

Thursday Evening, March 22, 2018, at 7:30

The Juilliard School

presents

Vocal Arts Honors Recital

Natalia Kutateladze, *Mezzo-soprano*

Felicia Moore, *Soprano*

Chris Reynolds, *Piano*

ROBERT SCHUMANN
(1810–56)

**Des Sennen Abschied
Die Sennin
Lust der Sturmnacht**

PYOTR
ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY
(1840–93)

**Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila?
To bilo rannayu vesnoy
Sred shumnovu bala**

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
(1873–1943)

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne

MANUEL DE FALLA
(1876–1946)

Siete canciones populares españolas

El paño moruno
Seguidilla murciana
Asturiana
Jota
Nana
Canción
Polo

NATALIA KUTATELADZE, *Mezzo-soprano*
CHRIS REYNOLDS, *Piano*

Intermission

Juilliard's Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts was established in 2010 by the generous support of Ellen and James S. Marcus.

Alice Tully Hall

*Please make certain that all electronic devices
are turned off during the performance.*

JEAN SIBELIUS
(1865–1957)

From *Five Songs, Op. 37*

Soluppgång
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte
Var det en dröm?

RICHARD WAGNER
(1813–83)

From *Wesendonck Lieder*

Im Treibhaus
Stehe still!
Träume

AARON COPLAND
(1900–90)

From *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*

Nature, the Gentlest Mother
Dear March, Come In!
The Chariot
Sleep Is Supposed to Be

FELICIA MOORE, *Soprano*
CHRIS REYNOLDS, *Piano*

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 30 minutes, including one 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).

About the Juilliard Vocal Arts Honors Recital

The singers on tonight's program were nominated to audition by their voice teachers and selected through a competitive audition process. The auditions were judged by a distinguished panel that included senior director and artistic adviser of Carnegie Hall Jeremy Geffen, Juilliard alumna Jennifer Zetlan, and artistic advisor of the Orchestra of St. Luke's Charles Hamlen. Their task was to select the singers you will hear this evening, each of whom, along with their pianists, chose the repertoire for tonight's program. Song at Juilliard takes many forms, from intimate forums featuring some of our youngest students (the Juilliard Songbook series) to the Liederabend series, recitals in which the pianists take the lead in programming. Tonight's Honors Recital gives talented song recitalists at Juilliard the opportunity to perform before the general public, presenting a program of great variety. This evening's pianist is a student of Juilliard's collaborative piano department. We hope you enjoy this group of highly talented artists.

—Brian Zeger, *Artistic Director, Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts*

Texts & Translations

Des Sennen Abschied

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Text: Friedrich von Schiller

*Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muß scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.
Wir fahren zu Berg, wir kommen wieder,*

*Wenn der Kuckuck ruft, wenn erwachen
die Lieder,*

*Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet
neu,
Wenn die Brunnlein fließen im lieblichen
Mai.*

*Ihr Matten, lebt wohl,
Ihr sonnigen Weiden!
Der Senne muß scheiden,
Der Sommer ist hin.*

Die Sennin

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Text: Nikolas Lenau

*Schöne Sennin, noch einmal
Singe deinen Ruf ins Tal,
Dass die frohe Felsensprache
Deinem hellen Ruf erwache.
Horch, o Sennin, wie dein Sang
In die Brust den Bergen drang,
Wie dein Wort die Felsenseelen
Freudig fort und fort erzählen!
Aber einst, wie Alles flieht,
Scheidest du mit deinem Lied,
Wenn dich Liebe fortbewogen,
Oder dich der Tod entzogen.
Und verlassen werden stehn,
Traurig stumm herübersehn
Dort die grauen Felsenzinnen
Und auf deine Lieder sinnen.*

The Alpine Herdsman's Farewell

Translation: Richard Stokes © *The Book of Lieder*

Farewell, you meadows,
You sunny pastures!
The herdsman must leave you,
Summer is over.
We'll return to the mountains, we'll come
again,
When the cuckoo calls, when songs
awaken,

When the earth is freshly clothed with
flowers,
When the brooklets are flowing in lovely
May.

Farewell, you meadows,
You sunny pastures!
The herdsman must leave you,
Summer is over.

