Manhattan School of Music

First- and Second- Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Dr. Christopher Herbert, Instructor
Professor Gerald Steichen, piano

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 2025 | 5:30 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

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PROGRAM

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)	*Nacht und Träume* Text by Matthäus Casimir von Collin **Huiyan Wang**
STEFANO DONAUDY (1879–1925)	*Date abbiento il mio dolore* Text by Alberto Donaudy **Augustus Robinson**
FRANCESCO DURANTE (1684–1755)	*Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile* Anonymous Text **Iris Whalen**
JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833–1897)	*O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück* Text by Klaus Groth **Yutong Aurelia Cai**
ALESSANDRO PARISOTTI (1853–1913)	*Se tu m'ami* Text by Paolo Antonio Rolli **Meadow Webb**
ANTONIO CALDARA (CA. 1670–1836)	*Sebben crudele* Anonymous Text **Jiaming Otis Zhang**
BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–1976)	*The Trees They Grow So High* Anonymous Text **Eleni Spaliatsos**

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797–1828)

Suleika II
Text by Marianne von Willemer
Charlotte Yang

LIZA LEHMANN
(1862–1918)

The Woodpidgeon
Text by A.S.
Cecilia Yang

VINCENZO BELLINI
(1801–1835)

Il fervido desiderio
Anonymous Text
Daniel Wallace

VINCENZO BELLINI
(1801–1835)

Vaga luna che inargenti
Anonymous Text
Isabella Corica

RICHARD HUNDLEY
(1931–2018)

Come Ready and See Me
Text by James Purdy
Tianqi Wang

GIOACHINO ROSSINI
(1792–1868)

La fioraia fiorentina
Anonymous Text
Ashley Sallaway

HECTOR BERLIOZ
(1803–1869)

Vilanelle from *Les nuits d'été*
Text by Théophile Gautier
Louise Jones

F. MENDELSSOHN HENSEL
(1805–1847)

Nach Süden
Text by Wilhelm Hensel
Jayla Norwood

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS
(1835–1921)

Danse macabre
Text by Henri Cazalis
Parker Odom

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!

Date abbiento al mio dolore

Alberto Donaudy (1880–1941)

Date abbiento al mio dolore,
care luci disdegnose,
poi che un vostro sguardo pose
dolci pene nel mio cuore.
Per le pene dell'amore
voi sapete, luci care,
ciò che val d'essere avare
d'un sol sguardo adulatore.
Date abbiento al mio dolore!

Give relief to my sorrow,
Dear disdainful eyes,
Because one look of yours put
Sweet pains into my heart.
By the pains of love
You know, dear eyes,
What it is worth to be miserly
Of a single adoring look.
Give relief to my sorrow!

Translation by Gretchen Armacost

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile

Anonymous text

Danza, danza, fanciulla,
al mio cantar;
danza, danza fanciulla gentile,
al mio cantar.
Gira leggera, sottile al suono,
al suono dell'onde del mar.
Senti il vago rumore
dell'aura scherzosa
che parla al core

con languido suon,
e che invita a danzar
senza posa, senza posa,
che invita a danzar.
Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile,
al mio cantar.

Dance, O dance maiden,
to the song that I sing
Dance, O dance maiden,
to the song that I sing
Lightly and airily fly while bounding,
resounding the billows to ring
Dost thou hear the low voices
of breezes soft blending appeal to thy heart?
With their blandishing tone,
they invite you to a dance never ending, and whisper
"Dance on! Dance on!
Dance, O dance, maiden gay
To the song that I sing"
Dance, O dance to the song that I sing

Translation by Theodore Baker

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück

Klaus Groth (1819–1899)

O wüßt ich doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
O warum sucht ich nach dem Glück
Und ließ der Mutter Hand?
O wie mich sehnet auszuruhn,
Von keinem Streben aufgeweckt,
Die müden Augen zuzutun,
Von Liebe sanft bedeckt!
Und nichts zu forschen, nichts zu spähn,
Und nur zu träumen leicht und lind,
Der Zeiten Wandel nicht zu sehn,
Zum zweiten Mal ein Kind!
O zeig mir doch den Weg zurück,
Den lieben Weg zum Kinderland!
Vergebens such ich nach dem Glück –
Ringsum ist öder Strand!

Ah! if I but knew the way back,
The sweet way back to childhood's land!
Ah! why did I seek my fortune
And let go my mother's hand?
Ah! how I long for utter rest,
Immune from any striving,
Long to close my weary eyes,
Gently shrouded by love!
And search for nothing, watch for nothing,
Dream only light and gentle dreams,
Not to see the times change,
To be a child a second time!
Ah! show me that way back,
The sweet way back to childhoods' land!
I seek happiness in vain –
Ringed round by barren shores!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Se tu m'ami

Paolo Antonio Rolli (1687–1765)

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri
Sol per me, gentil Pastor;
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor.

