

presents

Aygul Garryeva, mezzo-soprano  
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:

*Professor Natia Shioshvili, piano*

In partial fulfillment of the requirement  
for the MM degree in Vocal Performance  
From the Studio of Dr. Suzanne Hendrix

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft  
Liebst du um Schönheit  
Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen  
*from Rückert-Lieder*

Gustav Mahler  
(1860-1911)

Extase  
Le manoir de Rosemonde  
L'invitation au voyage

Henri Duparc  
(1848-1933)

**Intermission**

Oh stay, my love, forsake me not!  
Morning  
When silent night doth hold me  
Oh, do not sing  
*from Six Songs, Op. 4*

Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

He Tipped the Waiter  
Oh Close the Curtain  
Places to Live  
Waitin  
*from Cabaret Songs*

William Bolcom  
(b.1938)

Aygul Garryeva, mezzo-soprano  
MM degree in Vocal Performance  
April 17, 2026

*Program Translations*

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**Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!**

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft!  
Im Zimmer stand  
Ein Zweig der Linde,  
Ein Angebinde  
Von lieber Hand.  
Wie lieblich war der Lindenduft!

Wie lieblich ist der Lindenduft!  
Das Lindenreis  
Brachst du gelinde!  
Ich atme leis  
Im Duft der Linde  
Der Liebe linden Duft.

**Liebst du um Schönheit**

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe den Frühling,  
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,  
O nicht mich liebe.  
Liebe die Meerfrau,  
Die hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,  
O ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

**I breathed a gentle fragrance!**

Translation by Emily Ezust

I breathed a gentle fragrance!  
In the room stood  
a sprig of linden,  
a gift  
from a dear hand.  
How lovely was the fragrance of linden!

How lovely is the fragrance of linden!  
That twig of linden  
you broke off so gently!  
Softly I breathe in  
the fragrance of linden,  
the gentle fragrance of love.

**If you love for beauty**

Translation by Emily Ezust

If you love for beauty,  
Oh do not love me!  
Love the sun,  
It has gold hair!

If you love for youth,  
Oh do not love me!  
Love the spring-time  
That is young each year!

If you love for wealth,  
Oh do not love me!  
Love the mermaid,  
Who has many limpid pearls!

If you love for love,  
Oh yes, love me!  
Love me forever;  
I will love you forevermore!

**Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen**

Text by Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,  
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,  
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,  
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,  
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,  
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,  
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,  
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.  
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,  
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.

**Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort**

Text by Jean Lahor

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort  
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort:  
Mort exquise, mort parfumée  
Du souffle de la bien aimée:  
Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort...

**Le manoir de Rosemonde**

Text by Robert de Bonnières

De sa dent soudaine et vorace,  
Comme un chien l'amour m'a mordu...  
En suivant mon sang répandu,  
Va, tu pourras suivre ma trace...

Prends un cheval de bonne race,  
Pars, et suis mon chemin ardu,  
Fondrière ou sentier perdu,  
Si la course ne te harasse !

En passant par où j'ai passé,  
Tu verras que seul et blessé  
J'ai parcouru ce triste monde.

Et qu'ainsi je m'en fus mourir  
Bien loin, bien loin, sans découvrir  
Le bleu manoir de Rosamonde.

**I am lost to the world**

Translation by Emily Ezust

I am lost to the world  
with which I used to waste so much time,  
It has heard nothing from me for so long  
that it may very well believe that I am dead!

It is of no consequence to me  
Whether it thinks me dead;  
I cannot deny it,  
for I really am dead to the world.

I am dead to the world's tumult,  
And I rest in a quiet realm!  
I live alone in my heaven,  
In my love and in my song.

**Against your pale breast my heart sleeps**

Translation by Emily Ezust

Against your pale breast my heart sleeps  
A sleep as sweet as death:  
An exquisite death, a death perfumed  
With the breath of the beloved:  
Against a pale lily my heart sleeps.

**Rosemonde's Manor-House**

Translation by Peter Low

Love, like a dog, has bitten me  
with its sudden, voracious teeth...  
Come, the trail of spilt blood  
will enable you to follow my tracks.

Take a horse of good pedigree  
and set off on the arduous route I took,  
through swamps and overgrown paths,  
if that's not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,  
you will see that I travelled  
alone and wounded through this sad world,

and thus went off to my death  
far, far away, without ever finding  
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.

## L'invitation au Voyage

Text by Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
    Songe à la douceur  
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble;  
    -- Aimer à loisir,  
    Aimer et mourir  
Au pays qui te ressemble!  
    Les soleils mouillés  
    De ces ciels brouillés  
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
    Si mystérieux  
    De tes traîtres yeux  
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

    Vois sur ces canaux  
    Dormir ces vaisseaux  
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
    C'est pour assouvir  
    Ton moindre désir  
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.  
    -- Les soleils couchants  
    Revêtent les champs,  
Les canaux, la ville entière,  
    D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
    -- Le monde s'endort  
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,  
Luxe, calme et volupté.

