

CONCERTS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Under the Direction of George Manos

FEBRUARY 1996

- 25 Pavlina Dokovska, *pianist* Chopin: *Three Mazurkas, B-flat Major Sonata, Ballade No. 1*
Debussy: *5 Preludes, La plus que lent, L'isle joyeuse*

MARCH 1996

- 3 National Gallery Orchestra
George Manos, *conductor* Dukas: *Fanfare from the Ballet: "La péri"*
Franck: *Psyché*
Saint-Saëns: *Symphony No. 3 ("Organ")*
- 10 Arthur Greene, *pianist* Skryabin: *Etudes*
- 17 Susan von Reichenbach, *soprano*
Neil Goren, *pianist* Songs by Brahms, Hugo Wolf,
Ernest Chausson, Erik Satie,
Richard Strauss, Joseph Marx,
and Reynaldo Hahn
- 24 Anthony and Joseph Paratore, *duo-pianists* Ravel: *Spanish Rhapsody*
Rachmaninoff: *Suite No. 1*
Bolcom: *Sonata for Two Pianos*
Milhaud: *Scaramouche*

Concerts from the National Gallery are broadcast in their entirety at 7:00 p.m. on Sundays on radio station WGTS, 91.9 FM, four weeks after the live performance. The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed.

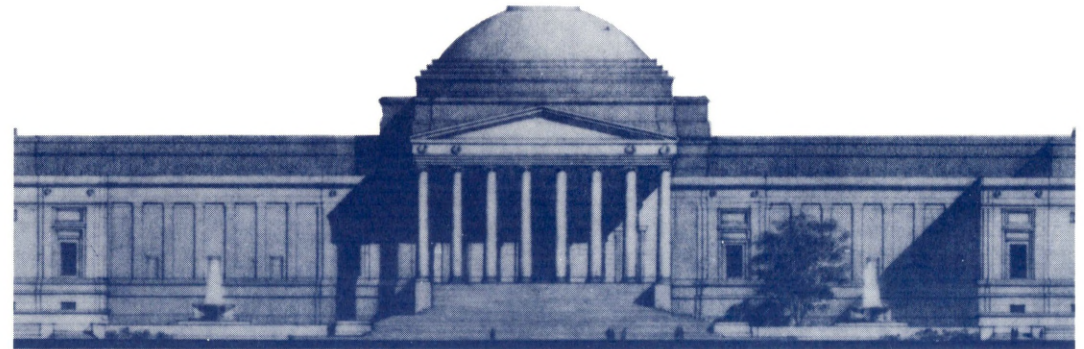
For the convenience of concertgoers the Garden Café remains open until 6:30 p.m.

The Fifty-fourth Season of

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL and
F. LAMMOT BELIN CONCERTS

at the

National Gallery of Art



2182nd Concert

KATHRYN HEARDEN, *lyric soprano*

GEORGE MANOS, *pianist*

Sunday Evening, February 18, 1996
at Seven O'clock
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

PROGRAM

I
 Paul Hindemith (1895-1963) Three Sacred Solo Motets (1941-44)

Cum natus esset
 Pastores loquebantur
 Nuptiae factae sunt

II
 Claude Debussy (1862-1918) Cinq poèmes de Beaudelaire

Le balcon
 Harmonie du soir
 Le jet d'eau
 Recueillement
 La mort des amants

INTERMISSION

III
 Hugo Wolf (1860-1903) Vier Mörike Lieder (1889)

Agnes
 Das verlassene Mägdlein
 In der Frühe
 Er ist's

IV
 Vincent Persichetti (1915-1987) I'm Nobody

Elliott Carter (b.1908) The Rose Family (1943)

Dominick Argento (b. 1927) Who Knows If the Moon's a Balloon?

