The Sixty-third Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,504th Concert

Alessandra Marc, soprano
David Chapman, pianist

October 10, 2004
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free
For the convenience of concertgoers
the Garden Café remains open until 6:00 pm.

The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that concerts now begin at 6:30 pm. Late entry or reentry after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

2,504th Concert
October 10, 2004, 6:30 pm

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)
Scene: “Ah! Perfido”
Opus 65 (1796)

Alban Berg (1885–1935)
Seven Early Songs (1905–1908)
Nacht
Schilflied
Die Nachtigall
Traumgekrönt
Im Zimmer
Liebesode
Sommertage

Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)
“Vissi d’arte” from “Tosca” (1900)

Intermission

George Gershwin (1898–1937)
Can’t help lovin’ dat man
Someone to Watch over Me

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)
“Climb Every Mountain” from “The Sound of Music” (1959)

Carlisle Floyd (b. 1926)
“Trees on the Mountain” from “Susannah” (1954)
Spirituals
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot
Guide My Feet
Ride on, King Jesus

Gershwin
“My Man’s Gone Now” from “Porgy and Bess” (1935)
The Musicians

ALESSANDRA MARC

“Une étoile est née (A Star Is Born),” headlined *Le Figaro* (Paris). The *New Yorker* proclaimed: “an instrument of unsurpassed beauty and impact and perhaps the richest, fullest, most beautiful big soprano voice around.” Such accolades have been and continue to be a staple in the career of the outstanding American soprano Alessandra Marc. A frequent guest of the world’s leading opera houses and orchestras, she collaborates with the most eminent conductors of our time, including Daniel Barenboim, Sir Georg Solti, Zubin Mehta, Christian Thielemann, Michael Tilson Thomas, Riccardo Chailly, Seiji Ozawa, Christoph von Dohnányi, Christoph Eschenbach, Sir Colin Davis, Charles Dutoit, Edo de Waart, Lorin Maazel, Marek Janowski, Kent Nagano, Heinz Fricke, Leif Segerstam, Andreas Delfs, Franz Welser-Möst, Daniele Gatti, Sebastian Weigle, Mariss Jansons, Esa Pekka Salonen, James Conlon, and Gerard Schwarz. Marc collaborated most frequently with the late Giuseppe Sinopoli, and she was called upon to sing at his funeral mass in Rome in April 2001. Her Metropolitan Opera debut saw her in the title role of Aida, which she has also sung at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, the San Francisco Opera, and the Vienna State Opera.

The 2000–2001 season began with Alessandra Marc’s triumphant return to the Metropolitan Opera. Of her opening night performance as Turandot, the *New York Times* reported: “She displayed burnished tone and enormous volume, especially in climactic phrases that soar above the orchestra and chorus.” She repeated the role at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., in her debut at the Teatro alla Scala, and with the Danish Radio Orchestra. In 2004 she performed it at the Festival Casals in televised concert performances, and she will sing in staged productions of *Turandot* in 2005 and 2006 in Lisbon, Barcelona, Florence, and Tokyo. Other highlights of the upcoming seasons will include solo appearances with the Seattle Symphony, the Milwaukee Symphony, at George Mason University, and in recital at Tokyo’s Suntory Hall.

Alessandra Marc’s discography is equally impressive. Delos Records issued her first aria recital recording, *American Diva*, and her many releases include four on the Teldec label: Schoenberg’s *Erwartung*, Berg’s *Altenberg Lieder* and *Lulu Suite*, with Sinopoli and the Dresden Staatskapelle, and the final scene of Richard Strauss’ *Salome* with the North German Radio Orchestra. Her most recent recordings are Albéniz’ *Henry Clifford* on the Decca label (2003); a complete *Turandot*, recorded by the Regional Opera Company of Bilbao, Spain; and an Opera Gala with Andrew Litton and the Dallas Symphony Orchestra on the Delos label.

