



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Kristin Nolt

Mezzo-Soprano

Daniel Umholtz

Piano

Assisted by:

Cari Hochstetler, Soprano;
Ryan Cascarella, Luke Hochstetler, Daniel Lin,
Daniel Micsion, David Miller, Joseph Miller,
Joshua Miller, Elijah Palmer, Dekenon Pollock,
Deacon Shearer, Jaron Witmer

Saturday, February 21, 2026 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Nun wird mein liebster Bräutigam...Bereite dich, Zion (*Christmas Oratorio*)...J. S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Stabat MaterGiovanni Battista Pergolesi
I. Stabat mater dolorosa (1710-1736)
IV. Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
X. Fac ut portem Christi mortem

Cari Hochstetler, Soprano

Venga pur, minacci e frema (*Mitridate, re di Ponto*) W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Ständchen (Zögernd leise)Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Ryan Cascarella, Luke Hochstetler, Daniel Lin, Daniel Micsion,
David Miller, Joseph Miller, Joshua Miller, Elijah Palmer, Dekenon Pollock,
Deacon Shearer, Jaron Witmer

Intermission

Val laisse couler mes larmes (*Werther*)Jules Massenet
(1842-1912)

Morgen!Richard Strauss
Allerseelen (1864-1949)
Zueignung

From an Unknown Past Ned Rorem
I. The Lover in Winter Plaineth for the Spring (1923-2022)
II. Hey Nonny No!
III. My Blood So Red
IV. Suspiria
V. The Miracle
VI. Tears
VII. Crabbed Age and Youth

You'll Never Walk Alone (*Carousel*).....Richard Rogers
(1902-1979)

*Kristin Nolt is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino
Presented in partial fulfillment of the degree Bachelor of Music in Performance*

Translations

Nun wird mein liebster Bräutigam...Bereite dich, Zion

Now my dearest bridegroom...Prepare yourself, Zion

Now my dearest bridegroom,
now the hero from the race of David
for the consolation and salvation of the Earth
shall at last be born.

Now the star that comes from Jacob shall shine,
its rays already burst forth.

Rise up, Zion, and abandon your weeping,
your well-being climbs aloft!

Make yourself ready, Zion, with tender desires
to see with you soon him who is most beautiful, most dear!
Your cheeks must today be far more beautifully resplendent,
hasten, to love your bridegroom with the greatest longing!

Stabat mater dolorosa

Stood the mother sorrowing

The Mother stood sorrowing by the cross weeping while her Son hung there

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat

For she grieved and sorrowed

For she grieved and sorrowed, the pious Mother, as she witnessed the pains of
her great Son.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem

Let me bear Christ's death

Let me bear Christ's death, let me share his Passion, enduring his wounds.
Let me be wounded with his wounds, let that cross inspire me with love for
your Son.

Venga pur, minacci e frema

Let him come, then

Let him come, then, my implacable father;
let him threaten and rage.

This heart will not yield
to his rage or fury.

Either he will pay due respect to,
and show due fear of,
the might of Rome in my person,
or his ire will cause me to become
far more barbarous and savage.

Ständchen (Zögernd leise)

Serenade

Hesitantly quiet
in the dark of the night's stillness,
we are here,
and, our fingers softly bent,
gently, gently
we knock
at the beloved's chamber door.

And now growing,
swelling, swelling,
with one combined voice, loudly
we call with confidence;
don't sleep
when the voice of love speaks!

A wise man once looked near and far
with a lantern for true human beings;
how much more rare than gold
are those people whom we like and find lovely?
So, when friendship and love speaks,
my friend - my love - don't sleep!

But what of all the riches
could be as valuable as sleep?
So instead of words and instead of gifts
you should now also have rest.
Just one more greeting, one more word;
then our merry song for you falls silent.
Quietly, quietly,
we steal away, yes we steal away again!

Va! laisse couler mes larmes

Go, let my tears flow!

Oh, I cannot hold back these tears! It will do me good to cry.
They say that the ones we do not shed fall back inside us and wound the soul.
And over time, as drop by drop, they batter, and burn, and so bruise it,
with each new hurt the heart grows weaker.
It aches and suffers, in constant pain, becomes exhausted, is overwhelmed,
and finally becomes so fragile that it just breaks!
everything breaks it! Everything breaks it!

Morgen!

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path I will take,
it will unite us again, we happy ones,
upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, the wide shore with blue waves,
we will descend quietly and slowly;
we will look mutely into each other's eyes
and the silence of happiness will settle upon us.

Allerseelen

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

Zueignung

Dedication

Yes, you know it, dearest soul,
How I suffer far from you,
Love makes the heart sick,
Have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom,
Held high the amethyst beaker,
And you blessed the drink,
Have thanks.

And you exorcised the evils in it,
Until I, as I had never been before,
Blessed, blessed sank upon your heart,
Have thanks.

