

Matthew Shifrin
countertenor

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2023
Student of Michael Meraw

Sunday, March 12, 2023
8:00 p.m.
Williams Hall

PROGRAM

Antonio Vivaldi

(1678–1741)

from *Stabat Mater*, RV 641

- I. Stabat mater dolorosa
- II. Cujus animam gementem
- III. O quam tristis et afflicta
- IV. Quis est homo
- IX. Amen

Mitsuru Yonezaki, Arun Asthagiri, violin
Rituparna Mukherjee, viola
Joan Herget, cello
Stuart Ryerse, harpsichord

Johann Sebastian Bach

(1685–1750)

“Erbarme dich mein Gott”

from *Matthew Passion*, BWV 244

Mitsuru Yonezaki, violin
Stuart Ryerse, harpsichord

Francis Poulenc

(1899–1963)

Le Bestiaire

The camel (Le dromadaire)
The goat (la chèvre du Thibet)
The grasshopper (La sauterelle)
Dolphin (Le dauphin)
The crab (l'écrevisse)
Carp (La carpe)

JJ Penna, piano

Modest Mussorgsky
(1839–1881)

from *The Nursery*
I. With Nursey
IV. Lullaby

“Song of the Flea” from *The Demon*

JJ Penna, piano

Stabat Mater

*Stabat Mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebat Filius.*

*Cuius animam gementem
Contristatam et dolentem
Pertransiit gladius.*

*O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti!
Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati poenas incliti.*

*Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
In tanto supplicio?*

Amen.

Erbarne dich, mein Gott

*Erbarne dich, mein Gott
Um meiner Zähren willen!
Schau hier, Herz und Auge
Weint vor dir bitterlich
Erbarne dich, mein Gott*

Picander

Le dromadaire

*Avec ses quatre dromadaires
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
Courut le monde et l'admira
Il fit ce que je voudrais faire
Si j'avais quatre dromadaires.*

The sorrowful mother
was standing beside the cross, weeping,
while on it hung her Son.

Whose saddened soul,
sighing and suffering,
a sword pierced through.

O how sad and how afflicted
was that blessed Mother,
of the Only-Begotten!
Loving Mother, who grieving and suffering,
while she was watching
the torments of her glorious son.

Who is the person who would not weep
seeing the Mother of Christ
in such great distress?

Amen.

Have mercy, my God,
For the sake of my tears!
See here, my heart and eyes
weep for you bitterly.
Have mercy, my God.

The camel

With his four camels
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira
traveled the world, admiring it.
That is what I'd like to do
If I had four camels.

La chèvre du Thibet

*Les poils de cette chèvre et même
Ceux d'or pour qui prit tant de peine
Jason ne valent rien au prix
Des cheveux dont je suis épris*

La sauterelle

*Voici la fine sauterelle
La nourriture de Saint Jean.
Puissent mes vers être comme elle
Le régal des meilleures gens.*

Le dauphin

*Dauphins, vous jouez dans la mer,
Mais le flot est toujours amer.
Parfois, ma joie éclate-t-elle?
La vie est encore cruelle.*

L'écrevisse

*Incertitude, ô mes délices
Vous et moi nous nous en allons
Comme s'en vont les écrevisses,
À reculons, à reculons.*

La carpe

*Dans vos viviers, dans vos étangs,
Carpes, que vous vivez longtemps!
Est-ce que la mort vous oublie,
Poissons de la mélancolie.*

Guillaume Apollinaire

The Tibetan goat

The fleece of this goat is the same
as the golden one for which Jason was so sad.
It does not compare to the hair
with which I am in love.

The grasshopper

Here is the fine grasshopper,
The nourishment of Saint John.
May my poems be likewise
the delight of the superior people.

The dolphin

Dolphins, you play in the sea,
but the wave is always bitter.
Sometimes my joy busts?
Life is still cruel.

The crab

Uncertainty, oh my pleasures
You all and I, we go
like crabs go,
backwards, backwards.

The carp

In your pools and ponds,
carps, may you live a long life!
Is it death that forgets you,
fish of melancholy?

