

9-30-2016

Senior Recital: Victoria Trifiletti, mezzo-soprano

Victoria Trifiletti

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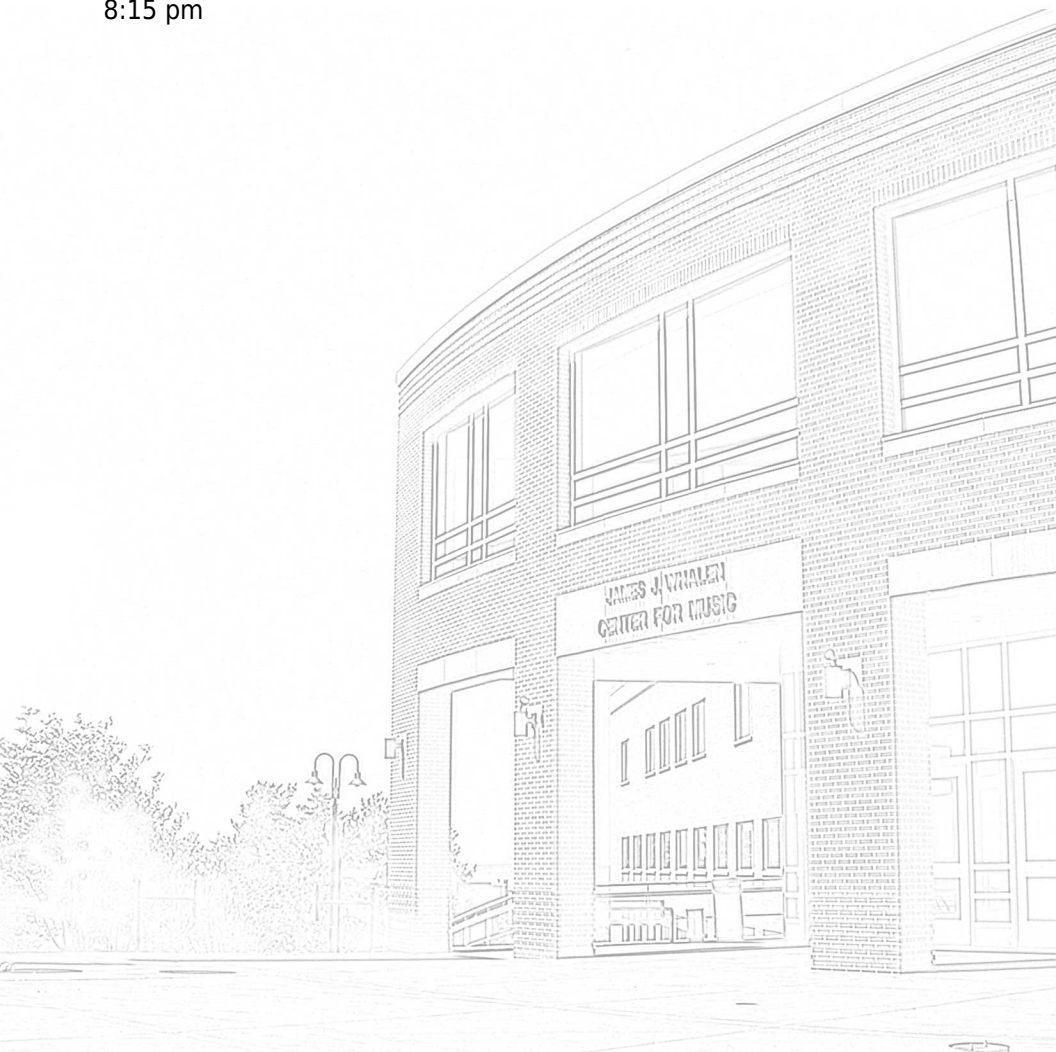
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Senior Recital:
Victoria Trifiletti, mezzo-soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano

Ford Hall
Friday, September 30th, 2016
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

- "Son Pochi Fiori"
from *L'Amico Fritz* Pietro Mascagni
(1863-1945)
- Three Songs, Op. 23. Gabriel Faure
(1845-1924)
I. *Les Berceaux*
II. *Notre Amour*
III. *Le Secret*
- Zigeunerlieder, op. 103 Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)
I. *He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten*
II. *Hochgetürmte Rimaflut*
III. *Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen*
IV. *Lieber Gott, du weißt*
V. *Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze*
VI. *Röslein dreie in der Reihe*
VII. *Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn*
VIII. *Rote Abendwolken ziehn*

Intermission

- Cinco Canciones Negras Xavier Montsalvatge
(1912-2002)
I. *Cuba dentro de un piano*
II. *Punto de Habanera*
IV. *Canción de cuna para dormir a un
negrito*
V. *Canto negro*
- "What Good Would the Moon Be?" Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)
from *Street Scene*
Places to Live William Bolcom
(b. 1938)
- "Till There Was You" Meredith Wilson
(1902-1984)
from *The Music Man*

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Music Education & Vocal
Performance.

