



THE UNIVERSITY OF
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Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music

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PROGRAM

Les nuits d'été

1. Villanelle
2. Le spectre de la rose
3. Sur les lagunes
4. Absence
5. Au cimetière
6. L'île inconnue

Hector Berlioz
(1803-1869)

Brief Pause

Seven Tableaux from the Song of Songs

- i. O, Let Him Kiss Me (I:1-3)
- ii. I Am Dark But Lovely (I:5-6)
- iv. How Beautiful You Are My Love (I:16-17)
- vii. Set Me As a Seal Upon Your Heart (VIII:6-7)

Srul Irving Glick
(1934-2002)

Du meinen Herzens Krönelein Op. 21 No. 2
Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden Op. 21. No. 3

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Liebst du um Schönheit

Gustav Mahler
(1860-1911)

PROGRAM NOTES TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Les nuits d'été Op. 7

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

The 19th century saw leaps and bounds of changes in musical styles and in the world of song, *Les nuits d'été* by Hector Berlioz was a genre defining moment. Six settings of poems by Théophile Gautier, these pieces do not tell a continuous story, rather are tableaux's of different moments of love. The journey through these different aspects of love are magnificently set by Berlioz. Originally written for 4 different singers, different versions were written to accommodate a single performer, which is how it is typically presented today.

To start and end this piece we have the most joyful pieces that bookend well. Starting with the joyful hope of spring brings us into a space of excitement for new love. Ending with an excitement for adventure with your love and hope for the future of your love. The inner pieces are the tragedies of love. These four pieces show it in so many ways. All unified by the theme of love, these pieces evoke a broad feelings of different experiences of love.

Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle, Quand
auront disparu les froids, Tous les deux
nous irons, ma belle, Pour cueillir le
muguet aux bois; Sous nos pieds
égrenant les perles Que l'on voit au matin
trembler, Nous irons écouter les merles
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce:
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises
Des bois!

Villanelle

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice:
Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild
Strawberries!

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal; Je
suis le spectre d'une rose Que tu
portais hier au bal. Tu me pris
encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi le fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni De profundis;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,
Brushed by a virginal dream;
I am the spectre of a rose
That yesterday you wore at the dance.
You plucked me still sprinkled
With silver tears of dew,
And amid the glittering feast
You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,
You shall be powerless to banish me:
The rosy spectre which every night
Will come to dance at your bedside.
But be not afraid – I demand
Neither Mass nor De Profundis;
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;
And for such a beautiful fate,
Many would have given their lives –
For my tomb is on your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie,
A poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose
Which every king will envy.

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte: Je pleurerai
toujours; Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours. Dans le ciel,
sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer! Ah! sans
amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Le blanche créature
Est couchée au cercueil.
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!

On the lagoons

My dearest love is dead: I shall weep for
evermore; To the tomb she takes with
her My soul and all my love. Without
waiting for me
She has returned to Heaven;
The angel who took her away
Did not wish to take me.
How bitter is my fate! Alas! to set sail
loveless across the sea!

The pure white being
Lies in her coffin.
How everything in nature
Seems to mourn!
The forsaken dove
Weeps, dreaming of its absent mate;
My soul weeps and feels
Itself adrift.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

The immense night above me
Is spread like a shroud;
I sing my song
Which heaven alone can hear.
Ah! how beautiful she was,
And how I loved her!
I shall never love a woman
As I loved her.
How bitter is my fate!
Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil, La
fleur de ma vie est fermée Loin de
ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos cœurs quelle distance!
Tant d'espace entre nos baisers!
Ô sort amer! ô dure absence!
Ô grands désirs inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de campagnes,
Que de villes et de hameaux,
Que de vallons et de montagnes,
À lasser le pied des chevaux.

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-aimée;
Comme une fleur loin du soleil,
La fleur de ma vie est fermée
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Absence

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun, The
flower of my life is closed Far from
your crimson smile!

Such a distance between our hearts!
So great a gulf between our kisses!
O bitter fate! O harsh absence!
O great unassuaged desires!

