

10-30-2017

Thomas Meglioranza, baritone

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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MUSIC

Concert Series

The Department of Music
Presents in Concert

Thomas Meglioranza, baritone
Reiko Uchida, piano

Monday, October 30, 2017
7:30 p.m.
Perkinson Recital Hall, North Court

PROGRAM

Scottish and Irish Folk Songs

arr. Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

The Pulse of an Irishman, WoO 154, no. 4 (Sir Alexander Boswell)
Sunset, op. 108, no. 2 (Sir Walter Scott)
Could This Ill World Have Been Contriv'd, op. 108, no. 16 (James Hogg)
Faithfu' Johnie, op. 108, no. 16 (Ann Grant)

Poems of Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

Gabriel Fauré
(1845-1924)

Green, op. 58, no. 3
Spleen, op. 51, no. 3
En sourdine, op. 58, no. 2
Mandoline, op. 58, no. 1

Poems of Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Neue Liebe
Auf einer Wanderung
Lebe wohl
Abschied

INTERMISSION

Songs of Charles Ives, to his own poetry

Charles Ives
(1874-1954)

In the Alley
Thoreau
Memories
 a. Very Pleasant
 b. Rather Sad
Tom Sails Away
Slow March
The Circus Band

A Selection of Popular Songs

(to be announced from the stage)

Vienna, City of My Dreams, Rudolf Sieczynski
Some Little Bug Is Going to Get You, Silvio Hein
Roses of Picardy, Hayden Wood
The New Suit (Zipperfly), Mark Blitzstein

ENCORE: Half-Minute Songs, Carrie Jacobs Bond

Scottish and Irish Folk Songs
arr. Ludwig van Beethoven

The Pulse of an Irishman

The pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker
when war is the story, or love is the theme;
and place him where bullets fly thicker and thicker,
you'll find him all cowardice scorning.

And tho' a ball should maim poor Darby,
light at the heart he rallies on:
"Fortune is cruel, but Norah, my jewel,
is kind, and with smiling, all sorrow beguiling,
shall bid from our cabin all care to be gone,
and how they will jig it, and tug at the spigot,
on Patrick's day in the morning."

Oh blest be the land in the wide western waters,
sweet Erin, lov'd Erin, the pride of my song;
still brave be the sons, and still fair be the daughters
thy meads and thy mountains adorning!

And tho' the eastern sun seems tardy,
tho' the pure light of knowledge slow,
night and delusion, and darkling confusion
like mists from the river shall vanish forever,
and true Irish hearts with warm loyalty glow;
and proud exaltation burst forth from the nation
on Patrick's day in the morning.

- Sir Alexander Boswell

Sunset

The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill,
in Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
the westland wind is hush and still,
the lake lies sleeping at my feet.

Yet not the landscape to mine eyes
bears those bright hues that once it bore;
tho' Ev'ning, with her richest dyes,
flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
how can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
how to the minstrel's skill reply?

To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
to feverish pulse each gale blows chill:
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
were barren as this moorland hill.

- *Sir Walter Scott*

Could This Ill World Have Been Contriv'd

Could this ill world have been contriv'd
to stand without that mischief, woman,
how peaceful bodies would have liv'd,
releas'd frae a' the ills sae common!
But since it is the waefu' case,
that man must have this teasing crony,
why such a sweet bewitching face?
Oh! Had they no been made sae bonny!

I saw the danger, fear'd the dart,
the smile, the air, and a' sae taking,
yet open laid my wareless heart,
and got the wound that keeps me waking.
My harp waves on the willow green,
of wild witch note it has nae ony,
since e'er I saw that pawky quean,
sae sweet, sae wicked, and sae bonny.

- *James Hogg*

Faithfu' Johnie

When will you come again, my faithfu' Johnie?
When will you come again?
"When the corn is gathered, and the leaves are withered,
I will come again, my sweet and bonny.
I will come again."

Then will you meet me here, my faithfu' Johnie?
Then will you meet me here?
"Though the night were hallowe'en, when the fearful sights are seen,
I would meet thee here, my sweet and bonny.
I would meet thee here."

And shall we part again, my faithfu' Johnie?
"So lang's my eye can see, Jean, that face so dear to me, Jean,
We shall not part again, my sweet and bonnie,
We shall not part again."

- Ann Grant

Poems of Paul Verlaine (1844-1896) Gabriel Fauré

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et pui voici mon coeur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mont front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos derniers baiser;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,
and here too is my heart, which beats only for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands,
and may the humble gift please your beautiful eyes.

I come all covered in dew
which the morning breeze has frozen to my brow.
Let my fatigue, resting at your feet,
dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

Upon your young bosom let me rest my head
which still rings from your recent kisses.
Grant it peace after the sweet tempest,
and let me sleep a bit, since you rest.

Please wait until the end of the song before turning the page.

Spleen

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon coeur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie,
Par terre et sure les toits!
Pour en coeur qui s'ennuie
Ô le chant de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans mon coeur qui s'écoeur.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Mon deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon coeur a tant de peine!

