Thursday Evening, March 21, 2019, at 7:30

The Juilliard School

presents

**Vocal Arts Honors Recital**
Dominik Belavy, *Baritone*
Richard Fu, *Piano*

Shakèd Bar, *Mezzo-soprano*
Bronwyn Schuman, *Piano*

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**FRANZ SCHUBERT**
(1797–1828)

**I: Ich schaue mit Sehnen**
An den Mond, D.259
Lied eines Schiffer an die Dioskuren, D.360
Des Fischers Liebesglück, D.933
An die Laute, D.905

**II: Seufze still’, und sinne**
Alinde, D.904
Nachtstück, D.672
Der Winterabend, D.938
An den Mond, D.296

**III: Sie heisst die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?**
From *Schwanengesang*
Die Taubenpost, D.957

**DOMINIK BELAVY, Baritone**
**RICHARD FU, Piano**

*Intermission*

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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.

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Alice Tully Hall

*Please make certain that all electronic devices are turned off during the performance.*
100 Years of Israeli Music—Between Folk Song and Art Song

MOSHE RAPAPORT (1903–68) 
Khalamti et Shirat Hazamir

DAVID ZEHAVI (1910–77) 
From *Twelve Songs of the Land* 
Orkha bamidbar

LEVI SHA’AR (1933–2014) 
Shai

TZVI AVNI (b. 1927) 
From *Three Songs From Song of Songs* 
Echezu Lanu Shualim

ALEXANDER "SASHA" ARGOV (1914–95) 
Vidui

NIRA CHEN (1924–2006) 
Dodi Li 
arr. Menachem Wiesenber

PAUL BEN-HAIM (1897–1984) 
Gan Na’ul 
Hakhnissini Tachat Knafech

NOA HARAN (b. 1989) 
*Be’ad Ha’eshnav* 
I. Edat Re’iya 
II. Yevava 
*World premiere, commissioned by The Juilliard School*

AHARON HARLAP (b. 1941) 
From *Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord* 
Hallelujah 
Shiru l’Adonai Shir Chadash

SHAKÈD BAR, Mezzo-soprano
BRONWYN SCHUMAN, Piano

Performance Time: approximately 1 hour and 30 minutes, including an 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 Metropolitan Opera assistant conductor Howard Watkins, soprano Susanna Phillips (B.M. ’03, M.M., ’04, voice), and artistic consultant to the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program and bass Matthew Rose. Their task was to select the singers you will hear this evening, each of whom, along with their pianists, chose the repertoire in 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 pianists are current students 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

Notes on the Program

Franz Schubert
A passage “through the labyrinth of the heart,” our program begins with its ending—Goethe’s elegiac, enigmatic “An den Mond.” Schubert’s initial setting, D.259, is a modest, strophic song. The remaining songs of Part I follow in this naïve mode, with youthful sentiments of hope and possibility. Part II mirrors the first, with four mature songs that confront themes of urgency, isolation, and despair. Schubert’s later treatment of “An den Mond,” D.296, renders a more complete musical depiction of the poem’s complex psychology—caught between happiness and pain, exalting a retreat from this world. We offer the last song Schubert composed, “Die Taubenpost,” as an epilogue.

—Dominik Belavy, Vocal Arts Honors Recital Winner

100 Years of Israeli Music
Jewish music dates back for centuries. The history of what is called “Israeli music,” however, is only a little more than 100 years old. The composers who created this relatively new genre were born, raised, and trained in Europe. When they arrived in what was then Palestine, they were exposed to various musical traditions that existed there. These included both Arabic tunes and musical traditions of the Jewish diaspora: Sephardic, Ashkenazi, and Yemenite, among others.

The local influence was conveyed by the use of modality and drumlike rhythmic elements, noticeable in the songs on this evening’s program “Gan Na’ul,” “Dodi Li,” and “Orkha bamidbar.” The texts chosen for composition reflect another local value—the connection to the earth and its produce, as well as to the local versatile landscapes. “Shai,” which the beloved poet Rachel Bluwstein Sela wrote toward the end of her short life, is a text that embodies this value. For her, the ultimate parting gift from the world was sharing her memories of the place she loved most—the Sea of Galilee.

