The School of Music
Presents

Two Tenors Recital
From the Studio of Dr. San-ky Kim

—Program—

Core ‘ngrato

Mr. Choi and Mr. Nyoka

Salvatore Cardillo (1857-1947)

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubend schön

from Die Zauberflöte

Mr. Choi

W.A Mozart (1756-1791)

Ingoma

from Izizi lethu

Mr. Nyoka

SBP Mnomiya (1960-2020)

La fleur que tu m’avez jetée

from Carmen

Mr. Choi

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

Bring Him Home

from Les Misérables

Mr. Nyoka

Claude-Michel Schönburg (b.1944)

Be My love

Nicholas "Slug" Brodszky (1905 – 1958)

Mr. Choi

Languir per una bella

from L’Italiana in Algeri

Mr. Nyoka

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Che gelida manina

from La Bohème

Mr. Choi

Giacomo Puccini (1852-1924)

Nessun dorma

from Turandot

Mr. Choi and Mr. Nyoka

Giacomo Puccini (1852-1924)

Funiculi Funicula

Mr. Choi and Mr. Nyoka

Luigi Denza (1846-1924)
Program Notes.

Core 'ngrato

Salvatore Cardillo (1857-1947)

"Core 'ngrato," also known as "Catar, Catar," is a 1911 Neapolitan song written by emigrant American composer Salvatore Cardillo and featuring Riccardo Cordiferro's lyrics.

In the poem, Catar's lover chastises the girl for denying his abiding affection for her; he tells her that he has given her his heart and that his soul is in agony; and he believes that he has admitted his feelings to a priest, who urged him to let her go.

Be My love

Nicholas "Slug" Brodszky (1905 – 1958)

Be My Love is a popular song with lyrics by Sammy Cahn and music by Nicholas Brodszky. Published in 1950, it was written for Mario Lanza. The song was nominated for the Academy Award for Best Original Song in 1950 but lost out to “Mona Lisa”.

Ingoma

SBP Mnomiya (1960-2020)

Ingoma comes from an Oratorio by a legendary South African composer Phelelani Mnomiya to mark and celebrate 10th Anniversary of South African Democracy.

The work is and amplifies the journey towards the achievement of such historical moments of black leaders such as the late first black president to be elected in Republic of South Africa His Excellency President Nelson Mandela and then the second president of the Republic of South Africa His Excellency President Thabo Mbeki.

Commissioned by the Playhouse Company, the work toured to the United Kingdom, and was premiered by the legendary famous Durban based choir: Durban Serenade Choral Society and the KwaZulu-Natal Philharmonic Orchestra in 2004.

La fleur que

Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

La fleur que tu m'avais jetée is tenor’s aria from Opera Carmen. Carmen is an opera in four acts by French composer Georges Bizet. The libretto was written by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, based on the novella of the same title by Prosper Mérimée. The opera was first performed by the Opéra-Comique in Paris on 3 March 1875, where its breaking of conventions shocked and scandalized its first audiences. In the opera, Carmen treats him to a private exotic dance, but her song is joined by a distant bugle call from the barracks. When José says he must return to duty, she mocks him, and he answers by showing her the flower that she threw to him in the square. This aria shows the huge love of Jose for Carmen.
**Bring Him Home**

Claude-Michel Schönburg (b.1944)

“Bring Him Home” is a song sung by the lead character, Jean Valjean, in the successful Broadway musical *Les Misérables*. Valjean begs God to spare the soul of another man in the musical. The album has become an anthem for people all around the world, giving support to those who are in need. Many people have embraced the song as a special blessing for loved ones serving in the military, on campaigns, or otherwise apart from their families.

**Che gelida manina**

Giacomo Puccini (1852-1924)

*Che gelida manina* ("What a frozen little hand") is a tenor aria from Giacomo Puccini's opera *La bohème* first act. Rodolfo sings this aria to Mimi as they first meet. He tells her about his life as a poet in the aria, and then asks her to teach him more about her life.

