

THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

94th Concert

Sunday, February 16, 1964  
8:00 P. M.  
In The East Garden Court

JOHN MAGNUS, BASS BARITONE  
GEORGE MANOS, PIANIST

Program

I

Come again, sweet love doth now invite ..... Dowland (1563-1626)

The cypress curtain of the night ..... Campian (1567-1620)

I'll sail upon the Dog-star ..... Purcell (1659-1695)  
from "The Fool's Preferment"

Sirius, known as the Dog-star, is the most brilliant star  
in the heavens.

Ahi, troppo e duro ..... Monteverde (1567-1643)  
Fragment from "Il balletto delle Ingrate". The Ingrate  
(ungrateful) sing of the torment they must suffer because  
of ingratitude to their lovers.

Chi vuole innamorarsi.....A. Scarlatti (1660-1725)  
The man who would turn lover should gravely think it o'er.

II

Recitative and Aria: "Stille amare" ..... Handel (1685-1759)  
from the opera "Tolomeo"

Recitative: Vile brother, barbarous mother, faithless Araspe,  
pitiless Elisa and all you cruel fates, I invite you to  
deride my despair and witness my downfall. But you, beloved  
mistress, promise to pray for me, when death has claimed me.  
Aria: Beloved, ah so gently calls death from afar.

III

Mandoline ..... Fauré (1845-1924)  
The serenading swains, and the lovely ladies listening,  
exchange insipid remarks - and the mandolin is chattering  
amid the quivering winds.

Clair de lune (Moonlight)..... Fauré  
Your soul is a chosen landscape where charming masked  
figures are promenading and singing of love and a pleasant  
life. And their songs mingle with the moonlight.

Chanson d'amour (Love Song) ..... Fauré

Le parfum impérissable (Undying Perfume) ..... Fauré  
The fragrant scents of nature, though uncontained and  
scattered, remain forever. Similarly, the bitter-sweet  
memory of Her. May my suffering be blessed and through  
it - humanity.

Fleur Jetée (Discarded Flower) ..... Fauré  
Carry away my passion at the will of the wind, like a  
flower and let the wind that withers it, wither my heart.

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

III

Dichterliebe (A Poet's Love), Opus 48 ..... Schumann (1810-1856)  
Sixteen songs on poems by Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wondrously beautiful month of May, Love unfolded in my heart.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Out of my tears flowers bloom, and my sighs become a choir of nightingales.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun, I loved them once all with the rapture of love. I love them no more, I love her alone, the well of all love, the fine, the pure, the only one!

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When I look into your eyes all my grief and sorrow vanish. But when you say: I love you! Then I must weep bitterly.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

I want to plunge my soul into the cup of the lily; the lily shall breathe resoundingly a song of my beloved.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

In the Rhine, by the holy stream, there is mirrored in the waves, with its great Cathedral, the great, holy Cologne. In the Cathedral there is a picture. Into my life's wilderness it has sent its friendly radiance. Flowers and little angels float around our Blessed Virgin; her eyes, her lips, her sweet cheeks, resemble my sweetheart's exactly.

Ich grolle nicht

I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break, for I saw you in my dream, and saw the darkness in your heart, and the snake that feeds upon it and how utterly wretched you are.

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen

If the little flowers but knew it, how deeply hurt is my heart, they would be weeping with me, to heal my pain.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Flutes and violins are heard, and trumpets shrilly blaze, there dances her wedding dance the beloved of my heart. There is a ringing and roaring, a drumming and sounding of shawms; in between are sobbing and moaning the lovely little angels.

Hör ich das Liedchen klingen

When I hear the little song, that once my sweetheart sang, I feel as if my heart would burst.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A Youth loves a maiden who has chosen another one, the other one loves another, and has wed this one. The maiden takes in anger the very first man who happened to come her way; the youth is badly off. It is quite an old story, yet it remains ever new, and he to whom it happens, it breaks his heart in two.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

The flowers speak and whisper and look with pity on me: Be not angry with our sister, you sorrowful, pale man.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

I have wept in my dream, I dreamed you lay in your grave. I awakened, and the tears still flowed from my cheeks. I have wept in my dream, I dreamed you were still fond of me. I awakened, and unceasing still rushes the flood of my tears.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Every night in my dream I see you, and loudly weeping I fling myself at your sweet feet. You look at me with pity and shake your little blond head; from your eyes steal silently the little pearly teardrops. You tell me in secret a gentle word, and give me a bouquet, a bouquet of cypress. I waken, and the bouquet is gone, and the word I have forgotten.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

From out of ancient fairy tales there beckons a white hand, there's a singing and a ringing of an enchanted land; where many-hued flowers are blooming in the golden evening light, and glow in the lovely fragrance with a bridal countenance; and where green trees are singing primeval melodies, the breezes whisper furtively rent by the warbling of birds; and misty shapes are rising from out of the earth, and dance an airy roundelay in the bizzare chorus; and blue sparks are burning on every leaf and twig, and red lights are running in a circle mad and confused; and noisy springs are breaking out of wild marble stone, and strangely in the brooks the rejection is shining forth. Oh, could I only go there, and there rejoice in my heart, released from all my torment, be free and filled with bliss! Oh! that land of delights I often see in my dreams, but with the morning sun it melts like empty foam.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

The old, wicked songs, the dreams wicked and bad, let us bury them now, fetch a large coffin. Therein shall I put many things, but I will not yet say what; the coffin must be larger still than the great one at Heidelberg. And fetch also a bier, and planks hard and thick; it must be even longer than at Mainz the bridge. And also fetch twelve giants, they must be stronger than the powerful Christopher, in the Cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine. They shall bear away the coffin and lower it into the sea; for such a large coffin a large grave is due. Do you know why the coffin so large and heavy must be? I also sunk my love and my pain therein.

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