

Monday, May 3, 2021 | 3 PM

Livestreamed from Gordon K. and Harriet Greenfield Hall and William R. and Irene D. Miller Recital Hall

## MASTER CLASS & LIVE WEBCAST

Distinguished Visiting Artist for Vocal Studies and Distance Learning

# Thomas Hampson, baritone

### PROGRAM

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART  
(1756–1791) “Dove sono i bei momenti” from *Le nozze di Figaro*, K. 492

RICHARD STRAUSS  
(1864–1949) “Wasserrose” from *Mädchenblumen*, Op. 22  
**Jasmine Ismail**, soprano  
*Winston Salem, North Carolina*  
*Student of Ruth Golden*  
**Travis Bloom**, piano

NED ROREM  
(b. 1923) Emily’s Goodbye Aria from *Our Town*

HARRY THACKER BURLEIGH  
(1866–1949) “Worth While” from *Five Songs of Laurence Hope*

RICHARD STRAUSS  
“Cäcilie,” Op. 27, no. 2  
**Evangeline Ng**, soprano  
*Singapore*  
*Student of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell*  
**Fumiyasu Kawase**, piano

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL  
(1685–1759) “È gelosia” from *Alcina*, HWV 34

GUSTAV MAHLER  
(1860–1911) “Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht” from *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*  
**Yile Huang**, mezzo-soprano  
*Inner Mongolia, China*  
*Student of Maitland Peters*  
**Tongyao Li**, piano

FRANZ SCHUBERT  
(1797–1828) “Erlkönig,” Op. 1, D. 328

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART “Tutto è disposto... Aprite un po' quegli occhi” from *Le nozze di Figaro*, K. 492  
**Michael Leyte-Vidal**, bass-baritone  
*Palmetto Bay, Florida*  
*Student of Ashley Putnam*  
**Travis Bloom**, piano

### *Alternates*

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART “Ah, chi mi dice mai” from *Don Giovanni*, K. 527

HENRI DUPARC (1848–1933) “Au pays où se fait la guerre”  
**Sarah Rachel Bacani**, soprano  
*Toms River, New Jersey*  
*Student of Cynthia Hoffmann*  
**Travis Bloom**, piano

## TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

### “Dove sono i bei momenti” from *Le nozze di Figaro*

E Susanna non vien! Sono ansiosa di saper  
come il Conte accolse la proposta.  
Alquanto ardito il progetto mi par,  
E ad uno sposo si vivace e geloso!  
Ma che mal c'è?  
Cangiando i miei vestiti con quelli di Susanna,  
E suoi co'miei  
Al favor della notte.  
Oh, cielo! a qual umil stato fatale  
Io son ridotta da un consorte crudel!  
Che dopo avermi con un misto inaudito  
D'infedeltà, di gelosia, di sdegno!  
Prima amata, indi offesa, e alfin tradita,  
Fammi or cercar da una mia serva aita!

Dove sono i bei momenti  
Di dolcezza e di piacer?  
Dove andaro i giuramenti  
Di quel labbro menzogner?  
Perchè mai, se in pianti e in pene  
Per me tutto si cangiò,  
La memoria di quel bene  
Dal mio sen non trapassò?  
Ah! se almen la mia costanza,  
Nel languire amando ognor,  
Mi portasse una speranza  
Di cangiar l'ingrato cor!

Susanna does not come!  
I'm anxious to know  
How the Count received the proposal.  
The scheme appears to be rather daring,  
And behind the back of a husband who is forceful and jealous!  
But what's the harm?  
To change my clothes into those of Susanna,  
And she changes into mine.  
Under the cover of darkness.  
Oh, dear! What a humble and dangerous state  
I am reduced to by a cruel husband  
Who imparted to me an unheard of mixture of  
Infidelity, jealousy, and disdain!  
First, he loved me, then he abused me, and finally betrayed me,  
Let me seek help from a servant!

Where are the good times  
Of sweetness and pleasure?  
Where have they gone, the oaths  
Of that deceitful tongue?  
Why would, despite my tears and pain  
And the complete change in my life,  
The good memories  
Remain within my breast?  
Ah! If only my constancy,  
Which still loves even while languishing,  
Will bring hope  
To change his ungrateful heart!