## Invitation to a Journey

Translation by Peter Low

My child, my sister,  
think of the sweetness  
of going there to live together!  
To love at leisure,  
to love and to die  
in a country that is the image of you!  
The misty suns  
of those changeable skies  
have for me the same  
mysterious charm  
as your fickle eyes  
shining through their tears.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
luxury, calm and delight.

See how those ships,  
nomads by nature,  
are slumbering in the canals.  
To gratify  
your every desire  
they have come from the ends of the earth.  
The westering suns  
clothe the fields,  
the canals, and the town  
with reddish-orange and gold.  
The world falls asleep  
bathed in warmth and light.

There, all is harmony and beauty,  
luxury, calm and delight.

### **O, net, molju, ne ukhodi!**

Text by Dmitry Sergejevich Merezhkovsky

O, net, molju, ne ukhodi!  
Vsja bol' nictio pered razlukoj,  
Ja slishkom schastliv  
`Etoj mukoj,  
Sil'nej prizhmi menja k grudi,  
Skazhi ljublju.

Prishjol ja vnov',  
Bol'noj, izmuchennyj i blednyj.  
Smotri, kakoj ja slabyj, bednyj,  
Kak mne nuzhna tvoja ljubov'...

Muchenij novykh vpered  
Ja zhdu kak lasku, kak poceluja,  
I ob odnom molju, toskuja:  
O, bud' so mnoj, ne ukhodi!

### **Utro**

Text by M. L. Yanov

«Ljublju tebja!» -- shepnula dnju zarja  
I, nebo obkhvativ, zardelas' ot  
priznan'ja,  
I solnca luch, prirodu ozarja,  
S ulybkoy posylal jej zhguchije lobzan'ja.

A den', kak by jeshchjo ne doverjaja,  
Osushchestvleniju svoikh zavetnykh grjoz,  
Spuskalsja na zemlju, s ulybkoy utiraja  
Blestevshije vokrug rjadyalmaznykh sljoz...

### **O, no, I beg you, do not leave!**

Translation by Anton Bepalov and Rianne Stam

O, no, I beg you, do not leave!  
All my pains are nothing compared to separation  
I am only too fortunate  
with that torment,  
Press me tightly to your bosom  
and say you love me.

I came anew  
full of pain, pale and exhausted.  
See how poor and weak I am,  
how I need your love...

The new torments ahead  
I await like a caress or kiss,  
and again I beg you in anguish:  
O stay with me, do not leave!

### **Morning**

Translation by Anton Bepalov and Rianne Stam

"I love you!" Daybreak whispered to day  
and, while enfolding the skies, blushed from that  
confession,  
and a sunbeam, illuminating nature,  
with a smile sent her a burning kiss.

And the day, as if still doubting  
the fulfillment of his most cherished dreams,  
descended over the land, and with a smile dried  
her glittering tears like rows of diamonds.

**O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'i nochi tajnoj**

Text by Afanasy Afanas'yevich Fet

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'i  
nochi tajnoj,  
Kovarnyj lepet tvoj, ulybku, vzor sluchajnyj,  
Perstam poslushnuju volos gustuju  
prjad',  
Iz myslej izgonjat', i snova  
prizyvati';  
Dysha poryvisto, odin, nikem ne zrimyj,  
Dosady i styda rumjanami palimyj,  
Iskat' khotja odnoj zagadochnoj cherty  
V slovakh, kotorye proiznosila ty;  
Sheptat' i popravljat' bylye vyrazhen'ja  
Rechej moikh s toboj, ispolnennykh smushchen'ja,  
I v op'janenii, naperekor umu,  
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju  
mglu.

**Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne**

Text by Aleksandr Sergejevich Pushkin

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;  
Napominajut mne one  
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

Uvy, napominajut mne  
Tvoi zhestokije napevy  
I step', i noch', i pri lune  
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!

Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj,  
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;  
No ty pojosh', i predο mnoj  
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne  
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;  
Napominajut mne one  
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.

**Oh, for a long while, in the silence of...**

Translation by Sergey Rybin

Oh, for a long while, in the silence of the  
mysterious night,  
Your beguiling murmur, smile, fleeting glance,  
A luscious strand of your hair, obedient to my  
fingers,  
Will I banish from my thoughts - but then recall  
again;  
Breathing impulsively, alone, unseen by anyone,  
Blushing and burning with vexation and shame,  
I will search for secret messages  
In the words you uttered;  
Whisper and reconsider the phrases  
Of my embarrassed conversations with you,  
And, as if intoxicated, against all reason,  
With your cherished name awaken the nightly  
haze.

**Do not sing, my beauty, to me**

Translation by Anton Bepalov and Rianne Stam

Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
your sad songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, They remind me,  
your cruel melodies,  
of the steppe, the night and moonlit  
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition  
I forget when you appear;  
but you sing, and before me  
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing, my beauty, to me  
your sad songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.