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# Joint Recital: Daniela Schmiedlechner & Penelope-Myles Voss, sopranos

Daniela Schmiedlechner

Penelope-Myles Voss

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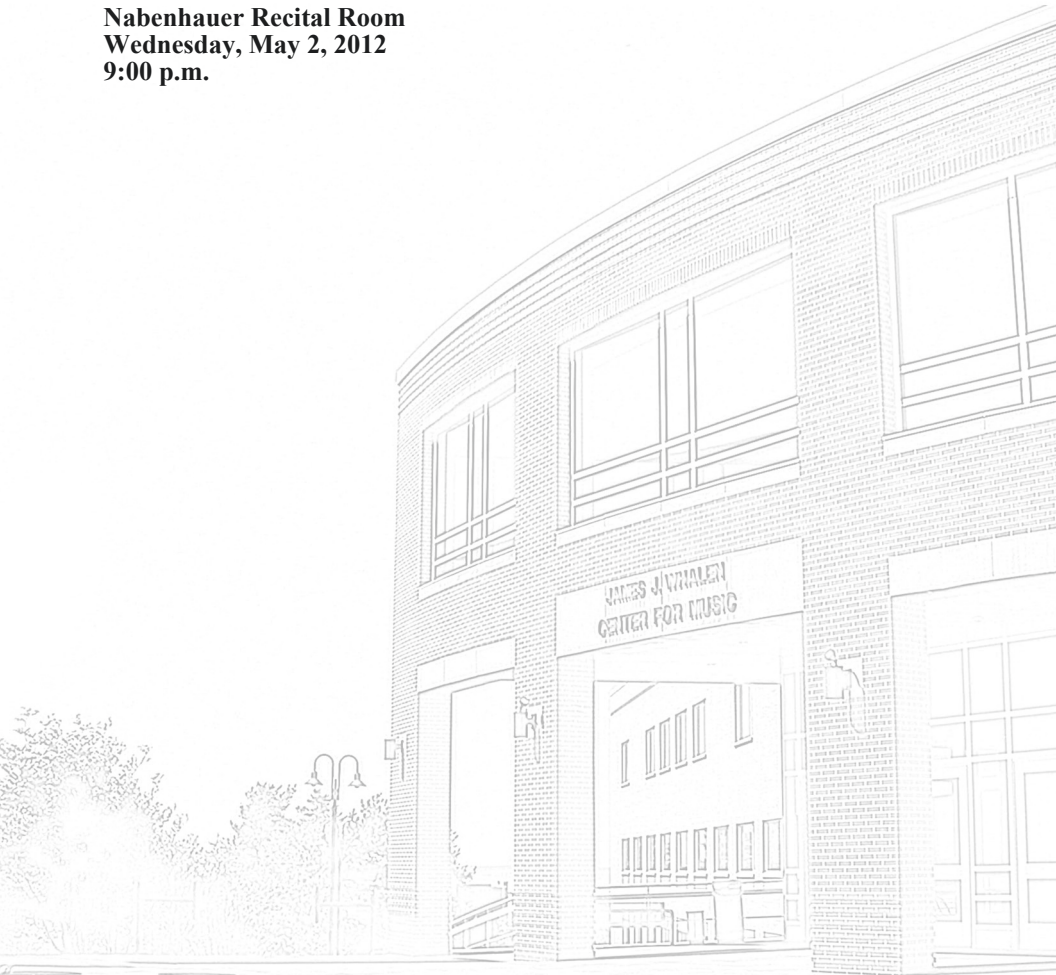
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**Joint Recital:  
Daniela Schmiedlechner & Penelope-Myles  
Voss, sopranos**

**Josh Condon, piano  
Tom Peters, piano**

**Nabenhauer Recital Room  
Wednesday, May 2, 2012  
9:00 p.m.**



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

## Program

Das Veilchen

W. A. Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Franz P. Schubert  
(1798-1828)

*Daniela Schmiedlechner*

An Sylvia

Franz P. Schubert

Liebst du um Schönheit

Clara Schumann  
(1819-1896)

*Penelope-Myles Voss*

Floods of Spring

Sergei Rachmaninoff

I Have Grown Fond of Sorrow

(1873-1943)

*Daniela Schmiedlechner*

Orpheus With His Lute

William Schuman  
(1910-1992)

Sure on this shining night

Samuel Barber  
(1910-1981)

*Penelope-Myles Voss*

## Intermission

Non so più  
Sull'aria

W.A. Mozart

*Daniela Schmiedlecher & Penelope-Myles Voss*

Lascia ch'io pianga

George F. Handel  
(1685-1759)

Ridente la Calma

W.A. Mozart

*Penelope-Myles Voss*

Élégie

Jules Massenet  
(1842-1912)

Jurame

María Grever  
(1894-1951)

*Daniela Schmiedlechner*

Psyché

Émile Paladilhe  
(1844-1926)

Ouvre ton coeur

Georges Bizet  
(1838-1875)

*Penelope-Myles Voss*

Stripsody

Cathy Berberian  
(1925-1983)

*Daniela Schmiedlechner*

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Daniela is from the studio of David Parks; Penelope-Myles is from the studio of Marc Webster.

