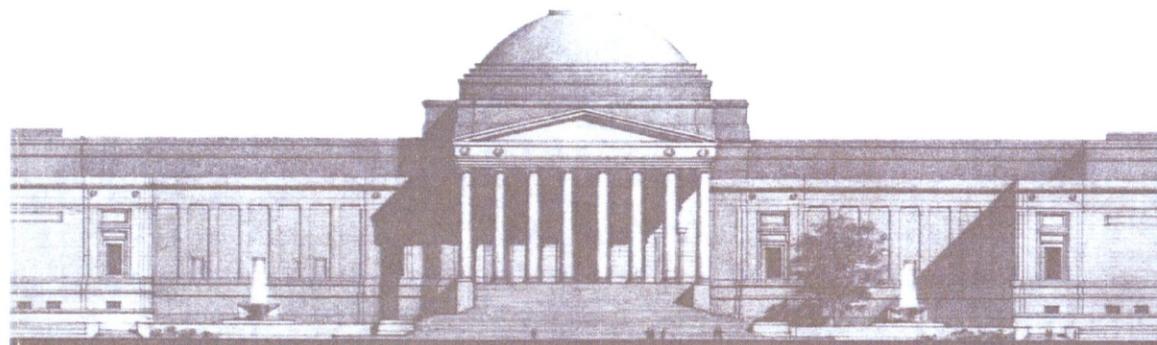


JESSICA JONES

Acclaimed for the beauty of her voice and her superb musicianship, soprano Jessica Jones sings with America's leading opera companies and orchestras, including the Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco Symphonies; Los Angeles and New York Philharmonic Orchestras; and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Jones has sung Ravel's *l'Enfant et les sortilèges* with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall under the baton of Lorin Maazel, Mahler's *Fourth Symphony* with the Alabama Symphony Orchestra, and the soprano solos in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Florida Philharmonic and the Seattle Symphony Orchestra. Among her many opera roles are Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust* and Micaela in *Carmen*, both with Houston Grand Opera, as well as Fiordiligi in *Così fan Tutte* with Seattle Opera.



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

National Gallery of Art
2,817th Concert

National Gallery of Art Orchestra
Bjarte Engeset, guest conductor
Jessica Jones, soprano

A Norwegian-American New Year Concert

January 9, 2011
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

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 late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

www.nga.gov

Program

Johann Strauss Jr. (1825–1899)
Overture to Die Fledermaus (The Bat), op. 297

Johan Halvorsen (1864–1935)
From *Norske eventyrbilleder* (Scenes from Norwegian Fairy Tales)
Prinsessen kommer ridende (The Princess Riding on the Bear)
Trollenes inntog/Dans av småtroll (Entry of the Trolls/Dance of the Little Trolls)

Charles Ives (1874–1954)
Country-band march

Edvard Grieg (1843–1907)
Fra Monte Pincio (From Monte Pincio)
Varen (Spring)
En Svane (A Swan)
Dein Rath ist wohl gut (Your Advice Is Well Taken)

Johannes Hanssen (1874–1967)
Valdres-marsj (Valders March)

John Philip Sousa (1854–1932)
Hands across the Sea March

INTERMISSION

Grieg
Praeludium from *Holberg Suite*

Grieg
Ich liebe dich (I love thee)
Zur Rosenzeit (At the Time of Roses)
Ein Traum (A Dream)

Grieg
I Dovregubbens hall (In the Hall of the Mountain King)
From *Peer Gynt Suite*

This concert is made possible in part by support from the Royal Norwegian Embassy.

The Musicians

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART ORCHESTRA

The National Gallery of Art Orchestra was founded in 1943 by the Gallery's first music director, Richard Bales, who inaugurated the tradition of New Year concerts in 1966, taking a cue from the famous New Year concerts at the Musikverien in Vienna. This year's New Year concert marks the end of a six-month-long festival of Norwegian culture—Norway Comes to Washington—which began with jazz concerts by Norwegian ensembles in the Gallery's Sculpture Garden and included a major exhibition of prints by Edvard Munch. It is offered as a heartfelt, musical wish for a happy and prosperous New Year from the Gallery and the Royal Norwegian Embassy.

