

# Lamont School of Music

## Graduate Recital

**LJ Hansen**

Soprano

**Christopher Thompson**

Piano

Sunday, May 24, 2026

4:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center  
for the Performing Arts

# Program

**I Shall Not Live in Vain**

**Jake Heggie**  
(b. 1961)  
Emily Dickinson

**Epitaph of a Butterfly**

**Marion Bauer**  
(1882–1955)  
Thomas Walsh

**Je demande à l'oiseau, Op. 51, No. 4**

**Amy Beach**  
(1867–1944)  
Armand Silvestre

**Der Erlkönig** (1870)

**Emilie Mayer**  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

**Sérénade, Op. 2 No. 2**

**Henri Duparc**  
(1843–1933)  
Gabriel Marc

INTERMISSION

**L'invitation au voyage**

**Henri Duparc**  
Charles Baudelaire

**“Ninfe! Elfi! ... Sul fil d'un soffio etesio”**  
*from Falstaff*

**Giuseppe Verdi**  
(1813–1901)  
Arrigo Boito

**Du bist wie eine Blume, Op. 7 No. 1**

**Emilie Mayer**  
(1812–1883)  
Heinrich Heine

*Fairy Chorus:*  
Elle Housley  
Maggie Sczekan  
Sandra Paz-Garcia  
Alma Sejmenović  
Bonnie Bour

**O lass mich mein gedenken, Op. 7 No. 2**

**Emilie Mayer**  
Hermann Kletke

**If I...**

**Lori Laitman**  
(b. 1955)  
Emily Dickinson

**Wenn der Abendstern die Rosen, Op. 7 No. 3**

**Emilie Mayer**  
Helmina von Chézy

**Der Schmetterling**

**Franz Schubert**  
(1797–1828)  
Friedrich von Schlegel

**Suleika**

**Fanny Mendelssohn**  
(1805–1847)  
Marianne von Willemer

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(continued)

## Lorelei

**Clara Schumann**

(1819–1896)

Heinrich Heine

## The Bird

**John Duke**

(1899–1984)

Elinor Wylie

## Souhait

**Cecile Chaminade**

(1857–1944)

George Vanor

## Portrait: Valse Chantée

**Cecile Chaminade**

Pierre Reyniel

Jeremy Collins, flute

## There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden

**Liza Lehmann**

(1862–1918)

Rose Fyleman

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

LJ Hansen is from the studio of Heidi Melton

Reception to follow in the  
Spencer Artist Reception Room

## Text and Translations

### I Shall Not Live in Vain

If I can stop one heart from breaking,

I shall not live in vain;

If I can ease one life the aching,

Or cool one pain,

Or help one fainting robin unto his nest again

I shall not live in vain

– Emily Dickinson

### Je demande à l'oiseau

Je demande à l'oiseau qui passe

Sur les arbres, sans s'y poser,

Qu'il t'apporte, à travers l'espace,

La caresse de mon baiser.

Je demande à la brise pleine

De l'âme mourante des fleurs,

De prendre un peu de ton haleine

Pour en venir sécher mes pleurs.

Je demande au soleil de flamme,

Qui boit la sève et fait les vins,

Qu'il aspire toute mon âme,

Et la verse à tes pieds divins!

– Armand Silvestre

### I ask of the swallow

I ask of the swallow passing

over the trees without a place to  
land,

As you fly away please carry with you

The sweet caress of my kiss.

I ask of the breeze, burdened

With the dying souls of flowers,

To give me a little of your breath

And use it to dry my tears.

I ask the blazing sun,

Who drinks the sap and makes the  
wines,

That my entire soul might be soaked  
up,

And laid out at your divine feet.

Trans. LJ Hansen

### Sérénade

Si j'étais, ô 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 la 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!

– Gabriel Marc

### Serenade

If, my beloved, I were

The scented breeze,

I would come, timid and rapt,

To brush your laughing lips.

