

Sara Cox
soprano

Recital in partial fulfillment of the
Master of Music degree, 2024
Student of Jane Eaglen

with
J. J. Penna, piano

Sunday, April 21, 2024
4:00 p.m.
Burnes Hall

PROGRAM

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756–1791)

“Zeffiretti lusinghiere” from *Idomeneo*

Richard Strauss
(1864–1949)

from *Sechs Lieder, op. 68*

I. An die Nacht

II. Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden

IV. Als mir dein Lied erklang

Francis Poulenc
(1899–1963)

Fiançailles pour rire, FP 101

La dame d’André

Dans l’herbe

Il vole

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

Violon

Fleurs

Intermission

Ned Rorem
(1923–2022)

Early in the Morning

The Silver Swan

See How They Love Me

Pippa’s Song

Luigi Arditi
(1822–1903)

Il Bacio

I want to thank my coach and collaborator, JJ Penna, for his work on this recital.

*JJ, you saw the potential in my musicianship and helped me find the nuance
in all of the poetry, vocal coloration and phrasing.*

I have to remember to go back to the breath! :)

*You have stretched my imagination continuously,
and provided me with perspectives on this music and life. I am so thankful for that.*

I could not have done this program without your support.

I would also like to thank my voice teacher, Jane Eaglen.

It has been a dream to work with you for the past two years.

I look forward to our time together every week.

You inspire me to be creative, and you push me to be a better musician.

I have grown so much because of your guidance.

You help me to find the fun and meaning in my craft.

*Most importantly, you have supported my artistic choices
and you have given me confidence for my next steps... whatever they might be.*

I can't wait to continue working with you down the line.

Thank you so much for everything. You're fab!

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was one of the most influential composers of the classical era. While growing up in Salzburg, Bavaria, Mozart studied violin and keyboard while also starting his compositional career. Beginning with his prestigious court appointments, Mozart learned of the demands that came with patronage and aristocracy. Mozart wanted the freedom to compose without limitations on his artistic vision, so he left Salzburg and continued to write symphonic and operatic works. Through his collaboration with librettist Lorenzo Da Ponte, Mozart would achieve some of his greatest operatic successes such as *Così fan tutte* (1790), *Le nozze di Figaro* (1786), and *Don Giovanni* (1787). The classical duo, Mozart and Da Ponte, redefined the standard of operatic theater by combining previous constructs of musical form with a new concentration of realism and exploration of naturalism. Mozart's musical expansions, structural ideas, and rhythmic motives are fueled by his character's psychological and emotional journeys. These traits can be found throughout the aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri" from Mozart's *Idomeneo*. Published in 1781, Mozart explores the dramatic tensions of opera seria with librettist Giambattista Varesco. The elaborate and ornate language as well as the structure of the ensemble and marches remind scholars of the French operatic style. Yet, Mozart's attention to musical orchestration and vocal line creates an Italianate style throughout the work. In the aria, Ilia confesses her love and desire to Idamante. She begs the wind and plants to take her message to him.

Zeffiretti lusinghieri

*Zeffiretti lusinghieri,
Deh volate al mio tesoro:
E gli dite, ch'io l'adoro
Che mi serbi il cor fedel.*

*E voi piante, e fior sinceri,
Che ora inaffia il pianto amaro,
Dite a lui, che amor più raro
Mai vedeste sotto al ciel.*

Giambattista Varesco

Zephyrs gently flattering

Zephyrs gently flattering,
Oh fly to my beloved:
And, tell him that I adore him
And to keep his heart faithful to me.

And you plants and flowers sincere,
Which now are sprinkled with my bitter tears,
Say that a love more rare
You have never seen before beneath the sky.

Translation by Sara Cox

Richard Strauss, born 1864 and died 1949, was a German composer and conductor. Strauss began composing at the age of six, and he continued until his death. Known as a successor of Wagner and Liszt, Strauss also became known as a member of the late Romanticism era of composing and conducting along with Mahler. In the late 1800s, Strauss established his place on the world stage through his orchestral tone poems such as *Death and Transfiguration* (1889), *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* (1895), and *A Hero's Life* (1898). Strauss was born into a musical family and was taught composition from a young age. Franz Strauss, Richard's father, was a well known composer and horn player, and Richard studied with musicians such as Huber.