## **“Wasserrose” from *Mädchenblumen***

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,  
sagengefeierte Wasserrose?  
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlankem Schaft  
das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das farbenlose,  
sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,  
gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam,  
sie erschließt sich nur dem Mondenscheine,  
mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam:  
so blüht sie, die zaub'rische Schwester der Sterne,  
umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen Phaläne,  
die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne,  
und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne.  
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die schlanke,  
nachtlock'ge Maid, alabastern von Wangen,  
in dem Auge der ahnende tiefe Gedanke,  
als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen.  
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie silbernes Wogenrauschen,  
wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende Stille der Mondnacht;  
sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,  
deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt macht;  
du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr zu schau'n,  
das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat,  
und du glaubst, wie bezaubernd von seligem Grau'n,  
was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat

Do you know this flower, the fairylike  
Water-lily, celebrated in legend?  
On her ethereal, slender stem  
She sways her colorless transparent head;  
It blossoms on a reedy and sylvan pond,  
Protected by the solitary swan that swims round it,  
Opening only to the moonlight,  
Whose silver gleam it shares.  
Thus it blossoms, the magical sister of the stars,  
As the dreamy dark moth, fluttering round it,  
Yearns for it from afar at the edge of the pond,  
And never reaches it for all its yearning. —  
Water-lily is my name for the slender  
Maiden with night-black locks and alabaster cheeks  
With deep foreboding thoughts in her eyes,  
As though she were a spirit imprisoned on Earth.  
Her speech resembles the silver rippling of waves,  
Her silence the foreboding stillness of a moonlit night,  
She seems to exchange glances with the stars,  
Whose language—their natures being the same—she shares.  
You can never tire of gazing into her eyes,  
Framed by her silken long lashes,  
And you believe, bewitched by their blissful grey,  
All that Romantics have ever dreamt about elves.

## **Emily's Goodbye Aria from *Our Town***

Take me back! Take me back up the hill!  
Take me back to my grave!  
Wait! One more look.  
Goodbye, goodbye world!  
Goodbye, Grover's Corners, Mama, Papa, goodbye!  
Goodbye to ticking clocks, to Mama's hollyhocks, to coffee and food, to gratitude...  
Goodbye, goodbye world!  
Goodbye to ironed dresses, to George's sweet caresses, to my wedding ring, oh everything!  
Goodbye, goodbye world!  
Does anybody ever realize life while they live it?  
Every minute of it, every moment of it!  
Oh Earth, you are too magical, for anyone to know your miracle!  
Oh! Take me back, take me back up the hill... take me back... up the hill...

## **“Worth While”**

I asked my desolate shipwrecked soul  
“Would'st thou rather never have met  
The one whom thou lovedst beyond control  
And whom thou adorest yet?”  
Back from the senses, the heart, the brain,  
Came the answer swiftly thrown,  
“What matter the price? We would pay it again,  
We have had, we have loved, we have known!”

## “Cäcilie”

Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt  
Von brennenden Küssen,  
Vom Wandern und Ruhen  
Mit der Geliebten,  
Aug' in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd –  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest Dein Herz!  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt  
In einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm,  
Da Niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes  
Die kampfmüde Seele –

Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt,  
Umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor,  
Lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höh'en,  
Wenn Du es wüßtest,  
Du lebstest mit mir.

## “È gelosia” from *Alcina*

È gelosia,  
Forza è d'amore,  
ch'il sen t'affanna,  
che senti al core,  
ma quest'è ancora la pena mia,  
ma pur tiranna la provo in sen.  
Per un bel volto,  
che ne vien tolto,  
tu mesto gemi;  
noi ci sdegnamo,  
e tutti amiamo senza mercé.

If you knew what it is to dream of burning kisses,  
Of walking and resting with one's love,  
Gazing at each other  
And caressing and talking –  
If you knew, your heart would turn to me.  
If you knew what it is to worry on lonely nights  
In the frightening storm, with no soft voice  
To comfort the struggle-weary soul –  
If you knew, you would come to me.  
If you knew what it is to live  
Enveloped in God's World-creating breath,  
To soar upwards, borne on light to blessed heights –  
If you knew, you would live with me!

It's jealousy,  
It's power of love,  
That troubles your breast,  
That you feel in your heart.  
But even I feel this pain,  
And the tyrant I feel in my breast.  
For a lovely face,  
That was just taken from you,  
Your moan is sadness;  
We all get angry,  
And we all love and get nothing in return.