In addition to Israeli poetry, this program includes the biblical texts that remain to this day a source of inspiration for Israeli
I: Ich schaue mit Sehnen
Des Fischers Liebesglück
An den Mond (D.259)
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Füllst wiede Busch und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz.

Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge, mild
Über mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud und Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.

I: I gaze longingly
The Fisherman’s Luck in Love
To the Moon
Translation © Richard Wigmore

Once more you silently fill wood and vale
with your hazy gleam
and at last
set my soul quite free.

You cast your soothing gaze
over my fields;
with a friend’s gentle eye
you watch over my fate.

My heart feels every echo
of times both glad and gloomy.
I hover between joy and sorrow
in my solitude.

This program aims to reflect some of the
many different genres and fusions created
in the Israeli melting pot. Our hope is to
present the audience with this unique cul-
ture; that while still drawing inspiration
from its roots, it is ever changing and
evolving to the present day. This program
will feature songs by the prominent Israeli
composer Noa Haran, commissioned by
Juilliard for this occasion and performed
tonight as a world premiere.

—Zvi Semel, Jerusalem Academy of
Music and Dance
—Shakèd Bar, Vocal Arts Honors Recital
Winner

Texts & Translations

I: Ich schaue mit Sehnen
Des Fischers Liebesglück
An den Mond (D.259)
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Füllst wiede Busch und Tal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz.

Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,
Wie des Freundes Auge, mild
Über mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud und Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.

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Once more you silently fill wood and vale
with your hazy gleam
and at last
set my soul quite free.

You cast your soothing gaze
over my fields;
with a friend’s gentle eye
you watch over my fate.

My heart feels every echo
of times both glad and gloomy.
I hover between joy and sorrow
in my solitude.
Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss!
Nimmer werd ich froh;
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,
Und die Treue so.

Rausche, Fluss, das Tal entlang,
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
Rausche, flüstre meinem Sang
Melodien zu,

Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wütend überschwillst,
Oder um die Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen quillst.

Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem geniesst,

Was, von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

Dioskuren, Zwillingsterne,
Die ihr leuchtet meinem Nachen,
Mich beruhigt auf dem Meere
Eure Milde, euer Wachen.

Wer auch, fest in sich begründet,
Unverzagt dem Sturm begegnet;
Fühlt sich doch in euren Strahlen
Doppelt mutig und gesegnet.

Dieses Ruder, das ich schwinge,
Meeresfluthen zu zertheilen;
Hänge ich, so ich geborgen,
Auf an eures Tempels Säulen.

Seafarer’s Song to the Dioscuri
Translation by Richard Stokes, author of
The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

Flow on, beloved river!
I shall never be happy:
thus have laughter and kisses rippled away,
and with them constancy.

Murmur on, river, through the valley,
without ceasing,
murmur on, whispering melodies
to my song,

When on winter nights
you angrily overflow,
or when you bathe the springtime splendor
of the young buds.

Happy he who, without hatred,
shuts himself off from the world,
holds one friend to his heart,
and with him enjoys

That which, unknown to
and undreamt of by men,
wanders by night
through the labyrinth of the heart.

Dioscuri, twin stars,
you who light my vessel’s way,
your gentle vigilance
consoles me on the seas.

Though a man, full of confidence
stands intrepid against the storm,
he feels doubly valiant and blessed
when you shine on him.

This oar that I ply
to part the ocean’s waves,
shall hang on your temple’s pillar,
once I am safely ashore.
Des Fischers Liebesglück
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Karl Gottfried von Leitner

Dort blinket
Durch Weiden,
Und winket
Ein Schimmer
Blassstrahlig
Vom Zimmer
Der Holden mir zu.

Es gaukelt
Wie Irrlicht,
Und schaukelt
Sich leise
Sein Abglanz
Im Kreise
Des schwankenden Sees.

Ich schaue
Mit Sehnen
In’s Blaue
Der Wellen,
Und grüsse
Den hellen,
Gespiegelten Strahl.

Und springe
Zum Ruder,
Und schwinge
Den Nachen
Dahin auf
Den flachen,
Krystallenen Weg.

Fein-Liebchen
Schleicht traulich
Vom Stübchen
Herunter,
Und sputet
Sich munter
Zu mir in das Boot.