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening plains,
So many towns and hamlets,
So many valleys and mountains
To weary the horses' hooves.

Return, return, my sweetest love!
Like a flower far from the sun,
The flower of my life is closed
Far from your crimson smile!

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Au cimetière

Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe, Triste et
seule, au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant;

Un air maladivement tendre,
À la fois charmant et fatal,
Qui vous fait mal
Et qu'on voudrait toujours entendre,
Un air, comme en soupire aux cieux
L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée
Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique
On sent lentement revenir
Un souvenir;
Une ombre, une forme angélique
Passe dans un rayon tremblant,
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit, demi-closes,
Jettent leur parfum faible et doux
Autour de vous,
Et le fantôme aux molles poses
Murmure, en vous tendant les bras:
Tu reviendras?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la tombe
Je n'irai quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if
Son chant plaintif!

In the cemetery

Do you know the white tomb,
Where the shadow of a yew
Waves plaintively?
On that yew a pale dove,
Sad and solitary at sundown
Sings its song;

A melody of morbid sweetness,
Delightful and deathly at once,
Which wounds you
And which you'd like to hear forever,
A melody, such as in the heavens,
A lovesick angel sighs.

As if the awakened soul
Weeps beneath the earth together
With the song,
And at the sorrow of being forgotten
Murmurs its complaint
Most meltingly.

On the wings of music
You sense the slow return
Of a memory;
A shadow, an angelic form
Passes in a shimmering beam,
Veiled in white.

The Marvels of Peru, half-closed,
Shed their fragrance sweet and faint
About you,
And the phantom with its languid gestures
Murmurs, reaching out to you:
Will you return?

Ah! nevermore shall I approach that tomb,
When evening descends
In its black cloak,
To listen to the pale dove
From the top of a yew
Sing its plaintive song!

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle, Où
voulez-vous aller? La voile
ouvre son aile, La brise va
souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
À la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
– Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

The unknowable isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go? The
sail is billowing, The breeze
about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,
Or the Pacific
Or the Isle of Java?
Or else to Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
– That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!

Translations by Richard Stokes

PROGRAM NOTES TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Seven tableaux from the Song of Songs

Srul Irving Glick(1934-2002)

Srul Irving Glick was a Jewish Canadian is described as one of Canada's most prolific composers, having written most major forms including chamber works, oratorio, orchestral, vocal and choral repertoire. Having studied in Paris with master composers, including Darius Milhaud, Glick brought his own perspective to writing beautiful repertoire.

Written in honour of his wife Jean in celebration of their 30 years of marriage, *Seven Tableaux* is settings of beautiful and romantic texts found in Song of Solomon. The texts are described as 'freely rendered and elaborated' by the composer. Presented are 4 of the 7, the most romantic of the texts selected by Glick. Originally written for Soprano, Piano, Violin and Cello.

The first piece is an exclamation of love for the bridegroom, the anticipation of the marriage to come. In the second piece, we see the bride declaring that she is beautiful because of the experiences she has had in life. She has been through a lot, and that has changed her, but she is still beautiful and worthy of love. This is a beautiful declaration of self-confidence the bride needs before she sees her groom. In the third piece we have an exclamation for the beauty of the groom and the life they will have. In the final piece we have the sealing of marriage, not only in life but on each other's heart.

I – Song of Songs 1:1-3

O, let him kiss me,
For his love is sweeter than wine.
The sound of his sweet name
Echoes silently in my heart
The presence of his scent
Lingers in my soul.
How surpassingly wonderful is love!

II – Song of Songs 1:5-6

I am dark but lovely, O daughters of Jerusalem.
As the tents of Kedar, as the tapestries of
Solomon.
Yes, I am dark, but do not look down upon me
Because the sun has scorched my skin
My mother's sons were displeased with me
And sent me to watch over their vineyards
And I was forced to neglect my own.

IV – Song of Songs 1:16-17

How beautiful you are my love
How pleasant to be with you.
Our couch is a leafy bower
Our beams are of cedar
Our panels are of cypresses and
Our ceiling is silver lined clouds
O, how beautiful you are my love!

