



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

Piiksinaasin

Presents

Hope Wauters, soprano

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano

Donovan Martinez, guitar

Taya Bennett, soprano,

Noelle Kuntz, soprano

From the Studio of

Dr. Janet Youngdahl

1:00pm

December 8, 2024

Recital Hall

~~ PROGRAM ~~

Widmung
Mondnacht
Der Nussbaum
Die Lotosblume
Du bist wie eine Blume

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

Hope Wauters, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Trees they grow so high, Somerset Folk Song
The last rose of Summer, from Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies*

Arr. Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Hope Wauters, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Una Lagrima (Preghiera)
Oh! Vieni al mare

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

Hope Wauters, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

INTERMISSION

Le temps des lilas
Les Roses d'Ispahan
Fleur jetée

Ernest Chausson
(1855-1899)
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Hope Wauters, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Master Kilby, Somerset Folk Song
Bonny at Morn, Northumberland Folk Song
I will give my love an apple, Dorset Folk Song

Arr. Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Hope Wauters, soprano
Donovan Martinez, guitar

"Laudamus Te" from *Gloria*

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

Hope Wauters, soprano
Taya Bennett, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

“Lift thine eyes” from *Elijah*

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809-1847)

In Dulci Jubilo

Arr. John Rutter (b. 1945)
& R.L. de Pearsall (1795-1856)

Hope Wauters, soprano
Taya Bennett, soprano
Noelle Kuntz, soprano

Translations

Widmung

You my soul, you my heart,
you my joy, O you my pain,
you my world, in which I live,
my heaven into which I float,
O you my grave, into which
I ever gave my sorrow.

You are my rest, you are my peace,
you are from heaven given to me.

Because you love me, I find my worth
your look has transfigured me,
you raise me lovingly above myself,
my better spirit, by best self!

Mondnacht

It was as if heaven had
gently kissed the earth,
so that she [earth] in flowering luster
could only dream of him [heaven].

The breeze went through the fields,
the stalks gently waved,
the forest softly rustled,
so star-bright was the night.

And my soul spread
wide its wings,
flew through the still land,
as if flying towards home.

Der Nussbaum

The walnut tree grows green by the house,
fragrant, airily, it spreads wide its leaves.

Many lovely blossoms grow upon it;
gentle winds come to warmly embrace them.

They whisper two by two paired,
leaning, bending tenderly to kiss the delicate little
heads.

They whisper of a young girl who thinks all day
and night long
ah! she herself knows not why.

They whisper – who can understand
so quietly? they whisper of a bridegroom and next
year.

The young girl listens, the tree rustles;
longing, hoping, she sinks smiling into sleep and
dream.

Die Lotosblume

The lotus flower is afraid
In front of the sun's splendor
And with sinking head
She dreamily awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,
he wakes her with his light,
and lovingly she unveils
her pious flower face,
she blooms and glows and illuminates
and stares quietly into the heavens;
she is fragrant and she weeps and trembles
for love and love's pain.

Du bist wie eine Blume

You are like a flower
So gently and beautiful and pure;
I look at you, and melancholy
creeps into my heart.

To me, it is as if my hands
on your head should lie,
praying that God keeps you
so pure and beautiful and gentle.

Una Lagrima (Praghiera)

God, God! Who with the slightest nod inspires
trembling
Who with a nod to men gives faith and hope,
Stretch your benevolent hand to my long pain,

I do not cry to you with the tender joy of a happy
heart,
Not the ardent hope of enchanting affection,
I only cry to you with a tear,
Which melts the frost of the heart.

Oh! Vieni al mare

Come, the boat is ready
Lightly, a little breeze blows,
Everything sighs from love,
The sea, the earth, the sky.

See, the silvery moon,
Shines on the lovers, friend,
And it seems like she says to you:
"Run to your faithful one!"

Please! Come, gentle lad,
So that I may immerse myself in your bosom,
And resemble the wave
Which kisses Heaven and dies.

Please! As many as the tides of the sea
[Are the] kisses I would have;
I'd like to leave with them
On your lips, [my] heart.

Le temps de lilas

The time of the lilacs and the time of roses
Will not return again this spring
The time of the lilacs and the roses
Is passed, the time of carnations too.

The wind has changed, the skies are gloomy,
And we will go no more gather
The flowering lilacs and the beautiful roses;
The spring is sad and cannot blossom.

Oh! joyful and sweet spring of the year,
The come last year to bathe us in sunshine,
Our flower of love is now so withered
Alas! your kiss cannot revive it!

And you, what are you doing? No budding
flowers,
No cheerful sunlight or cool shadows
The time of the lilacs and the time of roses
With our love, is dead forever.

Les Roses d'Ispahan

The Rose of Ispahan in its green moss enfolded,
Jasmine sweet of Moussoul, its orange-blossom
pale.
Breathes out an incense and a perfume sot as
fragrant
O dearest Leilah, than your delicate breath.
Your lips that are of coral and light is your smile
Has far more sparkle and beauty and your voice
more glorious
Far better than the breeze that sways the orange
trees,
Sweeter than the birds that sing on the fringe of
moss are nesting,
O Leilah! There in their light and winged flight,
Each dear caress has flown from thy lips which
are soft and sweet.
There's no longer the fragrance from pale orange
trees
Nor is there perfume sweet from out the blooming
roses
O may your young love so frail like butterflies in
flight,
Return unto my heart with swift and gentle
bondage,
And thus restore the fragrance of the orange trees,
The Rose of Ispahan in its moss gently enfolded.

Fleur jetée

The take away my madness,
O wilful wind,
Flowers that plucked while singing
And dropped in mood of dreams.
Then take away my madness,
Wilful wind,
As like a flower that's ravished, like love it dies.
The hand that touches you
Spurs my hand without hope.
As like a flower that ravished,
Like love it dies.
That hand that touches you
Spurs my hand without hope.
May the wind that is withering
O poor sad flower;
As 'twas now just so lovely
And the tomorrow dead.
May the wind that is starving
O poor sad flower.
May the wind that is starving
Starve my poor heart.

Laudamus Te

We praise you, we bless you,
we worship you, we glorify you.

In Dulci Jubilo

In dulci jubilo [In quiet joy]
In presepio [in a manger]
Matris in gremio [in the mother's lap]
Alpha es et O [Thou art Alpha & Omega]
O jesu parvule [O tiny Jesus]
O puer optima [O best of boys]
O princeps gloriae [Prince of glory]
Trahe me post te [draw me unto thee]
O patris caritas [O father's caring]
O nati lenitas [O newborn's mildness]
Per nostra crimina [by our crimes]
Coelorum gaudia [heavenly joy]
Ubi sunt gaudia [where be joys]
Nova cantina [new songs]
In regis curia [at the king's court]