

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

2-19-2012

Elective Recital: Timothy Eyring, tenor

Timothy Eyring

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

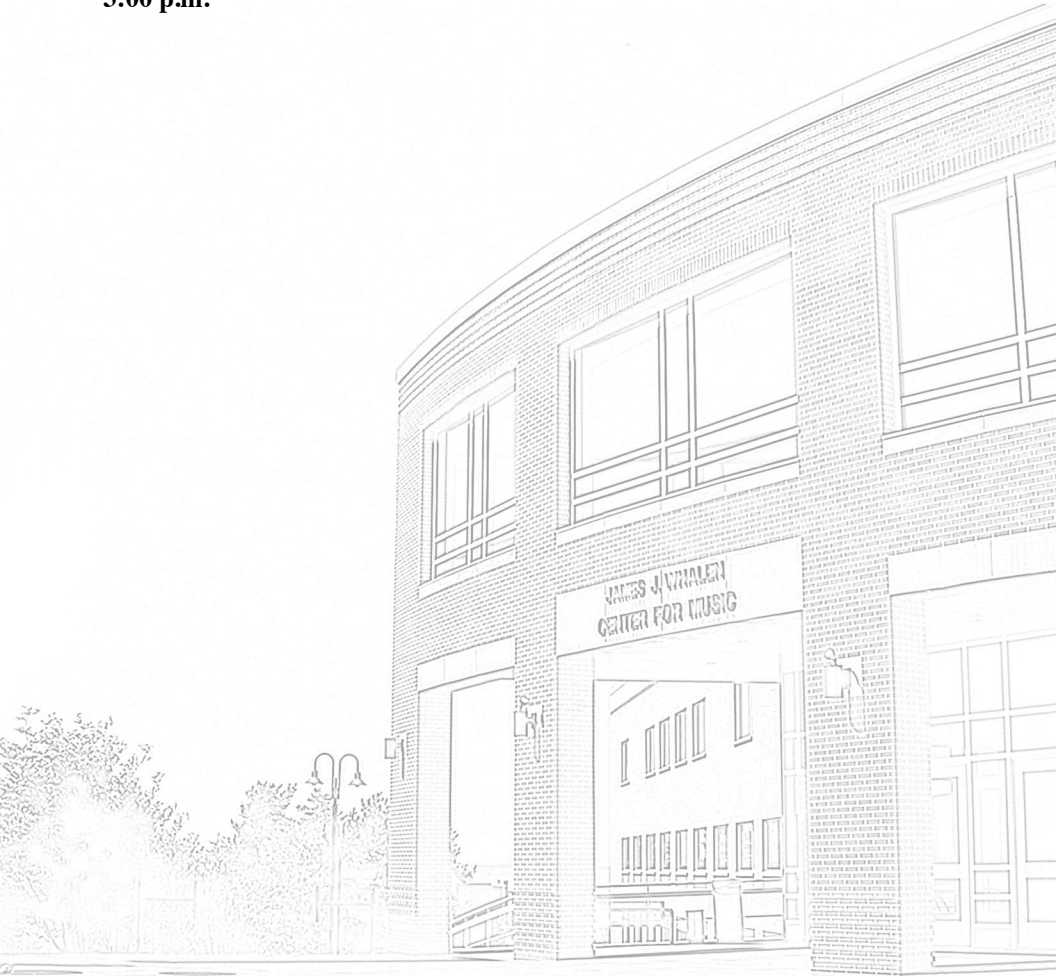
Eyring, Timothy, "Elective Recital: Timothy Eyring, tenor" (2012). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 541.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/541

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

**Elective Recital:
Timothy Eyring, tenor**

Elizabeth Leger, piano

**Nabenhauer Recital Room
Sunday, February 19, 2012
3:00 p.m.**



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Alme perfide
from *L'Atenaide*

Antonio Vivaldi
(1678-1741)

O bei nidi d'amore
Vaghissima sembianza

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges
Der mond

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy
(1809-1847)

Vainement, ma bien-aimée
from *Le Roi d'Ye*

Édouard Lalo
(1823-1892)

Pause

Lydia
Mai

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

The Water Mill
Let Beauty Awake
Linden Lea

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Del cabello más sutil
Canto negro

Fernando Obradors
(1897-1945)
Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912-2002)

Translations

Alme Perfide

Alme Perfide insegnatemi a peccar
con più riposo

Avvelena ogni piacer un rimorso
tormentoso

O bei nidi d'amore

O bei nidi d'amore,
occhi a me sì cari,
che di vostro favore non mi foste
avari,
or che privo son io
di quel vostro sorriso,
di quel mio Paradiso,
senza più alcun desio
vedo i giorni miei fuggire,
e in sì cruda mia sorte

ogni giorno ho più morte
e non posso ancor...non posso morir!

