Sacred Music at Notre Dame

Presents

Soul of the Earth: A Journey Through Joy, Sorrow, Redemption and Gratitude

A Masters Second Year Voice Recital

Ginikachukwu Ohaji, *soprano*
Dror Baitel, *collaborative pianist*

Two September Songs 1. Through the Sunny Garden 2. The Valley and The Hill	Roger Quilter (1877-1953)
Nell, Op. 18, No. 1	Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
O The pleasure my Soul is Possessing From *Deborah*	G. F. Handel (1685-1759)
Aus Liebe From *St. Matthew Passion*	J. S.Bach (1685-1750)

Aleksandra Kemble *flute*

Avanti Urania!	Giacomo Puccini (1858–1924)

Intermission

From *Mörike-Lieder* 1. Er ist's 2. An den Schlaf	Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Karami	Angelo-Gabriel Ekum (b. 1994)

Emily Munn-Wood *cello*

Atógbójúlé	Angelo-Gabriel Ekum (b. 1994)

LaBar Recital Hall
Saturday, March 29th, 2025, 1:00pm

Ginikachukwu Ohaji is a student of Anne Slovin.
This is a degree recital for the Master of Sacred Music.

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

Tobenu Chukwu

Vincent Ihaza
(b. 1972)
Arr. Angelo-Gabriel Ekum

Aleksandra Kemble *flute*

Migratory V
From *Myths and Hymns*

Adams Guettel
(b. 1964)

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Acknowledgements

The piano used in this performance is a gift of David and Shari Boehnen. The Department of Music and the Program of Sacred Music at Notre Dame gratefully acknowledge the Boehnen's generosity in providing this instrument and the numerous ways they have supported the arts at Notre Dame.

The continuo organ used in this performance, Taylor and Boody, opus. 75, is a gift of the Geoffrey P. and Deborah L. Hunt Family. The Sacred Music Program at Notre Dame gratefully acknowledges the Hunt family's generosity.

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Program Notes

Texts and Translations

Through the Sunny Garden

Through the sunny garden
The humming bees are still;
The fir climbs the heather,
The heather climbs the hill

The low clouds have riven
A little rift through.
The hill climbs to heaven,
Far away and blue.
-Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

The Valley and The Hill

O the high valley, the little low hill,
And the cornfield over the sea,
The wind that rages and then lies still,
And the clouds that rest and flee!

O the grey island in the rainbow haze,
And the long thin spits of land,
The roughening pastures and the stony ways,
And the golden flash of the sand!

O the brown bracken, the blackberry bough,
The scent if the horse in the air!
I shall love them ever as I love them now,
I shall weary in Hwaven to be there!
-Mary Coleridge (1861-1907)

Nell

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair soleil,
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée;
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe dorée:
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille ombreuse
Monte un soupir de volupté;
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois écarté,

Nell

Your crimson rose in your bright sun
Glitters, June, in rapture;
Incline to me also your golden cup:
My heart is like your rose.

From the soft shelter of shady leaves
Rises a languorous sigh;
More than one dove in the secluded wood

Ô mon cœur, sa plainte amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel enflammé,
Étoile de la nuit pensive!
Mais combien plus douce est la clarté vive
Qui rayonne en mon cœur charmé!

La chantante mer, le long du rivage,
Taira son murmure éternel,
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère amour, ô Nell,
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!
-Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle(1818–1894)

Sings, O my heart, its love-lorn lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the blazing sky,
Star of meditative night!
But sweeter still is the vivid light
That glows in my enchanted heart!

The singing sea along the shore
Shall cease its eternal murmur,
Before in my heart, dear love, O Nell,
Your image shall cease to bloom!
-Richard Stokes

O The pleasure my Soul is Possessing

O the pleasure my soul is possessing at the prospect of mercies so dear!
May my bosom be ever expressing, with what raptures my God I revere.
-Samuel Humphreys (1697-1738)

Aus Liebe

Aus liebe will mein Heiland sterben,
Von einer sünde weiss er nichts,
Dass das ewigen Verderben
Und die strafe des Gerichts
Nichts auf meiner Seele bliebe.
-Christian Friedrich Henrici (1700-1764)

For Love

For love now would my Savior perish,
Of any sin he knoweth nought.
That eternal condemnation
And the sentence of the court
Not upon my soul continue.
-Tr Z. Philip Ambrose

Avanti Urania!

