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Senior Recital: Timothy Powers, tenor

Timothy Powers

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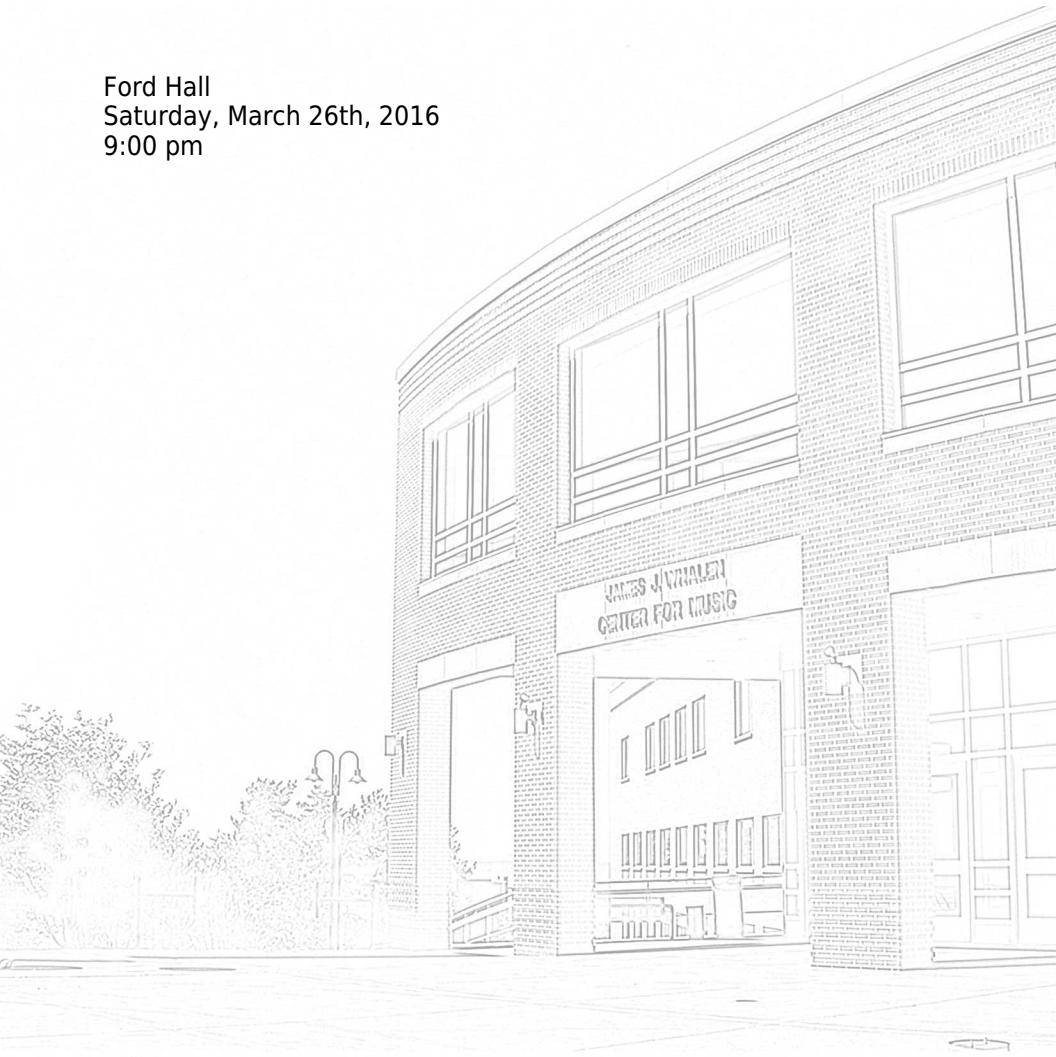
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Senior Recital:
Timothy Powers, tenor

Jonathen Vogtle, piano
Kimberly Dyckman, soprano
Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano

Ford Hall
Saturday, March 26th, 2016
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- 5 Mélodies Charles Koechlin
(1867-1950)
1. Promenade galante
Kimberly Dyckman, soprano
Ariana Warren, mezzo-soprano
 2. Moisson prochaine
 3. Chanson d'amour
 4. Menuet
 5. Si tu le veux

Fan Favorites from the 24 Greatest Hits:

- Pietà Signore Anonymous
Se tu m'ami Alessandro Parisotti
(1853-1913)
- O cessate di piagarmi Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)
- O del mio dolce ardor Christoph Gluck
(1714-1787)
- Vittoria, mio core Giacomo Carissimi
(1605-1674)

Intermission

- Ah! Rammenta, o bella Irene Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

- Goethelieder* (Selections) Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)
- Heidenröslein
An die Entfernte
Willkommen und Abschied

- Ludlow and Teme* (Selections) Ivor Gurney
(1890-1937)
- I. When smoke stood up from Ludlow
 - III. 'Tis time, I think, by Wenlock town
 - IV. Ludlow fair
 - V. On the idle hill of summer
 - VI. When I was one-and-twenty
 - VII. The Lent Lily

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance.
Timothy Powers is from the studio of Marc Webster.

