

SACRED MUSIC AT NOTRE DAME PRESENTS

# ROMANTIC

AS

# FOLK

A MASTER'S VOICE RECITAL // ALYSE JAMIESON, MEZZO-SOPRANO

APRIL 6, 2019 // LABAR PERFORMANCE HALL // O'NEILL HALL OF MUSIC



YERIN KIM, PIANO  
ROSE WOLLMAN, VIOLA

# Sacred Music at Notre Dame

presents

Alyse Jamieson, *Mezzo-Soprano*

Yerin Kim, *Piano*

Rose Wollman, *Viola*

*Romantic as Folk*

Nebbie (1906)

Ottorino Respighi  
(1879-1936)

Quatre Poëms, Op. 5 (1905)

I. La cloche felée

II. Danson la gigue!

III. Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois

IV. Sérénade

Charles Matin Loeffler  
(1861-1935)

## SHORT INTERMISSION

Johanne from Op. 44, *Rejseminder fra Fjeld og Fjord* (1906)

Edvard Grieg  
(1843-1907)

Op. 91 Zwei Gesänge (1884)

I. Gestilte Sehnsucht

II. Geistliches Wigenlied

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

Down by the salley gardens (1924)

Rebecca Clarke  
(1886-1979)

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Saturday, April 6, 2019, 5:00pm

O'Neill Hall - LaBar Performance Hall

Alyse Jamieson is a student of Kiera Duffy

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

## Program Notes

Elements of “folk” aesthetic are intrinsic to every facet of our collective pop culture consciousness. Music, art, literature, film, and fashion are not immune to the far reaching bucolic beauty of our romanticized past. It is from this angle that we explore “the folk” through the lens of Romantic and Post Romantic composers like Loeffler, Brahms, Respighi, Grieg, and Clarke. What can we learn about love, nature, the divine, and our inner most pain and identity while interpreting these common themes in the ancient stories that every people from every culture holds dear through a wiser, more discerning, modern sensibility?

### *What is Romanticism?*

The definition of Romanticism is complex. For the purposes of this recital, it is defined as a style of art, literature, or music during the late 18th and 19th centuries that emphasized emotions, nature, the grotesque, the antique, and the imagination. Romanticism emerged as a disillusioned response to the Enlightenment whose values of reason and order sought to elevate and rationalize man and his thoughts. The intersection and interaction of a surplus of exciting themes emerge during the Romantic period: a new preoccupation and reverence to Nature, who has an identity all its own; a fascination with the past, particularly the Middle Ages and legends of medieval chivalry; a turn towards the mystic and supernatural, both religious and merely spooky; a longing for the infinite; mysterious connotations of remoteness and man’s place therein, the unusual and fabulous, the strange and surprising; recognition of suicide, death, and the grotesque as potential beautiful and intriguing; a focus on the nocturnal, the ghostly, the frightful, and terrifying; fantastic visual and spiritual experiences; and a new attention given to national identity.

That last one—a relatively new acknowledgment of national identity—is where a Romantic fascination with folk or folkloric subjects come into focus. In the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century, as Europe and many other locales began to firm up into unified governing bodies that relatively resembles the same atlas map that we look at today, a pride and a reminiscence of a cultural and national distinctiveness fascinated the educated upper classes as they quaintly visualized humble, simple beginnings.

So where does that leave us? Why did I choose to present these pieces to you in recital? A quick glance at years of composition for these works, you can see that most were written in the post-Romantic, Impressionist, or even Expressionist periods of music history. Yet even in this era, some decades removed from the Romantic period ‘proper’, the vestiges of these themes remain. The idioms of ‘the folk’—the ‘every man’, the archaic roles and situations that populate our childhood stories and songs; they are innately *us*, silent and understood as the backbone, the life blood of who we are, culturally. You could call it *Romanticism 2.0*, brilliantly intense topics treated with fresh eyes and inventive methods. More chromatic, more lush, more fascinating approaches to the juncture of text and music. Cheers!

