

**First- and Second- Year
Vocal Performance
Class Recital**

Amy Justman, Instructor

Alexandra Marcora-Naumenko, piano

*An Evening of
Aria and Song*

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 2024 | 7:30 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

First- and Second- Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Amy Justman, Instructor
Alexandra Marcora-Naumenko, piano

An Evening of Aria and Song

PROGRAM

LEONARD BERNSTEIN
(1918-1990)

Jupiter Has Seven Moons from *I Hate Music*

Sivan Laniado, soprano
Student of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell

GAETANO DONIZETTI
(1797-1848)

“Come Paride vezzoso” from *L’Elisir d’Amore*
(Text by Felice Romani)

Bryan Seely, baritone
Student of Mary Dunleavy

REYNALDO HAHN
(1874-1947)

L’Énamourée from *20 Mélodies*, Book 1
(Text by Théodore de Banville)

Emma Kristin Batchverov, mezzo-soprano
Student of Mary Dunleavy

W. A. MOZART
(1756-1791)

“Giunse alfin il momento...Deh vieni,
non tardar” from *Le Nozze di Figaro*
(Text by Lorenzo da Ponte)

Ashley Manocchi, soprano
Student of Ruth Golden

ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810-1856)

In der Fremde from *Liederkreis*, Op. 39, no. 1
(Text by Joseph von Eichendorff)

Alexander Moustakerski, bass
Student of Christòpheren Nomura

CHRISTOPH
WILLIBALD GLUCK
(1714-1787)

“Che fiero momento” from *Orfeo ed Euridice*
(Text by Ranieri de’ Calzabigi)

Yuanming Gao, soprano
Student of Ashley Putnam

AARON COPLAND
(1900-1990)

Nature, the Gentlest Mother from
Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson
(Text by Emily Dickinson)

Eleanor Ilyas, soprano
Student of Ruth Golden

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797-1828)

An die Laute, D. 905
(Text by Johann Friedrich Rochlitz)

Julianne Crossland, soprano
Student of Christòpheren Nomura

JOHN JACOB NILES
(1892-1980)

The Lass from the Low Countree

Britney Chase, soprano
Student of Catherine Malfitano

SAMUEL BARBER
(1910-1981)

The Daisies from *Three Songs*, Op. 2, no. 1
(Text by James Stephens)

Tianxi Wang, soprano
Student of Edith Bers

ERNEST CHAUSSON
(1855-1899)

Le Colibri from 7 *Mémoires*, Op.2
(Text by Charles-Marie René Leconte de Lisle)

Cecilia Soheily, soprano
Student of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell

STEFANO DONAUDY
(1879-1925)

O del mio amato ben from 36 *Arie di Stile Antico*, no. 18
(Text by Alberto Donaudy)

Adam Bruckner, baritone
Student of Dimitri Pittas

VINCENZO BELLINI
(1801-1835)

“Se Romeo t’uccise un figlio” from
I Capuleti e i Montecchi
(Text by Felice Romani)

Jayla Brenord, mezzo-soprano
Student of Mary Dunleavy

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI
(1792-1868)

La Promessa from *Soirées Musicales*, no. 1
(Text by Pietro Metastasio)

Riley Craig, soprano
Student of Catherine Malfitano

ISABELLE ABOULKER
(B. 1938)

Je t’aime

Zoe Sambou, soprano
Student of Ashley Putnam

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Jupiter Has Seven Moons

Leonard Bernstein

Jupiter has seven moons or is it nine?
Saturn has a million, billion, trillion sixty-nine;
And ev'ry one is a little sun, with six little moons of its own!
But we have only one!
Just think of all the fun we'd have if there were nine!
Then we could be just nine times more romantic!
Dogs would bay 'til they were frantic!
we'd have nine tides in the Atlantic!
The man in the moon would be gigantic!
But we have only one! Only one!

“Come Paride vezzoso” from *L'Elisir d'Amore*

Gaetano Donizetti

Come Paride vezzoso
porse il pomo alla più bella,
mia diletta villanella,
io ti porgo questi fior.
Ma di lui più glorioso,
più di lui felice io sono,
poiché in premio del mio dono
ne riporto il tuo bel co.

Veggio chiaro in quel visino
ch'io fo breccia nel tuo petto.
Non è cosa sorprendente;
son galante, son sergente;
non v'ha bella che resista
alla vista d'un cimiero;
cede a Marte iddio guerriero,
fin la madre dell'amor.

As charming Paris
gave the apple to the most beautiful,
my darling rustic girl,
I give you this flower.
But more glorious than he,
I am happier than he,
because as a reward for my gift

I carry off your lovely heart.
I see clearly in that little face
that I've reduced you to smithereens.
It's not anything surprising,
I am gallant, I'm a sergeant;
there is no beauty who can resist
the sight of military uniform;
to Mars, the god of war,
even the mother of love yielded.

