

Soprano Magdalena Kuźma and Pianist Katelan Trãn Terrell

TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 2026 | 7:30 P.M.
CASPARY AUDITORIUM

For more information about the concert series, please contact:

Dasha Lochoshvili · The Rockefeller University · 1230 York Avenue · New York, NY 10065
212-327-8967 · dlochoshvi@rockefeller.edu · www.rockefeller.edu/peggy

Featuring

Magdalena Kuźma
Soprano

Polish-American soprano **Magdalena Kuźma** is promptly establishing a name for herself in both concert and operatic repertoire. Recently, Ms. Kuźma made her role debut as Susanna in Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* under Matthew Aucoin's baton at the Aspen Music Festival and debuted another role as Bubikopf in *Der Kaiser von Atlantis* with both the New World Symphony and The Louisville Orchestra. She then returned to The Metropolitan Opera to reprise her role as Papagena in *The Magic Flute*.

Ms. Kuźma, a graduate of the Lindemann Young Artist Program, sang Sister Catherine in *Dead Man Walking*, Papagena in *The Magic Flute*, and Yvette & Italian Singer in *La Rondine* in the Metropolitan Opera's 2023–24 season. Ms. Kuźma was a 1st prize winner of the ACPC Marcella Sembrich Vocal Competition, the Opera Mississippi John Alexander Vocal Competition, the Butler International Voice Competition, the Pasadena Opera Vocal Competition, and Grand Prize at the Concert Artists Guild Competition. She was a fellow at The Bach Institute in collaboration with Emmanuel Music, Chautauqua Institute, and Académie Internationale d'été de Nice. Previous education includes The Juilliard School (Pre-College Division) and LaGuardia Arts.

Katelan Trãn Terrell
Piano

Internationally acclaimed pianist and vocal coach **Katelan Trãn Terrell** has been a member of the music staff at the Metropolitan Opera since 2019. Prior to her appointment to full-time staff at the Met in 2021, she served for two seasons as opera coach and collaborative piano teacher at the Opera Academy of the Grand Theatre-National Opera in Warsaw, where she remains guest faculty. Ms. Terrell has also coached at the Tokyo International Vocal Arts Academy, the Feliks Nowowiejski Music Academy in Bydgoszcz, and at the Chautauqua Institution Voice Program.

As a song recitalist, she has performed at Carnegie Hall, Alice Tully Hall, The Red House, The Morgan Library, and Wigmore Hall, where she and tenor Matthew Swensen were the recipients of the 2019 Jean Meikle Prize for Best Duo at the Wigmore Hall/Independent Opera International Song Competition. Ms. Terrell received a Bachelor of Music in piano performance and literature at the Eastman School of Music, and her Master of Music in collaborative piano at The Juilliard School. She is a graduate of the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program.

Program

Frédéric Chopin (1810–1849)

17 Songs, Op. 74

I. *Życzenie*

II. *Wiosna*

Karol Szymanowski (1882–1937)

12 Kurpian Songs, Op. 58, Book I

II. *Uwoz Mamo*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

“Deh Vieni, Non Tardar” from *The Marriage of Figaro*

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

“Die Bekehrte” from *Goethe-Lieder*

Henri Duparc (1848–1933)

Extase

L'Invitation au Voyage

Jules Massenet (1842–1912)

“Adieu, Notre Petite Table” from *Manon*

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Five Songs, Op. 37

IV. *Var Det en Dröm?*

Stanisław Moniuszko (1819–1872)

“Ha! Dzieciątko nam Umiera” from *Halka*

INTERMISSION

(15 minutes)

Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884–1920)

Three Poems of Fiona Macleod

I. *The Lament of Ian the Proud*

II. *Thy Dark Eyes to Mine*

III. *The Rose of the Night*

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

“Отчего Это Прежде Не Знала” from *Iolanta*

Kim Dong-jin (1913–2009)

“진달래꽃” (Jindal-lae-kkot / *Azalea*)

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

Tatiana's Letter Scene from *Eugene Onegin*

Hans Bridger Heruth (b. 1997)

Carry

Marc Blitzstein (1905–1964)

“I Wish It So” from *Juno*

Meredith Willson (1902–1984)

“Goodnight, My Someone” from *The Music Man*

Program and personnel subject to change.

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

Magdalena Kuźma and Katelan Trăn Terrell appear by arrangement with Askonas Holt.