Gelinde
Dann treiben
Die Winde
Uns wieder

The Fisherman’s Luck in Love
Translation © Richard Wigmore

Yonder light gleams
through the willows,
and a pale
glimmer
beckons to me
from the bedroom
of my sweetheart.

It flickers
like a will o’ the wisp,
and its reflection
sways
gently
in the circle
of the undulating lake.

I gaze
longingly
into the blue
of the waves,
and greet
the bright
reflected beam.

And spring
to the oar,
and swing
the boat
away on
its smooth,
crystal course.

My sweetheart
slips lovingly
down
from her little room,
and joyfully
hastens to me
in the boat.

Then the breezes
gently
blow us
again
See-einwärts
Vom Flieder
Des Ufers hindann.

So schwaben
Wir selig,
Umgeben
Vom Dunkel,
Hoch überm
Gefunkel
Der Sterne einher.

Und weinen
Und lächeln,
Und meinen,
Enthoben
Der Erde,
Schon oben,
Schon drüben zu sein.

An die Laute
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Friedrich Rochlitz

Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute,
Flüstre, was ich dir vertraute,
Dort zu jenem Fenster hin!

Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte
Mondenglanz und Blumen düfte,
Send es der Gebieterin!

Neidisch sind der Nachbars Söhne,
Und im Fenster jener Schöne
Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht.

Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute:
Dich vernehme die Vertraute,
Nachbarn aber, Nachbarn nicht!

II: Seufze still’, und sinne
Der Winterabend

Alinde
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Friedrich Rochlitz

Die Sonne sinkt ins tiefe Meer,
Da wollte sie kommen.
Geruhig trabt der Schnitter einher,
Mir ist's beklommen.

„Hast, Schnitter, mein Liebchen nicht gesehen?
Alinde! Alinde!“
„Zu Weib und Kindern muß ich gehen,
Kann nicht nach andern Dirnen sehn;
Sie warten mein unter der Linde.“

Der Mond betritt die Himmelsbahn,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort legt der Fischer das Fahrzeug an,
Mir ist's beklommen.

„Hast, Fischer, mein Liebchen nicht gesehen?
Alinde! Alinde!“
„Muß suchen, wie mir die Reusen stehn,
Hab' nimmer Zeit nach Jungfern zu sehn;
Schau, welch einen Fang ich finde!“

Die lichten Sterne ziehn herauf,
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Dort eilt der Jäger in rüstigem Lauf.
Mir ist's beklommen.

„Hast, Jäger, mein Liebchen nicht gesehen?
Alinde! Alinde!“
„Muß nach dem bräunlichen Rehbock gehn,
Hab nimmer Lust nach Mädeln zu sehn:
Dort schleicht er im Abendwinde!“

In schwarzer Nacht steht hier der Hain;
Noch will sie nicht kommen.
Von allem Lebend'gen irr' ich allein
Bang und beklommen.

„Dir, Echo, darf ich mein Leid gestehn:
Alinde, Alinde!“
Ließ Echo leise herüberwehn;
Da sah' ich sie mir zur Seite stehn:
„Du suchtest so treu: nun finde!“

she was due to come.
Calmly the reaper walks by,
My heart is heavy.

“Reaper, have you not seen my love?
Alinde! Alinde!”
“I must go to my wife and children,
I cannot look for other girls.
They are waiting for me beneath the linden tree.”

The moon entered its heavenly course
she still does not come.
There a fisherman lands his boat.
My heart is heavy.

“Fisherman, have you not seen my love?
Alinde! Alinde!”
“I must see how my oyster baskets are,
I never have time to chase after girls;
look what a catch I have!”

The bright stars appear
she still does not come.
The huntsman rides swiftly along.
My heart is heavy.

“Huntsman, have you not seen my love?
Alinde! Alinde!”
“I must go after the brown roebuck
I never care to look for girls;
there he goes in the evening breeze!”

The grove lies here in blackest night,
she still does not come.
I wander alone, away from all mankind
anxious and troubled.

“To you, Echo, I can confess my sorrow:
Alinde, Alinde!”
“Alinde!” came the soft echo;
then I saw her at my side.
“You searched so faithfully. Now you find me.”
Nachststück
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Baptist Mayrhofer

When the mists spread over the mountains,
and the moon battles with the clouds,
the old man takes his harp, and walks
towards the wood, quietly singing:
‘Holy night,
soon it will be done.
Soon I shall sleep the long sleep
which will free me from all grief.’

