

Thursday Evening, April 5, 2018, at 7:30

The Juilliard School

presents

Alice Tully Vocal Arts Recital

John Brancy, *Baritone*

Peter Dugan, *Piano*

Armistice: The Journey Home

GUSTAV HOLST
(1874–1934)

From *The Planets* for solo piano
Jupiter: The Bringer of Jollity (arr. Peter Dugan)

OLEY SPEAKS
(1874–1948)

When the Boys Come Home

RALPH
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
(1872–1958)

From *Songs of Travel*, Nos. 1–8

The Vagabond
Let Beauty Awake
The Roadside Fire
Youth and Love
In Dreams
The Infinite Shining Heavens
Whither Must I Wander?
Bright Is the Ring of Words

LEONARDO DUGAN
(b. 1980)

I Have a Rendezvous With Death
World premiere, commissioned by The Juilliard School

PETE SEEGER
(1919–2014)

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Intermission

The Juilliard School is honored to present the 20th Alice Tully Vocal Arts Recital, originally established with a gift from The Alice Tully Foundation to promote exceptionally talented Juilliard singers on the threshold of a professional career.

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.*

FRANZ SCHUBERT
(1797–1828)

Der Schiffer

RUDI STEPHAN
(1887–1915)

Am Abend

SCHUBERT

Der Wanderer

STEPHAN

Memento Vivere

SCHUBERT

Du bist die Ruh

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
(1873–1943)

Ja zhdu tebjja (I Wait for Thee)
Zdes' khorosho (How Fair This Spot)
Vesennije Vody (Spring Waters)

IRVING BERLIN
(1888–1989)

Goodbye, France

IVOR NOVELLO
(1893–1951)

The Land of Might-Have-Been
Shine Through My Dreams

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

From *Songs of Travel*, No. 9

I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 45 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 Program

Tonight's program opens with an invocation of celestial joy. Holst composed "Jupiter" in 1914, the year the war broke out, and it received its premiere alongside the rest of *The Planets* in September 1918, less than two months before the Armistice. Two years later Holst used the central chorale theme as a musical setting for Sir Cecil Spring Rice's poem, "I Vow to Thee, My Country." The resulting hymn would become one of the most iconic songs of remembrance in the wake of World War I. While the first verse is centered on the love of and duty to one's country, the second verse hopes for a more peaceful kingdom, where "her ways are ways of gentleness, and all her paths are peace."

The jollity continues with the popular song "When the Boys Come Home," which was written by American composer Oley Speaks before the war's conclusion. John Hay penned the poem while serving as President Lincoln's assistant during the War Between the States. (He would go on to become secretary of state under Presidents William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt.) This song imagines the homecoming of soldiers with cheery optimism and perhaps some naïveté.

Vaughan Williams was 41 when the war broke out—old enough to avoid service—but he volunteered nonetheless, first in the Royal Army Medical Corps and later in the Royal Artillery. Vaughan Williams was profoundly affected by the war and was devastated by the loss of his young friend George Butterworth, one of England's most promising composers at the time. Vaughan Williams wrote to Holst, "I sometimes dread coming back to normal life with so many gaps—especially of course George Butterworth." Although

Songs of Travel was composed a decade before the war, the story of a wanderer searching for inner peace takes on a deeper, more personal meaning in light of what Vaughan Williams and so many others would experience during and after the war.

Tonight marks the world premiere of Leonardo Dugan's setting of Alan Seeger's haunting World War I poem, "I Have a Rendezvous With Death." Seeger, a native New Yorker, joined the French Foreign Legion when war was declared in Europe in 1914, making him one of the first Americans to fight it. He was killed in the Battle of the Somme in 1916, almost a year before the U.S. entry into the war. In this song the soldier's thoughts are bittersweet with memories of love and springtime, even as he comes to terms with his own mortality in an eerily resolute premonition of his death on the battlefield.

Alan Seeger's brother Charles Seeger, and Charles' first wife Constance, were on the Juilliard faculty, and his nephew Pete Seeger, born just after the Armistice, would go on to become one of the most important contributors to American folk music, especially during the 1950s and 1960s. A veteran of World War II, Pete Seeger remained committed to social activism well into his 90s. "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" is a powerful call for peace and asks an important question on this centennial anniversary of the Armistice: "When will they ever learn?"

