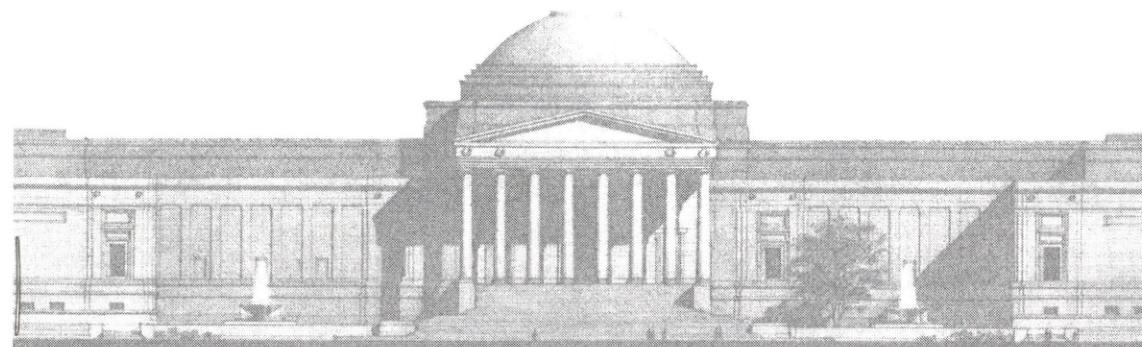


The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

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

[www.nga.gov](http://www.nga.gov)

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or [circle@nga.gov](mailto:circle@nga.gov) for more information.



The Seventy-first Season of  
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin  
**Concerts**

National Gallery of Art  
2,949th Concert

**Meri Siirala, soprano**  
**Marja Kaisla, pianist**

Presented in collaboration with the  
Delegation of the European Union to the United States

May 22, 2013  
Wednesday, 12:10 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

*Admission free*

Program

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

*Var det en dröm?* (J. J. Wecksell) op. 37, no. 4

*Säv, säv susa* (G. Fröding) op. 36, no. 4

*Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte* (J. L. Runeberg) op. 37, no. 5

Toivo Kuula (1883–1918)

*Tuijotin tulehen kauan* (Eino Leino) op. 2, no. 2

*Sinipiika* (V. A. Koskenniemi) op. 23, no. 1

*Suutelo* (A. Kouta) op. 8, no. 1

Sibelius

*Nocturne*, op. 24, no. 8

*Romance*, op. 24, no. 9

Sibelius

*Illalle* (A. V. Forsman) op. 17, no. 6

*Kaiutar* (L. Kyösti) op. 72, no. 4

*Jubal* (E. Josephson) op. 35, no. 1

*Norden* (J. L. Runeberg) op. 90, no. 1

*En slända* (O. Levertin) op. 17, no. 5

*Vären flyktar hastigt* (J. L. Runeberg) op. 13, no. 4

Kaija Saariaho (b. 1952)

From *Quatre Instants* (Amin Maalouf) 2002

Attente

Parfum de l'instant

Einar Englund (1916–1999)

*Introduzione e Toccata* (1950)

Erkki Melartin (1875–1937)

*Lumpeenkukka* (Heikki Rytönen) op. 37, no. 1

Oskar Merikanto (1868–1924)

*Ma elän* (Larin-Kyösti) op. 71, no. 1

*Kun päivä paistaa* (Hilja Haahti) op. 24, no. 1

## The Musicians

### **MERI SIIRALA**

A graduate of the Sibelius Academy in Helsinki, Finland, soprano Meri Siirala made her operatic debut in 2002 as Queen of the Night in a highly acclaimed production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* by the Pori Opera Company. Other operatic roles include Adèle in *Die Fledermaus*, Bubikopf in the Finnish premiere of Viktor Ullmann's *The Emperor of Atlantis*, Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte*, Violetta in *La Traviata*, and Vitellia in *La Clemenza di Tito*. Appearing as well in musical theater, she performed the role of Tzeitel in *Fiddler on the Roof* in a production at the Alexander Theater in Helsinki, and on tour in Finland. In 2008 she sang in the Avanti! Chamber Orchestra's production of *Mozartmaschine*. In addition to her opera career, Siirala performs regularly in recitals, as an oratorio soloist, and with several baroque orchestras and ensembles.