Der Winterabend
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Karl Gottfried von Leitner

It is so still and homely around me,
the sun has set, the day is done,
how swiftly the evening now grows grey!
That suits me well, day is too loud.
But now all is quiet, hammer no more, people are tired, have
gone back
home; and the snow has even draped the
streets,
est streets, lest carts should rattle as they pass.

Nocturne
Translation © Richard Wigmore

When the mists spread over the mountains,
and the moon battles with the clouds,
the old man takes his harp, and walks
towards the wood, quietly singing:
‘Holy night,
soon it will be done.
Soon I shall sleep the long sleep
which will free me from all grief.’

The Winter Evening
Translation by Richard Stokes

It is so still and homely around me,
the sun has set, the day is done,
how swiftly the evening now grows grey!
That suits me well, day is too loud.
But now all is quiet, hammer no more, people are tired, have
gone back
home; and the snow has even draped the
streets,
est streets, lest carts should rattle as they pass.

This blissful peace is so good for me!
I sit in the darkness, quite secluded,
quite self-contained; only the moonlight
softly enters my room.
It knows me and leaves me to my silence,
just gets down to work with spindle and gold,
Und spinnet stille, webt und lächelt hold,
spins silently, weaves and smiles a sweet smile,
Und hängt dann sein schimmerndes
and then drapes its shimmering
Schleiertuch
veil over the chattels and walls around me.
Ringsum an Geräth und Wänden aus.
The moon’s a silent and much-loved guest,
Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber Besuch,
who does not disturb the house at all.
Macht mir gar keine Unruh’ im Haus’.
If it wishes to stay, there’s room enough,
Will er bleiben, so hat er Ort,
if the pleasure palls, it can move on.
Freut’s ihn nimmer, so geht er fort.

Ich sitze dann stumm im Fenster gern’,
Then I like to sit quietly by the window,
Und schaue hinauf in Gewölk’ und Stern.
and gaze up at the clouds and stars,
Denke zurück, ach! weit, gar weit,
thinking back, so far, ah! so far,
In eine schöne, verschwund’ne Zeit.
to the lovely vanished past.
Denk’ an Sie, an das Glück der Minne,
Think of her and love’s happiness,
Seufze still’, und sinne und sinne.
sigh in silence and muse and muse.

To the Moon
Translation © Richard Wigmore

An den Mond (D.296)
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Fülllest w ieder Busch und Tal
Once more you silently fill wood and vale
Still mit Nebelglanz,
and with your hazy gleam
Lösest endlich auch einmal
and at last
Meine Seele ganz.
s set my soul quite free.

Breitet über mein Gefild
You cast your soothing gaze
Lindernd deinen Blick,
over my fields;
Wie des Freundes Auge, mild
with a friend’s gentle eye
Ü ber mein Geschick.
you watch over my fate.

Ich besass es doch einmal,
I possessed once
Was so köstlich ist!
something so precious
Dass man doch zu seiner
that, to my torment,
Qual Nimmer es vergisst.
it can never now be forgotten.

Rausche, Fluss, das Tal entlang,
Murmur on, river, through the valley,
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
without ceasing,
Rausche, flüstre meinem Sang
murmur on, whispering melodies
Melodien zu,
to my song,

Wenn du in der W internacht
When on winter nights
Wütend überschwillst,
you angrily overflow,
Oder um die Frühlingspracht
or when you bathe the springtime splendor
Junger Knospen quillst.
of the young buds.

Selig, wer sich vor der Welt
Happy he who, without hatred,
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
shuts himself off from the world,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit dem geniesst,

Holds one friend to his heart,
and with him enjoys

Was, von Menschen nicht gewusst
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.

That which, unknown to
and undreamt of by men,
wanders by night
through the labyrinth of the heart.

III: Sie heisst—die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?
From Schwanengesang
Die Taubenpost
FRANZ SCHUBERT
Text: Johann Gabriel Seidl

Ich hab’ eine Brieftaub in meinem Sold,
Die ist gar ergeben und treu,
Sie nimmt mir nie das Ziel zu kurz,
Und fliegt auch nie vorbei.

I have a carrier pigeon in my pay,
devoted and true;
she never stops short of her goal
and never flies too far.