This concert marks Alessandra Marc’s fourth appearance at the National Gallery. Her debut recital at the Gallery occurred in January 1991, and her second appearance came just two months later, when she stepped in at the last minute for the ailing Arleen Auger to sing Richard Strauss’ *Four Last Songs* with the National Gallery Orchestra under George Manos. The concert was a critically acclaimed triumph and a fitting observation of both the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Gallery and its 2,000th Sunday concert on March 17, 1991.
David Chapman, a native Californian, holds degrees and performance diplomas in piano from the Peabody Conservatory and the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, where he was concerto soloist and served as opera coach in both conservatories. He was awarded a Fulbright grant in solo piano performance and spent two years in Germany. He remained in Europe for a total of eleven years, during which time he performed recitals in Austria, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Hungary, and Germany under contract to Steiner, Weylach, and Schulte concert managements. Chapman has recorded for the Süddeutscher Rundfunk in Stuttgart and the Westdeutscher Rundfunk in Cologne and has appeared on German television with the world-renowned soprano Felicia Weathers. He has played in master classes for Martina Arroyo, Evelyn Lear, Felicia Weathers, Hans Hotter, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

Chapman studied orchestral conducting with George Cleve and choral conducting with Charlene Archibeque. For six years he conducted and arranged music for ensembles that toured throughout Germany with soloist Felicia Weathers. He coached for three years at the International Bach Academy in Stuttgart under Helmut Rilling, performed in several Stuttgart Ballet premieres, and worked as pianist in collaboration with Fernando Bujones of the American Ballet Theater. Chapman began teaching vocalists in 1990. Since then he has given voice master classes at the University of Oklahoma, the University of Nebraska, the Sichuan Conservatory in Cheng-du, China, the Pedagogical University of Beijing, and the Moscow Conservatory. David Chapman is a founding member of Vocal Arts International (VAI), a group dedicated to establishing a network of cultural exchanges with singers of other countries in which American and foreign artists perform, teach master classes, and exchange information, both at home and abroad. He is a member of the Friday Morning Music Club and the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS).
Liebesode
Otto Erich Hartleben (1864-1905)

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offnen Fenster lauschte der Sommerwind,
Und unser Atemzüge Frieden
trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht.
Und aus dem Garen tastete
zagend sich ein Rosenduft an
unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Traume des Rausches, so reich an Selmsucht.

Ah! Perfido, spergiuro
Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Ah! perfido, spergiuro,
barbaro traditor, tu parti?
E son questi gli 'ultimi tuoi congedi?
Ove s'intese tirannia più crudel?
Va, scellerato!
Va, pur fuggi da me, l'ira de Numi non fuggirai!

Sommertage
Paul Hohenberg

Nun ziehen Tage über die Welt,
Gesandt aus blauer Ewigkeit,
Im Sommerwind verweht die Zeit,
Nun windet nächstens der Herr Sternekranze mit seliger Hand
Über Wander- und Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen Tagen
Dein hellstes Wanderlied dann sagen
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust;
Im Wiesensang verstummt de Brust,
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo Bild um Bild
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz erfüllt.

Love Ode

Blissful in love’s arms we fell asleep;
The summer wind watched at the open window
and carried out to the moon-bright night the peace of our every breath.
And from the garden, feeling its timid way, a scent of roses came
to our love bed and gave us wondrous dreams,
ecstatic dreams, so rich in longing.

Summer Days

Days that have been sent from blue eternity now travel through the world; time drifts away in the summer wind;
Now at night the Lord twines garlands of stars with his blessed hand above wander- and wonderland.
O heart, what, in these days, can your clearest wanderer’s song then say of your deep, deep delight;
The word is silent where image upon image comes to you and fulfills you completely.

Texts

Ah! Perfido, spergiuro
Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Ah! perfido, spergiuro,
barbaro traditor, tu parti?
E son questi gli 'ultimi tuoi congedi?
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Translations

Ah! Faithless One

Ah! Faithless one, deceiver, barbarous traitor, you depart?
And are these the last words you have to say to me?
Did anyone ever suffer such cruel tyranny?
Away, villain! Go, you may escape me, but you will never escape the wrath of the gods!

