

CHRISTIAN PURSELL
AND
RONNY MICHAEL
GREENBERG

Bass-baritone, piano

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 2022 | 7:30 P.M.

For more information about the concert series, please contact:

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PROGRAM

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Quoniam tu solus sanctus

Carl Maria von Weber (1786-1826)

“Schweig, damit dich niemand warnt” from *Der Freischütz*

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

An die Ferne Geliebte, Op. 98

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

Wo die Berge so blau

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Alfred Grünfeld (1852-1924)

Soirée de Vienne, Op. 56

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Zur Warnung

Verborgeneheit

Der Jäger

INTERMISSION

(15 minutes)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Il traditor deluso

Der Atlas

Der Doppelgänger

Impromptu in G-flat

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung

Morgen

Cäcilie

Bach

“Mache dich, mein Herze, rein” from *St. Matthew Passion*

Program and personnel subject to change.

As a courtesy to the artists, please remain seated until they have left the hall.

Christian Pursell and Ronny Michael Greenberg appear by arrangement with Opus3 Artists.

FEATURING

Christian Pursell, Bass-baritone

Hailing from the Santa Cruz mountains of California, bass-baritone Christian Pursell is a rising star among the next generation of singers. A graduate of the prestigious Adler Fellowship at the San Francisco Opera, Mr. Pursell's performance credits with the company include Lieutenant Ratcliffe in *Billy Budd*, Walter Raleigh in *Roberto Devereux*, the Jailer in *Tosca*, Count Lamoral in *Arabella* under the baton of Marc Albrecht, and an Angel in *It's a Wonderful Life* conducted by Patrick Summers.

As a concert soloist, Mr. Pursell has performed Samuel in Handel's *Saul* with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra in the Walt Disney Concert Hall, a concert version of Strauss' *Salome* with the Fabio Luisi and the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, and performances of Britten's *War Requiem*, Brahms' *Ein deutsches Requiem*, Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9*, Haydn's *The Creation*, Faure's *Requiem*, and Pärt's *Passio*.

Mr. Pursell is a national semi-finalist of the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions (2016), the recipient of the 2019 Igor Gorin Memorial Award, and won 3rd prize in the 2021 James Toland Vocal Arts competition. Mr. Pursell is a graduate of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and received his Master of Music from the University of Cincinnati-Conservatory of Music.

Ronny Michael Greenberg, piano

Pianist and producer Ronny Michael Greenberg is a leading innovator in the world of performing arts. A native of Montreal, he has toured internationally, performing in venues including the Vienna Konzerthaus, Carnegie Hall, Montreal's Place des Arts, the War Memorial Opera House in San Francisco, and across Italy, New Zealand, and Hawaii. Mr. Greenberg has worked with San Francisco Opera, Hawaii Opera Theater, the Merola Opera Program, Chicago Collaborative Arts Institute, and the Hawaii Performing Arts Festival. Equally passionate about musical, visual, and culinary arts, Mr. Greenberg is the CEO of Taste of Talent, a performing arts organization that showcases the connective power of music and art through innovative and collaborative programs and promotes entrepreneurial empowerment of artists. He holds degrees from the Crane School of Music SUNY Potsdam, Yale School of Music, and Manhattan School of Music.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus
Messe in H moll
Johann Sebastian Bach

For You alone are Holy, You alone are Lord

Quoniam tu solus sanctus, tu solus Dominus
Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe.

For You alone are holy, You alone are Lord
You alone are the Most High, Jesus Christ.

Schweig, schweig, damit dich niemand warnt!

Hush, hush, that none may warn you!

Der Freischütz
Carl Maria von Weber
[Text: Friedrich Kind]

Schweig, schweig, damit dich niemand warnt!

Hush, hush, that none may warn you!

Schweige, damit dich niemand warnt!
Der Hölle Netz hat dich umgarnt!

Hush, that none may warn you!
Hell has entwined you in its net!

Nichts kann vom tiefen Fall dich retten,

Nothing can save you from the precipitous fall,

Nichts kann dich retten vom tiefen Fall!

From the precipitous fall can nothing save you!

Umgebt ihn, ihr Geister, mit Dunkel beschwingt!

Surround him, you spirits, winged with darkness!

Schon trägt er knirschend eure Ketten!

Already he gnashes his teeth to wear your chains!

Triumph, Triumph, Triumph, die Rache gelingt!

Triumph, triumph, triumph! Revenge is achieved!