Ich sende sie vieltausendmal
Auf Kundschaft täglich hinaus,
Vorbei an manchem lieben Ort,
Bi zu der Liebsten Haus.

Each day I send her out
a thousand times on reconnaissance,
past many a beloved spot,
to my sweetheart’s house.

Dort schaut sie zum Fenster heimlich hinein,
Belauscht ihren Blick und Schritt,
Gibt meine Grüsse scherzend ab
Und nimmt die ihren mit.

There she peeps furtively in at the window,
observing her every look and step,
conveys my greeting breezily,
and brings hers back to me.

Kein Briefchen brauch’ ich zu schreiben mehr,
Die Träne selbst geb’ ich ihr:
O sie verträgt sie sicher nicht,
Gar eifrig dient sie mir.

I no longer need to write a note,
I can give her my very tears;
she will certainly not deliver them wrongly,
so eagerly does she serve me.

Bei Tag, bei Nacht, im Wachen, im Traum,
Ihr gilt das alles gleich:
Wenn sie nur wandern, wandern kann,
Dann ist sie überreich!

Day or night, awake or dreaming,
it is all the same to her;
as long as she can roam
she is richly contented.

Sie wird nicht müd’, sie wird nicht matt,
Der Weg ist stets ihr neu;
Sie braucht nicht Lockung, braucht nicht Lohn,
Die Taub’ ist so mir treu!

She never grows tired or faint,
the route is always fresh to her;
she needs no enticement or reward,
so true is this pigeon to me.

Drum heg’ ich sie auch so treu an der Brust,

I cherish her as truly in my heart,
Versichert des schönsten Gewinns;  
Sie heisst—die Sehnsucht! Kennt ihr sie?  
Die Botin treuen Sinns.

certain of the fairest prize;  
hers name is—Longing! Do you know her?  
The messenger of constancy.

100 Years of Israeli Music—Between Folk Song and Art Song

Khalamti et Shirat Hazamir  
MOSHE RAPAPORT  
Text: Shaul Tchernichovsky

Khalamti et shirat hazamir,  
Uskhok or utslalim basderot,

Utlunat hama’ayan bekol tamir  
unshikot sfataim bo’erot.  
Khalamti einayim shamaim,  
ma-gadlu, me-amku, ma-yafu!

Bahen nashku or vatsel arbaim,  
Li tevel umlo’ah nishkafu.

I dreamt the nightingale’s song,  
The laughter of light, and shadows in the trees.  
The loud complaint of the fountain,  
And kisses of burning lips.  
I dreamt of eyes like the skies,  
How wide they were, how deep and beautiful!  
In their depths, light and dusk mingled in a kiss,  
And there, the whole universe was reflected.

Khalamti et shirat hazamir.

From Twelve Songs of the Land

Orkha bamidbar  
DAVID ZEHAVI  
Text: Jacob Fichman

Yamin usmol rak khol vakhol  
yatshiv midbar lelo mish’ol.

Orkha ovra, dumam na’ah  
kidmut khalom sham mufla’ah.

Utslil ole yored katsuv,  
Gmalim pos’im benof ‘atsuv.

Lin-lan, lin-lan, ze shir handod,  
Shatok vaset—shatok uts’od.

Desert Caravan  
Translation: Shakéd Bar

Left and right, plains of sand  
the desert is yellow and pathless.

A procession goes by, traveling silently  
As if in a wondrous dream.

The sound is travelling up and down,  
Camels are walking in a sparse landscape.

Lin-lan, lin-lan, this is the song of wanderers,  
Be silent and bear it, be silent and march.

Shai  
LEVI SHA’AR  
Text: Rachel Bluwstein Sela

A’olel kagefen  

A Gift  
Translation: Shakéd Bar

I will sprout the remains of a whisper
as a vine  
And will send you a gift  
Of the songs of my heart—  
All that the hand of sorrow has not uprooted,  
That the wind-whirling rage has not dried out of me.

