

Lamont School of Music

Graduate Recital

Yang Zhang

Voice

Beth Nielsen

Piano

Saturday, June 6, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



Robert & Judi Newman Center
for the Performing Arts

Program

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée (1932–33)

Maurice Ravel
(1875–1973)
Paul Morand

- I. Chanson romanesque
- II. Chanson épique
- III. Chanson à boire

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Robert Schumann
(1810–1856)
Heinrich Heine

- Nr. 1 Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- Nr. 2 Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
- Nr. 3 Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube
- Nr. 7 Ich grolle nicht
- Nr. 11 Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- Nr. 16 Die alten, bösen Lieder

INTERMISSION

Songs of Travel (1904)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872–1958)
Robert Louis Stevenson

- No. 1 The Vagabond
- No. 2 Let Beauty Awake
- No. 4 Youth and Love
- No. 7 Whither Must I Wander?

**Hai già vinta la causa...
Vedrò mentr'io sospiro**
from *Le nozze di Figaro*, K. 492

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)
Lorenzo Da Ponte

《思乡》 (Homesickness)

黄自 (Huang Zi)
(1904–1938)
韦瀚章 (Wei Hanzhang)

《幽兰操》 (You Lan Cao / Orchid in Seclusion)

赵季平 (Zhao Jiping)
(b. 1945)
韩愈 (Han Yu)

《别君叹》 (Farewell Lament)

曹轩宾 (Cao Xuanbin)
(b. 1979)
王维、李奇 (Wang Wei & Li Qi)

《满江红》 (Man Jiang Hong / The River All Red)

阿鲲 (A Kun)
(b. 1977)
岳飞 (Yue Fei)

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

Mr. Yang is from the studio of Catherine Kasch

Reception to follow in the
Spencer Artist Reception Room

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Text and Translations

Chanson romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.
Si vous me disiez que l'ennui

Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.
Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.

J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.
Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blêmirais dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
Ô Dulciné

Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir

De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez
choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu manteau,
D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté.
Ma Dame,
Ô grands Saints Georges et Saint
Michel,
L'ange qui veille sur ma belle,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
À vous, Madone au bleu manteau,
Amen.

Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,

Qui pour me perdre a vos doux yeux

Romantic song

Were you to tell that the earth
Offended you with so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal with it:
You'd see it still and silenced.
Were you to tell me that you are
wearied
By a sky too studded with stars -
Tearing the divine order asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a single blow.
Were you to tell me that space itself,
Thus denuded was not to your taste -
As a god-like knight, with lance in
hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind with stars.
But were you to tell me that my blood
Is more mine, my Lady, than your own,
I'd pale at the admonishment
And, blessing you, would die.
O Dulcinea.

Epic Song

O Saint Michael, who grant me the
grace
To see my Lady and to hear her,
O Saint Michael, who deign to choose
me
To please her and to defend her,
O Saint Michael, please descend
With Saint George upon the altar
Of the Madonna with the blue mantle,
From a ray of heaven bless my blade
And its equal in piety
As in modesty and chastity.
My Lady,
O great Saints George and Michael,
The angel who watches over my
beloved,
My gentle Lady, so like
You, Madonna with the blue mantle,
Amen.

Drinking Song

To hell with the bastard, illustrious
Lady,
Who, to ruin me with your sweet eyes,

Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme !
Ah ! Ah !
Je bois à la joie !
La joie est le seul but où je vais droit...

lorsque j'ai bu !
Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! la joie !
La-la-la...
Je bois à la joie !
Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,

Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment

D'être toujours ce pâle amant,
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !
Ah ! Ah !
Je bois à la joie !
La joie est le seul but où je vais droit...

lorsque j'ai bu !
Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! la joie !
Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! la joie !

-Paul Morand

Says that love and old wine
Bring mourning to my heart, my soul!
Ah!Ah!
I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal toward which I go
straight...
when I have drunk!
Ah! Ah! Ah! joy! Ah! Ah! Ah! joy!
La-la-la...
I drink to joy!
To hell with the jealous one, dark
mistress,
Who complains, who weeps and
swears
To remain forever that pale lover,
Who waters down his drunkenness!
Ah!Ah!
I drink to joy!
Joy is the only goal toward which I go
straight...
when I have drunk!
Ah! Ah! Ah! joy!
Ah! Ah! Ah! joy!

