



MPP CERTIFICATE RECITAL | SPRING 2024

Thursday, May 9th, 2024, 8:00PM

Taplin Auditorium

Tim Manley '24

Bass-Baritone

Senior Recital

Voice Teacher: Kevin Deas

Featuring:

Akiko Hosaki - Piano

The use of photographic, video, or audio equipment is strictly prohibited. Please turn off or mute electronic devices for the duration of the performance.

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PROGRAM

DOWLAND

The First Booke of Songes or Ayres

1. My Thoughts Are Wing'd With Hopes
2. If My Complaints Could Passions Move
3. Now, O Now I Needs Must Part
4. Come Again: Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

PURCELL

Arise, Ye Subterranean Winds

SCHUBERT

Schwanengesang

4. Ständchen
5. Aufenthalt

Prometheus

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY None but the Lonely Heart

**VAUGHAN
WILLIAMS** The House of Life
 2.Silent Noon
 3.Love's Minstrels

BACH St. Matthew Passion
 64.Am Abend, da es kühle war (Recitative)
 65.Mache dich, mein Herze, rein (Aria)

PROGRAM NOTES

By Tim Manley

Published in 1597 in London, Dowland's **First Booke of Songes or Ayres** was originally composed for soloist and lute. The lyrics are all anonymous, with the exception of *My Thoughts Are Wing'd With Hopes*, which has words ascribed to George, Earl of Cumberland (1558-1605). The selected songs are all melancholy love songs, typical of Dowland's style.

Arise, Ye Subterranean Winds is an aria from the musical setting of the play *The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island*. This play is a comedic adaptation by John Dryden and William D'Avenant of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. The source of the music had always been attributed to Henry Purcell, but more recently this has been cast into doubt and it is thought that perhaps Purcell's student, John Weldon, actually composed most of it. The aria is strongly influenced by the da capo arias that were popular in Italy at the time, and makes extensive use of word painting, for example the upward leaps given to the word "arise".

Prometheus was composed by Franz Schubert in 1819, and is set to a poem by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe with the same name. The song is a dramatic, accusatory rant to the gods from Prometheus: a Titan and god of fire in Greek mythology, known for defying the gods by stealing fire from them and giving humanity science and technology.

The song cycle **Schwanengesang** was one of Schubert's last compositions, written in 1828. The title means "Swan Song", and was coined by Schubert's publisher, likely as a marketing tactic. *Ständchen* (serenade) and *Aufenthalt* (dwelling place), both have text set by Ludwig Rellstab.

None but the Lonely Heart, much like *Prometheus*, uses text written by the influential German writer Goethe. Tchaikovsky's melancholic composition, set to the Russian translation of the text, is the last in a cycle of six "romances" written for voice and piano in 1869, and it was premiered in Moscow in 1870.

The House of Life was composed by Vaughan Williams in 1903. From the same time as the well known “Songs of Travel”, *The House of Life* is a collection of six sonnets by the English writer Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The sonnets are all based on the theme of love, and combine natural metaphors with hopeful imagery to project a pure and positive image.

Bach’s **St. Matthew Passion** is an oratorio setting of the gospel of St. Matthew. It is a truly momentous composition, clocking in at about three hours of incredible music. The recitative *Am Abend, da es kühle war* and its aria *Mache dich, mein Herze, rein* (purify yourself, my heart) are the last, and perhaps most profound, recit/aria pair of the whole work. At this point in the story, Joseph of Arimathea has collected Jesus’ body from Pilate and is about to bury it in the tomb, laying him to rest while asking his heart to be made pure.

LYRICS

John Dowland (1563-1626)

1. My Thoughts Are Wing'd With Hopes

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my
hopes with love.
Mount, Love, unto the moon in clearest
night.
And say, as she doth in the heavens
move,
In earth so wanes and waxeth my
delight.
And whisper this but softly in her ears,
Hope oft doth hang the head and Trust
shed tears.

If she for this with clouds do mask her
eyes,
And make the heavens dark with her
d disdain,
With windy sighs disperse them in the
skies,
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain,
Thoughts, hopes and love, return to me
no more
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done
before

2. If My Complaints Could Passions Move

If my complaints could passions move,
Or make Love see wherein I suffer
wrong:
My passions were enough to prove,
That my despairs had govern'd me too
long.
O Love, I live and die in thee,
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,
My heart for thy unkindness breaks:
Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope
in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still
complain.

Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
Is Love my judge, and yet am I
condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a god, and yet thy pow'r
contemn'd.
That I do live, it is thy pow'r:
That I desire it is thy worth:
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,
Let me not love, nor live henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here despair, which truly saith,
I was more true to Love than Love to
me.

3. Now, O Now I Needs Must Part

Now, O now I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart,
Joy once fled cannot return.

While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove
Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she that then offends.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) Arise, Ye Subterranean Winds

Arise, arise, ye subterranean winds,
More to distract their guilty minds.
Arise, ye winds whose rapid force can
make
All but the fix'd and solid centre shake ;
Come drive these wretches to that part
o' th' Isle
Where Nature never yet did smile.
Come fogs and damps, whirlwinds and
earthquakes there,
There let them howl and languish in
despair
Rise and obey the pow'rful prince o' th'
air.

4. Come Again: Sweet Love Doth Now Invite

Come again:
Sweet love doth now invite,
Thy graces that refrain,
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again
That I may cease to mourn,
Through thy unkind disdain:
For now left and forlorn,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
In deadly pain and endless misery.

Gentle Love,
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are
thy shafts,
Did tempt while she for mighty triumph
laughs.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Slender treetops whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.

They understand the heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!

Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Aufenthalt

Rauschender Strom, brausender Wald,
Starrender Fels mein Aufenthalt.
Wie sich die Welle an Welle reiht,
Fliesen die Tränen mir ewig erneut.

Surging river, roaring forest,
immovable rock, my resting place.
As wave follows wave,
so my tears flow, ever renewed.

Hoch in den Kronen wogend sich's regt,
So unaufhörlich mein Herze schlägt.
Und wie des Felsen uraltes Erz
Ewig derselbe bleibt mein Schmerz.

As the high treetops stir and heave,
so my heart beats incessantly.
Like the rock's age-old ore
my sorrow remains forever the same.

Prometheus

Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst,
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn;
Musst mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn,
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meinen Herd,
Um dessen Glut
Du mich beneidest.

Cover your heaven, Zeus,
With cloudy vapours,
And test your strength, like a boy
Beheading thistles,
On oaks and mountain peaks;
Yet you must leave
My earth alone,
And my hut you did not build,
And my hearth,
Whose fire
You envy me.

Ich kenne nichts Ärmeres
Unter der Sonn' als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät,
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.

I know nothing more paltry
Beneath the sun than you, gods!
Meagrely you nourish
Your majesty
On levied offerings
And the breath of prayer,
And would starve, were
Not children and beggars
Optimistic fools.

Prometheus (cont.)

Da ich ein Kind war,
Nicht wusste wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz wie mein's,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Übermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet,
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Tränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne
geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herrn und deine?

Wähnstest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blüenträume reifen?

When I was a child,
Not knowing which way to turn,
I raise my misguided eyes
To the sun, as if above it there were
An ear to hear my lament,
A heart like mine,
To pity me in my anguish.

Who helped me
Withstand the Titans' insolence?
Who saved me from death
And slavery?
Did you not accomplish all this yourself,
Sacred glowing heart?
And did you not – young, innocent,
Deceived – glow with gratitude for your
deliverance
To that slumber in the skies?

I honour you? Why?
Did you ever soothe the anguish
That weighed me down?
Did you ever dry my tears
When I was terrified?
Was I not forged into manhood
By all-powerful Time
And everlasting Fate,
My masters and yours?

Did you suppose
I should hate life,
Flee into the wilderness,
Because not all
My blossoming dreams bore fruit?

Prometheus (cont.)

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde,
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu geniessen und zu freuen sich
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!

Here I sit, making men
In my own image,
A race that shall be like me,
That shall suffer, weep,
Know joy and delight,
And ignore you
As I do!

Pyotr Tchaikovsky (1840-1893) None but the Lonely Heart

Net, tol'ko tot,
kto znal svidan'ja, zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal
i kak ja strazhdu.

Gljazhu ja vdal'...
net sil, tusknejet oko...
Akh, kto menja ljubil
i znal - daleko!

Akh, tol'ko tot,
kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu,
pojnjot, kak ja stradal
i kak ja strazhdu.
Vsja grud' gorit...