The second half of tonight's program opens with a special set of songs that pairs some of Schubert's finest lieder with two rarely heard songs by Rudi Stephan, a promising young German composer who was killed on the Galician Front by a Russian sharpshooter. Taken together,

these songs suggest a story: an intrepid boatman seeks a life of adventure (“Der Schiffer”), then realizes his own mortality (“Am Abend”), which leaves him lost, lonely, and longing for a place to call home (“Der Wanderer”). He remembers his fallen comrades as he hears a ghostly voice reminding him to enjoy life (“Momento Vivere”). This ultimately steers him towards love and peace (“Du bist die Ruh”).

Although Rachmaninoff did not fight in the war, the political turmoil in Russia during that time forced him to leave his native land and begin a journey towards a new home in America. The Rachmaninoff family estate was seized by the Bolsheviks during the Russian Revolution of October 1917; he and his family fled first to Scandinavia, then ultimately on to New York City’s Upper West Side in November 1918, just days after the Armistice was signed. Each of these songs might suggest a different aspect of a journey home. “I’ll Wait for Thee” anticipates a lovers’ reunion, “How Fair This Spot” captures a sense of serenity, and “Spring Waters” heralds the arrival of brighter days.

Irving Berlin’s family emigrated from Russia to New York City in 1893, but unlike Rachmaninoff, Berlin had been born

into poverty. He was barely 30 years old when he was drafted into the Army in 1917, and yet he had already achieved considerable fame for “Alexander’s Ragtime Band.” Berlin was then able to spend his service composing patriotic songs at Camp Upton in New York, where his work was inspired by the great pride he felt in the country that had taken in his immigrant family.

The Welsh composer and actor Ivor Novello’s songwriting career took off at the young age of 21 after he composed his touching hit “Keep the Home Fires Burning” shortly after the outbreak of WWI. He was called to serve in the Royal Naval Air Service in 1916. The two songs on tonight’s program, written after the war had ended, capture a longing for happier, more peaceful times.

Tonight’s program concludes fittingly with “I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope”—the final song of Vaughan Williams’ *Songs of Travel*—which was only discovered after his death in 1958 and published in 1960. With its final line—“And I have lived and loved, and closed the door”—the wanderings and the journeys, at least those of tonight’s stories, find their way home to a gentle repose.

Texts & Translations

When the Boys Come Home

OLEY SPEAKS

Text: John Hay

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sunburst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;
Wives and sweethearts will press them
In their arms and caress them,
And pray God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest when the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest when the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standards tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty when the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty when the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces,
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them when the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them when the boys come home;
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not dissever
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

From *Songs of Travel*, Nos. 1-8

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS*

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,

**Indicates those who served in WWI*

Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field
Warm the fireside haven
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

The Roadside Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

In Dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

The Infinite Shining Heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night

Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars stood over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

Whither Must I Wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Bright Is the Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still they are caroled and said—

On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

I Have a Rendezvous with Death

LEONARDO DUGAN

Text: Alan Seeger*

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear...
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

PETE SEEGER

Text: Pete Seeger

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Young girls have picked them everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone, long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone, long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
Gone for husbands everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the husbands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the husbands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the husbands gone?
Gone for soldiers everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the soldiers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards, everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone, long time passing?
Where have all the graveyards gone, long time ago?
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Gone to flowers, everyone
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Der Schiffer

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Text: Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

*Im Winde, im Sturme befahr' ich den Fluß,
Die Kleider durchweicht der Regen im
Guß;
Ich lenke - ich peitsche mit mächtigem Schlag
Die Wellen, erhoffend mir heiteren Tag.*

*Die Fluthen, sie jagen das schwankende
Schiff,
Es drohet der Strudel, es drohet der Riff,*

The Boatman

Translation: copyright © by Emily Ezust,
from the LiederNet Archive (lieder.net)

In wind and storm I traverse the river,
My clothes soaked through with the
downpour;
I lash the waves with powerful blows,
Hoping, hoping for a fine day.

The waves, they drive the creaking ship,
The whirlpool threatens, as does the reef.

