

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

Mary Dunleavy, Instructor

Eric Sedgwick, pianist

## ***Songs of Love and Loss***

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 2024 | 7:30 PM  
GORDON K. AND HARRIET GREENFIELD HALL

# First– and Second– Year Vocal Performance Class Recital

Mary Dunleavy, Instructor  
Eric Sedgwick, pianist

## *Songs of Love and Loss*

### PROGRAM

STEFANO DONAUDY  
(1879–1925)

*Amor mi fa cantare* from *36 Arie di Stile Antico*

**Yangjinwa Guo**, soprano  
*Student of Joan Patenaude–Yarnell*

NED ROREM  
(1923–2022)

*O do not love too long*

**Louise Jones**, soprano  
*Student of Sidney Outlaw*

ROGER QUILTER  
(1877–1953)

*My life's delight* from *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, Op. 12

**Huiyan Wang**, soprano  
*Student of Joan Patenaude–Yarnell*

GAETANO DONIZETTI  
(1797–1848)

*Amore e morte* from *Soirées d'automne à l'Infrascata*

**Runyin Huang**, baritone  
*Student of Sidney Outlaw*

AMY BEACH  
(1867–1944)

*Ecstasy*, Op. 19, no. 2

**Ziqin Li**, soprano  
*Student of Ruth Golden*

WILLIAM GRANT STILL  
(1895–1978)

*The Breath of a Rose*

**Jayla Norwood**, soprano  
*Student of Catherine Maliftano*

PETER CORNELIUS  
(1824–1874)

*Komm, wir wandeln zusammen im Mondschein*

**Jonas Liu**, baritone  
*Student of Joan Patendaude–Yarnell*

ANONYMOUS  
(Arr. Britten)

*The Ash Grove*

**Liliana Diaz**, mezzo–soprano  
*Student of Christopher Nomura*

ANTON RUBINSTEIN  
(1829–1894)

*Es blinkt der Tau*, Op. 72, no. 1

**Charlotte Yang**, soprano  
*Student of Cynthia Hoffman*

FELIX MENDELSSOHN  
(1809–1847)

*Die Liebende schreibt*, Op. 86, no. 3

**Elizabeth Osborne**, soprano  
*Student of Mark Schnaible*

BEN MOORE  
(b. 1960)

*This heart that flutters* from from 14 Songs, no. 11

**Sage Johnson**, soprano  
*Student of Dimitri Pittas*

FRANZ SCHUBERT  
(1797–1828)

*Non t'accostar all'urna*, Op. 86, no. 1

**Lynn Kang**, soprano  
*Student of Ruth Golden*

W. A. MOZART  
(1756–1791)

*Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen  
Liebhabers verbrannte*, K. 520

**Louis Jones**, soprano  
*Student of Sidney Outlaw*

FRANCESCO PAOLO TOSTI  
(1846–1916)

*Malìa*

**Luis Vega–Torres**, baritone  
*Student of James Morris*

# TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

## *Amor mi fa cantare* **Alberto Donaudy**

Love makes me sing  
To speak the hidden praises  
Of two bright eyes  
And of two idle lips.  
If I think of that look,  
The sun seems to me offended  
And I blaze and burn completely  
If I think of those lips.  
If then, as usual,  
She looks at me and talks a little,  
I am like wax in the sun:  
I melt entirely.

But in vain I have trotted behind her  
For almost an entire year;  
In vain, changing meter,  
I show myself audacious or haughty.  
If I direct a word to her,  
From laughing she cannot hold herself up..  
Do I write her a song?  
She reads it and doesn't read it.  
If then, as usual,  
She looks at me and talks a little,  
I am like wax in the sun:  
I melt entirely.

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## ***O do not love too long*** **W.B. Yeats**

Sweetheart, do not love too long:  
I loved long and long,  
And grew to be out of fashion  
Like an old song.

All through the years of our youth  
Neither could have known  
Their own thought from the other's,

We were so much at one.  
But O, in a minute she changed-  
O do not love too long,  
Or you will grow out of fashion  
Like an old song.

***Come, O come my Life's Delight***  
**Thomas Campion**

Come, O come, my life's delight!  
Let me not in languor pine:  
Love loves no delay, thy sight  
The more enjoyed, the more divine.  
O come, and take from me  
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,  
Like a little world of bliss:  
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose  
In them pure and eternal is.  
Come then! and make thy flight  
As swift to me as heavenly light!

***Amore e morte***  
**Giovanni Anotonio Luigi Redaelli**

Hear from a dying man,  
Hear his last sound;  
This wilted flower  
I leave you, Elvira, as a gift.

How precious it is  
You should fully understand;  
On the day you were mine  
I stole it from your heart.

Once symbol of love,  
Now pledge of sorrow;  
Place once more on your heart  
This wilted flower.

And you will have engraved in your heart,  
If that heart is not hard,  
How it once was stolen,  
And how it came back to you.

