

SENIOR RECITAL
SAM CROSBY-SCHMIDT ’22, TENOR
KIM DAVENPORT, PIANO

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 2022
SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL | 8:30 P.M.

PROGRAM

From *Winterreise*……...Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
II. Die Wetterfahne
XI. Frühlingstraum
XV. Die Krähe
XXIV. Der Leiermann

"Ecco, ridente in cielo"……..……Gioachino Rossini (1792–1868)
from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

From *Shadow of Dawn:*……...Richard O. Thompson
Five Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar (2000)
Dawn
Love's Apotheosis
Sympathy

Nevicata…….....Ottorino Respighi (1879–1936)
Nebbie arr. Sam Crosby-Schmidt (b. 2000)
Notturno

Eli Chenevert '22, violin
Kaitlyn Seitz '21, MAT'22, violin
Charlotte Saric '23, viola
Sophie Paul '22, cello

INTERMISSION

"Del Destino" from *Florencia en el Amazonas*…….Daniel Catán (1949–2011)

L'heure Exquise……..Poldowski (1879–1932)
Colombine
From *6 Mélodies et une havanaise*……..…...Pauline Viardot (1821–1910)
Hai Luli!
Havanaise

"It Only Takes A Taste" from *Waitress*……..Sara Bareilles (b. 1979)

Riley Granger '21, MAT'22, soprano

"30/90" from *tick, tick… BOOM!*……..Jonathan Larson (1960–1996)
"Goodbye" from *Catch Me If You Can*……..Marc Shaiman (b. 1959)

Reception following the program in the School of Music foyer.

PERFORMERS

Sam Crosby-Schmidt '22, tenor is pursuing a Bachelor of Music degree in vocal performance, studying under Dr. Dawn Padula. Sam is a member of the Adelphian Concert Choir, where they are current Tour Manager, as well as Garden Level A Cappella, where they are current Musical Director. They have performed the roles of "Tiger" Jack Brown in *The Threepenny Opera*, E.T.A. Hoffmann in scenes from *The Tales of Hoffmann*, Archie Craven in scenes from *The Secret Garden*, and Frederic in *The Pirates of Penzance*, along with preparing the role of Steven Kodaly in *She Loves Me*. Aside from singing, Sam also plays cello in the University of Puget Sound Symphony Orchestra, is a member of Ubiquitous They Improv Comedy, and is a leader of Ubiquitous They Sketch Comedy.

Kim Davenport, piano has been working as a professional musician since her teen years, with extensive work as a collaborative artist. As a performer, she is primarily interested in new and under-represented works – whether for solo keyboard or in a chamber music setting. Her primary focus in recent years has been works of black composers. Kim holds undergraduate degrees in music and piano performance from the University of Washington, and completed her Master of Music in piano performance at Northwestern University.

Kim maintains a private piano studio in Tacoma, and also teaches a variety of music classes at the University of Washington Tacoma and University of Puget Sound. In this work, she is able to draw connections between her life as a musician and her more academic research and writing interests. She is a published scholar of local history, with a focus on Tacoma's musical past.

Kim was active for nearly 20 years in the critically acclaimed Duo Alea, the bass clarinet/piano duo she formed with her father, Michael Davenport. The Duo's performances and recordings brought local and world premieres of several important works for bass clarinet & piano. The Duo were also active in music publishing, forming the independent firm Alea Publishing & Recording in 1997 to produce their own recordings and make available music for the bass clarinet.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Sam would like to thank the following: their family for all of their support and encouragement and for all of the living room quartets past and future; Riley, Lauren, Lily, Gabe, and all their friends and classmates who have supported and pushed them; Eli, Kaitlyn, Charlotte, and Sophie for their time, work, musicality, and friendship; their high school music teachers, Daryl Timmer and Ryan Jensen, and Dr. Shari Speer for giving them the resources and skills to pursue their passion; Jeff Caldwell for his invaluable insight, talent, and mentorship throughout Sam's time at Puget Sound; Kim Davenport for her incredible collaboration and for her passion for music and justice; and Dr. Padula for sharing her tremendous musical knowledge, for her insightful coaching, and for all of her support and guidance over the last four years.

