

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Becoming

Cat Frenzel

Soprano

Dr. Beth Nielsen

Piano

Thursday, April 9, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

Program

Ah, fuggi il traditor! (1787)
from *Don Giovanni*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)
Lorenzo da Ponte

Chanson triste

Henri Duparc
(1848–1933)
Henri Cazalis (as Jean Lahor)

Extase

Henri Cazalis (as Jean Lahor)

La vie antérieure

Charles Baudelaire

Sérénade

Gabriel Marc

**Zwölf Gedichte aus Friedrich
Rückert's Liebesfrühling op. 12 (1841)**

Clara Schumann
(1819–1896)
Friedrich Rückert

- I. Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen
- II. Liebst du um Schönheit
- III. Warum willst du and're fragen

Die Loreley

Clara Schumann
Heinrich Heine

I N T E R M I S S I O N

Please silence your cell phones

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Program

Il vecchiotto cerca moglie

from *Il barbiere di Siviglia*

Gioachino Rossini

(1792–1868)

Cesare Sturbini

At last, to be identified!

Richard Pearson Thomas

(b. 1957)

Emily Dickinson

- I. Doubt me! My Dim Companion!
- II. What if I say I shall not wait!
- III. Wild Nights --- Wild Nights!
- IV. I never saw a Moor
- V. There's a certain Slant of light
- VI. At last, to be identified!

Love Songs (Volume II)

Matthew Emery

(b. 1991)

Sara Teasdale

- VI. Give Me Your Stars To Hold
- IV. Refuge

Reception to follow in the Perlmutter Director's Lounge

Text and Translations

Ah, fuggi il traditor

Ah, fuggi il traditor,
non lo lasciar più dir:
il labbro è mentitor,
fallace il ciglio.
Da' miei tormenti impara
a creder a quel cor.
E nasca il tuo timor
dal mio periglio.

Chanson Triste

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.
J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.
Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh ! quelquefois, sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous,
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesse,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien-aimée.
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.

La vie antérieure

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes
portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de
mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et
majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes
basaltiques.

Ah, flee the traitor!

Ah, flee the traitor!
Don't let him speak no more!
His lips are deceitful
His eyes are false.
Learn from my agony
How much you can trust that heart
And your fear shall be born
From my peril.

Sad Song

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and
my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms!
You will let my wounded head,
Oh! Sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

- Edith Braun

Ecstasy

On a pale lily my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death.
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of my beloved.
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death.

- Edith Braun

The Previous Life

I dwelled a long time in vast pillared
halls
Which the sun rays of the seas colored
with a thousand lights,
And which their grand columns,
straight and majestic, made, at night,
alike to grottos of basalt.

Les houles, en roulant les images des
cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et
mystique
Les tout puissants accords de leur
riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par
mes yeux
C'est là, c'est là que j'ai vécu dans les
voluptés calmes
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des
splendeurs,
Et des esclaves nus tout imprégnés
d'odeurs,
Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec
des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait
languir.

Sérénade

Si j'étais, o mon amoureuse,
La brise au souffle parfumé,
Pour frôler ta bouche rieuse,
Je viendrais craintif et charmé.
Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,
Ou le papillon séducteur,
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.
Si j'étais le rose charmante,
Que ta main place sur ton cœur,
Si près de toi toute tremblante
Je me fanerais de bonheur.
Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire?
T'aimer... Te le dire... Et pleurer!

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen
Mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt' ich ahnen,
Dass seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen Wegen?

The surging waves, rolling along the
reflections of the skies,
Intermingled in a solemn and mystical
way
The all-powerful chords of their rich
music
With the sunset's hues reflected in my
eyes
There, there is where I lived in calm
voluptuousness
Amidst the azure, the waves and the
splendors,
Amidst the nude slaves impregnated
with scents,
Who refreshed my brow with palm
leaves,
And whose sole care was bent on
fathoming the painful mystery that
made me languish.

- Edith Braun

Serenade

If I were, o my love,
The breeze of a perfumed breath,
Brushing against your cheerful mouth,
I would become timid and charmed.
If I were the bee that flew,
Or the seductive butterfly,
You would not see me, frivolous,
Leave you for another flower.
If I were the charming rose,
Which your hand placed on your heart,
So near to you, all trembling,
I would faint with happiness.
But in vain I seek to please you.
I quite moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can I do?
Love you... tell you so... and cry!

- Ahmed E. Ismail

He came in the storm and rain

He came in the storm and rain,
My heart beating anxiously
In anticipation.
How could I know,
That his path
Was to unite with mine?

Er ist gekommen in Sturm und
Regen,
Er hat genommen, mein Herz
verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich entgegen.
Er ist gekommen in Sturm und
Regen,
Nun ist gekommen des Frühlings
Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter, ich seh' es
heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen Wegen.

Liebst du um Schönheit

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe de Sonne,
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr!
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebst mich immer,
Dich lieb' immerdar.

Warum willst du and're fragen

Warum willst du and're fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit dir?
Glaube nicht, als was dir sagen,
Diese beiden Augen hier!
Glaube nicht den fremden Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen Wahn,
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst du
deuten,
Sondern sieh die Augen an!
Schweigt die Lippe deinen Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen mich?
Was auch meine Lippen sagen,
Sieh mein Aug', ich liebe dich.

He came in the storm and rain,
Boldly taking my heart away.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both came to meet each other.
He came in the storm and rain,
And with him came the bliss of spring.
My friend journeys on but I watch in good
cheer,
for he will be mine wherever he walks.

