

# Daniel Saidenberg Faculty Recital Series

Lydia Brown, Collaborative Piano



Juilliard



Photo by T. Charles Erickson

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# Lydia Brown, Collaborative Piano

With

**Sara LeMesh**, Soprano

**Lucy Fitz Gibbon**, Soprano

**Eira Huse**, Mezzo-Soprano

**Patrick Bassenbacher**, Tenor

**Evan Gray**, Bass-Baritone

**Catherine Cho**, Violin

**Rieko Aizawa**, Piano

## Part of the Daniel Saidenberg Faculty Recital Series

Sunday, September 29, 2024, 3pm

Paul Hall

J.S. BACH  
(1685–1750)

**Violin Sonata in A Major, BWV 1015**

(Andante)

Allegro assai

Andante un poco

Presto

With **Catherine Cho**, Violin

EDVARD GRIEG  
(1843–1907)

***Haugtussa, Op. 67***

Af "Haugtussa"

Veslemøy

Blåbaer-Li

Møte

Elsk

Killingdans

Vond Dag

Ved Gjaetle-Bekken

With **Eira Huse**, Mezzo-Soprano

*Intermission*



Please make certain that all electronic devices are turned off during the performance. The taking of photographs and the use of recording equipment are not permitted in this auditorium.

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ROBERT SCHUMANN  
(1810–56)

**Selected Leider**

Erste Begegnung, Op. 74, No. 1  
Tanzlied, Op. 78, No. 1  
Wiegenlied, Op. 78, No. 4  
In der Nacht, Op. 74, No. 4  
Ich bin dein Baum, Op. 101, No. 3  
Mein schöner Stern, Op. 101, No. 4  
Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein, Op. 138, No. 2  
So wahr die Sonne scheint, Op. 101, No. 8  
Dunkler Lichtglanz, blinder Blick, Op. 138, No. 10

JOHANNES BRAHMS  
(1833–97)

**Selected Leider**

Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung, Op. 65, No. 1 (1869–74)  
Die Meere, Op. 20, No. 3 (1860)  
Die Nonne und der Ritter, Op. 28, No. 1 (1860)  
Die Schwestern, Op. 61, No. 1 (by 1860, rev. after 1871)  
Phänomen, Op. 61, No. 3 (187–74)  
Der Abend, Op. 64, No. 2 (1874)  
Zum Schluss, Op. 65, No. 15 (1869–74)

With **Lucy Fitz Gibbon**, Soprano

**Sara LeMesh**, Soprano

**Eira Huse**, Mezzo-Soprano

**Patrick Bessenbacher**, Tenor

**Evan Gray**, Bass-Baritone

**Rieko Aizawa**, Piano

*Performance time: approximately two hours, including an intermission*

*"In loving dedication to my parents"—Lydia Brown*

## **Bloomberg Philanthropies**

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# Texts and Translations

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Edvard Grieg

## Haugtussa

Texts: Arne Garborg

Translations: © William Jewson, © BIS

Records AB, adapted by Claire Booth

### Det syng

Å veit du den Draum og veit du den Song,  
so vil du Tonarne gøyma;  
og gilja det for deg so mang ein Gong,  
rett aldri so kan du det gløyma.  
Å hildrande du! med meg skal du bu,  
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

Du skal ikkje fæla den mjuke Nott,  
då Draumen slær ut sine Vengjer,  
i linnare Ljos en Dagen hev ått  
og Tonar på mjukare Strengjer.  
Det voggar um Li, det svævest av Strid,  
og Dagen ei kjenner den Sæle-Tid.

Du skal ikkje ræddas den Elskhug vill,  
som syndar og græt og gløymjer;  
hans Famn er heit og hans Hug er mild  
og Bjønnen arge han tøymer.  
Å hildrande du! med meg skal du bu,  
i Blåhaugen skal du din Sylvrokk snu.

### The Enticement

Oh, if you know the dream and the song  
You'll want to hide the notes;  
And if it bewitches you  
Before long you'll never forget it.  
O magical you! With me you'll live,  
On Blåhaugen you may spin your silver.

You shan't fear the mild night,  
When dreams spread out their wings  
In a milder light than that of day,  
And play notes on softer strings.  
The hill is cradled, cares are forgotten  
Daylight cannot know this time of bliss.

You shan't fear what love desires  
Which sins and weeps and forgets;  
Its embrace is hot while its temper is mild  
And it can tame the angry bear.  
O magical you! With me you'll live  
On Blåhaugen you may spin your silver.

## Texts and Translations (Continued)

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### Veslemøy

Ho er mager og myrk og mjå  
med brune og reine Drag  
og Augo djupe og grå'  
og stilslegt, drøymande Lag.

Det er som det halvt um halvt  
låg ein Svevn yver heile ho;  
i Rørsle, Tale og alt  
ho hev denne døyvde Ro.

Under Panna fager, men låg  
lyser Augo som bak ein Eim;  
det er som dei stirande såg  
langt inn i ein annan heim.

Berre Barmen gjeng sprengd og tung  
og det bivrar um Munnen bleik.  
Ho er skjelvande sped og veik,  
midt i det ho er ven og ung.

### Young Maiden

She is thin and dark and slender  
With dusky, clear features  
And eyes that are deep and grey  
And a soft, dreamy nature.

It is as if, half and half,  
A sleep lay upon her.  
Her bearings, her voice, her everything  
Expresses a gentle peace.

Beneath her forehead, lovely but low  
Her eyes shine as if through a mist,  
As though they saw and gazed  
Far beyond into another world.

But her breast is tense and heavy  
And her pale mouth quivers.  
She is shiveringly thin and delicate  
While at the same time so fair and young.

### Blåbær-Li

Nei sjå, kor det blåner her!  
No må me roa oss, Kyra!  
Å nei, slike fine Bær,  
og dei, som det berre kryr a'!  
Nei, Maken eg hev kje set!  
Sumt godt her er då tilfjells.  
No vil eg eta meg mett;  
her vil eg vera til Kvelds!

