



Rudi E. Scheidt  
School of Music

# THE UNIVERSITY OF MEMPHIS Opera Workshop

*presents*

## **ARIA SHOWCASE**

Dan Wallace Miller, visiting stage director  
Stephen Karr, music director

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OCTOBER 3 | 7:00 PM

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HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music  
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director  
College of Communication and Fine Arts  
Debra Burns, Dean

# PROGRAM

<b>Frère, voyez!... Du gai soleil (<i>Werther</i>)</b>	Jules Massenet 1842-1912
Katrina Cole, soprano	
<b>Lonely House (<i>Street Scene</i>)</b>	Kurt Weill 1900-1950
Richard Lisenby, Tenor	
<b>Vado, ma dove (concert aria)</b>	Wolfgang Amadé Mozart 1756-1792
Emily DeMerchant, soprano	
<b>Pensa a chi geme d'amor piagata (<i>Alcina</i>)</b>	George Frideric Handel 1685-1759
KJ Phillips, baritone	
<b>Ain't it a pretty night? (<i>Susannah</i>)</b>	Carlisle Floyd 1926-2021
Shannon Burr, soprano	
<b>Come scoglio (<i>Così fan tutte</i>)</b>	Wolfgang Amadé Mozart 1756-1792
Diana Flores, soprano	
<b>La fleur que tu m'avais jetée (<i>Carmen</i>)</b>	Georges Bizet 1838-1875
Philip Andrew Himebook, tenor	
<b>Votre toast (<i>Carmen</i>)</b>	Georges Bizet 1838-1875
Anthony Valle, baritone	
<b>"Fleurs" (<i>Fiançailles pour rire</i>)</b>	Francis Poulenc 1899-1963
Cami Moses, soprano	
<b>L'air du feu (<i>L'enfant et les sortilèges</i>)</b>	Maurice Ravel 1875-1937
Shannon Jongema, soprano	

# PROGRAM

- Epiphany (*Sweeney Todd*)** Stephen Sondheim  
1930-2021  
Darius Taylor, baritone
- Deh vieni, non tardar (*Le nozze di Figaro*)** Wolfgang Amadé Mozart  
1756-1792  
Nicole Huff, soprano
- Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse (*Samson et Dalila*)** Camille Saint-Saëns  
1835-1921  
Haena Jeong, mezzo-soprano
- Winterstürme (*Die Walküre*)** Richard Wagner  
1813-1883  
Joshua Martin, tenor
- Sul fil d'un soffio etesio (*Falstaff*)** Giuseppe Verdi  
1813-1901  
Carrie Moscoe, soprano
- Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen (*Der Freischütz*)** Carl Maria von Weber  
1786-1826  
la White, soprano
- Elle a fui, la torturelle (*Les contes d'Hoffmann*)** Jacques Offenbach  
1819-1880  
Karla Thomas, soprano
- The trees on the mountain (*Susannah*)** Carlisle Floyd  
1926-2021  
Isabella Wallace, soprano
- In uomini, in soldati (*Così fan tutte*)** Wolfgang Amadé Mozart  
1756-1792  
Emily Woelke, soprano
- Si corre dal notaio (*Gianni Schicchi*)** Giacomo Puccini  
1858-1924  
Jonathan Rhoades, baritone

## TEXTS

**Frère, voyez!... Du gai soleil (*Werther*)**

Édouard Blau (1836-1906)

Paul Milliet (1848-1924)

Georges Hartmann (1843-1900)

Brother! Look! Look at this beautiful bouquet!  
To make it for the Pastor, I've raided the entire garden!  
And then, it will be time to dance!  
I'm counting on you for the first minuet...

Ah! You look so sad!..

But today, Mr. Werther, everyone is happy! Delight is in the air!

From the cheerful, flaming sun shining in the azure sky,  
pure, bright light descends on our faces, and even to our souls!

Everyone is happy! Delight is in the air!

And the bird who climbs toward the heavens in the sighing breeze...  
has returned to tell us that God allows us to be glad!

Everyone is happy!

Delight is in the air!

Everyone is happy!

**Lonely House (*Street Scene*)**

Langston Hughes

1901-1967

At night when everything is quiet  
This old house seems to breathe a sigh.  
Sometimes I hear a neighbor snoring,  
Sometimes I hear a baby cry.  
Sometimes I hear a staircase creaking,  
Sometimes a distant telephone.  
Then the quiet settles down again...  
The house and I are all alone.

Lonely house, lonely me!  
Funny... with so many neighbors,  
How lonely it can be!  
Oh lonely street! Lonely town!  
Funny... you can be so lonely  
With all these folks around.