## “Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht”

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,  
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,  
Hab' ich meinen traurigen Tag!  
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,  
Dunkles Kämmerlein!  
Weine! wein'! Um meinen Schatz,  
Um meinen lieben Schatz!  
Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!  
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!  
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!  
Du singst auf grüner Heide!  
“Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!  
Ziküth! Ziküth!“  
Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!  
Lenz ist ja vorbei!  
Alles Singen ist nun aus!  
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh',  
Denk' ich an mein Leid!  
An mein Leide!

When my love has her wedding-day,  
Her joyous wedding-day,  
I have my day of mourning!  
I go into my little room,  
My dark little room!  
I weep, weep! For my love,  
My dearest love!  
Blue little flower! Blue little flower!  
Do not wither, do not wither!  
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!  
Singing on the green heath!  
'Ah, how fair the world is!  
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!'  
Do not sing! Do not bloom!  
For spring is over!  
All singing now is done!  
At night, when I go to rest,  
I think of my sorrow!  
My sorrow!

## “Erlkönig”

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.  
„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“  
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“  
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“  
„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;  
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“  
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“  
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“  
„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“  
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?“  
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“  
„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;  
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“  
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“  
Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:  
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Who rides so late through the night and wind?  
It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms;  
he holds him safe, he keeps him warm.  
'My son, why do you hide your face so anxiously?'  
'Father, do you not see the Erlking?  
The Erlking with his crown and tail?'  
'My son, it is a streak of fog.'  
'You lovely child, come with me.  
I'll play nice games with you.  
Many colorful flowers grow on the beach;  
my mother has many a golden robe.'  
'Father, father, do you not hear  
what the Erlking quietly promises me?'  
'Be calm, keep calm, my child:  
the wind is rustling in the dry leaves.'  
'Won't you come with me, my fine lad?  
My daughters will wait upon you;  
my daughters lead the nightly dance,  
and will rock, and dance, and sing you to sleep.'  
'Father, father, can you not see  
Erlking's daughters there in the dark place?'  
'My son, my son, I see it exactly:  
The old willows seem so gray.'  
'I love you, your beauty is tempting me,  
and if you are not willing, I'll need violence.'  
'Father, father, now he's touching me!  
The Erlking has hurt me!'  
The father shudders, he rides swiftly,  
he holds the moaning child in his arms;  
he reaches the inn with great difficulty;  
in his arms the child... is dead.

**“Tutto è disposto... Aprite un po’quegli ochi” from *Le nozze di Figaro***

Tutto è disposto:  
L’ora dovrebbe esser vicina;  
Io sento gente...è dessa!  
Non è alcun;  
Buia è la notte...  
Ed io comincio omai a fare  
Il scimunito mestiere di marito...  
Ingrata!  
Nel memento della mia cerimonia  
Ei godeva leggendo:  
E nel vederlo io rideva  
Di me senza saperlo.  
Oh Susanna! Susanna!  
Quanta pena mi costi!  
Con quell’ingenua faccia,  
Con quegli occhi innocenti,  
Chi creduto l’avria? Ah!  
Che il fidarse a donna, è ognor follia.

Aprite un po’quegli occhi,  
Uomini incauti e sciocchi,  
Guardate queste femmine,  
Guardate cosa son!  
Queste chiamate dee  
Dagli ingannati sensi,  
A cui tributa incensi  
La debole ragion.  
Son streghe che incantano  
Per farci penar,  
Sirene che cantano  
Per farci affogar,  
Civette che allettano  
Per trarci le piume,  
Comete che brillano  
Per toglierci il lume.  
Son rose spinose  
Son volpi vezzose;  
Son orse benigne,  
Colombe maligne,  
Maestre d’inganni,  
Amiche d’affanni,  
Che fingono, mentono,  
Amore non senton,  
Non senton pietà ,  
No, no, no, no no!

Everything is set:  
the hour should be near;  
I can hear people... it is her!  
It’s nobody;  
The night is dark...  
and I am just beginning to practice  
the stupid work of being a husband...  
You ungrateful!  
While remembering my ceremony  
he was enjoying in reading:  
And while I was seeing it I was laughing  
at me without knowing it.  
Oh, Susanna! Susanna!  
What a great suffering you cost me!  
With your ingenuous face,  
with your innocent eyes,  
who would imagine it? Ah,  
that it’s foul to trust in a woman.