Men kom no den Bjønner stor!—  
Her fekk bli Rom åt oss baa.  
Eg torde kje seia eit Ord  
til slik ein røseleg Vaa.  
Eg sa berre: ver so god!  
No må du kje vera bljug!  
Eg lét deg so væl i Ro;  
ta for deg etter din Hug.

Men var det den Reven rau,  
so skuld' han få smaka Staven;  
eg skulde banka han dau,  
um so han var Bror til Paven.

Sligt skarve, harmelegt Sleng!  
Han stel både Kje og Lam.  
Men endå so fin han gjeng,  
hev korkje Agg hell Skam.

Men var det den stygge Skrubb,  
so arg og so høl som Futen,  
eg tok meg ein Bjørkekubb  
og gav han ein god på Snuten.  
Han reiv sund Sauer og Lamm  
for Mor mi so trådt og tidt;  
ja sant! um han berre kom,  
skuld' han so visst få sitt.

Men var det den snilde Gut  
der burte frå Skare-Brôte,  
han fekk vel ein på sin Trut,—  
men helst på ein annan Måte.  
Å Tøv, kva tenkjer eg på!  
Det lid nok på Dagen alt ...  
Eg må til Buskapen sjå;  
ho »Dokka« drøymmer um Salt.

### Blueberry Slope

Look how blue it is here!  
Now cattle, we shall rest ourselves!  
Oh, what fine berries  
And so many of them.  
No, I've never seen anything like it!  
Some things are good in the mountains.  
Now, I'll eat my fill;  
I could stay here until evening time.

But, what if the big bear appeared?  
There would have to be room for both of us!  
I wouldn't dare say a word  
To such a terrible beast.  
I would say: 'berries; please have some!  
Don't be shy,  
I'll leave you in peace;  
Please take whatever you want!'

But, if it were the red fox,  
He'd get a taste of my stick;  
I would beat him to death,  
Even if he was the Pope's brother.

Such a despicable, awful devil,  
He takes both lambs and kids.  
But still, he walks so proudly  
Feeling no regrets or shame at all.

But, if it were the wicked wolf,  
As angry and mean as the bailiff,  
I would take a birch club  
And hit him hard on the jaw.  
He's always destroying  
My mother's sheep and lambs.  
Yes, indeed! If he would only come  
He'd get his just reward!

But, if it were that nice lad  
Who comes from Skare-Brote.  
He'd get one on the mouth  
But perhaps in a different way ...  
How stupid, what am I thinking of?  
The day is getting on.  
I must go back to the cattle,  
For 'Dokka' is dreaming of salt.

## Møte

Ho sit ein Sunday lengtande i Li;  
det strøymer på med desse søte Tankar,  
og Hjerta fullt og tungt i Barmen bankar,  
og Draumen vaknar, bivrande og bliid.  
Då gjeng det som ei Hildring yver Nuten;  
ho raudner heit; der kjem den vene Guten.

Burt vil ho gøyma seg i Ørska brå,  
men stoggar tryllt og Augo mot han vender;  
dei tek einannan i dei varme Hender  
og stend so der og veit seg inkje Råd.  
Då bryt ho ut i dette Undringsord:  
»Men snille deg då ... at du er så stor!«

Og som det lid til svale Kveldings Stund,  
alt meir og meir i Lengd dei saman søkjer,  
og brådt um Hals den unge Arm seg krøkjer  
og øre skjelv dei saman Munn mot Munn.  
Alt svimrar burt. Og der i Kvelden varm  
i heite Sæle søv ho i hans Arm.

## The Tryst

On Sunday she sits on the hill—  
Her head filled with wonderful thoughts,  
Her heart beating noisily in her breast,  
And a dream seems to wake shyly within her.  
Suddenly, like an apparition on the mountainside,  
She blushes; the handsome boy appears.

She wants to hide in her confusion,  
But bewitched, she turns her gaze towards him;  
They grasp each other's warm hands  
And simply stand, not knowing what to do.  
Then, she bursts out in wonder  
'But you've grown so tall!'

And as the cool evening approaches,  
Ever more longingly they reach for each other,  
Their young arms embracing  
And trembling, mouth meets mouth.  
Everything faints away. And in the warm evening  
She sleeps—in pure bliss—in his arms.



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## Elsk

Den galne Guten min Hug hev dåra;  
eg fangen sit som ein Fugl i Snåra;  
den galne Guten, han gjeng so baus;  
han veit at Fuglen vil aldri laus.

Å gjev du batt meg med Bast og Bende,  
Å gjev du batt meg, so Bandi brende!  
Å gjev du drog meg so fast til deg,  
at heile Verdi kom burt for meg!

Ja kund' eg trola og kund' eg hekka,  
eg vilde inn i den Guten veksa,  
eg vilde veksa meg i deg inn  
og vera berre hos Guten min.

Å du som bur meg i Hjarta inne,  
du Magti fekk yver alt mit Minne;  
kvart vesle Hugsviv som framum dreg,  
det berre kviskrar um deg, um deg.

Um Soli lyser på Himlen blanke,  
no ser ho deg, det er all min Tanke;  
um Dagen dovnar og Skoming fell:  
skal tru han tenkjer på meg i Kveld?

## Love

The crazy boy has bewitched my mind  
I am caught fast like a bird in a snare;  
The crazy boy walks so tall—  
He knows this bird will never flee.

Oh, if you could only bind me tight with cords  
So tight that the cords burnt.  
And if you could only draw me so tight to you  
That all the world would seem to disappear.

If I knew how to do spells and magic  
I would grow within the boy.  
I would grow inside you  
And be one with my own boy.

Oh you, who bear me within your heart,  
You have power over my will;  
Every little memory that comes to mind  
Simply whispers of you.

When the sun shines in the sky  
It looks at you—that's how I feel;  
But when the day grows weary and dusk falls:  
Will he be thinking of me tonight?