I guess there must be something  
I don't comprehend...  
Sparrows have companions,  
Even stray dogs find a friend.

The night for me is not romantic.  
Unhook the stars and take them down.  
I'm lonely in this lonely house...  
In this lonely town.

**Vado, ma dove (concert aria)**

Lorenzo da Ponte  
1749-1838

I must go. But where? Oh gods!  
If not for my beloved's pain,  
If not for my sighs,  
Would the heavens not feel pity for me?

You, who speak directly to my heart,  
Guide my steps, my love.  
You, who take away the obstacles  
That make me doubt our love.

**Pensa a chi geme d'amor piagata (*Alcina*)** anon., from a story based on  
Orlando furioso by Ludivoco Ariosto (1474-1533)

Think of the woman who moans, wounded by love,  
and trembles still, abandoned by your cruel self.

Return to love her and console her,  
rather than leave her so sad and lonely without mercy.

**Ain't it a pretty night? (*Susannah*)**

Carlisle Floyd  
1926-2021

Ain't it a pretty night!  
The sky's so dark and velvet-like and it's all lit up with stars.  
It's like a great big mirror reflectin' fireflies over a pond.  
Look at all them stars, Little Bat. The longer y'look the more y'see.  
The sky seems so heavy with stars that it might fall right down out of heaven  
and cover us all up in one big blanket of velvet all stitched with diamon's.

Ain't it a pretty night.  
Just think, those stars can all peep down an' see way beyond where we can:  
They can see way beyond them mountains to Nashville and Asheville an'  
Knoxville.

I wonder what it's like out there, out there beyond them mountains  
where the folks talk nice, an' the folks dress nice like y'see in the mail-order  
catalogs.

I aim to leave this valley some day an' find out fer myself:  
To see all the tall buildin's and all the street lights an' to be one o' them folks  
myself.

I wonder if I'd get lonesome fer the valley though,  
fer the sound of crickets an' the smell of pine straw,  
fer soft little rabbits an' bloomin' things an' the mountains turnin' gold in the  
fall.

But I could always come back if I got homesick fer the valley.

So I'll leave it someday and' see fer myself.

Someday I'll leave an' then I'll come back when I've seen what's beyond  
them mountains.

Ain't it a pretty night.

The sky's so heavy with stars tonight that it could fall right down out of  
heaven an' cover us up in one big blanket of velvet and diamon's.

**Come scoglio (*This is what all women do*)**

Lorenzo da Ponte  
1749-1838

How dare you!

Get out of this place at once,

and no longer profane our hearts, our ears and our emotions  
with your foul words.

It is in vain for you—or for anyone else—to seek to seduce our souls away  
from the complete faith that we have already given to our dear beloveds.

We already know how to keep it, even until death,  
in spite of the powers of the world, and of fate.

Standing immovable as a rock against the winds and the storm:  
this is how our hearts are strong in faith and love.

We were born carrying this torch,  
which pleases and consoles us. And only death can make us change our  
affections.

You ungrateful souls, respect this example of constancy,  
and may no further cruel hope make you bold enough to try us again.

**La fleur que tu m'avais jetée (*Carmen*)**

Henri Meilhac (1830-1897)  
Ludovic Halévy (1834-1908)

The flower that you threw to me  
remained with me in prison.

Withered and dry, this flower  
still kept its sweet fragrance.

And for hours and hours  
as I kept it on my closed eyelids,  
the smell intoxicated me  
and made me see you in the night!

I began cursing you,  
hating you, saying to myself:  
"Why did fate have to put her  
there in my path?"  
Then I accused myself of blasphemy,  
and I felt within myself one desire, one hope only:  
to see you once more, Carmen!  
For you would only have to appear  
and cast one look at me  
to take complete possession of my being.  
Oh my Carmen!  
And I would be yours.  
Carmen! I love you!

**Votre toast (*Carmen*)**

Henri Meilhac (1830-1897)  
Ludovic Halévy (1834-1908)

Sirs, I can toast you in return.  
For along with soldiers, Matadors can understand;  
We both fight for pleasure!  
The arena is full, it's a festival day!  
The arena is full from top to bottom;  
The spectators, losing their minds, raise a great noise!  
Shouts, cries and noises grow to a roar,  
Because of this celebration of courage!  
It is the celebration of men of grit! Come on...

Toréador, on guard!  
And dream as you fight,  
of the dark eye that watches you,  
and of the love that awaits you!

