

ESSIA
UNIVERSITY.

Saturday, March 19, 2022 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING A

Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven.....

May

It has been a month, dear exiled one, since you went away from my gaze,
and I have seen the lilacs blooming with my disconsolate pain.

Alone, I feel this clear and lovely sky whose burning ray troubles me,
for the horror of the exile doubles with the splendor of renewal (spring).

In vain, the sun has smiled,
To spring I close my door and I wish only that one brings me a branch of
lilacs in bloom!

For the love with which my soul is filled it finds among its sorrow your
look in those dear flowers and in their fragrance – your breath.

The Enchanted Hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

Three days of the vine harvest

During the vintage I met her one day,
Skirt tucked in, dainty feet,
No yellow veil, no coiled-up hair,
A maenad with an angel's eyes,
Leaning on a sweet friend's arm.
I met her at Avignon in the fields,
During the vintage one day.

During the vintage I met her one day,

She takes all that is fair;
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

And even so in a day...I will cry my destiny

And even so in a day

do I miss fates and sizes? Ahi fate! Caesar, my beautiful number, is perhaps extinct; Cornelia and Sesto are unarmed, nor can they give me help. Hate!

There remains no hope for my life.

Ah, human thought can't manage
(To grasp) the depth of my happiness:
I can barely believe my own senses;
You do trust me, oh my darling!

Ah, hold me and, always together,
Always united in a single hope,
From this land in which we live
We shall build a Heaven of love...