A frequent soloist at music festivals throughout Finland, Siirala has also performed in France, Norway, and Switzerland. In Washington, DC, she has sung at the Finnish Embassy, the Kennedy Center's Millennium Stage, and the Phillips Collection. In addition to Kaija Saariaho, she has collaborated with and performed works by Ralf Gothóni, Ville Komppa, Olli Kortekangas, Jaakko Kortesharju, and Ville Raasakka.

The recipient of awards and grants for promising young musicians from the Finnish Cultural Fund, the Jenny and Antti Wihuri Foundation, the Martin Wegelius Society, and the Pro Musica Foundation, Siirala has performed for the president of Finland and Prince Daniel of Sweden.

## MARJA KAISLA

Born in Helsinki, Marja Kaisla began piano studies at age three and made her public debut at five. A chamber musician, recitalist, and concerto soloist, she has performed in Europe, the former Soviet Union, and the United States. A piano performance major at the Sibelius Academy and the Saint Petersburg Conservatory in Russia, she pursued further studies in Switzerland with György Sebök and in Philadelphia with Susan Starr.

Since coming to the United States in 1987, Kaisla has enjoyed an active concert career on stage, radio, television, and film while being an advocate for the importance of music education. She made her Carnegie Hall debut in 2005 as the pianist of Trio Excelsior, with which she has toured extensively, and performed more than one hundred concerts with Piano4, a unique quartet of four pianists.

The former owner and director of a music conservatory and a sheet music retail store in Philadelphia, Kaisla is also the cofounder of the Philadelphia Foundation for World Music and Arts, a non-profit organization that advocates cultural tolerance fostered by activity in music and other arts. As artistic and executive director from 2009 to 2011 of the Lansdale Center for the Performing Arts in Lansdale, Pennsylvania, she was instrumental in the creation of its new regional performance center, which includes an educational facility and art gallery. This year she is leading the planning and implementation of numerous cultural, educational and business events in Philadelphia for the celebration of the 375th Anniversary of the Finnish and Swedish settlement of the Delaware Valley in 1638. She was recently named Performer of the Year by the Finlandia National Foundation, an advocacy organization promoting Finnish culture and Finnish-American artists' work in the United States. In addition to her musical career, Kaisla pursues her interest in animal welfare, sustainable living, history, quantum physics, and quantum mechanics.

## Program Notes

This afternoon's concert continues a series generated by the Delegation of the European Union to the United States in collaboration with the National Gallery of Art and the Katzen Arts Center at American University, the Kennedy Center, and the Phillips Collection. Dubbing the month of May as "The European Month of Culture," the Delegation is presenting twenty-nine concerts in the above-mentioned venues that represent all twenty-seven countries in the European Union. Representing Finland, today's concert features Finnish performers and focuses on the music of Jean Sibelius and his compatriots. On Sunday, at 4 pm, the Gallery will host the next concert in the series in honor of Lithuania. Pianist Gabrielius Alekna will perform music by Lithuanian composers Grażyna Bacewicz and Vytautas Bacevičius as well as Gabriel Fauré and Franz Liszt.

In addition to being one of the most influential composers in the development of the symphony and symphonic poem, Jean Sibelius is widely regarded as the embodiment of nationalism in music. He studied composition with Martin Wegelius (1846–1906) and violin with Hermann Csillag (1878–1944). In 1889 Sibelius traveled to Berlin and Vienna to study with composers Albert Becker (1834–1889), Karl Goldmark (1830–1915), and Robert Fuchs (1847–1927). Returning home after three years to teach music and compose, Sibelius was soon acknowledged as Finland's foremost composer. The 1892 premiere of *Kullervo Symphony*, based on the *Kalevala* legends, created a sensation. During the next decade, his work gained international recognition, not only for its quality but also for its associations with Finnish nationalism. *Finlandia* (1899) and his *Second Symphony* (1901) were received by many as calls for Finnish independence from the Russian Empire, even though Sibelius discouraged attaching programmatic ideas to his music.