Text by Felice Romani

Translation by Ann Feeney

***L'Énamourée* from 20 *Mélodies*, Book 1**
Reynaldo Hahn

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe :
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,
Tu t'éveilles, ranimée,
Ô pensive bien-aimée !

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,
Et tes ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses!

Ô délices ! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes!
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

They say, my dove,
that you are still dead and dreaming
beneath a tombstone;
but you awaken, revived,
for the soul that adores you,
oh pensive beloved!

Through the sleepless nights,
in the murmuring breeze,
I caress your long veils,
your swaying hair
and your half-closed wings
which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe
your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre,
moves on the swell of the waters
and touches them gently, suavely,
like a lamenting swan!

Text by Théodore Faullin de Banville

Translation by Peter Low copyright © 2002

“Giunse alfin il momento...Deh vieni, non tardar”
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Giunse alfin il momento
che godrò senz'affano
in braccio all'idol mio.
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco
l'amenità del loco,
la terra e il ciel risponda,
come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella,
vieni ove amore per goder t'appella,
finché non splende in ciel notturna
face,
finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo
tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza
l'aura,
che col dolce susurro il corri staura.
Qui ridono i fioretti e l'erba è fresca,
ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adessa.
Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante
ascose.
Vieni, vieni!
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Text by Lorenzo da Ponte

The moment finally arrives
When I'll enjoy [experience joy] without
haste In the arms of my beloved...
Fearful anxieties get out of my heart!
Do not come to disturb my delight.
Oh, how it seems that to amorous fires
The comfort of the place,
Earth and heaven respond,
As the night responds to my ruses.

Oh come, don't be late, my beautiful joy
Come where love calls you to enjoyment
Until night's torches no longer shine in
the sky
As long as the air is still dark
And the world quiet.
Here the river murmurs and the light plays
That restores the heart with sweet ripples
Here, little flowers laugh and the grass
is fresh
Here, everything entices
one to love's pleasures.
Come, my dear, among these hidden plants.
Come, come!
I want to crown you with roses.

Translation by Naomi Gurt Lind

In der Fremde* from *Liederkreis

Robert Schumann

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

From the direction of home, behind
the red flashes of lightning
There come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead;
No one there knows me anymore.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille
Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet
time come,
When I too shall rest, and over me
the beautiful forest's loneliness shall
rustle,
And no one here shall know me
anymore.

Text by Joseph von Eichendorff

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from the LiederNet Archive, lieder.net*

“Che fiero momento” from *Orfeo ed Euridice*

Christoph Willibald Gluck

Che fiero momento,
Che barbara sorte,
Passar dalla morte
A tanto dolor!

What a fierce moment,
What a barbaric fate,
To go from death
To such pain!

Avvezzo al contento
D'un placido obbligo,
Fra queste tempeste
Si per de il mio cor.
Io vacillo, io tremo.

Accustomed to the contentment
Of peaceful oblivion,
Among these storms
My heart is lost.
I falter, I tremble.

Che fiero momento,
Che barbara sorte,
Passar dalla morte
A tanto dolor!

What a fierce moment,
What a barbaric fate,
To go from death
To such pain!

Text by Ranieri de' Calzabigi

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***Nature, the Gentlest Mother from
Twelve Poems by Emily Dickinson***
Aaron Copland

Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest,—
Her admonition mild
In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.
How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon,—
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down
Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.
When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,
With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

Text by Emily Dickinson

An die Laute

Franz Schubert

Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute,
Flüstere, was ich dir vertraute,
Dort zu jenem Fenster hin!
Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte
Mondenglanz und Blumendüfte,
Send' es der Gebieterin!

Neidisch sind des Nachbars Söhne,
Und im Fenster jener Schöne
Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht.
Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute:
Dich vernehme die Vertraute,
Nachbarn aber - Nachbarn nicht!

Text by Johann Friedrich Rochlitz

More softly, more softly, little lute,
whisper what I have confided
to that window there!
Like a gentle billow of air,
like moonlight, or the scent of flowers,
send it to my mistress!

The sons of the neighbors are jealous
and in the window of my fair one
a solitary light still gleams.
So play still softer, little lute,
so that my beloved may hear you
but the neighbors - not the neighbors!