Eventually, Strauss became a conductor at the Munich Court Opera, and there he was introduced to the world of opera. Strauss's two first opera compositions were not successful. When he took a poem of Oscar Wilde's, however, and created the opera *Salome* (1905), he found great success in the opera world. He followed that success with *Elektra* (1909) and *Der Rosenkavalier* (1910). After his hiatus into the opera world, Strauss returned to setting poetry to music when he composed *Sechs Lieder op. 68* in 1918. In his personal life, Strauss married Pauline de Ahna, a soprano, and had a son. His family connections brought him up against the Nazis during WWII, and he was instrumental in saving his daughter in law, Alice, and his grandson's lives when they were abducted by the Gestapo. His close alignment with the Nazi's was a dark cloud over his reputation until he was cleared a year before his death.

An die Nacht

*Heilige Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Sternengeschloss'ner Himmelsfriede!
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,
Ist verbunden,
Alle Wunden
Bluten süß im Abendrot!*

*Bjelbog's Speer, Bjelbog's Speer
Sinkt in's Herz der trunknen Erde,
Die mit seliger Geberde
Eine Rose
Im dem Schoße
Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!*

*Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut!
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet.
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!*

To the Night

Holy night, holy night!
Star filled heavenly peace!
Everything that the light has divided,
Is connected,
All wounds
Bleed sweetly in the evening's red!

Byelobog's spear, Byelobog's spear
Sinks into the heart of the intoxicated earth,
That with a blissful gesture
A rose
Plunges into the womb
of the dark

Holy night! Chaste bride, chaste bride!
Your sweet shame is covered
by the wedding goblet's fullness
Itself is poured out
So flows
Into the lustful night and passionate day!

Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden

*Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,
Da kam die dunkle Nacht,
Kein Blümlein war zu finden,
Sonst hätt' ich Dir's gebracht.*

*Da flossen von den Wangen
Mir Tränen in den Klee,
Ein Blümlein aufgegangen
Ich nun im Garten seh.*

*Das wollte ich Dir brechen
Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
Da fing es an zu sprechen:
"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!*

*Sei freundlich im Herzen,
Betracht dein eigen Leid,
Und lasse mich in Schmerzen
Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"*

*Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
Im Garten ganz allein,
So hätt' ich Dir's gebrochen,
Nun aber darf's nicht sein.*

*Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,
Ich bin so ganz allein.
Im Lieben wohnt Betrüben,
Und kann nicht anders sein.*

Als mir dein Lied erklang

*Dein Lied erklang! Ich habe es gehört
Wie durch die Rosen es zum Monde zog,
Den Schmetterling, der bunt im Frühling flog
Hast du zur frommen Biene dir bekehrt;*

*Zur Rose ist mein Drang
Seit mir dein Lied erklang!*

*Dein Lied erklang! Die Nachtigallen klagen,
Ach, meiner Ruhe süßes Schwänenlied
Dem Mond, der lauschend von dem Himmel sieht,*

Den Sternen und den Rosen muß ich's klagen,

I wanted a bouquet to make

I wanted a bouquet to make,
Then came the dark night,
No little flower was to be found,
Or, I would have brought it to you.

Then tears flowed down my cheeks,
Onto the clover,
A little flower sprouted
I see now in the garden.

I wanted to pick it for you,
There in the dark clover,
But, it began to speak:
"Ah, do me no harm!

Be friendly in your heart,
Consider your own grief,
And, don't let me die in agony
Before my time!"

And, if it had not spoken,
In the garden all alone,
I would have picked it for you,
But, now that cannot be.

My sweetheart has stayed away,
I am utterly alone.
In love dwells sadness,
And, it cannot be otherwise.

Your song rang out to me

Your song rang out! I heard it,
Soaring through roses to the moon,
The butterfly, flying brightly in the spring,
You have transformed into a well-behaved
bee;

I yearn for the rose
Since your song rang out!

Your song rang out! The nightingales lament,
Ah, sweet swansong of my peace
To the moon, listening from the heavens
above,

I must lament to the stars and to the roses,

Wohin sie sich nun schwang,
Der dieses Lied erklang!

Dein Lied erklang! Es war kein Ton vergebens,
Der ganze Frühling, der von Liebe haucht,
Hat, als du sangest, nieder sich getaucht
Im sehnsuchtsvollen Strome meines Lebens,
Im Sonnenuntergang,
Als mir dein Lied erklang!

Clemens Brentano

I am soaring with peace,
Having heard your song!

