“Benedictus” ................................................... Johann Sebastian Bach
from *Mass in B Minor* (1685–1750)

Selections from *Die Winterreise* ........................................ Franz Schubert
II. Die Wetterfahne (1797–1828)
XI. Frühlingstraum
XV. Die Krähe
XX. Der Wegweiser
XXIV. Der Leiermann

INTERMISSION

*Fêtes galantes II* .......................................................... Claude Debussy
Les ingénus (1862–1918)
Le Faune
Colloque sentimental

*Oh fair to see* .......................................................... Gerald Finzi
1. I say I’ll seek her (1901–1956)
2. Oh fair to see
3. As I lay in the early sun
4. Only the wanderer
5. To Joy
6. Harvest
7. Since we loved

“A mes amis” .......................................................... Gaetano Donizetti
from *Le fille du Regiment* (1797–1848)
VOCALIST

JANE BROGDON ‘16, tenor, is a vocal performance major and studies with Dawn Padula. Her most recent roles include the Count Ory in Gioacchino Rossini’s *Le Comte Ory*, Nika Magadoff in a scene from Gian Carlo Menotti’s *The Consul*, and Georg Zirschnitz in Duncan Sheik’s *Spring Awakening*. After she graduates, Jane plans to take time off from school to pursue other passions, such as her love for baking, while also pursuing work with regional opera companies. In her spare time, Jane likes to read web comics such as *Problem Sleuth* and *Homestuck*, and watch sitcoms such as *Arrested Development*.

PIANIST

JINSHILYI ‘15 holds three bachelor’s degrees from University of Puget Sound in biochemistry, politics and government, and music, with a minor in mathematics. An avid collaborative pianist, Jinshil currently works as a staff accompanist at Puget Sound, and is in high demand for performances in the Tacoma-Seattle area. She is pianist and organist for several churches in her community. In addition Jinshil loves empowering and encouraging others to reach their fullest potential through her work as a freelance academic tutor, piano teacher, editor, and Korean-English interpreter.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to first and foremost thank my mother for her generosity, as without her I would not be able to afford my musical education four years in the making. I also would like to thank my friends and loved ones for their emotional support. Additionally, I would like to thank Jinshil, for being a dear friend, a dazzling accompanist, and an honor to work with. Lastly, I want to thank Dr. Padula for being the most incredible teacher I have ever had the opportunity to learn from, and for being a beloved mentor and friend. You have inspired me to love music more than any other teacher could have.

PROGRAM NOTES

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) was one of the most prolific composers of the Baroque era, and he continues to be one of the most respected composers of all time. Born into a large German musical family, Bach’s talents were nurtured from the beginning. Being the eighth youngest in his family, his older family members taught him the musical skills that were a staple of the Bach family. At 14 he started studying at St. Michael’s School of Music in Lüneburg, graduating within two years. During his lifetime, he held many jobs of musical prestige throughout Germany, including being a music director and composer for various royal figures, and cantor of the Thomasschule in Leipzig. During his career, Bach composed an immense repertoire of music, including concertos, cantatas, masses, and passions, all of which are praised for their intricate complexity, meticulous counterpoint, and motivic organization.

*Mass in B Minor* is a musical setting of the entire Ordinary of the Latin Mass, composed in 1733. Looking to claim the title of Electoral Saxon Court Composer, Bach dedicated the work to Augustus III following the death of Augustus II, but it was
yet incomplete. He composed the rest of it during the 1740s, encompassing the remaining sections of mass he had left out. Because Bach's status as a Lutheran conflicts with the mass’ Catholic nature, Bach's motivations have been debated for decades. The mass was never performed in its entirety during Bach's lifetime, but it is now regularly performed and recorded, and is a household name in classical music circles.

“Benedictus”
from Mass in B Minor
Benedictus qui venit,
In nomine Domini.

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) was an Austrian composer, renowned worldwide for his short-lived but prolific career, during which he published a wealth of works praised for their emotional sound that became a staple of the Romantic era. The son of a schoolmaster, Schubert began music lessons at age 7, learning from both his father and his siblings. A young Schubert started to receive acclaim when he was noticed by Antonio Salieri. He soon became a student at the Stadtkonvikt School, where he discovered his penchant for the Lieder tradition. A few years later, Schubert began teaching at the Normalhauptschule School, where his father worked. Over the next few years, he hit his stride as a composer, reaching musical maturity in the 1820s. He composed tirelessly until he died at the young age of 31, two months prior to his 32nd birthday, leaving behind a Romantic musical legacy that brought music to a new standard, both emotionally and dramatically.

