



Presents

Piety and Passion

A Masters Joint Voice Recital

Samuel Ary, *Tenor*

Scott Rogers, *Countertenor*

With

Jameson Cooper and Aviva Hakanoglu, *Violins*

Rachel Goff and Deb Welter, *Violas*

Justin Goldsmith, *Cello*

David Stultz, *Organ*

Mona Coalter, *Piano*

Widerstehe doch der Sünde (BWV 54)

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

1. Widerstehe doch der Sünde
2. Die Art verruchter Sünden
3. Wer Sünde tut, der ist vom Teufel

Scott Rogers, *Countertenor*

Total Eclipse from *Samson*

G. F. Handel (1685-1789)

Mein alles in allem from *Jesus nahm zu sich die Zwölf* (BWV 22)

J. S. Bach

Deposuit Potentes from *Magnificat* (BWV 243)

J. S. Bach

Samuel Ary, *Tenor*

Es ist vollbracht from *St. John's Passion* (BWV 245)

J. S. Bach

Scott Rogers, *Countertenor*

Justin Goldsmith, *Cello*

Intermission

LaBar Recital Hall

Sunday, February 23, 2023, 5:00 pm

This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music degree.

Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming of live performances.

Please silence all electronic devices.

Canticle II: Abraham and Isaac

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Samuel Ary, *Tenor*
Scott Rogers, *Countertenor*

Misty

Erroll Garner (1921-1977)

Scott Rogers, *Countertenor*

A Song

Julius Penson (b. 1954)

Worth While from *Five Songs of Laurence Hope*

Henry Burleigh (1866-1949)

Samuel Ary, *Tenor*

Texts and Translations

German:

Widerstehe doch der Sünde

Text by Georg Christian Lehms

1.

Widerstehe doch der Sünde,
Sonst ergreift dich ihr Gift.
Lass dich nicht den Satan blenden;
Denn die Gottes Ehre schänden,
Trifft ein Fluch, der tödlich ist.

2.

Die Art verruchter Sünden
Ist zwar von außen wunderschön;
Allein man muss
Hernach mit Kummer und Verdruss
Viel Ungemach empfinden.
Von außen ist sie Gold;
Doch, will man weiter gehn,
So zeigt sich nur ein leerer Schatten
Und übertünchtes Grab.
Sie ist den Sodomsäpfeln gleich,
Und die sich mit derselben gatten,
Gelingen nicht in Gottes Reich.
Sie ist als wie ein scharfes Schwert,
Das uns durch Leib und Seele fährt.

3.

Wer Sünde tut, der ist vom Teufel,
Denn dieser hat sie aufgebracht.
Doch wenn man ihren schnöden Banden
Mit rechter Andacht widerstanden,
Hat sie sich gleich davon gemacht.

Mein alles in allem

Text by Anonymous

Mein alles in allem, mein ewiges Gut,
Verbeßre das Herze, verändre den Mut;
Schlag alles darnieder,
Was dieser Entsagung des Fleisches zuwider!
Doch wenn ich nun geistlich ertötet da bin,
So ziehe mich nach dir in Friede dahin!

Stand firm against sin

Translation by Francis Browne

Stand firm against sin,
Otherwise its poison seizes hold of you.
Do not let Satan blind you
For to desecrate the honor of God
Meets with a curse, which leads to death

The nature of loathsome sins
Is indeed from outside very beautiful
But you must
Afterwards with sorrow and frustration
Experience much hardship.
From outside it is gold
But if you want to look more closely
It is shown to be only an empty shadow
And whitewashed tomb.
It is like the apples of Sodom
And those who join with it
Do not reach God's kingdom.
It is like a sharp sword
That goes through our body and soul.

Who commits sins is of the devil,
For it is he who has produced them.
But if against its despicable mobs
With true devotion you stand firm,
Sin has at once fled away.

My all in all

Translation by Francis Browne

My all in all, my everlasting good,
Make better my heart, change my disposition;
Beat down everything
Which is against this denial of the flesh!
But when I am spiritually dead,
then draw me after you in peace

Deposuit Potentes

Text from Luke 1

Deposuit potentes de sede
Et exaltavit humiles

Es ist vollbracht

Text from John 18-19 and Anonymous

Es ist vollbracht!
O trost vor die gekränkten Seelen!
Die Trauernacht
Läßt nun die letzte Stunde zählen.
Der Held aus Juda siegt mit Macht
Und schließt den Kampf.
Es ist vollbracht!

English:

Total Eclipse

Libretto by Newburgh Hamilton

Total eclipse!
No sun, no moon!
Al dark amidst the blaze of noon!
Oh, glorious light! No cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd Thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me!

Abraham and Isaac

Text from the Chester Miracle Play

Abraham! My servant Abraham,
Take Isaac, thy son by name
That thou lovest the best of all,
And in sacrifice offer him to me
Upon that hill there besides thee...
Abraham, I will that so it be,
For ought that may befall.
My Lord, to Thee is mine intent
Ever to be obedient.
That son that Thou to me hast sent
Offer I will to Thee
Thy bidding done shall be.
Make thee ready, my dear darling,
For we must do a little thing.
Father, I am all ready.
This woode do on thy back it bring,
We may no longer abide.

