

Lamont School of Music

Senior Recital

Jack McHugh

Voice

Dr. Cody Guy Garrison

Piano

Saturday, April 4, 2026

10:30 a.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



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

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

Mr. Jack McHugh is from the studio of Dr. Cody Laun

Reception to follow in the
Spencer Artist Reception Room

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Program

Summer Schemes

Gerald Finzi
(1901–1956)

The House of Life: A Cycle of Six Sonnets

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)

- I. Love-Sight
- II. Silent Noon
- IV. Heart's Haven
- VI. Love's Last Gift

INTERMISSION

Poème d'un Jour

Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)

- I. Rencontre
- II. Toujours
- III. Adieu

Ständchen, D 957, No. 4

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Donne mie, la fate a tanti *from Così fan Tutte*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

In My Life

John Lennon
(1940–1980)

Jeffrey Ossam, guitar

Paul McCartney
(b. 1942)

Danny Boy

Old Irish Air
Arr. Fred E. Weatherly

Text and Translations

Summer Schemes

When friendly summer calls again,
Calls again
Her little fifers to these hills,
We'll go — we two — to that arched fane
Of leafage where they prime their bills
Before they start to flood the plain
With quavers, minims, shakes, and trills.
"We'll go," I sing; but who shall say
What may not chance before that day!
And we shall see the waters spring,
Waters spring
From chinks the scrubby copses crown;
And we shall trace their oncreeping
To where the cascade tumbles down
And sends the bobbing growths aswing,
And ferns not quite but almost drown.
"We shall," I say; but who may sing
Of what another moon will bring!

– Thomas Hardy

Love-Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?
O love - my love! if I no more should see Thyself,
nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

– Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,

Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.
Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

– Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,
Cow'ring beneath dark wings that love must chase,
With still tears show'ring and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,—
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sov'reign counter-charms.
And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answer'ing spirits chime one roundelay.

– Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Love's Last Gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
And said: 'The rose-tree and the apple-tree
Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf
Of the great harvest marshal, the year's chief
Victorious summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea
Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef ...
All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love
To thee I gave while spring and summer sang;
But autumn stops to listen, with some pang
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise.

– Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Rencontre

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai
rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon
obstiné tourment.
Ô dis-moi, serais-tu la femme
inespérée,
Et le rêve idéal poursuivi vainement?
Ô passante aux doux yeux, serais-tu
donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur au poète
isolé?
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme
affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur
d'exilé?
Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne
pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la
mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase
s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle âme
est cher.
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déjà m'enchaîne à toi comme un
vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour
envahie
Et mon cœur te chérit sans te
connaître bien.

– Charles Grandmougin

Tourjours

Vous me demandez de me taire,
De fuir loin de vous pour jamais,
Et de m'en aller, solitaire,
Sans me rappeler qui j'étais!

Demandez plutôt aux étoiles
De tomber dans l'immensité,
À la nuit de perdre ses voiles,
Au jour de perdre sa clarté!
Demandez à la mer immense
De dessécher ses vastes flots,
Et quand les vents sont en démente,

Meeting

I was sad and pensive when I met
you,
Today I feel less my obstinate
torment.
Oh, tell me, might you be the woman
no even hoped for,
And the ideal dream pursued in vain?
Oh, passerby with gentle eyes, might
you be the friend
Who would bring back happiness to
the lonely poet?
And will you shine on my
strengthening soul
Like the native sky on a heart of an
exile?
Your timid sadness, alike to mine,
Loves to see the sun set over the
sea!
Facing this vastness your rapture
awakens,
And the charm of the evenings is
dear to your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and gentle sympathy
Already chains me to you like a living
bond
And my soul trembles, overwhelmed
by love,
And my heart cherishes without
knowing you well!

Trans. Sergius Kagen

Forever

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you forever,
And depart in solitude
Without remembering the one I
loved!

Rather ask the stars
To fall into the infinite,
The night loses its veils,
The day to lose its brightness!
Ask the boundless ocean
To drain its vast waves,
And when the winds rage in
madness,

D'apaiser ses sombres sanglots!
Mais n'espérez pas que mon âme
S'arrache à ses âpres douleurs,
Et se dépouille de sa flamme
Comme le printemps de ses fleurs!
– Charles Grandmougin

To still their mournful cries!
But do not believe that my soul
Will free itself from its bitter sorrows,
And cast off its fire,
As spring casts off its flowers.
Trans. Sergius Kagen

Adieu

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diapers
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-aimées,
Fumées!
On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer
Plus vite que les flots des grèves,
Nos rêves!
Plus vite que le givre en fleurs,
Nos cœurs!
À vous l'on se croyait fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!
Et je dis en quittant vos charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon aveu,

Adieu!