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches haute font,
Pénétrons biens notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mélons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmis les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient à tes pieds rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Spleen

Tears fall in my heart
as rain falls on the town;
What is this languor
that penetrates my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
on the ground and the rooftops!
For a listless heart,
ah, the song of the rain!

Tears fall for no reason
in this disheartened heart.
What! No betrayal?
This grief is without reason.

It is the worst pain
to not know why,
without love and without hate,
my heart has so much pain!

Muted

Calm in the twilight
cast by the high branches,
let us steep our love
in this deep silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
and our enraptured senses
amid the hazy languor
of the arbutus and pine trees.

Half-close your eyes,
fold your arms across your chest,
and from your sleeping heart
banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
to the gentle and lulling breeze
that comes to your feet, ruffling
the waves of russet grass.

And when, solemnly, evening
falls from the black oaks,
the voice of our despair,
the nightingale shall sing.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queue,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

- Paul Verlaine

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

There's Tircis, and there's Aminte,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a cruel maid
writes many a tender verse.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

whirl in the rapture
of a grey and rose colored moon,
and the mandolin strums on
in the shivering breeze.

Poems of Eduard Mörike (1804-1875) Hugo Wolf

Neue Liebe

Kann auch ein Mensch des andern auf der Erde
Ganz, wie er möchte, sein?
--In langer Nacht bedacht ich mir's,
und mußte sagen, nein!

So kann ich niemand's heissen auf der Erde,
Und niemand wäre mein?
-- Aus Finsternissen hell in mir
aufzückt ein Freudenschein:

Sollt ich mit Gott nicht können sein,
So wie ich möchte, mein und Dein?
Was hielte mich, dass ichs nicht heute werde?

Ein süßes Schrecken geht durch mein Gebein!
Mich wundert, dass es mir ein Wunder wollte sein,
Gott selbst zu eigen haben auf der Erde!

New Love

Can one human on this earth completely belong to another,
as he would like to?
-- During a long night I thought it over,
and had to conclude: no!

So can I be nobody's on earth,
and can no one be mine?
-- From the darkness a bright ray of joy
flashed through me:

Shouldn't I be able to be with God,
just as I would like, belonging each other?
What's stopping me, this very day?

A sweet shudder passes through my body!
It is miraculous that I once thought it would take a miracle:
to have God Himself for my own, here on earth.

Please wait until the end of the song before turning the page.

Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Dass die Blüten beben,
Dass die Lüfte leben,
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.

Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbeklommen,
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch:
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach,
Wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle!
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt –
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

Lebe wohl

“Lebe wohl” – Du fühlst nicht,
Was es heisst, dies Wort der Schmerzen;
Mit getrostem Angesicht
Sagtest du und leichtem Herzen.

Lebe wohl! – Ach! tausendmal
Hab ich mir es vorgesprochen,
Und in nimmersatter Qual
Mir das Herz damit gebrochen!

On a Walk

I stroll into a friendly little town,
the streets glowing red with the evening sun.
From an open window just now,
over the richest display of flowers,
the sound of golden bells floats by,
and a single voice, like a choir of nightingales,
makes the blossoms tremble,
the air come to life,
and the roses glow a brighter red.

I stood there for a long time in wonder, gripped with joy.
How I passed through the town gate
I truly have no idea.
Ah, the world is so full of light here!
The sky pulsates with purple,
behind me, the town is in a golden haze,
How the brook babbles among the alder trees!
How the mill murmurs in the background!
I feel drunk, disoriented:
Oh Muse, you have stirred my heart
with a breath of love!

Farewell

“Farewell” – You don’t feel
what it means, this word of pain.
You said it with a cheerful face
and a light heart.

Farewell! Ah a thousand times
have I said it to myself in anticipation,
and, in insatiable torment,
broken my own heart with it!

Abschied

Unangeklopft ein Herr tritt Abends bei mir ein:
"Ich habe die Ehr', Ihr Rezensent zu sein!"
Sofort nimmt er das Licht in die Hand,
Besieht lang meinen Schatten an der Wand,
Rückt nah und fern: »Nun, lieber junger Mann,
Sehn Sie doch gefälligst mal Ihre Nas' so von der Seite an!
Sie geben zu, daß das ein Auswuchs is'.
"Das? Alle Wetter - gewiss!"
Ei Hasen! ich dachte nicht,
All' mein Lebtag nicht,
Dass ich so eine Weltsnase führt' im Gesicht!!
Der Mann sprach noch Verschiedenes hin und her,
Ich weiß, auf meine Ehre, nicht mehr;
Meinte vielleicht, ich sollt' ihm beichten.
Zuletzt stand er auf; ich tat ihm leuchten.
Wie wir nun an der Treppe sind,
Da geb' ich ihm, ganz frohgesinnt,
Einen kleinen Tritt,
Nur so von hinten aufs Gesäße mit –
Alle Hagel! ward das ein Gerumpel,
Ein Gepurzel, ein Gehumpel!
Dergleichen hab' ich nie gesehn,
All' mein Lebtag nicht gesehn
Einen Menschen so rasch die Trepp' hinabgehn!