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1991) Dream With Me

Lyric soprano KATHRYN HEARDEN completed the Doctor of Musical Arts Degree in 1989 at the Eastman School of Music, where she was a student of Jan DeGaetani and a winner of the Concerto Competition. She also studied with Chloë Owen, William Sharp, Carmen Pelton, and Masako Toribara, and has performed in master classes with Håken Hagegård, Elly Ameling, and Gérard Souzay. A finalist in the 1992 Washington International Competition for Voice, Miss Hearden sings a repertoire that spans seven centuries and reflects her love of chamber music as well as art song, oratorio, and operatic literature. An advocate of new music, she serves on the board of directors of the Capital Composers Alliance.

The Kennedy Center, the French Embassy, The National Museum for Women in the Arts, and the University of Maryland are just a few of the many Washington venues in which Miss Hearden has sung. She has also appeared with the Concert Soloists of Baltimore and here at the Gallery, in last season's National Gallery Orchestra performance of J.S. Bach's *Coffee Cantata* under the direction of George Manos. Miss Hearden holds the post of adjunct professor of voice at George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia, and is married to cellist Marcio Bothelho. Their son, Paul, was born in 1995.

Conductor, composer and pianist GEORGE MANOS has been director of music at the National Gallery of Art and conductor of the National Gallery Orchestra since 1985. He is also artistic director of the Gallery's American Music Festival and of its Vocal Arts Ensemble, which he founded. As a student at the Peabody Conservatory of Music, George Manos studied composition under Henry Cowell, chamber music under Oscar Shumsky and William Kroll, piano under Austin Conradi, and conducting under Ifor Jones. His career as a teacher has included several years on the faculty of Catholic University in Washington, D.C., where he taught piano, conducting and chamber music, and directorship of the Wilmington, Delaware, School of Music, where he presented an annual jazz festival and clinic. Maestro Manos founded and directed for ten years the renowned Killarney Bach Festival in the Republic of Ireland, which received repeated acclaim in both Irish and international media. He was the music director of the 1992 Kolding, Denmark, International Music Festival.

IN DER FRÜHE

Kein Schlaf noch kühlt das Auge mir,
Dort gehet schon der Tag herfür
An meinem Kammerfenster.
Es wühlet mein verstörter Sinn
Noch zwischen zweifeln her und hin
Und Schaffet Nachtgespenster.
Ängste, quäle dich nicht länger, meine Seele!
Freue dich! Schon sind da und dorten
Morgenglocken wach geworden.

ER IST'S

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süße, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon, wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bist's! Dich hab' ich vernommen!

I'M NOBODY (Emily Dickinson)

I'm nobody! Who are you? Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us - don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know. How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the livelong day to an admiring bog!

THE ROSE FAMILY (Robert Frost)

The Rose is a rose, And always was a rose.
But the theory now goes That the apple's a rose,
And the pear is, and so's The plum, I suppose.
The dear only knows What will next prove a rose.
You, of course, are a rose, But were always a rose.

who knows if the moon's a balloon (e. e. cummings)

who knows if the moon's a balloon, coming out of a keen city in the sky filled with pretty people?
(and if you and i should get into it, if they should take me and take you into their balloon,
why then we'd go up high higher with all the pretty people than the houses and steeples and clouds:
go sailing away and away sailing into a keen city which nobody's ever visited,
where always it's Spring) and everyone's in love and flowers pick themselves

DREAM WITH ME (Leonard Bernstein)

Dream with me tonight, Tonight and ev'ry night, Wherever you may chance to be;
We're together if we dream the same sweet dream; And though we may be far apart,
Keep me in your heart and dream with me.

The kiss we never dared we'll dare in dreaming. The love we never shared can still have meaning
If you only dream a magic dream with me tonight.
Tonight and ev'ry night, Wherever you may chance to be, Close your lovely eyes and dream with me.

EARLY IN THE MORNING

No sleep has yet refreshed my eyes,
And day is already appearing at my bedroom window.

My disordered mind is still groping among doubts
And creating nocturnal specters.

Feel no more alarm, cease torturing yourself, my soul!
Rejoice! Here and there morning bells have already awakened.

