

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Nathan Janzen

Voice

Beth Nielsen

Piano

Saturday, May 2, 2026

1:30 p.m.

Carl and Lisa Williams Recital Salon



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

Program

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 & Liederkreis, Op. 24 Robert Schumann

(1810–1856)

Heinrich Heine

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III. Die Rose, Die Lilie, Die Taube, Die Sonne
- IV. Lieb' Liebchen
- V. Schöne Wiege meiner Leide
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Berg und Burgen schau'n herunten
- XVI. Die alten, bosen Lieder

Semele, HWV 58

George Frederick Handel

(1685–1759)

I must with speed amuse her
Where'er you walk

Mackenzie Laun, soprano

INTERMISSION

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

Mr. Janzen is from the studio of Cody Laun

Reception to follow in the
Director's Lounge, 4th floor

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Cinq mélodies populaires grecques (1904)

Maurice Ravel

(1875–1937)

Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

- I. Chanson de la mariee
- II. Là-bas, vers l'église
- III. Quel galant m'est comparable
- IV. Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
- V. Tout gai!

I Can't Be Talkin' of Love (1974)

John Duke

(1899–1984)

Esther Matthews

I Ride the Great Black Horses (1946)

Robert Nathan

Loveliest of Trees (1934)

A. E. Housman

The Bird (1949)

Elinor Wylie

The House of Life, VW 54

Ralph Vaughan Williams

(1872–1958)

D. G. Rossetti

- II. Silent Noon

Beth Nielsen, piano

Program Notes & Text and Translations

The poet recalls falling in love, perhaps for the first time, in the heart of springtime.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst open,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

–Heinrich Heine

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Reveling in the beauty and strength of his love, he wishes to pour out his overwhelming emotions into nature's own expressions of beauty.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

From my tears there will spring

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

–Heinrich Heine

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

Trans. Richard Stokes

These expressions--rose, lily, dove, and sun--seem inferior to his love in the heat of his excitement.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die
Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die
Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und
Sonne.

–Heinrich Heine

Rose, Lily, Dove, Sun

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in love-bliss.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

Trans. Richard Stokes

With the passage of time, the adrenaline rush of love borders on a panic attack.

Lieb' Liebchen

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs
Herze mein;—
Ach, hörst du, wie 's pochet im
Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm
und arg,

Lay your hand, my love

Just lay your hand on my heart, my love;
Ah, can you not hear it throbbing in
there?
A carpenter, wicked and evil, lives
there,

Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.	Fashioning me my coffin.
Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;	He bangs and hammers day and night,
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.	And has long since banished all sleep.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann,	Ah, master carpenter, make haste,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.	That I might soon find rest.
–Heinrich Heine	Trans. Richard Stokes

Sometime afterward, the poet mourns the loss of his love as he leaves her hometown. Perhaps it was his moment of vulnerability that caused the break...or maybe his love was only infatuation.

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden,—
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär es dann geschehen,
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfleht;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von
hinnen,
Bittere Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

–Heinrich Heine

Lovely cradle of my sorrows

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,
Lovely tombstone of my peace,
Lovely city, we must part—
Farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, O sacred threshold,
Where my dear beloved treads,
Farewell! O sacred spot,
Where I first beheld her.

Had I never seen you though,
Fair queen of my heart!
It would never have come to pass
That I am now so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love,
To live in peace was all I wished,
And to breathe your breath.

But you yourself drive me hence,
Your lips speak bitter words;
Madness rages in my mind,
And my heart is sick and sore.

And my limbs, weary and feeble,
I drag away, my staff in hand,
Until I lay my tired head down
In a cool and distant grave.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Still mourning, he sees Cologne's cathedral across the Rhine. A statue of the Virgin Mary thereon reminds him of his love.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n

In the Rhine, in the holy river

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,

Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

–Heinrich Heine

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Perhaps to see the statue up close, the poet sails on the Rhine. He reflects that the river itself can be beautiful and tragic, like his lost relationship.

Berg und Burgen schau herunter

Berg' und Burgen schau herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Mountains and castles gaze down

Mountains and castles gaze down
Into the mirror-bright Rhine,
And my little boat sails merrily,
The sunshine glistening around it.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Calmly I watch the play
Of golden, ruffled waves surging;
Silently feelings awaken in me
That I had kept deep in my heart.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleissend,
Bringt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.
Oben Lust, in Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

–Heinrich Heine

With friendly greetings and promises,
The river's splendour beckons;
But I know it—gleaming above
It conceals within Death and Night.
Above, pleasure; at heart, malice;
River, you are so like my beloved!
She can also nod so friendly,
And smile so devotedly and gently.

Trans. Richard Stokes

The poet falls into a major depressive episode. He lashes out at the childhood stories that made him believe in love at first sight. Like the mythical Pandora, he finds something unexpected and beautiful at the bottom of his suffering...

