

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

March, April, and May 1994

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and  
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

MARCH

27 Marcantonio Barone, *pianist* Grieg: *Lyric Pieces*  
Liszt: *Ballade No. 2*  
Brahms: *Sonata No. 3*

APRIL

3 (No concert)

10 National Gallery Orchestra Music by Howard Hanson,  
George Manos, Conductor Gordon Getty, Henry Cowell,  
*Fifty-first American Music and Deems Taylor*  
*Festival begins*

17 The Monticello Trio Barbara Kolb: *Monticello Trio*  
Mark Rush, *violin* Ives: *Trio* (1911)  
Tannis Gibson, *piano* Judith Shatin: *Ignotu numine*  
Mathias Wexler, *cello* David Lang: *Burn Notice*

24 Eugene Gratovich, *violinist* Cowell: *Sonata*  
Sylvia Golman, *pianist* Ives: *Pre-first Sonata*  
Cage: *Six Melodies*

MAY

1 The Stanley Cowell Trio Jazz Concert

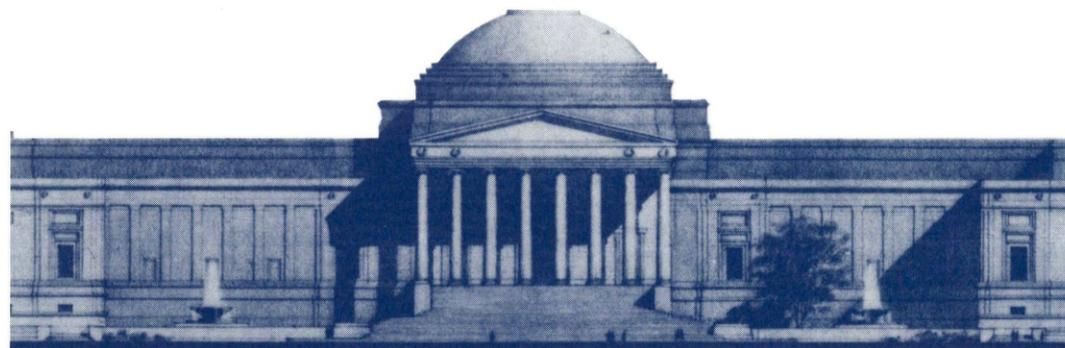
8 Richard Lalli, *baritone* Songs by Gershwin, Harold  
Gary Chapman, *pianist* Arlen, Kurt Weill, Barber,  
*Last concert of the American Bernstein, and Ives*  
*Music Festival*

*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 during the performance is not allowed.*

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

at the

**National Gallery of Art**



*2116th Concert*

BEVERLY BENSO, *contralto*

GEORGE MANOS, *pianist*

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

PROGRAM

	I	
Anton Webern (1883-1945)		Eight Early Songs (1901-1904)
	Tief von fern Aufblick Blumengruss Bild der Liebe Sommerabend Heiter Der Tod Heimgang in der Frühe	
	II	
George Manos (b. 1930)		Three Early German Songs
	Frühlingsgruss Ruhe, meine Seele Die Post	
	III	
Joseph Marx (1882-1964)		Six Songs
	Regen Japanisches Regenlied An einem Herbstwald Selige Nacht Wie einst Der Ton	
	INTERMISSION	
	IV	
Seymour Barab (b. 1921)		Songs of Perfect Propriety
	Song of Perfect Propriety Now at Liberty Social Note A Very Short Song Lullaby Comment	

V

Richard Bales  
(b. 1915) Two Songs  
Seasons (Richard Bales)  
*Washington Premiere Performance*

Ozymandias (Percy Bysshe Shelley)

VI

Stephen Foster  
(1826-1864) Four Songs  
Come with Thy Sweet Voice Again  
There Are Plenty of Fish in the Sea  
Ah! May the Red Rose Live Alway  
If You've Only Got a Moustache

Contralto BEVERLY BENSO is well known in Washington as a uniquely gifted singer in her range, and has carried that reputation to all parts of the world through her appearances as recitalist and oratorio soloist. With the National Gallery Vocal Arts Ensemble, of which she has been a member since its founding in 1985, Ms. Benso has concertized in Germany, Denmark, France, and at the Salzburg Festival in Austria. As soloist with the Washington Bach Consort, she appeared in Leipzig and Halle, Germany, in concerts celebrating the 300th anniversary of the birth of J. S. Bach. She has also sung at Charleston, South Carolina's Spoleto Festival and at the Mahler Festival in Canada. Ms. Benso has been a frequent guest soloist with the National Gallery Orchestra under the direction of George Manos. Her performances of Elgar's *Sea Pictures*, Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder*, and Richard Bales' *A Set of Jade* may well be remembered by members of tonight's audience who have attended past National Gallery Orchestra concerts.

Conductor, composer, and pianist GEORGE MANOS has entered his tenth season as director of music at the National Gallery of Art. A native Washingtonian, George Manos was already organizing and conducting orchestras and choirs here at the age of seventeen. First among these was the New Washington Sinfonietta, followed in later years by the Hellenic, Washington, and National Oratorio Societies. His career as a teacher and chamber musician has included several years on the faculty of Catholic University, where he taught piano, conducting, and chamber music. Prior to assuming the post of music director at the National Gallery, Manos was director of the Wilmington, Delaware, School of Music, and of Ireland's Killarney Bach Festival, which he founded and conducted for ten years.

TEXTS OF THE SONGS

**Tief von fern** (From Far Away) - Richard Dehmel (1863-1920)

From the white billows of evening	From far away,
A star emerges;	From the gray billows of
From far away	morning,
The youthful moon advances.	The great arc reaches out
	For the star.