**Languir per una bella**

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Lindoro is sad because he is separated from Isabella, his true love. He's afraid he'll never see her again. Slavery's only source of pleasure for him is the thought of her.

**Dies Bildnis**

W.A. Mozart (1756-1791)

The aria "Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön" is from Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's opera *The Magic Flute*, which premiered in 1791. The aria appears in the opera's first act, scene one. The Three Ladies have just confronted Prince Tamino with a portrait of Princess Pamina, and he falls head over heels in love with her right away.

**Nessun dorma**

Giacomo Puccini (1852-1924)

"Nessun dorma" is an aria from Giacomo Puccini's opera *Turandot*'s final act (text by Giuseppe Adami and Renato Simoni). Calaf, il principe ignoto (the unknown prince), sings it as he falls in love with the lovely yet cold Princess Turandot at first sight. Any man who wants to marry Turandot must first solve her three riddles, or he will be beheaded. In the aria, Calaf expresses his victorious promise that he will capture the princess.

**Funiculi Funicula**

Luigi Denza (1846-1924)

Was written to celebrate the completion of Mount Vesuvius' first funicular railway. Turco and Denza showed it at the Piedigrotta festival the same year.
Core ‘ngrato
By: Salvatore Cardillo (1857-1947)

Catari, Catari,
pecchè me dici
sti parole amare;
pecchè me parle
e ’o core me turmiente, Catari?
Nun te scurdà
cia t’aggio date ’o core,
Catari, nun te scurdà!
Catari, Catari, che vene
a dicere stu parlà
cia me dà spaseme?
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dulore mio,
tu nun'nce pienze,
tu nun te ne cure.
Core, core ‘ngrato,
t'aie pigliato 'a vita mia,
tutt’è passato e
nun'nce pienze cchiù!

Ungrateful heart
Catarina, Catarina,
why do say
such bitter words;
Why do you speak
and torment my heart, Catarina?
Do not forget
I gave you my heart,
Catarina do not forget!
Catarina, Catarina, what meaning
Do your words hold,
Words that leave me shuddering?
You do not think of the pain I feel,
You do not think,
You do not care.
Ungrateful, ungrateful heart
You have taken my life,
All has passed And I am in your thoughts no more!

Be My Love
By: Nicholas Brodszky (1905-1958)

Be my love, for no one can end this yearning
This need that you and you alone created
Just fill my arms the way you've filled my dreams
The dreams that you inspire with ev’ry sweet desire
Be my love, and with your kisses set me burning
One kiss is all I need to seal my fate
And hand in hand, we’ll find love’s promised land
There’ll be no one but you, for me eternally
If you will be my love.

Musixmatch
**Ingoma**

By: SBP Mnomiya (1960-2020)

Nansi lengom’ esay’haya kukubi.  
Yiyo lengom’ esay’shaya kunzima. 
Laph’e-Afrika s’yay’shayingoma.  
Lapha eMzansi siphila ngayo.  

Sizingelwa ay’manga yona  
Say’hay’ingoma yavus’ithemba  
Ithemba nalo lavus’ingoma.  

This is the song we sang during struggle.  
This is the song we sang in difficulty.  
Here in Africa we sing a song.  
Here in the south we live through it.  

When we were persecuted, it didn’t stop  
We sang a song and it raised hope  
Hope also raised a song.  

We sing it when we mourn  
We sing it when we are happy.  
In the light and in darkness  
Every time the African sings a song  
We sing it when were are rich  
We sing it when were are poor  
When we sing fear disappears  

La, la la la la, Nant’ilifa lengoma  
Vus’ithemba uthi: la la la la la.  
Nant’ithemba ngengoma.  

La, la,la,la,la Here is the song heritage  
Raise hope and say: la,la,la,la  
Here is hope from the song.  

Translation from the composer SBP Mnomiya

**La fleur que**

By: Georges Bizet (1838-1875)

La fleur que tu m’avais jetée,  
Dans ma prison m’était restée,  
Flétrie et sèche, cette fleur,  
Gardait toujours sa douce odeur.  

