

# COLLEGE OF MUSIC

2024-25



CU ★ PRESENTS



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UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO BOULDER

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CU Boulder is a **SMOKE-FREE CAMPUS**.

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.

# Master's Recital

Kristina Butler, soprano

with

Hsiao-Ling Lin, piano

Sidney Grimm, soprano

Katiann Nelson, mezzo soprano

Simeon Wallace, tenor

Miguel Ángel Ortega Bañales, tenor

Benaiah Axlund, baritone

JJ Robinson, baritone

Madison Falkenstine, stage director

7:30 p.m., Saturday, April 12, 2025

Chamber Hall (S102)

## PROGRAM

### **Light of a Clear Blue Morning**

Dolly Parton (b. 1946)

arr. Wailin' Jennys/Jon Butler (b. 2000)

*Hsiao-Ling Lin, piano*

### **“III. A Julia de Burgos” from *Songfest***

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Text by Julia de Burgos (1914-1953)

*Hsiao-Ling Lin, piano*

**“À vos jeux, mes amis ... Partagez-vous mes fleurs! ...**

**Le voilà!” from *Hamlet***

Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)

Libretto by Michel Carré (1821-1872)

and Jules Barbier (1825-1901)

*Hsiao-Ling Lin, piano*

*Sidney Grimm, soprano*

*Katiann Nelson, mezzo soprano*

*Simeon Wallace, tenor*

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**Intermission**

## **Wolf Songs**

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

*Italienisches Liederbuch* text anon., trans. Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

*Mörike-Lieder* text by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Italienisches Liederbuch XXXXVI. "Ich hab in Penna"

Italienisches Liederbuch X. "Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen"

Italienisches Liederbuch XII. "Nein, junger Herr"

Italienisches Liederbuch III. "Ihr seid die Allerschönste"

Italienisches Liederbuch XXI. "Man sagt mir"

Mörike-Lieder no. 3. "Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag"

Mörike-Lieder no. 7. "Das verlassene Mägdlein"

Italienisches Liederbuch XXXXIV. "O wüsstest du"

Italienisches Liederbuch XXXXV. "Verschling 'der Abgrund"

Italienisches Liederbuch XXXI. "Wie soll ich fröhlich sein"

Italienisches Liederbuch XIX. "Wir haben beide lange Zeit

geschwiegen"

Italienisches Liederbuch XVIII. "Heb auf dein blondes Haupt"

Italienisches Liederbuch XXXIII. "Sterb' ich"

*Hsiao-Ling Lin, piano*

*Madison Falkenstine, stage director*

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## Light of a Clear Blue Morning

Dolly Parton (b. 1946)

arr. Wailin' Jennys/Jon Butler (b. 2000)

It's been a long, dark night, and I've been waitin 'for the morning.

It's been a long, hard fight, but I can see a brand new day is dawning.

And I've been lookin 'for the sunshine

Cause I ain't seen it in so long.

Everything's gonna work out just fine.

Everything's gonna be alright

That's been all wrong

'Cause I can see the light of a clear blue morning.

I can see the light of a brand new day.

Everything's gonna be alright, it's gonna be okay.

It's been a long, long time since I've known the taste of freedom.

And those clinging vines, they had me bound, well I don't need'em.

I've been like a captured eagle.

You know an eagle's born to fly.

Now that I have won my freedom, like an eagle, I am eager for the sky.

### **“III. A Julia de Burgos” from *Songfest***

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Text by Julia de Burgos (1914-1953)

Ya las gentes murmuran que yo soy tu enemiga  
porque dicen que en verso doy al mundo mi yo.  
Mienten, Julia de Burgos. Mienten, Julia de Burgos.  
La que se alza en mis versos no es tu voz: es mi voz;  
porque tú eres ropaje y la esencia soy yo;  
y el más profundo abismo se tiende entre las dos.  
Tú eres fría muñeca de mentira social,  
y yo, viril destello de la humana verdad.  
Tú, miel de cortesana hipocresías; yo no;  
que en todos mis poemas desnudo el corazón.  
Tú eres como tu mundo, egoísta; yo no;  
que en todo me lo juego a ser lo que soy yo.  
Tú eres sólo la grave señora señorona; yo no;  
yo soy la vida, la fuerza, la mujer.  
Tú eres de tu marido, de tu amo; yo no;  
Yo de nadie, o de todos, porque a todos,  
a todos en mi limpio sentir y en mi pensar me doy.  
Tú te rizas el pelo y te pintas; yo no;  
a mí me riza el viento, a mí me pinta el sol.  
Tú eres dama casera, resignada, sumisa,  
atada a los prejuicios de los hombres; yo no;  
que yo soy Rocinante, corriendo, desbocado  
olfateando horizontes de justicia de Dios.

