



Department of Music

presents

Micah Nicolai, baritone

in a

Graduate recital

with

Jan Corrothers, piano

7:30 p.m.

April 18, 2026

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

-Program-

If There Were Dreams to Sell	John Ireland (1879-1962)

Selections from <i>Italianisches Liederbuch</i> Ihr seid die Allerschönste weit und breit Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Totengräbers Heimweh, D 842	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

<i>Songs of a Wayfarer (complete)</i> Memory When Daffodils Begin to Peer English May I Was Not Sorrowful I Will Walk on the Earth	John Ireland

-Intermission-

Finch'han dal vino ("Champagne Aria") from <i>Don Giovanni</i>	W. A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Le Grillon from <i>Histoires Naturelles</i>	Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
L'Invitation au voyage	Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

<i>Arioso</i> : Am Abend, da es kühle war <i>Aria</i> : Mache dich, mein Herze, rein from <i>Matthäus-Passion</i>	J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

Нет, только тот, кто знал, op. 6, no. 6 (<i>No, Only the One Who Knew</i>)	Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)
Богоматерь в городе (<i>The Virgin in the City</i>) from <i>Петербург (Petersburg)</i> , no. 9	Georgy Sviridov (1915-1998)
В молчаньи ночи тайной, op. 4, no. 3 (<i>In the Silence of the Mysterious Night</i>)	Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873-1943)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music in Vocal Performance.
from the studio of Dr. Jeffrey Williams*

—Text and Translations—

If There Were Dreams to Sell

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This best would heal my ill,
This would I buy.

Ihr seid die Allerschönste weit und breit

Ihr seid die Allerschönste weit und breit,
Viel schöner als im Mai der Blumenflor.
Orvietos Dom steigt so voll Herrlichkeit,
Viterbos grösster Brunnen nicht empor.
So hoher Reiz und Zauber ist dein eigen,
Der Dom von Siena muss sich vor dir neigen.
Ach, du bist so an Reiz und Anmut reich,
Der Dom von Siena selbst ist dir nicht gleich.

You are more lovely

You are the loveliest far and wide,
far lovelier than the flowers in May
Orvieto's cathedral does not rise so magnificently,
nor Viterbo's greatest fountain
Such lofty charm and magic are your own,
Siena's cathedral must bow before you.
Ah, you are so rich in charm and grace,
the cathedral of Siena is not your equal.

Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen

Geselle, woll'n wir uns in Kutten hüllen,
Die Welt dem lassen, den sie mag ergötzen?
Dann pochen wir an Tür um Tür im stillen:
„Geb einem armen Mönch um Jesu willen.“
– O lieber Pater, du musst später kommen,
Wenn aus dem Ofen wir das Brot genommen.
O lieber Pater, komm nur später wieder,
Ein Töchterlein von mir liegt krank darnieder.
– Und ist sie krank, so lasst mich zu ihr gehen,
Dass sie nicht etwa sterbe unversehen.
Und ist sie krank, so lasst mich nach ihr schauen,
Dass sie mir ihre Beichte mag vertrauen.
Schliesst Tür und Fenster, dass uns keiner störe,
Wenn ich des armen Kindes Beichte höre!

My brother, come let's leave the world

Friend, shall we wrap ourselves in monk's cowls,
and leave the world to those who enjoy it?
Then we will go quietly from door to door:
“Give to a poor monk for Jesus' sake.”
“Oh dear Father, you must come later,
when we have taken the bread out of the oven.
Oh dear Father, come back later,
a daughter of mine lies sick in bed.”
“And if she is ill, let me go to her,
lest that she might die without a confessor.
And if she is ill, let me look after her,
that she might confess her sins.
Close the door and window, that none disturbs us,
while I hear this poor child's confession!”

When you begin to smile

When you graze at me with your eyes and laugh,
 then lower them and your chin to your bosom,
 I beg you; first give me a warning,
 that I may control my heart,
 that I may control, tame and quiet my heart,
 when it wants to leap for great love;
 that I may keep my heart within my breast,
 when it would burst out from great joy.

Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst

Wenn du mich mit den Augen streifst und lachst,
 Sie senkst und neigst das Kinn zum Busen dann,
 Bitt ich, dass du mir erst ein Zeichen machst,
 Damit ich doch mein Herz auch bänd'gen kann,
 Dass ich mein Herz mag bänd'gen, zahm und still,
 Wenn es vor grosser Liebe springen will,
 Dass ich mein Herz mag halten in der Brust,
 Wenn es ausbrechen will vor grosser Lust.

