

11-1-2014

Senior Recital: Penelope-Myles Voss, soprano

Penelope-Myles Voss

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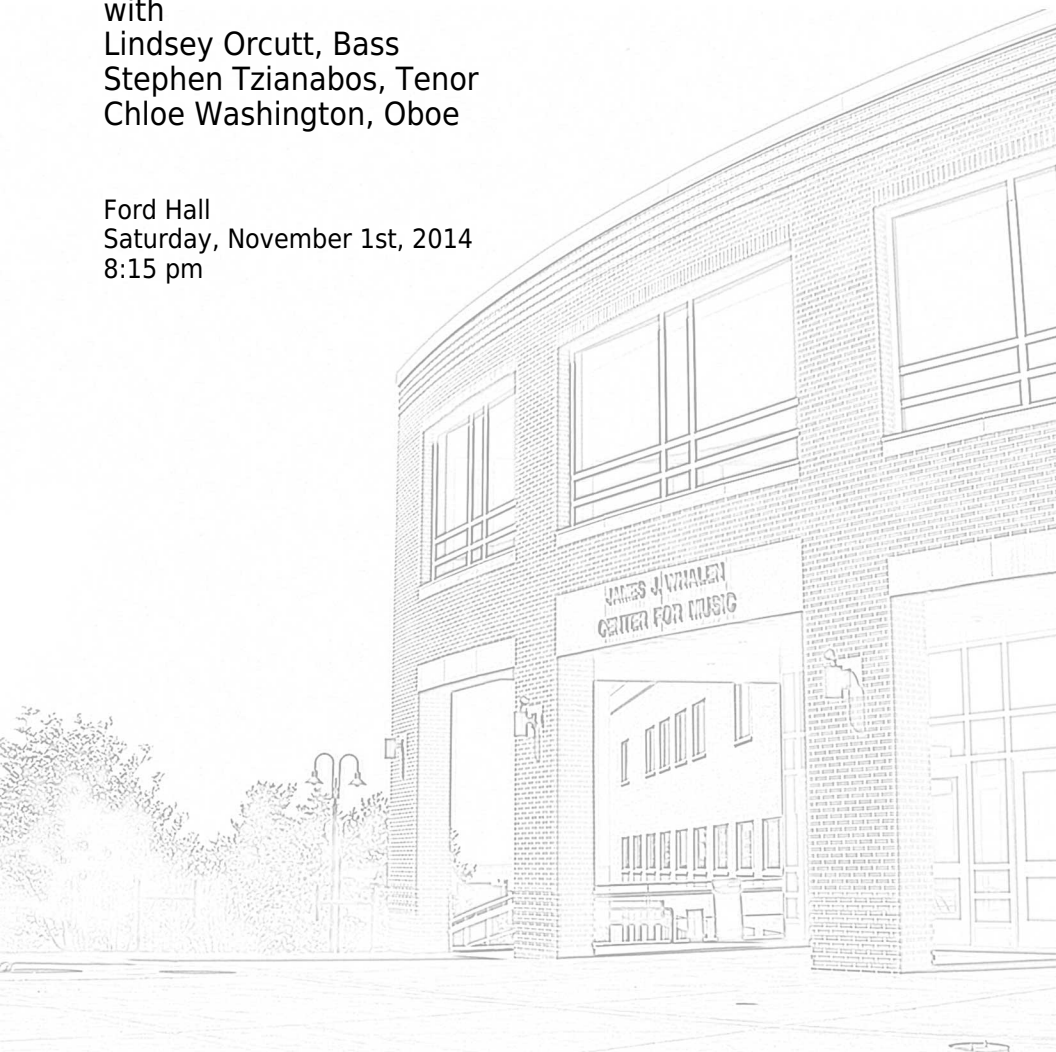
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Senior Recital:
Penelope-Myles Voss, Soprano

Featuring
Blaise Bryski, Piano

with
Lindsey Orcutt, Bass
Stephen Tzianabos, Tenor
Chloe Washington, Oboe

Ford Hall
Saturday, November 1st, 2014
8:15 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Morirò
Haï Lulí
Séparation