Victoria Trifiletti is from the studio of Ivy Walz.

Translations Son Pochi Fiori

Son pochi fiori, povere viole,
Son l'alito d'aprile
Dal profumo gentile;
Ed è per voi
che le ho rapite al sole.
Se avessero parole,
Le udreste mormorar:
"Noi siamo figlie timide e pudiche di
primavera,
Siamo le vostre amiche;
Morremo questa sera,
E saremo felici
Di dire a voi, che amate gl'infelici:

Il ciel vi possa dar
Tutto quel bene che si può sperar."
Ed il mio cor aggiunge una parola
Modesta, ma sincera:
Eterna primavera
La vostra vita sia, ch'altri consola.
Deh, vogliate gradir
Quanto vi posso offrir!

Just a few flowers, poor violets
They are the breath of April
with their gentle fragrance
And for you
I stole them from the sun.
If they could speak
you would hear them say:
"We are the shy and demure
daughters of the spring,
We are your friends;
We die tonight,
and we will be happy
to say to you, who love the
unfortunate:
may heaven grant you
all the good that you can hope for."
And in my heart a word is added
Modest, but sincere:
Eternal springtime
The life you live consoles others
Oh, please accept
All that I have to offer!

Les Berceaux

Le long du Quai, les grands
vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,

Ne prennent pas garde aux
berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,

Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quay, the great ships,
which the swell of the sea tilts in
silence,
take no notice of the cradles
rocked by the hands of women.

But the day of farewells will come,
because women must weep
and the curious men must
attempt the horizons that entice
them!

And that day, the great ships,
leaving the port which recedes in
the distance,
will feel their mass restrained
by the soul of distant cradles.

Notre Amour

Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère!

Our love is something light
like the perfumes which the breeze
brings from the tips of ferns
for us to inhale as we dream.
Our love is something light.

Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
Notre amour est chose charmante!

Our love is something charming
like the songs of the morning
where no regret is mourned,
where uncertain hopes vibrate.
Our love is something charming.

Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
Notre amour est chose sacrée!

Our love is something sacred
like the mysteries of the woods
where an unknown soul quivers
and silences have voices.
Our love is something sacred!

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,

S'endort sous les soleils penchants.

Our love is something infinite
like the paths of the sunset,
where the ocean, joined with the
sky,
falls asleep under the setting suns.

Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,

Comme tout ce qui vient du coeur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle!

Our love is something eternal
like all that a victorious God
has touched with the fire of his
wings,
like all that comes from the heart.
Our love is something eternal!

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.

I want the morning to ignore
the name that I told to the night;
and in the dawn wind, silently,
may it evaporate like a teardrop.

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.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the
morning,
and bent over my open heart,
like a grain of incense sets it on
fire.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie

I want the sunset to forget

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

the secret I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love
in the folds of its pale robe!

Zigeunerlieder

I. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten
ein!

Spiel das Lied vom ungetreuen
Mägdelein!

Laß die Saiten weinen, klagen,
traurig bange,

Bis die heiße Träne netzet diese
Wange!

Hey there, Gypsy, play into the
strings!

Play the song of the unfaithful
maiden!

Make the strings weep, cry, sadly
fearful,

until the hot tears wets these
cheeks!

II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut,

Wie bist du so trüb,

An dem Ufer klag ich

Laut nach dir, mein Lieb!

Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen,

Rauschen an dem Strand heran zu
mir,

An dem Rimaufer laßt mich

Ewig weinen nach ihr!

High-towering Rima waters,

how are you so cloudy,

On the bank I stand,

cry loud for you, my love!

Waves flee, waves pour,

roar on the shore towards me,

Let me forever on Rima's bank

eternally weep for her!

III. Wißt ihr, wann mein Kindchen
am allerschönsten ist?

Wenn ihr süßes Mündchen scherzt
und lacht und küßt.

Mägdelein, du bist mein, inniglich
küß ich dich,

Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
einzig nur für mich!

Do you know when my love is the
fairest?