IT IS HE

Springtime lets its blue ribbon flutter through the sky
again;
Sweet, familiar fragrances brush against the land like a
premonition.
Violets are already dreaming; they will soon be here.
Listen! From afar, the soft note of a harp!
Springtime, yes, its' yo! I have heard of you!

The assisting artist for Bernstein's *Dream With Me* is cellist
Marcio Botelho

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

CUM NATUS ESSET

Cum natus esset Jesus in Bethlehem Juda in diebus Herodis regis, ecce, Magi ab Oriente venerunt Jerosolymam, dicentes: Ubi est, qui natus est rex Judeorum? Vidimus enim stellam ejus in Oriente, et venimus adorare eum. Audiens autem Herodes rex, turbatus est et omnis Jerosolyma cum illo. Et congregans omnes principes sacerdotum et scribas populi, sciscitabatur ab eis, ubi Christus nasceretur. At illi dixerunt ei: In Bethlehem Judae: Sic enim scriptum est per prophetam: Et tu, Bethlehem terra Judae nequaquam minima es in principibus Juda, ex tu enim exiet dux, qui regat populum meum Israel.

Tunc Herodes, clam vocatis magis, diligenter didicit ab eis tempus stellae qui apparuit eis: et mittens illos in Bethlehem, dixit: Ite et interrogate diligenter de puero: et cum inveneritis, renunciate mihi, ut et ego veniens adorem eum. Qui cum audissent regem, abierunt.

Et ecce, stella, quam viderant in Oriente antecedeat eos, usque dum veniens staret supra, ubi erat puer. Videntes autem stellam, gavisus sunt gaudio magno valde. Et intrantes domum, invenerunt puerum cum Maria matre ejus et procidentes adoraverunt eum. Et, apertis thesauris suis, obtulerunt ei munera, aurum, thus, et myrrham. Et responso accepto in somnis, ne redirent ad Herodem, per aliam viam reversi sunt in regionem suam.

PASTORES LOQUEBANTUR

Pastores loquebantur ad invicem: Transeamus usque ad Bethlehem, et videamus hoc verbum, quod factum est, quod Dominus ostendit nobis. Et venerunt festinantes, et invenerunt Mariam, et Joseph, et infantem positum in praesepe. Videntes autem cognoverunt de verbo, quod dictum erat illis de puero hoc. Et omnes qui audierunt, mirati sunt: et de his quae dicta erant a pastoribus ad ipsos. Maria autem conservabat omnia verba haec conferens in corde suo. Et reversi sunt pastores glorificantes et laudantes Deum in omnibus quae audebant, et viderant, sicut dictum est ad illos.

NUPTIAE FACTAE SUNT

Nuptiae factae sunt in Cana Galilaeae: et erat mater Jesu ibi. Vocatus est autem et Jesus, et discipuli ejus ad nuptias. Et deficiente vino, dicit mater Jesu ad eum: Vinum non habent. Et dicit ei Jesus: Quid mihi, et tibi est mulier? Nondum venit hora mea. Dicit mater ejus ministris: Quodcumque dixerit vobis, facite. Erant autem ibi lapideae hydriae sex positae secundum purificationem Judaeorum, capientes singulae metretas binas vel ternas. Dicit eis Jesus: Implete hydreas aqua. Et impleverunt eas usque ad summum. Et dicit eis Jesus: Haurite nunc, et ferte architriclino. Et tulerunt. Ut autem gustavit architriclinus aquam vinum factam, et non sciebat unde esset, ministri autem sciebant, qui hauserant aquam: vocat sponsum architriclinus, et dicit ei: Omnis homo primum bonum vinum ponit: et cum inebriati fuerint, tunc id, quod deterius est. Tu autem servasti bonum vinum usque ad huc. Hoc fecit initium signorum Jesus in Cana Galilaeae: et manifestavit gloriam suam, et crediderunt in eum discipuli ejus.

(THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW: 2, 1-12)

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he who has been born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him." When Herod the king heard this, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him; and assembling all the chief priests and scribes of the people, he inquired of them where the Christ was to be born. They told him, "In Bethlehem of Judea; for so it is written by the prophet; 'And you, O Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, are by no means least among the rulers of Judah; for from you shall come a ruler who will govern my people Israel.'"

