

4-19-2014

Senior Recital: Daniela Schmiedlechner, soprano

Daniela Schmiedlechner

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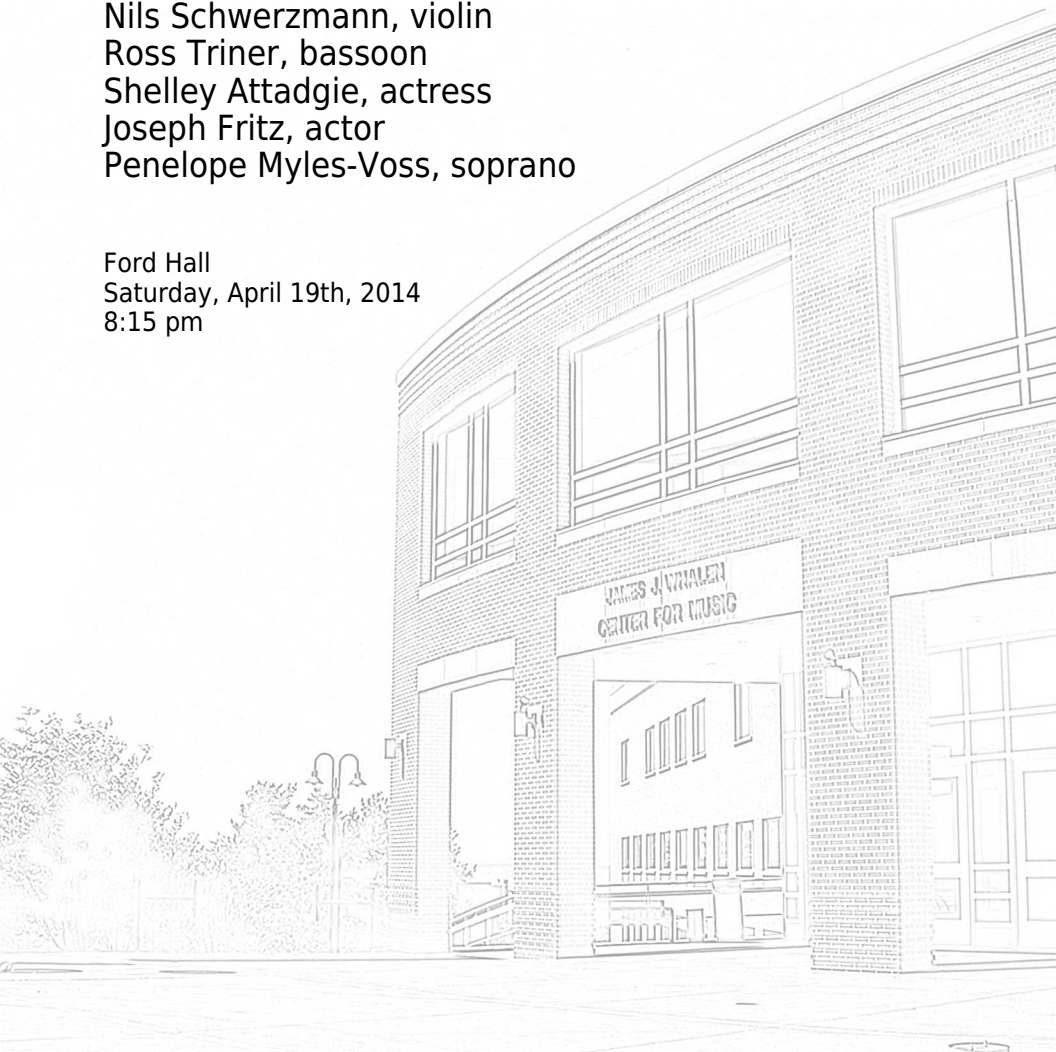
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Senior Recital:

Daniela Schmiedlechner, soprano

Richard Montgomery, piano
Sophie Chang, cello
Katie Mattner, violin
Amanda Schmitz, viola
Nils Schwerzmann, violin
Ross Triner, bassoon
Shelley Attadgie, actress
Joseph Fritz, actor
Penelope Myles-Voss, soprano

