

MASS OPERA

Presents:

Mother's Day Songs and Shout-Outs



Sunday, May 10th, 4 PM

MassOpera YouTube Channel:

<https://m.youtube.com/channel/UCeOjcllUnbtIzbZMqQGXdew>

Produced by: Daniel P. Ryan, Cassandra Lovering, and Carla Maniscalco-Giovinco

Hosted by: Daniel P. Ryan

Piano: Regan Siglin

Dana Lynne Varga, Soprano:

"Songs My Mother Taught Me" by Dvorak
"Rejoice Greatly" from *The Messiah* by Handel
"I Could Have Danced All Night" from *My Fair Lady*

Stefan Barner, Tenor:

"La Donna e Mobile" from *Rigoletto* by Verdi
"Younger Than Springtime" from *South Pacific*
"O Sole Mio" by di Capua and Mazzucchi

Vera Savage, Mezzo-Soprano:

"Girls of Summer" by Sondheim
"Seguidilla" from *Carmen* by Bizet
"Sein wir wieder gut" from *Ariadne auf Naxos* by Strauss

Giovanni Formisano, Tenor:

"Core n'grato" by Cardillo
"E Lucevan le Stelle" from *Tosca* by Puccini
"È la Solita Storia del Pastore" from *l'Arlesiana* by Cilea

Rachele Schmiede, Soprano:

"Chi il bel sogno" from *La rondine* by Puccini
"Donde lieta" from *La bohème* by Puccini
"Vodka" from *Song of the Flame* by Gershwin

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Translations

Dana Lynne Varga, Soprano:

"Songs My Mother Taught Me" by Dvorak

Songs my mother taught me, In the days long vanished
Seldom from her eyelids were the teardrops banished.
Now I teach my children, each melodious measure.
Oft the tears are flowing, oft they flow from my memory's treasure

"Rejoice Greatly" from *Messiah* by Handel

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem!
Behold, thy King cometh unto thee; He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall
speak peace unto the heathen.

"I Could Have Danced All Night" from *My Fair Lady*

Bed, bed, I couldn't go to bed
My heads too light to try to set it down.
Sleep, sleep, I couldn't sleep tonight
Not for all the Jewels in the crown

I could have danced all night,
I could have danced all night,
And still have begged for more!

I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before.

I'll never know what made it so exciting
Why all at once, my heart took flight
I only know when he,
Began to dance with me.
I could have danced, danced, danced
All night.

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Stefan Barner, Tenor:

"La donna e mobile" from *Rigoletto* by Verdi

A woman is moveable, like a feather in the wind,
she changes her voice, and her thoughts.

Always a sweet, pretty face,
in tears or in laughter, she lies.

A woman is movable, like a feather in the wind,
she changes her voice, and her thoughts
and her thoughts, and her thoughts

He is always miserable, who trusts in her
who to her confides, his unwary heart!

Yet nobody feels happy fully

Who from that bosom doesn't drink love,
A woman is fickle, like a feather in the wind,
she changes her voice and her thoughts
and her thoughts, and her thoughts!

"Younger Than Springtime" from *South Pacific*

I touch your hands and my heart goes strong,
Like a pair of birds that burst with song.

My eyes look down at your lovely face,
and I hold a world in my embrace.

Younger than springtime are you
Softer than starlight are you,
Warmer than winds of June,
Are the gentle lips you gave me.

Gayer than laughter, are you,
Sweeter than music, are you,
Angel and lover, heaven and earth,
are you to me.

And when your youth
and joy invade my arms,
and fill my heart as now they do,

Then younger than springtime, am I,
Gayer than laughter, am I,
Angel and lover, heaven and earth,
Am I with you!

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"O sole mio" by di Capua and Mazzucchi

What a beautiful thing, a sunny day!
The air is serene after a storm,
The air is so fresh that it already feels like a celebration.
What a beautiful thing is a sunny day!

But another sun, even more beautiful, oh my sweetheart,
My own sun, shines from your face!
This sun, my own sun,
shines from your face; it shines from your face!

Your window panes shine;
A laundress is singing and boasting about it;
And while she's wringing the clothes,
hanging them up to dry, and singing,
Your window panes shine.

When night comes and the sun has gone down
I almost start feeling melancholy;
I'd stay below your window
When night comes and the sun has gone down.

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Vera Savage, Mezzo-Soprano:

"Girls of Summer" by Sondheim

The girls of summer get burned
They start the summer unconcerned
They get undone by a touch of sun in June
Plus a touch of the moon

The girls of summer get fooled
'Cause soon the summer heat has cooled
And come September they can't remember why
Things were hot in July

Not me
It's too easy to fall
The moonlit sand, a faraway band, and that's all
Not me
I don't easily thrill
Never did, never will

The end of summer's at hand
I thought the summer was grand
And here I am with the same undamaged heart
That I had at the start

The girls of summer forgot to run
The girls of summer were bound to lose
The girls of summer have all the fun
I have nothin' but blues

"Seguidilla" from *Carmen* by Bizet

Near the ramparts of Seville
at the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia
I will go to dance the Seguidilla
and to drink Manzanilla.
I will go to the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia.
Yes, but all alone, one gets bored,
and the real pleasures are for two;
So, to keep me company,
I will take away my lover.
My lover, he has gone to the devil,
I put him out yesterday!
My poor heart, very consolable,
my heart is free, like the air!

