

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.

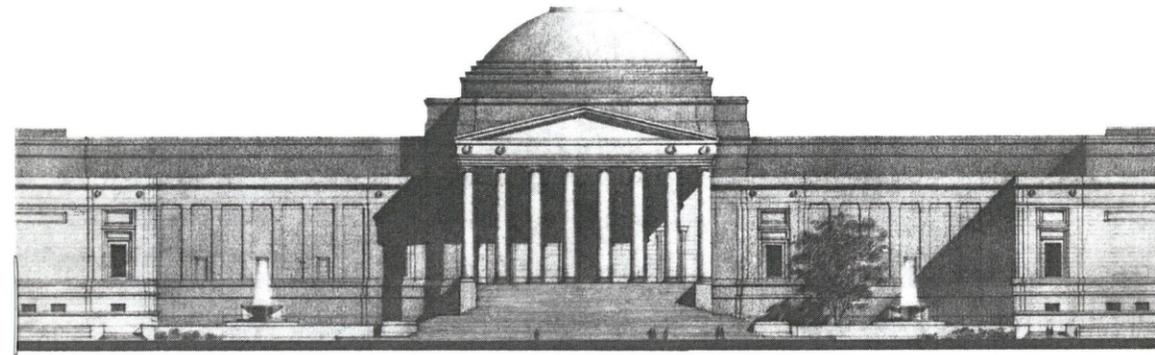
Please note that late entry or reentry of the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

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

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

National Gallery of Art  
3,037th Concert

**Marlissa Hudson, soprano**  
**Alan Mandel, pianist**

Presented in honor of African American History Month

February 8, 2015  
Sunday, 6:30 pm  
West Building, West Garden Court



A. A. Lamb, *Emancipation Proclamation*, c. 1864, National Gallery of Art, Washington, Gift of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch

## Program

Music by Alan Mandel (b. 1935)

*Songs of Love and Lyricism* (2014), World premiere performance

There, Love, We Will Go  
Your Heart  
Golden Daffodils  
Beauteous Evening  
Moonbeams Kiss the Sea  
Joy in the Mountains

*Slavery and Emancipation: A Song Cycle* (2012)

Slavery  
The Slave's Dream  
The Slave Singing at Midnight  
The Witnesses  
The Slave in the Dismal Swamp  
The Good Part  
Emancipation

## INTERMISSION

*A Lincoln Celebration*, for piano solo (2009)

“With Malice Toward None, with Charity for All”  
Lincoln Belongs to All Mankind  
Spiritual Growth  
Enshrined Forever  
Tolling Bells  
Nancy Hanks  
He Was a Hero  
Ann Rutledge  
Going to Glory  
Have You Seen Abraham Lincoln?

## The Musicians

### MARLISSA HUDSON

Described as a “superb lyric coloratura” with “a rich, expressive voice” by the *Saint Louis Dispatch*, soprano Marlissa Hudson made her professional debut while a student at the Peabody Institute of Johns Hopkins University, singing with the Baltimore Symphony Pops Orchestra under the late Marvin Hamlisch. Since then she has collaborated with the Arianna String Quartet, Choralis, Vocal Essence, and the National Philharmonic and Saint Louis Symphony orchestras. She has completed two CD recordings, *Libera* and *Lust*, both designed to bring new audiences to classical music. She maintains a website at [www.marlissahudson.com](http://www.marlissahudson.com).

### ALAN MANDEL

Praised for his “skillfully wrought, effective, and imaginative” compositions by the *New York Times* and for his “angular melodies, virtuosic polyrhythms, clouds of Messaien-like color, [and] percussive bursts of energy” by the *Washington Post*, pianist and composer Alan Mandel was the first pianist to record the complete piano works of Charles Ives and the first to transcribe, perform, and record Ives’s then unpublished piano works. Mandel’s career as a pianist began at age six, when he performed at Steinway Hall in New York City. His National Gallery debut was in 1967, when he participated in the Twenty-Fourth American Music Festival with a recital of music by Ives and Elie Siegmeister.

Mandel’s subsequent career as a composer has been marked by important commissions from the Library of Congress and the Phillips Collection. His *A Lincoln Celebration* and *Slavery and Emancipation: A Song Cycle*, both heard on tonight’s program, were commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution’s National Portrait Gallery and National Museum of African

American History and Culture, respectively. Among the awards he has garnered are a Fulbright Fellowship (for study with Hans Werner Henze in Salzburg, Austria) and honors diplomas from Salzburg’s Mozarteum and the Conservatorio Monteverdi in Bolzano, Italy.

