

2-16-2014

## Elective Recital: Austin Savage, viola and Victoria Trifiletti, mezzo-soprano

Austin Savage

Victoria Trifiletti

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**Joint Recital:**  
Austin Savage, viola  
Victoria Trifiletti, mezzo-soprano

Siu Yan Luk  
Jonathan Vogtle

Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Sunday February 16th, 2014  
2:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music



# Program

Elegy, Op.44

Aleksander Glazunov  
(1865-1936)

Tonadillas al Estilo Antiguo  
*El Majo Timido*  
*El Tra La La y El Punteado*  
*El Majo Discreto*

Enrique Granados  
(1867-1916)

Sonata in D Minor  
I. Allegro moderato  
II. Larghetto, ma non troppo

Michail Glinka  
(1804-1857)

## Pause

Amor

William Bolcom  
(b. 1938)

Trauermusik

Paul Hindemith  
(1895-1963)

*Viola Quartet: Lindsey Clark, Emma Brown, Alyssa Rodriguez, Kelly Sadwin*

Silent Noon

Ralph Vaughan William  
(1872-1958)

My True Love Hath My Heart

Jake Heggie  
(b. 1961)

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91  
I. Gestillte Sehnsucht  
II. Geistliches Wiegenlied

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

*Austin Savage - Viola*  
*Victoria Trifiletti - Mezzo Soprano*

## Translations

### Tonadillas al Estilo Antiguo

#### **El Majo Timido:**

Llega a mi reja

y me mira por la noche un  
majo

que, en cuanto me ve y  
suspira,

se va calle abajo.

¡Ay qué tío más tardío!

¡Si así se pasa la vida estoy  
divertida!

Otra vez pasa  
y se alejo y no se entusiasma

y bajito yo le digo ¡Adiós,  
Don Fantasma!

¡Ay que tío más tardío!

Si así se pasa la vida estoy  
divertida.

#### **El Tra La La y El Punteado:**

Es en balde, majo mío, que  
sigas hablando

porque hay cosas que  
contesto yo siempre  
cantando:

Tra la la...

Por más que preguntes  
tanto:

tra la la...

En mí no causas que branto

ni yo he de salir de mi canto:

tra la la

#### **The Timid Youth:**

The majo comes to my  
window

And sees me at night

That, when he sees me and  
sighs,

He runs down the street

Oh! What a frightened youth.

If life should pass so I will be  
very amused.

Once again he comes  
and runs away, showing no  
enthusiasm,

and gently I say to him:  
Good-bye, Sir Phantom!

Oh! What a frightened youth.

If life should pass so I will be  
very amused.

#### **The Tralala and the Assertion:**

It is in vain, my love, that  
you continue talking,  
because there are things that  
I always answer by  
singing:

Tra la la...

The more you ask for so  
much

tra la la...

it does not cause grief in me,

nor do I have to leave my  
song

tra la la...

**El Majo Discreto:**

Dicen que mi majo es feo.

Es posible que sí que lo sea,  
que amor es deseo que ciega  
y marea.

Ha tiempo que sé que quien  
ama no ve.

Mas si no es mi majo un  
hombre  
que por lindo descuelle y  
asombre,  
en cambio es discreto y  
guarda un secreto

que yo posé en él  
sabiendo que es fiel.

¿Cuál es el secreto que el  
majo guardó?

Sería indiscreto contarlo yo.

No poco trabajo costara  
saber  
secretos de un majo con una  
mujer.

Nació en Lavapiés. ¡Eh, ieh!

¡Es un majo, un majo es!

**The Discreet Lover:**

They say that my majo is  
homely;

Perhaps this is so,  
For love is but a desire that  
blinds and dazzles,

For a long time I've know  
that he who loves is  
blind.

But if my majo is not a man

Who is noted for being  
handsome,

He is, on the other hand,  
discreet and keeps a  
secret

Which I have confided in him  
Knowing that he is  
trustworth.

What then is the secret that  
the majo kept?

It would be indiscreet for me  
to tell.

No little effort is needed to  
discover

The secrets a majo has with  
his woman.

He was born in Lavapiés. Eh!  
Eh!

He's a majo, a majo he is!

## Zwei Gesänge

### I. Gestillte Sehnsucht

In gold'nen Abendschein  
getaucht,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder  
stehn!  
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein  
hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises  
Weh'n.

Was lispeln die Winde, die  
Vögelein?  
Sie lispeln die Welt in  
Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets  
euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und  
Ruh!  
Du Sehnen, das die Brust  
beweget,  
Wann ruhest du, wann  
schlummerst du?  
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der  
Vögelein,

Ihr sehnenenden Wünsche,  
wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in  
gold'ne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf  
Traumgefieder eilt,  
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen  
Sternen  
Mit sehndem Blick mein  
Auge weilt;  
Dann lispeln die Winde, die  
Vögelein  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein  
Leben ein.

### I. Stilled Longing

Steeped in a golden evening  
glow,  
how solemnly the forests  
stand!  
In gentle voices the little  
birds  
breathe into the soft  
fluttering of evening  
breezes.

What does the wind whisper,  
and the little birds?  
They whisper the world into  
slumber.

You, my desires,  
that stir in my heart without  
rest or peace!  
You longings that move my  
heart,  
When will you rest, when will  
you sleep?  
By the whispering of the  
wind, and of the little  
birds?  
You yearning desires, when  
will you fall asleep?

Alas, when no longer into the  
golden distance  
does my spirit hurry on  
dream-wings,  
when no more on the  
eternally distant stars  
does my longing gaze rest;  
Then the wind and the little  
birds  
will whisper away my  
longing, along with my  
life.

## II. Geistliches Wigenlied

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heiligen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget,  
Euch leis und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd er ward

Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm Leise  
gesänftigt  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel, Die ihr  
geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein kind.

## II. Spiritual Lullaby

You who hover  
Around these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the treetops,  
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the roaring wind,  
How can you today  
Bluster so angrily!  
O roar not so!  
Be still,  
bow Softly and gently;  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

The child of heaven  
Endures the discomfort,  
Oh, how tired he has become

Of earthly sorrow.  
Oh, now in sleep, Gently  
softened,  
His pain fades,  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold  
Comes rushing,  
How shall I cover  
The little child's limbs?  
O all you angels, You winged  
ones  
Wandering in the wind.  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.