CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Under the Direction of George Manos

FEBRUARY 1996
25  Pavlina Dokovska, pianist  Chopin: Three Mazurkas, B-flat Major Sonata, Ballade No. 1
    Debussy: 5 Preludes, La plus que lent, L'isle joyeuse

MARCH 1996
  3  National Gallery Orchestra  Dukas: Fanfare from the Ballet: "La péri"
      George Manos, conductor  Franck: Psyché
      Debussy: 5 Preludes, La plus que lent, L’isle joyeuse
      Saint-Saëns: Symphony No. 3 ("Organ")
  10  Arthur Greene, pianist  Skryabin: Etudes
  17  Susan von Reichenbach, soprano  Songs by Brahms, Hugo Wolf,
        Neil Goren, pianist  Ernest Chausson, Erik Satie,
                               Richard Strauss, Joseph Marx,
                               and Reynaldo Hahn
  24  Anthony and Joseph Paratore, duo-pianists  Ravel: Spanish Rhapsody
      Rachmaninoff: Suite No. 1
      Bolcom: Sonata for Two Pianos
      Milhaud: Scaramouche

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

The Fifty-fourth Season of
THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the National Gallery of Art

2182nd Concert

KATHRYN HEARDEN, lyric soprano

GEORGE MANOS, pianist

Sunday Evening, February 18, 1996
at Seven O’clock
West Building, West Garden Court
Admission free
PROGRAM

I

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

Three Sacred Solo Motets (1941-44)

Cum natus esset
Pastores loquebantur
Nuptiae factae sunt

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Cinq poèmes de Beaudelaire

Le balcon
Harmonie du soir
Le jet d’eau
Recueillement
La mort des amants

INTERMISSION

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Vier Mörke Lieder (1889)

Agnes
Das verlassene Mägdlein
In der Frühe
Er ist’s

Vincent Persichetti (1915-1987)

I’m Nobody

Elliott Carter (b.1908)

The Rose Family (1943)

Dominick Argento (b. 1927)

Who Knows If the Moon’s a Balloon?

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1991)

Dream With Me

Conductor, composer and pianist GEORGE MANOS has been director of music at the National Gallery of Art and conductor of the National Gallery Orchestra since 1985. He is also artistic director of the Gallery’s American Music Festival and of its Vocal Arts Ensemble, which he founded. As a student at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, George Manos studied composition under Henry Cowell, chamber music under Oscar Shumsky and William Kroll, piano under Austin Conradi, and conducting under Ifor Jones. His career as a teacher has included several years on the faculty of Catholic University in Washington, D.C., where he taught piano, conducting and chamber music, and directorship of the Wilmington, Delaware, School of Music, where he presented an annual jazz festival and clinic. Maestro Manos founded and directed for ten years the renowned Killarney Bach Festival in the Republic of Ireland, which received repeated acclaim in both Irish and international media. He was the music director of the 1992 Kolding, Denmark, International Music Festival.
Veilchen traumen schon, wollen bald kommen.

Uieder flattern durch die Luft;
Morgenglocken wach geworden.

Noch zwischen zweifeln her und hin
Es wählet mein verstörter Sinn
Dort gehet schon der Tag herfür

why then we'd go up high higher with all the pretty people than the houses and steeples and clouds:

Tonight and ev'ry night, Wherever you may chance to be.

We're together if we dream the same sweet dream; And though we may be far apart,

go sailing away and away sailing into a keen city which nobody's ever visited,

where always it's Spring) and everyone's in love and flowers pick themselves

ER IST'S

The assisting artist for Bernstein's Dream With Me is cellist Marco Barceló.

Early in the Morning

No sleep has yet refreshed my eyes, And day is already appearing at my bedroom window.

My disordered mind is still groping among doubts And creating nocturnal specters.

Feel no more alarm, cease torturing yourself, my soul!

IT IS ME

Springtime lets its blue ribbon flutter through the sky again,
Sweet, familiar fragrance brush against the land like a premonition.

Viscera are already dear: they will soon be here.

Listen! from afar, the soft note of a harp!
Springtime, yes, it's yo! I have heard of you!

I'm Nobody (Emily Dickinson)

I'm Nobody! who are you? Are you Nobody, too?

Then there's a pair of us - don't tell!

They'd banish us, you know. How dreary to be Somebody!
How public, like a frog,

To tell your name the living day to an admiring bow!

The Rose Family (Robert Frost)
The Rose is a rose, And always was a rose.

But the theory now goes that the apple's a rose,
And the pear is, and so's the plum, I suppose.

The dear only knows what will next prove a rose.
You, of course, are a rose, But were always a rose.

who knows if the moon's a balloon (e. e. cummings)

if you only dream a magic dream with me tonight.

You, of course, are a rose, But were always a rose.

The Rose is a rose, And always was a rose.

PASTORES LOQUEBANTUR

O toi, tous mes plaisirs! o toi, tous mes devoirs!
Tu te rappelleras la haute des caresses,
Et les soirs au balcon, voiles de vapeur rose.
Et les soirs illumines par l'ardeur du charbon,
Que les soleils sont beaux par les chaudes soirees!
Nous avons dit souvent d'imperissables cliloses
Car a quoi bon chercher tes beautes langou reuses
La nuit s'epaississait ainsi qu'une cloison.
Et tes pieds s'endormaient dans mes mains fraternelles,
Et j'ai dans les eaux de mes yeux dans le noir devinat tes prunelles,
Apres s'etre laves au fond des mers profondes
Chaque fleur s'evapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Valse melancoliquc et langoureux vertige.
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir;
Le violon fremit comme un cceur qu'on afflige,
Ton souvenir en moi luit comme un ostensoir.
Du passe lumineux recucilic tout vestige.
Le soleil s'est noye dans son sang qui se fige,—
Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!
La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Dans cette pose nonchalantc ou t'a surprise le plaisir.
De larges pleurs,
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jasc
Entrctient doucement l'extase
Qui par unc invisible pente
S'elance, rapide et hardic
O toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon cceur.
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qu'il m'est doux, penche vers tes scins,
Qui sanglotc dans les bassins!
Votre pure melancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.
Lune, eau sonore, nuit benie,
Dans l'obscurite, la noire face,
Murmure accorte aux pleurs pourris
Qui courent dans les tapis.
Larmes, eau sanguine, nuit sombre,
Avoir qui finissent autour—
Votre pure melancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.