

10-29-2013

Senior Recital: Travis Pilsits, baritone

Travis Pilsits

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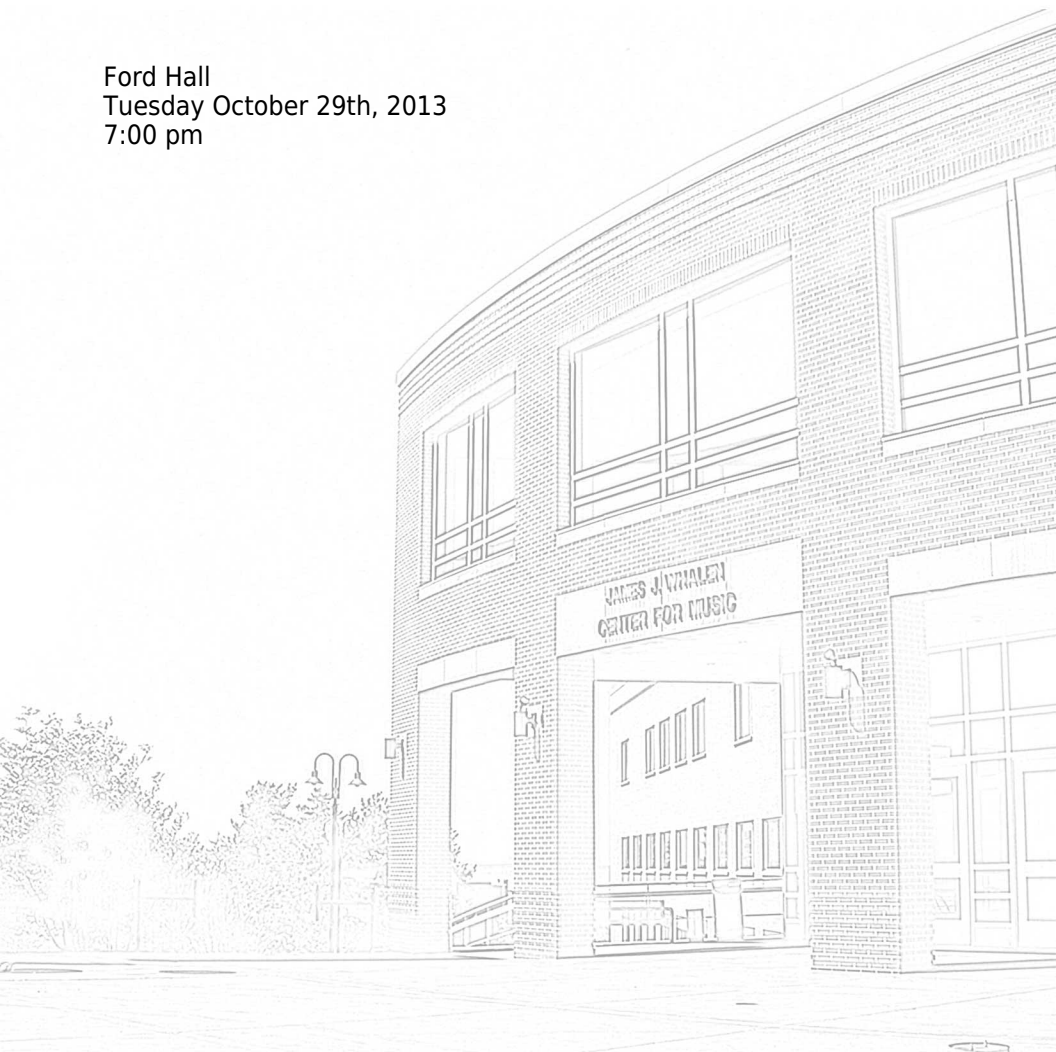
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Senior Recital:

Travis Pilsits, baritone

Alison Cherrington, piano
Kevin Covney, guitar
William Larch, bass
Will Sigel, drums

Ford Hall
Tuesday October 29th, 2013
7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Aprile 'A Vucchella La Serenata	Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Non più andrai <i>Le nozze di Figaro</i>	W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Die Lotosblume Mein Schöner Stern! Der Atlas Du bist die Ruh	Robert Schumann (1810-1856) Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Mache dich, mein Herze, rein <i>St. Matthew's Passion</i>	J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Intermission

Romance Les Cloches Nuit d'Etoiles	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Overlooking the River Fear no more the heat o' the sun It was a lover and his lass	Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)
No Surprises With A Little Help From My Friends	Thom Yorke John Lennon/Paul McCartney

Kevin Covney, guitar
William Llarch, bass
Will Sigel, drums

This recital is in fulfillment of the degree Vocal Performance. Travis Pilsits is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.

