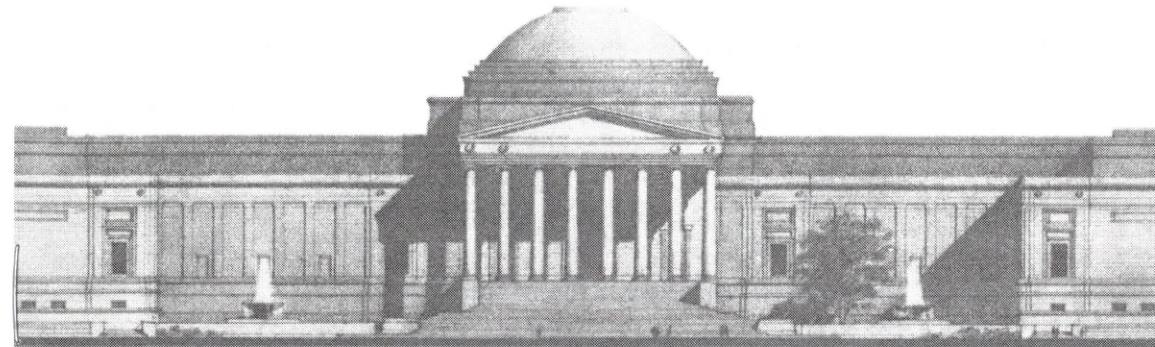


The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

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

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

www.nga.gov



The Sixty-ninth Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,807th Concert

Kate Egan, soprano
Marlene Bateman, mezzo-soprano
Juliana Osinchuk, piano
With visual projections by Petra Lisiecki

November 10, 2010
Wednesday, 12:10 pm
West Building Lecture Hall

Admission free

Program

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770–1827)

Oh! Would I Were but That Sweet Linnet

From *Irish Songs*, WoO 154, no. 9

Sweet Power of Song

From *Twenty-five Irish Songs*, WoO 152, no. 2

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Spanisches Liederspiel, op. 74

No. 1: Erste Begegnung

No. 3: Liebesgram

No. 8: Botschaft

Das Glück, op. 79, no. 16

Lawrence Moss (b. 1927)

Emily's World

A Bird...

A Long, Long Sleep...

A Thought...

Racconto

George Belden (b. 1939)

Life at its best

Voodoo juju

Open as the ocean

Judy

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835–1921)

El Desdichado

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Pleurs d'or

La Tarentelle

The Musicians

KATE EGAN

A native of Appleton, Wisconsin, soprano Kate Egan holds degrees in vocal performance from the University of Minnesota-Minneapolis and the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York. Since making her debut as Micaela in *Carmen* with Sarasota Opera, Egan has performed leading roles with the Chautauqua, Glimmerglass, Mobile, New York City, Sacramento, Skylight, Tampa Bay, Tulsa, and Utah opera companies as well as the New England Lyric Operetta, the Rockford Symphony, and the New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players. She made her European debut with Opera North in England with an all-English cast in Cimarosa's *The Secret Marriage*. She has toured with the Philip Glass Ensemble in *La Belle et la Bête* and *Monsters of Grace* to Barcelona, Mexico City, Tokyo, and Toronto. Egan has performed Samuel Barber's *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* with the Anchorage Symphony Orchestra and has often appeared with the Alaska Chamber Singers, the Anchorage Concert Chorus, the Anchorage Festival of Music, and Anchorage Opera. In the current concert season, she was the soprano soloist for Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Hudson Valley Philharmonic and portrayed the "queen of out-of-tune singing," Florence Foster Jenkins, in *Souvenir* with Cyrano's Theater Company.

MARLENE BATEMAN

Mezzo-soprano Marlene Bateman has been lauded by critics as “superb” and “stunning” in a wide range of operatic and concert repertoire. Garnering praise for her mellifluous tone, vocal agility, and animated characterizations, Bateman has enjoyed success in more than twenty operatic roles including the mezzo-soprano title roles in *Carmen* and *Dido and Aeneas*, Ottavia in *The Coronation of Poppea*, Maddalena in *Rigoletto*, Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Siebel in *Faust*.

