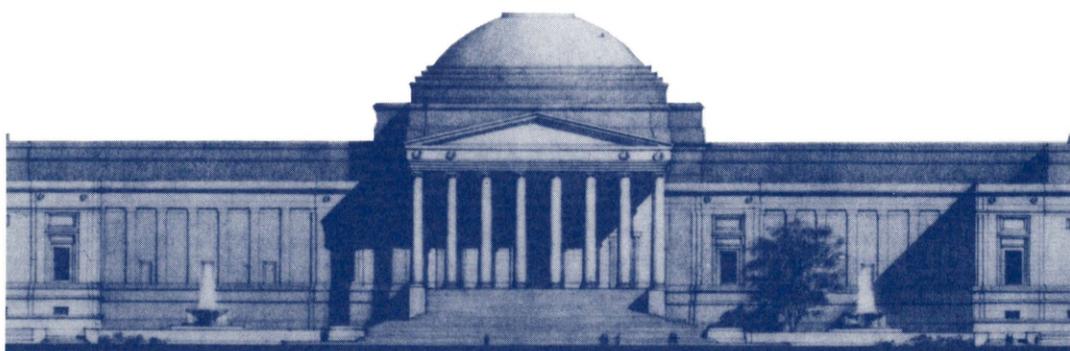


THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
E. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2112th Concert

PHYLLIS BRYN-JULSON, *soprano*
DONALD SUTHERLAND, *pianist*
SARA WATKINS, *oboist*

Sunday Evening, February 20, 1994
at Seven O'clock
West Building, East Garden Court
Admission free

This recital was originally scheduled to be performed on April 25, 1993, in the context of the Fiftieth American Music Festival. Please refer to the program for the festival for the works to be performed and the program notes.

The oboist for this evening's performance is SARA WATKINS, former principal oboist of the National Symphony Orchestra. During her tenure she played under the direction of Antal Dorati, who was inspired to write for her his *Divertimento for Oboe and Orchestra*, which she premiered in 1976. Ms. Watkins has also collaborated with such world famous conductors as Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, Neville Mariner, Mstislav Rostropovich, and Leonard Slatkin. Her solo engagements have included concerts in the major cultural capitals of Europe, in New York, in Chicago, and in Sao Paulo, Brazil, and she is a familiar figure at the Aldeburgh, Spoleto, and Sofia Music Festivals. Her CD of chamber music of Benjamin Britten, recorded with John Shirley-Quirk, Osian Ellis, and Philip Ledger, has received high praise in *New Hi-Fi Sound* and *Gramophone*. Ms. Watkins' career has also developed on a second track, as a conductor. Her most successful recent engagements include performances in Paris, Glasgow, Scotland, London, Washington, D.C., and at the Aldeburgh Festival and New York's Glimmerglass Opera.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.

2,085th Concert

April 25, 1993

7:00 p.m.

PHYLLIS BRYN-JULSON, *soprano*

Donald S. Sutherland, *pianist*

Rudolph Vrbsky, *oboist*

PROGRAM

I

Charles Ives
(1874–1954)

Four French Songs

Qu'il m'irait bien
Elégie
Chanson de Florian
Rosamunde

II

H. Stevens Brewster, Jr.
(1936–1984)

Four Songs
(1970)

Sunset
Insanity
Periwinkle
Sandscape

World Premiere Performance

III

Ronald Perera
(b. 1941)

Sleep Now
(1985)

I Hear an Army
Ecce puer
She Weeps Over Ragoon
The Twilight Turns from Amethyst
Sleep Now

Washington Premiere Performance

INTERMISSION

IV

Gunther Schuller
(b. 1925)

Six Early Songs
(1943-44)

Die Kaiserin
Im Boot
Die ferne Flöte
An der Grenze
Der Silberreihler
Der Fischer im Frühling

Washington Premiere Performance

V

Lee Hoiby
(b. 1926)

