

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Under the direction of George Manos

MARCH 1995

- 19 Sarah Johnson, *violinist*
Jane Hawkins, *pianist*
Beethoven: "*Spring*" *Sonata*
Frazella: *Fiddlers Galaxy*
Amy Beach: *Three Pieces*
Wm. Grant Still: *Suite for Violin
and Piano*
- 26 Bruce Brubaker, *pianist*
Schumann: *Fantasy Pieces*
Hagen: *Built Up Dark*
Schubert: *Sonata, Opus 53*

APRIL 1995

- 2 National Gallery Chamber
Players
Nielsen: *Wind Quintet*
Barber: *Summer Music*
Mozart: *Piano Quintet*
- 9 Penderecki String Quartet
Piotr Buczek, *violin*
Jerzy Kaplanek, *violin*
Dov Schiendlin, *viola*
Paul Pulford, *cello*
Mozart: *Quartet, K. 575*
Mendelssohn: *Quartet in
A Minor, Opus 13*
Gorecki: *Quartet No. 2*
- 16 No concert
- 23 The Country Gentlemen *Bluegrass concert*
*First Concert of the Fifty-second
American Music Festival*
(Presented in the East Building Auditorium at 3:00 and 7:00 p.m.)

*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



2151st Concert

HENRIETTE SCHELLENBERG, *soprano*

DANIEL LICHTI, *bass-baritone*

ARLENE SHRUT, *piano*

Sunday Evening, March 12, 1995
at Seven O'clock
West Building, East Garden Court

Admission free

Soprano HENRIETTE SCHELLENBERG returns to the National Gallery for the second time this evening, having been invited in 1990 by National Gallery Orchestra conductor George Manos to sing Villa-Lobos' *Bachiana brasileira No. 5* and Rachmaninoff's *Vocalise* with the orchestra. A resident of Winnipeg, Ontario, Ms. Schellenberg was educated at the University of Manitoba and the *Nordwestdeutsche Musikakademie* in Detmold, Germany. She is frequently invited to appear with major orchestras, with recent engagements including oratorios performed by the symphony orchestras of Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Atlanta, St. Louis, Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec. In July of this year Ms. Schellenberg will tour Europe with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) in performances of Bach's *B Minor Mass*. She records for Dorian, Telarc and Musical Heritage Recordings.

Bass-baritone DANIEL LICHTI has firmly established himself internationally as a concert-oratorio singer known for the warmth, richness, and versatility of his voice. Heralded as a sensitive interpreter of the works of J. S. Bach, he frequently appears at the Bach festivals in Cleveland, Carmel, California, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and the Oregon Bach Festival, at the invitation of such leading choral conductors as Robert Shaw, Helmuth Rilling, and Eric Ericson. Mr. Lichti also attended the *Nordwestdeutsche Musikakademie*, and his teachers have included Victor Martens, Louis Quilico, and Theo Lindenbaum. He and Ms. Schellenberg will be heard on the same stage again in July, as he will also be touring with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem. Daniel Lichti records for Dorian, SeeArts, and Opening Day Recordings, and his recording of *Songs of Hugo Wolf* with Arlene Shrut was recently honored by Gramophone Magazine as "best of the quarter." Both Mr. Lichti and Ms. Schellenberg appear at the National Gallery through the courtesy of Colwell Arts Management of New Hamburg, Ontario.

Pianist Arlene Shrut is rapidly becoming known as one of America's most gifted accompanist/coaches in the art song and chamber music repertoires. Currently music director of the Juilliard Opera Theater and a member of the faculty of the Manhattan School of Music, Ms. Shrut formerly headed the accompanying program at Syracuse University and coached opera at the Mannes College of Music. In addition to an award-winning collaboration with Daniel Lichti in recording songs of Hugo Wolf, Ms. Shrut has also performed Schubert's *Winterreise* and *Songs of Fanny Hensel Mendelssohn* with him. An active chamber musician, she performs and records with the Yoav Chamber Ensemble and the Syracuse Camerata.

PROGRAM

Hugo Wolf
(1860–1903)

Italienisches Liederbuch
(1892)

*The texts are anonymous Italian poems, translated
by Paul Heyse (1830–1914).*

*(Space limitations permit only a partial
translation of each poem.)*

1. Auch kleine Dinge können uns entzücken
Even little things can delight us.
Consider how we love to bedeck ourselves with pearls;
They are costly and are only small.
2. Mir ward gesagt, du reisest in die Ferne
They told me you were traveling far away.
Ah, where are you going, my beloved life?
With tears I will accompany you.
Think of me, do not forget, my heart!
3. Ihr seid die Allerschönste
You are the most beautiful far and wide,
Much lovelier than the abundant flowers in May.
Orvieto's cathedral does not rise up with such splendor.
4. Ihr jungen Leute
You young people going to battle, take care of my beloved.
See that he behaves bravely under fire;
Don't let him sleep under the moon;
He would die; he isn't used to it.
5. Mein Liebster ist so klein
My sweetheart is so small that, without bending,
He sweeps my room with his locks.
When he sat down in the house to catch his breath,
A fly drove him out.
Cursed be all flies, gnats, horseflies -
And whoever has a sweetheart from the Maremma!
6. Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen
Comrade, shall we wrap ourselves in monks' cowles,
Leaving the world to those it may delight?
"O beloved Father, a daughter of mine lies sick in bed."

