

A photograph of two violinists performing on stage. The violinist on the left is a woman wearing a vibrant, sequined red dress. The violinist on the right is a man wearing a black suit. Both are focused on their instruments and sheet music. The background is dark, suggesting a concert hall setting. A solid blue vertical bar is on the left side of the image.

# ChamberFest 2018

Juilliard



**W**elcome to the 17th annual Juilliard ChamberFest. This year 140 students and faculty return one week early from the winter recess for a tuition-free chamber music intensive. Working without interruption in the nearly empty Juilliard building in great depth on repertoire they have selected themselves, the musicians have found that ChamberFest's unlimited rehearsal time and daily coaching yields an extraordinarily rich artistic and educational result. This experience therefore not only nurtures the devoted chamber musician at Juilliard, it also nurtures the broad and reflective education necessary for the training of the 21st-century artist-citizen.

Launched in 2002, ChamberFest occupies a unique place in the life of the school, and after this year will have presented 1,300 students in 270 ensemble pairings with Juilliard faculty and guest coaches for almost 300 performances. Juilliard's musicians have been joined in the past by students from London's Royal Academy of Music, France's Conservatoire National Supérieur de Musique et de Danse de Paris, Vienna's Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Wien, and the orchestra academy of Brazil's São Paulo State Symphony Orchestra. Past guest coaches have included soprano Barbara Hannigan, MacArthur Fellow Liz Lerman, and pianist Peter Serkin. ChamberFest has been a home for the traditional—works by Beethoven, Brahms, Dvořák, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Schubert and Shostakovich top the list—and the unusual. Included among the latter are interdisciplinary chamber music performances with dancers and choreographers; improvised presentations; premieres; the inclusion of distinctive European instruments rarely heard in the U.S. including the Vienna clarinet, Vienna pumphorn and the French bassoon; and this year's season opener, John Corigliano's evocative *Chiaroscuro* for two pianos—with one piano tuned a quarter-tone lower than the other.

As you listen, we urge you to bear in mind this vivid encouragement given to students years ago by the founding members of the Juilliard String Quartet: to “play new works as if they were established masterpieces and established masterpieces as if they were new.”

A warm welcome to all,

Bärli Nugent

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#### ChamberFest Staff

Adam Meyer *Associate Dean; Director, Music Division*

Bärli Nugent *Assistant Dean; Director, Chamber Music*

Tim Mauthé *Chamber Music Manager*

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Monday, January 8, 2018, 4:30pm  
Paul Hall

JOHN  
CORIGLIANO  
(b. 1938)

*Chiaroscuro* (1997)

Light  
Shadows  
Strobe

**Anna Han and Yijia Wang, Pianos**

**Coach: John Corigliano**

SIR ARNOLD  
BAX  
(1883–1953)

Piano Quintet No. 1 in G Minor, GP 167 (1915)

Tempo moderato. Con passione. Poco più lento—Moderato  
Lento serioso  
Moderate Tempo

**Sein An, Violin I**  
**Sophia Steger, Violin II**  
**Isabella Bignasca, Viola**  
**Jenny Bahk, Cello**  
**Siyumeng Wang, Piano**

**Coach: Jonathan Feldman**

*Intermission*

*Program continues*

ChamberFest is generously supported, in part, by generous gifts in memory of Edwin S. Marks. These funds also established the Edwin S. and Nancy A. Marks Chair in Chamber Music Studies, which is currently held by Joseph Kalichstein.

Major funding for establishing Paul Recital Hall and for continuing access to its series of public programs has been granted by The Bay Foundation and the Josephine Bay Paul and C. Michael Paul Foundation in memory of Josephine Bay Paul.

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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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JOHANNES  
BRAHMS  
(1833–97)

Piano Quartet No. 3 in C Minor, Op. 60 (1875)

Allegro non troppo

Scherzo: Allegro

Andante

Finale: Allegro comodo

**Byungchan Lee**, Violin

**Elijah Spies**, Viola

**Jonathan Lien**, Cello

**Chaeyoung Park**, Piano

**Coaches: Lara Lev and Vivian Weilerstein**

Performance time: approximately 1 hour 45 minutes, including one intermission

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Monday, January 8, 2018, 7:30pm  
Peter Jay Sharp Theater

HENRI  
DUTILLEUX  
(1916–2013)

*Les Citations*, Diptych for Oboe, Harpsichord,  
Double Bass, and Percussion (1985, rev. 2010)  
For Aldeburgh 85  
From Janequin to Jehan Alain  
**Pablo O'Connell**, Oboe  
**Janice Gho**, Double Bass  
**Tyler Cunningham**, Percussion  
**Anastasia Magamedova**, Harpsichord

Coaches: Daniel Druckman and Joel Sachs

## Vieux Amis—Nouveaux Costumes (Old Friends in New Clothes)

A setting of Debussy and Fauré Songs for Voice and Chamber Ensemble  
by Philip Lasser

GABRIEL FAURÉ  
(1845–1924) /  
PHILIP LASSER  
(b. 1963)

Mandoline  
Clair de lune (Menuet)  
Après un rêve  
En sourdine

CLAUDE  
DEBUSSY  
(1862–1918) /  
PHILIP LASSER

Apparition  
Regret  
Coquetterie posthume  
La romance d'Ariel

*Program continues*

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Additional support for this performance was provided, in part, by the Muriel Gluck Production Fund.

