

M Manhattan
School of Music

Friday, December 18, 2020

CLASSICAL VOICE

SECOND YEAR PERFORMANCE CLASS

presents

The Winterreise Project

Annie Shikany, Director

Evgenia Truksa and **Shiyu Tan**, Pianists

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

The Second Year Performance Class is excited to present Müller and Schubert's masterpiece *Winterreise* (*Winter Journey*). Each student is performing a song from the cycle (recorded either on site at MSM or remotely from the students' individual locations). We explored the song cycle through the lens of the identity of "Fremd" declared in *Gute Nacht*. Usually translated as "stranger/foreigner," the *Fremdling* is revealed upon deeper investigation to be a foreigner in their own land. We widened the scope of our exploration to include Black and indigenous poets and poets of color—poets of our time—who verbally distill the truth of the *Fremdling* journey as well as utilize nature and symbolism in the same manner as Müller. Framing *Winterreise* in this way has created a sense of community within our class as well as expanded our understanding of community as we open our consciousness to the journeys of others and a more complete picture of the human journey.

Thank you for your continued support of these young singers and these performance opportunities, which are so important to their exciting journey of artistic growth!

Enjoy the show!

—Annie Shikany

Winterreise, D. 911

Poems by Wilhelm Müller

Music by Franz Schubert

I. Gute Nacht ("Good Night")

Gavon Mitchell, baritone
Putnam Valley, New York
Student of Catherine Malfitano
Shiyu Tan, pianist

A stranger I arrived here,
a stranger I go hence.
Maytime was good to me
with many a bunch of flowers.
The girl spoke of love,
her mother even of marriage.
Now the world is dismal,
the path veiled in snow.

For my journey I cannot
choose my own time;
I must pick the way myself
through this darkness.
My mooncast shadow acts
as my companion
and on the white meadow
I look for deer's footprints.

Why should I stay longer
until they drive me away?
Let stray dogs howl
outside the master's house.
Love loves to rove—
God made it so—
from one to the next.
Sweetheart, goodnight!

I will not disturb your dreams:
that would spoil your rest.
You must not hear my footsteps—
soft, softly shut the doors!
As I leave I shall write
'Goodnight' upon the gate for you,
so that you may see
I have been thinking of you.

Excerpts from *a song in the front yard*
by Gwendolyn Brooks
and *Black Boy* by Richard Wright

Gwendolyn Brooks:

I've stayed in the front yard all my life.
I want a peek at the back
Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows.

Richard Wright:

I was taking a part of the South
To transplant in alien soil,
To see if it could grow differently,
If it could drink of new and cool rains,
Bend in strange winds,
Respond to the warmth of other suns
And, perhaps, to bloom.

Gwendolyn Brooks:

But I say it's fine. Honest, I do.
And I'd like to be a bad woman too,
And wear the brave stockings of night-black lace
And strut down the streets with paint on my face.

2. *Die Wetterfabne* ("The Weather-vane")

Tess Levine, soprano
Birmingham, Alabama
Student of Cynthia Hoffmann
Shiyu Tan, pianist

The wind plays with the weather-vane
on my fair sweetheart's house.
In my confusion I thought
its whistling mocked this wretched fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner
the emblem set upon the house;
then he would never have tried to look
for faithful womanhood within.

Indoors the wind plays with hearts
as on the roof, but not so loudly.
What do they care for my sorrows?
Their child is a rich bride.

3. *Gefror'ne Tränen* ("Frozen Tears")

Emma Ritto, soprano

San Diego, California

Student of Ruth Golden

Evgenia Truksa, pianist

Drops of ice are falling
from off my cheeks:
did I not notice, then,
that I have been crying?

O tears, my tears,
are you so tepid then
that you turn to ice
like cold morning dew?

Yet you spring from your source
in my breast so burning hot
that you should melt
a whole winter's ice!