If you love me, if you sigh
Only for me, dear shepherd,
I am sorrowful for your sufferings:
Yet I Delight in your love

Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debba riamar;
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

But if you think that
I must in return love only you
Little shepherd,you are subject
To deceiving yourself easily.

Bella Rosa porporina
Oggi Silvio sceglierà;
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzerà.

The beautiful purple rose
Will Silvia choose today
With the excuse of its thorns
Tomorrow, then will she despise it

Ma degli uomini il consiglio
Io per me non seguirò;
Non perché mi piace il Giglio
Gli altri Fiori sprezzerò.

But the advice of the men
I will not follow
Just because the lily pleases me,
I do not have to despise the
other flowers

Translation by Emily Ezust

Sebben crudele

Anonymous text

Sebben, crudele,
Mi fai languir,
Sempre fedele
Ti voglio amar.

Although, cruel love,
you make me languish,
I will always
love you truly.

Con la lunghezza
Del mio servir
La tua fierezza
Saprò stancar.

With the patience
of my serving
I will be able
to tire out your pride.

Translation by Bertram Kottmann

The trees they grow so high

Anonymous text

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green
And many a cold winter's night my love and I have seen
Of a cold winter's night, my love, you and I alone have been
whilst my Bonnie boy is young, he's a growing
Growing, growing, whilst my Bonnie boy is young, he's a growing.

O father, dearest father, you've done to me great wrong,
you've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,
a lady you shall be while he's growing.
Growing, growing, a lady you shall be while he's growing.

I'll send your love to college all for a year or two
and then in the meantime he will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bony waste
To let the ladies know that he's married.
Married, married, to let the ladies know that he's married.

I went up to the college I looked over the wall,
Saw four and twenty gentlemen playing at bat and ball
I called for my true love, but they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy and growing.
Growing, growing, all because he was a young boy and growing.

At the age of sixteen, he was a married man
And at the age of seventeen he was a father to a son.
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him,
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing,
Growing, growing, cruel death soon put an end to his growing.
And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie.
The green grass grows o'er him so very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate until the day I die,
and I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing,
Growing, growing, I'll watch all o'er his child while he's growing.

Suleika II

Marianne von Willemer (1784–1860)

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you
your moist wings;
for you can bring him word
of what I suffer separated from him.

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

The motion of your wings
awakens a silent longing within my breast.
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills
grow tearful at your breath.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;
Ach, für Leid müsst' ich vergehen,
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

But your mild, gentle breeze
cools my sore eyelids;
ah, I should die of grief
if I had no hope of seeing him again.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Hasten then to my beloved
speak softly to his heart –
but be careful not to distress him,
and conceal my suffering from him.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

Tell him, but tell him humbly,
that his love is my life,
and that his presence will bring me
a joyous sense of both.

Translation by Richard Wigmore

The Woodpidgeon

A.S.

When the harvest all was gathered
In the sunny autumn weather
To the greenwood, blithe and merry
We went nutting all together;

And as the woods we wander'd
So dim and dark and green
We heard a sweet voice calling
Though no one could be seen:

"Two sticks across
And a little bit of moss;
It'll do, it'll do, it'll do, Coo, coo, coo"

The wild things of the woodlands
Scarce seemed of us afraid;
The blue Jay flash'd before us
And the squirrel near us played

We ate our nuts and rested
On a fallen tree, moss-grown
And still a voice kept calling
In softest, tendrest tone:

"Two sticks across
And a little bit of moss;
It'll do, it'll do, it'll do, Coo, coo, coo"

Il fervido desiderio

Anonymous text

Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so desires?

Quando verrà quel dì
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

When will that day come
when I welcome you to my bosom,
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

Translation by Camille Bugge

Vaga luna che inargenti

Anonymous text

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed inspiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Lovely moon, you who shed silver light
On these shores and on these flowers
And breathe the language
Of love to the elements,
You are now the sole witness
Of my ardent longing,
And can recount my throbs and sighs
To her who fills me with love.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Tell her too that distance
Cannot assuage my grief,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.
Tell her that, day and night,
I count the hours of sorrow,
That a flattering hope
Comforts me in my love.

Translation by Antonio Giuliano

Come Ready and See Me

James Purdy (1914–2009)

Come ready and see me, no matter how late
Come before the years run out
I'm waiting with a candle no wind will blow out
But you must haste on foot or by sky
For no one can wait forever under the bluest sky
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out

I'm waiting with a candle no wind will blow out
But you must haste on foot or by sky
For no one can wait forever under the bluest sky
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out
I can't wait forever
For the years are running out

La fioraia fiorentina

Anonymous text

I più bei fior comprate,
fanciulli, amanti e spose:
son fresche le mie rose,
non spiran che l'amor.