PROGRAM NOTES AND TRANSLATIONS
Written and Compiled by Sam Crosby-Schmidt

Franz Schubert was an early Romantic Viennese composer known mainly for his chamber music, Lieder, and song cycles. He finished the last of these cycles, ***Winterreise***, in the last year of his life. Despite the fact that *Winterreise* consists of gloomy texts (by Wilhelm Müller) set to equally dark music, Schubert considered them some of his favorite works. The song cycle shows a lovesick wanderer in a wintry landscape that reflects his mood. In **"Die Wetterfahne,"** the speaker bitterly observes the weathervane whistling in the wind from the roof of his beloved's house. In **"Frühlingstraum,"** the speaker dreams of spring and love, but his hopes are dashed when the crowing rooster awakens him in his cold room. He bemoans his loneliness in **"Die Krähe,"** and begs the crow that has followed him out of the town to never leave him.The final song of the cycle, **"Der Leiermann,"** depicts an old man playing the hurdy-gurdy for uncaring passersby as he staggers across the ice.

Die Wetterfahne

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

The Weathervane

The wind plays with the weathervane
Atop my beautiful beloved's house.
In my delusion I thought
It was whistling at the poor fugitive.

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.

If he had seen it before,
The crest above the house,
Then he never would have looked for
A woman's fidelity in that house.

The wind plays with hearts within
As on the roof, but not so loudly.
What is my suffering to them?
Their child is a rich bride.

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 schrieen die Raben vom Dach.

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

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

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

Die Augen schließ ich wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt ich mein Liebchen im arm?

Dream of Spring

I dreamt of colorful flowers,
Such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
Of merry bird songs.

And when the roosters crowed,
My eyes awoke;
It was cold and dark,
The ravens were shrieking on the roof.

But there on the windowpanes,
Who painted those leaves?
Do you laugh at the dreamer,
Who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of requited love,
Of a beautiful girl,
Of hearts and of kisses,
Of bliss and happiness.

And when the roosters crowed,
My heart awoke;
Now I sit here alone,
And think about my dream.

I shut my eyes again,
My heart still beats warmly.
When will you leaves on my window turn green?
When will I hold my beloved in my arms?

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 gehn
An dem Wanderstabe.
Krähe, laß mich endlich sehn
Treue bis zum Grabe!

The Crow

A crow was with me
From out of the town,
Even up to this moment
It circles over my head.

Crow, strange creature,
Will you not forsake me?
Do you intend, very soon,
To take my corpse as food?

Well, it is not much farther
That I wander with my staff in hand.
Crow, let me see at last
A fidelity that lasts to the grave!

Der Leiermann

Drüben hinter'm 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 gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

There, behind the village,
stands a hurdy-gurdy-man,
And with numb fingers
he plays the best he can.
Barefoot on the ice,
he staggers back and forth,
And his little plate
remains ever empty.

No one wants to hear him,
no one looks at him,
And the hounds snarl
at the old man.

And he lets it all go by,
everything as it will,
He plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
is never still.

Strange old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you play your hurdy-gurdy
to my songs?

Translation from lieder.net

Il Barbiere di Siviglia *(The Barber of Seville)* is arguably the most famous opera in the entire Western canon. Premiered in 1816, it is a late example of the comedic opera buffa genre. **"Ecco, ridente in cielo"** appears at the beginning of the first act, sung by the young Count Almaviva. He has disguised himself as a poor student, and is serenading the beautiful Rosina from beneath her window. She does not appear, but the aria sets the stage for all the hijinks that follow in Almaviva's attempts to woo her, aided by the titular barber, Figaro.