Non ha raggi più il sole,
stelle il firmamento,
non ha il prato viole,
nè sospiri ha il vento, or che,
a crescer l'ambascia del perduto mio
bene,
che sì affranto mi tiene,
persin quella mi lascia,
onde almen nutrivò il core,
pietosa speranza che anche al misero
avanza
perchè gli sia men crudo il dolor!

Least Treacherous

At least your treachery has taught me
to sin with more repose.

Each delight is poisoned with a
regret tormenting.

Oh beautiful nests of love

Oh beautiful nests of love,
Eyes so dear to me,
That were not miserly to me with
your good-will,
Now that I am deprived
Of that smile of yours,
Of that paradise of mine,

Without any more desire
I see my days fly by, And in my fate
so cruel
Every day I have more death
And yet I cannot... I cannot die!

No longer has the sun rays,
The firmament stars,
The field does not have violets,
Nor has the wind sighs, now that,
to increase the pain of my lost
blessing,
Which keeps me so crushed,
Even that leaves me,
With which at least I fed my heart,
The merciful hope which comes even
to the wretched,
So that his sorrow will be less cruel
to him!

Vaghissima sembianza

Vaghissima sembianza d'antica
donna amata,
chi, dunque, v'ha ritratta contanta
simiglianza
ch'io guardo, e parlo, e credo d'avervi
a me
davanti come ai bei dì d'amor?

La cara rimembranza che in cor mi
s'è destata
si ardente v'ha già fatta rinascere la
speranza,
che un bacio, un voto, un grido
d'amore
più non chiedo che a lei che muta è
ognor.

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort;

Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen
empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazellen,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heiligen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,

Very charming image

Very charming image of a woman
formerly loved,
who, then, has portrayed you with so
much similarity
that I look, and I speak, and I believe
to have you
before me as in the beautiful days of
love?

The dear remembrance which has
been awakened
in my heart so ardently has revived
my hopes,
so that a kiss, a vow, a cry of love?

more I do not ask of her who is silent
forever.

On wings of song

On wings of song,
my love, I'll carry you away
to the fields of the Ganges
Where I know the most beautiful
place.

There lies a red-flowering garden,
in the serene moonlight,
the lotus-flowers await
Their beloved sister.

The violets giggle and cherish,
and look up at the stars,

The roses tell each other secretly
Their fragrant fairy-tales.

The gentle, bright gazelles,
pass and listen;
and in the distance murmurs
The waves of the holy stream.

There we will lay down,
under the palm-tree,

Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

Der mond

Mein Herz ist wie die dunkle Nacht,
Wenn alle Wipfel rauschen;
Da steigt der Mond in voller Pracht

Aus Wolken sacht,
Und sieh, der Wald verstummt in
tiefem Lauschen.

Der Mond, der lichte Mond bist du:
Aus deiner Liebesfülle
Wirf einen, einen Blick mir zu
Voll Himmelsruh',
Und sieh, dies ungestüme Herz wird
stille.

Vainement, ma bien-aimée

Puisqu'on ne peut fléchir
ces jalouses gardiennes,
ah, laissez-moi conter
mes peines et mon émoi!

Vainement, ma bien-aimée,
on croit me désespérer;

près de ta porte fermée
je veux encor demeurer!
Les soleil pourront s'éteindre,
les nuit remplacer les jours,
sans t'accuser et sans me plendre.

Là je resterai, toujours!

Je le sais, ton âme est douce,
et l'heure bientôt viendra
où la main qui me repousse
vers la mienne se tendra!
Ne sois pas trop tardive
à te laisser attendrir!
Si Rozenn bientôt n'arrive,
je vais, hélas, mourir!

and drink of love and peacefulness
And dream our blessed dream.

The Moon

My heart is like the dark night,
when all the treetops rustle;
There rises the moon in full
splendour
from among clouds softly,
and behold, the forest grows silent in
deep listening.

The moon, the bright moon are you:
In your abundance of love
cast a glance to me
full of heavenly peace,
and behold, this unquiet heart
becomes still.

In vain, my love

Since one can not move
those jealous guards,
ah, let me tell
my sorrows and my emotion!

In vain, my love,
they believe they are making me
desperate;
around your closed door
I still wish to stay!
The suns will set,
the nights replace the days,
before I accuse you and before I
complain
I will remain, always!

I know your soul is sweet,
and the hour will soon come
when the hand that rejects me
will reach out toward mine!
Do not be too late
in softening!
If Rozenn is not here soon,
I will surely die!

Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,

Roule étincelant
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.
Laisse tes baisers de colombe

Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
Une odeur divine en ton sein;
Les délices comme un essaim
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

Mai

Puis-que Mai tout en fleurs dans les
prés nous réclame.

