

First- and Second-Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Mary Dunleavy, Instructor

Eric Sedgwick, piano

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 2023 | 7 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

First- and Second-Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Mary Dunleavy, Instructor
Eric Sedgwick, piano

PROGRAM

W. A. MOZART
(1756–1791)

“Un moto di gioia,” K.579
(Text by Lorenzo da Ponte)

Mier Tao, soprano
Student of Mark Schnaible

JOSEPH HAYDN
(1732–1809)

Pensi a me sì fido amante

Meredith Krinke, soprano
Student of Cynthia Hoffmann

H. LESLIE ADAMS
(b. 1932)

For You There is No Song
(Text by Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Ashley Manocchi, soprano
Student of Ruth Golden

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797–1828)

Lincanto degli occhi, D.990e
(Text by Pietro Metastasio)

Brandon Lim, baritone
Student of Cynthia Hoffmann

GAETANO DONIZETTI
(1797–1848)

Amor marinaro (Me voglio fà ‘na casa)

Yuyao Chen, soprano
Student of Ashley Putnam

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
(1872–1958)

The Vagabond from *Songs of Travel*
(Text by Robert Louis Stevenson)

Haolin Song, baritone
Student of Cynthia Hoffmann

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Die Männer sind méchant, D.866, no. 3
(Text by Johann Gabriel Seidl)

Mayu Sierra Tayama, soprano
Student of Ruth Golden

W. A. MOZART

Der Zauberer, K.472
(Text by Christian Felix Weiße)

Aliyah Wendelbo, soprano
Student of Sidney Outlaw

JOHN WOODS DUKE
(1899–1984)

Noonday from *Three Chinese Love Songs*
(Translation by Henry Hart)

Matthew Jiang, baritone
Student of Dimitri Pittas

SAMUEL
COLERIDGE-TAYLOR
(1875–1912)

You lay so still in the sunshine
from *Songs of Sun and Shade*
(Text by Marguerite Radclyffe Hall)

Anisah LaPlante, mezzo-soprano
Student of Ruth Golden

ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810–1856)

Waldesgespräch, Op. 39, no. 3
(Text by Joseph von Eichendorff)

Luke Randazzo, bass-baritone
Student of James Morris

JAKE HEGGIE
(b. 1961)

Snake from *Eve-Song*
(Text by Phillip Littell)

AJ Rivera Johnson, mezzo-soprano
Student of Sidney Outlaw

REYNALDO HAHN
(1874–1947)

La barcheta
(Text by Pietro Burrati)

Yushan Guo, mezzo-soprano
Student of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell

GIUSEPPE VERDI
(1813–1901)

La zingara
(Text by Manfredi Maggiore)

Daisy Dalit Sigal, soprano
Student of Marlena Malas

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

“Un moto di gioia” by W. A. Mozart

Un moto di gioia
Mi sento nel petto
Che annunzia diletto
In mezzo il timor.
Speriam che in contento
Finisca l'affanno
Non sempre è tiranno
Il fato ed amor.
Di pianti, di pene
Ognor non si pasce,
Talvolta poi nasce
Il be dal dolor.
E quando si crede
Più grave il periglio,
Brillare si vede
La calma maggior.

–Lorenzo da Ponte

An emotion of joy
I feel in my heart
that says happiness is coming
in spite of my fears.
Let us hope that the worry
will end in contentment.
Fate and love are
not always tyrants.
From weeping, from pain
one cannot always live
Sometimes then is born
a good thing out of sorrow.
And when one believes
the danger is greatest,
one sees shining
a greater calm.

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Pensi a me sì fido amante by Joseph Haydn

Pensi a me sì fido amante
Come a te sempr'io costante? –
Sì, mio tesoro, penso a te,
sì, per quell'ore del piacere,
che, oh dio! per me passar leggere,
che ardente al mio tuo cor s'unì.
Scordar potrei tuo dolce amore,
smorzar dovrei sì bell'ardore,
che ognor per te il mio cor riempi?
No, no! Sempre io penso a te!
Io penso a te, se a morte in seno
estinto ancor mio cor vien meno,
degli occhi il lume spento andrà.
Allora in mezzo a questo core
germoglierà vezzoso fiore,
che il fior sarà di fedeltà.

–Anonymous

Do you think of me, my faithful lover
As I constantly do of you?
Yes, my treasure, I think of you
Yes, of those hours of pleasure
Which for me, oh god, pass too quickly
When your heart passionately was united
with mine.
Could I forget your sweet love?
Could I quench such a beautiful passion,
That had always filled my heart for you?
No, no always I think of you!
I shall think of you, if in my heart my breast
My heart shall die,
The light will go out of these eyes.
Then in the middle of this hear
Will bloom a charming flower
And the flower will be called fidelity.

–Translation from IPA Source

***For You There is No Song* by H. Leslie Adams**

For you there is no song,
Only the shaking of the voice that meant to sing,
The sound of the strong voice breaking.
Strange in my hand appears the pen,
And yours broken
There are ink and tears on the page.
Only the tears have spoken.

