

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

11-1-2015

Junior Recital: Victoria Trifiletti, mezzo-soprano

Victoria Trifiletti

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



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

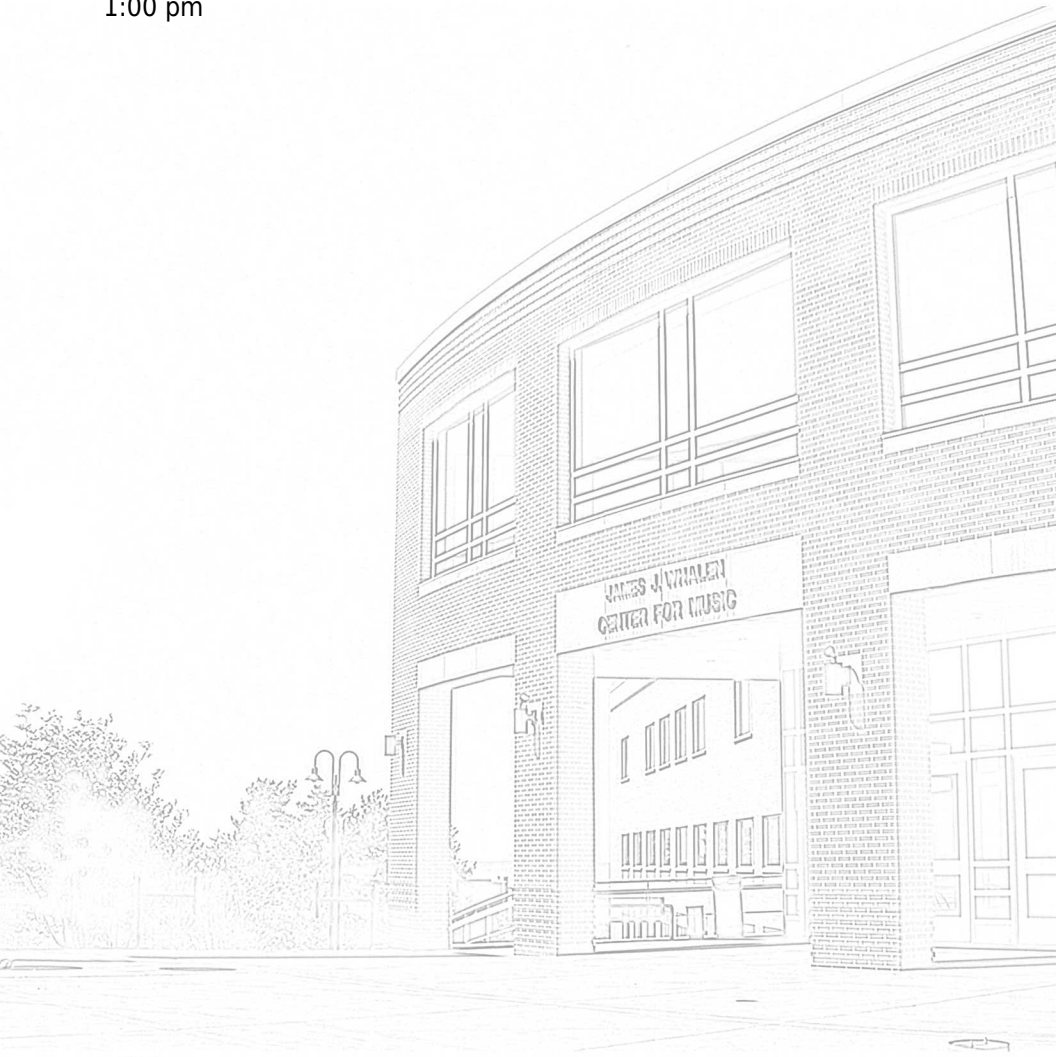
Trifiletti, Victoria, "Junior Recital: Victoria Trifiletti, mezzo-soprano" (2015). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 1323.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/1323

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.