A graduate of the Juilliard School of Music, where he studied with Rosa Lhévinne and Henry Brant, Mandel undertook further studies with George Crumb, George Rochberg, and Richard Wernick. He is an emeritus professor of music at American University.

## Program Note

The piano used in tonight's concert, Steinway #D246634, was purchased by the National Gallery of Art in 1948. For twenty years prior to that date, it had been the Kitt's Piano Company's "loaner" whenever an organization in the Washington-area wanted to rent a Steinway D for an event. As such, it would have been the piano used at the Lincoln Memorial for the legendary concert sung there on Easter Sunday 1939 by Marian Anderson, who had been denied permission to sing in Constitution Hall.

The piano served the Gallery as its primary concert instrument, drawing praise from many guest performers, until 1994, when it was succeeded by a newer Steinway. The older piano, now in its eighty-seventh year, remains in fine condition, and from time to time proves to be the perfect instrument for a special occasion, such as tonight's concert in honor of African American History Month.

*Program Note by Stephen Ackert, Senior Music Program Advisor,  
National Gallery of Art*

## Upcoming Concerts at the National Gallery of Art

### **National Gallery of Art New Music Ensemble**

Music by Antosca, Plyla, Smooke, and other Washington-area composers

February 15, 2015

Sunday, 3:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court



### **Marian Anderson String Quartet**

Music by African American composers

In honor of African American History Month

February 22, 2015

Sunday, 6:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court



### **Musica ad Rhenum**

Music by J. S. Bach and other composers

March 1, 2015

Sunday, 3:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court

**Marlissa Hudson, soprano, and Alan Mandel, pianist**  
**National Gallery of Art**  
**February 8, 2015**  
**Texts**

**There, Love, Will We Go**  
James Joyce (1882–1941)

O cool is the valley now and there, love, will we go  
For many a choir is singing now where love did sometime go.  
And hear you not the thrushes calling, calling us away?  
O cool and pleasant is the valley and there, Love, will we stay.

**Your Heart**  
Joyce

Rain has fallen all the day;  
O come among the laden trees:  
The leaves lie thick upon the way  
of memories.

Staying a little by the way  
of memories shall we depart.  
Come, my beloved, where I may  
speak to your heart.

**Golden Daffodils**  
William Wordsworth (1770–1850)

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay.  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company.  
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought,

For ayt, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

### **Beauteous Evening**

Wordsworth

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.  
Listen! The mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder everlastingly.  
Dear child! Dear girl! That walkest with me here,  
If thou appearest untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine;  
Thous liest in Abraham's bosom all the year  
And worshipest at the temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not.

### **Moonbeams Kiss the Sea**

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822)

The fountains mingle with the river,  
And the rivers with the ocean.  
The winds of heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion.  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle:  
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,  
And the waves clasp one another.  
No sister flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother.  
And the sunlight clasps the earth,  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea.  
What are all these kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me ?

### **Joy in the Mountains**

Wordsworth

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun.

The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill.  
The ploughboy is whooping anon-anon.

There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

**Poems on Slavery**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1804–1882)

**Slavery**

(To William E. Channing)

The pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
“Servant of God, well done!”

Well done ! Thy words are great and bold ;  
At times they seem to me  
Like Luther’s, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes  
The old and chartered Lie,  
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes  
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side  
Speaking in tones of might,  
Like the prophetic voice, that cried  
To John in Patmos, “Write!”

Write! And tell out this bloody tale;  
Record this dire eclipse,  
This Day of Wrath, this endless wail,  
This dread Apocalypse!

## The Slave's Dream

Beside the ungathered rice he lay, his sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair was buried in the sand.  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep, he saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of this dreams the lordly Niger flowed;  
Beneath the palm trees on the plain once more a king he strode,  
And heard the tinkling caravans descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen among her children stand;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks, they held him by the hand —  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids and fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains, and with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag, the bright flamingoes flew;  
From morn till night he followed their flight o'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts, and the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar, and the hyenas scream,  
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds beside some hidden stream;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums, through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues, shouted of liberty;  
And the blast of the desert cried aloud, with a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled at their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip, nor the burning heat of day ;  
For Death had illumined the land of sleep, and his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter, that the soul had broken and thrown away!

