

THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D. C.

888th Concert

Sunday, October 14, 1962
8:00 P. M.
In The East Garden Court

GINIA DAVIS, SOPRANO
HUBERT DORIS, PIANIST

Program

I

Debussy

Beau soir
Voici que le printemps
C'est l'extase langoureuse
Il pleure dans mon coeur
Green
Spleen

II

Debussy

Le Balcon
Recueillement
Le Faune
Noel des enfants qui n'ont
plus de maisons

(Commemorating the Centennial of the composer's birth)

I N T E R M I S S I O N

III

Ravel

Shéhérazade

Asié
La Flûte enchantée
L'Indifferent

IV

Joaquin Rodrigo
Fernando Obradors
Manuel de Falla
Joaquin Nin
Fernando Obradors

De Los Alamos Vengo, Madre
Romance De Los Pelegrinitos
Nana
Canto Andaluz
El Tumba Y Le

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS, 570 on AM and 103.5 on FM

I. Claude Debussy

BEAU SOIR, Paul Bourget - 1878. When the rivers are rosy in the setting sun, and a warm breeze runs over the wheat fields, advice to be happy mounts in the troubled heart, happy while one is young, and the evening is beautiful. For we go as the stream goes - it to the sea, we to the grave.

VOICI QUE LE PRINTEMPS, Paul Bourget - 1880. Here comes the spring, a handsome page in green doublet, frisky, hands on hips like a prince acclaimed after a long exile. On one shoulder he carries a nightingale, on the other, a blackbird has perched. The little flowers stand on tiptoe to hear the two birds whistle and sing, for the blackbird whistles at the unloved, and for sweethearts, the nightingale sings a touching song.

C'EST L'EXTASE LANGOUREUSE, Verlaine 1887-88. It is languorous ecstasy, amorous fatigue. It is the shivering of the woods in the breeze, the whisper of tiny voices. Oh, the frail murmur - it twitters and whispers like the soft cry of agitated grass, or water silently rolling over pebbles. The soul that laments in this dormant plaint is ours, is it not? Yours and mine quietly exhaling its humble song on this soft evening.

IL PLEURE DANS MON COEUR, Verlaine - 1887-88. Tears fall in my heart as rain falls on the town. What is this languor that penetrates my heart? O sweet sound of the rain on the earth and the roofs for a heart that is bored. What? No betrayal? This mourning is without cause. It is the worst pain, not to know why - without love or hate, my heart is full of pain.

GREEN, Verlaine - 1887-88. Here are fruits, flowers, leaves, and my heart which beats only for you. Do not tear it with your white hands. Let this humble gift be sweet to your lovely eyes. I arrive covered with dew; let me rest and dream on your young breast and sleep there awhile since you are resting.

SPLEEN, Verlaine - 1887-88. The roses were all red and the ivy, all black. My dear, when you stir, my despair reawakens. - The sky was too blue, the sea too green, the air too soft. - I continually fear your cruel flight. - I am tired of the holly, the gleaming leaves, the glossy boxwood of the infinite countryside, and of everything - except you. Alas!

II. LE BALCON, Beaudelaire - 1890-91. Mother of memories, mistress of mistresses - You, all my pleasure, all my duty. Do you remember the beauty of our caresses, the charm of the evenings on the balcony veiled with rose vapor? How good you were to me! We often said imperishable things on those evenings, illuminated by the glowing coals. How beautiful the sunsets were, how deep the sky, how powerful the heart! Leaning toward you, my queen, I thought I breathed the perfume of your blood. The night thickened like a wall, and my eyes in the dark devined yours, and I drank your breath - O sweetness! - O poison! I know the art of evoking happy minutes and reliving my past, lost in you. Those vows! - Those perfumes! - Those infinite kisses! Can they be reborn from abysses forbidden to our probing, as the rejuvenated sun mounts to the sky after being bathed in the depths of the sea? O vows! O perfumes! O infinite kisses!