*Gesteine entkollern den felsigen
Höh'n,
Und Fichten, sie sausen wie
Geistergestöh'n.*

*So mußte es kommen – ich hab es gewollt,
Ich hasse ein Leben behaglich entrollt;
Und schlängen die Fluthen den
dröhnenden Kahn,
Ich priesen doch immer die eigene Bahn.*

*Es tose des Wassers ohnmächtiger Zorn,
Dem Herzen entquillet ein seliger Born,*

*Die Nerven erfrischend—o himmlische Lust!
Dem Sturme gebiethen mit männlicher
Brust.*

Am Abend

RUDI STEPHAN*

Text: Johann Christian Günther

*Abermal ein Teil vom Jahre,
Abermal ein Tag vollbracht;
Abermal ein Brett zu Bahre
Und ein Schritt zur Gruft gemacht.
Also nähert sich die Zeit
Nach und nach der Ewigkeit,
Also müssen wir auf Erden
Zu dem Tode reifer werden.*

Der Wanderer

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Text: Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck

*Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Thal, es braust das Meer,
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Immer wo?*

*Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt;
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall,
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.*

Rocks roll furiously down from the craggy heights,
And fir trees sigh like lamenting ghosts.

So it must be, and so have I willed it:
I hate a life that unrolls comfortably;
Even were the waves to swallow this creaking boat,
I would still ever praise the path I have chosen!

So let the water roar with impotent rage;
From my heart springs forth a blissful fountain,
Refreshing the nerves—o heavenly joy,
I stand against the tempest with a defiant chest.

Evening Song

Translation: © Richard Stokes

Another portion of the year,
Another day accomplished;
Another plank for the bier,
Another step towards the grave.
Thus does time gradually
Draw near to eternity,
Thus must we on earth
Grow riper for death.

The Wanderer

Translation: © Richard Stokes

From the mountains I have come,
The valley steams, the ocean roars,
I walk in silence, with little joy,
And my sighs keep asking: Where?
Always where?

Here the sun seems so cold,
Blossom faded, life old;
What men say, just empty sound,
I am a stranger everywhere.

*Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühen,*

*Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehn,
Wo meine Totten auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du?*

*Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer: wo?
Immer wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
"Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das
Glück!"*

Memento Vivere

RUDI STEPHAN*

Text: Friedrich Hebbel

*Ich ritt einmal im Dunkeln
Spät durch ein enges Thal;
Die Nacht war still und traurig,
Ich still und traurig zumal.*

*Ich dachte der wenigen Freunde,
Die ich auf Erden fand,
Ich dachte derer vor Allen,
Die schon bedeckt der Sand.*

*Da scholl's, wie Geisterstimme,
Vom düstern Berg herab:
Mensch, freu' dich heut' des Lebens,
Denn morgen geht's in's Grab.*

*War es ein Hirtenknabe,
Der jene Worte sang—
Ich weiß es nicht, sie gingen
Mir durch die Seele bang.*

*Einst hatt' ich sie vernommen
Aus eines Bruders Mund,
Da trank er meine Gesundheit,
Jetzt lag er im kühlen Grund.*

Where are you, my beloved land?
Sought for, senses, and never known,
The land, the land, so green with hope,
The land where my roses bloom,

Where my friends roam,
Where my dead friends rise again,
The land that speaks my tongue,
O land, where are you?

I walk in silence, with little joy,
And my sighs keep asking: Where?
Always Where?
A ghostly whisper makes reply:
"There, where you are not, there fortune
lies!"

Memento Vivere

Translation: © Richard Stokes

I was once riding late in the dark
Through a narrow valley;
The night was silent and sad,
The more so since I was silent and sad.

I thought of the few friends
That I still had on earth,
I thought especially of those
Who lay buried under ground.

A sound rang out, like a ghostly voice,
Down from the gloomy mountain:
Enjoy life today, O man,
For tomorrow you will go to the grave.

Was it a shepherd boy
Who sang those words—
I do not know, they pierced
My fearful soul.

I heard the words once
From a brother's lips,
Then he drank my health,
And lies now in the cool earth.

