



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 <i>Die Zauberflöte</i> Mr. Choi	W.A Mozart (1756-1791)
Ingoma	from <i>Izizi lethu</i> Mr. Nyoka	SBP Mnomiya (1960-2020)
La fleur que tu m'aveis jetée	from <i>Carmen</i> Mr. Choi	Georges Bizet (1838-1875)
Bring Him Home	from <i>Les Misarables</i> Mr. Nyoka	Claude-Michel Schönburg (b.1944)
Be My love	Mr. Choi	Nicholas "Slug" Brodsky (1905 – 1958)
Languir per una bella	from <i>L'Italiana in Algeri</i> Mr. Nyoka	Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)
Che gelida manina	from <i>La Boheme</i> Mr. Choi	Giacomo Puccini (1852-1924)
Nessun dorma	from <i>Turandot</i> 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" Brodsky (1905 – 1958)

Be My Love is a popular song with lyrics by Sammy Cahn and music by Nicholas Brodsky. 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 Schönberg (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*'s 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.

Translations.

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
ca t'aggio date 'o core,
Catari, nun te scurdà!
Catari, Catari, che vene
a dicere stu parlà
ca me dà spaseme?
Tu nun'nce pienze a stu dolore mio,
tu nun'nce pienze,
tu nun te ne cure.
Core, core 'ngrato,
t'ae 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 Brodzky (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.

Yiyo nxa sikhala;
Yiyo, nxa sihleka.
Ekukhanyeni, ebumnyameni
Njalo nje um-Afrika uhay'ingoma
Yiyo embusweni,
Yiyo ebuzeni.
Sihay'ingoma kuphel'ivalo.

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

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 we are rich
We sing it when we are poor
When we sing fear disappears

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!

Save one single desire,
one single desire, one single hope,
To see thee again, Carmen, to see thee again!
For you had only to appear afore me,
And to throw one glance at me,
To take possession of my whole being.

O my Carmen!
And I was thy chattel!
Carmen, I love you!

Translation from lyrictranslate.com

Bring Him Home

By: Claude-Michel Schönberg (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 luna labbiamo 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 forziere
ruban 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!
But 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)

Languir per una bella
E star lontan da quella,
E il piu crudel tormento,
Che provar possa un cor.

Forse verrà il momento;
Ma non lo spero ancor.

Contenta quest'alma
In mezzo alle pene
Sol trova la calma
Pensando al suo bene,
Che sempre costante
Si serba in amor.

To languish for a beauty
and be far away from her
is the cruelest torment
that a heart can undergo.

Perhaps the moment will come;
but I cannot hope for it yet.

My soul, content
amidst its woes,
finds peace only
in thinking of my dear one,
who remains
ever faithful in love.

Translation by Ates Ulsu

Dies Bildnis

By: W.A Mozart (1756-1791)

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön,
Wie noch kein Auge je gesch'n!
Ich fühl' es, wie dies Götterbild
Mein Herz mit neuer Regung füllt.

Diess Etwas kann ich zwar nicht nennen!
Doch fühl' ichs hier wie Feuer brennen.
Soll die Empfindung Liebe seyn?

Ja, ja! die Liebe ist's allein. -
O wenn ich sie nur finden könnte!
O wenn sie doch schon vor mir stände!

Ich würde - würde - warm und rein -
Was würde ich! - Sie voll Entzücken
An diesen heissen Busen drücken,
Und ewig wäre sie dann mein.

This portrait is enchantingly beautiful,
such as no eye has ever yet seen.
I feel the way this divine image
fills my heart with new emotion.

Though I cannot name what this is,
yet I feel it burning here like fire.
Might this sensation be love?

Yes, yes! It can only be love!
Oh, if only I could find her!
Oh, if she but stood before me now!

I should ... should ... warmly and virtuously ...
What should I do? ...
Rapturously I should press her to this ardent
breast, and then she would be mine forever.

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!

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 jà,
Jamme, jamme 'ncoppa, jamme jà,
funiculi, funiculà, funiculi, funiculà,
'ncoppa, jamme jà, funiculi, funiculà

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!

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!