

University of
Lethbridge



FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

Presents

Brynn Norton, flute
Hope Wauters, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by
Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studios of
Sarah MacDonald
And
Dr. Janet Youngdahl

1:00pm

December 3, 2023

Recital Hall

~~ PROGRAM ~~

- Amor Ch'attendi
Giulio Caccini
(1551-1618)
- As when the dove laments her love
from *Acis and Galatea*
George Frideric Handel
(1887-1959)
Hope Wauters, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano
- Sonata in G Minor, Op. 2, No. 4
Michel Blavet
(1700-1768)
I. *La Lumagne*
II. *Allemande*
III. *Siciliana*
IV. *Presto*
V. *Le lutin*
Brynn Norton, flute
Gregory Knight, piano
- Dans un bois solitaire
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
- Chanson d'amour
Après un rêve
Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)
Hope Wauters, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano
- Fish Are Jumping*, for flute alone
Robert Dick
(b. 1950)
Brynn Norton, flute
- Suleika I
Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
- Abendempfindung
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)
Hope Wauters, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano
- Sonatine for Flute and Piano
Walter Gieseking
(1895-1956)
I. *Moderato*
II. *Allegretto*
III. *Vivace*
Brynn Norton, flute
Gregory Knight, piano

Amor ch'attendi

Why do you delay, Love?
 Why have you not readied you darts?
 Vengeance, Love!
 Pierce that heart which haughtily denies your
 hegemony.

People will say that powerful Love, kind Love,
 has burned and captured that cruel one who,
 enjoying quarrels and laments, sneers at lovers.

That proud heart languishes, that dour face now
 breathes pity.
 Those cruel eyes are become two rivers that
 pour out tears of love.

Chanson d'amour

I love your eyes, I love your forehead,
 O my rebel, o my wild one,
 I love your eyes, I love your mouth
 Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
 Grace of all you say,
 O my rebel, o my darling angel,
 My hell and paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
 Form your feet to your hair,
 O you towards whom all my desires fly,
 O my wild one, o my rebel!

Dans un bois solitaire

In a wood solitary and somber
 I was walking the other day,
 A child was sleeping there in the shade,
 It was the formidable Cupid.

I approach, his beauty entices me,
 But I had to be wary;
 He had the traits of an ingrate,
 Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had the mouth of vermillion,
 His color as fresh as hers,
 A sigh escapes me, he awakens;
 Cupid wakes at anything.

Immediately spreading his wings and seizing
 His bow of vengeance,
 With one of his arrows, cruel in their flight,
 He wounds me in the heart.

“Go, go,” he says, “to the feet of Sylvie,
 Anew to languish and to burn!
 You will love her all your life,
 For having dared to wake me.”

Après un rêve

In a slumber charmed by your image
 I was dreaming of happiness, a fiery mirage;
 Your eyes were sweeter, your voice pure and
 sonorous,
 You radiated like a sky illumined by the dawn;

You were calling me and I was leaving the
 earth
 To flee with you towards the light,
 The heavens opened their clouds for us,
 Splendors unknown, divine radiance glimpsed!

Alas, Alas! Sad awakening from dreams!
 I call you, O night, give me back your lies,
 Come back, come back radiant,
 Come back, o mysterious night!

Suleika I

What does this stir mean?
Does the east wind bring glad tidings to me?
Its wings' fresh impulse
Cools my heart's deep wound.

It fondly plays with the dust,
Lifting it up in light little clouds,
It drives to the safety of the vineyard
The happy little insect folk.

It gently soothes the burning sun,
And cools my hot cheeks,
It kisses the vines in its flight,
Which shine on field and hill.

And brings to me its soft whispering
A thousand greetings from my beloved;
Yet before this hill darkens,
A thousand kisses indeed greet me.

And so you can go on!
Serving friends and troubled ones!
There, where the high walls glow,
There I soon find my most beloved.

Ah, the true heart's message,
Love's breath which refreshes life,
Will come only from his mouth,
Can only his breath give to me.

Abendempfindung

Evening it is, the sun has vanished,
And the moon sheds its silvery light;
So flees life's loveliest hours,
Flying by as if in a dance.

Soon flee life's colorful scenes,
And the curtain rolls down;
Our play is over, our friends' tears
Flow already on our grave.

Soon, perhaps (blows by me like a gentle
Westwind,
A quiet foreboding),
I complete this life's pilgrimage,
And fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep beside my grave,
Mourning on my ashes,
then, O friends, I will appear to you,
And bear you towards heaven.

Pay me then the tribute of a tear,
And pluck me a violet on top my grave,
And with your soulful gaze
Look softly down upon me.

Dedicate a tear to me,
And be not ashamed to do so;
For in my diadem
It will be the most beautiful pearl!