

## **Program**

Intermission



## **Translations**

| Night  |
|--|
| The wind blows soft across the silent f eld. |
|  |
|  |
| Twin Stars                                   |
|  |
|  |
|  |
| They pour the food of life and day.          |
|  |
| Do Not Stand at my Grave and Weep            |
|  |
|  |
| I am the f elds of ripening grain.           |
| Of heavitiful hinds in similing fight        |
| Of beautiful birds in circling f ight,       |
| I am in the f owers that bloom,              |

**Kyrie Eleison** 

**Locus Iste**