# Texts and Translations (Continued)

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## Killingdans

Å hipp og hoppe og tipp og toppe på denne Dag;  
å nipp og nappe og tripp og trappe i slikt eit Lag.  
Og det er Kjæl-i-Sol, og det er Spel-i-Sol  
og det er Titri-i-Li, og det er Glitri-i-Li,  
og det er Kjæte og Lurvelæte  
ein Solskinsdag.

Å nupp i Nakken, og stup i Bakken og tipp på Tå;  
å rekk i Ringen og svipp i Svingen og hopp-i-hå.  
Og det er Sleik-i-Sol, og det er Leik-i-Sol.  
og det er Glim-i-Li, og det er Stim-i-Li,  
og det er Kvitter og Bekkje-Glitter  
og lognt i Krå.

Å trapp og tralle og Puff i Skalle, den skal  
du ha!  
Og snipp og snute, og Kyss på Trute,  
den kan du ta.  
Og det er Rull-i-Ring, og det er Sull-i-Sving  
og det er Lett-på-Tå, og det er Sprett-på-Tå,  
og det er hei-san og det er hoppsan  
og tra-la-la!

## Vond Dag

Ho reknar Dag og Stund og seine Kveld  
til Sundag kjem: han hev so trufast lova,  
at um det regnde småstein yver Fjell,  
so skal dei finnast der i »Gjætarstova«.  
Men Sundag kjem og gjeng med Regn  
og Rusk;  
ho eismal sit og grætt attunder Busk.

Som Fuglen, sårad under varme Veng,  
så Blode tippa, lik den heite Tåre,  
ho dreg seg sjuk og skjelvande i Seng,  
og vrid seg Notti lang i Gråten såre.  
Det slit i Hjarta og det brenn på Kinn.  
No må ho døy; ho miste Guten sin.

## Kidlings' Dance

Oh skip and a hop and a trip and a trop today;  
O nip and a nap and a trip and a trap in a way.  
And its love in the sun, and it's play in the sun  
And it's a song on the hill and a bong on the hill,  
And it's a longing and a suchlike  
... on a sunny day.

Oh nip in the neck and fall down and tiptoe,  
And in the ring and in the swing and a hop and a ho!  
And it's fun in the sun, and it's play in the sun,  
And it's glimmering and it's stimmering  
And it's twittering and it's glittering  
... on a peaceful day.

Oh it's a step and a stop and a bang on the head  
for you.  
It's a ship and a snap and a kiss on the lips  
for you.  
And it's a roll in the ring and a sing on the swing  
And up on your toes and and up she goes  
... oh tra la la.

## Hurtful Day

She reckons up the days and hours and evenings  
Till Sunday comes. He'd promised  
that even if it rained pebbles on the mountain  
They would still meet in 'Gjætarstova.'  
But Sunday comes and goes with rain  
and storm;  
She sits alone and weeps beneath a bush.

Like a bird, wounded beneath its warm wing,  
Blood drips, like hot tears.  
She creeps to bed, shivering and ill,  
And tosses all night, weeping bitter tears.  
Her heart is broken and her cheeks are burning.  
Now she must die; she's lost her man.

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### Ved Gjøtø-Bekken

Du surlande Bekk, du kurlande Bekk,  
her ligg du og kosar deg varm og klår.  
Og sprytar deg rein og glid yver Stein,  
og sullar så godt og mullar så smått,  
og glitrar i Soli med mjuke Bår'.  
Å, her vil eg kvila, kvila.

Du tiklande Bekk, du siklande Bekk,  
her gjeng du så glad i den ljose Li.  
Med Klunk og med Klukk, med Song og med  
Sukk,  
med Sus og med Dus gjennom lauvbygd  
Hus,  
med underlegt Svall og med Svæving blid.  
Å, her vil eg drøyma, drøyma.

Du hullande bekk, du sullande bekk,  
her fekk du seng under mosen mjuk.  
Her drøymer du kurt og gløymer deg hurt  
og kviskrar og kved i den store fred,  
med svaling for hugsott og lengting sjuk.  
Å, her vil eg minnast, minnast.

Du vildrande Bekk, du sildrande Bekk,  
kva tenkte du alt på din lange Veg?  
Gjennom aude Rom? millom Busk og  
Blom?  
Når i Jord du smatt, når du fann deg  
att?  
Tru nokon du såg so eismal som eg?  
Å, her vil eg gløyma, gløyma.

Du tislende Bekk, du rislende Bekk,  
du leikar i Lund, du sullar i Ro.  
Og smiler mot Sol og lær i dit Skjol  
og vandrar so langt og lærer so mangt ...  
å syng kje um det, som eg tenkjer no.  
Å, lat meg få blunda, blunda!

### At the Brook

You chattering brook, you gurgling brook  
Here you are, lying warm and clear,  
You wash yourself clean and you run over stones  
You take life easy, softly humming  
And shining in the sunlight with gentle ripples.  
Oh, here will I rest.

You tickling brook, you trickling brook,  
You wander so joyfully on the hillside.  
With clunking and clinking, with singing and  
sighing,  
With rustling and murmuring through your leafy  
house,  
With a wondrous surge and a restful sleep.  
Oh, here will I dream.

You whispering brook, you humming brook,  
Here is your bed, beneath the soft moss.  
Here, your dreams are short and so you can forget  
And can whisper and sing full of peace—  
A balm for heartache and sickly longing.  
Oh, here will I remember.

You scurrying brook, you swirling brook  
What did you think about on your long journey?  
Through barren places? Through bushes and  
blooms?  
When you hid below ground? When you  
reappeared?  
Has anyone been so alone as me?  
Oh, here will I forget.

You wandering brook, you foaming brook,  
You play in the meadow, you laze in peace.  
And smile at the sun and laugh in your solitude  
And wander so far and learn so much.  
Oh, do not sing of what I'm thinking now—  
Oh, let me shut my eyes.

