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2-10-2018

Elective Joint Recital: Luke Armentrout, baritone, Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano, and Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano

Luke Armentrout

Abby Sullivan

Lindsey Weissman

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Elective Recital:

Luke Armentrout, baritone

Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano

Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano

Jonah Bobo, piano

John Bourdelais, piano & guitar

Tom Brody, bass

Malachi Brown, cello

Zane Carnes, bass

Keeghan Fountain, vibraphone

Jeannette Lewis, alto flute

Ginny Maddock, piano

Caleb Matheson, drum set

Nolan Miller, piano

Eric Myers, drum set

Aaron Rizzo, guitar

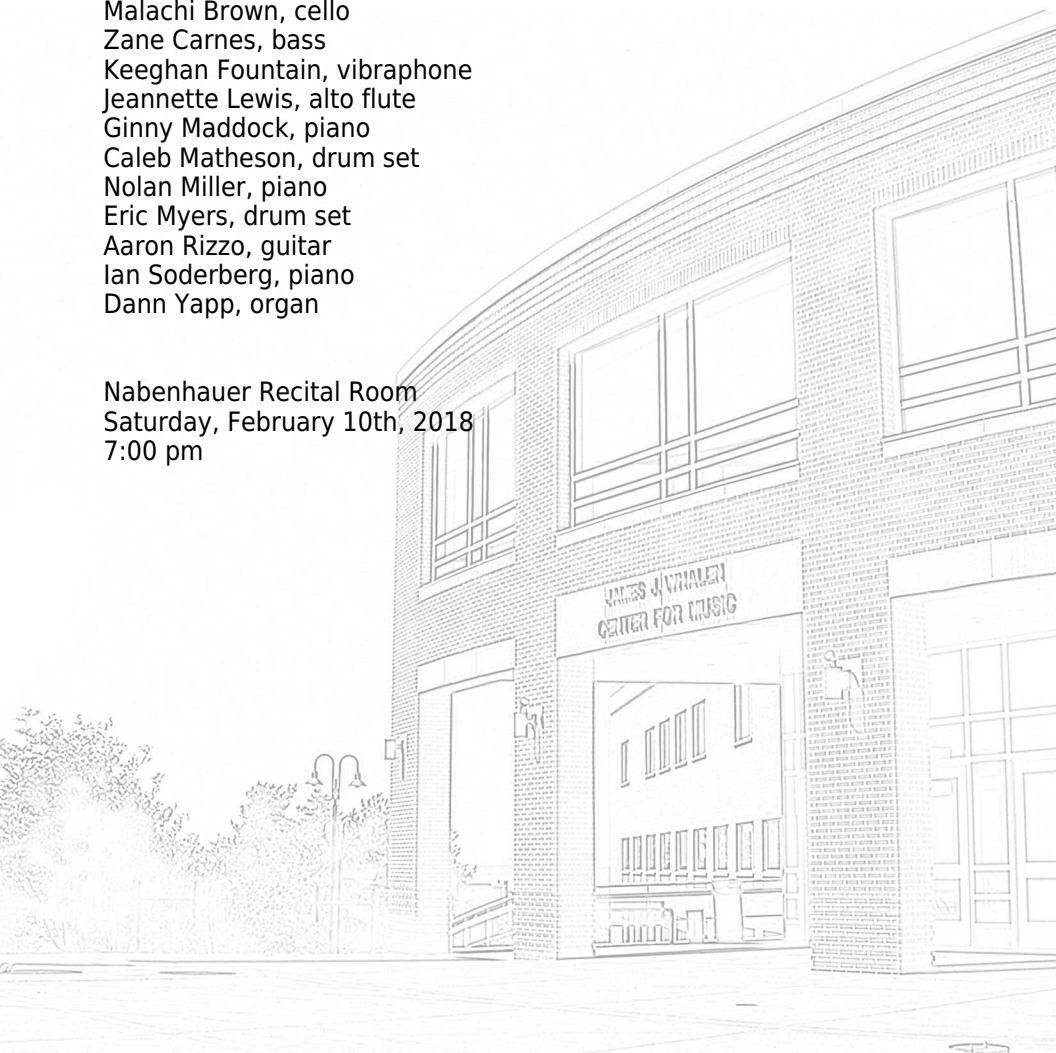
Ian Soderberg, piano

Dann Yapp, organ

Nabenhauer Recital Room

Saturday, February 10th, 2018

7:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

A Doodlin' Song

Blossom Dearie
(1924-2009)

