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 East Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

For the convenience of concertgoers, the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

The Seventieth Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,880th Concert

Jessica Jones, soprano
Danielle DeSwert Hahn, pianist

In honor of Women's History Month

March 25, 2012
Sunday, 6:30 pm
East Building Auditorium

Admission free
Program

Clara Schumann (1819–1896)
From *Three Songs*, op. 12 (1841)
  no. 2: Er ist gekommen
  no. 4: Liebst du um Schönheit
*Lorelei* (1843)

Robert Schumann (1810–1856), arr. Clara Schumann
*Der Nussbaum*, op. 25, no. 3
*Mondnacht*, op. 39, no. 5
*Widmung*, op. 25, no. 1

Robert Schumann
*Frauenliebe und leben*, op. 42
  Seit ich ihn gesehen
  Er, der Herrlichste von allen
  Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben
  Du Ring an meinem Finger
  Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
  Süßer Freund, du blickest mich verwundert an
  An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust
  Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

INTERMISSION

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
From *Trois Romances sans paroles*, op. 17 (1880)
  No. 3: Andante moderato

Nadia Boulanger (1887–1979)
*Cantique* (1909)
*Chanson* (1909)

Lili Boulanger (1893–1918)
From *Trois Morceaux pour piano* (1911–1914)
  *D’un jardin clair*

Aaron Copland (1900–1990)
From *Eight Poems of Emily Dickinson* (1970)
  no. 6: Dear March, come in!
  no. 5: Heart, we will forget him
  no. 8: When they come back
  no. 11: Going to Heaven!

Lori Laitman (b. 1955)
*Four Dickinson Songs* (1996)
  Will there really be a morning?
  I’m nobody
  She died
  If I…
The Musicians

JESSICA JONES

Acclaimed for the beauty of her voice and her superb musicianship, soprano Jessica Jones sings with America’s leading opera companies, including Houston Grand Opera (Marguerite in Gounod’s Faust and Micaela in Bizet’s Carmen) and Seattle Opera (Fiordiligi in Così fan Tutte). Her work with symphony orchestras includes Mahler’s Fourth Symphony with the Alabama Symphony Orchestra, the soprano solos in Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony with the Florida Philharmonic and Seattle symphony orchestras, and Ravel’s l’Enfant et les sortilèges with the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall under the baton of Lorin Maazel. She has also sung with the Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco symphony orchestras as well as the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Equally at home with twentieth-century music, Jones sang the roles of Love Simpson and Myrtis in Carlisle Floyd’s Cold Sassy Tree with Utah Opera, and she created the role of Natasha Rogozhinskaya in Tod Machover’s Resurrection. The recipient of numerous prizes, including a Sullivan Foundation Grant and First Place in the 1998 Jenny Lind Competition and Opera Birmingham Competition, Jessica Jones was the soprano soloist in the National Gallery of Art Orchestra’s New Year Concert in 2010.

DANIELLE DESWERT HAHN

Brussels-born pianist Danielle DeSwert Hahn is a freelance collaborative pianist and coach and the music program specialist at the National Gallery of Art. She has worked as a pianist and coach with the Ash Lawn Highland Opera Festival, Chautauqua Opera, Indianapolis Opera, Kentucky Opera, New Orleans Opera Association, Portland (Oregon) Opera, San Francisco Opera Center, Sarasota Opera, and Washington National Opera. From 2004–2006 she was the principal répétiteur with the Baltimore Opera Company and Washington Concert Opera.

Hahn performs regularly in chamber music and voice recitals, including performances at the Arts Club of Washington, the Jewish Community Center of Greater Washington, the Kennedy Center, the Mexican Institute of Culture, the National Gallery, the Russian Embassy, and the White House. She performs as a member of the National Gallery of Art Piano Trio, and is principal pianist with the Inscape Chamber Music Project.
Program Notes

In honor of Women’s History Month, Jessica Jones and Danielle DeSwert Hahn contrast the music of female composers with that of their male counterparts. In the case of Robert and Clara Schumann, their well-known love affair extended beyond a simple romance—their pairing benefitted both her career as a prodigious concert pianist and his as a composer. Though her father was greatly opposed to their becoming romantically involved, they famously took him to court to gain permission to marry. The year they did so, 1840, was Robert’s most productive year of songwriting; he composed more than three hundred songs. In that same year, the couple embarked on a project in which they planned to collaborate on and publish a collection of songs. Among the poems that Clara chose to set were Er ist gekommen and Liebst du um Schönheit, written from a woman’s perspective about passion and devotion by Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866). Lorelei is a setting of Heinrich Heine’s (1797–1856) narrative of the eponymous legend.