An die Ferne Geliebte, Op. 98
Ludwig van Beethoven
[Text: Alois Jeitteles]

To the Distant Beloved

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend

I Sit on the Hill, Gazing

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.
Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.
Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.
Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!
Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

I sit on the hill, gazing
Into the misty blue countryside,
Towards the distant meadows,
Where, my love, I first found you.
Now I'm far away from you,
Mountain and valley intervene
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our pain.
Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze,
That wings its way towards you,
And my sighs are lost
In the space that comes between us.
Will nothing ever reach you again,
Will nothing be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs,
That speak to you of my distress!
For sounds of singing put to flight
All space and all time,
And a loving heart is reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Wo die Berge so blau

Where the Blue Mountains

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!
Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!
Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's glow fades,
Where the clouds scud by,
There would I be!
There, in the peaceful valley
Pain and torment cease.
Where among the rocks
The primrose meditates in silence,
And the wind blows so softly,
There would I be!
I am driven to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could tempt me from here,
If I were able, my love
To be with you eternally!

Please turn pages quietly

Leichte Segler in den Höhen

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein munterer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Light Clouds Sailing on High

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes,
Autumn has turned fallow and bare.
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray.
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

These Clouds on High

These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds,
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flows directly back to me!

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au May Returns, the Meadow Blooms.

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig
Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weicheres Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die
Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

May returns,
The meadow blooms,
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again.
The swallow returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings
From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.

Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites,
All lovers,
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
 Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
 Singe sie dann abends wieder
 Zu der Laute süßem Klang!
 Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
 Nach dem stillen blauen See,
 Und sein letzter Strahl verglüheth
 Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
 Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
 Was mir aus der vollen Brust
 Ohne Kunstgepräg erklungen,
 Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
 Dann vor diesen Liedern weichet
 Was geschieden uns so weit,
 Und ein liebend Herz erreichet
 Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

**Zur Warnung
Hugo Wolf**

[Text: Eduard Mörike]

Einmal nach einer lustigen Nacht
 War ich am Morgen seltsam aufgewacht:
 Durst, Wasserscheu, ungleich Geblüt;
 Dabei gerührt und weichlich im Gemüt,
 Beinah poetisch, ja, ich bat die Muse um
 ein Lied.
 Sie, mit verstelltem Pathos, spottet' mein,
 Gab mir den schnöden Bafel ein:
 "Es schlägt eine Nachtigall
 Am Wasserfall;
 Und ein Vogel ebenfalls,
 Der schreibt sich Wendehals,
 Johann Jakob Wendehals;
 Der tut tanzen
 Bei den Pflanzen
 Obbemeld'ten Wasserfalls –"
 So ging es fort; mir wurde immer bänger.
 Jetzt sprang ich auf: zum Wein! Der war
 denn auch mein Retter.
 – Merkt's euch, ihr tränenreichen Sänger,
 Im Katzenjammer ruft man keine Götter!

Accept, Then, These Songs

Accept, then, these songs,
 I sang for you, beloved,
 Sing them again at evening
 To the lute's sweet sound!
 As the red light of evening draws
 Towards the calm blue lake,
 And its last rays fade
 Behind those mountain heights;
 And you sing what I sang,
 From a full heart
 With no display of art,
 Aware only of longing:
 Then, at these songs,
 The distance that parted us shall recede,
 And a loving heart be reached
 By what a loving heart has hallowed!

By Way of Warning

Once, after a convivial night,
 I woke in the morning, feeling odd:
 Thirst – but not for water – unsteady
 pulse;
 Emotional and sentimental,
 Almost poetic, yes, I asked my Muse for
 a song.
 With feigned pathos she mocked me,
 Served up this vile doggerel:
 "Nightingale doth call
 By waterfall;
 Another bird does the same,
 Wryneck is his name,
 Johann Jakob Wryneck;
 Who doth dance
 By the plants
 Of said waterfall –"
 And so it went on; I grew ever uneasier.
 Now I leapt up: Wine! That was
 my salvation.
 – Mark well, you weepy bards,
 Call not on the gods, when you're hung-
 over!

Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
 Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
 Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
 Seine Wonne, seine Pein!
 Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
 Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
 Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
 Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.
 Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
 Und die helle Freude zücket
 Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
 Woniglich in meiner Brust.
 Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
 Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
 Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
 Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Der Jäger

Drei Tage Regen fort und fort,
 Kein Sonnenschein zur Stunde;
 Drei Tage lang kein gutes Wort
 Aus meiner Liebsten Munde!