## To Julia de Burgos

*English translation by Kristina Butler and Miguel Ángel Ortega Bañales*

People whisper that I am your enemy  
because they say that in verse, I give myself to the world.  
They lie, Julia de Burgos. They lie, Julia de Burgos.  
What rises from my verses isn't your voice; it's my voice.  
Because you are costume; the essence is I;  
And the most profound abyss stretches between the two of us.  
You are a cold puppet of social deceit,  
and I, virile flash of the human truth.  
You, honey of courtesan hypocrisies; not I;  
For in all my poems I strip bare the heart.  
You are like the world, egotistical; not I;  
For I gamble everything to be what I am.  
You are merely the serious, big shot lady; not I;  
I am life, strength, woman.  
You belong to your husband, your master; not I;  
I am of no one, or of everyone, because to everyone,  
To everyone in my cleansed senses and in my thoughts, I give myself.  
You curl your hair and paint yourself; not I;  
The wind curls me, the sun paints me.  
You are domestic, resigned, submissive,  
Tethered to the prejudices of men; not I;  
For I am Rocinante, running unbridled,  
sniffing out horizons of God's justice.



**“À vos jeux, mes amis ... Partagez-vous mes fleurs! ...**

**Le voilà!” from *Hamlet***

Ambroise Thomas (1811-1896)

Libretto by Michel Carré (1821-1872)

and Jules Barbier (1825-1901)

À vos jeux, mes amis, permettez-moi,  
de grâce de prendre part!

Nul n’a suivi ma trace!

J’ai quitté le palais aux premiers feux du jour.

De larmes de la nuit la terre était mouillée;

Et l’alouette, avant l’aube éveillée,

planait dans l’air, ah, planait dans l’air!

Mais vous, pour-quoi vous parlez bas?

Ne me reconnaissez-vous pas?

Hamlet est mon époux... et je suis Ophélie!

Un doux serment nous lie, il m’a donné son coeur  
en échange du mien...

et si quel-qu’un vous dit qu’il me fuit et m’oublie,  
n’en croyez rien!

Si l’on vous dit qu’il m’oublie, n’en croyez rien!

Non, Hamlet est mon époux et moi, et moi je suis Ophélie

S’il trahissait sa foi, j’en perdrais la raison!

Partagez vous mes fleurs!

À toi cette humble branche de romarin sauvage.

À toi cette pervenche...

Et maintenant écoutez ma chanson!

Pâle et blonde dort sous l’eau profonde  
la Willis au regard de feu!

Que Dieu garde celui qui s'attarde dans la nuit,  
au bord du lac bleu!  
Heureuse l'épouse aux bras de l'époux!  
Mon âme est jalouse d'un bonheur si doux!  
Nymphes au regard de feu, hélas!  
tu dors sous les eaux du lac bleu!  
Ah!

La sirène passe et vous entraîne sous l'azur du lac endormi.  
L'air se voile, adieu, blanche étoile!  
Adieu ciel, adieu doux ami!  
Heureuse l'épouse aux bras de l'époux!  
Mon âme est jalouse d'un bonheur si doux!  
Sous les flots endormi, ah!  
pour toujours, adieu, mon doux ami!  
Ah! Cher époux! Ah! Cher amant!  
Ah! doux aveu!  
Ah! tendre serment! Bonheur suprême!  
Ah! Cruel! Je t'aime!  
Ah! Cruel, tu vois mes pleurs!  
Ah! Pour toi je meurs!  
Ah! Je meurs!  
Le voilà!  
Je crois l'entendre!  
Pour le punir de s'être fait attendre  
Blanches Willis, nymphes des eaux,  
Ah! Cachez-moi parmi vos roseaux!  
Doute de la lumière,  
Doute du soleil  
mais jamais de mon amour!  
Jamais! Ah!

**“In your games, my friends ... share my flowers! ... Here it is!”**

*English translation by Kristina Butler*

In your games, my friends, permit me, if you please, to take part!  
No one has followed my tracks. I have left the palace at the first light of day.  
From the tears of the night, the earth was wet;  
and the skylark, before the dawn awakened,  
was soaring, was soaring in the air!

But you, why do you speak so softly? Do you not recognize me?

Hamlet is my husband ... and I am Ophelia!

A tender oath binds us, he has given me his heart in exchange for mine...  
and if someone tells you that he has left me and forgotten me  
believe nothing!

If you are told that he has forgotten me, believe nothing!

