



First- and Second- Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Mary Dunleavy, Instructor

Eric Sedgwick, piano

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 2025 | 8 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 2025 | 8 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

First- and Second-Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Mary Dunleavy, Instructor

Eric Sedgwick, piano

PROGRAM

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797–1828)

Nacht und Träume

Text by Matthäus Casimir von Collin

Riley Craig, soprano

JOHANNES BRAHMS
(1833–1897)

Die Mainacht

Text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Colin Wong, tenor

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Guarda, che bianca luna

Text by Jacopo Viterelli

Coco Ji, soprano

BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(1913–1976)

At the Mid Hour of Night From *Irish Melodies*

Text by Thomas Moore

Yushi Wang, soprano

F. MENDELSSOHN HENSEL
(1805–1847)

Nachtwanderer

Text by Josef Karl Benedikt von Eichendorff

Eleanor Ilyas, soprano

RICHARD STRAUSS
(1864–1949)

Die Nacht

Text by Hermann von Gilm

Tianxi Wang, soprano

PYOTR TCHAIKOVSKY
(1840–1893)

Mezza notte

Poet unknown

Emma Zanetti, soprano

MARION BAUER
(1882–1955)

Roses breathe in the Night

Text by Margaret Widdemer

Hadassah Cote, soprano

RICHARD HAGEMAN
(1882–1966)

Do not go, my love

Text by Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Giavanna Parker, mezzo-soprano

SAMUEL BARBER
(1910–1981)

Nocturne

Text by Frederic Prokosh

Emilia Balaga, soprano

PAOLO TOSTI
(1846–1916)

Sogno

Text by Olindo Guerrini

Mingjiang Han, baritone

H. LESLIE ADAMS
(1832–1924)

Night Song

Text by Clarissa Scott Delany

Sean Busk, baritone

AARON COPELAND
(1900–1990)

Sleep is supposed to be

Text by Emily Dickinson

Annabelle Dalov, mezzo-soprano

GABRIEL FAURÉ
(1845–1924)

Après un rêve

Text by Romain Bussine

Siobhan Gyulay, soprano

PAOLO TOSTI

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

Text by Gabriele D'Annunzio

Samuel Cancelarich, tenor

FIRST AND SECOND YEAR VOCAL PERFORMANCE CLASS

Emilia Balaga

Student of Catherine Malfitano

Sean Busk

Student of Christòphen Nomura

Samuel Cancelarich

Student of James Morris

Hadassah Cote

Student of Ruth Golden

Riley Craig

Student of Catherine Malfitano

Annabelle Dalov

Student of Dimitri Pittas

Siobhan Gyulay

Student of Ruth Golden

Mingjiang Han

Student of Mark Schnaible

Eleanor Ilyas

Student of Ruth Golden

Coco Ji

Student of Cindia Sieden

Giavanna Parker

Student of Christòphen Nomura

Tianxi Wang

Student of Catherine Malfitano

Yushi Wang

Student of Christòphen Nomura

Colin Wong

Student of Dimitri Pittas

Emma Zanetti

Student of Dimitri Pittas

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Nacht und Träume

Matthäus Casimir von Collin (1779—1824)

*Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder! Nieder
wallen auch die Träume, Wie dein
Mondlicht durch die Räume, Durch
der Menschen stille Brust. Die
belauschen sie mit Lust, Rufen, wenn
der Tag erwacht: Kehre wieder heil'ge
Nacht, Holde Träume, kehret wieder.*

Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!

English translation © Richard Wigmore

Die Mainacht

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty (1748–1776)

*Wann der silberne Mond durch die
Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht über den
Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch zu Busch.*

*Überhüllet vom Laub, girret ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber ich wende
mich,
Suche dunklere Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.*

*Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches wie
Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find' ich auf
Erden dich?
Und die einsame Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang' herab.*

When the silvery moon gleams through
the bushes,
And sheds its slumbering light on the
grass,
And the nightingale is fluting,
I wander sadly from bush to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair of doves
Coo to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,
Seek darker shadows,
And the lonely tear flows down.