Your song rang out! No tone was in vain,
The entire springtime breathes love,
Has, while you sang, emersed itself
In the lustful stream of my life,
At sunset,
As your song rang out!

Translation by Sara Cox

Francis Poulenc was considered to be one of the most prolific and significant art song and orchestral composers of the twentieth century. Born in 1899, Poulenc grew up in a musical family and was the youngest child of Émilie Poulenc and Jenny née Royer. He began piano lessons at the age of five, and by the age of eight, he was pouring over Debussy's musical scores. Later in life, he wanted to enroll in a music conservatory, but his father forced him to study at the Lycée Condorcet in Paris in order to take over the family business as a manufacturer. Poulenc continued working on his musical talents with Ricardo Viñes. By 1917, Poulenc had been introduced to several avant garde poets including Guillaume Apollinaire, Max Jacob, Paul Éluard and Louis Aragon, and he became a member of Les Six, a musical group of six composers who pushed the compositional limits of French impressionist music and Wagnerian musical styles. Some of Poulenc's most famous works include the piano suite *Trois mouvements perpétuels* (1919), *Les biches* (1923), and the opera *Dialogues des Carmélites* (1957). Poulenc's earlier compositions are known to be free spirited and enthusiastic whereas some of his later works deal with more serious themes such as loss. Poulenc fought with the French Resistance during the Second World War and wrote songs in defiance of the Nazi regime. Throughout the war, Poulenc accompanied the French baritone, Pierre Bernac. They formed a close artistic relationship throughout the years, and Poulenc wrote over 90 songs specifically for Bernac. In 1939, Poulenc composed the song cycle *Fiançailles pour rire*. His art song repertoire is known for expressing great lyricism and various musical textures with a complex integration of vocal melody line and piano accompaniment. The poetry throughout this cycle was written by Louise Lévêque de Vilmorin, who was a twentieth century French writer known for her vivid imagery yet delicate use of language. Poulenc's admiration for Vilmorin seeps through the musical structure within the cycle. Interestingly, he allows her writing to dictate his musical phrasing and compositional form. In 1963, Poulenc died of a heart attack and was buried with his family in Paris.

La dame d'André

*André ne connaît pas la dame
Qu'il prend aujourd'hui par la main.
A'telle un coeur à lendemains
Et pour le soir a'telle une âme?*

*Au retour d'un bal campagnard
S'en allait elle en robe vague
Chercher dans les meules la bague
Des fiançailles du hasard?*

*A'telle eu pour, la nuit venue,
Guettée par les ombres d'hier,
Dans son jardin, lorsque l'hiver,
Entrait par la grande avenue?*

*Il l'a aimée pour sa couleur
Pour sa bonne humeur di Dimanche.
Pâlir a'telle aux feuilles blanches
De son album des temps meilleurs?*

Dans l'herbe

*Je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.
Il est mort de sa belle
Il est mort de sa mort belle
Dehors
Sous l'arbre de la Loi
En plein silence
En plein paysage
Dans l'herbe.*

*Il est mort inaperçu
En criant son passage
En appelant, en m'appelant
Mais comme j'étais loin de lui
Et, que sa voix ne portait plus
Il est mort seul dans les bois
Sous son arbre d'enfance
Et je ne peux plus rien dire
Ni rien faire pour lui.*

André's Lady

André does not know the lady
That he takes by the hand today.
She has a heart for tomorrow
And, for the evening, does she have a soul?

Returning from a country ball
She was leaving in a vague dress
Search the millstones for the ring
A fated engagement?

Was she afraid when the night came,
Watched by the shadows of yesterday,
In his garden, during winter, did she enter the
main avenue?

He loved her for her color
For her good mood on Sunday.
Will she fade like white leaves
From his album of better times?

Translation by Sara Cox

In the grass

I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him.
He died for his fair one
He died a fair death
Outside
Beneath the tree of Justice
In utter silence,
in open country
In the grass.

He died unnoticed
Crying out as he passed away
Calling, calling me
But, since I was far from him
And since his voice no longer carried
He died alone in the woods
Beneath his childhood tree
And, I can say nothing more
Do nothing more for him

Il vole

*En allant se coucher le soleil
Se reflète au vernis de ma table:
C'est le fromage rond de la fable
Au bec de mes ciseaux de vermeil.*

Mais où est le corbeau? Il vole.

*Je voudrais coudre mais un aimant
Attire à lui toutes mes aiguilles.
Sur la place les joueurs de quilles
De belle en belle passent le temps.*

Mais où est mon amant? Il vole.

