

Beautier (La Vita è Bella)

Z. Randall Stroope



Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Inc.

sbmp.com

About the composer

Z. Randall Stroope is an American composer and conductor. His composition teachers were Normand Lockwood and Cecil Effinger, both students of Nadia Boulanger, the famous French teacher and student of Gabriel Fauré. Randall has guest conducted in 25 countries, is the Artistic Director of two international music festivals, and an Honorary Member of the National Association of Italian Choral Directors. He has conducted 40 times at Carnegie Hall, as well as other prestigious venues in the United States. Randall has directed 49 All-State choirs. He has a home/studio near Santa Fe, New Mexico and on Merritt Island, Florida.

About the work

Life is about accepting that change is inevitable, finding peace in the midst of uncertainty, and enjoying each day while looking forward to and preparing for the future. Life is a journey, and the journey can be amazingly beautiful!

Ranges





recording and rehearsal tracks available at sbmp.com

Life is Beautiful

(La Vita è Bella)



© Copyright 2024 for ALL COUNTRIES by Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Inc. Printed in the U.S.A.









It is illegal to duplicate this piece by photocopying or any other means.

Those violating the copyright will be punished to the full extent of the law.

© Copyright 2024 for ALL COUNTRIES by Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Inc.

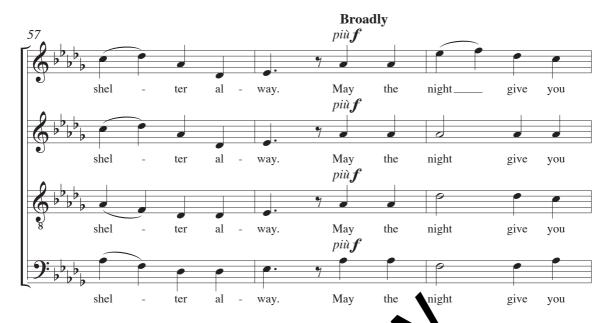












It is illegal to duplicate this piece by photocopyic or a v other neans.

Those violating the copyright will be punished to the late tent of the law.

© Copyright 2024 for ALL COUNTRIES by Santa Parbara Music Publishing, Inc.





Life is Beautiful

(La Vita è Bella)

One idle July afternoon when I was one and ten, and barefoot free,
Lost in cloudless days, carefree innocence,
With waking curiosity, I climb'd up in the apple tree
And look'd out and dream'd of life beyond this place.

La vita è bella, My credo, my stay. La vita è bella, My shelter aly ay.

One hurried July afternoon when I was one and twenty, running free,
Lost in all that was lost in at that is,
Impatient to grow roots and wings, walked right past the apple tree
And look'd out and less all memories behind.

I vita è bella, My creao, my stay. La vita è bella, My shelter alway

One lazy July Aternoon when I was one and sixty, maybe more, but in hollow dreams and vain delusion,

Now years have pass'd, no longer can I climb into the apple tree I look'd out and realiz'd that life had been there all the time.

La vita è bella, My credo, my stay. La vita è bella, My shelter alway