—Edna St. Vincent Millay

***L'incanto degli occhi* by Franz Schubert**

Da voi, cari lumi,
Dipende il mio stato;
Voi siete i miei Numi,
Voi siete il mio fato.
A vostro talento
Mi sento cangiar.
Ardir m'inspirate,
Se lieti splendete;
Se torbidi siete,
Mi fate tremar.

On you, beloved eyes,
Depends my life;
You are my gods;
You are my destiny.
At your bidding
My mood changes.
You inspire me with daring
If you shine joyfully;
If you are overcast

—Pietro Metastasio

—Translation by Richard Wigmore

***Amor marinaro (Me voglio fà 'na casa)* by Gaetano Donizetti**

Me voglio fa 'na casa miez' 'o mare
Fravecata de penne de pavune,
Tralla la le la. . .
D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare
E de prete preziose li barcune,
Tralla la le la. . .
Quando Nennella mia se va a facciare
Ognuno dice "mò sponta lu sole",
Tralla la le la ...

I want to build a house in the middle of
the sea
It will be made out of peacock feathers
Of gold and silver I will build the steps
And the balcony of precious stones
When my Nannella shows herself
Everyone will say "here comes the sun"

—Gaetano Donizetti

***The Vagabond* by Ralph Vaughan Williams**

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

– Robert Louis Stevenson

***Die Männer sind méchant* by Franz Schubert**

Du sagtest mir es, Mutter:
Er ist ein Springinsfeld!
Ich würd' es dir nicht glauben,
Bis ich mich krank gequält!
Ja, ja, nun ist er's wirklich;
Ich hatt' ihn nur verkannt!
Du sagtest mir's, o Mutter:
"Die Männer sind méchant!"
Vor'm Dorf im Busch, als gestern
Die stille Dämm' rung sank,
Da rauscht' es: "Guten Abend!"
Da rauscht' es: "Schönen Dank!"

You told me, mother:
he's a young rogue!
I would not believe you
until I had tormented myself sick.
Yes, I now know he really is;
I had simply misjudged him.
You told me, mother:
'Men are naughty!'
Yesterday, as dusk fell silently,
in the copse outside the village,
I heard a whispered 'Good evening!'
and then a whispered 'Many thanks!'

Ich schlich hinzu, ich horchte;
Ich stand wie festgebannt:
Er war's mit einer Andern –
“Die Männer sind méchant!”
O Mutter, welche Qualen!
Es muss heraus, es muss! –
Es blieb nicht bloss bei'm Rauschen,
Es blieb nicht bloss bei'm Gruss!
Vom Grusse kam's zum Kusse,
Vom Kuss zum Druck der Hand,
Vom Druck, ach liebe Mutter! –
“Die Männer sind méchant!”

– *Johann Gabriel Seidl*

I crept up and listened;
I stood as if transfixed:
it was he, with someone else –
'Men are naughty!'
O mother, what torture!
I must be out with it, I must!
It didn't just stop at whispering,
it didn't just stop at greetings!
It went from greetings to kisses,
from kisses to holding hands,
from holding hands ... ah, dear mother,
'Men are naughty!'

– *Translation by Richard Wigmore*

Der Zauberer by W. A. Mozart

Ihr Mädchen, flieht Damöten ja!
Als ich zum erstenmal ihn sah,
Da fühlt' ich, so was fühlt' ich nie,
Mir ward, mir ward, ich weiß nicht wie,
Ich seufze, zitterte, und schien mich
doch zu freu'n;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein!
Sah ich ihn an, so ward mir heiß,
Bald ward ich rot, bald ward ich weiß,
Zuletzt nahm er mich bei der Hand;
Wer sagt mir, was ich da empfand?
Ich sah, ich hörte nichts, sprach nichts
als ja und nein;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein!
Er führte mich in dies Gesträuch,
Ich wollt' ihm flieh'n und folgt' ihm
gleich;
Er setzte sich, ich setzte mich;
Er sprach, nur Sylben stammelt' ich;
Die Augen starrten ihm, die meinen
wurden klein;
Glaubt mir, er muß ein Zaub'rer sein!
Entbrannt drückt' er mich an sein Herz,

Girls, keep well clear of Damötas!
The first time I saw him,
I felt - as I'd never felt before;
It was like - was like - I know not what:
I sighed, trembled and yet seemed
overjoyed:
Believe me, he must be a magician!
When I looked at him I went hot all
over,
Now blushing red, now turning pale,
Finally he took me by the hand:
Words cannot say how I felt then!
I saw nothing, heard nothing,
Could only stammer Yes and No:
Believe me, he must be a magician!
He led me into these bushes,
I wanted to flee, but followed at once:
He sat down, I sat down:
He spoke - but I could only stammer;
His eyes bulged, my own shrank:
Believe me, he must be a magician!
He pressed me passionately to his heart.
What a sensation! Such sweet agony!

Was fühlt' ich! Welch ein süßer
 Schmerz!
 Ich schluchzt', ich atmete sehr schwer,
 Da kam zum Glück die Mutter her;
 Was würd', o Götter, sonst nach so viel
 Zauberei'n,
 Aus mir zuletzt geworden sein!

