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Catharine Pendleton, mezzo-soprano

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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THE CARTHAGE MUSIC CLUB

Presents

CATHARINE PENDLETON

Mezzo-Soprano

Professor of Voice

University of Richmond

Accompanied by John Shannon

Sunday, July 1, 1984

4:00 P.M.

Church of Wide Fellowship

XXXXXXX

PROGRAM

Four Serious Songs

Johannes Brahms

For It Befalleth Man

For it befalleth man as it does the beast;
As that dies, so he dies too.
And they all have the same breath,
And man has no more than the beast,
For all is vanity.
All things go to the same place,
For everything is made of dust
And turns to dust again.
Who knows if the spirit of man goes upward,
And the breath of the beast downward,
Downward into the earth?
Therefore I saw there is nothing better
Than that man should rejoice in his work,
For that is his portion,
For who shall bring him to see
What shall be after him?

I Turned 'Round

I turned 'round and looked at all
Who suffered wrongs beneath the sun.
And behold, there were tears of those
Who suffered wrongs and had no comforter,
And they who wronged them were too mighty,
So that they could not have any comforter.
Then I praised the dead who had already died,
More than the living, who still had life.
And he who does not yet exist is better off than both,
And does not know of the evil that happens beneath
the sun.

Oh Death, Oh Death,
How Bitter

Oh death, oh death, how bitter are you!
When a man thinks of you,
He who has a good life and enough,
And who lives without cares,
And who fares well in all things,
And who may still eat!
Oh death, oh death, how bitter are you!

Oh Death, Oh Death,
How Bitter

Oh death, how welcome you are to the needy one,
He who is weak and old,
And whose life is filled with cares,
And has nothing better to hope for, nor
to expect;
Oh death, oh death, how welcome are you!

Though I Speak With The
Tongues Of Men

Though I speak with the tongues of men and 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 yet have not charity, I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
And suffer my body to be burned,
And have not charity,
It profiteth me nothing.
For now we see through a mirror darkly;
But then face to face.
Now I know it partly;
But then I shall know it,
Even as I am known,
And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these
three;
But the greatest of these is charity.

Hymn Tunes
At The River

Arr. Charles Ives

His Exaltation

Watchman, Tell Us Of The Night

The Camp-Meeting

Spirituals

Four Spirituals

Arr. Edward Boatner

Ain't That Good News

I Know The Lord Laid His Hands On Me

He's Got The Whole World In His Hand

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child

Henry T. Burleigh

Witness

Hall Johnson

A special thanks to the Church of The Wide Fellowship
for the use of the sanctuary.