *soprano*  
Honoring the exhibition  
*The Greek Miracle:*  
*Classical Sculpture from*  
*the Dawn of Democracy,*  
*the Fifth Century B.C.*

Satie: *Gymnopédies*  
Ravel: *Five Greek Songs*  
Sotireos Vlahopoulos: *Dream*  
*Wanderer* for piano and orchestra  
(World Premiere Performance)  
Glazunov: *Overture on Greek Themes*  
Skalkottas: *Greek Dances*

29 Jeffrey Multer, *violin*  
Constance Moore, *piano*

Mozart: *Sonata, K. 296*  
Prokofiev: *Sonata No. 1*  
Schubert: *Rondo brillant*

DECEMBER

6 National Gallery Orchestra  
George Manos, *Conductor*  
U.S. Navy Band Sea Chanters,  
*Guest Ensemble*  
Celebrating the fiftieth  
anniversary of the first concert  
at the National Gallery  
(December 6, 1942)

Vaughan Williams: *Serenade to Music*  
Holst: *Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence*  
Haydn: *Symphony No. 89*

13 Barry Tuckwell, *French horn*  
Marcantonio Barone, *pianist*

Koechlin: *Sonata, Op. 70*  
Saint-Saens: *Romance in E Major*,  
*Opus 67*  
Poulenc: *Elegie*  
Dukas: *Villanelle*  
R. Strauss: *Andante*  
Hindemith: *Sonata in F major*

20 The Maryland Camerata  
Samuel Gordon, *Conductor*

Christmas Concert

27 Hecht and Shapiro, *piano duo*

Mozart: *Andante and Variations, K. 501*  
Schumann: *Pictures from the East*

JANUARY 1993

3 National Gallery Orchestra  
George Manos, *Conductor*

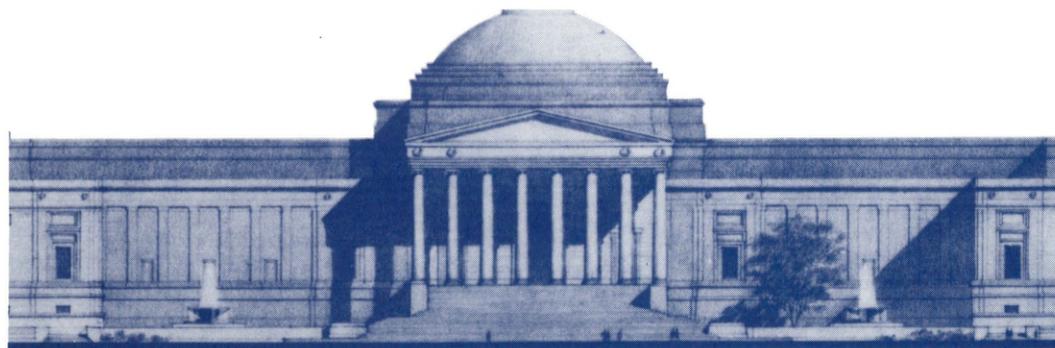
Gala Viennese New Year Concert

*Concerts from the National Gallery are broadcast in their entirety at 7:00 p.m.  
on Sundays on WGTS radio, 91.9 FM, four weeks after the live performance.  
The use of cameras or recording equipment is not allowed.*

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and  
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

**National Gallery of Art**



*2061st Concert*

JANICE FIORE, *soprano*

MARTHA SCHREMPEL, *pianist*

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Sunday Evening, November 8, 1992  
at Seven O'clock  
West Building, West Garden Court

## PROGRAM

I  
Alessandro Scarlatti  
(1660–1725)  
Eliotropio d'amor  
Caldo sangue  
Chi vuole innamorarsi

II  
John Dowland  
(1563–1626)  
Henry Purcell  
(1659–1695)  
John Bartlet  
(fl. 1606–1610)  
Sorrow, Sorrow Stay  
Music for a While  
A Pretty, Pretty Duck

III  
Richard Strauss  
(1864–1949)  
Morgen  
Breit über mein Haupt  
Ständchen

### INTERMISSION

IV  
Alban Berg  
(1885–1935)  
Sieben frühe Lieder

Nacht  
Schilffied  
Die Nachtigall  
Traumgekrönt  
Im Zimmer  
Liebesode  
Sommertage

V  
Igor Stravinsky  
(1882–1971)  
The Flower  
The Dove  
Two Poems  
(Sung in Russian)

Akahito  
(from Three Japanese Lyrics)  
Aria of Parasha  
(from Mavra)  
Pastorale  
Tilim-bom

Soprano JANICE FIORE is well known to audiences in the Washington, DC area for her performances of concert, art song, and oratorio literature. She sang the role of Bastienne in the National Gallery's concert performance of Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne* in the context of the 1991 Washington Mozart Festival, and has sung frequently at the Kennedy Center. While she has received high praise for her interpretation of the vocal music of Mozart and other composers in the standard repertoire, she is also a specialist in presenting the demanding vocal works of the twentieth century. She has collaborated with and performed works by such prominent composers as George Crumb, Vincent Persichetti, Lukas Foss, and George Rochberg. Ms. Fiore holds the Master of Music degree in vocal performance from Temple University in Philadelphia and is a former pupil of Klara Meyers, Mascia Predit, and Howard Lubin.

