

2-9-2013

## Junior Recital: Travis Pilsits, baritone

Travis Pilsits

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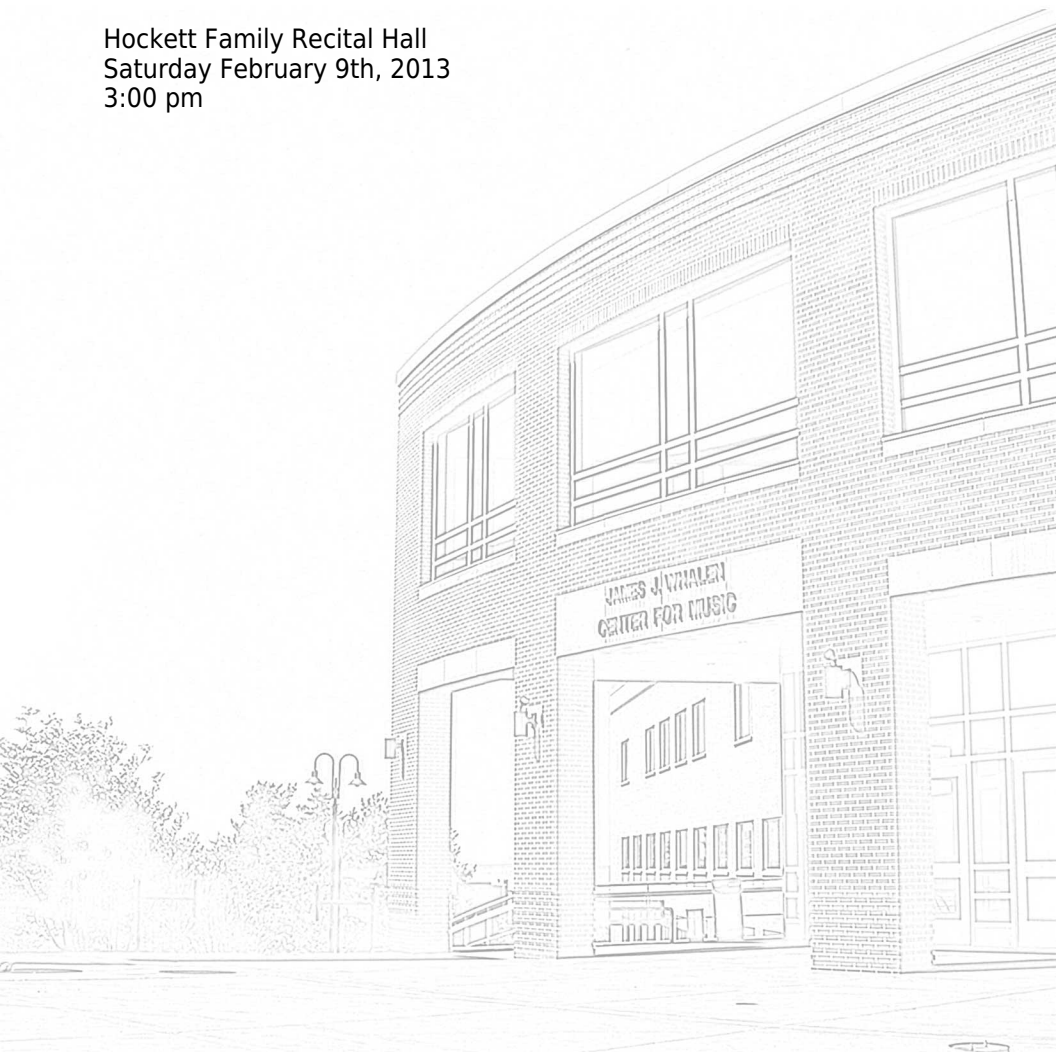
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# Junior Recital:

Travis Pilsits, baritone

Matt Holehan, harpsichord and piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Saturday February 9th, 2013  
3:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

Music for a while  
I'll sail upon the Dog Star  
If music be the food of love  
Sweeter than roses

