



Department of Music

presents

Israel Alfredo Jimenez, baritone

in a

Graduate recital

with

Jan Corrothers, piano

3 p.m.

April 12, 2026

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

—Program—

<i>Vier ernste Gesänge</i> , op. 121 (<i>complete</i>) Denn es gehet dem Menschen Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle O Tod, wie bitter bist du Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelszungen redete	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Муза, op. 59, no. 1 (<i>Muze</i>)	Alexander Glazunov (1865-1936)
Я пережил свои желанья, op. 3, no. 2 (<i>I outlived all my desires</i>)	Nikolay Medtner (1880-1951)
Снова, как прежде, op. 73, no. 6 (<i>Again, as before, alone</i>)	Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

—Intermission—

La croix douloureuse	André Caplet (1878-1925)
<i>Recit.</i> I feel the deity within <i>Aria.</i> Arm, arm ye brave! from <i>Judas Maccabaens</i>	G. F. Handel (1685-1759)
Preghiera	Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)
<i>Songs of Faith</i> , op. 97 Strong Son of God God and the Universe Faith To the Soul	C. V. Stanford (1852-1924)

*This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music in Vocal Performance.
from the studio of Dr. Jeffrey Williams*

—Program Notes—

The theme of this program - “To the Soul” - serves as a bridge connecting all the repertoire. The program consists primarily of art songs, with the exception of one recitative and aria, and reflects a journey of faith. The selected works embody two central characteristics: divinity and humanity. As Fr. Julian Ibemire of St. Michael the Archangel Catholic Church once shared with me: “In every person there are two parts of the soul. Our divinity, with what God has granted us in his likeness, and our humanity. These are our passions and greatly outweigh our divine nature.” He offered these words when I accepted the position of music director at the parish for half a year, and they have since become the guiding principles of this recital.

Johannes Brahms began composing *Vier Ernste Gesänge* in 1896 after learning of Clara Schumann’s stroke. This collection is notable for its biblical texts: the first three songs are drawn from Ecclesiastes, and the final song from Corinthians. The set contemplates death and the transience of life, culminating in the affirmation that love is the greatest of all.

The second set features Russian works by Alexander Glazunov (1865–1936), Nikolai Medtner (1880–1951), and Pyotr Tchaikovsky (1840–1893). In these Russian romances, “the passions” come to the fore. Each song explores a different stage: being inspired by a muse, outliving the desires of the heart, and ultimately facing solitude once more. Human emotions are expressed here in their most intense forms.

The third set centers on inner reflection and prayer - direct appeals to God for help and deliverance from worldly troubles. The first and last selections are prayers, while the aria stands out as a triumphant expression of unwavering faith.

Charles Villiers Stanford composed his *Songs of Fatih* in 1906, setting texts by two poets: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892), and Walt Whitman (1819–1892). Although the final two songs of Set II are not included in this program, this opus brings the recital to a close. The set unfolds as an inner dialogue with the soul, progressing through stages of self-understanding and divine revelation, to calling out into the cosmos and receiving a response from a higher power. The third song is a declaration to abandon all doubts and fears. The fourth and final song is perhaps the most significant: it is an individual’s address to their own soul, daring to journey together into the unknown, passing through time and space, and trusting that what is to be revealed will come only at the end.

—Texts & Translations—

Brahms translations taken from the Second Catholic Edition Bible

<p><i>Denn es gehet dem Menschen</i></p> <p>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.</p> <p>Es fährt alles an einem 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?</p> <p>Darum sahe ich, dass nichts bessers ist, denn das 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?</p>	<p><i>Ecclesiastes 3:19-22</i></p> <p>For the fate of the sons of men and the fate of beasts is the same; As one dies, so dies the other. They all have the same breath, and man has no advantage over the beasts; For all is vanity.</p> <p>All go to one place; all are from the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knows whether the spirit of man goes upward and the spirit of the beast goes down to the earth?</p> <p>So I saw that there is nothing better than that a man should enjoy his work, For that is his lot; Who can bring him to see what will be after him?</p>
<p><i>Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle</i></p> <p>Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle, die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne; und siehe, da warren Thränen derer, die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster;</p> <p>und die ihnen Unrecht täten, waren zu mächtig, dass sie keinen Tröster haben konnten. Da lobte ich die Todten, die schon gestorben waren mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das Leben hatten;</p> <p>Und der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle Beide, und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter der Sonne geschieht.</p>	<p><i>Ecclesiastes 4:1-3</i></p> <p>I saw all the oppressions that are practiced under the sun. And behold, the tears of the oppressed, and they had no one to comfort them! On the side of their oppressors there was power,</p> <p>And there was no one to comfort them. And I thought the dead who are already dead more fortunate than the living who are still alive; But better than both is he who has not yet been, And has not seen the evil deeds that are done under the sun.</p>

<p><i>O Tod, wie bitter bist du</i></p> <p>O Tod, wie bitter bist du, wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch, der gute Tage und genung hat und ohne Sorge lebet; und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen und noch wohl essen mag! O Tod, wie bitter bist du.</p> <p>O Tod, wie wohl thust du dem Dürftigen, der da schwach und alt ist, der in allen Sorgen steckt, und nichts Bessers zu hoffen, noch zu erwarten hat! O Tod, wie wohl tust du!</p>	<p><i>Ecclesiastes 41:1-2</i></p> <p>O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that is at peace in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to distract him, and hath prosperity in all things, and that still have strength to receive meat! O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee.</p> <p>O death, how acceptable is thy sentence unto a man that is needy and that faileth in strength, and that looks for no better lot, nor waiteth on better days! O death, how acceptable is thy sentence.</p>
<p><i>Wenn ich mit Menschen</i></p> <p>Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelszungen 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 versetze, 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.</p> <p>Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einen dunkeln Worte; Dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte. Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise, Dann aber werd ich's erkennen, Gleich wie ich erkennt bin.</p> <p>Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, Dies drei; Aber die Liebe ist die grösste unter ihnen.</p>	<p><i>Corinthians 13: 1-3, 12-13</i></p> <p>If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. And if I have prophetic powers, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. If I give away all I have, and if I deliver my body to be burned, but have not love, I gain nothing.</p> <p>For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood.</p> <p>So faith, hope, love abide, these three; But the greatest of these is love.</p>

