University of Northern Iowa
School of Music

presents

Jon Turner, Bass
In a Senior Recital

Assisted by:
Dyan Meyer, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the BM degree in Choral Music Education
From the Studio of Dr. John Hines

Please hold applause until the conclusion of each set

"La Vendetta" from *Le nozze di Figaro*	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756 - 1791)
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Doubt	Mikhail Glinka (1804 -1857)
The Octave	Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844 - 1908)
A Dream	Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)
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An Sylvia	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Ständchen	
Gruppe aus dem Tartarus	
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The Boatman Dance	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
The Little Horses	
I Bought Me a Cat	

Bengtson Auditorium, at 7:30 P.M. Friday, November 20, 2026

La Vendetta
Lorenzo Da Ponte

Bene, io tutto faro
Senza riserve tutto a me palesate.
(Avrei pur gusto di dar per moglie
la mia serva antica
A chi mi fece un di rapir l'amica!)

La vendetta, oh, la vendetta
È un piacer serbato ai saggi;
L'obliar l'onte, gli oltraggi,
È bassezza, è ognor viltà.
Coll'astuzia, coll'arguzia
Col giudizio, col criterio
Si potrebbe… Il fatto è serio:
Ma, credete, si farà.
Se tutto il codice dovessi volgere.
Se tutto l'indice dovessi leggere
Con un equivoco, con un sinonimo
Qualche garbuglio si troverà.
Tutta Siviglia conosce Bartolo:
Il birbo Figaro vostro sarà!

Vengeance
Bard Suverkrop

Good, I will do All I can
Without reservation, reveal all to me
It would give me pleasure to make a
wife of my old servant.
To the man who stole my love from me

Vengeance, oh Vengeance
Is a pleasure meant for the wise;
To forget a shame and outrages
Is baseness and is always cowardice.
With shrewdness, with cleverness.
With judgment, with common-sense,
I can do it ... The case is serious;
But I believe it will be done.
If I must turn all the legal codes.
If I must read every index.
With ambiguity, or with synonyms
Some confusion will be found.
All of Seville will know Bartolo:
The rascal Figaro will be beaten!

Сомнение
Не́стор Васи́льевич Ку́кольник

Уймитесь, волнения страсти!
Засни, безнадежное сердце!
Я плачу, я стражду, -
Душа утомилась в разлуке;
Я стражду, я плачу, -
Не выплакать горя в слезах.
Напрасно надежду мне счастье
гадает,
Не верю, не верю обетам коварным!
Разлука уносит любовь.

Как сон неотступный и грозный,
Мне снится соперник счастливый,
И тайно и злобно
Кипящая ревность пылает,
И тайно и злобно
Оружия ищет рука.

Doubt
Victor Han

Be stopped, restlessness of passion!
Fall asleep, hopeless heart!
I weep, I suffer,
The soul is tired of separation;
I suffer, I weep,
Not to sob the grief into tears.
In vain hope to me happiness looks,
I do not believe, I do not believe
insidious vows!
Separation takes away love.

Like a sleep persistent and terrible,
I dream of my happy rival,
And secretly and maliciously
boiling jealousy blazes,
And secretly and maliciously
my hand searches for a weapon.

Напрасно измену мне ревность гадает,
Не верю, не верю коварным наветам.
Я счастлив, ты снова моя.
Минует печальное время, -
Мы снова обнимем друг друга,
И страстно и жарко забьется воскресшее сердце,
И страстно и жарко с устами сольются уста.

In vain jealousy brings treason to me,
I do not believe, I do not believe the insidious slander.
I am happy: you are mine again.
Sadly, the time passes,
we again embrace each other,
And passionately and hotly my happy heart throbs again,
And passionately and hotly our lips melt together.

Октава
Аполлон Николаевич Майков

Гармонии стиха божественные тайны
Не думай разгадать по книгам мудрецов:
У брега сонных вод, один бродя, случайно,
Прислушайся душой к шептанью тростников,
Дубравы говору; их звук необычайный
Прочувствуй и пойми... В созвучии стихов
Невольно с уст твоих размерные октавы
Польются, звучные, как музыка дубравы.

The Octave
Sergey Rybin

Divine mysteries of the verse's harmony
Try not to unravel in the wise books:
Instead, wandering ashore by the sleepy waves, alone,
Gently listen in with your soul to the whispering of the reeds,
To the babble of oakwood; their wondrous sounds
Understand and take to heart... Then as harmonious poetry
Naturally from your lips the rhythmical octaves
Will flow, gracefully, like nature's own music.

Сон
Алексей Николаевич Плещеев

И у меня был край родной;
Прекрасен он!
Там ель качалась надо мной…
Но то был сон!