Translations

5 Mélodies

Promenade galante

Dans le parc au noble dessin
Où s'égarèrent les Cydalises
Parmi les fontaines surprises
Dans le marbre du clair bassin,

Iris, que suit un jeune essaim,

Philis, Eglé, nymphes éprises,
Avec leurs plumes indécises,
En manteau court, montrant
leur sein,

Lycaste, Myrtil et Sylvandre
Vont parmi la verdure tendre

Vers les grands feuillages
dormants.

Ils errent dans le matin blême,
Tous vêtus de satin, charmants
Et tristes comme l'Amour
même.

Moisson prochaine

O vierge!
ta beauté semble un champ de
blé mûr
Dont le vent fait rouler les
vagues inquiètes!
Parmi les brins serrés, passant
leurs folles têtes,
Brillent le pavot rouge et le
bluet d'azur;

Au zénith éclatant pas un nuage
obscur;
L'aube seule aux épis suspend
ses gouttelettes;

Gallant Promenade

In the park of noble design,
Where the Cydalises wander
Amid the surprised fountains
In the stone bed of the clear
pond,

Iris, whom a young swarm
follows,
Philis, Eglé, infatuated nymphs,
With their indecisive feathers,
In short coats, showing their
breasts,

Lycaste, Myrtil and Sylvandre
Come amid the tender greenery

Toward the tall sleeping foliage.

They wander in the pale
morning,
All dressed in satin, charming
And sad like Love himself.

Near Harvest

Oh virgin!
your beauty is like a field of ripe
wheat
In which the wind makes vague
worries roll!
Amid the dense strands,
between their full heads,
Shine the red poppy and the
azure blueberry;

In the bright sky, not a dark
cloud;
The dawn alone hangs its
droplets in the ears;

Mille désirs charmants, comme
des alouettes,
Volent par les sillons et
poussent leur cri pur.

Vierge!
voici le temps qu'on va lier les
gerbes;
Bientôt retentiront les chansons
dans les herbes,
Et les rondes, le soir, sous les
cieux étoilés,

Car, sur ses larges reins
attachant sa ceinture,
Demain, le moissonneur à la
brune figure
Va promener sa faux dans
l'épaisseur des blés.

Chanson d'amour

Allez au pays de Chine,
Et sur ma table apportez
Le papier de toile fine
Plein de reflets argentés!

Pour encre et pour écritoire,
Allez prendre à l'Alhambra
Le sang d'une mûre noire
Et l'écorce d'un cédrat!

Au fond des vertes savanes
Ou l'oiseau pousse son cri,
Ramassez dans les lianes
La plume d'un colibri!

Puis, pour sécher l'écriture,
Par les près et par les sillons

Recueillez la poudre pure
Qui tombe des papillons!

Alors, de ma main fidèle
Peut-être, oserai-je, un jour,

A thousand charming desires
like larks,
Fly by the furrows and sound
their pure cry.

Oh virgin!
Now is the time to go binding
the sheaves;
Soon songs will ring out in the
grasses,
And rounds, in the evening,
under the starry sky,

For, tying his belt on his broad
back,
Tomorrow, the harvester with
his brown face
Will go to carry his scythe in the
thickness of the wheat.

Song of Love

Come to the land of China,
And to my table bring
The fine cloth paper
Full of silvery gleams!

For ink and for writing case,
Come take from the Alhambra
The blood of a blackberry
And the peel of a citron!

At the bottom of the green
savannahs
Where the bird gives his cry,
Gather in the creepers
The feather of a hummingbird!

Then, to dry the writing,
By the meadows and by the
furrows

Collect the pure dust
That falls from the butterflies!

Then, by my faithful hand
Perhaps I will dare, one day,

Tracer le doux nom de celle
Qui me fait languir d'amour.

Menuet

La tristesse des menuets
Fait chanter mes désirs muets
Et je pleure, d'entendre frémir
cette voix
Qui vient de si loin, d'autrefois,
Et qui pleure.

Chansons frêles du clavecin,
Notes grêles, fuyant essaim
Qui s'efface,
Vous êtes un pastel d'antan
Qui s'anime, rit un instant,
Et s'efface

Ô chants troublés de pleurs
secrets,
Chagrins qui s'ignorent, les
vrais,
Sanglots que l'on cache, au
départ
Et qui n'osent s'avouer, par
orgueil tendre.

Ah! comme vous broyez les
cœurs
De vos airs charmants et
moqueurs
Et si tristes!
Menuets à peine entendus,
Sanglots légers, rires fondus,
Baisers tristes...