Henry Purcell  
(1659-1695)

Su vuol ballare

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

## Intermission

In der Fremde

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Ständchen (from *Schwanengesang*)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Widmung

Robert Schumann  
(1810-1856)

Der Lindenbaum (from *Winterreise*)

Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Lydia  
Sylvie  
Le Secret

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

## Translations Se vuol ballare

Se vuol ballare, signor contino,  
If you would dance, my noble  
lord,  
il chitarrino le suonerò, sì,  
'tis I will call the tune.  
se vuol venire nella mia scuola,  
Come if you will into my school  
la capriola le insegnerò, sì.  
I'll teach to cut papers.

Saprò, saprò, ma piano!  
I know the way, but hush!  
Meglio ogni arcano,  
Better can a secret  
dissimulando scoprir potrò!  
By deception be uncovered!

L'arte schermendo, l'arte  
Parrying skill, by using skill,  
adoprando,  
di qua pungendo, di là  
Now trusting here, Now feinting  
scherzando,  
there,  
Tutte le macchine rovescierò.  
I shall upset his intrigues.

Se vuol ballare, signor contino,  
If you would dance my noble  
lord,  
il chitarrino le suonerò.  
'tis I will call the tune.

## In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den  
From my homeland beyond the  
Blitzen rot  
lightning red  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
The clouds come drifting in,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind  
But father and mother are long  
lange tot,  
since dead,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.  
Now no one remembers me  
there.

Wie bald, ach, wie bald kommt  
How soon, oh, how soon till that  
die stille Zeit  
quiet time  
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
When I too shall rest, and above  
me  
Rauschet die schöne,  
Will rustle the lovely, lonely  
Waldeinsamkeit,  
wood,  
Und keiner mehr kennt mich  
And no one will remember me  
auch hier.  
there.

## Ständchen

Leise flehen meine Lieder  
Durch die Nacht zu dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm zu mir.

Gently imploring go my songs  
Through the night to you;  
Down into the quiet wood,  
Beloved, come to me.

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

Slender tree-tops stire and  
whisper  
In the moon's light;  
Of any betrayer, hostile,  
listening,  
Have no fear, my love.

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

Can you hear the nightingales  
call?  
Ah! You they are imploring  
With those sweet lamenting  
notes,  
Imploring you for me.

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

They understand the heart's  
longing,  
Know the agony of love,  
Move with their silvery notes  
Every tender heart.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,

Let your heart, too, be moved,

Liebchen, höre mich,  
Bebend harr' ich dir entgegen,  
Komm, beglücke mich!

Beloved, listen to me,  
Trembling, I await you,  
Come, make me happiness!

## Widmung

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein  
Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darin ich  
schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my bliss, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I float,  
O you my grave, into which  
My grief forever I'm consigned!  
You are repose, you are peace,

Frieden,  
Du bist der Himmel mir  
beschieden.  
Daß du mich liebst macht mich  
mir wert  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir  
verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über  
mich  
Mein guter Geist, mein beßres  
Ich!

You are bestowed on me from  
Heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my  
worth  
Your eyes transfigure me in  
mine,  
Lovingly you raise me above  
myself  
My good spirit, my better self!

### Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore  
Da steht ein Lindenbaum,  
Ich träumt in seinem Schatten  
So manchen süßen Traum.

At the gate, by the fountain,  
Stands a linden tree,  
In whose shade I dreamt  
So many a sweet dream.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort;  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

In whose bark I carved  
So many a word of love;  
In joy and sorrow I was drawn  
To it again and again.

Ich muß auch heute wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
Die Augen zugemacht.

Today, too, I had to pass it,  
At dead of night,  
And though it was dark  
I closed my eyes.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm, her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier find'st du deine Ruh'!

And its boughs rustled,  
As if calling:  
Come, friend, here to me,  
Here you shall find peace!

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
Mir grad ins Angesicht;  
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Chill blasts blew  
Full into my fac;  
My hat flew from my head,  
I did not turn.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
Entfernt von jenem Ort,  
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:  
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Now many an hour  
From that place,  
Still I hear its rustling:  
There would you find peace!