4. *Erstarrung* ("Frozen Stiff")

Eva Martinez, soprano

Doylestown, Pennsylvania

Student of Shirley Close

Shiyu Tan, pianist

Vainly I search in the snow
for the footprint she left
when arm in arm with me she
rambled over the green meadow.

I want to kiss the ground,
pierce through ice and snow
with my hot tears
until I see the soil beneath.

Where shall I find a blossom,
where find green grass?
The flowers are dead,
the grass looks so wan.

Can there be no keepsake, then,
to carry away with me?
When my sorrows fall silent,
what shall tell me of her?

My heart is as good as frozen;
within it her image gazes coldly.
If ever my heart thaws again,
her image too will melt away.

My Grandfather Walks in the Woods
by Marilyn Nelson

Somewhere
in the light above the womb,
black trees
and white trees
populate a world.

It is a March landscape,
the only birds around are small
and black.
What do they eat,
sitting in the birches
like warnings?

The branches of the trees
are black and white.
Their race is winter.
They thrive in cold.

There is my grandfather
walking among the trees.
He does not notice
his fingers are cold.
His black felt hat
covers his eyes.

He is knocking on each tree,
listening to their voices
as they answer slowly
deep, deep from their roots.
I am John, he says,
are you my father?

They answer
with voices like wind
blowing away from him.

5. *Der Lindenbaum* ("The Linden Tree")

Shengqiao Hao, bass-baritone
Yichun City, Heilongjiang, China
Student of Maitland Peters

Shiyu Tan, pianist

By the well at the town gate
there stands a lime tree;
in its shadow I have dreamed
full many a sweet dream.

On its bark I have carved
full many a loving word.
In joy and sorrow it drew
me to it again and again.

Just now my journey took me
past it at dead of night,
and even in the darkness
I had to close my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling to me:
"Come here to me, lad,
here you will find your rest!"

The chill winds blew
straight in my face:
my hat flew off my head.
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours
distant from that place;
yet still I hear the rustling:
"There you would have found rest."

6. *Wasserflut* (“Flood”)

Sophia Strang, mezzo-soprano

Vancouver, Canada

Student of Ashley Putnam

Shiyu Tan, pianist

Many a tear from my eyes
has dropped into the snow.
Its chilly flakes suck
thirstily up my burning woe.

When the grass begins to shoot,
a warm breeze will blow there,
and the ice will melt in torrents
and the snow will dissolve.

Snow, you know of my longing:
say, which way will you flow?
Just follow my tears:
their stream will soon carry you away.

You will course the town with them,
in and out of cheerful streets.
When you feel my tears grow warm,
that will be my sweetheart’s house.

7. *Auf dem Flusse* (“On the Stream”)

Evan Schelton, baritone

Nashville, Tennessee

Student of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell

Shiyu Tan, pianist

You who so merrily babbled,
clear, wild stream,
how silent you have become:
you give no greeting as we part.

With hard, stiff hoar
you have covered yourself;
you lie cold and motionless,
stretched out in the sand.

On your crust I carve
with a sharp stone
the name of my beloved
and the hour and the day.

The day I first met her,
the day I went away;
round name and figures winds
a broken ring.

In this brook, my heart,
do you now recognize your likeness?
Under its crust
is there a roaring torrent too?

8. *Rückblick* (“Backwards Glance”)

Miyun Angelina Yi, soprano

Atlanta, Georgia

Student of Ruth Golden

Shiyu Tan, pianist

It is burning hot under both my feet,
though I am walking on ice and snow;
I would rather not draw breath again
until the towers are out of sight.

I bruised myself on every stone,
so did I hurry out of the town.
The crows threw snowballs and hailstones
onto my hat from every roof.

How otherwise did you welcome me,
you town of inconstancy!
At your bright windows sang
the lark vying with the nightingale.

The plump lime trees were in bloom,
the clear streams babbled brightly,
and alas, two girlish eyes were glowing!—
then you were done for, lad!

Whenever that day comes to mind,
I long to look back once more,
long to stumble back again
and stand in silence outside her house.

