

# If You Got It, Flaunt It!



Amanda Parla's Senior Recital  
with Lisa Lynch on the Piano,  
and Beth Kessler, Hannah Strom-Martin,  
& Chris D'Agostino



\*A DIVA PRODUCTION\*

Carriage Barn, April 13th, 8 PM 2002

## Program

### Abbona di Virtu

#### Cara Mie Donna

Music and Lyric's by: Francesesco Landini

### Gretchen am Spinnrade

Schubert

### La Diva de L'Empire

Lyric's by: Dominique Bonnaud & Numa Bles

Music by: Erik Satie

### Caro Nome

Music and Lyric's by: G. Verdi

### Will There Really Be A Morning?

Lyric's by: Emily Dickinson

Music by: Ricky Ian Gordon

### Wash That Man

Lyric's by: Oscar Hammerstine II

Music by: Richard Rodgers

### In My Own Little Corner

Lyric's by: Oscar Hammerstine II

Music by: Richard Rodgers

### I Never Do Anything Twice

Music and Lyric's by: Steven Sondheim

### Stay With Me

Music and Lyric's by: Steven Sondheim

### Lament for Gandalf

Lyric's by: J.R.R. Tolkien

Music by: Amanda Parla

### If You Got it, Flaunt it!

Music and Lyric's by: Mel Brooks

## Thank You!

To my family for not exposing me at birth.... and for their love and undying support since.

To Carol Symes and Tom Bogdan for guiding me through this labyrinth of Bennington College.

To my friends for pretending I'm funny, always making me feel appreciated and special and loving me even on bad days.

To Alison for being the wonderfully giving person that she is.

To Hannah, Beth, Chris, and Lisa for the plethora of hours they donated to this concert and for sharing their musical gifts.

To Sue Jones for keeping us all on track.

To Hans Beutow for being the best Swedish consultant a girl could hope for.

To Jessica, Mario, and Linda for their loving support in voice class.

To everyone who came tonight. Without you I'd just be some fruit cake singing to herself.

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### Abbonda di Virtu

He overflows with virtue who is without vice,  
Who serves Love with faith and for no other reason.  
Love does not esteem power or riches,  
person's of high birth or station;  
it looks for common sense, virtue and gentleness  
in a courteous and wise heart.  
He who is gifted with honesty  
will be given a place to serve in Love's abode.

### Cara Mie Donna

My dear lady, I am at last contented  
to suffer my great pain, rather  
than with your full willingness,  
to seek mercy for the desire that torments me.  
How could I ask you to grant  
a favor that would disturb your mind?  
Even if you gave it to me, I cannot have it,  
since it would pain my soul to accept it.  
I love you so perfectly  
that however lovely that gift may be to me,  
little would it please my heart  
if I thought it would not please yours.

### Gretchen am Spinnrade

My rest is gone, my heart is heavy;  
I find it never and nevermore.  
As I do not have him, it is to me the grave,  
the whole world is to me embittered.  
My poor head is confused,  
my poor mind is shattered.  
For him only do I look out of the window,  
for him only do I go out of the house.  
His proud bearing, his noble figure,  
his lip's smile, his eye's power,  
and the magic flow of his speech,



his handclasp, and ah, his kiss!  
My bosom urges me to him.  
Ah! If I could touch him and hold him,  
and kiss him as I wanted,  
then I could perish with his kisses!

### Caro Nome

Gualtier Malde! Name of him so beloved,  
your name is engraved on my loving heart!  
Dear name that first made my heart beat,  
you will always remind me of the delights of love!  
In my thoughts my desire will always fly to you,  
and even my last sigh, dear name, will be yours.

### Diva de L'Empire

Underneath her Greenaway hat,  
her flashing glances are flying.  
Have you heard a laugh like that?  
It's just like a baby who's sighing.  
Little girl with eyes like a cat,  
The Diva of the "Empire".  
She's the queen who has smitten the dandys  
and fellows who love Piccadilly life.  
One single "yes"  
this all her charms can suggest  
stuns each snob who wears a fancy vest.  
Hear them all shouting their fancy bravos!  
They throw bouquets  
up to the one they love best.  
They never notice her mocking smile  
on her lips all the while.  
She dances on, so automatically.  
Lifts her skirt aristocratically,  
showing what's beneath all of her ruffles;  
two pretty legs wiggling with greatest allure.  
Though she is saucy, she is demure, wicked yet very pure.