Du bist die Ruh

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Text: Johann Christian Günther

*Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.*

*Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug' und Herz.*

*Kehr' ein bei mir,
Und schließe du
Die Pforten zu
Still hinter dir.*

*Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.*

*Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll' es ganz.*

Ja zhdu tebjā

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Text: Maria Avgustovna Davidova

*Ja zhdu tebjā! Zakat ugas,
I nochi tjomnye pokrovy
Spustitsa na zemlju gatovy
I sprjatat' nas.*

*Ja zhdu tebjā! Dushystaj mgloj
Noch napaila mir usnufshy,
I razluchilsa den' minufshy
Na vek z zemljoj!*

You Are Repose

Translation: © Richard Stokes

You are repose,
And gentle peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I pledge to you
Full of joy and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come in to me,
And softly close
The gate
Behind you.

Drive other pain
From this breast!
Let my heart be filled
With your joy.

This temple of my eyes
Is lit
By your radiance alone,
O fill it utterly.

I Wait for Thee

Translation: From *Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations*, Indiana University Press, 2014, by Richard D Sylvester. With kind permission of the author.

I'm waiting for you! Dusk has fallen,
And night's dark veils
Are ready to descend to earth
And make us hidden.

I'm waiting for you! Night has suffused
The sleeping world with fragrant shadows
And the passing day has said farewell
Forever to the earth!

*Ja zhdu! Terzajas' i ljubja,
Shchitaju kazhdyje mgnaven'ja,
Palna taski i neterpen'ja.
Ja zhdu tebj!*

Zdes' khorosho

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
Text: Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

*Zdes' kharasho...
Vzgljani, vdali
Agnjom garit reka;
Tsvetnym kavrom luga legli,
Belejut ablaka.*

*Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishyna...
Zdes' tol' ka Bogh da ja.
Tsvety, da staraja sasna,
Da ty, mechta maja...*

Vesennije Vody

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF
Text: Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

*Jeshcho f paljakh belejet snek,
A vody ush vesnoj shumjat,
Begut i budjat sonnyj brek,
Begut y bleshchut y glasjat.*

*Ani glasjat voa fse kantsy:
"Vesna idjot! Vesna idjot!
My maladoj vesny gantsy,
Ana nas vyslala fperjot.*

*Vesna idjot! Vesna idjot!"
I tikhikh, tjoplykh majskikh dnei
Rumjanyj, svetlyj kharavot
Talpitsa vesela za nej!*

I'm waiting! In torment and in love,
I count each moment,
In longing and impatience.
I'm waiting for you!

How Fair This Spot

Translation: From *Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations*, Indiana University Press, 2014, by Richard D Sylvester. With kind permission of the author.

Here it's so fine...
Look: in the distance
The river glitters like fire;
The meadows are a carpet of color,
White clouds are overhead.

Here there are no people...
It's so quiet...
Here are only God and I.
And the flowers, and the old pine tree,
And you, my dream...

Spring Waters

Translation: From *Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations*, Indiana University Press, 2014, by Richard D Sylvester. With kind permission of the author.

The fields are still white with snow,
But already the waters are proclaiming spring,
Running along and waking sleepy riverbanks,
Running and glittering and declaring.

They declare in all directions:
"Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
We are the heralds of young spring,
She sent us in advance.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!"
And the still, warm days of May
In a rosy, bright circle-dance,
Crowd together and gaily follow behind.

Goodbye, France

IRVING BERLIN*

Text: Irving Berlin

I can picture the boys "over there"
Making plenty of noise "over there"
And if I'm not wrong
It won't be long
Ere a certain song will fill the air
It's all very clear
The time's drawing near
When they'll be marching down to the pier, singing:

Goodbye, France
We'd love to linger longer but we must go home
Folks are waiting to welcome us across the foam
We were glad to stand side by side with you
Mighty proud to have died with you
So goodbye, France
You'll never be forgotten by the U.S.A.

They are waiting for one happy day
When the word comes to start on their way
With a tear-dimmed eye
They'll say goodbye
But their hearts will cry, Hip-hip Hooray
The friends that they made
Will wish that they stayed
As they start on their homeward parade, singing:

Goodbye, France
We'd love to linger longer but we must go home
Folks are waiting to welcome us across the foam
We were glad to stand side by side with you
Mighty proud to have died with you
So goodbye, France
You'll never be forgotten by the U.S.A.

