

# Lamont School of Music

## Junior Recital

**Elle Laikind**

Voice

**Christopher Thompson**

Piano

Sunday, May 3, 2026

1:30 p.m.

Carl and Lisa Williams Recital Salon



Robert & Judi Newman Center  
for the Performing Arts

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

Elle Laikind is from the studio of Cody Laun

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

**Please silence your cell phones**

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# Program

**Dolente immagine di Fille mia**

**Vicenzo Bellini**  
(1801–1835)

**Che farò senza Euridice**  
*from Orfeo ed Euridice*

**Christoph Willibald Gluck**  
(1714–1787)

**Ariette, Op. 1, No. 4**

**Amy Marcy Beach**  
(1867–1944)

**The Year's at the Spring**

**My Star, Op. 26, No. 1**

INTERMISSION

**Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald**

**Gustav Mahler**  
(1860–1911)

**Nicht wiedersehen!**

**Va! Laisse couler mes larmes**  
*from Werther*

**Jules Massenet**  
(1842–1912)

**Beau Soir**

**Claude Debussy**  
(1862–1918)

# Text and Translations

## **Dolente immagine di Fille mia**

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,  
perché sì squallida mi siedi accanto?  
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto  
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.  
Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri  
io possa accendermi ad altra face?  
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;  
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

—Anonymous

## **Che farò senza Euridice**

Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?  
Che farò? Dove andrò?  
Che farò senza il mio ben?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?

Euridice! Euridice!  
O Dio! Rispondi!  
Rispondi!

Io son pure il tuo fedele!  
Io son pure il tuo fedel,  
il tuo fedele!

Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?  
Che farò? Dove andrò?  
Che farò senza il mio ben?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?

Euridice! Euridice!  
Ah! Non m'avanza  
più soccorso, più speranza  
nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel!

Che farò senza Euridice?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?  
Che farò? Dove andrò?  
Che farò senza il mio ben?  
Dove andrò senza il mio ben?

Che farò? Dove andrò?  
Che farò senza il mio ben?  
Senza il mio ben?  
Senza il mio ben?

—Ranieri da Calzabigi

## **Dolente immagine di Fille mia**

Sorrowful image of my Phillis,  
why do you sit so desolate beside me?  
What more do you wish for? Streams of tears  
have I poured on your ashes.  
Do you fear that, forgetful of sacred vows,  
I could turn to another?  
Shade of Phillis, rest peacefully;  
the old flame cannot be extinguished.

Trans. Bertram Kottmann

## **What will I do without Euridice**

What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?  
Where will I go without my beloved?

Euridice? Euridice?  
Oh, God! Answer me!  
Answer me!

I am surely ever faithful to you!  
I am surely ever faithful to you!  
Ever faithful to you!

What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?  
Where will I go without my beloved?

Euridice! Euridice!  
Ah! I cannot go on.  
No longer help, no longer hope,  
Neither from the world nor the heavens!

What will I do without Euridice?  
Where will I go without my beloved?  
What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?  
Where will I go without my beloved?

What will I do, where will I go,  
What am I going to do without my beloved?  
Without my beloved?  
Without my beloved?

**Ariette Op. 1, No. 4**

As the moon's soft splendor  
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven  
Is thrown,  
So thy voice most tender  
To the strings without soul has given  
Its own.

The stars will awaken,  
Though the moon sleep a full hour later  
Tonight:  
No leaf will be shaken  
Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter  
Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,  
Sing again,  
With thy sweet voice revealing  
A tone of some world far from ours,  
Where music and moonlight and feeling  
Are one.

–Percy Shelley

**The Year's at the Spring**

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven–  
All's right with the world!

–Robert Browning

**My Star Op. 26, No. 1**

I dreamt I loved a Star,  
A Star so far above me;  
She said: "It is in vain,  
Men seek to know and love me."  
I dreamt that I was dead.  
Methought that I was lying  
Deep in a grave, deep down  
The winds above me sighing.  
In the darkness of the grave  
I saw my Star below me.  
She said: "My name is Peace,  
And only here men know me."

–Cora Randall Fabbri

### **Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald**

Ich ging mit Lust durch einen grünen Wald,  
Ich hört die Vöglein singen;  
Sie sangen so jung, sie sangen so alt,  
Die kleinen Waldvögelein im grünen Wald!  
Wie gern hört ich sie singen!  
Nun sing, nun sing, Frau Nachtigall!  
Sing du's bei meinem Feinsliebchen:  
'Komm schier, komm schier, wenn's finster ist,  
Wenn niemand auf der Gasse ist,  
Dann komm zu mir, dann komm zu mir!  
Herein will ich dich lassen, ja lassen!  
Der Tag verging, die Nacht brach an,  
Er kam zu Feinsliebchen gegangen.  
Er klopft so leis' wohl an den Ring,  
"Ei, schläfst du oder wachst, mein Kind?  
Ich hab so lang gestanden!"  
Es schaut der Mond durchs Fensterlein  
Zum holden, süßen Lieben,  
Die Nachtigall sang die ganze Nacht.  
Du schlafselig Mägdelein, nimm dich in Acht!  
Wo ist dein Herzliebster geblieben?  
—Anonymous