Open your eyes,  
you incautious and stupid men  
Look at these women  
Look what they are!  
These you call goddesses  
with deceived senses,  
to whom the weak reason  
tributes incenses.  
They are witches who enchant  
only to make us pain,  
Sirens who sing  
to draw us,  
Owls who attract  
to take out our feathers  
Comets who shine  
to take our light away,  
they’re thorny roses  
they’re charming foxes  
they’re benign bears,  
malign doves,  
masters in cheating  
friends of worries  
who pretend, lie,  
don’t feel any love,  
don’t feel any pity,  
no, no, no, no, no!

## **“Ah, chi mi dice mai” from *Don Giovanni***

Ah, chi mi dice mai  
quel barbaro dov'è?  
Che per mio scorno amai,  
che mi mancò di fè?

Ah, se ritrovo l'empio  
e a me non torna ancor,  
vo' farne orrendo scempio,  
gli vo' cavar il cor!

Ah, who will ever tell me  
where he is, that barbarous man,  
who, to my shame, I loved,  
who betrayed me of faith?

Ah, if I find that impious man again,  
And he still doesn't return to me,  
I'd like to make a horrendous slaughter of him,  
I'd like to tear out his heart.

## **“Au pays où se fait la guerre”**

Au pays où se fait la guerre  
Mon bel ami s'en est allé.  
Il semble à mon cœur désolé  
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur terre.  
En partant, au baiser d'adieu,  
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma bouche...  
Qui le tient si longtemps, mon Dieu?  
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,  
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour  
J'attends encore son retour.

Les pigeons sur le toit roucoulent,  
Roucoulent amoureuxment,  
Avec un son triste et charmant,  
Les eaux sous les grands saules coulent...  
Je me sens tout près de pleurer,  
Mon cœur comme un lis plein s'épanche,  
Et je n'ose plus espérer.  
Voici briller la lune blanche,  
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour  
J'attends encore son retour.

Quelqu'un monte à grands pas la rampe...  
Serait-ce lui, mon doux amant?  
Ce n'est pas lui, mais seulement  
Mon petit page avec ma lampe.  
Vents du soir, volez, dites-lui  
Qu'il est ma pensée et mon rêve,  
Toute ma joie et mon ennui.  
Voici que l'aurore se lève,  
Et moi, toute seule en ma tour  
J'attends encore son retour.

To the country where they make war  
my handsome lover has gone.  
It seems to my desolate heart  
that none but me remain on earth.  
In parting, with a kiss goodbye,  
he has taken my soul from my lips...  
who detains him so long, my God?  
See the sun that is setting,  
and I all alone in my tower  
I still await his return.

The pigeons on the roof are cooing,  
they coo amorously,  
with a sad and charming sound,  
the waters under the large willow flow...  
I myself feel very near to tears,  
my heart fully opens like a lily,  
and I don't dare to hope any longer.  
There shines the white moon,  
and I all alone in my tower  
I still await his return.

Someone climbs the stairs with large steps...  
could it be him, my sweet love?  
It is not him, but only  
my small page with my lamp.  
Winds of the evening, fly, tell him  
that he is my thought and my dream,  
all my joy and my anxiety.  
Now the dawn is breaking,  
and I all alone in my tower  
I still await his return.

# ABOUT THE ARTISTS

## **Thomas Hampson, baritone**

Thomas Hampson, America's foremost baritone, hails from Spokane, Washington. He has received many honors and awards for his probing artistry and cultural leadership. He enjoys a singular international career as an opera singer, recording artist, and "ambassador of song," maintaining an active interest in research, education, musical outreach, and technology. His discography, comprising more than 150 albums, includes winners of a Grammy Award, five Edison Awards, and the Grand Prix du Disque. He received the 2009 Distinguished Artistic Leadership Award from the Atlantic Council in Washington, D.C., and was appointed the New York Philharmonic's first-ever Artist-in-Residence. In 2010, he was honored with a Living Legend Award by the Library of Congress, where he has served as Special Advisor to the Study and Performance of Music in America. He is also a recipient of the famed Concertgebouw Prize.

## **Jasmine Ismail, soprano**

Jasmine Ismail is a second-year Master's degree candidate at Manhattan School of Music. Recent scene work includes Strauss's *Arabella* (Arabella) and Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* (Countess) with Manhattan School of Music. She will soon be performing the role of Lauretta from Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi* with Berlin Opera Academy. Ms. Ismail is under the tutelage of Ruth Golden.