## Translations

### Das Veilchen

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam eine junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:  
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

### Gretchen am Spinnrade

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

### A Violet

A violet stood upon the lea,  
Hunched o'er in anonymity;  
So amiable a violet!  
Along there came a young shepherdess  
Light paced, full of contentedness  
Along, along,  
The lea, and sang her song.

Ah!" thinks the violet, "were I just  
The fairest flower in the dust  
For just a little while yet,  
Until that darling seizes me  
And to her bosom squeezes me!  
For just, for just  
A quarter hour long!"

Ah! And alas! There came the maid  
And no heed to the violet paid,  
Crushed the poor little violet.  
It sank and died, yet filled with pride:  
And though I die, I shall have died  
Through her, through her,  
And at her feet have died.

### Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

Where I do not have him,  
That is the grave,  
The whole world  
Is bitter to me.

My poor head  
Is crazy to me,  
My poor mind  
Is torn apart.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

For him only, I look  
Out the window  
Only for him do I go  
Out of the house.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seine Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluß,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt!

#### **An Sylvia**

Was ist Silvia, saget an,  
Daß sie die weite Flur preist?  
Schön und zart seh ich sie nahn,  
Auf Himmelsgunst und Spur weist,  
Daß ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?  
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;  
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,  
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit  
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön, o Sang,  
Der holden Silvia Ehren;  
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,  
Den Erde kann gewähren:  
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

#### **Liebst du um Schönheit**

Liebst du um Schönheit  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe die Sonne,  
Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,  
O nicht mich liebe!  
Liebe der Frühling,

His tall walk,  
His noble figure,  
His mouth's smile,  
His eyes' power,

And his mouth's  
Magic flow,  
His handclasp,  
and ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I will find it never  
and never more.

My bosom urges itself  
toward him.  
Ah, might I grasp  
And hold him!

And kiss him,  
As I would wish,  
At his kisses  
I should die!

#### **To Sylvia**

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

#### **Love you for beauty**

Love you for beauty  
Oh, do not love me!  
Love the sun,  
She has golden hair!

Love you for youth,  
Oh, do not love me!  
Love the spring,

Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,  
O nicht mich liebe,  
Liebe die Meerfrau,  
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,  
O ja, mich liebe!  
Liebe mich immer,  
Dich lieb'ich immerdar.

### **Sull'aria**

Sull'aria.  
Che soave zefiretto,  
Questa sera spirerà,  
Sotto i pini del boschetto,  
Ei già il resto capirà,  
Certo, certo il capirà.

### **Non so più**

Non so pi cosa son, cosa faccio,  
  
Or di foco, ora sono di ghiaccio,  
Ogni donna cangiar di colore,  
Ogni donna mi fa palpar.  
Solo ai nomi d'amor, di diletto,  
Mi si turba, mi s'altera il petto,  
E a parlare mi sforza d'amore  
Un desio ch'io non posso spiegar.  
Parlo d'amore vegliando,  
Parlo d'amor sognando,  
All'acqua, all'ombra, ai monti,  
Ai fiori, all'erbe, ai fonti,  
All'eco, all'aria, ai venti,  
Che il suon de'vani accenti  
Portano via con se.  
E se non ho chi m'oda,  
Parlo d'amor con me!

### **Lascia ch'io pianga**

Lascia ch'io pianga mia cruda sorte,  
e che sospiri la libertà!  
Il duolo infranga queste ritorte de' miei  
martiri,  
sol per pietà.

Who is young every year!

Love you for wealth,  
Oh, do not love me!  
Love the mermaid,  
She has many sparkling pearls.

Love you for love,  
Oh yes, love me!  
Love me forever,  
I will love you always.

### **On air.**

On air.  
That sweet zephyr,  
This evening will sigh,  
Under the pine grove,  
And the rest he will understand,  
Certainly he will understand.

### **I do not know**

I do not know anymore what I am, what I am  
doing,  
Now I'm fire, now I'm ice,  
Any woman makes me change color,  
Any woman makes me quiver.  
At just the names of love, of pleasure,  
My breast is stirred up and changed,  
And a desire I can't explain  
Forces me to speak of love.  
I speak of love while awake,  
I speak of love while dreaming,  
To the water, the shade, the hills,  
The flowers, the grass, the fountains,  
The echo, the air, and the winds  
Which carry away with them  
The sound of my vain words.  
And if there's nobody to hear me,  
I speak of love to myself!