The Land of Might-Have-Been

IVOR NOVELLO*

Text: Edward Moore

Somewhere there's another land
Different from this world below
Far more mercifully planned
Than the cruel place we know

Juilliard

Innocence and peace are there
All is good that is desired
Faces there are always fair
Love grows never old nor tired

We shall never find that lovely
Land of might-have-been
I can never be your king nor
You can be my queen
Days may pass and years may pass
And seas may lie between
We shall never find that lovely
Land of might-have-been

Sometimes on the rarest nights
Comes the vision calm and clear
Gleaming with unearthly lights
On our path of doubt and fear
Winds from that far land are blown
Whispering with secret breath
Hope that plays a tune alone
Love that conquers pain and death

Shall we ever find that lovely
Land of might-have-been?
Will I ever be your king or you
At last my queen?
Days may pass and years may pass
And seas may lie between
Shall we ever find that lovely
Land of might-have-been?

Shine Through My Dreams

IVOR NOVELLO*

Text: Christopher Hassall

Shine through my dreams and once again
Softly and secretly whisper your love to me.
Roam thro' my silent thoughts again,
Making a paradise here in my heart.

Though fate may hold us far apart,
She will turn our darkness to light;
Make all my dreams reality,
That I may hold you in my arms tonight.

Juilliard

Ev'ry region that I wander, sleeping, waking,
Makes my weary heart grow fonder, weeping, aching.
Like a ling'ring star abandon'd in the sky,
Wond'ring where you are. I tread my way and sigh.
O flame that beckons from afar.

Shine through my dreams and once again
Softly and secretly whisper your love to me.
Roam thro' my silent thoughts again,
Making a paradise here in my heart.

Though fate may hold us far apart,
She will turn our darkness to light;
Make all my dreams reality,
That I may hold you in my arms tonight.

From *Songs of Travel*, No. 9

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS*

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

**Indicates those who served in WWI*

Meet the Artists



GERARD COLLETT

Baritone John Brancy (left) and pianist Peter Dugan

John Brancy and Peter Dugan have been redefining the art song recital since their critically acclaimed debut of *A Silent Night: A WWI Memorial in Song* at the Kennedy Center in 2014. That program commemorated the centennial of World War I through music by composers who lived through, fought in, and died in the Great War. Mr. Brancy and Mr. Dugan have since released their debut album, *A Silent Night*, and have been presented in recital by Carnegie Hall, Chamber Music Society of Palm Beach, St. John's College, University of Chicago, and Societe d'art Vocal de Montreal, among others. Together they won second prize at the Wigmore Hall International Song Competition in 2017. Mr. Brancy and Mr. Dugan met as students at Juilliard. As collaborators, they are committed to reenergizing and reinventing the approach to art song, with repertoire ranging from the classic song cycles of the 19th century to

original arrangements of the American Songbook and modern popular tunes. They are co-creators of *Operation Superpower*, a superhero opera that encourages children to use their talents—their real-life superpowers—to do good in the world.

Mr. Brancy and Mr. Dugan are official commemorative partners of the United States World War I Centennial Commission.

John Brancy

Baritone John Brancy appears regularly on the international opera, concert, and recital stages. This season he made his Austrian debut as Albert in a new production of *Werther* at the Stadttheater Klagenfurt led by Lorenzo Viotti. In 2018 Mr. Brancy makes a return to Oper Frankfurt for a new production of *Lost Highway* by Olga Neuwirth, directed by Yuval Sharon. He also makes his debut with the Carmel Bach Festival performing *Carmina Burana* and Bach's *St. Matthew's Passion*. (johnbrancy.com)

Peter Dugan

Pianist Peter Dugan has appeared as a recitalist across North America and abroad and made his critically acclaimed debut in 2017 with the San Francisco Symphony and Michael Tilson Thomas. He has collaborated in duos and trios with artists ranging from Itzhak Perlman and Joshua Bell to Jesse Colin Young and Glenn Close. Mr. Dugan studied under Matti Raekallio at Juilliard and now serves on the piano faculty of the school's evening division. Mr. Dugan is a Yamaha Artist.