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**Kelsey Lauritano**, Soprano (Fauré songs)  
**Onadek Winan**, Soprano (Debussy songs)  
**Yejin Choi**, Flute  
**Phillip Solomon**, Clarinet  
**Ji Soo Choi**, Violin  
**Meagan Turner**, Viola  
**Minji Won**, Cello  
**Leo Simon**, Percussion  
**Arthur Williford**, Piano

**Coaches: Philip Lasser and Fred Sherry**

*Intermission*

**ANTONÍN  
DVOŘÁK**  
(1841-1904)

Serenade for Winds, Cello, and Double Bass, Op. 44 (1878)  
Moderato, quasi marcia  
Minuetto. Tempo di minuetto  
Andante con moto  
Finale. Allegro molto

**Ryan Roberts and Lucian Avalon**, Oboes  
**Samuel Boutris and Wonchan Doh**, Clarinets  
**Jonathan Gibbons and David Nagy**, Bassoons  
**William Loveless, Cort Roberts, and David Alexander**, Horns  
**Lucia Ticho**, Cello  
**Alexander Bicard**, Double Bass

**Coaches: Elaine Douvas and William Short**

Performance time: approximately 1 hour 15 minutes, including one intermission

See page 14 for texts and translations

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Tuesday, January 9, 2018, 4:30pm  
Paul Hall

ARNOLD  
SCHOENBERG  
(1874-1951)

String Quartet No. 2 in F-sharp Minor, Op. 10 (1908)

Mäßig

Sehr rasch

"Litanei," langsam

"Entrückung," sehr langsam

**Jessica Niles, Soprano**

**Leerone Hakami and Jieming Tang, Violins**

**Lauren Siess, Viola**

**Chloe Hong, Cello**

**Coaches: Fred Sherry and Sanford Sylvan**

*Intermission*

FRANZ  
SCHUBERT  
(1797-1828)

String Quintet in C Major, D. 956 (1828)

Allegro ma non troppo

Adagio

Scherzo

Allegretto

**Ariel Lee and Elaine He, Violins**

**Ao Peng, Viola**

**Andrew Cone and Shangwen Liao, Cellos**

**Coach: Joel Smirnoff**

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

See page 22 for texts and translations

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Tuesday, January 9, 2018, 7:30pm  
Paul Hall

WOLFGANG  
AMADEUS  
MOZART  
(1756–91)

Quintet in A Major for Clarinet and Strings, K. 581 (1789)  
Allegro  
Larghetto  
Menuetto—Trio I—Trio II  
Allegretto con Variazioni

**Ning Zhang**, Clarinet  
**Choi Tung Yeung and Jason Moon**, Violins  
**Sarah Sung**, Viola  
**Ayoun Kim**, Cello

**Coaches: Jon Manasse and Joel Smirnoff**

ANTON  
ARENSKY  
(1861–1906)

Piano Trio No. 1 in D Minor, Op. 32 (1894)  
Allegro moderato  
Scherzo  
Elegia  
Finale

**Elli Choi**, Violin  
**Heechan Alex Ku**, Cello  
**Coco Ma**, Piano

**Coach: Hung-Kuan Chen**

*Intermission*



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JOHANNES  
BRAHMS  
(1833–97)

String Sextet No. 2 in G Major, Op. 36 (1864–65)  
Allegro non troppo  
Scherzo—Allegro non troppo—Presto giocoso  
Adagio  
Poco allegro

**Stella Chen and Hannah Tarley, Violins**  
**Hsin-Yun Huang and Jordan Bak, Violas**  
**Connor Kim and Matthew Chen, Cellos**

**Coach: Hsin-Yun Huang**

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 55 minutes, including one intermission

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Wednesday, January 10, 2018, 1:00pm  
Alice Tully Hall

IGOR  
STRAVINSKY  
(1882–1971)

*Octet* (1923)  
Sinfonia (Lento—Allegro moderato)  
Tema con variazioni (Andantino)  
Finale (Tempo giusto)

**Viola Chan**, Flute  
**Kamalia Freyling**, Clarinet  
**Steven Palacio and Emmali Ouder Kirk**, Bassoons  
**Lasse Bjerknes-Jacobsen and Kevin Quill**, Trumpets  
**Ricardo Pedrares-Patiño**, Tenor Trombone  
**Aaron Albert**, Bass Trombone

**Coach: Ray Mase**

GEORGE  
ENESCU  
(1881–1955)

*Octet for Strings in C Major, Op. 7* (1900)  
Très modéré  
Très fougueux  
Lentement  
Mouvement de valse bien rythmée

**Harriet Langley**, Violin I  
**Emma Frucht**, Violin II  
**George Meyer**, Violin III  
**Amelia Dietrich**, Violin IV  
**Jasper Snow**, Viola I  
**Emily Liu**, Viola II  
**Edvard Pogossian**, Cello I  
**Clare Bradford**, Cello II

**Coaches: Don Weilerstein and David Finckel**

Performed without intermission  
Performance time: approximately one hour

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Wednesday, January 10, 2018, 4:30pm  
Paul Hall

JOSEPH  
JONGEN  
(1873–1953)

*Concert à cinq*, Op. 71 (1923)  
Décidé  
Calme  
Très décidé

**Lorenzo Morrocchi**, Flute  
**In Ae Lee**, Violin  
**Hannah Burnett**, Viola  
**Iona Batchelder**, Cello  
**Adam Phan**, Harp

**Coach: Carol Wincenc**

SERGEI  
PROKOFIEV  
(1891–1953)

Quintet in G Minor, Op. 39 (1924)  
Tema con variazioni  
Andante energico  
Allegro sostenuto, ma con brio  
Adagio pesante  
Allegro precipitato, am non troppo presto  
Andantino

**Victoria Chung**, Oboe  
**Sunho Song**, Clarinet  
**Wun Ching Agnes Tse**, Violin  
**Yin-Ying Tseng**, Viola  
**Reed Tucker**, Double Bass

**Coach: Charles Neidich**

*Intermission*

*Program continues*

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FRANZ  
SCHUBERT  
(1797–1828)

Piano Quintet in A Major, D. 667 (“Trout”)

Allegro vivace

Andante

Scherzo: Presto

Andantino—Allegretto

Allegro giusto

**Helenmarie Vassiliou**, Violin

**TBA\***, Viola

**Kei Otake**, Cello

**Michael Gabriel**, Double Bass

**Natalie Nedvetsky**, Piano

**Coaches: Joseph Kalichstein and Timothy Cobb**

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 50 minutes, including one intermission

\* *To be announced*

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Wednesday, January 10, 2018, 7:30pm  
Paul Hall

ARNOLD  
SCHOENBERG  
(1874–1951)

*Dreimal sieben Gedichte aus Albert Girauds  
"Pierrot Lunaire," Op. 21 (1912)*

PART I

Mondestrunken  
Columbine  
Der Dandy  
Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Valse de Chopin  
Madonna  
Der kranke Mond