Ford Hall
Saturday, April 19th, 2014
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Tristes apprets from <i>Castor et Pollux</i>	Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)
Voici, les tristes lieux from <i>Dardanus</i>	Ross Triner, bassoon Katie Mattner, violin Nils Schwerzmann, violin Amanda Schmitz, viola Sophie Chang, cello
Wien, du Stadt meiner Träume	Rudolf Sieczynski (1879-1952)
Was ich längst erträumte	Franz Lehar (1870-1948)
Weinlied	Edmund Eysler (1874-1949)
In uomini, in soldati from <i>Così fan tutte</i>	Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791)
Venite, inginocchiatevi from <i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>	Shelley Attadgie, actress Joseph Fritz, actor

Intermission

Echo I'm certain: I am loved My days are spent in yearning	Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908)
I'd Rather Be Sailing	William Finn (b. 1952)
Flight	Craig Carnelia (b. 1949)
	Penelope Myles-Voss, soprano
Sequenza III	Luciano Berio (1925-2003)

Translations Tristes apprêts

Tristes apprêts, pâles flambeaux, Jour plus affreux que les ténèbres Astres lugubres des tombeaux, Non, je ne verrai plus que vos clartés funèbres.	Mournful solemnities, pale torches, Day more fearful than darkness, Lugubrious stars of tombs, No, I shall see no more than your funeral lights.
Toi, qui vois mon cœur éperdu, Père du jour, ô soleil, ô mon père! Je ne veux plus d'un bien que Castor Et je renonce à la lumière.	You who see my distraught heart, Father of the day! O sun! O my father! I no longer want any gift but what Castor has lost, And I renounce your light.
Tristes apprêts, pâles flambeaux, Jour plus affreux que les ténèbres Astres lugubres des tombeaux, Non, je ne verrai plus que vos clartés funèbres.	Mournful solemnities, pale torches, Day more fearful than darkness, Lugubrious stars of tombs, No, I shall see no more than your funeral lights.

Voici les tristes lieux

Voici les tristes lieux que le
monstre ravage.
Hélas! Si pour moi seul je
craignais sa fureur
Je l'attendrais sur ce rivage
Pour être sa victime, et non
pas son vainqueur.

Monstre affreux, monstre
redoutable
Ah! Que le sort me serait
favorable,
S'il ne m'exposait qu'à vos
coups,
Monstre affreux monstre
redoutable.
Ah, l'Amour est encore plus
terrible que vous.

Contre votre fureur, il est du
moins des armes,
Mais contre ses alarmes
Vainement on cherche un
appui,
Il renait des efforts qu'on fait
pour le détruire,
Et le cœur même qu'il
déchire Est d'intelligence avec
lui.

Monstre affreux, monstre
redoutable
Ah! Que le sort me serait
favorable,
S'il ne m'exposait qu'à vos
coups,
Monstre affreux, monstre
redoutable.
Ah, l'Amour est encore plus
terrible que vous.

Here are the sad lands
ravaged by the monster
Alas! If it were only for myself
who feared his fury
I would await on this shore to
be his victim
And not his vanquisher.

Dread monster, fearsome
monster
Ah! How kind fate would be to
me
If he exposed me only to no
blows but yours!
Dread monster, fearsome
monster
Ah! Love is much more
terrible than you

At least against your fury
there are weapons
But against his attacks
One looks in vain for support;
All efforts to destroy him only
gives him new life

And the very heart that tears
him apart is in league with him.

Dread monster, fearsome
monster
Ah! How kind fate would be to
me
If he exposed me only to no
blows but yours!
Dread monster, fearsome
monster
Ah! Love is much more
terrible than you

Wien, du Stadt meiner Träume

Mein Herz und mein Sinn
schwärmt stets nur für Wien,
für Wien, wie es weint, wie es
lacht,
da kenn ich mich aus, da bin
ich halt z'haus
bei Tag und noch mehr bei
der Nacht,
und keiner bleibt kalt,
ob jung oder alt,
der Wien wie es wirklich ist,
kennt.
Müßt einmal ich fort
von dem schönen Ort,
da nähm' meine Sehnsucht
kein End.

