

Lamont School of Music

Junior Recital

Iris Hannon

voice

Friday, March 6, 2026

7:30 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

Songs My Mother Taught Me (1880)

from Gypsy Songs, Op. 55, B. 104

Christopher Thompson, piano

Antonín Dvořák

(1841–1901)

Adolf Heyduk

Connais-tu le pays (1866)

from Mignon

Ambroise Thomas

(1811–1896)

Jules Barbier

Michel Carré

Vergebliches Ständchen

Op. 84, No. 4 (1884)

Johannes Brahms

(1833–1897)

Haï luli WVV 1106 No. 4 (1880)

Pauline Viardot

(1821–1910)

Xavier De Maistre

Cara Sposa (1711)

from Rinaldo

George Frideric Handel

(1685–1759)

Giacomo Rossi

Fleurs FP 101 (1931)

Francis Poulenc

(1899–1963)

Louise de Vilmorin

Text and Translations

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte
singen,
tränen in den Wimpern gar so oft ihr
hingen.
Jetzt, wo ich die Kleinen selber üb im
Sange,
rieselt's in den Bart oft,
rieselt's oft von der braunen Wange.

Connais-tu le pays

Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger?

Le pays des fruits d'or et des roses
vermeilles

Où la brise est plus douce et l'oiseau
plus léger

Où dans toute saison butinent les
abeilles

Où rayonne et sourit, comme un
bienfait de Dieu

Un éternel printemps sous un ciel
toujours bleu!

Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre
Vers ce rivage heureux d'où le sort
m'exila!

C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre
Aimer, aimer et mourir!

C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là
Oui, c'est là!

Connais-tu la maison où l'on m'attend
là-bas?

La salle aux lambris d'or, où des
hommes de marbre

M'appellent dans la nuit en me
tendant les bras?

Et la cour où l'on danse à l'ombre
d'un grand arbre?

Et le lac transparent où glissent sur
les eaux

Mille bateaux légers pareils à des
oiseaux?

Hélas! Que ne puis-je te suivre

Songs My Mother Taught Me

Songs my mother taught me,
In the days long vanished;
Seldom from her eyelids
Were the teardrops banished.
Now I teach my children,
Each melodious measure.
Oft the tears are flowing,
Oft they flow from my memory's
treasure.

Do You Know

Do you know that fine land where the
orange tree blooms?

The land of golden fruit, and of
scarlet-hued roses;

Where the breeze is more calm, and
the bird soars more lightly;

Where all through the whole year the
bees are making honey;

Where the sun shines and smiles like
a gift sent from God

In an eternal spring beneath an ever-
blue sky?

Alas! If we could both go there,
Back to that happy place

Where they stole me away!

It's there; it's there that I want to live

To love, to love and to end my days.

It's there that I want to live again

It's there, yes, it's there.

Do you know that big house where
they're waiting for me?

The room with golden walls where
those men made of marble

Call to me in the night with their arms
open wide.

And the yard where you dance with
shady trees around you;

And the crystal clear lake where, on
the water, glide

One thousand graceful boats, as if
they all were birds?

Vers ce pays lointain d'où le sort
m'exila!

C'est là! C'est là que je voudrais vivre
Aimer, aimer et mourir!
C'est là que je voudrais vivre, c'est là
Oui, c'est là!

Vergebliches Ständchen

Er: Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Sie: Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein;
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

Er: So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird;
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Sie: Löschet dein' Lieb';
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Haï luli

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
et je l'attends ici seulette.
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
le fil se casse dans ma main ...
Allons, je filerai demain;
aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Ah! s'il est vrai qu'il soit volage,

Alas! If we could both go there,
Back to that happy place
Where they stole me away!
It's there; it's there that I want to live
To love, to love and to end my days.
It's there that I want to live again
It's there, yes, it's there.

Futile Serenade

He: Good evening, my sweetheart,
good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

She: My door's locked,
I won't let you in;
mother gave me good advice—
if you were allowed in,
all would be over with me!

He: The night's so cold,
the wind's so icy,
my heart is freezing,
my love will go out;
open up, my child!

She: If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

I Am Sad

I am sad, I am anxious,
I no longer know what's to become
of me.
My lover was to have come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Ah, alas! Ah, alas!
How sad it is without my lover!

I sit down to spin my wool,
The thread snaps in my hand:
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
Today I am too upset.
Ah, alas! Ah, alas!
Where can my lover be?

s'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
le village n'a qu'à brûler,
et moi-même avec le village!
Haï luli! Haï luli!
A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Cara sposa

Cara sposa, amante cara,
Dove sei?
Deh! Ritorna a' pianti miei!

Del vostro Erebo sull'ara,
Colla face del mio sdegno
Io vi sfido, o spirti rei!

Fleurs promises

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes
bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un
pas,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers ?

Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des
amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et
dans la cheminée
Un coeur en rubanné de plaintes
Brûle avec ses images saintes.

Ah! If it's true that he's unfaithful,
And will one day abandon me,
Then let the village burn
And me too along with the village!
Ah, alas! Ah, alas!
What point is there in living without
a lover?

Dear Bride

Dear bride, dearly beloved,
Where art thou?
Ah! Return and dry my tears!

On the altar of your Erebus
With the torch of my disdain,
I challenge you, o wicked spirits!

Promised Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your
arms,
Flowers from a step's parentheses,
Who brought you these flowers in
winter
Sprinkled with the sea's sand?

Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded
loves
Your lovely eyes are ashes and in the
hearth
A moan-beribboned heart
Burns with its sacred images.

Upcoming Events

Saturday, March 7, 7:30 p.m.

String Chamber Ensembles

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Sunday, March 8, 1:30 p.m.

Graduate recital: Delaney Schnathorst, voice

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Sunday, March 8, 4:30 p.m.

**Vocal Jazz Groups: Vocal Collective,
The Vocal Syndicate, & Resonance**

Williams Recital Salon

Free admission, no ticket required

Sunday, March 8, 7:30 p.m.

Lamont Composers Concert Series

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Monday, March 9, 7:30 p.m.

Steel Drum Ensemble

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Tuesday, March 10, 7:30 p.m.

Liederabend

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, March 11, 7:30 p.m.

Lamont Wind Ensemble

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre seats, or FREE general admission

Lamont Concert Line: (808) 871-6412

Full events list: liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/performances-events



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