PART II

Nacht  
Gebet an Pierrot  
Raub  
Rote Messe  
Galgenlied  
Enthauptung  
Die Kreuze

PART III

Heimweh  
Gemeinheit  
Parodie  
Der Mondfleck  
Serenade  
Heimfahrt  
O alter Duft

*Program continues*

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**Marie Engle**, Mezzo-Soprano  
**Giorgio Consolati**, Flute  
**Noemi Sallai**, Clarinet  
**Yeri Roh**, Violin  
**Sophia Sun**, Viola  
**Thapelo Masita**, Cello  
**Nathan Ben-Yehuda**, Piano

**Coaches:** Lucy Shelton and Sylvia Rosenberg

*Intermission*

**ROBERT  
SCHUMANN**  
(1810–56)

Piano Quintet in E-flat Major, Op. 44 (1842)  
Allegro brillante  
In modo d'una Marcia. Un poco largamente  
Scherzo: Molto vivace  
Finale: Allegro ma non troppo  
**Yujie He and Yu Qian**, Violins  
**Sergio Leiva**, Viola  
**Marza Wilks**, Cello  
**Jie Fang**, Piano

**Coaches:** Joseph Kalichstein and Lara Lev

Performance time: approximately 1 hour and 25 minutes, including one intermission

See page 24 for texts and translations

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The Juilliard School  
presents

# ChamberFest 2018

Thursday, January 11, 2018, 7:30pm  
Paul Hall

ARNOLD  
SCHOENBERG  
(1874–1951)

*Verklärte Nacht*, Op. 4  
**Ashley Park and Carolyn Semes**, Violins  
**Erin Pitts and Natalie Loughran**, Violas  
**David Bender and Jessica Hong**, Cellos

**Coach: Ron Copes**

*Intermission*

LUDWIG VAN  
BEETHOVEN  
(1770–1827)

Septet in E-flat Major, Op. 20  
Adagio—Allegro con brio  
Adagio cantabile  
Tempo di menuetto  
Tema con variazioni: Andante  
Scherzo: Allegro molto e vivace  
Andante con moto alla Marcia

**Alec Manasse**, Clarinet  
**Joshua Elmore**, Bassoon  
**Lee Cyphers**, Horn  
**Njioma Grevious**, Violin  
**Frida Oliver**, Viola  
**Emily Mantone**, Cello  
**Dominic Law**, Double Bass

**Coaches: William Short and Jon Manasse**

Performance time: approximately 1 hour 30 minutes, including one intermission

# Texts and Translations

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Vieux Amis—Nouveaux Costumes  
CLAUDE DEBUSSY / PHILIP LASSER

## *Mandoline*

*Text:* Paul Verlaine

*Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.*

*C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.*

*Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues*

*Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandolin jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

## **Mandolin**

*English translation:* Richard Stokes

The gallant serenaders  
And their fair listeners  
Exchange sweet nothings  
Beneath singing boughs.

Tircis in there, Aminte is there,  
And tedious Clitandre too,  
And Damis who for many a cruel maid  
Writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,  
Their long trailing gowns,  
Their elegance, their joy,  
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture  
Of a grey and roseate moon,  
And the mandolin jangles on  
In the shivering breeze.



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## Clair de lune

Text: Paul Verlaine

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.*

*Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur Bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair  
de lune,*

*Au calm éclair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi  
les marbres.*

## Moonlight

English translation: Richard Stokes

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers,  
Playing the lute and dancing and almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor key  
Of conquering love and life's favors,  
They do not seem to believe in their fortune  
And their song mingles with the light of  
the moon,

The calm light of the moon, sad and fair,  
That sets the birds dreaming in the trees  
And the fountains sobbing in their rapture,  
Tall and svelte amid  
marble statues.

### Après un rêve

*Text:* Romain Bussine,  
after an anonymous Tuscan poet

*Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image  
Je rêvais le Bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure  
et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;*

*Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, leurs divines  
entrevues.*

*Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes  
mensonges;*

*Reviens, reviens, radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!*

### After a dream

*English translation:* Richard Stokes

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you  
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,  
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure  
and ringing,  
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth  
To flee with you toward the light,  
The heavens parted their clouds for us,  
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial  
fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!  
I summon you, O night, give me back your  
delusions;

Return, return in radiance,  
Return, O mysterious night!

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### En sourdine

Text: Paul Verlaine

*Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Qui les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profound.*

*Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sense extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers.*

*Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.*

*Laissons-nous persuader  
Au soufflé berceur et doux  
Qui vient à tes pieds rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.*

*Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera,  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.*

### Muted

English translation: Richard Stokes

Calm in the twilight  
Cast by lofty boughs,  
Let us steep our love  
In this deep quiet.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts,  
And our enraptured senses  
With the hazy languor  
Of arbutus and pine.

Half-close your eyes,  
Fold your arms across your breast,  
And from your heart now lulled to rest  
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb  
To the gentle and lulling breeze  
That comes to ruffle at your feet  
The waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening  
Falls from the black oaks,  
That voice of our despair,  
The nightingale shall sing.

*Translations by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (OUP, 2000). Richard Stokes is also author of The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005); The Spanish Song Companion (Scarecrow Books, 2004); The Penguin Book of English Song. Seven Centuries of Poetry from Chaucer to Auden (Penguin Classics, 2016); J.S. Bach. The Complete Cantatas (Scarecrow Books, 2004); A Parallel Text Edition of the Complete "Histoires naturelles" by Jules Renard (Alma Classics, 2017).*

## Texts and Translations (Continued)

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### Vieux Amis—Nouveaux Costumes

CLAUDE DEBUSSY / PHILIP LASSER

#### Apparition

*Text:* Stéphane Mallarmé

*La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme  
Des fleurs vaporeuses, tiraient de  
mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur  
des corolles.*

—*C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de  
tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
Le cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui  
l'a cueilli.*

*J'errais donc, l'œil rive sur  
le pave vielli  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux,  
dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant  
apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au  
chapeau de claret  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils  
d'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses  
mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets  
d'étoiles parfumées.*

#### Apparition

*English translation:* Richard Stokes

The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim,  
Dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy  
Flowers, drew from  
dying violets  
White sobs that glided over  
the corollas' blue.