Stephen Tzianabos, Tenor

Pauline Viardot
1821-1910

The Summer Day
Text by Mary Oliver

*Linsdey Orcutt, Bass
Chloe Washington, Oboe*

Justin Parish
b. 1994

Sogno
Vorrei morire
Marechiare
Non t'amo piú

Paolo Tosti
1846-1916

Intermission

Zigeunermelodien
I. Mein Lied ertönt
II. Ei, wie mein Triangel
III. Rings ist der Wald
IV. Als die alte Mutter

Antonín Dvořák
1841-1904

Embraceable You
Someone to Watch Over Me
The Man I Love
Just Another Rhumba

George Gershwin
1898-1937

Translations

Moriró

Morirò, morirò, sarai contenta.	I will die, I will die, you will be happy.
Più non la sentirai, l'afflitta voce!	No more will you hear it, the afflicted voice!
Quattro campane sentirai suonare,	Four bells you will hear sounding,
'Na piccola campana a bassa voce.	A little bell with quiet voice.
Quando la sentirai l'morto passare,	When you hear the dead passing,
Fatti di fuori che quello son io!	Go to the window, because that is me!

Haï Lulí

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète, je ne sais plus que devenir.	I am sad, I am worrying, I no longer know what is to come.
Mon bon ami devait venir, et je l'attends ici seulette.	My sweetheart should've come, and I await him here alone.
Haï Lulí! Où donc peut être mon ami?	Oh, alas! Where might my sweetheart be?
Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine, le fil se casse dans ma main... Allons, je filerai demain; aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!	I sit down to spin my wool, the thread breaks in my hand... Let's go, I will spin tomorrow; today I am in too much pain!
Haï Lulí! Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!	Oh, alas! How sad it is without my sweetheart!
Si jamais il devient volage, s'il doit un jour m'abandonner, le village n'a qu'à brûler, et moi-même avec le village!	If ever he becomes fickle, if he should ever abandon me, the village will only burn, and myself with the village!
Haï Lulí! A quoi bon vivre sans ami?	Ah, alas! What good is it to live without my sweetheart?

Séparation

Pars, et nous oublie;	Leave, and forget us,
Pars, ne suis point mes pas.	leave, do not follow my steps.
La fortune, ennemie, m'arrache de tes bras.	Fortune, enemy, tears me from your arms.
Las! en vain m'implore	Alas! in vain implores me

celui que j'adore.
J'avais su le charmer;
ma vie était trop belle.
Du sort la loi cruelle
me défend de l'aimer.
Laisse ton amie
s'arracher de tes bras.

Reste, ô mon amie,
ou je suivrai tes pas.
Car mon cœur, ma vie,
s'en vont quand tu t'en vas.
Mais en vain t'implore
celui qui t'adore.
Les Dieux qui, pour charmer,
t'ont fait naître si belle,
ne veulent pas, cruelle,
que ton cœur sache aimer.

the one that I adore.
I knew how to charm him;
my life was too beautiful.
Of fate the cruel law
forbids me to love him.
Let your sweetheart
wrench herself from your arms.

Stay, oh my sweetheart,
or I will follow your steps.
Because my heart, my life,
goes away when you go away.
But in vain I implore you
this one that I adore.
The Gods who, for charm,
have made you born so
beautiful,
do not want, cruel one,
that your heart knows how to
love.

The Summer Day

Who made the world?
Who made the swan, and the black bear?
Who made the grasshopper?
This grasshopper, I mean-
the one who has flung herself out of the grass,
the one who is eating sugar out of my hand,
who is moving her jaws back and forth instead of up and down-
who is gazing around with her enormous and complicated eyes.
Now she lifts her pale forearms and thoroughly washes her face.
Now she snaps her wings open, and floats away.
I don't know exactly what a prayer is.
I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.
Tell me, what else should I have done?
Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?
Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?