If I were a bee in flight,

Or a beguiling butterfly,

You would not see me skittishly

Leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose

Your hand placed on your heart,

I would, quivering so close to you,

Wither with happiness.

But I seek in vain to please you,

In vain I moan and sigh.

I am a man, and what can I do?

Love you... Confess my love... And  
cry!

Trans. Richard Stokes

**L'invitation au voyage**

Mon enfant, ma sœur,  
 Songe à la douceur  
 D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!  
 Aimer à loisir,  
 Aimer et mourir  
 Au pays qui te ressemble!  
 Les soleils mouillés  
 De ces ciels brouillés  
 Pour mon esprit ont les charmes  
 Si mystérieux  
 De tes traîtres yeux,  
 Brillant à travers leurs larmes.  
 Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,

Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux  
 Dormir ces vaisseaux  
 Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;  
 C'est pour assouvir  
 Ton moindre désir  
 Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.

Les soleils couchants  
 Revêtent les champs,  
 Les canaux, la ville entière,  
 D'hyacinthe et d'or;  
 Le monde s'endort  
 Dans une chaude lumière.  
 Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,

Luxe, calme et volupté!

– Charles Baudelaire

**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

**Invitation to a journey**

My child, my sister,  
 Think how sweet  
 To journey there and live together!  
 To love as we please,  
 To love and die  
 In the land that is like you!  
 The watery suns  
 Of those hazy skies  
 Hold for my spirit  
 The same mysterious charms  
 As your treacherous eyes  
 Shining through their tears.  
 There - nothing but order and beauty  
 dwell,

Abundance, calm, and sensuous  
 delight.

See on those canals  
 Those vessels sleeping,  
 Vessels with a restless soul;  
 To satisfy  
 Your slightest desire  
 They come from the ends of the  
 earth.

The setting suns  
 Clothe the fields,  
 Canals and all the town  
 With hyacinth and gold;  
 The world falls asleep  
 In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty  
 dwell,  
 Abundance, calm, and sensuous  
 delight!

Trans. Richard Stokes

**You are like a flower**

You are like a flower,  
 so fair and beautiful and pure  
 I see you and melancholy  
 steals itself into my heart  
 It's like I must lay my hands  
 upon your head  
 and pray that God keep you  
 so pure and beautiful and fair.

Trans. Hélène Lindqvist

**O lass mich dein gedenken**

O lass mich dein gedenken  
 Wenn fern von dir ich bin,  
 Ich will's in Nacht versenken,  
 Dass ich dein eigen bin.  
 Ich will es Niemand sagen,  
 Ein leises duft'ges Bild,  
 Will ich's im Herzen tragen

Was meine Seele füllt.  
 Ich stehe ganz alleine  
 Am Fenster schmal und klein  
 Erhell't vom Mondenscheine  
 Und denke innig dein.  
 Und alles öd und stille,  
 Kein Lüftchen regt sich mehr,

Des Tages reiche Fülle  
 Ruht schlummernd rings umher.  
 Nur Mond und Sterne glänzen  
 In ihrer ewgen Ruh'  
 Und leichte Wölkchen ziehen  
 Und wehen ab und zu.  
 O lass mich dein gedenken,  
 Dein, wenn ich ferne bin,  
 Ich will's in Nacht versenken,  
 Dass ich dein eigen bin.

– Hermann Kletke

**Wenn der Abendstern die Rosen**

Wenn der Abendstern die Rosen  
 Still mit Sehnsuchts Blicken grüßt  
 Und bei lauer Weste Kosen

Blume sich an Blume schliesst  
 Dann ergreift mich heißes Bangen  
 Ach, Zu ruh'n an deiner Brust,  
 Und von deinen Arm umfassen  
 Zu vergehn in Schmerz und Lust.

