



presents

Brandon Whitish, Baritone
In a Graduate Recital

assisted by:
Dr. Korey Barrett, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Master of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the Studio of Dr. John Hines

Vier ernste Gesänge, Op. 121

Denn es gehet dem Menschen
Ich wandte mich, und sahe an
O Tod, wie bitter bist du
Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelszungen

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Chanson
Doute
J'ai frappé
Le couteau

Nadia Boulanger
(1887-1979)

Intermission

Pilgrimage

I: Man, that is born of a woman
III: O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me
V: For I am persuaded

Carlisle Floyd
(1926-2021)

I Can Be a Help
from *The Grapes of Wrath*

Ricky Ian Gordon
(b. 1956)

Davis Hall, at 8 P.M.

Friday, April 23, 2022

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Based on Ecclesiastes 3:19-22

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh;
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das Vieh:
denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht,
und wird wieder zu Staub.
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen
aufwärts fahre,
und der Odem des Viehes
unterwärts unter die Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit,
denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, daß er sehe,
was nach ihm geschehen wird?

Ich wandte mich

Based on Ecclesiastes 4:1-3

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster,
Und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu mächtig,
Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten,
die schon gestorben waren
Mehr als die Lebendigen,
die noch das Leben hatten;
Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird,
das unter der Sonne geschieht.

For that which befalleth the sons of men

Translated by Richard Stokes

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts;
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast;
for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
all are of dust,
and all turn to dust again.
Who knoweth the spirit of man [...] goeth upward
and the spirit of the beast that goeth
downward to the earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better,
than that a man should rejoice in his own works,
for that is his portion.
For who shall bring him to see
what shall happen after him?

So I returned

Translated by Richard Stokes

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are
done under the sun;
and behold the tears
of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter;
and on the side of their oppressors there was power;
but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead
which are already dead more than the living
which are yet alive.
Yea, better is he than both they,
which hath not yet been,
who hath not seen the evil work
that is done under the sun.

O Tod

Based on Ecclesiasticus (Sirach) 41:1-2

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!

Wenn ich mit Menschen- und mit Engelzungen

Based on Corinthians 13:1-3, 12-13

Wenn ich mit Menschen –
und mit Engelzungen redete,
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wär ich ein tönend Erz,
oder eine klingende Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte
und wüßte alle Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis,
und hätte allen Glauben,
also, daß ich Berge versetzte,
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe,
und ließe meinen Leib brennen
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre mir's nichts nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunklen
Wort,
dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise;
dann aber werde ichs erkennen,

O death

Translated by Richard Stokes

O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things;
yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and
unto him whose strength faileth,
that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despaireth,
and hath lost patience!

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels

Translated by Richard Stokes

Though I speak with the tongues of
men and of angels,
and have not charity,
I am become as sounding
brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy,
and understand all mysteries,
and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith,
so that I could remove mountains,
and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,
it profiteth me nothing...

For now we see through glass, darkly;
but then face to face:
now I know in part,
but then shall I know even as also I am known.

gleichwie ich erkannt bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung,
Liebe, diese drei;
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

Chanson

Camille Maclair

Les lilas sont en folie, Cache-cache
Et les roses sont jolies, Cachez-vous.

Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux! Et sous les vertes
feuilles Cachez-vous!

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Lilas et rosiers Ah ah! La belle, Ah ah! Ah ah! La plus
belle, c'est toi!

Beaux seigneurs et dames belles, Aime, aime,
Dans vos atours de dentelles, Aimez-vous.

Tirez les rideaux, tirez les rideaux!
Qui voudra de mon âme? Aimez-vous!

Ah ah! ah ah! ah ah!
Amours et baisers, ah la belle,
Ah ah! ah la plus belle, c'est toi!

Doute

Camille Maclair

Il y a si longtemps
Que ton âme est en chemin, A ce que m'ont dit les
anges, Vers moi qui l'attends
En joignant les mains,
Il y a si longtemps
Que peut-être elle perdit la route

Puisque je ne vois rien
Au lointain des quatre chemins
Qui font croix au carrefour du doute.

And now abideth faith, hope,
charity, these three;
but the greatest of these is charity.

Song

Translation by Lucy Mauro

The lilacs are in plenty, Hide and seek
And the roses are pretty, Hide!

Draw the curtains, draw the curtains! And under the green
leaves Hide!

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Lilacs and rosebushes Ah ah! Beautiful one, Ah, ah! Ah
ah! The most beautiful, it is you!

Fine lords and beautiful ladies, Love, love,
In your lace attire, Love.