### **The Slave Singing at Midnight**

Loud he sang the psalm of David!  
He a Negro and enslaved,  
Sang of Israel's victory,  
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,  
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,  
In a voice so sweet and clear  
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,  
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,  
When upon the Red Sea coast  
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

### **The Witnesses**

In Ocean's wide domains,  
Half buried in the sands,  
Lie skeletons in chains,  
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,  
Deeper than plummet lies,  
Float ships, with all their crews,  
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black slave-ship swims,  
Freighted with human forms,  
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs  
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of slaves;  
They gleam from the abyss;  
They cry, from yawning waves,  
"We are the witnesses!"

And the voice of his devotion  
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;  
For its tones by turns were glad,  
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,  
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,  
And an earthquake's arm of might  
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! What holy angel  
Brings the slave this glad evangel?  
And what earthquake's arm of might  
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

Within earth's wide domains  
Are markets for men's lives;  
Their necks are galled with chains;  
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite  
In deserts makes its prey;  
Murders, that with affright  
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;  
Anger, and lust, and pride;  
The foulest, rankest weeds;  
That choke life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of slaves;  
They glare from the abyss;  
They cry, from unknown graves,  
"We are the witnesses!"

### **The Slave in the Dismal Swamp**

In dark fens of the dismal swamp  
The hunted Negro lay;  
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
And heard at times a horse's tramp  
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms  
shine,  
In bulrush and in brake;  
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,  
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine  
Is spotted, like the snake;

Where hardly a human foot could pass,  
Or a human heart would dare,  
On the quaking turf of the green morass  
He crouched in the rank and tangled grass,  
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;  
Great scars deformed his face;  
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,  
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,  
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,  
From the morning of his birth;  
On him alone the curse of Cain  
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,  
And struck him to the earth!

### **The Good Part That Shall Not Be Taken Away**

She dwells by great Kenhawa's side,  
In valleys green and cool;  
And all her hope and all her pride  
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls  
With praise and mild rebukes ;  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide  
Of One of who came to save ;  
To cast the captive's chains aside  
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells  
When all men shall be free ;  
And musical, as silver bells,  
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,  
In decent poverty,  
She makes her life one sweet record  
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all  
To break the iron bands  
Of those who waited in her hall,  
And labored in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea  
Their outbound sails have sped,  
While she, in meek humility,  
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,  
That clothe her with such grace ;  
Their blessing is the light of peace  
That shines upon her face.

## Emancipation

From *Fifty Years, 1863–1913*

James Weldon Johnson (1871-1938)

O brothers mine, today we stand  
Where half a century sweeps our ken,  
Since God, through Lincoln's ready hand,  
Struck off our bonds and made us men.

Just fifty years—a winter's day.  
As runs the history of a race;  
Yet, as we look back o'er the way,  
How distant seems our starting place!

Look farther Back! Three centuries!  
To where a naked, shivering score,  
Snatched from their haunts across the seas,  
Stood, wild-eyed on Virginia's shore.

Far, far the way that we have trod,  
From heathen kralls and jungle dens,  
To freedmen, freemen, sons of God,  
Americans and citizens.

A part of God's unknown design,  
We've lived within a mighty age;  
And we have helped to write a line  
On history's most wondrous page.

A few black bondsmen strewn along  
The borders of our eastern coast,  
Now grown a race, ten million strong,  
An upward, onward marching host!

This land is ours by right of birth,  
This land is ours by right of toil ;  
We helped to turn its virgin earth,  
Our sweat is in its fruitful soil.

To gain these fruits that have been earned,  
To hold these fields that have been won,  
Our arms have strained, our backs have  
burned,  
Bent bare beneath a ruthless sun.

And never yet had come the cry,  
When that fair flag has been assailed,  
For men to do, for men to die,  
That we have faltered or have failed.

And yet my brothers, well I know  
The tethered feet, the pinioned wings,  
The spirit bowed beneath the blow,  
The heart grown faint from wounds and  
stings;

The staggering force of brutish might,  
That strikes and leaves us stunned and  
dazed;  
The long, vain waiting through the night  
To hear some voice for justice raised.

Courage! Look out, beyond, and see  
The far horizon's beckoning span!  
Faith in your God-known destiny!  
We are a part of some great plan.

Think you that John Brown's spirit stops?  
That Lovejoy was idly slain?  
Or do you think those precious drops  
From Lincoln's heart were shed in vain?

That for which millions prayed and sighed,  
That for which tens of thousands fought,  
For which so many freely died,  
God cannot let it come to naught.