"Ecco, ridente in cielo" **Libretto by Cesare Sterbini**	**"There, in the smiling sky"**
Ecco, ridente in cielo spunta la bella aurora, e tu non sorgi ancora e puoi dormir cosi'?	There, in the smiling sky, the lovely dawn is breaking, and you are not awake, and you are still asleep?
Sorgi, mia dolce speme, vieni, bell'idol mio; rendi men crudo, oh Dio, lo stral che mi feri'.	Arise, my sweetest love, oh come, my treasured one, soften the pain, oh God, of the dart which pierces me.
Oh sorte! gia' veggo quel caro sembiante; quest'anima amante ottenne pieta'.	Oh joy! Do I now see that dearest vision: has she taken pity on this soul in love!
Oh istante d'amore! Felice momento! Oh dolce contento! che eguale non ha!	Oh, moment of love! Oh, moment divine! Oh, sweet contentment which is unequalled!

Translation from opera-arias.com

Richard O. Thompson is a living Afro-Scottish composer originally from Aberdeen. Currently a professor emeritus of music at San Diego State University, his works span both jazz and classical traditions, and range from song cycles and chamber operas to jazz quartets. His song cycle ***Shadow of Dawn*** was premiered in 2000, and features five poems by Harlem Renaissance poet Paul Laurence Dunbar. The first movement, **"Dawn,"** is a contemplative prelude depicting the loving moon and a still night.

"Love's Apotheosis" features an earnest love poem set to a winding vocal melody and a warmly bubbling piano line infused with hints of jazz harmony. In **"Sympathy,"** Thompson sets Dunbar's classic poem with longing, thorny harmonies under a mournfully trapped vocal line.

Born in Bologna, Italy in 1879, **Ottorino Respighi** is perhaps best known for his orchestral works like *Pini di Roma (Pines of Rome)*. However, the bulk of his work prior to his 1913 move to Rome was vocal music, including both large-scale operas and cantatas, and small scale art songs. Published in 1906, ***Nevicata*** *(Snowfall)* describes snowflakes swirling down from the sky, bringing peaceful stillness. In that quiet, Negri's poem describes the heart turning inward and thinking about a past love. ***Nebbie*** *(Mists)*, also originally published in 1906, depicts a dreary scene of loneliness, despair, and crows. The bleak text is augmented by the hypnotically repetitive rhythms of the piano, along with a slow and tortured cycle of ascending and descending scales. ***Notturno*** *(Nocturne)* was one of Respighi's earliest songs, first published in 1896. The text depicts a nightingale singing from a dewy rosebush in the moonlight, and the speaker reflects on the wonderful mysteries of life and nature as they invite their loved one to walk with them towards a cozy little house.

Nevicata

Sui campi e sulle strade
Silenziosa e lieve,
Volteggiando, la neve
Cade.

Danza la falda bianca
Ne l'ampio ciel scherzosa,
Poi sul terren si posa
Stanca.

In mille immote forme
Sui tetti e sui camini,
Sui cippi e nei Giardini Dorme.

Snowfall

On the fields and in the streets
Silent and light,
Twirling, the snow
Falls.

The white snowflake dances
In the wide sky jokingly,
And then settles on the ground
Tired.

In a thousand motionless shapes
On rooftops and on paths,
On headstones and in gardens

Tutto dintorno è pace:
Chiuso in obblìo profondo,
Indifferente il mondo
Tace…

Ma ne la calma immensa
Torna ai ricordi il core,
E ad un sopito amore
Pensa.

Everything around is peace:
Closed in profound oblivion,
The indifferent world
Is quiet…

But in the immense calm
The heart turns to memories,
And about a faded love
Reminisces.

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 destinto
    Vola;
E mi ripete: Vieni;
È buia la vallata.
O triste, o disamata
    Vieni! Vieni!

Mists

I suffer. Far, far away
the sleeping mists
rise from the silent
    plain.
Shrilling cawing, the crows,
trusting their black wings
cross the heath
    grimly.

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

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!

