

SACRED MUSIC AT NOTRE DAME PRESENTS

Invocation to Night



Performed by...

CONSTANTINE

NOVOTNY,

BARITONE

Works by...

MONTEVERDI

POULENC

KILPINEN

COPLAND



EMILY SWOPE, SOPRANO ‡ NOLAN CARTER, TENOR
KARIS AILABOUNI, VIOLIN ‡ TRAVON DELEON, VIOLIN
ROSE WOLLMAN, VIOLA ‡ DAVID ELLIS, CELLO
DANIEL SCHWANDT, HARPSICHORD ‡ YERIN KIM, PIANO

Sacred Music at Notre Dame

presents

Constantine Novotny, *baritone*

Master of Sacred Music Voice Recital

Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda, SV 153

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Priez pour paix, FP 95

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

INTERMISSION

Lieder um den Tod, Op. 62

1. Vöglein Schwermut
2. Auf einem verfallenen Kirchhof
3. Der Tod und der einsame Trinker
4. Winternacht
5. Der Säermann
6. Unverlierbare Gewähr

Yrjö Kilpinen
(1892-1959)

Old American Songs, Set II

1. The Little Horses
2. Zion's Walls
3. The Golden Willow Tree
4. At the River
5. Ching-a-Ring Chaw

Aaron Copland
(1900-1990)

Sunday, April 7, 2019 3:00PM

O'Neill Hall of Music and Sacred Music, LaBar Performance Hall

Constantine Novotny is a student of Stephen Lancaster.

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree Masters of Sacred Music.

Personnel

Yerin Kim, piano

Katrina Keat, conductor

Emily Swope, soprano

Nolan Carter, tenor

Karis Ailabouni, violin

Travon DeLeon, violin

Rose Wollman, viola

David Ellis, cello

Daniel Schwandt, harpsichord

Olivia Anderson, cover design

Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda

Testo:

Tancredi, che Clorinda un uomo stima,
vol ne l'armi provarla al paragone.
Va girando colei l'alpestre cima
ver l'altra porta,
ove d'entrar dispone.
Segue egli impetuoso,
onde assai prima che giunga,
in guisa avien che d'armi suone,
ch'ella si volge e grida:

Clorinda:

O tu, che porte correndo, sì?

Testo:

Ripose:

Tancredi:

E Guerra e morte.

Clorinda:

Guerra e morte avrai,

Testo:

disse,

Clorinda:

io non rifiuto darlati,
se la cerchi, e ferma attendi.

Testo:

Né vol Tancredi, ch'ebbe a pie veduto
il suo nemico, usar cavallo,
e scende.
E impugna l'un l'altro il ferro acuto,
ed aguzza l'orgoglio
e l'ira accende;
e vansi incontro a passi tardi e lenti
quai due tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.

Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
chiudesti e nel l'oblio fatto sì grande,
degno d'un chiaro sol,
degne d'un pieno teatro
opre sarian sì memorande.

The Battle of Tancredi and Clorinda

Narrator:

Tancredi, who believes Clorinda to be a man,
wants to challenge her in battle.
She goes around the mountain tops
toward another gate,
which she hopes to enter.
He swiftly pursues her,
quickly before she arrives,
in a way so that his armor clatters,
and she turns and cries:

Clorinda:

O you, what brings you running?

Narrator:

He responds:

Tancredi:

War and death.

Clorinda:

War and death you shall have,

Narrator:

she said,

Clorinda:

I won't refuse to give it to you,
if you seek it, and stand en garde.

Narrator:

Tancredi, seeing his nemesis on foot,
does not want to be on horseback,
and descends.
And one another grasp their sharp swords,
which pricks their pride
and escalates their anger;
and they advance with steps slow and careful
like two jealous tauruses of arduous anger.

Night, which in its profoundly dark breast
encloses in oblivion acts so grand,
worthy of a bright sun,
worthy of a full theatre,
works thus memorable.