When her sweet little mouth jokes
and laughs and kisses.

Maiden, you are mine, tenderly I
kiss you,

for you alone were created by the
dear heaven just for me.

Wißt ihr, wann mein Liebster am
besten mir gefällt?

Wenn in seinen Armen er mich
umschlungen hält.

Schätzelein, du bist mein, inniglich
küß ich dich,

Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel
einzig nur für mich!

Do you know when my love pleases
me the most?

When he embraces me in his arms.

Sweetheart, you are mine, tenderly
I kiss you,

for you alone were created by the
dear heaven just for me.

IV. Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft
bereut ich hab,

Daß ich meinem Liebsten einst ein
Küßchen gab.

Herz gebot, daß ich ihn küssen
muß,

Dear God, you know how often I
have

regretted that once I gave my love
a tiny kiss.

My heart commanded that I must
kiss him.

Denk, solange ich leb, an diesen
ersten Kuß.

As long as I live, I'll think of that
first kiss.

Lieber Gott, du weißt, wie oft in
stiller Nacht
Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen
Schatz gedacht.
Lieb ist süß, wenn bitter auch die
Reu,
Armes Herz bleibt ihm ewig, ewig
treu.

Dear God, you know how often on
still nights
I've thought in joy and sorrow of my
sweetheart.
Love is sweet, though regret is
bitter,
to him my poor heart remains ever
true.

V. Brauner Bursche führt zum
Tanze
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind,
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen,

A brown lad leads to dance
his beautiful, blue-eyed lass,
boldly clashes his spurs,

Csardasmelodie beginnt,
Küßt und herzt sein süßes
Täubchen,
Dreht sie, führt sie, jauchzt und
springt;
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
Auf das Zimbal, daß es klingt.

the csardás melodies begin;
He kisses and caresses his sweet
little dove,
whirls her, guides her, shouts and
leaps;
throws three shining silver florins
on the cymbal, making it ring.

VI. Röslein dreie in der Reihe blühn
so rot,
Daß der Bursch zum Mäd'el gehe, ist
kein Verbot!

Three little roses in the row bloom
so red,
It's not forbidden for a boy to go to
a girl.

Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten
wär,
Ständ die schöne weite Welt schon
längst nicht mehr,

Dear God, if that were forbidden,
the whole wide beautiful world
would long since have ceased
to exist.

Ledig bleiben Sünde wär!

Staying single is what would be a
sin!

Schönstes Städtchen in Alföld ist
Ketschkemet,
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen
schmuck und nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein
Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet
euer Haus,
Freudenbecher leeret aus.

The fairest little town is
Ketschkemet,
there are so many pretty and nice
girls there.
Friend, find yourselves a little bride
there,
woo her for her, set up your home,
drain cups of joy

VII. Kommt dir manchmal in den
Sinn,
mein süßes Lieb,

Do you sometimes recall,
my sweet love,

Was du einst mit heiligem Eide mir
gelobt?

what you once swore to me with a
holy vow?

Täusch mich nicht, verlaß mich
nicht,
Du weißt nicht, wie lieb ich dich
hab,
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich
herab!

Deceive me not, leave me not,
you do not know how much I love
you;
love me as I love you.
Then God's grace will stream down
upon you!

VIII. Rote Abendwolken ziehn am
Firmament,
Sehnsuchtsvoll nach dir, Mein Lieb,
das Herze brennt,
Himmel strahlt in glühnder Pracht,
Und ich träum bei Tag und Nacht
Nur allein von dem süßen Liebchen
mein!

Rosy evening clouds move across
the sky,
filled with longing for you; my love,
my heart burns,
Heaven glows with radiant
splendor,
and I dream by day and night
of only my sweetheart!

Cuba dentro de un piano

Cuando mi madre llevaba un
sorbete de fresa por sombrero
y el humo de los barco aún era
humo de habanero.

When my mother wore a strawberry
sorbet hat
and the smoke from the boats was
still Havana smoke.

Mulata vuelta bajera...
Cádiz se adormecía entre
fandangos y habaneras
y un lorito al piano quería hacer de
tenor.

Dark Vuelta Abajo leaves...
Cadiz went to sleep between
fandangos and habaneras
and a little parrot at the piano tried
to sing tenor.

Dime dónde está la flor que el
hombre tanto venera...

Tell me, where is the flower that
man so intently worships...

