



FACULTY RECITAL SERIES 2014–15

INSPIRATION

FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 2014 | 7:30 P.M.

SCHNEEBECK CONCERT HALL

Dawn Padula, mezzo-soprano

Jooeun Pak, piano

Maria Sampen, viola

Margaret Shelton '11, harp

Works by Claude Debussy

Robert Hutchinson

Frank Bridge

Benjamin Britten

Johannes Brahms

and David Ashley White



UNIVERSITY of
**PUGET
SOUND**

School of Music

INSPIRATION

Dawn Padula, mezzo-soprano
Joeun Pak, piano
Maria Sampen, viola
Margaret Shelton '11, harp

La mer est plus belle Claude Debussy
Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois (1862–1918)
La Belle au Bois dormant

Two Songs from the Poetry of H. D. Robert Hutchinson
I. Mid-Day b. 1970
II. Evening

Three Songs for Mezzo-soprano, Viola, and Piano. Frank Bridge
I. Far, far from each other (1879–1941)
II. Where is it that our soul doth go?
III. Music, when soft voices die

A Charm of Lullabies, Opus 41 Benjamin Britten
I. Cradle Song (1913–1976)
II. The Highland Balou
III. Sephestia's Lullaby
IV. A Charm
V. The Nurse's Song

INTERMISSION

Zwei Gesänge, Opus 91 Johannes Brahms
I. Gestillte Sehnsucht (1833–1897)
II. Geistliches Wiegenlied

Homages. David Ashley White
I. Reflections b. 1944
II. O Might Those Sighs
III. Vertue
IV. Remembrances
V. This Is My Play's Last Scene

Reception following in Music, Room 106,
sponsored by Sigma Alpha Iota international music fraternity.

PERFORMERS

DAWN PADULA, mezzo-soprano, has been lauded as being “velvety voiced” by *San Antonio Express News* and as having a “dark and lovely” voice by *American Record Guide*. She has performed many of the major mezzo-soprano roles, including the title role in *Carmen*, Cherubino in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Suzuki in *Madama Butterfly*, Isabella in *L’Italiana in Algeri*, Erika in *Vanessa*, the Gingerbread Witch in *Hansel and Gretel*, Meg in *Falstaff*, Mercedes in *Carmen*, Dangeville in *Adriana Lecouvreur*, and The Third Lady in *Die Zauberflöte*, Loma Williams in *Cold Sassy Tree*, Maddalena in *Rigoletto*, Vera in Gene Murray’s *The Wage of Sin* (recorded for educational television), Marchesa Melibea in *Il Viaggio a Reims*, Ragonde in *Le Comte Ory*, Ruth in *The Pirates of Penzance*, and the Sorceress in *Dido and Aeneas*. She has performed with Tacoma Opera, Kitsap Opera, Opera in the Heights, Opera Pacifica, The Living Opera, and the Concert Opera of Seattle, among others. Newport Classics label has released her performance as Bellino in *Casanova’s Homecoming* with the Moores Opera Center. Dr. Padula also created the role of Hagga for the world premiere of Christopher Theofanidis’ *The Thirteen Clocks* for the Moores Opera Center (also recorded for commercial release). For Houston Grand Opera, she sang the role of Sappho in a reading and recording session of Mark Adamo’s opera, *Lysistrata*, and participated in a recording of scenes from Daniel Catan’s *Salsipuedes*, for New Music Week.