Piacciati ch'indil tragga e'n bel sereno
alle future età lo spieghi e mande.
Viva la fama lor;
e tra lor gloria
splenda del fosco tuo
l'alta memoria.

Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritrarsi
voglion costor, né qui destrezza'ha parte.
Non danno i colpi or finti
or pieni or tardi:
toglie l'ombra e'l furor l'uso de l'arte.
Odi le spade, orribilmente urtarsi
a mezzo il ferro, el piè d'orma non parte;
sempre il piè fermo
e la man sempre in moto
né scende taglio in van né punta a voto.
L'onta irrita lo sdegno alla vendetta,
e la vendetta poi l'onta rinnova;
onde sempre al ferir, sempre alla fretta
stimol novo s'aggiunge e piaga nova.
D'or in or più si mesce
e più ristretta si fa la pugna,
e spada oprar non giova:
dansi co'pomi, infelloniti e crudi,
cozzan con gli elmi insiem e con gli scudi.
Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe
con le robuste braccia, ed altre tante poi
da quei nodi tenaci ella si scinge,
nodi di fier nemico e non d'amante.
Tornano al ferro,
e l'un e l'altro il tinge con molto sangue;
e stanco e anelante
e questi e quelli alfin pur si ritira,
e dopo lungo faticar respira.
L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo esangue
su'l pomo de la spada
appoggia il peso.
Già de l'ultima stella il raggio langue
s'ul primo albor ch'è in oriente acceso.
Vede Tancredi in maggior copia il sangue
del suo nemico,
e in sé non tanto offeso.

Grant that I may remember in beautiful clarity,
and illuminate it for future ages.
Long live the famed story;
let it the noble memory
shine out of your gloomy breast
among other tales.

No dodges, no perries, and no retreats,
skill has no place here.
They don't give blows, now feints,
now full, now sparse:
the darkness and the fury prevent the use of skill.
Hear the swords, that horrible mid-blade clash,
their feet don't leave their tracks;
their feet always firm,
their hands always in motion,
not a cut is in vain, nor a thrust goes wide.
Outrage spurs the anger to vengeance,
and vengeance then renews the outrage;
Always striking, always hasty,
stimulating new momentum and new wounds.
From time to time they become closer,
the battle becomes restricted,
and the swords do not work well:
savagely striking with pommels, and cruelly
bashing together their helmets and sheilds.
Three times the knight squeezed the woman
with his mighty arms, and then each time
she frees herself from the knot,
the knots of a fierce nemesis, instead of a lover.
They return to the swords,
and one another are tinged with blood;
and tired, and panting,
and one another finally retired,
and after a long labor, breathed.
One another looked, and leaned the weight
of their bloody bodies
on the pommels of their swords.
Already, the rays of the last star languished
as the early dawn illuminated the east.
Tancredi saw the major loss of blood
of his nemesis,
and his own minor injuries.

Ne gode e insuperbisce.
Oh nostra follemente
ch'ogn'aura di fortuna estolle!
Misero, di che godi? oh quanto mesti
siano i trionfi ed infelice il vanto!
Gli occhi tuoi pagheran, s'in vita resti,
di quell sangue ogni stilla un mar di pianto.
Così tacendo e rimirando,
questi sanguinosi guerrier cessaro alquanto.
Ruppe il silenzio alfin Tancredi e disse,
perch'il suo nome
a l'un l'altro scoprisse:

Tancredi:

Nostra sventura è ben
che qui s'impieghi tanto valor,
dove silenzio il copra.
Ma poi che sorte rea vien che ci nieghi
e lode e testimon degni de l'opra,
pregoti, se fra l'armi han loco i prieghi,
che'l tuo nome e'l tuo stato e me tu scopra,
acciò ch'io sappia, o vinto o vincitore,
chi la mia morte o la mia vita onore.

