

YOUR DIGITAL PROGRAM / TEXT ONLY VERSION

Meredith Arwady

In recital with Michael Ierace

Dates: 4 Mar 2024

Venue: Elder Hall, The University of Adelaide

Duration: 1hr, no interval

Note: Latecomers will be admitted at a suitable break in the program

THIS DIGITAL PROGRAM INCLUDES

Credits & Program

Lyrics

Biographies

Credits & Program

Charles Gabriel

"His Eye Is On The Sparrow"

Samuel Barber

"The Crucifixion"

Antonin Dvořák

"Hear My Prayer"

William Roy

"This Little Rose"

John Jacob Niles

"Go 'Way From My Window"

Scottish folk song

"O Waly, Waly"

Tom Lehrer

"Poisoning Pigeons In The Park"

Richard Rogers & Oscar Hammerstein

"Stepsisters' Lament"

Richard Rogers

"Sing for Your Supper"

George Gershwin

"Summertime"

Harold Arlen

"Somewhere Over The Rainbow"

American folk song

"The Leather-Winged Bat"

Richard & Robert Sherman

"Feed The Birds"

Cole Porter

"It's De-Lovely"

Jerome Kern

"Can't Help Lovin' That Man"

"His Eye Is On The Sparrow"

Charles Gabriel (1856–1932)

Words by Civilla D. Martin (1866–1948)

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely, and long for heav'n and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He:

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Refrain:

I sing because I'm happy, I sing because I'm free,
For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,

And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;

Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,
I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

"The Crucifixion"

Samuel Barber (1910–1981)

From The Speckled Book, 12th century

Translated by Howard Mumford Jones

At the cry of the first bird
They began to crucify Thee, O Swan!
Never shall lament cease because of that.
It was like the parting of day from night.
Ah, sore was the suffering borne
By the body of Mary's Son,
But sorer still to Him was the grief
Which for His sake
Came upon His Mother.

"Hear My Prayer"

Antonin Dvořák (1841–1904)

Psalm 55:1-8

Hear my pray'r, O Lord, my God!
Oh, hide not Thy face from my petition.
Bow Thine ear to me
and hearken unto the voice of my mourning,
to the voice of my mourning.
Pained sore is my heart within,
and trembling hath fallen upon me,
the fear of death overwhelms me.
Hear my sighing.
Oh, had I but eagle's pinions,
had I wings like the silver dove!
Far away would I wander,
I would hide me in the wilderness.
On wings I would hasten
to hide from the storm,
the storm and fearful tempest.

"This Little Rose"

William Roy (1928–2003)

Poem by Emily Dickinson

Nobody knows this little rose,
It might a pilgrim be.
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to thee.

Only a bee will miss it,
Only a butterfly,
Hastening from far journey
On its breast to lie.

Only a bird will wonder,
Only a breeze will sigh,
Ah, little rose, how easy
For such as thee to die!

"Go 'Way From My Window"

John Jacob Niles (1892–1980)

Words by John Jacob Niles

Go 'way from my window
Go 'way from my door
Go 'way, way, way from my bedside
And bother me no more
And bother me no more
I'll give you back your letters
I'll give you back your ring
But I'll ne'er forget my own true love

As long as songbirds sing
As long as songbirds sing
Go on tell all my brothers
Tell all my sisters too
That the reason why my heart is broke
Is on account of you
Is on account of you
Go on your way, be happy
Go on your way and rest
Remember, dear, that you're the one
I really did love best
I really did love best
Go 'way from my window
Go 'way from my door
Go 'way, way, way from my bedside
And bother me no more
And bother me no more.