The Cowgirl

Translation: Richard Stokes © *The Book of Lieder*

Lovely cowgirl, sing once more
Your song into the valley,
That the cliffs wake with joyful speech
At your clear summons.
Listen, girl, how your song
Has pierced the heart of the mountains,
How the souls of the crags joyfully
Keep echoing your words!
But all things pass, and one day
You will depart with your song,
When love has drawn you away
Or death has claimed you.
And the towering gray crags
Will then stand deserted,
Sadly looking down in silence,
Remembering your songs.

Lust der Sturmnacht

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Text: Justinus Kerner

*Wenn durch Berg und Tale draussen
Regen schauert, Stürme brausen,
Schild und Fenster hell erklirren,
Und in Nacht die Wandrer irren,
Ruht es sich so süß hier innen,
Aufgelöst in selges Minnen;
All der goldne Himmelsschimmer
Flieht herein ins stille Zimmer:
Reiches Leben, hab' Erbarmen!
Halt' mich fest in linden Armen!
Lenzesblumen aufwärts dringen,
Wölklein ziehn und Vöglein singen.
Ende nie, du Sturmnacht, wilde!
Klirrt, ihr Fenster, schwankt, ihr Schilde,
Bäumt euch, Wälder, braus', o Welle,
Mich umfängt des Himmels helle!*

Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila?

PYOTR ILLYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Text: Ivan Surikov

*Ya li v pole da ne travushka bila
Ya li v pole ne zelyonaya roska
Vzyali menya travushku skosili,
Na solnishke v pole issushili,*

*Oh, ti, gore moyo goryushko
Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko!
Znat', znat' takaya moya dolyushka ...*

*Ya li v pole ne kalinushka bila?
Ya li v pole da ne krasnaya roska?
Vzyali kalinushku slomali,
Da v zhgutiki menya razvyazali!*

*Oh, ti, gore moyo goryushko
Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko!
Znat', znat', takaya moya dolyushka ...*

*Ya l' u batyushki ne dochen'ka bila?
U rodimoy ne tsvetochek ya roska?*

Joy in a Stormy Night

Translation: © Richard Stokes

When, outside, over hill and vale
Rain streams and tempests rage,
House-emblem, window, rattle loud
And in the darkness travelers stray,
Here inside it is so sweet to rest
And give oneself to blissful love;
The whole of Heaven's golden gleam
Flees hither to this quiet room:
Have compassion, O abundant life,
Hold me fast with gentle arm.
The flowers of spring thrust up,
Clouds are scudding and birds sing.
Never end, wild night of storm,
Rattle, house-emblems and windows,
Rear up, forests. Roar, O wave.
Locked am I in Heaven's bright embrace!

Was I Not A Blade Of Grass In The Field?

Translation: from *Tchaikovsky's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations*, Indiana University Press, 2002, 2004 by Richard D Sylvester. With kind permission of the author

Was I not a blade of grass in the field,
Was I not growing green in the field?
I was taken, blade of grass, and cut down,
Left in the field to dry in the sun.

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
So that's what fate had in store for me!

Was I not a bush of guelder rose,
With berries red, growing in the field?
The bush was taken, cut down,
And tied up into a bundle of twigs.

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
So that's what fate had in store for me!

Was I not my father's little daughter,
Was I not my mother's little flower?

*V nevolyu menya bednyuyu vzyali
Da s nemilim sedim povenchali
S nemilim da sedim povenchali.*

*Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko
Oh ti, gore moyo goryushko ...
Znat', znat' takaya moya dolyushka ...*

To bilo rannayu vesnoj

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Text: A.K. Tolstoy

*To bilo rannayu vesnoj,
trava edva vshodila,
ruch'i tekli, ne paril znoj,
i zelen' roshh skvozila;*

*Truba pastush'ja poutru
eshhjo ne pela zvonko,
i v zavitkah eshhjo v boru,
byl paparotnik tonkij;*

*To bylo ranneju vesnoj,
v teni berjoz to bylo,
kogda s ulybkoy predο mnoj
ty ochi opustila ...*

*To na ljubov' moju v otvet
ty opustila vezhdy!
O zhizn'! o, les! o, solnca svet!
O, junost'! o, nadezhdy!*

*I plakal ja pered tobοj,
na lik tvoj gljadja milyj;
to bylo ranneju vesnoj,
v teni berjoz to bylo!*

*To bylo v utro nashih let!
O, schast'e! o sljozy!
o, les! o, zhizn'! o, solnca svet!
O, svezhij duh berjozy!*

By force they took me, poor girl,
And married me to a graybeard I don't love,
To a graybeard I don't love they married me!

Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
Oh, you, woe, heavy woe of mine!
So that's what fate had in store for me!

It Was In Early Spring

Translation: from *Tchaikovsky's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations*, Indiana University Press, 2002, 2004 by Richard D Sylvester. With kind permission of the author

It was in early spring,
The grass was just appearing,
The streams were flowing, the air was warm,
In the groves there was a thin veil of green;

Too early to hear the shepherd's horn
Ring out in the morning,
And in the grove of conifers, still twisted tight,
Stood the first slender ferns;

It was in early spring,
It was in the shade of birches,
When, standing before me, smiling,
You lowered your eyes...

It was an answer to my love,
Your lowered glance—
O life! O woods! O sunlight!
O youth! O hopes!

And I wept before you,
Gazing at your dear face,—
It was in early spring,
In the shade of birches!

It was in the morning of our days—
O happiness! O tears!
O woods! O life! O sunlight!
O fresh smell of the birch tree!

Sred shumново bala

PYOTR ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY

Text: A.K. Tolstoy

*Sred shumново bala, sluchaino,
V trevoge mirskoi suety,
Tebya ya uvidel, no taina
Tvoi pokryvala cherty.*

*Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli,
A golos tak divno zvuchal,
Kak zvon otdalyonnoi svireli,
Kak morya igrayushchyi val.*

*Mne stan tvoi ponravilsa tonkyi
I ves tvoi zadumchivyi vid,
A smekh tvoj, i grustnyi, i zvonkyi,
S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.*

*V chasy odinokie nochi
Lyublyu ya, ustalyi, prilech;
Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi,
Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech,*

*I grustno ya, grustno tak zasypayu,
I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu ...
Lyublyu li tebya, ya ne znayu,
No kazhetsa mne, chto lyublyu!*

Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Text: Aleksander Pushkin

*Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne oni
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.*

*Uvy, napominajut mne
Tvoi zhestokije napevy
I step', i noch', i pri lune
Cherty dalekoj, bednoj devy!*

*Ja prizrak milyj, rokovoj,
Tebja uvidev, zabyvaju;
No ty pojosh', i predο mnoj
Jego ja vnov' voobrazhaju.*

Amidst the Din of the Ball

Translation: Philip Ross Bullock

Amidst the din of the ball, by chance,
In the commotion of worldly vanity,
I glimpsed you, but mystery
Covered your features.

Only your eyes looked sad,
But the divine sound of your voice
Was like the sound of far-off pipes,
Or the dancing waves of the sea.

I fell for your delicate form,
And all of your pensiveness,
And your laughter, both sad and sonorous,
Still rings in my heart.

In the lonely hours of night,
I love to lie down, tired;
I see your sad eyes,
I hear your joyful words.

And wistfully falling asleep,
I drift into mysterious dreams...
I don't know whether I love you,
But I think I probably do!

Don't Sing to Me, My Beauty

Translation: Philip Ross Bullock

Oh do not sing for me, fair maid,
Those songs of melancholy Georgia;
They remind me
Of another life and a distant shore.

Alas! Your cruel strains
Remind me
Of the steppe and the night,
And the moonlit face of my distant beloved.

When you are near,
I forget that sweet and fateful vision;
But when you sing,
I imagine it once again before me.

*Ne poj, krasavica, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechal'noj;
Napominajut mne oni
Druguju zhizn' i bereg dal'nij.*

Siete canciones populares españolas
MANUEL DE FALLA
Traditional Spanish Texts

El Paño Moruno

*El paño Moruno
Al paño fino, en la tienda,
una mancha le cayó;
Por menos precio se vende,
Porque perdió su valor.*

Seguidilla murciana

*Cualquiera que el tejado
Tenga de vidrio,
No debe tirar piedras
Al del vecino.
Arrieros semos;
¡Puede que en el camino
Nos encontremos!
Por tu mucha inconstancia
Yo te comparo
Con peseta que corre
De mano en mano;
Que al fin se borra,
Y créyendola falsa
¡Nadie la toma!*

Asturiana

*Por ver si me consolaba,
Arrime a un pino verde,
Por ver si me consolaba.
Por verme llorar, lloraba.
Y el pino como era verde,
Por verme llorar, lloraba.*

Nana

*Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito
De la mañana.
Naninta, nana
Naninta, nana.
Duérmete, lucerito de la mañana.*

Oh do not sing for me, fair maid,
Those songs of melancholy Georgia;
The remind me
Of another life and a distant shore.