Testo:

Rispose la feroce:

Clorinda:

Indarno chiedi quel c'ho per uso
di non far parlese.
Ma chiunque io mi sia,
tu innanzi vedi un di quei duo
che la gran torre accese.

Testo:

Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi:

Tancredi:

E in mal punto il dicesti;
e'l tuo dir e'l tacer di par m'alletta,
barbaro discortese alla vendetta.

Testo:

Torna l'ira nei cori
e li trasporta,
benché deboli in guerra,
fiera pugna,

He is pleased and becomes puffed up.
Oh, our foolishness,
which extolls every breeze of fortune!
Poor man, what are you proud of? oh how sad
are the triumphant, and unhappy the vanity!
Your eyes will pay, if you remain alive,
with a sea of tears for every drop of blood.
Thus silent and regarding,
these bloody warriors paused for a while.
Finally, Tancredi breaks the silence
so one another may reveal their name,
and says:

Tancredi:

Our misfortune is truly
that such valor is here in the emptiness,
where silence hides it.
But cruel fate sees to it that we are denied
the praise and witness worthy of the act.
I pray you, if prayers have place among weapons,
that you reveal to me your name and your state,
so that I know, conquerer or conquered,
to whom my life or death is owed.

Narrator:

The fierce maid responds:

Clorinda:

You ask in vain that which I by custom
do not make known.
But whoever I am,
You see before you one of the two
who burned the great tower.

Narrator:

Incensed to anger, Tancredi says:

Tancredi:

With bad timing you speak;
Both your words and your silence spur me,
terrible barbarian, to vengeance.

Narrator:

They are transported
as anger revisits their hearts,
Although they are weak,
their blows are fierce,

u'è l'arte in bando u'è già la forza é morta,
ove in vece, d'entrambi il furor pugna!
Oh che sanguigna e spaziosa porta
fa l'una e l'altra spada ovunque giugna,
ne l'armi e ne le carni!
e se la vita non esce,
sdegno tienla al petto unita.
Ma ecco omai l'ora fatal è giunta
che'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve.
Springe egli ferro
nel bel sen di punta
che vi s'immerge
e'l sangue avido beve;
e la veste,
che d'or vago trapunta
le mamelle stringea tenera e lieve,
l'empie d'un caldo fiume.
Ella già sente morirsi,
e'l piè le manca
egro e languente.
Segue egli la vittoria,
e la trafitta virgine
minacciando incalza e preme.
Ella, mentre cadea, la voce afflitta movendo,
disse le parole estreme;
parole, parole ch'a lei novo spirto adita,
spirto di fé, di carità, di speme:
virtù ch'or Dio l'infonde,
e se rubella in vita fu,
la volse in morte ancella.

Clorinda:

Amico, hai vinto:
io ti perdon, perdona tu ancora,
al corpo no, che nulla pave, a l'alma sì;
deh! per lei prega, e dona battesimo a me
ch'ogni mia colpa lave.

Testo:

In queste voci languide risuona
un non so che
di flebile e soave
ch'al cor gli scende
ed ogni sdegno ammorza,
e gl'occhi a lagrimar gli invoglia e sforza.

where skill is banished and strength is dead,
in place of both, fury battles on!
Oh what bloody and gaping wounds
make eachother's swords wherever struck,
whether in armor or in flesh!
and if life has not yet left,
anger holds it united to the breast.
But, now the fatal hour has arrived,
In which the life of Clorinda must now end.
He thrusts the swordpoint
into her beautiful breast
so that, immersed,
it thirstily drinks her blood;
and her clothing,
finely embroidered with gold
and clinging to her tender and smooth breasts,
fills with a warm steam.
She already knows she will die,
and her feet fail,
weak and faint.
He moves for the victory,
and threateningly advances
toward the stricken maid.
While falling, her failing voice moves,
and says her last words;
words that signify a new spirit in her,
a spirit of faith, of charity, of hope,
virtues that God now infuses in her,
and though she was rebellious in life,
in death he makes her an angel.