No, Hamlet is my husband and I, and I am Ophelia

If he should betray his faith, I would lose reason!

Let me share with you my flowers!

For you, this humble sprig of wild rosemary.

For you, this periwinkle...

And now, listen to my song!

Pale and blonde the Willis with fiery gaze sleeps under the deep water!  
May God protect those who linger in the night at the edge of the blue lake!  
Happy the bride in the arms of her husband!  
My soul is jealous of a happiness so sweet!  
Nymph with a look of fire, alas! you sleep beneath the waters of the blue  
lake. Ah!

The siren passes you and drags you beneath the azure of the sleeping lake.  
The air is veiled, farewell white star! Farewell sky, farewell tender friends!  
Happy the bride in the arms of her husband!  
My soul is jealous of a happiness so sweet!

Beneath the sleeping waters, ah! Forever farewell, my sweet friends!

Ah! Dear husband! Ah, dear love! Ah, sweet confession!

Ah! Tender oath! Happiness supreme!

Ah! Cruel! I love you!

Ah! Cruel, you see my tears!

Ah! For you I die! Ah, I die!

Here it is! I think I hear it!

To punish him for making me wait.

White Willis, nymph of water, ah! hide me among your reeds!

Doubt the light,

doubt the sun,

but never of my love! Never!

# Wolf Songs

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

*Italienisches Liederbuch* text anon., trans. Paul Heyse (1830-1914)

*Mörike-Lieder* text by Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

*English translations by Richard Stokes*

## ***Italienisches Liederbuch* XXXVI. "Ich hab in Penna"**

Ich hab 'in Penna einen Liebsten wohnen,  
In der Maremmeneb'ne einen andern,  
Einen im schönen Hafen von Ancona,  
Zum vierten muss ich nach Viterbo wandern;  
Ein anderer wohnt in Casentino dort,  
Der nächste lebt mit mir am selben Ort,  
Und wieder einen hab 'ich in Magione,  
Vier in La Fratta, zehn in Castiglione.

## **"I have in Penna..."**

I have one lover living in Penna,  
Another in the plain of Maremma,  
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,  
For the fourth I must go to Viterbo;  
Another lives over in Casentino,  
The next with me in my own town,  
And I've yet another in Magione,  
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.

***Italienisches Liederbuch X. “Du denkst mit einem Fädchen”***

Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen,  
Mit einem Blick schon mich verliebt zu machen?  
Ich fing schon andre, die sich höher schwangen;  
Du darfst mir ja nicht traun, siehst du mich lachen.  
Schon andre fing ich, glaub es sicherlich.  
Ich bin verliebt, doch eben nicht in dich.

**“You think you can catch me with a thread”**

You think you can catch me with a thread,  
Make me fall in love with a mere glance?  
I’ve caught others who flew higher,  
You can’t trust me if you see me laugh.  
I’ve caught others, believe you me.  
I am in love – but not with you.

***Italienisches Liederbuch XII. “Nein, junger Herr”***

Nein, junger Herr, so treibt man’s nicht, fürwahr;  
Man sorgt dafür, sich schicklich zu betragen.  
Für alltags bin ich gut genug, nicht wahr?  
Doch bessere suchst du dir an Feiertagen.  
Nein, junger Herr, wirst du so weiter sünd’gen,  
Wird dir den Dienst dein Alltagsliebchen künd’gen.

### **“No, young man”**

No, young man, that's no way to carry on;  
People should try to behave properly.  
I'm good enough for weekdays, am I?  
But on holidays you look for better.  
No, young man, if you keep on misbehaving so,  
Your weekday love will hand in her notice.

### ***Italienisches Liederbuch* III. “Ihr seid die Allerschönste”**

Ihr seid die Allerschönste weit und breit,  
Viel schöner als im Mai der Blumenflor.  
Orvietos Dom steigt so voll Herrlichkeit,  
Viterbos grösster Brunnen nicht empor.  
So hoher Reiz und Zauber ist dein eigen,  
Der Dom von Siena muss sich vor dir neigen.  
Ach, du bist so an Reiz und Anmut reich,  
Der Dom von Siena selbst ist dir nicht gleich.

### **“You are the loveliest”**

You are the loveliest for miles around,  
More lovely by far than flowers in May.  
Not even the Cathedral of Orvieto  
Or Viterbo's largest fountain rise with such majesty.  
Your charms and your magic are such  
That Siena Cathedral must bow before you.  
Ah, you are so rich in charm and grace,  
Even Siena Cathedral cannot compare.