**Aufblick** (Looking Upwards) - Dehmel

Over our love hangs	Wordless, we sit in the gloom.
A great weeping willow.	Once a stream murmured here,
Night and shadow above us both.	Once we saw stars twinkle.
Our brows are lowered.	Is everything dead and dreary?

Hark! A distant voice - from  
the cathedral -  
Choirs of bells, night, and love.

**Blumengruss** (Flower Salute) - J. W. von Goethe (1749-1832)

This nosegay - 'twas I dressed it -  
Greets thee a thousand times!  
Oft stopped I, caressed it,  
Ah! Full a thousand times,  
And 'gainst my bosom pressed it  
A hundred thousand times!

**Bild der Liebe** (Image of Love) - Martin Greif (1839-1911)

By wood surrounded,  
A tree in bloom -  
Thus smiles love's dream  
In the midst of life,  
At once connected  
And yet remote,  
'Til it vanishes,  
Rich in magic.

**Sommerabend** (Summer Evening) - Wilhelm Weigand (1862-1949)

O summer evening! Holy, golden	My soul, too, yearns for the
light!	night
Softly glowing, the meadow lies	And for the coming of the
ablaze;	dew-pearled darkness,
Not a sound breaks this peaceful	And will but hearken, as in
hush;	rosy splendor
Everything is merged into one	The dark hours of heaven gleam
emotion.	in silence.

**Heiter** (Happy) - Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900)

My heart is broad as a lake,	Is it night? Is it day?
Into which your sunlit	I do not know;
countenance smiles,	But your sunlit face
In deep, sweet solitude,	Smiles at me so lovingly
Where wave on wave breaks	and gently,
gently.	And I am happy as a child.

**Der Tod** (Death) - Matthias Claudius (1740-1815)

Ah, it is so dark in Death's chamber;  
It sounds so mournful when he stirs,  
And now lifts up his heavy hammer,  
And the hour strikes.

**Heimgang in der Frühe** (Going Home in Early Morning) - Detlev von Liliencron (1844-1909)

In the dawn,	Does my longing only see
At two or three o'clock,	Colors blond and blue?
I stepped out of the door	Sky-red and green
Into the spell of the morning.	And all others
	are extinguished.

The road lies soundless  
And the trees are silent,  
And the song of the birds  
Still sleeps among the boughs.

The blue of her eyes  
The flock of little clouds,  
And her blond hair  
Covers the whole earth.

Behind me I hear  
A window close softly.  
Will my surging heart  
Overflow its banks?

What the night gave me  
Long will vibrate in me;  
My outstretched arms  
Grasp joy and life.

A thrush awakes  
Suddenly from the trees,  
And the day rouses  
Softly from dreams of love.

**Frühlingsgruss** (Greeting of Spring)

Little song of spring,  
Resonate quietly and tenderly through my spirit.  
Sound forth into the wide world;  
Resound even as far as that house where you will spy a lovely rose.  
Sing my greeting to her.

**Ruhe, meine Seele** (Rest, My Soul) - Karl Henckell (1864-1929)

Not a breeze is lightly stirring; in soft sleep the grove is at rest;  
Through the leaves' dark cover steal bright shafts of sunshine.  
Rest, rest, my soul; your storms have raged wildly;  
You have started up and have trembled, like the seething breakers!  
These times are portentous, they try the brain to extremity:  
Rest, rest, my soul, and forget the things that threaten you!

**Die Post** (The Mail Deliverer) - Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Along the street a post-horn sounds.  
What is it that makes you so excited, my heart?  
The mail coach brings no letter for you:  
Why, then, are you so strangely vexed, my heart?  
Oh, perhaps the coach comes from the town where I had a sweetheart,  
my heart!  
Would you like to have a look over there, and ask how things are going,  
my heart?

**Regen** (Rain and Tears) - Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Raindrops pour over the city,  
As my tears fall over my heart;  
And I can scarce tell why:  
My heart aches with longing.  
The raindrops fall on the roofs and alleys, softly calling,  
"Forsaken!"  
Why must I weep? I know no reason to suffer so.  
My heart is full of unspeakable sadness.

**Japanisches Regenlied** (Japanese Rain Song)

The rain and the snow fall endlessly on the high summit of  
white Meccano.  
As endless as the rain and snow are on that peak, so is my love for you since  
it first saw you.

**An einem Herbstwald** (To an Autumn Forest) - Vladimir von Hartlieb

Forest, glowing through the fever of autumn,  
You stand in quiet sorrow, your weakening heart bleeding.  
Soon will the snowflakes gently cool your burning pain.

**Selige Nacht** (Blissful Night) - Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905)

We gently fell asleep in the arms of love;  
Through an open window, the summer wind came and carried away our  
soft breath in the silver moonlight.  
From the garden came the faint perfume of the rose and surrounded  
love's bed.  
It gave us wondrous dreams, rich with longing.

**Wie einst** (As Once Long Ago) - Ella Triebnig

I wanted to pass by you, but when I drew near, as if in a dream,  
I plucked a kiss.  
I was warned that your love for me would bring sadness.  
Now I walk in sadness, as if dressed in gladness.  
Your kisses have adorned me;  
Happiness is to suffer because of you.

**Der Ton** (The Tone) - Knut Hamsun (1859-1952)

A deep tone sings within me - so rich and heavy;  
I am like a king in a robe and crown.  
At night, leaning quietly on the window pane,  
A harp sings to my heart and mind,  
And slings the thoughts from mountaintop to mountaintop.  
It carries me to strange borders where stars dance in a circle together.  
I feel my heart will burst into chords that rise eternal.