

What are life's storms, if your roses blaze and blossom for me!
What are mankind's tears, when the sunset glows a gentle red!

Accept, Lord of the Universe, the fruit of blood, suffering, the grave –
The last foaming cup of passion from an unworthy vassal!

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Under the direction of George Manos

FEBRUARY 1995

- 26 Paul Badura-Skoda, *pianist* Schumann: *Scenes of Childhood Symphonic Etudes, Opus 13*
Chopin: *C-sharp Minor Nocturne Ballade No. 3*
Sonata in B-flat Minor

MARCH 1995

- 5 National Gallery Orchestra Music of J. S. Bach:
George Manos, *Conductor* *Concerto for Violin and Oboe in C Minor*
Orchestral Suite in C Major
Coffee Cantata
- 12 Henriette Schellenberg, *soprano* Wolf: *Italienisches Liederbuch*
Daniel Lichti, *baritone*

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.

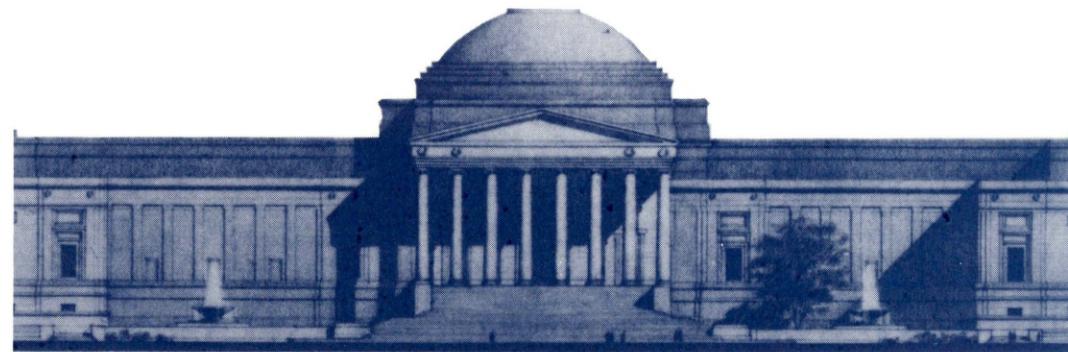
For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.

The Fifty-third Season of

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2148th Concert

ECCO TRIO

JUNKO OHTSU, *violin*

EVELYN ELSING, *cello*

COLETTE VALENTINE, *piano*

with guest artist

LINDA MABBS, *soprano*

Sunday Evening, February 19, 1995
at Seven O'clock
West Building, East Garden Court

Admission free

PROGRAM

Lowell Liebermann
(b. 1961)

Trio, Opus 32
(1990)

Washington Premiere Performance

Dmitri Shostakovich
(1906-1975)

Seven Romances on
Poems of Alexander Blok
(1967)

Ophelia's Song
Hamayun, the Prophetic Bird
We Were Together
The City Is Asleep
The Storm
Secret Signs
Music

INTERMISSION

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

Trio in B-flat Major, Opus 97
“Archduke” (1810-11)

Allegro moderato
Scherzo: Allegro
Andante cantabile
Allegro moderato

TEXTS OF THE ALEXANDER BLOK POEMS

Ophelia's Song

Parting form the girl you loved, my dear one, you swore to love me.
Setting out for a hated country you swore to keep the oath you had
made.

There, far from happy Denmark, the shores are shrouded in mist....
The waves murmur angrily, soaking the rocks with tears.

My beloved warrior will not return clad head to foot in silver....
Into the grave will flutter heavily a black plume and mourning
ribbon.

Hamayun, the Prophetic Bird †

On the glass-smooth, infinite waters dyed purple by the sunset, she
utters her prophetic song, powerless to raise her crumpled wings.

She foretells the Tartar's cruel oppression, she foretells a stream of
bloody executions, earthquakes, famines, conflagrations, the
power of evil men and death of the righteous....

Haunted by primordial terror, her beautiful face burns with love; but
the prophetic truth resounds from her blood-encrusted lips!

† Inspired by the watercolor *Hamayun* (1898)
by Victor Vaznetsov (1848-1926)

We Were Together

We were together, I remember....
The night was troubled, a violin sang....
In those days, you were mine; each hour you grew more beautiful.
Through the quiet murmur of a stream, through the secret of a
woman's smile,
Your lips longed to be kissed; the sound of a violin begged to enter
our hearts....

Formed in 1983, the ECCO TRIO gave its first performance at the National Gallery in 1986 and its New York debut at Carnegie Recital Hall in 1987. Noted for its heightened sense of rapport and its warm lyricism, the ensemble has received high praise for its performances from many sources, including music critics of *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*. The Ecco Trio personifies the growing cultural interchange between East and West, not only in the partnership between Japanese-born Junko Ohtsu and her American-born partners, but also in its frequent choice of repertoire by Japanese and other Asian composers. Ecco Trio's debut recording, *America*, was released in April of 1994 on Japan's Fontec label.

Soprano LINDA MABBS has appeared as soloist with the English, St. Paul, and Smithsonian Chamber Orchestras, and with the symphony orchestras of St. Louis, Chicago, and Washington, D.C. Conductors with whom she has collaborated have included Sir Neville Marriner, Robert Shaw, Sir George Solti, Leonard Slatkin, and Mstislav Rostropovich. A specialist in interpretation of the music of Georg Frideric Handel, Ms. Mabbs appears regularly with the Kennedy Center Handel Festival, Chicago's Music of the Baroque, the Handel & Haydn Society of Boston, and the Maryland Handel Festival. Her recital programs are noteworthy in that they always include at least one group of songs by American composers. A former pupil of the great British tenor Sir Peter Pears, Ms. Mabbs is professor of music at the University of Maryland, College Park.

Composer LOWELL LIEBERMANN is a native of New York City and received the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree from the Juilliard School of Music. His *Trio, Opus 32*, was commissioned by Susan and Elihu Rose and received its world premiere at the hands of the Eroica Trio at the 1990 Cape and Islands Music Festival in Cape Cod. Mr. Liebermann has written numerous other works, including two piano concertos and an opera based on Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Grey*. His *Sonata for Flute and Piano* was selected by the National Flute Society as one of the best newly published works for the flute and has been taken on tour by such well-known flutists as Carol Wincenz, James Galway, and Paula Robison.

The City Is Asleep

The city is asleep, shrouded in mist; the street lights are barely flickering.

Over there, in the distance beyond the Neva, I can see the glimmer of dawn.

In that faraway reflection, in that glimmer of flame,
There lurks the awakening of days which will bring me sorrow.

The Storm

Oh, how frantically there howls and rages outside the window a vicious storm.

With driven clouds, pouring rain, and a wind that buffets and lulls.
Dreadful night! On such a night I feel pity for the homeless, and compassion drives me out into the cold and the wet to battle against the darkness and the rain, to share the sufferings of those wretches.

Oh, how frantically the wind howls and slackens outside the window!

Secret Signs

Secret signs flare up out of the bare, ever-sleeping wall.
Gold and red poppies hang above me in dreams.

I take refuge in the caverns of the night and no longer remember stern marvels.

At sunrise, blue chimeras gaze from the mirror of bright skies.

I escape into moments from the past; I close my eyes out of fear;
On the pages of a book that grows cold appears a girl's golden tress.

The skies press down upon me; a black dream oppresses my heart.
My predestined end is approaching; wars and fires lie ahead.

Music

At night, when fears are asleep, and the city hides in the mist –
Oh, how much music there is in God's hands, what sounds pervade the earth!