



SFCM
SAN FRANCISCO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Leora Gilgur, mezzo-soprano

Junior Recital

Sunday, April 11, 2021, 2:00 PM

Sol Joseph Recital Hall

with

Mai-Linh Pham, piano

Selections from *12 Poems by Pushkin, Fet, and Turgenev* Pauline Viardot
“Zaklinanie” (1821–1910)
“Zviozdi” trans. Leora Gilgur
“Kazachya Kolibel'naya Pesnya”

Sechs Lieder, Op. 13 Clara Schumann
“Ihr Bildnis” (1819–1896)
“Sie liebten sich beide”
“Liebeszauber”
“Der Mond kommt still gegangen”
“Ich hab’ in deinem Auge”
“Die stille Lotosblume”

“The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face” Florence Price
“The Heart of a Woman” (1887–1953)
“Sympathy”
“The Poet and His Song”

Program Notes and Translations

“Zaklinanie” (Invocation)

Oh if it's true that in the night
When the living rest
And from the sky moonbeams
Shine over the sliding coffins
Oh if it's true what then
Silent graves are empty -
I call the shadow, I wait for Leila:
To me, my friend, here, here!

Appear, beloved shadow,
As you were before parting
Pale, cold as a winter day
Distorted by the last torment
Come like a distant star
Like a light sound or a breath,
Or as a terrible vision,
I don't care, here! here!

I'm not calling you to,
To reproach people with malice
(I killed my friend)
Or to learn about the dead
Not because sometimes
I am tormented by doubt... but yearning
I want to say that I love all of you
That I am all yours: here, here!

“Zvioletki” (Stars)

I stood motionless for a long time
Peering into the distant stars, -
Between those stars and me

Some kind of connection was born.

I thought...I can't remember;
I listened to a mysterious choir,
And the stars quietly trembled
And I've loved the stars ever since...

“Kazachya Kolibelnaya Pesnya” (Cossack Lullaby)

Sleep, my beautiful baby
Baiushki-bayu.
Quietly the new moon is shining
Into your cradle.
I will begin to tell you stories
I will sing you a song;
You're dreaming, with closed eyes Baiushki-bayu.

River Terek flows on the stones,
A muddy shaft splashes;
An evil Chechen is crawling to shore,
Sharpening his dagger;
But your father is an old warrior,
Forged in battle:
Sleep baby, calm, Bayushki-bayu.

You'll be looking like a hero
And a Cossack in your soul
I'll come out to see you off—
And you'll just wave...
How many bitter tears
I shall weep for you that night!...
Sleep, my angel, soundly, sweetly,
Bayushki-bayu.

I will long in sadness,
Be worried and waiting,

Pray all day, and then at nighttime
Wonder and question;
Then I'll think you somehow miss me in your the far off lands
Sleep, you don't know worries
Bayushki-bayu.

I will give you on your journey
this small token to guide you
Take it when praying to God
and place it in front of you
Yes, when bracing for battle,
Think of your mother ...
Sleep, my dear, beloved baby,
Bayushki-bayu.

“Ihr Bildnis” (Her Picture)

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you

“Sie liebten sich beide” (They loved each other)

Sie liebten sich beide, doch keine	They loved each other, but neither
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;	Wished to tell the other;
Sie sahen sich an so feindlich,	They exchanged hostile looks
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.	Yet nearly died of love.

Sie trennten sich endlich und sah'n sich	In the end they parted and saw
Nur noch zuweilen im Traum;	Each other but rarely in dreams.
Sie waren längst gestorben	They died so long ago
Und wussten es selber kaum	And hardly knew it themselves

Translation from German to English by © Richard Stokes, from oxfordlieder.co.uk

“Liebeszauber” (Love's Magic)

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall	Love, as a nightingale,
Im Rosenbusch und sang;	Perched on a rosebush and sang;
Es flog der wundersüße Schall	The wondrous sound floated
Den grünen Wald entlang.	Along the green forest.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im Kreis	And as it sounded, there arose a scent
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,	From a thousand calyxes,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',	And all the treetops rustled softly,
Und leiser ging die Luft;	And the breeze moved softer still;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum	The brooks fell silent, barely
Geplätschert von den Höh'n,	Having babbled from the heights,
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum	The fawns stood as if in a dream
Und lauschten dem Getön.	And listened to the sound.

