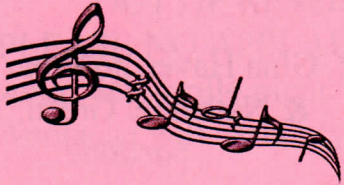


Footlight Players, Inc.  
Presents

## An Evening Of Song

February 26, 2016 and February 27, 2016 - 7:30 pm  
The Church of The Ascension, Rockville Centre, New York

*Nathaniel Green*, director  
*Tamara Cashour*, musical accompaniment



### The Program

Dichterliebe

*See Notes*

Nathaniel Green,

*baritone*

- INTERMISSION -

O mio babbino caro

from *Gianni Schicchi*, Giacomo Puccini

Maureen Smith Setton

*soprano*

Porgi amor

from *The Marriage of Figaro*, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Maureen Smith Setton

Moonfall

from *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, Holmes Rupert

Maureen Smith Setton

Cielo e mar

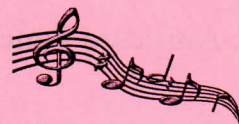
from *La Gioconda*, Amilcare Ponchielli

Juan Franco,

*tenor*

( over )

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|---|--|
| La donna è mobile<br>from <i>Rigoletto</i> , Giuseppe Verdi                               | Juan Franco<br><i>tenor</i>  |
| If Ever I Would Leave You<br>from <i>Camelot</i> , Frederick Loewe                        | Juan Franco  |
| If I Loved You<br>from <i>Carousel</i> , Richard Rodgers                                  | Gina Haver,<br><i>soprano</i>  |
| Il pallor funesto, orrendo<br>from <i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i> , Gaetano Donizetti         | <i>duet:</i> Gina Haver, <i>soprano</i><br>& Nathaniel Green,<br><i>baritone</i> |
| I Could Have Danced All Night<br>from <i>My Fair Lady</i> , Frederick Loewe               | Gina Haver   |
| Don't Cry For Me Argentina<br>from <i>Evita</i> , Andrew Lloyd Webber                     | Susan Panzarella<br><i>soprano</i>   |
| I Cain't Say No<br>from <i>Oklahoma!</i> , Richard Rodgers                                | Susan Panzarella   |
| Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre (Toreador Song)<br>from <i>Carmen</i> , Georges Bizet | Stuart Whalen<br><i>baritone</i>   |
| Invocation<br>from <i>The Frogs</i> , Stephen Sondheim                                    | Stuart Whalen  |
| On the Street Where You Live<br>from <i>My Fair Lady</i> , Frederick Loewe                | Stuart Whalen  |



**Dichterliebe**, “A Poet’s Love” (composed 1840) is the best known song cycle of Robert Schumann (opus 48). The texts for the 16 songs come from the *Lyrisches Intermezzo* of Heinrich Heine, published as part of the poet’s *Das Buch der Lieder*. Following the song cycles of Franz Schubert, those of Schumann constitute part of the central core of the genre in musical literature.

OUT OF RESPECT to THE CONCENTRATION OF THE PERFORMERS, PLEASE NO APPLAUSE DURING THE 16 SONGS. NOTE that, following the song “Ich grolle nicht” (# 7), there will be a short break for recovery of emotions. Applause will certainly be appreciated at the conclusion of the entire work !!!

**Dichterliebe:**

1. In the beautiful month of May when all the birds sang, I confessed my love to her.
2. Out of my tears go many flowers in bloom, and my sighs become a choir of nightingales.
3. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun, I loved them all once, but now I love only the little one, the fair, the pure, the only one.
4. When I look into your eyes all my grief and sorrow vanish, but when you say “I love you”, then I must weep bitterly.
5. I want to plunge my soul into the cup of the lily. The lily shall breathe resoundingly a song of my beloved.
6. In the Rhine is mirrored the mighty Cologne cathedral. In the cathedral is a picture of the Blessed Virgin which resembles my beloved.
7. I bear no grudge, even though my heart may break, eternally lost love!

( over )

8. If the flowers but knew how deeply my heart is hurt, they would weep with me to heal my pain.
9. Flutes and violins are heard, and trumpets shrilly blaze. There the beloved of my heart is dancing her wedding dance.
10. When I hear the little song that once my sweetheart sang, I feel as if my heart would burst from the wild surge of pain.
11. A youth loves a maiden who has chosen another. The maiden has wed the very first man that came her way.
12. On a shining summer morning I walk around the garden. The flowers whisper to me: Be not angry with our sister, you sorrowful man.
13. I have wept in my dream, I dreamed you lay in your grave. I awakened and the tears still flowed from my cheeks.
14. Every night in my dream I see you greet me in a friendly way. Loudly weeping I throw myself at your sweet feet.
15. Out of ancient fairy tales a white hand beckons. There's a singing and ringing of an enchanted land. Oh, that land I often see in my dreams. But with the morning sun it melts like empty foam.
16. The old, wicked songs, the dream wicked and bad, let us bury them now, fetch a large coffin. Do you know why the coffin must be so large and heavy? I also sink my love and my pain therein.

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