Then Herod summoned the wise men secretly and ascertained from them what time the star appeared; and he sent them to Bethlehem, saying, "Go and search diligently for the child, and when you have found him bring me word, that I too may come and worship him." When they had heard the king they went their way.

And lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced greatly; and going into the house they saw the child with Mary his mother, and they fell down and worshiped him. Then, opening their treasures, they offered him gifts: gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And being warned in a dream not to return to Herod, they departed to their own country by another way.

(THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE: 2, 15-20)

The shepherds said to one another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us." And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they saw it they made known the saying which had been told them concerning the child; and all who heard it wondered at what the shepherds told them. But Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them.

(THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN: 2, 1-11)

There was a marriage at Cana in Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there; Jesus also was invited to the marriage, with his disciples. When the wine gave out, the mother of Jesus said to him, "They have no wine." And Jesus said to her, "O woman, what have you to do with me? My hour has not yet come." His mother said to the servants, "Do whatever he tells you." Now six stone jars were standing there, for the Jewish rites of purification, each holding twenty or thirty gallons. Jesus said to them, "Fill the jars with water." And they filled them to the brim. He said to them, "Now draw some out, and take it to the steward of the feast." So they took it. When the steward of the feast tasted the water now become wine, and did not know where it came from (though the servants who had drawn the water knew,) the steward called the bridegroom and said to him, "Every man serves the good wine first; and when men have drunk freely, then the poor wine; but you have kept the good wine until now." This, the first of his signs, Jesus did at Cana in Galilee, and manifested his glory; and his disciples believed in him.

LE BALCON

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs! ô toi, tous mes devoirs!
Tu te rappelleras la beauté des caresses,
La douceur du foyer et le charme des soirs,
Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse des maîtresses,
Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon,
Et les soirs au balcon, voilés de vapeur rose.
Que ton sein m'était doux!
Que ton cœur m'était bon!
Nous avons dit souvent d'imperissables choses
Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon
Que les soleils sont beaux par les chaudes soirées!
Que l'espace est profond! que le cœur est puissant!
En me penchant vers toi, reine des adorées,
Je croyais respirer le parfum de ton sang.
Que les soleils sont beaux par les chaudes soirées!
La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison,
Et mes yeux dans le noir devinaient tes prunelles,
Et je buvais ton souffle, O douceur, ô poison!
Et tes pieds s'endormaient dans mes mains fraternelles,
La nuit s'épaississait ainsi qu'une cloison.
Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses,
Et revis mon passé blotti dans tes genoux.
Car à quoi bon chercher tes beautés langoureuses
Ailleurs qu'en ton cher corps et qu'en ton cœur si doux?
Je sais l'art d'évoquer les minutes heureuses!
Ces serments, ces parfums, ces baisers infinis.
Renaîtront-ils d'un gouffre interdit à nos sondes
Comme montent au ciel les soleils rajeunis
Après s'être lavés au fond des mers profondes
O serments! ô parfums! ô baisers infinis!

HARMONIE DU SOIR

Voici venir les temps où vibrant sur sa tige,
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir;
Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige.
Chaque fleur s'évapore ainsi qu'un encensoir,
Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,
Valse mélancolique et langoureux vertige,
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir;
Le violon frémit comme un cœur qu'on afflige,
Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste et noir!
Le ciel est triste et beau comme un grand reposoir,
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige...
Un cœur tendre, qui hait le néant vaste et noir,
Du passé lumineux recueille tout vestige.
Le soleil s'est noyé dans son sang qui se fige,—
Ton souvenir en moi luit comme un ostensor.