Three Ages of Woman
Opus 51

Manners
Insomnia
Filling Station

Washington Premiere Performance

PHYLLIS BRYN-JULSON has established a world-wide reputation for interpreting new music for the voice at the highest artistic standard, thanks not only to her three-octave range and perfect pitch, but also to her lustrous voice and exceptional musicianship. Her affinity for twentieth century music, and that of American composers in particular, has taken her to major concert venues all over the world, including London, Paris, Stockholm, Stuttgart, Germany, Birmingham, England, and New York's Lincoln Center, where she sang the world premiere of David Del Tredici's *Haddock's Eyes* with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. Miss Bryn-Julson is closely identified with Del Tredici and has premiered a number of his works, including *In Memory of a Summer Day*, in which case both the work and the premiere performance received a Pulitzer Prize. In addition to the first hearing she gives to Brewster's *Four Songs* in this evening's program, Miss Bryn-Julson will sing the world premiere performance of a new work by Charles Wuorinen this season at Rutgers University.

Since her debut with the New York Philharmonic in 1973, Miss Bryn-Julson has sung more than a dozen times with that orchestra, and has also appeared with the symphony orchestras of Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Toronto, and Washington's National Symphony. Her current engagements include solo appearances with orchestras in Lausanne, Geneva, Vienna, and Berlin, and at the Flanders and Madrid summer festivals. Miss Bryn-Julson is equally in demand for performances of the traditional repertoire, as has been demonstrated by her recent appearances as Vitella in Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito* and as soprano soloist in Mahler's *Symphony No. 2*, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, and Handel's *Messiah*.

Born in North Dakota of Norwegian parents, Phyllis Bryn-Julson studied piano at Concordia College in Minnesota, where her exceptional talent for sight-singing difficult music was discovered by Gunther Schuller on one of his visits to that campus. He arranged for her to sing at the Berkshire Music Center at the Tanglewood Festival, which was the beginning of a long working relationship not only with Mr. Schuller, but also with Erich Leinsdorf, then music director at Tanglewood, and with many other composers and conductors interested in new music.

Miss Bryn-Julson is a faculty member at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, which has honored her with its Faculty Award for Outstanding Contribution to the Peabody Community. In 1988 she traveled with the Peabody Symphony to Moscow, where she had the distinction of being the first American ever to give a master class at the Moscow Conservatory. She records for BMG, Etcetera, Erato, CRI, Nonesuch, New World, and Music and Arts Records, and appears at the National Gallery by arrangement with Colbert Artists Management, Inc., of New York City. Phyllis Bryn-Julson and her husband, Donald Sutherland, reside in Potomac, Maryland.

Pianist and pedagogue DONALD SUTHERLAND is coordinator of the organ faculty of the Peabody Conservatory and director of music at Bradley Hills Presbyterian Church in Bethesda, Maryland. He is also the resident organist-harpsichordist of the Theatre Chamber Players of the Kennedy Center, with which he performs frequently in Washington and throughout the United States. Much in demand as an organ recitalist, Mr. Sutherland has performed on the great instruments in Paris, Vienna, Aachen, Germany, and at numerous sites in England, including the Bath Festival, the Walsingham Festival, Alexandra Palace, and King's College, Cambridge. He was a student of Arthur Poister at Syracuse University, from which he has the Distinguished Alumni Award for Outstanding Achievement in Music. Mr. Sutherland concertizes frequently with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, and together they have recorded Robert Starer's *Anna Margarita's Will* for CRI Records.

National Symphony Orchestra principal oboist RUDOLPH VRBSKY studied at Northwestern University with Ray Still and at the Curtis Institute of Music with Sol Schoenbach. He has also coached extensively with the French woodwind master Marcel Moyse. An active chamber musician, he has toured the United States with the Aulos Wind Quintet, the Camerata Woodwind Quintet, and Music from Marlboro. As a soloist, he has appeared at the Spoleto Festival, with the New York String Orchestra, and with the Brandenburg Ensemble under the baton of the late Alexander Schneider. Now in his twelfth year with the National Symphony, Mr. Vrbsky teaches at the Peabody Conservatory.

TEXTS OF THE SONGS

I

QU'IL M'IRAIT BIEN (He has made me very angry): text after M. Delano

He has made me very angry, this green ribbon!
This evening at the party, he was more than a flirt;
The heart beating less boastfully,
Thus your dear looks expressed a naive desire:
In this way, sweet friend, love offers it to you.
In the tresses of your pretty hair this web entwined,
That it shined full of grace; Everywhere I see your eyes.
In this huge crowd I am lost for you! Symbol of hope, curtsy to me.

