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presents

Micaiah Krutsinger, Baritone  
Emalee Warren, Soprano  
In a Senior Recital

assisted by:

*Kathryn Saulsbury, piano*

In partial fulfillment of the requirement  
for the BM degree in Choral Music Education  
From the Studio of Jeffrey Brich

\*Following the recital, join Micaiah and Emalee in the student lounge for an after reception\*

“Schon eilet froh der Ackersmann” from <i>Die Jahreszeiten</i>	Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
“O wär’ ich schon mit dir vereint” from <i>Fidelio</i>	Ludwig Beethoven (1770-1827)
Italien Sehnsucht Verlust Das Heimweh	Fanny Hensel (1805-1847)
Povero cor tu palpiti Mi lagnerò tacendo La speranza al cor mi dice	Isabella Colbran (1785-1845)
Strings in the Earth & Air Love at the Door There’s Nae Lark	Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
from <i>Tel jour telle nuit</i> Bonne journée Le front comme un drapeau perdu Une herbe pauvre Nous avons fait la nuit	Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
O del mio amato ben Sorge il sol! Che fai tu? Ah, mai non cessate	Stefano Donoudy (1879-1925)
from <i>I Hate Music</i> My Name is Barbara Jupiter Has Seven Moons I Hate Music I’m a Person Too	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

# About the Artists

## **Micaiah Krutsinger**

Micaiah is a graduate of Forest City High School and will be graduating UNI with a Bachelor's of Music in Choral Music Education, a minor in Social & Emotional Learning, and a certificate in Schooling and the Future of Education. During his time at UNI, he sang in UNI Singers, Concert Chorale, the Varsity Glee Club, and the community's Metropolitan Chorale. He also participated in the Spectrum Project, Northern Iowa Student Government, and the American Choral Directors Association. Some of his favorite memories include going on tours with the Varsity Glee Club, advocating on a variety of initiatives for the student body, and spending his Saturday afternoons with the children in the Spectrum Project. This upcoming spring, Micaiah will be student teaching in the Des Moines metro, and he looks forward to walking the stage in May following his student teaching experience.

## **Emalee Warren**

Emalee is a graduate of Forest City High School and will graduate UNI with a Bachelor's of Music in Choral Music Education. While at UNI, Emalee participated in UNI Singers and Concert Chorale. She enjoyed watching the different choirs change over the years and working with everyone involved. After her senior recital and finishing up classes this semester, she will start student teaching in The Cedar Valley. She is excited for graduation in May and whatever comes after that.

# Upcoming Events

## **Varsity Glee Club Christmas Variety Show**

Friday, Dec. 6th at 7:30pm and Saturday, Dec. 7th at 2:30pm and 7:30pm in GBPAC Great Hall

\*To buy tickets: see Micaiah or visit UNItix's website using promo code A55\*

## **Opera Scenes Performance**

Saturday, Dec. 7th at 4pm in Bengston Auditorium, Russell Hall

## **Spotlight Series: UNI Holiday Concert**

Monday, Dec. 9th at 7:30pm in the GBPAC Great Hall

### **Schon eilet froh der Ackersmann**

Schon eilet froh der Ackersman  
Zur Arbeit auf das Feld  
In langen Furchen schreitet er  
Dem pluge flötend nach

In abgemessnem Gange dann  
Wirft er den Samen aus  
Den birgt der Acker treu und reift  
Ihn bald zur goldnen Frucht

### **O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint**

O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint,  
und dürfte Mann dich nennen!  
Ein Mädchen darf ja, was es meint,  
zur Hälfte nur bekennen.  
Doch wenn ich nicht erröten muss,  
ob einem warmen Herzenskuss,  
wenn nichts uns stört auf Erden –  
die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust  
mit unaussprechlich süsser Lust! –  
wie glücklich will ich werden.  
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust  
mit unaussprechlich süsser Lust!  
Wie glücklich, ja, wie glücklich will ich  
werden!

In Ruhe stiller Häuslichkeit,  
erwach'ich jeden Morgen;  
wir grüssen uns mit Zärtlichkeit,  
der Fleiss verscheucht die Sorgen.  
Und ist die Arbeit abgetan,  
dann schleicht die holde Nacht heran,  
dann ruh'n wir von Beschwerden.  
Die Hoffnung schon erfüllt die Brust.  
Wie will ich glücklich werden.