LE JET D'EAU

Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante!
Reste longtemps sans les rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante où t'a surprise le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet d'eau qui jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni jour,
Entretient doucement l'extase
Où ce soir m'a plongé l'amour.
La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille fleurs,
Que la lune traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.
Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie
L'éclair brûlant des voluptés,
S'élançait, rapide et hardie
Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.
Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante
En un flot de triste langueur,
Qui par une invisible pente
Descend jusqu'au fond de mon cœur.
O toi, que la nuit rend si belle,
Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers tes seins,
D'écouter la plainte éternelle
Qui sanglote dans les bassins!
Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie,
Arbres qui frissonnez autour,—
Votre pure mélancolie
Est le miroir de mon amour.

THE BALCONY

*Mother of remembrances, mistress of mistresses,
O you, my every pleasure! O you, my every obligation!
You will recall the beauty of caresses,
The peacefulness of home, and the charm of evenings;
Mother of remembrances, mistress of mistresses,
Evenings lighted by the glow of the coals,
And evenings on the balcony, veiled by rosy mist,—
How sweet your breast seemed to me!
How kind your heart seemed to me!
We often spoke of imperishable things
On those evenings, lighted by the glow of the coals.
How beautiful was the sun on torrid evenings!
How vast is space! How powerful is the heart!
Leaning toward you, Queen of all adored ones,
I imagined that I breathed the fragrance of your blood.
How beautiful is the sun on torrid evenings!
The night became close, as if surrounded by walls,
And my eyes in the darkness sought out your eyes,
And I imbibed your breath, O sweetness, O venom!
And your feet became numb in my brotherly hands;
The night became close, as if surrounded by walls.
I know the art of evoking happy moments,
And I saw again my past, playing about your knees . . .
For why should one search for your languorous beauty
Any place except in your dear body and in your gentle heart?
I know the art of evoking happy moments!
Those vows, those perfumes, those endless kisses,
Were they reborn out of a depth beyond our reach,
As the rejuvenated sun rises again into the sky,
After it has bathed at the bottom of deep oceans?
O vows! O fragrance! O endless kisses!*

EVENING HARMONY

*Now comes that time when, trembling on its stem,
Each flower exhales fragrance like a censer;
The sounds and perfumes whirl in the evening air,
A melancholy waltz and a languorous intoxication.
Each flower exhales fragrance like a censer,
The violin vibrates like a heart in distress,
A melancholy waltz and a languorous intoxication,
The sky is sad and beautiful, like a great altar;
The violin vibrates like a heart in distress,
A tender heart, which abhors the vast and somber void!
The sky is sad and beautiful, like a great altar,
The sun has drowned in its own blood, which is congealing.
A tender heart, which abhors the vast and somber void,
Recalls all memories of the luminous past.
The sun has drowned in its own blood, which is congealing,—
My memory of you shines like a monstrosity.*

THE FOUNTAIN

*Your beautiful eyes are weary, my poor beloved!
Rest a while without opening them,
In this carefree pose
In which pleasure has come upon you.
In the courtyard, the fountain which chatters
And never ceases, day or night,
Sustains sweetly the ecstasy
In which love has engulfed me tonight.
The column of water which rocks
Its thousand flowers,
Which the moon penetrates
With its pale light,
Falls like a shower
Of large tears.
And so your soul, setting aflame
The fiery lightning of desire,
Leaps quickly and fearlessly
Toward the vast, enchanted skies.
Then it diffuses, dying
In a wave of sad languor
Which, by way of an invisible incline,
Descends to the depths of my heart.
Oh, you, whom the night makes so beautiful,
I find it sweet, leaning against your bosom,
To listen to the eternal lament
That sobs in the fountain.
Moon, sonorous water, blessed night,
Trees trembling all about,—
Your pure melancholy
Is the reflection of my love.*

RECUEILLEMENT

Sois sage, ô ma douleur, et tiens-toi plus tranquille;
Tu réclames le soir: il descend, là voicil!
Une atmosphère obscure enveloppe la ville.
Aux uns portant la paix, aux autres le souci.
Pendant que des mortels la multitude vile,
Sous le fouet du Plaisir, ce bourreau sans merci,
Va cueillir des remords dans la fête servile.
Ma douleur, donne moi la main,
Viens par ici, loin d'eux.
Vois se pencher les défuntes Années
Sur les balcons du ciel, en robes sarranées.
Surgir du fond des eaux le Regret souriant,

Le soleil moribond s'endormir sous une arche;
Et, comme un long linceul traînant à l'Orient,
Entends, ma chère, entends la douce nuit qui marche.