When, O smiling vision, that shines
through my soul
Like the red of dawn, shall I find you
here on earth?
And the lonely tear
Quivers more ardently down my cheek.

English translation © Richard Stokess

Guarda, che bianca luna

Jacopo Viterelli (1749–1835)

*Guarda che bianca luna!
Guarda che notte azzurra!
Un'aura non susurra,
Nò, non tremola uno stel.*

*L'usignuolo solo
Va dalla siepe all'orno,
E sospirando intorno
Chiami la sua fedel.*

*Ella ch'el sente oppena,
Vien di fronda in fronda,
E pare che gli dica,
Nò, non piangere: son qui.*

Look how bright the moon is,
and how blue the night!
Not a breeze whispers,
not a twig quivers.

A lone nightingale
flies from the hedge to the elm-tree,
and sighing all the while
calls to his faithful love.

She, who scarcely hears him,
flies from leaf to leaf,
and seems to say to him:
'No, do not weep. I am here!'

*Che gemiti son questi!
Che dolci pianti Irene,
Tu mai non me sapesti
Rispondere così!*

What tears,
what sweet laments, Irene!
You could never
answer me thus.

English translation © Richard Wigmore

Nachtwanderer

Fanny Mendelssohn Hensel

*Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich sacht
Oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle*

*Und hin und her im Tal
Erwacht die Nachtigall
Dann wieder alles grau und stille
O wunderbarer Nachtgesang
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang
Leis Schauern in den dunkeln Bäumen --
Irrst die Gedanken mir
Mein wirres Singen hier
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen*

I wander through the quiet night;
the moon floats so secretly and gently,
often emerging from a dark cover of
clouds.

And here and there in the valley
a nightingale awakens
but then all is gray and still again.
O wonderful night-song
from distant parts - the rushing of a stream
and the soft shuddering in the dark trees
confuse my thoughts.
My clamorous singing here
is only like a cry from my dreams.

Translation copyright © by Emily Ezust from the LiederNet Archive

At the Mid Hour of Night from Irish Melodies

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lonely vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky.
Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

Die Nacht

Hermann von Gilm (1812–1864)

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral's copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

English translation © Richard Stokes

Mezza notte

Poet Unknown

*Poco é l'ora ormai lontana,
palpitando il cor l'aspetta,
già rimbomba la campana...
E tu dormi, o mia diletta?
Ti fuggi forse del cor:
mezza notte é il nostro amor,
notte é il nostro amor.*

*Pari a nota di liuto
nel silenzio di quest'ora
odo il timido saluto
di colei che m'innamora
e ripeto a quel tenor:
mezza notte é il nostro amor.*

Our little time together is near,
palpitating, my heart is waiting,
already, the [midnight] bell tolls...
Are you asleep, my beloved?
Can you outrun your heart:
Midnight is our love,
Night is our love.

Like a note from the lute
in this silent hour,
I hear the timid greeting
of her with whom I fell fall in love
repeating this song:
Midnight is our love.

*Amor misero e verace
delle tenebre si giova,
tace il mondo ed ei non tace,
ma il suo gemito rinnova
fin che spuntò il primo albor:
mezza notte é il nostro amor.*

Love [that's] miserable and true
is happy in the dark,
the world is silent but it [love] is not silent,
as it unceasingly moans
until the first light of dawn:
Midnight is our love.

Translation © by Laura Prichard, reprinted with permission from the LiederNet Archive

Roses Breathe in the Night

Margaret Widdemer (1884–1978)

Roses breathe in the night
Down the path to my lover.
Tall and fair is my lover,
Ardent and young is he.

Wood-folk, wild till the night,
Fauns in the woodland cover,
Hide me not from my lover,
Between the woods and the sea!
Breath of wind in the night,
Like the touch of my lover -

Far, still far is my lover,
Has he forgotten me?

Far, sweet stars, glitter bright,
Show the way to my lover,
Toward the lips of my lover
Between the woods and the sea!

Close, ah, close in the night
Press the lips of my lover!

