2-22-2014

Elective Recital: Amanda Galluzzo and Alexa Mancuso, sopranos

Amanda Galluzzo
Alexa Mancuso

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Joint Recital:
Amanda Galluzzo, soprano
Alexa Mancuso, soprano
Alex Greenberg, piano
John Wysocki, piano

Nabenhauer Recital Room
Saturday February 22nd, 2014
7:00 pm
Program

L'invito Rossini (1792-1868)
Son Pochi Fiori from L'Amico di Fritz Mascagni (1863-1945)

Dein Blaues Auge J. Brahms (1833-1897)
Ich Liebe Dich Ludwig von Beethoven (1770-1891)

The Secrets of the Old
Sure on This Shinning Night Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Intermission

Porgi Amor from Le Nozze di Figaro W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

Vado ma Dove?

Still Hurting from The Last Five Years Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)

Taylor the Latte Boy

Mary Heisler (b. 1967)
Zina Goldrich (b. 1964)

Alexa Mancuso is from the studio of Deborah Montgomery-Cove.
Amanda Galluzzo is from the studio of Patrice Pastore.
**Translations**

**L'invito**

Vieni O Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa
da te divisa, no, no, non può restar
alle mie lacrime gia rispondevi
veni, ricevi il mio pregar.

Vieni o bell'angelo
vien, mio diletto
sovrà il mio petto vieni a posar!
Sentì se palpita
se amor t’invita
veni, mia vita
veni, fammi spirar

Come to me O Ruggiero, it is your Eloisa
This that divides us must no longer remain
to my tears you have answered already
come to me, recieve my prayer.

Come to me beautiful angel
come, my beloved
over my chest come to pose!
If you feel the palpitaions
I invite you if you love me
to come into my life
come to me or let me expire.

**Son Pochi Fiori**

Son pochi fiori, povere viole,
Son l'alito d'aprile
Dal profumo gentile;
Ed è per voi che le ho rapite al sole...

Se avessero parole,
Le udreste mormorar:
Noi siamo figlie timide e pudiche
Di primavera,
Siamo le vostre amiche;
Morremo questa sera,
e sarem felici
Di dire a voi, che amate gl'infelici:
Il ciel vi possa dar
Tutto quel bene che si può sperar.

Ed il mio cor aggiunge una parola
Modesta, ma sincera:
Eterna primavera

La vostra vita sia, ch'altri consola...
Deh, vogliate gradir
Quanto vi posso offrir!

Just a few flowers, humbe violets,
they are the breathe of april
with their tender fragrance
and for you I have snatched them from the sun...
If they could speak
you would hear them say:
We are timid and shy daughters
of spring,
We are your friends;
we shall die this evening,
but we are happy
to wish you, who love the unfortunate:
may heaven grant you
all the good things that it is possible to hope for.
And my heart  adds a word
modest but sincere:
may your life, which, brings comfort to others
be enternal spring.
Ah, I desire you to accept
All that I can offer!
**Dein Blaues Auge**

Dein blaues auge held so still
ich blicke bis zum grund.
Du fragst mich, 
was ich sehen will?
ich sehe mich gesund.
es brannte mich ein glühend Paar,
Noch schmerzt das Nachgefühl:
Das deine ist wie see so klar
Und wie ein see so kühl.

Your blue eyes holds so still
I look as far as to the bottom
you ask me,
what I wish to see?
The sight restores me.

A glowing pair of eyes onced burned me
I still feel the pain
your eyes are as clear as a lake
and like the sea, so cool.

**Ich Liebe Dich**

Ich liebe dich, so wie du mich,
Am Abend und am Morgen,
Noch war kein Tag,
wo du und ich Nicht teilten unsre Sorgen.

I love you as you love me,
In the evening and the morning,
Nor was there a day when you and I
Did not share our troubles.

Auch waren sie für dich und mich
Geteilt leicht zu ertragen;
Du tröstetest im Kummer mich,
Ich weint in deine Klagen.

And when we shared them
They became easier to bear;
You comforted me in my distress,
And I wept in your laments.

Drum Gottes Segen über dir,
Du, meines Lebens Freude.
Gott schütze dich, erhält dich mir,
Schütz und erhält uns beide.

Therefore, may God's blessing be upon you,
You, my life's joy.
God protect you, keep you for me,
And protect and keep us both.

**Porgi Amor**

Porgi, amor, qualche ristoro,
Al mio duolo, a'miei sospir!
O mi rendi il mio tesoro,
O mi lascia almen morir.

Grant me, O Love, some sure remedy
to all my sorrows, and for all my sighs!
Either give my treasure back to me,
Or at least allow me to die.

**Vado Ma Dove?**

Vado, ma dove? Oh Dei!
Se de' tormenti suoi,
se de' sospiri miei non sente il ciel pietà!

I go, but where? Oh gods!
If for his torments,
and for my sighs, Heaven feels no pity?

Tu che mi parli al core,
Guida i miei passi, amore;
Tu quel ritegno or togli 
Che dubitar mi fa.

You who speak to my heart,
guide my steps, love;
remove that hesitation
that makes me doubt.