Dr. Padula’s concert repertoire includes solo work in Durufle’s *Requiem*; Handel’s *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Judas Maccabeus*; Vivaldi’s *Gloria*; Mozart’s *Requiem*, *Solemn Vespers*, and *Coronation Mass*; Rossini’s *Stabat Mater*; Debussy’s *La Damoiselle Elue*; Brahms’ *Alto Rhapsody*; Schubert’s *Ständchen*; Rossini’s *Stabat Mater*; Beethoven’s *Mass in C*, *Choral Fantasy*, and *Symphony No. 9*; Honnegger’s *King David*; Bach’s *Magnificat*; Bernstein’s *Chicester Psalms*; Copland’s *In the Beginning*; and Haydn’s *Mass in the Time of War*. She has appeared as a soloist with several leading performance organizations in Texas and the Pacific Northwest, including Houston Symphony Orchestra, Oregon Symphony, Seattle Bach Choir, Houston Masterworks Chorus, Portland Symphonic Choir, Houston Chamber Choir, Alamo City Men’s Chorale, Sons of Orpheus Men’s Ensemble, CANTARE Houston, Mercury Baroque, Woodlands Symphony Orchestra, Men’s Consort of Houston, Symphony North of Houston, Black Note Ensemble, Bay Area Chorus, and Foundation for Modern Music. With Ars Lyrica Houston, she portrayed both Tempo and Disinganno in the American premiere of the 1737 version of Handel’s oratorio *Il Trionfo del Tempo é delle Verità* and played the role of Phoebus in Bach’s BWV 201, in addition to being a soloist in Jacquet de la Guerre’s *Jepthe*, and playing the title role of Cain in Scarlatti’s *Il Primo Omicidio Overo*. She performed as the alto soloist in Penderecki’s *Credo* with Houston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Maestro Jahja Ling of San Diego Symphony, and as alto soloist in Mozart’s *Requiem* in Cleveland’s famed Severance Hall, to commemorate Kent State University’s centennial celebration.

Dr. Padula joined the University of Puget Sound School of Music faculty in 2009–10 as director of vocal studies and opera theater. She holds both a Bachelor of

Music degree in vocal performance and a Bachelor of Arts degree in communication from Trinity University, a Master of Music degree from Manhattan School of Music, and a Doctorate of Musical Arts from University of Houston's Moores School of Music in vocal performance, with a concentration in vocal pedagogy and voice science. At University of Houston, she focused in her dissertation on pedagogical issues concerning registration negotiation of the male voice. She has also served on the voice faculties of University of Houston Moores School of Music in Houston, Texas, and Sam Houston State University's School of Music in Huntsville, Texas.

JOEUN PAK '04, visiting assistant professor of piano, is a native of Seoul, South Korea. She won a gold medal in the Korean National Competition at the age of 10, and has since won a number of prizes in national and international piano competitions. As a solo pianist and chamber musician, she has performed in major concert venues throughout the U.S., including Weill Recital Hall in Carnegie Hall and Yamaha Hall in New York; Terrace Theatre in Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C; and Landmark Concert Hall in Indianapolis.

Dr. Pak's interest in contemporary piano repertoire and working with modern music ensembles has distinguished her as a versatile pianist. She has performed in Boston, Chicago, San Antonio, Waterville, Bloomington, and Los Angeles, in collaborations with various contemporary composers. The highlight of her last season was the March 2014 world premiere performance of Don Freund's *Rabble Rouser*. As an avid orchestral pianist, Dr. Pak has worked under legendary conductors, including Lorin Maazel, Arthur Fagen, Uriel Segal, and Robert Abbado. She was invited to work at Castleton Festival, Atlantic Music Festival, Steans Institute in Ravinia Festival, and IU String Academy as a collaborative pianist and chamber music coach.

Dr. Pak attended University of Puget Sound on a full scholarship, and was awarded the most prestigious Doc and Lucille Weathers Memorial Scholarship. Pursuing dual studies in music and pre-med, she completed her Bachelor of Music degree, cum laude, with departmental honors as a Phi Kappa Phi graduate. She received her Master of Music degree from Jacobs School of Music, Indiana University, where she also received Doctor of Music degree in piano performance and literature, under the mentorship of distinguished professor Manahem Pressler, to whom she also served as a teaching assistant. Dr. Pak's study was supported by an IU Doctoral Fellowship. She was a sponsored artist by Ruby Arts Foundation, Los Angeles. Dr. Pak's former teachers include Tanya Stambuk, Jean-Louis Haguenaer, and Edmund Battersby.