Sie trutzt mit mir und ich mit ihr,
 So hat sie's haben wollen;
 Mir aber nagt's am Herzen hier,
 Das Schmollen und das Grollen.

Willkommen denn, des Jägers Lust,
 Gewittersturm und Regen!
 Fest zugeknöpft die heiße Brust,
 Und jauchzend euch entgegen!

Nun sitzt sie wohl daheim und lacht
 Und scherzt mit den Geschwistern;
 Ich höre in des Waldes Nacht
 Die alten Blätter flüstern.

Nun sitzt sie wohl und weinet laut
 Im Kämmerlein, in Sorgen;
 Mir ist es wie dem Wilde traut,
 In Finsterniß geborgen.

Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!
 Do not tempt with gifts of love,
 Let this heart keep to itself
 Its rapture, its pain!
 I do not know why I grieve,
 It is unknown sorrow;
 Always through a veil of tears
 I see the sun's beloved light.
 Often, I am lost in thought,
 And bright joy flashes
 Through the oppressive gloom
 Bringing rapture to my breast.
 Let, O world, O let me be!
 Do not tempt with gifts of love,
 Let this heart keep to itself
 Its rapture, its pain!

The Hunter

Three days of non-stop rain,
 No sunshine as yet;
 Three whole days without a good word
 From my love's mouth!

She defied me and I her,
 Which is just what she wanted;
 It's gnawing at my heart,
 All this sulking and grumbling.

So welcome to the joy of the hunt,
 To thunderstorms and to rain!
 My hot breast is well wrapped up,
 Ready to exult in taking you on!

Now she'll be sitting at home laughing
 And joking with her brothers and sisters;
 But I am in the woods at night listening
 To the whispers of the old leaves.

Now she'll be sitting and crying her eyes
 out.
 She'll be in her little room with her cares,
 But I am cosy like a wild animal

Kein Hirsch und Rehlein überall!
Ein Schuß zum Zeit vertreibe!
Gesunder Knall und Wiederhall
Erfrischt das Mark im Leibe. --

There is no stag or fawn anywhere!
A shot to kill time!
A healthy bang and an echo
Refreshes you deep down inside the
body.

Doch wie der Donner nun verhallt
In Tälern, durch die Runde,
Ein plötzlich Weh mich überwallt,
Mir sinkt das Herz zu Grunde.

But as the thunder dies away
In the valleys and all around,
A sudden pain overwhelms me,
My heart sinks to the depths.

Sie trutzt mit mir und ich mit ihr,
So hat sie's haben wollen,
Mir aber frißt's am Herzen hier,
Das Schmollen und das Grollen.

She defied me and I her,
Which is just what she wanted,
It's eating into my heart,
All this sulking and grumbling.

Und auf! und nach der Liebsten Haus!
Und sie gefaßt um's Mieder!
"Drück' mir die naßen Locken aus,
und küß' und hab' mich wieder!"

So, get up! To my love's house!
To put my arms round her waist!
"Dry my wet locks,
Kiss me and take me back!"

Il traditor deluso
Franz Schubert

[Text: Pietro Metastasio]

Recitativo:
Ahimè, Io tremo, io sento
Tutto inondarmi il seno
Di gelido sudor...
Fuggasi...
Ah quale...
Qual' è la via!
Chi me l'addita?
Oh Dio, Che ascoltai!
Che m'avvenne!
Ove son io!

The Traitor Deceived

Recitative:
Woe is me, I tremble
All over, I feel waves
Of freezing sweat in my breast...
Flee from here! But where...
What is the way...
Where do I turn!
O God! What do I hear?
What comes here!
O God! What do I hear?
Where am I?

Aria:
Ah l'aria d'intorno
Lampeggia, sfavilla,
Ondeggia, vacilla
L'infido terren!
Qual notte profonda
D'orror mi circonda!
Che larve funeste,
Che smanie son queste!
Che fiero spavento
Mi sento nel sen!

Aria
Ah, around me
The air flames and sparks,
The faithless earth
Trembles and undulates!
What dark night
Of horror surrounds me!
What mournful ghosts,
What frenzy this is!
What fierce fright
I feel inside!

Der Atlas

[Text: Heinrich Heine]

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas! eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muß ich
tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Atlas

I, unblest Atlas!
I carry a world, the entire world of pain,
I bear the unbearable
And the heart within me wants to break.