Trans. Richard Stokes

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.
Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.
Und wenn du mich lieb hast,
Kindchen, schenk ich dir die Blumen
all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

In the Beautiful Month of May

In the beautiful month of May,
when all the buds were opening,
then in my heart
love began to grow.
In the beautiful month of May,
when all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my longing and desire.

From My Tears Bloom Flowers

From my tears spring forth
many blooming flowers,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir.
And if you love me,
my dear, I will give you all the flowers,

and before your window will sound
the song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

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.
Ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die
Eine.

Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht,
Ewig verlor'nes Lieb!
Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in
Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens
Nacht.
Das weiß ich längst.
Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht,
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens
Raume,
Und sah die Schlange, die dir am
Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend
bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.
Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.
Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

The Rose, the Lily, the Dove

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun—

I once loved them all in the joy of love.
I love them no more; I love only
the little one, the fine one, the pure
one, the only one.
She herself, the joy of all love,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

I love only
the little one, the fine one, the pure
one, the only one.

I Bear No Grudge

I bear no grudge, even if my heart
should break,
Love forever lost!
I bear no grudge.
Though you shine in diamond
splendor,
No ray falls into the night of your
heart—
I have long known this.
I bear no grudge, even if my heart
should break.
I saw you indeed in a dream,
And saw the darkness within your
heart,
And saw the serpent that feeds upon
your heart;
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.

I bear no grudge.

A Young Man Loves a Maiden

A young man loves a maiden,
She has chosen another;
That other loves yet another,
And has married her.
The maiden, out of anger,
Takes the first best man
Who happens to cross her path;
The young man is badly off.
It is an old story,
Yet it remains ever new;
And whoever it happens to,
His heart breaks in two.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bö's' und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.
Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.
Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.
Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.
Die sollen den Sarg fortragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.
Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe

The Vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the love go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above,
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.
Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above,
And the road below me.
Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,

The bad old songs

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.
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.
And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.
And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.
They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.
Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love

Not to winter even!
To render again and receive!

Let Beauty Awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!
Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

Youth and Love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.
Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

Whither Must I Wander

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight
Kind folks of old, you come again no more
Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old
Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorflow
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours

Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Hai già vinta la causa!

Hai già vinta la causa! Cosa sento!
In qual laccio io cadea? Perfidi! Io
voglio...
Di tal modo punirvi... A piacer mio
la sentenza sarà... Ma s'ei pagasse
la vecchia pretendente?

Pagarla! In qual maniera! E poi v'è
Antonio,
che a un incognito Figaro ricusa
di dare una nipote in matrimonio.

Coltivando l'orgoglio
di questo mentecatto...
Tutto giova a un raggio...
il colpo è fatto.
Vedrò mentre io sospiro,
felice un servo mio!
E un ben ch'invan desio,
ei posseder dovrà?
Vedrò per man d'amore
unita a un vile oggetto
chi in me destò un affetto
che per me poi non ha?

Ah no, lasciarti in pace,
non vo' questo contento,
tu non nascesti, audace,
per dare a me tormento,
e forse ancor per ridere
di mia infelicità.
Già la speranza sola
delle vendette mie
quest'anima consola,
e giubilar mi fa.

—Lorenzo Da Ponte

思乡

柳丝丝绿·清明才过了·

独自个凭栏无语·
更哪堪墙外杜鹃啼·

We've won our case!

We've won our case! What do I hear!
I've fallen into a trap!
The traitors!
I'll punish them so! The sentence
Will be at my pleasure ... But supposing
He has paid off the claims of the old
woman?
Paid her? How? ... and then there's
Antonio
Who'll refuse to give his niece in mar-
riage
To a Figaro, of whom nothing is known.
If I play on the pride
Of that half-wit ...
Everything favours my plan ...
The dice is cast.
Must I see a serf of mine made happy
While I am left to sigh,
And him possess a treasure
Which I desire in vain?
Must I see her,
Who has roused in me a passion
She does not feel for me,
United by the hand of love to a base
stave?
Ah no, I will not give you
The satisfaction of this contentment!
You were not born, bold fellow,
To cause me torment
And indeed to laugh
At my discomfiture.
Now only the hope
Of taking vengeance
Eases my mind
And make me rejoice.