Seven Spanish Folk Songs
Translations: Albert Combrink

The Moorish Cloth

The Moorish cloth
On the fine cloth in the store
a stain has fallen;
It sells at a lesser price,
because it has lost its value.

Seguidilla murciana

Who has a roof of glass
should not throw stones
to their neighbor's roof.
Let us be muleteers;
It could be that on the road
we will meet!
For your great inconstancy,
I compare you
to a coin
that runs
from hand to hand;
which finally blurs, and,
believing it false,
no one accepts!

Asturian

To see whether it would console me,
I drew near a green pine,
To see whether it would console me.
Seeing me weep, it wept;
And the pine, being green,
seeing me weep, wept.

Nana

Go to sleep, child, sleep,
Sleep, my soul,
Go to sleep,
little star of the morning.
Lulla-lullaby,
Lulla-lullaby,
Sleep, little star of the morning.

Canción

*Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,
"Del aire"
Niña, el mirarlos.
"Madre a la orilla Madre"*

*Dicen que no me quieres,
Y a me has querido ...
Váyase lo ganado,
"Del aire
Por lo perdido,
Madre a la orilla Madre"*

Polo

*¡Ay! Guardo una, ¡Ay!
Guardo una, ¡Ay!
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho, ¡Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
Malhaya el amor, malhaya,
¡Ay!
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!
¡Ay!*

From Five Songs, Op. 37

Soluppgång

JEAN SIBELIUS
Text: Tor Hedberg

*Under himlens purpurbrand
Ligga tysta sjö och land
Det är gryningsstunden.
Snöig gren och frostvit kvist
Tecka sig så segervisst
Mot den röda grunden.*

*Riddarn står vid fönsterkarm,
Lyssnar efter stridens larm,
Trampar golvets tilja.
Men en smal och snövit hand
Kyler milt hans pannas brand,
Böjer mjukt hans vilja.*

*Riddarn sätter horn till mun,
Blåser vilt I gryningsstund,*

Song

Because your eyes are traitors
I will hide from them
You don't know how painful
it is to look at them
in the air.
"Mother I feel worthless, Mother"

They say they don't love me
and yet once
they did love me
"Love has been lost in the air
Mother all is lost
It is lost Mother"

Polo

Ay! I keep a ... (Ay!)
I keep a ... (Ay!)
I keep a sorrow in my breast,
I keep a sorrow in my breast (Ay!)
that to no one will I tell.
Wretched be love, wretched,
Wretched be love, wretched,
Ay!
And he who gave me to understand it!
Ay!

From Five Songs, Op. 37

Sunrise

Translation: © David McCleery, LiederNet
Archive

Beneath heaven's purple fire
Lie silent seas and lands,
Day is breaking.
Snowy branch and frosty twigs
Cast their patterns victoriously
Over the red earth.

The knight stands by the window,
Listens for the call to arms,
Paces the floor, back and forth.
But a small, snow-white hand
Cools his fiery brow,
Gently calms his will.

The knight puts his bugle to his lips,
Blows wildly into the morning light

Över nejd som tiger.
Tonen klingar, klar och spröd,
Branden slocknar, gyllenröd,
Solen sakta stiger.

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote

JEAN SIBELIUS

Text: Johan Ludvig Runeberg

*Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor
och på törnen stungit mina händer."*

*Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:
"Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon
och med saften målat mina läppar."*

*Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:*

*"Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?"
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder!
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,
och på korset rista, som jag säger:*

*En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,
ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.*

*En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,*

ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.

Var det en dröm?

JEAN SIBELIUS

Text: Josef Julius Wecksell

*Var det en dröm, att ljuvt en gång
jag var ditt hjärtas vän?
Jag minns det som en tystnad sång,
då strängen darrar än.*

Towards the silent land.
The sound rings out, bright and clear.
The golden fire of dawn retreats
And the sun slowly rises.

The Girl Came From Meeting Her Lover

Translation: Lynn Steele

The girl came from meeting her lover,
came with her hands all red. Said her mother:
"What has made your hands so red, girl?"
Said the girl: "I was picking roses
and pricked my hands on the thorns."