Sogno

Ho sognato che stavi a'
ginocchi,
Come un santo che prega il
Signor...
Mi guardavi nel fondo degli
occhi,
Sfavillava il tuo sguardo d'amor.

Tu parlavi e la voce sommessa
mi chiedea dolcemente mercè...
Solo un guardo che fosse
promessa,
Imploravi, curvato al mio piè.

Io taceva e coll'anima forte
il desio tentatore lottò.
Ho provato il martirio e la
morte,
pur mi vinsi e ti dissi di no.

Ma il tuo labbro sfiorò la mia
faccia...
E la forza del cor mi tradì.

Chiusi gli occhi, ti stesi le
braccia...
Ma, sognavo... E il bel sogno
svanì.

I dreamt of you on your knees,
Like a saint who prays to the
Lord...
You looked at me from the
depths of your eyes,
And your glance of love
sparkled.

You spoke and your soft voice
asked me sweetly for mercy...
Only one glance that could be a
promise,
you implored, bended at my
foot.

I was silent and with strong soul
fought the tempting desire.
I felt the martyrdom and the
death,
I conquered myself and told you
no.

But your lips touched my face...

And the force of my heart
betrayed me.

I closed my eyes, stretched my
arms out to you...

But, I was dreaming... And the
beautiful dream vanished.

Vorrei Morire

Vorrei morir ne la stagion
dell'anno,
Quando è tiepida l'aria e il ciel
sereno,
Quando le rondinelle il nido
fanno,
Quando di nuovi fior s'orna il
terreno;

I would like to die in the season
of the year,
When the breeze is warm and
skies are calm,
When the swallows are making
their nests,
When the new flowers adorn the
earth;

Vorrei morir quando tramonta il
sole,
Quando sul prato dormon le
viole,
Lieta farebbe a Dio l'alma
ritorno
A primavera e sul morir del
giorno.

I would like to die when the sun
is setting,
When on the meadow lay the
violets,
My soul would happily return to
God
In spring and at the death of
day.

Ma quando infuria il nembo e la
tempesta,
Allor che l'aria si fa scura scura:
Quando ai rami un foglia più
non resta,
Allora di morire avrei paura.

But when the clouds and the
storms rage,
And so the air becomes the
darkest darkness:
When on the branches a leaf no
longer rests,
Then to die I would be afraid.

Marechiare

Quanno sponta la luna a
Marechiare
li pisce nce fann'a l'ammore.
Se revotano l'onne de lu mare,
pe la priezza cagneno culore,
quanno sponta la luna a
Marechiare.

When the moon rises over
Marechiare
even the fish tremble with love.
The waves of the sea churn with
joy
in the bosom of the sea,
when the moon rises over
Marechiare.

A marechiare nce sta na
fenesta,
la passione mia nce tuzzulea,
nu carofano addora in t'a na
testa,
passa l'acqua pe sotto e
murumuléa:
A Marechiare nce sta na
fenesta.

In Marechiare there is a window,
and my passion flies there,
a carnation perfumes the
air beneath it,
the water murmurs as it passes:
in Marechiare there is a window.

Chi dice ca li stelle so lucente
nun sape st'uocchie ca tu tiene
nfronte,
sti doje stelle li saccio io
solamente,
dint'a lu core ne tengo li ponte.

Who says that the stars shine
bright
has never seen the splendor of
your eyes.
I know so well their burning light
that descends into the depths of
this heart.

Chi dice ca li stelle so lucente?

Who says that the stars shine
bright?

Scetate, Carulì, ca l'aria è doce;
quanno male tanto tempo
aggio aspettato?
P'accompagnà li suone cu la
voce
stasera na chitarra aggio
portato!
Scetate, Carulì, ca l'aria è doce.

Wake up, Caruli, here the air is
sweet;
how long have I waited for you?
To accompany the sound of my
voice
this evening I have brought a
guitar!
Wake up, Caruli, here the air is
sweet.

