

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Junze Zhang

Voice

Beth Nielsen

Piano

Wednesday, May 13, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Hamilton Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

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

Junze Zhang is from the studio of Catherine Kasch

Reception to follow in the
Spencer Artist Reception Room

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Program

'A vucchella

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846–1916)

Musica proibita

Stanislao Gastaldon
(1861–1939)

La promessa

Gioachino Rossini
(1792–1868)

Non ti scordar di me

Ernesto De Curtis
(1875–1937)

Du bist wie eine Blume

from *Myrthen*, Op. 25

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)

Ich liebe dich

Edvard Grieg
(1843–1907)

Nacht und Träume D. 827

Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)

Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

Ach, so fromm, ach, so traut

from *Martha*

Ernesto De Curtis
(1812–1883)

INTERMISSION

Chanson triste, Op. 2, No. 4

Henri Duparc

(1848–1933)

Ici-bas Op. 8, No. 3

Gabriel Fauré

(1845–1924)

Toujours Op. 21, No. 3

Gabriel Fauré

(1845–1924)

Élégie

Jules Massenet

(1842–1912)

Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad

Michael Head

(1900–1976)

Love went a-riding

Frank Bridge

(1879–1941)

Danny Boy

Traditional

Arr. Frederic Weatherly

(1848–1929)

玫瑰三愿

(“Three Wishes of the Rose”)

Huang Zi

(1904–1938)

教我如何不想她

(“How Can I Help but Think of Her”)

Zhao Yuanren

(1892–1982)

虞美人·听雨

(“Listening to the Rain,” fom Yu Meiren)

Bai Dongliang

(b. 1985)

月下独酌

(“Drinking Alone Beneath the Moon”)

Wang Long

(contemporary)

Text and Translations

'A vucchella

'A vucchella
Sì, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.
Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
- è comm'a na rusella -
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!
Dammillo e pigliatillo,
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,
che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella...

-Gabriele D'Annunzio

A sweet mouth

A sweet mouth
Yes, like a little flower,
You have got a sweet mouth
A little bit
withered.
Please give it to me
it's like a little rose
Give me a little kiss,
give, Cannetella!
Give one and take one,
a kiss as little
as your mouth
which looks like a little rose
a little bit
withered.

Trans. Antonio Guiliano

Musica proibita

Ogni sera di sotto al mio balcone
Sento cantar una canzone d'amore,
Più volte la ripete un bel garzone

E battere mi sento forte il core.
Oh quanto è dolce quella melodia!
Oh com' è bella, quanto m' è gradita!
Ch'io la canti non vuol la mamma mia:
Vorrei saper perché me l'ha proibita?
Ella non c'è ed io la vo' cantare
La frase che m'ha fatto palpitare:
Vorrei baciare i tuoi capelli neri,
Le labbra tue e gli occhi tuoi severi,
Vorrei morir con te, angel di Dio,
O bella innamorata tesoro mio.
Qui sotto il vidi ieri a passeggiare,
E lo sentiva al solito cantar:
Vorrei baciare i tuoi capelli neri,
Le labbra tue e gli occhi tuoi severi!
Stringimi, o cara, stringimi al tuo core,
Fammi provar l'ebbrezza dell'amor.

-Ranieri da Calzabigi

Prohibited Music

Underneath my balcony every evening
I hear a love-song,
Repeated several times by a handsome young
man
And it makes my heart beat faster.
O how sweet is that melody!
O how pretty, how I love to hear it!
My mother will not let me sing it,
Though why she would forbid me, I don't know.
Now that she is out I am going to sing
The song that I found so exciting.
I'd like to kiss your raven hair,
Your lips and your solemn eyes;
I would want to die with you, O heavenly angel,
My beautiful beloved, precious jewel.
Yesterday I saw him walking by,
And heard him sing as he always does:
I'd like to kiss your raven hair,
Your lips and your solemn eyes!
Clasp me, darling, clasp me to your heart,
Let me feel the ecstasy of love!

