

# Lamont School of Music

## Graduate Recital

**Maotong Yu**  
Baritone

**Dr. Beth Nielsen**  
Piano

Monday, February 3, 2026  
7:30 p.m.  
Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



UNIVERSITY OF  
DENVER



Robert & Judi Newman Center  
for the Performing Arts

# Program

江城子·乙卯正月二十日夜记梦  
(**Jiang Chengzi: In Memory of a Night Dream**) (2025–2026)

**Meilin Wu**  
(b. 2001)  
Su Shi

渡荆门送别  
(**Parting at Jingmen**) (2025–2026)

**Meilin Wu**  
(b. 2001)  
Li Bai

和子由渑池怀旧  
(**Rhyming With Zizyou: Recalling the Past at Mianchi**) (2025–2026)

**Meilin Wu**  
(b. 2001)  
Su Shi

将进酒 (**Invitation to Wine**) (2025–2026)

**Meilin Wu**  
(b. 2001)  
Li Bai

六月二十日夜渡海  
(**Crossing the Sea at Night on the Twentieth of June**) (2025–2026)

**Meilin Wu**  
(b. 2001)  
Su Shi

行路难 (其一)  
(**Hard is the Road No. 1**) (2025–2026)

**Meilin Wu**  
(b. 2001)  
Li Bai

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**Six Songs From a  
Shropshire Lad (1896–1911)**

**George Butterworth**

(1885–1916)

Alfred Edward Housman

- I. Loveliest of Trees
- II. When I Was One-and-Twenty
- III. Look Not in My Eyes
- IV. Think No More, Lad
- V. The Lads in Their Hundreds
- VI. Is My Team Ploughing?

**It Was a Lover and His Lass**

Maggie Szekan, soprano

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**

(1872–1958)

William Shakespeare

## Text and Translations

江城子·乙卯正月二十日夜记梦

十年生死两茫茫.

不思量, 自难忘.

千里孤坟, 无处话凄凉.

纵使相逢应不识,

尘满面, 鬓如霜.

夜来幽梦忽还乡.

小轩窗, 正梳妆.

相顾无言, 惟有泪千行.

料得年年肠断处,

明月夜, 短松冈.

渡荆门送别

渡远荆门外,

来从楚国游.

山随平野尽,

江入大荒流.

月下飞天镜,

云生结海楼.

仍怜故乡水,

万里送行舟.

### Jiang Chengzi: In Memory of a Night Dream

Ten years apart, the living and the dead; vast and boundless.

Though I try not to dwell on it, the memory naturally remains.

A lonely grave a thousand miles away; nowhere can I pour out my desolation.

Even if we met now, you likely wouldn't recognize me,  
With my face covered in dust, and my temples frosted with gray.

Last night, a quiet dream suddenly took me home.

By the small window, you were combing your hair and applying makeup.

We looked at each other in silence; only a thousand lines of tears streaming down.

I know the place where my heart breaks year after year:

That moonlit night, that ridge of stunted pines.

-Su Shi

Trans. Maotong Yu

### Parting at Jingmen

Ferrying far beyond the Jingmen Mountains,

I travel into the ancient land of Chu.

The mountains fade away as the flat plains begin,

And the river flows into the vast, wild open.

The moon descends like a flying mirror from the heavens,

While clouds rise to build mirages like castles over the sea.

Yet, I still cherish the water of my hometown,

That has escorted my boat for ten thousand miles.

