

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1006th Concert

Sunday, October 10, 1965
8:00 P. M.
In The East Garden Court

CLAUDIA LINDSEY, SOPRANO
KENNETH MANZER, PIANIST

I

Music for a while	Purcell
Hark! The ech'ing air	Purcell
When I Am Laid in Earth (from "Dido and Aeneas")	Purcell

II

Liebesbotschaft (Love's Message)	Schubert
Du bist die Ruh (You are the peace)	Schubert
Geheimes (Secret)	Schubert
Gretchen am Spinnrade (Marguerite at the spinning-wheel)	Schubert

III

Tacea la notte placida (from "Il Trovatore")	Verdi
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I N T E R M I S S I O N

IV

Rencontre (Meeting)	Fauré
Clair de lune (Moonlight)	Fauré
Après un Rêve (After a dream)	Fauré
Fleur jetée (Cut flowers)	Fauré

V

The Daisies	Barber
Sleep now	Barber
I hear an army	Barber

Miss Lindsey is managed exclusively by the National Music League, Inc.,
America's first non-profit management for young concert artists.

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

PROGRAM NOTES

Liebesbotschaft (Love's Message)

Schubert

Rustling, silvery brook, are you hurrying to my beloved?
Dearest brook, be my messenger and bring her my greetings.

Du bist die Ruh (You are the peace)

Schubert

You are the peace, the rest and longing, in thee I am blest.
When your eyes look into mine, my heart draws near. Live forever
in my heart.

Geheimes (Secret)

Schubert

At the winking of my sweetheart's eye, everyone seems to
wonder. I, the knowing one, understand the secret glances.

Gretchen am Spinnrade (Marguerite at the spinning wheel)

Schubert

Deserted by Faust, the distraught Marguerite longs for him
and laments, "My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I shall never
find peace again."

Rencontre (Meeting)

Fauré

I was sad and melancholy when I met you. I felt less torment
today. Tell me, will you be the woman long desired and the dream
sought for so vainly? Will you be the friend who will bring hap-
piness to the lonely poet and shine on my soul like the native sun
on my heart?

Clair de lune (Moonlight)

Fauré

Your soul is landscape where spirits, like masqueraders,
play their lutes when they dance. There is sadness beneath their
disguises, for, though they sing of love and life they seem to
doubt that love and life are real. In the moonlight their songs
bring tender dreams to the birds and ecstasy to the fountains.

Après un Rêve (After a dream)

Fauré

In a slumber, charmed by your image, I dreamed of happiness-
ardent mirage. Your eyes were more gentle, your voice pure and
clear. You called me and I left the earth to flee with you towards
the light. Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams! I call to you,
oh night, give me back your illusions. Return, return with your
radiance, return. Oh mysterious night!

Fleur jetée (Cut Flowers)

Fauré

Cut flower, gathered with a song and thrown away in a dream,
carry my passion away with the wind. Like you, the hand that has
chosen you, now shuns me forever. Oh poor flower, a while ago so
fresh, and tomorrow colorless, let the wind that withers you,
wither my heart.