LA MORT DES AMANTS

Nous aurons des lits pleins d'odeurs légères,
Des divans profonds comme des tombeaux;
Et d'étranges fleurs sur des étagères,
Ecloses pour nous sous des cieux plus beaux,
Usant à l'envi leurs chaleurs dernières;
Nos deux cœurs seront deux vastes flambeaux,
Qui réfléchiront leurs doubles lumières
Dans nos deux esprits, ces miroirs jumeaux.
Un soir fait de rose et de bleu mystique
Nous échangerons un éclair unique,
Comme un long sanglot tout chargé d'adieu,
Et plus tard un ange, entrouvrant les portes,
Viendra ramener, fidèle et joyeux,
Les miroirs ternis et les flammes mortes.

AGNES

Rosenzeit! Wie schnell vorbei bist du doch gegangen!
Wär mein Lieb' nur blieben treu, so lte mir nicht bangen.
Um die Ernte wohlgemuth Schnitterinnen singen.
Aber, ach! mir kranken Blut, will nichts mehr gelingen.

Schleiche so durch's Wiesenthal, als im Traum verloren,

Nach dem Berg, da tausendmal er mit Treu' geschworen.

Oben auf des Hügels Rand, abgewandt, wein' ich bei der Linde;

An dem Hut mein Rosenband, von seiner Hand, spielet in dem Winde.

DAS VERLASSENE MÄGDLEIN

Früh, wann die Hähne krähen, eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn, muss Feuer zünden.
Schön ist der Flamme Schein, es springen die Funken;
Ich schaue so darein, in Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir, treulos'er Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir geträumet habe.
Träne auf Träne dann Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran - o ging' er wieder!

INTROSPECTION

Be wise, o my sorrow, and behave more calmly;
You wished for the evening: it descends, it is here!
A dark haze envelopes the city,
Bringing to some peace, to others anxiety.
While the base multitude of mortals,
Under the whip of Pleasure, that merciless executioner,
Will suffer the pangs of remorse at the lowly feast.
Sorrow of mine, give me your hand,
Come hither, far away from them.
See the dead years leaning
Over the balconies of heaven, in faded garments.
See scornfully smiling Regret emerge from the depths of the waters,
The dying sun going to sleep beneath an arch;
And, like a long shroud trailing towards the East,
Hear, my beloved, hear the gentle night approaching.

THE DEATH OF LOVERS

We shall have beds scented with faint perfumes,
Divans sunken like tombs,
And strange flowers on the shelves,
Unfolding for us beneath skies more lovely,
Vying with each other, in their expiring fires;
Our two hearts will be two great torches,
Reflecting their double light
In our two spirits, these twin mirrors.
On an evening spun of rose and mystic blue
We shall exchange a single lightning flash,
Like a long sob charged with parting,
And later, an angel, opening the gates,
Will restore to life, faithful and joyful,
The tarnished mirrors and the extinct flames.

AGNES

Season of roses! How quickly you went by!
If my lover had remained true, I would not be afraid.
As they cut the grain, the harvest women sing happily;
But, alas, my spirit is sick, and nothing goes right for me.

Thus I slink through the valley of meadows, as if lost in a dream.

And I go to the mountain where he swore to me a thousand times that he would be true.

Up there at the edge of the hill, turning aside, I weep by the Linden tree.

On my hat, the band of roses, which he made, plays in the wind.

THE FORSAKEN SERVANT GIRL

Early, when the roosters crow, before the stars disappear,
I must stand at the hearth, I must light the fire.
Beautiful is the glow of the flames; the sparks leap;
I stare into the fire, sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I remember, faithless boy,
That last night I dreamed about you.
Tear after tear flows down my cheeks.
That is how the day begins - Oh, how I wish it were over!