

Lamont School of Music

Junior Recital

Will Letheby

Voice

Cody Guy Garrison

Piano

Wednesday, April 8, 2026

7:30 p.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. Letheby is from the studio of Cody Laun

Reception to follow in the
Spencer Artist Reception Room

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Program

Total Eclipse

George Frideric Handel
(1685–1759)

L'Allegro Marinaro

Vincenzo Francesco Bellini
(1801–1835)

In Van Pregghi

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)

Dal labbro il canto

Guiseppe Verdi
(1813–1901)

Ideale

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)

INTERMISSION

Romanze des Pedrillo
from Die Entführung aus dem Serail

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

Dein Angesicht

Robert Alexander Schumann
(1810–1856)

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

Benjamin Britten
(1913–1976)

Lonely House
from Street Scene

Kurt Weill
(1900–1950)

Bring Him Home
from Les Misérables

Claude-Michel Schönberg
(b. 1944)

Text and Translations

Total Eclipse

Oh, loss of sight!

Of thee I most complain!

Oh, worse than beggary, old age, or chains!

My very soul in real darkness dwells.

Total eclipse!

No sun, no moon, all dark, all dark amidst the blaze of noon!

O, glorious light!

No cheering ray to glad my eyes with welcome day!

Total eclipse!

No sun, no moon, all dark amidst the blaze of noon!

Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?

Sun, moon and stars are dark to me!

– Newburgh Hamilton

L'Allegro Marinaro

Allor che azzurro il mar

sereno specchia il ciel

al tuo navil fedel

ritorna, o marinar.

Tentiamo del pjacer

su l'onde la canzon

sfidiamo il flutto e il tuon

contenti avventurier.

Spera, spera, o marinar:

la speranza è il nostro ben.

Ognun speri di tornar

de' suoi fidi ancora al sen.

Cinge il futuro un manto:

sol Dio saper potrà

chi fia che rivedrà

l'antica madre in pianto.

Allor che in ciel vedrem

il nembo imperversar,

convien coraggio oprar:

da forti griderem.

Oggi concenti e suon

la sorte ci serbò;

doman mandar ci può

forse procelle e tuon.

The Happy Sailor

When the serene sea

mirrors the blue of the sky

to your fleet faithfully

return, oh sailor.

Let us sing the song of pleasure

of being at sea

let us brave the waves and the

thunder

as happy adventures.

Hope, o sailor

the hope is our blessing

May each one hope of returning

to the embrace of their loved ones

The future is shrouded in a cloak

for only God can know

who will be able to see again

his elderly mother weeping.

When we will see in the sky

the rain-cloud raging.

screw up your courage

with strength we will cry out have

courage!

Today, fate has perserved us

for song and music

perhaps tomorrow it may send us

into storms and thunder.

Ma tornar vedrem sul mar,
pien di gioia, ancor quel sol
che alla pace ridonar
ci dovrà del patrio suol.
Allor senza periglio
la madre ascolterà
quella che a lei dirà
storia di pianto il figlio.

– Italian art song

But we will see return over the sea
full of joy, again that sun
that must return us
to the peace of our native land.
Then, the son no longer in danger,
the mother will listen to
the words that will tell her
the tearful story of her son

Trans. Bard Suverkrop

In Van Pregghi

In van preghi, in vano aneli,
in van mostri il cuore infranto.
Sono forse umidi i cieli
perché noi abbiamo pianto?

Il dolor nostro è senz'ala.
Non ha volo il grido imbelle.

Piangi e prega! Qual dio cala
pel cammino delle stelle?

Abbandónati alla polve
e su lei prono ti giaci.
La supina madre assolve
d'ogni colpa chi la baci.

In un Ade senza dio
dormi quanto puoi profondo.

Tutto è sogno, tutto è oblio:
l'asfodelò è il fior del Mondo.

– Gaetano Rossi

In Vain You Pray

In vain you pray, in vain you yearn,
in vain you show your broken heart.
Are the heavens perhaps moist
because we have wept?

Our grief is fixed.
The cowardly cry does not take
flight.

Weep and pray! What God comes
down
on the path of the stars?

Give yourself up to the dust
and lie face down in it.
Mother earth absolves
from all sins all those who kiss her.

In a godless hell
how much more deeply can one
sleep.

All is a dream, all is oblivion
the asphodel is the flower of the
world.

Trans. Bard Suverkrop

Dal labbro il canto

Dal labbro il canto estasiato vola

Pe' silenzi notturni e va lontano

E alfin ritrova un altro labbro
umano

Che gli risponde colla sua parola.

From the Lips the Song

From the lips, the song of ecstasy
wings.

flying far through the silence of the
night.

Until it finds another human lip

that answers it with the same song.

(continued.)

Allor la notte che non è più sola
Vibra di gioia in un accordo arcano
E innamorando l'aer antelucano
Come altra voce al suo fonte rivola.

Quivi ripiglia suon, ma la sua cura
Tende sempre ad unir chi lo
disuna.
Così baciai la desiata bocca!
Bocca baciata non perde ventura.

Ma il canto muor nel bacio che lo
tocca.

– Arrigo Boito

Ideale

Io ti seguii come iride di pace

Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguii come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,

Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,

Lungamente sognai;
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni
croce,

In quel giorno scordai.
Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante

A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo
sembiante,

Una novella aurora.
Torna, caro ideal, torna, torna.