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I have suiters by the dozen,
but, they are not to my taste.
Here it is the weekend;
Who wants to love me? I will love him!
Who wants my soul? It's for the taking.
You're arriving at the right time!
I have hardly the time to wait,
for with my new lover,
near the ramparts of Seville
at the place of my friend, Lillas Pastia!

"Sein wir wieder gut" from *Ariadne auf Naxos* by R. Strauss

We'll be fine again.
I see everything with different eyes now!
The depths of existence are immeasurable!
My dear friend!
There are many things in the world that cannot be said.
The poets use very good words,
however, courage is in me, courage friend!
The world is lovely
and not terribly brave.
What is music?
Music is a sacred art to gather together
all kinds of courage like cherubim
A radiant throne
and that's why she is the most sacred of the arts
The sacred music!

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Giovanni Formisano, Tenor:

"Core n'grato" by Cardillo

Ungrateful Heart
Catari, Catari
Why do you say these bitter words to me?
Why do you speak and my heart
torments me, Catari?
Don't forget that I've given you my heart, Catari
Don't forget it!

Catari, Catari, what do you mean by
these words that upset me?
You don't think about my pain.
You don't think! You don't care!

Heart, ungrateful heart
You've stolen my life
Everything's over
and you don't think about it anymore!

Catari, Catari,
you don't know that I even went to church
I entered and prayed to God, Catari,
and even said to the confessor,
"I'm suffering for that one there!"

I'm suffering,
I'm suffering, you can't believe how
I'm suffering all the tortures...
And the confessor who is holy person,
said, "My son, leave her alone, let her be."

Heart, ungrateful heart
You've stolen my life
Everything's over
and you don't think about us anymore!

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"E lucevan le stelle" from *Tosca* by Puccini

When the stars were shining brightly,
And the earth was scented sweetly.
Softly squeaked the garden gate
And a footstep touched the sand.
Entered she with faint fragrance
And threw herself into my arms.

With sweetest kisses, tenderest caresses,
I freed her trembling figure from her dresses...
My dream of love is now dispelled forever.
The time has fled, and I die despairing!
And never did I love my life so dearly!

"È la solita storia del pastore" from *Arlesiana* by Cilea

It's the usual story of the shepherd...
The poor boy wanted to tell it,
but fell asleep.
There is oblivion in sleep...
How I envy him!
I too would like to sleep like this -
within sleep to find oblivion!
I only want to find peace:
If only I could forget everything.
But all struggles are in vain.
I still see before me her sweet visage..
But all struggles are in vain.
Why must I suffer so much pain?
She!.. How she always spoke to my heart!
Fatal vision, leave me!
You hurt me so much!
Oh poor me!

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Rachele Schmiege, Soprano

"Chi il bel sogno" from "La rondine" by Puccini

Who could ever guess Doretta's beautiful dream?
Her mystery how come it never,
how come it never ends?

Ah me! One day a student kissed her on the lips
and it was such a kiss, a revelation:
It was passion!

Crazy love!
Crazy intoxication!
Who could ever describe
The subtle caress of such flaming a kiss;

Ah! My dream!
Ah! My life!
Who cares about riches
if happiness finally flourishes!
Oh golden dream
to be able to love like that!

"Donde lieta" from *La bohème* by Puccini

Once happily she came to your cry of love,
Mimi returns alone to her solitary nest.
I return again to make flowers and bouquets.
Goodbye, without resentment.

Listen, listen.
Gather the few things I've left behind.
In my drawer is a small band of gold
and the prayer book.
Wrap them in an apron, and
I will send the concierge...

Pay attention! Under the pillow
there is the pink bonnet.
If you'd like, you can keep it in memory of our love.
Goodbye, without resentment.

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"Vodka" from *Song of the Flame* by Gershwin

Of all concoctions alcoholical
I know, but one that's diabolical
I simply thrive on old Champagne and sparkling Burgundy
Whiskey, Cointreau, Moselle or Eau de Vie are just like tea
but, vodka, don't give me vodka.
For when i take a little drink
I forget to think
what a little drink can do to me.

Vodka, don't give me vodka,
for when i take a little nip, I begin to slip
and I start romancing with the man that I am dancing with.
For vodka, makes me feel oddka
I go and grab a six foot two, anyone will do
If he's only wise enough to see
I'll not scream should he kiss me;
couldn't if I would, wouldn't if I could.
Vodka, you ruin me.