

12-5-2014

Junior Recital: Timothy Powers, tenor

Timothy Powers

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Powers, Timothy, "Junior Recital: Timothy Powers, tenor" (2014). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 802.
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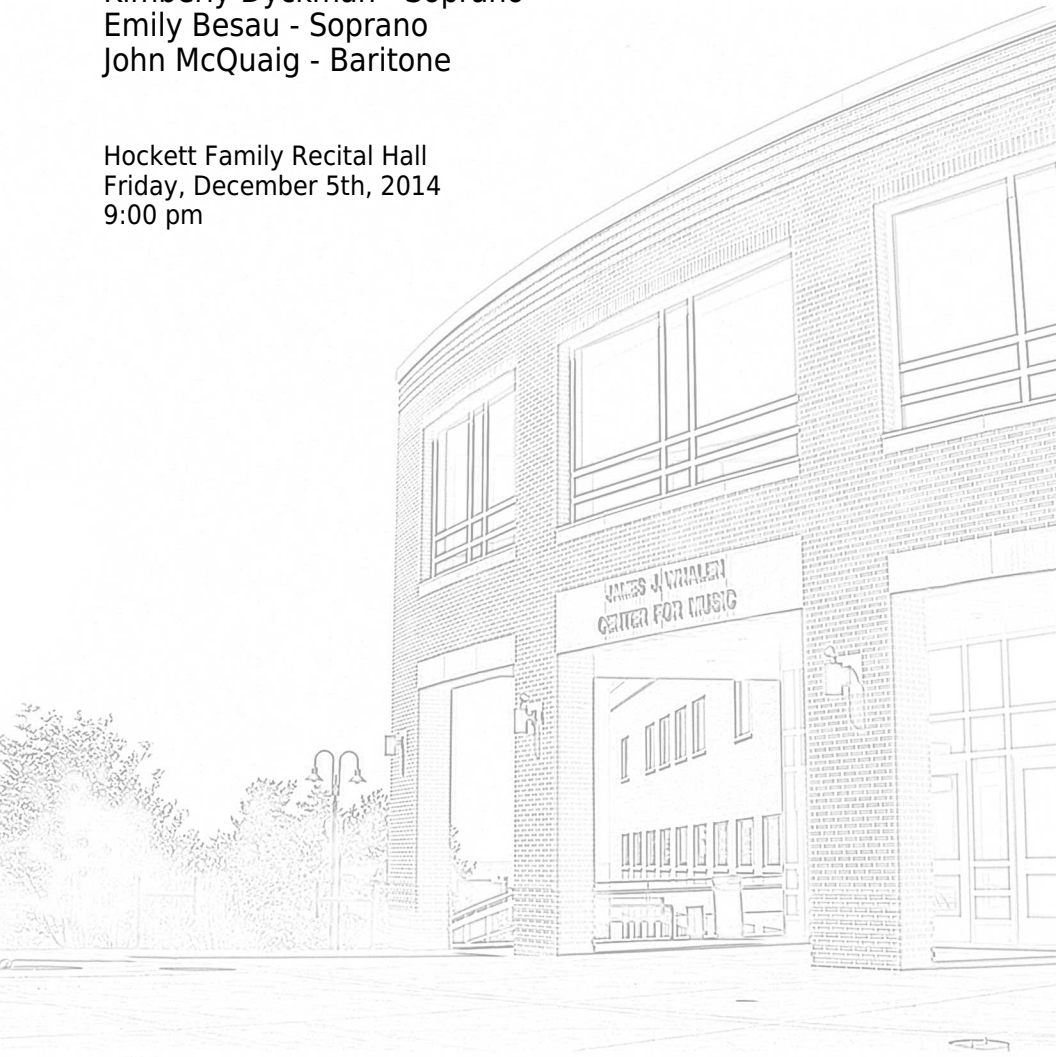
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Junior Recital:
Timothy Powers, Tenor

with:
Jonathan Vogtle - Piano

Felicya Schwarzman - Cello
Kimberly Dyckman - Soprano
Emily Besau - Soprano
John McQuaig - Baritone

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday, December 5th, 2014
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Ich Armer Mensch, ich Sündenknecht: BWV 55

J.S. Bach
1685-1750

1. Aria: *Ich Armer Mensch, ich Sündenknecht*
2. Recitative: *Ich habe wider Gott gehandelt*
3. Aria: *Erbarme dich! Laß die Tränen dich erweichen*
4. *Erbarme dich! Jedoch nun tröst ich mich*
5. Chorale: *Bin ich gleich von dir gewichen, stell ich mich doch wie*

Felicya Schwarzman - Cello
Kimberly Dyckman
Emily Besau
John McQuaig

Selections from *Le bonne chanson*:

G. Fauré
1845-1924

2. *Puisque l'aube grandit*
3. *La lune blanche luit dans les bois*
5. *J'ai presque peur, en vérité*
8. *N'est-ce pas?*

Intermission

Selections from *Sei Ariette*:

V. Bellini
1801-1835

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile
Vanne, o rosa fortunata
Almen, se non Poss'lo
Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Selections from *A Young Man's Exhortation*:

G. Finzi
1901-1956

1. *A Young Man's Exhortation*
2. *Budmouth Dears*
4. *Her Temple*
7. *Her Sighs*
9. *Transformations*

Translations

Cantata No. 55 "Ich Armer Mensch - Bach

1. Aria

Ich armer Mensch, ich
Sündenknecht,
Ich geh vor Gottes Angesichte
Mit Furcht und Zittern zum
Gerichte.
Er ist gerecht, ich ungerecht.
Ich armer Mensch, ich
Sündenknecht!

