



THE UNIVERSITY OF
MEMPHIS®

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music

FOR THOSE WHO LISTEN

Merritt D. Hanemann, baritone
Amy Nguyen, piano

NOVEMBER 18, 2025 | 7:30 PM

HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music
Jacob Allen, Interim Director
College of Communication and Fine Arts
Deb Burns, Dean

PROGRAM

Part 1

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| I. Ideale | F. Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916) |
| II. Chanson romanesque (Don Quichotte à Dulcinée) | Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937) |
| III. Chanson épique (Don Quichotte à Dulcinée) | |

Part 2

- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| I. Warm as the autumn light
from <i>The Ballad of Baby Doe</i> | Douglas Moore
(1893-1969) |
| II. Chanson à boire (Don Quichotte à Dulcinée) | Ravel |

Part 3

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|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Schwanengesang | Franz Schubert
(1797-1828) |
| I. Der Atlas | |
| II. Ihr Bild | |
| III. Der Doppelgänger | |

Part 4

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| I. My Friends
from <i>Sweeney Todd</i> | Stephen Sondheim
(1930-2021) |
| II. The Laughing Policeman | John Lithgow
(b. 1945) |

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Ideale

F. Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
Carmelo Errico (1848-1892)

Io ti seguii come iride di pace
Lungo le vie del cielo:
Io ti seguii come un'amica face
De la notte nel velo.

I followed you like a rainbow of peace
along the paths of heaven
I followed you like a friend would
through the veil of night

E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,
Nel profumo dei fiori;
E fu piena la stanza solitaria
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

and I felt you in the light, in the air,
in the scent of flowers
and the lonely room was filled
with you and your splendor

In te rapito, al suon de la tua voce,
Lungamente sognai;
e de la terra ogni affano, ogni croce,

enraptured by you, at the sound of your voice
I dreamt for a long time;
and every sorrow, every burden on earth

In quel sogno (giorno) scordai.

in my dream I forgot them

Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante
A sorridermi ancora,
E a me risplenderà,
nel tuo sembiante
Una novella aurora.

return, dear ideal one, return for a moment
to smile at me again
and upon me will shine,
in your countenance
a new dawn

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Chanson romanesque
(Don Quichotte à Dulcinée)

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Paul Morand (1888-1976)

Si vous me disiez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

If you told me that the earth
turning offended you
I would dispatch Pança
and you would see it still and silent

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

if you told me you were wearied
with a sky too studded with stars
tearing the divine order asunder
I'd reap the night in one fell swoop

Si vous me disiez que l'espace
Ainsi vidéne vous plaît point,
Chevalierdieu, la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui passe

If you told me that the emptied space
doesn't please you
As a god-like knight, with lance in hand
I would set the wind ablaze with stars

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blèmiraiss dessous le blâme
Et je mourrais, vous bé nissant.

But if you said that my blood
Is more my own, than yours, my lady
I would pale at the admonishment
And I would die, blessing you

O Dulcinée.

Oh Dulcinée.

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Chanson épique
(Don Quichotte à Dulcinée)

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Paul Morand (1888-1976)

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre

Good Saint Michael, who gives me leisure
To see my lady and hear her

Bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre

Good Saint Michael, who chooses me
To please her and defend her

Bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel

Saint Micheal, please descend
With Saint George upon the alter
Of Madonna in your blue mantel

D'un rayon du ciel bénisez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété

From a ray of heaven bless my lance
And her equal in purity
And her equal in piety

Comme en pudeur et chasteté: Ma Dame, And in modesty and chastity: my lady

(O grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel)
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

Oh great Saint George and Saint Michael
The angels who watch over my watching
My sweet lady, who is like you
Madonna in your blue mantel
Amen

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Warm as the Autumn Light

Douglas Moore (1893-1969)

John Latouche (1914-1956)

Warm as the autumn light,
Soft as a pool at night,
The sound of your singing
The sound of your singing, Baby Doe.

And while I was list'ning
I was recalling
Things that once I had wanted so much
And forgotten as years slipped away.

A girl I knew back home in Vermont
The sea in New Hampshire,
The first sight of the mountains.

They say I've been lucky;
There's nothing my money won't buy,
It couldn't be I was unhappy
Or was missing the good things of life.

