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2024-25



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UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO BOULDER

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The University of Colorado Boulder, Colorado's flagship university, honors and recognizes the many contributions of Indigenous peoples in our state. CU Boulder acknowledges that it is located on the traditional territories and ancestral homelands of the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Ute and many other Native American nations. Their forced removal from these territories has caused devastating and lasting impacts. While the University of Colorado Boulder can never undo or rectify the devastation wrought on Indigenous peoples, we commit to improving and enhancing engagement with Indigenous peoples and issues locally and globally.

# Doctoral Vocal Recital

Thomas Bocchi, tenor

Bobby Pace, piano

4 p.m., Saturday, April 12, 2025

Chamber Hall (S102)

## ***Die schöne Müllerin, Op. 25***

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

1. Das Wandern
2. Wohin?
3. Halt!
4. Danksagung an den Bach
5. Am Feierabend
6. Der Neugierige
7. Ungeduld
8. Morgengruß
9. Des Müllers Blumen
10. Tränenregen
11. Mein!

## **Intermission**

12. Pause
13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbande
14. Der Jäger
15. Eifersucht und Stolz
16. Die liebe Farbe
17. Die böse Farbe
18. Trockne Blumen
19. Der Müller und der Bach
20. Des Baches Wiegenlied

# PROGRAM NOTES

## *Die schöne Müllerin*, Op. 25

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Last year marked the 200th anniversary of the first complete publication of *Die schöne Müllerin*, the first of Schubert's three great song cycles, and one of the crowning jewels of the *Lieder* repertoire.

The plot centers on the perspective of a young boy who follows an entrancing brook to a mill, where he falls deeply for the miller's beautiful daughter. His feelings turn from obsessive infatuation to utter despair when the girl falls instead for a hyper-masculine, bearded hunter. Overcome with grief, the boy's tragedy culminates when he drowns himself in the brook.

Schubert first began to compose the 'Miller songs' in 1823, the same year he started to exhibit symptoms of syphilis. From letters and other records we can presume he composed much of *Die schöne Müllerin* while hospitalized due to the illness. He would succumb to the disease only five years later in 1828 at the age of thirty-one.

During this time period, before the advent of effective modern treatments, such a diagnosis was a death sentence, similar to that an HIV/AIDS diagnosis was in the 1980s. As with any disease, then or now, and especially with ones commonly sexually transmitted, it was heavily shamed and stigmatized.

Schubert's life was upended. He was sentenced to the harsh reality of numbered days, quickly deteriorating health, forced isolation, and decimated opportunities. Whatever hopes, dreams, and aspirations he had for his life and career were either condensed into an impossibly brief timespan, or had to be abandoned.

I cannot help but notice the similarities between Schubert and the protagonist at the time he was composing *Die schöne Müllerin*. Like the boy, he felt things deeply and passionately, and struggled to manifest those feelings effectively in his life. Like the boy, he accepted posts of employment out of necessity, while his loftier dreams stubbornly evaded him. Like the boy, he was not upper-class; he was a hopeless romantic who pictured himself suited to women far beyond his league. Like the boy, he had aspirations about a long life and great career for himself. Realizing both how much he would lose and never get to have, he must have felt a deep despair akin to that of the miller boy.

But for reasons we can never fully know, Schubert was able to avoid the boy's tragic fate, at least in that he was able to redeem himself through his creative output. Through painfully deteriorating health, he was able to maintain an astonishing output of creativity, even by his own famously prolific standards. Starting in 1823, until his death, he seemed to compose with a new purpose on his life, with a deeper sense of urgency and ambition. His later composition defied tradition and genre, blazed the way for centuries of innovation, and contributed some of humanities greatest art works.

Perhaps the composing this song cycle and the process of bringing the young miller boy to life was cathartic or transformative to Schubert. Perhaps, like the boy being subsumed and transfigured by the brook, Schubert was able to accept and let go of the parts of his life that were now only fantasies, reconcile himself to his new reality, and make the most of what he had.