Si tu le veux

Si tu le veux, ô mon amour,

To trace the sweet name of the
one
Who makes me languish with
love.

Minuet

The sadness of minuets
Makes my mute desires sing,
And I cry to hear this voice
tremble
Which comes from so far, from
long ago,
And which cries.

Frail songs of the harpsichord,
Thin notes, fleeing swarm
Which dissolves,
You are a painting of the past
That comes to life, laughs for a
moment,
Then dissolves!

Oh troubled songs of secret
tears,
Sorrows that one knows not,
truths,
Sobs that one hides at the start
And which dare not confess
themselves, by tender pride,

Ah! how you crush hearts
With your airs charming and
mocking
And so sad,
Minuets barely heard,
Weak sobs, melted laughter,
Sad kisses...

If you would like

If you like, oh my love,

Ce soir dès que la fin du jour
sera venue,
Quand les étoiles surgiront,
Et mettront des clous d'or au
fond bleu de la nue,

Nous partirons seuls tous les
deux
Dans la nuit brune en
amoureux,
Sans qu'on nous voie,
Et tendrement je te dirai
Un chant d'amour où je mettrai
Toute ma joie.

Mais quand tu rentreras chez
toi,
Si l'on te demande pourquoi,
mignonne fée,
Tes cheveux sont plus fous
qu'avant,
Tu répondras que seul le vent
t'a décoiffée,

Si tu le veux, ô mon amour.

This evening, when the end of
day has come,
When the stars surge out
And place golden nails in the
blue firmament of the sky

We will go out, just us two,
Amorously into the dark night,
Without being seen,
And tenderly I will give you
A song of love, where I will
place
All of my joy!

But, when you return home,
If anyone asks you why, little
fairy,
Your hair is more mussed than
before,
You can say that only the wind
has mussed it,

If you like, oh my love.

Selections from 24 Italian Art Songs and Arias

Pietà Signore

Pietà, Signore, di me dolente!
Signor, pietà,

se a te giunge il mio pregar;
non mi punisca il tuo rigor,

meno severi, clementi ognora,
volgi i tuoi sguardi sopra di me.

Non fia mai che nell'inferno
sia dannato nel fuoco eterno dal
tuo rigor.

Gran Dio, giammai,

Have Mercy, Lord

Have mercy, Lord, on me in my
remorse!
Lord, have mercy

if my prayer rises to you;
do not chastise me in your
severity,
less harshly, always mercifully,
look down on me.

Never let me be condemned
Into hell in the eternal fire by
your severity.

Almighty God, never

sia dannato nel fuoco eterno dal
tuo rigor.

let me be condemned to hell in
the eternal fire by your
severity,

O cessate di piagarmi

Oh Cease to Wound Me

O cessate di piagarmi, o
lasciatemi morir!
Luc'ingrate, dispietate,
Più del gelo e più de' marmi
fredde e sorde a' miei martir.

O cease to wound, or let me
die!
Eyes ungrateful, pitiless,
More like ice, and more like
marble
cold and dead to my death

O del mio dolce ardor

Oh my Sweet Ardor

O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.

Oh, desired object
Of my sweet ardor,
The air which you breathe,
At last I breathe.

O ovunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;

Wherever I turn my glance
Your lovely features
Paint love for me:
My thoughts imagine
The most happy hopes,

E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te,
Spero e sospiro.

And in the longing which
Fills my bosom
I seek you, I call you,
I hope, and I sigh.

Vittoria, mio core!

Victorious is my Heart

Vittoria, mio core!
Non lagrimar più,
È sciolta d'Amore
La vil servitù.

Victorious my heart and soul.
No crying and woe
No more to be living
in bondage for love.

Già l'empia a' tuoi danni
Fra stuolo di sguardi,
Con vezzi bugiardi
Dispose gl'inganni;

Deception was high then
in smiles and sly glances
Such troubles unwanted
from lovers so charmingly cruel.

Le frode, gli affanni

The lies, the anxieties

Non hanno più loco,
Del crudo suo foco
È spento l'ardore!

They have no more a place
From cruelty the passion
of her fire is spent.

Da luci ridenti
Non esce più strale,
Che piaga mortale

No hurtful dark laughter
in sarcastic wounding
No vengeful and hateful hard
hearts

Nel petto m'avventi:

sadly breaking me down

Nel duol, ne' tormenti
lo più non mi sfaccio

My grief and my suffering
Are far now from heart and
mind.

È rotto ogni laccio,
Sparito il timore!

All chains, old and rusty,
of bondage, are broken and
gone.

Ah! Rammenta! o, bella Irene

Ah! rammenta, o bella Irene,
Che giurasti a me costanza.

Ah! remember, lovely Irene,
That you have sworn to be
faithful to me.