Trans. Antonio Guiliano

La Promessa

La promessa
Ch'io mai vi possa
Lasciar d'amare,
[No, nol]1 credete,
Pupille care;
Nè men per gioco
V'ingannerò.
Voi foste e siete
Le mie faville,
E voi sarete,
Care pupille,
Il mio bel foco
Sin ch'io vivrò.

–Pietro Antonio Demnico
Bonaventura Trapassi

Non ti scordar di me

Partirono le rondini dal mio paese freddo
E senza sole
Cercando primavere di viole
Nidi d'amore e di felicità
La mia piccola rondine partì
Senza lasciarmi un bacio
Senza un addio partì
Non ti scordar di me
La vita mia legata a te
Io t'amo sempre più
Nel sogno mio rimani tu
Non ti scordar di me
La vita mia legata a te
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te
Non ti scordar di me
Non ti scordar di me!
Non ti scordar di me
La vita mia legata a te
C'è sempre un nido nel mio cor per te
Non ti scordar di me

–Domenico Furnó

The Promise

The Promise
That I will ever be able
to stop loving you
No, don't believe it,
dear eyes!
Not even to joke
would I deceive you about this.
You alone
are my sparks,
and you will be,
dear eyes,
my beautiful fire
as long as I live, ah!

Forget-Me Not

Don't forget me
The swallows flew away
From my cold land without sun,
In search of spring with violets in bloom,
Nests of love and happiness.
My little swallow flew away
Without kissing me,
She flew away without saying goodbye.
Don't forget me:
My life is connected to yours.
I love you more and more each day,
You are still in my dreams.
Don't forget me:
My life is connected to yours.
In my heart there's always a place for you.
Don't forget me!
Don't forget me:
My life is connected to yours.
In my heart there's always a place for you.
Don't forget me!

Trans. Natalia Chernega

“Du bist wie eine Blume”

Du bist wie eine Blume
Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold.
–Heinrich Heine

You are a flower

You are like a flower
You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you, and sadness
Steals into my heart.
I feel as if I should lay
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserve you
So pure and fair and sweet.
Trans. Richard Stokes

Ich liebe dich

Ich liebe dich
Du mein Gedanke, du mein Sein und
Werden!
De meines Herzens erste Seligkeit!
Ich liebe dich wie nichts auf dieser Erden
Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!
Ich denke dein, kann stets nur deiner
denken;
Nur deinem Glück ist dieses Herz
geweiht;
Wie Gott auch mag des Lebens
Schicksal lenken
Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit
–Chapman, Henry Grafton

I love you

I Love You
You are my every thought, my being and
becoming.
You are the first joy of my heart.
I love you as nothing else on this earth,
I love you in time and in eternity.
I think of you, and only you, always;

My heart is devoted solely to your
happiness;
However God may guide the course of life,

I love you in time and in eternity.
Trans. Junze Zhang

Nacht und Träume

Nacht und Träume
Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.
Die belauschen sie mit Lust;
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Night and Dreams

Night and Dreams
Holy night, you sink down;
dreams, too, float down,
like your moonlight through space,
through the silent hearts of men.
They listen with delight,
crying out when day awakes:
come back, holy night!
Fair dreams, return!
Trans. Richard Wigmore

–Matthäus Casimir von Collin

Trans. Richard Wigmore

Zueignung

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe
macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

–Hermann von Gilm

Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.
Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.
And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Ach, so fromm, ach, so traut

Ach, so fromm, ach, so traut
Hat mein Auge sie erschaut.
Ach so mild und so rein
Drang ihr Bild ins Herz mir ein.
Banger Gram, eh' sie kam,
Hat die Zukunft mir umhüllt,
Doch mit ihr blühte mir
Neues Dasein lusterfüllt.
Weh, es schwand, Was ich fand,
Ach, mein Glück erschaut' ich kaum.
Bin erwacht, und die Nacht
Raubte mir den süßen Traum.
Ach so fromm, ach so traut ... usw.
Martha! Martha! Du entschwandest,
Und mein Glück nahmst du mit dir;
Gib mir wieder, was du fandest,
Oder teile es mit mir.