# Texts and Translations (Continued)

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Robert Schumann

Selected Lieder

## Erste Begegnung

Text: Emanuel Geibel

Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,  
Von den Rosen komm ich;  
An den Ufern jenes Wassers  
Sah ich Rosen stehn und Knospen;  
Von den Rosen komm ich.  
An den Ufern jenes Flusses  
Sah ich Rosen stehn in Blüte;  
Von den Rosen komm ich,  
Sah ich Rosen stehn in Blüte,  
Brach mit Seufzen mir die  
Rosen Von dem Rosenbusch,  
o Mutter; Von den Rosen komm ich.  
Und am Rosenbusch, o Mutter,  
Einen Jüngling sah ich;  
An den Ufern jenes Wassers  
Einen schlanken Jüngling sah ich,  
Einen Jüngling sah ich.  
An den Ufern jenes Flusses  
Sucht 'nach Rosen auch der Jüngling, Viele Rosen  
pflückt 'er, viele Rosen,  
Und mit Lächeln brach die schönste er,  
Gab mit Seufzen mir die Rose.  
Von dem Rosenbusch, o Mutter,  
Von den Rosen komm ich.

## First Encounter

Translation: Richard Stokes

I come from the rose-bush, O mother,  
I come from the roses;  
On the banks of those waters  
I saw roses and buds;  
I come from the roses.  
On the banks of that river  
I saw roses in blossom;  
I come from the roses,  
I saw roses in blossom,  
Sighing I picked the roses  
From the rose-bush, O mother;  
I come from the roses.  
And by the rose-bush, O mother,  
I saw a young man;  
On the banks of those waters  
I saw a slim young man,  
I saw a young man.  
On the banks of that river  
The young man also looked for roses, Many roses  
he picked, many roses,  
And smiling he picked the loveliest,  
And sighing gave me the rose.  
I come from the rose-bush, O mother,  
I come from the roses.

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## Tanzlied

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Sie: Eia, wie flattert der Kranz,  
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!  
Wollen uns schwingen,  
Rasch uns erspringen,  
Mitten im wonnigen Glanz,  
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!

Er: Wehe! wie pocht mir das Herz,  
Sage, was soll mir der Scherz!  
Lass dich umschliessen,  
Lass mich zerfliessen,  
Ruhend in seligem Schmerz;  
Sage, was soll mir der Scherz!

Sie: Eia, der Walzer erklingt,  
Pärchen an Pärchen sich schwingt,  
Mädchen und Bübchen,  
Schelmchen und Liebchen;  
Frisch, wo's am dichtesten springt,  
Pärchen an Pärchen sich schwingt!

Er: Wehe, mir sinket der Arm,  
Mitten im jauchzenden Schwarm,  
Wie sie dich fassen,  
Muss ich erblassen,  
Möchte vergehen in Harm  
Mitten im jauchzenden Schwarm.

Sie: Eia, wie flattert der Kranz,  
Heute für alle im Tanz,  
Flatterig heute,  
Morgen gescheute,  
Morgen, o Trauter, dein ganz, Heute  
für alle im Tanz.

## Dance Song

Translation: Richard Stokes

She: Just look at the weaving throng;  
Come, my love, and dance with me,  
Let us twirl  
And swiftly whirl  
In the heart of such glittering bliss.  
Come, my love, and dance with me!

He: Alas, how my heart is pounding,  
Tell me, why do you jest with me?  
Let me clasp you,  
Let me melt,  
In the calm of blissful pain;  
Tell me, why do you jest with me?

She: Just listen to the waltz,  
Couples whirl past each other,  
Girl and boy,  
Rogue and minx;  
Quick, to the heart of the fray,  
Couples whirl past each other!

He: Alas, my arms sink down  
At the heart of such a rejoicing throng,  
When the others clasp you,  
I must pale,  
Would like to die with grief  
At the heart of such a rejoicing throng.

She: Just look at the weaving throng;  
Today for all who dance,  
Fickle today,  
Tomorrow bashful,  
Tomorrow, my love, I'll be wholly yours,  
Today for all who dance!

# Texts and Translations (Continued)

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## Wiegenlied

Text: Friedrich Hebbel

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!  
Wie du schläfst, so bist du brav.

Draußen rot im Mittagsscheine  
Glüht der schönsten Kirschen eine. Wenn du  
aufwachst gehen wir,  
Und mein Finger pflückt sie dir.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!  
Wie du schläfst, so bist du brav.

Immer süßer kocht die Sonne Deine  
Kirsche, dir zur Wonne;  
Schlaf denn, Kindlein, leicht bedeckt, Bis  
der Durst nach ihr dich weckt.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf!  
Wie du schläfst, so bist du brav.  
Schlaf, schlaf!

## In der Nacht

Text: Emanuel Geibel

Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh,  
Alle schlafen, nur nicht du.  
Denn der hoffnungslose Kummer  
Scheucht von deinem Bett den Schlummer,  
Und dein Sinnen schweift in stummer  
Sorge seiner Liebe zu.

## Cradle Song

Translation: David K. Smythe

Sleep, little child, sleep!  
As you sleep, you are so good.

Outside red in the midday sun  
There glows one of the finest cherries. When you  
awaken, we shall go,  
And my finger will pluck it for you.

Sleep, little child, sleep!  
As you sleep, you are so good.

Ever sweeter the sun ripens  
Your cherry, for your delight;  
Sleep, then little child, lightly covered,  
Until you awake with an appetite for it.

Sleep, little child, sleep!  
As you sleep, you are so good.  
Sleep, sleep!

## In the Night

Translation: Richard Stokes

All have gone to their rest, O heart,  
all are sleeping, all but you.  
For hopeless grief  
Frightens slumber away from your bed,  
And your thoughts wander in silent  
Sorrow to their love.