Mi tío Antonio volvía con aire de
insurrecto.
La Cabaña y el Príncipe sonaban
por los patios de El Puerto.
Ya no brilla la Perla azul del mar de
las Antillas.
Ya se apagó, se nos ha muerto.

My uncle Anthony returned with his
insurrectionist air.
The Cabaña and El Príncipe
resounded
in the patios of the harbor.
The blue pearl of the Antillian sea
no longer shines.
It's gone out, it's died.

Me encontré con la bella Trinidad...

I ran into beautiful Trinidad...

Cuba se había perdido y ahora era
verdad.
Era verdad, no era mentira.
Un cañonero huído llegó cantándolo
en guajira.

Cuba had been lost, and now it was
true.
True and not a lie.
A fleeting gunboat arrived singing
in guajiras.

La Habana ya se perdió.
Tuvo la culpa el dinero...
Calló, cayó el cañonero.

Havana was lost.
The money was to blame...
The gunboat fell silent.

Pero después, pero ¡ah! después
fué cuando al “sí” lo hicieron “yes.”

But later, but ah, later
they turned “sí” into “yes.”

Punto de Habanera

La niña criolla pasa
con su miriñaque blanco
¡Qué blanco!

The Creole girl passes
with her white crinoline
How white!

Hola crespón de tu espuma;
¡marineros contempladla!
Va mojadita de lunas
que le hacen su piel mulata.
Niña, no te quejes,
tan solo por esta tarde,
quisiera mandar al agua.

Hello crepe of your foam:
Sailors look at her!
The water droplets of the moon
make her skin look dark.
Girl, do not complain,
just only for this afternoon,
I would like to have the water.

Que no se escape de pronto
de la cárcel de tu falda,
tu cuerpo encierra esta tarde
rumor de abrirse de dalia.
Niña, no te quejes,
tu cuerpo de fruta está
dormido en fresco brocado.

There is no sudden escape
from the prison of your skirt,
This afternoon your body holds
the murmurs that open the dalia.
Girl, do not complain,
your ripe body
is asleep in the fresh brocade.

Tu cintura vibra fina
con la noblez de un látigo,
toda tu piel huele alegre
a limonal y a naranjo.

Your waist vibrates finely
with the nobility of a whip.
All of your skin smells cheerful
like lemons & oranges.

Los marineros te miran
y se te quedan mirando.
La niña criolla pasa
con su miriñaque blanco.
¡Qué blanco!

The sailors look at you
and they stare at you.
The Creole girl passes
with her white crinoline.
How white!

Canción de cuna para dormir a un negrito

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe
tan chiquito,
el negrito
que no quiere dormir.

Cabeza de coco,
grano de café,
con lindas motitas,
con ojos grandotes
como dos ventanas
que miran al mar.

Cierra esos ojitos,
negrito asustado;
el mandinga blanco
te puede comer.

¡Ya no eres esclavo!
Y si duermes mucho,
el señor de casa
promete comprar
traje con botones
para ser un 'groom.'

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,
duérmete, negrito,
cabeza de coco,
grano de café.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby
so small
little black boy
who does not want to sleep.

Coconut head,
coffee bean,
with pretty freckles,
and wide eyes
like two windows
that look out to the sea.

Close your little eyes
frightened little black boy
the white devil
will no longer eat you.

You are no longer a slave!
and if you sleep a lot,
the master of the house
promises to buy
a suit with buttons
to make you a "groom."

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby
sleep, little black boy
coconut head,
coffee bean.

Canto Negro

¡Yambambó, yambambé!

Repica el congo solongo
repica el negro bien negro;
congo solongo del Songo
baila yambó sobre un pie.

Mamatomba, serembe cuserembá.
El negro canta y se ajuma,
el negro se ajuma y canta,
el negro canta y se va.

Acuememe serembó
aé; yambó, aé.

Yambambó, yambambé!

The ringing of the congo solongo
the ringing of the good black man.
congo solongo from the Songo
dances the yambó on one foot.

Mamatomba, serembe cuserembá
The black man sings and gets
drunk,
the black man gets drunk and
sings,
the black man sings and leaves.

Acuememe se serembó
aé, yambó, aé.

Tamba, tamba, tamba, tamba,
tamba del negro que tumba;

tamba del negro caramba, caramba
caramba, que el negro tumba:
¡Yamba, yambó, yambambé!
baila yambó sobre un pie.

Bam, bam, bam, bam,
bam of the black man who tumbles;

bam of the black man, wow, wow
wow, how the black man tumbles!
¡Yamba, yambó, yambambé!
dances the yambó on one foot.