2. Recitative

Ich habe wider Gott gehandelt

Und bin demselben Pfad, Den er mir
vorgeschrieben hat,
Nicht nachgewandelt.
Wohin? soll ich der Morgenröte
Flügel Zu meiner Flucht erkiesen,
Die mich zum letzten Meere wiesen,

So wird mich doch die Hand des
Allerhöchsten finden
Und mir die Sündenrute binden.
Ach ja!
Wenn gleich die Höll ein Bette
Vor mich und meine Sünden hätte,
So wäre doch der Grimm des
Höchsten da.
Die Erde schützt mich nicht,
Sie droht mich Scheusal zu
verschlingen;
Und will ich mich zum Himmel
schwingen,
Da wohnt Gott, der mir das Urteil
spricht.

3. Aria

Erbarme dich!
Laß die Tränen dich erweichen,
Laß sie dir zu Herzen reichen;
Laß um Jesu Christi willen
Deinen Zorn des Eifers stillen!
Erbarme dich!

1. Aria

I pitiful man, I slave of sin,

I go before the face of God
with fear and trembling for
judgment.
He is righteous, I am unjust.
I pitiful man, I slave of sin!

2. Recitative

I have acted against God and that
same path
that He has prescribed for me,

I have not travelled.
Where? Shall I choose the wings of
the dawn for my flight,
that will take me to the utmost
ocean,
yet the hand of the Almighty shall
find me
and bind the switch of sin for me.
Alas yes!
Even if Hell contained a bed
for me and my sins,
yet the wrath of the Highest would
be there.
The earth does not shield me,
it threatens to devour me with
monsters;
and if I wished to soar to heaven,
God lives there, who speaks the
judgment against me.

3. Aria

Have mercy!
Let tears soften You,
let them reach into Your heart;
may, for the sake of Jesus Christ,
the zeal of Your anger be quieted!
Have mercy!

4. Recitative

Erbarme dich!
Jedoch nun
Tröst ich mich,
Ich will nicht für Gerichte stehen
Und lieber vor dem Gnadenthron

Zu meinem frommen Vater gehen.
Ich halt ihm seinen Sohn,
Sein Leiden, sein Erlösen für,
Wie er für meine Schuld
Bezahlet und genug getan,
Und bitt ihn um Geduld,
Hinfüro will ich's nicht mehr tun.
So nimmt mich Gott zu Gnaden
wieder an.

5. Choral

Bin ich gleich von dir gewichen,

Stell ich mich doch wieder ein;
Hat uns doch dein Sohn verglichen

Durch sein Angst und Todespein.

Ich verleugne nicht die Schuld,
Aber deine Gnad und Huld
Ist viel größer als die Sünde,
Die ich stets bei mir befinde.

4. Recitative

Have mercy!
However now
I am comforted,
I will not stand before judgment
and rather before the throne of
grace

I go to my holy Father.
I hold His Son up to Him ,
His Passion, His Redemption,
how He, for my guilt
has paid and done enough,
and pray Him for mercy,
from henceforth I will do no more.
Then God will take me into His
grace again.

5. Chorale

Although I have been separated
from You,
yet I return again;
even so Your Son set the example
for us

through His anguish and mortal
pain.

I do not deny my guilt,
but Your grace and mercy
is much greater than the sin
that I constantly discover in me.

Le bonne chanson - Fauré

Puisque l'aube grandit

Puisque l'aube grandit,
puisque voici l'aurore,
Puisque, après m'avoir fui
longtemps, l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et
l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien
être le mien,

Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux
yeux aux flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera
ma main,
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des
sentiers de mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux encombrant
le chemin;

Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs
de la route,
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me
dis
Qu'elle m'écouterà sans déplaisir
sans doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre
Paradis.

La lune blanche

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement

Since Dawn is Growing

Since dawn is growing,
Since here is the break of day,
Since, after long fleeing from
me, hope agrees

To fly back toward me who calls to
and implores it
Since all this happiness agrees to
be mine.

I want, guided by you, lovely eyes
with gentile flame,
Led by you, o hand in which my
hand will tremble,
To walk straight, whether it be
through paths of moss
Or whether rocks and pebbles
encumber the way;

And as, in order to beguile the slow
journey,
I shall sing simple tunes, I tell
myslef
That she will listen to me without
annoyance;
And truly I wish for no other
paradise.

The White Moon

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
springs a voice
beneath the arbor.

Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror
the pond reflects
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm

Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...
C'est l'heure exquise.

seems to descend
from a sky
made iridescent by the moon.
It is the exquisite hour!

J'ai presque peur, en vérité
J'ai presque peur, en vérité
Tant je sens ma vie enlacée
A la radieuse pensée
Qui m'a pris l'âme l'autre été,
Tant votre image, à jamais chère,

In Truth I am Almost Afraid
I'm almost afraid, it's true,
when I see how my life is entwined
with the radiant thought
that stole my soul last summer;
when I see how your ever-dear
image

Habite en ce cœur tout à vous,
Ce cœur uniquement jaloux
De vous aimer et de vous plaire;

lives in this heart that is all yours,
my heart that only wants
to love you and to please you;

Et je tremble, pardonnez-moi
D'aussi franchement vous le dire,
À penser qu'un mot, qu'un sourire

and I tremble - forgive me
for speaking so freely -
at the thought that a word or a
smile

De vous est désormais ma loi,

from you so rules me

Et qu'il vous suffirait d'un geste,
D'une parole ou d'un clin d'oeil,
Pour mettre tout mon être en deuil
De son illusion céleste.

and that a gesture,
a word or a wink
from you is enough to set my soul
in mourning for its heavenly
illusion.

Mais plutôt je ne veux vous voir,
L'avenir dût-il m'être sombre
Et fécond en peines sans nombre,
Qu'à travers un immense espoir,

I really only want to see you,
no matter how dark
and full of pain my future,
through an immense hope,

Plongé dans ce bonheur suprême
De me dire encore et toujours, En
dépit des mornes retours,

plunged into this supreme joy
of saying over and always to
myself, despite all dismal
returns,

Que je vous aime, que je t'aime !

that I love you, that I love thee!

N'est-ce pas?

N'est-ce pas?
nous irons gais et lents, dans la
voie
Modeste que nous montre en
souriant l'Espoir,
Peu soucieux qu'on nous ignore ou
qu'on nous voie.

Is it Not So?

Is it not so?
We will go, gaily and slowly, down
the path
so modest that Hope shows us as it
smiles,
Caring little whether people ignore
us or see us.

Isolés dans l'amour ainsi qu'en un
bois noir,
Nos deux cœurs, exhalant leur
tendresse paisible,
Seront deux rossignols qui chantent
dans le soir.

Sans nous préoccuper de ce que
nous destine
Le Sort, nous marcherons pourtant
du même pas,
Et la main dans la main, avec l'âme
enfantine.

De ceux qui s'aiment sans
mélange,
n'est-ce pas?

Isolated in love as in a dark
wood Our two hearts,
breathing of their peaceful
tenderness,
Will be two nightingales singing in
the evening.

Without worrying about what Fate
destines for us
We will however walk with an even
pace,
and hand in hand, with the childlike
soul.

Of those who love one another with
spite,
is it not so?

Sei Ariette - Bellini

Malincolina, Ninfa Gentile

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;
m'udirò alfine, pago io vivrò,
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Vanne, o rosa fortunata

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
a posar di Nice in petto
ed ognuno sarà costretto
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
transformarmi un sol momento;
non avria più bel contento
questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
bella rosa impallidita,
la tua fronte scolorita

Melancholy, gentle nymph

Melancholy, gentle nymph,
I devote my life to you.
One who despises your pleasures
Is not born to true pleasures.

I asked the gods for fountains and
hills;
They heard me at last; I will live
satisfied
Even though, with my desires,
I never go beyond that fountain
and that mountain.

Go, fortunate rose

Go, fortunate rose,
to rest at Nice's breast
and all will be forced
to envy your fate.

Oh, if I could change myself into
you,
but for a moment,
my heart would long
for no greater happiness.

But you bow your head with spite,
fair faded rose,
your brow loses all colour

dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte;
là trovar dobbiam la morte,
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

Almen se non poss'io

Almen se non poss'io
seguir l'amato bene,
affetti del cor mio,
seguitelo per me.

Già sempre a lui vicino
raccolti amor vi tiene
e insolito cammino
questo per voi non è.

Per pietà, bell'idol mio

Per pietà, bell'idol mio,
non mi dir ch'io sono ingrato;
infelice e sventurato
abbastanza il Ciel mi fa.

Se fedele a te son io,
se mi struggo ai tuoi bei lumi,

sallo amor, lo sanno i Numi
il mio core, il tuo lo sa.

from disdain and pain.

Lovely rose, it is destined,
that we meet the same fate:
we shall both meet death there,
you from envy and I of love.

At least, if I am not able

At least, if I am not able
to follow my beloved,
you affections of my heart,
go with him for me.

Already near him always,
Love keeps you gathered,
and the path to him
is not an unfamiliar one for you.

For pity's sake

For pity's sake, my beautiful idol
do not tell me that I am ungrateful;
unhappy and unfortunate
enough has heaven made me.

That I am faithful to you,
that I languish under your bright
gaze,

Love knows, the gods know,
my heart knows, and yours knows.