The Juilliard School

presents

Juilliard Songfest

Settings of John Keats and Emily Dickinson by Hindemith, Britten, Moore, and Copland

Felicia Moore, Soprano Charles Sy, Tenor Dominik Belavy, Baritone Lauren Donahue and Sam Lilja, Actors

Kathryn LaBouff, Language Coach Brian Zeger, Curator and Pianist

PAUL HINDEMITH (1895–1963) La Belle Dame sans Merci BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913–76) Sonnet, from Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings

CHARLES SY

BEN MOORE (b. 1960) Ode to a Nightingale

My Heart Aches
O, for a Draught
Fade Far Away
Away, Away!
I Cannot See What Flowers
Darkling I Listen
Thou Wast Not Born for Death
Adieu!
DOMINIK BELAVY

Intermission

The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not permitted in this auditorium.

Information regarding gifts to the school may be obtained from the Juilliard School Development Office, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza, New York, NY 10023-6588; (212) 799-5000, ext. 278 (juilliard.edu/giving).

AARON COPLAND (1900–90) Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

There Came a Wind Like a Bugle
When They Come Back
Dear March, Come In!
Nature, the Gentlest Mother
The World Feels Dusty
Heart, We Will Forget Him
I Felt a Funeral in My Brain
Going to Heaven!
Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?
The Chariot
I've Heard an Organ Talk Sometimes
Sleep Is Supposed to Be
FELICIA MOORE

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 40 minutes, including one intermission

About this Program

I am delighted to welcome you tonight to explore the genius of two great poets: John Keats and Emily Dickinson. We're fortunate at Juilliard to be able to invite superb actors to join our singers to give songs a deeper and fuller context. For this year's Juilliard Songfest, I've invited two acting alums to join three singers from the Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts. Rather than reading the verse of these two remarkable writers, the actors will read their letters. Both poets were vivid and memorable correspondents in an era when passionate friendships and loving family relations were often sustained through the mails.

Though Keats' life was tragically short, ending at age 25, he created a profound body of work, much of it under the cloud of constant illness. In the first half of tonight's concert, we'll hear three Keats settings: single songs by Paul Hindemith and Benjamin Britten and a cycle of eight songs by Ben Moore. Near the end of Keats' life he traveled on a doctor's advice with a friend to Rome, hoping that the warm climate would cure his tuberculosis. Because of this distance from his fiancée Fanny Brawne and his London circle, we are blessed with extraordinary letters, contemplating many of the same themes that illuminate his poetry: mortality, nature, time and art's role in making these abstractions real and personal.

While Keats' travels prompted the frequent exchange of letters, Emily Dickinson was the still point in a circle of family and friends. Remaining through much of her later life within her home in Amherst, Massachusetts, letters were a way to maintain powerful friendships and a forum in which she puzzled through stubborn questions of identity, religion, and the spiritual world. Roughly a century later, New York–born Aaron Copland crafted a spare and concise musical language for 12 of Dickinson's short, epigrammatic poems. Tonight, we'll perform these songs grouped thematically, surrounded by letters which echo their themes.

Thank you for joining us. I am privileged to work with these talented performers and always eager to see how their combined talents spark off one another.

Texts

La Belle Dame sans Merci

PAUL HINDEMITH Text: John Keats

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, Alone and palely loitering? The sedge has wither'd from the lake, And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, So haggard and so woe-begone? The squirrel's granary is full, And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow With anguish moist and fever dew, And on thy cheeks a fading rose Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads, Full beautiful—a faery's child, Her hair was long, her foot was light, And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head, And bracelets too, and fragrant zone; She look'd at me as she did love, And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed, And nothing else saw all day long, For sidelong would she bend, and sing A faery's song.

She found me roots of relish sweet, And honey wild, and manna dew, And sure in language strange she said, "I love thee true!"

She took me to her elfin grot, And there she wept and sigh'd full sore, And there I shut her wild, wild eyes With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep, And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide! The latest dream I ever dream'd On the cold hill's side.

I saw pale kings and princes too, Pale warriors, death-pale were they all; Who cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloam, With horrid warning gaped wide, And I awoke and found me here, On the cold hill's side.

And this is why I sojourn here Alone and palely loitering. Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake, And no birds sing.

Sonnet, from Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

Text: John Keats

O soft embalmer of the still midnight, Shutting with careful fingers and benign, Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light, Enshaded in forgetfulness divine: O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes, Or wait the "Amen," ere thy poppy throws Around my bed its lulling charities. Then save me, or the passed day will shine Upon my pillow, breeding many woes, Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole; Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards, And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

Ode to a Nightingale

BEN MOORE Text: John Keats

My Heart Aches

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk, Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains

One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk: 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, But being too happy in thine happiness, That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees In some melodious plot Of beechen green, and shadows numberless, Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a Draught

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been Cool'd along age in the deep-delved earth, Tasting of Flora and the country green, Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth! O for a beaker full of the warm South, Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, With beaded bubbles winking at the brim, And purple-stained mouth; That I might drink, and leave the world unseen, And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade Far Away

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away, Away!