–Paul Bourget

Ah! so pious, alas! so trust

Ah! So pious, ah, so dear,
my eye beheld her;
Ah! So gentle, and so pure,
her image pierced my heart.
Anxious sorrow, before she came,
shrouded my future,
but with her blossomed a
new, joyful existence.
Woe! What I found vanished, ah!
I scarcely regain my happiness,
I awoke and the night
robbed me of my sweet dream.
Martha! Martha!
You vanished, and you took my happiness
with you;
give me back what you found,
or share it with me.

Trans. Richard Stokes

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,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai

Song of Sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.
You will rest my poor head,

Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;
Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

–Jean Lahor

Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;
And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

Trans. Richard Stokes

Ici-bas Op. 8, No. 3

Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent,
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts,
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent
Toujours...
Ici-bas les lèvres effleurent
Sans rien laisser de leur velours,
Je rêve aux baisers qui demeurent
Toujours...
Ici-bas, tous les hommes pleurent
Leurs amitiés ou leurs amours;
Je rêve aux couples qui demeurent
Toujours...

–Paul Bourget

Ah! so pious, alas! so trust

In this world all the lilies die,
All the songs of birds are short;

I dream of the summers that abide
Forever...
In this world lips brush but lightly,
And nothing of their velvet remains;
I dream of the kisses that abide
Forever...
In this world every man is mourning
His friendships or his loves;
I dream of the couples who abide
Forever...

Trans. Richard Stokes

Toujours Op. 21, No. 3

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

Forever

You ask me to be silent,
To flee far from you for ever
And to go my way alone,
Forgetting whom I loved!
Rather ask the stars
To fall into infinity,
The night to lose its veils,
The day to lose its light!
Ask the boundless sea
To drain its mighty waves,
And the raging winds
To calm their dismal sobbing!
But do not expect my soul
To tear itself from bitter sorrow,
Nor to shed its passion
As springtime sheds its flowers!

Trans. Richard Stokes

Élégie

Ô, doux printemps d'autre fois, vertes
saisons
Vous avez fui pour toujours!
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;
Je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des
oiseaux!
En emportant mon bonheur, mon
bonheur...
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!
Et c'est en vain que revient le printemps!
Oui, sans retour
Avec toi, le gai soleil
Les jours riants sont partis!
Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre
et glacé!
Tout est flétri
Pour toujours!

–Louis Gallet

Elegy

O sweet springtimes of old verdant sea-
sons
You have fled forever
I no longer see the blue sky
I no longer hear the bird's joyful singing

And, taking my happiness with you

You have gone on your way my love!
In vain Spring returns
Yes, never to return
The bright sun has gone with you
The days of happiness have fled
How gloomy and cold is my heart
All is withered
Forever

Trans. Anne Evans

Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad

Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad,
Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad,
Beyond the town, where wild flow'rs grow --
A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord,
How rich and great the times are now!
Know all ye sheep
And cows, that keep
On staring that I stand so long
In grass that's wet from heavy rain --
A rainbow, and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again,
May never [come]1
This side the tomb.
A rainbow, and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again....

–William Henry Davies

Love went a-riding

Love went a-riding
Love went a-riding over the earth,
On Pegasus he rode ...
The flowers before him sprang to birth,
And the frozen rivers flowed.
Then all the youths and the maidens cried,
'Stay here with us.' 'King of Kings.'
But Love said, 'No! for the horse I ride,
For the horse I ride has wings.'

–Mary Coleridge

Danny Boy Lyrics:

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!

—Frederic Weatherly

玫瑰三愿

玫瑰花 玫瑰花
烂开在碧栏杆下
玫瑰花 玫瑰花
烂开在碧栏杆下
我愿那妒我的无情风雨莫吹打
我愿那爱我的多情游客莫攀摘
我愿那红颜常好不凋谢
好教我留住芳华

—Long Yusheng

Three Wishes of the Rose

Rose, O rose,
Blooming bright beneath the jade-green
rail;
Rose, O rose,
Blooming bright beneath the jade-green
rail.
I wish the ruthless wind and rain that envy
me would not strike me;
I wish the tender lovers who adore me
would not pluck me;
I wish my beauty would remain forever,
never to fade,
So that I may hold on to my youth and
fragrance.