Dann hört ich aus weiter
Ferne ein Lied,
das klingt und singt, das lockt
und zieht:
Wien, Wien, nur du allein
sollst stets die Stadt meiner
Träume sein,
dort wo die alten Häuser
stehn
dort wo die lieblichen
Mädchen gehn,
Wien, Wien, nur du allein
sollst stets die Stadt meiner
Träume sein,
dort wo ich glücklich und selig
bin,
ist Wien, ist Wien, ist Wien!

Ob ich will oder net
nur hoff ich, recht spät,
muß ich einmal fort von der
Welt.
Geschieden muß sein,
von Liebe und Wein
weil alles, wie' s kommt, auch
vergeht
Ah, das wird ganz schön,
ich brauch ja nicht z'gehn,
ich flieg doch in'Himmel

My heart and my mind
is so full of Vienna
for Vienna as it weeps, as it
laughs
that's where I know my way,
that's where I'm at home
at day and at night
and no one stays cold,
whether young or old,

Vienna as it really is.

Would I have to leave
this beautiful place
my yearning would never end.

Then I would hear an
imaginary, faraway song,
that sounds and sings, that
entices and draws me.
Vienna, Vienna you alone
will always be the city of my
dreams,
there, where the cute old
houses are,
there, where the lovely girls
walk.
Vienna, Vienna you alone
will always be the city of my
dreams
there, where I am happy and
delirious
is Vienna, is Vienna, my
Vienna.

Whether I want it or not
- I only hope it comes late -,
once I will have to leave this
world.
A decision will have to be
made
between love and wine,
as, whatever you gain, you
lose.
Ah, that would be nice,
I won't have to go far,

hinauf,
dort setz ich mich hin,
schau runter auf Wien,
der Steffel, der grüßt ja
hinauf.

I will fly right into heaven.
Where I will sit,
and watch Vienna from
above,
and see the St. Stephan' s
church greeting me.

Was ich längst erträumte

Wachst du Liebchen?
Wachst du, sag' es mir!
Du ahnst es nicht, dass dein
Geliebter vor der Tür'.
Träumst du, ach, von mir, du
süßes Kind,
dann träum' nur zu, ich weck'
dich nicht,
'swär eine Sünd'!
Ach, wie währt so lang
die Trennungszeit!
Hab' dein gedacht in
sehnsuchtsvollem Leid,
eine einz'ge Nacht süß mit dir
verbracht!
Wär' damals nie der Tag
erwacht!

Will you wake sweetheart?
Will you wake, tell me?
You do not know, that your
lover is in front of the door.
If you dream, oh, of me, you
sweet child,
then dream, I will not wake
you,
It would be a sin!
Oh how the separation time
lasts so long!
If yours has thought in grief
full of longing,
one only night, sweetly spent
with me!
If the day had never awoken
at that time!

Erster Kuß!
Letzter Kuß!
Traum war's kaum!

The first kiss!
The last kiss!
It was barely a dream!

Was ich längst erträumte,
was ich bang versäumte,
holdes, heißersehntes Glück,
kehrst du nun zu mir zurück!

What I for a long time dreamt
what I anxiously missed,
lovely, longed-for luck,
you return now to me!
Sweet, delightful hours,
I have found you,
let's tie up, May time,
for all eternity!

Süße Wonnestunden,
hab' ich euch gefunden,
lass dich fesseln, Maienzeit,
für alle Ewigkeit!

Now return I to you
my darling,
there laughs from all corners
to me the dear luck!
Friendly my familiar home
nods to me,
however, that for what my
heart longs,

Nun kehr ich zu dir
mein Lieb zurück,
es lacht aus allen Winkeln mir
das Liebesglück!
Freundlich nickt mein trautes
Heim mir zu,
doch das, wonach mein Herz

sich sehnt,
bist Teure, du!
Ach, man muß verliebt
gewesen sein,
nur dann kennt man der
heißen Sehnsucht Pein!
Stets bei Tag und Nacht
hab' ich dein gedacht,
mich zog's zu dir mit
Zauber Macht!

