



*Presents*

## **Global Artistic Expressions**

**A Master's Degree Recital**

**Raphael Arenas Fernandez, *bass-baritone***

with Dror Baitel, *collaborative pianist*

From *Vier ernste Gesänge*, Op. 121, (1896)

Johannes Brahms

1. Denn es gehet dem Menschen
2. Ich wandte mich
3. O Tod, wie bitter bist du

(1833–1897)

From *Songs of Travel* (1904)

Ralph Vaughan Williams

3. The Roadside Fire
4. Youth and Love
5. In Dreams
6. The Infinite Shining Heavens
7. Whither Must I Wander
8. Bright is the Ring of Words

(1872–1958)

*Intermission*

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LaBar Recital Hall

Friday, April 21, 2023, 6:00 PM EST

This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music.

Raphael Arenas Fernandez is a student of Stephen Lancaster

*Sacred Music at Notre Dame prohibits the unauthorized recording, publication, and streaming of live performances. Please silence all electronic devices.*

*Le Bestiaire* (1919)

Le dromadaire

La chèvre du Thibet

La sauterelle

Le dauphin

L'écrevisse

La carpe

Francis Poulenc

(1899–1963)

Oh, Glory!

Arr. Hall Johnson

(1888–1970)

Deep River

Arr. Moses Hogan

(1957–2003)

Ang Langit Sa Lupa

Leopoldo Silos

(1925–2015)

## **Texts and Translations**

### **Denn es gehet dem Menschen**

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**

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 täten,  
waren zu mächtig,

### **For that which befalleth the sons of men**

For that which befalleth the sons of men  
befalleth breasts;  
as the one dieth, so did 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 into 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 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**

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

Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

but they had no comforter.

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.

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, wie bitter bist du**

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 Death**

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 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!  
—Poet Martin Luther

O death, how 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!

—Translated by Richard Stokes ©2005

### **The Roadside Fire**

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.  
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white

In rainfall, at morning, and dewfall at night.  
And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

### **Youth and Love**

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.  
Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

### **In Dreams**

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand  
As heretofore:  
The unremember'd tokens in your hand  
Avail no more.  
No more the morning glow, no more the grace,  
Enshrines, endears.  
Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
And shows your tears.  
He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile  
And then forgot.  
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile  
Forgets you not.

### **The Infinite Shining Heavens**

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose, and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.  
I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

### **Whither Must I Wander?**

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?  
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:  
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.  
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,  
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—  
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,  
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.  
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;  
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.  
Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,  
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.  
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,  
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,  
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;  
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.  
Fair the day shines as it shone on my childhood—  
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;  
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—  
But I go for ever and come again no more.

### **Bright is the Ring of Words**

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them,  
Still they are carolled and said—  
On wings they are carried—  
After the singer is dead

And the maker buried.  
Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson, 1896

### **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,

### **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.

### **The dromedary**

With his four dromadaires  
Don Pedro d'Alfaroubeira  
Roamed the world and admired it.  
He did what I would like to do  
If I had four dromadaires too.

### **The Tibetan goat**

The hair of this goat and even  
The golden hair that so preoccupied  
Jason, cannot match  
The head of hair I'm smitten with.

### **The grasshopper**

Behold the delicate grasshopper,  
the nourishment of Saint John.  
May my verses likewise be  
A feast for the elite.

### **The dolphin**

Dolphins, you play in the sea,  
Though the waves are still briny.  
Does my joy erupt at times?  
Life is still cruel.

**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, 1911

**Oh, Glory!**

Oh, Glory!  
There is room enough in paradise  
to have a home in Glory.

Jesus, my all, to Heav'n is gone  
to have a home in Glory.  
He whom I fixed my hopes upon,  
to have a home in Glory.

Oh, Glory!  
There is room enough in paradise  
to have a home in Glory.

His track I see and I'll pursue  
to have a home,  
The narrow way till Him I view.  
to have a home.

Oh, Glory!  
There is room enough in paradise

**The crayfish**

Uncertainty, O my delights  
You and I we progress  
As crayfish progress,  
Backwards, backwards.

**The carp**

In your pools, in your ponds,  
Carp, how you live for aeons!  
Does death forget you,  
Fish of melancholy?  
—Tr. Richard Stokes © 2000



to have a home in Glory.

### **Deep River**

Deep river, my home is over Jordan.  
Deep river Lord, I want to cross  
over into campground.

Oh, don't you want to go,  
to that Gospel feast, that  
promised land where all is peace.

### **Ang Langit Sa Lupa**

Ang aking pag ibig ay may hang ngarin.  
Ang langit sa lupa ay marating.  
Kaya may pangarap twina ang aking buhay  
at mayrong pagasa ang aking puso kaylan man.

Ang aking dalangin mandin ay naririnig.  
Ako ay nabihag ng iyong pagibig.  
Ng tayo'y magkita at magkilala,  
ang bawat ngiti mo ay pagasa.  
At sa ating puso'y tu nay ang kaligayahan.  
Ang langit sa lupa ay ikaw lamang.  
—Serapio Y. Ramos

### **Heaven on Earth**

My love has a hand.  
Heaven on earth will arrive.  
My life still has a dream  
and there is hope in my heart.

My prayer is heard.  
I am captivated by your love.  
When we meet and get to know each other  
Your every smile is hope.  
And in our hearts is happiness.  
Heaven on earth is only you.  
—Tr. Anonymous