Clara, the main breadwinner of the family, began to lose confidence in herself as a composer as she got older, saying “I once believed that I possessed creative talent, but I have given up this idea; a woman must not desire to compose—there has never yet been one able to do it. Should I expect to be the one?” Robert, however, felt differently, as he remarked in their joint diary: “Clara has composed a series of small pieces, which show a musical and tender ingenuity such as she has never attained before. But to have children, and a husband who is always living in the realm of imagination, does not go together with composing. She cannot work at it regularly, and I am often disturbed to think how many profound ideas are lost because she cannot work them out.” As the self-appointed chief interpreter of her husband’s compositions, Clara dedicated herself to promoting, playing, editing, and transcribing them. She arranged many of his songs for piano solo.

Robert Schumann’s Frauenliebe und leben sets another group of poems written by a man from a woman’s perspective. Written in 1830, Adelbert von Chamisso’s poems were still quite new when the songs were composed ten years later, shortly before Robert and Clara were given permission to marry.

Because of Schumann’s agitation and uncertainty about the impending marriage, the music is fraught with emotion to an extent that stands out even in the Romantic period.

Described by composer Ned Rorem as the most influential teacher since Socrates, Nadia Boulanger taught most of the great composers of the twentieth century. Herself a student and devotee of Gabriel Fauré, she could be seen as the link between the Romantic era composers and the next generation. With a photographic memory and an all-encompassing knowledge of music from Bach to her contemporaries, Boulanger was a keen composer in her youth, attempting several times to win the Prix de Rome. Her younger sister, Lili, who began her studies with Nadia, did take the Prix in 1913, at age nineteen. She also studied with Fauré, who felt she had great talent and promise. After Lili’s untimely death in 1918, Nadia declared all her own compositions useless.

One of Nadia Boulanger’s more famous students was Aaron Copland. Best known for his uniquely American style of composition, blending elements of jazz and folk tunes, Copland was drawn to American writers, among them Emily Dickinson. In contrast to Frauenliebe und leben, these poems were written by a woman from a woman’s perspective, but set by a male composer. He matched her lyrical yet abrupt style with wide leaps for the singer, strange pauses and changing meters, as well as difficult and awkward passages for the pianist.

The concert concludes with a set of songs by a woman composer, setting poems by a woman poet. Writing about her Four Dickinson Songs, Lori Laitman says: “The combination of these poems allows for dramatic musical contrasts within the cycle. The wistful ‘Will there really be a morning?’ gives way to the humorous and bouncy ‘I’m nobody.’ The elegiac ambience of ‘She died’ is created by a spare opening piano accompaniment that later alternates with fluid meters. ‘If I...’ was composed as a gift for my father’s eightieth birthday. Its simple, accessible melody passes from voice to piano and back again before ending with the singer humming. My father is now ninety-five, still in good health.”

Program notes by Danielle DeSwert Hahn
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen, ihm schlug beklommen mein Herz entgegen. 
Wie konnt’ ich ahnen, daß seine Bahnen sich einem sollten meinen Wegen.
er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen, er hat genommen mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine? Nahm ich das seine? 
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.
er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen, 
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh’ es heiter, 
denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen

If you love for beauty
If you love for beauty, oh, do not love me!
Love the sun, she has golden hair!
If you love for youth, oh, do not love me!
Love the spring, it is young every year!
If you love for treasure, oh, do not love me!
Love the mermaid, she has many clear pearls!
If you love for love, If you love for love, love me ever, I’ll love you evermore!

Liebst du um Schönheit
Liebst du um Schönheit, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne, sie trägt ein goldnes Haar!
Liebst du um Jugend, o nicht mich liebe!
Liebe der Frühling, der jung ist jedes Jahr!
Liebst du um Schätze, o nicht mich liebe.
Liebe die Meerfrau, sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe, o ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer, dich lieb’ ich immerdar.