In addition to her operatic performances, Bateman has enjoyed critical acclaim as mezzo-soprano soloist in oratorios that include Bach’s *St. John Passion* and *St. Matthew Passion*; Beethoven’s *Ninth Symphony*; Handel’s *Israel in Egypt* and *Messiah*; Mozart’s *Coronation Mass*, *Grand Mass in C Minor*, and *Requiem*; and Verdi’s *Requiem*. Bateman has been featured as guest soloist with the Alaska Chamber Singers; Alaska Dance Theater; the Concert Chorus, Opera, Opera Dark Night Series, Symphony Orchestra, and Youth Symphony of Anchorage; the Austin Symphony Orchestra; the Fairbanks Symphony Orchestra; the Hudson Valley Philharmonic Orchestra, the Kenai Peninsula Orchestra, and Opera Fairbanks.

A resident of Anchorage, Alaska, Bateman holds a bachelor of arts degree in liberal studies from Indiana University and master of music and doctor of musical arts degrees from the University of Texas at Austin.

JULIANA OSINCHUK

Making her third appearance at the National Gallery this afternoon, pianist Juliana Osinchuk has performed internationally to great critical acclaim. Her “superior technique, discipline, and talent” (*Los Angeles Times*) have dazzled audiences and critics in solo and orchestral appearances. *Musical America* selected her as a “Young Artist to Watch” after her solo debut recital at Lincoln Center. The *Washington Post* called her playing “spectacular” and the *New York Times* rated her a “skillful and scrupulous ensemble player.”

As a champion of American composers, Osinchuk has premiered numerous works including the European premiere of Lowell Liebermann’s *Second Piano Concerto* and the world premiere performance of the *Piano Concerto no. 1* by Alaskan composer Philip Munger. A recipient of a solo recitalist grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, Osinchuk received her formal education from the Conservatoire de Musique in Paris and the Juilliard School, where she graduated with bachelor’s, master’s, and doctoral degrees in music. Her teachers included Nadia Boulanger, Alexander Eydelman, Rosina Lhevinne, and Nadia Reisenberg.

As artistic director of the Anchorage Festival of Music and the Young Alaskan Artist Award program, Osinchuk is active in developing and presenting music workshops for students, adults, and professional groups. She was honored as a YWCA Woman of Achievement for her community service. Osinchuk’s recordings include Tchaikovsky’s piano music, *The Sorcerer’s Piano*, *Growing Babies Bright*, and a new solo CD to benefit cancer projects called *Keys to Recovery*. Her *Happy Birthday*, *Wolfgang Variations* was recently published by Alfred Music Company.

In 2008 Osinchuk collaborated with Kate Egan and Marlene Bateman in a program of duets for soprano and mezzo-soprano—“Nothing but Singing to Do.” The ensemble recorded the recital and performed it in Anchorage and Homer, Alaska, and at the Ukrainian Institute in New York City.

PETRA LISIECKI

Born in Hanover, Germany, Petra Lisiecki was raised with an early love for dance, theater, design, and travel. She studied dance and architectural design in Germany, South Africa, and the United States. A resident of Alaska since 1992, she became involved with the Last Frontier Theater Conference in Valdez in 1993. She also worked with Toast Theatre in Anchorage for several years, serving as its board president until 1996, at which time she returned to photography. Since then she has exhibited her photographs in many juried group and solo exhibitions in Alaska, the "Lower Forty-eight," and London, England. She started photographing the Anchorage Opera in 2000 as an ongoing project, and published a book to commemorate the company's fortieth anniversary in 2002.

Photo portraiture and theater images are also major projects for Lisiecki. Her current exhibition, "Theatre North," was recently shown at the Valdez Museum and will travel to the Carr Gottstein Gallery at Alaska Public University; Metropolitan Community College in Omaha, Nebraska; and to venues in London.