Junior Recital:
Victoria Trifiletti, Mezzo-Soprano

Jonathan Vogtle, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Sunday, November 1st, 2015
1:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

In The Beginning Jake Heggie
(1961-)
Sta Nell'Ircana G.F. Handel
(1685-1759)

Monks and Raisins Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)
Brettli-Lieder Arnold Schoenberg
(1874-1951)
6. Galathea
7. Gigerlette
8. Langsamer Walzer

Intermission

L'Heure Exquise Reynaldo Hahn
Si mes vers avaient des ailes (1874-1947)
À Chloris

My True Love Hath My Heart Jake Heggie
(1961-)

Monk and his Cat Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)
Siete canciones populares españolas Manuel DeFalla
(1876-1946)
4. Jota
5. Nana
6. Canción
7. Polo

Translations Sta Nell'Ircana

Sta nell'Ircana pietrosa tana	In Hyridania, there lives a stony den
Tigre sdegnosa e incerta pende, se parte o attende il cacciator.	An scornful tiger, unable to decide Whether she should leave or wait for the hunter
Dal teso strale guardarsi vuole: ma poi la prole lascia in periglio. Freme e l'assale desio di sangue, pietà del figlio, poi vince amor	She wants to guard herself from the taut bow But then she would leave her offspring in danger She trembles and is seized by the desire for blood And feels pity for her son; then love triumphs

Galathea

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Wangen, Weil sie so entzückend sind.	O, how I burn with longing, Galathea, beautiful child, To kiss your cheeks, For they are so delightful.
Wonne die mir widerfahre, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Haare, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	It will be ecstasy for me Galathea, beautiful child, To kiss your hair, Because they are so enticing.
Nimmer wehr mir, bis ich ende, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Hände, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	Never deny me, until I die, Galathea, beautiful child, To kiss your hands, Because they are so enticing.
Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Knie, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	Ah, you do not suspect how I burn, Galathea, beautiful child, To kiss your knees, Because they are so enticing.

Und was tät ich nicht, du süße
Galathea, schönes Kind,
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,
Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie,
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle
küsst ihn nur die Phantasie.

And what I would not do, my
sweet one
Galathea, beautiful child,
To kiss your feet,
Because they are so enticing.

But never reveal your mouth,
maiden, to my kisses,
For in their charming fullness,
They will only be kissed in
imagination.

Gigerlette

Fräulein Gigerlette
Lud mich ein zum Tee.
Ihre Toilette war gestimmt auf
Schnee;
Ganz wie Pierrette war sie
angetan.
Selbst ein Mönch, ich wette,
Sähe Gigerlette Wohlgefällig an.

War ein rotes Zimmer,
Drin sie mich empfing,
Gelber Kerzenschimmer
In dem Raume hing.
Und sie war wie immer Leben
und Esprit.
Nie vergess ich's, nimmer:
Weinrot war das Zimmer,
Blütenweiss war sie.

Und im Trab mit Vieren
Führen wir zu zweit
In das Land spazieren,
Das heisst Heiterkeit.
Daß wir nicht verlieren
Zügel, Ziel und Lauf,
Saß bei dem Kutschieren
Mit den heissen Vieren
Amor hinten auf.

Miss Gigerlette
Invited me for tea.
Her costume was certainly
made of snow.
Just like Pierrot was she
dressed.
Even a monk, I wager,
Would look at Gigerlette with
pleasure.

It was a red room,
In which she received me,
Yellow candlelight
Hung in the room.
And she was, as always, full of
life and spirit
I will never forget it:
Wine red was the room,
blossom white was she.

And in a coach-and-four at a
trot,
We drove off together.
Strolling in the land
Called delight.
So that we would not lose rein,
Goal and race.
Up with the coachman,
With the hot four horses
Sat Cupid.

Langsamer Walzer

Seit ich so viele Weiber sah,
Schlägt mir mein Herz so warm,
Es summt und brummt mir hier
und da,
Als wie ein Bienenschwarm.
Und ist ihr Feuer meinem gleich,
Ihr Auge schön und klar,
So schlaget wie der
Hammerstreich
Mein Herzchen immerdar.
Bum, bum, bum.

Ich wünschte tausend Weiber
mir,
wenn's recht den Göttern wär;
da tanzt ich wie ein Murmeltier
in's Kreuz und in die Quer.
Das wär ein Leben auf der Welt,

da wollt' ich lustig seyn,
ich hüpfte wie ein Haas durch's
Feld,
und's Herz schlug immerdrein.
Bum, bum, bum.

Wer Weiber nicht zu schätzen
weiss;
ist weder kalt noch warm,
und liegt als wie ein Brocken
Eis
in eines Mädchens Arm.
Da bin ich schon ein andrer
Mann,
ich spring' um sie herum;
mein Herz klopf froh an ihrem
an
und machet : bum, bum bum.