### **Italien**

Schöner und schöner schmückt sich der Plan  
Schmeichelnde Lüfte wehen mich an

### **Already the happy farmer hurries**

Already the happy farmer hurries  
to work upon the field;  
whistling, he strides the long furrows  
after the plow

In measured step then  
he throws out the seed;  
the field preserves faithfully and ripens  
soon to golden fruit

### **Oh, would we were already wed**

Oh, would we were already wed  
and I might call you husband!  
True, a maid can but admit  
the half of what she feels.  
But when I do not need to blush  
at passion's fervent kiss,  
when nothing can disturb us -  
he hope of this my breast does fill  
with joy, sweet, inexpressible!–  
Then how happy shall I be!  
The hope of this my breast does fill  
with joy, sweet, inexpressible!  
How happy shall I be, yes, how happy shall  
I be!

In quiet domesticity  
I shall awake each morning;  
we'll greet each other tenderly,  
work will banish worry.  
And when our labour's over,  
sweet night will softly fall,  
and we shall rest our burdens.  
The hope of this my breast does fill.  
How happy shall I be.

### **Italy**

The plain grows fraier and fairer,  
Flattering breezes blow in my face;

Fort aus der Prosa Lasten und Müh  
Zieh' ich zum Lande der Poesie  
Gold'ner die Sonne, blauer die Luft  
Grüner die Grüner, würz'ger der Duft!

Dort an dem Maishalm, schwellend von Saft  
Sträubt sich der Aloe störrische Kraft!  
Oelbaum, Zypresse, blond du, du braun,  
Nickt ihr wie zierliche grüßende Frau'n?  
Was glänzt im Laube, funkelnd wie Gold?  
Ha, Pomeranze, birgst du dich hold?

Trotz'ger Poseidon! wärest du dieß  
Der unten scherzt und murmelt so suß  
Und dieß, halb Wiese, halp  
Aether su schau'n  
Es wär' des Meeres furchtbares Grau'n?  
Hier will ich wohnen! Göttliche du  
Bringst du, Parthenope, Wogen zur ruh!  
Nun denn, versuch' es Eden der Lust,  
Eb'ne die Wogen auch dieser Brust.

### **Sehnsucht**

Fern und ferner schallt der Reigen  
Wohl mir! um mich her ist Schweigen  
Auf der flur;  
Zu den vollen Herzen nur  
Will nicht Ruh' sich neigen

Horch! die Nacht schwebt durch die Räume.  
Ihr Gewand durchrauscht die Bäume  
Lispeln leis  
Ach, so schweifen liebeheiß  
Meine Wünsch und Träume

### **Verlust**

Und wüsten's die Blumen, die kleinen,  
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,  
Sie würden mit mir weinen,  
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Away from the burden and effort of Prose,  
I fly to the land of poetry;  
The sun is more golden, the air is more blue,  
Green more green, fragrance more fragrant!

There by the cornfields, swelling with sap,  
the aloe rises up with stubborn strength!  
Olive tree, cypress, white and brown,  
Do you not greet us like gracious women?  
What gleams in foliage, sparkling like gold?  
Is it, orange-tree, so charmingly concealed?

Defiant Neptune, was it you  
joking and murmuring so sweetly below?  
What seemed half meadow  
and half-heaven above,  
was really the ocean's awesome horror?  
Here, divine one, is where I would live!  
Can you, Parthenope, quieten waves?  
Then try, o Eden of delight,  
to quieten the panting of this breast!

### **Longing**

Farther and farther echos the dance  
How well for me, that around me is silence  
On the plain.  
Only my full heart  
Will not bow to rest.

Listen! The night glides through the space  
Its garments rustle through the trees,  
Whispering softly.  
Ah! So lovingly wander  
My wishes and dreams.

### **Loss**

If the little flowers knew  
How deeply my heart is hurt,  
They would weep with me  
To heal my pain.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,  
Wie ich so traurig und krank,  
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen  
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,  
Die goldenen Sternelein,  
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,  
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,  
Nur Einer kennt meinen Schmerz:  
Er hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

### **Das Heimweh**

Was ist's, das mir den Atem hemmet,  
Und selbst den Seufzer unterdrückt?  
Das stets in jeden Weg sich stemmet,  
Und Sinn und Geist mir so verrückt?  
Es ist das Heimweh! O Schmerzenslaut!  
O Schmerzenslaut, wie klingt im Innern  
mir vertraut.

Was ist's, das mir den Willen raubet,  
Zu jeder Tat mich mutlos macht?  
Das mir die Flur, so grün belaubet,  
Verwandelt in Gefängnisnacht?  
Es ist das Heimweh! O Jammerton!  
O Jammerton, wie lange tönst im Herzen  
schon!