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.

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts

Brian Zeger, *Artistic Director*

Monica Thakkar, *Director, Performance Activities*

Kirstin Ek, *Director, Curriculum and Schedules*

Emily Wells, *Associate Director*

Andrew Gaines, *Production Administrator*

Sarah Cohn, *Projects Administrator, Performance Activities*

Po Chan, *Projects Administrator, Curriculum*

Kiara Walker, *Schedule and Program Coordinator*

Voice Faculty

Sanford Sylvan, *Chair*

Edith Bers

Cynthia Hoffmann

Marlena K. Malas

Robert White

Robert C. White Jr.

Edith Wiens

Alexandra Day

Cori Ellison

John Giampietro

William Hobbs

Bénédicte Jourdois

Natalia Katjukova

Kathryn LaBouff

Gina Levinson

Denise Massé

Kenneth Merrill

David Moody, *Chorus Master*

Glenn Morton

Nils Neubert

Adam Nielsen

Donald Palumbo

David Paul, *Dramatic Advisor for*

Master of Music and Graduate

Diploma

J.J. Penna

Diane Richardson, *Principal Coach*
and Music Advisor for Artist

Diploma in Opera Studies

Lauren Schiff

Eve Shapiro, *Dramatic Advisor*

for Artist Diploma in Opera

Studies

Arlene Shrut

Jeanne Slater

Avi Stein

Cameron Stowe

Stephen Wadsworth, *James S.*

Marcus Faculty Fellow,

Director of Artist Diploma in

Opera Studies

Gary Thor Wedow

Reed Woodhouse, *Music*

Advisor for Master of Music

and Graduate Diploma

Brian Zeger, *Artistic Director*

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts Faculty

Stefano Baldasseroni

Marianne Barrett

Edward Berkeley

Mary Birnbaum, *Associate*

Director of Artist Diploma in

Opera Studies

Steven Blier

Corradina Caporello

Robert Cowart

2017–18 Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts Fellows

Michal Biel, *Piano*

Jonathan Heaney, *Piano*

Arthur Makaryan, *Opera Directing*

Juilliard

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Bruce Kovner, *Chair*
J. Christopher Kojima, *Vice Chair*
Katheryn C. Patterson, *Vice Chair*

Julie Anne Choi	Greg Margolies
Kent A. Clark	Vincent A. Mai
Kenneth S. Davidson	Ellen Marcus
Barbara G. Fleischman	Nancy A. Marks
Keith R. Gollust	Stephanie Palmer McClelland
Mary Graham	Christina McInerney
Joan W. Harris	Lester S. Morse Jr.
Matt Jacobson	Stephen A. Novick
Edward E. Johnson Jr.	Joseph W. Polisi
Karen M. Levy	Susan W. Rose
Teresa E. Lindsay	Deborah Simon
Laura Linney	Sarah Billingham Solomon
Michael Loeb	William E. "Wes" Stricker, MD

TRUSTEES EMERITI

June Noble Larkin, *Chair Emerita*
Mary Elin Barrett
Sidney R. Knafel
Elizabeth McCormack
John J. Roberts

JUILLIARD COUNCIL

Mitchell Nelson, *Chair*

Michelle Demus Auerbach	Jean-Hugues Monier
Barbara Brandt	Terry Morgenthaler
Brian J. Heidtke	Pamela J. Newman
Gordon D. Henderson	Howard S. Paley
Peter L. Kend	John G. Popp
Younghee Kim-Wait	Grace E. Richardson
Paul E. Kwak, MD	Jeremy T. Smith
Min Kyung Kwon	Alexander I. Tachmes
Sophie Laffont	Anita Volpe

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS AND SENIOR ADMINISTRATION

Office of the President

Joseph W. Polisi, *President*
Jacqueline Schmidt, *Chief of Staff*

Office of the Provost and Dean

Ara Guzelimian, *Provost and Dean*
José García-León, *Associate Dean for Academic Affairs*
Robert Ross, *Assistant Dean for Preparatory Education*
Kent McKay, *Associate Vice President for Production*