-Li Bai

Trans. Maotong Yu

## 和子由渑池怀旧

人生到处知何似,  
应似飞鸿踏雪泥。  
泥上偶然留指爪;  
鸿飞那复计东西。  
老僧已死成新塔;  
坏壁无由见旧题。  
  
往日崎岖还记否。  
路长人困蹇驴嘶。

## 将进酒

君不见黄河之水天上来,  
奔流到海不复回。  
  
君不见高堂明镜悲白发,  
朝如青丝暮成雪。  
  
人生得意须尽欢;  
莫使金樽空对月。  
天生我材必有用。  
千金散尽还复来。  
  
烹羊宰牛且为乐。

## Rhyming With Ziyou: Recalling the Past at Mianchi

To what can we compare human life and its wanderings?  
It is like a flying goose treading briefly on the melting snow.  
It leaves a footprint in the slush by mere chance;  
Then flies away, never to know if it goes east or west.  
The old monk has passed, his ashes now in a new pagoda;  
On the crumbling wall, the poems we inscribed are nowhere to be seen.  
Do you still recall the rugged journey of those days?  
The long road, our exhaustion, and the braying of a lame donkey.

-Su Shi

Trans. Maotong Yu

## Invitation to Wine

Do you not see the waters of the Yellow River coming from the heavens,  
Rushing into the sea, never to return?  
Do you not see the sorrow of white hair in the bright mirrors of high halls?  
In the morning it is like black silk, by evening it has turned to snow.  
When life is full of joy, one must indulge to the fullest;  
Do not let the golden cup stand empty beneath the moon.  
Heaven has born me with talents that must be put to use;  
Though a thousand gold coins be scattered, they will return again.  
Boil the sheep and slaughter the oxen for our pleasure;

*(continued)*

会须一饮三百杯。

岑夫子，丹丘生，  
将进酒，杯莫停。

与君歌一曲，  
请君为我倾耳听。

钟鼓馔玉不足贵，

但愿长醉不复醒。

古来圣贤皆寂寞，

惟有饮者留其名。

陈王昔时宴平乐，

斗酒十千恣欢谑。

主人何为言少钱，

径须沽取对君酌。

五花马、千金裘，

呼儿将出换美酒，

与尔同销万古愁。

## 六月二十日夜渡海

参横斗转欲三更。

苦雨终风也解晴。

云散月明谁点缀？

We must drink three hundred cups  
in one sitting!

Master Cen! Scholar Danqiu!  
Bring in the wine! Do not put down  
your cups!

I will sing a song for you;  
Please lend me your ears and  
listen.

The bells, drums, and jade  
like delicacies are not worth  
cherishing;

I only wish to remain forever  
drunk and never wake up.

Since ancient times, sages and  
saints have been lonely;  
Only the great drinkers have left  
their names behind.

Prince Chen, in days of old, held  
feasts at the Temple of Pingle,  
With wine worth ten thousand  
coins, indulging in wild joy.

Why does the host say he has  
little money?

I must buy more wine to drink  
with you!

My dappled horse, my furs worth  
a thousand gold—  
Call the boy to take them out and  
trade them for sweet wine,  
And together we will dissolve the  
sorrow of ten thousand ages!

-Li Bai

Trans. Maotong Yu

## Crossing the Sea at Night on the Twentieth of June

The stars hang low and the Dipper  
turns; midnight draws near.

Even the bitter rain and driving  
wind know it is time to clear.

Clouds scatter, the moon shines  
what need is there for  
adornment?

天容海色本澄清。

空余鲁叟乘桴意，

粗识轩辕奏乐声。

九死南荒吾不恨，

兹游奇绝冠平生。

**行路难（其一）**

金樽清酒斗十千，

玉盘珍羞直万钱。

停杯投箸不能食，

拔剑四顾心茫然。

欲渡黄河冰塞川，

将登太行雪满山。

闲来垂钓碧溪上，

忽复乘舟梦日边。

行路难！行路难！

多歧路，今安在？

长风破浪会有时，

直挂云帆济沧海。

The countenance of the sky and the hue of the sea are naturally pure.

I feel the spirit of the ancient sage, drifting freely on a raft, And recognize the celestial music of nature in the sound of the waves.

I bear no grudge for the many deaths risked in the southern wilds,

For the wonder of this journey surpasses all else in my life.

-Su Shi

Trans. Maotong Yu

**Hard is the Road (No. 1)**

Golden goblets filled with pure wine worth ten thousand coins, Jade platters piled with delicacies costing as much again.