Und hell und immer heller floß	Brighter, and ever brighter
Der Sonne Glanz herein,	The sun shone on the scene,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht	And poured its red glow
ergoß sich ergoß sich ergoß roter Schein.	Over flowers, forest and glen.

Ich aber zog den Wald entlang	But I made my way along the path
Und hörte auch den Schall.	And also heard the sound.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,	Ah! all that I've sung since that hour,

War nur sein Widerhall.

Was merely its echo.

Translation from German to English by © Richard Stokes from oxfordlieder.co.uk

“Der Mond kommt still gegangen” (The moon rises silently)

Der Mond kommt still gegangen
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.
Da schläft in holdem Prangen
Die müde Erde ein.

The moon rises silently
With its golden glow.
The weary earth then falls asleep
In beauty and splendour.

Und auf den Lüften schwanken
Aus manchem treuen Sinn
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken
Über die Schläfer hin.

Many thousand loving thoughts
From many faithful minds
Sway on the breezes
Over those who slumber.

Und drunten im Tale, da funkeln
Die Fenster von Liebchens Haus;
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen
Still in die Welt hinaus

And down in the valley
The windows sparkle of my beloved's house;
But I in the darkness gaze
Silently out into the world.

Translation from German to English by © Richard Stokes, from oxfordlieder.co.uk

“Ich hab' in deinem Auge” (I saw in your eyes)

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.

I saw in your eyes
The ray of eternal love,
I saw on your cheeks
The roses of heaven.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

And as the ray dies in your eyes,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, forever new,
Has remained in my heart,

Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen stehn
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

And never will I look at your cheeks,
And never will I gaze into your eyes,
And not see the glow of roses,
And the ray of love.

“Die stille Lotosblume” (The silent lotus flower)

Die stille Lotosblume	The silent lotus flower
Steigt aus dem blauen See,	Rises out of the blue lake,
Die Blätter flimmen und blitzen,	Its leaves glitter and glow,
Der Kelch ist weiß wie Schnee.	Its cup is as white as snow.

Da gießt der Mond vom Himmel	The moon then pours from heaven
All seinen gold'nen Schein,	All its golden light,
Gießt alle seine Strahlen	Pours all its rays
In ihren Schoß hinein	Into the lotus flower's bosom.

Im Wasser um die Blume	In the water, round the flower,
Kreiset ein weißer Schwan,	A white swan circles,
Er singt so süß, so leise	It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
Und schaut die Blume an.	And gazes on the flower.

Er singt so süß, so leise	It sings so sweetly, so quietly,
Und will im Singen vergehn.	And wishes to die as it sings.
O Blume, weiße Blume,	O flower, white flower,
Kannst du das Lied verstehen?	Can you fathom the song?

“The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face”

The glory of the day was in her face,
The beauty of the night was in her eyes.
And over all her loveliness, the grace
Of Morning blushing in the early skies.

And in her voice, the calling of the dove;

Like music of a sweet, melodious part.
And in her smile, the breaking light of love;
And all the gentle virtues in her heart.

And now the glorious day, the beauteous night,
The birds that signal to their mates at dawn,
To my dull ears, to my tear-blinded sight
Are one with all the dead, since she is gone.

Poem by James Weldon Johnson (1871 - 1938)

“The Heart of a Woman”

The heart of a woman goes forth with the dawn,
As a lone bird, soft winging, so restlessly on,
Afar o'er life's turrets and vales does it roam
In the wake of those echoes the heart calls home.

The heart of a woman falls back with the night,
And enters some alien cage in its plight,
And tries to forget it has dreamed of the stars
While it breaks, breaks, breaks on the sheltering bars.

Poem by Georgia Douglas Johnson (1880 - 1966)

“Sympathy”

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,
And the river flows like a stream of glass;
When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—
I know what the caged bird feels!
I know why the caged bird beats his wing

Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;
For he must fly back to his perch and cling
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;
And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars
And they pulse again with a keener sting—
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—
When he beats his bars and he would be free;
It is not a carol of joy or glee,
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings—
I know why the caged bird sings!

Poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872 - 1906)

“The Poet and His Song”

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays,
No lips to lift a word of praise;
But still, with faith unfaltering,
I live and laugh and love and sing.
What matters yon unheeding throng?
They cannot feel my spirit's spell,
Since life is sweet and love is long,
I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

Poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872 - 1906)