Die Winterreise was composed in 1827, as Schubert’s illness worsened and his death approached. The song cycle’s content reflects the story of a depressive episode following unrequited love. Spurned by the woman they loved, the narrator ventures out into the icy wastes, reflecting on their life of hardship during their journey, their inevitable death looming as a crow circles above. In the end, the narrator does indeed perish, a mysterious hurdy-gurdy man welcoming them into the bittersweet release of the afterlife.

II. Die Wetterfahne
Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht’ ich schn in meinem Wahne,
Sie pfiff den armen Flüchtling aus.

Er hätt’ es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
So hätt’ er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.

Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

The Weathervane
The wind plays with the weathervane
On my lovely darling’s house.
And I thought in my delusion,
That it mocked the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed sooner
The symbol displayed on the house,
So he wouldn’t have expected
To find a faithful woman within.

The wind plays with the hearts inside
As it does on the roof, only not so loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.
XI. Frühlingstraum
Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai;
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen,
Von lustigem Vogelgeschrei.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrien die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben,
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Traümer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah?

Ich träumte von Lieb und Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz’ ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.

Die augen shließ’ ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das herz so warm.
Wann grunt ihr Blätter am Fenster?

Wann halt’ ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

Dream of Spring
I dreamed of many-colored flowers,
The way they bloom in May;
I dreamed of green meadows,
Of merry bird calls.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eye awakened;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens shrieked on the roof.

But on the window panes,
Who painted the leaves there?
I suppose you’ll laugh at the dreamer
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamed of love reciprocated,
Of a beautiful maid,
Of embracing and kissing,
Of joy and delight.

And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awakened;
Now I sit here all alone
And reflect on the dream.

I close my eyes again,
My heart still beats so warmly.
When will you leaves on the window
turn green?

When will I hold my love in my arms?

XV. Die Krähe
Eine Krähe war mit mir
Aus der Stadt gezogen,
Ist bis heute für und für
Um mein Haupt geflogen.

Krähe, wunderliches Tier,
Willst mich nicht verlassen?
Meinst wohl, bald als Beute hier
Meinen Leib zu fassen?

Nun, es wird nicht weit mehr geh’n
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich seh’n
Treue bis zum Grabe!

The Crow
A crow has accompanied me
Since I left the town,
Until today, as ever,
It has circled over my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
Won’t you ever leave me?
Do you plan soon as food
To have my carcass?

Well, I won’t be much longer
Wandering on the road.
Crow, let me finally see
Loyalty unto the grave!
XX. Der Wegweiser
Was vermeid’ ich den die Wege,  
Wo die ander’n Wand’rer geh’n,  
Suche mir versteckte Stege,  
Durch verschneite Felsenhöh’n?

Habe ja doch nichts begangen,  
Daß ich Menschen sollte scheu’n,  
Welch ein törichtiges Verlangen  
Treibt mich in die Wüstenei’n?

Weiser stehen auf den Straßen,  
Weisen auf die Städte zu.  
Und ich wanden sonder Maßen  
Ohne Ruh’ und suche Ruh’.

Einen Weiser seh’ ich stehen  
Undverrückt vor meinem Blick;  
Eine Straße muß ich gehen,  
Die noch keener ging zurück.

XXIV. Der Leiermann
Drüben hinterm Dorfe  
Steht ein Leiermann  
Und mit starren Fingern  
Dreht er was er kann.

Barfuß auf dem Eise  
Wankt er hin und her  
Und sein kleiner Teller  
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,  
Keiner sieht ihn an,  
Und die Hunde knurren  
Um den alten Mann.

Und er läßt es gehen,  
Alles wie es will,  
Dreht, und seine Leier  
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter!  
Soll ich mit dir geh’n?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern  
Deine Leier dreh’n?

Claude Debussy (1862–1918) was a French composer famous for his Impressionist compositional style. The eldest of five children, Debussy was born into a non-musical family; his mother was a seamstress, and his father owned a china shop. He began piano lessons at age 7, via the generosity of his aunt’s wallet, soon attracting the attention of Marie Mauté de Fleurville, who claimed to be a former pupil of a certain Chopin. Following this recognition, he entered the Paris Conservatoire at age 10, studying complex harmonies with big-name French composers of the era. Throughout

The Sign Post
Why then do I avoid the highways  
Where the other travelers go,  
Search out the hidden pathways  
Through the snowy mountaintops?

I’ve committed no crime  
That I should hide from other men  
What is this foolish compulsion  
That drives me into desolation?