He came in storm and rain (Op. 12 No. 2)
He came in storm and rain, he boldly stole my heart.
Did he steal mine? Did I steal his? Both came together.
He came in storm and rain my anxious heart beat against his.
how could I have known, that his path should unite itself with mine?
He came in storm and rain, Now has come the blessing of spring. My love travels abroad, I watch with cheer, for he remains mine, on any road.
Lorelei
Ich weifl nicht, was soil es bedeuten
DaB ich so traurig bin;
Ein Marchen aus alten Zeiten
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.
Die Luft ist kiihl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig flieBt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.
Die schonste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kammt ihr gold'nes Haar.
Sie kammt es mit gold'nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewaltige Melodei.
Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
ergriff es mit wildem Weh,
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Hoh.
Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

Frauenliebe und leben, op 42
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.
Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwester's Spiele
Nicht begehr' ich mehr,
Mochte lieber weinen,
Still im Kammerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, [hoch]1 und fern.
Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!
Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!
Nur die Würdigste von allen
[Soft]2 beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
[Segnen]3 viele taudendmal.
Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann;
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone,
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.
All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.
Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.
Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!
Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.
I will rejoice then and weep,
blessful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich beriickt;
Wie hatt er doch unter alien
Mich Arme erhöht und begliickt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"
Mir war's - ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den [seligsten] Tod mich schliirfen
In Tranen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herz mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgetraumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schonen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im oden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich [werd] ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihn angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen
Dich fromm an das Herz mein.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringlein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herz mein.

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringt ihm knospende Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß ich mit Wehmut
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.
Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Let the moist pearls' unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
in my eyes.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soil;
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist das Glück,
Ich [hab es] gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab [überglücklich] mich geschätzt
Bin überglücklich aber jetzt.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Muttermüli nicht fühlen kann!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,
Der aber traf.
Du schlafst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
Da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!
The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,
how it struck me.
Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost happiness,
O thou my world!
Cantique by Maurice Maeterlinck

Hymn translation by Hélène Lindqvist

To all weeping souls
to all sin to pass
I open in the midst of the stars
my hands full of grace

No sin lives
where love speaks
No soul dies
where love weeps

And if love gets lost
on the paths of the earth
Its tears will find me
and not go astray

Dear March -- Come in --
How glad I am --
I hoped for you before --

Put down your Hat --
You must have walked --
How out of Breath you are --
Dear March, Come right up the stairs with me --
I have so much to tell --

I got your Letter, and the Birds --
The Maples never knew that you were coming --
till I called
I declare -- how Red their Faces grew --
But March, forgive me -- and
All those Hills you left for me to Hue --
There was no Purple suitable --
You took it all with you --

Who knocks? That April,
Lock the Door --
I will not be pursued --
He stayed away a Year to call
When I am occupied --
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come

That Blame is just as dear as Praise
And Praise as mere as Blame --

Heart, we will forget him!
You and I, to-night!
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Emily Dickinson Poems

When they come back—if Blossoms do--
I always feel a doubt
If Blossoms can be born again
When once the Art is out--

When they begin, if Robins may,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,
Had nobody a pang
Lest in a Face so beautiful
He might not look again?

If I am there—One does not know
What Party—One may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there
I take back all I say--

Going to heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how,--
Indeed, I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to heaven!--
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it,
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

Chanson / Elle a vendu mon coeur by Camille Mauclair

Elle a vendu mon coeur
Pour une chanson:
Vends mon coeur a la place,
o colporteur
A la place de la chanson

No sin lives
where love speaks
No soul dies
where love weeps

She sold her heart for a song
She sold her heart at the square,
dealer,
in place of the song

Your songs were white
My song is the color of blood
She sold my heart,
dealer,
for the fun of it

And now my heart sings
at the squares, at the crossroads
You will make people cry,
dealer,
telling the story of my vast love

Meanwhile she will entertain the people
attending her wedding
singing the funny song
for which she sold my heart

When they come back—if Blossoms do--
I always feel a doubt
If Blossoms can be born again
When once the Art is out--

When they begin, if Robins may,
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last Experiment
Last Year,

When it is May, if May return,
Had nobody a pang
Lest in a Face so beautiful
He might not look again?

If I am there—One does not know
What Party—One may be
Tomorrow, but if I am there
I take back all I say--

Going to heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how,--
Indeed, I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to heaven!--
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown";
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it,
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.
Will there really be a "Morning?"
Is there such a thing as "Day?"
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you - Nobody - too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise - you know!

How dreary - to be - Somebody!
How public - like a Frog -
To tell one's name - the livelong June -
To an admiring Bog!

She died—this was the way she died.
And when her breath was done
Took up her simple wardrobe
And started for the sun.
Her little figure at the gate
The Angels must have spied,
Since I could never find her
Upon the mortal side.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.