*C'est un voleur que j'ai pour amant.
Le corbeau vole et mon amant vole,
Voleur de cœur manque à sa parole
Et voleur de fromage est absent.*

Mais où est le bonheur? Il vole.

*Je pleure sous le saule pleureur
Je mêle mes larmes à ses feuilles
Je pleure car je veux qu'on me veuille
Et je ne plais pas à mon voleur.*

Mais où donc est l'amour? Il vole.

*Trouvez la rime à ma déraison
Et par les routes du paysage
Ramenez moi mon amant volage
Qui prend les cœurs et perd ma raison.*

Je veux que mon voleur me vole.

Stealing away

The sun as it sets
Is reflected in my polished table
It is the round cheese of the fable
In the beak of my silver scissors.

But where's the crow? Stealing away on its
wing.

I'd like to sew but a magnet
Attracts all my needles.
In the square the skittle-players
Pass the time playing game after game.

But where's my lover? Stealing away on his
wing.

I've a stealer for a lover,
The crow steals away and my lover steals,
The stealer of my heart breaks his word
And the stealer of cheese is absent.

But where is happiness? Stealing away on its
wing.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves
I weep because I want to be wanted
And because my stealer doesn't care for me.

But where can love be? Stealing away on its
wing.

Find the sense in my nonsense
And along the country ways
Bring back my wayward lover
Who steals hearts and robs me of my senses.

I want my stealer to steal me.

*Translation © Richard Stokes, author of A French
Song Companion (Oxford, 2000) provided via
Oxford International Song Festival
(www.oxfordsong.org)*

Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant

*Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant
Doux comme un gant de peau glacée
Et mes prunelles effacées
Font de mes yeux des cailloux blancs.*

*Deux cailloux blancs dans mon visage
Dans le silence deux muets
Ombres encore d'un secret
Et lords du poids mort des images.*

*Mes doigts tant de fois égarés
Sont joints en attitude sainte
Appuyés au creux de mes plaintes
Au noeud de mon coeur arrêté.*

*Et mes deux pieds sont les montagnes
Les deux derniers mont que j'ai vus
A la minute où j'ai perdu
La course que les années gagnent.*

*Mon souvenir est ressemblant,
Enfants emportez le bien vite,
Allez, allez, ma vie est dite.
Mon cadavre est doux comme un gant.*

Violon

*Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.*

*Ah! J'ai vu ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.*

*Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
A l'heure où les Lois se taisent.*

*Le coeur en forme de fraise
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.*

My corpse is as soft as a glove

*My corpse is as soft as a glove
Soft as a glove of icy skin
And my eyes fade
and turn into white stones.*

*Two white stones in my face
In the silence I hear two mute figures
Still shadowed by a secret
And images of weighted death.*

*My fingers show how much time has passed
And my joints are sainted
Supported in the depths of my complaints
Is the knot of my stopped heart.*

*And my two feet are the mountains
The last two mountains I saw
The minute I lost
The race that wins over the years*

*My memory is similar to,
Children take it away quickly,
Come on, come on, my life is over.
My corpse is soft like a glove.*

Translation by Sara Cox

Violin

*Loving couple of unknown dialects
Violin and player please me.*

*Ah! I hear these tense moans
Against the strings of discomfort.*

*To the sounds of strangled chords
At the hour when Law is silent.*

*The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.*

Translation by Sara Cox

Fleurs

*Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,*

*Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?*

*Sable de tes baisers, fleur des amours fanées
Les beaux yeux sont de cendre
Et dans la cheminée
Un coeur enrubanné de plaints
Brûle avec ses images saintes.*

Louise Lévêque de Vilmorin

Flowers

Flowers promised, flowers held in your arms,
Flowers emerging from the parentheses of a
step,

Who brought you these flowers in winter
Sprinkled with the sand of the seas?

Sand of your kisses, flower of faded loves
Beautiful eyes are ashen
And in the fireplace
A heart wrapped in complaints
Burns with its holy images.