### **Let me weep**

Let me weep over my cruel fate  
and that I sigh for freedom!  
Let my sadness shatter these chains of my  
suffering,  
if only out of pity.

### **Ridente la Calma**

Ridente la calma nell'alma si desti;  
Né resti più segno di sdegno e timor.

Tu vieni, frattanto, a stringer mio bene,

Le dolce catene sí grate al mio cor.

### **Élégie**

Ô, doux printemps d'autre fois,  
Vertes saisons,  
Vous avez fui pour toujours!  
Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu;  
Je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des  
oiseaux!

En emportant mon bonheur,  
Ô bien-ami, tu t'en es allé!

Et c'est en vain que le printemps revient!  
Oui, sans retour, avec toi,  
le gai soleil,  
Les jours riants sont partis!  
Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre et  
glacé!  
Tout est flétri! Pour toujours!

### **Júrame**

Todos dicen que es mentira que te quiero,

Porque nunca me habian visto enamorada,

Yo te juro que yo misma no comprendo  
El porqué me fascina tu mirada.

Cuando estoy cerca de ti y estas contento,

No quisiera que de nadie te acordaras;

Tengo celos hasta del pensamiento

Que pueda recordarte a otra mujer amada.

Júrame, que aun que pase mucho tiempo

No olvidarás el momento,  
En que yo te conocí.

Mírame, pues no hay nada mas profundo

Ni más grande en este mundo  
Que el cariño que te dí.

### **Smiling the Calm**

May a happy calm arise in my soul  
and may neither a bit of anger nor fear survive  
in it.

In the meantime you are coming, my beloved,  
to grasp  
those sweet chains that make my heart so  
grateful.

### **Elegy**

O spring of days long ago,  
Blooming and bright,  
Far have you fluttered away!  
No more the skies' azure light,  
Caroling birds waken and glisten for me!

Bearing all joy from my heart,  
Loved one, how far from my life hast thou  
flown!

Vainly to me does the springtime return!  
It brings thee never again:  
Dark is the sun!  
Dead are the days of delight!  
Cold is my heart and as dark as the grave!

Life is in vain evermore!

### **Promise, Love**

They all say my love from you is just  
pretending,  
For they know my heart has ne'er felt love's  
elation;

And I vow that I am still past comprehending  
All that lends to your glance its fascination.

When together, hearts in happiness cemented,

In your mem'ry thought of others I'd have  
perish,  
Even thoughts make me jealous, discontented,

Because they may recall some other girl whom  
you cherish.

Promise, love, that your heart, the years  
defying,  
Will recall that hour undying  
When we first swore to be true.

Trust me, love, naught on earth is so  
unbounded,  
Nothing has the deeps unsounded  
Of the love I offer you.



Bésame, con un beso enamorado,  
Como nadie me ha besado  
Desde el día en que nací.

Quiéreme, quiéreme hasta la locura  
Así sabrás la amargura

Que estoy sufriendo por ti.

### **Psyché**

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de toute la nature!  
Les rayons du soleil vous baisent trop  
souvent,  
Vos cheveux souffrent top les caresses du  
vent.  
Quand il les flatte, j'en murmure!  
L'air même que vous respirez, avec trop de  
plaisir passe sur votre bouche.  
Votre habit de trop près vous touche!  
Et sitôt que vous soupirez, Je ne sais quoi qui  
m'effarouche  
Craint, parmi vos soupir, des soupirs égarés!

### **Ouvre ton coeur**

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.  
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?  
Ouvre ton coeur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton coeur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme

Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil, ouvre ton  
coeur.

Je veux reprendre mon âme.

Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil, ouvre ton  
coeur à mon amour!

Kiss me, love, with a kiss whose ardent flavor  
Robs each other kiss of savor,  
Since your lips my own lips knew.

Love me, love, to the very point of madness,  
Then you'll know the bitter sadness I suffer  
because of you.

### **Psyché**

I am jealous, Psyche, of all nature!  
The sun's rays kiss you too often,

Your hair suffers too much the wind's  
caresses.

As it flatters you, I murmur in protest!

The same air that you breathe with so much  
pleasure passes over your mouth.

Your garment touches you too closely!

And as soon as you sigh, I do not know what  
scares me

Fear, among your sighs, of sighs lost!

### **Open your heart**

The daisy has closed its petals  
The darkness has closed the eyes of the day.  
Fair one, will you keep your word to me?  
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart, oh young angel, to my  
passion

That a dream might charm your slumber, open  
your heart.

I want to recover my soul.

Like a flower opens to the sun, open your  
heart to my love!

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