



DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Presents in Senior Recital

Lindsay Bosco
Soprano

Michaela Walker
Piano

Saturday, November 7, 2020 at 4:00 p.m.

HIGH FOUNDATION RECITAL HALL

CALVIN AND JANET HIGH CENTER FOR WORSHIP AND PERFORMING ARTS

Program

Tanto sospirerò	Pietro Paolo Bencini (1675-1755)
Lungi dal caro bene.....	Giuseppe Sarti (1729-1802)
La mia canzone.....	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Si mes vers avaient des ailes.....	Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)
Offrande	
Beau soir	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Intermission

Come Ready and See Me	Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
Take, O Take Those Lips Away	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Go, Lovely Rose	
I Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out To Dry	Music By: Jule Styne (1905-1994)
When I Look At You	Frank Wildhorn (B. 1958)

Lindsay Bosco is a student of Dr. Damian Savarino

*Presented in partial fulfillment
of the requirements of the degree
Bachelor of Science in Music Education*

Translations

Tanto sospirerò

E'er will I sigh

E'er will I sigh,

E-er bitter tears shall flow.

Till she at last shall know

Of love I perish!

E'en then my soul shall vow,

"Dear one, I love thee so!"

E'er will I sigh,

E-er bitter tears shall flow.

Lungi dal caro bene

Far from my Love I languish

Far from my Love I languish,

I cannot live;

I am in a sea of anguish,

Farm from my Love I languish,

Feeling, feeling my heart give way.

A sweet dark dream steals over me,

If she is not near,

And fails me, and fails me the light of my day.

Far from my Love I languish,

I cannot live;

I am in a sea of anguish,

Farm from my Love I languish,

Feeling, feeling my heart give way.

La mia canzone

My song

My song is a sweet murmur

That to you, in the cold air, rises;

And, if it tells you again of my love,

Dear girl, it doesn't wish you ill;

Wandering onto your pure white pillow,

It wants to confess a last wish:

Over your white virginal brow.

My song is the kiss of goodbye,

The kiss of goodbye.

My song dies sighing

Lightly in the air at your window;

But, resisting the frost and the darkness,

Carries the desire of an agitated soul;

And wants to awaken your every desire and greet you,

To soothe every affection inside your heart:
Now that you are alone, sleeping,
My song is a shudder of love!

Si mes vers avaient des ailes

If my verses had wings

My verses would flee, sweet and frail,
To your garden so fair,
If my verses had wings,
Like a bird.

They would fly, like sparks,
To your smiling hearth,
If my verses had wings,
Like the spirit.

Pure and faithful, to your side
They'd hasten night and day,
If my verses had wings
Like love!

Offrande

Offering

Here are the fruits, flowers,
leaves and branches,
And, here too is my heart
that beats only for you.
Do not tear it apart
with your two white hands
And may this humble gift
be sweet to your lovely eyes.

I arrive covered with the dew
That the morning wind iced on my brow.
Let my fatigue, resting here at your feet,
Dream of the lovely moments that will refresh it
On your young breast let me rest my head,
Still ringing with your last kisses,
Let it be stilled after the sweet tempest,
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

Beau soir

Beautiful evening

When at sunset the rivers are pink
and a warm breeze ripples the fields of wheat,
All things seem to advise content
And rise toward the troubled heart;

Advise us to savor the gift of life
While we are young and the evening fair,
For our life slips by, as that river does:
It to the sea - we to the tomb