Frédéric Chopin (1810–1849)

Życzenie

Gdybym ja była słońcem na niebie,
Nie świeciłabym jak tylko dla ciebie.
Ani na wody,
Ani na lasy,
Ale po wszystkie.
Czasy pod twym okienkiem,
I tylko dla ciebie.
Gdybym w słońce mogła zmienić siebie.

Gdybym ja była ptaszkiem z tego gaju,
Nie śpiewałabym w żadnym obcym kraju.
Ani na wody,
Ani na lasy,
Ale po wszystkie.
Czasy pod twym okienkiem,
Tylko dla ciebie.
Czemuż nie mogę w ptaszka zmienić siebie?

Wiosna

Błyszczą, krople rosy,
Mruczy źródło po błoni,
Ukryta we wrzose,
Gdzieś jałowka dzwoni.

Piękną, miłą błonią
Leci wzrok wesoło;
W koło kwiaty wonia,
Kwitną gaje w koło.

Paś się, błakaj, trzódka,
Ja pod skałą siędę,
Piosnkę lubą, słodką
Śpiewać sobie będę.

Ustroń miła, cicha!
Jakiś żal w pamięci,
Czegoś serce wzdycha,
W oku łza się kręci.

Łza wybiegła z oka,
Ze mną strumyk śpiewa,
Do mnie się z wysoka,
Skowronek odzywa.

The Wish

If I were the sun in the sky,
I wouldn't shine for anything but you.
Not on any waters,
Not on any forests,
But for all eternity.
Through your window,
And only for you.
If only I could turn myself into the sun.

If I were a bird from this grove,
I wouldn't sing on any foreign land.
Not on any waters,
Not on any forests,
But for all eternity.
Through your window,
And only for you.
Why can't I turn myself into a bird?

Spring

Droplets of dew sparkle,
A spring whispers in the open field,
Hidden in heather,
Somewhere a heifer's bell rings.

Pretty, gentle meadow
Flies the view happily;
All around, flowers release fragrance,
And bushes bloom.

Graze and wander, my little herd,
I sit by a rock,
A sweet song that I like
I'll sing to myself.

A place pleasant and quiet!
Yet some regrets wander in my mind,
Something the heart sighs for,
a tear forms in the eye.

The tear escapes the eye,
With me the brook sings,
To me from above,
A skylark responds.

Jakże ładny, chyży,
Ledwo widny oku,
Coraz wyżej, wyżej...
Zginął już w obłoku.

Uleciał szczęśliwy!
Tam swą piosnkę głosi,
I ziemi śpiew tkliwy.
Do niebios zanoszi!

Karol Szymanowski (1882–1937)

Uwoz, Mamo

Uwoz, mamo,
Roz, komu córke dos.
Nie dajże ji za lada jekigo,
Jej urody zol.

Bo jej uroda, jek bystra woda,
Prawe lisko jej sie zrunieniło,
Jak półno róża.

Bo półno róża roz do roku kście,
Cianskość temu syrcoziu mojemu,
Chto kogo nie chce.

A chto kogo chce,
Na strunie stoi,
Skorz go, Boze, ach mój Mocny Boze,
Chto na mnie nastoi.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

Deh Vieni, Non Tardar

Giunse alfin il momento
Che godrò senza affanno
In braccio all'idol mio!
Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
A turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh, come par che all'amoroso foco
L'amenità del loco,
La terra e il ciel risponda!
Come la notte i furti miei seconda!

How nice his wings spread,
Barely visible to the eye,
Higher, higher...
Lost already among the clouds.

He flies away happily!
There proclaiming his song,
And the song from the ground.
He takes up into the sky!

Beware, Mother

Beware, mother,
To whom you give your daughter.
Don't give her to the first man to come along,
That would be a shame given her beauty.

For her beauty is like swift-flowing water,
Her fair face has flushed,
Like a wild rose.

For a wild rose only blooms once a year,
How heavy it is for my little heart,
When love is not returned.

And when one loves,
The heart trembles on edge,
Punish him, God, oh my mighty God,
The one who forces his love on me.

Finally, the Moment Has Arrived

Finally, the moment has arrived
For me to enjoy pleasure without worry
In the arms of my beloved!
Shame, begone from my heart,
Do not disturb my moment of joy!
Oh, it seems that to my amorous fire
The amenity of this place,
Let the Earth and heaven respond!
Like the night seconds my want!