Notturno

Su' cespugli, vezzose,
In un sopor beato
Si chinan le rose;
L'usignolo, celato
Tra le foglie rugiadose,
Gorgheggia inammorato.
O, che dolce mistero,
Che fascino gentile
Pe'l tiepido sentiero!...
Vieni, a ninfa simile,
Col passo tuo leggero
Tra li aliti d'aprile;
E un bel nido fiorente,
Una capanna bruna
M'accoglierà silente.
A la dolce fortuna,
Col raggio pi lucente,
Sorriderà la luna!...

Nocturne

In the bushes, charming,
In a blissful daze
Roses bend down;
The nightingale, hidden
Among the dewy leaves
Is warbling, enamored.
Oh, what a sweet mystery,
What a gentle fascination,
Along the warm walkway!...
Come, like a nymph,
With your light step
Between the breaths of April;
And a beautiful flourishing nest,
A brown hut
Will welcome me silently.
On sweet fortune,
With the brightest ray,
The moon will shine!...

Translations from lieder.net

Daniel Catán was born in Mexico City in 1949, and is known primarily for his operas, though he has also written orchestral works, chamber pieces, art songs, film and television scores, musical theater, and traditional Latin pop. His third opera ***Florencia en el Amazonas*** was the first Spanish-language opera commissioned by a major US opera company, and received its 1996 premiere at Houston Grand Opera. This mystical opera tells the story of a famous singer's journey to return to her lover, and is set on a riverboat on the Amazon. Two of the boat's other passengers, Arcadio and Rosalba, begin to form a connection after Arcadio saves Rosalba's notebook from falling into the water. She asks Arcadio why he feels stuck in such a wonderful place, and in "***Del destino***" he replies that his destiny is to become a pilot and soar through the skies.

"Del destino"
Libretto by Marcela Fuentes-Berain

Del destino
Yo quiero ser piloto

Volar, sentir en el pecho
el empuje de los vientos
el retumbe de los truenos

Como el aura en la tormenta
En la bóveda suspensa
que cobija tierra y mar
Volar sin rumbo, volar

Volar venciendo el vértigo
Girar sobre el planeta
Vagar como una estrella fugaz

Volar sin rumbo
perderme en la noche
lanzarme al fin
y con un simple roce
el alba entera incendiar

"My fate"

My fate
I want to be a pilot

To fly, to feel
the wind on my chest
and the crashing of thunder

To feel like the aura of the storm
in the dome of the sky
that cloaks earth and sea
To fly without direction, to fly

To fly defeating vertigo
To circle the planet
and burn like a shooting star

To fly without direction
to lose myself in the night
to reach the world's edge
and with a simple touch
to set the skies on fire

Translation by Thomas Catán

Poldowski, also known as Lady Irene Dean Paul, was a Polish-English composer, pianist, and conductor around the turn of the twentieth century. She had a successful career as both a performer and a conductor, and was well respected as a composer by her contemporaries. Her style is influenced by French Late Romantic and Impressionist techniques, and the majority of her art songs are settings of French poems. ***L'heure Exquise*** paints a picture of a couple's serene evening in a shady grove by a pond. In ***Colombine***, Verlaine's text describes a typical Italian commedia dell' arte plot, describing a group of clownish stock characters dancing in a circle around the object of their affection, a crafty young lady named Colombine. **Pauline Viardot** was born in 1821 to a very musical Parisian family.

Her father Manuel García I originated many of Rossini's tenor roles, her sister Maria Malibran was a celebrated mezzo-soprano and composer, and her brother Manuel García II would become known as the father of modern vocal pedagogy. Viardot herself found success as both a voice teacher and composer, but spent the majority of her career singing soprano and mezzo-soprano roles on prestigious opera stages across Europe. In ***Hai Luli!*** the speaker broods nervously over their lover's absence, ther anxiety increasing the longer they wait. The Spanish-style ***Havanaise*** is a theme and variations that Viardot likely wrote to highlight her own vocal agility and stamina. The text paints a picture of glittering waves, and tells of the sea calling to the speaker in charming song. The four selections by Poldowski and Viardot will be performed together as a set.

L'heure Exquise
Poem by Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée…

O bien-aimée!
L'étang reflète,
Profoud miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure…

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise…

C'est l'heure exquise.