If there is justice in heaven, if there is mercy, may they punish you in unison!
My shadow follows you; Wherever you go, my vengeance will follow you.
I am already enjoying the thought of lightning flashing around you.

But no! Stay, vengeful gods!
Spare his heart, and stop mine!

If he is not faithful as he once was, I shall remain so. I lived for him; I wish to die for him!
For pity’s sake, do not say adieu; what will I do without you?
You know, my beautiful idol, that I would die of grief.

Oh, cruel one! You want me to die! Have you no pity on me?
Why do you treat the one who adores you so savagely?
Tell me, does not such anguish deserve your pity?
Berg: Sieben frühe Lieder

Nacht
Carl Hauptmann (1858–1921)

Dämmern Wolken über Nacht und Tal, Nebel schweben, Wasser rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich’s mit einemmal; O gib acht!
Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan;
Stille Pfade silberlicht talan aus verborg'nem Schoß,
Und die hehre Welt so traumhaft rein.

Stummer Buchenbaum am Wege
Steht schattenschwarz,
Ein Hauch vom fernen Hain
einsam leise weht.

Trinke, Seele! Trinke Einsamkeit! O gib acht!

Schilfflied
Nikolas Lenau (1802–1850)

Auf geheimen Waldespfade
Schleich’ ich gern im Abendschein
An das öde Schilfgestade,
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

Und ich mein’, ich höre wehen
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,
Und im Weihir untergehen
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

Berg: Seven Early Songs

Night

Clouds grow dark over night and valley, mists hover, and waters softly murmur.

All of a sudden, an unveiling: O pay heed!

We Tibet Wonderland is opened;
Mountains soar, silver-tinged
and dream-large; still, silvery paths work their way into the valleys from a hidden source; and the lofty world is pure as in a dream.

A mute beech tree stands by the way, shadow-black;
A lonely breath blows quietly from the distant forest, and, from the deep valley’s gloom, lights flash in the silent night.

Drink, soul, drink solitude! O pay heed!

Reed Song

By a secret forest path,
I love to steal in evening light
To the desolate reedy shore
and think, maiden, of you.

Then, when the wood grows dark,
the reeds rustle mysteriously,
whispering and lamenting
that I should weep.

And I think I hear the sound of
your voice wafting softly
and your lovely song
disappearing into the pond.

Die Nachtigall
Theodor Storm (1817-1888)

Das macht, es hat die Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem stüfen Schall,
Da sind im Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.
Sie war doch sonst ein wildes Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in Sinnen,
Trägt in der hand den Sommerhut
Und dultdet still der Sonne Glut,
Und weiß nicht, was beginnen.
Das macht,....

Traumgekrönt
Rainer Maria Rilke (1875–1926)

It is because the nightingale has been singing all night that roses have sprung up in the echo and re-echo of her sweet voice.
Such a wild thing she once was;

Now she wanders, deeply pensive, carrying her summer hat in her hand, silently enduring the hot sun, and knowing not what to do.
It is because....

Crowned in a Dream

It was the day of white chrysanthemums;
Its splendor almost made me feel afraid; and then you came to take my soul from me in the dead of night.
I was so afraid, yet you came sweetly and softly;
I had been thinking of you in a dream;
You came, and the night resonated softly, like a fairy tune.

Im Zimmer
Johannes Schlaf (1862–1941)

Herbstsonnenschein.
Der liebe Abend blickt still herein,
Ein Feuerlein rot
Knistert im Ofenloch und loht.
So, mein Kopf auf deinen Knie'n,
So ist mir gut,
Wenn mein Auge so in deinem ruht,
Wie leise die Minuten zieh'n.

In the Room

Autumn sunshine.
Fair evening looks silently in.

A little fire blazes red, flares up,
and crackles in the stove window.
So, with my head on your knees,

I am content;
How quietly the minutes pass when my eyes rest in yours.