– Carmelo Errico

Until it finds another human lip
that answers it with the same song
filling the predawn air with love,
with the other voice it returns to its
source.

There it repeats the sound,
but its intent is always to unite
those whom divide it.
Thus did I kiss the desired mouth!
A mouth that is kissed is forever
fortunate.

But the song dies on the lips with
the kiss that it touches

Trans. Bard Suverkrop

Ideal

I followed you like a rainbow of
peace

along the paths of the sky;
I followed you like a friendly torch
in the veil of the night.

And I sensed you in the light, in the
air,

in the perfume of the flowers,
and my lonely room was full
of you and your beauty.

Entranced by you and by the sound
of your voice,

for a long time I dreamed,
and all earthly worry and torment

I forgot that day in that dream.

Return, dear perfection, come back
for a moment

and smile upon me again,
and in your face, will shine for me

a new dawn.

Return, dear ideal, return, return.

Trans. Bard Suverkrop

Romanze des Pedrillo

In mohrenland, gefangen war
ein Mäd'el hübsch und fein;
Sah roth und weiss, war schwarz
von Haar,
Seufzt' Tag und Nacht und weinte
gar;
Wollt' gern erlöset seyn.

Da kam aus fremdem Land da her
Ein junger Rittersmann;
Den jammerte das Mädchen sehr;
Jach rief er, wag' ich Kopf und Ehr,
Wenn ich sie retten kann.

Ich komm zu dir in finst'rer Nacht,
Lass, Liebchen, husch mich ein!
Ich fürchte weder schloss noch
wacht;
Holla! horch auf! um Mitternacht,
zollst du erlöset seyn.

Gesagt, gethan; Glock zwölfe stand
Der tapfre Ritter da;
Sanft reicht sie ihm die weiche
hant,
frühman die leere zelle fand.

Fort war sie, hopsasa!
– Gottlieb Stephanie

Dein Angesicht

Dein Angesicht so lieb und schön,
das hab' ich jüngst im Traum
geseh'n

Es ist so mild und engelgleich,
und doch so bleich so
schmerzenreich.

Und nur die Lippen, die sind rot,
bald aber küsst sie bleich der Tod.

Erlöschen wird das Himmelslicht,

das aus den frommen Augen
bricht.

– Heinrich Heine

Pedrillo's Romance

In a moorish land, captured was a
girl pretty and delicate.
She looked pink and white and
black with hair,
she sighed day and night and cried
even,
wanted much to be freed.

Then in a foreign land, along came
a young Knight.
He felt sorry for the girl,
Ah! He cried: "I would risk head
and honor if I could rescue her."

"I'll come to you at the dark of night
dearist let me in quickly,
I fear neither lock or guard,
holla, listen up! At midnight,
you shall be freed."

At the stroke of 12 stood the bold
Knight.
He gently gave her his soft hand,
early in the morning they found the
cell empty.
Away she was like that!
Trans. Bard Suverkrop

Your Face

Your face so dear and beautiful,
I recently saw it in a dream.

It is so gentle and angelic,
and yet so pale, so filled with pain.

And only your lips, they are red,
soon however, death will kiss them
pale.

Extinguished will be the
heavenly-light,
that from your innocent eyes
breaks.

Trans. Bard Suverkrop

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;
No flow'r of her kindred, No rosebud is nigh.
To reflect back her blushes or give sigh for sigh.
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem;
since the lovely are sleeping, go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter, thy leaves o'er the bed.
Where thy mates of the garden lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow, when friendships decay,
and from love's shining circle the gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, and fond ones are flown,
Oh! Who would inhabit, this bleak world alone?

– Thomas Moore

Lonely House

At night when everything is quiet, this old house seems to breathe a sigh.
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring, sometimes I hear a baby cry.
Sometimes I hear a staircase creaking, sometimes a distant telephone.
Then the quiet settles down again... The house and I are all alone.
Lonely house, lonely me! Funny... with so many neighbors, how lonely it
can be!
Oh lonely street! Lonely town! Funny... you can be so lonely with all these
folks around.
I guess there must be something I don't comprehend... Sparrows have
companions, even stray dogs find a friend.
The night for me is not romantic. Unhook the stars and take them down.
I'm lonely in this lonely house... In this lonely town.

– Langston Hughs

Bring Him Home

God on high
Hear my prayer.
In my need,
You have always been there.

He is young,
He's afraid,
Let him rest,
Heaven blessed.
Bring him home.

He's like the sun I might have known,
If God had granted me a son.
The summers die
One by one,
How soon they fly
On and on.
And I am old
And will be gone.

Bring him peace,
Bring him joy,
He is young,
He is only a boy.

You can't take,
You can't give,
Let him be,
Let him live.
If I die, let me die.
Let him live,
Bring him home.

– Herbert Kretzmer

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Upcoming Events

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

Saturday, April 18, 2:00 p.m.

Celebration of Life: Ken Walker

Room 130

Free admission, no ticket required

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

Thursday, April 23 – Saturday, April 25, 7:30 p.m.

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

Lamont Opera Theatre presents: *Die Fledermaus*

Gates Concert Hall

Tickets: \$20 to \$40

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

Jennie's Concert: A Brass Celebration

Gates Concert Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

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



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