VII – Song of Songs 7:6-7

Set me as a seal upon your heart
As a seal upon your arm;
For love is as strong as death,
And passion as mighty as the whirlwind.
Love blazes more fiercely than fire
Shining with a holy flame;
Vast floods cannot quench it
Nor rivers drown its endless light!

PROGRAM NOTES TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Op. 12

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Richard Strauss was a major figure throughout the romantic era. His compositional output was vast throughout his life starting from the age of 7. His biggest successes were found in his tone poems and conducting. He was also a prolific composer of Lieder. Many of his lieder were written for his wife's voice specifically. He wrote lieder throughout his entire life. Most of his lieder were written for voice and piano, later he orchestrated many of his most well-known songs.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein and *Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden* are two of his beautiful love songs that are from his opus 12. These pieces have texts that are full of beautiful exclamations of love. They both evoke deep feelings of love for a counterpart but achieve this in very different beautiful ways.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

Dumeines Herzens Krönelein, du bist von
lautrem Golde,
Wenn Andere daneben sein, dann bist du noch
viel holde.
Die Andern tun so gern gescheut, du bist gar
sanft und stille;
Daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut, dein Glück ist's,
nicht dein Wille.

Die Andern suchen Lieb' und Gunst mit tausend
falschen Worten,
Du ohne Mund- und Augenkunst bist wert an
allen Orten,
Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald, sie weiß nichts
von ihrer Blüte,
Doch Jedem, der vorüberwallt, erfreut sie das
Gemüte.

Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden

Ach Lieb, ich muß nun scheiden, gehn über Berg
und Thal,
Die Erlen und die Weiden, die weinen allzumal.
Sie sahn so oft uns wandern zusammen an
Baches Rand,
Das Eine ohn' den Andern geht über ihren
Verstand.
Die Erlen und die Weiden vor Schmerz in
Thränen stehn,
Nun denket, wie uns beiden erst muß zu Herzen
gehn!

Translations by Richard Stokes

You, my heart's coronet

You, my heart's coronet, you are of pure gold,
When others stand beside you, you are more
lovely still.
Others love to appear clever, you are so gentle
and quiet;
That every heart delights in you, is your fortune
not your will.

Others seek love and favours with a thousand
false words,
You, without artifice of mind or eye, are
esteemed in every place,
You are like the rose in the forest, knowing
nothing of its flowers,
Yet rejoicing the heart of every passer-by.

Ah, my love, I must now leave

Ah, my love, I must now leave, go over hill and
dale,
The alders and willows join together in weeping
So often they saw us stroll together by the
brook,
To see one without the other passes their
understanding.
The alders and willows weep tears of grief,
Just think of the heartfelt sorrow we must both
suffer.

PROGRAM NOTES TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Rückert-Lieder

Gustav Mahler(1860-1911)

Unrelated to Mahler's folk influences, the *Rückert Lieder* were composed between 1901 and 1904. These pieces, unique from Mahler's other lied, have a more lyric and graceful sense. The form of each piece is determined by the poetic structures. Originally written for voice and orchestra with a more chamber music and intimate style made the transference to a voice piano reduction very successful. These pieces were written in the same time frame as the *Kindertotenlieder*.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder Is a bright and quick moment of shyness. This sweet portrayal of admiration of your partner is light and fleeting. Maybe the most known of these pieces, *Liebst du um Schönheit* is a poem of deep love. Asking your partner to love you for loves sake and no other reason. The deepness of this text gives a beautiful moment of vulnerability.

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat.
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen.
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag gefördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Liebst du um Schönheit,

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.
Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.
Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.
Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

Do not look into my songs!

Do not look into my songs!
I lower my gaze,
As if caught in the act.
I dare not even trust myself
To watch them growing.
Your curiosity is treason.

Bees, when they build cells,
Let no one watch either,
And do not even watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
Have been brought to daylight,
You shall be the first to taste!

If you love for beauty,

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.
If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.
If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.
If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

Translations by Richard Stokes