

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Between Radiance & Rupture:

A Dream-Cycle Descent & Return through Art Song

Delaney Schnathorst

Soprano

Dr. Beth Nielsen

Piano

Sunday, March 8, 2026

1:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of a
Master of Music Degree in Performance

Ms. Schnathorst is from the studio of Heidi Melton

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Program

The Luminous Beginning

Ain't It A Pretty Night

from *Susannah*

Carlisle Floyd

(1926–2021)

L'heure Exquise

Reynaldo Hahn

(1847–1947)

The Red Dress

Ricky Ian Gordon

(b. 1956)

Wer hat das Liedlein Erdacht?

Gustav Mahler

(1860–1911)

The Haunting

Reflets

Lili Boulanger

(1893–1918)

Lorelei

Clara Schumann

(1819–1896)

Hexenlied

Fleix Mendelssohn

(1809–1847)

INTERMISSION

The Ache

Lia's Aria

from *L'enfant Prodigue*

Claude Debussy

(1862–1918)

Allerseelen

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Long Time Ago

Aaron Copland
(1900–1990)

Après un Rêve

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

The Actualization

Die Junge Nonne

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)

Když mne stará matka

Antonín Dvořák
(1841–1904)

Wiegenlied

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Zueignung

Text and Translations

Ain't it A Pretty Night

Ain't it a pretty night?

The sky's so dark and velvet-like
And it's all lit up with stars
It's like a great big mirror
Reflectin' fireflies over a pond
Look at all them stars, Little Bat
The longer you look the more you see
The sky seems so heavy with stars
That it might fall right down out of Heaven
And cover us all up in one big blanket
Of velvet all stitched with diamonds

Ain't it a pretty night?
Just think, the stars can all peep down
And see way beyond where we can
They can see way beyond them mountains
To Nashville and Asheville and Knoxville
I wonder what it's like out there
Out there beyond them mountains
Where the folks talk nice, and the folks dress nice
Like you see in the mail-order catalogs

I aim to leave this valley someday
And find out for myself
To see all the tall buildings
And all the street lights
And to be one of those folks myself

I wonder if I'd get lonesome for the valley though
For the sound of crickets
And the smell of pine straw
For soft little rabbits and bloomin' things
And the mountains turnin' gold in the fall
But I could always come back
If I got homesick for the valley
So I'll leave it someday and see for myself
Someday I'll leave and then I'll come back
When I've seen what's beyond them mountains

Ain't it a pretty night?
The sky's so heavy with stars tonight
That it could fall right down out of Heaven
And cover us up, and cover us up
In one big blanket of velvet and diamonds.

L'heure Exquise

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

– Paul Verlaine

Exquisite Hour

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

Trans. Richard Stokes

The Red Dress

I always saw, I always said
If I were grown and free
I'd have a gown of reddest red
As fine as you could see

To wear out walking, sleek and slow
Upon a Summer day
And there'd be one to see me so
And flip the world away

And he would be a gallant one
With stars behind his eyes
And hair like metal in the sun
And lips too warm for lies

I always saw us, gay and good
High honored in the town
Now I am grown to womanhood
I have the silly gown.

– Dorothy Parker

Wer hat das Liedlein Erdacht?

Dort oben in dem hohen
Haus,
Da gucket ein fein's, lieb's Mädel
heraus,
Es ist nicht dort daheime,
Es ist des Wirts sein Töchterlein,
Es wohnt auf grüner Heide.

Mein Herze ist wund,
Komm, Schätzkel, mach's gesund.
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die haben mich verwundet.
Dein rosiger Mund
Macht Herzen gesund.
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund.

Wer hat denn das schöne Liedlein
erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns übers Wasser
gebracht,
Zwei graue und eine weiße;
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen
kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen. Ja!
– Anonymous

Reflets

Sous l'eau du songe qui
s'élève
Mon âme a peur, mon âme a peur.
Et la lune luit dans mon coeur
Plongé dans les sources du rêve !

Sous l'ennui morne des roseaux.
Seul les reflets profonds des choses,
Des lys, des palmes et des roses
Pleurent encore au fond des eaux.

Les fleurs s'effeuillent une à
une
Sur le reflet du firmament.
Pour descendre, éternellement
Sous l'eau du songe et dans la
lune.

– Maurice Maeterlinck

Who Made Up This Little Song?

High in the mountain stands a
house,
From it a sweet pretty maid looks
out,
But that is not her home,
She's the innkeeper's young daughter.
She lives on the green moor.

My heart is sick,
Come, my love, and cure it.
Your dark brown eyes
Have wounded me.
Your rosy lips
Can cure sick hearts,
Make young men wise,
Make dead men live,
Can cure the sick.

Who made up this pretty little
song?
Three geese brought it across the
water.
Two grey ones and a white one;
And for those who can't sing this
song,
They will pipe it to them. They will!
Trans. Richard Stokes

Reflections

Beneath the water of the dream that
rises,
My soul is afraid, my soul is afraid.
And the moon shines into my heart
That is bathed in the dream's source!

Beneath the sad tedium of the reeds,
Only the deep reflection of things,
Of lilies, palms and roses,
Still weep on the water's bed.