I think that part of what makes this piece such a popular and enduring work—truly one of the great masterpieces of the repertoire—is how it explores these universal themes of processing the death of naivety, and the grieving of lost fantasies. I think everyone can relate to times when life fails to materialize in the ways that we hope, but also to how these experiences shape us in unexpected ways.

*Thomas Bocchi*  
*March 2025*

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## *Die schöne Müllerin*

*Text by Wilhelm Müller*

### 1. Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,  
Das Wandern!  
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,  
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,  
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,  
Vom Wasser!  
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,  
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,  
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,  
Den Rädern!  
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,  
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,  
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,  
Die Steine!  
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn  
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,  
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,  
O Wandern!  
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,  
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn  
Und wandern.

## *The Beautiful Maiden of the Mill*

*Translation by Thomas Bocchi*

### 1. Wandering

Wandering is a miller's delight,  
Wandering!  
He must be a poor miller, indeed,  
He who has never been wandering,  
Wandering!

From the water we have learned it,  
From the water!  
It has no rest by day or night,  
And only thinks of wandering,  
The water!

We see it also in the mill wheels,  
The mill wheels!  
They never like to stand still,  
And they never tire of turning all day long,  
The mill wheels!

Even the millstones, heavy as they are,  
The millstones!  
They too join in the merry dance  
And would go faster if they could,  
The millstones!

Oh wandering, wandering, my delight,  
Oh wandering!  
Master and Mistress,  
Let me go my way in peace—  
And wander!

## 2. Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen  
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,  
Hinab zum Tale rauschen  
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,  
Nicht, wer den Rat mir gab,  
Ich mußte auch hinunter  
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter,  
Und immer dem Bache nach,  
Und immer frischer rauschte  
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?  
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?  
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen  
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn vom Rauschen?  
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:  
Es singen wohl die Nixen  
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen  
Und wandre fröhlich nach!  
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder  
In jedem klaren Bach.

## 2. Whither?

I heard a little brook babbling  
From out a rocky spring,  
Babbling down into the valley,  
So fresh and wonderfully bright.

I do not know what came over me,  
Nor who gave me the thought,  
But I just had to go along down with it,  
With my walking stick.

Downward, and ever further downward,  
Ever following after the brook,  
As it flowed ever more freshly,  
As it babbled ever brighter.

Is this my path, then?  
Oh brook, tell me, whither?  
With your babbling, you have me  
Completely mesmerized.

Of what babbling do I speak?  
That can no babbling be—  
It must be the water nymphs  
Singing in the deep.

Let them sing, my friend, let them babble,  
And let's wander cheerfully along!  
For surely there are mill wheels turning  
In every clear stream.

### 3. Halt!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken  
Aus den Erlen heraus,  
Durch Rauschen und Singen  
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,  
Süßer Mühlengesang!  
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!  
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle  
Vom Himmel sie scheint!  
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
War es also gemeint?

### 4. Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,  
Mein rauschender Freund,  
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,  
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!  
So lautet der Sinn,  
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?  
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?  
Oder hast mich berückt?  
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,  
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,  
Ich gebe mich drein:  
Was ich such', hab' ich funden,  
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,  
Nun hab' ich genug,  
Für die Hände, fürs Herze,  
Vollauf genug!

### 3. Stop!

I spot a mill gleaming there  
Among the elder trees,  
The brook's babbling and singing  
Are pierced by the roaring of wheels.

Ah welcome, ah welcome!  
Sweet song of the mill!  
And the house, how comforting!  
And the windows, how sparkling!

And the sun, how brightly  
It shines down from heaven!  
Oh brook, dear brook,  
Is this what you meant?

### 4. Gratitude to the Brook

Is this what you meant,  
My babbling friend?  
Your singing, your ringing,  
Is this what you meant?

To the maiden of the mill!  
This is what you mean—  
I have understood you?  
To the maiden of the mill!

Did she send you?  
Or have you bewitched me?  
This I would like to know:  
Did she send you?

Well, however it may be,  
I yield myself to this fate.  
What I sought I have found,  
However it may be.

I sought after work,  
And work I have found;  
For my hands, and for my heart,  
I have more than enough!