***Italienisches Liederbuch XXI. “Man sagt mir”***

Man sagt mir, deine Mutter wolle es nicht;  
So bleibe weg, mein Schatz, tu ihr den Willen.  
Ach Liebster, nein! Tu ihr den Willen nicht,  
Besuch mich doch, tu's ihr zum Trotz, im Stillen!  
Nein, mein Geliebter, folg 'ihr nimmermehr,  
Tu's ihr zum Trotz, komm öfter als bisher!  
Nein, höre nicht auf sie, was sie auch sage;  
Tu's ihr zum Trotz, mein Lieb, komm all Tage!

**“They tell me”**

They tell me your mother disapproves;  
Then stay away, beloved, do as she bids.  
Ah no! my love, do not do as she bids,  
Defy her, visit me in secret!  
No, my love, do not obey her ever again,  
Defy her, come more often than before!  
No, don't listen to her, whatever she says;  
Defy her, my love, come every day!



### ***Mörrike-Lieder* no. 3. “Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag”**

Derweil ich schlafend lag,  
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag,  
Sang vor dem Fenster auf dem Baum  
Ein Schwälblein mir, ich hört es kaum,  
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag:

„Hör an, was ich dir sag,  
Dein Schätzlein ich verklag':  
Derweil ich dieses singen tu,  
Herzt er ein Lieb in guter Ruh,  
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag.“  
O weh! nicht weiter sag!  
O still! nichts hören mag!  
Flieg ab! flieg ab von meinem Baum!  
– Ach, Lieb und Treu ist wie ein Traum  
Ein Stündlein wohl vor Tag.

**“An hour before day”**

As I lay sleeping,  
An hour before day,  
A swallow sang to me – I could hardly hear it –  
From a tree by my window,  
An hour before day:

“Listen well to what I say,  
It’s your lover I accuse:  
While I’m singing this,  
He’s cuddling a girl in sweet repose,  
An hour before day.”

Oh! don’t say another word!  
Oh quiet! I don’t wish to hear!  
Fly away! fly away from off my tree!  
– Ah, love and loyalty are like a dream  
An hour before day.

***Mörrike-Lieder* no. 7. “Das verlassene Mägdlein”**

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,  
Eh 'die Sternlein schwinden,  
Muss ich am Herde stehn,  
Muss Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flamme Schein,  
Es springen die Funken;  
Ich schaue so darein,  
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,  
Treuloser Knabe,  
Dass ich die Nacht von dir  
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann  
Stürzet hernieder;  
So kommt der Tag heran—  
O ging 'er wieder!

**“The abandoned maiden”**

Early, when the cocks crow,  
Before the tiny stars recede,  
I must be at the hearth,  
I must light the fire.

The flames are beautiful,  
The sparks fly;  
I gaze at them,  
Sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I realize,  
Faithless boy,  
That in the night  
I dreamt of you.

Tear after tear  
Then tumbles down;  
So the day dawns –  
O would it were gone again!

***Italienisches Liederbuch XXXIV. “O wüsstest du”***

O wüsstest du, wie viel ich deinetwegen,  
Du falsche Renegatin, litt zur Nacht,  
Indes du im verschlossnen Haus gelegen  
Und ich die Zeit im Freien zugebracht.  
Als Rosenwasser diente mir der Regen,  
Der Blitz hat Liebesbotschaft mir gebracht;  
Ich habe Würfel mit dem Sturm gespielt,  
Als unter deinem Dach ich Wache hielt.  
Mein Bett war unter deinem Dach bereitet,  
Der Himmel lag als Decke drauf gebreitet,  
Die Schwelle deiner Tür, das war mein Kissen –  
Ich Ärmster, ach, was hab 'ich ausstehn müssen!

**“O, if only you knew”**

Ah, if only you knew how much for you,  
False traitress, I have suffered tonight,  
While you lay in your locked house  
And I have spent the time outside.  
The rain served me for rose-water,  
The lightning brought tidings of love;  
I played dice with the storm,  
While keeping watch beneath your eaves.  
My bed was laid beneath your eaves,  
With the sky spread out as my blanket,  
The threshold of your door was my pillow –  
How much I've had to suffer, poor wretch!

***Italienisches Liederbuch XXXXV. “Verschling ’der Abgrund”***

Verschling ’der Abgrund meines Liebsten Hütte,  
An ihrer Stelle schäum ’ein See zur Stunde.  
Bleikugeln soll der Himmel drüber schütten,  
Und eine Schlange hause dort im Grunde.  
Drin hause eine Schlange gift’ger Art,  
Die ihn vergifte, der mir untreu ward.  
Drin hause eine Schlange, giftgeschwollen,  
Und bring ’ihm Tod, der mich verraten wollen!

