



University of
Lethbridge
**FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS**

Piiksinaasin

Presents

Taya Bennett, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by

Greg Knight, piano

From the Studio of

Dr. Sandra Stringer Conlon

7:30pm

April 8, 2025

Recital Hall

PROGRAM

“Lusinghe piu care” from <i>Alessandro</i>	George F Handel (1685-1759)
French Melodies <i>Au bord de l'eau</i> <i>Les roses d'Ispahan</i> <i>Notre amour</i>	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
<i>Ganymed</i>	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Four Dickinson Songs 1. <i>Will There Really Be a Morning</i> 2. <i>I'm Nobody</i> 3. <i>She Died</i> 4. <i>If I...</i>	Lori Laitman (1955-)

Translations

Lusinghe Piu Care

Sweetest flattery,
True sign of love,
You fly about prettily,
There on the lips, in the glances,
And you steal completely
One's freedom.

Jealous suspicions,
Painful delights,
Between joy and sorrow
There are moments of hope,
You are the weapon
Of transient happiness.

Au Bord de l'eau

To sit together on the bank of the stream
that passes,
To see it pass;
Together, when a cloud floats in space,
To see it float;
When a cottage chimney is smoking on the
horizon,
To see it smoke;
If nearby a flower spreads its fragrance,
To absorb its scent;
To hear at the foot of the willow, where
water murmurs,
The water murmurs,
Not to notice, while this dream lasts,
The passage of time,
But to feel deep passion
Only to adore each other;
Not to care at all about the world's quarrels,
To ignore them,
And alone, together, facing all that grows
weary,
Not to grow weary;
To be in love while all passes away,
Never to change!

Les Roses d'Ispahan

The roses of Ispahan in their mossy sheath,
The jasmins of Mossul, the orange blossoms,
Have a fragrance less fresh, have a scent less
sweet,
Oh pale Leilah, than your soft breath!
Your lips are of coral and your light laughter
Sounds lovelier than the rippling water.
Lovelier than the gay wind that rocks the
orange tree,
Lovelier than the bird singing on the rim of
its mossy nest.

Oh Leilah! Ever since on light wings
All kisses have fled from your lips so sweet,
There is no more fragrance in the pale
orange tree,
Nor celestial aroma in the roses in their
moss.

Oh! That your young love, this light butterfly
Would come back to my heart on wings
quick and gentle,
And that it would again perfume the orange
blossoms,
And the roses of Ispahan in their mossy
sheath.

Notre Amour

Our love is a light thing
Like the perfumes which the wind
Lifts from the top of the fern
To be inhaled in dreaming.
Our love is a light thing,

Our love is a thing with charm,
Like the songs of the morn,
With no expression of regret,
In which vibrates an uncertain hope...
Our love is a charming thing!

Our love is a sacred thing
Like the mysteries of a forest,
Where a strange soul is trembling,
Where stillness has a voice;
Our love is a sacred thing!

Our love is an infinite thing,
Like the paths of sunsets,
Where the sea united with the skies,
Slumbers under declining suns;

Our love is an eternal thing,
Like all things that Almighty God
Has touched with the fire of his wing,
Like all that comes from the heart;
Our love is an eternal thing!

Ganymed

How, in the morning's splendor,
you glow all around me,
spring, beloved!
With love's thousandfold rapture
presses upon my heart
your eternal warmth's
divine feeling,
endless beauty!
Would that I could hold you
in these arms!

Ah, at your breast
I lie and languish;
and your flowers, your grass
press against my heart.
You cool the burning
thirst of my bosom,
lovely morning breeze!
Therein calls the nightingale
lovingly to me from the misty valley.
I come, I come!
Ah, whither? Whither?

Upward I soar, upward!
The clouds float
downward; the clouds
bow down to yearning love –
to me! To me!
Into your lap,
upwards!
Embracing, embraced!
Upwards to your bosom,
all-loving Father!