### 5. Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend  
Arme zu rühren!  
Könnt' ich brausend  
Die Räder führen!  
Könnt' ich wehen  
Durch alle Haine,  
Könnt' ich drehen  
Alle Steine,  
Daß die schöne Müllerin  
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!  
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,  
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,  
Jeder Knappe tut mir's nach.  
Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde,  
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,  
Und der Meister spricht zu allen:  
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;  
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt  
Allen eine gute Nacht.

### 5. After Work

If only I had a thousand  
Arms to wield!  
If only I could drive  
The roaring wheels!  
If only could blow through  
All the woods!  
If only I could turn over  
All the millstones!  
Then the beautiful maiden  
Might notice my devotion!

But alas! How weak my arms are!  
What I lift, what I carry,  
What I cut, what I hammer,  
Any lad could do just as well.  
And there I sit with everyone in the circle,  
In the quiet, cool, afterwork hour,  
And the master says to everyone:  
Your work has me well-pleased,  
And the lovely maiden said  
To everyone a goodnight.

## 6. Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,  
Ich frage keinen Stern,  
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,  
Was ich erfähr so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,  
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;  
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,  
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Wie bist du heut so stumm,  
Will ja nur eines wissen,  
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,  
Das andre heißet Nein,  
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen  
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,  
Was bist du wunderbarlich!  
Will's ja nicht weitersagen,  
Sag Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

## 6. The Questioner

I cannot ask a flower,  
I cannot ask a star;  
None of them can tell me  
What I'm so desperate to know.

I am not much of a gardener,  
The stars are far too high;  
I shall therefore ask my darling brook,  
If my heart has deceived me.

Oh little brook, my beloved brook,  
How can you be so silent today?  
I only desire to know one thing:  
One little word, over and over.

'Yes' could be the word,  
Or it could be 'No'.  
My whole world hinges upon  
These two words together.

Oh little brook, my beloved brook,  
How entrancing you are!  
I promise to tell no one else,  
Tell me, dear brook— does she love me?

## 7. Ungeduld

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,  
Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,  
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet  
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verrät,  
Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht' ich's  
schreiben:

Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Star,  
Bis daß er sprach' die Worte rein und klar,  
Bis er sie sprach' mit meines Mundes Klang,  
Mit meines Herzens vollem, heißem Drang;  
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre  
Fensterscheiben:

Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,  
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;  
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!  
Trüg es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!  
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder  
treiben?

Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müßt in meinen Augen stehn,  
Auf meinen Wangen müßt' man's brennen  
sehn,  
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,  
Ein jeder Atemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;  
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen  
Treiben:

Dein ist mein Herz und soll es ewig bleiben!

## 7. Impatience

I'd like to carve it in the bark of every tree;  
I'd like to etch it into every little pebble;  
I'd like to sow it into every freshly-tilled field,  
With cress seeds that would quickly sprout it up;  
I'd like to write it on every scrap of paper:  
*My heart is yours and will ever remain so.*

I'd like to teach a young starling  
To speak the words so pure and clear,  
Until he spoke with the sound of my voice,  
With all my heart's full and burning longings;  
Then he'd sing it brightly at her window:  
*My heart is yours and will ever remain so.*

I'd like to breathe it to the morning breezes;  
I'd like to whisper it through the rainy groves;  
If only it could glow from every blossom!  
If only the fragrances would carry it to her from  
near and far!  
You waves, can you drive wheels only?  
*My heart is yours and will ever remain so.*

I thought it must show in my eyes,  
That anyone could see it burning on my cheeks,  
That anyone could read it on my silent lips,  
That my every breath would proclaim it aloud!  
And yet she notices nothing my anxious  
yearning—  
*My heart is yours and will ever remain so.*

## 8. Morgengruß

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!  
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,  
Als wär' dir was geschehen?  
Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?  
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?  
So muß ich wieder gehen.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,  
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,  
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!  
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor,  
Hervor aus eurem runden Tor,  
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,  
Ihr taubetrübten Blümelein,  
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?  
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,  
Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint  
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor  
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor  
In Gottes hellen Morgen!  
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,  
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft  
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

## 8. Morning Greeting

Good morning, lovely maiden!  
Why do you turn your head so quickly,  
As if something upset you?  
Does my greeting annoy you so much?  
Does my glance displease you so deeply?  
If so, then I must go.