## Text and Translations

Italian composer, Ottorino Respighi, wrote *Nebbie* in 1906, when he was 20 years old. The story goes that a friend went to visit Respighi, who had been suffering from acute depression, (in those days called “melancholy”), with a book of poetry by Italian female poet Ada Negri. Upon reading *Nebbie*, Respighi felt such an inexplicable connection to the poem that he immediately found a composition without text that he’d composed only days earlier and compared it to the poem. The words and music fit perfectly, as if they were composed simultaneously<sup>1</sup>. Respighi liked Negri so much that he set many of her poems. In *Nebbie*, Respighi was inspired by Negri’s vivid emotionalism which “abolished established conventions, and

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<sup>1</sup> Recounted in Elsa Respighi’s biography of her husband, *Ottorino Respighi: His Life Story*, trans Gwen Morris

shaped her lyrics according to the rhythms of the heart”<sup>2</sup>. Respighi evokes hazy mists hovering over moors where black-winged ravens float above the wandering and despairing soul of the narrator with an obdurate vocal line climbing ever higher with mounting tension. The vocal melody is submerged in the chordal texture of the piano, giving the impression of great length and the effect of a faraway, transparent sound. This song embodies the Romantic zeitgeist by acknowledging sadness, the loneliness of the narrator joined only by the spooky, evocative emblems of nature’s sinister presence: ravens; naked, wind-blown branches, sad tree trunks and the abandoned misty landscape of desolation.

### **Nebbie**

Soffro, lontan lontano  
Le nebbie sonnolente  
Salgono dal tacente  
Piano.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,  
Fidati all'ali nere,  
Traversan le brughiere  
Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi  
Gli addolorati tronchi  
Offron, pregando, i bronchi nudi.  
Come ho freddo!

Son sola;  
Pel grigio ciel sospinto  
Un gemito destinato  
Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;  
È buia la vallata.  
O triste, o disamata  
Vieni! Vieni!  
—Ada Negri, 1895

### **Mists**

I suffer. Far, far away  
the sleeping mists  
rise from the silent  
plain.

Shrilling cawing, the ravens,  
trusting their black wings  
cross the moors  
grimly.

To the raw weathering of the air  
the sorrowful tree trunks  
offer, praying, their bare branches,  
How cold I am!

I am alone;  
driven through the gray sky  
a wail of extinction  
flies;

And repeats to me: come,  
the valley is dark.  
Oh sad, oh unloved one,  
Come! Come

Translation: Thomas A. Gregg

Charles Martin Loeffler spent the majority of his life in Boston where he was highly respected as a musician, composer and intellectual. He had the distinct cultural advantage of being born in France and living in Europe until he was 20. During that time, he studied the violin and was able to absorb the musical styles of Russia, Hungary, Switzerland, Germany and France. His exposure to the music of these countries, especially that of France, gave his compositions a unique and exotic quality that captured the American audience’s attention. Loeffler was a fastidious composer whose music could even seem avant-garde due to his use of programmatic forms and advanced harmonies; his early pieces especially were described as decadent due to the dark and at times bizarre moods that the harmonies created. Written in 1905, *Quatre poëms, op. 5* are almost symphonic in scale and display Loeffler’s love of dense harmonies and unusual poetic and harmonic colors. In *La cloche fêlée*, a bell-like motif permeates the piano texture while the viola line embodies the poet’s memories as it soars above the ensemble. *Dansons la Gigue!* mood and musical narrative parallels the poetry; alternating between a romping dance rhythm and more contemplative sections in the same way that the poet admonishes people to dance and then joyfully remembers the woman he once loved. Loeffler’s love of varied and complex harmonic textures and unusual sound worlds is on display in *Le son du cor*

<sup>2</sup> Battaglia, Filippo Maria. “Una Calliope passionaria”, *Liberal*, 22 January 2009, p. 18.

*s'afflige vers les bois*; evoking sounds and impressions of an autumn night. *Sérénade* is a grotesque back and forth tale of seduction; the pizzicato of the viola representing his persistence and the minor key underscoring his torment at seeing the resistant or even cruel object of his desire.

### **La Cloche Felée**

Il est amer et doux, pendant les nuits d'hiver,  
D'écouter, près du feu qui palpite et qui fume,  
Les souvenirs lointains lentement s'élever  
Au bruit des carillons qui chantent dans la brume.

Bienheureuse la cloche au gosier vigoureux  
Qui, malgré sa vieillesse, alerte et bien portante,  
Jette fidèlement son cri religieux,  
Ainsi qu'un vieux soldat qui veille sous la tente!

Moi, mon âme est fêlée, et lorsqu'en ses ennuis  
Elle veut de ses chants peupler l'air froid des nuits,  
Il arrive souvent que sa voix affaiblie  
Semble le râle épais d'un blessé qu'on oublie  
Au bord d'un lac de sang, sous un grand tas de  
morts,  
Et qui meurt, sans bouger, dans d'immenses efforts.  
—Charles Baudelaire, 1867

### **Dansons la Gigue!**

Dansons la gigue!

J'aimais surtout ses jolis yeux  
Plus clairs que l'étoile des cieux,  
J'aimais ses yeux malicieux.

Dansons la gigue!

