

# MATTHEW SHIELDS

SENIOR VOICE RECITAL  
ORGAN HALL  
TUESDAY, APRIL 23RD, 2013 • 7:30PM

**ASU** Herberger Institute  
FOR DESIGN AND THE ARTS  
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

## Program

**Si tra i ceppi** George Frederic Handel  
(1685-1759)

**Der Tod und das Mädchen** Franz Schubert (1797-1828)  
**Verborgtheit** Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)  
**O Isis Und Osiris** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)  
From *The Magic Flute*

**Les Berceaux** Gabriel Fauré  
**Lydia** (1845-1924)  
**Mandoline**

*\*\*There will be a 10-minute intermission\*\**

**Ho Capito** Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
From *Don Giovanni* (1756-1791)

**Foggy, Foggy Dew** Benjamin Britten  
**The Ashe Grove** (1913-1976)

**The Astronomers** Richard Hundley  
**Epitaph on a Wife** (b. 1931)

**Love Is Here to Stay** George Gerswhin  
**They All Laughed** (1898-1937)

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Out of respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn all beepers, cell phones and watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

### Si tra i ceppi

Si, tra i ceppi e le ritorte  
La mia fe risplenderà.  
Nò, nè pur la stessa morte  
Il mio foco estinguerà.

Yes, even in chains and bonds  
My faith will be resplendent.  
No, not even Death itself  
will put out my fire.

### Der Tod und das Mädchen

Das Mädchen:  
Vorüber! ach, vorüber!  
Geh, wilder Knochenmann!  
Ich bin noch jung, geh Lieber!  
Und rühre mich nicht an.

The Maiden:  
It's all over! alas, it's all over now!  
Go, savage man of bone!  
I am still young - go, devoted one!  
And do not molest me.

Der Tod:  
Gib deine Hand,  
du schön und zart Gebild!  
Bin Freund,  
und komme nicht zu strafen.  
Sei gutes Muts!  
Ich bin nicht wild,  
Sollst sanft  
in meinen Armen schlafen!

Death:  
Give me your hand,  
you fair and tender form!  
I am a friend;  
I do not come to punish.  
Be of good cheer!  
I am not savage.  
You shall gently  
in my arms sleep

### Verborgtheit

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

Was ich traure, weiß ich nicht,  
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;  
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe  
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

What I mourn, I know not.  
It is an unknown pain;  
Forever through tears shall I see  
The sun's love-light.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewußt,  
Und die helle Freude zücket

Often, I am scarcely conscious  
And the bright joys break

Durch die Schwere,  
so mich drücket,  
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Through the pain,  
thus pressing  
Delightfully into my breast.

Laß, o Welt, o laß mich sein!  
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,  
Laßt dies Herz alleine haben  
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Oh, world, let me be!  
Entice me not with gifts of love.  
Let this heart in solitude have  
Your bliss, your pain!

### O Isis Und Osiris

O Isis und Osiris, schenket  
Der Weisheit Geist  
dem neuen Paar!  
Die ihr der  
Wand'rer Schritte lenket,  
Stärkt mit Geduld  
sie in Gefahr.  
Lasst sie  
der Prüfung Früchte sehen;  
Doch sollten sie  
zu Grabe gehen,

O Isis and Osiris, give  
The spirit of wisdom  
to the new pair  
to her the  
wanderer's steps,  
Strengthens with patience  
them in danger.  
Let them  
the fruits of the test see;  
But, if they should  
go to the grave,

So lohnt der Tugend  
kühnen Lauf,  
Nehmt sie in euren  
Wohnsitz auf.

So worthy is the virtuous  
daring run  
Receive them in your  
Abode

### Les Berceaux

Le long du Quai,  
les grands vaisseaux  
Que la houle incline silence  
Ne prennent pas  
garde aux berceaux  
Que la main  
des femmes balance

Along the quay,  
The great ships,  
That ride the swell in silence  
take no notice  
of the guarded cradles  
that the hands  
of the women rock

Mais viendra le jour  
des adieux  
Car il faut  
que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les homes curieux  
Tentent les horizons  
qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là  
les grands vaisseaux  
Fuyant le port  
que diminue  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme  
des lointains berceaux

### Lydia

Lydia sur tes roses joues  
Et sur ton col  
frais et si blanc,  
Roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues;

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur,  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.  
Laisse tes baisers de colombe  
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein;  
Les délices comme un essaim  
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse.

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours.  
Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie!  
O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

But the day will come  
of farewells  
When must  
the women weep  
and curious men are tempted  
towards the horizons  
that lure them!

And that day  
The great ships,  
sailing away from the port  
That is diminishing  
feel their bulk held back  
by the spirits  
of the distant cradles

Lydia, on your rosy cheeks,  
And on your neck,  
so fresh and white  
Flow sparkingly.  
The fluids which you loosen

This shining day is the best of all;  
Let us forget the eternal grave,  
Let your kisses of a dove  
Sing on your blossoming lips

A hidden lily spreads unceasingly  
A divine fragrance on your breast  
The delights like a swarm  
Emanate from you, young goddess

I love you and die, oh my love;  
Kisses have carried away my soul  
Oh Lydia, give me back life  
That I may die, forever die!

