

2-28-2011

Vienna Trindal, Mezzo-Soprano, Junior Voice Recital, and Kyle Schick, Saxophone, Sophomore Recital

Vienna Trindal
Cedarville University

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THE CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC AND WORSHIP

PRESENTS THE JUNIOR RECITAL OF

VIENNA TRINDAL, MEZZO SOPRANO
STEPHEN ESTEP, PIANO

AND THE SOPHOMORE RECITAL OF

KYLE SCHICK, SAXOPHONE
STEPHEN ESTEP, PIANO

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 2011, 5:00 P.M.

Vienna

I

Và godendo, from SERSE George Frideric Handel
Come and Trip It, from L'ALLEGRO (1685-1759)

II

Non so più cosa son, from LE NOZZE DI FIGARO Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
..... (1756-1791)

Du bist die Ruh Franz Schubert
..... (1797-1828)

III

Après un rêve Gabriel Fauré
Mai (1845-1924)

Faites-lui mes aveux, from FAUST Charles Gounod
..... (1818-1893)

Kyle

Sonata for Alto Saxophone and Piano, Op. 29 Robert Muczynski
I. Andante maestoso (1929-2010)
II. Allegro energico

Cinq Danses Exotiques Jean Francaix
I. Pambiche (1912-1997)

- II. Baiao
- III. Mambo
- IV. Samba lenta
- V. Merengue

Concerto for Alto Saxophone and string orchestra Pierre Max Dubois
I. Lento espressivo - Allegro (1930-1995)
II. Sarabande lento nostalgico
III. Rondo - Allegretto

Vienna is a student of Taylor Ferranti.

Kyle is a student of Chet Jenkins.

Translations

Và godendo

Go and enjoy beautiful and charming
That stream of freedom,
Among the plants with light waves
Happy goes running to the sea.

Non so più cosa son

I do not know what I am, what I do;
now I'm fire, now ice.
Every woman makes me change color, and
makes my heart beat faster.
The very mention of love, of delight,
disturbs me and alters my chest.
It forces me to talk about a desire of love,
a desire I can not explain.
I speak of love, awake
I speak of love, dreaming,
to the water, shade, mountains,
to the flowers, grass, fountains,
to the echo, air, winds
they carry away the sounds
of my voice.
And if no one hears me,
I speak of love to myself!

Du bist die Ruh

You are the rest, the gentle peace,
my desire and what calms my breast.
I consecrate to you, full of pleasure and pain,
to the apartment of
my eyes and heart, my eyes and heart.
Come in me, and close
the gates still behind you.
Drive out the pain in my breast,
Let my heart be full of your joy, in your joy.
This soul, for only he brightens my radiance,
O fill it completely, o fill it completely!
This soul, only he brightens my radiance,
O fill it completely, o fill it completely!

Après un rêve

In a sleep which your image charmed,
I dreamed of happiness, ardent mirage;
Your eyes were softer,
your voice pure and ringing.
You shown like a sky lit by the dawn;
You called me, and I left the earth
To flee with you towards the light;
The heavens parted the clouds for us,
Unknown splendors, divine flashes between views...
Alas! Alas sad awakening from dreams!
I call, O night, give me your lies;
Return, return radiant,
Return, o mysterious night!

Mai

Since May is in full bloom in the meadows we claim,
Come, do not tire of mingling with your soul
The fields, woods, lovely shading,
The broad moonlight beside the sleeping waves;
The trail ends where the road begins,
And air, and spring and the vast horizon,
The horizon that the world attaches humble and joyful,
As a lip at the bottom of the dress of heaven.
Come and look at the modest stars,
Falling on the earth through so many veils
The tree penetrated perfumes and songs,
That the fiery breath of noon in the fields,
And the shadow and the sun and the wave and the green
Do thrive as a double flower,
Beauty on your face and love in your heart!

Faites-lui mes aveux

Give him my confession, carry my wishes!
Blooming flowers near her, tell her she is beautiful,
My heart is lovesick day and night!
Reveal to her soul the secret of my love,
That you may exhale sweet perfumes!
Faded! Alas! That sorcerer, God damn,
brought me bad luck!
I am unable to touch a flower without it withering!
If I dipped my fingers in holy water!
This is where Marguerite comes every night to pray!
Come now! Come quickly!
They fade? No! Satan, I laugh at you!
It is in you that I have faith; speak for me!
May she know
the excitement it has generated,
and of which my troubled heart has never spoken!
If love scares, the flower on her mouth
know at least leave a sweet kiss