THE A. W. MELLON CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART Washington, D. C. 657th Concert Sunday, November 25, 1956 8:00 P. M. In The East Garden Court

WALTER CARRINGER, TENOR

John Wustman, At the Piano

Program

I.

Handel

she may deceive."

Semplicetto! A Donna Credi? Trust a woman? How simple-minded! Art so blinded? For replying to her sighing only say, "Once again

Handel

Alma Mia Ah, my dearest, my best beloved, Thou, sunlight of my soul. From the grace of God most high, no lovelier gift could I have hoped for.

Handel

Arias

Ask if Yon Damask Rose

II.

J. S. Bach Cantata No.160 "Ich weiss, dass mein Erloser lebt"

(I know that my Redeemer liveth)

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Aria:

He lives! From the dark grave He has arisen. My eyes o'erflow with tears when I recall that

night in dark Gethsemane.

He triumphed o'er the grave and all its terrors. And by His blood, so freely shed for me, my grief is turned to joy.

He died upon the cross that all my guilt and sin

might be forever washed away. O praise the Lord my Savior lives.

Recit: Now fear and dread are cast aside. My Lord, my Savior is my shield.

Now I know, since He again doth live, a way He has prepared, that I may follow Him and share eternal peace.

Aria: Now in readiness I wait, earthly joy and earthly state at His bidding I surrender.

III.

Massenet

wherefore awaken me, 0 breath of spring!
On my forehead I feel your caresses,
And yet, how near is the time
Of storms and of sadness!
Tomorrow a traveller will come into the valley,
Reminiscing on my former glory,
And his eyes will seek in vain my splendour,
They will find but grief and misery! Alas!

## INTERMISSION

IV.

Poulenc

Banalités (Apollinaire)

Chanson d'Orkenise

Through the gate of the town of d'Orkenise a wagoner waits to enter, at the same time a beggar is leaving. The guards of the town, running after the beggar, ask, "What are you taking away from the town?" "I am leaving my heart." They ask the wagoner, "What are you bringing in?" "My heart to wed." There are many hearts in d'Orkenise, the guards laughingly say, as the gates slowly close.

Hôtel

My room is like a cage, with the sun's rays shining through the windows. I like to light my cigarette and day dream. I do not want to work. I want to smoke.

Voyage à Paris

Ah, what a charming thing to leave this gloomy countryside for wonderful Paris.

V.

Griffes
Ives
Birch
Barber
Barber

Symphony in Yellow (Wilde)
Ann Street (Morris)
Sonnet (Nathan)
Sure on This Shining Night (Agee)
I Hear an Army (Joyce)