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bö's' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than strong Saint Christopher
In Cologne's dome on the Rhine.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.

–Heinrich Heine

Trans. Richard Stokes

Semele, mortal mistress to the god Jupiter, laments her mortality. Unwilling to grant her immortality, Jupiter momentarily panics before devising a distraction--a visit from her sister Ino, preceded by one of the most famous arias in all of opera.

I must with speed amuse her

I must with speed amuse her,
Lest she too much explain!

It gives the lover double pain
To hear his nymph complain
And, hearing, must refuse her.

I must with speed amuse her,
Lest she too much explain!

–William Congreve

Where'er you walk

Where'er you walk,
Cool gales shall fan the glade.
Trees where you sit
Shall crowd into a shade.

Where'er you tread,
The blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish
Where'er you turn your eyes.

–William Congreve

The excited poet shakes their love awake, perhaps the morning of their wedding.

Chanson de la mariée

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix
mignonne,
Ouvre au matin tes ailes.
Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en
est brûlé!
Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte,
Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux.
Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier!
Dans nos deux familles, tous sont
alliés!

–Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

The bride's awakening

Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge,
Spread your wings to the morning.
Three beauty spots - and my heart's
ablaze.
See the golden ribbon I bring you
To tie around your tresses.
If you wish, my beauty, marry me!
In our two families, all are related.

Trans. Richard Stokes

As the pair walk to church together, the sight of the graveyard--full of war veterans--inspires a moment of pious gratitude.

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costandino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

–Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together,
buried in infinite numbers,
In the world, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

Trans. Richard Stokes

Perhaps while staging her walk down the aisle, the bride makes a joke in the manner of, "If I were marrying someone else...", which inspires the poet to reenact the words of an arrogant noble gentleman.

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

–Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp sword...
And it's you I love!

Trans. Richard Stokes

It's the proverbial "morning after". The lovers bask in each other's glow.

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme, joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.

Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.

Oh when you appear,
Angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel

Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs
souponnent!

—Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

Trans. Richard Stokes

One of them recalls the wedding guest who took great pleasure in watching everyone else dance the night away.

Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la...

—Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

So merry!

So merry; Ah, so merry!
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la la la.

Trans. Richard Stokes

After forty minutes of love music, the poet decides it's time to shake off the lovey-dovey themes...but can't quite seem to follow through.

I Can't Be Talkin' of Love

I can't be talkin' of love, dear;
I can't be talkin' of love.
If there be one thing I can't talk of
That one thing do be love.

But that's not sayin' that I'm not lovin'—
Still water, you know, runs deep,
And I do be lovin' so deep, dear,
I be lovin' you in my sleep!

—Esther Matthews

The poet's thoughts turn inward, to turbulent emotions that often break forth like racing stallions. By the end, however, it seems these steeds can be corralled...

I Ride the Great Black Horses

I ride the great black horses of my heart
With reins of steel across their flying hair;
So slow are they to halt, so swift to start,
The stormy-breasted stallions of despair!
Dark as the night and fretful as the air,
Fleeter than hounds that go with bellies thinned...
My wrists of all their strength have none to spare
When those black hunters lean upon the wind.
What if the sudden thunder of their feet
Wakes like a dream some farmer from his rest?
Dreams had I too, farmer, before these fleet Steeds of the night had broken
from their nest.
Their weary flanks are green and white with foam.
Sleep, brother, sleep; I bring my horses home.

—Robert Nathan

With the "horses" calmly at pasture, there is mental space to appreciate the beauty of the natural world...and to remember a rare, dear cherry tree that was chopped down many winters ago.

Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough
And stands along the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my three-score years and ten
Twenty will not come again
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more...

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

–A. E. Hausman

On the stump of that cherry, a male scarlet tanager timidly tweets out its mating call. The poet and their love approach to listen closer, and remark on its beauty.

The Bird

Oh, clear and musical,
Sing again! Sing again!
Hear the rain fall
Through the long night.

Bring me your song again,
Oh dear delight.
Oh, dear and comforting,
Mine again! Mine again!

Hear the rain sing
And the dark rejoice!
Shine like a spark again,
Oh clearest voice!

–Elinor Wylie

Inspired by the sounds no human can make, silence itself becomes a final ode to love.

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 hourglass.

Deep in the sun-searched 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

German song texts: Translation © Richard Stokes, author of: *The Book Lieder* (Faber); *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf* (Faber), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).

French song texts: Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *A French Song Companion* (Oxford University Press), provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).

Upcoming Events

Sunday, May 3, 4:30 p.m.

The Brandenburg Project

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Tuesday, May 5, 7:30 p.m.

Cello Studio Recital

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, May 6, 7:30 p.m.

Lamont Wind Ensemble

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre, or FREE general admission

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