



Rudi E. Scheidt  
School of Music

# **GARRETT HEADY, BARITONE**

## JUNIOR RECITAL

Lisa Machen, pianist

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MARCH 28 | 7:30 PM

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HARRIS CONCERT HALL

Rudi E. Scheidt School of Music  
Albert Nguyen, Interim Director  
College of Communication and Fine Arts  
Debra Burns, Dean

# PROGRAM

***Come raggio di sol***

Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)

***Danza, danza fanciulla gentile***

Francesco Durante (1684-1755)

**Der Lindenbaum from *Winterreise***

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

***The Road***

I. You Are Here

II. Crows On Mars

III. Carry The Fire

Garrett Heady (b. 2004)

after Cormac McCarthy (1933-2023)

**You Can Do Better Than Him  
from *Bonnie & Clyde***

Frank Wildhorn (b. 1958)  
and Don Black (b. 1938)

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### *Come raggio di sol*

Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)

Anonymous

Come raggio di sol mite e sereno, Sovre placidi flutti si riposa, Mentre del mare nel profondo seno Sta la tempesta ascosa:	As a ray of peaceful sunshine gleams on the tranquil wave, while deep in the sea's bosom the tempest lies hidden:
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Così riso talor gaio e pacato Di contento, di gioia un labbro infiora, Mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato S'angoscia e si martora.	so it may happen that a smile of contentment blooms upon the lips, while the heart is writhing in secret anguish.
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([singerstickynotes.com](http://singerstickynotes.com))

### *Danza, danza fanciulla gentile*

Francesco Durante (1684-1755)  
attr. Lorenzo Pagans (1833-1883)

Danza, danza, fanciulla, al mio cantar; danza, danza fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar. Gira leggera, sottile al suono, al suono dell'onde del mar. Senti il vago rumore dell'aura scherzosa che parla al core con languido suon, e che invita a danzar senza posa, senza posa, che invita a danzar. Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile, al mio cantar.	Dance, dance, young girl to my song; Dance, dance, gentle young girl to my song; Twirl lightly and softly to the sound, to the sound of the waves of the sea. Hear the vague rustle of the playful breeze that speaks to the heart with its languid sound, and invites you to dance without stopping, without stopping that invites you to dance. Dance, dance, gentle young girl to my song.
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## Der Lindenbaum from *Winterreise*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,  
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;  
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten  
So manchen süßen Traum.

By the well, before the gate,  
stands a linden tree;  
in its shade I dreamt  
many a sweet dream.

Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort;  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

In its bark I carved  
many a word of love;  
in joy and sorrow  
I was ever drawn to it.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel  
Die Augen zugemacht.

Today, too, I had to walk  
past it at dead of night;  
even in the darkness  
I closed my eyes.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!

And its branches rustled  
as if they were calling to me:  
'Come to me, friend,  
here you will find rest.'

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,  
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
Ich wendete mich nicht.

The cold wind blew  
straight into my face,  
my hat flew from my head;  
I did not turn back.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
Entfernt von jenem Ort,  
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:  
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Now I am many hours' journey  
from that place;  
yet I still hear the rustling:  
'There you would find rest.'

[oxfordsong.org](http://oxfordsong.org)

***The Road***

I. You Are Here

Garrett Heady (b. 2004)  
after Cormac McCarthy (1933-2023)

Ashes to ashes.  
Dust to dust.  
Ashes to ashes to dust to dust.

See the boy.  
See the man.  
See the father.  
See the child.  
Each the other's world entire.

For the boy no other world has been  
nor need be.  
For the man that boy's the word of God  
and if he's not  
God didn't speak.

When the starlight has been banished.  
When the earth is cold and gray.  
When the barren empty heavens seem to be opposed to life.  
When the whole world lay in ashes  
there still remains a flame.  
And all who dare to carry it are led into the light:

forgoing from  
forgetting to  
rejecting where  
ignoring who.

On the road or in the ash.  
Those who walk and those who don't.  
Those who stay and those who leave,  
Whether far whether near.  
You are not there.  
You are here.