He has put down the mighty

Translation by Francis Browne

He has put down the mighty from their seats
And raised up those who are lowly

It is finished

Translation by Francis Browne

It is finished!
What comfort for all suffering souls!
The night of sorrow
Now reaches its final hours.
The hero from Judah triumphs in his might
And brings the strife to an end.
It is finished!

A sword and fire that I will take,
For sacrifice behoves me to make;
God's bidding will I not forsake,
But ever obedient be.
Father, I am all ready
To do your bidding most meekely,
And to bear this wood full bayn am I,
As you commanded me.
Now, Isaac son, go we our way
To yonder mount if that we may.
My dear father I will essay,
I will essay to follow you full fain.
O! My heart will break in three,
To hear thy words I have pitye;
As Thou wilt, Lord, so must it be,
To Thee I will be bayn.
Lay down thy faggot, my own son dear.
All ready father, lo, it is here.
But why make you such heavy cheer?
Are you anything adread?
Ah! Dear God! That me is woe!
Father if it be your will,
Where is the beast that we shall kill?
Thereof, son, is none upon this hill.
Father, I am full sore affeared
To see you bear that drawne sword.
Isaac, son, peace, I pray thee,
Thou breakest my heart even in three.
I pray you, father, layn nothing from me,
But tell me what you think.

Ah! Isaac, I must thee kill!
Alas! Father, is that your will,
Your owne child for to spill
Upon this hilles brink?
If I have tresspassed in any degree,
With a yard you may beat me;
Put up your sword, if your will be,
For I am but a child.
O Isaac, son, to thee I say
God hath commanded me today
Sacrifice, this is no nay,
To make of thy bodye,
This is no nay.
Would God my mother were here with me!
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Praying you, Father, if it may be,
For to save my life.
Is it God's will I shall be slain?
Yea, son, it is not for to layn.
Father, seeing you muste needs do so,
Let it pass lightly and over go;
Kneeling on my knees two,
Your blessing on me spread.
My blessing, dear son, give I thee
And thy mother's with heart free;
The blessing of the Trinity,
My dear son, on thee light.
Come hither, my child, thou art so sweet,
Thou must be bound both hands and feet.
Father, do with me as you will,
I must obey, and that is skill,
Godes commandment to fulfil,
For needs to it must be.
Isaac, blessed must thou be.
Father, greet well my brethren ying,
And pray my mother of her blessing,
I come no more, no more under her wing,
Farewell for ever and aye.
Farewell, my sweete son of grace!
I pray you, father, turn down my face,
For I am sore adread.
Lord, full loth were I him to kill!
Ah, mercy, father, why tarry you so?
Jesu! On me have pity,
That I have most in mind.
Now, father, I see that I shall die:
Almighty God in majesty!

My soul I offer unto thee!
To do this deed I am sorrye.
Abraham! My servant dear, Abraham!
Lay not thy sword in no manner
On Isaac, thy dear darling.
For thou dreadest me, well wot I,
That of thy son has no mercy,
To fulfil my bidding.
Ah, Lord of Heav'n and King of bliss,
Thy bidding shall be done, iwiss!
A horned wether here I see,
Among the briars tied is he,
To Thee offered shall he be
Anon right in this place.
Sacrifice here sent me is,
And all, Lord, through Thy grace.
Such obedience grant us, O Lord!
Ever to thy most holy word.
That in the same we may accord
As this Abraham was bayn;
And then altogether shall we
That worthy king in Heaven see,
And dwell with him in great glory
Forever and ever, Amen.

Misty

Text by Johnny Burke

Look at me,
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree,
And I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud...
I can't understand,
I get misty just holding your hand.
Walk my way,
And a thousand violins begin to play,
Or it might be the sound of your hello,
That music I hear.
I get misty the moment you're near.
Can't you see that you're leading me on,
And it's just what I want you to do.
Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost?
That's why I'm following you.
On my own,
Would I wander through this wonderland alone,
Never knowing my right foot from my left,
My hat from my glove.
I'm too misty and too much in love.
Too misty, and too much in love.

A Song

Text by Paul Laurence Dunbar

Thou art the soul of a summer's day,
Thou are the breath of the rose.
But the summer is fled
And the rose is dead
Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?
Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts,
Thou art my soul's repose,
But my heart grows numb
And my soul is dumb
Where art thou, love, who knows, who knows?
Thou art the hope of my after years-
Sun for my winter snows
But the years go by
Beneath a clouded sky.
Where shall we meet, who knows, who knows?

Worth While

Text by Laurence Hope

I asked of my desolate shipwrecked soul
"Wouldst thou rather never have met
The one whom thou lovedst beyond control
And whom thou adorest yet?"
Back from the senses, the heart, the brain,
Came the answer swiftly thrown,
"What matter the price? We would pay it again,
We have had, we have loved, we have known!"

