462nd Concert
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
Washington, D. C.
Sunday, November 25, 1951
8:00 P. M.
In The West Garden Court

DAVID BAKER, Baritone REV. RUSSELL WOOLLEN, Pianist

## Folksong Program

Auvergne-arr. Canteloube Bailero
"Hey, shepherd across the water, how's the weather?" "Not so good."
"The pasture's in bloom, come watch your flock." "The grass is better over here."

Auvergne-arr. Canteloube
"Sleep, come down, for the child does not want to sleep" -but at last he sleeps.

France-arr. Tiersot

"Nightingale, fly to my love!" The nightingale flew to her window and sang her a song. "What are these bad tongues that slander me?" "Your lovers." "What do you want me to give you? I've already given you too much-my fairest flower."

Spanish Pyrenees-arr. Baker La Gitana
When I take up my guitar, I think of my Pedro who was killed in
the wars. Ah, my husband, killed in the wars of Spain!

Portugal, 13th Cent.-arr. Bantock Cancao do Figueiral
I went to the fig tree orchard to find six weeping, captive
maidens. I slew the Moor who held them and took the beauties away.

## II.

Sicily-arr. Favara

Storia della Fanciulla Rapita dai Pirati

Everywhere I have searched for my dear child, and down by the sea the winds tell me she has been taken by the Turks. Her mother sent her to the sea to look for me. Didn't they know it was forbidden? The Turks are there.

I have come to sing under the stars, where we made our agreement. If you tell me "yes", I'll wait a hundred years. If you say, "no", we'll break the pact. Don't worry that I am young -- my word is better than a contract. Take a knife and cut open my breast. There you'll find your portrait.

Maples-arr. di Meglio Duorme
Why won't you sleep? The sky is already dark and I want to sleep
myself. Angels will stand by you 'til morning.

Naples-arr. di Megli Moller I Maccheroni

'I have no house and no bed and I'd sell my parts for a plate of maccaroni. I'd be a good soldier and go to war if the cannons would fire at least a patty of maccaroni. The old spinster, half dead, would make her will if she got a plate of maccaroni. The tarantella is sung and some money paid. I'm happy, friends, now I'll buy some maccaroni.

## INTERNISSION III.

Sweden-arr. Hägg Jag tror, jag får börja
I think I shall have to give up mourning, although the whole world
is against me. Although a girl brought me bad luck, I am in good
humor. The beauty of her body invites love -- her eyes are
beautiful, and her feet dance. "My little sweetheart, here you
have me. Never in the world will I betray you. Don't cry, we
shall be happy. Lay your hand in mine."

Sweden-arr. Hägg Allt under himmelens fäste
In the wide frame of heaven the little stars are set, but she whom
I have loved can never be mine. I loved her and could not help it.
She promised to be true 'til death.

Sweden-arr. Hägg Höga berg och djupa daler High mountain and deep valley, here's one that pleases me. "Hey, my little sugar top, we'll dance 'til the sun comes up!"

Sweden-arr. Hägg

Jungfrun i det gröna

There was a maid who loved her roses and cared for each little
bloom. She was lovely and white and pure as a lily, but one day
she found a particular rose tree from which she could not part.

I would not want to say that a snake was in the rosebush, but one
rose was poison for her, for she is now in tears and never will
be so white again.

Sweden-arr. Hagg Gladjens blomster
The flowers of joy will never bloom in earth, and even love brings sorrow to the heart. But above, flowers of hope and joy and faith are always fresh. Don't you hear the spirits whisper to your heart?

IV.

England-arr. Sharp
England-arr. Vaughan Williams
United States-arr. Simmons
United States
United States-arr. Niles-Baker
Ireland-arr. Hughes

Green Bushes
Bushes and Briars
The Cambric Shirt
Lolly-too-dum-day
Mattie Groves
The Star of the County Down

This concert is broadcast by Station WCFM, 99.5 on the FM Dial.