Pianist MARTHA SCHREMPEL is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Vassar College. She received the Master of Music degree from the Juilliard School of Music, where she was a scholarship student of the late Rosina Lhevinne. Ms. Schrempel gave her New York debut in 1978 to critical acclaim, and concertized extensively throughout the United States and England. She recently performed in Antigua as a guest of the government of that country during its independence day celebrations. Other recent appearances include concerts at the Moravian Music Festival, the Beethoven Festival on Long Island, the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania *Musikfest*, and a broadcast concert on Radio Station WHYY-FM with flutist Robin Kani. Ms. Schrempel is currently on the faculty of Moravian College and is principal keyboardist of the Lehigh Valley Chamber Orchestra.

Oh, my dearest, my dearest, dearest one,  
 You my darling, my love, my heart is with you.  
 Seven long days I have waited in vain for you,  
 Seven long days of sorrow I've lived through,  
 So I wandered, wandered in the woods;  
 In the woods the birds that sang to me  
 Only made my heart more full of loneliness for you.  
 Sing, sing no more your sad and sweet songs to me,  
 Sing no more your sorrowful songs to me.  
 Do not increase the pain in my breaking heart.

## TILIM-BOM

Tilim-boom, tilim-boom,  
 Save the goatshed from its doom!  
 Mother Goat while grazing,  
 Sees her home ablazing,  
 Wags her stumpy little tail,  
 Calls for water, pail on pail.  
 Pussy on the bell rope springs  
 And with might and main she rings.

Tilim-boom, tilim-boom,  
 Save the goatshed from its doom!  
 Mistress Hen a bucket brings,  
 And some water quickly flings.  
 With her follows Mister Cock,  
 At the pump he fills the crock;  
 Proudly struts along, Sings a lusty song:

Tilim-boom, tilim-boom,  
 Save the goatshed from its doom!  
 See, the folk come tearing,  
 Shouting, jostling, staring,  
 Ne'er was seen so great a crowd.  
 Hark! The firebell ringing loud.  
 Come, good folk, don't stand about;  
 Help us put the fierce flames out!

## ELIOTROPIO D'AMOR

Sunflower of love (always turning to look at the sun):

"O my beautiful sun, you are pleased to give me much harshness in exchange for love. You give me pain and torment through my love."

Sun (in return):

"Beautiful petals in a ring with reddened cheek, I wish to idolize you. With armor of rigor, of boldness and of fury, you have made yourselves immortal.

## CALDO SANGUE

Hot blood, you, wetting my breast, turn dark and out of love show great faith in my Father.  
 Fly, fly from me, that I may be dead and remain bloodless, dead.  
 Perhaps you will resurrect to take vengeance against the hand that pierced me;  
 And the power that in me is failing, hot blood, flounders for strength from you.

## CHI VUOLE INNAMORARSI

Whoever would like to fall in love, think carefully about it.  
 Love is a certain fire that, if it is lit a little, will last eternally.

It is not an easy torment to have a broken heart, Subjected to every wish of two pupil archers who serve the god of love.

## MORGEN! (Tomorrow!)

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,  
 And on the path that I will follow,,  
 It shall again unite us, happy ones,  
 Upon this sun-breathing earth....  
 And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,  
 We will quietly and slowly descend,  
 Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,  
 And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness.

## BREIT' ÜBER MEIN HAUPT (Let Fall upon My Head)

Let your raven hair fall upon my head;  
 Bring your face closer to me.  
 There streams into my soul so brightly and clearly  
 The light of your eyes.  
 I do not wish for the sun's splendor above,  
 Nor for the radiant wreath of the stars;  
 I want only the darkness of your raven locks  
 And the brightness of your glance.

## STÄNDCHEN (Serenade)

Open very quietly, my child, awake no one from slumber.  
 The brook hardly murmurs; there scarcely flutters in the  
 wind a leaf, in the bushes or hedges.  
 Quietly, therefore, my sweet, so that nothing is stirred,  
 Quietly, lay your hand on the door knob.  
 With steps as gentle as those of elves  
 About to hop over the flowers,  
 Slip out quietly into the moonlit night  
 And fly to me in the garden.  
 The flowers slumber about the rippling brook  
 And exhale fragrances in their sleep; only love is awake.  
 Sit down; here the shadows grow mysteriously dark under  
 the linden trees.  
 The nightingale above our heads shall dream of our kisses,  
 And the rose, upon awakening in the morning,  
 Shall glow with the rapture of the night.