One by one the flowers shed their
leaves
Upon the firmament's reflection
To descend, eternally,
Beneath the dream's water and into
the moon.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kämme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

– Heinrich Heine

Loreley

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Lorelei has done.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Hexenlied

De Schwalbe fliegt,
Der Frühling siegt,
Und spendet uns Blumen zum
Kranze!
Bald huschen wir
Lies' aus der Tür,
Und fliegen zum prächtigen Tanze!

Ein schwarzer Bock,
Ein Besenstock,
Die Ofengabel, der Wocken,
Reißt uns geschwind,
Wie Blitz und Wind,
Durch sausende Lüfte zum
Brocken!

Witches' Song

Swallows are flying,
Spring's triumphant,
Dispensing flowers for
wreaths!
Soon we'll flit
Quietly outside,
And fly to the splendid dance!

A black goat,
A broomstick,
The furnace rake, the distaff
Whisk us on our way,
Like lightning and wind,
Through whistling gales to the
Brocken!

Um Beelzebub
Tanzt unser Trupp,
Und küßt ihm die kralligen Hände!
Ein Geisterschwarm
Faßt uns beim Arm,
Und schwinget im Tanzen die
Brände!

Und Beelzebub
Verheißt dem Trupp
Der Tanzenden Gaben auf Gaben:
Sie sollen schön
In Seide gehn
Und Töpfe voll Goldes sich
graben!

Ein Feuerdrach'
Umflieget das Dach
Und bringet uns Butter und Eier:
Die Nachbarn dann sehn
Die Funken wehn,
Und schlagen ein Kreuz vor dem
Feuer.

Die Schwalbe fliegt
Der Frühling siegt,
Die Blumen erblühen zum Kranze.
Bald huschen wir
Leis' aus der Tur,
Juchheisa! zum prächtigen Tanze!
– Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Lia's Aria

L'année envain chasse l'année!
A chaque saison ramenée,
Leurs jeux et leurs ébats m'attristent
malgré moi:
Ils rouvrent ma blessure et mon
chagrin s'accroît..
Je viens chercher la grève
solitaire..
Douleur involontaire!
Efforts superflus!
Lia pleure toujours l'enfant qu'elle n'a
plus!

Our coven dances
Round Beelzebub
And kisses his claw-like hands!
A ghostly throng
Seizes our arms,
Waving firebrands as they
dance!

And Beelzebub
Pledges the throng
Of dancers gift after gift:
They shall be dressed
In beautiful silk
And dig themselves pots full of gold!

A fiery dragon
Flies round the roof
And brings us butter and eggs:
The neighbours catch sight
Of the flying sparks,
And cross themselves for fear of the
fire.

Swallows are flying,
Spring's triumphant,
Flowers are blooming for wreaths.
Soon we'll flit
Quietly outside –
Tally-ho to the splendid dance!
Trans. Richard Stokes

Lia's Aria

Year in vain drives out year!
With each season that returns,
Their games and their frolics sadden
me despite myself:
They reopen my wound, and my
sorrow deepens..
I come to seek the lonely
shore..
Involuntary pain!
Futile efforts!
Lia still weeps for the child she no
longer has!

(continued.)

Azaël, Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu tu
quittée?
En mon coeur maternel ton image
est restée.

Azaël, Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu tu
quittée?
Cependant les soirs étaient doux,
dans la plaine d'ormes plantée
Quand, sous la charge récoltée,

On ramenait les grands boeufs
roux.
Lorsque la tâche était finie,
Enfants, vieillards et serviteurs,
Ouvriers des champs ou pasteurs,
Louaient de Dieu la main bénie.

Ainsi les jours suivaient les jours
Et dans la pieuse famille,
Le jeune homme et la jeune
fille
Exchangeaient leurs chastes amours.

D'autres ne sentent pas les poids de
la vieillesse;
Heureux dans leurs enfants,
Ils voient couler les ans
Sans regret comme sans tristesse...

Aux coeurs inconsolés que les
temps sont pesants!

Azaël, Azaël! Pourquoi m'as-tu tu
quittée?

– Édouard Guinand

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
einerlei,

Azaël, Azaël! Why have you left
me?
In my mother's heart, your image
has remained.

Azaël, Azaël! Why have you left
me?
Yet the evenings were gentle,
On the plain planted with elms,
When, beneath the gathered
harvest,
The great russet oxen were led
home.
When the day's labor was finished,
Children, elders, and servants,
Field workers or shepherds, Praised
the blessed hand of God.

Thus day followed day,
And within the devout family,
The young man and the young
woman
Exchanged their chaste love.

Others do not feel the weight of old
age;
Happy in their children,
They watch the years flow by
Without regret and without sorrow...

For unconsoled hearts, how heavy
time becomes!

Azaël, Azaël! Why have you left
me?

Trans. Emily Ezust

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant
mignonettes,
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,

Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen
Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me but one of your sweet
glances
As once in May.

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.

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.

– Hermann von Gilm

Trans. Richard Stokes

Long Time Ago

On the lake where droop'd the willow
Long time ago,
Where the rock threw back the billow
Brighter than snow.