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**Ich bin dein Baum**

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin dein Baum, o Gärtner, dessen  
Treue Mich hält in Liebespfleg 'und süßer Zucht,  
Komm, daß ich in den Schoß dir dankbar streue  
Die reife, dir allein gewachs'ne Frucht.  
Ich bin dein Gärtner, o du Baum der Treue!  
Auf and'res Glück fühl ich nicht Eifersucht,  
Die holden Äste find ich stets aufs neue  
Geschmückt mit Frucht, wo ich gepflückt die  
Frucht.

**Mein schöner Stern**

Text: Friedrich Rückert

Mein schöner Stern!  
Ich bitte dich,  
O lasse du  
Dein heitres Licht Nicht trüben  
durch  
Den Dampf in mir,  
Vielmehr den  
Dampf In mir zu Licht,  
Mein schöner Stern,  
Verklären hilf!  
Mein schöner Stern!  
Ich bitte dich,  
Nicht senk 'herab  
Zur Erde dich,  
Weil du mich noch  
Hier unten siehst,  
Heb 'auf vielmehr Zum  
Himmel mich,  
Mein schöner Stern,  
Wo du schon bist!

**I Am Your Tree**

Translation: Richard Stokes

I am your tree: O gardener, whose loyalty treats  
me affectionately and tenderly,  
Come, let me with thanks shower into your lap the  
ripe fruit I grew for you alone.  
I am your gardener, O tree of loyalty! I am not  
jealous of others' happiness:  
I always find your dear branches decked anew  
With fruit, where I once picked the  
fruit.

**My Lovely Star**

Translation: Richard Stokes

My lovely star!  
I beg of you,  
O do not let  
Your serene radiance be  
dimmed by  
Dark clouds in me,  
Rather help,  
My lovely star,  
To transfigure the dark into  
light!  
My lovely star!  
I beg of you not  
to descend to  
earth,  
Because you still see  
me down here, rather  
lift me  
Up to heaven,  
My lovely star,  
Where you already are!

# Texts and Translations (Continued)

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## Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein

Text: Emanuel Geibel

Tief im Herzen trag' ich Pein,  
Muss nach aussen stille sein.

Den geliebten Schmerz verhehle  
Tief ich vor der Welt Gesicht;  
Und es fühlt ihn nur die Seele,  
Denn der Leib verdient ihn nicht.  
Wie der Funke frei und licht  
Sich verbirgt im Kieselstein, Trag  
'ich innen tief die Pein.

## So Wahr Die Sonne Scheinet

Text: Friedrich Rückert

So wahr die Sonne scheint,  
So wahr die Wolke weinet,  
So wahr die Flamme sprüht,  
So wahr der Frühling blüht;  
So wahr hab 'ich empfunden,  
Wie ich dich halt 'umwunden:  
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,  
Dich lieb 'ich, wie du mich.  
Die Sonne mag verscheinen,  
Die Wolke nicht mehr weinen,  
Die Flamme mag versprühn,  
Der Frühling nicht mehr blühn!  
Wir wollen uns umwinden  
Und immer so empfinden;  
Du liebst mich, wie ich dich,  
Dich lieb 'ich, wie du mich.

## Deep in My Heart I Bear My Grief

Translation: Eric Sams

Deep in my heart I bear suffering,  
Outwardly I must be silent.

The cherished pain I hide  
Deep from the world's sight;  
And only the soul feels it,  
Since the body deserves it not.  
As the spark, free and bright,  
Hides itself in the flint,  
I bear my suffering deep within.

## Truly as the Sun Shines

Translation: Richard Stokes

Truly as the sun shines,  
Truly as the cloud weeps,  
Truly as the flame flashes,  
Truly as spring blossoms,  
As truly did I feel  
Holding you in my embrace:  
You love me, as I love you,  
I love you, as you love me.  
The sun may cease to shine,  
The cloud may weep no more,  
The flame may flash and fade,  
The spring may blossom no more!  
But we shall embrace  
And always feel:  
You love me, as I love you,  
I love you, as you love me.



---

**Dunkler Lichtglanz, blinder Blick**

Text: Emanuel Geibel

Dunkler Lichtglanz, blinder Blick,  
Totes Leben, Lust voll Plage,  
Glück erfüllt von Mißgeschick,  
Trübes Lachen, frohe Klage,  
Süße Galle, holde Pein,  
Fried 'und Krieg in einem Herzen,  
Das kannst, Liebe, du nur sein,  
Mit der Lust erkauf durch Schmerzen.

**Dark Light, Blind Gaze**

Translation: Richard Stokes

Dark light, blind gaze,  
Dead life, joy and pain,  
Fortune full of misfortune,  
Dull laughter, happy lament,  
Sweet bitterness, blessed pain,  
Peace and war in a single heart—  
Only you, Love, can be all that,  
With happiness paid for with pain.

**Johannes Brahms**

Selected Lieder

**Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung**

Text: Georg Friedrich Daumer

Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung,  
dich wägend in der Liebe Meer!  
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen  
zertrümmert am Gestad umher!

**Renounce**

Translation: Richard Stokes

Renounce, o heart, all hope of rescue,  
when you venture on the sea of love!  
For a thousand barques drift  
and founder on the shore around!

# Texts and Translations (Continued)

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## Die Meere

Text: Wilhelm Müller

Alle Winde schlafen  
auf dem Spiegel der Flut;  
kühle Schatten des Abends  
decken die Müden zu.

Luna hängt sich Schleier über  
ihr Gesicht,  
schwebt in dämmernden Träumen  
über die Wasser hin.

Alles, alles stille  
auf dem weiten Meer!  
Nur mein Herz will nimmer mit  
zu Ruhe gehn.

In der Liebe Fluten treibt  
es her und hin,  
wo die Stürme nicht ruhen bis  
der Nachen sinkt.

## The Sea

Translation: Emily Ezust

The winds are all sleeping on  
the mirror of the water; cool  
shadows of evening cover the  
weary.

Luna draws a veil across  
her face,  
hovering in twilight dreams  
over the water.

Everything, everything is silent on  
the broad sea!  
Only my heart will never be  
at peace.