—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My dreaming, glad to torment me,  
Grew skillfully drunk on the perfumed  
sadness  
That—without regret or bitter after-taste—  
The harvest of a Dream lives in the reaper's  
heart.

And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the  
old paving stones,  
When with sun-flecked hair,  
in the street  
And in the evening, you appeared laughing  
before me  
And I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her  
cap of light  
Who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's  
slumbers  
Always allowing from her  
half-closed hands,  
White bouquets of  
scented flowers to snow.

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## Regret

Text: Paul Bourget

*Devant le ciel d'été, tiède et calmé,  
Je me souviens de toi comme d'un songe,  
Et mon regret fidèle aimed et prolonge  
Les heures où j'étais aimé.*

*Les astres brilleront dans la nuit noire;  
Le soleil brillera dans le jour clair;  
Quelque chose de toi flotte dans l'air,  
Qui me pénètre la mémoire.*

*Quelque chose de toi qui fut à moi:  
Car j'ai possédé toi de ta pensée,  
Et mon âme, trahie et délaissée,  
Est encor tout entière à toi.*

## Regret

English translation: Richard Stokes

Beneath the summer sky, warm and becalmed,  
I remember you as in a dream,  
And my faithful regret loves and prolongs  
The hours when I was loved.

The stars will shine in the black night;  
The sun will shine in the bright day;  
Something of you hovers in the air,  
Penetrating my memory.

Something of you that was mine:  
For I once filled all your thoughts,  
And my soul, betrayed and abandoned,  
Is still entirely yours.

### Coquetterie posthume

Text: Théophile Gautier

*Quand je mourrai, que l'on me mette,  
Avant que de clouer mon cercueil,  
Un peu de rouge à la pommette,  
Un peu de noir au bord de l'œil.*

*Car je veux, dans ma bière close,  
Comme le soir de  
son aveu,  
Rester éternellement rose  
Avec du khol sous mon œil bleu.*

*Posez-moi, sans jaune immortelle,  
Sans cousin de larmes brodé,  
Sur mon oreiller de dentelle  
De ma chevelure inondé.*

*Cet oreiller, dans les nuits folles,  
A vu dormir nos fronts unis,  
Et sous le drap noir des gondoles  
Compté nos baisers infinis.*

*Entre mes mains de cire pale,  
Que la prière réunit,  
Tournez ce chapelet d'opale,  
Par le Pape à Rome bénit:*

*Je l'égrènerai dans la couche  
D'où nul encore ne s'est levé;  
Sa bouche en a dit sur ma bouche  
Chaque Pater et chaque Ave.*

### Posthumous Coquetry

English translation: Richard Miller

When I die, let me  
—before my coffin is nailed shut—  
be given a touch of red on my cheeks  
and a touch of black at the edges of my eyes.

For in my closed coffin I want to be  
as I was on the evening he made  
his vows to me,  
eternally pink,  
with kohl beneath my eyes.

Without yellow immortelles,  
or a cushion embroidered with tears,  
lay me on my lace pillow  
with my hair flowing about me.

That pillow has on passionate nights,  
witnessed us asleep, our foreheads touching,  
and counted our endless embraces  
beneath the black sheets of gondolas.

Between my pale waxen hands  
joined in prayer,  
slip this opal rosary  
blessed by the Pope in Rome:

I shall tell it on the couch  
from which no one has yet ever arisen;  
his mouth against mine has said  
each Pater and Ave.

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## La romance d'Ariel

Text: Paul Bourget

*Au long de ces montagnes douces,  
Dis! viendras-tu pas à l'appel  
De ton délicat Ariel  
Qui veloute à tes pieds le mousses?*

*Suave Miranda, je veux  
Qu'il fasse juste assez de brise  
Pour que ce soufflé tiède fries  
Les pointes d'or de tes cheveux!*

*Les clochettes des digitales  
Sur ton passage tinteront;  
Les églantines sur ton front  
Effeuilleront leurs blancs pétales.*

*Sous le feuillages du bouleau  
Blondira ta tête bouclée;  
Et dans le creux de la vallée  
Tu regarderas bleuir l'eau,*

*L'eau du lac lumineux ou sombre,  
Miroir changeant du ciel d'été,  
Qui sourit avec sa gaîté  
Et qui s'attriste avec son ombre;*

*Symbole, hélas! du cœur aimant,  
Où le chagrin, où le sourire  
De l'être trop aimé, se mire  
Gaîment ou douloureusement ...*

## The Romance of Ariel

English translation: Richard Stokes

Come, will you not cross these fair mountains,  
When summoned by  
Your fair Ariel,  
Who velvets the moss at your feet?

Sweet Miranda, I would wish  
For just enough breeze  
For its warm breath to ruffle  
The golden tips of your hair!

The foxglove bells  
Will chime as you pass;  
The eglantine will shed on your brow  
Its white petals.

Beneath the birch leaves  
Your curly head will turn blond;  
And in the depths of the valley  
You will see the water turn blue,

The water of the luminous or dark lake,  
A changing mirror of the summer sky,  
Which smiles in merriment  
And grows sad in its shadow;

Symbol, alas, of the loving heart,  
Where the sorrow, where the smile  
Of one too well loved, is reflected  
Merrily or sadly ...

# Texts and Translations

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String Quartet No. 2 in F-sharp Minor, Op. 10

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

Texts: Stefan Georg

English translations: Carl Engel

## Litanei

*Tie fist die trauer, die mich umdüstert,  
Ein tret ich weider, Herr! In dein haus ...*

*Lang war die reise, matt sind die glieder,  
Leer sind die schreine, voll nur die qual.*

*Durstende zunge darbt nach dem weine.  
Hart war gestritten, starr ist mein arm.*

*Gönne die ruhe schwankenden schritten,  
Hungrigem gaume bröckle dein brot!*

*Schwach is mein atem rufend dem trauma,  
Hohl sind die hände, fiebernd der mund.*

*Leih deine kühle, lösche die brände,  
Tilge das hoffen, sende das licht!*

*Gluten im herzen lodern noch offen,  
Innerst im grunde wacht noch ein schrei ...*

*Töte das sehnen, schliesse die wunde!  
Nimm mir die leibe, gib mir dein glück!*

## Litany

Deep is the sadness that overclouds me,  
Once more I enter, Lord! In thy house.