Ich bei dir,
du bei mir,
heut wird's wahr!

you are expensive!
Oh, one must have been in
love,
only then does one know the
hot longing torment!
Always during day and night
I have the thought of you,
it attracts me like magic!

I with you,
you with me,
today will be true!

Weinlied

Du lustigster der Philosophen,
dir widmete ich viele Strophen
von meines Lebens heitrem
Lied,
das jetzt an mir vorüber zieht!

Du heiterster der
Sorgenbrecher,
du einz'ger Trost der
Lebenszecher!
Und muß das Lied zu Ende
gehn,
dan widme ich dir den
Refrain!

Fein, fein schmeckt uns der
Wein,
wenn man zwanzig ist und
auch die Liebe!
Fein, fein schmeckt uns der
Wein,
wenn man dreißig ist und
auch die Liebe,
wenn man vierzig ist, man
noch gerne küßt,
b'sonders wenn man einst
sparsam gewesen ist,
doch wenn man älter wird,
ein wenig kälter wird,
bleibt allein nur der Wein!

You most amusing of the
philosophers,
to you I dedicate many
strophes
from my life to the jolly song
which passes now in me!

You most cheerful of the
worry breakers,
you only consolation of life's
boozers!
And if the song must end
then I dedicate to you the
refrain!

Fine, fine tastes the wine
when one is twenty and also
the love!
Fine, fine tastes the wine
when one is thirty and also
the love
when one is forty, one still
likes to kiss,
especially if once one has
been sparing,
however when one becomes
older,
they become a little colder,
only the wine remains!

War mancher schon ein
Schwerenöter,
ein Don Juan, ein
Herzenstöter!
Und jagte manches edle Tier
in Herrn Cupidos Jagdrevier!
Rief mancher schon,
nichts soll mich zwingen,
das Abschiedslied so bald zu
singen!
Doch zeigt die Uhr auf halber
zehn,
bequemt er sich doch zum
Refrain!

If one is already a
philanderer,
a Don Juan, a heartbreaker!
And some hunt noble animals
in Cupid's hunting grounds!
If some shout,
nothing should make me
sing the resignation song so
soon!
However, the clock shows half
ten,
and he goes back to the
refrain!

In uomini, in soldati

In uomini, in soldati, sperare
fedelta?
Non vi fate sentir, per carita!

Di pasta simile son tutti
quanti,
Le fronde mobili, l'aure
incostanti
Han piu degli uomini stabilita!
Mentite lagrime, fallaci
sguardi
Voci ingannevoli, vezzi
bugiardi
Son le primarie lor qualita!
In noi non amano che il lor
diletto,
Poi ci dispregiano, neganci
affetto,
Ne val da barbari chieder
pieta!
Paghiam o femmine, d'ugual
moneta
Questa malefica razza
indiscreta.
Amiam per comodo, per
vanita!

In men? In soldiers you hope
for fidelity?
For pete's sake, don't let
anyone hear you!
They're all made of the same
dough.
Windblown branches,
changeable breezes
Have more stability than men!
False tears, suspicious
glances,
Deceiving voices, lying vices

Are the foremost of their
qualities!
They only love us when it
suits their delight,
Then they disparage us and
deny us affection,
It's useless to ask their pity!
Let's pay them back in their
own coin,
This accursed, indiscreet race.
Let's love for our convenience
and vanity!

Venite, inginocchiatevi

Venite, inginocchiatevi;
Restate fermo lì.
Pian piano, or via, giratevi:
Bravo, va ben così.
La faccia ora volgetemi:
Olà, quegli occhi a me.
Drittissimo: guardatemi.
Madama qui non è.
Restate fermo, or via,
giratevi, bravo!
Più alto quel colletto ...
quel ciglio un po' più basso ...
le mani sotto il petto ...
vedremo poscia il passo
quando sarete in pie'.
Mirate il bricconcello!
Mirate quanto è bello!
Che furba guardatura!
Che vezzo, che figura!
Se l'amano le femmine
han certo il lor perché.