Oh, but at least let me stand at afar  
And gaze toward your beloved window,  
From far away, from far, far away!  
Just come outside, little blonde girl!  
Come forth from your arched doorway,  
You blue morning stars!

Your little eyes, drunk with slumber,  
Your little flowers, saddened with dew,  
Why do you hide them from the sun?  
Has night been so good to you,  
That you would rather close your eyes and nod,  
And weep for its silent ecstasy?

Shake off now that veil of dreams  
And arise fresh and free  
Into God's bright morning!  
The lark trills in the sky,  
And from the depths of its heart,  
Sings of love's griefs and cares.

### 9. Des Müllers Blumen

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,  
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;  
Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,  
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,  
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein  
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,  
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn alles schweigt,  
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,  
Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie tät die Äuglein zu  
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh,  
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht  
Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!  
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,  
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:  
Der Tau in euren Äugelein,  
Das sollen meine Tränen sein,  
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

### 9. The Miller's Flowers

On the banks grow many tiny flowers,  
Gazing through their clear blue eyes.  
The brook is the miller's friend,  
And my darling's eyes shine bright blue—  
Therefore they are my flowers.

Right under her window  
I will plant these flowers,  
Then you shall call to her, when all is silent,  
As she lays her head down to sleep—  
For you know what I wish to say.

And when she closes her eyes  
And sleeps in sweet, sweet repose,  
Whisper to her as if in a dream:  
Forget me not, forget me not!  
That is what I wish to say.

And when she opens the shutters,  
Look up at her lovingly;  
The dew in your tiny eyes  
Shall be my tears—  
And I shall weep upon you.

## 10. Tränenregen

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen  
Im kühlen Erlenbach,  
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen  
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,  
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,  
Und schauten so traulich zusammen  
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,  
Nach keinem Sternenschein,  
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,  
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken  
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,  
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,  
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken  
Der ganze Himmel schien,  
Und wollte mich mit hinunter  
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen,  
Da rieselte munter der Bach,  
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:  
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,  
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;  
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,  
Ade, ich geh' nach Haus.

## 10. Shower of Tears

We sat together in complete harmony  
In the cool shade of the alder trees,  
And together we gazed in such harmony  
Into the rippling brook.

Then moon came out also,  
And the stars thereafter;  
And together they gazed in harmony,  
Down into the silvery mirror.

But I did not look at the moon,  
Nor did I look at the stars;  
I gazed only at her reflection,  
I gazed into her eyes alone.

I saw them nod and gaze up  
From the blissful brook,  
The flowers on the bank, the blue ones,  
Nodded and gazed up as well.

And the whole sky  
Seemed submerged in the brook,  
And it sought to draw me down  
Into its depths.

Above the clouds and stars  
The brook rippled cheerfully,  
And called with singing and ringing:  
*Friend, my friend— come to me!*

And then my eyes overflowed,  
And the reflection became blurred—  
She said: the rain is coming,  
Goodbye, I'm going home.

**11. Mein!**

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!  
Räder, stellt euer Brausen ein!  
All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,  
Groß und klein,  
Endet eure Melodein!  
Durch den Hain  
Aus und ein  
Schalle heut ein Reim allein:  
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!  
Mein!  
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?  
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?  
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein  
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,  
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

**11. Mine!**

Brook, stop your murmuring!  
Wheels, halt your thundering!  
All you merry woodland birds,  
Big and small,  
Cease all your melodies!  
Through the grove,  
In and out,  
Resounds but one phrase only:  
The beloved maiden of the mill is mine!  
*Mine!*  
Spring, have you any more flowers?  
Sun, can you not shine any brighter?  
Alas, then I must remain all alone,  
Alone with my blissful words,  
Misunderstood by all of creation!