Signposts stand along the highways  
Pointing to the cities,  
And I wander ever further  
Without rest and look for rest.

Before me I see a signpost standing  
Fixed before my gaze.  
I must travel a road  
From which no one ever returned.

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man
Over there beyond the village  
Stands an organ-grinder,  
And with numb fingers  
He plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice,  
He totters here and there,  
And his little plate  
Is always empty.

No one listens to him,  
No one notices him,  
And the dogs growl  
Around the old man.

And he just lets it happen,  
As it will,  
Plays, and his hurdy-gurdy  
Is never still

Strange old man,  
Shall I go with you?  
Will you play your organ  
To my songs?
his career, he experimented with nontraditional harmonies and tonalities to match the Symbolism movement of literature that inspired him so. Needless to say, he left a very unique musical footprint on the world of French music and beyond.

**Fêtes galantes II** is a set of vocal pieces composed in 1882 and set to the Symbolist poetry of Paul Verlaine. Each poem portrays its own take on love through different kinds of dissonance and nontraditional harmony. Though similar in their ethereal nature, in summation they encompass different ideals and philosophies, the music itself becoming as symbolic as the text. Altogether, they express a cynical attitude toward love.

---

**Les ingénus**

Poetry by Paul Verlaine

Les hauts talons luttaient avec les, longues jupes
En sorte que, selon le terrain et le vent,
Parfois luisaient des bas de jambes, trop souvent
Interceptés—et nous aimions ce jeu de dupes.

Parfois aussi le dard d’un insecte jaloux
Inquiétait le col des belles sous les branches,
Et c’était des éclairs soudains de nuques, blanches
Et ce régal cmblait nos jeunes yeux de fous.

Le soir tombait, un soir équivoque d’automne:
Les belles, se pendant rêveuses à nos bras,
Dirent alors des mots si spécieux, tout bas,
Que notre âme depuis ce temps tremble et s’étonne.

---

**The ingenuous**

High heels were struggling with a full-length dress
So that, between the wind and the terrain,
At times a shining stocking would be seen,
And gone too soon. We liked that foolishness.

Also, at times a jealous insect’s dart
Bothered out beauties. Suddenly a white Nape
Flashed beneath the branches, and this sight
Was a delicate feast for a young fool’s heart.

Evening fell, equivocal, dissembling,
The women who hung dreaming on our arms
Spoke in low voices, words that had such charms
That ever since our stunned soul has been trembling.

---

**Le Faune**

Poetry by Paul Verlaine

Un vieux faune de terre cuite
Rit au centre des boulingrins,
Présageant sans doute une suite mauvaise à ces instants sereins

Qui m’ont conduit et t’ont conduite,
Mélancoliques pèlerins,
Jusqu’à cette heure dont la fuite tournoie au son des tambourins.

---

**The Dancing Faun**

Wrought in ancient, crumbling plaster,
Laughing, pointing, a dancing faun stood
Presaging, no doubt, disaster
To all who trespassed in his wood

We troed the path in youthful gladness
Led by love and happy chance
Giddy with youth and summer madness
Caught in the whirl of Love’s mad dance.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Colloque sentimental</th>
<th>Sentimental dialogue</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Poetry by Paul Verlaine</em></td>
<td><em>In the old park’s desolation and frost</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé</td>
<td>The paths of two ghostly figures have crossed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deux formes ont tout à l’heure passé.</td>
<td>Their eyes are dead and their lips slack and gray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leurs yeux sont morts et leur lèvres sont molles,</td>
<td>And one can scarcely hear the words they say</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et l’on entend à peine leurs paroles.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé</td>
<td>In the old park’s desolation and frost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.</td>
<td>Two spectres have been evoking the past.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne?</td>
<td>“Do you recall our bliss of that September?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu’il m’en souvienne?</td>
<td>“Why ever should you wish me to remember?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom?</td>
<td>“Now when you hear my name does your heart-rate grow?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve?</td>
<td>Do you still see me in your dreams?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non.</td>
<td>“No.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ah ! Les beaux jours de bonheur indicible</td>
<td>“Ah, the enchantment of loving so dearly,”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Où nous joignions nos bouches!</td>
<td>Those kisses that we shared!”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C’est possible.–</td>
<td>“Did we really?”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qu’il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l’espoir!</td>
<td>“Skies were so blue and hopes so high, so proud!”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L’espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.</td>
<td>“Defeated hope has fled in a somber cloud.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines folles,</td>
<td>Thus did they walk in the wild grass swaying.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.</td>
<td>Only the night heard the words they were saying.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Gerald Finzi** (1901–1956) was a British composer best known for his choral music and other vocal compositions. He started his compositional studies when his family settled in Harrogate during World War I, under teacher Ernest Farrar. The eventual death of Farrar, as well as three of his brothers, led him to find solace in the somber writings of British poets. Thus, his musical legacy is one that is British to the utmost, with an elegiac twist.

