

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

961st Concert

Sunday, June 14, 1964  
8:00 P. M.  
In The East Garden Court

Peggy Zabawa, Soprano  
Jule Zabawa, Baritone

Assisted by

Stephen Prussing, Piano  
George Steiner, Violin  
Earnest Harrison, Oboe  
Ervin Klinkon, Cello

I

To Thee, Jehovah will I Sing Praises Johann Sebastian Bach

Herr, Du Siehst, from Cantata No. 9 Johann Sebastian Bach

Lord, in Thee our works awaken less regard than faith unshaken,  
true believers we must be. Faith alone will give us might, make  
us worthy in Thy sight and lead us at last to Thee.

Wann Kommst du, mein Heil? from Cantata No. 140 Johann Sebastian Bach

(The Soul)

When com'st Thou, my Lord?  
I wait Thee with lamps all alighted!  
Throw open the hall  
To Thy heavenly feast  
Come, Jesus!

(Christ)

I come, thine own!  
I open the hall  
To My heavenly feast  
I come, come, loving soul!

Mein Freund ist mein! from Cantata No. 140 Johann Sebastian Bach

O Friend, thou'rt mine!  
Thy love no power can sever  
With Thee in heaven's bright  
path of joy I'll wander.  
The fulness of joy's in  
Thy presence divine.

Yes, I am thine  
My love no power can sever  
With Me in heaven's bright  
paths of joy thou'lt wander.  
The fulness of joy in My  
Presence is thine.

Bist Du Bei Mir, from The Notebook Johann Sebastian Bach

If thou be near, go I with gladness to death and to eternal peace.

Komm, mein Jesus, und er quicke, from Cantata No. 21      Johann Sebastian Bach

Come my Jesus, and refresh me	Yes, I come and will refresh thee!
By Thy tender glance restore me.	By My tender glances restore thee.
My spirit shall perish	Thy spirit shall be saved
And in depths of desolation be	from the depths of desolation
consumed, ever grief and	shall be rescued; by My Blood
pain enduring. Yea, I am	shall find salvation. Nay,
forsaken.	but thou art chosen.
Ah, Jesus, refresh Thou my	Away with lamenting and
heart and spirit.	banish all sorrow!

Betrachte, meine Seele      Johann Sebastian Bach  
(From The Passion of Our Lord according to St. John)

Consider, O my soul in agony and rapture, in bitter pain thy heart will low be laid; thy precious boon is Jesus' anguish. For thee the thorn crown He wore. The heaven-scented flowers will bloom, thou canst the sweetest fruit from out this worm-wood gather, then look unceasingly to Him.

Gott, ach Gott, verlass die Dienen nimmermehr!      Johann Sebastian Bach  
(from Cantata No. 79)

O my God, forsake Thy people nevermore! Keep Thy word a beacon shining, we implore, and though foes in our spite are fiercely raging; praise we Thee who never fails us.

II

Three Mystic Songs

Emma Lou Diemer

"He is the Sun" (Hindu Upanishads 800-600 B. C.)  
"To The Great Self" (Hindu Upanishads 800-600 B. C.)  
"God, There is no God but He" (from The Koran)

(First Performance)

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

III

Let us Wander	Henry Purcell
Lost is My Quiet	Henry Purcell
My Dearest, My Fairest (from "Pausanias, the Betrayer")	Henry Purcell
Sound the Trumpet	Henry Purcell

IV

Oh! Would I were but the sweet Linnet	Ludwig van Beethoven
(No. 9 of 12 Irish Songs)	
The Dream (No. 14 of 26 Welsh Songs)	Ludwig van Beethoven
They bid me slight my Dermot dear	Ludwig van Beethoven
(No. 18 of 25 Irish Songs)	