Wenn in grüner Waldung Mitte  
 Rings von Blum' und Busch um  
 kränzt,  
 Nun des Landmanns stille Hütte

**Oh, Let Me Cherish My Memories**

Oh, let me cherish my memories  
 when I am far away from you;  
 At night I want to languish, sinking  
 Into the fact that I am yours.  
 I want to tell no one the secret  
 Of our tranquil and fragrant picture;  
 I want it to remain cradled in my  
 heart,

Carrying what my soul feels.  
 I stand solitary and somber,  
 Gazing out from the little windowsill  
 Illuminated by moonlight,  
 And I think of you.  
 And all is empty and still,  
 Without even stirring a breath of  
 wind;

The days rich abundance  
 Rests, slumbering all around.  
 Only the moon and stars shine  
 In their eternal peace,  
 And wispy clouds drift by  
 And flit too and fro.

Oh, let me cherish my memories  
 When you are far away from me  
 At night I want to languish, sinking  
 Into the fact that I am yours

Trans. LJ Hansen

**When the Evening Star Greet the  
Roses**

When the evening star greets the  
 roses  
 Silently with yearning glances  
 And caresses them with a gentle  
 west wind,

Flower caressing itself against flower  
 Then I am gripped by hot trembling.  
 Ah! To rest upon your breast  
 And feel your arm's embrace,  
 Perishing in pain and in pleasure.

In the middle of the green woods,  
 Encircled by flowers and bushes

Sits the humble peasant's quiet hut

(continued)

Friedlich süß in Mondlicht glänzt.	Standing peacefully sweet in the moon's glow.
Ach! dan wünsch ich mir hienieden	Ah! Then I wish for my self on this earth
Solch ein hüttchen still und arm. Seelger unschuld Himmelsfrieden Und den Tod in deinem Arm.	Such a hut, so quiet and poor, the heavenly peace of innocence, and death in your arm's embrace.
– Heinrich Heine	Trans. LJ Hansen

### Epitaph of a Butterfly

As one by one she saw the leaves of red  
And yellow wafted slowly to the ground,  
Hope bouyed her heavy wings of flame, and said  
That 'mong them still some comrade might be found.  
But when o'er all the autumn hills a pall  
Of gold was drawn before her glazing eye,  
Yon mirrored pool made ready for her fall  
A grave as lovely as her native sky.

– Thomas Walsh

### Der Erlkönig

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und  
Wind?  
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:  
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,  
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.  
  
"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang  
dein Gesicht?"  
  
"Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?  
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und  
Schweif?"  
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."  
  
"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!  
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;  
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem  
Strand,  
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden  
Gewand."

### The Erlking

Who rides so late through the night  
and wind?  
It is the father with his child.  
He has the boy in his arms;  
he holds him safely, he keeps him  
warm.  
  
'My son, why do you hide your face  
in fear?'  
  
'Father, can you not see the Erlking?  
The Erlking with his crown and tail?'  
  
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'  
  
'Sweet child, come with me.  
I'll play wonderful games with you.  
Many a pretty flower grows on the  
shore;  
my mother has many a golden robe.'

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest  
du nicht,  
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?"  
what the Erlking softly promises me?"

"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:  
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."  
'Calm, be calm, my child:  
the wind is rustling in the withered  
leaves.'

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn? Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön; Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Rein Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein."	'Won't you come with me, my fine lad? My daughters shall wait upon you;  my daughters lead the nightly dance,  and will rock you, and dance, and sing you to sleep.'
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"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort?"	'Father, father, can you not see  Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?'
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"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh es genau: Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau."	'My son, my son, I can see clearly:  it is the old grey willows gleaming.'
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"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt; Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch ich Gewalt."	'I love you, your fair form allures me,  and if you don't come willingly, I'll use force.'
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"Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt fasst er mich an! Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!"	'Father, father, now he's seizing me!  The Erlking has hurt me!'
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Dem Vater grauset, er reitet geschwind, Er hält in Armen das ächzende Kind,  Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe und Not: In seinen Armen das Kind war tot. – Johann Wolfgang von Goethe	The father shudders, he rides swiftly,  he holds the moaning child in his arms; with one last effort he reaches home; the child lay dead in his arms. Trans. Richard Wigmore
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### Ninfe! Elfi! ... Sul fil d'un soffio etesio

*Nanetta:*  
Ninfe! Elfi! Silfi! Doridi! Sirene!  
  