9. *Irrlicht* (“Will o’ the Wisp”)

Shuying Li, soprano

Shanghai, China

Student of Maitland Peters

Evgenia Truksa, pianist

Into deepest clefts of rock
a will o’ the wisp enticed me.
How I shall find my way out
does not weigh heavily on my mind.

I am used to going astray:
every path leads to its destination.
Our joys, our sorrows
are all the toys of a will o’ the wisp!

Along the mountain stream’s dry bed
I wend calmly downward.
Every stream will reach the sea;
every sorrow too its grave.

10. *Rast* (“Rest”)

Elizabeth Pope, soprano
Baltimore, Maryland
Student of Catherine Malfitano
Evgenia Truksa, pianist

I only notice now how tired I am,
as I lie down to rest.
Walking kept my spirits up
along an inhospitable road.

My feet did not ask for rest—
it was too cold to stand still;
my back felt no burden,
the storm helped to blow me along.

In a charcoal-burner’s tiny hut
I have found shelter.
But my limbs will not take their ease,
their wounds are burning so.

You too, my heart, in struggle and storm
so wild and so untamed,
now in the stillness feel the serpent within
rear up with its searing sting.

Excerpt from *Sonnet*
by Alice Moore Dunbar-Nelson

I had not thought of violets late,
The wild, shy kind that spring beneath your feet
In wistful April days, when lovers mate
And wander through the fields in raptures sweet.
. . . .
And now—unwittingly, you’ve made me dream
Of violets, and my soul’s forgotten gleam.

11. *Frühlingstraum* (“Dream of Spring”)

Jordan Gilbert, soprano
Holmdel, New Jersey
Student of Ashley Putnam
Shiyu Tan, pianist

I dreamed of bright flowers
such as blossom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows
and the calling of birds.

And when the cocks crew,
my eyes opened;
it was cold and dark,
on the roof the ravens croaked.

But on the window panes
who had been painting leaves?
Well may you laugh at the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter.

I dreamed of love for love,
of a fair maiden,
of hearts and kisses,
of bliss and ecstasy.

And when the cocks crew
my heart opened:
now all alone I sit here
and ponder my dream.

I close my eyes again:
my heart still beats as warmly.
When will you leaves at the window be green?
When will I hold my darling in my arms?

12. *Einsamkeit* (“Loneliness”)

Sofia Farrell, soprano
Harleysville, Pennsylvania
Student of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell
Evgenia Truksa, pianist

Like a mournful cloud
passing through clear sky
when through the fir tops
a gentle breeze blows,

so I wend my way
onward with halting step
through bright, happy life
lonely and ungreeted.

Pity the air is so calm,
pity the world is so bright!
When the storms still howled
I was not so miserable.

Excerpt from *Rewind*
by Sonia Guiñansaca

We survive through phone lines
A cycle of dialing numbers
On the other line waited abuela
On the other line waited memories
On the other line waited birthday wishes
That should have been given in person
While eating guava cake
But we were here
And you were there
On the other line we waited
By payphones we waited
For your voice we waited
That is all we had.

13. *Die Post* (“The Post”)

Vincenzo Fiorito, tenor
Ozone Park, Queens
Student of Maitland Peters
Shiyu Tan, pianist

Up from the street a posthorn blows.
What is it that makes you beat so fast,
my heart?

The post-coach brings you no letter;
then why do you throb so strangely,
my heart?

Ah yes, the post comes from the town
where I had a best beloved,
my heart!

Do you just want to peep across
and ask how things are going there,
my heart?

14. *Der greise Kopf* (“The Gray Head”)

Meghan Thomson, mezzo-soprano

Glocester, Rhode Island

Student of Ruth Golden

Evgenia Truksa, pianist

There was a white coat of frost
spread over my hair.

It made me think I was already old,
which made me very glad.

But soon it thawed away
and my hair is black again.

Now my youthfulness appalls me:
how far still to the funeral bier!