ÉLÉGIE (Elegy): text by Gallet

Oh, sweet spring of another time,
Green seasons, You have fled forever!
I will never again see the blue sky,
I will never again hear the joyous songs of the birds!
My happiness has been carried away!
Oh, beloved, you have been taken away,
And it is in vain that spring returns;
Yes, without return with you the happy sun,
The shining days are gone! Gone!
In my heart all is somber and frozen! Frozen!
All is withered! Forever!

CHANSON DE FLORIAN (Florian's Song): text by J. P. Claris de Florian

Ah! If he is in your town, A sensible shepherd, sensible and charming,
One loves him from the first moment, One loves him to his advantage.
Ah, he is my friend! I have his love, he has my faith, my faith!
If you pass by his cottage, The poor one, and see his herd,
If you ask of him a lamb, And if you are also given the mother,
Oh, it is his goodness, Oh give him to me!
If by his tender glances, plaintively,
He charms the echoes of your woods,
If the accents of his oboe make the shepherd pensive,
Oh, again give him to me. I have his love, he has my faith, my faith.

ROSAMUNDE: text from the play: *Rosamunde* by Bélanger

Listen to me, alas! In sadness I cried your long absence;
Come back, come back; without your presence,
For me no more happiness!
In vain blooms the sweet spring all dressed in her finery:
Nothing pleases me in nature. My God, how long I have cried.
Why have you not come back? My God! It is you I beg! So be it!
The tomb can again unite us!

II

SUNSET

The sun closes her eyes,
Beautiful as a woman, warm and loved,
In that soft moment before sleep.
With not the slightest wrinkle of clouds
To mar the beauty of her smile.

INSANITY

Tiny fingers rapping noisily on the door of sanity,
Asking me, "Come out and play." But I dare not...not really;
If I sit down and wonder Do I want to...I think.

PERIWINKLE

Blue stars, myriad Venus, Sleepily watching me as I go by.
With nodding heads they stand in bunches, Like drunken soldiers;
A bouquet especially trimmed for me With Queen Anne's lace.

SANDSCAPE

White sand, smooth as velvet, Running down to meet the water,
Eager as a young child to play, Drifting with the wind,
Endless changing patterns, Hand in hand in hand Forever.

III

SLEEP NOW: texts by James Joyce

I HEAR AN ARMY

I hear an army charging upon the land
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees.
Arrogant, in black armor, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the charioteers.

They cry unto the night their battlename;
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long green hair;
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, why have you left me alone?

ECCE PUER

Of the dark past A child is born;
With joy and grief My heart is torn.

Calm in his cradle The living lies.
May love and mercy Unclose his eyes!

Young life is breathed On the glass;
The world that was not Comes to pass.

A child is sleeping; An old man is gone.
O father forsaken, Forgive your son!

SHE WEEPS OVER RAHOON

Rain on Ragoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark, too, our hearts,
O love, shall lie, and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettle, the black mould
And muttering rain.

THE TWILIGHT TURNS FROM AMETHYST

The twilight turns from amethyst
To deep and deeper blue,
The lamp fills with a pale green glow
The tress of the avenue.

The old piano plays an air,
Sedate and slow and grey;
She bends upon the yellow keys,
Her head inclines this way.

Sly thoughts and grave wide eyes and hands
That wander as they list –
The twilight turns to darker blue
With lights of amethyst.

SLEEP NOW

Sleep now, O sleep now, O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying, "Sleep now," Is heard in my heart.
The voice of the winter Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter Is crying, "Sleep no more!"
My kiss will give peace now And quiet to your heart -
Sleep on in peace now, O you unquiet heart!

IV

SIX EARLY SONGS: texts by Li-Tai-Pe

DIE KAISERIN (The Empress)

The jade stairs glisten white with dew.
The noble lady's trailing robe
Brushes the drops gently away.
She shades her face with her left hand,
As the moonlight streams through the pavilion.

She gathers the train of pearls behind her.

Like a waterfall, it trembles in the moonlight.
On her slender limbs
The first frost's cold shower shines brightly.

Filled with an inexpressible sorrow
She watches the autumn moon's pale flame.

IM BOOT (In the Boat)

Dawn waving its brush
Painting cloud-red.
I left the city. To far away island
A friend's boat bids me.

