

Lamont School of Music

Faculty Recital Series:

Rachael Hutchings, piano

Daniel Hutchings, tenor

Charles Hutchings, violin

Sunday, January 25th, 2026

4:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



**Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts**

Please silence your cell phones

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Program

**Come Heavy Sleep
Flow My Tears
Now O Now I Needs Must Part**

John Dowland
(1563–1626)

**Storiella d'amor
Avanti Urania!
Sole e amore**

Giacomo Puccini
(1858–1924)

**Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1**

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

**Love Song
Autumn Day
To Emily Dickenson**

R. Hutchings
(b. 1974)

INTERMISSION

An die derne Geliebte, Op. 98

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770–1827)

**Il fervido desiderio
Ma rendi pur contento
Per pietà, bell'idol mio**

Vincenzo Bellini
(1810–1835)

“Ich traue seiner Gnaden”
from Cantata 97 *“In allen meinen taten”*

J.S. Bach
(1685–1750)

Frühlingsblumen

Carl Reinecke
(1824–1910)

Please join us in the Spencer Artists Room immediately after the performance for a reception, generously provided by La Belle Rosette.

Text and Translations

Dowland

Come heavy sleep

Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true Death,
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries.
Come and possess my tired thought, worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Come, shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to Death, child to his black-faced Night;
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
O come, sweet Sleep, come or I die for ever;
Come ere my last sleep comes, or come never.

Flow my tears

Flow my teares fall from your springs,
Exilde for ever: Let me morne
Where nights black bird hir sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorne.
Downe vaine lights shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in dispaire their last fortunes deplore,
Light doth but shame disclose.
Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pittie is fled,
And teares, and sighes, and grones
My wearie days of all joyes have deprived.
From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is throwne,
And feare, and grieve, and paine
For my deserts, are my hopes since hope is gone.
Hark you shadowes that in darnesse dwell,
Learn to contemne light,
Happy that in hell
Feele not the worlds despite.

Now, oh now I needs must part,

Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart;
Joy once fled cannot return.
While I live I needs must love,

Love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove,
Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.
Dear when I from thee am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once,
I lov'd thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie.
Till that death doth sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.
Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

Dear, if I do not return,
Love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn
Whom you might have joyed ever;
Part we must though now I die,
Die I do to part with you.
Him despair doth cause to lie
Who both liv'd and dieth true.

Puccini

Storiella d'amore

Noi leggevamo insieme un giorno
per diletto
Una gentile istoria piena di mesti
amor
E senz'alcun sospetto ella sedeam
[a lato]
Sul libro avventurato intenta il guar-
do e il cor.
L'onda dè suoi capelli il volto a me
lambia
Eco alla voce mia,
Eco faceano i suoi sospir.

Little love story

We were reading together one day
for fun
A lovely story full of sad love
And without any suspicion she sat
next to me
Her eyes and heart intent on the
book.
The wave of her hair caressed my
face
Her sighs were the echo to my
voice.

Gli occhi dal libro alzando
Nel suo celeste viso,
Io vidi in un sorriso
Riflesso il mio desir.
La bella mano al core strinsi di gioia
ansante...
Né più leggemmo avanti...
E cadde il libro al suol.
Noi leggevamo insieme, Ah! Ah!
Un lungo, ardente bacio congiunse i
labbri aneli,
E ad ignorati cieli
L'alme spiegaro il vol.

Avanti urania

Io non ho l'ali, eppur quando dal molo
lancio la prora al mar,
fermi gli alcioni sul potente volo
si librano a guardar.

Io non ho pinne, eppur quando i ma-
rosi niun legno osa affrontar,
trepidando, gli squali ardimentosi
mi guardano passar.

Simile al mio signor,
mite d'aspetto
quanto è forte in cuor,
le fiamme ho anch'io nel petto,
anch'io di spazio, anch'io di gloria ho
smania...
Avanti, Urania!

Sole e amore

Il sole allegramente
Batte ai tuoi vetri. Amor
Pian batte al tuo cuore,
E l'uno e l'altro chiama.
Il sole dice: O dormente,
Mostrati che sei bella.
Dice l'amor: Sorella,
Col tuo primo pensier pensa a chi
t'ama!
Al Paganini, G. Puccini.

She look up from the book
and in her heavenly face
I saw her innocence
reflected in her smile.
I pressed her lovely hand to my
heart panting with joy...
We read no further
and the book fell to the floor.
We were reading together, ah! ah!
A long passionate kiss brought our
ardent lips together
And our souls flew
to unknown skies.

Forward Urania!

I have no wings — but when I
launch my prow into the sea from
the wharf, the kingfishers, stopping
their powerful flight, swoop down to
watch.

I have no fins — but when no vessel
dares to defy the billows,
the bold sharks fearfully
watch me pass.

Just like my master —
gentle in appearance
and yet strong of heart,
I, too, have flames in my chest;
I, too, am mad for space, for glory...
Forward, Urania!