Totengräbers Heimweh

O Menschheit, o Leben! -
 Was soll's? o was soll's?!
 Grabe aus - scharre zu!
 Tag und Nacht keine Ruh! -
 Das Treiben, das Drängen -
 Wohin? - o wohin? - -
 "Ins Grab - tief hinab!"

O Schicksal - o traurige Pflicht
 Ich trag's länger nicht! - -
 Wann wirst du mir schlagen,
 O Stunde der Ruh?!
 O Tod! komm und drücke
 Die Augen mir zu! - -
 Im Leben, da ist's ach! so schwül!
 Im Grabe - so friedlich, so kühl!
 Doch ach, wer legt mich hinein? -
 Ich stehe allein! - so ganz allein!! -

Von allen verlassen
 Dem Tod nur verwandt,
 Verweil' ich am Rande -
 Das Kreuz in der Hand,
 Und starre mit sehndem Blick,
 Hinab - ins tiefe Grab! -

O Heimat des Friedens,
 Der Seligen Land!
 An dich knüpft die Seele
 Ein magisches Band. -
 Du winkst mir von Ferne,
 Du ewiges Licht:
 Es schwinden die Sterne -
 Das Auge schon bricht! - -
 Ich sinke - ich sinke! - Ihr Lieben, -
 Ich komm! - -

Gravedigger's Homesickness

O mankind – O life! –
 To what end – oh what end?!
 Digging out – filling in!
 Day and night no rest! –
 The urgency, the haste –
 Where does it lead! – ah where?! - -
 'Deep down – into the grave!' –

O fate – O sad duty –
 I can bear it no more! - -
 When will you toll for me,
 O hour of peace?! –
 O death! Come
 And close my eyes! - -
 Life, alas, is so oppressive! –
 The grave so peaceful, so cool!
 But ah! Who will lay me there? –
 I stand alone! – so utterly alone!! –

Abandoned by all,
 With death my only kin,
 I linger on the edge –
 Cross in hand,
 And stare longingly
 Down – into the deep grave! –

O homeland of peace,
 Land of the blessed!
 A magic bond
 Binds my soul to you. –
 Eternal light,
 You beckon me from afar: -
 The stars vanish –
 My eyes close in death! - -
 I am sinking – I am sinking! – Loved ones –
 I come! - - -

1. Memory

Memory, hither come
And tune your merry notes;
And while upon the wind
Your music floats,
I'll pore upon the stream,
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnet's song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along;
And when night comes I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley,
With silent melancholy.

2. When Daffodils Begin to Peer

When daffodils begin to peer -
With heigh! The doxy over the dale -
Why, then comes the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge -
With heigh! The sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! The thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.
But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

3. English May

Would God your health were as this month of May
Should be, were this not England, - and your face
Abroad, to give the gracious sunshine grace
And laugh beneath the budding hawthorn-spray.
But here the hedgerows pine from green to grey
While yet May's lyre is tuning, and her song
Is weak in shade that should in sun be strong;
And your pulse springs not to so faint a lay.

If in my life be breath of Italy,
Would God that I might yield it all to you!
So, when such grafted warmth had burgeoned through
The languor of your Maytime's hawthorn-tree,
My spirit at rest should walk unseen and see
The garland of your beauty bloom anew.

4. I was not sorrowful (Spleen)

I was not sorrowful, I could not weep,
And all my memories were put to sleep.

I watched the river grow more white and strange,
All day till evening I watched it change.

All day till evening I watched the rain
Beat wearily upon the window pane.

I was not sorrowful, but only tired
Of everything that ever I desired.
Her lips, her eyes, all day became to me
The shadow of a shadow utterly.

All day mine hunger for her heart became
Oblivion, until the evening came,

And left me sorrowful, inclined to weep,
With all my memories that could not sleep.

5. I Will Walk on the Earth

Up to the top o' the trees,
Where sway the bird and the breeze,
And Song's wild eyes
Look to the skies:
Up to the top o' the trees!

Up to the peaks o' the cloud,
Where Echo's suburbs crowd
The lightning's flash
And thunderous crash:
Up to the peaks o' the cloud!