I will line the basket  
With memories of the sea of Galilee,  
The rose-pink morning sky  
Between the garden trees,  
The golden high noon  
In the calm distance  
And the lilac of the evening  
On the Golan mountains;

The memory of the moonlit night  
On these waters.  
This is the cry of joy  
As my days come to an end,  
This is the cry of joy  
With which will seal the basket  
And send it to you—  
Would you like this gift?

from Three Songs From Song of Songs

Echezu Lanu Shualim  
TZVI AVNI  
Text: Song of Songs (excerpts from chapter 2)

Ekhezu lanu shualim, shualim ketanim,  
mekhablin kramim, ukhramenu semadar.

Hate’ena khanta pageha, vehagefanim  
semadar natenu reakh.

Ekhezu lanu shualim…

Take Us the Foxes  
Translation: Verses taken from New International Version (NIV) Bible

Catch for us the foxes, the little foxes,  
that ruin the vineyards, our vineyards that are in bloom.

The fig tree forms its early fruit; the blossoming vines spread their fragrance.

Catch for us the foxes…

Confession  
Translation: Shakèd Bar

In my simple coat, under the streetlight on the bridge,  
The autumn night and my lips, moist with rain
That is how you first saw me, do you remember?
And it was clear to me, as clear as daylight,
That I would be your water and your bread
And as to water and bread, you shall return to me.
In our bitter poverty, when you were angry,
You wished me dead more than once,
And my cold shoulders shivered with happiness,
Since it was clear to me, as clear as daylight,
That because of me, they will lead you away in chains
And even then, my heart will be yours.
Indeed, it was not good in the slightest, it was gloriously bad,
But remember how we met one night.
If it were to happen again, may it repeat itself,
Just that same love, poor and rebellious,
With the same little coat with same rosebud
In the same dress, as plain as anything.
If it were to happen again, may it repeat itself,
It shall be, exactly the same.
I protected you zealously, and lurked in the darkness
And hated you and loved you to tears,
And our home was deprived of smiles and of laughter.
When you returned home, wretched as a stray dog,
You avenged strangers’ insults on me
And I knew you thought of me from afar.
That night, when you were pounding on the door
And walked away forever, and I’m with child—
The light merely extinguished in my eyes but my heart did not break.
Because it was clear to me, as clear as daylight,
That you will return and fall on your knees
And I will look into you face and say:
Indeed, it was not good in the slightest, it was gloriously bad,
But remember how we met one night.
If it were to happen again, may it repeat itself,
Just that same love, poor and rebellious,
With the same little coat with same rosebud
In the same dress, as plain as anything.
If it were to happen again, may it repeat itself,
It shall be, exactly the same.

**My Beloved Is Mine**
Translation: NIV Bible

My beloved is mine and I am his;
he browses among the lilies.
Who is this coming up from the wilderness?
My beloved is mine and I am his;
he browses among the lilies.
You have stolen my heart, my sister, my bride;
you have stolen my heart.
My beloved is mine and I am his;
he browses among the lilies.
Awake, north wind,
and come, south wind!
My beloved is mine and I am his;
he browses among the lilies.

**You Are a Garden Locked Up**
Translation: Adapted by Shakéd Bar;
verses taken from NIV and King James Bibles

You are a garden locked up, my sister, my bride;
you are a spring enclosed, a fountain sealed.
You are a garden fountain, a well of flowing water streaming down from Lebanon.
Awake, north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

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Ken, haya ze lo tov, haya ra letif’eret,
Aval zkor ekh nifgashnu belel milelot.
Im yihyez shenit—a yihyez ze akheret,
Rak ota ahaha aniyah vesororot,
Im oto me’ilon ve’oto tsorot haverot
Be’ot ha’imah hapshuta mismalot.
Im yihyez shenit—a yihyez ze akheret,
yihyez kakh, kakh yihyez ot be’ot.

**Dodi Li**
NIRA CHEN
Arrangement: Menachem Wiesenbe
Text: Song of Songs (excerpts from chapters 2, 3, and 4)

Dodi li va’ani lo haro’eh bashoshanim.
Mi zot ola min hamidbar?
Dodi li va’ani lo haro’eh bashoshanim.
Libavtini akhoti kala.
Dodi li va’ani lo haro’eh bashoshanim.
Uri tsafon uvo’i teman.
Dodi li va’ani lo haro’eh bashoshanim.