Clorinda:

Friend, you have won:
I forgive you, forgive me as well,
my fearless body does not, but my soul does;
I pray you, give me baptism
so all of my sins may be washed away.

Narrator:

In such a voice does she languish
resonating mournfully
and gently as never before,
and his heart descends
and every anger melts,
and his eyes are urged and forced to weep.

Poco quindi lontan nel sen del monte
scaturia mormorando un picciol rio.
Egli v'accorse
e l'elmo empié nel fonte,
e tornò mesto
al grande uffizio e pio.
Tremar sentì la man,
mentre la fronte non conosciuto ancor
sciolse e scopriro.
La vide e la conobbe,
e restò senza e voce e moto.
Ahi vista! ah! conoscenza!
Non morì già, ché sue virtù accolse
tutte in quel punto
e in guardia al cor le mise,
e premendo il suo affano a dar si volse
vita con l'acqua
a chi co'l ferro uccise.
Mentr'egli il suon
de' sacri detti sciole,
colei di gioia trasmutossi e rise;
e in atto di morir lieta e vivace,
dir pareva:

Clorinda:

S'apre il ciel; io vado in pace.

—Torquato Tasso (1544-1595)

Priez pour paix

Priez pour paix Douce Vierge Marie
Reyne des cieulx et du monde maîtresse
Faictes prier par vostre courtoisie
Saints et Saintes et prenez vostre adresse
Vers vostre Fils Requerant sa haultesse
Qu'il Lui plaise son peuple regarder
Que de son sang a voulu racheter
En déboutant guerre qui tout desvoye
De prières ne vous vueillez lasser
Priez pour paix, priez pour paix
Le vray trésor de joye.

—Charles, Duke of Orleans (1394-1465)

Not far off, in the breast of the mountain
murmured a small brook.
He noticed it and
filled his helmet from the fountain,
and sadly returned
to the grand and pious ritual.
He felt his hand tremble
as he uncovered the face
that he had still not known.
He saw her and recognized her,
and sat without speech or movement.
Oh, such a sight! oh, recognition!
Not dead yet, he gathered his strength
in that moment
and put it in the care of his heart,
and suppressing his sorrow, he tried
to give life
to the one he had slain with the sword.
As he uttered the sound
of the sacred words,
she transformed with joy and smiled;
in her act of death, lively and happy,
she seemed to say:

Clorinda:

Heaven is opened; I go in peace.

Prayer for peace

Pray for peace, sweet Virgin Mary,
Queen of Heaven and mistress of the world.
In your courtesy, have
the saints pray too,
and address your Son,
begging His Highness to deign to look on His
people,
whom He redeemed with His blood,
and to banish war which destroys all.
Do not weary of our prayers.
Pray for peace, pray for peace,
the true treasure of joy.

(Translation by Faith J. Cormier)

Lieder um den Tod, Op. 62

Christian Morgenstern (1871-1914)

Vöglein Schwermut, no. 1

Ein schwarzes Vöglein fliegt über die Welt,
das singt so todestraurig...
Wer es hört, der hört nichts anderes mehr,
wer es hört, der tut sich ein Leides an,
der mag keine Sonne mehr schauen.

Allmitternacht ruht es sich aus
auf dem Finger des Tods.
Der streichelt's leis und spricht ihm zu:
"Flieg, mein Vöglein! flieg, mein Vöglein!"
Und wieder fliegt's flötend über die Welt.

Auf einem verfallenen Kirchhof, no. 2

Was gehst du, armer bleicher Kopf, mich an -
es ist kein Grund, um Lebensform zu trauern.
Denn Gott wird über seine Tiefe schauen,
doch - reut ein Meer die Welle, die zerrann?

Ich will dir eine kleine Krone malen,
mein Bruder Tor, um deine kahle Stirn:
Auch du in Lebensnot und Todesqualen
warst Gottes Aug, wie ich, und Gottes Hirn.