Et pendant des heures entières,  
Sur mes yeux, fermant mes paupières,  
Des ces agaces, je m’enivrais  
Et dans la nuit, je te voyais!  

Je me prenais à te maudire,  
A te detester, à me dire:  
"Pourquoi faut-il que le destin  
L’ait misé-là sur mon chemin?"  
Puis, je m’accusais de blasphème,  
Et je ne sentais, en moi-même,  

The flower which you have thrown me,  
I kept with me inside my prison,  
Withered and dry, this flower,  
Hath always retained its sweet smell,  

And throughout the entire hours,  
I would close my eyes and sniff it,  
I would get drunk with this smell,  
And during the night, I had visions of you!  

I began to curse you,  
To detest you, asking myself:  
“O why has destiny placed  
The flower upon my shirt?”  
Then, I accused myself of blasphemy,  
And I felt within myself naught,
Je ne sentais, qu'un seul désir,
Un seul désir, un seul espoir,
Te revoir, o Carmen, oui, te revoir!
Car tu n'avais eu qu'à paraître
Qu'à jeter un regard sur moi,
Pour t'emparer de tout mon être.

O ma Carmen!
Et j'étais une chose à toi!
Carmen, je t'aime!

Translation from lyrictranslate.com

Bring Him Home
By: Claude-Michel Schönburg (b.1944)

God on high
Hear my prayer
In my need
You have always been there
He is young
He's afraid
Let him rest
Heaven blessed.
Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home.
He's like the son I might have known
If God had granted me a son.
The summers die
One by one
How soon they fly
On and on
And I am old
And will be gone.
Bring him peace
Bring him joy
He is young
He is only a boy
You can take
You can give
Let him be
Let him live
If I die, let me die
Let him live
Bring him home
Bring him home
Bring him home.

Che gelida manina
By: Giacomo Puccini (1852-1924)

Che gelida manina,
se la lasci riscaldar.
Cercar che giova?
Al buio non si trova.

Ma per fortuna é una notte di luna,
e qui la lunaabbiamo vicina.

Aspetti, signorina, le dirò con due parole
chi son, e che faccio, come vivo. Vuole?
Chi son? Sono un poeta.
Che cosa faccio? Scrivo.
E come vivo? Vivo.

In povertà mia lieta scialo da gran signore
rime ed inni damore.
Per sogni e per chimere e per castelli in aria,
lanima ho milionaria.

Talor dal mio forziereruban tutti i gioelli
due ladri, gli occhi belli.
Ventrar con voi pur ora,
ed i miei sogni usati
e i bei sogni miei,
tosto si dileguar!
Ma il furto non maccora,
poiché, poiché vha preso stanza
la speranza!
Or che mi conoscete,
parlate voi, deh! Parlate. Chi siete?
Vi piaccia dir!

What a frozen little hand,
let me warm it for you.
What's the use of looking?
We won't find it in the dark.

But luckily, it's a moonlit night,
and the moon is near us here.

Wait, mademoiselle, I will tell you in two words, who I am, what I do, and how I live.
May I? Who am I? I am a poet.
What do I do? I write.
And how do I live? I live.

In my carefree poverty, I squander rhymes and love songs like a lord. When it comes to dreams and visions and castles in the air, I've the soul of a millionaire.

From time to time two thieves steal all the jewels out of my safe, two pretty eyes.
They came in with you just now, and my customary dreams my lovely dreams, melted at once into thin air!
Bu the theft doesn't anger me, for their place has been taken by hope!
Now that you know all about me, you tell me who you are. Please do!