Next Week at the National Gallery of Art

National Gallery of Art Orchestra
Sara Daneshpour, pianist
Stephen Simon, guest conductor

Music by Mozart and other composers

Presented in honor of
German Master Drawings from the
Wolfgang Ratjen Collection: 1580–1900

November 14, 2010
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court



Quaver Viol Consort

Music by Dalla Casa, Lasso, Ligeti, and other composers

Presented in honor of
Arcimboldo (1526–1593)

November 17, 2010
Wednesday, 12:10 pm
East Building Auditorium

Kate Egan, soprano
Marlene Bateman, mezzo-soprano
Juliana Osinchuk, piano
Wednesday, Nov. 10, 2010
Texts and Translations

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet!

William Smyth (1765-1849)

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet!
That I had my apple-tree too!
Could sit all the sunny day in it,
With nothing but singing to do!
I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
And Dermot I never can see,
Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,
There's never good luck for poor me!

Quite set was my heart all the Sunday
on going to Killaloe fair,
so my father fell ill on the Monday,
and look ye—I could not be there.
And it was not the fair that I minded
for there was I Dermot to see—
but I'm always before or behind it,
and there's never good luck for poor me!

I tried with my sweetest behavior
to tell our good priest my distress;
And ask'd him to speak in my favor,
When Dermot came next to confess.
But he said I was but a beginner,
And from love and temptation must flee!
So if love will but make me a sinner,
There's never good luck for poor me.

Ye Saints with the Virgin! Believe me,
I join with the priest in your praise!
Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
And I'll love you the length of my days.
In vain would they bid me be wiser,
And never my Dermot to see.
Bad luck to advice and adviser!
Good luck to dear Dermot and me!

Sweet power of Song!

Joanna Baillie (1762-1851)

Sweet power of song! thou canst impart,
To lowland swain or mountaineer,
A gladness thrilling through the heart,
A joy so tender and so dear:
Sweet Power! that on a foreign strand
Can the rough soldier's bosom move,
With feelings of his native land,
As gentle as infant's love.

Sweet Power! Thou makest youthful heads
With thistle, leek, or shamrock crown'd,
Nod proudly as the carol sheds
Its spirit through the social round.
Sweet Power! Thou cheer'st the daily toil
Of cottage maid, or beldame poor,
The ploughman on the furrow'd soil,
Or herdboy on the lonely moor.

Or he, by bards the shepherd hight,
Who mourns his maiden's broken tye,
Till the sweet plaint, in woe's despite,
Hath made a bliss of agony.
Sweet power of song! Thanks flow to thee
From every kind and gentle breast!
Let Erin's, Cambria's minstrels be
With Burns's tuneful spirit blest!

Robert Schumann: Spanisches Liederspiel

Translated from the Spanish by Emanuel von Geibel (1815 – 1884)

1. Erste Begegnung

Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
von den Rosen komm' ich.
An den Ufern jenes Wassers
sah ich Rosen steh'n und Knospen.

An den Ufern jenes Flusses,
sah ich Rosen steh'n in Blüte;
von den Rosen komm' ich—
brach mit Seufzen mir die Rosen.
Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
von den Rosen komm' ich.

Und am Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
einen Jüngling sah ich,
an den Ufern jenes Wassers
einen schlanken Jüngling sah ich.

An den Ufern jenes Flusses
sucht' nach Rosen auch der Jüngling.
Viele Rosen pflückt' er, viele Rosen,
und mit Lächeln brach die schönste er.
Gab mit Seufzen mir die Rose.
Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,
von den Rosen komm' ich.

3. Liebesgram

Dereinst, o Gedanke mein,
wirst ruhig sein.
Lässt Liebesglut dich still nicht werden,
in kühler Erden,
da schläfst du gut und ohne Pein;
wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben nicht hast gefunden,
wenn es entschwunden,
wird dir's gegeben;
dann ohne Wunden wirst ruhig sein,
dereinst, o Gedanke mein,
wirst ruhig sein.

First Meeting

From the rosebush, O mother,
from the roses I come.
On the bank of that water
I saw roses and buds;

On the bank of that river
I saw roses in bloom;
with sighs I picked the roses.

And at the rosebush, O mother,
I saw a young man
on the bank of that river,
I saw a slim young man,

On the bank of that river
the young man was also looking for roses.
Many roses he plucked, many roses,
and with a smile he picked the most beautiful
one.
With a sigh he gave me the rose.