I put down my cup and cast aside my chopsticks, unable to eat; I draw my sword and gaze around, my mind filled with loss.

I wish to cross the Yellow River, but ice chokes the stream; I intend to climb the Taihang Mountains, but snow covers the peaks.

Then, I idly fish by the emerald stream,

And suddenly dream of sailing a boat towards the sun.

Hard is the road! Hard is the road!

With so many crossroads, where is my path now?

A time will come to ride the wind and cleave the waves, To hoist the cloud-white sail and cross the vast blue sea.

-Li Bai

Trans. Maotong Yu

*(continued)*

### **Loveliest of Trees**

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with bloom along the bough,  
And stands about the woodland ride  
Wearing white for Eastertide.  
Now, of my threescore years and ten,  
Twenty will not come again,  
And take from seventy springs a score,  
It only leaves me fifty more.  
And since to look at things in bloom  
Fifty springs are little room,  
About the woodlands I will go  
To see the cherry hung with snow.

—Alfred Edward Housman

### **When I Was One-and-Twenty**

When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard a wise man say,  
“Give crowns and pounds and guineas  
But not your heart away;  
Give pearls away and rubies  
But keep your fancy free.”  
But I was one-and-twenty,  
No use to talk to me.  
When I was one-and-twenty  
I heard him say again,  
“The heart out of the bosom  
Was never given in vain;  
‘Tis paid with sighs a plenty  
And sold for endless rue.”  
And I am two-and-twenty,  
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

—Alfred Edward Housman

### **Look Not in My Eyes**

Look not in my eyes, for fear  
They mirror true the sight I see,  
And there you find your face too clear  
And love it and be lost like me.  
One the long nights through must lie  
Spent in star-defeated sighs,  
But why should you as well as I  
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.  
A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,  
One that many loved in vain,

Looked into a forest well  
And never looked away again.  
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,  
With downward eye and gazes sad,  
Stands amid the glancing showers  
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

—Alfred Edward Housman

### **Think No More, Lad**

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;  
Why should men make haste to die?  
Empty heads and tongues a-talking  
Make the rough road easy walking,  
And the feather pate of folly  
Bears the falling sky.  
Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking  
Spins the heavy world around.  
If young hearts were not so clever,  
Oh, they would be young for ever;  
Think no more; 'tis only thinking  
Lays lads underground.

—Alfred Edward Housman

### **The Lads in Their Hundreds**

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,  
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,  
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,  
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.  
There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,  
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,  
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,  
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell  
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;  
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell  
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.  
But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;  
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told  
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,  
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

—Alfred Edward Housman

*(continued)*

### **Is My Team Ploughing?**

“Is my team ploughing,  
That I was used to drive  
And hear the harness jingle  
When I was man alive?”  
Ay, the horses trample,  
The harness jingles now;  
No change though you lie under  
The land you used to plough.

“Is football playing  
Along the river-shore,  
With lads to chase the leather,  
Now I stand up no more?”  
Ay, the ball is flying,  
The lads play heart and soul;  
The goal stands up, the keeper  
Stands up to keep the goal.

“Is my girl happy,  
That I thought hard to leave,  
And has she tired of weeping  
As she lies down at eve?”  
Ay, she lies down lightly,  
She lies not down to weep:  
Your girl is well contented.  
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,  
Now I am thin and pine,  
And has he found to sleep in  
A better bed than mine?”  
Yes, lad, I lie easy,  
I lie as lads would choose;  
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,  
Never ask me whose.

—Alfred Edward Housman

### **It Was a Lover and His Lass**

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass.  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,

How that life was but a flower  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crownèd with the prime  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

–William Shakespeare

# Program Notes

江城子·乙卯正月二十日夜记梦

## (Jiang Chengzi: In Memory of a Night Dream)

Written by the renowned Song Dynasty poet Su Shi (1075 A.D.), this elegy is dedicated to his first wife, who had passed away ten years prior. The poet describes the boundless pain of separation between the living and the dead. In the first stanza, he laments his aging appearance caused by years of hardship. In the second stanza, he recounts a vivid dream of returning home to see her, only to wake up to the harsh reality that they are separated by death and distance. The “ridge of pines” refers to her burial site.