A Dream
Ruslan Sviridov

And I had a homeland;
A beautiful one!
There a spruce swayed above me...
But that was a dream!

Семья друзей жива была.
Со всех сторон
Звучали мне любви слова…
Но то был сон!

A friend’s family was alive.
From all sides
There were words of love…
But that was a dream!

Was ist Silvia, saget an
Eduard von Baurenfeld

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh' ich sie nah'n,
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,
Daß ihr Alles unterthan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia tön', o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Who is Sylvia? What is she?
William Shakespeare

Who is Silvia? What is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she.
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindnesse:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness:
And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia, let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ständchen
Ludwig Rellstab

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräthers feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Serenade
Micheal Rosewall

My songs beckon softly
through the night to you;
below in the quiet grove,
Come to me, beloved!

The rustle of slender leaf tips whispers
in the moonlight;
Do not fear the evil spying
of the betrayer, my dear.

Do you hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they beckon to you,
With the sweet sound of their singing
they beckon to you for me.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

Laß auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen;
Komm', beglücke mich!

They understand the heart's longing,
know the pain of love,
They calm each tender heart
with their silver tones.

Let them also stir within your breast,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling I wait for you,
Come, please me!

Gruppe aus dem Tartarus
Friedrich von Schiller

Horch - wie Murmeln des empörten Meeres,
Wie durch hohler Felsen Becken weint ein Bach,
Stöhnt dort dumpfigtief ein schweres, leeres,
Qualerpreßtes Ach!

Schmerz verzerret
Ihr Gesicht, Verzweiflung sperret
Ihren Rachen fluchend auf.
Hohl sind ihre Augen - ihre Blicke
Spähen bang nach des Kozytus Brücke,
Folgen thränend seinem Trauerlauf.

Fragen sich einander ängstlich leise:
Ob noch nicht Vollendung sey? -
Ewigkeit schwingt über ihnen Kreise,
Bricht die Sense des Saturns entzwei.

Group from Tartarus
Emily Ezust

Hark - like the murmuring of the angry sea.
Like a brook weeping through hollow, rocky gullies.
You can hear over there, deeply muffled, a heavy, toneless
groan, extracted with torment!

Pain contorts
their faces, despair opens
their jaws with curses.
Hollow are their eyes: their gaze
rests anxiously on Cocytus' bridge,
and they follow Cocytus' sad course with tears.

They ask one another softly with fear
whether the end has not yet come!
Eternity whirls above them in circles,
breaking Saturn's scythe in two.

The Boatmen's Dance
Daniel Decatur Emmett

High row the boatmen row,
Floatin' down the river the Ohio.

The boatmen dance, the boatmen sing,
The boatmen up to ev'rything,
And when the boatman gets on shore
He spends his cash and works for more.

Then dance the boatmen dance,
O dance the boatmen dance.
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the mornin'.

High row the boatmen row. . . *etc*

I went on board the other day
To see what the boatmen had to say.
There I let my passion loose
An' they cram me in the callaboose.
O dance the boatmen dance. . .

High row the boatmen row . . . *etc*

The boatman is a thrifty man,
There's none can do as the boatman can.
I never see a pretty gal in my life
But that she was a boatman's wife.
O dance the boatmen dance. . .

High row the boatmen row. . . *etc*

The Little Horses
Anonymous

Hush you bye, Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake, you shall have,
All the pretty little horses.
Blacks and bays, Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake, You'll have sweet cake
And all the pretty little horses.
A brown and gray and a black and a bay
and a Coach and six-a little horses

Hush you bye, Don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.
Go to sleepy little baby.
Oh you pretty little baby.

I bought me a Cat
Anonymous

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me,
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me,
I fed my duck under yonder tree.
My duck says, “Quaa, quaa”,
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a goose, my goose pleased me,
I fed my goose under yonder tree.
My goose says, “Quaw, quaw”,
My duck says. . .

I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me.
I fed my hen under yonder tree.
My hen says, Shimmy shack, shimmy shack”,
My goose says. . .

I bought me a pig, my pig pleased me.
I fed my pig under yonder tree.
My pig says, “Griffey, griffey”.
My hen says. . .

I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me.
I fed my cow under yonder tree.
My cow says “Moo, moo”,
my pig says . . .

I bought me a horse, my horse pleased me.
I fed my horse under yonder tree.
My horse says, “Neigh, neigh”,
My cow says. . .

I bought me a wife, my wife pleased me.
I fed my wife under yonder tree.
My wife says, “Honey, honey”,
My horse says “Neigh, neigh”. . .