



F. Ludwig Diehn School of Music

Senior Recital  
Lewis Armstrong IV  
Bobbie Kesler-Corleto, piano

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts  
Chandler Recital Hall

Sunday, January 15, 2023

3:00 pm

## Program

Wanderers Nachtlied from op. 96, No. 3	Franz Schubert (1797- 1928)
Wonne der Wehmut from Op. 83, No. 1	Ludwig van Beethoven (1770 -1827)
Mattinata Non t'amo piu	Ruggiero Leoncavallo (1857 -1923) Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846 -1916)
Beau soir Romance Les cloches	Claude Debussy (1862 - 1918) Claude Debussy (1862 -1918) Claude Debussy (1862 -1918)
Do not go, my love Have you seen but a white lily grow? The Devil's an Ass (by Ben Jonson) Weep you no more, sad fountains O come, O come, my dearest	Richard Hagemen (1882 -1966) Anonymous John Dowland (1563-1626) Thomas Arne (1710-1778)
Song for a Dark Girl from Only Heaven	Ricky Ian Gordon (b. 1956) Langston Hughes (1902 -1967)
Still Hurting from The Last Five Years	Jason Robert Brown (b. 1970)
When I Fall in Love	Edward Heyman (1907 - 1981)
Orange Colored Sky	Milton Delugg (1918 - 2015) Willie Stein (1917 - 2009)
What a Wonderful Word John Toomey, piano	Robert "Bob" Thiele (1922 - 1996) George David Weiss (1921 - 2010)

**Lewis Armstrong IV is a student of Brian Nedvin. This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music, Vocal Performance degree.**

## Translations

### Beau soir

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des Choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé ;  
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau,  
Car nous nous en allons comme s'en va cette onde:  
Elle à la mer, ~ nous au tombeau !

### Romance

L'âme évaporée et souffrante,  
L'âme douce, l'âme odorante  
Des lys divins que j'ai cueillis  
Dans le jardin de ta pensée,  
Où donc les vents l'ont-ils chassée,  
Cette âme adorable des lys?  
N'est-il plus un parfum qui reste  
De la suavité céleste  
Des jours où tu m'enveloppais  
D'une vapeur surnaturelle,  
Faites d'espoir, d'amour fidèle,  
De béatitude et de paix?...

### Les Cloches

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des branches  
Délicatement.  
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,  
Dans le ciel clément.  
Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,  
Ce lointain appel  
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne  
Des fleurs de l'autel.  
Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,  
Et, dans le grand bois,  
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,  
Des jours d'autrefois.

### Fair Evening

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,  
And a slight shiver runs through fields of wheat,  
A suggestion to be happy seems to rise up from all things  
And ascends toward the troubled heart ;  
A suggestion to taste the charms of the world  
While one is young and the evening is fair,  
For we are on our way just as this wave is:  
It is going to the sea, ~ and we, to the grave!

### Romance

The vanishing and suffering soul, The sweet soul, the fragrant soul  
Of divine lilies that I have picked  
In the garden of your thoughts,  
Where, then, have the winds chased it,  
This charming soul of the lilies?  
Is there no longer a perfume that remains  
Of the celestial sweetness  
Of the days when you enveloped me  
In a supernatural haze,  
Made of hope, of faithful love,  
Of bliss and of peace?

### The Bells

The leaves opened on the edge of the branches delicately.  
The bells tolled, light and free,  
in the clear sky.  
Rhythmically and fervently, like an antiphon, this far-away call reminded me of the Christian whiteness of altar flowers.  
These bells spoke of happy years, and in the large forest they seemed to revive the withered leaves of days gone by.

## Translations

### Non t'amo piu

Ricordi ancora il di che c'incontrammo?  
Le tue promesse le ricordi ancor?  
Folle d'amore io ti seguii, ci amammo  
E accanto a te sognai, folle d'amor Sognai felice di carezze e baci  
Una catena dileguante in ciel  
Ma le parole tue furon mendaci  
Perché l'anima tua fatta è di gel  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Or la mia fede, il desiderio immenso  
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu  
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso  
Sogno un altro ideal  
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più!  
Nei cari giorni che passammo insieme  
Io cosparsi di fiori il tuo sentier  
Tu fosti del mio cuor l'unica speme  
Tu della mente l'unico pensier  
Tu m'hai visto pregare, impallidire  
Piangere tu m'hai visto innanzi a te  
E io, sol per appagare un tuo desire  
Avrei dato il mio sangue e la mia fe'  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Te ne ricordi ancor?  
Or la mia fede,  
il desiderio immense  
Il mio sogno d'amor non sei più tu  
I tuoi baci non cerco, a te non penso  
Sogno un altro ideal  
Non t'amo più, non t'amo più!

### I don't love you anymore

Do you still remember the day that we met;  
Do you still remember your promises?  
Crazy from love I followed you, we  
enamored with each other  
And I dreamed next to you, crazy from love.  
  
I dreamed happily, of caresses and  
kisses  
  
A chain fading away into the sky;  
But your words were misleading,  
Because your soul is made of ice.  
Do you still remember?  
Do you still remember?  
Now my faith, my immense desire;  
My dream of love isn't you anymore:  
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think  
of you.  
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you any-  
more.  
In the dear days that we spent together  
I scattered flowers at your feet  
You were the only hope of my heart  
You were the only thought in my mind  
You watched me beg, turning pale  
You watched me cry before you  
Only to satisfy your desire, I  
Had given my blood and my faith.  
Do you still remember?  
Do you still remember?  
Now my faith, my immense desire;  
My dream of love isn't you anymore:  
I don't search for your kisses, I don't think of  
you.  
I dream of another ideal; I don't love you any-  
more.

## Translations

### Wanderers Nachtlid

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

### Wonne der Wehmut

Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen der ewigen Liebe!  
Ach, nur dem halbgetrockneten Auge,  
Wie öde, wie tot die Welt ihm erscheint!  
Trocknet nicht, trocknet nicht,  
Tränen unglücklicher Liebe!

### Mattinata

L'Aurora, di bianco vestita,  
Già l'uscio dischiude al gran sol,  
Di già con le rose sue dita  
Carezza de' fiori lo stuol!  
Commosso da un fremito arcano  
Intorno il creato già par,  
E tu non ti desti, ed invano  
Mi sto qui dolente a cantar:  
Metti anche tu la veste bianca  
e schiudi l'uscio al tuo cantor!  
Ove non sei la luce manca,  
Ove tu sei nasce l'amor!

### Over all the peaks it is peaceful

Over all the peaks  
It is peaceful, in all the treetops  
you feel  
Hardly a breath of wind;  
the little birds are silent in the forest..  
only wait - soon  
you will rest as well.

### The joy of sadness

Do not run dry, do not run dry  
Tears of eternal love!  
Even to the half-dry eye  
How desolate and dead the world appears!  
Do not run dry, do not run dry,  
Tears of unhappy love!

### Morning

The dawn, dressed in white,  
has already opened the door to the sun,  
and with pink fingers  
caresses the myriads with flowers.  
A mysterious trembling seems  
to disturb all nature,  
yet you will not get up, and vainly  
I stand here sadly and sing.  
Dress yourself, too, in white  
and open the door to your serenader!  
Where you are not, all is dark,  
where you are, love is born! etc.