Du stolzes Herz! du hast es ja gewollt,
Du wolltest glücklich seyn, unendlich
glücklich
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

Proud heart, you have wanted it thus,
You wanted to be happy, eternally happy
Or eternally miserable, you proud heart,
And now you are miserable.

Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause wohnte mein Schatz;
Sie hat schon längst die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus auf
demselben Platz.

Nemesis

The night is calm, the avenues are quiet,
My sweet one lived in this house;
She has already left the city long ago,
The house certainly still stands, in the
same place.

Da steht auch ein Mensch und starrt in
die Höhe,
Und ringt die Hände, vor
Schmerzengewalt;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein Antlitz
sehe, -
Der Mond zeigt mir meine eigne
Gestalt.

A man is standing there, too, staring up
into space,
And powerfully wringing his hands in
torment;
It horrifies me, when I see his
countenance,
The moon shows me my own form.

<p>Du Doppeltgänger! du bleicher Geselle! Was äffst du nach mein Liebesleid, Das mich gequält auf dieser Stelle, So manche Nacht, in alter Zeit?</p>	<p>You my fearful double, you pale partner! Why do you ape the pain of my love, That has tortured me here in this spot, So many a night, in times long ago?</p>
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**Heimliche Aufforderung,
Op. 27, No. 3**

Richard Strauss

[Text: John Henry Mackay]

<p>Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund, Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund. Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu, Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still wie du...</p>	<p>Up, raise the sparkling cup to your lips, And drink your heart's fill at the joyous feast. And when you raise it, so wink secretly at me, Then I'll smile and drink quietly, as you...</p>
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<p>Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer Der trunknen Zecher -- verachte sie nicht zu sehr. Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein, Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein. Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt,</p>	<p>And quietly as I, look around at the crowd Of drunken revelers -- don't think too ill of them. No, lift the twinkling cup, filled with wine, And let them be happy at the noisy meal. But when you've savored the meal, your thirst quenched,</p>
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<p>Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild, Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch, Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,</p>	<p>Then quit the loud gathering's joyful fest, And wander out into the garden, to the rosebush, There shall I await you, as often of old,</p>
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<p>Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's gehofft, Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft, Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht. O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!</p>	<p>And ere you know it shall I sink upon your breast, And drink your kisses, as so often before, And twine the rose's splendour into your hair. Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!</p>
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Secret Invitation

Morgen

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder
scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen
werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder
einen
Inmitten dieser [sonne-athmenden]1
Erde . . .

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten,
wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam
niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen
schauen,

Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes
Schweigen . . .

Cäcilie

[Text: Heinrich Hart]

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt von brennenden
Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der
Geliebten,
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,

Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand
tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde
Seele,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Morning

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,

And on the path I will take,

It will unite us again, we happy ones

Upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with
blue waves,
We will descend quietly and slowly,

We will look mutely into each other's
eyes,

And the silence of happiness will settle
upon us...

Cecily

If you only knew,
What it's like to dream of burning kisses,

Of wandering and resting with one's
beloved,
Eye turned to eye,
And cuddling and chatting,
If you only knew,
You would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew,
What it's like to feel dread on lonely
nights,
Surrounded by a raging storm, while no
one comforts
With a mild voice your struggle-weary
soul,
If you only knew,
You would come to me.

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der
Gotttheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höhn
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du lebtest mit mir!

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein
St. Matthew Passion
Bach

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.
Denn er soll nunmehr in mir
Für und für
Seine süße Ruhe haben.
Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

If you only knew,
What it's like to live, surrounded by God's
World-creating breath,
To float up, carried by the light,
To blessed heights
If you only knew,
Then you would live with me!

Make Thee Clean, My Heart, From Sin

Make thee clean, my heart, from sin,
I would my Lord inter.
May He find rest in me
Ever in eternity
His sweet repose be here.
World, depart, let Jesus in!

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The concert series was founded in 1958 by Professor Theodore Shedlovsky and renamed in 1996 in memory of Peggy Rockefeller, wife of longtime chair David Rockefeller. The Rockefeller University gratefully acknowledges the following contributors who make it possible for us to offer affordable tickets for every performance, as well as subsidized tickets for students and postdoctoral fellows:

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THE ROCKEFELLER UNIVERSITY

The Rockefeller University is one of the world's foremost institutions dedicated to research and graduate education in the biomedical sciences, chemistry, and physics. Founded by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., in 1901 as The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, it was the first institution in the United States devoted exclusively to biomedical research. In the 1950s, the institute expanded its mission to include graduate education. It was renamed The Rockefeller University in 1965.