Dwelt a maid beloved and cherish'd
By high and low,
But with autumn leaf she perished
Long time ago.

Rock and tree and flowing water
Long time ago,
Bird and bee and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know.

While to my fond words she listen'd
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd
Long time ago.

– Traditional

Après un Rêve

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;

After A Dream

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;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la
terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,

You called me and I departed the
earth
To flee with you toward the light,

(continued.)

Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient
leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines
entrevues.

The heavens parted their clouds for
us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours,
celestial fires.

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

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back
your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

– Romaine Bussine

Trans. Richard Stokes

Die Junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der heulende
Sturm!
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das Haus!
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der Blitz,
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

The Young Nun

How the raging storm roars through the
treetops!
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
and the night is as dark as the grave.

Immerhin, immerhin, so tobt' es auch
jüngst noch in mir!
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der
Sturm,
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das
Haus,
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

So be it, not long ago a storm still raged
in me.
My life roared like the storm now,
my limbs trembled like the house now,
love flashed like the lightning now,
and my heart was as dark as the grave.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm,
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh,
Des Bräutigams harret die liebende
Braut,
Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

Now rage, wild, mighty storm;
in my heart is peace, in my heart is calm.
The loving bride awaits the bridegroom,
purified in the testing flames,
betrothed to eternal love.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndendem
Blick!
Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam, hole die
Braut,
Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.
Horch, friedlich ertönet das Glöcklein
vom Turm!
Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.

I wait, my Saviour, with longing gaze!
Come, heavenly bridegroom, take your
bride.
Free the soul from earthly bonds.
Listen, the bell sounds peacefully from
the tower!
Its sweet pealing invites me
all-powerfully to eternal heights.

Alleluia!

– Jacob Nicolaus Craigher de Jachelutta

Alleluia!

Trans. Richard Wigmore

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra

L'alba sepàra dalla luce l'ombra,

E la mia voluttà dal mio desire.
O dolce stelle, è l'ora di morire.

Un più divino amor dal ciel vi sgombra.

Pupille ardenti, O voi senza ritorno
Stelle tristi, spegnetevi incorrotte!

Morir debbo. Veder non voglio il giorno,
Per amor del mio sogno e della notte.

Chiudimi, O Notte, nel tuo sen materno,

Mentre la terra pallida s'irrorà.
Ma che dal sangue mio nasca l'aurora
E dal sogno mio breve il sole eterno!

– Gabriele D'Annunzio

The Dawn Divides the Darkness from the Light

The dawn divides the darkness from the light,

And my sensual pleasure from my desire,
O sweet stars, the hour of death is now at hand:

A love more holy sweeps you from the skies.

Gleaming eyes, O you who'll ne'er return,
sad stars, snuff out your uncorrupted light!

I must die, I do not want to see the day,
For love of my own dream and of the night.

Envelop me, O Night in your maternal breast,

While the pale earth bathes itself in dew;
But let the dawn rise from my blood
And from my brief dream the eternal sun

Trans. Antonio Giuliano

Když mne stará matka

Když mne stará matka zpívát, zpívát
učívala,
podivno, že často, často slzívala.

A ted' také pláčem snědé líce mučím,
když cigánské děti hrát a zpívát
Učím!

– Adolf Heyduk

When My Old Mother

When my old mother taught me songs to sing,
Tears would well strangely in her eyes.

Now my brown cheeks are wet with tears,
When I teach the children how to sing
and play!

Trans. Anonymous

Wiegenlied

Träume, träume, du mein süßes Leben,
von dem Himmel, der die Blumen bringt.
Blüten schimmern da, die beben
von dem Lied, das deine Mutter singt.

Träume, träume, Knospe meiner Sorgen,
von dem Tage, da die Blume sproß;
von dem hellen Blütenmorgen,
da dein Seelchen sich der Welt erschloß.

Träume, träume, Blüte meiner Liebe,
von der stillen, von der heiligen Nacht,
da die Blume seiner Liebe
diese Welt zum Himmel mir gemacht.

– Richard Dehmel

Cradle Song

Dream, dream, my sweet, my life,
of heaven that brings the flowers;
blossoms shimmer there, they live
from the song your mother sings.

Dream, dream, bud born of my anxiety,
of the day the flower unfolded;
of that morning bright with blossom,
when your soul opened to the world.

Dream, dream, blossom of my love,
of the silent, of the sacred night,
when the flower of his love
made this world my heaven.

Trans. Richard Stokes

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!

– Hermann von Gilm

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.

Trans. Richard Wigmore

Program Notes

This recital inhabits the space between radiance and rupture, tracing a dream-like cycle of descent and return through art song. The program moves through moments of innocence and wonder, rupture, and return, exploring emotional terrains that are at once intimate and expansive. Each song functions as a point of reflection, evoking openness, tension, longing, or resolution, and together they form a cycle that mirrors the subtle rhythm of dreaming itself. Through text, vocal expression, and musical color, the recital seeks to inhabit that liminal space where perception deepens, emotion intensifies, and ordinary experience gives way to heightened awareness.

Upcoming Events

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 Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

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

Steel Drum Ensemble

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

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

Liederabend

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required



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