

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

11-9-2013

Junior Recital: Penelope-Myles Voss, soprano

Penelope-Myles Voss

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Voss, Penelope-Myles, "Junior Recital: Penelope-Myles Voss, soprano" (2013). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 2355.
https://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/2355

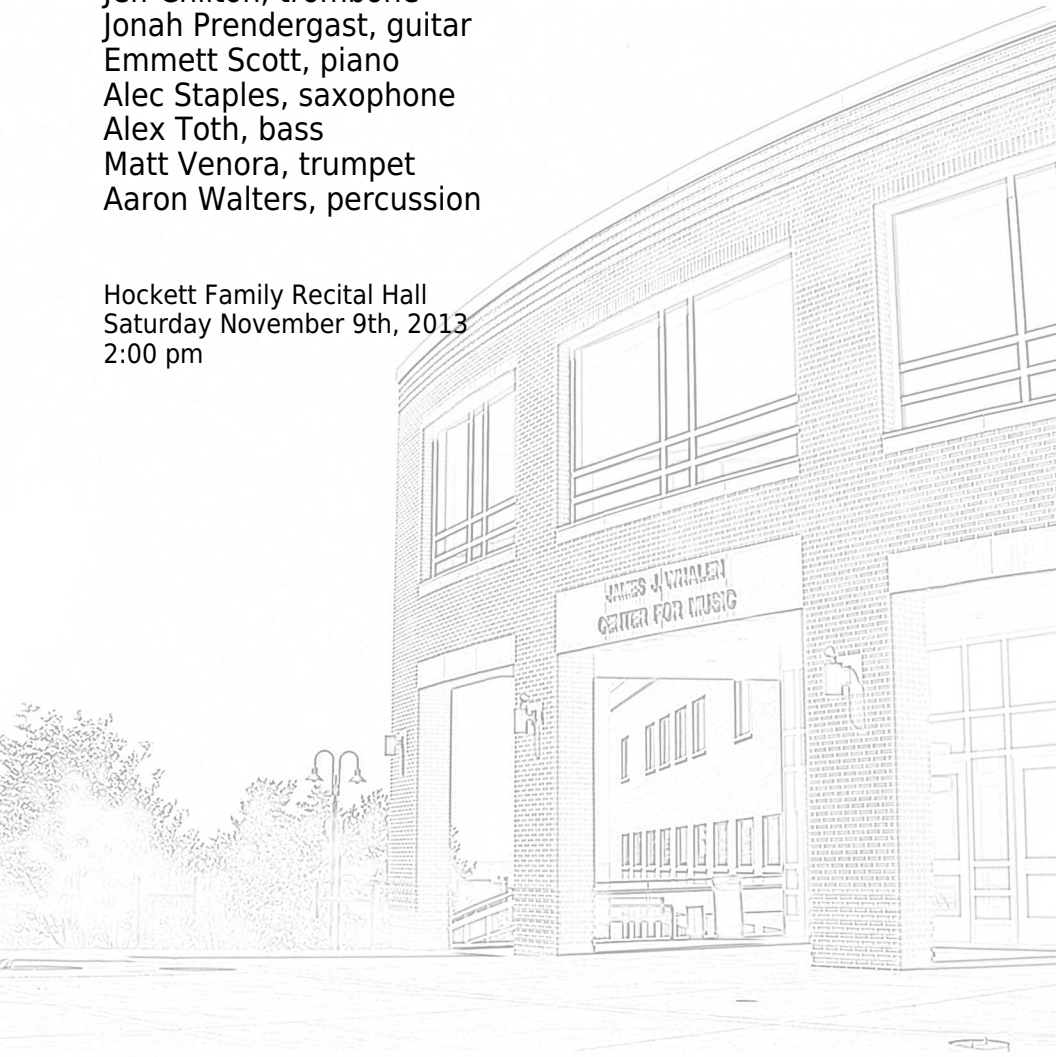
This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Junior Recital:
Penelope-Myles Voss, soprano

Blaise Bryski, piano

Jeff Chilton, trombone
Jonah Prendergast, guitar
Emmett Scott, piano
Alec Staples, saxophone
Alex Toth, bass
Matt Venora, trumpet
Aaron Walters, percussion

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday November 9th, 2013
2:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Abendempfindung
Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers
verbrannte
An Chloë

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

Jeunes Filletes
Chaque chose a son temps
Bergère légère
L'amour s'envole

Jean-Baptiste Weckerlin
(1821-1910)

I can't be talkin' of love
The Babe
i carry your heart
February Twilight
The Grunchin' Witch

John Duke
(1899-1984)

Pause

Perduta ho la pace
Deh, pietoso, oh addolorata

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Cry Me A River
Can't We Be Friends
I Had Myself A True Love

Arthur Hamilton
(b. 1926)
Kay Swift
(1897-1993)
Harold Arlen
(1905-1986)

Arranged by Jeff Chilton

Translations

Abendempfindung Evening Sensation

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist
 verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste
 Stunden,
Fliehn vorüber wie im Tanz.