The university's laboratory-based structure encourages collaborations between disciplines and empowers faculty members to take on high-risk, high-reward projects. No formal departments exist, bureaucracy is kept to a minimum, and scientists are given resources, support, and unparalleled freedom to follow the science wherever it leads.

The Rockefeller University Community

- 70 heads of laboratory
- 200 research scientists
- 210 postdoctoral investigators
- 270 Ph.D. and M.D.-Ph.D. students
- 1,395 alumni
- 1,325 support staff

Acclaimed Scientists

In the course of Rockefeller's history, 26 of its scientists have been awarded the Nobel Prize, including 7 in the last 23 years alone; 25 have received the Albert Lasker Medical Research Award; and 20 have garnered the National Medal of Science, the nation's highest scientific honor.

At Present, the Scientific Staff at Rockefeller Includes

- 5 Nobel laureates
- 8 recipients of the Albert Lasker Medical Research Award
- 35 members of the National Academy of Sciences
- 4 recipients of MacArthur Fellowships
- 3 recipients of the National Medal of Science

Some Clinical Concerns under Study

- Aging
- Alcoholism and drug addiction
- Alzheimer's disease
- Antibiotic resistance
- Autism
- Cancer
- COVID-19
- Diabetes
- Heart disease and stroke
- Hepatitis
- HIV/AIDS
- Multiple sclerosis
- Obesity, nutrition, and weight loss
- Parkinson's disease
- Skin diseases
- Vaccine development
- Vision and hearing disorders

The Rockefeller University Hospital

Established in 1910, The Rockefeller University Hospital was the first hospital in the nation dedicated exclusively to patient-oriented investigations. Patients at the hospital are participants in clinical studies that build on basic research findings from Rockefeller laboratories. This allows the university to maintain an unbroken spectrum of research, from basic to clinical.

Groundbreaking Accomplishments

Among the pioneering discoveries at Rockefeller are many seminal advances that have transformed science and reduced human suffering. Scientists at Rockefeller:

- Discovered that DNA is the basic material of heredity
- Developed the influenza vaccine and vaccines against meningitis
- Determined that cancer can be caused by a virus
- Discovered blood groups and ways to preserve whole blood
- Isolated and first successfully tested natural antibiotics
- Developed methadone maintenance therapy for people addicted to heroin
- Developed the AIDS "cocktail" drug therapy
- Showed that an adult brain of a higher species can form new nerve cells
- Discovered an obesity gene and the weight-regulating hormone leptin
- Discovered the dendritic cell, a key regulator of the immune system
- Discovered the molecular mechanisms controlling circadian rhythm
- Developed assays that paved the way for drugs that cure hepatitis C

An Exceptional Place to Learn

Rockefeller's Ph.D. program offers training in the biomedical and physical sciences. With neighboring Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center and Weill Cornell Medicine, the university also offers one of the nation's top M.D.-Ph.D. programs. In addition, Rockefeller provides intensive postgraduate training. At any one time, more than 200 postdoctoral investigators conduct research in university laboratories. Rockefeller's acclaimed Clinical Scholars Program, a three-year master's degree program, provides a unique opportunity for recent M.D. or M.D.-Ph.D. recipients to begin careers in patient-oriented research. Working with senior faculty members, clinical scholars develop and implement translational research studies at The Rockefeller University Hospital.

Infrastructure that Fosters Collaboration and Interaction

Rockefeller invented the modern bioscience institute, and has spent the past 120 years perfecting it. The university's beautifully landscaped 16-acre campus includes nine research buildings containing roughly 500,000 square feet of lab space, where investigators employ the latest technology to answer the most challenging questions in their fields. The Stavros Niarchos Foundation–David Rockefeller River Campus, which opened in 2019 and features the Marie-Josée and Henry R. Kravis Research Building, provides a number of new amenities, including additional cutting-edge lab space, a river view dining commons, academic and conference centers, and magnificent rooftop gardens.

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The Rockefeller University is an independent, nonprofit institute that relies on a broad base of government and private support to advance its mission of biomedical research. Each year, a committed group of individuals, foundations, and corporations helps to fund the university's scientific and educational programs. For information about these programs, or to discuss ways in which you can support and advance the work of the university, please contact:

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