SEVEN EARLY SONGS by Alban Berg  
(English translations by Eric Smith)

NACHT (Night) (Carl Hauptmann)  
 Twilight floats above the valley's night;  
 Mists are hanging, there's a whispering brook.  
 Now the cov'ring veil is lifted quite:  
 Come and look! See the magic land before our gaze.  
 Tall as dreams the silver mountains stand,  
 Crossed by silent silver paths shining from a secret land.  
 Noble, pure, the dreaming country sleeps.  
 By the path the shadow black and high of a beech;  
 A wisp of white smoke creeps to the dark'ning sky.  
 Where the valley is the darkest hued,  
 Countless little lights shine silently.  
 O my soul, drink of solitude! Come and see! O see!

SCHILFLIED (Song of the Reeds) (Nikolaus Lenau)  
 Through green secret paths I wander to the reedy pool's  
 quiet brink,  
 In the evening there to ponder, sweet girl, there of thee  
 to think.  
 Soon the sun's rays will be dying, rustling reeds speak  
 secretly,  
 Ever moaning, ever sighing, telling me to weep for thee.  
 And it seems the breezes blowing in the air your voice  
 retain,  
 And the water, scarcely flowing, brings your song to me  
 again.

DIE NACHTIGALL (The Nightingale) (Theodor Storm)  
 The nightingale, which sings to thee throughout the night,  
 Discloses in gardens its sweet melody,  
 Heard echoing from tree to tree,  
 That bears a thousand roses.  
 She used to be a wild young maid,  
 Now she in meditation walks in the sun and scorns the shade,  
 Nor of the wind and rain afraid: Is it pain or exultation?

TRAUMGEKRÖNT (Crowned in a Dream) (Rainer Maria Rilke)  
 That was the day of the white chrysanthemums:  
 I almost feared their brilliant light.  
 And then, then you came to gather my soul deep in the night.  
 I was afraid; and you came softly to me,  
 As I'd just hoped in dreaming that you might.  
 You came, and softly, like an old fairytale, we heard the  
 night.

## IM ZIMMER (Indoors) (Johannes Schlaf)

An autumn night;  
 The evening looks in with its dying light;  
 A fire gaily burns, crackles, and brightly glows by  
 turns.  
 So! My head upon your knee; that's happiness!  
 When my eyes your lovely face caress,  
 How silently the minutes flee!

## LIEBESODE (Lovers' Ode) (Erich Hartleben)

Embraced by love, we blissfully fell asleep.  
 A breeze of summer eavesdropped outside our window,  
 Waiting to bear our peaceful breath out to the night,  
 bathed in moonlight.  
 And from the garden came to us timidly the roses'  
 fragrance,  
 Blessing our bed of love and bringing wonderful sweet  
 dreaming;  
 Dreaming in raptures, and filled with longing.

## SOMMERTAGE (Summer Days) (Paul Hohenberg)

Now the days of summer ride through the world,  
 Heralds of blue eternity; on gentler winds the hours  
 flee.  
 By night, the Lord gently weaves starry posies with  
 his blessed hand,  
 Hangs them over his magic land.  
 My heart, in these days summer is bringing,  
 What can you say with all your singing of what you  
 deeply, deeply feel?  
 In the meadow song your breast is hushed,  
 And silenced is the word, where view upon view draws  
 you,  
 And totally fills you!

## THE FLOWER

The forget-me-not is blooming  
 All for you, my love, for you;  
 By a brook its petals growing,  
 Opening their tender blue.

Then at night, when starlight gently  
 Gazes down, on you to shine;  
 When the dawn breaks, night's last pale star,  
 Fading, says, "You will be mine!"

The forget-me-not is blooming,  
 Tender eyes so sweet and blue,  
 Do you hear me, lovely flower?  
 Does its voice say ought of you?

## THE DOVE

On the window sill the rose,  
 And there on the roof, the dove;  
 Do you see them now? Oh, look!  
 The dove is flying to the rose.  
 Red the flower, white the dove,  
 Red and white together lie;  
 White and red together love,  
 But then away the dove will fly.  
 Oh, my beautiful white dove,  
 You forget my sill above;  
 Oh, my beautiful white dove,  
 Fly back to your waiting love.

## AKAHITO

I have flowers of white; come and see where they grow  
 in my garden.  
 But falls the snow. I know not my flowers from flakes  
 of snow.