Der Tod und der einsame Trinker, no. 3

Guten Abend, Freund!

"Dein Wohl!"

Wie geht's?

"Dein Wohl!"

Schmeckt's?

"Dein Wohl!"

Du zürnst mir nicht mehr?

"Dein Wohl!"

Im Ernst?

"Dein Wohl!"

Hab Dank!

"Dein Wohl!"

Aber...

"Dein Wohl!"

Zuviel!

"Dein Wohl!"

Nun...

"Dein Wohl!"

Wie du willst!

"Dein Wohl!"

Songs of Death, Op. 62

Melancholy Bird, no. 1

A black bird flies over the world,
it sing so deathly sad...
Whoever hears it hears nothing more,
Whoever hears it is suffering
They no longer like the sunshine.

All through the night is rests itself
on the finger of Death.
He strokes it quietly and says to it:
"Fly, my birdie! Fly, my birdie!"
And again it flies, whistling over the world

In an Abandoned Cemetary, no. 2

What are you up to, poor pale head?
There is no reason to lament the form of life
God will shudder over its depths,
but, does the sea reject the wave that crashes?

I want to paint a small crown,
my foolish brother, on your bald head:
Even in life's shortness and deaths agony
you were God's eye, like me, and God's mind.

Death and the Lonely Drinker, no. 3

Good evening, friend!

"To your health!"

How is it going?

"To your health!"

How does it taste?

"To your health!"

You are no longer angry with me?

"To your health!"

Really?

"To your health!"

I'm thankful!

"To your health!"

But...

"To your health!"

Too much!

"To your health!"

Now...

"To your health!"

As you wish!

"To your health!"

Narr!
"Dein Wohl!"
Genug!
"Dein..."

Winternacht, no. 4

Flockendichte Winternacht...
Heimkehr von der Schenke...
Stilles Einsamwandern macht,
daß ich deiner denke.

Schau dich fern im dunklen Raum
ruhn in bleichen Linnen...
Leb ich wohl in deinem Traum
ganz geheim tiefinnen?...

Stilles Einsamwandern macht,
daß ich nach dir leide...
Eine weiße Flockennacht
flüstert um uns beide...

Der Säemann, no. 5

Durch die Lande auf und ab
schreitet weit Bauer Tod;
aus dem Sack um seine Schulter
wirft er Keime ohne Zahl.

Wo du gehst, wo du stehst,
liegt und fliegt der feine Staub.
Durch die unsichtbare Wolke
wandre mutig, doch bereit!

Durch die Lande auf und ab
schreitet weit Bauer Tod;
aus dem Sack um seine Schulter
wirft er Keime ohne Zahl.

Unverlierbare Gewähr, no. 6

Eines gibts, darauf ich mich
freuen darf. Das wird nicht trügen.
Eines Abends sicherlich
ruht dies Herz von allen Flügeln
aus.

Schlafen darf dann dieser Wanderer.
Denn - was etwas weiter wacht,
wird ein andres, wird ein anderer.
Dieser hat sein Werk vollbracht --
dann.

Fool!
"To your health!"
Enough!
"To your..."

Winter Night, no. 4

A winter night with dense flakes...
Coming home from the tavern...
Silent, lonely wandering,
and I think of you.

I see you far in the dark room
resting in the white linnens...
Do I secretly live
deep within your dream?

Silent, lonely wandering
and I yearn for you,
A white, flaky night
whisps around us...

The Sower, no. 5

Up and down through all the land
strides Farmer Death;
out of the sack on his shoulder
he throws numberless seeds

Where you go, where you stand,
lays and flies the fine dust,
through the invisible cloud,
travel courageous, yet ready!

Up and down through all the land
strides Farmer Death;
out of the sack on his shoulder
he throws numberless seeds

Certain Hope, no. 6

There is one thing I look forward to.
It will not disappoint.
One night, certainly,
this heart will rest from its
flights.