Deh, vieni, non tardar, o gioia bella.
Vieni ove amore per goder t'appella
Finché non splende in ciel notturna face,
Finché l'aria è ancor bruna e il mondo tace.
Qui mormora il ruscel, qui scherza l'aura,
Che dolce sussurro il cor ristaura;
Qui ridono i fioretti, e l'erba è fresca,
Ai piaceri d'amor qui tutto adescà.
Vieni, ben mio: tra queste piante ascose,
Ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Die Bekehrte

Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang.
Damon saß und blies die Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la!

Und er zog mich zu sich nieder,
Küßte mich so hold, so süß.
Und ich sagte: 'Blase wieder!'
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la!

Meine Ruh' ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör' vor meinen Ohren...
Immer nur den alt en Ton,
So la la, le ralla!

Henri Duparc (1848–1933)

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée.
Sur ton sein pâle, mon cœur dort,
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.

Oh come, do not be late, my beloved.
Come where love calls you to pleasure
Until the night sky no longer glows,
While the world is still dark and silent.
Here murmurs the brook, the air dances,
And with sweet whispers heals the heart;
Here flowers giggle and grass is crisp,
Everything entices the pleasures of love.
Come, dear, among these hidden trees,
I want to crown your head with roses.

Converted

In the red glow of sunset
I wandered quietly through the wood.
Damon sat and played his flute,
Making the rocks resound,
So la la!

And he drew me down to him,
Kissed me so gently, so sweetly.
And I said: 'Play once more!'
And the good lad played,
So la la!

Now my peace is lost,
My joy has flown away,
And ringing in my ears I hear...
Nothing but the old refrain,
So la la la, le ralla!

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is sleeping
A sleep as sweet as death.
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of the beloved.
On your pale breast, my heart is sleeping,
A sleep as sweet as death.

L'Invitation au Voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!

Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés,
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est
Qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!
Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux,
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Adieu, Notre Petite Table

Allons! Il le faut!
Pour lui-même!
Mon pauvre chevalier!
Oh! Oui, c'est lui que j'aime!
Et pourtant, j'hésite aujourd'hui!
Non! non! je ne suis plus digne de lui!
J'entends cette voix qui m'entraîne
Contre ma volonté:
"Manon, tu seras reine,
Reine par la beauté!"

Invitation to Journey

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!

The watery suns
Of those hazy skies,
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes,
Shining through their tears.

There, nothing but
Order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight!
See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.

The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

Goodbye, Our Little Table

Come! It must be done!
For his sake!
My poor Chevalier!
Oh, yes, it is he whom I love!
And yet, I hesitate today!
No! No! I am no longer worthy of him!
I hear that voice which entices me
Against my will:
"Manon, you shall be queen,
queen by your beauty!"

Je ne suis que faiblesse et que fragilité!
Ah!
Malgré moi je sens couler mes larmes,
Devant ces rêves effacés!
L'avenir aura-t-il les charmes
De ces beaux jours déjà passés?

Adieu, notre petite table,
Qui, nous réunit si souvent!
Adieu, notre petite table,
Si grande pour nous cependant!
On tient, c'est inimaginable,
Si peu de place en se serrant...
Adieu, notre petite table!
Un même verre était le nôtre,
Chacun de nous, quand il buvait,
Y cherchait les lèvres de l'autre...
Ah! Pauvre ami, comme il m'aimait!
Adieu, notre petite table! Adieu!

Jean Sibelius (1865–1957)

Var Det en Dröm?

Bar det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång
Jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
Då strängen darrar än.

Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt,
En blick så blyg och öm;
Jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt.
Var allt, var allt en dröm?

En dröm lik sippans liv så kort,
Uti en vågrön ängd,
Vars fägring hastigt vissnar bort
För nya blommors mängd.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst
vid bittra tårars ström.
Göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst,
det var din bästa dröm.

I am nothing but weakness and fragility!
Ah!
In spite of myself I feel tears flowing,
Before these dreams that fade!
Will the future have the charms
Of the beautiful days already passed?

Farewell, our little table,
That brought us together so often!
Farewell, our little table,
That seemed so large to us!
We took up, it is unimaginable,
So small a space when we embraced...
Farewell, our little table!
We used the same glass,
Each of us, when from it we drank,
Searched for the lips of the other...
Ah! Poor friend, how he loved me!
Farewell, our little table! Farewell!

Was It a Dream?