The sun cheerfully
Beats at your window. Love
Softly beats at your heart,
And both of them call out.
The sun says: O sleeping one,
Show yourself for you are beautiful.
Love says: Sister,
With your first thought think of the
one who loves you!
To Paganini, G. Puccini

Strauss

Allerseelen

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden
Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe
reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich
drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es ein-
erlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem
Grabe,

Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich
wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe
macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant mi-
nonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May

Give me your hand to press in
secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet
glances
As once in May

Each grave today has flowers and is
fragrant,

One day each year is devoted to the
dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine
again,
As once in May.

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Hutchings

Love Song

How shall I hold back my soul, that
it does not touch on yours? How shall I
lift it up and over you to other things?
Oh how I'd like to shelter it away
with something forgotten in the dark,
in a strange and quiet place, where nothing
resonates, when your depths start ringing.
But everything that touches us, you and me,
takes us together, like a bow
pulling forth one voice from two strings.
Upon what instrument are we two strung?
And who's the player holding us?
Oh, sweet song!
—Rainer Maria Rilke, translation by Margaret Coote

Autumn Day

Lord, it is time. Summer was enormous.
Lay your shadow now across the sundials
And let the winds fly free across the open fields.
Bid the last remaining fruits to ripen now;
Give them just one or two warm days more
then drive them to ripeness, and chase
a final bit of sweetness into the heavy wine.
Whoever has no house now will build no more.
Whoever is alone, will long remain so now,
will rise, and read, and write long letters
and in the boulevards will wander
restlessly, among the drifting leaves.
—Rainer Maria Rilke, translation by Margaret Coote

To Emily Dickenson

You who desired—in vain to ask—
Yet fed you hunger like an endless task,
Dared dignify the labor, bless the quest—
Achieved that stillness ultimately best,
Being, of all, least sought for: Emily, hear!
O sweet, dead Silencer, most suddenly clear
When singing that Eternity possessed
And plundered momentarily in every breast.
—Hart Crane

Beethoven

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend In das blaue Nebelland, Nach den fernen Triften sehend, Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand. Weit bin ich von dir geschieden, Trennend liegen Berg und Tal Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden, Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual. Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen, Der zu dir so glühend eilt, Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen In dem Raume, der uns teilt. Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen, Nichts der Liebe Bote sein? Singen will ich, Lieder singen, Die dir klagen meine Pein! Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht Jeder Raum und jede Zeit, Und ein liebend Herz erreicht Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!	I sit on the hill, gazing Into the misty blue countryside, Towards the distant meadows Where, my love, I first found you. Now I'm far away from you, Mountain and valley intervene Between us and our peace, Our happiness and our pain. Ah, you cannot see the fiery gaze That wings its way towards you, And my sighs are lost In the space that comes between us. Will nothing ever reach you again? Will nothing be love's messenger? I shall sing, sing songs That speak to you of my distress! For sounds of singing put to flight All space and all time; And a loving heart is reached By what a loving heart has hallowed!
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Wo die Berge so blau Aus dem nebligen Grau Schauen herein, Wo die Sonne verglüht, Wo die Wolke umzieht, Möchte ich sein! Dort im ruhigen Tal Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual. Wo im Gestein Still die Primel dort sinnt, Weht so leise der Wind, Möchte ich sein! Hin zum sinnigen Wald Drängt mich Liebesgewalt, Innere Pein. Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier, Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir Ewiglich sein!	Where the blue mountains From the misty grey Look out towards me, Where the sun's glow fades, Where the clouds scud by – There would I be! There, in the peaceful valley, Pain and torment cease. Where among the rocks The primrose meditates in silence, And the wind blows so softly – There would I be! I am driven to the musing wood By the power of love, Inner pain. Ah, nothing could tempt me from here, If I were able, my love, To be with you eternally!
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Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.
Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.
Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.
Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.
Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!
Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!
Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.
Die Schwalbe, die kehret
Zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
Ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.
Sie bringt sich geschäftig

Light clouds sailing on high,
And you, narrow little brook,
If you catch sight of my love,
Greet her a thousand times.
If, clouds, you see her walking
Thoughtful in the silent valley,
Let my image loom before her
In the airy vaults of heaven.
If she be standing by the bushes
Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
Pour out to her my fate,
Pour out, you birds, my torment.
Soft west winds, waft my sighs
To her my heart has chosen –
Sighs that fade away
Like the sun's last ray
Whisper to her my entreaties,
Let her, narrow little brook,
Truly see in your ripples
My never-ending tears!

These clouds on high,
This cheerful flight of birds
Will see you, O gracious one.
Take me lightly winging too!
These west winds will playfully
Blow about your cheeks and breast,
Will ruffle your silken tresses. –
Would I might share that joy!
This brooklet hastens eagerly
To you from those hills.
If she's reflected in you,
Flows directly back to me!