The tide of love  
drives it here and there,  
where storms do not rest until  
the little boat sinks.

---

## Die Nonne und der Ritter

Text: Josef von Eichendorff

Da die Welt zur Ruh' gegangen,  
Wacht mit Sternen mein Verlangen;  
In der Kühle muß ich lauschen,  
Wie die Wellen unten rauschen.

'Fernher mich die Wellen tragen, Die  
ans Land so traurig schlagen,  
Unter deines Fensters Gitter,  
Fraue, kennst du noch den Ritter?'

Ist's doch, als ob seltsam' Stimmen  
Durch die lauen Lüfte schwimmen;  
Wieder hat's der Wind genommen—  
Ach, mein Herz ist so beklommen!

'Drüben liegt dein Schloß verfallen,  
Klagend in den öden Hallen  
Aus dem Grund der Wald mich grüßte-'s  
war, als ob ich sterben müßte.'

Alte Klänge blühend schreiten!  
Wie aus lang versunkenen Zeiten  
Will mich Wehmut noch bescheinen,  
Und ich möcht' von Herzen weinen.

'Überm Walde blitzt's vom weiten,  
Wo um Christi Grab sie streiten;  
Dorthin will mein Schiff ich wenden,  
Da wird alles, alles enden!'

Geht ein Schiff, ein Mann stand drinne,  
Falsche Nacht, verwirrt die Sinne,  
Welt Ade! Gott woll' bewahren,  
Die noch irr im Dunkeln fahren.

## The Nun and the Knight

Translation: Emily Ezust

As the world goes to rest,  
my yearning awakens with the stars;  
I must listen in the cool  
as the waves roar below!

"I am brought here from far away by waves that  
beat so mournfully against the land, beneath the  
bars of your window.  
Lady, do you still know this Knight?"

It is as if strange voices  
are floating through the mild air;  
once again the wind has taken them away,  
alas, my heart is so anxious!

'Over there lies your ruined castle  
lamenting in its desolate halls;  
the way the woods greeted me,  
I felt as though I must die.'

Old sounds burst forth,  
sunk long since in time;  
melancholy falls on me once again,  
and I feel like weeping from my heart.

'Over the wood lightning flashes from afar,  
where they are fighting over the grave of Christ;  
There will I steer my ship,  
and there will everything end!'

A ship leaves with a man upon it;  
false night, you bewilder the mind!  
Farewell, world! May God protect those  
who wander madly in darkness!

# Texts and Translations (Continued)

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## Die Schwestern

Text: Eduard Mörike

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,  
So gleich von Angesicht,  
So gleicht kein Ei dem andern,  
Kein Stern dem andern nicht.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,  
Wir haben nußbraun Haar',  
Und flichtst du sie in einen Zopf,  
Man kennt sie nicht fürwahr.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,  
Wir tragen gleich Gewand,  
Spazieren auf dem Wiesenplan  
Und singen Hand in Hand.

Wir Schwestern zwei, wir schönen,  
Wir spinnen in die Wett',  
Wir sitzen an einer Kunkel,  
Wir schlafen in einem Bett.

O Schwestern zwei, ihr schönen,  
Wie hat sich das Blättchen gewandt!  
Ihr liebet einerlei Liebchen—  
Jetzt hat das Liedel ein End'.

## Phänomen

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wenn zu der Regenwand  
Phöbus sich gattet,  
Gleich steht ein Bogenrand  
Farbig beschattet.  
Im Nebel gleichen Kreis  
Seh ich gezogen,  
Zwar ist der Bogen weiß,  
Doch Himmelsbogen.  
So sollst du, muntre Greis,  
Dich nicht betrüben,  
Sind gleich die Haare weiß,  
Doch wirst du lieben.

## The Sisters

Translation: Siân Goldthorpe and Christian Stein

We two sisters, we beauties  
Our faces so similar,  
Identical as two eggs,  
Identical as two stars.

We two sisters, we beauties,  
We have nut brown tresses,  
If you plat them together,  
You can't tell them apart.

We two sisters, we beauties  
We dress the same,  
Walking in the meadow,  
And singing hand in hand.

We two sisters, we beauties,  
We race each other at spinning,  
We sit together in an alcove,  
And sleep in the same bed.

O sisters two, you beauties  
How the tables have turned,  
You love the same sweetheart;  
And now the song is over!

## Phenomenon

Translation: Richard Stokes

When the Sun-god mates  
With a curtain of rain,  
A rainbow springs up,  
Shaded with colours.  
I see this same circle  
Drawn in the mist;  
Though the bow is white,  
It is there in the heavens.  
So be of good cheer, old fellows,  
Do not lose heart;  
Though your hair be white,  
You shall still find love.

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## Der Abend

Text: Friedrich Schiller

Senke, strahlender Gott, die Fluren dürsten  
Nach erquickendem Tau, der Mensch  
verschmachtet,  
Matter ziehen die Rosse,  
Senke den Wagen hinab!

Siehe, wer aus des Meers krystallner Woge  
Lieblich lächelnd dir winkt! Erkennt dein Herz sie?  
Rascher fliegen die Rosse.  
Thetys, die göttliche, winkt.

Schnell vom Wagen herab in ihre Arme Springt  
der Führer, den Zaum ergreift Cupido,  
Stille halten die Rosse,  
Trinken die kühlende Flut.

An dem Himmel herauf mit leisen Schritten  
Kommt die duftende Nacht; ihr folgt die süße  
Liebe. Ruhet und liebet!  
Phöbus, der Liebende, ruht.

## Zum Schluss

Text: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Nun, ihr Musen, genug!  
Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,  
Wie sich Jammer und Glück wechseln in  
liebender Brust.  
Heilen könnet die Wunden ihr nicht, die  
Amor geschlagen;  
Aber Linderung kommt einzig, ihr  
Guten, von euch.

## Evening

Translation: Emily Ezust

Sink, beaming God; the meadows thirst for  
refreshing dew, Man is listless,  
the horses are pulling more slowly:  
the chariot descends.