Luke Armentrout, baritone
Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano
Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano
Aaron Rizzo, guitar

Nachtwanderer

Fanny Mendelssohn
(1805-1847)

Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano
Nolan Miller, piano

The Sky Above the Roof

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

Prison

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Luke Armentrout, baritone
Nolan Miller, piano

Moonlight in Vermont

Karl Suessdorf
(1911-1982)

Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano
Jonah Bobo, piano
John Bourdelais, guitar
Tom Brody, bass
Eric Myers, drum set

Lullaby of the Leaves

Bernice Petkere
(1901-2000)

Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano
John Bourdelais, piano
Zane Carnes, bass
Eric Myers, drum set

Intermission

It's Only Smoke

Larry Goldings
(b. 1968)

Cliff Goldmacher
(b.1968)

arr. Peter Eldridge & Jane Monheit

Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano

Luke Armentrout, baritone

John Bourdelais, piano

Drie Lieder, Op. 26 (1943)

1. Schlaflied

2. Die Laute

3. Eva

Léon Orthel
(1905-1985)

Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano

Ginny Maddock, piano

Non Dimenticar

P.G. Redi
(1908-1962)

Luke Armentrout, baritone

John Bourdelais, piano

Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano

Nolan Miller, piano

Untitled

East Coast Summit

Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano
Luke Armentrout, baritone & guitar
Ian Soderberg, baritone & piano

Work Song

Hozier

arr. Lindsey Weissman & Dan Yapp

Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano
Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano
Luke Armentrout, baritone
John Bourdelais, piano
Keeghan Fountain, vibraphone
Zane Carnes, bass
Eric Myers, drums
Malachi Brown, cello
Jeannette Lewis, alto flute

One More Time

Lawrence

Abby Sullivan, mezzo-soprano
Lindsey Weissman, mezzo-soprano
Luke Armentrout, baritone
Ian Soderberg, piano
Aaron Rizzo, guitar
Dan Yapp, organ
Zane Carnes, bass
Eric Myers, drum set

Translations

Nachtwanderer

Ich wandre durch die stille Nacht,
Da schleicht der Mond so heimlich
sacht
Oft aus der dunkeln Wolkenhülle,

Und hin und her im Tal,
Erwacht die Nachtigall
Dann wieder alles grau und stille.

O wunderbarer Nachtgesang,
Von fern im Land der Ströme Gang,

Leis Schauern in den dunkeln
Bäumen
Irrst die Gedanken mir,
Mein wirres Singen hier,
Ist wie ein Rufen nur aus Träumen.

I wander through the quiet night;
the moon floats so secretly and
gently,
often out from a dark cover of
clouds.

And here and there in the valley
a nightingale awakens
but then all is gray and still again.

O wonderful nightsong
from distant parts - the rushing of a
stream

and the soft shuddering in the dark
trees
confuse my thoughts.
My clamorous singing here
is only like a cry from my dreams.
My singing is a cry,
only a cry from my dreams.

The Sky Above the Roof & Prison (Poem by Paul Verlaine)

The sky above the roof
Is calm and sweet
A tree above the roof
Bends in the heat

A bell from out the blue
Drowsily rings
A bird from out the blue
Plaintively sings

Ah God! A life is here
Simple and fair
Murmurs of strife are here
Lost in the air

Why dost thou weep
Oh, heart
Poured out in tears?
What hast thou done
Oh, heart
With thy spent years?

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit,
Berce sa palme.

La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là
Simple et tranquille.
Cette paisible rumeur-là
Vient de la ville.

Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà
Pleurant sans cesse,
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,
De ta jeunesse?

Drie Liederen

I. Schlaflied

Einmal, wenn ich dich verlier, wirst
du schlafen können, ohne dass
ich wie eine Lindenkrone mich
verflüstre über dir?

Ohne dass ich hier wache, und
Worte, beinah wie
Augenlider, auf deine Brüste, auf
deine Glieder, niederlege, auf
deinen Mund?