"O Waly, Waly"

Traditional English folk song

Traditional

Arranged by Benjamin Britten

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.
O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.
I leaned my back against some oak
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.
A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.
O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it growth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

"Poisoning Pigeons In The Park"

Tom Lehrer (b.1928)

Words and music by Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, spring is here,
Life is skittles and life is beer,
I think the loveliest time of the year

Is the spring, I do, don't you? Course you do!
But there's one thing that makes spring complete
for me,
And makes every Sunday a treat for me.
All the world seems in tune on a spring afternoon,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.
Every Sunday you'll see my sweetheart and me,
As we poison the pigeons in the park.
When they see us coming
The birdies all try and hide,
But they still go for peanuts
When coated with cyanide.
The sun's shining bright,
Everything seems all right,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.
We've gained notoriety
And caused much anxiety
In the Audobon Society
With our games.
They call it impiety
And lack of propriety,
And quite a variety of unpleasant names.
But it's not against any religion
To want to dispose of a pigeon.
So if Sunday you're free,
Why don't you come with me,
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.
And maybe we'll do in a squirrel or two,
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park.
We'll murder them all amid laughter and
merriment,
Except for the few we take home to experiment.
My pulse will be quickenin'
With each drop of strychnine
We feed to a pigeon
It just takes a smidgin
To poison a pigeon in the park.

Stepsisters' Lament from "Cinderella"
by Richard Rodgers (1902–1979) and Oscar
Hammerstein (1895–1960)

Why would a fellow want a girl like her?
A frail and fluffy beauty?
Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
A solid girl like me?
She's a frothy little bubble
With a flimsy kind of charm
And with very little trouble
I could break arm!
Why would a fellow want a girl like her?
So obviously unusual?

Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
A usual girl like me?
Her cheeks are a pretty shade of pink
But not any pinker than a rose is.
Her skin may be delicate and soft
But not any softer than a doe's is.
Her neck is no whiter than a swan's
She's only as dainty as a daisy
She's only as graceful as a bird
So why is the fellow going crazy?
Why would a fellow want a girl like her?
A girl who's merely lovely?
Why can't a fellow ever once prefer
A girl who's merely me?
What's the matter with the man?!

Sing For Your Supper
From "The Boys From Syracuse"

By Richard Rodgers (1902–1979)

Words by Lorenz Hart (1895–1943)

Hawks and crows do lots of things
But the canary only sings
She is a courtesan on wings
So I've heard.

Eagles and storks are twice as strong
All the canary knows is song
But the canary gets along
Gilded bird!

Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast
Songbirds always eat
If their song is sweet to hear.
Sing for your luncheon and you'll get dinner
Dine with wine of choice
If romance is in your voice.

I heard from a wise canary
Trilling makes a fellow willing
So little swallow, swallow now
Now is the time to...

Sing for your supper and you'll get breakfast
Songbirds are not dumb
They don't buy a crumb of bread it's said
So sing and you'll be fed.

"Summertime"

George Gershwin (1898–1937)

From "Porgy and Bess"

*Words by DuBose Heyward (1885–1940) and Dorothy Heyward (1890–1961),
and Ira Gershwin (1896–1983)*

Summertime, and the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high.
Oh, yo' daddy's rich and yo' ma is good-lookin',
So hush little baby, don' yo' cry.
One of these mornin's, you're goin' to rise up
singin',
Then you'll spread yo' wings and you'll take the
sky.
But 'til that mornin', there's a-nothin' can harm
you,
With Daddy an Mammy standin' by.

"Somewhere Over The Rainbow"

Harold Arlen (1905–1986)

From "The Wizard of Oz"

*Words by E.Y. Harburg
Arranged by Dan Coates*

Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high,
There's a land that I heard of
Once in a lullaby.
Somewhere over the rainbow
Skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream
Really do come true.
Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me,
Where troubles melt like lemon drops,
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.
Somewhere over the rainbow
Bluebirds fly,
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why then, oh, why can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow,
Why oh why can't I?

The Leather-Winged Bat

American folk song

Arranged by Jake Heggie

Hi, said the little ol' leather-winged bat
I will tell you the reason that

The reason that I fly in the night
I've lost my heart's delight.

Hi-o day-o diddle-o down
Hi-o day-o diddle-o day
Hi-o day-o diddle-o down
Diddle-diddle-dum da day-o

Hi, said the woodpecker sittin on a fence
Once I courted a handsome wench
She got sassy and from me fled
And ever since then my head's been red.

Hi, said the bluebird as he flew
Once I courted a young gal, too
She got sassy and wanted to go
So I tied a new string to my bow.