Look who beckons from the sea's crystal waves,  
smiling warmly! Does your heart know her?  
The horses fly more quickly. Thetis,  
the divine, is beckoning.

Quickly from the chariot and into her arms springs  
the driver. Cupid grasps the reins.  
The horses come silently to a halt and  
drink from the cool waters.

In the sky above, with a soft step,  
comes the fragrant night; she is followed by sweet  
love. Rest and love!  
Phoebus, the amorous, rests.

## Envoi

Translation: Richard Stokes

Enough, now, ye Muses!  
You strive in vain to show  
How joy and sorrow alternate in  
loving hearts.  
You cannot heal the wounds,  
inflicted by love;  
but assuagement comes  
from you alone.

## About the Artists

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### Lydia Brown

Lydia Brown (DMA '06, collaborative piano), who became collaborative piano chair in 2018, has worked with such distinguished colleagues as Anton Belov, Courtenay Budd Caramico, Catherine Cho, Valerie Coleman, Robert deMaine, Robert Gardner, Ruby Hughes, Jennifer Johnson Cano, Richard King, Elizabeth Larson, Daniel McGrew, John Moore, Miles Mykannen, Charlie Neidich, Jennifer Parker-Harley, Marina Piccinini, Brenda Patterson, Ed Parks, Marcy Rosen, Susanna Phillips, Robin Scott, Sarah Shafer, Paul Sperry, Radovan Vlatkovic, Sarah Wolfson, and Camille Zamora. Brown has maintained close associations with the Pro Musicis Foundation, Young Concert Artists, Piatigorsky Foundation, and Music From Marlboro. These have occasioned chamber music and recital appearances at many of the world's finest venues: the Salle Cortot, Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Dusseldorf Insel-Festival, Coolidge Auditorium at the Library of Congress, Phillips Collection, Neue Gallery, and Alice Tully, Weill Recital, and Bourgie halls. After completing the Lindemann Young Artist Development Program, Brown became an assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera and San Francisco Opera, where she collaborated with conductors including James Levine, Seiji Ozawa, Andrew Nelsons, Fabio Luisi, Esa Pekka-Salonen, Gianandrea Noseda, and Manfred Honeck. Recent music being a prime interest, Brown has premiered songs and song cycles by John Harbison, Libby Larsen, Paola Prestini, Renee Favand-See, and Daniel Sonenberg as well as assisting on U.S. operatic premieres of Pascal Dusapin's *Faustus*, *The Last Night*, Kaija Saariaho's *Emilie*, and Tobias Picker's *Dolores Claiborne* as well as the New York premiere of Elliot Carter's *What Next?* Brown has also enjoyed long relationships with Spoleto Festival USA, Gotham Chamber Opera, SongFest, and the Marlboro Music Festival and School, where she has overseen the vocal program since 2006. Of special significance was her study at the Mozart Academy in Dobříš, the Czech Republic, as well as at the Schleswig-Holstein Musik Fest and Académie Musicale de Villecroze, where she worked with Elly Ameling. Brown's primary teachers were Olga Radosavljevich, Nelita True, Peter Frankl, and Margo Garrett. Brown's present season includes musical preparation of Nadia Boulanger's *La Ville Morte* with Catapult Opera, curation and performance of the Lindsey Christiansen Art Song Festival, performances at SongFest, and teaching 20th- and 21st-century song at the Sibelius Academy, Royal College of Music in Stockholm, and Norwegian Academy of Music in Oslo.

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## Rieko Aizawa

Rieko Aizawa (MM '96, piano) has performed as a soloist throughout the U.S., Canada, and Europe, including at Lincoln Center, Boston's Symphony Hall, Chicago's Orchestra Hall, and Vienna's Konzerthaus. She has performed in the Marlboro Music Festival (where she was the youngest participant at the time) and with such string quartets as the Guarneri, Orion, and Shanghai. A founding member of the Horszowski Trio and the prize-winning Duo Prism, Aizawa is artistic director of the Alpenglow Chamber Music Festival in Silverthorne, Colorado. As a member of the Horszowski Trio, she performed a sold-out debut at Wigmore Hall in London, accompanying the trio's CD release of the complete Schumann piano trios on AVIE Records. Aizawa grew up in Japan, and, on the recommendation of pianist Mitsuko Uchida, was introduced to Alexander Schneider, soon making her U.S. debuts at the Kennedy Center and Carnegie Hall with the New York String Orchestra conducted by Schneider. A graduate of the Curtis Institute of Music and Juilliard, she was the last pupil of Mieczyslaw Horszowski. She also studied with Seymour Lipkin and Peter Serkin. She lives in New York City with her husband, violinist Jesse Mills. A Steinway Artist, Aizawa teaches at the Longy School of Music of Bard College and Brooklyn College.



## Patrick Bessenbacher

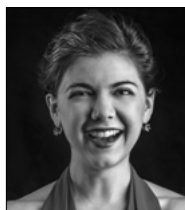
Tenor Patrick Bessenbacher (MM '22, voice) was raised in Overland Park, Kansas, where he grew up a three-sport athlete and an avid music lover. He recently sang the role of Tonio in Opera Company of Middlebury's production of *La fille du régiment* as well as premiering the role of Peter Fagan in Carla Lucero's opera *Touch*, about the life of Helen Keller. Bessenbacher also joined Opera San Jose and the Florentine Opera performing the role of Count Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*. Prior to his Juilliard studies, he earned his bachelor's at the University of Colorado, Boulder. Bassenbacher enjoys spending his free time with family and friends, in the mountains skiing, on the beach having a drink, or just on the couch, enjoying everyone's company.