Non t'amo più

Ricordi ancora il dì che
c'incontrammo,
le tue promesse le ricordi
ancor?
Folle d'amore io ti seguì, ci
amammo,
e accanto a te sognai, folle
d'amor.

Do you still remember the day
we met,
still remember the promises you
made?
Crazy with love I followed you,
we loved each other,
and next to you I dreamed, wild
with love.

Sognai felice, di carezze e baci,
una catena dileguante in ciel;
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci,
perchè l'anima tua fatta è di
gel.

I dreamed happily, of caresses
and kisses,
a chain fading in the sky;
But your words were lies,
because your soul is made of
ice.

Te ne ricordi ancor?

Do you still remember that?

Or la mia fede, il desiderio
immenso,
il mio sogno d'amor non sei più
tu.
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non
penso.
Sogno un altro ideal.
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più.

Now my faith, my immense
desire,
my dream of love is no longer of
you.
I don't seek your kisses, I don't
think of you.
I have a new dream.
I don't love you anymore, I don't
love you anymore.

Nei cari giorni che passamo
insieme,
io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier.
Tu fosti del mio cor l'unica
speme,
tu della mente l'unico pensier.

In the sweet days that we spent
together,
I spread flowers in your path.
You were the only hope of my
heart,
you were the only thought in my
mind.

Tu m'hai visto pregare,
impallidire,
piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi
a te.
Io, sol per appagare un tuo
desire
avrei dato il mio sangue e la
mia fè.

Te ne ricordi ancor?

You saw me praying, pale,
you saw me crying before you.

I, only to gratify your every
desire
would have given my blood and
my faith.

Do you still remember that?

Mein Lied ertönt

Mein Lied ertönt ein
Liebespsalm,
beginnt der Tag zu sinken;
und wenn das Moos, der welke
Halm
Tauperlen heimlich trinken.

Mein Lied ertönt voll Wanderlust
in grünen Waldeshallen,
und auf der Pussta weitem Plan
lass' frohen Sang ich schallen.

Mein Lied ertönt voll Liebe auch,
wenn Haide stürme toben;
wenn sich zum letzten
Lebenshauch
des Bruders Brust gehoben!

My song rings out a love psalm,
as day starts to decline;
and when the moss, the
withered stalk
pearls of dew drink secretly.

My song rings out with
wanderlust
in the green forest halls;
and far to the shores of the
Pussta
I let ring my merry singing.

My song rings out full of love
also,
when the moor storms rage;
when the last breath of life
raises the brother's chest!

Ei, wie mein Triangel

Ei, wie mein Triangel
wunderherrlich läutet!
Leicht bei solchen Klängen
in den Tod man schreitet!

Oh, how my wonderful,
gorgeous triangle is ringing!
Easy with such tones
in the death of one below!

In den Tod man schreitet beim
Triangelschallen
Lieder, Reigen, Liebe, Lebewohl
dem Allen!

In death we proceed with the
triangle sound
Songs, dance, love, farewell to
all!

Rings ist der Wald

Rings ist der Wald so stumm
und still,
das Herz schlägt mir so bange;
der schwarze Rauch sinkt tiefer
stets
und trocknet meine Wange.

Around the forest so silent and
still,
my heart beats anxiously;
the black smoke sinks ever
deeper
and dries my cheek.

Ei, meine Tränen trocknen nicht,
musst andre Wangen suchen!
Wer nur den Schmerz besingen
kann,
wird nicht dem Tode fluchen.

Ah, my tears will never dry,
must seek other cheeks!
Only one who can sing of the
pain,
will not be cursed with death.

Als die alte Mutter

Als die alte Mutter mich noch
lehrte singen,
Tränen in den Wimpern gar so
oft ihr hingen.

When my mother taught me to
sing,
tears often hung from her
lashes.

Jetzt wo ich die Kleinen selber
üb' im Sange,
rieselt's mir vom Auge, rieselt's
oft mir auf die braune
Wange!

Now that I have little ones to
teach,
tears trickle from my eye, often
on my brown cheek!