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her lips all red. Said her mother:
"What has made your lips so red, girl?"
Said the girl: "I was eating raspberries
and stained my lips with the juice."

Again she came from meeting her lover,
came with her cheeks all pale. Said her
mother:
"What has made your cheeks so pale, girl?"
Said the girl: "Oh mother, dig a grave for me,
Hide me there and set a cross above,
And on the cross write as I tell you:

Once she came home with her hands all red,
They had turned red between her lover's
hands.

Once she came home with her lips all red,
They had turned red beneath her lover's lips.
The last time she came home with her
cheeks all pale,
They had turned pale at her lover's
faithlessness.

Was It a Dream?

Translation: Lynn Steele

Was it a dream that once, in a wonderful time,
I was your heart's true love?
I remember it as a song fallen silent,
of which the strains still echo.

*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 vårgrön ängd,
vars fågring 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!*

From Wesendonck Lieder

RICHARD WAGNER

Text: Mathilde Wesendonck

Im Treibhaus

*Hoch gewölbte Blätterkronen,
Baldachine von Smaragd,
Kinder ihr aus fernen Zonen,
Saget mir warum ihr klagt?*

*Schweigend neiget ihr die Zweige,
Malet Zeichen in die Luft,
Und der Leiden stummer Zeuge
Steiget aufwärts, süßer Duft.*

*Weit in sehndem Verlangen
Breitet ihr die Arme aus,
Und umschlinget wahnbefangen
Öde Leere nicht'gen Graus.*

*Wohl, ich weiß es, arme Pflanze:
Ein Geschicke theilen wir,
Ob umstrahlt von Licht und Glanze,
Unsre Heimat ist nicht hier!*

*Und wie froh die Sonne scheidet
Von des Tages leerem Schein,
Hüllet der, der wahrhaft leidet,
Sich in Schweigens Dunkel ein.*

I remember a rose you tossed,
a glance so shy and tender;
I remember a sparkling tear when we parted
Was it all, all a dream?

A dream as brief as the life of a cowslip
in a green meadow in springtime,
whose beauty soon withers away
before a crowd of new flowers.

But many a night I hear a voice
through the flood of my bitter tears:
hide this memory deep in your heart,
it was your best dream!

Translations: © Emily Ezust, LiederNet
Archive and IPA Source; adapted by
Felicia Moore

In the Hothouse

High-arched crowns of leaves,
Canopies of emerald,
You children of distant lands,
Tell me, why do you cry?

You silently bend your branches,
Paint signs in the air,
And as a mute witness to your suffering
A sweet fragrance rises.

In desirous longing,
You open your arms out wide,
And embrace through your delusion
The empty horror of the desolate void.

I know well, poor plants,
We share one fate,
Though we bathe in light and radiance,
Our homeland is not here!

And how gladly the sun departs
From the empty shine of the day,
He covers himself, he who suffers truly,
In the darkness of silence.

*Stille wird's, ein säuselnd Weben
Füllet bang den dunklen Raum:
Schwere Tropfen she' ich schweben
An der Blätter grünem Saum.*

Stehe still!

*Sausendes, brausendes Rad der Zeit,
Messer du der Ewigkeit;
Leuchtende Sphären im weiten All,
Die ihr umringt den Weltenball;
Urewige Schöpfung, halte doch ein,
Genug des Werdens, laß mich sein!*

*Halte an dich, zeugende Kraft,
Urgedanke, der ewig schafft!*

*Hemmet den Atem, stillt den Drang,
Schweiget nur eine Sekunde lang!
Schwellende Pulse, fesselt den Schlag;
Ende, des Wollens ew'ger Tag!
Daß in selig süßem Vergessen
Ich mög' alle Wonnen ermessen!*

*Wenn Aug' in Auge wonnig trinken,
Seele ganz in Seele versinken;
Wesen in Wesen sich wieder findet,
Und alles Hoffen's Ende sich kündet,
Die Lippe verstummt in staunendem
Schweigen,
Keinen Wunsch mehr will das Inn're zeugen:
Erkennt der Mensch des Ew'gen Spur,
Und löst dein Räthsel, heil'ge Natur!*

Träume

*Sag', welch wunderbare Träume
Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,
Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume
Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?*

*Träume, die in jeder Stunde,
Jedem Tage schöner blüh'n,
Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde
Selig durch's Gemüte ziehn!*

*Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen
In die Seele sich versenken,*

It becomes quiet, a whispered stirring
The dark room fills with anxiety:
I see heavy drops suspended
On the green edge of the leaves.