Long was the journey, weak is my body,  
Bare are the coffers, full but my pain.

Thirsting, the tongue craves wine to refresh it,  
Hard was the fighting, stiff is my arm.

Grant thou a rest to feet that are falt'ring,  
Nourish the hungry, break him thy bread!

Faint is my breath, recalling the vision,  
Empty my hands, and fev'rish my mouth.

Lend me thy coolness, quench thou the blazes,  
Let hope be perished, send forth they light!

Fires are still burning open within me,  
Down in the depth still wakens a cry.

Kill ev'ry longing, close thou my heart's wound,  
Take from me love, and give me thy peace!



---

### Entrückung

*Ich fühle luft von anderem planeten.  
Mir blassen durch das dunkel die gesichter  
Die freundlich eben noch sich zu mir drehen.*

*Und bäum und wege die ich liebte fahlen  
Dass ich sie kaum mehr kenne und du lichter  
Geliebter schatten—rufer meiner qualen—*

*Bist nun erloschen ganz in tiefern gluten  
Um nach dem taumel streitenden  
getobes  
Mit einem frommen schauer anzumuten.*

*Ich lose mich in tönen, kreisend, webend,  
Ungründigen dands und unbenamten lobes  
Dem grossen atem wunschlos mich ergebend.*

*Mich überfährt ein ungestümes wehen  
Im rausch der weihe wo inbrünstige  
schreie  
In staub geworfner beterrinnen flehen:*

*Dann sehe ich wei sich duftige nebel lüpfen  
In einer sonnerfüllten klaren freie  
Die nur umfängt auf fernsten bergeschlüpfen.*

*Der boden schüttert Weiss und weich wei  
molke,  
Ich steige über schluchten ungeheuer,  
Ich fühle wie ich über letzter wolke*

*In einem meer kristallinen glanzes schwimme—  
Ich bin ein funke nur vom heiligen feuer  
Ich bin ein dröhnen nur der heiligen stimme.*

### Rapture

I breathe air wafted from another planet.  
The friendly faces that are turned toward me  
But lately, now are fading into darkness.

The trees and paths I knew and loved so well  
Are barely visible, and thou beloved  
And radiant specter—cause of all my anguish—

Art wholly dimmed within a deeper glow,  
Whence, now that strife and tumult cease,  
there comes  
The soothing tremor of a sacred awe.

I am dissolved in swirling sound, am weaving  
Unfathomed thanks with unnamed praise,  
and wishless  
I yield myself unto the mighty breath.

A wild gust grips me suddenly, and I  
Can hear the fervent cries and prayers  
of women  
Prone in the dust and seized in pious rapture:

And then I see the hazy vapors lifting  
Above a sunlit, vast and clear expanse  
That stretches far below the mountain crags.

Beneath my feet a flooring soft  
and milky,  
Or endless chasms that I cross with ease.  
Carried aloft beyond the highest cloud,

I am afloat upon a sea of crystal splendor—  
Only a sparkle of the holy fire  
Only a roaring of the holy voice.

# Texts and Translations

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*Dreimal sieben Gedichte aus Albert Girauds "Pierrot lunaire," Op. 21*

*Three Times Seven Poems From Albert Giraud's "Pierrot lunaire"*

ARNOLD SCHOENBERG

Text: Otto Erich Hartleben's

German translation of

Albert Giraud's *Pierrot lunaire*

English translation: Cecil Gray

## PART I

### **Mondestrunken**

*Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,  
Gießt nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder,  
Und eine Springflut überschwemmt  
Den stillen Horizont.*

*Gelüste, schauerlich und süß,  
Durchschwimmen ohne Zahl die Fluten!  
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt,  
Gießt nachts der Mond in Wogen nieder.*

*Der Dichter, den die Andacht treibt,  
Berauscht sich an dem heiligen Tranke,  
Gen Himmel wendet er verzückt  
Das Haupt und taumelnd saugt und schlürft er  
Den Wein, den man mit Augen trinkt.*

### **Columbine**

*Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weißen Wunderrosen,  
Blühh in den Julinächten—  
O, bräch ich eine nur!*

*Mein banges Leid zu lindern,  
Such ich am dunklen Strome  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten,  
Die weißen Wunderrosen.*

*Gestillt wär all mein Sehnen,  
Dürft ich so mädchenheimlich,  
So selig leis – entblättern  
Auf deine braunen Haare  
Des Mondlichts bleiche Blüten!*

### **Moondrunk**

The wine which through the eyes we drink,  
Flows nightly from the moon in torrents,  
And as a spring-tide overflows  
The far and distant land.

Desires terrible and sweet  
Unnumbered drift in floods abounding!  
The wine which through the eyes we drink,  
Flows nightly from the moon in torrents.

The poet, in an ecstasy,  
Drinks deeply from the holy chalice,  
To heaven lifts up his entranced  
Head, and reeling quaffs and drains down  
The wine which through the eyes we drink.

### **Columbine**

The pallid buds of moonlight,  
Those pale and wondrous roses,  
Bloom in the nights of summer—  
O could I pluck but one!

My heavy heart to lighten,  
I search in darkling river  
The pallid buds of moonlight,  
Those pale and wondrous roses.

Fulfilled would be my longing,  
If I could softly gather,  
With gentle care besprinkle  
Upon your dark brown tresses  
The moonlight's pallid blossoms!