Trans. Junze Zhang

教我如何不想她

教我如何不想她
天上飘着些微云，
地上吹着些微风。
啊！
微风吹动了我的头发，
教我如何不想她？
月光恋爱着海洋，
海洋恋爱着月光。
啊！
这般蜜也似的银夜，
教我如何不想她？
水面落花慢慢流，
水底鱼儿慢慢游。
啊！
燕子你说些什么话？
教我如何不想她？
枯树在冷风里摇，
野火在暮色中烧。
啊！
西天还有些儿残霞，
教我如何不想她？

-Zhao Yuanren

How Can I Help but Think of Her

How Can I Help but Think of Her
Light clouds drift across the sky,
A gentle breeze moves upon the earth.
Ah!
The soft wind stirs my hair—
How can I help but think of her?
The moonlight is in love with the sea,
And the sea is in love with the moonlight.
Ah!
In this honey-sweet, silvery night,
How can I help but think of her?
Fallen flowers drift upon the water,
Fish glide slowly beneath the waves.
Ah!
Swallow, what is it that you say?
How can I help but think of her?
Bare trees sway in the cold wind,
Wildfire burns in the twilight.
Ah!
In the western sky, a lingering glow r
emains—
How can I help but think of her?

Trans. Junze Zhang

虞美人·听雨

虞美人·听雨
少年听雨歌楼上，
红烛昏罗帐。
壮年听雨客舟中，
江阔云低、
断雁叫西风。
而今听雨僧庐下，
鬓已星星也。
悲欢离合总无情，
一任阶前、点滴到天明。

-Jiang Jie (Song Dynasty)

“Listening to the Rain”

In youth, I listened to the rain in chambers
high with song,
Where crimson candles dimmed behind
gauze curtains.
In manhood, I listened to the rain upon a
drifting boat—
The river wide, the clouds pressed low,
A solitary wild goose crying through the
western wind.
And now, I listen to the rain beneath a
monk's quiet eaves,
My temples silvered, scattered with years.
All joys and sorrows, meetings and part-
ings—
Have ever been without mercy.
I yield to the drops before the steps,
Falling, falling,
Until the break of dawn.

Trans. Junze Zhang

月下独酌

月下独酌

花间一壶酒 · 独酌无相亲。
举杯邀明月 · 对影成三人。
月既不解饮 · 影徒随我身。
暂伴月将影 · 行乐须及春。
我歌月徘徊 · 我舞影零乱。
醒时相交欢 · 醉后各分散。
永结无情游 · 相期邈云汉。

—Li Bai (Tang Dynasty)

Drinking Alone Beneath the Moon

A jug of wine among the flowers,
I drink alone, with no companion near.
I raise my cup to invite the bright moon,
And with my shadow, we become three.
The moon, of course, knows nothing of
drinking,
And my shadow merely follows where I go.
For a while, I take the moon and my shadow
as companions,
And seize our joy while spring still lingers.
When I sing, the moon seems to linger;
When I dance, my shadow falls into wild
disorder.
While sober, we share our fleeting delight;
When drunk, we drift apart once more.
May we be forever bound in a carefree
wandering bond,
And meet again far off in the distant Milky
Way.

Trans. Junze Zhang

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Tuesday, May 14, 7:30pm

Lamont Choirs

Gates Concert Hall

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

Wednesday, May 15, 7:30pm

Jazz & Pop Vocal Rep Ensemble & Jazz Small Group

Williams Recital Salon

Free admission, no ticket required

Thursday, May 16, 7:30pm

CPR Classical Presents: The Spirituals Project Choir

Gates Concert Hall

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

Monday, May 18, 5:00 p.m.

Masterclass: Denise Tryon, horn

Room 100

Free admission to observe

Wednesday, May 20, 7:30 p.m.

Wind Chamber Ensembles

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, May 20, 7:30 p.m.

Viola Studio Recital

Williams Recital Salon

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, May 22, 7:30 p.m.

Liederabend

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Saturday, May 23, 7:30 p.m.

String Chamber Ensembles

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

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