— *INTERMISSION* —

## 12. Pause

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,  
Hab' sie umschlungen  
mit einem grünen Band—  
Ich kann nicht mehr singen,  
mein Herz ist zu voll,  
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.  
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz  
Durfst du aushauchen in Liederscherz,  
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,  
Glaubt ich doch, mein Leiden wär nicht klein:  
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,  
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!  
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,  
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,  
Da wird mir so bange,  
und es durchschauert mich.  
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?  
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.  
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?  
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

## 13. Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

“Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,  
Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,  
Ich hab das Grün so gern!”  
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut zu mir;  
Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:  
Nun hab das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,  
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,  
Und ich auch hab es gern.  
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immer grün,  
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühn,  
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein  
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,  
Du hast ja's Grün so gern.  
Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,  
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,  
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern.

## 12. Pause

I have hung my lute on the wall,  
I have tied a green ribbon around it—  
I can sing no more, my heart is too full;  
I don't know how I could force it into any rhyme.  
If only I could express  
the burning pains of my desire  
Into playful song  
And, as I sang so sweetly and tenderly,  
Truly believe that my pain was no small matter.  
Oh! how heavy must the burden of my  
happiness be  
Such that no sound on earth can encompass it?

Now, dear lute, rest peacefully here on this nail!  
If a little breath of wind wafts over your strings,  
Or if a bee brushes you with its wings,  
I shall get so worried, and shudder with anxiety.  
Why have I left the ribbon hang for so long?  
It often flutters over the strings  
with a sighing sound.  
Is it the echo of my love's pain?  
Or is it the prelude to new songs?

## 13. With the Lute's Green Ribbon

“What a pity that lovely green ribbon,  
Should sit and fade here on the wall;  
I am so fond of green!”  
Thus, my darling, you spoke to me today.  
I shall untie it at once, and send it to you.  
So now you may delight in green!

Though your sweetheart is all in white,  
Green shall yet have its prize.  
And I, too, am fond of it.  
Because our love is evergreen,  
Because distant hope blossoms green—  
That is why we are so fond of it.

Now braid into your curls  
The green ribbon;  
For you are so fond of green.  
Then I shall know where hope resides,  
Then I shall know where love presides,  
Then I shall truly delight in green.



#### 14. Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger  
am Mühlbach hier?  
Bleib, trotziger Jäger,  
in deinem Revier!  
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,  
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein,  
ein zahmes, für mich,  
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,  
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,  
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,  
Und laß auf dem Horne den  
Saus und Braus,  
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,  
Sonst scheut sich im Garten  
das Rehlein, fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,  
Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.  
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?  
Was will den das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?  
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain  
Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;  
Und willst meinem Schätzchen  
dich machen beliebt,  
So wisse, mein Freund,  
was ihr Herzchen betrübt:  
Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain  
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein  
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:  
Die Eber, die schieß, du Jägerheld!

#### 14. The Hunter

What does the hunter seek  
here at the mill stream?  
Stay back, bold hunter!  
Stay in your own territory!  
Here there is no game for you to hunt,  
Here there is only a fawn,  
a tame one, just for me,  
And if you wish to see that gently fawn,  
Leave your rifles in the woods,  
And leave your yapping hounds at home,  
And stop that trumpeting and blasting  
with your horn,  
And shave that unkempt beard from your chin,  
Or you will frighten the fawn  
in her garden!

Better yet, just stay there in the woods,  
And leave the mills and millers in peace.  
What good is a fish in green branches?  
What good is a squirrel in the blue pond?  
So stay where you belong, you bold hunter,  
And leave me alone with my three mill wheels;  
And if you wish to endear yourself  
to my beloved,  
Then I'll tell you, my friend,  
what troubles her heart:  
The boars! They come out of the forest at night  
And break into her cabbage patch  
And trample and root around in the soil,  
The boars! Shoot them! You heroic hunter!