– Charles Grandmougin

Farewell

How swiftly all things die, the rose
Uncloses,
And the fresh colored mantles
Of the meadows;
The long sighs, the beloved ones,
Disappear in smoke!
We see, in this fickle world,
Change
Faster than waves at the shores,
Our dreams!
Faster than dew on flowers,
Our hearts!
One believed in being faithful to you,
Cruel one,
But alas, the longest loves
Are short!
And I say, leaving your charms,
Without tears,
Almost at the moment of my
confession,
Farewell!

Trans. Sergius Kagen

Ständchen, D 957, No. 4

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir.
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht,
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen

Fürchte, Holde, nicht.
Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,

Serenade

Gently plead my songs
Through the night to you;
Into the quiet grove below,
Sweetheart, come to me.
Whispering, slender treetops rustle
In the moon's light;
Of a betrayer's unfriendly
eavesdropping
Be not afraid, lovely one.
Do you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they implore you;
With sound of sweet laments
They plead to you for me.
They understand the heart's longing;
They know love's pain;

Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.
Lass auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr ich dir entgegen,
Komm, beglücke mich.

– Ludwig Rellstab

They stir, with silvery tones,
Every tender heart.
Let your heart also be moved,
Sweetheart, hear me!
Trembling, I await you;
Come, make me happy.

Trans. Richard Walters

Donne mie, la fate a tanti

Donne mie, la fate a tanti,
Che, se il ver vi deggio dir,
Se si lagnano gli amanti
Li comincio a compatir.
Io vo' bene al sesso vostro,
Lo sapete, ognun lo sa:
Ogni giorno ve lo mostro,
Vi dò segno d'amistà;
Ma quel farla a tanti e tanti
M'avvilisce in verità.
Mille volte il brando presi

Per salvar il vostro onor,
Mille volte vi difesi

Colla bocca, e più col cor.

Ma quel farla a tanti e tanti
È un vizietto seccator.
Siete vaghe, siete amabili,
Più tesori il ciel vi diè,

E le grazie vi circondano
Dalla testa sin ai piè;
Ma la fate a tanti e tanti,
Che credibile non è.
Che, se gridano gli amanti,
Hanno certo un gran perché.

– Lorenzo Da Ponte

Donne mie, la fate a tanti

Ladies, you treat so many thus
That, if I must speak the truth,
I begin to sympathise
When your lovers complain.
I adore the sex, you know,
Everyone knows it;
Each day I show it
And always take your part.
But such treatment of so many
Discourages me, in truth.
A thousand times I've drawn my
sword
To defend your honour.
A thousand times I've championed
you
With my tongue and, still more, with
my heart.
But such treatment of so many
Is pernicious and a bore.
You're attractive, you are charming,
Heaven has given you treasures
galore
And graces envelop you
From head to foot.
But thus you treat so many,
That it's difficult to believe,
And if your lovers complain
They have good reason indeed.

Trans. Andrew Schneider

In My Life

There are places I'll remember
All my life, though some have changed.
Some forever, not for better;
Some have gone and some remain.
All these places had their moments
With lovers and friends I still can recall.
Some are dead and some are living,
In my life I've loved them all.
But of all these friends and lovers
There is no one compares with you.
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new.
Tho' I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before,
I know I'll often stop and think about them,
In my life I love you more.
Tho' I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before,
I know I'll often stop and think about them,
In my life I love you more.
In my life I love you more.

– John Lennon

Danny Boy

Oh, Danny Boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountainside,
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling,
It's you, it's you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow,
It's I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow,
Oh, Danny Boy, oh Danny Boy, I love you so!
But when ye come, and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be,
Ye'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an Ave there for me;
And I shall hear, though soft you tread above me,
And all my grave will warmer, sweeter be,
For you will bend and tell me that you love me,
And I shall sleep in peace until you come to me!

– Fred E. Weatherly

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Upcoming Events

Tuesday, April 7, 7:30 p.m.

Trombone Studio Recital

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, April 10, 7:30 p.m.

Faculty Recital Series: Richard Harris, trombone

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Sunday, April 12, 5:00 p.m.

Guest Recital: Lynnli Wang, carillon

Williams Carillon, Ritchie Center Lawn

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, April 17, 7:30 p.m.

Faculty Recital Series:

Brian Neal, trumpet & Cindy Lindeen-Martin, organ

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Sunday, April 19, 4:30 p.m.

Faculty Recital Series:

Stephanie Cheng, piano & Michael van Wirt, percussion

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Lamont Opera Theatre presents: *Die Fledermaus*

Thursday, April 23, 7:30 p.m.

Friday, April 24, 7:30 p.m.

Saturday, April 25, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, April 26, 2:30 p.m.

Gates Concert Hall

Tickets: \$20 to \$40

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



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