Ah ritorna, amato bene,
Ah ritorna al primo amor,

Ah! return, my love,
Ah! return to your first love,

Qual conforto,
oh! Dio, m'avanza,
Chi sarà la mia speranza?
Per chi viver più degg'io,

What comfort,
oh! God, is left for me,
What hope shall I have?
For whom do I have to stay
alive,

Se più mio non è quel cor?

If that heart is no longer mine?

Goethelieder

Heidenröslein

Little Rose Blossom

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.

Passing lad a rose blossom
spied,
Blossom on the heath growing,
'Twas so fair and of youthful
pride,
Raced he fast to be near its
side,
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,

Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!

Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,

Daß du ewig denkst an mich,

Und ich will's nicht leiden.

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,

Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;

Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und
Ach,

Mußt es eben leiden.

Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,

Röslein auf der Heiden.

An die Entfernte

So hab ich wirklich dich
verloren?

Bist du, o Schöne, mir entflohn?

Noch klingt in den gewohnten
Ohren

Ein jedes Wort, ein jeder Ton.

So wie des Wandrers Blick am
Morgen

Vergebens in die Lüfte dringt,

Wenn, in dem blauen Raum
verborgen,

Hoch über ihm die Lerche singt:

Blossom, blossom, blossom red,

Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,
Blossom on the heath growing!

Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick
thee,

That thou shalt ever think of
me,

And I'll not be allowing.

Blossom, blossom, blossom red,

Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick
The blossom on the heath
growing;

Blossom, in defense, did prick,
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,

Had to be allowing.

Blossom, blossom, blossom red,

Blossom on the heath growing.

To the Distant Beloved

So have I truly lost you?

Have you, o fair one, fled from
me?

Yet still I can hear in my
accustomed ears

Every word, every tone of your
voice.

Just as the wanderer's gaze in
the morning

Searchingly pierces the heavens
in vain

When, concealed in the blue
expanse

High above, the lark sings to
him:

So dringet ängstlich hin und
wieder
Durch Feld und Busch und Wald
mein Blick;
Dich rufen alle meine Lieder;
O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück.

Willkommen und Abschied

Es schlug mein Herz,
geschwind zu Pferde!
Es war getan fast eh' gedacht;
Der Abend wiegte schon die
Erde,
Und an den Bergen hing die
Nacht:
Schon stand im Nebelkleid die
Eiche,
Ein aufgetürmter Riese, da,
Wo Finsternis aus dem
Gesträuche
Mit hundert schwarzen Augen
sah!

Der Mond von einem
Wolkenhügel
Sah kläglich aus dem Duft
hervor,
Die Winde schwangen leise
Flügel,
Umsausten schauerlich mein
Ohr;
Die Nacht schuf tausend
Ungeheuer;
Doch frisch und fröhlich war
mein Mut:
In meinen Adern welches Feuer!

In meinem Herzen welche Glut!

Dich sah ich und die milde
Freude
Floß von dem süßen Blick auf
mich,
Ganz war mein Herz an deiner

So does my gaze anxiously
search here and there,
Through field and bush and
forest,
Singing to you through all my
songs,
O come, my darling, back to
me!

Welcome and Parting

My heart pounded,
quick! to the horse!
It was done before I could think;
evening was already cradling
the earth
and night hung upon the
mountains:
already the oak stood clothed in
mist,
a towering giant there,
where darkness from the
bushes peered
with a hundred dark eyes!

The moon from a hill of cloud
looked pitifully down through
the haze,
the wind stirred with gentle
wings
murmuring eerily into my ear;
night created a thousand
horrors;
but fresh and cheery was my
mood:
in my veins, what fire!

in my heart, what passion!

You I saw and gentle joy
flowed from your sweet gaze to
mine,
my heart was entirely at your

Seite,
Und jeder Atemzug für dich.
Ein rosenfarbnes
Frühlingswetter
Umgab das liebliche Gesicht,
Und Zärtlichkeit für mich
Ihr Götter!
Ich hofft' es,
ich verdient' es nicht!

Doch ach! schon mit der
Morgensonne
Verengt der Abschied mir das
Herz:
In deinen Küssen, welche
Wonne!
In deinem Auge, welcher
Schmerz!
Ich ging, du standst und sahst
zur Erden,
Und sahst mir nach mit nassem
Blick:
Und doch, welch Glück geliebt
zu werden!
Und lieben, Götter, welch ein
Glück!

side,
and every breath was for you.
Rose-colored spring

surrounded your lovely face,
and tenderness for me
oh you Gods!
I had hoped for this,
but I do not deserve it!

But alas, already with the
morning sun,
parting strangles my heart:

in your kisses, what bliss!
in your eyes, what pain!

I left, and you stood and looked
down at the ground,
and then gazed after me with
wet eyes:
and yet, what happiness to be
loved!
And to love, Gods, what good
fortune!