Nay, I will walk on the earth;
My love them all is worth:
In Love I see
All of them be,
And more – I will walk on the earth!

Finch'han dal vino

Finch'han dal vino calda la testa
Una gran festa fa preparar.
Se trovi in piazza qualche ragazza,
Teco ancor quella cerca menar.
Senza alcun ordine la danza sia;
Chi il minuetto, Chi la follia,
Chi l'alemanna Farai ballar.
Ed io frattanto dall'altro canto
Con questa e quella vo' amoreggiar.
Ah! la mia lista doman mattina
D'una decina devi aumentar!

As long as they have wine

Until they have become hot-headed with wine,
Let's prepare a grand party.
If you find a girl in the piazza,
Try to bring her along with you.
May the dance be wild,
Make one dance the minuet, one the folia,
The other the allemande.
Meanwhile, I'll be singing my own song
Flirting with this girl and that girl.
Ah you must add to my list
About ten entries tomorrow morning!

Le Grillon

C'est l'heure où, las d'errer, l'insecte nègre revient de promenade et répare avec soin le désordre de son domaine.

D'abord il ratisse ses étroites allées de sable.

Il fait du bran de scie qu'il écarte au seuil de sa retraite.

Il lime la racine de cette grande herbe propre à le harceler.

Il se repose.

Puis, il remonte sa minuscule montre.

A-t-il fini? Est-elle cassée? Il se repose encore un peu.

Il rentre chez lui et ferme sa porte.

Longtemps il tourne sa celf dans la serrure délicate.

Et il écoute: Point d'alarme dehors.

Mais il ne se trouve pas en sûreté.

Et comme par une chaînette dont la poulie grince, il descend jusqu'au fond de la terre.

On n'entend plus rien.

Dans la campagne muette, les peupliers se dressent comme des doigts en l'air et désignent la lune.

The Cricket

It is the hour when, weary of wandering, the black insect returns from his outing and carefully restores order to his estate.

First he rakes his narrow sandy paths.

He makes sawdust which he scatters on the threshold of his retreat.

He files the root of this tall grass likely to annoy him.

He rests.

Then he winds up his tiny watch.

Has he finished? Is it broken? He rests again for awhile.

He goes inside and shuts the door.

For an age he turns his key in the delicate lock.

And he listens: Nothing to fear outside.

But he does not feel safe.

And as if by a tiny chain on a creaking pulley, he lowers himself into the bowels of the earth.

Nothing more is heard.

In the silent countryside, the poplars rise like fingers in the air, pointing to the moon.

L'Invitation au voyage

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs larmes.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du monde.
Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté,
Luxe, calme et volupté!

Invitation to the Voyage

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

Am Abend, da es kühle war

Am Abend, da es kühle war,
 Ward Adams Fallen offenbar;
 Am Abend drücket ihn der Heiland nieder.
 Am Abend kam die Taube wieder
 Und trug ein ölblatt in dem Munde.
 O schöne Zeit! O Abendstunde!
 Der Friedensschluß ist nun mit Gott gemacht,
 Denn Jesus hat sein Kreuz vollbracht.
 Sein Leichnam kömmt zur Ruh,
 Ach! liebe Seele, bitte du,
 Geh, lasse dir den toten Jesum schenken,
 O heilsames, o köstlichs Angedenken!

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein,
 Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.
 Denn er soll nunmehr in mir
 Für und für Seine süße Ruhe haben.
 Welt, geh aus, laß Jesum ein!

In the evening, when it was cool,

In the evening, when it was cool,
 Adam's fall was made apparent;
 in the evening the Savior bowed himself down.
 In the evening the dove came back,
 bearing an olive leaf in its mouth.
 O lovely time! O evening hour!
 The pact of peace with God has now been made,
 since Jesus has completed his Cross.
 His body comes to rest,
 Ah! dear soul, ask,
 go, have them give you the dead Jesus,
 O healing, O precious remembrance!

Make yourself pure, my heart

Make yourself pure, my heart,
 I want to bury Jesus myself.
 For from now on he shall have in me,
 forever and ever, his sweet rest.
 World, get out, let Jesus in!

Нет, только тот, кто знал

Нет, только тот, кто знал
 Свиданья жажду,
 Поймёт, как я страдал
 И как я стражду!

Гляжу я вдаль, нет сил!
 Тускнеет око!
 Ах, кто меня любил
 И знал, далёко!..