Suddenly, all is silent...what is happening?  
More shouting! It's time!  
The bull erupts from the bullpen!  
He throws himself around as he enters.  
He strikes! A horse tumbles, dragging a picador  
"Bravo, Toro!" roars the crowd...  
He goes, he comes and strikes once more!  
Shaking his dart-stabbed neck, he runs furiously!  
The arena is soaked in blood!  
Some save themselves, running through the gates.  
It's your turn now! Come on! On guard!

Toréador, on guard!  
And dream as you fight,  
of the dark eye that watches you,  
and of the love that awaits you!

**"Fleurs" (*Fiançailles pour rire*)**

Louise de Vilmorán (1902-1969)  
from *Engagement for Laughs*

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,  
Flowers emerging from the steps of an excursion,  
Who brought you these flowers in winter  
Sprinkled with the sand of the sea?

Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves  
Whose lovely eyes are ashes and in whose hearth  
A heart enribboned with moans  
Burns along with its sacred images.

Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,  
Flowers emerging from the steps of an excursion,  
Who brought you these flowers in winter  
Sprinkled with the sand of the sea?

**L'air du feu (*The Child and the Enchantments*)**

Colette  
1873-1954

Get back!

I warm the good, but I burn the wicked.  
Reckless little barbarian,  
you have insulted all the friendly gods  
Who maintain the fragile barrier between you and misfortune!

You brandished the poker,  
Overturned the kettle,  
Scattered the matches!  
Beware the dancing Fire,  
You would melt like a snowflake on its scarlet tongue!

Beware! I warm the good!  
Beware! I burn the wicked!  
Beware! Beware! Look out for yourself!



**Epiphany (*Sweeney Todd*)**

Stephen Sondheim  
1930-2021

*Sweeney Todd*

I had him! His throat was bare beneath my hand!  
No, I had him! His throat was there, and he'll never come again!

*Mrs. Lovett*

Easy now. Hush, love, hush. I keep telling you...what's your rush?

*Sweeney Todd*

When?! Why did I wait? You told me to wait!

Now he'll never come again!

There's a hole in the world like a great black pit  
And it's filled with people who are filled with shit

And the vermin of the world inhabit it—

But not for long!

They all deserve to die!

Tell you why, Mrs. Lovett, tell you why...

Because in all of the whole human race, Mrs. Lovett,

There are two kinds of men and only two.

There's the one staying put in his proper place

And the one with his foot in the other one's face—

Look at me, Mrs. Lovett, look at you!

No, we all deserve to die!

Even you, Mrs. Lovett, even I!

Because the lives of the wicked should be made brief.

For the rest of us, death will be a relief.

We all deserve to die!

And I'll never see Johanna.

No, I'll never hug my girl to me—

*Finished!*

*All right! You, sir,*

*How about a shave?*

*Come and visit your good friend Sweeney!*

*You, sir, too, sir,*

*Welcome to the grave!*

*I will have vengeance,*

*I will have salvation!*

*Who, sir? You, sir?*

*No one's in the chair, come on, come on,*

*Sweeney's waiting! I want you bleeders!*

*You, sir—anybody! Gentlemen, now don't be shy!*

Not one man, no,  
Nor ten men,  
Nor a hundred can assuage me—  
I will have you!

And I will get him back, even as he gloats.  
In the meantime I'll practice on less honorable throats.  
And my Lucy lies in ahshes,  
And I'll never see my girl again,  
But the work waits,  
I'm alive at last,  
And I'm full of joy!

**Deh vieni, non tardar (*The Marriage of Figaro*)**

Lorenzo da Ponte  
1749-1838

Finally the moment is here  
when I can enjoy myself  
in the arms of my beloved.  
Timid worries, flee from my heart,  
do not come to disturb my delight!  
Oh, how it seems that earth, heaven and this place,  
respond to the fires of love,  
as the night responds to my ruses.

Oh come, do not delay my love.  
Come where love and enjoyment call,  
before the moon rises in the night,  
while the air is dark and the world quiet.

Here the stream murmurs and the breeze plays  
with sweet whispering that restores the heart.  
Here the flowers laugh and the grass is cool.  
Everything here entices you to the pleasures of love.

Come my dearest among the sheltering trees  
I want to adorn your brow with roses!

**Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse (*Samson and Delilah*)**

Ferdinand Lemaire  
1832-1879

Samson, wanting to be with me,  
will have to come here tonight.  
This is the hour of vengeance  
in which I must satisfy our gods!

Love! come help my weakness!  
Pour the poison into his breast!  
Make Samson to be imprisoned tomorrow,  
defeated by my skill!

If he could vainly wish for his soul  
to be able to chase me away, to banish me,  
could he ever extinguish the flame  
that feeds his memory?