Draw the curtains, draw the curtains!
Who will want my soul? Love!

Ah ah! Ah ah! Ah ah!
Loves and kisses, ah beautiful one!
Ah ah! Ah the most beautiful, it is you!

Doubt

Translation by Lucy Mauro

It has been for so long
That your soul is on the way,
According to what the angels told me,
To me who waits for it
With clasped hands,
It has been for so long

That maybe she lost the road
Since I do not see anything
In the distance beyond the four paths
Which make a cross at the crossroads of doubt.

Voici venir le souffle froid
Qui chasse oiseaux, soleil et feuilles,
Et ramène brouillard et deuil
Sur mon espoir et sur ma foi:

Faudra-t-il m'en aller comme un qui n'attend Et s'en
retourne, en la nullité de la nuit,
Vers la maison et vers l'ennui?

J'ai frappé

Jean-François Bourguignon

Ma main a frappé les portes closes
Et d'autres mains au loin ont répondu.

Mon front a frappé les portes closes
Et d'autres fronts au loin ont répondu.

Mon coeur a frappé les portes closes
Mais l'écho de mon coeur seul a répondu.

Le couteau

Camille Mauclair

J'ai un couteau dans l'coeur. Une belle l'a planté.
J'ai un couteau dans l'coeur Et ne peux l'ôter.
C'couteau c'est l'amour d'elle. Une belle l'a planté.
Tout mon coeur sortirait Avec tout mon regret.

Il y faut un baiser.
Une belle l'a planté.
Un baiser sur le coeur
Mais ell'ne veut l'donner.

Couteau, reste en mon coeur
Si la plus belle t'y a planté.
J'veux bien me mourir d'elle
Mais j'veux pas l'oublier.

Here comes the cold breath
Which chases away birds, sun and leaves,
And brings back fog and mourning
On my hope and my faith:

Will I need to go away as one who does not wait And
returns in the nullity of the night,
To the house and to the boredom?

I knocked

Translation by Lucy Mauro

My hand knocked on the closed doors
And other hands in the distance answered.

My forehead knocked on the closed doors And other
foreheads in the distance responded.

My heart knocked on the closed doors
But only the echo of my heart answered.

The knife

Translation by Lucy Mauro

I have a knife in my heart. A beauty planted it.
I have a knife in my heart And cannot remove it.
This knife is the love of her. A beauty planted it.
All my heart would go out With all my regret.

It requires a kiss there.
A beauty planted it.
A kiss on the heart
But she does not want to give it.

Knife, remain in my heart
If the most beautiful planted you there.
I am willing to die because of her,
But I do not want to forget her.

I: Man that is born of a woman

Based on Job 14

Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

There is hope for a tree, If it is cut down, that it will sprout again, And that its tender branch thereof will cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, And the stock thereof die in the ground,

Yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.

But man dieth and wasteth away, wasteth away; Yea, man giveth up the ghost, giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Where is he? Where is he?

As the waters fail from the sea and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep.

V: For I am persuaded

Based on Romans 8

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God.

May the Lord, bless me and keep me.
May the Lord make this face to shine upon me, and give me peace. And give me peace. And give me peace. And give me peace. And give me peace.

III: O Lord, Thou hast searched me

Based on Psalm 139

O lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

I Can Be a Help

Michael Korie

Noah spoke to God, God said: "Noah, you can be a help to me. 'Fore I end the world, save the critters for a better world to be." Noah built a ark filled with ballast hollowed from a big ol' tree. Noah saved the mice, the lambs 'n lions, tow of ev'ry kind not three.

Fer' forty days and forty nights they floated far 'n wide, While rain come down like cats 'n dogs, all the cats 'n dogs was inside.

Now...I can be a help. Save the fam'bly. They'll be better off, they'll see. Noah was a help, 'n my name's Noah. I'm as big a help as he. Fer' Tommy, Al 'n Rosasharn, the kids 'n Uncle John. So Casy, Connie, Pa 'n Ma will have one less mouth to feed when I'm gone.

Oh... Se what I c'n do, Tommy... Oh... Oh... Oh... I can
build a ark filled with ballast, hold to it 'n not let go.
Hidin' in the creek, bein' helpful. This the only way I
know.

Fer forty days and forty nights he floated on the waves.
The Good Lord gives; The Good Lord smites for the sake
of the souls that he saves.

He didn't help the fish. Didn't need ta'. Didn't help the
birds, they free. Noah got his wish. Helped his loved ones.
Ev'ryone's a help... Now me.