**Oh fair to see** is a short song cycle composed throughout the late 1920s and early 1930s that exemplifies Finzi’s strikingly bleak compositional style. The lyrics themselves have an ominous air about them, and the winding vocal line and stark,
sometimes dissonant accompaniment only add to the drear mood. The cycle is set to bittersweet tales from a plethora of different British composers, many of which Finzi had personal relationships with.

1. I say I’ll seek her
   Poetry by Thomas Hardy
I say “I’ll seek her side
Ere hin’drance interposes;”
But eve in midnight closes,
And here I still abide.

When darkness wears
I see Her sad eyes in a vision;
They ask, “What indecision
Detains you, Love, from me?

The creaking hinge is oiled,
I have unbarred the backway,
But you tread not the trackway;
And shall the thing be spoiled?

Far cock-crows echo shrill,
The shadows are abating,
And I am waiting, waiting,
But O, you tarry still.”

2. Oh fair to see
   Poetry by Christina Rossetti
Oh fair to see
Bloom-laden cherry tree,
Arrayed in sunny white,
An April day’s delight;
Oh fair to see!

Oh fair to see
Fruit-laden cherry tree,
With balls of shining red
Decking a leafy head;
Oh fair to see!

3. As I lay in the early sun
   Poetry by Edward Shanks
As I lay in the early sun, stretched in the grass,
I thought upon my true love,
My dear love, who has my heart forever.

She is my happiness when we meet,
My sorrow when we sever.
She is all fire when I do burn,
Gentle when I moody turn.
Brave when I am sad and heavy,  
And all laughter when I am merry.  

And so I lay and dreamed and dreamed,  
And so the day wheeled on,  
While all the birds with thoughts like mine  
Were singing to the sun.

4. Only the wanderer  
Poetry by Ivor Gurney  

Only the wanderer  
Knows England's graces,  
Or can anew see clear  
Familiar faces.

And who loves joy as he  
That dwells in shadows?  
Do not forget me quite,  
O Severn meadows.

5. To Joy  
Poetry by Edmund Blunden  

Is not this enough for moan  
To see this babe all motherless  
A babe beloved thrust out alone  
Upon death's wilderness?

Our tears fall, fall, fall  
I would weep  
My blood away to make her warm  
Who never went on earth one step,  
Nor heard the breath of the storm.

How shall you go, my little child,  
Alone on that most wintry wild?

6. Harvest  
Poetry by Edmund Blunden  

So there's my year, the twelve-month duly told  
Since last I climbed this brow and gloated round  
Upon the lands heaped with their wheaten gold,  
And now again they spread with wealth imbrowned—  
And thriftless I meanwhile,  
What honeycombs have I to take, what sheaves to pile?

I see some shriveled fruits upon my tree,  
And gladly would self-kindness feign them sweet;  
The bloom smelled heavenly, can these straggles be  
The fruit of that bright birth? And this wry wheat,  
Can this be from those spires  
Which I, or fancy, saw leap to the spring sun's fires?
peer, I count, but anxious is not rich,
My harvest is not come, the weeds run high;
Even poison berries ramping from the ditch
Have stormed the undefended ridges by;
What Michaelmas is mine!
The fields I sought to serve, for sturdier tillage pine.

But, hush—
Earth's valley's sweet in leisure lie;
And I among them wandering up and down
Will taste their berries, like the bird or fly,
And of their gleanings make both feast and crown.
The Sun's eye laughing looks.
And Earth accuses none that goes among her stooks.

7. Since we loved
   Poetry by Robert Bridges
Since we loved,
(The earth that shook as we kissed, fresh beauty took)
Love hat been as poets’ paint,
Life as heaven is to a saint;
All my joys my hope excel,
All my work hath prosper'd well,
All my songs have happy been,
O my love, my life, my queen.

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) was an Italian composer known for his incredibly vast bel canto operatic repertory. Despite not being born into a musical family, he showed enough musical promise at an early age to be accepted into the tutelage of Simon Mayr, a composer of note at the time. Under Mayr's wing he developed his acclaimed fugue and counterpoint techniques. Later, Donizetti studied at the Bologna Academy. During his time there, he started composing operas and never truly stopped until his health deteriorated and he died. He knew great prestige during his compositional career, writing operas for major opera houses in cities all around Europe, especially within Italy.