**“May a chasm engulf ...”**

May a chasm engulf my lover’s cottage,  
Let a foaming lake appear promptly in its place,  
Let heaven rain leaden bullets on it,  
And a serpent dwell in its foundations.  
Let a poisonous serpent dwell there  
And poison him who was unfaithful to me.  
Let a snake dwell there bloated with poison  
And bring death to him who tried to betray me!

***Italienisches Liederbuch XXXI. “Wie soll ich fröhlich sein”***

Wie soll ich fröhlich sein und lachen gar,  
Da du mir immer zürnest unverhohlen?  
Du kommst nur einmal alle hundert Jahr,  
Und dann, als hätte man dir's anbefohlen.  
Was kommst du, wenn's die Deinen ungern sehn?  
Gib frei mein Herz, dann magst du weitergehn.  
Daheim mit deinen Leuten leb', in Frieden,  
Denn was der Himmel will, geschieht hienieden.  
Halt Frieden mit den Deinigen zu Haus,  
Denn was der Himmel will, das bleibt nicht aus.

**“How can I be happy”**

How can I be happy and laugh indeed,  
When you always rage at me so openly?  
You only visit me once in a hundred years,  
And then as though it were by order.  
Why do you come if your family's against it?  
Set free my heart, then go on your way.  
Live in peace with your own folk at home,  
Since what heaven ordains, happens here on earth.  
Keep the peace with your family at home,  
Since what heaven ordains will come to pass.

***Italienisches Liederbuch XIX.***

**“Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen”**

Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen,  
Auf einmal kam uns nun die Sprache wieder.  
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,  
Sie brachten nach dem Krieg den Frieden wieder.  
Die Engel Gottes sind herabgeflogen,  
Mit ihnen ist der Frieden eingezogen.  
Die Liebesengel kamen über Nacht  
Und haben Frieden meiner Brust gebracht.

**“For a long time we had both been silent”**

For a long time we had both been silent,  
Now all at once speech has returned.  
The angels of God have descended,  
They brought back peace after war.  
The angels of God have descended  
And with them peace has returned.  
The angels of love came in the night  
And have brought peace to my breast.

***Italienisches Liederbuch XVIII. “Heb auf dein blondes Haupt”***

Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt und schlafe nicht,  
Und lass dich ja vom Schlummer nicht betören.  
Ich sage dir vier Worte von Gewicht,  
Von denen darfst du keines überhören.  
Das erste: dass um dich mein Herze bricht,  
Das zweite: dir nur will ich angehören,  
Das dritte: dass ich dir mein Heil befehle,  
Das letzte: dich allein liebt meine Seele.



### **“Raise your fair head”**

Raise your fair head and do not sleep,  
And do not be lulled by slumber.  
Four things of moment I have to tell you,  
None of which you must ignore.  
The first: my heart is breaking for you,  
The second: I want to belong to you alone,  
The third: you are my one salvation,  
The last: my soul loves only you.

### ***Italienisches Liederbuch XXXIII. “Sterb’ ich”***

Sterb 'ich, so hüllt in Blumen meine Glieder;  
Ich wünsche nicht, dass ihr ein Grab mir grabt.  
Genüber jenen Mauern legt mich nieder,  
Wo ihr so manchmal mich gesehen habt.  
Dort legt mich hin, in Regen oder Wind;  
Gern sterb 'ich, ist's um dich, geliebtes Kind.  
Dort legt mich hin in Sonnenschein und Regen;  
Ich sterbe lieblich, sterb 'ich deinetwegen.

### **“If I should die”**

If I should die, then shroud my limbs in flowers;  
I do not wish you to dig me a grave.  
Lay me down to face those walls  
Where you have so often seen me.  
Lay me down there in wind or rain;  
I'll gladly die if it's for you, dear child.  
Lay me down there in sunshine and rain;  
I'll die happy if I die for your sake.

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Barbara Wagner

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Janie and Craig Lanning

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Gretchen and James Lewis

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Lineberger

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Rodehaver

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Lucy Ashour and Rachel

Garstang in memory of

Benjamin Pollack

Robert Barford

Juliet Berzsenyi

Timothy Brown and

Marina Darglitz in honor

of Hubert Brown

Susan and William Campbell

Barbara and Myron Caspar

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Charlotte Corbridge in

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*\* Deceased*

*List reflects gifts made between June 1, 2023 and Nov. 30, 2024.*

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*Current as of Feb. 10, 2025.*

*Photo credit: Glenn Asakawa.*