Translation by Anton Belov

<i>Муза</i>	<i>Muse</i>
<p>В младенчестве моём она меня любила И семиствольную цевницу мне вручила; Она внимала мне с улыбкой, и слегка По звонким скважинам пустого тростника Уже наигрывал я слабыми перстами, И гимны важные, внушенные богами, И песни мирныя фригийских пастухов.</p> <p>С утра до вечера в немой тени дубов Прилежно я внимал урокам девы тайной; И радуя меня наградою случайной, Откинув локоны от милого чела, Сама из рук моих свирель она брала. Тростник был оживлен божественным дыханьем И сердце наполнял святым очарованьем.</p>	<p>She loved me while I was still in my infancy, And she bestowed upon me a seven-pipe reed flute She listened to me with a smile and little by little, I played with weak fingers On the sonorous holes of the hollowed-out reed The pompous hymns, by gods inspired, And peaceful songs of Phrygian shepherds.</p> <p>From morning until night in the silent shade of oaks Attentively I listened to the lessons of my mysterious maiden; Sometimes she made me happy with accidental prizes, Tossing aside the locks from her beautiful face, She took the reed pipe from my hands. The reed was made alive by her divine breath And filled my heart with sacred enchantment.</p>

Translation by Anton Belov

<i>Я пережил свои желанья</i>	<i>I outlived all my desires</i>
<p>Я пережил свои желанья Я разлюбил свои мечты; Остались мне одни страданья, Плоды сердечной пустоты. Под бурями судьбы жестокой Увял цветущий мой венец; Живу печальный, одинокий, И жду: придет ли мой конец? Так, поздним хладом пораженный, Как бури слышен зимний свист, Один на ветке обнаженной Трепещет запоздалый лист</p>	<p>I outlived all my desires, I fell out of love with my dreams; Remain to me only sufferings, The fruits of heart's emptiness. Beneath the storms of harsh fate my blooming wreath has wilted. I live melancholy, lonely, And I wait, whence does my end come? Thus, by the late frost smitten, When the winter blizzard whistles Alone, on a naked branch Trembles a sole late leaf.</p>

Translation by Anton Belov

<i>Снова, как прежде, один,</i>	<i>Again, As Before, I am Alone</i>
<p>Снова, как прежде, один, Снова объят я тоской Смотрится тополь в окно, Весь озарённый луной</p> <p>Смотрится тополь в окно Шепчут о чем то листья В звездах горят небеса Где теперь, милая, ты? Всё, что творится со мной, Я передать не берусь.</p> <p>Друг! помолись за меня, Я за тебя уж молюсь!</p>	<p>Again, as before, I am alone, Again, I am immersed in sadness The poplar is looking into my window, Illuminated by the moon.</p> <p>The poplar is looking into my window, The leaves are whispering something, The heavens are burning with stars. Where are you now, my darling? Everything that is happening to me, I can't even attempt to express.</p> <p>Friend! Pray for me, I pray for you already!</p>

Translation by Winifred Radford

<i>La croix douloureuse</i>	<i>The Cross of Affliction</i>
<p>Hélas! si vous l'aviez voulu, Seigneur, elles ne couleraient pas de mes yeux ces larmes brûlantes que je répands - en votre présence; si vous l'aviez voulu, ils vivraient – et seraient encore près de moi, ces êtres tendrement aimés, dont la mort – a brisé mon cœur.</p> <p>Mais j'adore votre volonté, dont les desseins sont impénétrables, èt qui est toujours miséricordieuse jusque dans ses rigueurs apparentes; murmurer; je courbe la tête, et j'accepte, - ô mon Dieu, en l'unissant à la Vôtre, la croix dont Vous m'accablez.</p> <p>Je vous conjure seulement de m'aider à la porter.</p>	<p>Alas! Had it been your will, Lord, from my eyes would not be flowing these burning tears that I am shedding in your presence; had it been your will they would have lived and would still be beside me, those beings so tenderly loved, whose death has broken my heart.</p> <p>But I adore your will of which the purposes are inscrutable, and always merciful even in apparent severity; I try to submit without complaint; I bow my head, and I accept, O my Lord, in uniting with yours the cross with which you overwhelm me.</p> <p>Only I beseech you to help me to bear it.</p>

Translation by Bard Suverkrop

<i>Preghiera</i>	<i>Prayer</i>
<p>Alla mente confusa Di dubbio e di dolore Soccorri, o mio Signore, Col raggio della fé. Sollevala dal peso Che la declina al fango: A te sospiro e piango, Mi raccomando a te.</p> <p>Sai che la vita mia Si strugge appoco appoco, Come la cera al foco, Come la neve al sol. All'anima che anela Di ricovrarti in braccio Rompi, Signore, il laccio Che le impedisce il vol Signor, pietà!</p>	<p>To my mind confused by doubt and pain lend assistance, oh my Lord, with the light of faith. Lift from my mind the weight that presses it into the mud: I sigh and weep for you, I entrust myself to you.</p> <p>You know that my life is being-consumed little by-little, like wax by the flame, like the snow by-the sun. From my soul, which yearns to shelter-itself in (your)-arms, break, Lord, the bond that prevents it from taking flight. Lord, have-mercy!</p>