Program I

**The Fatal Hour**

- Purcell

**Man is for the woman made**

- Purcell

**Come all ye songsters**

- Purcell

**Air de Médée**

- Lully

*Fatal spite, jealous rapture, I give myself up to you; fatal tenderness, die forever so that the cruel love changes to fury in my heart. Let us devise some horrible punishment; let us carefully prepare deadly deeds. If the thankless one that I love disregards my anger, let us not spare my rival.*

**Menuet chanté**

- Rameau

*Into these sweet shelters come for quiet pleasures. Among the flowers, one sees neither sorrows nor tears.*

**Gavotte Chantée**

- Rameau

*To love yield all weapons! Cherish the tears, these alarms have charms. Quiet indifference has but dull pleasures. What blessings love dispenses for the prize of the first sighs!* 

Program II

**Quatre chansons pour voix graves**

- Honegger

*The sweetness of your eyes can heal the most fatal wound. Alas, where can I find a remedy for the wound which you inflicted upon me?* 

**Behind Murcie, I know a road which leads to you. What do you do all alone, so far away? Why did I leave you? If only you could see me seated here in tears.**

**A great black sleep falls on my life. Sleep all hope. I have lost the memory of good or evil. I am a cradle balanced in the cavity of a crypt. Silence.**

**Earth drinks water. Wind and sun drink the sea. Following this universal law, why then shall we not drink?**

**A sa guitare**

- Poulenc

*My guitar, I sing to you. By you alone I charm the loves which I receive. At the sound of your harmony, I refresh my ardour, infinite flame, born of a beautiful unhappiness.*

**Priez pour paix**

- Poulenc

*Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary. Take your prayers to your Son who by His blood wanted to redeem us. Pray for peace, true treasure of joy.*

**Attributs**

- Poulenc

*The ears of corn are sacred to Ceres; to Phoebus the green laurel; to Minerva the olive tree; the sweet fruit to Pomone; to Flora, the beautiful flowers; but the cares and the tears are sacred to Cybele.*

INTERMISSION
The Twilight People
Song of the Leaves of Life and
The Water of Life
The Water Mill

Lieder um den Tod
Little Bird Desperation
A little black bird flies over the world, it sings with death-like sadness...
whoever hears it does harm to himself... every night it rests on the finger of Death, who strokes it softly and speaks to it: "Fly, my little bird". Again it flies over the world, singing.

In an abandoned churchyard
Poor bleached skull, there is no reason to mourn Life's form. Does the sea regret the wave which melts away? I will paint a little crown around your bald forehead. In Life's need and Death's pain, you become God's Eye and Brain as I do.

Death and the lonely drinker (a scene at midnight)
"Good evening, friend". "Your health". "How are you?" "Your health". "You are not angry with me anymore?" "Your health". "Seriously?" "Your health". "Thank you". "Your health". "But..." "Your health". "Too much". "Your health". "Now..." "Your health". "Enough". "Your...".

Winter Night
I wander homeward from the tavern through a night thick with snowflakes. I see you resting in the gloomy room in a white shroud. Do I live deep in your dream? I long for you. A white snowy night whispers around both of us.

The Sower
As he strides up and down the land, Peasant Death sows seeds. Wherever you go the fine, invisible dust flies. Go bravely, yet prepared.

An assurance that cannot be lost
One thing I look forward to - one evening this heart will rest, this wanderer may sleep. Whatever will wake again, will become another thing, another being. This one has fulfilled his work. Then... then...

Three Songs on Death

Saw a grave
Body my house my horse my hound
I will lie down in autumn

This concert is broadcast by Station WGMS 570 AM and 103.5 FM

Following tonight's program the concerts will be discontinued until fall.