Elle avait des façons vraiment  
De désoler un pauvre amant,  
Que c'en était vraiment charmant!

Dansons la gigue!

Mais je trouve encore meilleur  
Le baiser de sa bouche en fleur  
Depuis qu'elle est morte à mon coeur.

Dansons la gigue!

Je me souviens, je me souviens  
Des heures et des entretiens,  
Et c'est le meilleur de mes biens.

Dansons la gigue!  
—Paul Verlaine, 1874

### **The Cracked Bell**

It is bittersweet, during winter nights,  
To listen, by the fire that flickers and smokes,  
To long-distant memories slowly rising  
At the sound of the bells chiming in the mist.

Happy is that bell with the vigorous throat,  
Which, in spite of its age, is alert and healthy,  
And faithfully sends forth its religious cry,  
Like some old soldier on watch in his tent.

As for me, my soul is cracked; and when in its troubles  
It wants to fill the cold night air with its songs,  
It often happens that its weakened voice  
Seems like the thick gasp of a wounded man, forgotten  
Beside a lake of blood, underneath a large heap of other  
dead men,  
who dies, without moving, with immense effort.  
Translation by Emily Ezrust and AD Jamieson

### **Let's Dance the Jig!**

Let's dance the jig!

O I loved her pretty eyes the most,  
More clear than starlight.  
I loved her eyes where the malice lies.

Let's dance the jig!

She had some ways most well designed  
To desolate a lover's mind  
Which was of her so very kind.

Let's dance the jig!

But now I prove much better this  
Eke of her blossom mouth the kiss  
Since when she's dead to me I wis.

Let's dance the jig!

I do remember vividly  
The hours and all our colloquy  
And that's the best thing left to me.

Let's dance the jig!

### **Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois**

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois,  
D'une douleur on veut croire orpheline  
Qui vient mourir au bas de la colline,  
Parmi la brise errant en courts abois.

L'âme du loup pleure dans cette voix,  
Qui monte avec le soleil, qui décline  
D'une agonie on veut croire câline,  
Et qui ravit et qui navre à la fois.

Pour faire mieux cette plainte assoupie,  
La neige tombe à longs traits de charpie  
A travers le couchant sanguinolent,

Et l'air a l'air d'être un soupir d'automne,  
Tant il fait doux par ce soir monotone,  
Où se dorlote un paysage lent.

—Paul Verlaine, 1880

### **Sérénade**

Comme la voix d'un mort qui chanterait  
Du fond de sa fosse,  
Maîtresse, entends monter vers ton retrait  
Ma voix aigre et fausse.

Ouvre ton âme et ton oreille au son  
De la mandoline:  
Pour toi j'ai fait, pour toi, cette chanson  
Cruelle et câline.

Je chanterai tes yeux d'or et d'onyx  
Purs de toutes ombres,  
Puis le Léthé de ton sein, puis le Styx  
De tes cheveux sombres.

Comme la voix d'un mort qui chanterait  
Du fond de sa fosse,  
Maîtresse, entends monter vers ton retrait  
Ma voix aigre et fausse.

Puis je louerai beaucoup, comme il convient,  
Cette chair bénie  
Dont le parfum opulent me revient  
Les nuits d'insomnie.

Et pour finir, je dirai le baiser  
De ta lèvre rouge,  
Et ta douceur à me martyriser,  
-- Mon Ange! -- ma Gouge!  
Ouvre ton âme et ton oreille au son  
De ma mandoline:

### **The sound of the horn is wailing near the woods**

The sound of the horn is wailing near the woods  
with a sort of orphan-like grief  
which dies away at the foot of the hill  
where the north wind desperately roams.

The soul of the wolf is weeping in that voice  
which rises with the sun that sinks  
with an agony that seems somehow soothing  
and gives simultaneous delight and distress.

To enhance this drowsy lament  
the snow is falling as long strips of linen  
across the blood-red sunset,

and the air seems to be an autumn sigh,  
so gentle is this monotonous evening  
in which a slow landscape cuddles itself.

### **Serenade**

Like the voice of a dead body that might  
Sing from the depth of its grave,  
Mistress, listen to my voice, harsh and out of tune,  
Rising up to your refuge.

Open your soul and your ear to the sound  
Of the mandolin:  
For you, for you, have I made this song,  
Cruel and wheedling.

I will sing of your gold and onyx eyes,  
Pure of all shadows,  
Then of the Lethe of your breast, then the Styx  
Of your dark hair.

Like the voice of a dead body that might  
Sing from the depth of its grave,  
Mistress, listen to my voice, harsh and out of tune,  
Rising up to your refuge.