**Gan Na’ul**
PAUL BEN-HAIM
Text: Song of Songs (excerpts from chapter 4)

Gan na’ul akhoti kala; gal na’ul, ma’ayan khatum.
Ma’ayan ganim be’er mayaim khaim venozlim milevanon.
Uri tsafon uvo’i teman, hafiki gani yizlu bsamav; yavo dodi legano veyokhalpri megadav.
Gan na’ul, gal na’ul, ma’ayan khatum, akhoti kala.

You are a garden locked up, you are a spring enclosed; my sister, my bride.

Hakhnissini Tachat Knafech
PAUL BEN-HAIM
Text: Hayim Nahman Bialik

Hakhnissini takhat knafekh, Vahayi li em ve’akhot, Viyhi khekekh miklat roshi, Kan-tefilotai hanidakhot.

Take me under your wing, Be my mother, be my sister. May your embrace shelter my head, A nest for my prayers most remote.

Uve’et rakhaim, bein hashbashot, Shekhi va’agal lakh sod yisurai:

Omrim, yesh ba’olam ne’urim— Heikhn ne’urai?

And at dusk, the hour of mercy, Stoop and I will tell you the secret of my torments: They say there is youth in the world— Where is my youth?

Ve’od raz ekhad lakh etvade: Nafshi niscrea beahava; Omrim ahava yesh ba’olam— Ma zot ahava?

I have one more secret to confess: My soul was consumed in flames; They say there is love in the world— What is love?

Hakokhaim rimo oti, Haya khalom—akh gam hu avar;

The stars have tricked me, There was a dream—but that, too, has passed; Now, the world holds nothing for me— Nothing at all.

Ata ein li khlom ba’olam— Ein li davar.

Take me under your wing...

Be’ad Ha’eshnav
NOA HARAN
Text: Hadas Gilad

I. Edat Re’iya


I. Witness

“Now Joseph was well-built and handsome, and after a while his master’s wife took notice of Joseph and said, ‘Come to bed with me!’” (Genesis 39:6–7)

I am the wife of Potiphar Women like me are as numerous as sand Wives of men Carriers of an encompassing lust. You see, you can push it away, keep it Indoors. In your heart.
But this spark was thrown right into my house, a burning kindling
And there was nothing I could do about it.

I was possessed by a spell, his name, Joseph—
Whispered hidden in the corridors

Each day—Joseph—
When I will take the robe off him

Parallel stripes

How could they meet—

In my nocturnal dreams

Flames as stalks of grains

Have sprouted at once

And one morning

I didn’t care

Stripes, hesitations,

Not possible, Potiphar,

And Joseph then passed by

Very near to me

And my dress bristled

Both my hands—

Did I seduce him or was it he who seduced me? This I will say: he called me

By my first name.

II. A Sob

“Through the window peered Sisera’s mother; behind the lattice she cried out,
‘Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why is the clatter of his chariots delayed?’” (Judges 5:28)

You know how one can, out of windows,
How one can pour the soul out
And mine is already low and leaking
And sticking to the ground
And if you shall not lift it; with the sound of his steps
My soul will fall through

If he perishes I perish
Dripping mountains, dripping mountains
Hear oh God—
I will burn my voice as an offering.
Listen to the whisper of your maid-servant’s mother,
Listen to the growl of a beast, Eve, hear
Come on now, hear it

I am seized by a consuming love and can’t move
Empty light flies through the hatch
No, he has not returned yet, he didn’t
No he

How often I have warned him:
Gold will be the end of us
See Absalom, caught by his hair
See Samson, among the wrecks of his muscles
How often I have warned him
Of chasing milk

Translation: NIV Bible

Praise the Lord.
Blessed are those who fear the Lord, who find great delight in his commands.
Their children will be mighty in the land; the generation of the upright will be blessed.
Wealth and riches are in their houses, and their righteousness endures forever.

From Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord
Hallelujah
AHARON HARLAP
Text: Psalm 112

Hallelujah.

Ashrei ish yarei et Adonai bemitzvotav khafeitz me’od.
Blessed are those who fear the Lord, who find great delight in his commands.

Gibor ba’arets yihye zar’o dor yesharim yevorach.
Their children will be mighty in the land; the generation of the upright will be blessed.

Hon va’osher beveito vetsidkato omedet la’ad.
Wealth and riches are in their houses, and their righteousness endures forever.
Even in darkness light dawns for the upright, for those who are gracious and compassionate and righteous.