MARIA SAMPEN, professor of violin, enjoys a vibrant musical career as a soloist, chamber musician, recording artist, and teacher. She is in demand as a performer of both standard repertoire and of new and experimental works. Her concert engagements have taken her around the world, playing in Europe, Asia, and throughout the United States and Canada. In addition to her busy performing schedule, Dr. Sampen is a dedicated teacher. During her tenure at Puget Sound she has twice received the university's Thomas A. Davis Teaching Award for excellence in teaching. Her students have won top awards in national competitions, including Music Teacher National Association Competition and American String Teachers

Association Competition. In the summertime Dr. Sampen performs at the Walla Walla Chamber Music Festival in Eastern Washington. She was on the faculty of the Brevard Music Festival in North Carolina, from 2008 to 2012. During the academic year, Dr. Sampen performs frequently with her new music group, Brave New Works, IRIS Orchestra (Germantown, Tenn.), and Puget Sound Piano Trio. Her major teachers include Paul Kantor, Kenneth Goldsmith, and Paul Makara.

MARGARET SHELTON '11, harp, guest artist, is a professional harpist in the beautiful Pacific Northwest. A native of Tacoma, Wash., her passion and joy since the age of five has been playing the harp. A graduate of University of Puget Sound summa cum laude in harp performance, Ms. Shelton has performed extensively with orchestral, choral, and chamber ensembles, including principal harpist of Olympia Symphony Orchestra. Following graduation in 2011, she received a prestigious Watson Fellowship, which allowed her to study the harp in 14 countries around the world for one year. In addition to performing, Ms. Shelton has served as chairman of membership for the World Harp Congress and as treasurer for the American Harp Society Greater Seattle Chapter. Ms Shelton is sincerely honored to perform Dr. Hutchinson's pieces this evening.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

La mer est plus belle Claude Debussy

The sea is more beautiful

(Text by Paul Verlaine)

La mer est plus belle
Que les cathedrales,
Nourrice fidèle
Berceuse de râles,
La mer qui prie
La Vierge Marie!

The sea is more beautiful
Than cathedrales;
Faithful nurse,
Lullaby of death-rattles,
The sea over which
The Virgin Mary prays!

Elle a tous les dons
Terribles et doux.
J'entends ses pardons
Gronder ses courroux.
Cette immensité
N'a rien d'entêté.

It has all qualities
Terrible and sweet.
I hear it pardoning,
Its anger growling.
This immensity
Is indeterminate.

O! si patiente,
Même quand méchante!
Un soufflé ami hante
La vague, et nous chante:
"Vous sans espérance,"
Mourez sans souffrance!"

Oh! So patient,
Even when naughty!
A friendly breath haunts
The wave, and sings to us:
"You without hope,
Die without suff'ring!"

Et puis sous les cieux
Qui s'y rient plus clairs,
Elle a des airs bleus.
Roses, gris et verts . . .
Plus belle que tous,
Meilleure que nous!

And then under the skies
Which scoff that they are brighter,
It shows off its blue,
Pink, grey, and green . . .
More beautiful than anything,
Better than we!

Le son du cor s'afflige vers les bois Claude Debussy

The sound of the horn

(Text by Paul Verlaine)

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 bise errant en courts abois.

The horn sounds its distress call over by
the woods
With a cry of grief like that of an orphan
And comes to die at the foot of the hill
Where the roaming north wind wails in
brief outbursts.

L'âme du loup pleure dans cette voix,

Qui monte avec le soleil, qui decline
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,

Tanti l fait doux par ce soir monotone,
Où se dorlote un paysage lent.

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 at once delights and distresses.

To enhance this drowsy lament,
The snow is falling as long shreds of
linen

Across the blood-red sunset,

And the air has the air of an autumn
sigh,

So mild is this monotonous evening,
In which a slow landscape coddles
itself.

La Belle au Bois dormant Claude Debussy
Sleeping Beauty in the wood

(Text by Vincent Hyspa)

Des trous à son pourpoint vermeil,
Un chevalier va par la brune,
Les cheveux tout pleins de soleil,
Sous un casque couleur de lune.
Dormez toujours, dormez au bois,
L'anneu, la Belle, à votre doigt.