- “And if she is sick, let me look after her,
That she may make her confession to me.”
7. Nein, junger Herr
No, young man, one really doesn't do such things;
For every day I am good enough, yes?
But you seek something better on holidays.
No, young man, if you thus continue to indulge,
Your everyday sweetheart will give notice.
8. Du denkst, mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen
You think to catch me with a thread,
With a mere glance make me fall in love?
I've already caught others, believe it truly.
I am in love, just not with you.
9. Hoffärtig seid Ihr, schönes Kind
You are haughty, beautiful child,
And you get on your high horse with your suitors.
If you don't want gold, take tin;
If you don't want love, take scorn.
10. Wie viele Zeit verlor ich, dich zu lieben!
How much time I have lost loving you!
Had I only loved God all that time,
A high place in paradise would be reserved for me.
And because I loved you, beautiful face,
I am now unable to enter Paradise.
11. Du sagst mir, dass ich keine Fürstin sei
You tell me that I am no princess;
You, likewise, are not descended from the Spanish throne.
You mock me for lacking crown and coat of arms,
And you yourself travel on shank's mare.
12. Wohl kenn' ich Euern Stand
Of course, I know your rank, which is no small one.
You had no need to stoop so low,
To love such a poor and lowly creature.
You're mocking me, people have tried to warn me;
But, Ah! You're so good-looking!
Who can be angry with you?
13. Dass doch gemalt all' deine Reize wären
If only all your charms were painted,
And the heathen prince were to find the portrait,
He would present you with a great offering.

- His whole kingdom would have to be converted to the true
faith, to its farthest reaches.
Every heathen would forthwith convert and become a good
Christian and love you.
14. Ein Ständchen Euch zu bringen
I've come here to bring you a serenade,
If it's not inconvenient for the master of the house.
You have a beautiful daughter, and if she is already in bed,
I beg you, let her know, for my sake
That her devoted follower came by,
Who keeps her in his thoughts day and night.
15. Mein Liebster singt am Haus
My beloved sings at the house in the moonlight,
And I must lie listening here in bed.
I turn away from my mother and weep.
I wept the broad stream on the bed from longing;
The bloody tears have blinded me.
16. Was für ein Lied soll dir gesungen werden
What kind of a song should be sung to you that would be
worthy of you?
A song that neither man nor woman till today has heard or
sung, not even the oldest people.
17. Gesegnet sei, durch den die Welt entstand
Blessed be he through whom the world arose;
How excellently he created it in every way!
He created the sea, the ships, Paradise;
He created beauty and your countenance.

INTERMISSION

18. Ich esse nun mein Brot nicht trocken mehr
I no longer eat my bread dry (It is wet with tears;)
In vain to right and left I look about,
And no one do I find who wants to love me.
If only there were a little old man who would show me some
love and respect.
I mean, to be perfectly open, a little old man about fourteen
years old.
19. Ich liess mir sagen
I was told that handsome Toni is starving himself to death;

- Since love so exceedingly torments him, he devours seven loaves for each molar.
And if Tonina does not relieve his pain, before long famine and dearth will break out.
20. Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen
My dearest invited me to dine with him,
And yet he had no house in which to receive me.
A little cask of wine was also wanting,
The bread stone-hard, and utterly dull the knife.
21. Man sagt mir, deine Mutter woll' es nicht
They tell me your mother doesn't approve of it;
So stay away, my darling, do what she desires.
Ah dearest, no! Do not do what she wants,
Come to me! Do it in spite of her, secretly.
22. O wüsstest du wieviel ich deinetwegen
Oh, if you knew how much on your account I've suffered at night, while you lay in your locked house and I passed the time outside.
The threshold of your door, that was my pillow.
Poor me! Ah! What I've done to endure!
23. Nicht länger kann ich singen
No longer can I sing; the wind blows hard and makes it hard to breathe.
If I were certain, I wouldn't now go to bed.
If I knew something, I wouldn't walk home and lose this beautiful time alone.
24. Schweig' einmal still
Be still, for once, you horrible wind-bag!
Your accursed singing disgusts me.
I'd prefer the serenade of a donkey!
25. Wie soll ich fröhlich sein
How I shall I be happy and even laugh
When you are always obviously angry with me?
Set my heart free, then you may depart.
At home with your people live in peace,
Since what heaven desires happens here below.
26. Wer rief dich denn?
Who called you then? Who asked you to come?
Go to the sweetheart you prefer.
I can gladly do without your coming here.