"A mes amis" takes place at the end of Act 1 of Le fille du Regiment. Tonio, the singer, has just proudly enlisted in the Marquise's military ranks in order to impress his love, Marie. In a bout of overwhelming joy, he sings of the pride he feels for being made a soldier, and the ardor he feels regarding the love of his life.

"A mes amis"  "To my friends"
   from Le fille du Regiment       The Daughter of the Regiment
Libretto by Jules-Henri Vernoy de Saint-Georges and Jean-François Bayard
Ah, my friends, what a day for celebrating!
I shall march under your flags.
Love, which has turned my head,
From now on is making me into a hero.
Ah what happiness!

Je vais marcher sous vos drapeaux.
L'amour que m'a tourné la tête
Désormais me rend un héros.
Ah! Quel bonheur!

Ah, my friends, what a day for celebrating!
I shall march under your flags.
Love, which has turned my head,
From now on is making me into a hero.
Ah what happiness!
Oui, celle pour qui je respire,
A mes voeux a daigné sourire.
Et ce doux espoir de bonheur,
Trouble ma raison et mon coeur.
Pour mon âme quel destin!
J’ai sa flame, et j’ai sa main!
Jour prospère me voici!
Militaire et Mari!
J’en fais serment.

Yes, she for whom I live and breathe,
Has deigned to smile upon my vows.
And this sweet hope of happiness
Ah! Has shaken my mind and my heart.
For my soul, what fate!
I have her flame, and I have her hand!
Prosperous day, behold:
The military and Mari!
I swear.

UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES
All events free unless noted otherwise.
Ticketed = contact Wheelock Information Center, 253.879.3100,
or online at tickets.pugetsound.edu

E = exhibit          F = film          L = lecture          M = music          T = theater          O = other

M    SUNDAY, APRIL 3
Student Recital: Minna Stelzner ‘16, saxophone
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

L    MONDAY, APRIL 4
“Washi Arts”
Linda Marshall, expert in Japanese paper, tools, and supplies
for creative artists and businesses
Part of the Behind the Archives Door series
Collins Memorial Library, Second Floor, 4–5 p.m.

F    MONDAY, APRIL 4
Touch of the Light from Taichung, Taiwan
Part of the Sister Cities International Film Festival
Rasmussen Rotunda, Wheelock Student Center, 7 p.m.

L    TUESDAY, APRIL 5
“Unnatural Border: Race and Environment at the U.S.-Mexico Divide”
Mary Mendoza, University of Vermont
Part of the La Frontera: The U.S.-Mexico Border series
Wyatt Hall, Room 109

L    THURSDAY, APRIL 7
“Unless the Indians are Willing: Flathead Resistance in the 1905 Journals of Abby Williams Hill”
Tiffany MacBain, assoc. professor, English department, and Laura Edgar, Abby Williams Hill curator
Collins Memorial Library, 2nd Floor, 7–8 p.m.

L    THURSDAY, APRIL 7
“Inking Outside the Box: How to Find Editorial Work in Unexpected Places”
Mia Lipman, senior editor, Yesler Creative Agency; principal editor, Dots & Dashes
Thompson Hall, Room 193, 5–6:30 p.m.
M  FRIDAY, APRIL 8
University Symphony Orchestra
Wesley Schulz, conductor
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

M  SATURDAY, APRIL 9
Student Recitals
Schneebeck Concert Hall
2 p.m. Senior Recital: Jenna Tatyatrairong, clarinet
5 p.m. Senior Recital: Faithlina Chan, cello
7:30 p.m. Senior Recital: Anna Schierbeek, cello

M  SUNDAY, APRIL 10
Student Recitals
Schneebeck Concert Hall
5 p.m. Senior Recital: Stephen Abeshima, euphonium
7:30 p.m. Senior Recital: Gavin Tranter, trumpet

F  MONDAY, APRIL 11
Legenda No. 17 from Vladivostok, Russia
Part of the Sister Cities International Film Festival
Rasmussen Rotunda, Wheelock Student Center, 7 p.m.

F/L  TUESDAY, APRIL 12
Aby Warburg: Metamorphosis and Memory
Judith Wechsler, filmmaker
Screening and lecture
Rausch Auditorium, McIntyre Hall, Room 003, 5 p.m.

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