Stand Still!

Roaring and thundering wheel of time
You measurer of Eternity;
Shining spheres in the wide universe
You who surround the world's globe,
Eternal creation, stop!
Enough of becoming, let me be!

Cease, creating power,
The primal thoughts which you are ever
creating!

Slow the breath, still your urge
Be silent, if only for a second long!
Swelling pulses, restrain your beat,
End, the eternal day of willing!
That in blessed, sweet oblivion,
I may measure all my bliss!

When one eye drinks bliss from another,
And one soul into another sinks,
One finds oneself in another being,
And all hope's end announces itself,
The lips are mute in astounded silence,

The soul no longer feels the urge to produce,
Then man recognizes the path of Eternity,
And solves your riddle, holy Nature!

Dreams

Tell me, what wondrous dreams
Are possessing my senses,
That have not, like empty sea-foam,
Vanished into bleak Nothingness?

Dreams, that with each hour,
Each day, they bloom more beautifully,
And with their heavenly tidings
Blissfully draw through my spirit!

Dreams, which, like sublime beams of light
Sink into the soul,

*Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:
Allvergessen, Eingedenken!*

There to paint an eternal image:
Forgetting all, remembering one!

*Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne
Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,
Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne
Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,*

Dreams, which when the spring sun
Kisses the blossoms from the snow,
So that into unimaginable rapture
They welcome the new day,

*Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,
Träumend spenden ihren Duft,
Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,*

So that they grow, so that they blossom,
And dreaming, bestow their fragrance,
Gently upon your breast, these dreams
burn away,

Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

And then sink into the grave.

From Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson

AARON COPLAND

Text: Emily Dickinson

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 traveler 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.

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 know
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.

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.

Juilliard

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.

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

LEKO STUDIO



**Natalia
Kutateladze**

Mezzo-soprano Natalia Kutateladze, from the Republic of Georgia, graduated from the Central Music High School in Tbilisi as a pianist before being accepted on full scholarship to the Vano Sarajshvili Tbilisi Conservatoire as a classical opera singer, where she graduated with honors. In 2015 she was accepted into Juilliard where she is pursuing her master's degree as a student of Edith Wiens. Ms. Kutateladze appeared last season as the Minskwoman in Juilliard Opera's production of Jonathan Dove's *Flight*. Ms. Kutateladze has also participated in the Baltic Season Music Festival, Spivakov International Music Festival, and the International Classical Music Festival of Georgia.

Rita Greenland Scholarship in Voice, Risë Stevens Scholarship, Anna Schoen-René Fund

JIYANG CHEN



Felicia Moore

Soprano Felicia Moore is an artist diploma in opera studies student at Juilliard studying with Edith Wiens. Ms. Moore was most recently heard as Mrs. Grose in *The Turn of the Screw* at Opera Columbus. Last summer at the San Francisco Opera's Merola Opera Program she sang Agathe in *Der Freischütz* and Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*. Last season she sang the title role of *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 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 semi-finalist 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

HARRISON LINSEY



Chris Reynolds

American pianist Chris Reynolds has made a name for himself as both a soloist and a collaborator. He is currently pursuing his master's degree at Juilliard as a student of Margo Garrett, Brian Zeger, JJ Penna, and Jonathan Feldman. Recent performances include those in Carnegie Hall, at Tanglewood, and Bayreuth. He has worked with and received guidance from Emanuel Ax, Isabel Leonard, Dawn Upshaw, Brigitte Fassbaender, Martin Katz, Graham Johnson, and Jake Heggie, among others. In 2015 he was a Schwab Vocal Rising Star at Caramoor, as well as a fellow at both SongFest and the Aspen Music Festival and School. He is on staff at the Internationale Meistersinger Akademie and in 2016 received his B.M. degree from Juilliard where he studied with Julian Martin.

Lynn J. Noble Scholarship for the Study of Classical Music, Irene Diamond Graduate Fellowship, Charles E. Weekes Scholarship

The Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts

One of America's most prestigious programs for educating singers, The Juilliard School'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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