Due to his tragic death at age thirty-four, Toivo Kuula produced fewer than fifty songs, but they have taken an important place in Finnish vocal repertoire. His defiant and somber style, marked by dark and elegiac melodies inspired by the folk music of southern Ostrobothnia in Western

Finland, strikes a chord in the Finnish psyche. Rooted in the tonality of the nineteenth century, his idiom is colored by modal features and French influences.

Kaija Saariaho is a prominent member of a group of Finnish composers and performers who are now, in mid-career, making a worldwide impact. A resident of Paris since 1982, she studied composition in her adopted home as well as in Helsinki and Freiburg, Germany. Influenced by her studies at the Paris-based Institut de Recherche et Coordination Acoustique/Musique, she creates lush and mysterious textures by combining live music and electronics. Although much of her catalogue comprises chamber works, since the mid-1990s she has turned increasingly to larger compositions and broader structures, such as the operas *L'Amour de loin* and *Adriana Mater* and the oratorio *La Passion de Simone*.

Swedish-speaking Finnish composer, Einar Englund is a composer of great versatility—a symphonist, a second-generation neoclassicist, and a reformer of Finnish music. He was the first major representative among Finnish composers of the “lost generation”—young men who had sacrificed their youth to the war—and the first to seriously challenge the uncritical idealization of Sibelius and Leevi Madetoja (1887–1947) as the only important Finnish symphonic composers. In spite of his efforts to guide musical trends away from national romanticism, Englund remains, in the judgment of history, in the shadow of the great Jean Sibelius.

Erkki Melartin was the most versatile of the Finnish late romantics. His output can be divided into two main genres: stylistically reformed and artistically ambitious serious music and lighter salon music, sometimes termed “utility music.” Best known to the general public through his works in the latter genre—children’s music, solo songs, short piano pieces, and incidental music—his compositions are marked by lyrical melodies, with thematic materials often drawn from Finnish folk songs.

Instrumental in bringing operatic performances to the stage in Finland, Oskar Merikanto’s *Pohjan neiti* (Maiden of the North) was the first Finnish-language opera ever produced. Active as an educator and church musician as well as a composer, he typically wrote short works for solo instruments

and voice, but he also produced longer works in the form of operas and incidental scores for the theater. He will likely be best remembered for his songs, many of which have been recorded and are heard regularly in recitals in Finland. The list of his works includes well over one hundred choral works and eighty compositions for piano.

*Program notes by Danielle DeSwert Hahn, music program specialist, National Gallery of Art*

Upcoming Concerts at the National Gallery of Art

**Gabrielius Alekna, pianist**

Music by Bacewicz, Bacevičius,  
Fauré, and Liszt

In collaboration with the Delegation of the  
European Union to the United States

May 26, 2013  
Sunday, 4 pm  
East Building Mezzanine



**National Gallery of Art Chamber Players**

Music by composers from Luxembourg, Malta,  
and other European Union countries

In collaboration with the Delegation of the  
European Union to the United States

Sponsored in part by the  
Billy Rose Foundation

May 29, 2013  
Wednesday, 12:10 pm  
East Building Auditorium

**Gabrielius Alekna, pianist**

Music by Stravinsky  
and other composers

Presented in honor of  
*Diaghilev and the Ballets Russes, 1909–1929:*  
*When Art Danced with Music*

Sponsored in part by the  
Billy Rose Foundation

June 2, 2013  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
East Building Auditorium



**Gjermund Larsen Trio**

Norwegian music for violin, bass, and keyboard

Presented in honor of  
*Edvard Munch: A 150th Anniversary Tribute*

Sponsored by the Royal Norwegian Embassy

June 5, 2013  
Wednesday, 12:10 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court

Jean Sibelius ( 1865 – 1957 )

*Var det en dröm?* (Was It a Dream)

Was it a dream that once, in a wonderful time,  
I was your heart's true love?  
I remember it as a song fallen silent,  
Of which the strains still echo.

