



University of
Lethbridge

FACULTY OF
FINE ARTS

Piiksinaasin

Presents

Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano

In a

Junior Recital

Assisted by

Gregory Knight, piano

From the Studio of

Dr. Janet Youngdahl

7:30pm

April 10, 2025

Recital Hall

PROGRAM

- “Ich folge dir gleichfalls” from *St. John Passion* J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)
Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano
- An Chloe* W. A. Mozart
Dans un bois solitaire (1756-1791)
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte
Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano
- Lydia, Op. 4* Gabriel Fauré
Clair de lune, Op. 46 (1845-1924)
Notre amour, Op. 23
Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano
- Nuvoletta, Op. 25* Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)
Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano
- Gretchen am Spinnrade, Op. 2* Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
Lydia Gangur-Powell, soprano
Gregory Knight, piano

TRANSLATIONS

Ich folge dir gleichfalls

I follow you likewise with joyful steps,
And do not leave you,
My life, my light.

Oh, speed thou my way,
And do not cease,
To pull, to push, and to urge me on.

An Chloe

When the love out of thy blue, bright, open eyes looks,
And for joy inward to gaze,
My heart inside beats and glows,
And I hold you and kiss your rose cheeks warm,
Dear maiden, and I enclose trembling you in my arms!

Maiden, and I press you to my bosom tightly,
Where in the last blink of an eye,
Dying, only you from itself releases,
Then my intoxicated gaze overshadows,
A gloomy cloud to me,
And I sit exhausted,
But blissful beside you.

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 should have been wary;
I saw everything the traits of an ingrate,
Whom I had sworn to forget.

He had the mouth of red,
His colour as fine as hers,
A sigh escapes me, he awakens;
Cupid wakes for nothing.

Immediately opening 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 awaken me.

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte
Made by burning fantasy,
In a rapturous hour the world brought,
Go to ground,
You children of melancholy!

You owe the flames your life,
I give you now back to the flames,
And all the rapturous songs,
For ah! He sang them not for me alone.

You burn now, and soon, you love letters,
Is no more trace of you here.
But ah! The man who had written you,
Burns long still, perhaps, within me.

Lydia
Lydia, on your rosy cheeks
And on your neck, fresh and white,
There rolls, glistening,
The flowing gold that you unfasten.

This day that shines is the best;
Let us forget the eternal tomb,
Let your kisses, dove-like,
Sing on your flower lips.

A lily hidden away without ceasing,
A scent, divine in your breast;
The delights, like a swarm,
Emerge from you, young goddess!

I love you and I die, oh my love,
My soul in kisses is ravished!
Oh Lydia, give me back my life,
That I may die, die forever!

Clair de lune

Your soul is a select landscape
That in it go charming maskers and bergamasks,
Playing the lute and dancing,
And are almost sad under their fantastical disguises.

All, though singing in a minor key,
Of love conquering and life's opportune moments,
They did not have an air of belief in their happiness
And their song mingles with the light of the moon.

In the calm light of the moon, sad and beautiful,
That makes dreams of birds in the trees
And sobs of rapture from fountains,
The grand jets of water, slender amidst the marble statues.

Notre amour

Our love is a thing light,
Like the perfumes that the wind
Takes from the tips of the ferns,
For that one breath, a dream.

Our love is a thing charming,
Like the songs of the morning
Where no regret is lamented,
Where vibrates a hope uncertain.

Our love is a thing sacred,
Like the mysteries of the woods,
Where trembles a soul unknown,
Where the silences have voices.

Our love is a thing infinite,
Like the paths of the sunset,
Where the ocean with the sky reunites,
Falls asleep under the sun setting.

Our love is a thing eternal,
Like all that a god conquers,
Touched by the fire of his wing,
Like all that which comes from the heart.

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I find it never
And nevermore.

Where I do not have him,
Is for me the grave,
The whole world
Is to me loathsome.

My poor head is deranged,
My poor mind is shattered

For him only do I look out the window,
For him only go I out of the house.

His tall gait, his noble stature,
His mouth's smile, his eyes' power,
And his speech, magic flow,
His handclasp, and ah, his kiss!

My chest yearns for him who is gone,
Ah, could I embrace him and hold him,
And kiss him, so much I want,
In his kisses, I could perish.