Evening it is; the sun has vanished,
And the moons beams silverluster;
So flee life's most pleasant hours
Flying past as if in a dance.

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte
 Szene,
Und der Vorhang rollt herab;
Aus ist unser Spiel, des Freundes
 Träne
Fließet schon auf unser Grab.

Soon will fly away lifes colorful
 pageant,
and the curtain will roll down.
Done is our play, the tears of a
 friend
flow already upon our grave.

Bald vielleicht - mir weht, wie
 Westwind leise,
Eine stille Ahnung zu -
Schließ ich dieses Lebens
 Pilgerreise,
Fliege in das Land der Ruh.

Soon, perhaps - on me blows like
 the west wind gently,
a quiet foreboding -
I conclude this lifes pilgrimage,
will fly to the land of rest.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe
 weinen,
Trauernd meine Asche sehn,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch
 erscheinen
Und will himmelauf euch wehn.

If you will then by my grave weep,
mournfully on my ashes gaze,
Then, oh friends, will I appear to
 you
and will waft you Heavenward.

Schenk auch du ein Tränchen mir
und pflücke Mir ein Veilchen auf
 mein Grab,
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke

Give you also a tear for me
and pluck for me a little violet for
 my grave,
and with your soulful gaze

Sieh dann sanft auf mich herab.

look then gently on me below.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!
schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu
 weihn;
O, sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein!

Dedicate to me a tear, and ah!
Do not be ashamed to give it to me;
Oh, it will in my crown
then the brightest Pearl be!

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte When Luise burned the Letter

Erzeugt von heißer Phantasie,
in einer schwärmerischen Stunde
zur Welt gebrachte! geht zu
Grunde!
ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Created from a passionate
fantasy
in a rapturous hour
brought into the world! go to the
ground!
you children of melancholy!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein:
ich geb' euch nun den Flammen
wieder,
und all die schwärmerischen
Lieder,
denn ach! er sang nicht mir
allein.

You owe the flames your
existence:
I restore you now to the fire,
and all the rapturous songs,
for alas! he sang not to me alone.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr
Lieben,
ist keine Spur von euch mehr
hier:
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch
geschrieben,
brennt lange noch vielleicht in
mir.

You burn now, and soon, dear
ones,
will be no trace of you anywhere
here:
Yet ah! the man, who wrote you,
will burn for a long time still,
perhaps, in me.

An Chloë To Chloë

Wenn die Lieb aus deinen blauen,
hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
und für Lust, hinein zu schauen,
mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht,

When the love from your blue,
bright, open eyes shines,
and for lust, into them gazes,
my heart throbs and glows,

und ich halte dich und küsse
deine Rosenwangen warm,
liebes Mädchen, und ich schließe
zitternd dich in meinen Arm!

and I hold you and kiss
your rosy cheeks ardently,
dear maiden, and I clasp
you trembling in my arms!

Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich
drücke
dich an meinen Busen fest,
der im letzten Augenblicke
sterbend nur dich von sich läßt;

Maiden, maiden, and I press
you to my breast firmly,
which at the last moment
only at death will let you go;

den berauschten Blick
umschattet
eine düstre Wolke mir,
und ich sitze dann ermattet,
aber selig neben dir.

the enraptured gaze will then be
shadowed
by a dark cloud for me,
and I will sit then exhausted,
but blissful beside you.

Jeunes Fillettes Young Maidens

Jeunes fillette, profitez du temps,
la violette se cueille au printemps,
la la la riette, la ri lon lah la.

Cette fleurette passe en peu de
temps,
toute amourette passe également.

Dans le bel âge prenez un ami,
s'il est volage, rendez le lui.

Young maiden, benefit from the
time,
the violet is gathered in spring,
la la la riette, la ri lon lah la.

This little flower passes in a short
time,
the whole flirtation also passed.

In the prime of life take a lover,
if he is fickle, return it to him.

Chaque Chose A son Temps Everything Has its Time

Chaque chose a son temps,
fillette,
chose a son temps.

Dans l'hiver des ans l'on regrette
les faveurs du printemps.

La saison de la violette
ne dure pas longtemps.

Mariez-vous, jeune fillette,
A l'âge du printemps.

Everything has its time, young
maiden,
everything has its time.

In the years of winter we regret
the favors of the spring.

The season of the violet
does not last long.

Get married, young maiden,
at the age of spring.

Bergère Légère Shepherdess Fickle

Bergère Légère, je crains tes appas;
ton âme s'enflamme, mais tu
n'aimes pas.