## II. Crows On Mars

Papa says it's time to go.  
Two hundred miles from the coast  
as the crow flies.

There's a lot of time to wonder  
as we travel down the road.  
Papa likes to tell me stories of a life I never knew.

But his stories aren't like real life.  
They all have a happy end.  
We're the heroes helping people. In real life we never do.

I don't like to hear his stories.  
I don't like to tell my own.  
I like to think about the crows.

Every night I close my eyes.  
I do not rest. I sleep.  
No visions of a better life.  
No better world to dream.

Papa says that bad dreams cannot hurt me.  
That bad dreams have no power when I wake up.  
Papa says to watch out for the good dreams.  
Good dreams mean you've given up.

Still sometimes  
I look at the sky.

Could there be crows  
somewhere.  
I never see them here.  
Could they be there?

Could they fly away from here and talk to stars?  
Could they soar above the earth and fly to Mars?  
Maybe they could get halfway.  
Maybe they would fall back down.  
Maybe they could shake the ashes.  
Maybe they  
No.

There aren't any crows, are there?  
But imagine there was one.  
Could he fly just high enough above the clouds and see the sun?

### III. Carry The Fire

For how long have we traveled?  
How many steps? How many miles?  
How late the year? How old the child?

For how long will I go with him?  
How many breaths? How many?

No. No longer.  
This is the moment.

You cannot stay with me.  
You'll have to walk alone.  
You know how  
Search for food. Search for shoes.  
Build a shelter. Hide the cart.  
Keep the gun. Keep it close.  
Find the good guys. Take no chances.  
Smell the wet ash on the wind.

I thought I could go with you.  
No.  
I cannot go with you

I know I said I'd never leave.  
I'm sorry.  
You have my whole heart.

You always did  
always will.  
Bone of my bone. Flesh of my flesh.

You have to carry the fire.  
Of course it's real.  
Yes you know where it is.  
Where it has always been.  
I see it even now  
my shining star I see it in you.

I thought I'd take you with me.  
my dear my blessed child.  
But fathers were not meant  
to see their children die.

You cannot go with me.  
I cannot go with you.  
But I'll be there.  
You can always talk to me.  
Speak. I will listen.  
Listen. You will hear.

Yes I remember the little boy.  
Yes I think he's alright.  
No I don't think he was lost.  
And if he is who will find the little boy?

Goodness.  
Goodness will find the little boy.  
It always has.  
It will again.

**You Can Do Better Than Him**  
**from *Bonnie & Clyde***

Frank Wildborn (b. 1958)  
and Don Black (b. 1938)

I give you fair warning  
He's no bed of roses, sweet Bonnie  
I can't see him finding  
The time to raise children, hell no



He's wild and he's reckless  
Ain't nothing but trouble  
You're better without him  
You think hard, sweet Bonnie  
And then you should think once again

We both know you can do better than him  
Why, you deserve someone who's there all the time  
Someone who thinks crime don't pay  
I still see the snowy white dress that you wore  
Playing the angel in some dumb school play  
For a while, I thought that you would fly away

I still see the apple-cheeked girl that you were  
Yep, hiding in treetops and feeding the birds  
Making up rhymes  
How you loved pretty words

You could find someone that people respect  
A man who is rich and smart  
Someone who's known in all the right places  
And knows the good book by heart

But I know  
You won't do better than me, no  
Not when it comes down to love that is true  
There's no man who could love you  
Like I do

# PROGRAM NOTES

## *The Road*

### I. You Are Here

The narrator sets the scene. See the boy. See the man. See the hostile ashen world they traverse throughout the story. Regardless of choice all those who live and die share the same world. The same road. The same fate.

### II. Crows On Mars

The boy born into this new world knows nothing of the life before. He has never seen the sun nor a clear sky nor birds. In the hostile world that is he dreams of a world that could be.

### III. Carry The Fire

The father speaks to his beloved son. The one that inspires his feet to walk and his to lungs breathe. He speaks not of the world that could be but of the world that is.