---

### Der Dandy

*Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flakons  
Auf dem schwarzen, hochheiligen Waschtisch  
Des schweigenden Dandys von Bergamo.*

*In tönender, bronzenener Schale  
Lacht hell die Fontäne, metallischen Klangs.  
Mit einem phantastischen Lichtstrahl  
Erleuchtet der Mond die krystallinen Flakons.*

*Pierrot mit wächsernem Antlitz  
Steht sinnend und denkt: wie er heute sich  
schminkt?  
Fort schiebt er das Rot und des Orients Grün  
Und bemalt sein Gesicht in erhabenem Stil  
Mit einem phantastischen Mondstrahl.*

### Eine blasse Wäscherin

*Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher;  
Nackte, silberweiße Arme  
Streckt sie neider in die Flut.*

*Durch die Lichtung schleichen Winde,  
Leis bewegen sie den Strom.  
Eine blasse Wäscherin  
Wäscht zur Nachtzeit bleiche Tücher*

*Und die sanfte Magd des Himmels,  
Von den Zweigen zart umschmeichelt,  
Breitet auf die dunklen Weisen  
Ihre lichtgewobenen Linnen –  
Eine blasse Wäscherin.*

### The Dandy

A phantasmagorical light ray  
Illumines tonight all the crystalline flasks  
On the holy, sacred, ebony wash-stand  
Of the taciturn dandy of Bergamo.

In sonorous bronze-enwrought chalice  
Laughs brightly the fountain's metallic sound.  
A phantasmagorical light ray  
Illumines tonight all the crystalline flasks.

Pierrot with countenance waxen  
Stands musing and thinks how he tonight will  
paint  
Rejecting the red and the green of the east  
He bedaubs all his face in the latest of styles  
With a phantasmagorical moonbeam.

### A Chlorotic Laundry Maid

A chlorotic laundry maid  
Washes nightly white silk garments;  
Naked, snow-white silvery forearms  
Stretching downward to the flood.

Through the glade steal gentle breezes,  
Softly playing o'er the stream.  
A chlorotic laundry maid  
Washes nightly white silk garments.

And the gentle maid of heaven,  
By the branches softly fondled,  
Spreads on the dusky meadows  
All her moonlight-bewoven linen—  
A chlorotic laundry maid.

### Valse de Chopin

*Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken,  
Also ruht auf diesen Tönen  
Ein vernichtungssücht'ger Reiz.*

*Wilder Lust Akkorde stören  
Der Verzweiflung eisigen Traum  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts  
Färbt die Lippen einer Kranken.*

*Heiß und jauchzend, süß und schmachtend,  
Melancholisch düstrer Walzer,  
Kommst mir nimmer aus den Sinnen,  
Haftest mir an den Gedanken  
Wie ein blasser Tropfen Bluts!*

### Madonna

*Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!  
Blut aus deinen magern Brüsten  
Hat des Schwertes Wut vergossen.*

*Deine ewig frischen Wunden  
Gleichen Augen, rot und offen.  
Steig, o Mutter aller Schmerzen,  
Auf den Altar meiner Verse!*

*In den abgezehrten Händen  
Hältst du deines Sohnes Leiche,  
Ihn zu zeigen aller Menschheit—  
Doch der Blick der Menschen meidet  
Dich, o Mutter aller Schmerzen!*

### Chopin Waltz

As a lingering drop of blood  
Stains the lip of a consumptive,  
So this music is pervaded  
By a morbid deathly charm.

Wild ecstatic harmonies  
Disguise the icy touch of doom,  
As a lingering drop of blood  
Stains the lip of a consumptive.

Ardent, joyful, sweet and yearning,  
Melancholic somber waltzes,  
Coursing ever through my senses,  
Leaving an insipid after-taste  
Like a lingering drop of blood!

### Madonna

Rise, O mother of all sorrows,  
From the altar of my verses!  
Blood pours forth from thy lean bosom  
Where the sword of frenzy pierced it.

Thy forever gaping gashes  
Are like eyelids, red and open.  
Rise, O mother of all sorrows,  
From the altar of my verses.

In the lacerated arms  
Holdst thou thy Son's holy body,  
Manifesting Him to mankind—  
Yet the eyes of men avert themselves,  
O mother of all sorrows!

---

### Der kranke Mond

*Du nächtig todeskranker Mond,  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzem Pfühl,  
Dein Blick, so fiebernd übergroß,  
Bannt mich, wie fremde Melodie.*

*An unstillbarem Liebesleid  
Stirbst du, an Sehnsucht, tief erstickt,  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond,  
Dort auf des Himmels schwarzen Pfühl.*

*Den Liebsten, der im Sinnenrausch  
Gedankenlos zur Liebsten geht,  
Belustigt deiner Strahlen Spiel,  
Dein bleiches, qualgebornes Blut,  
Du nächtig todeskranker Mond!*

### The Ailing Moon

You ailing, death-awaiting moon,  
High upon heaven's dusty couch,  
Your glance, so feverish overlarge,  
Lures me, like strange enchanting song.

With unrequited pain of love  
You die, your longing deep concealed,  
You ailing, death-awaiting moon,  
High upon heaven's dusty couch.

The lover, stirred by sharp desire  
Who reckless seeks for love's embrace,  
Exults in your bright play of light,  
Your pale and pain-begotten flood,  
You ailing, death-awaiting moon!

## PART II

### Nacht

*Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter  
Töteten der Sonne Glanz.  
Ein geschloßnes Zauberbuch,  
Ruht der Horizont—verschwiegen.*

*Aus dem Qualm verlornen Tiefen  
Steigt ein Duft, Erinnerung mordend!  
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter  
Tötenen der Sonne Glanz.*

*Und vom Himmel erdenwärts  
Senken sich mit schweren Schwingen  
Unsichtbar die Ungetüme  
Auf die Menschenherzen nieder ...  
Finstre, schwarze Riesenfalter.*

### Gebet an Pierrot

*Pierrot! mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!  
Das bild des Glanzes  
Zerfloß, Zerfloß!*

*Schwarz weht die Flagge  
Mir nun vom Mast.  
Pierrot! mein Lachen  
Hab ich verlernt!*

*O gib mir wieder,  
Roßarzt der Seele,  
Schneemann der Lyrik,  
Durchlaucht vom Monde,  
Pierrot—mein Lachen!*

### Night

Heavy, gloomy giant black moths  
Massacred the sun's bright rays.  
Like a close-shut magic book,  
Broods the distant sky in silence.

From the mists in deep recesses  
Rise up scents, destroying memory!  
Heavy, gloomy giant black moths  
Massacred the sun's bright rays;

And from heaven earthward bound  
Downward sink with somber pinions  
Unperceived, great hordes of monsters  
On the hearts and souls of mankind ...  
Heavy, gloomy giant black moths.