Ta mine mutine prévient et séduit;
Mais vaine, hautaine, tu fuis qui te
suit.

Tu chantes, tu vantes, l'amour et sa
loi,
paroles frivoles, tu n'aimes que toi.

Shepherdess fickle, I fear your
charm;
your soul burns, but you love not.

Your mischevious wealth prevents
and seduces;
But vain, haughty, you flee those
who follow you.

You sing, you praise, love and its
law,
frivolous words, you love only you.

L'Amour S'Envole Love Flies Away

L'amour est un enfant timide,
la sévérité lui fait peur.
C'est la liberté qui le guide
pour trouver le chemin d'un coeur.

Tandis qu'il n'a rien à craindre,
les ris et les jeux suivent ses pas,
mais dès qu'on le veut contraindre
Il s'envole et ne revient pas.

Love is a timid child,
Severity makes him scared.
It is liberty who guides him
to find the path of the heart.

While he has nothing to fear,
Laughter and games follow in his
footsteps,
but as soon as one seeks to
constrain him
He flies away and does not return.

Perduta ho la pace I have lost the peace

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;

Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba
ov'egli non è;
Senz'esso un deserto
è il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo
confuso travolto;
Oh misera, il senno,
il senno m'è tolto!

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;

Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

S'io sto al finestrello,
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;
S'io sfuggo di casa,
sol dietro a lui volo.

I have lost the peace,
I have in my heart a thousand
woes;

Ah, no, no more hope
never find it more.

The darkness of the tomb for me is
where he is not;
Without him a desert
is the world for me.

My poor head
is confused and upset;
Oh misery, my senses,
my senses are gone!

I have lost the peace,
I have in my heart a thousand
woes;

Ah, no, no more hope
never find it more.

If I stay at the little window,
I have eyes for him alone;
if I escape from the house,
I only fly back to him.

Oh, il bel portamento;
oh, il vago suo viso!
Qual forza è nei sguardi,
che dolce sorriso!

E son le parole
un magico rio;
Qual stringer di mano,
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,
ho in cor mille guai;

Ah, no, più non spero
trovarla più mai.

Anela conguingersi
al suo il mio petto;
Potessi abbracciarlo,
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,
far pago il desir!
Baciarlo! e potessi
baciata morir.

Oh his beautiful bearing;
oh, how handsome his face!
What force in his glances,
what a sweet smile!

And are his words
a magic river;
what clasp of hand,
what kiss, my God!

I have lost the peace,
I have in my heart a thousand
woes;

Ah, no, no more hope
never find it more.

Breathless to join
to his my breast;
could I embrace him,
hold him to me tightly!

To kiss him, could I
satisfy the desire!
To kiss him! and could I
from being kissed die.

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata
Ah, with mercy, oh Woman of Sorrow

Deh, pietoso, oh Addolorata,
China il guardo al mio dolore;
Tu, una spada fitta in core,
Volgi gl'occhi desolata
Al morente tuo figliuol.
Quelle occhiate, i sospir vanno
Lassù al padre e son preghiera
Che il suo tempri ed il tuo affanno.

Come a me squarcin le viscere
Gl'insoffribili miei guai
E dell'ansio petto i palpiti

Chi comprendere può mai?
Di che trema il cor? Che vuol?

Ah! tu sola il sai, tu sol!

Sempre, ovunque il passo io giro,
Qual martiro, qual martiro
Qui nel sen porto con me!
Solitaria appena, oh, quanto
Verso allora, oh, quanto pianto
E di dentro scoppia il cor.

Sul vassel del fine strino
La mia lacrima scendea
Quando all'alba del mattino
Questi fior per te cogliea,
Chè del sole il primo raggio
La mia stanza rischiarava
E dal letto mi cacciava
Agitandomi il dolor.

Ah, perte dal disonore,
Dalla morte io sia salvata.
Deh, pietoso al mio dolore
China il guiardo, oh Addolorata!

Ah, with mercy, oh Woman of
Sorrow,
Incline your glance to my grief;
You, a sword fixed in the heart,
turn your eyes afflicted
to your dying son.
Those glances, the sighs go
high up to the Father and are
prayers
that will temper his and your pity.

How my gut wrenches
My woes are insufferable
and the anxious beating of the
chest

Who can ever understand?
Of what trembles the heart? What
does it want?

Ah! you alone it knows, you alone!

Always, whatever step I take,
what martyrdom, what martyrdom
I carry here in my breast!
Alone now, oh, how many
I pour out then, oh, how many tears
And how inside bursts my heart.

On the vase at the window
My teardrops fell
When at the dawn of morning
This flower was picked for you,
that the first ray of sun
brightens my room
And even from my bed it drove out
my agitation and my grief.

Ah, for you from shame,
from death I am saved.
Ah, with mercy on my grief
Incline your glance, oh Woman of
Sorrow!