Roland Dyens (1955–2016)
*Triaela*
1. Light Motif (Takemitsu au Brésil)
   3. Clown Down (Gismonti au cirque)
   *David Manzanares-Salgueiro, guitar*

Jennifer Higdon (b. 1962)
*Giver of Stars from Love Sweet*
   Christina O’Malley, soprano
   Nya Angel, violin
   Anita-Mae Kahan, cello
   Abbie Wilemon, piano

Erik Morales (b. 1966)
*X1 (for 5 trumpets)*
   Nathan Lyle, Samantha Obara, Dillon Parker, Julia Richardson, and Yuval Tessman-Bar-On, trumpet

Li Shangyin (813–858)
*Lavish Zither*
   Anna Liu, mezzo-soprano
   Jiayi Cheng, cello
   Yajing Kang, piano

Harrison Rosenblum (*BM ‘24, Music for New Media*)
*Recycled Beats*
   All instruments sampled from the recycling bin.
   Harrison Rosenblum, electronics

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
*Erlkönig*
   John Ariievksy, baritone
   Alan Lin, piano

Frédéric Chopin (1810–1849)
*Etudes Op. 25, No. 1, 3, and 12*
   Hanqi Zhao, piano

* Faculty
Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887–1959)
*Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5*
1. *Ária (Cantilena)*
   Andrianna Ayala, soprano
   Gwenyth Aggeler, guitar

Nadia Boulanger (1887–1979)
*Vers la vie nouvelle*
   Taylor Wang, piano

Astor Piazzolla (1921–1992)
*Histoire du Tango*, III. *Nightclub, 1960*
   Josephine Kim, violin
   Matt Boyle, marimba

Frédéric Chopin
*Études Op. 10, No. 1, 2, 3 and 4*
   Xiaoming Zhang, piano

Jenő Hubay (1858–1937)
*Carmen Fantasie*
   Pei-Wu Chen, violin
   Min Jin Kim, piano

*act normal*
   Harry Sukonik (BFA ’23, Dance), choreographer
   Music by Mulatu Astatke, *Tezeta (Nostalgia)*
   Harry Sukonik and Sophia Perone (BFA ’24, Dance), performers

*The Ritual of Healing (2024)*
   Tristian Griffin, choreographer
   Josué Villeda, assistant choreographer and costume design
   danah bella* and Christopher Pennix,* rehearsal directors
   Music by Philip Daniel
   Peabody Dance Ensemble | Leah Logsdon Carpenter, Taylor Knighton, Yu Fei Liu,
   Stephanie Marco, Jackson Rynd, Reilly Sheriff, Jamie Sisk, Marie-Amelle Thenoz, dancers
**The Giver of Stars**

Hold your soul open for my welcoming.  
Let the quiet of your spirit bathe me  
With its clear and rippled coolness,  
That, loose-limbed and weary, I find rest,  
Outstretched upon your peace, as on a bed of ivory.

Let the flickering flame of your soul play all about me,  
That into my limbs may come the keenness of fire,  
The life and joy of tongues of flame,  
And, going out from you, tightly strung and in tune,  
I may rouse the blear-eyed world,  
And pour into it the beauty which you have begotten.

**锦瑟**

锦瑟无端五十弦, 一弦一柱思华年。  
庄生晓梦迷蝴蝶, 望帝春心托杜鹃。  
沧海月明珠有泪, 蓝田日暖玉生烟。  
此情可待成追忆? 只是当时已惘然。

**Lavish Zither**

Why would lavish zither strings be broken into fifty?  
Each fret or cord reminds me of the bygone year.  
Life is as unreal as Zhuangzi’s dream as a butterfly.  
In spring, cuckoos told of Emperor Wang’s wish.  
At sea under moon, merman’s tears turn into pearls.  
At Bluefield under warm sun, jades give off fumes.  
Wait and this feeling will one day become memory.  
It’s just that at the time, everything was so puzzling.

**Erlkönig**

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?”  
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron’ und Schweiß?”  
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif:"

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;  
Manch’ bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?”  
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein  
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?”  
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau:  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau.“

**The Erlking**

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Who rides so late through the night and wind?  
It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms;  
he holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

‘My son, why do you hide your face in fear?’  
‘Father, can you not see the Erlking?  
The Erlking with his crown and tail?’  
‘My son, it is a streak of mist.’

‘Sweet child, come with me.  
I’ll play wonderful games with you.  
Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;  
my mother has many a golden robe.’

‘Father, father, do you not hear  
what the Erlking softly promises me?’  
‘Calm, be calm, my child:  
the wind is rustling in the withered leaves.’

‘Won’t you come with me, my fine lad?  
My daughters shall wait upon you;  
my daughters lead the nightly dance,  
and will rock you, and dance, and sing you to sleep.’

‘Father, father, can you not see  
Erlking’s daughters there in the darkness?’  
‘My son, my son, I can see clearly:  
it is the old grey willows gleaming.’
„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

‘I love you, your fair form allures me, and if you don’t come willingly, I’ll use force.’
‘Father, father, now he’s seizing me! The Erlking has hurt me!’

The father shudders, he rides swiftly, he holds the moaning child in his arms; with one last effort he reaches home; the child lay dead in his arms.

**Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5**
Text by Ruth V. Corrêa

Evening, a rosy, translucent cloud slowly, crosses the drowsy, beautiful firmament!

The moon gently rises into infinity, adorning the evening, like a sweet maiden dreamily getting ready, making herself beautiful, desiring her soul to be beautiful.

She screams to the heavens, the earth to all of nature.

She silences the birds’ melancholic laments, and the sea reflects all her treasures...

Softly the moon awakens, a cruel yearning which laughs and weeps!

---

**THE PERFORMING ARTS CHANGE LIVES — SO CAN YOU.**

Your gift will provide Peabody with the resources needed to continue leading the way in innovative, diverse, and inclusive performing arts education.

*Make your gift today at peabody.jhu.edu/giving.*

Visit peabody.jhu.edu/events for all upcoming performances and events.