### Mandoline

Les donneurs de serenades  
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 fit maint  
vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
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.

### Ho Capito

Ho capito, signor sì!  
Chino il capo e me ne vo.  
Giacch' piace a voi così,  
Altre repliche non fo.  
Cavalier voi siete già.  
Dubitar non posso affé;  
Me lo dice la bontà  
Che volete aver per me.  
Bricconaccia, malandrina!  
Fosti ognor la mia ruina!  
Vengo, vengo! Resta, resta.  
È una cosa molto onesta!  
Faccia il nostro cavaliere  
cavaliera ancora te.

The givers of serenades  
And the lovely women who listen  
Exchange insipid words  
Under the singing branches

There is Thysis and Amyntas  
And there's the eternal Clytander,  
And there's Damis, who for many  
A cruel woman, wrote many  
A tender verse

Their short silk coats,  
Their long dresses with trains  
Their elegance, their joy  
And their soft blue shadows

Whirl around in the ecstasy  
Of a pink and grey moon,  
And the mandolin jabbbers  
Among the shivers from the breeze

Oh yes, I understand, sir!  
I bow my head and go.  
Since you will it so,  
I won't say anything.  
You're a gentleman,  
Of that I'm in no doubt, indeed:  
That's clear from the gracious favour  
You bestow on me.  
Wanton, hussy!  
You've undone me!  
I'm coming! I'm coming! Stay then!  
There's a fine thing!  
Let my lord make  
A lady of you!

### **Foggy, Foggy Dew**

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone  
and worked at the weaver's trade  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,  
was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the winter time, and in the summer too...  
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong  
was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside when I lay fast asleep,  
She laid her head upon my bed and she began to weep.  
She sighed, she cried, she damn'd near died,  
she said: "What shall I do?"  
So I hauled her into bed and I covered up her head,  
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live with my son,  
and we work at the weaver's trade.  
And ev'ry single time that I look into his eyes,  
he reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the winter time, and of the summer too,  
And of the many, many times that I held her in my arms,  
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew,

### **The Ashe Grove**

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,  
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove.  
'Twas there while the blackbird was joyfully singing,  
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;  
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird his note from the tree,  
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain;

But what are the beauties of nature to me?  
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,  
All day I go mourning in search of my love.  
Ye echoes, O tell me, where is the sweet maiden?  
She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the ash grove.

### **The Astronomers**

Susan Campbell 1863-1910

Brian Campbell 1862-1909

Astronomers

"We have loved the stars too deeply  
To be afraid of the night."

### **Epitaph on a Wife**

Here lies my wife  
Semanthia Proctor  
She had a cold  
And wouldn't doctor  
She couldn't stay  
She had to go  
Praise God from whom  
All blessings flow.

### **Love Is Here to Stay**

The more I read the papers  
The less I comprehend  
The world and all its capers  
And how it all will end.  
Nothing seems to be lasting.  
But that isn't our affair;  
We've got something permanent,  
I mean in the way we care.

It's very clear  
Our love is here to stay;  
Not for a year

But ever and a day.  
The radio and the telephone and the movies  
That we know may just be passing fancies,  
And in time may go.  
But, oh my dear,  
Our love is here to stay;  
Together we're going a long, long way.  
In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble,  
They're only made of clay,  
But our love is here to stay.

### **They All Laughed**

The odds were a hundred to one against me  
The world thought the heights were too high to climb  
But people from Missouri never incensed me  
Oh, I wasn't a bit concerned  
For from hist'ry I had learned  
How many, many times the worm had turned

They all laughed at Christopher Columbus  
When he said the world was round  
They all laughed when Edison recorded sound  
They all laughed at Wilbur and his brother  
When they said that man could fly  
They told Marconi  
Wireless was a phony  
It's the same old cry

They laughed at me wanting you  
Said I was reaching for the moon  
But oh, you came through  
Now they'll have to change their tune

They all said we never could be happy  
They laughed at us and how!  
But ho, ho, ho!  
Who's got the last laugh now?

They all laughed at Rockefeller center  
Now they're fighting to get in  
They all laughed at Whitney and his cotton gin  
They all laughed at Fulton and his steamboat  
Hershey and his chocolate bar  
Ford and his Lizzie  
Kept the laughers busy  
That's how people are

They laughed at me wanting you  
Said it would be, "hello, goodbye."  
But oh, you came through  
Now they're eating humble pie

They all said we'd never get together  
Darling, let's take a bow  
For ho, ho, ho!  
Who's got the last laugh?  
He, hee, hee!  
Let's at the past laugh  
Ha, ha, ha!  
Who's got the last laugh now?

***Thank you for coming!***

*Dedicated to my loving parents, Rick and Yvonne, and to God; I would not have made it anywhere if it weren't for you.*

*A Special Thanks to:*

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