Between dusk and dawn
many a head has turned white.
Who believes it? Mine has not
this whole journey through!

15. *Die Krähe* (“The Crow”)

Sara Stevens, soprano

Marietta, Georgia

Student of Cynthia Hoffmann

Evgenia Truksa, pianist

A crow was with me
coming out of town.
Back and forth till now it
has flown above my head.

Crow, curious creature,
will you not forsake me?
Have you prey in mind here soon,
when you seize my body?

Well, there is not far to go
for my stick and me.
Crow, let me at last behold
fidelity to the grave!

16. *Letzte Hoffnung* (“Last Hope”)

Angelina Bush, soprano

Waterbury, Connecticut

Student of Ashley Putnam

Evgenia Truksa, pianist

Here and there on trees
a colored leaf or so is seen.
And I stand in front of the trees
often, sunk in thought.

I gaze at one leaf,
hang my hopes upon it;
if the wind toys with my leaf
I tremble to my trembling’s limit.

Ah! if the leaf falls to the ground,
my hopes tumble with it.
I fall to the ground myself,
weep at the tomb of my hopes.

**Excerpt from *Break My Heart*
by Joy Harjo**

....
Someone will lift from the earth
without wings.

Another will fall from the sky
Through the knots of a tree.

Chaos is primordial.
All words have roots here.

You will never sleep again
Though you will never stop dreaming.

The end can only follow the beginning.
And it will zigzag through time, governments,
and lovers.

Be who you are, even if it kills you.

It will. Over and over again.
Even as you live.

Break my heart, why don’t you?

17. *Im Dorfe* (“In the Village”)

Jaydon Belefond, tenor

Seattle, Washington

Student of Maitland Peters

Shiyu Tan, pianist

Dogs are barking, their chains are rattling.
People are asleep in their beds.
They dream of plenty that they have not,
find both good and evil to refresh them:

and next morning it has all vanished.
But then, they have enjoyed their share
and hope was left over
will still be found on their pillows.

Bark me away, you watchdogs!
Let me not rest in these hours of slumber!
I am done with all dreaming;
why linger among those asleep?

18. *Der stürmische Morgen* (“The Stormy Morning”)

Feihong Yu, soprano

Dalian, Liaoning, China

Student of Cynthia Hoffmann

Evgenia Truksa, pianist

How the storm has torn
the grey mantle of heaven!
The wisps of cloud flutter
about, jostling feebly.
And tongues of red fire
flicker among them.
I reckon this a morning
to match my frame of mind!
My heart sees in the sky
its own painted portrait.
It is nothing but winter,
winter chill and savage.

19. *Täuschung* (“Delusion”)

David Freides, tenor
Ridgewood, New Jersey
Student of Maitland Peters
Shiyu Tan, pianist

A friendly light dances in front of me;
I follow it hither and thither.
Follow it gladly and watch its course
as it lures the traveler onward.
Ah, anybody as wretched as I
gladly falls for such colorful trickery
as, beyond ice and night and misery,
it shows him a cheerful, warm house,
and within it a soul dear to him—
my only success is in pretence!

20. *Der Wegweiser* (“The Signpost”)

Evelina Smolina, soprano
Riga, Latvia
Student of Shirley Close
Evgenia Truksa, pianist

Why do I pass the highways by
that other travelers take,
to seek out hidden tracks
through snowbound rocky heights?

I have done no wrong
that I should shun mankind.
What senseless craving
drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand on the roads,
point towards towns.
Yet I wander on and on,
unresting, in search of rest.

One signpost I see stand there,
steadfast before my gaze.
One road I must travel
by which no-one ever came back.

21. *Das Wirtshaus* (“The Inn”)

Madeleine Keane, soprano
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Student of Cynthia Hoffmann
Evgenia Truksa, pianist

To a graveyard
my path has brought me.
Here I will lodge,
I thought to myself.

You verdant funeral wreaths
could well be signs
that invite weary travelers
into the cool inn.

But in this house are
the rooms all occupied?
I am tired enough to drop,
sick unto death.