Вся грудь горит! Кто знал
 Свиданья жажду,
 Поймет, как я страдал
 И как я стражду!

No, Only the One Who Knew

No, only one who has known
 What it is to long for one's beloved
 Can know how I have suffered
 And how I suffer still.

I gaze into the distant – but my strength fails me,
 My sight grows dim...
 Ah, the one who loved me
 And knew me is far away now!

My breast is all aflame – whoever has known
 What it is to long for one's beloved
 Can know how I have suffered
 And how I suffer still.

Богоматерь в городе

Ты проходишь без улыбки,
Опустившая ресницы,
И во мраке над собором
Золотятся купола.

Как лицо твоё похоже
На вечерних богородиц,
Опускающих ресницы,
Пропадающих во мгле...

Но с тобой идёт кудрявый
Кроткий мальчик в белой шапке,
Ты ведешь его за ручку,
Не даешь ему упасть.

Я стою в тени портала,
Там, где дует резкий ветер,
Застылающий слезами
Напряжённые глаза.

Я хочу внезапно выйти
И воскликнуть: «Богоматерь!
Для чего в мой чёрный город
Ты Младенца привела?»

Но язык бессилён крикнуть.
Ты проходишь. За тобою
Над священными следами
Почивает синий мрак.

И смотрю я, вспоминая,
Как опущены ресницы,
Как твой мальчик в белой шапке
Улыбнулся на тебя.

The Virgin in the City

You pass by without a smile,
Your eyelashes cast down,
And in the darkness above the cathedral
Radiantly shine the golden domes.

How your face resembles
Those eventide Virgins
With downcast eyelashes,
Who vanish into the darkness...

But a curly-haired boy walks with you,
Meek and dressed in a white cap,
You lead him by the hand,
You do not let him fall.

I stand in the shadow of the doorway,
Where a sharp wind blows,
Clouding my strained eyes
With tears.

I would like to step forward suddenly
And cry out: 'Mother of God!
Why have You brought
This Infant to my black city?'

But my tongue is powerless to shout out.
You pass by. Behind you
Above your sacred footprints
The blue darkness slumbers.

And I gaze, remembering
Your downcast eyelashes,
And the little boy in his white cap,
Smiling at you.

В молчаньи ночи тайной

О, долго буду я, в молчаньи ночи тайной,
Коварный лепет твой, улыбку, взор случайный,
Перстам послушную волос густую прядь
Из мыслей изгонять и снова призывать;

[Дыша порывисто, один, никем не зримый,
Досады и стыда румянами палимый,
Искать хотя одной загадочной черты
В словах, которые произносила ты;]

Шептать и поправлять былые выраженья
Речей моих с тобой, исполненных смущенья,
И в опьянении, наперекор уму,
Заветным именем будить ночную тьму.

In Silence of the Mysterious Night

Oh, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night,
Chase from my thoughts and then call up again
Your artful chatter, your smile, your casual glance,
The thick tresses of your hair, so pliant in my fingers;

Breathing fitfully, alone, unseen by anybody else,
Burning with the glow of vexation and of shame,
I shall seek out the slightest hint of mystery
In the words you uttered;

I shall whisper and improve upon the past expressions
Of things I once said to you, things full of bashfulness,
And intoxicated, against all reason,
I shall wake night's darkness with your cherished name.

-Upcoming Events-

Apr. 23 Clarinet and Flute Studios Recital *in Recital Hall* 7:30 p.m.

The APSU Opera & Symphony Orchestra present a CECA-event

Apr. 24 *The Medium* 7:30 p.m.

Apr. 25 *The Medium* 7:30 p.m.



Apr. 26 Samuel Varnado Jr. Trumpet Recital *in Recital Hall* 5:30 p.m.

Apr. 27 Folk Ensemble *The Fiddlin' Peayple* 7:30 p.m.

Apr. 28 Student Recital 12:45 p.m.
String Studio Recitals *in Recital Hall* 5:30 & 7:30 p.m.

Apr. 29 Choir Fest Concert 5:30 p.m.

Apr. 30 Michael Shaffield Sr. Clarinet Recital 5:30 p.m.
Aaron Yu Gr. Clarinet Recital 7:30 p.m.

*All concerts are free and open to the public in
the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall,
unless noted otherwise.*

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