Do not go my love

Sir Rabindranath Tagore (1861–1941)

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night,
and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

Nocturne

Frederic Prokosh (1906–1989)

Close my darling both your eyes,
Let your arms lie still at last.
Calm the lake of falsehood lies
And the wind of lust has passed,
Waves across these hopeless sands
Fill my heart and end my day,
Underneath your moving hands
All my aching flows away.
Even the human pyramids
Blaze with such a longing now:
Close, my love, your trembling lids,
Let the midnight heal your brow,
Northward flames Orion's horn,
Westward th' Egyptian light.
None to watch us, none to warn
But the blind eternal night.

Sogno

Olindo Guerrini (1845–1916)

*Ho sognato che stavi a' ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il Signor ...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.*

*Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa...
Mi chiedea dolcemente mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse promessa,
Imploravi, curvata al mio piè.*

*Io tacevo e coll'anima forte
Il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la morte
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.*

*Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradì.
Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le braccia...
Ma, sognavo...E il bel sogno svanì.*

Like a saint praying to the Lord.
You were looking deep into my eyes,
With a glowing look of love.

You were speaking quietly,
Asking me sweetly for forgiveness.
That she be allowed just one glance,
You begged, curled at my feet.

I stayed silent and, with a strong will,
Fought the irresistible desire.
I had faced martyrdom and death;
Still, I forced myself to say no.

But then your lips touched my face,
And my heart betrayed me.
I closed my eyes, reached out to you;
But I had been dreaming, and that
beautiful dream vanished.

Night Song

Clarissa Scott Delany (1901–1927)

The night was made for rest and sleep,
For winds that softly sigh;
It was not made for grief and tears;
So then why do I cry?
The wind that blows through leafy trees
Is soft and warm and sweet;

For me the night is a gracious cloak
To hide my soul's defeat.
Just one dark hour of shaken depths,
Of bitter black despair
Another day will find me brave
And not afraid to dare!

Sleep is supposed to be

Text by Emily Dickinson (1830–1886)

The night was made for rest and sleep,
For winds that softly sigh;
It was not made for grief and tears;
So then why do I cry?
The wind that blows through leafy trees
Is soft and warm and sweet;
For me the night is a gracious cloak
To hide my soul's defeat.
Just one dark hour of shaken depths,
Of bitter black despair
Another day will find me brave
And not afraid to dare!
Sleep is supposed to be

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.
Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!
Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.
Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of Eternity;
One with the banner gay,
One in the red array, –
That is the break of day.

Après un rêve

Romain Bussine (1830–1899)

*Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et
sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;*

*Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
entrevues.*

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure
and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours,
celestial fires.

*Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;*

*Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!*

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back
your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

Translation by Richard Stokes

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863–1938)

L'alba sepàra dalla luca l'ombra

*E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.*

Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

*Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnete vi incorrotte!*

*Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.*

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,

Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.

*Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!*

The dawn divides the darkness from
the light,
And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, the hour of death is now
at hand:
A love more holy sweeps you from the
skies.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted
light!

I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me, O Night in your maternal
breast,

While the pale earth bathes itself in
dew;

But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun

Translation © by Antonio Giuliano, reprinted with permission from the LiederNet Archive

ABOUT MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Founded as a community music school by Janet Daniels Schenck in 1918, today MSM is recognized for its more than 1,000 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 Division is a professionally oriented Saturday music program dedicated to the musical and personal growth of talented young musicians ages 8 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.

Your gift helps a young artist reach for the stars!

To enable Manhattan School of Music to continue educating and inspiring generations of talented students and audiences alike, please consider making a charitable contribution today.

Contact the Philanthropy Office at 917-493-4434
or to make an online gift, [scan this code](#)
or visit [giving.msmnyc.edu](#).



Land Acknowledgment

We want to acknowledge that we gather as Manhattan School of Music on the traditional land of the Lenape and Wappinger past and present, and honor with gratitude the land itself and the people who have stewarded it throughout the generations. This calls us to commit to continuing to learn how to be better stewards of the land we inhabit as well.



MSMNYC.EDU