Hi, said the robin as he flew
When I was a young man, I'd court two.
If one didn't love me, the other one would.
Now don't you think my notion's good?

"Feed The Birds"

Richard M. Sherman (b.1928) and Robert B. Sherman (1925–2012)

From "Mary Poppins"

Words and music by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman

Early each day to the steps of Saint Paul's
The little old bird woman comes.
In her own special way to the people she calls,
"Come, buy my bags full of crumbs."
"Come feed the little birds, show them you care,
And you'll be glad if you do.
Their young ones are hungry, their nests are so
bare;
All it takes is tuppence from you."
"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag.
Feed the birds", that's what she cries
While overhead, her birds fill the skies.
All around the cathedral, the saints and apostles
Look down as she sells her wares.
Although you can't see it, you know they are
smiling
Each time someone shows that he cares.
Though her words are simple and few,
Listen, listen, she's calling to you:
"Feed the birds, tuppence a bag,
Tuppence, tuppence, tuppence a bag"

"It's De-Lovely"

Cole Porter (1891–1964)

From "Anything Goes"

Words and Music by Cole Porter

I feel a sudden urge to sing
The kind of ditty that invokes the spring,
So control your desire to curse
While I crucify the verse.
This verse I started seems to me
The Tin-Pantithesis of melody,
So to spare you all the pain,
I'll skip the darn thing and sing the refrain.

Mi, mi, mi, mi,
Re, re, re, re,
Do, sol, mi, do, la, si.
Take it away!

The night is young, the skies are clear
And if you want to go walking, dear,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.

You can tell at a glance
What a swell night this is for romance,
You can hear dear Mother Nature
Murmuring low,
"Let yourself go!"

So please be sweet, my chickadee,
And when I kiss you, just say to me,
"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable,
It's delirious, it's a dilemma, it's delimit,
It's deluxe, it's de-lovely".

The night is young, the skies are clear
So if you want to go walking, dear,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.

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And when I kiss you, just say to me,
"It's delightful, it's delicious,
It's delectable, it's delirious,
It's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe,
It's de-lovely".

"Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man"

Jerome Kern (1885–1945)

From "Show Boat"

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Oh, listen sister
I love my mister man
And I can't tell you why.
Dere ain't no reason
For me to love dat man.
It must be something that the angel's done plan.

De Chimney's smokin',
De roof is leakin' in,
But he don't seem to care.
He can be happy with just a sip of gin.
I even loves him when he kisses got gin!

Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly;
I gotta love one man 'til I die.
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow;
Tell me I'm crazy, maybe I know.
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.

When he goes away,
That's a rainy day;
And when he comes back the day is fine,
The sun will shine.
He can come home as late as can be;
Home without him ain't no home to me.
Can't help lovin' dat man of mine

Biographies

Meredith Arwady

Voice

Hailed by critics as a "rarity" and "a genuine contralto", Meredith Arwady continues to delight audiences in the United States and abroad with rich vocal intensity and captivating stage presence.

Meredith begins the 23/24 season with a debut with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra for a concert performance of *Cavalleria rusticana* (Lucia) conducted by James Gaffigan. Other season highlights include her debut with the Adelaide Festival in Australia for *The Nightingale* and *Other Fables* (Death) and returns to Lyric Opera of Chicago for *Champion* (Kathy Hagen) and Madison Opera for *Candide* (Old Lady).

Career highlights include performances with with The Metropolitan Opera, San Francisco Opera, Oper Frankfurt, Houston Grand Opera, Canadian Opera Company, and Santa Fe Opera.

Michael Ierace

Piano

Cited as having "an exceptional gift" and his playing described as 'revelatory', Adelaide-born Michael Ierace had much success in local and national competitions before receiving the prestigious Elder Overseas Scholarship, enabling him study at London's Royal College of Music. He was selected as an RCM Rising Star was later on staff as a Junior Fellow in Piano Accompaniment. He won several competitions in the UK and performed extensively throughout the country.

Much sought after as an associate artist for national and international guests, Michael also teaches at the Elder Conservatorium and is the regular pianist for State Opera and Adelaide Festival productions.