May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild,
The babbling brooks flow again,
The swallow returns
To its rooftop home,
And eagerly builds
Her bridal chamber,
Where love shall dwell.
She busily brings

Von kreuz und von Quer
Manch weiches Stück
Zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die
Kleinen.
Nun wohnen die Gatten
Beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
Verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.
Es kehret der Maien,
Es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
So milde, so lau;
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.
Wenn alles, was liebet,
Der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
Kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!
Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;
Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräng erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:
Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

From every direction
Many soft scraps
For the bridal bed,
Many warm scraps for her young.
Now the pair lives
Faithfully together,
What winter parted,
May has joined,
For May can unite all who love.
May returns,
The meadow blooms.
The breezes blow
So gentle, so mild;
I alone cannot move on.
When spring unites
All lovers
Our love alone
Knows no spring,
And tears are its only gain.
Accept, then, these songs
I sang for you, beloved;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet sound!
As the red light of evening draws
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last rays fade
Behind those mountain heights;
And you sing what I sang
From a full heart
With no display of art,
Aware only of longing:
Then, at these songs,
The distance that parted us shall
recede,
And a loving heart be reached
By what a loving heart has hallowed!

Bellini

Il fervido desiderio
Quando verrà quel dì
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

The fervent desire
When will that day come
when I may see again
that which the loving heart so de-
sires?

Reinecke

Frühlingsblumen

Nun glänzen im Lenzen die Blümlein all,
die Aueglein, die Zweiglein, der Wasser
fall,
Schneeglöckchen, Schneeflöckchen im
Sonnenschein,
blau Veilchen, ein Weilchen hülle dich
ein;
Tulpanen, ihr Fahnen des Frühlings,
schnell,
Schwertlilien, Jonquilien sind alle zur
Stell'!
Narzissen die wissen wie mir geschehn,
Massliebchen, mein Liebchen ist
Tausendschön!
Nichts fehlen, was mir nützt.

Spring Flowers

Now all the little flowers gleam in
spring,
the meadows, the branches, the wa-
terfall,
snowdrops, snowflakes in the
sunshine,
blue violets, for a while envelop your-
self;
tulips, you spring banners,
Quickly,
irises and jonquils are all here!
Daffodils know what has happened to
me,
daisies, my darling is a
thousand times beautiful!
I have all that I need.

Biographies

Colorado pianist and composer **Rachael Hutchings's** recent performances feature both standard classical repertoire and her own compositions. Rachael's compositional style is at once expressive, approachable, and innovative. Her settings of poetry by Rilke for voice and piano were featured on CPR's "Colorado Spotlight," performed with her husband, tenor Daniel Hutchings. Before arriving in Colorado in 2010, she was an active performer and music teacher in San Francisco. Rachael served as an instructor at the San Francisco Community Music Center and adjunct professor of piano at the University of San Francisco.

She appears as a guest artist, visiting lecturer, and collaborative pianist. She has served as an adjudicator and administrator for various student music programs and competitions, teaches piano and composition privately, and is a guest teacher at the Denver School of the Arts. Rachael is on the faculty at the University of Denver's Lamont School of Music, where she teaches piano repertoire.

She began studying piano in her hometown of Iowa City, Iowa. She earned her B.M.A. in piano performance at the University of Michigan School of Music, and completed a master of music degree in composition and piano performance at the University of Denver's Lamont School of Music. In addition to music, she is passionate about volunteering, having served at Sacred Heart House of Denver, as a math tutor at the Denver Women's Correctional Facility, and as a member of the IDEA Task Force in Jefferson County.

Tenor **Daniel Hutchings** appears frequently with ensembles such as the Baroque Chamber Orchestra of Colorado, the Denver Early Music Consort, the Boulder Bach Festival, St. Martin's Chamber Choir, and Seicento Baroque Ensemble. Daniel has premiered many compositions by his wife, composer and pianist Rachael Hutchings, including two of her works recorded for Colorado Public Radio in 2015.

Before moving to Colorado, Mr. Hutchings was a fixture of the San Francisco Bay Area music scene. He has appeared with American Bach Soloists, Philharmonia Baroque and Magnificat, and has performed as a soloist in Bach's St. Matthew Passion, St. John Passion, and B Minor Mass, Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610 and various works by Vivaldi, Charpentier and others. He has provided many performances of the Bach Cantatas, especially with the San Francisco Bach Choir. He performed for five years at the Carmel Bach Festival, and was one of its Virginia Best Adams Fellows. The San Francisco Classical Voice says, "tenor Dan Hutchings...performed with great sensitivity. Hutchings'

(continued)

high clarion tenor is perfect for Bach's music." The Denver Post says, "Hutchings commanded rapt attention in his beautifully phrased performance... With extraordinary breath control and fine-tuned interpretation, he delivered this piece...with aplomb."

Mr. Hutchings began studying music in his hometown of Briarcliff, New York. He attended the Interlochen Arts Academy his senior year of high school and went on to complete a B.M. in voice at the Oberlin Conservatory of Music

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Masterclass: David Kim, violin

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission to observe

Thursday, January 29, 7:30 p.m.

Winter Opera Showcase

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre, or FREE general admission

Friday, January 30, 7:30 p.m.

Faculty Recital Series: Igor Pikayzen, violin

Hamilton Recital Hall

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Gates Concert Hall

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Lamont School of Music

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