27. Verschling' der Abgrund meines Leibsten Hütte
May the abyss swallow up my beloved's cottage,
In its place may a lake bubble up directly.
May a snake of poisonous kind house in it,
Which will poison him who was untrue to me.
28. Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz
Why this anger, my dear, that enflames you?
I'm not aware of any sin I've committed.
Ah, sooner take a well-sharpened knife and approach me,
Pierce my breast, and wash in my blood all my torment.
29. Selig ihr Blinden
Blessed ye blind, who cannot see the charms that kindle our ardor;
Blessed ye mute, who cannot make your heart's need understood to women;
Blessed ye dead, who have been buried! You shall have peace from love's torments.
30. Lass sie nur gehn, die so die Stolze spielt
Just let her go, she who plays the proud one thus,
The wonder herb from the field of flowers.
One sees where her shining eye is directed,
Since day after day another pleases her.
31. Ich hab' in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen
I have a lover who lives in Penna,
In the Maremma plains yet another;
One in the lovely harbor of Ancona,
For the fourth I must travel to Viterbo;
The next lives in the same town with me,
And yet another have I in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

INTERMISSION

32. Heut' Nacht erhob ich mich um Mitternacht
Tonight I arose at midnight, because my heart had furtively stolen away.
I asked: Heart, where are you rushing so furiously?
It spoke: Only to see you had it run away.
33. Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen
How long I have had this desire.

- Ah! If only a musician would love me!
 Now the Lord has granted me my wish
 And sends me one, with a pink-and-white complexion.
 Here he comes now, with a gentle manner,
 And lowers his head, and plays the violin.
34. Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst und lachst
 When you glance at me and laugh,
 And lower your eyes and incline your chin toward your bosom,
 I ask that you first make a sign to me,
 So that I can also subdue my heart
 When it wants to burst forth with great love.
35. Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen
 Now let us make peace; too long we have been feuding.
 If you don't want to, I shall surrender to you;
 How could we fight to the death?
36. Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen
 We have both been silent a long time;
 Now suddenly speech has returned to us.
 The angels that fly down from heaven
 Have brought peace after the war.
37. Schon streckt' ich aus im Bett die müden Glieder
 No sooner had I stretched out my weary limbs in bed
 Than your image arose before me, dear one.
 Immediately I jumped up and wandered the city with my lute.
 So many girls did my song touch,
 While the wind carried away both song and music.
38. Und steht Ihr früh am Morgen auf vom Bette
 And when you arise early in the morning from bed,
 You sweep away all clouds from the heavens.
 Then when you go to holy Matins,
 You draw everyone with you.
 How fair and blessed God has gifted you,
 That you have received the crown of beauty!
39. O wär dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas
 Oh, would that your house were transparent like a glass,
 My beloved man, when I steal past!
 How many glances would I send toward you,
 More than the drops that sprinkle down in the rain!
40. Der Mond hat eine schwere Klag' erhoben
 The moon has raised a serious grievance

- And brought the matter before the Lord:
 He wants to stay in the heavens no longer,
 Since you have taken away his splendor.
41. Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt
 Raise your blond head and do not sleep.
 I'll speak to you four weighty words,
 None of which you should ignore.
 The first: that my heart breaks for you;
 The second: I want to belong only to you;
 The third: that I entrust my welfare to you;
 The last: my soul loves you alone.
42. Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter
 Blessed the happy mother of whom you were born so lovely -
 My longing flies toward you!
 And in my breast I feel violent flames rising
 Which destroy my peace. Ah, madness seizes me!
43. Gesegnet sei das Grün
 Blessed be green and whoever wears it!
 In green the darling of my eyes clothes himself.
 Green is beautifully becoming to all things,
 From green grows every beautiful fruit.
44. Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen
 And if you would see your lover die,
 Don't wear your hair in curls, darling.
 Let it swing free behind your shoulders;
 It looks like threads of pure gold, innumerable.
 Beautiful is the hair, beautiful she who combs it!
45. Sterb' ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder
 When I die, cover my limbs in flowers;
 I do not wish that you should dig a grave for me.
 I die happily if I die for you.
46. Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf
 When you, my dearest, ascend to heaven,
 I shall carry my heart to you in my hand.
 So lovingly you will embrace me thereupon,
 Then we shall lay ourselves at the feet of the Lord.
 And when the Lord God sees our love's sufferings,
 He will make one heart from two loving hearts,
 Into one heart he will join two together,
 In paradise, bathed in the light of heaven's flames.