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## ***Ecstasy***

### **Amy Marcy Beach**

Only to dream among the fading flowers,  
Only to glide along the tranquil sea;  
Ah dearest, dearest, have we not together  
One long, bright day of love, glad and free?  
Only to rest through life, in storm and sunshine,  
Safe in thy breast, where sorrow dare not fly;  
Ah dearest, dearest, thus in sweetest rapture  
With thee to live, with thee at last to die!

## ***The Breath of a Rose***

### **Langston Hughes**

Love is like dew  
On lilacs at dawn:  
Comes the swift sun  
And the dew is gone.  
Love is like star-light  
In the sky at morn:  
Star-light that dies  
When day is born.  
Love is like perfume  
In the heart of a rose:  
The flower withers,  
The perfume goes—  
Love is no more  
Than the breath of a rose,  
No more  
Than the breath of a rose.

## ***Komm, wir wandeln zusammen im Mondschein***

### **Peter Cornelius**

Come, we'll wander together in the moonlight; so magically does each leaf gleam,  
perhaps on one it is written  
how fondly my heart adores you.  
  
Come, we'll wander together in the moonlight;  
the moon reflects distortedly from the waves—  
perhaps you will sense how blissfully  
my heart cherishes your image.

Come, we'll wander together in the moonlight;  
the moon will weave a queenly robe  
for you from golden beams of light,  
so that you may walk in magnificence.

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## ***The Ash Grove***

### **Anonymous**

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,  
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash-grove.  
'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,  
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree,  
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain;  
But what are the beauties of nature to me?  
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,  
All day I go mourning in search of my love.  
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?  
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash-grove.

## ***Es blinket der Tau***

### **Gustav von Boddien**

The dew gleams on the grass in the night,  
the moon passes by in quiet splendor,  
the nightingale sings in the bushes.  
Hovering over the meadows in twilight,  
the whole spring is fragrant,  
we two wander through it all.  
O Spring, how you are beautiful!  
To wander through the intoxicating blossoms  
on your arm your trembling love,  
with the first heavenly kiss,  
and firmly embracing the foolish wish,  
that it will last forever

*Translation by Hélène Lindqvist*

***Die Liebende schreibt***  
**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe**

One glance from your eyes into mine,  
One kiss from your mouth onto my mouth,  
Who, like me, is assured of these,  
Can he take pleasure in anything else?

Far from you, estranged from my family,  
I let my thoughts rove constantly,  
And always they fix on that hour,  
That precious hour; and I begin to weep.

Suddenly my tears grow dry again:  
His love, I think, he sends into this silence,  
And should you not reach out into the distance?

Receive the murmurs of this loving sigh;  
Your will is my sole happiness on earth,  
Your kind will; give me a sign!

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

***This Heart that Flutters***  
**James Joyce**

This heart that flutters near my heart  
My hope and all my riches is,  
Unhappy when we draw apart  
And happy between kiss and kiss:  
My hope and all my riches — - yes! — -  
And all my happiness.

For there, as in some mossy nest  
The wrens will divers treasures keep,  
I laid those treasures I possessed  
Ere that mine eyes had learned to weep.  
Shall we not be as wise as they  
Though love live but a day?



***Non t'accostar all'urna***  
**Jocopo Vittorelli**

Do not approach the urn  
which contains my bones;  
this compassionate earth  
is sacred to my sorrow.

I refuse your flowers,  
I do not want your weeping;  
what use to the dead  
are a few tears and a few flowers?

Cruel one! You should have come  
to help me  
when my life was ebbing away  
in slight and suffering.

With what futile weeping  
do you assail the woods?  
Respect a sad shade,  
and let it sleep.

*Translation by Richard Wigmore*

***Als Luise die Briefe***  
**Gabriele von Baumberg**

Begotten by ardent fantasy,  
Born in a rapturous hour  
An emotional moment! Perish,  
Ye children of melancholy!

You owe your existence to flames,  
To flames I now return you  
And all those passionate songs;  
For ah! he did not sing for me alone.

Now you are burning, and soon, my dears,  
Not a trace of you will remain:  
But ah! the man who wrote you  
May smoulder long yet in my heart.

*Translation by Richard Stokes*

## *Malìa*

### **Rocco Emmanuele Pagliara**

What was there in that flower you gave me?  
Perhaps a love-potion, a mysterious power!  
As I touched it, my heart trembled,  
its perfume troubled my thoughts!  
What was there in your delicate movements?  
Do you bring a magic charm with you?  
The air quivers wherever you go,  
a flower springs at your feet as you pass!

I do not ask in which blessed region  
you have lived until now:  
I do not ask if you are a nymph, a fairy  
or a fair apparition!  
But what is there in your fateful glance?  
What is there in your magical words?  
When you look at me, rapture overwhelms me,  
when you speak to me, I feel as if I am dying!

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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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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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