Away, away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I Cannot See What Flowers

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs, But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eyes

Darkling I Listen

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time I have been half in love with easeful Death, Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme, To take into the air my quiet breath; Now more than ever seems it rich to die, To cease upon the midnight with no pain, While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad In such an ecstasy!

Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou Wast Not Born for Death

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Adieu!

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell To toll me back from thee to my sole self! Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf. Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades Past the near meadows, over the still stream, Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep In the next valley-glades: Was it a vision, or a waking dream? Fled is that music: Do I wake or sleep?

Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

AARON COPLAND Text: Emily Dickinson

There Came a Wind Like a Bugle

There came a wind like a bugle, It quivered through the grass, And a green chill upon the heat So ominous did pass.

We barred the window and the doors As from an emerald ghost The doom's electric moccasin That very instant passed.

On a strange mob of planting trees, And fences fled away, And rivers where the houses ran The living looked that day,

The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled
How much can come
And much can go and yet abide the world.

When They Come Back

When they come back if blossoms do I always feel a doubt If blossoms can be born again When once the art is out.

When they begin, if robins do I always had a fear I did not tell, it was their last Experiment Last year.

When it is May, if May return, Had nobody a pang Lest in a Face so beautiful We might not look again?

If I am there,
One does not know
What party one may be tomorrow,
But if I am there,
I take back all I say!

Dear March, Come In!

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat
You must have walked
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March come right upstairs with me
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter and the bird's
The maples never knew
That you were coming, I declare,
How red their faces grew!
But, March forgive me
And all those hills
You left for me to hue,
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? that April?
Lock the door,
I will not be pursued,
He stayed away a year,
To call when I am occupied
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
And blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

Nature, the Gentlest Mother

Nature, the gentlest mother Impatient of no child, The feeblest or the waywardest, Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill By traveller is heard, Restraining rampant squirrel Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation, A summer afternoon. Her household, her assembly, And when the sun goes down Her voice among the aisles Incites the timid prayer Of the minutest cricket, The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep, She turns as long away, As will suffice to light her lamps Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection And infiniter care Her golden finger on her lip Wills silence everywhere.

The World Feels Dusty

The world feels dusty When we stop to die We want the dew then Honors taste dry.

Flags vex a dying face But the least Fan Stirred by a friend's hand Cools like the rain

Mine be the ministry When thy thirst comes Dews of thyself to fetch And holy balms.

Heart, We Will Forget Him

Heart, we will forget him You and I, tonight. You may forget the warmth he gave. I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me, That I my thoughts may dim Haste, lest while you're lagging, I may remember him.

I Felt a Funeral in My Brain

I felt a funeral in my brain, And mourners to and fro, Kept treading, treading, till it seemed That sense was breaking through. And when they all were seated A service like a drum Kept beating, beating, till I thought My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box, And creak across my soul With those same boots of lead again, Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell And Being but an ear. And I and silence some strange race Wrecked solitary here.

Going to Heaven!

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how,
Indeed I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds.
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little place for me,
Close to the two I lost!
The smallest "robe" will fit me,
And just a bit of "crown"
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

Going to Heaven!
I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth.
I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon,
I left them in the ground.

Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?

Why do they shut me out of Heaven? Did I sing too loud? But I can say a little "minor" Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me Just once more Just see if I troubled them But don't shut the door.

Oh if I were the gentleman In the white robes And they were the little hand that knocked, Could I forbid.

Why do they shut me out of Heaven? Did I sing too loud?

The Chariot

Because I would not stop for Death He kindly stopped for me The carriage held but just ourselves and Immortality.

We slowly drove—He knew no haste And I had put away My labor and my leisure too For his civility.

We passed the school where children played, Their lessons scarcely done We passed the fields of gazing grain We passed the setting sun,

We paused before a house that seemed a swelling of the ground The roof was scarcely visible The cornice but a mound,

Since then 'tis centuries but each Feels shorter than the day, I first surmised The horses' heads were toward eternity.

I've Heard an Organ Talk Sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes In a cathedral aisle, And understood no word it said Yet held my breath the while

And risen up and gone away, A more Berdardine girl And know not what was done to me. In that old hallowed aisle.

Sleep Is Supposed to Be

Sleep is supposed to be, By souls of sanity, The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand Down which on either hand The hosts of witness stand

Morn is supposed to be, By people of degree, The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred! That shall aurora be East of Eternity

One with the banner gay, One in the red array, That is the break of day.