### 15. Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus und wild,  
    mein lieber Bach?  
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger  
    nach?  
Kehr' um, kehr' um,  
    und schilt erst deine Müllerin,  
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen  
    Flattersinn.  
Sahst du sie gestern abend nicht  
    am Tore stehn,  
Mit langem Halse  
    nach der großen Straße sehn?  
Wenn vom den Fang der Jäger lustig  
    zieht nach Haus,  
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind  
    den Kopf zum Fenster 'naus,  
Geh, Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das,  
    doch sag' ihr nicht,  
Hörst du, kein Wort,  
    von meinem traurigen Gesicht;  
Sag ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich  
    eine Pfeif' aus Rohr,  
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz'  
    und Lieder vor.

### 15. Jealousy and Pride

Where are you headed, so raging and wild,  
    my dear brook?  
Are you rushing angrily after impudent  
    Brother Hunter?  
Turn back, turn back!  
    and scold first your maiden of the mill,  
For her light-hearted, frivolous,  
    fickle little ways.  
Didn't you see her last night  
    standing at her door,  
Craning her neck  
    toward the road?  
When the hunter merrily returns home  
    from the hunt  
No well-mannered girl  
    sticks her head out the window that way.  
Go on, brook, away and tell her that!  
    But say nothing—  
Hear me? Not a single word—  
    about my sad face.  
Tell her: The boy is sitting by me  
    and carving a pipe from a reed  
And playing pretty songs and dances  
    for the children.

## 16. Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,  
In grüne Tränenweiden,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,  
Eine Heide von grünen Rosmarein,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!  
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.  
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,  
Die Heide, die heiß' ich die Liebesnot,  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,  
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen:  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,  
Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

## 16. The Favorite Color

In green shall I clothe myself,  
In green weeping willows—  
For my beloved is so fond of green.  
I shall seek a grove of cypresses,  
And a field full of green rosemary—  
My love is so fond of green.

Go enjoy the merry hunt  
Enjoy field and thicket—  
My beloved is so fond of hunting.  
The game I hunt is death,  
The heath for me is love's torment—  
For my beloved is so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the grass,  
Cover me over with its green turf—  
For my beloved is so fond of green.  
No black cross for me, no colorful flowers;  
Green, everything green, all around—  
For my beloved is so fond of green.

### 17. Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,  
Hinaus in die weite Welt,  
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'  
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'  
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,  
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'  
Weinen ganz totenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,  
Was siehst mich immer an,  
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,  
Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Tür  
In Sturm und Regen und Schnee,  
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht  
Das eine Wörtchen: Ade.

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,  
Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,  
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,  
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab  
Das grüne, grüne Band,  
Ade, ade! Und reiche mir  
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

### 17. The Hated Color

I would like to journey into the world,  
Out into the wide open world,  
If only it weren't so green, so green!  
Out there in the woods and fields!

I'd like to pluck off every green leaf  
From every branch;  
I'd like to weep on all the green grass  
Until it turns pale as death.

Oh green, you hateful color—  
Why do you stare at me so?  
So mocking, so proud, so pleased by my pain;  
At me, a poor pale man?

I'd like to lie at her doorstep,  
Through storm and rain and snow,  
And sing softly, by day and night,  
Just one little word: goodbye.

Hark! When from the forest a hunting horn calls,  
I can hear her window unlatch.  
And though she doesn't look out at me,  
I can look in at her.

Oh, loosen from your hair  
That green, green ribbon!  
Goodbye, goodbye! And give to me  
Your hand in farewell.

## 18. Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab,  
Euch soll man legen  
Mit mir ins Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle  
Mich an so weh,  
Als ob ihr wüßtet,  
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wie welk, wie blaß?  
Ihr Blümlein alle,  
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Tränen machen  
Nicht maiengrün,  
Machen tote Liebe  
Nicht wieder blüh'n,

Und Lenz wird kommen,  
Und Winter wird gehn,  
Und Blümlein werden  
Im Grase stehn,

Und Blümlein liegen  
In meinem Grab,  
Die Blümlein alle,  
Die sie mir gab!

Und wenn sie wandelt  
Am Hügel vorbei,  
Und denkt im Herzen:  
Der meint' es treu!

Dann, Blümlein alle,  
Heraus, heraus!  
Der Mai ist kommen,  
Der Winter ist aus.

