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
Offrande (1874-1947)
Beau soir .................................................................................. Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Intermission

Come Ready and See Me ..................................................... Richard Hundley
(1931-2018)
Take, O Take Those Lips Away ................................................. Roger Quilter
Go, Lovely Rose ..................................................................... (1877-1953)

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