The exquisite hour
Translation from collection

The white moon
Shines through the trees
From each branch
Comes a voice
Under the boughs…

Oh my beloved!
The pond reflects
As a deep mirror
The outline
Of the black willow
Where the wind weeps…

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Calm
Seems to descend
From the heavens
With the iridescent star…

It is the exquisite hour.

Colombine
Poem by Paul Verlaine

Léandre le sot,
Pierrot qui d'un saut
De puce
Franchit le buisson,
Cassandre sous son
Capuce,

Arlequin aussi,
Cet aigrefin si
Fantasque
Aux costumes fous,
Ses yeux luisants sous
Son masque,

—Do, mi, sol, mi, fa,—
Tout ce monde va,
Rit, chante
Et danse devant
Une belle enfant
Méchante
Dont les yeux pervers
Comme les yeux verts
Des chattes
Gardent ses appas
Et disent: "À bas
Les pattes!"

Eux ils vont toujours!
Fatidique cours
Des astres,
Oh! dis-moi vers quels
Mornes ou cruels
Désastres

L'implacable enfant,
Preste et relevant
Ses jupes,

Columbine
Translation from Collection

Leander the fool
Pierrot who with a hop
Like a flea
Jumps over the shrubbery
Cassander under his
Cloak,

Harlequin also
This cunning trickster so
Fantastic
In his crazy costume
His eyes gleaming behind
His mask,

—Do, mi, sol, mi, fa,—
All these people go,
Laughing, singing
And dancing before
The lovely child
Naughty
Whose wicked eyes
Like the green eyes
Of cats
Guard their dreams
And say "Keep your
Hands off!"

Forever they go on!
Like the fateful courses
Of the stars
Oh tell me toward what
Shadowy or cruel
Disasters

Determined child
Nimble and lifting
Her skirts

La rose au chapeau,
Conduit son troupeau
De dupes?

A rose in her hat
Is leading her band
Of fools?

Hai Luli!
Poem by Xavier de Maistre

Hai Luli!

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais plus que devenir.
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et je l'attends ici seulette.
Hai luli! Hai luli!
Où donc peut être mon ami?

I am sad, I am anxious,
I no longer know what's to become of me.
My lover was to have come,
And I wait for him here alone.
Hai luli, hai luli,
How sad it is without my lover!

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main…
Allons, je filerai demain;
Aujour-d'hui je suis trop en peine!
Hai luli! Hai luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans mon ami!

I sit down to spin my wool,
The thread snaps in my hand:
Well then! I shall spin tomorrow,
Today I am too upset.
Hai luli, hai luli,
Where can my lover be?

Ah! s'il est vrais qu'il soit volage,
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler,
Et moi-même avec le village!
Hai luli! Hai luli!
A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Ah! If it's true that he's unfaithful,
And will one day abandon me,
Then let the village burn
And me too along with the village!
Hai luli, hai luli,
What is the point of living without a lover?

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of The Book of Lieder, published by Faber, provided courtesy of Oxford Lieder (www.oxfordlieder.co.uk)

Havanaise
Poem by Louis Pomey

Sur la rive le flot d'argent
En chantant brise mollement,
Et des eaux avec le ciel pur
Au lointain se confond l'azur.
Quel doux hymne la mer soupire!
Viens c'est nous que sa voix attire,
Sois, ô belle! moins rebelle,
Sois, ô belle! moins cruelle,
Ah! Ah! A ses chants laisse-toi charmer!

Viens, c'est là que l'on sait aimer.
O ma belle, la mer t'appelle.
A ses chants laisse-toi charmer,
C'est en mer que l'on sait aimer,
Oui c'est là que l'on sait aimer!

Havanaise

On the silvery shore
Sings the soft breeze,
And waters with pure sky
In the distance merges the azure.
What a sweet hymn the sea sighs!
Come, it's us that his voice attracts,
Be, oh beautiful! less rebellious,
Be, oh beautiful! less cruel,
Ah! Ah! To his songs let yourself be charmed!