Was ist's, das mich erstarrt und brennet,  
Und jede Freud' und Lust vergällt?  
Gibt es kein Wort, das dieses nennet,  
Gibt es kein Wort in dieser Welt?  
Es ist das Heimweh! O herbes Weh!  
O herbes Weh! Die Heimat, ach! Ich nimmer  
seh!

If the nightingales knew  
How sad I am and sick,  
They would joyfully make the air  
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,  
Those little golden stars,  
They would come down from the sky  
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;  
My pain is known to one alone;  
For she it was who broke,  
Broke my heart in two.

### **Homesickness**

What is it that takes my breath away,  
And stifles even my signs?  
That blocks my path at every turn,  
And clouds my thoughts and mind?  
It's homesickness! Oh, the cry of pain!  
Oh, the cry of pain, how deely familiar you  
sound within me!

What is it that robs me of my will,  
And leaves me powerless to act?  
That turns the fields, so lush and green,  
Into the darkness of a prison cell?  
It's homesickness! Oh, the voice of sorrow!  
Oh, the voice of sorrow, how long you've  
echoed in my heart.

What is it that freezes and burns me,  
And poisons every joy and pleasure?  
Is there no word to name this feeling,  
Is there no word in the world?  
It's homesickness! Oh, bitter wo!  
Oh, bitter woe! My homeland, alas, I'll  
never see again.

**La speranza al cor mi dice**

La speranza al cor mi dice  
che sarò felice ancor  
ma la speme ingannatrice  
poi mi dice il mio timor.

**Povero cor tu palpiti**

Povero cor, tu palpiti,  
ne a torto in questo di;  
tu palpiti così,  
povero cor.  
Si tratta o Dio, di perdere  
per sempre il caro ben,  
che di sua mano in sen  
m'inpresse amore.

**Mi lagnerò tacendo**

Mi lagnerò tacendo del mio destino amaro  
Ma ch'io non tema caro non lo sperar da me  
Crudel in che t'offendo  
se resta in questo petto il misero di setto  
di sospirar perte.

**Bonne journée**

Bonne journée j'ai revu qui je n'oublie pas  
Qui je n'oublierai jamais  
Et des femmes fugaces dont les yeux  
Me faisaient une haie d'honneur  
Elles s'enveloppèrent dans leurs sourires

Bonne journée j'ai vu mes amis sans soucis  
Les hommes ne pesaient pas lourd  
Un qui passait  
Son ombre changée en souris  
Fuyait dans le ruisseau  
J'ai vu le ciel très grand  
Le beau regard des gens privés de tout  
Plage distant où personne n'aborde

**Hope tells my heart**

Hope tells my heart  
that I will know joy again.  
But love's decent appears, and with it, fears;  
Yet hope comes again and foretells joy to  
come.

**My poor heart, you palpitate so,**

My poor heart, you palpitate so,  
and not in error, on this day;  
you flutter so much,  
poor heart.  
The reason is, O God,  
you have lost forever your dear one,  
whose image was engraved upon you  
by the hand of Cupid himself.

**I complain in silence**

I shall mourn in silence over my destiny,  
but I love you not, do not expect that of me.  
Cruel one! how do I offend you  
if in my breast there remains, this miserable  
delight, in sighing for you?

**Good day**

Good day I saw again whom I do not forget  
whom I shall never forget  
and fugacious women whose eyes  
formed a hedge of honour for me  
they wrapped themselves in their smiles

Good day I saw my friends without a care  
the men were not heavy  
one who was passing by  
his shadow turned into a mouse  
was fleeing in the stream  
I saw the sky very big  
the beautiful gaze of those people deprived  
of everything distant beach on which  
nobody lands

Bonne journée qui commença mélancolique  
Noire sous les arbres verts  
Mais qui soudain trempée d'aurore  
M'entra dans le cœur par surprise.

**Le front comme un drapeau perdu**

Le front comme un drapeau perdu  
Je te traîne quand je suis seul  
Dans des rues froides  
Des chambres noires  
En criant misère

Je ne veux pas les lâcher  
Tes mains claires et compliquées  
Nées dans le miroir clos des miennes

Tout le reste est parfait  
Tout le reste est encore plus inutile  
Que la vie

Creuse la terre sous ton ombre  
Une nappe d'eau près des seins  
Où se noyer  
Comme une pierre.

**Une herbe pauvre**

Une herbe pauvre Sauvage  
Apparut dans la neige  
C'était la santé  
Ma bouche fut émerveillée  
Du goût d'air pur qu'elle avait  
Elle était fanée.