L'astro degli'incantesimi in cielo è  
sorto.  
Sorgete! Ombre Serene!

*Le fates:*  
Ninfe! Silfi! Sirene!

### Nymphs! Elves! ... On the Thread of an Etesian breeze

*Nanetta:*  
Nymphs! Elves! Sylphs! Dryads!  
Sirene!  
The star of enchantment has risen  
into the sky!  
Arise, my serene shadows!

*The faries:*  
Nymphs! Sylphs! Dryads!

*(continued)*

*Nanetta:*

Sul fil d'un soffio etesio  
Scorete aggili larve,  
Fra i rami un baglior cesio

D'alba lunare apparve. Danzate!  
E il passo blando misuri un blando  
suon  
Le magiche accopiando carole alla  
canzon.

*Le fate:*

La selvadorme, e sperde incenso ed  
ombra;  
E par nell'aerdenso un verde a silo in  
fondo al mar.

*Nanetta:*

Erriam sotto la luna scegliendo fior  
da fiore,  
Ogni corolla in core porta la sua  
fortuna.  
Coi gigli e le viole scriviam de' nomi  
arcani  
Dalle fatate mani germogliano parole  
Parole alluminate di puro argento e  
d'or,  
Carmi e malie.  
Le Fate hanno per cifre i fior

*Le fate:*

Moviamo ad una ad una  
Sotto il lunare albor  
Verso la quercia bruna del nero  
cacciatore.

– Arrigo Boito

*Nanetta:*

On the thread of an Etesian breeze,  
Agile spirits fly freely  
Among the branches under the silver  
glow  
Of the emerging moonrise. Dance!  
And with light footwork tapout a  
gentle sound,  
the magic combining dance with  
song.

*The faries:*

The wild forest sleeps, scattering  
incence and shadow  
And surrounded by the dense air it  
seems like a green silo deep under  
the sea

*Nanetta:*

Let us all wander beneath the moon  
from flower to flower,  
The heart of each blossom brings it's  
own good fortune.  
With lilies and violets, let us write  
secret names;  
From our enchanted hands the  
words blossom;  
Words illuminated with silver and  
gold  
Incantations and spells  
The fairies have to create meaning,  
the flowers.

*The faries:*

Let us move one by one  
Under the lunar dawn  
Towards the brown oak of that dark  
hunter

Trans. LJ Hansen

**If I...**

If I could stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin unto his nest again  
I shall not live in vain

– Emily Dickinson

**Der Schmetterling**

Wie soll ich nicht tanzen,  
Es macht keine Mühe;  
Und reizende Farben  
Schimmern hier im Grünen.  
Immer schöner glänzen  
Meine bunten Flügel,  
Immer süsser hauchen  
Alle kleinen Blüten.  
Ich nasche die Blüten,  
Ihr könnt sie nicht hüten.

Wie gross ist die Freude.  
Sei's spät oder frühe,  
Leichtsinnig zu schweben  
Über Tal und Hügel.  
Wenn der Abend säuselt,  
Seht ihr Wolken glühen;  
Wenn die Lüfte golden,  
Scheint die Wiese grüner.

Ich nasche die Blüten,  
Ihr könnt sie nicht hüten.

– Friedrich von Schlegel

**Suleika**

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:  
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!  
Die Bewegung deiner Flügel  
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;  
Blumen, Auen, Wald und Hügel  
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.  
Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen  
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;  
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,  
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.  
Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,  
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;  
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben

Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.  
Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:  
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,  
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden  
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

– Marianne von Willemer

**The Butterfly**

Why should I not dance?  
It costs me no effort,  
and enchanting colours  
shimmer here amid the verdure.  
Ever lovelier  
my brightly-coloured wings glisten;  
ever sweeter is the scent  
from each tiny blossom.  
I sip from the blossoms;  
you cannot protect them.

