

THE CALOUSTE GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D. C.

862nd Concert

Sunday, January 21, 1962
8:00 P. M.
In The East Garden Court

BARBARA TROXELL, SOPRANO
JOHN KIRKPATRICK, PIANIST

Program

I

Schubert

Die junge Nonne (Craigher)

How the storm rages in the treetops!... Even so life
raged in my breast!...Roar, wild storm - in my heart
is peace.... The bell calls from the tower. Alleluia!

Dass sie hier gewesen (Rückert)

The fragrance of the East wind tells that you were
here. Running tears will tell you I was here. Do
beauty or love stay hidden? Fragrance and tears tell
that they were here.

Die Post (Müller)

From the street the post-horn sounds. My anxious
heart - no letter for you....We'll forgive it again,
and ask how my love is.

Nachtviolen (Mayrhofer)

Night-violets, dark soulful eyes, O to sink in the
velvet blue! With rays of exalted sadness you struck
my heart, and now on silent nights, blooms forth the
sacred bond.

Die Allmacht (Pyrker)

Great is Jehovah the Lord, for Heaven and earth proclaim
his might. You hear it in storm, in forest, see it in
harvest, in flowers, in starry firmament, in lightnings,
but feel it still clearer in the throbbing heart that
asks forgiveness.

II

Schubert

Nacht und Traüeme (Collin)

Night and dreams descend like moonlight into quiet hearts,
who hear with joy, and waking cry: sweet dreams, come back.

Der Jüengling an der Quelle

Bubbling brook, whispering poplars, you only reawake my love.
I sought comfort and to forget her, but leaves and brook
sigh for Louisa.

Die Liebe hat gelogen (Platen)

Love has lied, grief weighs heavy, everything around has
betrayed me! Drops run down my cheeks, - stop pounding,
my heart, stop!

Hin und wieder fliegen Pfeile
(Goethe)

Back and forth fly Cupid's arrows - lucky if you're not hit.
Why does he hurry so? - to aim over there - beware! he's
coming back!

Der Musensohn (Goethe)

Through field and wood I pipe my songs....the flowers greet
them, winter blooms with them, young folks are inspired by
them....Dear Muses, my soles have wings, but when may I rest?

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

Wolf

Der Knabe und das Immllein (Mörrike)

High on the mountains stands a little house...a bee buzzes around the sunflowers. (The boy) "My love has a garden with a hive - did she send you?" (The bee) "Oh no, she's scarcely noticed you. Besides, she's hardly out of school - still mother's darling. I'm bringing her honey, enough to make her mouth water." (The boy) "Tell her I know what's sweeter: to hug and kiss."

Schlafendes Jesuskind (Mörrike)

Virgin's son, heaven's child! asleep on the wooden floor, which the good painter has put under your dreams...Who could see what visions are painted behind this brow!

Dank des Paria (Goethe)

Great Brahma, now I see that thou art Creator and Lord....who shuttest not thine ear to the lowliest, but makest us newly born. Turn thee to these women, whom grief transfigures. Now am I confident that I shall see him, who alone orders and disposes.

IV

Wolf

Mignon (Goethe)

Know you the land where lemons blossom?....There would I go with thee, my love! Know you the columned house, where statues gaze and say: what have they done to you, child?.... Know you the mountain, with bridge of cloud, and dragon's cave, and avalanche....There is our way, O father, let us go!

V

Wolf

Tretet ein, hoher Krieger (Keller)

"Enter, noble warrior, who gave me his heart. Lay aside cape and spurs, the horse for the plough, the saddle cloth for a rug, the hilt for gold, the blade for a poker, and learn to bake bread and chop stuffing. Now commend your soul to Christ, for your body is sold beyond rescue."

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
(Spanisches Liederbuch)

In the shadow of my locks my love sleeps. Shall I wake him? Ah no!....to hear how he grieves and languishes....and he'll call me his serpent....wake him? Ah no!

Geh' Geliebter, geh' jetzt!
(Spanisches Liederbuch)

Go, beloved; morning dawns! People are already in the streets, and I fear our neighbors, for they know not our love....What seems day to others is night to me, for parting darkens the dawn....Fly from my arms....Brief joy may earn long sorrow.... rather suffer a day of Purgatory in hope of Heaven's glory. So go, beloved.....

Sie blasen zum Abmarsch
(Spanisches Liederbuch)

They're sounding off to march away, mother dear; my love must depart and leave me alone. The stars are hardly faded, and the infantry is already firing....he'll march off, my heart with him.

Storchenbotschaft (Mörrike)

The shepherd's house on wheels is snug....at night he prays and answers no knock of sprite or pixy. But once when his dog whined, he opened to see two storks, who bowed low....."What message? - my wife? - had her baby? - but why two of you? - twins!?" They nodded and flew off.