

IV

- V'ulaiSHERTOK-GDAL SALESKI
"Perhaps these things never happened, perhaps I did not arise with the
dawn to serve the garden with the sweat of my brow. Oh, my Kinneret,
did you exist or did I dream a dream?"
- Isma'h 'hatan becalay (Yemenite nuptial chant)L. ALGAZI
The betrothed rejoice together as Abraham, Sara, Isaac, and Jacob.
- Hashivenu ElechaHARRY E. ANIK
"Lead us back to Thee! Renew our days as of old!"

V

- I Cannot Stay Here By Myself
(American Slave lament) ARR. BY HALL JOHNSON
- Down on Me (American spiritual) ARR. BY JOHN W. WORK
- Weepin' Mary (American spiritual) ARR. BY H. T. BURLEIGH
- The Virgin Mary had a baby boy (West Indian) ARR. BY HAL EVANS
- Mercy pourin' down (West Indian) ARR. BY MAX SAUNDERS
- The Lord's Prayer (West Indian) ARR. BY MAX SAUNDERS

These artists appear tonight through arrangement with
E. L. Searcy, Artist Representative, Mt. Vernon, New York.

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

THE WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL CONCERTS



National Gallery of Art

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1212th Concert

KENNETH A. THOMPSON, *Basso-Cantante*
RICHARD DOREN, *Pianist*

SUNDAY EVENING
DECEMBER 27, 1970

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK
IN THE EAST GARDEN COURT

I

Höllische Schlange (Cantata No. 40) J. S. BACH

“Hellish serpent, are thou not afraid? The victor who shall crush thy head is born.”

But who may abide the day of His coming? G. F. HANDEL
(Messiah) Version J. Coopersmith edition

What Power art thou? HENRY PURCELL
(King Arthur)

Lord, what is Man? HENRY PURCELL
(Harmonia Sacra)

II

Vier ernste Gesänge (Op. 121) JOHANNES BRAHMS

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better, than that a man should rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see that shall be after him?

Ecclesiastes,
Chapter 3

Ich wandte mich

So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.

Ecclesiastes,
Chapter 4

O Tod, wie bitter

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that is at peace in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to distract him, and hath prosperity in all things, and that still hath strength to receive meat! O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto a man that is needy, and that faileth in strength, that is in extreme old age and is distracted about all things and hath lost hope.

Ecclesiastes,
Chapter 41

Wenn ich mit Menschen

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass on a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

I Corinthians,
Chapter 13

III

Le Songe d'Hérode (L'Enfance du Christ) Op. 25 HECTOR BERLIOZ

Recitative: Toujours ce rêve!

That dream still haunts me, reveals that infant fair,
Which shall unthroned a king. Must I believe the vision
which doth foretell the time is nigh that shall end my life's glory?

Air: O misère des rois!

Sad lot waits on a king:
To reign, life's joys denied me!
Decree wise laws to all.
Vainly I long to rest me; weary at eve,
envy the shepherd boy his lot.
Night, whose soft silence lullst all to slumber,
bringest forth sweet dreams of bliss,
grant me an hour of rest,
peace to mine anguished spirit,
expand thy wings and bid this careworn throbbing heart be still.
Oh, to my ravaged soul,
grant me an hour of slumber!
Sad lot waits on a king.
To reign, life's joys denied me,
decree wise laws to all.
Vainly I long to rest me; weary at eve,
I envy the shepherd boy his lot!
In vain my longing; sleep flees mine eyes.
Vain my pleading for slumber; God heedeth not my prayer,
oh, never ending night; oh, never-ending night!

INTERMISSION