

NICHOLAS ROERICH MUSEUM

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Sunday, October 30, 2016, at 5 p.m.

Luba Poliak, *piano*

PROGRAM

- Sonata in B flat major, D. 960 Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
I. Molto moderato
II. Andante sostenuto
III. [Scherzo] Allegro vivace con delicatezza
IV. Allegro ma non troppo
- Piano sonata 1.X.1905 "From the Street" Leoš Janáček (1854-1928)
Foreboding: Con moto
Death: Adagio
- Variations on a theme by Corelli "La Folia" (1931) Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Born in Siberia, **Luba Poliak** was eleven years old when she first appeared with the Novosibirsk Philharmonic Orchestra. After immigrating to Israel, she continued her studies and graduated magna cum laude from the Rubin Academy in Tel-Aviv. She studied in Brussels and in Boston at the New England Conservatory of Music where she earned a Master's Degree with Honors.

She completed her doctorate at Stony Brook University where she studied with Gilbert Kalish. Her other teachers have included Patricia Zander, Michael Boguslawsky, Gabriel Chodos, Mark Shaviner, Michael Mereminsky as well as members of The Emerson Quartet, Pamela Frank and Colin Carr. Ms. Poliak has performed in master classes for Leon Fleisher, Garrick Ohlsson, Andras Schiff, Murray Perahia, Joseph Kalichstein, Bella Davidovich, Misha Dichter and Yefim Bronfman. She has received numerous grants from the America-Israel Cultural Foundation and was a fellow at the Aspen and Verbier Music Festivals as well as at the exclusive "German for Singers and Vocal Coaches" program at Middlebury College. After winning the Stony Brook University Concerto Competition in 2004, Ms. Poliak performed with the Stony Brook Symphony, conducted by David Stern. The same year her performances at the Sydney competition aired on ABC Classic FM in Australia. Luba Poliak is a very active soloist and chamber musician. Her recent performances have included a solo recital at the the Dame Myra Hess Memorial Concert Series in Chicago, the Embassy Series in Washington, D.C. as well as recitals at the 92nd Street Y in New York, Jordan Hall in Boston, Dudley Hall in Houston and numerous other appearances in venues around the country. This spring, Ms. Poliak was invited again as a visiting piano faculty at Lawrence University, Wisconsin. Upon her return to New York she resumed teaching at the 92nd Street Y School of Music and continue intensive work with the private studio. As a guest artist and teacher she returned in July to Bard College as a piano faculty of the summer music camp.

Heidenröslein

Passing lad a rose blossom spied,
Blossom on the heath growing,
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,
Raced he fast to be near its side,
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,
Blossom on the heath growing!
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,
That thou shalt ever think of me,
And I'll not be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick
The blossom on the heath growing;
Blossom, in defense, did prick,
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,
Had to be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

(Translation © Walter Meyer, recmusic.org)

Die Forelle

In a bright little brook
there shot in merry haste
a capricious trout:
past it shot like an arrow.
I stood upon the shore
and watched in sweet peace
the cheery fish's bath
in the clear little brook.

A fisher with his rod
stood at the water-side,
and watched with cold blood
as the fish swam about.
So long as the clearness of the water
remained intact, I thought,
he would not be able to capture the trout
with his fishing rod.
But suddenly the thief grew weary
of waiting. He stirred up
the brook and made it muddy,
and before I realized it,
his fishing rod was twitching:
the fish was squirming there,

and with raging blood I
gazed at the deceived fish.

(Translation © Emily Ezust, recmusic.org)

Geheimes

Everyone is astonished
At the eyes my sweetheart makes;
But I, who understand,
Know quite well what they mean.

For they say: I love him,
Not this one or that one.
So, good people cease
Your wondering and your longing!

Indeed, she may well look about her
With a mightily powerful eye,
But she seeks only to give him a foretaste
Of the next sweet hour.

(Translation © David Gordon, recmusic.org)

Gretchen am Spinnrade

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

Where I do not have him,
That is the grave,
The whole world
Is bitter to me.

My poor head
Is crazy to me,
My poor mind
Is torn apart.
My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

For him only, I look
Out the window
Only for him do I go
Out of the house.

His tall walk,
His noble figure,
His mouth's smile,
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's
Magic flow,
His handclasp,
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy,
I will find it never
and never more.

My bosom urges itself
toward him.
Ah, might I grasp
And hold him!

And kiss him,
As I would wish,
At his kisses
I should die!

(Translation © Emily Ezust, recmusic.org)

Five Popular Greek Melodies

Bride's Song

Awake, awake, dainty partridge. Open your wings to the morning. Three beauty spots set my heart on fire! See the ribbon, the golden ribbon I bring you to tie around your hair. If you wish, lovely one, let us be married! In our two families, everyone is related!

Yonder by the Church

Yonder by the church, by the church Ayio Sidero, the church—O Blessed Virgin—the church Ayio Costandinno., there are gathered, there are assembled in infinite numbers, the world's —O Blessed Virgin—all the world's love.

What Gallant Can Be Compared With Me?
What gallant can be compared with me all of those one sees passing by? Tell me, Lady Vassiliki? See the pistol and sharp sword attached to my belt...And it's you that I love!

Song of the Girls Collecting Mastic

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart, treasure so dear to me, joy of my soul and heart, whom I love ardently, you are handsomer than an angel. Oh, when you appear, angel so sweet, before our eyes, like a handsome blond angel, in the bright sunshine, alas! All our poor hearts sigh.

Be Gay!

Be gay! Beautiful legs, tra la, dancing beautiful legs, the dishes are dancing too, tra, la, la, la, la.

Translation © Arbie Orenstein, 1990.

Longfellow Songs (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

The Day is Done

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:
A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.
Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time,
For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;
Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
Such songs have a power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And comes like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Sleep

Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful
sound
Seems from some faint Aeolian harp-string caught;
Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of
thought

As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound
The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound;
For I am weary, and am overwrought
With too much toil, with too much care
distraught,

And with the iron crown of anguish
crowned.

Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O peaceful Sleep! until from pain released
I breathe again uninterrupted breath!
Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek
Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast
Whereof the greater mystery is death!

Experiences No. 2 (e.e. cummings)

it is at moments after i have dreamed
of the rare entertainment of your eyes,
when (being fool to fancy) i have deemed

with your peculiar mouth my heart made wise;
at moments when the glassy darkness holds

the genuine apparition of your smile
(it was through tears always)and silence moulds
such strangeness as was mine a little while;

moments when my once more illustrious arms
are filled with fascination, when my breast
wears the intolerant brightness of your charms:

one pierced moment whiter than the rest

Three Songs of Life

Nei congegni del mondo

In the scheme of the world
unaffected rolls
the minimal sphere
of my discontent

Allegra, come scricciolo

Happy like a wren
you scratch my face;
you don't realize that you're hurting me,
filling me with clean joy,
removing from me abysses
of abnormal thinking

Come stella cadente

Like a shooting star
to be born from the night,
in the night to subside,
to give the night
a line of light

(Translations © Davide Zannoni, davidezannoni.com)

Songs of my Spanish Soil

Más cerca de mi te siento

You feel much closer to me
The more I run away from you.
For your image remains in the shadow of my thoughts.

Sueño o veneno hay respiro

Sleeping or awake there is no respite
From my burning desire.
When I sleep, I see you
And when I dream, you are with me.

Qué es matarme confieso

I confess that it kills me...
The very thought of being erased from your mind
Even though hatred fills your memories of me.

I pray to God
That though you may despise me...you will never forget me!

(Translation © Lauren Alfano)