Good will come to those who are generous and lend freely, who conduct their affairs with justice.

Surely the righteous will never be shaken; they will be remembered forever.

They will have no fear of bad news; their hearts are steadfast, trusting in the Lord.

They have freely scattered their gifts to the poor, their righteousness endures forever; their horn will be lifted high in honor.

The wicked will see and be vexed, they will gnash their teeth and waste away; the longings of the wicked will come to nothing.

Praise the Lord.

Sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

The LORD hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the LORD, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Hallelujah.
Meet the Artists

Jerusalem-born mezzo-soprano Shakèd Bar is a master of music student at Juilliard, where she studies with Edith Bers. She has sung Fiordiligi in Festival della Valle d’Itria’s *Così fan tutte* with Fabio Luisi, Poppea and Nerone in Monteverdi’s *L’incoronazione di Poppea*, Dido in Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*, Zerlina in Mozart’s *Don Giovanni*, and La Grande Prêtresse and Une Chasseresse in Rameau’s *Hippolyte et Aricie*. This season she sang the role of Fillide in Handel’s *Aminta e Fillide* with William Christie and Juilliard415 and was the soprano soloist in Handel’s *Messiah* at Carnegie Hall with the Cecilia Chorus of New York. She earned her bachelor’s degree from the Jerusalem Academy of Music and Dance.

Alice Tully Scholarship, Paola Novikova Memorial Scholarship in Voice, Dr. and Mrs. Gottfried Karl Duschak Scholarship

Baritone Dominik Belavy is a master of music student at Juilliard, where he studied with Sanford Sylvan. At Juilliard he has been in productions of Ravel’s *L’enfant et les sortilèges* and Haydn’s *La fedeltà premiata* and covered roles in Kát’a Kabanová, *Les mamelles de Tirésias*, and *La finta giardiniera*. With Juilliard415, he has sung Bach’s B-minor Mass under the baton of Ton Koopman. He recently made his professional debut as Jim Larkens in Michigan Opera Theatre’s production of *La fanciulla del West* under the baton of Stephen Lord. As a fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center, he has sung Ravel’s *Chansons madécasses*, Schoenberg’s arrangement of Mahler’s *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, and Junior in Bernstein’s *A Quiet Place*, and premiered works by Alan Smith and Nathan Davis.

Toulmin Foundation Scholarship

Shanghai-born Richard Fu is studying collaborative piano at Juilliard, having previously attended Oxford University, Royal College of Music (London), and Dartmouth College. Though he had wanted to become a lawyer growing up and began as a political science major, Fu fell in love with classical music while studying abroad in Vienna and changed his focus to music. His major performances include concerts with Oxford University Philharmonia and Dartmouth Symphony Orchestra; recitals at Carnegie Hall’s Weill Recital Hall, Alice Tully Hall, WQXR, Sheldonian Theatre, Holywell Music Room, St. John’s Smith Square, and Oxford Lieder Festival; and participating in Renée Fleming’s inaugural SongStudio workshop. During the summer Fu enjoys attending festivals and has received fellowships from Fall Island Vocal Arts Seminar, Music Academy of the West, Songfest, Britten-Pears Young Artist Programme, and Tanglewood Music Center. In 2019–20 Fu will be performing with violinist Timothy Chooi on a 45-concert tour across the U.S.

David Garvey Scholarship, Pauline and Arthur Shaffer Memorial Scholarship
Brownyn Schuman

Bronwyn Schuman started her M.M. in collaborative piano at Juilliard in September 2018. In April 2018 she graduated with her B.M. as well as a B.A. in English literature from Ambrose University in her hometown of Calgary, Alberta. In addition to her university education, Schuman has enjoyed participating in music festivals and summer programs including the Franz Schubert Institut (Austria) and Mountain View International Festival of Song and Chamber Music (Calgary). At these programs she has worked with renowned teachers and performers including Elly Ameling, Rudolf Jansen, Roger Vignoles, Wolfram Rieger, Helmut Deutsch, and Julius Drake. In 2017 Schuman held a fellowship position as operatic coach and accompanist in Maine at the Atlantic Music Festival and, in 2018, she held a fellowship position as répétiteur in Oregon at Aquilon Music Festival.

Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale Scholarship, Bernard P. and Leigh M. Seder Scholarship

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

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