He is mine! he is my slave!  
My brothers fear his wrath;  
I, the only brave one, defy him,  
And hold him at my knees!

Love! come help my weakness!  
Pour the poison into his breast!  
Make Samson to be imprisoned tomorrow,  
defeated by my skill!

His strength is useless against love;  
And he, the strongest of the strong,  
He, who breaks the chains of his people,  
Will succumb under my efforts!

**Winterstürme (*The Valkyries*)**

Richard Wagner  
1813-1883

Winter storms give way to the blissful moon,  
Spring shines in gentle light;  
It sways lightly and sweetly on gentle breezes, weaving wonders;  
Its breath blows through forest and meadows,  
Its eyes laugh, wide open:  
It rings sweetly from the song of blessed birds,  
It exhales lovely scents;  
Delightful flowers bloom from its warm blood,  
Seed and sprout spring from its strength.  
With the beauty of delicate weapons, it conquers the world;  
Winter and storm succumb to the strong defense:  
The stern door that stubbornly and rigidly separated us from it  
also gave way to its blows:  
It swung itself toward its sister;  
Love lured Spring:  
It hid itself deep in our bosom;  
Now it laughs blissfully in the light,

The brother freed the Sister-Bride;  
Whatever separated them lies shattered:  
The young couple greet each other with joy:  
Love and spring are united!

**Sul fil d'un soffio etesio (*Falstaff*)**

Arrigo Boito  
1842-1918

On the breath of an Ethesian breeze,  
Scurry, agile shadows!  
Between the branches, the blue glow of the rising moon appears.  
Dance! And may your gentle steps measure a gentle sound,  
Combining a magical dance with my song.

We wander under the moon, choosing flower from flower.  
In its center, each crown of petals brings its own fortune.  
With lilies and violets let us write our secret names;  
Words blossom from the hands of fairies,  
Words illuminated by pure silver and gold, charms and magic.  
The fairies have flowers for letters.

**Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen (*The Marksman*)**

Johann Friedrich Kind  
1768-1843

If a slim young man comes along,  
With hair either fair hair or dark,  
Bright-eyed and with red cheeks—  
Oh! It's worth looking at him!

Of course you lower your eyes demurely  
Like bashful girls do;  
But secretly you look up again,  
When he turns away.

But if you do exchange glances,  
Well, what's the harm in that?  
No one's going to be struck blind on the spot,  
Even if one of you turns red with embarrassment.

A glance here, a glance there,  
Until the lips are also loosened!  
He sighs: "Fairest!"  
She says: "Dearest!"

Soon they'll be bride and groom!  
Come up closer, dear people!

Do you want to see me with a bridal wreath?  
Isn't that a pretty bride,  
And the young man's no less handsome!

**Elle a fui, la torturelle (*Les contes d'Hoffmann*)**

Jacques Offenbach  
1819-1880

She has fled, the turtledove!  
Ah, memory too sweet,  
Image too cruel!  
Alas, at my knees,  
I hear him, I see him!

She has flown, the turtledove, far from you;  
But she is always faithful and keeps her vow.  
My beloved, my voice calls you, yes, my heart is completely yours.

Dear, newly-opened flower, have pity and answer me.  
You who knows if he still lives me, if he keeps his vow.  
My beloved, my voice begs you, ah! let your heart come to me.  
She has flown, the turtledove, far from you.

**The trees on the mountain (*Susannah*)**

Carlisle Floyd  
1926-2021

The trees on the mountains are cold and bare.  
The summer jes' vanished, an' left them there,  
Like a falsehearted lover jes' like my own  
Who made me love him, then left me alone.

The coals on the hearth have turned gray and sere.  
The blue flame jes' vanished an' left them there,  
Like a falsehearted lover jes' like my own  
Who made me love him, then left me alone.

Come back, O summer, Come back, blue flame.  
My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.  
Come back, O lover, if jes' fer a day.  
Turn bleak December once more into May.

The road up ahead lies lonely an' far.  
There's darkness around me an' not even a star  
To show me the way or lighten my heart.  
Come back, my lover, I fain would start.

The pore baby fox lies all cold in his lair.  
His mama jes' vanished an' left him there,

Like a falsehearted lover, jes' like my own,  
Who made me love him, then left me alone.

Come back, O summer, Come back, blue flame!  
My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.  
Come back, O lover, if jes' fer a day.  
Turn bleak December once more into May.

Come back, O summer! Come back, blue flame!  
My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.  
Come back, O lover, if jes' fer a day.  
Turn bleak December once more into May.