### **Nicht wiedersehen!**

Und nun ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz,  
Jetzt muß ich wohl scheiden von dir,  
Bis auf den andern Sommer,  
Dann komm ich wieder zu dir! Ade!  
Und als der junge Knab heimkam,  
Von seiner Liebsten fing er an:  
„Wo ist meine Herzallerliebste,  
Die ich verlassen hab?“  
„Auf dem Kirchhof liegt sie begraben,  
Heut ists der dritte Tag.  
Das Trauern und das Weinen  
Hat sie zum Tod gebracht.  
Jetzt will ich auf den Kirchhof gehen,  
Will suchen meiner Liebsten Grab,  
Will ihr all'weile rufen,  
Bis daß sie mir Antwort gab!  
Ei du mein allerherzlichster Schatz,  
Mach auf dein tiefes Grab!

### **I walked joyfully through a green wood**

I walked joyfully through a green wood,  
I heard the little birds sing.  
They sang so young, they sang so old,  
Those woodland birds in the green wood!  
How gladly I heard them sing, yes sing!  
Please sing, please sing, Mrs Nightingale!  
Sing this at my beloved's house:  
'Come quick, come quick, when darkness falls,  
When not a soul is in the street,  
Then come to me, then come to me!  
And I will let you in, yes in!  
The day departed, night fell,  
He went to his beloved;  
He tapped so softly with the knocker,  
'Are you asleep or awake, my child?  
I've been standing here so long!  
The moon looks through the window,  
Saw the charming, sweet caresses,  
The nightingale sang all night long.  
Sleepy little maid, take care!

Where is your sweetheart now?

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Never to Meet Again!**

'And now farewell, my dearest love!  
Now must I be parted from you,  
Till summer comes again,  
When I'll return to you! Farewell!  
And when the young man came home again,  
He enquired after his love:  
'Where is my dearest love,  
She whom I left behind?'  
'In the churchyard she lies buried,  
Today is the third day!  
The mourning and the weeping  
Brought about her death.'  
Then I'll go to the churchyard,  
To look for my beloved's grave,  
And I'll never cease calling her,  
Until she answers me!  
Open up your deep grave!

Ei du mein allerherzlichster Schatz,  
Mach auf dein tiefes Grab!  
Du hörst kein Glöcklein läuten,  
Du hörst kein Vöglein pfeifen,  
Du siehst weder Sonne noch Mond!  
Ade, mein herzallerliebster Schatz! Ade!  
—Anonymous

O you, my dearest love,  
Open up your deep grave!  
You cannot hear the bells ringing,  
You cannot hear the birds singing  
You can see neither sun nor moon!  
Farewell, my dearest love! Farewell!  
Trans. Richard Stokes

**Va! Laisse couler mes larmes**

Va! laisse couler mes larmes;  
elles font du bien, ma chérie!  
Les larmes qu'on ne pleure pas,  
dans notre âme retombent toutes,  
et de leurs patientes gouttes  
martèlent le coeur triste et las!  
Sa résistance enfin s'épuise;  
le coeur se creuse... et s'affaiblit:  
il est trop grand,  
rien ne l'emplit;  
et trop fragile,  
tout le brise!!  
Tout le brise!  
—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

**Go! Let my tears flow freely!**

Go! Let my tears flow freely!  
They do me good, my dearest!  
The tears that are held back from spilling,  
All fall down deep inside ourselves,  
And their constant drops hammer upon  
The heart, which grows sad and weary  
Its resistance finally exhausts itself;  
The heart is hollowed out... and weak  
It is too big,  
Nothing can fill it;  
And too fragile,  
Everything breaks it.  
Everything breaks it

**Beau Soir**

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières  
sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les  
champs de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir  
des choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;  
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être  
au monde  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le  
soir est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va  
cette onde:  
Elle à la mer—nous au tombeau  
—Paul Bourget

**Beautiful Evening**

When at sunset the rivers are pink  
And a warm breeze ripples the fields of  
wheat,  
All things seem to advise content -  
And rise toward the troubled heart;  
Advise us to savour the gift of life,  
While we are young and the evening fair,  
For our life slips by, as that river does:  
It to the sea - we to the tomb.  
Trans. Richard Stokes

# Upcoming Events

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

## **Cello Studio Recital**

Hamilton Recital Hall

FREE admission, no ticket required

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

## **Lamont Wind Ensembles**

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre seats, or FREE general admission

Wednesday, May 8, 5:00 p.m.

## **Jazz Small Groups**

Williams Recital Salon

FREE admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, May 8, 7:30 p.m.

## **Faculty Recital Series: Ian Wisekal, oboe & Friends**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required



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UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