Was it a dream, that once blissful time
Was I your heart's friend?
I remember it like a silent song,
Whose melody still lingers on.

I remember you gave me a rose,
With a look so shy and tender;
I remember the glistening of a parting tear.
Was it all just a dream?

A dream like a wildflower's life,
So brief in the verdant meadow,
Whose beauty quickly withers away
Within an ocean of new flowers.

But on many a night I hear a voice
Through a stream of bitter tears.
Hide this memory deep in your heart,
For this was your best dream.

Stanisław Moniuszko (1819–1872)

Ha! Dzieciątko nam Umiera

Ha! Dzieciątko nam umiera,
Z głodu umiera.
Dzieciątko z głodu umiera...
A matka tu,
A ojciec tam!
Dziecię wyciąga rączęta
I miłosiernie spoziera,
A matka tu,
A ojciec tam!
Ha! I ptak drapieżny swe piskłeta karmi,
Otula i lula,
A moje dziecię umiera!

O, mój maleńki!
Któż do trumienki ubierze cię?
Spowiję cię?
Kto mój maleńki,
Kto do trumienki położy cię?
Kto ukołysz na wieczny sen?

A serce gdzie?
Hej, Jaśku, gdzie?
A łyż te moje, te krwawe łyży!
Ja pomszczę się,
Podpalę Jaśka,
Bom matka ja i żona twa.
Ja serce twoje wydrę ci!
Za krzywdę moją spalę cię!
Hej, Jaśku, panie, czy ty słyszysz mnie?

INTERMISSION

Charles Tomlinson Griffes (1884–1920)

The Lament of Ian the Proud

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf
About the gray hair of me who am weary and blind?
I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,
And thereon is writ: *She will return no more.*
O blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

Ah! Our Child is Dying

Ah! Our baby is dying,
Our child is starving to death.
The little baby dying...
Your mother's here,
But your father's away!
The babe is reaching out
And casting an innocent glance,
Your mother's here,
But your father is gone!
Ah! A bird of prey feeds its young,
Hugs and lulls,
But my baby is dying!

Oh, my little one!
Who'll dress you up for the coffin?
Swaddle you one last time?
Who will lay my little one,
To the coffin?
Who'll lull you to sleep one last time?

Have you even a heart?
Hey, Janusz, where?
My tears are my life's blood!
I will have revenge;
I shall set Janusz aflame!
I'm a mother, I should be your wife.
I will tear your heart out!
I shall burn you all alive!
Can you hear me, master Janusz?

Thy Dark Eyes to Mine

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,
Lamps of desire!
O how my soul leaps
Leaps to their fire!
Sure, now, if I in heaven,
Dreaming in bliss,
Heard but a whisper,
But the lost echo even
Of one such kiss --
All of the Soul of me
Would leap afar --
If that called me to thee
Aye, I would leap afar
A falling star!

The Rose of the Night

The dark rose of thy mouth
Draw nigher, draw nigher!
Thy breath is the wind of the south,
A wind of fire,
The wind and the rose and darkness,
O Rose of my Desire!

Deep silence of the night,
Husht like a breathless lyre,
Save the sea's thunderous might,
Dim, menacing, dire,
Silence and wind and sea, they are thee,
O Rose of my Desire!

As a wind-eddy flame
Leaping higher and higher,
Thy soul, thy secret name,
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre,
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire, dark Rose,
O Rose of my Desire!

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

Отчего Это Прежде Не Знала

Неужели глаза даны за тем,
Чтоб только плакать?
Скажи мне, Марта!

Why Have I Never Known

Were eyes then given us for this,
For tears alone to flow?
Oh tell me, Marta!

Отчего это прежде не знала
Ни тоски я, ни горя, ни слез?
И все дни протекали, бывало,
Среди звуков небесных и роз?

Чуть услышу я птиц щебетанье,
Чуть тепло оживит
Дальний бор,
И везде зазвучит ликование,
Я вступала в торжественный хор!

А теперь все мне днем навевает
Непонятный, глубокий упрек,
И укоры судьбе посылает
Птичек хор и шумящий поток.

Отчего это ночи молчанье
И прохлада мне стали милей?
Отчего я как будто рыдания
Слышу там, где поет соловей?

Отчего?
Отчего, скажи?

Kim Dong-jin (1913–2009)

진달래꽃

나보기가역겨워가실때는,
말없이 고이 보내드리우리다.