## 18. Withered Flowers

All of you flowers,  
All of you that she gave to me,  
You shall lay with me  
In my grave.

Why do you all stare at me  
So sorrowfully?  
As if you knew,  
What was happening to me?

All of you flowers,  
Why so limp? Why so pale?  
All of you flowers,  
What has drenched you so?

Ah, tears cannot bring forth  
The greens of May,  
They will not make dead love  
Bloom again.

But spring shall come,  
And winter shall go,  
And flowers will grow  
In the grass again.

And flowers shall lie  
On my grave—  
All the flowers  
That she gave to me.

And when she flits past  
My burial mound,  
And thinks to herself:  
He was so faithful!

Then, all of you flowers,  
Come out, come out!  
May has arrived;  
Winter is over.

## 19. Der Müller und der Bach

*Der Müller:*

Wo ein treues Herze  
In Liebe vergeht,  
Da welken die Lilien  
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muß in die Wolken  
Der Vollmond gehn,  
Damit seine Tränen  
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein  
Die Augen sich zu,  
Und schluchzen und singen  
Die Seele zur Ruh'.

*Der Bach:*

Und wenn sich die Liebe  
Dem Schmerz entringt,  
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,  
Am Himmel erblinkt.

Da springen drei Rosen,  
Halb rot und halb weiß,  
Die welken nicht wieder,  
Aus Dornenreis.

Und die Engelein schneiden  
Die Flügel sich ab,  
Und gehn alle Morgen  
Zur Erde herab.

*Der Müller:*

Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
Du meinst es so gut:  
Ach, Bächlein, aber weißt du,  
Wie Liebe tut?

Ach, unten, da unten  
Die kühle Ruh!  
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,  
So singe nur zu.

## 19. The Miller and the Brook

*The Miller:*

When a faithful heart  
Perishes from love,  
The lilies wither  
in every field.

The full moon must hide  
Itself in the clouds,  
So mankind won't see  
its tears—

And the angels close  
Their eyes  
And sob and sing  
His soul to peace.

*The Brook:*

And when love frees  
Itself from pain,  
A little star, a new one,  
Twinkles in the sky—

And three roses spring up,  
Half red and half white,  
And they never wither,  
From their thorny stem.

And the angels cut off  
Their wings,  
And every morning  
Descend down to earth.

*The Miller:*

Oh brook, dear brook,  
You mean so well.  
Oh brook— but do you know  
What love can do to you?

Ah, below, down below,  
Is the cool rest!  
Oh brook, my dear brook—  
Just sing to me forever.

## 20. Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!  
Tu die Augen zu!  
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.  
Die Treu' ist hier,  
Sollst liegen bei mir,  
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,  
Auf weichem Pfühl,  
In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.  
Heran, heran,  
Was wiegen kann,  
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt  
Aus dem grünen Wald,  
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.  
Blickt nicht herein,  
Blaue Blümelein!  
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer  
die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg,  
Von dem Mühlensteg,  
Böses Mägdelein,  
daß ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!  
Wirf mir herein  
Dein Tüchlein fein,  
Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!  
Bis alles wacht,  
Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf' aus dein Leid!  
Der Vollmond steigt,  
Der Nebel weicht,  
Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!

## 20. The Brook's Lullaby

Rest well, rest well!  
Close your eyes.  
Wanderer, you weary one, you are at home.  
True faith is here,  
You'll lie here with me  
Until the sea drains the brook dry.

I'll make you a cool bed  
On a soft pillow  
In this blue crystalline chamber.  
Come, come!  
All you who can,  
Rock and lull this boy to sleep with me.

If a hunting horn sounds  
From the green forest,  
I shall rush and roar about you.  
No peeping into here,  
You little blue flowers!  
You will trouble  
my sleeper's dreams.

Away, away!  
Away from this path,  
You wicked girl!  
Lest your shadow should wake him!  
Throw in to me  
Your fine scarf,  
That I may cover his eyes.

Good night, good night!  
Until all of creation awakens,  
Sleep away your joy, sleep away your pain.  
The full moon rises,  
And the clouds depart,  
And the sky above— see how vast it is!

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