Since I have seen so many
women
My heart beats so passionately
in me.
It hums and buzzes here and
there,
Just like a swarm of bees.
And if her passion is equal to
mine,
Her eyes beautiful and clear,
Like a hammer stroke beats,
My little heart, ever forth.
Boom, boom, boom.

I wish a thousand woman for
myself,
If it we acceptable to the Gods.
Then I would dance like a
marmot
All over the place.
What a life would that be,

I would be so happy then.
I would hop like a hare through
the field
And my heart would always
beat.
Boom, boom, boom.

He who does not treasure
women
Is neither cold nor warm,
And lies just like a chunk of ice
In a girl's arm.
But I am, however, quite a
different man.
I spring all about them.
My heart beats happily on theirs
And makes a boom, boom,
boom.

L'Heure Exquise

La lune blanche luit dans les

The white moon shines in the

bois;
De chaque branche part une
voix,
Sous la ramée.
Ô bien aimée!

woods;
From each branch comes a
voice,
Beneath the boughs.
Oh my beloved!

L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...
Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

The pool reflects, deeply
mirrored,
The silhouette of the black
willow,
Where the wind weeps...
Let us dream, it is the hour.

Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du
firmament
Que l'astre irise
C'est l'heure exquise!

A vast and tender calming
Seems to descend from the sky
Made iridescent by the moon.
It is the exquisite hour!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

Mes vers fuiraient, doux et
frêles,
Vers votre jardin si beau,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'oiseau.

My verses would flee, sweet and
frail
To your garden so beautiful,
If my verses had wings
Like a bird.

Ils voleraient, étincelles,
Vers votre foyer qui rit,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'esprit.

They would fly, sparkling
Towards your hearth, smiling
If my verses had wings
Like the spirited mind.

Près de vous, purs et fidèles,
Ils accourraient, nuit et jour,
Si mes vers avaient des ailes,
Comme l'amour !

Near to you, pure and faithful,
They would run night and day,
If my verses had wings
Like love!

À Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu
m'aimes,
(Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes
bien,)
Je ne crois point que les rois
mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au

If it be true, Chloris, that you
love me,
(And I understand that you love
me well,)
I do not believe that even kings
could have a happiness equal to

mien.

Que la mort serait importune

De venir changer ma fortune

A la félicité des cieux!

Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie

Ne touche point ma fantaisie

Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

mine.

How death would be so
unwelcome

If it were to exchange my
fortune

With the joy of heaven!

All they say of ambrosia

Does not touch at all my
imagination

Like the graces of your eyes.

Jota

Dicen que no nos queremos

Porque no nos ven hablar;

A tu corazón y al mío

Se lo pueden preguntar.

They say that we are not in
love,

Because they do not see us
talking.

To your heart and to mine,

They can ask.

Ya me despido de tí,
De tu casa y tu ventana,

Y aunque no quiera tu madre,

Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Now I take my leave from you,
From your house and your
window.

And even though your mother
may not like it,

Goodbye, girl, until tomorrow.

Aunque no quiera tu madre...

Even though your mother may
not like it...

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme,
Duerme, mi alma,
Duérmete, lucerito de la
mañana.

Sleep, child, sleep,
Sleep my soul,
Sleep, little bright star of the
morning.

Nanita, nana,
Nanita, nana.
Duérmete, lucerito de la
mañana.

Little lullaby, lullaby.
Little lullaby, lullaby.
Sleep, little bright start of the
morning.

Canción

Por traidores, tus ojos,
voy a enterrarlos;
No sabes lo que cuesta,

Because your eyes are traitors,
I will bury them.
You don't know what it costs.

Del aire!
Niña, el mirarlos.
Madre a la orilla!

Dicen que no me quieres,

Ya me has querido...
Váyase lo ganado,
Del aire!
Por lo perdido,
Madre a la orilla!

¡Ay!
Guardo una..
¡Guardo una pena en mi pecho,
¡Ay!
Que a nadie se la diré!

Malhaya el amor, malhaya!
¡Y quien me lo dió a entender!

¡Ay!

Have mercy!
Girl to look into your eyes,
Oh mother!

They say that you don't love me

You have already loved me.
The gains outweigh
Have mercy!
The losses,
Oh mother!

Ay!
I keep a...
I keep a pain in my chest.
Ay!
That I will not tell to anyone.

Damn love! Damn love!
And who has made me
understand it.

Ay!

Polo