### Prayer to Pierrot

Pierrot! My laughter  
Have I unlearned!  
The picture's brightness  
Dissolves.

Black flies the standard  
Now from my mast.  
Pierrot! My laughter  
Have I unlearned!

O once more give me,  
Healer of spirits,  
Snowman of lyrics,  
Monarch of moonshine,  
Pierrot, my laughter!

---

**Raub**

*Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes,  
Schlummern in den Totenschreinen  
Drunten in den Grabgewölben.*

*Nachts, mit seinen Zechkumpanen,  
Steigt Pierrot hinab, zu rauben  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine,  
Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes.*

*Doch da sträuben sich die Haare,  
Bleiche Furcht bannt sie am Platze:  
Durch die Finsternis, wie Augen!—  
Stieren aus den Totenschreinen  
Rote, fürstliche Rubine.*

**Rote Messe**

*Zu grausem Abendmahle  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes,  
Beim Flackerschein der Kerzen,  
Naht dem Altar—Pierrot!*

*Die Hand, die gottgeweihte,  
Zerreißt die Priesterkleider  
Zu grausem Abendmahle  
Beim Blendeglanz des Goldes.*

*Mis segnender Gebärde  
Zeigt er den banger Seelen  
Die tiefend rote Hostie:  
Sein Herz in blutgen Fingern  
Zu grausem Abendmahle.*

**Loot**

Ancient royalty's red rubies,  
Bloody drops of antique glory,  
Slumber in the hollow coffins  
Buried in the vaulted caverns.

Late at night with boon companions,  
Pierrot descends to ravish  
Ancient royalty's red rubies,  
Bloody drops of antique glory.

But there every hair a-bristle,  
Livid fear turns them to statues;  
Through the murky gloom, like eyes—  
Glaring from the hollow coffins  
Ancient royalty's red rubies.

**Red Mass**

To fearsome grim communion  
Where dazzling rays of gold gleam,  
And flickering light of candles,  
Comes to the altar of Pierrot!

His hand, with grace invested,  
Rends through the priestly garments  
For fearsome grim communion  
Where dazzling rays of gold gleam.

With signs of benediction  
He shows to frightened people  
The dripping crimson wafer:  
His heart – with bloody fingers  
In fearsome grim communion

## Galgenlied

*Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse  
Wird seine letzte  
Geliebte sein.*

*In seinem Hirne  
Steckt wie ein Nagel  
Die dürre Dirne  
Mit langem Halse.*

*Schlank wie die Pinie,  
Am Hals ein Zöpfchen,  
Wollüstig wird sie  
Den Schelm umhalsen  
Die dürre Dirne!*

## Enthauptung

*Der Mond, ein blankes Türkenschwert,  
Aug einem schwarzen Seidenkissen,  
Gespenstisch groß—dräut er hinab  
Durch schmerzendsunkle Nacht.*

*Pierrot irrt ohne Rast umher  
Und start empor in Todesängsten  
Zum Mond, dem blanken Türkenschwert  
Auf einem schwarzen Seidenkissen.*

*Es schlottern unter ihm die Knie,  
Ohnmächtig bricht er jäh zusammen.  
Er wähnt: es sause strafend schon  
Auf seinen Sündenhals hernieder  
Der Mond, das blanke Türkenschwert.*

## Song of the Gallows

The haggard harlot  
With scraggy gizzard  
Will be his ultimate  
Paramour

Through all his thoughts  
There sticks like a gimlet  
The haggard harlot  
With scraggy gizzard.

Thin as a rake,  
Round her neck a pigtail,  
Joyfully will she  
Embrace the rascal,  
The haggard harlot!

## Decapitation

The moon, a polished scimitar,  
Upon a black and silken cushion,  
So strangely large hangs menacing  
Through sorrow's gloomy night.

Pierrot wandering restlessly  
Stares upon high in anguished fear  
Of the moon, a polished scimitar  
Upon a black and silken cushion.

Like leaves of aspen are his knees,  
Swooning he falters, then collapses.  
He thinks: this hissing vengeful steel  
Upon his neck will fall in judgment  
The moon, a polished scimitar.



---

### Die Kreuze

*Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten,  
Blingeschlagen von der Geier  
Flatterndem Gespensterschwarme.*

*In den Leibern schwelgten Schwerter,  
Prunkend in des Blutes Scharlach!  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse  
Dran die Dichter stumm verbluten.*

*Tot das Haupt, erstarrt die Locken—  
Fern verweht der Lärm des Pöbels,  
Langsam sinkt die Sonne nieder,  
Eine rote Königskrone.  
Heilige Kreuze sind die Verse.*

### The Crosses

Holy crosses are the verses  
Where the poets bleed in silence,  
Blinded by the peck of vultures  
Flying round in ghostly rabble.

On their bodies swords have feasted,  
Bathing in the scarlet bloodstream!  
Holy crosses are the verses  
Where the poets bleed in silence.

Death then comes; dispersed the ashes—  
Far away the rabble's clamour,  
Slowly sinks the sun's red splendor,  
Like a royal crown of glory.  
Holy crosses are the verses.

## PART III

### Heimweh

*Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime,  
Klingt's herüber: wie Pierrot so hölzern,  
So modern sentimental geworden.*

*Und es tönt durch seines Herzens Wüste,  
Tönt gedämpft durch alle Sinne  
wieder,  
Lieulich klagend—ein krystallnes Seufzen  
Aus Italiens alter Pantomime.*

*Da vergißt Pierrot die Trauermienen!  
Durch den bleichen Feuerschein des Mondes,  
Durch des Lichtmeers Fluten schweift die  
Sehnsucht  
Kühn hinauf, empor zum Heimathimmel,  
Lieulich klagend ein krystallnes Seufzen.*

### Gemeinheit

*In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert  
Bohrt Pierrot mit Heuchlermienen  
Zärtlich—einen Schädelbohrer.*

*Darauf stopft er mit dem Daumen  
Seinen echten türkschen Tabak  
In den blanken Kopf Cassanders,  
Dessen Schrein die Luft durchzertert.*

*Dann dreht er ein Rohr von Weichsel  
Hinten in di glatte Glatze,  
Und behaglich schmaucht und pafft er  
Seinen echten türkschen Tabak  
Aus dem blanken Kopf Cassanders!*

### Nostalgia

Sweetly plaintive is the sigh of crystal  
That ascends from Italy's old players,  
Sadly mourning that Pierrot is now  
So modern and so sickly sentimental.