BJARTE ENGESET

A graduate of the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki, Norwegian conductor BjarTE Engeset studied with conductor and composer Jorma Panula. Among the conductors with whom he has studied and collaborated are Marek Janowski, Gustav Meier, Seiji Ozawa, and Simon Rattle. Engeset has been music director of the Tromsø Symphony Orchestra and the Norwegian Wind Ensemble and permanent guest conductor of the Flemish Radio Orchestra. In 2007 he was appointed chief conductor of Sweden's Dala Sinfonietta. In addition to guest-conducting the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and the National Gallery Orchestra, Engeset has conducted and made recordings with the Bournemouth Symphony, the Czech Philharmonic, Norddeutsche Rundfunk, and the Oslo Philharmonic and Royal Philharmonic orchestras, as well as the Royal Scottish National Orchestra and the Saint Petersburg Philharmonic Orchestra. His discography includes a comprehensive recording of the orchestral music of Edvard Grieg for Naxos. He appears at the National Gallery by arrangement with Pro Arte International Management of Bergen, Norway.

Norwegian-American New Year Concert
January 9, 2011
Texts and Translations

Fra Monte Pincio

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832–1910)

Aftenen kommer, Solen staar rød;
Farvende Straaler i Rummet henskyll
Lyslængsel'ns Glands i uendelig Fylde; --
Fjeldet forklares som Aasyn i Død.
Kuplerne gløder, men længere borte
Taagen langs Markernes blaalige Sorte
Vugger opover som Glemselen før:
Over hin Dal dækker tusind Aars Slør.
Aft'nen, hvor rød og varm,
Blusser af Folkelarm,
Glødende Hornmusik,
Blomster og brune Blik. --

Tankerne stræber i Farver og Toner
Trofast mod det, som forsoner.
Stille det bliver, end dunklere blaa,
Himmelen vaager og venter; -- opunder
Fortid, som drømmer, og Fremtid, som stunder,
Usikre Blus i det rugende Graa.
Mén de vil samle sig! Roma fremstige
Lystændt en Nat for Italiens Rige:
Klokkerne kime, Kanonerne slaa,
Minderne flamme paa Fremtidens Blaa! --
Yndigt om Haab og Tro
Op mod Nygifte to,
Jubler en Sanger til
Cither og Fløjtespil.

Stærkere Længsler faar barnesød Hvile; --
Mindre tør vaagne og smile.

From Monte Pincio

Translation by Bradley Ellingboe

Twilight so lovely, sunset so red,
Now as the eventide's luster is streaming
Over the mountains, so brilliantly beaming,
Altering their face to the calm of the dead.
Cupolas glowing, yet off in the distance
Rises the fog with a murky persistence,
Paving the valley in vapor so pale,
Cloaking it all with a thousand years' veil,
Evening falls, red and warm,
Loudly the people swarm,
Mountains and horns above,
Brown eyes flash looks of love.

Thoughts overwhelmed by sights that are near us,
Sounds of great beauty are striving to cheer us.
Still yet more quiet, the sky darker blue
Shines with the stars that are watching and creeping
Forth from the past toward the future, still sleeping.
Twinkling they wait in the fog's murky hue,
But Rome shall assemble its numberless legions,
Claiming again the Italian regions;
Cannons shall crash and the steeples shall ring,
Memories of past tell what future might bring.
Lightly the music spreads,
Up to the newlyweds,
Gaily a minstrel sings,
Strumming his zither strings.

Italy, hold fast your vision unshaken,
That sweeter longings in time may awaken.

Våren

Aasmund Olafsson Vinje (1818–1870)

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Vetren å sjå
for Våren å røma;
Heggen med Tre som der Blomar var på,
eg atter såg bløma.

Enno ein Gong fekk eg Isen å sjå
frå Landet å fljota,
Snjoen å bråna og Fossen i Å
at fyssa og brjota.

Graset det grøne eg enno ein Gong
fekk skoda med Blomar;
enno eg høyrde at Vårfluglen song
mot Sol og mot Sumar.

Eingong eg sjølv i den vårlege Eim,
som mettar mit Auga,
eingong eg der vil meg finna ein Heim
og symjande lauga.

Alt det, som Våren imøte meg bar
og Blomen, eg plukkad',
Federnes Ånder eg trudde det var,
som dansad og sukkad',

Derfor eg fann millom Bjørkar og Bar
i Våren ei Gåta;
derfor det Ljod i den Fløyta eg skar,
meg tyktes at gråta.

En Svane

Henrik Ibsen

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lød sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende
alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lød det!

Springtide

Translation by Frederick Corder

Yes, once again winter's face would I see
To spring's glory waning,
Whitethorn spreading its clusters so free
In beauty enchaining.

Once more behold from the earth day by day
The ice disappearing,
Snow melting fast and in thunder and spray
The river, careering.

Emerald meadows, your flow'rets I'll spy
And hail each new comer;
Listen again to the lark in the sky
Who warbles of summer.

Once more I'm drawn to the spring-gladdened vale
That stilleth my longing;
There I find sunlight and rest without fail,
And raptures come thronging.

