

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



*National Gallery of Art*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*1130th Concert*

LILIAN SUKIS, *Soprano*

George Posell, *Pianist*

SUNDAY EVENING

DECEMBER 15, 1968

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

V

OSKAR MORAWETZ .....Sonnets from the Portuguese

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart  
Thou hast thy calling to some palace floor  
Go from me. Yet I feel . . .  
The face of all the world is changed

(American Premiere)

*Oskar Morawetz was one of Miss Sukis' professors on the Music Faculty at the University of Toronto. Miss Sukis studied Morawetz's compositions with the composer himself and has performed and recorded his songs over the CBC network in Canada.*

Miss Sukis is a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company  
and appears through arrangement with  
COLUMBIA ARTISTS MANAGEMENT, INC.

Personal Direction: Nelly Walter and Ronald Wilford  
165 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

THIS CONCERT IS BROADCAST BY STATION WGMS 570 AM AND 103.5 FM.

I

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART .....Motet, "Exsultate, Jubilate," K.165

"*Exsultate, Jubilate*": Rejoice and praise the Lord for your salvation. Let us sing together His praises. I will sing to you and you shall respond. Let us fill the air with our joy!

"*Tu, Virginum Corona*": Shine forth, oh light from heaven! Let night and shadows flee. Arise in joy, you who were afraid, and see around you the signs of God's care and love! Oh, most holy of Virgins, Thou alone dost bring the lasting peace to us. From Thee only do we receive consolation.

*Alleluia*

II

FRANZ SCHUBERT .....Heimliches Lieben

When I feel your lips on mine it seems as though my soul must rise to Heaven. My heart beats loud with unknown longing. Would that my soul with yours could be but one.

FRANZ SCHUBERT .....Seligkeit

Countless angels joyfully dwell in heaven. Oh, there would I be also! They play on harp and psalter and forever dance and sing. Oh, there would I be also! But one smiling glance from my beloved tells me that heaven can be here. Oh, here will I blissfully remain!

FRANZ SCHUBERT .....Dass sie hier gewesen

He knows that the fragrant east wind tells him you were here. By fallen tears you know that I was here. Beauty and love, can they remain hidden as the fragrance and the tears show that she was here?

FRANZ SCHUBERT .....Suleika II

Ah! Western Wind, hasten to my beloved, tell him not that I languish here, hide from him my pain and anguish. Tell him softly that his love doth hold me to life.

III

RICHARD STRAUSS .....Leises Lied

In a quiet garden by a brook I would love to wait the entire night. Many lilies grow along the edges of the brook. The golden stars swim in its waters and the moon bathes therein. And when the lovely stars shimmer in the water of the brook, your beloved face glows in my heart.

RICHARD STRAUSS .....Ich schwebe!

I seem to float between earth and heaven like angels, for I still hear the sweet voice of my beloved softly bidding me farewell. So sweet and light and tender is the echo of that voice that my soul is thrilled.

RICHARD STRAUSS .....Sie wissen's nicht

The pretty bird perched on the tree knows not that it is the nightingale, nor does the pretty little maiden know that she is our loveliest. On the street walks one whose heart is torn with woe, sobbing for the maid and nightingale, but they do not know.

RICHARD STRAUSS .....Frühlingsfeier

Now to springtime's rite the beautiful maidens wildly throng. As onward they rush, their long hair flying, they chorus in woe: Adonis! Adonis!

INTERMISSION

IV

FRANCIS POULENC .....Banalités (Guillaume Apollinaire)

*Chanson d'Orkenise*: A cart-driver wishes to pass through the gates of Orkenise but the guards ask him what he is bringing to the city. He answers he brings only his heart, so that he can marry. At the same time a beggar leaves through the gates. The guards ask him what he has taken from the city, and he answers he has left his heart there. How many hearts are in Orkenise! The guards laugh. The beggar's path is cruel, but love is also cruel, O cart-driver. The handsome guards of the city parade superbly in front of the gates, which close slowly.

*Hôtel*: The sun shines through the window of my room, shaped as a cage. I light my cigarette and begin to dream. I do not wish to work, just to smoke.

*Fagnes de Wallonie*: Resting in the firwoods after a long road, while the wind was blowing, my heart was filled with sorrow when I saw the desolated heaths. I saw that here in the North life is more rude, the trees strong and twisted by the wind and that life and death struggle with all their might while the wind blows.

*Voyage à Paris*: Ah! What a charming thing to leave a morose country for Paris—beautiful Paris—Paris that Love once created.

*Sanglots*: Our love is ruled by the calm stars and we know that within us breathe many men who came from far away and are one in us. You will not shatter the chain of causes, O my poor heart. None will be free til time ends. Let us trust the dead and hide our sobs.