Io non ho l'ali, eppur quando dal molo
Lancio la prora al mar
Fermi gli alcioni sul potente volo
Si librano a guardar

Io non ho pinne, eppur quando i marosi
Niun legno osa affrontar
Trepidando, gli squali ardimentosi
Mi guardano passar

Simile al mio signor
Mite d'aspetto
Quanto e' forte in cuor

Forward Urania

I have no wings
but when I launch my prow into the sea from the wharf, the kingfishers, stopping their powerful flight, swoop down to watch

I have no fins, but no vessel dares to defy the billows,
The bold sharks fearfully
watch me pass

Just like my master
Gentle in appearance
And yet strong of heart

Le fiamme ho anch'io nel petto
Anch'io di spazio
Anch'io di gloria ho smania

Avanti, Urania!
-Renato Fucuni (1843-1921)

I, too, have flames in my chest;
I, too, am mad for space, for glory…

Forward, Urania!
-Tr Stephen Dubberly

Er ist's

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band
Wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;
Süsse, wohlbekannte Düfte
Streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.
Veilchen träumen schon,
Wollen balde kommen.
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!
Frühling, ja du bists!
Dich hab ich vernommen!
-Eduard Friedrich Mörike (d. 1817)

Spring is here

Spring sends its blue banner
Fluttering on the breeze again;
Sweet, well-remembered scents
Drift propitiously across the land.
Violets dream already,
Will soon begin to bloom.
Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!
Spring, that must be you!
It's you I've heard!
-Tr Richard Strokes

An den Schlaf

Schlaf! süsser Schlaf! obwohl dem Tod wie du nichts gleicht,
Auf diesem Lager doch willkommen heiss ich dich!
Denn ohne Leben so, wie lieblich lebt es sich!
So weit vom Sterben, ach, wie stirbt es sich so leicht!
-Eduard Friedrich Mörike (d. 1817)

To Sleep

Sleep! sweet sleep! though nothing so resembles death as you,
I bid you welcome to this couch!
For thus without life, how sweet it is to live!
So far from dying, ah, how easy it is to die!
-Tr Richard Stokes

Karami

Mu tuwarmu ta cutar da mu,
Wani abin bakin ciki,
makiyinmu yana cikin fada.
Abokinmu yana aiki don abokan gaba.
Ya kashe mahaifina kumayanzu dan'uwana

Bazan kara yin kuka ba.
Baza mu kara yin kuka ba
Za a tuna da sunan ka Karami
Makiyanku ma za su mutu

Karami! Za a tuna da sunan kai
Karami! Makiyanku za su mutu mika wuya

Karami

Death has wounded us, a sorrow profound.
The vicious, unwelcome guest,
Sheltered by a traitor in the palace of the King
A friend at the service of our foes.
Took my father's life, and now my brother.

My last tear for you has dropped
our sorrow will subside.
Your name Karami will echo through eternity.
Your enemies will face justice

Karami! Your name will echo through eternity.
Karami! Your enemies will surrender.

