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Sunday, November 3, 2024 at 2:00 p.m.

**HIGH FOUNDATION**

# Program

“No Word from Tom... I Go to Him”

Igor Stravinsky  
(1882-1971)

Selections from

C'etait en juin...

Roses de Juin

S'il arrive jamais

.....Nadia Boulanger

(1887-1979)

.....Edvard Grieg

Gruss

(1843-1907)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein

Lauf der Welt

Die verschwiegene Nachtigall

Zur Rosenzeit

Ein Traum

## Intermission

“Oh! Quante Volte”

### **C'était en juin...**

It was June...

It was June, in the garden, it was our time and our day;  
And our eyes looked, with such love, the things,  
That seemed to us, that gently opened, and we saw, and we loved the roses.  
The sky was so pure it never was:

And our kisses were so beautiful that they exalted both the light and the birds.

It seemed like happiness who suddenly becomes blue  
and wants the whole sky for splendor;  
All of life entered, by sweet breezes, in our being, to grow.

And these were only invocatory cries, and crazy impulses and prayers and wishes,  
And the need, sudden, to recreate the gods, in order to believe.

### **Roses de Juin**

Roses of June

Roses of June, the most beautiful, with your hearts of pierced sun;

on the branches;

Roses of June and of July, straight and new,  
Mouths, kisses who together are moved or calmed,  
with the coming and going of the wind,

If the crystal of pure thought must fall in our hearts and break,  
If despite everything, I felt defeated for not having been  
quiet prey to the divine immensity of goodness;  
Then, oh! let's embrace like two sublime madmen  
Who under the broken skies, cling to the peaks all the same and, in one single soar,  
Our souls in the sun, exalt themselves in death.

**Gruss**

Greeting

Quietly passing through my mind, lovely ringing.  
Ring out, little song of spring,  
Sound out into the distance.

Go out, to the house, where the violets sprout,  
When you look at a rose, say, I send my regards.

**Dereinst, Gedanke mein**

One day, my thoughts

One day, my thoughts, you will be at rest.  
Love does not let you become still: in cool Earth you will sleep well;  
there without love and without pain you will be at rest.

What you have not found in life, when it disappeared, it will be given to you.  
Then without wounds and without pain you will be at rest.

**Lauf der Welt**

The Way of the World

Every evening I go out, up to the meadow bridge.  
She looks out of her garden house, it stands right on the way.  
We've never planned to meet, it's just the way of the world.

I don't know how it happened, I've been kissing her for a long time,  
I ask not, she does not say: yes! But she says: no! also no.  
When lips like to rest on lips, we won't stop it, we think it is good.



O woodland glade so green with spring, you shall live in me forevermore!  
There reality became a dream, there dream became reality!

**Oh! Quante Volte**

Oh! How often...

Here I am dressed brilliantly...

Here I am adorned...

like a victim at the altar.