## Lydia

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

Que le lait, coule 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 tes lèvres en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein;

Les délices comme un essaim  
Sortent de toi, jeune déess!

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!

Lydia, onto your rosy cheeks  
And your neck so fresh and  
pale,  
The liquid gold that you unbind  
Cascades glittering down.

The day that dawns is the best,  
Let us forget the eternal tomb.  
Let your dove-like kisses  
Sing on your flowering lips.

A hidden lily unceasingly sheds  
A heavenly fragrance in your  
breast;

Delights without number  
Stream from you, young  
goddess!

I love you and die, O my love!

My soul is ravished by kisses.

O Lydia, give me back my life  
again,

That I may ever die!

## Sylvie

Si tu veux savoir, ma belle,  
Où s'envole à tire d'aile  
L'oiseau qui chantait sur  
l'ormeau?

Je te le dirai, ma belle,  
Il vole vers qui l'appelle  
Vers celui-là  
Qui l'aimera!

Si tu veux savoir, ma blonde,  
Pourquoi sur terre et sur l'onde  
La nuit tout s'anime et s'unit?

Je te le dirai, ma blonde,  
C'est qu'il est une heure au

If you wish to know, my sweet,  
Where the bird is hastening  
That was singing in the elm?

I shall tell you, my sweet,  
It flies to the one who calls it,  
To the one  
Who will love it!

If you wish to know, my fair one,  
Why on land and sea  
All things at night revive and  
merge?

I shall tell you, my fair one,  
There is one hour in the world

monde  
Où loin du jour,  
Veille l'amour!

When far from day  
Love stands watch!

Si tu veux savoir Sylvie,  
Pourquoi j'aime a la folie  
Tes yeux brillants et  
langoureux?  
Je te le dirai Sylvie,  
C'est que sans toi dans la vie  
Tout pour mon coeur  
N'est que douleur!

If you wish to know Sylvie,  
Why I love to distraction  
Your bright and yearning eyes?

I shall tell you Sylvie,  
That without you in my life  
My heart feels  
Naught but pain!

### Le Secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore  
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,  
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans  
bruit,  
Comme un larme il s'évapore.

Would that the morn were  
unaware  
Of the name I told to the night,  
And that in the dawn breeze,  
silently,  
It would vanish like a tear.

Je veux que le jour le proclame  
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,  
Et sur mon coeur ouvert penché  
Comme un grain d'encens il  
l'enflamme.

Would that the day might  
proclaim it,  
The love I hid from the morn,  
And poised above my open  
heart,  
Like a grain of incense kindle it.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie  
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,  
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,  
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

Would that the sunset might  
forget,  
The secret I told to the day,  
And would carry it and my love  
away  
In the folds of its faded robe!



## Upcoming Events

### February

- 10** - Hockett - 2:00pm - Allison Adams, saxophone
- 10** - Ford - 3:00pm - Women's Chorale (*This concert will be webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/> )*
- 12** - Hockett - 7:00pm - David Parks, tenor
- 16** - Hockett - 2:00pm - Richard Faria, clarinet
- 16** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Verdi Project
- 17** - Hockett - 4:00pm - Blakemore Trio
- 18** - Ford - 8:15pm - Rachel S. Thaler Concert Pianist Series: Ilya Itin, piano
- 19** - Hockett - 8:15pm - Frank Gabriel Campos, trumpet
- 20** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Robert Zolnowski, percussion
- 20** - Nabenhauer - 8:15pm - Electroacoustic Music
- 22** - Ford - 8:15pm - Black History Month Concert
- 23** - Ford - 8:15pm - Percussion Ensembles
- 25** - Hockett - 7:00pm - Composition Premieres
- 27** - Ford - 8:15pm - WeBe3 (*ticketed event*)
- 28** - Ford - 8:15pm - Concert Band (*This concert will be webstreamed live at <http://www.ithaca.edu/music/live/> )*