This wanderer will then sleep.
For, whoever awakens
becomes something else, someone else.
This one has completed his work...
then...

Old American Songs, Book II

The Little Horses

Lullaby

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby,
When you wake,
You shall have,
All the pretty little horses.

Blacks and bays, Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby,
When you wake,
You'll have sweet cake, and
All the pretty little horses.

A brown and a gray and a black and a bay and a
Coach and six-a little horses.

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby,
Go to sleepy little baby,
Oh you pretty little baby.

Zion's Walls

Revivalist Song

Come fathers and mothers come,
Sisters and brothers come,
Join us in singing the praises of Zion.

O fathers don't you feel determined
to meet within the walls of Zion,
We'll shout and go round the walls of Zion.

The Golden Willow Tree

Anglo-American Ballad

There was a little ship in South Amerikee,
crying O the land that lies so low,
There was a little ship in South Amerikee,
She went by the name of the Golden Willow Tree,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

We hadn't been a-sailin'
more than two weeks or three,
Till we came in sight of the British Roverie,
As she sailed in the lowland lonesome low,
As she sailed in the lowland so low.

Up stepped a little carpenter boy
Says "What will you give me
for the ship that I'll destroy?"

"I'll give you gold or I'll give thee
the fairest of my daughters
as she sails upon the sea,
If you'll sink 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
If you'll sink 'em in the land that lies so low!"

He turned upon his back and away swum he,
He swum till he came to the British Roverie,
He had a little instrument fitted for his use,
He bored nine holes and he bored them all at once.
He turned upon his breast and back swum he,
He swum till he came to the Golden Willow Tree.

"Captain, O captain, come take me on board,
And do unto me as good as your word
For I sank 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
I sank 'em in the lowland so low."

"Oh no, I won't take you on board,
Nor do unto you as good as my word,
Though you sank 'em in the lowland lonesome low,
Though you sank 'em in the land that lies so low."

“If it wasn’t for the love that I have for your men,
I’d do unto you as I done unto them,
I’d sink you in the lowland lonesome low,
I’d sink you in the lowland so low.”

He turned upon his head and down swum he,
He swum till he came to the bottom of the sea.
Sank himself in the lowland lonesome low,
Sank himself in the lowland so low.

At the River

Hymn Tune

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angels feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God.

Yes, we’ll gather by the river,
the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we’ll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage shall cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we’ll gather by the river,
the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Ching-a-Ring Chaw

Minstrel Song

Ching-a-ring-a-ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee,
Ching-a-ring-a-ring ching ching,
Ho-a ding-a ding kum larkee.

Brothers gather round,
Listen to this story,
‘Bout the promised land,
An’ the promised glory.

You don' need to fear,
If you have no money,
You don' need none there,
to buy you milk and honey.

There you'll ride in style,
Coach with four white horses,
There the evenin' meal,
Has one two three four courses.

Nights we all will dance,
To the harp and fiddle,
Waltz and jig and prance,
"Cast off down the middle."

When the mornin' come,
All in grand and splendour,
Stand out in the sun,
and hear the holy thunder.

Brothers hear me out,
The promised land's a-come-in',
Dance and sing and shout,
I hear them harps a strummin'.

Ching-a-ring ching ching,
Ching-a-ring ching ching,
Ring ching ching ching
Chaw.