Viens, ne te lasse pas de mêler à ton
âme

La campagne, les bois, les ombrages
charmants,

Les larges clairs de lune au bord des
flots dormants:

Le sentier qui finit où le chemin
commence.

Et l'air, et le printemps et l'horizon
immense.

L'horizon que ce monde attache
humble et joyeux,

Comme une lèvre au bas de la robe
des cieux.

Viens, et que le regard des pudiques
étoiles,

Lydia

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,
And on your neck, so fresh and
white,
Flow sparklingly
The fluid golden tresses which you
loosen.

This shining day is the best of all;
Let us forget the eternal grave,
Let your kisses, your kisses of a
dove,
Sing on your blossoming lips.

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly
A divine fragrance on your breast;
Numberless delights
Emanate from you, young goddess,

I love you and die, oh my love;
Kisses have carried away my soul!
Oh Lydia, give me back life,
That I may die, forever die!

May

Now May with burgeoning flowery
meadows beckons us.

Come, do not fail to refresh your
soul with

the countryside, the woods, the shady
bowers,

the wide moonlight nights beside the
dormant waters:

The path that ends where the road
begins.

And the air, and the Spring and the
immense horizon.

The horizon where this world joins
humbly and joyously

like a hem at the bottom of heaven's
robe.

Come, see the gaze of the chaste
stars,

Qui tombe sur la terre à travers tant
de voiles.
Que l'arbre pénétré de parfum et de
chants.
Que le souffle embrasé de midi dans
les champs;
Et l'ombre et le soleil, et l'onde, et la
verdure,
Et le rayonnement de toute la nature,
Fassent épanouir, comme une double
fleur,
La beauté sur ton front et l'amour
dans ton coeur!

Del cabello más sutil

Del cabello más sutil
Que tienes en tu trenzado

He de hacer una cadena
Para traerte a mi lado.
Una alcarraza en tu casa,
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,
Para besarte en la boca,
Cuando fueras a beber.

Canto negro

¡Yambamó, yambambé!
Repica el congo solongo,
repica el negro bien negro.

¡Aoé!
Congo solongo del songo baila
yambó sobre un pié.
¡Yambambó, yambambé!

Mamatomba serembé cusemrembá,
el negro canta y se ajuma.
Mamatomba serembé cusemrembá,
el negro se ajuma y canta.

that fall upon the ground through
many veils.
and the tree permeated with scents
and sounds,
that the wind garnered at midday in
the fields;
and the shadow, the sunlight, the
waves, the verdure,
and the influence of nature,
do flourish like a double flower,
the beauty of your face and the love
in your heart!

Of the hair most delicate

Of the hair most delicate
which you have in you braid, I would
make a chain
so that I may bring you to my side.

A jug in your home,
little one, I would like to be
so that I may kiss you
each time you take a drink.

Black song

Yambambo, yambambe!
Rings out the Congo solongo
Rings out the rhythm of the coal
black man.

Aoe!
Congo solongo from Songo dances
the yambo on one leg.
Yambambo, Yambambe!

Mamatomba serembe cuseremba,
The black man sings and gets drunk.
Mamatomba serembe cuseremba,
The black man gets drunk and sings.

Acuememe serembó aé,
yambambó aé, yambambé, aó.

tamba del negro que tumba,

tamba del negro, caramba,
caramba, que el negro tumba,
¡yambá, yambó! Yambambé
¡Baila yambo sobre un pié!

A cuememe serembo ae,
The black man sings and goes.
Yambambo ae, yambambe ao.

Tamba taps the black man who
tumbles

The black man tumbles, caramba,

Yamba, yambo! Yambambe!
He dances the yambo on one leg

Upcoming Events

February

- 21 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Eufonix Quartet
- 23 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Mia Hynes, piano
- 24 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mia Hynes, piano masterclass
- 24 - Ford - 8:15pm - Black History Month Concert
- 27 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres III
- 28 - Ford - 8:15pm - Symphonic Band
- 29 - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band

March

- 2 - Hockett - 3:00pm - Mary Hayes North Competition for Senior Piano Majors
- 2 - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensembles
- 4 - Ford - 4:00pm - Symphony Orchestra
- 4 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Patrice Pastore, soprano; Diane Birr, piano
- 5 - Ford - 8:15pm - Jazz Ensemble
- 6 - Nabenhauer - 4:00pm - Masterclass: Joe Alessi, trombone
- 6 - Hockett - 7:00pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, masterclass
- 6 - Ford - 8:15pm - Brass Choir/Women's Chorale
- 7 - Ford - 8:15pm - Louis K. Thaler Concert Violinist Series: Brian Lewis, violin