나보기가역겨워가실때는,
말없이 고이 보내드리우리다.

영변에 약산 진달래꽃,
아름따다 가실 길에
뿌리우리다.
뿌리우리다.

가시는 걸음걸음 놓인 그 꽃을,
사뿐히 즈려밟고 가시옵소서,
가시옵소서.

나보기가역겨워가실때는,
죽어도 아니 눈물 흘리우리다.
죽어도 아니 눈물 흘리우리다.

Why was it I never knew before
Of sorrow, grief, or tears?
Why did my days drift,
Through roses, song, and spheres?

At the faintest birdsong in the air,
At warmth that stirred
The distant wood,
A hymn of joy rang everywhere,
And I in rapture stood!

But now the daylight seems to breathe
A silent, deep reproach to me,
The birds, the stream, the rustling leaves
Lament my destiny.

Why is it that the hush of night
And cooling shadows soothe me so?
Why does the nightingale's delight
Sound now like hidden woe?

Why is it so?
Oh tell me, why?

Azaleas

When you would leave weary of me,
I shall gently let you go without any words.

When you would leave weary of me,
I shall gently let you go without any words.

From Yaksan in Yeongbyeon,
I shall pluck an armful of azaleas
And scatter them on your path.
And scatter them on your path.

As you make your way, step by step,
Upon the scattered flowers lain before you,
Please tread softly as you go, as you go.

When you would leave, weary of me,
Never shall I shed tears or would I die.
Never shall I shed tears or would I die.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840–1893)

Сцена Письма Татьяны

Пускай погибну я, но прежде
Я в ослепительной надежде,
блаженство темное зову,
Я негу жизни узнаю.

Я пью волшебный яд желаний!
меня преследуют мечты!
Везде, везде передо мной
Мой искуситель роковой!
Везде, везде, он предо мною!

Нет, все не то! Начну сначала!
Ах, что со мной!
Я вся горю!
Не знаю, как начать!

Зачем, зачем вы посетили нас?
В глуши забытого селенья,
Я б никогда не знала вас,
Не знала б горького мученья.
Души неопытной волненья,
Смирив, со временем, как знать?
По сердцу я нашла бы друга,
Была бы верная супруга
И добродетельная мать...
Другой!

Не правда ль! Я тебя слыхала...
Ты говорил со мной в тиши,
Когда я бедным помогала,
Или молитвой улаждала
Тоску волнуемой души?
И в это самое мгновенье,
Не ты ли, милое виденье,
В прозрачной темноте мелькнул,
Приникнув тихо к изголовью?
Не ты ль с отрадой и любовью
Слова надежды мне шепнул?

‘Кто ты’? Мой ангел ли хранитель
Или коварный искуситель?
Мои сомненья разреши.

Tatiana's Letter Scene

Let me perish, but first
Let me summon,
In dazzling hope,
Bliss as yet unknown.

Life's sweetness is known to me!
I drink the magic potion of desire!
I am beset by visions
Everywhere I look, I see my fatal tempter!
Wherever I look, I see him!

No, that's all wrong! I'll begin again!
Ah, what's the matter with me!
I'm all on fire!
I don't know how to begin!

Why, oh why did you visit us?
Buried in this remote countryside,
I should never have known you,
Nor should I have known this torment.
The turbulence of a youthful heart,
Calmed by time, who knows?
Most likely I would have found another,
Have proved a faithful wife
And virtuous mother...
Another!

I know it! I have heard you ...
Have you not spoken to me in the silence,
when I visited the poor,
Or sought in prayer some solace
For the anguish of my soul?
And just this very moment,
Was it not you, dear vision,
That flamed in the limpid darkness,
Stooped gently at my bedside?
And with joy and love
Whispered words of hope?

‘Who are you’? My guardian angel
Or a wily tempter?
Put my doubts at rest.

Быть может, это все пустое,
Обман неопытной души,
И суждено совсем иное?

Но так и быть! Судьбу мою
Отныне я тебе вручаю,
Перед тобою слезы лью,
Твоей защиты умоляю,
Умоляю!
Вообрази: я здесь одна!
Никто меня не понимает!
Рассудок мой изнемогает,
И молча гибнуть я должна!
Я жду тебя,
Я жду тебя! Единим словом
Надежды сердца оживи,
Иль сон тяжелый перерви.
Увы, заслуженным укором!

Кончаю! Страшно перечесть.
Стыдом и страхом замираю,
Но мне порукой ваша честь.
И смело ей себя вверяю!