Pitiless tavern,
do you turn me away?
Then onward, lead me onward,
my trusty staff!

Excerpts from *La Prieta* by Gloria Anzaldúa
and *won't you celebrate with me*
by Lucille Clifton

Gloria Anzaldúa:

Nobody's going to save you.
No one's going to cut you down
Cut the thorns around you.
No one's going to storm
The castle walls nor
Kiss awake your birth,
Climb down your hair,
Nor mount you
Onto the white steed.
There is no one who
Will feed the yearning.
Face it. You will have
To do, do it yourself.

Lucille Clifton:

. . . come celebrate
with me that everyday
something has tried to kill me
and has failed.

22. *Mut!* (“Courage”)

Nicole Eliev, mezzo-soprano
Miami, Florida
Student of Mignon Dunn
Shiyu Tan, pianist

When the snow flies in my face,
I brush it away;
when my heart exclaims in my breast,
I sing bright and cheery.

Don't hear what it tells me,
have no ears for that,
don't feel its complaining—
complaining is for fools.

Merrily off into the world,
spite all wind and weather!
If we can't have gods on earth,
we are gods ourselves.

Excerpt from *Affirmation* (to youth living in prison, after Assata Shakur)
by Eve L. Ewing

....
I believe the sun shines
If not here, then somewhere.
Somewhere it rains,
And things will grow green and wonderful.
Somewhere inside me, too, it rains,
And things will grow green and wonderful.
Sometimes my insides rain from the inside out.
And then I know
I am alive
I am alive
I am alive

23. *Die Nebensonnen* (“The Mock Suns”)

Mark Filatov, tenor
Brooklyn, New York
Student of Neil Rosenshein
Shiyu Tan, pianist

I saw three suns stand in the sky.
I watched them long and fixedly.
And they stood there as blank and bright
as if they would not leave my sight.
Alas, you cannot be my suns!

Turn then, and gaze at other ones!
Not long ago I'd three of my own;
but now the best two have gone down.
Would that the third might disappear!
In darkness I would better fare.

Excerpt from *Breaking Silence*
by Janice Mirikitani

There are miracles that happen
she said.
From the silences
in the glass caves of our ears,
from the crippled tongue,
from the mute, wet eyelash,
testimonies waiting like winter.
We were told
that silence was better
golden like our skin
useful like
go quietly,
easier like
don't make waves,
expedient like horse stalls and desert camps.
....

There are miracles that happen,
she said,
and everything is made visible.
We see the cracks and fissures in our soil:
We speak of suicides and intimacies,
of longings lush like wet furrows,
of oceans bearing us toward imagined riches,
of burning humiliations and
crimes by the government
Of self-hate and love that breaks
through silences.
....
We must recognize ourselves at last.
We are a rainforest of color
and noise.
We hear everything
We are unafraid.
Our language is beautiful.

24. *Der Leiermann* (“The Hurdy-Gurdy Man”)

Isis O’Flynn-Shahaf, soprano

New York City, New York

Student of Joan Patenaude-Yarnell

Evgenia Truksa, pianist

Just beyond the village
stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
and with numb fingers
he plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
he totters to and fro,
and his little plate
has no reward to show.

No-one wants to listen,
no-one takes a scan,
and the dogs all growl
around the aged man.

And he lets it happen,
as it always will,
grinds his hurdy-gurdy;
it is never still.

Curious old fellow,
shall I go with you?
When I sing my songs,
will you play your hurdy-gurdy too?

Excerpt from *Joy is such a Human Madness*
from *The Book of Delights* by Ross Gay

And what if the wilderness . . . is our sorrow? . . .
Is sorrow the true wild?
And if it is—and if we join them—your wild to mine—what’s that?
For joining, too, is a kind of annihilation.
What if we joined our sorrows, I’m saying.
I’m saying: What if that is joy?

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 960 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 program continues to offer superior music instruction to 475 young musicians between the ages of 5 and 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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