Meet the Artists



Dominik Belavy

Baritone Dominik Belavy is a master's student at Juilliard where he studies with Sanford Sylvan. At the school he has been featured as L'horloge Comtoise and L'arbre in Ravel's L'enfant et les sortilèges and Conte Perrucchetto in Haydn's La fedeltà premiata. With Juilliard415, he has sung Bach's B-minor Mass led by Ton Koopman. Last season he made his professional and hometown debut in Detroit as Jim Larkens in Michigan Opera Theatre's production of La fanciulla del West conducted by Stephen Lord. As a fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center, Mr. Belavy has sung Ravel's Chansons madécasses, Schoenberg's arrangement of Mahler's Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen, and premiered works by Alan Smith and Nathan Davis. He returns this summer to Tanglewood to sing Junior in Bernstein's A Quiet Place. Toulmin Foundation Scholar



Lauren Donahue

Lauren Donahue, currently living in New York City and a recent graduate of Juilliard's drama division, is a member of Group 46. Upon graduation she appeared on *Law and Order: SVU* (NBC) and has guest starred on *Bull* (CBS). In her time at Juilliard she played a number of roles, including Patricia in Donald Margulies' *Sight Unseen*, River in Branden Jacobs-Jenkins' *Appropriate*,

and Mrs. Tarleton in George Bernard Shaw's Misalliance



Sam Lilja

Sam Lilja is a New York-based actor and dialect coach. His stage roles include *The Importance of Being Earnest* (Two River Theater); *Acolyte* (59E59); *Clarkston* (Dallas Theater Center); and *The Winter's Tale* (Shakespeare Theatre Company, DC). His work on film includes *Lincoln in the Bardo, The Drowning*, and *I Didn't Come Here to Make Love*. He has also been seen on television on *Billions* and *Almost There*. He is an alumnus of Juilliard's drama division (Group 43) and a proud member of the 52nd Street Project. (samlilja.com)



Felicia Moore

Soprano Felicia Moore is an artist diploma in opera studies student at Juilliard studying with Edith Wiens. Ms. Moore was most recently seen as Mrs. Grose in The Turn of the Screw at Opera Columbus. This past summer, at the Merola Opera Program, she sang Agathe in Der Freischütz and Elisabeth in Tannhäuser. Last year she sang the title role in Katya Kabanova with Juilliard Opera. Ms. Moore has been a young artist at the Opera Theatre of Saint Louis and Des Moines Metro Opera. where she was the cover for Alice Ford in Falstaff, the title role of Tobias Picker's Emmeline, and sang Madame Lidoine in Dialogues of the Carmelites. She is a winner of this year's Sullivan Foundation Award, and previous awards include being a two-time semifinalist in the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, as well as being awarded the top prize from the George London Foundation. Ms. Moore is from Princeton, New Jersey. Jerome L. Greene Fellowship, Hardesty and Beverley Peck Johnson Fund



Charles Sy

Tenor Charles Sy is from Toronto and is an artist diploma in opera studies student at Juilliard where he studies with Marlena Malas. He is a recent graduate of the Canadian Opera Company Ensemble Studio and completed his B.M. and M.M. at the University of Toronto. He is an alumnus of several leading training programs including the Music Academy of the West, Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, Opera as Theatre program at the Banff Centre, and the Britten-Pears Young Artist Program, Mr. Sv. received first prize and audience choice awards in the Canadian Opera Company's 2014 Centre Stage Competition. He is also the recipient of the 2013 Hnatyshyn Foundation Developing Artist Grant for Classical Voice after being nominated to represent the University of Toronto and competing at the national level. Philo Higley Scholarship, Hardesty and Beverley Peck Johnson Fund, Max Dreyfus Scholarship in Voice



Brian Zeger

Widely recognized as one of today's leading collaborative pianists, Brian Zeger has performed with many of the world's greatest singers including Marilyn Horne, Deborah Voigt, Anna Netrebko, Susan Graham, René Pape, Kiri Te Kanawa, Frederica von Stade, Piotr Beczala, Bryn Terfel, Joyce DiDonato, Denyce Graves, and Adrianne Pieczonka in an extensive concert career that has taken him to the premiere concert halls throughout the U.S. and abroad. Among his most recent recordings are All Who Wander, a recital disc with Jamie Barton: Preludios—Spanish songs with Isabel Leonard; a recording of Strauss and Wagner lieder with Adrianne Pieczonka; and Dear Theo: Three Song Cycles by Ben Moore with Paul Appleby, Susanna Phillips, and Brett Polegato, all on the Delos label. In addition to his distinguished concert career, he serves as artistic director of the Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts at Juilliard and recently completed an eight-year tenure as the executive director of the Metropolitan Opera Lindemann Young Artists Development Program. (brianzeger.com)

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts

One of America's most prestigious programs for educating singers, Juilliard's Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts offers young artists programs tailored to their talents and needs. From bachelor and master of music degrees to an advanced artist diploma in opera studies, Juilliard provides frequent performance opportunities featuring singers in its own recital halls, on Lincoln Center's stages, and around New York City. Juilliard Opera has presented numerous premieres

of new operas as well as works from the standard repertoire.

Juilliard graduates may be heard in opera houses and concert halls throughout the world; diverse alumni artists include well-known performers such as Leontyne Price, Renée Fleming, Risë Stevens, Tatiana Troyanos, Simon Estes, and Shirley Verrett. Recent alumni include Isabel Leonard, Susanna Phillips, Paul Appleby, Erin Morley, Sasha Cooke, and Julia Bullock.

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