Translations

Aprile

Non senti tu ne l'aria
il profumo che spande Primavera?
Non senti tu ne l'anima
il suon de nova voce lusinghiera?
E l'April! E la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil, su' prati'n fiore!

Il pie trarrai fra mammole,
Avrai su'l petto rose e cilestrine,

e le farfalle candide
t'aleggeranno intorno a'l nero crine.
E l'April! E la stagion d'amore!
Deh! vieni, o mia gentil su' prati'n fiore!

Do you not feel in the air
The scent that spring sends forth?
Do you not feel in your very being
The sound of a promising new voice?
It is April! It is the season of love!
Oh! Come, my fair one, to the flowering
meadow!

Your feet will walk among the violets,
About your breast will be roses and
bluebells,
And the white butterflies
Will flutter around your dark tresses.
It is April! It is the season of love!
Oh! Come, my fair one, to the flowering
meadow!

'A Vucchella

Si, comm'a nu sciorillo
tu tiene na vucchella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.

Meh, dammillo, dammillo,
-e comm'a na rusella-
dammillo nu vasillo,
dammillo, Cannetella!

Dammillo e pigliatillo,
nu vaso piccerillo
comm'a chesta vucchella,

che pare na rusella
nu poco pocorillo
appassuliatella.

Yes, like a tiny flower
Is your little mouth
Only slightly
Faded.

Oh, come give me, come give me,
-like a small rose-
give me a tiny kiss,
give me one, Cannetella!

Give one and take one,
a tiny little kiss
like this tiny mouth

which seems like a little rose
only slightly
faded.

La Serenata

Vola,
O serenata:
La mia diletta e sola,
E, con la bella testa abbandonata
Posa tra le lenzuola:
O serenata,
Vola.

Splende
Pura la luna;
L'ale il silenzio stende,
E dietro i veli dell'alcova bruna
La lampada s'accende:
Pura la luna
Splende.

Vola,
O serenata:
La mia diletta e sola;
Ma, sorridendo ancor mezzo assonnata,
Torna fra le lenzuola:
O serenata,
Vola.

L'onda
Sogna sul lido,
E' il vento su la fronda:
E a' baci miei ricusa ancora un nido
La mia signora bionda!
Sogna sul lido
L'onda.

Fly,
o serenade:
my beloved is alone,
and with her lovely head lying back,
is resting between her sheets:
o serenade,
fly.

Shining white
is the moon;
silence spreads its wings,
and behind the veils in the dark alcove
a lamp is lit:
the moon
is shining white.

Fly,
o serenade:
my beloved is alone;
but, smiling, still half asleep,
has returned between her sheets:
o serenade,
fly.

The waves
Dream on the shore,
The wind is amid the branches;
My fair lady
still refuses to shelter my kisses!
On the shore
The waves dream.

Non più andrai

Non piu andrai, farfallone amoroso,
Notte e giorno d'intorno girando,
Dell e belle turbando il riposo,
Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor,

Non piu avrai questi bei penacchini,
Quel cappello leggiere e galante,
Quella chioma, quell'aria brillante,
Quel vermiglio donnesco color!

Fra guerrieri, poffar Bacco!
Gran mustacchi, stretto sacco,
Schippop in spalla, sciabla al fianco,

You won't go anymore, amorous
butterfly,
Fluttering around inside night and day,
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.

You won't have those fine feathers
anymore,
That light and jaunty hat,
That hair, that shining aspect,
That womanish red color.

Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,
Gun on your back, sword at your side,

Collo dritto muso franco
Un gran casco, un gran turbante,
Molto onor, poco contante.

Ed in vece del fandango
Una Marcia per il fango.
Per montagne, per valloni
Con le nevi, e i soloni
Al concerto di tromboni,
Di bombarde, di cannoni,
Che le palle in tutti i tuoni,
All'orecchio fan fischiar.