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 distance – 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.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

The House of Life

2. Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh
grass, -

The finger-points look through like
rosy blooms:

Your eyes smile peace. The pasture
gleams and glooms

'Neath billowing skies that scatter and
amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can
pass,

Are golden kingcup fields with silver
edge

Where the cow-parsley skirts the
hawthorn hedge.

'Tis visible silence, still as the hour
glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the
dragon-fly

Hangs like a blue thread loosened
from the sky: -

So this winged hour is dropt to us from
above.

Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for
deathless dower,

This close-companioned inarticulate
hour

When twofold silence was the song of
love.

3. Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-
winged harp-player

Even where my lady and I lay all
alone;

Saying: 'Behold this minstrel is
unknown;

Bid him depart, for I am minstrel
here:

Only my songs are to love's dear
ones dear.'

Then said I 'Through thine hautboy's
rapturous tone

Unto my lady still this harp makes
moan,

And still she deems the cadence
deep and clear.'

Then said my lady: 'Thou art passion
of Love,

And this Love's worship: both he
plights to me.

Thy mastering music walks the sunlit
sea:

But where wan water trembles in
the grove,

And the wan moon is all the light
thereof,

This harp still makes my name its
voluntary.'

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

St. Matthew Passion

**64. Am Abend, da es kühle war
(Recitative)**

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!

The hour of evening cooling all,
How clear was Adam's sin and fall;
At eve the saviour died for man's
salvation.

At eve the dove aroused elation:
An olive-leaf they saw it bearing.
O lovely hour, beyond comparing!
And now the final peace with God is
clear,
For Jesus' death concludes it here.
His body finds its peace.
Ah, dearest spirit, never cease!
Go, secure from them this body that
is broken,
Our medicine, our memory's
precious token!

**65. Mache dich, mein Herze, rein
(Aria)**

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!

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!

ABOUT

Tim Manley is a senior at Princeton University, studying Computer Science with certificates in Music Performance and in Applied and Computational Mathematics. At Princeton he is a former Social Chair of the Glee Club, and a member of the Chamber Choir and the Vocal Consort. He is the current Music Director of the student run vocal consort Decem, and for two years was the music director of the Nassoons. Originally from the U.K., he was a chorister at the Choir of King's College Cambridge, and then head chorister at Eton College.

Dr. Akiko Hosaki frequently appears with singers, instrumentalists, and conductors in the New York metropolitan area. She has served as accompanist/basso continuo player with choirs and orchestras, such as the American Boychoir, Fuma Sacra, Princeton Pro Musica, Riverside Symphonia, and Garden State Philharmonic, has played with Princeton Symphony. Previously working with several opera companies in Japan, she regularly works with the Princeton Festival Opera, and has worked with the New Jersey State Opera, Opera North, and Opera New Jersey, Delaware Valley Opera Company, and the Castleton Festival. An active chamber musician, she has performed at the World Saxophone Congress XIII, and was the official accompanist at Tubonium2 and 3. She currently serves as the head of vocal staff accompanists and the pianist coordinator at Westminster Choir College, and Senior Choir Director/organist at Hillsborough Reformed Church at Millstone. During summer, she teaches Westminster's High School Solo Vocal Artist as the music director, and is the assistant to Dalton Baldwin at Académie internationale d'été de Nice, France, as well as at Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria. She holds degrees from Musashino Academia Musicae, Westminster Choir College, and University of Minnesota.

Kevin Deas has gained international renown as one of America's leading bass-baritones. He is perhaps most acclaimed for his signature portrayal of the title role in *Porgy and Bess*, having performed it with the New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, National Symphony, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Pacific Symphony, as well as the most illustrious orchestras on the North American continent, and at the Ravinia, Vail and Saratoga festivals. Kevin Deas' 2023-24 season includes performances of Mozart's *Requiem* with the Vermont Symphony and Mobile Symphony, Handel's *Messiah* with the North Carolina Symphony, National Cathedral, Houston Symphony, and the NAC Orchestra in Ottawa. Other notable performances in the season include a Gershwin program with Oregon Symphony and Rochester Philharmonic, Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* with the Pacific Symphony, Brahms's *German Requiem* with Long Beach Symphony Orchestra, and the role of Commendatore in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* with Boston Baroque, as well as the role of Dick Hallorann in Paul Moravec's critically acclaimed opera *The Shining* with the Opera Atlanta.