Like a chain clanging on the shore,
I hear a monkey's metallic screech upon screech.
By what mountains, what wailing shores
Has not my sail passed feelinglessly?

DIE FERNE FLÖTE (The Distant Flute)

Evening breathed from flower blossoms,
When in the distant breeze a flute was playing.
Let me break a twig from the branches,
Carve a flute, and play like yonder flutist.

When the nights now Guard their sleep,
Birds hear how two flutes sweetly Speak their language.

AN DER GRENZE (At the Border)

On celestial mountains the snow had not yet melted.
No flowers thrust from the dry marsh.
Hark! Spring plays its willow song!
But no warm clouds drift by.

When the morning's gong and drum sound,
One sleeps in the saddle, bent over the horse's neck.
The sword drawn in its sheath
Ready to split with one blow the barbarian dog's skull.

DER SILBERREIHER (The Silver Heron)

In autumn, above the grey pond, circles
An old snow-ripened silver heron.

I stand lonely on the pond's shore,
Hand shading eye, and peer quietly across the land.

DER FISCHER IM FRÜHLING (The Fisherman in Spring)

Earth drank the snow.
How first plum blossoms stirred the air!
The willow trees glow golden.
Moths, their velvet wings powdered purple,
Dip their velvet heads in blossom cups.

Like an island, the boat stands in the pond.
The fisherman lets
His net carefully drop into the fragile silver mirror.
It shatters, broken.
He ponders the far away swallow in her nest:
Soon he will bring her food.

THREE AGES OF WOMAN: texts by Elizabeth Bishop

MANNERS (For a Child of 1918)

My grandfather said to me as we sat on the wagon seat,
 "Be sure to remember to always speak to everyone you meet."

We met a stranger on foot. My grandfather's whip tapped his hat.
 "Good day, sir. Good day. A fine day." And I said it and bowed where I sat.

Then we overtook a boy I knew with his big pet crow on his shoulder.
 "Always offer everyone a ride; don't forget that when you get older,"

my grandfather said. So Willy climbed up with us, but the crow
 gave a "Caw!" and flew off. I was worried. How would he know where to go?

But he flew a little way at a time from fence post to fence post, ahead;
 and when Willy whistled he answered. "A fine bird," my grandfather said,

"and he's well brought up. See, he answers nicely when he's spoken to.
 Man or beast, that's good manners. Be sure that you both always do."

When automobiles went by, the dust hid the people's faces,
 but we shouted "Good day! Good day! Fine day!" at the top of our voices.

When we came to Hustler Hill, he said that the mare was tired,
 So we all got down and walked, as our good manners required.

INSOMNIA

The moon in the bureau mirror looks out a million miles
 (and perhaps with pride, at herself, but she never, never smiles)
 far and away beyond sleep, or perhaps she's a daytime sleeper.

By the Universe deserted, she'd tell it to go to hell,
 and she'd find a body of water, or a mirror, on which to dwell.
 So wrap up care in a cobweb and drop it down the well

into that world inverted where left is always right,
 where the shadows are really the body, where we stay awake all night,
 where the heavens are shallow as the sea is now deep, and you love me.

FILLING STATION

Oh, but it is dirty! – this little filling station,
oil-soaked, oil permeated to a disturbing, over-all
black translucency. Be careful with that match!

Father wears a dirty, oil-soaked monkey suit
that cuts him under the arms,
and several quick and saucy and greasy sons assist him
(it's a family filling station), all quite thoroughly dirty.

Do they live in the station?

It has a cement porch behind the pumps, and on it
a set of crushed and grease-impregnated wickerwork;
on the wicker sofa a dirty dog, quite comfy.

Some comic books provide the only note of color –
of certain color. They lie upon a big dim doily
draping a taboret (part of the set), beside a big hirsute begonia.

Why the extraneous plant? Why the taboret? Why, oh why, the doily?
(Embroidered in daisy stitch with marguerites, I think,
and heavy with gray crochet.)

Somebody embroidered the doily.

Somebody waters the plant, or oils it, maybe.

Somebody arranged the rows of cans so that they softly say:

ESSO-SO-SO-SO to high-strung automobiles.

Somebody loves us all.

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

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