Love's Burden

One day, one day, o my soul,
You will be at peace.
Love's ardor will not leave you alone—
In the cool earth,
there you will sleep well and without pain;
You will be at peace.

What you haven't found in life,
when it has vanished,
will be given to you;
then without wounds you will have peace.
One day, one day, o my soul,
you will be at peace.

8. Botschaft

Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin,
und es denkt mein Herz an ihn.
Nelken all', ihr flammenroten,
die der Morgen mir beschert,
zu ihm send' ich euch als Boten
jener Glut, die mich verzehrt.

Und ihr weißen Blüten wert,
sanft mit Düften grüßet ihn,
sagt ihm, daß ich bleich vor Sehnen,
daß ich auf ihn harr' in Tränen.
Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin,
und es denkt mein Herz an ihn.

Tausend Blumen, tauumflossen,
find' ich neu im Tal erwacht;
alle sind erst heut' entsprossen,
aber hin ist ihre Pracht,
wenn der nächste Morgen lacht.
sprecht ihr flammenroten Nelken,
Ach es denkt mein Herz an ihn!

Das Glück

Friedrich Hebbel (1813 – 1863)

Voglein vom Zweig...
...gaukelt hernieder;
Lustig sogleich...
...schwingt es sich wieder.
Jetzt dir so nah...
...jetzt sich versteckend,
Abermals da,...
...scherzend und neckend.
Tastest du zu,...
...bist du betrogen.
Spottend im nu...
...ist es entfliegen.
Still! Bis zur Hand wird's dir noch hüpfen. Bist
du gewandt, kann's nicht entschlüpfen.
Ist's denn so schwer, das zu erwarten?
Schau um dich her! Blühender Garten.
Ei, du veragst?
Lass es gewähren, bis du's erjagst,
Kannst du's entbehren.
Wird's doch auch dann
Wenig nur bringen. Aber es kann,
süßestes bringen.

Message

Carnations and jasmine I am braiding
And my heart thinks of him.
All you carnations,
You flaming red ones,
In the morning I will give to him.
I will send you as messengers
Of a fire that devours me.
And you, dear white blossoms,
Softly with your scent greet him.
Tell him that I wait in tears
Pale from longing.
A thousand blossoms,
Covered with dew
I discover in the valley.
All of them
Just bloomed today,
But already
Their splendor is gone
With the awakening
Of the next morning.
Tell me, sweet jasmine;
Tell me, you flaming red carnations,
Can love also wither so quickly?

Happiness

A bird from the twig flies happily down;
Happily it sweeps again now.
Now so close, now it's hiding.
But again there, teasing and flirting.

Try to touch it—you are betrayed.
It mocks you—now it is flown.

Quiet! Up to your hand it will hop.
If you are clever, it will not slip away.
Is it so difficult to wait for it?
Look around, flowering garden!
Do you give up? Let it be.
Until you catch it, You'll be without it.
Even then, it will bring only a little sweetness.

Emily's World

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

I.

A bird came down the walk;
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad—
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

II.

A long, long sleep, a famous sleep
That makes no show for dawn
By stretch of limb or stir of lid—
An independent one.

Was ever idleness like this?
Within a hut of stone
To bask the centuries away
Nor once look up for noon?

III.

A thought went up my mind today
That I have had before,
But did not finish—some way back,
I could not fix the year,

Nor where it went, nor why it came
The second time to me,
Nor definitely what it was,
Have I the art to say.

But somewhere in my soul, I know
I've met the thing before;
It just reminded me—'twas all—
And came my way no more.

Life at its best

Elizabeth L. Thompson b. 1976

Life is best hanging upside down from a rusty
monkey bar,
daisy between your teeth, frisky feline nearby.
or maybe it's best lounging in a deteriorating tire
swing,
quadruple-scoop ice cream cone melting slowly
against your tongue,
mannerly, spirited canine close by.
it is even better with verdant forests to shade
eyes and lush ferns to tickle toes.