I sobbed, I could hardly breathe!
 Then, thank goodness, mother came
 along:
 Otherwise, O gods, after so much magic,
 What would have become of me!

—*Translation by Richard Stokes*

—*Christian Felix Weiße*

You lay so still in the sunshine **by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor**

You lay so still in the sunshine,
 So still in that hot sweet hour –
 That the timid things of the forest land
 Came close; a butterfly lit on your hand,
 Mistaking it for a flow'r.

You scarcely breath'd in your slumber,
 So dreamless it was, so deep –
 While the warm air stirr'd in my veins like wine,
 The air that had blown thro' a jasmine vine,
 But you slept – and I let you sleep.

—*Marguerite Radclyffe Hall*

Waldesgespräch by Robert Schumann

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
 Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
 Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
 Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!

It is already late, already cold,
 Why ride lonely through the forest?
 The forest is long, you are alone,
 You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!

“Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
 Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
 Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
 O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.”

‘Great is the deceit and cunning of men,
 My heart is broken with grief,
 The hunting horn echoes here and there,
 O flee! You do not know who I am.’

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
 So wunderschön der junge Leib,
 Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!
 Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
 So wondrous fair her youthful form,
 Now I know you—may God protect me!
 You are the enchantress Lorelei.

“Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem Stein
 Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
 Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
 Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald!”

‘You know me well—from its towering rock
 My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
 It is already late, already cold,
 You shall never leave this forest again!’

—*Joseph von Eichendorff*

—*Translation by Richard Stokes*

***Snake* by Jake Heggie**

Snake, is it true About the fruit? My intuition tells me what you say about this fruit is true. I'd like to find out, snake. I'd love to know. Go ahead in front of me Where I can see you. I will follow you. Oh! The snake is in the tree. Where I cannot see him. He is now the color of Shadows. Very few things are As visible as I am When I'm clean. When a thing is visible, It always mean that the thing, The tree frog, or that fruit, means to be seen. Visibility's A warning or An invitation And it never tells you Which. What's visible will either Feed you, Mate with you, Or kill you. Either way you gain Experience. Here goes. Sweet. Sour. Salty. Bitter. And the taste of air, Of rottenness, Earth, And water. Now I know.

–*Phillip Littell*

***La barcheta* by Reynaldo Hahn**

La note è bela,
Fa presto, o Nineta,
Andemo in barcheta
I freschi a ciapar!
A Toni g'ho dito
Ch'el felze el ne cave
Per goder sta bava
Che supia dal mar.
Ah!
Che gusto contarsela
Soleti in laguna,
E al chiaro de luna
Sentirse a vogar!
Ti pol de la ventola
Far senza, o mia cara,
Chè zefiri a gara
Te vol sventolar.
Ah!
Se gh'è tra de lori
Chi tropo indiscreto
Volesses dal pèto
EI velo strapar,
No bada a ste frotole,
Soleti za semo
E Toni el so' remo,
L'è a tento a menar.
Ah!

The night is beautiful.
Make haste, Nineta,
let us take to our boat
and enjoy the evening breeze.
I have asked Toni
to remove the canopy
so that we can feel the zephyr
blowing in from the sea. Ah!
What bliss it is to exchange sweet
nothings
alone on the lagoon
and by moonlight,
to be borne along in our boat!
You can lay aside
your fan, my dear,
for the breezes will vie with each other
to refresh you. Ah!
If among them
there should be one so indiscreet
as to try to lift the veil
shielding your breast,
pay no heed to its nonsense,
for we are all alone
and Toni is much too intent
on plying his oar. Ah!

–*Translation by Laura Sarti*

***La zingara* by Giuseppe Verdi**

Chi padre mi fosse, qual patria mi sia,
Invano la gente chiamando mi va;

Del primo mai seppi ed è patria mia
La terra che un fiore, che un frutto
mi dà.

Dovunque il destino m'addita
un sentiero,

Io trovo un sorriso, io trovo un amor;
Perchè del passato darommi pensiero,
Se l'ora presente è lieta al mio cor?

Può, è vero, il domani un torbido velo
Dell'aure serene l'aspetto turbar;

Ma s'oggi risplende azzurro il mio cielo,
Perchè rattristarmi d'un dubbio avvenir?
Io sono una pianta che ghiaccio
non spoglia,

Che tutto disfida del verno il rigor;

Se fronda qui cade, là un'altra germoglia,

In ogni stagione son carica di fior.

Who my father or homeland might be,
everyone asks me in vain.

I never knew the former, and my home
is whatever soil gives me fruit or flower!

Wherever destiny shows me a path,
I find a smile; I find a love.

Why give myself a thought of the past
if the present hour is happy to my heart?

It's true, tomorrow a murky cloud
could disturb the placid sky.

But if the heaven shines blue today,
why worry about a doubtful future?

I am a plant that frost cannot denude,
that defies completely the harsh winter.

If a leaf falls here, another blooms there;
in every season, I'm loaded with flowers!

—Translation from Teatro Nuovo

—Manfredi Maggiore

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