
Sunday, October 13, 2024 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING A

Translations

Il fervido desiderio

The fervent desire

When will that day come?
That which the loving heart so desires?
When will that day come?
When I welcome you to my bosom?
%B>RQRI' >J BLCILSB'J VLT'K'LRIZ

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Sorrowful image of my Phillis

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,
Why do you sit so desolate beside me?
What more do you wish for?
Streams of tears have I poured on your ashes.
Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,
, J IIEQ'PK'LO>KLEBO >J EŽ
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully.
7EBLIA' >J BLCILSB'@KKLQ'BUCKDRIFEBAl

Vaga luna, che inargenti

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
2KQ'BBELOP>KALKQ'BB' LTBON
And breathe the language of love to the elements.
You are now the sole witness of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs.
7LEBOTEL' IIPJ BTRQ'ILSB
Tell her too that distance cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that day and night
I count the hours of sorrow,
7E>Q' >Q'KDELM'@LJ CQ'PJ BIKILSBAl

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

He came in storm and rain

He came in storm and rain,

О V > KULP E B < C P B < Q > D < K P Q E P H

How could I have known,

That his path should unite itself with mine?

He came in storm and rain,

He boldly stole my heart.

Did he steal mine?

Did I steal his?

Both came together.

He came in storm and rain,

Now has come the blessing of spring.

My love travels abroad,

I watch with cheer,

For he remains mine on any road.

Mein Stern

My Star

O star of mine, I gladly watch,

When the sun is sinking in the still ocean,

Your golden eye winks with faithful comfort

In my dark night!

O star of mine, from a far distance,

You are a herald of loving greetings,

O let your beams give me thirsty kisses

In the yearning night!

O star of mine, do tarry long,

And travel smiling on starlight's feathers,

In dreams appear as my friend's bright angel

In his dark night.

Lorelei

Lorelei

I'm looking in vain for the reason
That I am so sad and distressed;
A tale known for many a season
Will not allow me to rest.

Habañera

Habañera

Love is a rebellious bird that nobody can tame,
And you can call him in vain if it suits him not to come.
Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.
One man talks well, the other's mum;
It's the other one that I prefer.
He's silent, but I like his looks.
Love!

Love is like a gypsy's child,
It has never, ever, known a law;
Love me not, then I love you;
If I love you, you'd best beware!

Love stays away, you wait and wait;
All around you, swift, so swift,
It comes, it goes, and then returns.

Mai

May

, QE>P?BBKLKBJ LKQ/PTBQBUHBALKB'

Since you left my sight,

And I have seen the lilacs bloom

With inconsolable grief.

Alone, I shun fresh air,

Whose ardent fragrance disquiets me,

) LQEBELQCLC>KBUBALR?IEP

At seeing the luster of nature's renewal.

In vain I listen at the windows,

In the room in which I have shut myself up,

SPQB' QP'BEQPLCO >V

Collide against them with their clumsy shells.

In vain does the sun smile,

For I close my door against the spring,

And wish only that someone would bring me

A branch of blossoming lilac;

For Love, of which my heart is full,

In the middle of its grief,

) IKAPVLROD>W>J LKDQEBBMB@LRP LTBO'

And in their scent, your breath!

D'une Prison

From a Prison

Over the roof, the sky is so blue, so calm!

Above the roof, a tree waves its foliage.

In the sky one can see the bell, softly ringing.

On the tree one can see a bird

Singing its lament.

My God, my God, life is there,

Simple and tranquil.

This peaceful rumor there comes from the town.

What have you done, O you there,

Weeping without end,

Tell me, what have you done, you there,

With your youth?

Paysage

Landscape

Two steps from the sea that one hears rumbling,
In the land of Brittany,
I know of a forgotten spot
Where I would so love, in autumn days,
To take you, my dear!
Some oaks surrounding a fountain,
A few scattered beech trees, an old abandoned mill,
The green of your siren's eyes;
Each morning, the chickadee, among the yellow foliage,
Will come to sing for us, and the sea, night and day,
Will accompany our loving caresses
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