- Arne Muus

If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty,
O do not love me!
Love the sun instead,
With its golden hair!
If you love for youth,
O do not love me!
Love spring instead,
Who is young each year!
If you love for treasures,
O do not love me!
Love the mermaid instead,
With her many lucid pearls.
If you love for love,
O yes, do love me!
If you love me always,
I will love you evermore!

- Arne Muus

Why should you want to ask others

Why should you want to ask others
Who will not be true to you?
Believe nothing but what you are told
By these two eyes of mine!
Do not believe those you don't know,
Nor the figments of your own mind.
Do not take as a sign what I do,
But only look at my eyes!
Do my lips keep still when you ask them,
Or do they witness against me?
Whatever my lips may say,
Just look at my eyes: I love you.

- Arne Muus

Die Loreley

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 gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr gold'nes Haar.
Sie kämmt es mit gold'nem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei;
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewaltige 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 Loreley getan.

Il vecchiotto cerca moglie

Che vecchio sospettoso!
Vada pure
e ci stia finché crepa ...
Sempre gridi e tumulti in questa casa;
si litiga, si piange, si minaccia ...
Non v'è un'ora di pace
con questo vecchio avaro, brontolone!
Oh, che casa! Oh, che casa in
confusione!
Il vecchiotto cerca moglie,
vuol marito la ragazza;
questo freme, quella è pazza.
Tutti e due son da legar.
Ma che cosa è questo amore
che fa tutti delirar?
Egli è un male universale,
una smania, un pizzicore ...
un solletico, un tormento ...
Poverina, anch'io lo sento,
né so come finirà.

The Loreley

I do not know what it is
That makes me so very sad;
There is a tale from days of old
That I cannot get out of my mind.
The air is cool and dusk is falling
And calmly flows the Rhine;
The top of the mountain sparkles
In the glow of the evening sun.
The most beautiful maiden sits
Up there, a wonderful sight,
Her golden jewellery twinkling,
She combs her golden hair.
She combs it with a golden comb,
At the same time singing a song,
That has the most enchanting,
Powerful melody.
The boatman in his little boat,
Is gripped by savage ache;
He does not look out for the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.
I believe the waves swallow up
Both boatsman and boat in the end;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

- Arne Muus

The old man seeks a wife

What a suspicious old man!
Begone and don't come back alive!
Always shouting and clamour in this
house...
Arguing...weeping...threatening...
There is not an hour's peace
with this stingy, grumbling old man.
Oh, what a house of confusion!

The old man seeks a wife,
and the maiden wants a husband,
the one is frenzied, the other crazy,
both of them need restraining.
What on earth is all this love
which makes everyone go mad?
It is a universal evil,
it is a mania and an itch,
a thing which tickles and torments you.
Unhappy me, I also feel it
and do not know how to escape.

(continued)

Oh! vecchiaia maledetta! ...
Son da tutti disprezzata ...
E vecchietta disperata.
mi convien così crear.

Oh, accursed old maid!
By all I am despised,
an old maid without a hope,
I shall die in desperation.

- opera-arias.com

At last, to be identified!

Doubt me! My Dim Companion!

Doubt me! My Dim Companion!
Why, God, would be content
With but a fraction of the Life
Poured thee, without a stint.
The whole of me forever,
What more the Woman can,
Say quick, that I may dower thee,
With last Delight I own!
It cannot be my Spirit,
For that was thine, before
I ceded all of Dust I knew.
What Opulence the more
Had I a humble maiden
Whose farthest of Degree
Was that she might some distant Heaven,
Dwell timidly, with thee!

What if I say I shall not wait!

What if I say I shall not wait!
What if I burst the fleshly Gate
And pass escaped to thee!
What if I file this Mortal off,
See where it hurt me, that's enough
And wade in Liberty!
They cannot take me anymore!
Dungeons can call and Guns implore
Unmeaning now to me
As Laughter was an hour ago
Or Laces or a Travelling Show
Or who died yesterday!

Wild Nights - - - Wild nights!

Wild nights! Wild nights!
Were I with thee

Wild nights should be our luxury!
Futile the winds, to a heart in port,
Done with the compass,
Done with the chart!
Rowing in Eden,
Ah, the Sea!
Might I but moor
Tonight in thee!

I never saw a Moor

I never saw a Moor,
I never saw the sea,
Yet know I how the heather looks
And what a wave must be.
I never spoke with God,
Or visited in Heaven,
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

There's a certain Slant of light

There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons—
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes.
Heavenly Hurt, it gives us.
We can find no scar,
But internal difference,
Where the Meanings, are—
None may teach it, any,
'Tis the Seal Despair.
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the air.
When it comes, the Landscape listens.
Shadows—hold their breath.
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death—

At last, to be identified!

At last, to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side
The rest of Life to see!
Past Midnight! Past the Morning Star!
Past Sunrise!
Ah, What leagues there were
Between our feet, and Day!

Give Me Your Stars To Hold

Peace flows into me.
As the tide to the pool by the shore;
It is mine forevermore.
It will not ebb like the sea.
I am the pool
That worships the vivid sky;
My hopes were heaven-high,
Fulfilled in you.
I am the pool of gold
When sunset burns and dies.
You are my deepening skies;
Give me your stars to hold.

Refuge

From my spirit's grey defeat,
From my pulse's flagging beat,
From my hopes that turned to sand,
Sifting through my closed, clenched hand.
From my own faults slavery,
If I can sing, I still am free.
For with my singing I can make a refuge.
For my spirit's sake,
A house of shining words,
To be my fragile immortality.

- Sara Teasdale

Upcoming Events

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

Faculty Recital Series: Richard Harris, trombone

Hamilton 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 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 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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