CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
March, April, and May 1994

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

APRIL
3 (No concert)
10 National Gallery Orchestra
George Manos, Conductor
Fifty-first American Music Festival begins
Barbara Kolb: Monticello Trio
Ives: Trio (1911)
Judith Shatin: Ignotu numine
David Lang: Burn Notice

17 The Monticello Trio
Mark Rush, violin
Tannis Gibson, piano
Mathias Wexler, cello
Cowell: Sonata
Ives: Pre-first Sonata
Cage: Six Melodies

24 Eugene Gratovich, violinist
Sylvia Golman, pianist
Jazz Concert

MAY
1 The Stanley Cowell Trio
Jazz Concert

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


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.

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS
at the National Gallery of Art

BEVERLY BENSO, contralto
GEORGE MANOS, pianist

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

George Manos (b. 1930)
Three Early German Songs
Frühlingsgruss
Ruhe, meine Seele
Die Post

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)
Six Songs
Regen
Japanisches Regenlied
An einem Herbstwald
Selige Nacht
Wie einst
Der Ton

INTERMESSION

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

Contraalto 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
A star emerges;
From far away,
The youthful moon advances.

**Aufblick** (Looking Upwards) - Dehmel
Over our love hangs
A great weeping willow.
Night and shadow above us both.
Our brows are lowered.

**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 light!
Softly glowing, the meadow lies ablaze;
Not a sound breaks this peaceful hush;
Everything is merged into one emotion.

**Heiter** (Happy) - Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900)
My heart is broad as a lake,
Into which your sunlit countenance smiles,
In deep, sweet solitude,
Where wave on wave breaks gently.

**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,
At two or three o'clock,
I stepped out of the door
Into the spell of the morning.

**Fruhlingsgruss** (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,
your 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.