I remember a rose you tossed,  
A glance so shy and tender;  
I remember a sparkling tear when we parted.  
Was it all, all a dream?

A dream as brief as the life of a cowslip  
In a green meadow in springtime,  
Whose beauty soon withers away  
Before a crowd of new flowers.

But many a night I hear a voice  
Through the flood of my bitter tears:  
Hide this memory deep in your heart,  
It was your best dream!

( *J. J. Wecksell* )

*Säv, säv susa* (Reeds, reeds, whisper)

Reeds, reeds, whisper;  
Waves, waves, lap.  
Are you telling me where  
Young Ingalill has gone?

She cried out like a wounded duck when she  
sank into the lake.  
It was when the spring was last green.

They were envious of her at Östanålid,  
She took it so deeply to heart.

They envied her wealth and worldly goods,  
And her young love.

They pierced an eyeball with thorns.  
They spattered filth on a lily's dew.

So sing your lament,  
You small, sad waves,  
Reeds, reeds, whisper;  
Waves, waves, lap.  
( *G. Fröding* )

*Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte*  
(The girl came from meeting her lover)

The girl came from meeting her lover,  
Came with her hands all red. Said her mother:  
"What has made your hands so red, girl?"  
Said the girl: "I was picking roses  
And pricked my hands on the thorns."

Again she came from meeting her lover,  
Came with her lips all red. Said her mother:  
"What has made your lips so red, girl?"  
Said the girl: "I was eating raspberries  
And stained my lips with the juice."

Again she came from meeting her lover,  
Came with her cheeks all pale. Said her  
mother:  
"What has made your cheeks so pale, girl?"  
Said the girl: "Oh mother, dig a grave for me,  
Hide me there and set a cross above,  
And on the cross write as I tell you:

Once she came home with her hands all red,  
... they had turned red between her lover's  
hands.

Once she came home with her lips all red,  
... they had turned red beneath her lover's lips.  
The last time she came home with her cheeks  
all pale,

... they had turned pale at her lover's  
faithlessness."

( *J. L. Runeberg* )

**Toivo Kuula** ( 1883 – 1918 )

*Tuijotin tulehen kauan*  
(Long gazed I into the fire)

Long I gazed into the fire,  
Stirring the sparkling embers,  
Thinking of my beloved,  
Remembering my dark-browed one.  
Coals glowed, images passed  
Beloved times wandered

Summer birds soared  
Summer days bounced  
A cheek glowed, a mouth smiled,  
Eyes reminded of others.  
Wandered lands, wandered marshes,  
wandered large forests

In the forest blue smoke  
Under the smoke a beloved cottage,  
In the cottage a fair maiden  
Weaving a golden cloth,  
A cloth of pearls.

For whom the golden cloth?  
For the wedding of the forest bride.  
For whom miss martenbreast?  
For the skier of the devil's wilderness.

Not good for long for an abandoned one  
to move around the logs in the stove,  
Tears flow into eyes

Head falls into hands  
Rattle in the throat.  
Palpitations in the heart.  
(*Eino Leino*)

*Sinipiika*  
(The Forest maid)

You stole my soul on a summer's night,  
Bewitching forest maiden bold.  
With a song so sweet, a tune so haunting,  
Your eyes of blue and your locks of gold.

The things that once set my heart on fire  
Look pale and pallid beside thee.  
You carried so much of me away,  
And left only longing inside me.

