Manhattan School of Music

First– and Second– Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

These flowers tell a story

Mary Dunleavy, Instructor
Eric Sedgwick, Pianist

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 2026 | 5:30 PM
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

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PROGRAM

VINCENZO BELLINI (1801–1835)	*Vanne, o rosa fortunata* **Mirabella Gibson**, soprano
ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)	*Du bist wie eine Blume* **Iolanthe Demos**, soprano
GEORGE BUTTERWORTH (1885–1916)	*Loveliest of Trees* **Cameron Dunham**, tenor
FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)	*Die Rose* **Iris Whalen**, soprano
CARL LOEWE (1796–1869)	*Die Lotusblume* **Tianqi Wang**, mezzo–soprano
ROGER QUILTER (1877–1953)	*Go, Lovely Rose* **Ezequiel Odessky**, baritone
FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797–1828)	*Trockne Blumen* **Jeffrey Emslie**, baritone
REBECCA CLARKE (1886–1979)	*The Cherry-Blossom Wand* **Sierra Vidnovic**, mezzo–soprano
ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810–1856)	*Meine Rose* **Eleni Spaliatsos**, soprano

IRISH FOLK TUNE
ARR. BENJAMIN BRITTEN
(1913–1976)

The Last Rose of Summer

Madeline Hansen, soprano

EDVARD GRIEG
(1843–1907)

Zur Rosenzeit

Shae Brodsky, bass–baritone

PAOLO TOSTI
(1846–1916)

'A Vucchella

Jiaqi Li, tenor

STEFANO DONAUDY
(1879–1925)

Freschi luoghi, prati aulenti

Tae–hee Kim, soprano

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Vanne, o rosa fortunato

Pietro Metastasio (1698-1782)

Translation by Camilla Bugge

Go, fortunate rose,
to rest at Nice›s breast
and all will be forced
to envy your fate.

Oh, if I could change myself
into you, but for a moment,
my heart would long
for no greater happiness.

But you bow your head with spite,
fair faded rose,
your brow loses all colour
from disdain and pain.

Lovely rose, it is destined,
that we meet the same fate:
we shall both meet death there,
you from envy and I of love.

Du bist wie eine Blume

Heinrich Heine

Translation Richard Stokes

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.

I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.

Loveliest of trees

A. E. Housman (1859-1936)

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
  Is hung with bloom along the bough,
  And stands about the woodland ride
  Wearing white for Eastertide.
Now, of my threescore years and ten,
  Twenty will not come again,
  And take from seventy springs a score,
  It only leaves me fifty more.
And since to look at things in bloom
  Fifty springs are little room,
  About the woodlands I will go
  To see the cherry hung with snow.

Die Rose

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772-1829)

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Lovely warmth tempted me
to venture into the light.
There fires burned furiously;
I must forever bemoan that.
I could have bloomed for long
in mild, bright days.
Now I must wither early,
renounce life prematurely.

The red dawn came;
I abandoned all timidity
and opened the bud
in which lay all my charms.
I could have spread sweet fragrance
and worn my crown ...
then the sun grew too hot –
of this I must accuse it.
Of what avail is the mild evening?
I must now ask sadly.
It can no longer save me,
or banish my sorrows.
My red colouring is faded;
soon cold will gnaw me.
As I die I wish to tell once more
of my brief young life.

Die Lotusblume

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Translation by Richard Stokes

The lotus-flower fears
The sun's splendor,
And with bowed head,
Dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

Go lovely rose

Edmund Waller (1606-1687)

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that›s young,
And shuns to have her graces spied
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir›d;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir›d,
And not blush so to be admir›d.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Trockne Blumen

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Translation by Richard Wigmore

All you flowers
that she gave to me,
you shall be laid
with me in the grave.

How sorrowfully
you all look at me,
as though you knew
what was happening to me!

All you flowers,
how faded and pale you are!
All you flowers,
why are you so moist?

Alas, tears will not create
the green of May,
nor make dead love
bloom anew.

Spring will come,
and winter will pass,
and flowers
will grow in the grass.

And flowers will lie
on my grave –
all the flowers
that she gave me.

And when she walks
past that mound
and ponders in her heart,
'His love was true.'

Then, all you flowers,
come forth, come forth!
May is here,
winter is over!

The Cherry-Blossom Wand

Anna Wickham (1883-1947)

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise.

Light are the petals that fall from the bough,
And lighter the love that I offer you now;
In a spring day shall the tale be told
Of the beautiful things that will never grow old.

The blossoms shall fall in the night wind,
And I will leave you so, to be kind:
Eternal in beauty, are short-lived flowers,
Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours.

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that shall never grow wise.

Meine Rose

Nikolaus Lenau (1802-1850)

Translation by Richard Stokes

To spring›s fair jewel,
To the rose, my delight,
Already drooping and pale
From the heat of the sun,
I bring a beaker of water
From the deep, dark well.

Rose of my heart!
You droop and pale
From the silent shaft of pain;
I would silently pour out
My soul at your feet,
As I pour water for this flower!
Even though I might not then
See you happily revive.

The Last rose of summer

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

'Tis the last rose of Summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh!
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Zur Rosenzeit

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Translation by Richard Stokes

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

Sorrowfully I think of those days,
When I, my angel, set my heart on you,
And waiting for the first little bud,
Went early to my garden;
Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
At your very feet,
With hope beating in my heart,
When you looked on me.

You fade, sweet roses,
My love did not wear you;
Ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope,
Whose soul now breaks with grief!

'A Vucchella

Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938)

Translation by Antonio Guiliano

Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
A little bit
withered.

Please give it to me
it›s like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannetella!

Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth

which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

Freschi Luigi, prati aulenti

Alberto Donaudy (1880-1941)

Translation by Gretchen Armacost

Cool places, fragrant meadows,
Remain always in flower;
Let not summer sow seed in you,
Let not autumn carry you away,
Let not the dead season take away
So much magical splendor.
I want one day to ramble with her
Amidst softness so green,
When at last my pangs
She will show herself to understand.

Cool places, fragrant meadows,
Remain always in flower.
Let not any season take away
So much magical splendor.
And you then, clear streamlets,
Which already are running to the sea,
Don›t be miserly with your waters
In the late season of the year,
Don›t you join also the deception
Of a prosperity so brief.
I want one day to be reflected with her
In your clarity,
When at last my pangs
She will show herself to understand.

FIRST AND SECOND YEAR VOCAL PERFORMANCE CLASS

Mirabella Gibson
(Student of Harolyn Blackwell)

Iolanthe Demos
(Student of Cyndia Sieden)

Cameron Dunham
(Student of James Morris)

Iris Whalen
(Student of Ruth Golden)

Tianqi Wang
(Student of Cyndia Sieden)

Ezequiel Odessky
(Student of James Morris)

Jeffrey Emslie
(Student of Dimitri Pittas)

Sierra Vidnovic
(Student of Cynthia Hoffman)

Eleni Spaliatsos
(Student of Ruth Golden)

Madeline Hansen
(Student of Christòpheren Nomura)

Shae Brodsky
(Student of Sidney Outlaw)

Jiaqi Li
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