Translation by Sara Cox

American composer and writer **Ned Rorem** changed the standard of contemporary English art song during the twentieth century. At an early age, Rorem was encouraged to pursue and study piano with Nuta Rothschild, who inspired his love for French impressionist musicians such as Debussy and Ravel. During his teenage years, Rorem began to explore composition inspired by American jazz and classical repertoire. In 1940, Rorem attended Northwestern University's School of Music and then transferred to Curtis Institute of Music in 1942. By 1943, Rorem moved to New York City to study at the Juilliard School where he met composers Leonard Bernstein and Virgil Thomson. Both of these composers influenced Rorem's compositional style as well as Aaron Copland, who was a lifetime friend and mentor of Rorem's. In 1949, Rorem moved to Morocco where he was inspired by the musical compositions of Les Six, a French group of neo classical composers. Later in his career, Rorem wrote diaries that alluded to past love affairs, exchanges and artistic relationships with many American and French historical figures. Francis Poulenc, who was a member of Les Six, was one of Rorem's lovers for a time in the 1950s. Rorem is most famous for his art song repertoire. He wrote over 500 pieces for the voice throughout his career. Many scholars have agreed that he was one of the leading American composers and writers of the twentieth and twenty first centuries. Rorem uses many different poets when setting his music including Walt Whitman, Sylvia Plath, and Robert Browning. He believed in the nature of speech patterns and the clarity of the English language. Rorem often used a single poet for one of his song cycles. In conjunction with the text, Rorem stressed the importance of an overarching tone or meaning throughout his vocal music. Depending on the work, Rorem highlighted the significance of musical structure and song order. He considered key progressions and harmonies when organizing transitions between pieces in his cycles. Interestingly, in the piece *The Silver Swan*, Rorem uses melismatic passages to bring out the poetry. Audiences hear the hauntingly beautiful call for peace through his accompaniment textures and coloration of the vocal line. Rorem died recently in 2022 in Manhattan.

Early in the Morning

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.

They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dash of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away.
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier,

I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

Robert Hillier

The Silver Swan

The silver swan, who living had no note,
When death approached unlocked her silent throat;
Ah! Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sung her first and last,
And sung no more;

Farewell, all joys;
O, death, come close mine eyes;
O, death,
O, farewell, all joys,
O death, come close my eyes
More geese than swans now live,
More fools than wise.

Anonymous

See How They Love Me

See how they love me,
Green leaf, gold grass,
Swearing my blue wrists,
Tick and are timeless.

See how it woos me,
Old sea, blue sea,
Curving a half moon
Round to surround me.

See how it wants me,
High sky, blue sky,
Letting the light be
Kindled to warm me.

Yet you rebuke me,
O love,
Love I only pursue.
See how they love me.

Howard Moss

Pippa's Song

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.

Robert Browning

Luigi Arditi was an Italian composer and conductor born in 1822. He is best known for his Italian operas although he started his musical career as a violinist. Arditi started composing in Italy but moved to Cuba and then the United States where he eventually composed for the Max Maretzek Italian Opera Company. Eventually, Arditi moved to London and lived out his days in England working for the Royal Opera Company. Some of his most famous operatic works are *I Briganti* (1841) and *La Spia* (1856). Arditi composed several art songs and waltzes throughout his compositional career such as *Le Tortorelle* (The Dove), *Parla!* (Speak!), and *Se Saran Rose* (Rosebuds). *Il Bacio*, which translates to "The Kiss," is one of his most famous pieces and was written specifically for the Italian soprano Marietta Piccolomini.

Il Bacio

*Sulle labbra se potessi,
dolce un bacio ti darei.
Tutte ti direi le dolcezze dell'amor. Ah!*

*Sempre assisa te d'appresso,
mille gaudii ti direi, Ah! ti direi.*

*Ed I palpiti udirei
che rispondono al mio cor.
Gemme e perle non desio,
non son vaga d'altro affetto;
Un tuo sguardo è il mio diletto,
Un tuo bacio è il mio tesor.
Ah! Vieni! più non tardare a me!
Ah! Vien! nell'ebbrezza d'un amplesso*

ch'io viva sol d'amor!

Gottardo Aldighieri

The Kiss

Upon my lips if I could,
I would give you a sweet kiss.
I would tell you everything about the
sweetness of love. Ah!

Always seated near you,
A thousand joys I would tell you, Ah! I would
tell you.

And, I would hear the throbbing of your heart
which answers my own heart.

Gems and pearls I do not desire,
Nor do I desire any other affection;

A single gaze from you is my delight,
A single kiss from you is my treasure.

Ah! Come! Do not delay me any longer!

Ah! Come! In the rapture of your intoxicating
embrace

that I live only on love!

Translation by Sara Cox

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