**In uomini, in soldati (*This is what all women do*)**

Lorenzo da Ponte  
1749-1838

You hope men—soldiers, even!—will be faithful to you?  
For goodness sake, don't let anyone hear you say that!  
They are all made of the same stuff.

The quivering leaves and the fickle breezes are more stable than men.  
Lying tears, false glances and deceitful vows are their primary qualities.  
They don't love us except for their own pleasure, then they despise us and  
deny us affection.

It isn't worth it to ask barbarians for mercy.  
Women, let us pay this evil breed of person with the same currency.  
Let us love for our convenience, for our vanity.

**Si corre dal notaio (Gianni Schicchi)**

Giovacchino Forzano  
1884-1970

Was my voice like his?  
Ah, Victory! Victory!  
Don't you understand?  
Oh, what blockheads!

You, run to the notary;  
"Mister Notary, quick!  
Come to Buoso Donati's!  
He's gotten much sicker!  
He wants to make his will!  
Bring the papers with you; quickly,  
sir, or it will be too late!"

And the notary arrives.  
He enters; the room is fairly dark,  
in the bed you see the shape of Buoso.  
On his head, a night-cap!

Around his mouth, a handkerchief!  
Between the cap and the handkerchief  
is a nose which looks like Buoso's  
but instead is mine, because  
in place of Buoso I am there!

I, Gianni Schicchi,  
with feigned voice and shape,  
I'm pretending to be Buoso Donati,  
giving instructions and making a will!

O people, this mad plot,  
springing from my imagination  
is enough to defy eternity!

## MUSIC BIOGRAPHIES

### **DAN WALLACE MILLER, visiting stage director**

Hailed as a “visionary director” by The Stranger, Dan Wallace Miller’s stage direction is “riveting... well executed, and relevant” (CityArts) and has been described as “a powerful gust of invigorating fresh air.” (Opera Today) His unique concepts and perceptive direction have proven that he is a force to be reckoned with. Last season, he created a new production of Susannah for the Wolf Trap Opera and the University of Oklahoma, and returned to Central City Opera to direct a new production of Gounod’s Roméo et Juliette, and directed La Traviata for Inland Northwest Opera. This season, he directs Pagliacci at Seattle Opera, Apprentice Scenes at Santa Fe Opera, Rigoletto for Opera San Jose, and The Merry Widow at Portland State University. Other credits include San Francisco Opera, Washington National Opera, Opera Colorado, and The Atlanta Opera.



# MUSIC BIOGRAPHIES

## **STEPHEN KARR, music director**

Born in Greenville, South Carolina, Stephen Karr is a compelling interpreter of opera and orchestral works. He is in his third season as opera music director at the University of Memphis Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music, where he has led productions of Leonard Bernstein's *Trouble in Tahiti*, Georges Bizet's *Dr. Miracle*, Giacomo Puccini's *La bohème* and the mid-south premiere of Eduard Künneke's *Der Vetter aus Dingsda*. He made his debut last May with Opera Memphis and the Memphis Symphony Orchestra, conducting the season-closing production of *The Falling and the Rising* with music by Zach Redler and libretto by Jerre Dye, and has continued to work regularly with the MSO as an outreach and cover conductor. In fall 2024, he will lead a co-production with Opera Memphis of Igor Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* at the Scheidt Family Performing Arts Center in Memphis. In recent seasons, he has appeared with Anchorage Opera, the Sacramento Philharmonic and Opera, and the Parnassus Chamber Orchestra. As Associate Conductor and Artistic Administrator for Long Beach Opera, he was cover conductor and prompter for 2019's world premiere production of *The Central Park Five* by Anthony Davis and Richard Wesley, which went on to win the 2020 Pulitzer Prize in Music. He is a co-editor for the first critical performing edition of Joseph Bologne's *L'Amant Anonyme*, which, after its premiere at LA Opera in 2020, has seen many productions around the US and in Europe.

In 2011, he co-founded the Pacific Opera Project and was the music director until 2016. With POP, he led productions of *Trouble in Tahiti*, *Così fan tutte*, *The Turn of the Screw*, *La Calisto* (LA premiere), *Ariadne auf Naxos* and *The Rake's Progress* (LA professional premiere), among many other titles. The Los Angeles Times praised his performance of the Stravinsky as having kept orchestra, cast and chorus on a "well-articulated rhythmic track."

He has also been on staff with the OPERA Iowa tour, the Glimmerglass Festival, Opera New Jersey and Palm Beach Opera. Stephen Karr has taught at Chapman University, Michigan State University, USC and UCLA. His schooling includes degrees in organ performance (Mercer University and Westminster Choir College) and orchestral conducting (UCLA). He is a resident of Memphis, Tennessee.