The youth on whom you cast your spell  
Seeks his lost soul in vain.  
He wanders, searching through the dusk,  
Never to find it again.  
( *V. A. Koskenniemi* )

*Suutelo*  
(The Kiss)

All through the summer the white lilies  
bloomed,  
The flowers of languor, of longing  
And of dreaming minds.  
Autumn came,  
And nature was enfolded in a chill shroud.  
But the lilies still stood white as snow.

Night returned  
Beloved of the lilies,  
Night that had forsaken them for the whole  
summer,  
Leaving the lilies,  
Languishing in sunlight.  
Kiss us, kiss us,  
The flowers whispered him.

The hoary lips pressed the white petals,  
Stars came out in the autumn sky,  
The silvery pearls of frost  
Were tinkling, gold was rumbling,  
The steely ice harp was clanging,  
The night quivered and the lilies quivered.

But when the morning broke,  
The ground was all white,  
The snow shone with silvery light.  
Everything slumbered  
In the deep sleep of winter.

Thy soul was the white lily,  
And I was the night.  
I chilled thy budding dream  
With my kiss under the glittering stars.

The wintry stars  
The cold fires,  
Over the grave of dreams.  
But let not thy soul fear the winter,  
For winter shall bring a new spring.  
Thy soul was the white lily,  
And I was the night.

(A. Kouta)  
**Jean Sibelius**

*Illalle* (To Evening)

Welcome, dark, mild and starry evening!  
Your gentle fervour I adore  
And caress the dark tresses  
That flutter round your brow.

If only you were the magic bridge  
That would carry my soul away,  
No longer burdened  
By the cares of life!

And if it were the happy day  
When, overcome with weariness, I might join  
you  
When work is over and duty done,

When night unfolds its black wings  
And a grey curtain falls over hill and dale,  
O evening, how I would hurry to you!  
(A. V. Forsman)

*Kaiutar* (Echo-Nymph)

The fair echo-nymph  
Wandered the moors by evening,  
And wandering the meadows,  
Alone she called out in her grief.  
Her lover did not come  
Although he promised  
to marry her, the fair maid.

Before, they had walked together  
Cooing like doves  
On the hot summer day,  
In the cold moonlit night.  
Then the lover left, with his fine words,  
He left her alone with sad heart.

The beautiful maiden looks  
On the moorlands  
To find her lover  
She calls, she listens,  
She cries; she shouts  
Until her voice is gone.

She gets stiff and cold  
And stumbles, frightened,  
Through the darkness of the forest.

The following morning when she wakes  
She walks with mischief in her mind,  
To lead hunters astray,  
imitating and tempting.

Just as, before,  
Her lover led her astray with great words,  
And with his windy tales.  
(L. Kyösti)

*Jubal* (Jubal)

Jubal saw a swan flying  
Over the water up into the sky,  
And hurriedly drew his bow.  
The string rwanged and, like a gust of wind,  
The bird, hit by an arrow,  
Fell dying on the wave.

At that moment the sun sank,  
Purple flooded the vault of heaven,  
The grove was heard to sigh;  
And a sweet melodic breeze  
Gently caressed Jubal's cheek  
And rippled the wave.

The swan sang: "What sweet sound,  
Young man, sprang from your weapon  
When you so cruelly felled me?  
You shall bind string to string,  
Play thus for the whole world,  
Praise the Creator's dominion."

Sang Jubal: "White swan,  
Each evening I shall return here  
To hymn your death.  
Because you laid to my breast  
The sweet solace of string music,  
And the gift of song on my tongue."  
(E. Josephson)

*Norden* (The North)

The leaves are falling,  
The lakes are frozen.  
Migrating swans,  
Sail mournfully  
Toward the South,  
Seeking its refuge,  
Looking back with longing;  
Plowing its lakes,  
Homesick for ours!  
Then an eye will see you  
From under the palm tree's  
Shadow, and say:  
"Wretched swans,  
What magical charm  
Lies upon the North?  
He who would leave  
The South can only  
Be longing for heaven!"  
(*J. L. Runeberg*)

*En slända* (A Dragonfly)

O beautiful dragonfly that flew in  
As I dreamed over my book with heavy heart,  
You brought all summer to my senses.  
You came and I forgot my melancholy,

I saw only you that happy day,  
O beautiful dragonfly.