RECUEILLEMENT, Baudelaire - 1890-91. Be calm, O my Anguish, and yet more tranquil. You asked for Evening - it is here. A misty atmosphere envelops the city bringing peace to some, troubles to others. While the base multitude, under the whip of pleasure, gathers remorse in servile festivities, give me your hand. Come here, far from them. See the dead years in faded robes leaning over the balcony of the sky; Regret, smiling as she surges up from deep waters; the dying sun going to sleep under an arch, and, like a long shroud, trailing in oriental fashion, hear my Dear, hear the sweet night's footsteps.

LE FAUNE, Verlaine - 1904. An old terra cotta faun laughs on the bowling green, forboding no doubt a bad end to the serene moments which have brought you and me, melancholy pilgrims, to this hour, whose flight revolves to the sound of drums.

NOEL DES ENFANTS QUI N'ONT PLUS DE MAISONS - 1915. We have no more homes. The enemy has taken everything, even our little beds. They burned the school and our teacher, the church and Mr. Jesus, and the old beggar who could not get away. Papa is at the war. Mama died before all this. What shall we do? Christmas, don't go to them, punish them! Avenge the children of France, Serbia, Belgium, Poland. Don't bring us any toys - just try to give us again our daily bread. Listen Christmas, we have no more shoes, but bring Victory to the children of France!

III. SHEHERAZADE (Tristan Klingsor) - Ravel. Asia, ancient land where fantasy sleeps like an empress in her mysterious forest. I would like to sail with the junk which is rocking alone in the port tonight, and which will lift her violet sails finally like an immense bird in the golden sky. I want to go to flower covered isles while listening to the perverse sea singing. I want to see Damascus with its minarets; silken turbans on black faces with white teeth; eyes dark with love, the pupils shining with joy in faces orange-colored; long pipes in white-bearded faces; sour merchants with crafty looks; califs and vizirs who by lifting a finger give life or death. I want to see India and China; fat mandarins under umbrellas, princess^e with delicate hands, men of letters arguing about poetry and beauty. I want to tarry at an enchanted palace, and like a tourist regard at leisure, landscapes painted on cloth in pine frames. I want to see assassins smiling at the headsman who cuts an innocent's neck with his curved sword. I want to see rich and poor, roses and blood, death through love or hate! - And then returning, narrate my adventure to the curious, lifting my Arabian cup from time to time for artistic effect.

LA FLUTE ENCHANTEE. In the gentle shadows my master sleeps, his head in a conical shaped hat, his long yellow nose in his white beard. But I am awake and I hear outside the sound of a flute, sad and then joyous, an air, by turn languorous and frivolous which my beloved plays. When I approach the grating, it seems as if each note flies from the flute to my cheek like a mysterious kiss.

L'INDIFFERENT. Your eyes are soft like those of a girl, young stranger, and the curve of your down covered face is more seductive. You sing on my

doorstep, in an unknown tongue, like wrong notes. - Come in, and let my wine refresh you. But no, you leave with a last graceful gesture, your hips swaying a girlish, tired way.

IV. DE LOS ALAMOS VENGO, MADRE - Joaquin Rodrigo. I come from the birches mother, to see how the wind blows - the birches of Seville, where my sweet friend lives.

ROMANCE DE LOS PELEGRINITOES - Fernando Obradors. Two pilgrims travel towards Rome to be married by the Pope. The little fellow wears an oilcloth hat, and she, one of velvet. The Pope asks them their names - he is Pedro, she Ana. He asks if they have sinned; she answers she has kissed her sweetheart! The Pope replies, "Marry him quickly, he is a saint, they don't make them like that any more!" The bells of Rome ring for the marriage. - One step between two kisses makes the road short!

NANA - Manuel de Falla. Sleep child, sleep my soul, my little star of tomorrow.

CANTO ANDALUZ - Joaquin Nin. To please your family, I denied my heart and said I did not love you. Ay!

EL TUMBA Y LE - Fernando Obradors. She: Though I am young, if I find a husband I will have from him every year two or three little ones! He: Though I have only a tame little ox, between him and me, we will make more than six little oxen!

She: The young men say the bull will gore me if I do not take off my red blouse!

He: Although they say, after cuckolding come beatings, I am only afraid of the devil!