Come, that's where we know how to love.
O my beauty, the sea is calling you.
To his songs let yourself be charmed,
It is at sea that one knows how to love,
yes, that's where we know how to love!

Translation by Dr. Dawn Padula

Grammy award-winning singer-songwriter **Sara Bareilles** has had a successful solo career spanning almost two decades. Her musical theatre debut was writing the music and lyrics for the 2016 musical ***Waitress***, based on a 2007 movie by the same name. The show centers on Jenna, a baker and waitress at a small town diner, who discovers that she is unexpectedly pregnant with her abusive husband's child. Over the course of the musical, she finds emotional comfort in her doctor, Dr. Pomatter. He sings the song **It Only Takes A Taste** in the middle of the first act, when the pair meet unexpectedly at a bench under a street lamp.

Jonathan Larson's semi-autobiographical musical ***tick, tick… BOOM!*** began as a solo performance in 1990, but after his death in 1996 it was turned into a show for three actors and premiered Off-Broadway in 2001. **30/90** opens the show with the main character, Jon, expressing his anxiety about turning thirty and still being a struggling composer with no big successes to his name yet. The real Jonathan Larson would go on to write the hit rock musical *Rent*, but his fictional counterpart only feels an impending sense that his time is running out.

Based on a 2002 movie, which was itself based on a 1980 autobiography, ***Catch Me If You Can*** premiered on Broadway in 2011. Featuring music by **Marc Shaiman**, of Hairspray fame, it was nominated for four Tony Awards that season including Best Musical. *Catch Me If You Can* follows the story of con man Frank Abagnale Jr., who poses throughout the show as a pilot, a doctor, and a lawyer, among other lies. He has formed a special sort of bond with Carl Hanratty, the FBI agent tracking him. In **Goodbye**, Frank has been cornered by Hanratty at the airport and has finished telling his life story for the benefit of onlookers. Hanratty informs Frank that his overbearing father, Frank Sr., just died. Frank Jr. realizes that he has nobody and nowhere left to turn, and gives into Hanratty.

UPCOMING SCHOOL OF MUSIC EVENTS

All events are free and broadcast online via Schneebeck LIVE
pugetsound.edu/schneebecklive

FRIDAY, APRIL 22
Puget Sound Wind Ensemble/Concert Band
Gerard Morris, conductor
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23
Puget Sound Chamber Music Concert I
Alistair MacRae, director
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 2:00 p.m.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24
Puget Sound Chamber Music Concert II
Alistair MacRae, director
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 2:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29
Organ at Noon Series: Pictures and Impressions
Wyatt Smith, organist
Kilworth Memorial Chapel, Noon

SATURDAY, APRIL 30
Symphony Orchestra featuring Cuban pianist Aldo López-Gavilán with Jasmine Mikesell '22, flute
Anna Wittstruck, conductor
Schneebeck Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.

R.S.V.P. for in-person attendance at *pugetsound.edu/mymusic.*

All listings are subject to change. For the most current information about upcoming arts events and lectures, visit *pugetsound.edu/events*.

Puget Sound is committed to being accessible to all people. If you have questions about event accessibility, please contact *25Live@pugetsound.edu*, or visit *pugetsound.edu/accessibility*.

The School of Music at University of Puget Sound is dedicated to training musicians for successful music careers and to the study of music as a liberal art. Known for its diverse and rigorous educational program, personalized attention to students, the stature of its faculty, and superior achievements in scholarship, musicianship, and solo and ensemble performance, the school maintains the highest professional standards while providing academic and performance opportunities to all university students. Through faculty, student, and guest artist colloquia, workshops, performances, and a vibrant Community Music Department, the School of Music enriches the cultural life of the campus and community.
pugetsound.edu/music | 253.879.3700

Community Music, a division of the School of Music, welcomes people of all ages and skill levels to participate in music lessons and classes throughout the year.
pugetsound.edu/communitymusic | 253.879.3575

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