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The Lass from the Low Countree

John Jacob Niles

Oh, he was a lord of high degree
And she was a lass from the low countree
But she loved his lordship so tenderly.
Oh sorrow, sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
And no one knows she loved him but herself and God

One morn when the sun was on the mead
He passed by her door on a milk white steed
She smiled and she spoke, but he paid no heed
Oh sorrow, sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
And no one knows she loved him but herself and God

If you be a lass from the low countree
Don't love of no lord of high degree
They haint got a heart for sympathy
Oh sorrow, sing sorrow
Now she sleeps in the valley where the wild flowers nod
And no one knows she loved him but herself and God

The Daisies

Samuel Barber

In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.
We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!
A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

Text by James Stephens

Le colibri

Ernest Chausson

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans
l'air.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

The hummingbird, the green prince of
the heights,
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's
clear light
shining into his nest of woven grass,
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh
where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

Down to the flower he flies, alights from
above,
and from the rosy cup drinks so much love
that he dies, not knowing if he could
drink it dry.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
my soul and senses would have wished
to die
on contact with that first full-fragrant
kiss.

Text by Charles-Marie René Leconte de Lisle

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O del mio amato ben
Stefano Donaudy

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!
Lungi è dagli occhi miei
chi m'era gloria e vanto!
Or per le mute stanze
sempre lo cerco e chiamo
con pieno il cor di speranze?
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!
E il pianger m'è sì caro,
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lei, triste ogni loco.
Notte mi sembra il giorno;
mi sembra gelo il foco.
Se pur talvolta spero
di darmi ad altra cura,
sol mi tormenta un pensiero:
Ma, senza lei, che farò?
Mi par così la vita vana cosa
senza il mio ben.

Text by Alberto Donaudy

Oh, lost enchantment of my dearly
beloved!
Far from my eyes is she
who was, to me, glory and pride!
Now through the empty rooms
I always seek her and call her
with a heart full of hopes?
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!
And the weeping is so dear to me,
that with weeping alone I nourish my
heart.

It seems to me, without her, sad
everywhere.
The day seems like night to me;
the fire seems cold to me.
If, however, I sometimes hope
to give myself to another cure,
one thought alone torments me:
But without her, what shall I do?
To me, life seems a vain thing
without my beloved.

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**“Se Romeo t’uccise un figlio” from
*I Capuleti e i Montecchi***

Vincenzo Bellini

Ascolta!
Se Romeo t’uccise un figlio
In battaglia a lui diè morte;
Incolpar ne dêi la sorte;
Ei ne pianse e piange ancor.
Deh! ti placa, e un altro figlio
Troverai nel mio signor.
La tremenda ultrice spada
A brandir Romeo s’appresta,
E qual folgore funesta
Mille morti apporterà.
Ma v’accusi al ciel irato
Tanto sangue invan versato;
E su voi ricada il sangue
Che alla patria costerà.

Text by Felice Romani

Listen!
If Romeo killed your son
it was in battle that he killed him;
You must blame fate for it
He wept about it and is still weeping.
Alas! may it please you that you will find
another son in my lord.
Let Romeo prepare to brandish
the terrible avenging sword,
and like a deadly lightning flash I stand
and will bring a thousand deaths.
But may an angry heaven accuse you
for so much blood unnecessarily spilt;
and may the blood which will cost
our homeland fall on you.

Translation by Evelyn Woolston

La Promessa from Soirées Musicales

Gioacchino Rossini

Ch’io mai vi possa
Lasciar d’amare,
No, nol credete,
Pupille care;
Nèmen per gioco
V’ingannerò.

Voi solo siete
Le mie faville,
E voi sarete,
Care pupille,
Il mio bel foco
Sinch’io vivrò, ah!

Text by Pietro Metastasio

That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don’t believe it,
dear eyes!
Not even to joke
would I deceive you about this.

You alone
are my sparks,
and you will be,
dear eyes,
my beautiful fire
as long as I live, ah!

Translation by Christie Turnage Turner

Je t'aime

Isabelle Aboulker

Ah, je t'aime!

Mon amant me délaisse,

Il ne veut plus de moi!

Je me jette à ses genoux, je pleure, je
défaill!

Je me jette à ses genoux, mais il reste de
marbre

Pourtant, je l'aime!

Que je l'aime! l'aime tant!

Ah, je t'aime!

Quand même...

Je t'aime!

Ah, I love you!

My beloved has rejected me,

He wants no more of me.

I throw myself at him, I cry out, I go
crazy!

I throw myself at him, but he is made
of marble.

But still I love him!

How I love him! Love so!

Ah, I love you!

Still I do...

Love you!

Translation by Julia Kogan

ABOUT MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Founded as a community music school by Janet Daniels Schenck in 1918, today MSM is recognized for its 1,025 superbly talented undergraduate and graduate students who come from 54 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 Division is a professionally oriented Saturday music program dedicated to the musical and personal growth of talented young musicians ages 5 to 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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