

Lamont School of Music

Wind Chamber Ensembles

Martin Kuuskmann

Director

Wednesday, May 20, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

Apollo

Marc Mellits

(b. 1966)

- I. Theia
- IV. Luna Nova
- III. The Buzz

Jeremy Collins, flute
Rosy Barba, oboe
Lily Tropple, clarinet
Luca Dovalina, bassoon
Katelyn Marsh, horn
Coached by Martin Kuuskmann

Prélude et Funk (2011)

Guillaume Connesson

(b. 1970)

- II. Funk

SLLR Clarinet Quartet:
Shlok Maharjan, clarinet
Roman Gloria, clarinet
Lucas Tybor, clarinet
Leah Degenhardt, bass clarinet
Coached by Ian Wisekal

INTERMISSION

Sechs deutsches Lieder, Op. 103

Louis Spohr

(1784–1859)

- I. Sei still mein Herz
- VI. Wach auf

Maggie Sczekan, soprano
Kaitlyn Rosling, clarinet
Madelyn Munley, piano
Coached by Sahar Nouri

Overture to *The Barber of Seville* (1816)

Giochino Rossini
(1792–1868)
Arr. Bergler

Andrew Kagerer, trumpet
Eviatar Shlosberg, trumpet
Cooper Donley, horn
Michael Peebles, trombone
Sam Funk, tuba
Coached by Stephen Dombrowski

Woodwind Quintet

Paul Taffanel
(1844–1908)

I. Allegro con moto

Justise Liu, flute
Júlia Riberio, oboe
Kaitlyn Rosling, clarinet
Robert Nael, bassoon
Cooper Donley, horn
Coached by Martin Kuuskmann

Prelude to Act 1 from *La Traviata* (1853)

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813–1901)
Arr. A. Burford

Teddy Bears' Picnic

John W Bratton
(1867–1947)

Lamont Bassoon Quartet:
Daniel Rosson
Luca Dovalina
Robert Nael
Phillip Aleshire
Coached by Martin Kuuskmann

Wind Quintet, Op. 79

August Klughardt

(1847–1902)

III. Andante grazioso

IV. Adagio–Allegro molto vivace

Noisette Quintet:

Ellie Colson, flute

Gabby Gillespie, oboe

Maxwell Alexander, clarinet

Phillip Aleshire, bassoon

Zachary Regin, horn

Coached by Martin Kuuskmann

Text and Translations

Sechs deutsche Lieder

Ich wahrte die Hoffnung tief in der
Brust,
Die sich ihr vertrauend erschlossen,
Mir strahlten die Augen voll
Lebenslust,
Wenn mich ihre Zauber umflossen,
Wenn ich ihre schmeichelnden
Stimme gelauscht,
Im Wettersturm ist ihr Echo
verrauscht,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht
dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre
war Wahn.
Die Erde lag vor mir im
Frühlingstraum,
Den Licht und Wärme durchglühte,
Und wonnetrunken durchwallt ich
den Raum,
Der Brust entsproßte die Blüte,
Der Liebe Lenz war in mir erwacht,
Mich durch rieselt Frost, in der
Seele ist Nacht.
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht
dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre
war Wahn.
Ich baute von Blumen und
Sonnenglanz
Eine Brücke mir durch das Leben,
Auf der ich wandelnd im
Lorbeerkranz
Mich geweiht dem hochedelsten
Streben,
Der Menschen Dank war mein
schönster Lohn,
Laut auf lacht die Menge mit
frechem Hohn,
Sei still mein Herz, und denke nicht
dran,
Das ist nun die Wahrheit, das Andre
war Wahn.

Be still my heart

I once harbored hope deep in my
breast
Which, trusting, unlocked to her;
My eyes were radiant with joie de
vivre
While her magic encircled me.
But when I harkened to her beguiling
voice
The echo died away in the storm.

Be still, my heart, and give it no
thought:
This now is reality, the rest was
delusion.
Earth lay before me in a spring dream

Suffused with warmth and light,
And drunk with joy I wafted through
space,
Blossoms burst forth from my breast;
Love's springtime awakened in me.
Now frost shudders through me; in
my soul it is night.
Be still, my heart, and give it no
thought:
This now is reality, the rest was
delusion.
Out of sunshine and flowers I built
myself
A bridge through life
Passing over which, laurel-crowned,

I devoted myself to the noblest of
strivings.
Man's gratitude was my finest reward;

The crowd laughs aloud now with
impudent scorn.
Be still, my heart, and give it no
thought:
This now is reality, the rest was
delusion.

Wach auf

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

Hörst du das Klingen
Allüberall?
Die Vöglein singen
Mit süßem Schall.

Aus Starrem sprießt
Baumblättlein weich,
Das Leben fließet
Um Ast und Zweig.

Das Tröpflein schlüpfet
Aus Waldesschacht,
Das Bächlein hüpfet
Mit Wallungsmacht.

Der Himmel neiget
In's Wellenklar,
Die Bläue zeigt
Sich wunderbar.

Ein heit'res Schwingen
Zu Form und Klang,
Ein ew'ges Fügen
Im ew'gen Drang!

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

—Rudolf Kulemann

Awaken

Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!

Do you hear the ringing
all around?
The birds are singing
with such sweet sounds.

Soft leaves are sprouting
from the rigid branches,
Life is flowing
through bough and twig.

Little drops are gliding
from the forest hollows,
The brook leaps
with abundant strength.

The heavens bow
towards the clear waves,
The blueness
is wondrously revealed,

A bright flourish
of shape and sound,
An endless yielding
to endless impulse.

Why do you stand there
brooding [with fear]1?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!

Trans. Ruth Rainero

Upcoming Events

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

Tuesday, May 26, 7:30 p.m.

Lamont Percussion Ensemble

Hamilton Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Wednesday, May 27, 7:30 p.m.

Lamont Symphony Orchestra

Gates Concert Hall

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



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