Ohne dass ich dich verschliess, und
dich allein mit Deinem
lasse, wie einen Garten mit
einer Masse von Melissen und
Sternanis?

II. Die Laute

Ich bin die Laute.

Willst du meinen Leib beschreiben,
seine schön gewölbten Streifen:
sprich so, als sprächest du von
einer reifen gewölbten Feige.

Übertreib das Dunkel, das du in mir
siehst.

Es war Tullias Dunkelheit, in ihrer
Scham war nicht so viel, und
ihr erhelltes Haar war wie ein
heller Saal.

Zuweilen nahm sie etwas Klang von
meiner Oberfläche in ihr Gesicht
und sang zu mir.

Dann spannte ich mich gegen ihre
Schwäche, und endlich, war
mein Inneres in ihr.

Ich bin die Laute.

III. Eva

Einfach steht sie an der Kathedrale
grossem Aufstieg, nah der
Fensterrose, mit dem Apfel in
der Apfel pose,

Schuldlosschuldig ein für alle Male
an dem Wachsenden, das sie

I. Lullaby

If ever I should someday lose you,
will sleep still come to you
without me whispering above
you, soft as linden branches in
the wind?

Without me lying here awake, and
laying down, almost like
eyelids, tender words upon your
breasts, upon your limbs, laying
down, upon your mouth?

Without me locking you up
tight and leaving you with what
is yours, a garden overflowing
with star anise and lemon
balm?

II. The Lute

I am the lute.

When you describe my body, its
beautiful curving lines: speak, as
you would about fruit on a
tree, ripened and full.

Exaggerate the darkness you
glimpse in me.

It was Tullia's darkness first, which
was hidden in her most secret
place, and the brightness of
her hair was like a sun-filled
hall.

Occasionally, some tone from
within me was reflected in her
face and she would sing to
me.

Then I pressed myself to her
softness, and finally, what was
within me entered into her.

I am the lute.

III. Eve

Standing at the foot of the
Cathedral's great ascent,
unadorned, close to the
window-rose, with the apple in
the apple pose,

Guiltless-guilty once and for all of
time, for all the growing things

gebar, seit sie aus dem Kreis
der Ewigkeiten liebend
fortging, um sich durch
zustreiten durch die Erde, wie
ein junges Jahr.

Ach, sie hätte gern in jenem Land
noch ein wenig weilen
mögen, achtend auf der Tiere
Eintracht und verstand.

Doch da sie den Mann entschlossen
fand, ging sie mit ihm nach
dem Tode trachtend, und sie
hatte Gott noch kaum gekannt.

that she gave forth, since she,
out of Eternity's circle, went
away in love, in order to labor
through the Earth, like a just
beginning year.

Oh, how she would have liked to
linger in that land a while, to
observe the peace and
understanding of the animals.

And yet, because she found the
man resolved, she went with
him, aspiring towards Death, and
yet God she had barely known
at all.

Nuit d'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,

Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La seriene Mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,

Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressallir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,

Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;

Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your
perfumes,

sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene Melancholy
comes to blooms in the depths of
my heart,

and I hear the soul of my beloved
quiver in the dreaming wood.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your
perfumes,

sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

At our fountain I see again
your gazes, blue as the heavens;

this rose is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,

Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and your
perfumes,
sad lyre
which is sighing,
I dream of bygone loves.

Non Dimenticar

Non dimenticar
che t'ho voluto tanto bene.
T'ho saputo amar
non dimenticar.

Or di questo amor
un sol ricordo t'appartiene.

Non gettarlo ancor
fuori dal tuo cuor.

Se ci separò, se ci allontanò
l'ala del destino,
non ne ho colpa, no,
e mi sentirò
sempre a me vicino.

Non dimenticar
che t'ho voluto tanto bene.
Forse nel mio cuor
puoi trovare ancor
tanto e tanto amor.

Do not forget
that you are much desired
You know that I love you
Do not forget

Now from this love
a lonely memory appears, held
within
Do not throw it out
from your heart

If we separate, if we move apart
from the wing of destiny
Don't blame yourself
I feel you
always close to me

Do not forget that you are much
desired
You know that I love you
Perhaps inside my heart
we can once again find
more and more love