But just when I rejoiced that you were mine  
And life's gift in song, worshipped and  
praised,

You flew out the same way you came,  
O bewitching dragonfly.

Parting tears ebbed in words of farewell!  
There was no bitterness in the cup we  
drained.

We forgot that you were sun, I only shadow.

Fly away, blue light of summer happiness,

Blessed and once mine,

My beautiful dragonfly.  
(*O. Levertin*)

*Våren flyktar hastigt*  
(Spring is swift to fly away)

Spring is swift to fly away,  
Summer is swifter,  
Autumn lingers long,  
Winter still longer.  
Soon, o lovely cheeks,  
You will wither  
And bloom no more.  
The boy answered her back:  
On an autumn day  
The memory of spring still makes us happy.  
On a winter day  
The harvest of summer still suffices.  
What if springtime is fleeting?  
What if cheeks do wither?  
For now, let's just love,  
For now, let's just kiss.  
(*J. L. Runeberg*)

**Kaija Saariaho** (1952 -)

*Attente* (Longing)

I am the boat adrift  
My lover is beyond the rift  
And the sea is so vast

I am the boat adrift  
My lover is beyond the rift  
And the wind has died down

I have spread all my sails  
For the wind to drive me

I have spread all my sails  
For my lover to see me  
(*Amin Maalouf*)

*Parfum de l'instant*  
(Perfume of the instant)

You are so close to me  
But I close my eyes,  
To imagine you

Our lips are united  
Our fingers entwined  
Our bodies unveiled  
But I close my eyes  
To dream of you

You are the perfume of my instant  
You are the skin of my dream  
And already the essence of my memories  
(*Amin Maalouf*)

**Erkki Melartin** ( 1875 – 1937 )

*Lumpeenkukka* (Waterlily)

The sweet flower of the pond in the forest,  
If only I could be like you:  
Above me the endless blue sky,  
And beneath me the waves.

And when the autumn would fall, and the  
night,  
I would want to die like you.  
And the light and warmth of springtime  
would bring me back to life.

I would swing with the waves,  
And close my eyes for the night,  
And wake up with the sunrise,  
And splashing of the waves.  
(*Heikki Rytkönen*)

**Oskar Merikanto** ( 1868 – 1924 )

*Ma elän* (I Am Alive)

I am alive, ah, what joy,  
What joy and music in my veins,  
My heart has never beat like this before;  
What glow and brilliance fills me,

I sing, I sing, I sing,  
For the Lord made me for singing!

I could be dead already,  
Under the grave-flowers  
And the dark night,  
But no, I am alive, I can feel it  
How my soul aspires through tribulations  
To the stars, by its noble work!

I am alive, I am alive, I am alive!  
To thee, Life, my highest praise be sung!  
May sacred Spring crown my spirit,  
Now I am the young King of life again,  
I sing, I sing, I sing,  
For the Lord made me for singing!  
(*Larin-Kyösti*)

*Kun päivä paistaa*  
(When the Day Shines)

The day shines tenderly,  
On the ground's cold crust of snow!  
The flowers still are sleeping,  
The waves in icy prison!  
Only your warm rays  
Give me the promise that  
Soon snowdrifts and ice will depart,  
Soon spring will dawn.

The day shines tenderly,  
Shines on my Finnish woodlands!  
Where there is lack and dark sorrow,  
[the sun] will send there solace!  
Promise with warm rays  
The end of a worry-filled winter.  
Hope, in the Creator trust only,  
Spring will come in its own time!  
(*Hilja Hahti*)