## 渡荆门送 (Parting at Jingmen)

This poem was written by Li Bai (one of China's most celebrated poets) when he left his home region of Sichuan for the first time in his youth. As his boat travels down the Yangtze River, the landscape changes from the steep mountains of his home to the vast, open plains. The poet uses striking imagery: the reflection of the moon is likened to a “flying mirror”, and the shifting clouds resemble “mirages” (literally “sea towers”). The poem concludes with a touching personification: he feels the river water itself is a friend from home, having traveled thousands of miles just to see him off.

## 和子由渑池怀旧 (Rhyming With Zizyou: Recalling the Past at Mianchi)

This poem was written by Su Shi as a reply to his younger brother, Su Zhe (Zizyou). They were revisiting a temple where they had stayed together years earlier during a difficult journey.

The first four lines contain one of the most famous metaphors in Chinese literature: “Snowy Mud and Goose Claws” (Xue Ni Hong Zhao). The poet compares life to a goose landing on snow—it leaves a footprint by chance, but as the goose flies away and the snow melts, the trace vanishes completely. It reflects a Buddhist-influenced philosophy on the fleeting, accidental nature of human existence.

## 将进酒 (Invitation to Wine)

This is one of the most famous drinking songs in Chinese history, showcasing Li Bai's unbridled romanticism and existential angst.

The poem begins with magnificent imagery of the Yellow River and the fleeting nature of time (“morning silk, evening snow”). It then transitions into a manic feast where the poet urges his friends to drink, dismissing wealth and traditional honors. However, the poem is not just about celebration; it is a desperate attempt to drown out deep sorrow. It culminates in a powerful, almost shouting finale: he offers to sell his horse and expensive furs just for more wine, all to wash away the “sorrow of ten thousand ages.”

## 六月二十日夜渡海 (Crossing the Sea at Night on the Twentieth of June)

This song is based on a poem by the renowned Song Dynasty poet Su Shi (1037–1101). Written in 1100, it depicts his journey crossing the sea back to the mainland after being pardoned from a long, harsh political exile on Hainan Island. The poem begins with a scene of nature clearing up after a storm, symbolizing the end of his political suffering. Despite the hardships ("dying nine times in the southern wilds"), the poet shows incredible optimism and philosophical transcendence, declaring that the beauty and uniqueness of this journey make all the suffering worth it. The music captures this transition from turbulence to a serene, majestic open-heartedness.

## 行路难 (其一) Hard Is the Road (No. 1)

The poet oscillates between despair over political obstacles (symbolized by ice and snow) and hope inspired by historical sages. The piece concludes with a powerful declaration of optimism and resilience.

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# Upcoming Events

Wednesday, February 4, 7:30 p.m.

## **Lamont Symphony Orchestra**

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre, or FREE general admission

Sunday, February 8, 4:30 p.m.

## **Faculty Recital Series: Tatiana Mayfield Brown**

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students and faculty

Thursday, February 12, 7:30 p.m.

## **Lamont Choirs**

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre, or FREE general admission

Friday, February 13, 7:30 p.m.

## **Faculty Recital Series: Heidi Melton, soprano & Sahar Nouri, piano**

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students and faculty

Sunday, February 15, 7:30 p.m.

## **Graduate recital: Maggie Sczekan, voice**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, February 20, 7:30 p.m.

## **Jazz & Pop Vocal Rep Ensemble & Jazz Small Group**

Williams Recital Salon

Free admission, no ticket required

Thursday, February 26, 7:30 p.m.

## **The Spirituals Project Choir**

Gates Concert Hall

\$5 for reserved parterre, or FREE general admission

**Lamont Concert Line: (808) 871-6412**

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



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UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