Dance Division

Taryn Kaschock Russell, *Acting Artistic Director*
Lawrence Rhodes, *Artistic Director Emeritus*
Katie Friis, *Administrative Director*

Drama Division

Richard Feldman, *Acting Director*
Katherine Hood, *Managing Director*

Music Division

Adam Meyer, *Associate Dean and Director*
Báril Nugent, *Assistant Dean, Director of Chamber Music*
Joseph Soucy, *Assistant Dean for Orchestral Studies*
Stephen Carver, *Chief Piano Technician*
Joanna K. Trebelhorn, *Director of Orchestral and Ensemble Operations*

Historical Performance

Robert Mealy, *Director*
Benjamin D. Sosland, *Administrative Director*
Assistant Dean for the Kovner Fellowships

Jazz

Wynton Marsalis, *Director of Juilliard Jazz*
Aaron Flagg, *Chair and Associate Director*

Ellen and James S. Marcus Institute for Vocal Arts

Brian Zeger, *Artistic Director*
Kirstin Ek, *Director of Curriculum and Schedules*
Monica Thakkar, *Director of Performance Activities*

Pre-College Division

Yoheved Kaplinsky, *Artistic Director*
Ekaterina Lavson, *Director of Admissions and Academic Affairs*
Anna Royzman, *Director of Performance Activities*

Evening Division

Danielle La Senna, *Director*

Lila Acheson Wallace Library

Jane Gottlieb, *Vice President for Library and Information Resources*; *Director of the C.V. Starr Doctoral Fellows Program*

Enrollment Management and Student Development

Joan D. Warren, *Vice President*
Kathleen Tesar, *Associate Dean for Enrollment Management*
Barrett Hipes, *Associate Dean for Student Development*
Sabrina Tanbara, *Assistant Dean of Student Affairs*
Cory Owen, *Assistant Dean for International Advisement and Diversity Initiatives*
William Buse, *Director of Counseling Services*
Katherine Gertson, *Registrar*
Tina Gonzalez, *Director of Financial Aid*
Teresa McKinney, *Director of Community Engagement*
Camille Pajor, *Title IX Coordinator*
Todd Porter, *Director of Residence Life*
Howard Rosenberg MD, *Medical Director*
Beth Techow, *Administrative Director of Health and Counseling Services*
Holly Tedder, *Director of Disability Services and Associate Registrar*

Finance

Christine Todd, *Vice President and Chief Financial Officer*
Irina Shteyn, *Director of Financial Planning and Analysis*
Nicholas Mazzurco, *Director of Student Accounts/Bursar*

Administration and Law

Maurice F. Edelson, *Vice President for Administration and General Counsel*
Joseph Mastrangelo, *Vice President for Facilities Management*
Myung Kang-Huneke, *Deputy General Counsel*
Carl Young, *Chief Information Officer*
Steve Doty, *Chief Operations Officer*
Dmitriy Aminov, *Director of IT Engineering*
Caryn Doktor, *Director of Human Resources*
Adam Gagan, *Director of Security*
Scott A. Holden, *Director of Office Services*
Jeremy Pinquist, *Director of Client Services, IT*
Helen Taynton, *Director of Apprenticeship Program*

Development and Public Affairs

Alexandra Day, *Associate Vice President for Marketing and Communications*
Katie Murtha, *Acting Director of Development*
Benedict Campbell, *Website Director*
Amanita Heird, *Director of Special Events*
Susan Jackson, *Editorial Director*
Sam Larson, *Design Director*
Lori Padua, *Director of Planned Giving*
Ed Piniasek, *Director of Development Operations*
Nicholas Saunders, *Director of Concert Operations*
Edward Sien, *Director of Foundation and Corporate Relations*
Adrienne Stortz, *Director of Sales*
Tina Matin, *Director of Merchandising*
Rebecca Vaccarelli, *Director of Alumni Relations*

Juilliard Global Ventures

Christopher Mossey, *Senior Managing Director*
Courtney Blackwell Burton, *Managing Director for Operations*
Betsie Becker, *Managing Director of Global K-12 Programs*
Gena Chavez, *Managing Director, The Tianjin Juilliard School*
Nicolas Moessner, *Managing Director of Finance and Risk Management*