Yanzu ba muda sarki. Sojonji mu ba muda shugaba.
Fadar ta yi rashin babban mutum.
Sarautar Zazzau ba tada Sarki.
Amma wannan lokacin zai kare.
Ah! Karami!
-original text is in English and translated to Hausa by Kanje Ogúntádé (b. 1987)

Now the throne is vacant.
The army is without a leader.
The crown has lost a pearl
Zazzau is without a horn
But this moment won't last another sunset.
Ah! Karami
- Original text by Angelo-Gabriel Ekum

Atógbójúlé

Ilé ayé àwọ̀ ẹgbẹ̀fà
ìrìn àjò ẹ̀dá dà bíi àṣẹ̀ṣẹ̀ jáde akàn..
A ò mọ'bi t'ó́ń darí lọ,
Lọ́pọ̀ lọ́pọ̀ ìgbà n ó máa ronú,
Níbo lẹsẹ̀ ń gbé mi rè.
Ṣùgbọ́n nínú gbo gbo àìdánilójú wọ̀nyí
Kiníkan dámi lójú, ìfẹ́ tí Ọlọ́run ní sí mi

Ọ̀rẹ́ mi nígbà òjò, Ọ̀rẹ́ mi nígbà ẹ̀rùn,
Ọre mi nígbà otutù, Ọ̀rẹ́ mi nígbà oru.
Nígbà tí nkan ń dùn, àti nígbà t'ódojú rú.
Atógbójúlé!
Modúpẹ, modúpẹ̀pẹ́ òkun
Modúpẹ, nkòlè f'ẹnu sọ ọ́

Fún àdúrà t'ó gbà, Ọjọ́ríírí jẹ, tí mo jẹun bí ọba
Fún àdúrà tí kò gbà, ilé ọba t'ó jó ẹwà ló bù si
Fún àánú tí mo n rí gbà,
modúpẹ́ l'ọ́wọ́ igi lẹ́yìn ọgbà mi

Á máa ní'gbàtí òkùnkùn á ṣú biribiri
N óma sá hílàhílo fún ìràn lọ́wọ́
bíntí l'áákùkí n sọ ìrètí nù o.
Ṣùgbọ́n àsẹ̀hìn wá, àsẹ̀hìn bọ̀.
Ọba òkè á ṣí'jú àánú wò mí.
Á kó mi yọ, nínú u rúdurùdu
Mo r'ọ́pẹ́ dá!
-Ọmọlará Ọbayọ̀mí (b. 1999)

Dependable God

Life's uncertainties unfold in diverse colors.
We embark on our journey like a crab emerging from its shell, uncertain of the path ahead.
Often, I ponder…where are my feet leading me? Amidst the unknowns, one truth remains constant, God's unwavering love for me.

My friend in spring, drought, winter, and summer,
My friend in times of joy and strife.
Dependable God.
My gratitude is boundless!
It is beyond expression!

For answered prayers and days I feast like a king.
For unanswered prayers, every cloud has a silver lining.
For the mercies received, I am grateful my strength and refuge.

When there are dark clouds
and I yearn for guidance,
All hope seems lot.
But in the end,
The Lord looks upon me with mercy
And saves me from my distress.
I am grateful!
-Tr Angelo-Gabriel Ekum and Ọmọlará Ọbayọ̀mí

Tobenu Chukwu

Tobenu Chukwu,
Umu Chineke, tobenu Chukwu.
K'anyi tobe ya
Toonu ya, n'uno eze ya
Tobenu Chukwu

Oh! Tobenu Chukwu,
toonu ya, umu nwannem, umu nkeya
tobenu Chukwu, toonu ya

Tobenu Chukwu,
Umu Chineke, tobenu Chukwu kel'unu
Toonu ya.
-Vincent Ikponmwosa Ihaza (b. 1972)

Migratory V

We sail above the weather,
We search the ocean floor.
We rival our creation, still yearning for more.

But can we fly together,
A migratory V?
How wonderful if that's what God could see.

A single voice in whispered prayer
Can only pray to travel there.
But all as one, we sound the everlasting sound
and sing our salvation.

Aloft and in formation
A migratory V.
How wonderful if that's what God could see.
-Adam Guettel (b. 1964)

Praise God

Praise God,
God's people, praise him.
Let us praise him
Praise him in his house.
Praise God

Oh! praise God,
Praise him, my brethren, his own people,
Praise him.

Praise God,
God's people, praise our creator.
Praise him
-Tr Joseph Oparamanuike