Ahime! Soccorso implora
mia madre, poveretta e da me sola aspetta

del pan e non dell'or.

Buy the most beautiful flowers,
children, lovers, and brides:
my roses are fresh,
they breathe only love.

Alas! Help, implores
my mother, poor little thing, and from me alone
she expects bread and not gold.

Translation by Laura Prichard

Villanelle from *Les nuits d'été*

Théophile Gautier (1811–1872)

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux, nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet au bois;
Sous nos pieds égrénant les perles
Que l'on voit, au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler.

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni;
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit des vers au rebord du nid.
Oh ! viens donc sur le banc de mousse
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
«Toujours !»

Loin, bien loin égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché ;
Puis chez nous tout joyeux, tout aises,

En paniers, enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois.

When comes the season new
when the frost has disappeared
the both of us, we go, my beautiful
to collect the Lillies of the valley in the wood
Beneath our feet scattering the pearls
That we see in the morning trembling
We will go to hear the blackbird
singing

The spring has come, my beauty
its the month by the lovers blessed
And the bird preening its wing
sings its verses on the edge of the nest
Oh! Come then to the mossy banc
to talk about our good love
en tell me with your voice so sweet
Forever

Far, very far, straying from our course
We make flee the rabbit hidden
And the deer, mirrored in the spring
Admires its great antlers lowered
Then to home we return, all happy, all
content
Like baskets interwoven are our fingers
Let us return bringing some strawberries
from the woods

Nach Süden

Wilhelm Hensel (1794–1861)

Von allen Zweigen schwingen	Migrating birds from every branch
Sich wandernde Vögel empor,	Rise up into the air,
Weit durch die Lüfte klingen	Resounding far through the skies
Hört man den Reisechor,	The travelling chorus can be heard:
Nach Süden, nach Süden	To the South, to the South
In den ewigen Blumenflor.	Into the eternal blossoming.
Ihr Vöglein singt munter hernieder,	Little birds, you sing merrily from on high,
Wir singen lustig hinaus,	We sing out merrily too;
Wenn der Lenz kommt,	When Spring comes
Kehren wir wieder,	We shall return,
Wieder in Nest und Haus,	Return to nest and home
Von Süden! Jetzt aber hinaus!	From the South! But now – let's away!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Danse Macabre

Text by Henri Cazalis (1840–1909)

Zig et zig et zig, la mort cri en cadence
Frappant une tombe avec son talon,
La mort à minuit joue un air de danse,
Zig et zig et zag, sur son violon.

Tap, tap, tap—Death rhythmically,
Taps a tomb with his heel,
Death at midnight plays a gigue,
Tap, tap, tap, on his violin.

Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la nuit est sombre,
Des gémissements sortent des tilleuls;
Les squelettes blancs vont à travers l'ombre
Courant et sautant sous leurs grands linceuls,

The Winter wind blows, the night is dark,
The lime-trees groan aloud;
White skeletons flit across the gloom,
Running and leaping beneath their huge shrouds

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se trémousse,
On entend claquer les os des danseurs,
Un couple lascif s'asseoit sur la mousse
Comme pour goûter d'anciennes douceurs.

Tap, tap, tap, everyone's astir,
You hear the bones of the dancers knock,
A lustful couple sits down on the moss,
As if to savour past delights.

Zig et zig et zag, la mort continue
De racler sans fin son aigre instrument.
Un voile est tombé! La danseuse est nue!
Son danseur la serre amoureusement.

Tap, tap, tap, Death continues,
Endlessly scraping his shrill violin
A veil has slipped! The dancer's naked!
Her partner clasps her amorously.

La dame est, dit-on, marquise ou baronne.
Et le vert galant un pauvre charron—
Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle s'abandonne
Comme si le rustre était un baron!

They say she's a baroness or marchioness,
And the callow gallant a poor cartwright.
Good God! And now she's giving herself,
As though the bumpkin were a baron!

Zig et zig et zig, quelle sarabande!
Quels cercles de morts se donnant la main!
Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans la bande
Le roi gambader auprès du vilain!

Tap, tap, tap, what a saraband!
Circles of corpses all holding hands!
Tap, tap, tap, in the throng you can see
King and peasant dancing together!

Mais psit! tout à coup on quitte la ronde,
On se pousse, on fuit, le coq a chanté...

But shh! Suddenly the dance is ended,
They jostle and take flight—the cock has crowed...

Oh! La belle nuit pour le pauvre monde!
Et vive la mort et l'égalité!

Ah! Nocturnal beauty shines on the poor!
And long live death and equality!

Translation by Richard Stokes

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.

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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.

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