**Nous avons fait la nuit**

Nous avons fait la nuit je tiens ta main je  
veille  
Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces  
Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de tes forces  
Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton corps  
germera

Good day which started melancholy  
black beneath the green trees  
but which suddenly drenched in dawn  
came into my heart by surprise.

**With the forehead like a lost flag**

With the forehead like a lost flag  
I drag you when I am alone  
in cold streets  
dark rooms  
screaming misery

I do not want to let them go  
your clear and complicated hands  
born in the closed mirror of my own

all the rest is perfect  
all the rest is even more useless  
than life

dig out the earth beneath your shadow  
a water table near the breasts  
in which to drown  
like a stone.

**A meager herb**

A meager wild grass  
appeared in the snow  
it was health  
my mouth was in wonder  
at the taste it had of pure air  
it was withered.

**We slept through the night**

We have turned off the light I hold your  
hand I keep watch  
I support you with all my strength  
I engrave the star of your strengths on a rock  
Deep furrows where the goodness of your  
body will germinate



Je me répète ta voix cachée ta voix publique  
Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse  
Que tu traite comme une mendicante  
Des fous que tu respectes des simples où tu  
te baignes  
Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement  
d'accord avec la tienne avec la nuit  
Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu deviens  
Une inconnue semblable à tout ce que j'aime  
Qui est toujours nouveau.

### **O del mio amato ben**

O del mio amato ben perduto incanto!  
Lungi è dagli occhi miei  
chi m'era gloria e vanto!  
Or per le mute stanze  
sempre lo cerco e chiamo  
con pieno il cor di speranze  
Ma cerco invan, chiamo invan!  
E il pianger m'è sì caro  
che di pianto sol nutro il cor.

Mi sembra, senza lui triste ogni loco  
Notte mi sembra il giorno;  
mi sembra gelo il foco.  
Se pur talvolta spero  
di darmi ad altra cura  
sol mi tormenta un pensiero  
Ma, senza lui, che farò?  
Mi par così la vita vana cosa  
senza il mio ben.

### **Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?**

Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?  
Che fai lassù?  
Se dormi, svegliati: è primavera!  
Se vegli, levati: viene a gioir!

I repeat your hidden voice your public voice  
I laugh still of the haughty woman  
whom you treat like a beggar  
of the fools whom you respect of the simple  
folk in whom you immerse yourself  
and in my head which harmonizes gently  
with yours with the night  
I marvel at the strange woman that you are  
becoming, a strange woman resembling all  
that I love, who is always new.

### **Oh, of my dear beloved**

Oh, the lost enchantment of my dear beloved  
Far from my sight is  
the one who was my glory and pride!  
Now through the silent rooms  
I always seek him and call  
with a heart filled with hope.  
But I seek in vain, I call in vain!  
And yet my weeping is dear to me  
since I nourish my heart with tears alone.

Everywhere seems sad without him.  
Day seems as night to me;  
fire seems cold to me.  
However, if sometimes I hope  
to give myself to another interest,  
I am tormented by one thought:  
But, without him, what shall I do?  
To me, life thus seems so meaningless  
without my beloved.

### **The sun is rising! What are you doing?**

The sun is rising! What are you doing?  
What are you doing up there?  
If you are sleeping, wake up: it is spring!  
If you are a wake, get up: come and enjoy it!

Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?  
Che fai lassù?

È tempo venuto di correre ancor  
pei campi stellanti di mille colori;

di sciogliere canti, di cogliere fiori  
di ber lungo i rivi  
d'avere nel cor le gioir d'amor!

Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?  
Vienne a giori...  
Ché se tu non vieni  
non sbocciano i fior.

**Ah, mai non cessate**

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,  
o labbra desiate ond'io folle vo'  
col miel delle vostre parole vo' far  
un dolce guanciaie su cui dormiò.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati  
che su quel guanciaie dormendo farò.  
dormendo e sognado, vicino al tuo cor,  
il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.

Ah! dormendo, sognando, sognando d'amor!

The sun is rising! What are you doing?  
What are you doing up there?

The time has come to run again  
through the fields are studded with a  
thousand colored stars  
to sing songs, to pick flowers,  
to drink beside the shores  
to have in your heart the joys of love!

The sun is rising! What are you doing?  
Come out to enjoy...  
Because, if you do not come,  
the flowers cannot bloom.

**Ah, never ever cease**

Ah, never ever cease from your talking,  
oh lips desired which I madly want;  
with the honey of words I want to make  
a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.

Oh dreams blessed that no one ever has  
dreamt, that on that pillow sleeping I will  
dream, sleeping and dreaming, close to your  
heart, the sweet, desired my dream of love.

Ah! Sleeping, dreaming, dreaming of love!