## **Evangeline Ng, soprano**

Taiwanese-Singaporean soprano Evangeline Ng is a fourth-year undergraduate student under the tutelage of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell. She was most recently named the first-prize winner of the 2021 New York Young Performer's Prize. Other accolades include first prize at the inaugural Singapore Lyric Opera ASEAN Vocal Competition, the Gold award at the Fourth Asia Arts Festival, and second prize at the NAFA Vocal Competition. Operatic roles include *Le nozze di Figaro* (Susanna), *Die Zauberflöte* (Pamina), *Hansel and Gretel* (Sandman) and *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (Poppea). Highlights of her scene work include *Manon* (Manon), *Don Pasquale* (Norina), *Carmen* (Micaëla), and *Orphée aux enfers* (Eurydice). She was recently named a Grant Park Music Festival Project Inclusion Fellow and will be joining the Houston Grand Opera Young Artist Vocal Academy this summer.

## **Yile Huang, mezzo-soprano**

Mezzo-soprano Yile Huang is a second-year Master's degree candidate at Manhattan School of Music with a merit scholarship, studying with Maitland Peters. Born in Inner Mongolia, China, Yile completed her undergraduate studies at Shanghai Conservatory of Music with Xiaoqun Chen. Previous credits include *La Traviata* (Flora Bervoix) and *Don Giovanni* (Chorus). Scene work includes *Così fan tutte* (Dorabella), *Die Zauberflöte* (Zweite Dame), *Alcina* (Bradamante), and *Akhenaten* (Sotopenre) with Manhattan School of Music. She was also chosen as a member of the Shanghai Baroque Solo Group for three consecutive years, working with the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra in Shanghai Symphony Hall. She was invited to Italy with a full scholarship to perform *Suor Angelica*. Upcoming performances at MSM include the Collaborative Piano/Singers Seminar concert and her degree recital.

## **Michael Leyte-Vidal, bass-baritone**

Bass-baritone Michael Leyte-Vidal is a second-year Master's degree candidate from Miami, Florida studying with Ashley Putnam. Michael received his Bachelor of Arts degree in theater from Florida State University. Scene work at MSM includes Sam in *Un Ballo in Maschera* and John Proctor in *The Crucible*. Michael will be presenting his graduation recital on May 21st at Riverside Church.



## **Sarah Bacani, soprano**

Filipino-American soprano Sarah Rachel Bacani is a fourth-year undergraduate at Manhattan School of Music under the tutelage of Cynthia Hoffmann. This season, Ms. Bacani performed as the soprano soloist for Benjamin Britten's *Les Illuminations* with the MSM String Chamber Orchestra, under the baton of Maestro George Manahan. Previous scene work includes the roles of Ottavia (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*), Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*), Fiordiligi (*Così fan tutte*), and Susanna, Contessa and Barbarina (*Le nozze di Figaro*). An alumnus of Classic Lyric Arts La Lingua della Lirica and the Franz Schubert Institut, she has performed in master classes with Andreas Schmidt, Julius Drake, Helmut Deutsch, Rolando Panerai, Robert Holl, Roger Vignoles, Wolfram Rieger, and Donata D'Annunzio Lombardi. Before their cancellations due to the COVID-19 pandemic, Ms. Bacani was slated to appear in *Carmen* (Frasquita) at Miami Music Festival and *Chérubin* (L'Ensoleillade) at Manhattan School of Music. Upcoming performances include Miss Jessel (*Turn of the Screw*) and Sifare (*Mitridate, re di ponto*) with Manhattan School of Music's Senior Opera Theatre.

## **Travis Bloom, piano**

With a passion for the vocal arts, Mr. Bloom's coaching platform is based on musical accuracy, performance practice techniques, dramatic integrity, diction accuracy, and vocal health in alignment with the Bel Canto school of singing.

In 2012, Mr. Bloom was a Master's voice performance student at the Jacobs School of Music, where he also studied accompanying/opera coaching with Kevin Murphy. The following year, he joined the Indiana University Ballet and Opera Theater music staff as pianist/coach for Rossini's *Italian Girl in Algiers*, Menotti's *The Last Savage*, Rodgers and Hammerstein's *South Pacific*, Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, and J. Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*. While at Indiana University he accompanied numerous voice recitals, master classes, competitions, auditions, and opera workshop productions. He worked as the chorus master for the Buck Hill Skytop Music Festival from 2010 to 2012 training opera choruses for Bizet's *Carmen* and Verdi's *La Traviata*. In the summer of 2015, serving as the staff pianist for the Sankt Goar International Music Festival and Academy in Germany, Mr. Bloom was also selected by casting director Andreas Geier to accompany auditions at the Baden-Baden Opera House.