*Raskazhi mne nyanyushka, raskazhi mne milaya.
Pro Kovo? Pro Buku stranshnogo.
Kak tot buka po lesam hodil,
kak tot buka v les detey nasikl,
i kak grizon ihbelii kostachki,

i kak deti-tamkrichali plakali.*

*Nyanushka, vid zato on ih detey to Buka syel,
chto obidili nyanyu strauu,
mamu s papoy ne poslushali.
Vid zato on syel ih nyanushka?*

*Ili vot chto raskazhimne lutshe pro tsarya s
tsaritay.
Chto zamoremzhili v teremu bagatom.*

*Eshyo tsarvsyo nanogu hramal,
Kak spatknoytsya togribirostet.*

*Utsaritsi tavsyo nasmork bil,
Kak chehnyotstyokla v drebezgi.
Znayesh nyanushka,
ti pro buku tomne ne raskazivay, boh snims
bukoy.
Raskazhimne nyanya tusmeshnuu to*

*Tyapa bay bay, Tyapaa spiusni,
ugomon tebya vozmi. Tyapa spat nada.
Tyapa spi usni Tyapu buka syest
seriy volk proydotv tyomniy les snesyot.*

*Tyapa spi usni
chto vo sne uvidesh, toti mne raskazhish.*

*Pro ostroov chudniy, gde ne zhnutne seyut

gde tsvetuti zreyut grushi navelnie,
den i noch poyutptitsi zolotie.
Bay bay, bayu bay, bay bay Tyapa.*

With Nursey

Oh Nursey, tell me a story, Nursey dearest.
About who? About the scary Snerfler.
How that Snerfler roamed the woods,
and how that Snerfler dragged children there,
and how he it gnawed on their white little
bones,
and how the children screamed and cried.

Well the Snerfler ate the children because
they insulted their old nursey,
and didn't listen to their parents.
Isn't that why he ate them Nursey dear?

Or how about this, tell me the one about the
king and queen.
How they lived in a distant land in a manor
house.
And the king he had a limp,
wherever he tripped a mushroom would
grow.
And the queen she always had a cold,
when she sneezed, all the windows broke.
You know what nursey dear,
don't tell me the one with the Snerfler, never
mind that.
Tell me that one, Nursey, the funny one

Lullaby

Tyapa rockaby, Tyapa go to sleep,
let peace take you. Tyapa, you need to sleep.
Tyapa go to sleep or the Snerfler will eat you,
the grey wolf will come and drag you into the
woods.
Tyapa go to sleep,
tell me about whatever you see in your
dreams.
About a wonderful island where no-one
plants or waters,
but pears ripen and bloom there—
birds sing there morning and night.
Rockabye, rockabye, go to sleep Tyapa

*Zhil bil korolkogda-to,
prenyombloha zhila.
Miley radnogo brata ona emu bila.
Haha bloha.*

*Zavyot korol partnovvo.
Poslushay ti churban.
Dlya druga dorogovo sshey barhotniy kaftan.*

Blohe kaftan? Hehe blohe hehe kaftan.

*I v zoloto i v barhat bloha narezhenya,
i polnaya svoboda ey pri dvore dana.*

Koroley sam ministra i sney zvezdu dayot.

Za neyu i drugie poshli vse blohivhod. haha.

*I samoy koroleve i freylenam eyo
otbloh ne stalo michi ne stalo i zhitya.*

I tronotto boyatsya ne tochtu bihbit.

I ti kto stalkusatsya totchasdavay dushit. Hahaha

The Song of the Flea

There once lived a king,
and with him lived a flea.
It was dearer to him than his own brother.
Haha a flea.

The king called in a tailor.
"Listen up young man,
could you sew a plush kaftan for my dear
friend."

A kaftan for a flea? Hehe a flea.

In gold and plush kaftans the flea was
adorned,
and total freedom was given it within the
court.

The king made it a minister and with him a
star too.

All the other fleas, surged forth and followed
suit. Haha.

And the queen herself and all her retinue
couldn't stand the flea and couldn't live with
it.

And they're afraid to touch it, let alone swat
it,

and you who started biting started strangling
right away. Hahaha.

Translation by Matthew Shifrin

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