All unto which here the spring giveth birth,
Each flow'r I have riven,
Seems to me now I am parting from earth,
A spirit from heaven.

Therefore I hear all around from the ground
Mysterious singing,
Music from reeds that of old I made sound,
Like sighs faintly ringing.

A Swan

Translation by Bradley Ellingboe

My swan, my pale one,
So quiet, so still,
From you no trill,
Nor song, not one.

Anxiously watching
For your chick, who is sleeping,
You listen with care
As o'er water you're sweeping.

But at our parting,
When vows and eyes
Held secret lies,
Oh, yes! Then you sang!

Tak for dit Raad (Dein Rat ist wohl gut)

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

Tak for dit Raad,
 men jeg lægger min Baad
 ind i Brændingens Brus
 til det fristende Sus.
 Om end Rejsen skal blive den sidste, jeg gjør,
 jeg maa prøve, hvad ikke jeg prøvede før.

Ej blot til Lyst
 jeg forlader din Kyst, ---
 jeg maa Storsjøen naa,
 jeg maa Havstyrten faa,
 jeg maa Kjølen se, naar det krængende skjær',
 jeg maa friste, hvorlangt og hvorlænge det bær'!

Jeg elsker Dig

Hans Christian Andersen (1810–1875)

Min Tankes Tanke ene du er vorden,
 Du er mit Hjertes første Kærlighed.
 Jeg elsker Dig, som Ingen her på Jorden,
 Jeg elsker Dig i Tid og Evighed!

Zur Rosenzeit (Wehmut)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Ihr verblühet, süße Rosen,
 Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
 Blühtet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen,
 Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!

Jener Tage denk' ich trauernd,
 Als ich, Engel, an dir hing,
 Auf das erste Knöspchen lauernd
 Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte
 Noch zu deinen Füßen trug
 Und vor deinem Angesichte
 Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.

Der auf erste Knöspchen lauernd
 früh zu seinem Garten ging,
 ach der Tage denk ich trauernd,
 als ich Engel an dir hing.

Thanks for Your Advice

Thanks for your advice,
 But I'll head my boat
 Into the waves' tempting noise.
 Even if this voyage will be my last,
 I must try what I dared not try before.

It is not for pleasure
 That I sail away from your coast;
 I must reach the wild sea,
 I must feel the ocean spray,
 I must see the keel rise out of the water,
 I must see how long it can last, how far it can go.

I Love Thee

Translation by Nils Lid Hjort

Thou art become the single thought of my thoughts,
 Thou art the first love of my heart.
 I love thee as no one else here on earth,
 I love thee for time and eternity!

At the Time of Roses (Melancholy)

Translation by Emily Ezust

You are wilting, sweet roses -
 my love could not sustain you.
 Bloom for hopelessness then,
 for he whose soul is breaking from sorrow!

I think mournfully of those days
 when I hung on you, angel,
 waiting for your first little bud
 and going to my garden early;

Every blossom, every fruit
 I carried to your feet;
 and before your countenance,
 hope throbbed in my heart.

Bloom for him who waits for your first bud,
 going to his garden early;
 alas, I think mournfully of those days
 when I hung on you, my angel.

Ein Traum

Friedrich Martin von Bodenstedt (1819–1892)

Mir träumte einst ein schöner Traum:
Mich liebte eine blonde Maid;
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Die Knospe sprang, der Waldbach schwoll,
Fern aus dem Dorfe scholl Geläut -
Wir waren ganzer Wonne voll,
Versunken ganz in Seligkeit.

Und schöner noch als einst der Traum
Begab es sich in Wirklichkeit -
Es war am grünen Waldesraum,
Es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit:

Der Waldbach schwoll, die Knospe sprang,
Geläut erscholl vom Dorfe her -
Ich hielt dich fest, ich hielt dich lang
Und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!

O frühlinggrüner Waldesraum!
Du lebst in mir durch alle Zeit -
Dort ward die Wirklichkeit zum Traum,
Dort ward der Traum zur Wirklichkeit!

A Dream

Translation by Peter Low

I once had a beautiful dream:
I was in love with a fair-haired young woman;
We were in a green forest glade;
It was warm spring weather;

The buds were sprouting,
the brook was running strong;
The sounds of the distant village could be heard;
We were full of joy, immersed in bliss.

And even more beautiful than the dream
was what occurred in reality:
It was in a green forest glade;
It was warm spring weather,

The brook was running strong, the buds were
sprouting, the sounds of the distant village reached
our ears -- I held you tight, I held you long,
and now will never again let you go!

O spring-green glade,
You will live in me for all time!
That is where reality became a dream
and the dream became reality!