SACRED MUSIC at NOTRE DAME SPRING 2019 EVENTS

SMND CONDUCTING RECITAL - Joshua Boggs

4:00PM - Sunday, February 3

136 O'Neill Hall – LaBar Performance Hall

UN Sung: The Exploration of the Sounds of Black Folk

7:00PM - Friday, February 8

DPAC – Leighton Concert Hall

NDCC GALA

7:00PM - Saturday, February 9

Foley's in O'Neill Hall (4th Floor)

Guest Organist Chris Marks

2:00PM - CONCERT: Sunday, February 10

DPAC – Reyes Organ & Choral Hall

O'Neill Hall Spring Rollout Weekend

Friday & Saturday, February 22 & 23

7:00PM (Friday) and 10:00AM-2:00PM (Saturday)

120 O'Neill Hall – LaBar Recital Hall

SMND CONDUCTING RECITAL - Katrina Keats

4:00PM - Sunday, February 24

St. Joseph Catholic Parish, 225 S Mill St, Mishawaka

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: Gregory Santa Croce

8:00PM - Sunday, February 24

Basilica of the Sacred Heart

Guests Anthony Dean Griffey, tenor and Warren Jones, pianist

7:00PM - CONCERT: Friday, March 1

120 O'Neill Hall – LaBar Recital Hall.

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: Heejin Kim

8:00PM - Saturday, March 2

Basilica of the Sacred Heart

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: Carina Sturdy

4:00PM - Sunday, March 3

DPAC – Reyes Organ & Choral Hall

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: JJ Mitchell

8:00PM - Sunday, March 3

Basilica of the Sacred Heart

NDCC Winter Concert

7:00PM - Friday, March 8

St Monica Catholic Church, 222 W Mishawaka Ave,
Mishawaka

NDCC & the South Bend Youth Symphony Orchestra Concert

4:00PM - Sunday March 17

DPAC – Leighton Concert Hall

SMND VOICE RECITAL: Fatima Anyekema & Mark Laseter

4:00PM - Saturday, March 23

136 O'Neill Hall – LaBar Performance Hall

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: Leah Martin

4:00PM - Sunday, March 24

DPAC – Reyes Organ and Choral Hall

SMND VOICE RECITAL: Emily Bird & Jared Swope

7:00PM - Sunday, March 24

120 O'Neill Hall – LaBar Recital Hall

SMND CONCERT: Fortepiano Liederabend with Laure Colladant and the Graduate Voice Studio

7:30PM - Wednesday, March 27

120 O'Neill Hall - LaBar Recital Hall

SMND CONDUCTING RECITAL

James Goldrick, Joshua Wang, Erin Wendt

4:00PM - Sunday, March 31

DPAC – Reyes Organ & Choral Hall

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: Daniel Schwandt

8:00PM - Sunday, March 31

Basilica of the Sacred Heart

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: Audrey Thomas

7:00PM - Friday, April 5

DPAC – Reyes Organ & Choral Hall

SMND VOICE RECITAL: Emily Swope

2:00PM - Saturday, April 6

120 O'Neill Hall - LaBar Recital Hall

SMND VOICE RECITAL: Alyse Jamieson

5:00PM - Saturday, April 6

136 O'Neill Hall - LaBar Performance Hall

SMND VOICE RECITAL: Constantine Novotny

3:00PM - Sunday, April 7

136 O'Neill Hall - LaBar Performance Hall

SMND VOICE RECITAL: Nolan Carter

6:00PM - Sunday, April 7

136 O'Neill Hall – LaBar Performance Hall

SMND ORGAN RECITAL: Myles Hayden

8:00PM - Sunday, April 7

Basilica of the Sacred Heart

SMND CONDUCTING RECITAL - Zen Kuriyama

4:00PM - Sunday, April 14

St Monica Catholic Church, 222 W Mishawaka Ave,
Mishawaka

Opera ND

Thursday-Saturday, April 25- April 28

7:30PM (Thursday/Friday/Saturday) and 2:30PM (Sunday)

DeBartolo Performing Arts Center - Decio Theater

NDCC Hymn Festival and Concert

3:00PM - Saturday, May 4

First United Methodist Church, 333 N Main St, South Bend

Note that the schedule is subject to change.

To confirm the program schedule, please call, email or check our website.

574-631-1300 | sacredmusic@nd.edu | sacredmusic.nd.edu