How great my joy,  
be it early or late,  
to flit so blithely  
over hill and dale.  
When the evening murmurs  
you see the clouds glow;  
when the air is golden  
the meadows are more radiantly  
green.  
I sip from the blossoms;  
you cannot protect them.

Trans. Richard Wigmore

**Suleika**

Ah, West Wind, how I envy you  
Your moist pinions:  
For you can bring him word  
Of what I suffer away from him!  
The movement of your wings  
Wakes silent longing in my heart;  
Flowers, meadows, woods and hills,  
Dissolve in tears where you blow.  
Yet your mild, gentle breeze  
Cools my sore eyelids;  
Ah, I'd surely die of grief,  
Did I not hope to see him again.  
Hurry, then, to my beloved,  
Whisper softly to his heart;  
Take care, though, not to sadden  
him,  
And hide from him my anguish.  
Tell him, but tell him humbly:  
That his love is my life,  
His presence here will fill me  
With happiness in both.

Trans. Richard Wigmore

### Lorelei

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 goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,  
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.  
Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme  
Und singt ein Lied dabei,  
Das hat eine wundersame,  
Gewalt'ge 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 Lorelei getan.

– Heinrich Heine

### Loreley

I do not know what it means  
That I should feel so sad;  
There is a tale from olden times  
I cannot get out of my mind.  
The air is cool, and twilight falls,  
And the Rhine flows quietly by;  
The summit of the mountains glitters  
In the evening sun.  
The fairest maiden is sitting  
In wondrous beauty up there,  
Her golden jewels are sparkling,  
She combs her golden hair.  
She combs it with a golden comb  
And sings a song the while;  
It has an awe-inspiring,  
Powerful melody.  
It seizes the boatman in his skiff  
With wildly aching pain;  
He does not see the rocky reefs,  
He only looks up to the heights.  
I think at last the waves swallow  
The boatman and his boat;  
And that, with her singing,  
The Loreley has done.

Trans. Richard Stokes

### The Bird

O clear and musical,  
Sing again! Sing again!  
Hear the rain fall  
Through the long night.  
Bring me your song again,  
O dear delight!  
O dear and comforting,  
Mine again! Mine again!  
Hear the rain sing  
And the dark rejoice!  
Shine like a spark again,  
O clearest voice

– Elinor Wylie

### Souhait

Si quelque bonne fée avait cousu  
des ailes  
À mon dos fatigné du fardeau du  
malheur,  
Je n'irais pas ainsi que ces papillons  
frêles  
Me bercer dans le doux calice de la  
fleur.  
Rempli d'un seul désir, j'oublierais  
dans ma course  
Les arbres pleins de nids qui  
charment les chemins,  
Du doux gazouillement des oiseaux,  
et la source  
Où boivent les enfants dans le creux  
de leurs mains.  
Loin des blés soleillés qu'un matin  
d'or arrose,  
Sans m'énivrer joyeux à l'urne d'un  
lys blanc,  
Sans poser mon léger pied sur la  
rose, rose,  
Loin des coquelicots je prendrais  
mon élan.  
J'accourais, lutin bleu, vers toi, d'où  
tout rayonne

Sur tes lèvres en fleurs je saurais me  
poser,  
Puis je m'envolerais de ta bouche  
mignonne  
Ayant bu ton haleine et cueilli ton  
baiser.

– George Vanor

### Portrait

Son nom m'est doux comme le miel,  
Elle est blonde comme une fée,  
Ses yeux sont faits d'un coin de ciel;  
L'ai-je vue ou l'ai-je rêvée?  
Elle semble un lys frêle et doux,

Elle en a la mélancolie  
Et la grace; connaissez-vous  
Celle-là qui fait ma folie?