Buh-bye

Unannounced, a man visited me one evening:
"It is my honor to be your critic!"
Immediately he took a lamp in his hand,
inspected at length my shadow on the wall,
he paced back and forth: "Now dear young man,
do me a favor and look at your nose from the side!
You must admit that it is quite a protuberance!"
"That? By golly! Really!"
Well, I never knew
that for my entire life,
I had a world-class nose right there on my face!!
The man kept talking about this and that,
about what, I honestly don't know anymore.
Perhaps he thought I should make
confession to him.
Finally he stood up to go, I lit the way.
As we stood at the top of the stairs,
I gave him, quite playfully,
a little kick,
just so, right on his hindquarters –
Oh my! what a rumbling,
what a tumbling, what a stumbling!
The like I have never seen,
nor will ever see for the rest of my life,
a man go so quickly down the stairs!

All English translations by Thomas Meglioranza

American baritone **Thomas Meglioranza** was a winner of the Walter W. Naumburg, Concert Artists Guild, Franz Schubert/Music of Modernity, and Joy in Singing competitions.

Highlights from last season included an all-Hugo Wolf recital at Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, as well as the role of Lord Henry in Lowell Liebermann's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* with Odyssey Opera, and Saint John in Louis Karchin's *Jane Eyre* with the Center for Contemporary Opera. He also sang Handel's *Messiah* at Saint Thomas Church in New York City, and made his debut with the New York New Music Ensemble singing James Primosch's *Dark the Star*, and Ars Lyrica Houston singing J.C.F. Bach's solo cantata, *Pygmalion*. His upcoming season includes Bach's solo bass cantatas with Lyra Baroque in Minneapolis and Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* with Reiko Uchida at the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society.

Described in *The New Yorker* as an "immaculate and inventive recitalist," his *Songs from the WWI Era* program was named one of the "Top Ten Best Classical Performances of the Year" in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. His discography includes three acclaimed albums of Schubert Lieder and French mélodies with pianist Reiko Uchida, songs of Virgil Thomson with the Boston Modern Orchestra Project, and Bach cantatas with the Taverner Consort.

He has been an oratorio and pops soloist with many of America's leading orchestras as well as performing Copland's *Old American Songs* with the National Symphony, Peter Maxwell Davies' *Eight Songs for a Mad King* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, John Harbison's Fifth Symphony with the Boston Symphony, Milton Babbitt's *Two Sonnets* with the MET Chamber Ensemble, Roberto Sierra's *Missa Latina* with the Houston Symphony, and Bach cantatas with Les Violons du Roy and the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. He has also sung with many period instrument ensembles, including the American Bach Soloists, Philharmonia Baroque, Portland Baroque, the New York Collegium, the Waverly Consort, and Apollo's Fire.

His operatic roles include Fritz in *Die tote Stadt*, Mozart's Don Giovanni and Count Almaviva, as well as Chou Enlai in *Nixon in China*, and Prior Walter in Eötvös Peter's *Angels in America* with Opera Boston. He also regularly performs with the Mark Morris Dance Group, including the role of Aeneas in *Dido and Aeneas*.

A native New Yorker, Meglioranza is of Thai, Italian and Polish heritage. He graduated from Grinnell College and the Eastman School of Music and is a Visiting Artist in Voice at the Longy School of Music of Bard College.

Pianist **Reiko Uchida** is recognized as one of the finest, most versatile pianists on the scene today. First prize winner of the Joanna Hodges Piano Competition, Ms. Uchida has appeared as a soloist with numerous orchestras, including the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Orchestra of the Curtis Institute, and the Santa Fe Symphony, among others. Ms. Uchida made her New York solo debut in 2001 at Carnegie's Weill Hall under the auspices of the Abby Whiteside Foundation. She has performed solo and chamber music concerts throughout the world, including the United States, Japan, France, Italy, Germany, Russia, Finland, Bulgaria, and the Czech Republic, in venues including Avery Fisher Hall, Alice Tully Hall, the 92nd Street Y, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Kennedy Center, the White House, and Suntory Hall in Tokyo. Her festival appearances include Spoleto, Tanglewood, Santa Fe, Marlboro, and the Laurel Festival of the Arts.

As a chamber musician, she was one of the first pianists selected for Chamber Music Society Two, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center's program for outstanding emerging artists. She has been a recital partner for Jennifer Koh, David Shifrin, Jaime Laredo, and Sharon Robinson, with whom she performed the complete works of Beethoven for cello and piano. She has also collaborated with the Borromeo and Tokyo String Quartets. She is a member of the Laurel Trio, and the Moebius Ensemble, a group specializing in 20th-century music in residence at Columbia University.

Ms. Uchida holds a Bachelor's degree from the Curtis Institute of Music, where she studied with Claude Frank and Leon Fleisher, a Master's degree from the Mannes College of Music, and an Artist Diploma from the Juilliard School. She currently resides in New York City where she is an associate faculty member at Columbia University.

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