



University of
Lethbridge

Faculty of
Fine Arts
Piiksinaasin

Presents

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano

In a

Graduation Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studio of

Dr. Janet Youngdahl

4:00pm

April 10, 2026

Recital Hall

PROGRAM

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| <i>The Mermaids Song</i> | Franz Joseph Haydn
(1732-1809) |
| <i>Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano</i>
<i>Gregory Knight, piano</i> | |
| <i>Das Mädchen spricht, Op. 107, No. 3</i> | Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897) |
| <i>Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano</i>
<i>Gregory Knight, piano</i> | |
| <i>Dein blaues Auge, Op. 59, No. 8</i> | Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897) |
| <i>Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano</i>
<i>Gregory Knight, piano</i> | |
| <i>Der Jäger, Op. 95, No. 4</i> | Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897) |
| <i>Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano</i>
<i>Gregory Knight, piano</i> | |
| <i>Mädchenlied, Op. 95, No. 6</i> | Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897) |
| <i>Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano</i>
<i>Gregory Knight, piano</i> | |
| <i>Simple Gifts</i> | Aaron Copland
(1900-1990) |
| <i>Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano</i>
<i>Gregory Knight, piano</i> | |
| <i>I Bought Me A Cat</i> | Aaron Copland
(1900-1990) |
| <i>Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano</i>
<i>Gregory Knight, piano</i> | |

INTERMISSION

Se tu m'ami

Alessandro Parisotti
(1853-1913)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Le secret, Op. 23, No. 3

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Dans les ruines d'une Abbaye, Op. 2, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Après un rêve, Op. 7, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Au bord de l'eau, Op. 8, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Nell, Op. 18, No. 1

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

"Who Am I?" from *Peter Pan*

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

"My House" from *Peter Pan*

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

"Peter, Peter" from *Peter Pan*

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

"Dream with Me" from *Peter Pan*

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

Autumn Breeze

Vinh Tran
(b. 2003)

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano

TRANSLATIONS

Das Mädchen spricht

Swallow, tell me,
Is it your old mate
With whom you've built your nest?
Or have you just recently
Entrusted yourself to him?

Tell me what you twitter about,
Tell me what you whisper about
In the mornings, so confidentially?
Eh? You haven't been
A bride for very long, have you?

Dein blaues Auge

Your blue eyes hold so still,
I look into their depths.
You ask me what I seek to see?
I see myself restored to health.

It burned me, an ardent pair of eyes,
Still pain, that lingered all through the night:
Your eyes are like a lake so clear,
And like a lake so cool.

Der Jäger

My love is a hunter,
And green is his dress,
And blue are his eyes,
Only his heart is too open.

My love is a hunter,
Hits always his target,
And he bewitches girls,
As many as he will.

My love is a hunter,
Knows tracks and trails,
But to me he comes
Through the church door.

Mädchenlied

On Judgment Day I will rise again,
And immediately look for my dearest;
And if I cannot find him,
Lay me again to sleep.

O heartache, you Eternity!
Only with another comes happiness!
And if my dearest comes not,
Then I don't wish to be in Paradise!

Se tu m'ami

If you love me, if you sigh
Only for me, gentle shepherd,
I have pain for your sufferings;
Yet have delight in your love.

But if you think that
I must in return love only you,
Shepherd boy, you are subject
To easily deceive yourself.

Beautiful purple rose
Today Silvia chooses;
With the excuse of its thorns,
Tomorrow, then, will she despise it.

But of men's advice
I will not follow;
Just because I enjoy the lily,
I do not have to despise the other flowers.

Le secret

I want the morning not to know
The name that I told to the night,
And that in the wind of dawn, noiselessly,
Like a tear it should evaporate.

I want the day to proclaim
The love that I hid from the morning,
And that, leaning over my open heart,
It should set it on fire like a grain of incense.

I want the sunset to forget
The secret that I told to the day,
And carry it away with my love,
In the folds of its pale dress!

Dans les ruines d'une Abbaye

Alone, the two of them, delighted, singing!
How they love each other!
How they gather the spring
That God sows!

What sparkling laughter
In these shadows
Long ago full of pale foreheads,
Of sad hearts!

They are newly married.
They send to each other
The charming, varied cries
Of joy.

Fresh echoes mixed with the wind
That quivers!
A gaiety to which the black convent
Gives spice!

They pluck leaves from the jasmine
Upon the stone
Where the abbess joins her hands
In prayer.
They look for each other, pursue each other,
They feel
Your dawn, love, growing in the night
Of the old cloister.

They go off, caressing,
They adore each other,
They kiss at every instant,
Then again,

Under the pillars, the arches
And the marble statues.
That is the story of the birds
In the trees.

Après un rêve

In a slumber charmed by your image
I was dreaming of happiness, that fiery mirage.
Your eyes were gentler, your voice pure and ringing,
You were beaming like a sky lit up by the dawn.

You were calling me, and I was leaving the earth
To flee with you toward the light.
The heavens for us were slightly opening their clouds,
Unknown splendours, divine radiance glimpsed!

Alas, alas! Sad awakening from dreams,
I call you, o night, give me back your lies,
Come back radiantly,
Come back, o mysterious night!

Au bord de l'eau

To sit together at the edge of the passing wave,
 To see it pass;
Together, if a cloud glides by in space,
 To see it glide;
If a thatched roof sends smoke on the horizon,
 To see it smoke;
If in the vicinity some flower gives off a scent,
 To take in that scent;
To hear, at the foot of the willow where water murmurs,
 The water murmur;
Not to feel, so long as this dream lasts,
 Time last;
But bringing no deep passion
 Except to adore each other,
With no concern for the quarrels of the world,
 To know nothing of them;
And alone together, in the face of all that causes weariness,
 Without becoming weary,
To feel love, in the face of all that passes away,
 Not pass away!

Nell

Your purple rose in your bright sun,
 O June, is sparkling as if intoxicated;
Bend your golden cup also toward me:
 My heart is just like your rose.

Under the soft shelter of a shady bough
A sigh of pleasure rises up;
More than one ring-pigeon sings in the remote wood,
O my heart, its amorous lament.

How sweet your pearl is in the flaming sky,
Star of the pensive night!
But how much sweeter is the bright light
That shines in my charmed heart!

The singing sea, all along the shore,
Will silence its eternal murmuring
Before in my heart, dear love, o Nell,
Your image will stop blossoming!

Autumn Breeze

The autumn breeze helps Mother to lull her baby to sleep.
Five times the time-watcher tolled
for ten hours straight...
I have been up all ten.
Oh, lover... please, lover!
Oh, man... please, man!
I am thinking of you,
I really miss you!
Hush... don't cry, baby!
Go to sleep... sleep well, baby!
Oh child, please hush, oh baby!
Oh child, please hush, oh baby!
Baby, please baby, oh please!"