

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

986th Concert

Sunday, February 28, 1965  
8:00 P. M.  
In The East Garden Court

CLAUDIA LINDSEY, SOPRANO  
KENNETH MANZER, PIANIST

Program

I

- Bist du bei mir . . . . . J. S. Bach  
If you are with me, I gladly die and go to my rest.  
How joyfully my end would be if your beloved hands  
closed my eyes.
- Tu la mia stella sei (Giulio Cesare) . . . . . Handel  
You are my star and sweet hope. You bring to my  
desire a beautiful joy.
- Plangero la sorte mia (Giulio Cesare) . . . . . Handel  
Believing Caesar dead, Cleopatra laments her fate.

II

- Botschaft . . . . . Brahms  
Blow, little breeze, gently sweetly around the cheeks  
of my beloved. If she asks how I am, tell her: "End-  
less was his sorrow but now he can hope to joyfully  
live again, for you, lovely one, think of him".
- Feldeinsamkeit . . . . . Brahms  
I lie still in the tall, green grass, and slowly send  
my gaze upward. The beautiful white clouds move  
through the sky like beautiful quiet dreams. It is as  
though I have been long dead and travel with them  
through eternal space.
- Ach, Wende Diesen Blick . . . . . Brahms  
Ah, do not look at me! Do not fill my soul again,  
with an ever new passion. Even when my tortured soul  
is at rest, one fleeting glance from you awakens pain  
that stirs my heart like a serpent.
- Meine Liebe ist grün . . . . . Brahms  
My love is green as the lilac bush and beautiful as  
the sun which fills it with fragrance and joy. My  
soul has nightingale's wings and, drunk with the fra-  
grance of the blooming lilac, it rejoices and sings  
of love.

III

- Ernani, involami (Ernani) . . . . . Verdi

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

IV

"Ariettes oubliées" . . . . . Debussy

C'est l'extase (This is ecstasy) This is languorous ecstasy with the rustling of forests in the embrace of the breeze. This chorus of little voices, the soul which laments in this subdued fashion is ours, is it not? Say that it is mine and yours which breathes this humble hymn on this mild evening.

Il pleure dans mon coeur (Tears fall in my heart) Tears fall in my heart like the rain upon the city. This mourning has no reason. It is truly the keenest pain not to know why, without either love or hate, my heart bears so much pain.

L'ombre des arbres (The shadow of the trees) The reflections of the trees in the river are vanishing like smoke, while in the air, the turtle doves lament. How much this pallid landscape mirrors your own pale self, and how sadly weep your drowned hopes!

Chevaux de bois (Wooden horses) Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses! A hundred turns, a thousand turns! Go and never stop - turn around to the tune. Turn around, hobby horses, without ever needing the aid of spurs to make you gallop.

Green Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches, and here is my heart, which beats only for you. Do not tear it apart with your white hands. On your young bosom, let me cradle my head, still filled with music from your last kisses. Let it be soothed, and let me sleep a little, while you rest.

Spleen Beloved, when you are a little restless, all my despair is reborn. I am always afraid of what may come, of some cruel flight of yours! I am weary of everything except you. Alas!

V

Silent Noon . . . . . Ralph Vaughan Williams

When I bring to you colour'd toys . . . . . John Alden Carpenter

The trees on the mountains, from "Susannah" . . . . . Carlyle Floyd

Miss Lindsey appears through arrangement with  
National Music League, New York City

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