Hans Bridger Heruth (b. 1997)

Carry

I want to carry you
And for you to carry me
The way voices are said to carry over water.
Just this morning on the shore,
I could hear two people talking quietly
In a rowboat on the far side of the lake.
They were talking about fishing,
Then one changed the subject,
And, I swear, they began talking about you.

Marc Blitzstein (1905–1964)

I Wish It So

I've an unrest inside me.
Oh, it's long I have had such an unrest inside me,
And it's gettin' real bad.
I'm sleepin' at night,
And my heart beats so loud that I wake
All dizzy and light with the dreamin' and feelin' this ache.

Maybe this is all an empty dream,
A deception of an inexperienced soul,
And something quite different is destined?

But so be it! My fate
Henceforth I entrust to you,
In tears before you,
Your protection I implore,
I implore!
Imagine: I am all alone here!
No one understands me!
I can think no more,
And must perish in silence!
I wait for you,
I wait for you! Speak the word
To revive my heart's fondest hopes,
Or shatter this oppressive dream.
Alas, the scorn I have deserved!

Finished! It's too frightening to read over.
I swoon from shame and fear,
but his honour is my guarantee.
And in that I put my trust!

Such a thumpin' inside me
That I think I'll go mad!

For I wish it so!
What I wish I still don't know
But it's bound to come,
Though so long to wait.

I keep saying "Tonight!"
Or "Today!" through the endless days
And my heart clamors and prays
It will not come too late.

But when come it does,
In the shape of love or life,
I will give my life
And my love, I know.

I've such grand aims
With so many names,
That I grow numb
But sure one is bound to come.
Because I wish, I wish it so!

It's the unrest inside me,
And I think I'll go mad!

Meredith Willson (1902–1984)

Goodnight, My Someone

Goodnight, my someone.
Goodnight, my love.
Sleep tight, my someone.
Sleep tight, my love.
Our star is shining its brightest light,
For goodnight, my love, for goodnight.

Sweet dreams be yours, dear,
If dreams there be.
Sweet dreams to carry you close to me.
I wish they may, and I wish they might,
Now goodnight, my someone, goodnight.

2025–2026 Peggy Rockefeller Concert Donors

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 biology, 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.

In 2026, Rockefeller University commemorates 125 years of advancing science for the benefit of humanity. This is a milestone for the university community, as well as a landmark occasion for the global scientific enterprise. In conjunction with the 125th anniversary, Rockefeller also marks 70 years of the David Rockefeller Graduate Program. Discover 125 is a celebration of these two notable anniversaries.

The Rockefeller University Community

- 72 heads of laboratory
- 200 research scientists
- 210 postdoctoral investigators
- 270 Ph.D. and M.D.-Ph.D. students
- 1,512 alumni
- 1,325 support staff

Acclaimed Scientists

In the course of Rockefeller's history, 26 of its scientists have been awarded the Nobel Prize; 26 have received a Lasker Award; and 20 have garnered the National Medal of Science, the nation's highest scientific honor.

At Present, the Faculty at Rockefeller Includes

- 5 Nobel laureates
- 7 recipients of Lasker Awards
- 34 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
- Alzheimer's disease
- Antibiotic resistance
- Arthritis
- Autoimmune disorders
- Autism
- Cancer
- Covid-19
- Diabetes
- Heart disease and stroke
- Hepatitis
- HIV/AIDS
- Obesity, nutrition, and weight loss
- Parkinson's disease
- Skin diseases
- Tuberculosis
- 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 chemical of heredity
- Developed vaccines against meningitis and pneumococcal pneumonia
- Determined that cancer can be caused by a virus
- Discovered blood groups, improving the safety of blood transfusions
- Isolated and first successfully tested natural antibiotics
- Developed methadone maintenance to treat opioid addiction
- Developed the combination drug therapy for treatment of AIDS
- 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
- Identified the molecular mechanisms controlling circadian rhythm
- Developed assays that paved the way for drugs that cure hepatitis C
- Discovered GLP-1, the basis of revolutionary weight-loss drugs

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 124 years perfecting it. The university's beautifully landscaped 16-acre campus includes nine research buildings containing roughly 500,000 square feet of laboratory 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 state-of-the-art laboratory 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:

Kate Kadoun, Senior Director, Outreach Initiatives
212-327-8694 • kadoun@rockefeller.edu