But only tonight came again
In your singing
That feeling of wonder
Of longing and pain

Deep in your lovely eyes
All of enchantment lies
And tenderly beckons
And tenderly beckons, Baby Doe
Dearest Baby Doe

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Chanson à boire (Don Quichotte à Dulcinée)

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Paul Morand (1888-1976)

Foin du bâtard,
Illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour
Et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon à me

To hell with the bastard
Illustrious lady,
Who, to lose me in your sweet eyes
Say that love
And old wine
Are saddening my heart and soul, my love

Je bois a la joie
La joie est le seul but
Ou je vais droit
lors que j'ai -- lors que j'ai bu

I drink to joy
Joy is the only goal
Where I go straight
When I get -- when I get drunk

La joie! La joie!
Je bois a la joie

Joy! Joy!
I drink to joy

Foin du jaloux, Brune maîtresse,
Qui geind, Qui pleure et fait serment

To hell with the jealous, brunette mistress
Who moans, who cries and swears

D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse

To always be that pale lover
Who waters down my drunkenness

Je bois a la joie
La joie est le seul but
Ou je vais droit
lors que j'ai -- lors que j'ai bu

I drink to joy
Joy is the only goal
Where I go straight
When I get -- when I get drunk

La joie! La joie!
Je bois a la joie!

Joy! Joy!
I drink to joy

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Schwanengesang

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Der Atlas

Ich unglücksel'ger Atlas!
eine Welt, Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen
muss ich tragen.

Oh unfortunate Atlas,
the world, The whole world of sorrows
must I bear

Ich trage Unerträgliches,
und brechen Will mir das Herz im Leibe.

I bear the unbearable
and my heart breaks in my body

Du stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich, You wanted to be happy, infinitely happy

Oh proud heart, you have willed it so

Oder unendlich elend,
stolzes Herz, Und jetzo bist du elend.

Or infinitely miserable,
And now, my proud heart, you are miserable

Ihr Bild

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,
Und starrt' ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood in dark dreams,
And stared at her picture,
And her beloved countenance
Gently came to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

On her lips passed
a wonderful smile,
And sorrowful tears
gleaned in her eyes.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab –
Und ach, ich kann es nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks –
And oh, I can't believe it,
That I have lost you!

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

Schwanengesang (cont.)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Der Doppelgänger

Still ist die Nacht,
Es ruhen die Gassen,
In diesem Hause
wohnte mein Schatz,

The night is still,
The streets are asleep,
In that house
lived my treasure,

Sie hat schon längst
die Stadt verlassen,
Doch steht noch das Haus
auf demselben Platz

She had long ago
left the city,
But still stands the house
in the same place

Da steht auch ein Mensch
Und starrt in die Höhe
Und ringt die Hände
Vor Schmerzensgewalt;

There also stands a man
Staring to the heavens
Wringing his hands
In agony;

Mir graust es,
Wenn ich sein Antlitz sehe,
Der Mond zeigt mir
meine eigne Gestalt

I shudder
When I look upon his countenance
The moon shows me
My own figure

Du Doppelgänger,
Du bleicher Geselle,
Was affst du nach mein Liebesleid,
Das mich gequält auf diesel Stelle
So manche Nacht,
In alter Zeit?

You doppelgänger
You pale fellow
Why are you after my heartache
That pained me on this spot
So many nights
In times long past?

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

My Friends

Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

These are my friends.
See how they glisten.
See this one shine,
How he smiles in the light,
My friend,
My faithful friend.

Speak to me, friend.
Whisper, I'll listen.
I know, I know.
You've been locked out of sight all these years,
Like me, my friend.

Well, I've come home to find you waiting.
Home, and we're together.
And we'll do wonders, Won't we?

You there, my friend.
Come, let me hold you.
Now with a sigh,
you grow warm in my hand
My friend, My clever friend.

Rest now, my friends.
Soon I'll unfold you,
Soon you'll know splendors you never have
dreamed all your days,
My lucky friends.

Till now your shine was merely silver.
Friends, you shall drip rubies.
You'll soon drip precious rubies.

TEXT + TRANSLATIONS

The Laughing Policeman

John Lithgow (b. 1945)

I know a fat old policeman,
He's always on our street.
A fat and jolly red faced man,
He really is a treat.
He's too kind for a policeman,
He's never known to frown.
And ev'rybody says he is the happiest man in town.

He laughs upon point duty,
He laughs upon his beat.
He laughs at ev'rybody when he's walking in the street.
He never can stop laughing, he says he's never tried.
But once he did arrest a man and laughed until he cried.

His jolly face had wrinkled
And then he shut his eyes.
He opened his great mouth,
It was a wondrous size.
He said, "I must arrest you."
He didn't know what for,
And then he started laughing until he cracked his jaw.

So if you chance to meet him
When walking round the town,
Just shake him by his fat old hand
And give him half a crown
His eyes will beam and sparkle,
He'll gurgle with delight,
Then you'll start him laughing with all his blessed might.