Come, kneel;
Remain standing there.
Slowly, or street, turn around:
Bravo, goes like this.
The face now volgetemi:
Hey there, those eyes at me.
Drittissimo: look at me.
Madam is not here.
Stay still, or on,
Turn around, bravo!
The higher the collar ...
those eyes a bit 'lower ...
your hands under the chest ...
we'll see how the step
when you are in the foot '.
At the little colt!
Look how beautiful it is!
What a crafty!
What an outfit, what a figure!
If you love the girls
they have their reasons why.

Echo

Ревёт ли зверь в лесу
глухом,
Трубит ли рог, гремит ли
гром,
Поёт ли дева за холмом -
На всякий звук
Свой отклик в воздухе
пустом
Родишь ты вдруг.

Ты внимлешь грохоту
громов,
И гласу бури и валов,

И крику сельских пастухов -

И шлешь ответ;
Тебе ж нет отзыва...
Таков И ты, поэт!

The howls of beasts
the air does fill,
A horn is heard, so loud and
shrill.
A maiden sings there on the
hill
Your heart then bounds,
Responding, with a sudden
chill
To all these sounds.
You hear the thunder's
sudden roar
And stormy waves that crash
to shore,
And shouts of shepherds by
the score.
Will they reply?
But nothing answers you...
No more a poet, !!

I'm certain: I am loved

Я верю: я любим;
для сердца надо верить.
Нет, милая моя
не может лице мерить
все непритворно в ней:
желанья тёмный жар,
стыдливость робкая,
одежды легкая
небрежность,
и ласковых речей
младенческая нежность.

I'm certain: I am loved,
my heart must now believe me.
No, my beloved child.
No more can you deceive me;
No more need you pretend:
your langrous, warm desire,
Your shy timidity,
your careless pose when we
are strolling,
Your innocence of speech,
your furtive glance consoling.

My days are spent in yearning

Медлительно влекутся дни
мои,
И каждый миг в увядшем
сердце множит
Всё горести несчастливой
любви
[И все мечты безумия]
тревожит.

My days are spent in yearning
and in grief,
My cheerless heart can never
be disdainful
Of all afflictions, which wound
beyond belief.
And all my love, which leaves
a scar so painful

Но я молчу; не слышен
ропот мой;
Я слёзы лью; мне слёзы
утешенье;
Моя душа, обятая тоской,
В них горькое находит
наслажденье.

I make no sound;
my cries cannot be heard;
I shed my tears
which bring me consolation;
My aching heart,
like some poor wounded bird,
Finds comfort in its terrible
pleasure.

О жизни сон, лети, не жаль
тебя,
Исчезни в тьме, пустое
привиденье;
Мне дорого любви моей
мученье;
Пускай умру, но пусть умру,
любя!

O dream of life!
fly on to realms above,
Disappear to the dark
you must be disappearing;
My torment and my pain are
more endearing
Than any joy;
so let me die of love!

Program Notes

Sequenza III

Sequenza III (author's note)

for voice (1965)

The voice carries always an excess of connotations, whatever it is doing. From the grossest of noises to the most delicate of singing, the voice always means something, always refers beyond itself and creates a huge range of associations. In *Sequenza III* I tried to assimilate many aspects of everyday vocal life, including trivial ones, without losing intermediate levels or indeed normal singing. In order to control such a wide range of vocal behaviour, I felt I had to break up the text in an apparently devastating way, so as to be able to recuperate fragments from it on different expressive planes, and to reshape them into units that were not discursive but musical. The text had to be homogeneous, in order to lend itself to a project that consisted essentially of exorcising the excessive connotations and composing them into musical units. This is the “modular” text written by Markus Kutter for *Sequenza III*.

Give me a few words for a woman
to sing a truth allowing us
to build a house without worrying before night comes

In *Sequenza III* the emphasis is given to the sound symbolism of vocal and sometimes visual gestures, with their accompanying “shadows of meaning”, and the associations and conflicts suggested by them. For this reason *Sequenza III* can also be considered as a dramatic essay whose story, so to speak, is the relationship between the soloist and her own voice

Sequenza III was written in 1965 for Cathy Berberian.

Luciano Berio

*Cathy Berberian was his ex-wife and he wrote this for her the year after they divorced.