



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Greysen Kemper

Tenor

Daniel Umholtz
Piano

Assisted by:

Brielle Finkbeiner, Soprano

Julie Knott, Alto

Daniel Micsion, Bass

Cassie Gehenio, Trombone

Saturday, April 6, 2024, at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Wasserflut Franz Schubert
Erlkönig (1797-1828)

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Isaac Greentree Richard Hundley
(1931-2018)

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal Roger Quilter
Arise, My Love Richard Hundley

Vainement, ma bien-aimée (*Le Roi d'Ys*) Édouard Lalo
(1823-1892)

Intermission

En fermant les yeux (*Manon*) Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

From *Requiem in D minor, K. 626* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Tuba Mirum (1756-1791)
Recordare

Brielle Finkbeiner, Soprano
Julie Knott, Alto
Greysen Kemper, Tenor
Daniel Micsion, Bass
Cassie Gehenio, Trombone

Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise (*The New Moon*)Sigmund Romberg
(1887-1951)
Maria (*West Side Story*)Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)
On The Street Where You Live (*My Fair Lady*)Frederick Loewe
(1901-1988)

Greysen Kemper is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

*Presented in partial fulfillment
of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Music in Performance*

Translations

Wasserflut

Flood

Many a tear has fallen
From my eyes into the snow;
Its cold flakes eagerly suck in
My burning grief.

When the grass is about to shoot forth,
A mild breeze blows;
The ice breaks up into pieces
And the soft snow melts away.

Snow, you know of my longing;
Tell me, where does your path lead?
If you but follow my tears
The brook will soon absorb you.

With it you will flow through the town,
In and out of bustling streets;
When you feel my tears glow,
There will be my sweetheart's house.

Erlkönig

The Erlking

Who rides so late through the night and Wind?
It is the father with his child.
He has the boy in his arms;
He holds him safely, he keeps him warm.

'My son, why do you hide your face in Fear?'
'Father, can you not see the Erlking?
The Erlking with his crown and tail?'
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'

'Sweet child, come with me.
I'll play wonderful games with you.'

Many a pretty flower grows on the shore;
My mother has many a golden robe.'

'Father, father, do you not hear
What the Erlking softly promises me?'
'Calm, be calm, my child:
The wind is rustling in the withered leaves.'

'Won't you come with me, my fine lad?
My daughters shall wait upon you;
My daughters lead the nightly dance,
And will rock you, and dance, and sing you to sleep.'

'Father, father, can you not see
Erlking's daughters there in the darkness?'
'My son, my son, I can see clearly:
It is the old grey willows gleaming.'

'I love you, your fair form allures me,
And if you don't come willingly, I'll use Force.'
'Father, father, now he's seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!'

The father shudders, he rides swiftly,
He holds the moaning child in his arms;
With one last effort he reaches home;
The child lay dead in his arms.

Vainement, ma bien-aimée

In Vain, My Beloved

Since these jealous guardians will not be
Moved to mercy, ah, let me tell you of my Anguish and my torment!

In vain, my beloved,
Do I seem to despair:
Next to your closed door
I am determined to stay!

Suns may be extinguished,
Nights replace days,

But without blaming you and without
Complaining,
I shall stay here for ever!

I know that you have a kind heart,
And the hour will soon come
When the hand which now pushes me away
Will reach out towards mine!

Do not delay too long
In allowing yourself to be won over by your Tender feelings;
If Rozenn does not appear soon,
I, alas, shall die!

En fermant les yeux

When I Close My Eyes

When I close my eyes I see far away a Modest retreat,
A little cottage lost in the middle of the Woods!
Under the quiet shade,
The clear and joyous streams,
In which the leaves are reflected,
Sing with the birds!
It's Paradise!
Oh no, everything there is sad and Melancholy,
Because one thing is missing:
Manon ought to be present!
No, our life will be there,
If you want it, oh Manon!

Tuba Mirum

The trumpet will send its
Wondrous sound
Throughout earth's sepulchres
And gather all before the throne.
Death and nature will be
Astounded,
When all creation rises again,
To answer the judgement.

A book will be brought forth,
In which all will be written,
By which the world will be
Judged.

When the judge takes his place,
What is hidden will be revealed,
Nothing will remain unavenged.

What shall a wretch like me say?
Who shall intercede for me,
When the just ones need mercy?

Recordare

Remember, kind Jesus,
My salvation caused your
Suffering; do not forsake me on that day.

Faint and weary you have sought
Me, redeemed me, suffering on the
Cross; may such great effort not be in
Vain.

Righteous judge of vengeance,
Grant me the gift of absolution
Before the day of retribution.

I moan as one who is guilty:
Owning my shame with a red face;
Suppliant before you, Lord.

You, who absolved Mary,
And listened to the thief,
Give me hope also.

My prayers are unworthy,
But, good Lord, have mercy,
And rescue me from eternal fire.

Provide me a place among the
Sheep, and separate me from the goats,
Guiding me to Your right hand.