Then I shall laud highly, as necessary,  
This blessed body  
Whose opulent perfume comes back to me  
On sleepless nights.

And to finish, I shall sing of the kiss  
Of your red lips,  
And your sweetness in making a martyr of me,  
My angel, my gouge!  
Open your soul and your ear to the sound  
Of the mandolin:

Pour toi j'ai fait, pour toi, cette chanson  
Cruelle et câline  
—Paul Verlaine, 1886

For you, for you, have I made this song,  
Cruel and wheedling.

Norwegian composer, Edvard Grieg is best known for his Piano Concerto in A minor, his Peer Gynt which contains 'In the Hall of the Mountain King' and 'Morning Mood' and who remains a great national figure not only for Norway, but for all of the Scandinavian countries. His style is sometimes considered to be neo-classical in structure and harmony—not too weird or avant-garde considering the era he was composing in, but subtly innovative in his harmonic language and renowned for creating and manipulating memorable melodies. He is one of the first mainstream composers to collect, transcribe, and, in a sense, gentrify Scandinavian folk songs for the concert hall. *Johanne* is one of these folk songs—but instead of using a Norwegian text, Grieg set a collection of Danish folk poetry by his good friend Holger Drachmann: *Rejseminder fra Fjeld og Fjord* (Reminiscences from Mountain and Fjord) in 1886. During that summer, Drachmann and Grieg traveled to the Hardanger and the Jotunheimen mountains together where Drachmann wrote poems, describing the nature, the majestic mountain culture, and people they met – specifically, the beautiful women.

### Johanne

En Fillehytte var dit Bo,  
dit Udstyr var kun ringe  
ej Får, ej Svin, ej Hest, ej Ko,  
du magted med at bringe;  
du boed højt på Fjeldets Rund,  
du stod kun lavt, så sagde hun,  
din stoute Rivalinde.  
Du bar fra Fjeldet ned til ham  
din Kjærlighed og så den Skam;  
som Godtfolk kunde finde.

En fuglerede var dit Bo,  
din Medgift der du lagde:  
det var ej Kalv, det var ej Ko,  
men efter hvad man sagde  
det var en Jenteunge rund,  
en dejlig Glut så frisk og sund,  
som Nogen kunde finde,  
hun kom med Sol, hun kom ved ham,  
hun kom fra Gud, er det en Skam,  
for nogen jordfødt Kvinde.

Velsignet du, som gik til ham  
og gav ham, hvad du ejed;  
som Bygdehån og Jenteskam  
på Hjertets Vægtskål vejed  
og fandt, at Skålen vipped op  
imod den Hytte, på hvis Top  
den gule Græstørv luer;  
Velsignet du, hvis Smil er bredt,  
hvis Sjæl er ren og Hjertet hedt  
mer end hos mange Fruer.  
—Holger Drachmann, 1886

### Johanne

Your dwelling was a mountain shack  
Your furnishings were scanty;  
No cow, no sheep, no hay to stack  
Beside that humble shanty.  
High, high upon the mountain's height  
You lived alone, yet felt then slight  
Of gossip's vicious chatter:  
Because you were of humble birth  
They counted you of lesser worth,  
As if their view could matter!

They said you dar'd to spend the night  
With him who never married;  
Soon tongues were wagging with delight  
Because a child you carried  
By pious people now revil'd  
Alone you bore your little child,  
And fill'd her life with caring.  
She could not bear her father's name,  
But let none dare to call it shame:  
God's image she was bearing!

I honor you, O maid forlorn,  
For loving and for giving;  
You paid the price of cruel scorn  
To give the gift of living.  
What matter if the mum'ring crowd,  
So arrogant, so smugly proud,  
Defile the air with jeering?  
Your heart is warm, your soul is pure,  
Your smile is sincere, your vision sure:  
Just live and love unfearing.  
Translation by William Jewson