Since joining the New York City classical music scene, Mr. Bloom has served as a staff pianist for the Bronx Opera Company and the International Vocal Arts Institute, under the direction of Joan Dornemann and Paul Nadler, and was the faculty coach for Joan Patenaude-Yarnell's summer voice institute in NYC. In 2020, Mr. Bloom served as the cover pianist for the highly anticipated debut of *Intimate Apparel* by Ricky Ian Gordon at Lincoln Center.

This past summer, Mr. Bloom was on staff as a coach with the Chautauqua Institution Voice Program, where he worked closely with Ricky Ian Gordon to present song recitals with the young singers. Adapting to a virtual summer of music, Chautauqua invited Mr. Bloom back to collaborate with young singers for online recitals during the 2020 COVID-19 quarantine.

Mr. Bloom serves as a faculty coach and accompanist at Manhattan School of Music.

## **Fumiyasu Kawase, piano**

Fumiyasu Kawase, a collaborative pianist from Japan, is currently pursuing a Professional Studies Certificate in collaborative piano with Warren Jones at Manhattan School of Music. He received his Bachelor and Master of Music degrees from Nihon University of Art. As a collaborative pianist specializing in vocal repertoire, he has participated in various opera productions and performed widely in Japan. Summer programs he has participated in include the Tokyo International Vocal Art Academy (2017-19) and Voci nel Montefertro in Italy (2016, 2017, 2019). Mr. Kawase performed both the Japanese and American national anthems for a celebration of the emperor of Japan's birthday at the New York residence of Japan's Ambassador to the United States, which was favorably received by Caroline Bouvier Kennedy, who served as the United States' Ambassador to Japan from 2013 to 2017. Mr. Kawase is a recipient of the President's Award scholarship from Manhattan School of Music.

## Tongyao Li, piano

Tongyao Li, a New York-based collaborative pianist from China, is currently a Professional Studies student in collaborative piano at Manhattan School of Music under Kenneth Merrill's tutelage. She earned a Master's degree in piano performance at Shanghai Conservatory of Music and in collaborative piano, specializing in vocal repertoire, from Manhattan School of Music. Tongyao won prizes in competitions held in Italy and China during this period. She has performed solo and chamber music both in the United States and China, including Ravel, Debussy, and Schubert as soloist with the Shanghai Symphony Orchestra and chamber music of Grieg and Mozart in the Shanghai Concert Hall and China Art Museum. In 2017 and 2018, she played *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Don Giovanni* in He Luting Concert Hall in Shanghai Conservatory of Music. Tongyao has been a student in Kenneth Merrill's studio at Manhattan School of Music since 2018 and has participated in a production of *La Rondine*. In 2019–20, she served as a rehearsal pianist for *I due Figaro* and *Martha*. She was a scholarship student in the Aspen Music Festival and School's collaborative piano program for the summer of 2019 and gave her recital in Harris Hall in Aspen. In 2020, she was chosen to be an opera coach fellow in the Aspen Opera Theater and VocalARTS division of the Aspen Music Festival and School.

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Founded as a community music school by Janet Daniels Schenck in 1918, today MSM is recognized for its more than 960 superbly talented undergraduate and graduate students who come from more than 50 countries and nearly all 50 states; its innovative curricula and world-renowned artist-teacher faculty that includes musicians from the New York Philharmonic, the Met Orchestra, and the top ranks of the jazz and Broadway communities; and a distinguished community of accomplished, award-winning alumni working at the highest levels of the musical, educational, cultural, and professional worlds.

The School is dedicated to the personal, artistic, and intellectual development of aspiring musicians, from its Precollege students through those pursuing doctoral studies. Offering classical, jazz, and musical theatre training, MSM grants a range of undergraduate and graduate degrees. True to MSM's origins as a music school for children, the Precollege program continues to offer superior music instruction to 475 young musicians between the ages of 5 and 18. The School also serves some 2,000 New York City schoolchildren through its Arts-in-Education Program, and another 2,000 students through its critically acclaimed Distance Learning Program.

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