Cherubino, all vittoria!
Alla gloria militar!

Your neck straight, your nose exposed,

A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honor, very little pay.
And in place of the dance
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat-stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.

Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory!

Die Lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht,

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh;
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert

Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The lotus flower is anxious
In the Sun's radiance,
And with hanging head
Waits, dreaming, for Night.

The moon, who is her lover,
Awakens her with his light,
And for him she smilingly unveils
Her innocent flower-face.

She blooms and glows and gleams
And gazes silently upwards;
She sends forth fragrance, and weeps
and trembles,
With love and love's torment.

Mein Schöner Stern!

Mein schöner Stern! ich bitte dich,
O lasse du dein heitres Licht
Nicht trüben durch den Dampf in mir,
Vielmehr den Dampf in mir zu Licht,
Mein schöner Stern, verklären hilf!

Mein schöner Stern! ich bitte dich,
Nicht sinkt herab zur Erde dich,
Weil du mich noch hier unten siehst,
Heb auf vielmehr zum Himmel mich,
Mein schöner Stern, wo du schon bist!

My radiant star, I beg you,
Oh do not let your bright light
Be dimmed by the mists in me.
Rather help transfigure the mists in me
Into light, my radiant star!

My radiant star, I beg you,
Do not descend to earth
Because you see me down here still.
Rather lift me up to heaven,
My radiant star, where you already are!

Der Atlas

Ich unglückselger Atlas! Eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muss ich
tragen,
Ich trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich
glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

I, unblessed Atlas!
I carry a world, the entire world of pain,
I bear the unbearable,
And the heart within me wants to break.

Proud heart, you have wanted it thus!
You wanted to be happy, eternally
happy,
Or eternally miserable, proud heart,
And now you are miserable.

Du bist die Ruh

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schliesse du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O full es ganz!

You are peace,
The mild peace,
You are longing
And what stills it.

I consecrate to you
Full of pleasure and pain
As a dwelling here
My eyes and heart.

Come live with me,
And close
Quietly behind you
The gates.

Drive other pain
Out of this breast
May my heart be full
Of your pleasure.

The tabernacle of my eyes
By your radiance
Alone is illuminated
O fill it completely!

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein

Mache dich, mein Herze, rein.
Ich will Jesum selbst begraben.

Denn er soll nunmehr in mir
Für und für
Seine süße Ruhe haben.
Welt, geh aus, lass Jesum ein!

Make thyself, my heart, now pure,
I myself would Jesus bury.

For he shall henceforth in me
More and more
Find in sweet repose his dwelling.
World, depart, let Jesus in!

Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,
Cette âme adorable des lys?

N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste

De la suavité céleste
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais D'une
vapeur surnaturelle, Faite d'espoir,
d'amour fidèle,
De béatitude et de paix?...

The vanishing and suffering soul,
The sweet soul, the fragrant soul
Of divine lilies that I have picked
In the garden of your thoughts,
Where, then, have the winds chased it,
This charming soul of the lilies?

Is there no longer a perfume that
remains
Of the celestial sweetness
Of the days when you enveloped me

In a supernatural haze,
Made of hope, of faithful love, Of bliss
and of peace?...

Les Cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des
branches
Déliatement.
Les cloches tintaient, légères et
franches,
Dans le ciel clément.
Rythmique et fervent comme une
antienne
Ce lointain appel
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne

Des fleurs de l'autel.
Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses
années,
Et, dans le grand bois,
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,

Des jours d'autrefois.

The leaves opened along the length of
the branches,
Delicately.
The bells were ringing, lightly and
clearly,
Beneath the fair sky.
Rhythmical and fervent as a hymn,

This distant call
Brought to my mind the Christian
whiteness
Of the flowers of the Altar.
These bells were telling of happy years,

And, in the deep forest,
The faded leaves seemed green again,

As in days long past.

Nuit d'Etoiles

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore
au fond de mon coeur,

Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cettes rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Night of stars, beneath your veils,
Amid your breezes and your scents,
While a sad lyre is sighing,
I dream of my late loves.

Serene melancholy
Suddenly unfolds at the bottom of my
heart,
And I sense the soul of my beloved
Trembling in the dreaming forest.

I see again, in our fountain,
Your glances as blue as the skies;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.