### The Wish

If some good fairy had sewn wings  
  
To my back, weary from the burden  
of misfortune  
I would not follow these frail  
butterflies  
To rock myself in the sweet calyx of  
a flower.  
Filled with a single desire, I would  
forget in my haste  
The trees full of nests that charm the  
road  
With the sweet twittering of birds,  
and the spring  
Where the children drink from the  
hollow of their hands.  
Far from the wheat that the morning  
sun sprinkles with gold,  
Without intoxicating myself from the  
urn of a white lily,  
Without setting a brush of my foot on  
the pink rose  
Far from the poppies, I would  
quicken my pace.  
I would hasten, imp blue, towards  
you, drawn toward's your radiating  
light  
On the petals of your lips I would  
alight myself,  
Then I would take off from your  
sweet mouth,  
Having drunk your breath and  
gathered your kiss

Trans. LJ Hansen

### Portrait

Her name is as sweet as honey,  
She is as fair as a fairy  
Her eyes are made of a patch of sky;  
Did I see her, or did I dream her?  
She resembles a lily, fragile and  
sweet,  
She within has the melancholy  
And the grace — do you know  
The one who causes my madness?

(continued)

Sa voix contient le miel des fleurs,	Her voice contains the honey of flowers,
Elle est irréaliste et profonde,	She is unreal and profound,
Et je bois toutes les douleurs,	And I drink in all the sorrows
Dans sa voix de sirène blonde.	From her voice of a fair siren.
Son regard me frôle souvent,	Her glance grazes me often
Mais cependant elle m'ignore,	And yet she ignores me
Elle passe et mon cœur fervent	She passes by, and my ardent heart
Vole sur sa trace et l'adore.	Flies on her trail and adores her.
– Pierre Reyniel	Trans. LJ Hansen

### **There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden**

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,  
It's not so very far away  
You pass the gard'ner's shed and you just keep straight ahead;  
I do so hope they've really come to stay.  
There's a little wood with moss in it and beetles  
And a little stream that quietly runs through;  
You wouldn't think they'd dare to come merrymaking there,  
Well, they do—yes they do!  
There are fairies at the bottom of our garden  
They often have a dance on summer nights;  
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze  
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.  
Did you know that they could sit upon the moonbeams  
And snatch a little star to make a fan,  
And dance away up there in the middle of the air?  
Well, they can—yes, they can!  
Oh those fairies at the bottom of our garden,  
You cannot think how beautiful they are;  
They all stand up and sing when the Fairy Queen and King  
Come lightly floating down upon their car.  
Oh, the King is very proud and very handsome,  
And the Queen – now can you guess who that could be?  
She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away  
Well, it's Me—yes, it's Me!

– Rose Fyleman

## **Upcoming Events**

Monday, May 25, 5:00 p.m.

### **Guest Recital: Annie Gao, carillon**

Williams Carillon, Ritchie Center Lawn  
Free admission, no ticket required

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

### **Lamont Percussion Ensemble**

Hamilton Recital Hall  
Free admission, no ticket required

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

### **Lamont Symphony Orchestra**

Gates Concert Hall  
\$5 for reserved parterre, or FREE general admission

Thursday, May 28, 7:30 p.m.

### **Steel Drum Ensemble**

Gates Concert Hall  
Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, May 29, 7:30 p.m.

### **Cello Studio Recital**

Room 100  
Free admission, no ticket required

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

### **Modern Music Ensemble**

Hamilton Recital Hall  
Free admission, no ticket required

Sunday, May 31, 4:30 p.m.

### **Vocal Jazz Groups:**

### **Vocal Collective, The Vocal Syndicate, & Resonance**

Williams Recital Salon  
Free admission, no ticket required

Sunday, May 31, 7:30 p.m.

### **Lamont Composers Concert Series**

Hamilton Recital Hall  
Free admission, no ticket required

**Full events list:** [liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/performances-events](http://liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/performances-events)



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