### Catherine Cho

Catherine Cho (BM '92, MM '94, violin; faculty 1996-present) draws upon her experiences as a soloist, chamber musician, pedagogue, and artistic director to support and mentor artists in their quest to engage and enrich their high values as creative thinkers and communicators. She is devoted to fostering the next generation of performers, teachers, and leaders through the development of artistic excellence, curiosity, and clarity of vision through a holistic view of the artist. Cho has appeared as a soloist with the Detroit, National, Edmonton, Montreal, National Arts Center, Barcelona, Haifa, New Zealand, Buenos Aires, KBS, Seoul, and Daejeon orchestras and has appeared in recitals and chamber music performances at the Kennedy Center, Ravinia, 92nd Street Y, Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and Casals Halls, among others. She has appeared in 12 national tours with Musicians From Marlboro and participated in the festivals of Aspen, Chamber Music Northwest, Santa Fe, Four Seasons, Bridgehampton, and Vivace. She was a member of the Johannes String Quartet and La Fenice and was awarded the Avery Fisher Career Grant as well as top prizes in the Montreal (1987), Queen Elisabeth (1989), and Joachim (1991) competitions. Her work as a teacher in the Juilliard Chamber Music Community Engagement Seminar highlights her passion for community connection through art and communication. A Music for Food artist, Cho is artistic director of the Chesapeake Chamber Music Festival. In addition to Juilliard, she has been on the violin and chamber music faculties of the Perlman Music Program since 2007. At Juilliard, Cho studied with Dorothy Delay, Hyo Kang, and Felix Galimir. Her mentors include Ruggiero Ricci, Franco Gulli, and Michael Avsharian Jr. Cho is artistic advisor of the biannual Starling-DeLay Symposium on Violin Studies, which returns to Juilliard in spring 2025.



### Lucy Fitz Gibbon

Soprano Lucy Fitz Gibbon believes that creating new works and recreating those lost in centuries past make room for the multiplicity of voices integral to classical music's future. She has given modern premieres of rediscovered pieces from the Baroque through the mid-20th century and is sought out for her collaborations with today's composers. This season, Fitz Gibbon's New York performances include selections from Wolf's *Spanisches Liederbuch* with Brooklyn Art Song Society; Hao Weiya's opera *Al Variation* at Zankel Hall; new works with Decoda at Weill Recital Hall; and Helmut Lachenmann's *Got Lost* at Weill with Musicians From Marlboro. She serves on the faculty of Bard College Conservatory and has spent summers at the Marlboro Music Festival since 2016. Fitz Gibbon is honored to be the recipient of a 2024 Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship.



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## Evan Gray

A bass-baritone from Winterthur, Switzerland, Evan Gray joined the alto section of the Zurich Boys Choir at age 8 and switched to bass at 15, when he quickly became the go-to soloist. At age 17, he enrolled in an art-based high school, taking voice lessons with David and Jane Thorner at the Conservatory in Winterthur. Gray is finishing his master's studying with Mark Schnaible at the Curtis Institute of Music, where he has had the chance to give recitals and perform various operatic roles including Schubert's *Winterreise* and the Forester in *The Cunning Little Vixen*. Gray has been a participant of the Marlboro Music Festival the past two years and will return in 2025.



## Eira Huse

Mezzo-soprano Eira Huse has performed roles in opera houses including Opéra de Lyon, Royal Opera House Muscat, and the Norwegian National Opera and Ballet. She has performed in recitals at festivals including the Verbier Festival, Oxford Lieder Festival, Marlboro Music, and the Oslo Church Music and Chamber Music festivals. Huse has worked with conductors, musicians, and directors including Titus Engel, Grégoire Pont, James Bonas, Einar Bjørge, Georg Quander, Andreas Heise, and James Bailleu. In 2022, Huse made her debut in the title role of *Carmen* with Opera Rogaland. Her interest in contemporary music has given her the opportunity to collaborate with the most exciting composers of today at festivals including Festival d'Aix-en-Provence. She is a recipient of a two-year stipend from Arts Council Norway and a one-year work grant from Lilly-stipendet and she was a prizewinner of the Kammeroper Schloss-Rheinsberg 2019 and a first prizewinner of the NINA Grieg Solo Competition. Huse also composes, and her music has been performed at festivals including Tampere Biennale and Ultima as well as on YLE and NRK radio. She has also collaborated with dancers from the Norwegian National Ballet. A Borealis Young Composer 2025, she will write music for violist Eivind Ringstad for Norsjø Kammermusikkfest 2025. When she doesn't sing or compose, Huse enjoys biking around in Oslo, hiking, and all-year-round outdoor baths in the fjords!





### Sara LeMesh

Soprano Sara LeMesh is a dramatic presence on the opera stage, an avid chamber musician, and an advocate of contemporary music. Garnering praise in international competitions, LeMesh is the first prizewinner of the Lyndon Woodside Oratorio-Solo Competition and the PARTNERS for the Arts Inc. National Opera Competition. Highlights of her 2024-25 season include the soprano solo in Max Richter's *Wolf Works* with the American Ballet Theatre at the Metropolitan Opera, Poulenc's *Gloria* with the New England Symphonic Ensemble at Carnegie Hall, and several appearances with the Brooklyn Art Song Society. At YellowBarn, she performed the American premiere of Jörg Widmann's *Labyrinth V* for soprano a capella. LeMesh is a studio artist at the Florentine Opera, where she will perform Galatea in *Acis and Galatea*, Luigia in *Viva la mamma!*, and Frasquita in *Carmen*.

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Alice Jones, *Assistant Dean of Community Engagement and Career Services*  
Vanessa Valenzuela, *Assistant Dean of International Advisement and Student Diversity Initiatives*  
William Buse, *Director of Counseling Services*  
Milo Campanella, *Director of Residence Life*  
Nathan Fischer, *Director of Career Services*  
Ian Prince, *Business Development Director, Career Services*  
Adrian Rodriguez, *Director of Community Engagement*  
Howard Rosenberg MD, *Medical Director*  
Dan Stokes, *Director of Academic Support and Disability Services*  
Beth Tchow, *Administrative Director of Health and Counseling Services*

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Anna Sayer, *Design Director*  
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Frank Duda, *Director, Facilities Operations*  
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