And it echoes from his heart's desert,  
Muted tones which wind through all his  
senses,  
Sweetly plaintive is the sigh of crystal  
That ascends from Italy's old players.

Now Pierrot abjures the tragic manner!  
Through the pallid fires of lunar landscape,  
Through the foaming light-flood mounts  
his longing,  
Surging high towards his native heaven,  
Sweetly plaintive, like a sigh of crystal.

### Atrocity

Through the bald pate of Cassander,  
As he rends the air with screeches  
Pierrot bores in feigned tender  
Fashion with a cranium driller.

He then presses with his finger  
Rare tobacco grown in Turkey  
Into the bald pate of Cassander,  
As he rends the air with screeches.

Then screwing a cherry pipe stem  
Right in through the polished surface,  
Sits at ease and smokes and puffs the  
Rare tobacco grown in Turkey  
From the bald pate of Cassander!

---

### Parodie

*Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar,  
Sitzt die Duenna mummelnd,  
Im roten Röckchen da.*

*Sie wartet in der Laube,  
Sie liebt Pierrot mit Schmerzen,  
Stricknadeln, blank und blinkend,  
In ihrem grauen Haar.*

*Da plötzlich – horch – ein Wispern!  
Ein Windhauch kichert leise:  
Der Mond, der böse Spötter,  
Äfft nach mit seinen Strahlen  
Stricknadeln, blink und blank.*

### Der Mondfleck

*Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes,  
So spaziert Pierrot im lauen Abend,  
Aufzusuchen Glück und Abenteuer.*

*Plötzlich stört ihn was an seinem  
Anzug,  
Er besieht sich rings und  
findet richtig –  
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes  
Auf dem Rücken seines schwarzen Rockes.*

*Warte! denkt er: das ist so ein Gipsfleck!  
Wischt und wischt, doch bringt ihn nicht  
herunter!  
Und so geht er giftgeschwollen weiter,  
Reibt und reibt bis an den frühen Morgen  
Einen weißen Fleck des hellen Mondes.*

### Parody

Knitting needles, bright and polished,  
Set in her greying hair,  
Sits the Duenna, mumbling,  
In crimson costume clad.

She lingers in the arbour,  
She loves Pierrot with passion,  
Knitting needles, bright and polished,  
Set in her greying hair.

But, listen, what a whisper!  
A zephyr titters softly;  
The moon, the wicked macker,  
Now mimics with light rays  
Bright needles, spick and span.

### The Moonfleck

With a snowy fleck of shining moonlight  
On the shoulder of his black silk frock-coat  
So strolls Pierrot this languid evening,  
Seeking everywhere for love's adventure.

But what! Something wrong with his  
appearance?  
He looks round and round and then he  
finds it—  
Just a snowy fleck of shining moonlight  
On the shoulder of his black silk frock-coat.

Wait now (thinks he) 'tis a piece of plaster,  
Wipes and wipes, yet cannot make  
it vanish.  
So he goes on poisoned with his fancy,  
Rubs and rubs until the early morning—  
Just a snowy fleck of shining moonlight.

### Serenade

*Mit groteskem Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.  
Wie der Storch auf einem beine  
Knipst er trüb ein Pizzicato.*

*Plötzlich naht Cassander, wütend  
Ob des nächtigen Virtuosen.  
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen  
Kratzt Pierrot auf seiner Bratsche.*

*Von sich wirft er jetzt die Bratsche:  
Mit der delikaten Linken  
Faßt er den Kahlkopf am Kragen—  
Träumend spielt er auf der Glatze  
Mit groteskem Riesenbogen.*

### Heimfahrt

*Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot,  
Drauf fährt Pierrot gen Süden,  
Mit gutem Reisewind.*

*Der Strom summt tiefe Skalen  
Und wiegt den leichten Kahn.  
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder,  
Seerose dient als Boot.*

*Nach Bergamo, zur Heimat,  
Kehrt nun Pierrot zurück;  
Schwach dämmert schon im Osten  
Der grüne Horizont.  
Der Mondstrahl ist das Ruder.*

### Serenade

With a giant bow grotesquely  
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola  
Like a stork on one leg standing  
Sadly plucks a pizzicato.

Now here comes Cassander fuming  
At this night-time virtuoso.  
With a giant bow grotesquely  
Scrapes Pierrot on his viola.

Casting then aside the viola,  
With his delicate left hand he  
Grips the bald pate by the collar—  
Dreamily he plays upon him  
With a giant bow grotesquely.

### Journey Home

The moonbeam is the rudder,  
Nenuphar serves as boat,  
On which Pierrot goes southward,  
The wind behind his sails.

In deep tones hums the river  
And rocks the light canoe.  
The moonbeam is the rudder,  
Nenuphar serves as boat.

To Bergamo, his homeland,  
Pierrot returns once more.  
Soft gleams an the horizon  
The orient green of dawn.  
The moonbeam is the rudder.

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**O alter Duft**

*O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder meine Sinne!  
Ein närrisch Heer von Schelmerein  
Durchschwirrt die leichte Luft.*

*Ein glücklich Wünschen macht mich froh  
Nach Freuden, die ich lang verachtet.  
O alter Duft aus Märchenzeit,  
Berauschest wieder mich.*

*All meinen Unmut geb ich preis;  
Aus meinem sonnumrahmten Fenster  
Beschau ich frei di liebe Welt  
Und träum hinaus in selge Weiten ...  
O alter Duft aus Mächenzeit!*

**Oh Ancient Scent**

Oh ancient scent from far-off days,  
Intoxicate once more my senses!  
A merry swarm of idle thoughts  
Pervades the gentle air.

A happy whim makes me aspire  
To joys which I too long neglected.  
O ancient scent from far-off days,  
Intoxicate me again.

Now all my sorry is dispelled,  
And from my sun-encircled casement  
I view again the lovely world  
And dream beyond the far horizon ...  
O ancient scent from far-off days!

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