The music of Johannes Brahms epitomizes the height of German Romantic Lieder by unifying text and music through emotional ideas of love, nature, and existence while simultaneously embracing innovation (harmony, melody) and tradition (form, poetry). Celebrated for luxurious sweeping melodic lines, Brahms' vocal music is propelled by harmonic and bassline function married to the beauty of the lyric vocal line and the shape of the phrase. Brahms states his musical ideas tenderly and simply in his *Op. 91, 2 Songs for Voice, Viola, and Piano*, that he composed for his personal friends, who happened to be married: famed violinist Joseph Joachim (who was coincidentally Loeffler's violin teacher) and his wife, mezzo-soprano Amalie Schneeweiss. The first movement *Gestillte Sehnsucht* sets a text by Friedrich Rückert and was Brahms' own personal response to marital problems with the pair, while the second movement, *Geistliches Wiegenlied* quotes a well-known tune of a medieval German carol ("*Joseph, lieber Joseph mein*") and was composed as a pseudo-lullaby for the couples' son, Joahannes, named after Brahms himself. Both pieces utilize influences of German Romanticism and *volk* themes (waltzing triple meter lullabies, the gentle murmur of the vöglein whispering their sweet words on the breeze, roaring winds that shake the trees, dreams that render the sleeper uneasy and disturbed, wings flying the dreamer to ever-distant ethereal stars of unknown galaxies beyond, the personalization of the holy relationship between infant Jesus and Mary) while juxtaposing a traditional melodic recapitulation with an unexpectedly agitated, contrasting middle section, exemplifying Brahms' style: embracing progress while preserving the spirit of the *volk*.

### Gestillte Sehnsucht

In gold'nen Abendschein getaucht,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!  
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises Weh'n.  
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?  
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!  
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,  
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?  
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,  
Ihr sehnenen Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Was kommt gezogen auf Traumesflügeln?  
Was weht mich an so bang, so hold?  
Es kommt gezogen von fernen Hügeln,  
Es kommt auf bebendem Sonnengold.  
Wohl lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein,  
Das Sehnen, das Sehnen, es schläft nicht ein.

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in gold'ne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,  
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen  
Mit sehnenem Blick mein Auge weilt;  
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

—Friedrich Rückert, 1816

### Stilled Longing

Steeped in a golden evening glow,  
how solemnly the forests stand!  
In gentle voices the little birds breathe  
into the soft fluttering of evening breezes.  
What does the wind whisper, and the little birds?  
They whisper the world into slumber.

You, my desires, that stir  
in my heart without rest or peace!  
You longings that move my heart,  
When will you rest, when will you sleep?  
By the whispering of the wind, and of the little birds?  
You yearning desires, when will you fall asleep?

What will come of these dreamy flights?  
What stirs me so anxiously, so sweetly?  
It comes pulling me from far-off hills,  
It comes from the trembling gold of the sun.  
The wind whispers loudly, as do the little birds;  
The longing, the longing - it will not fall asleep.

Alas, when no longer into the golden distance  
does my spirit hurry on dream-wings,  
when no more on the eternally distant stars  
does my longing gaze rest;  
Then the wind and the little birds  
will whisper away my longing, along with my life.

Translation by Emily Ezrust

**Geistliches Wiegenlied: “Die ihr schwebet”**

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heiligen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesänftigt  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

—Emanuel von Geibel, 1852

**Spiritual Lullaby: “You who hover”**

You who hover  
Around these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the treetops,  
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the roaring wind,  
How can you  
Bluster so angrily on this day!  
O roar not so!  
Be still, bow  
Softly and gently;  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

The child of heaven  
Endures the discomfort,  
Oh, how tired he has become  
Of earthly sorrow.  
Oh, now in sleep,  
Gently softened,  
His pain fades,  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold  
Comes rushing,  
How shall I cover  
The little child's limbs?  
O all you angels,  
You winged ones  
Wandering in the wind.  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

Translation by Lawrence Snyder & Rebecca Plack

Stranded in the United States after the outbreak of World War II, British born composer Rebecca Clarke is most notably recognized for her contribution to viola and chamber music in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Strikingly languorous and explosively dramatic in character, her songs for voice and piano exude an authentic emotional intensity that elevates English art song to an entirely new level of performance. Favoring poets of the British Isles, many of her songs feature dark tone colors, modal melodies, and a flair for dense, rhythmically complex textures. Often the role of the piano is hugely prominent and is of equal importance as the voice as a vehicle for expression and affect. Using the ubiquitous 1889 poem by Irish poet William Butler Yeats, about the willow gardens of Salley or “Saileán” near Ballysadare, Ireland.

*Down by the salley garden* preserves the famous folk tune on which it is based, but augments its modal roots while introducing a simple yet mesmerizing accompaniment of syncopated triplets. By minimally altering the rhythmic fabric and tonality of this well-known song, we are able to finally appreciate its melancholic message.

**Down by the salley gardens**

Down by the salley gardens  
my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens  
with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy,  
as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish,  
with her would not agree.

In a field by the river  
my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder  
she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy,  
as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish,  
and now am full of tears.

—William Butler Yeats, 1889

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## 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 (4<sup>th</sup> 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](mailto:sacredmusic@nd.edu) | [sacredmusic.nd.edu](http://sacredmusic.nd.edu)**