Trans. Opera Arias Database

Si Xiang (Homesickness)

Silken willows wear their tender green,
the Qingming days have just passed.
Alone, I lean upon the railing, wordless.
How can I endure the cuckoo's cry be-
yond the wall,

一声声道：“不如归去！”

惹起了万种闲情·满怀别绪·

问落花：“随渺渺微波是否向南流？”

我愿与他同去！

— 韦瀚章 (Wei Hanzhang)

幽兰操

兰之猗猗·扬扬其香·

众香拱之·幽幽其芳·

不采而佩·于兰何伤？

以日以年·我行四方·

文王梦熊·渭水泱泱·

采而佩之·奕奕清芳·

雪霜茂茂·蕾蕾于冬·

君子之守·子孙之昌·

—韩愈 (Han Yu)

别君叹

渭城朝雨浥轻尘·

客舍青青柳色新·

劝君更尽一杯酒·

西出阳关无故人·

低吟白雪逢阳春·

送君别去无知音·

高台孤矗昂首望·

穹凄尽兮宙宇敞·

车马纵兮雁飞翔·

春服秋往世无常·

幽清默兮落暗乡何年何月蹉跎降·

calling again and again: “Return... return...”

It awakens endless feelings,
a heart full of longing and parting sorrow.

I ask the falling blossoms:
“Will you drift south upon the flowing waves?”

I long to follow you.

You Lan Cao (Song of the Orchid)

How graceful the orchid grows,
its fragrance spreading gently.
Surrounded by all other scents,
its own perfume remains subtle and pure.
If it is not gathered and worn,
what harm is there to the orchid?

Day after day, year after year,
I travel across the four directions.
King Wen dreamed of a bear;
the waters of the Wei River flow vast and deep.

If it is gathered and worn,
its pure fragrance shines ever bright.
Through frost and snow it flourishes,
budding even in winter.
Such is the integrity of the noble man,
bringing prosperity to future generations.

Bie Jun Tan (Lament of Farewell)

Morning rain in Wei City moistens the light dust;
the guesthouse stands green, the willows freshly bright.

I urge you to finish yet another cup of wine—
west of Yang Pass, no old friends remain.
Softly I hum of “White Snow” meeting “Spring Sun,”
sending you off, with no one who truly understands.

A lonely tower stands, I lift my head and gaze;
desolation fades, the vast universe opens wide.

Carriages race as wild geese take flight;
spring clothes come and autumn goes—
this world is ever changing.

In quiet stillness, one falls into a shadowed land—

莫问·莫观·你莫惆怅·

山石·林木·无易样·

—王维·李奇 (Wang Wei & Li Qi)

满江红

怒发冲冠·凭栏处·潇潇雨歇·

抬望眼·仰天长啸·壮怀激烈·

三十功名尘与土·八千里路云和月·

莫等闲·白了少年头·空悲切·

靖康耻·犹未雪·

臣子恨·何时灭·

驾长车·踏破贺兰山缺·

壮志饥餐胡虏肉笑谈渴饮匈奴血·

待从头·收拾旧山河·朝天阙·

—岳飞 (Yue Fei)

what year, what month will time descend again?

Ask not, look not, do not be sorrowful.
Mountains and rocks, forests and trees—
they remain unchanged.

Man Jiang Hong (Full River Red)

I lean upon the railing—just as the drizzling rain has ceased.

I raise my eyes,
and roar toward the heavens, my spirit surging with fierce resolve.
Thirty years of achievement—dust and earth;
eight thousand miles traveled—clouds and moon.

Do not idle away your youth,
lest your hair turn white and you grieve in vain.

The shame of Jingkang is not yet avenged;
the hatred of loyal subjects—when shall it be erased?

I will drive my chariot forward,
and trample the passes of Helan Mountain.

With heroic will, I laugh as I hunger for the enemy's flesh,
and in bold talk, thirst to drink the blood of the Xiongnu.

When all is restored from the beginning,
I shall return to the imperial court.



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