When bold blue butterflies pause to taste
shoulders surrounded by majestic mountains,
wondrous whims and creations, life is a soulful
sanctuary.
If solitude is commonplace, serenity is universal,
and life is at its best.

Voodoo Juju

Thompson

What's a girl to do when you look her in the
eye?
How's a girl to know which soul is filled with
honey?
Where's a girl to go when you own seas and
galaxies?
Undo your voodoo juju

What's a girl to do when you unchain the
dragon?
How's a girl to know how long to defend love's
plight?
Where's a girl to go when you control the breeze
and trees?
Undo your voodoo juju

What's a girl to do when you crack her crystal
heart?
How's a girl to know the road that will lead her
home?
Where's a girl to go when mojo crushed a
masterpiece?
Undo your voodoo juju
'Cause what's a girl to do when you look her in
the eye?

Open as the Ocean

Thompson

With sand as a sandal,
I've no need to hurry or worry,
Only to idle or amble.

With sunshine as a shawl,
I need no further nourishment;
I am the sun.

With ocean as a stepstone,
My path is a great blue realm;
I am open as the ocean.

Judy

Judy was a cutie
From San Diego County
A spirited soul with glittering goals
a petite poet with electric eyes

She left Lakeside
To catch a new vibration
Searching for
A gold diggers dream

One way ticket
And a bran' new man
Do the minin'
While you can

Judy
You've got to stretch
Your new wings out
You've got to sing and dance and shout
You've got to let
Your blond hair down
You've got to take back the town

Settling into Lemhi county
In holy land west of the Rockies
Sage brush thick across the valley
She was a pony in a new meadow

Finding roots
On the River of No Return
Doin' what fits
When in Rome

Shoshone desert
And a bag o' green
Trippin' on life
Makin' a scene

[Refrain]

While every breath did passion bring
Life and death still dueled unseen
Even with a bran' new baby
Times weighed heavy on sweet Judy
She lit a stick of patchouli
And toasted the seventies
Dusk came quickly
On Independence Day

Angel wings
Did come to thee
It was time to fly
Time to be free

[Refrain]

El Desdichado

Jules Barbier (1825–1901)

Qué me importa que florezca,
El arbol de mi esperanza,
Si se marchitan las flores,
Y jamas el fruto cuaja.
Ha!

Dicen que el amor es gloria,
Y yo digo que es infierno.
Pues siempre estan los amantes
En un continuo tormento!
Ay!

El feliz y el desdichado
Suspiran con diferencias:
Unos publican sus gustos,
Y otros publican sus penas.

Pleurs d'or

Albert Samain (1858 – 1900)

Larmes aux fleurs suspendues,
Larmes aux sources perdues
Aux mousses des rochers creux.
Larmes d'Automne épandues
Larmes de cor entendues
dans les grands bois, douloureux.
Larmes des cloches latines.
Carmélites, Feuillantines,
Voix de beffrois en ferveur.
Larmes des nuits étoilées,
Larmes des flûtes voilées.
Au bleu du parc endormi.
Larmes aux grands cils perlées,
Larmes d'amantes coulées
jusqu'a l'âme de l'ami.
Larmes d'extase
éplorement délicieux
Tombez des nuits.
Tombez des fleurs,
Tombez des yeux!

The Unfortunate One

What does it matter
that the tree of my hope flowers
If the flowers wither
And the fruit never ripens?
Ha!

They say that love is glory
And I say that it is hell,
Because lovers are
in continual torment.
Ay!

The happy ones and the unfortunates
Sigh differently:
One expresses her pleasure
And the other her pain.

Tears of gold

Tears suspended from flowers,
Tears from springs lost in the moss of cavernous
craigs,
Tears of Autumn scattered—
Tears of sorrow from the heart, understood in
the vastness of the woods.
Tears of the Latin bells,
Carmelite, Feuillantine,
Voice of the belfries in fervor.
Tears of the starry nights,
Tears of the veiled flutes,
from the blue mist of the slumbering park.
Tears beaded on dark eyelashes,
Tears of lovers wept into the soul of the
beloved.
Tears of ecstasy,
exquisitely delicious,
Fall from the night,
Fall from the flowers,
Fall from the eyes.