Translation from liveabout.com
**Languir per una bella**  
*By: Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Italian</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Languir per una bella</td>
<td>To languish for a beauty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E star lontan da quella,</td>
<td>and be far away from her</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E il piu crudel tormento,</td>
<td>is the cruelest torment</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Che provar possa un cor.</td>
<td>that a heart can undergo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forse verrà il momento;</td>
<td>Perhaps the moment will come;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ma non lo spero ancor.</td>
<td>but I cannot hope for it yet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contenta quest'alma</td>
<td>My soul, content</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In mezzo alle pene</td>
<td>amidst its woes,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sol trova la calma</td>
<td>finds peace only</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pensando al suo bene,</td>
<td>in thinking of my dear one,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Che sempre costante</td>
<td>who remains</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si serba in amor.</td>
<td>ever faithful in love.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Translation by Ates Ulsu*

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**Dies Bildnis**  
*By: W.A Mozart (1756-1791)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>German</th>
<th>English</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,</td>
<td>This portrait is enchantingly beautiful,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wie noch kein Auge je geseh'n!</td>
<td>such as no eye has ever yet seen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich füh‘l es, wie dies Götterbild</td>
<td>I feel the way this divine image</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.</td>
<td>fills my heart with new emotion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diess Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen!</td>
<td>Though I cannot name what this is,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doch füh‘l ichs hier wie Feuer brennen.</td>
<td>yet I feel it burning here like fire.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soll die Empfindung Liebe seyn?</td>
<td>Might this sensation be love?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ja, ja! die Liebe ist's allein. -</td>
<td>Yes, yes! It can only be love!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!</td>
<td>Oh, if only I could find her!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stände!</td>
<td>Oh, if she but stood before me now!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ich würde - würde - warm und rein -</td>
<td>I should ... should ... warmly and virtuously ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Was würde ich! - Sie voll Entzücken</td>
<td>What should I do? ...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An diesen heissen Busen drücken,</td>
<td>Rapturously I should press her to this ardent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Und ewig wäre sie dann mein.</td>
<td>breast, and then she would be mine forever.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Translation from opera-arias.com*
**Nessun dorma**
By: Giacomo Puccini (1852-1924)

Nessun dorma! Nessun dorma!
Tu pure, o Principessa,
nella tua fredda stanza,
guardi le stelle
che tremano d'amore, e di speranza!

Ma il mio mistero è chiuso in me;
il nome mio nessun saprà!
No, No! Sulla tua bocca,
lo dirò quando la luce splenderà!

Ed il mio bacio scioglierà
il silenzio che ti fa mia

Il nome suo nessun saprà,
E noi dovrem, ahimè, morir, morir!

Dilegua, o notte!
Tramontate, stelle!
Tramontate, stelle!
All'alba, vincerò!
Vincerò! Vincerò!

None shall sleep! None shall sleep!
Not even you, oh Princess,
in your cold bedroom,
watching the stars
that tremble with love, and with hope!

But my secret is hidden within me;
no one will know my name!
No, no! On your mouth,
I will say it when the light shines!

And my kiss will dissolve
the silence that makes you mine!

No one will know his name,
and we will have to, alas, die, die!

Vanish, o night!
Fade, you stars!
Fade, you stars!
At dawn, I will win!
I will win! I will win!

**Funiculi Funicula**
By: Luigi Denza (1846-1924)

Aissera, oje Nanniné, me ne sagliette,
tu saje addó, tu saje addó
Addó 'stu core 'ngrato cchiù dispietto
farme nun pò! Farme nun pò!
Addó lu fuoco coce, ma se fuje
te lassa sta! Te lassa sta!
E nun te corre appriesso, nun te struje
sulo a guardà, sulo a guardà.

Jamme, jamme 'ncoppa, jamme já,
Jamme, jamme 'ncoppa, jamme já,
funiculi, funiculà, funiculi, funiculà,
'ncoppa, jamme já, funiculi, funiculà

I climbed up high this evening, oh, Nanetta,
Do you know where? Do you know where?
Where this ungrateful heart
No longer pains me! No longer pains me!
Where fire burns, but if you run away,
It lets you be, it lets you be!
It doesn't follow after or torment you
Just with a look, just with a look.

Let's go, let's go! To the top we'll go!
Let's go, let's go! To the top we'll go!
Funiculi, funicula, funiculi, funicula!
To the top we'll go, funiculi, funicula!