Dans a poussière des batailles,
Il a tué loyal et droit,
En frappant d'estoc et de taille,
Ainsi que frapperait un roi.
Dormez au bois, où la verveine,
Fleurit avec la marjolaine.

Et par les monts et par la plaine,
Monté sur son grand destrier,
Il court, il cour à perdre haleine,
Et tout droit sur ses étriers.
Dormez la Belle au Bois, rêvez
Q'un prince vous épouserez.

Holes in his ruby doublet,
A knight passes by the dark,
His hair full of sunshine,
Under a helmet the color of the moon.
Sleep always, sleep in the wood,
The ring, Beauty, on your finger.

In the dust of battles,
He has killed loyally and justly,
Striking with cut and with point,
as a king would strike.
Sleep in the wood, where the verbena,
flowers with the marjoram.

And over the mountains and over the
plains,
mounted on his large charger,
He races, he races breathlessly,
Completely straight in his stirrups.
Sleep, Sleeping Beauty, dream
that you will wed a prince.

Dans la forêt des lilas blancs,
Souls l'éperon d'or qui l'excite,

Son destrier perle de sang
Les lilas blancs, et va plus vite.

Dormez au bois, dormez, la Belle
Sous vos courtines de dentelle.

Mais il a pris l'anneau vermeil,
Le chevalier qui par la brune,
A des cheveux pleins de soleil,
Sous un casque couleur de lune.
Ne dormez plus, La Belle au Bois,
L'anneau n'est plus à votre doigt.

In the forest of white lilaces,
Under the golden spur which agitates
him,

his charger beads with blood
The white lilacs, and on he goes, still
more quickly.

Sleep in the wood, sleep on, o Beauty
behind your curtains of lace.

But he has taken the ruby ring,
The knight, who, by dark,
has hair full of sunshine,
under a helmet the color of the moon.
Sleep no more, Sleeping Beauty,
The ring is no longer on your finger.

Mid-Day **Robert Hutchinson**

(Text by H. D.)

The light beats upon me.
I am startled—
a split leaf crackles on the paved floor—
I am anguished—defeated.
A slight wind shakes the seed-pods—
my thoughts are spent
as the black seeds.
My thoughts tear me,
I dread their fever.
I am scattered in its whirl.
I am scattered like
the hot shrivelled seeds.
The shriveled seeds
are split on the path—
the grass bends with dust,
the grape slips
under its cracked leaf:
yet far beyond the spent seed-pods,
and the blackened stalks of mint,
the poplar is bright on the hill,
the poplar spreads out,
deep-rooted among trees.
O poplar, you are great
among the hill-stones,
while I perish on the path
among the crevices of the rocks.

Evening Robert Hutchinson

(Text by H. D.)

The light passes
from ridge to ridge,
 from flower to flower—
the hepaticas, wide-spread
under the light
grow faint—
the petals reach inward,
the blue tips bend
toward the bluer heart
and the flowers are lost.

The cornel-buds are still white,
but shadows dart
from the cornel-roots—
black creeps from root to root,
each leaf
cuts another leaf on the grass,
shadow seeks shadow,
then both leaf
and leaf-shadow are lost.

Far, far from each other Frank Bridge

(Text by Matthew Arnold)

Far, far from each other our spirits have flown,
And what heart knows another? Ah! Who knows his own?
Blow, ye winds! Lift me with you! I come to the wild.
Fold closely, O nature! Thine arms round thy child.
Ah, calm me! Restore me and dry up my tears.
On thy high mountain platforms, where morn first appears.

Where is it that our soul doth go? Frank Bridge

(Text by Heinrich Heine)

One thing I'd know,
When we have perished,
Where is it that our soul doth go?
Where, where is the fire, that is extinguished?
Where is the wind but now did blow?
Where is it that our soul doth go?
When we have perished.

Music, when soft voices die Frank Bridge

(Text by Percy Bysshe Shelley)

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed.
And so my thoughts when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

Cradle Song Benjamin Britten

(Text by William Blake)

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming o'er the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep, in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

O! the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep.
When thy little heart does wake
Then the dreadful lightnings break,

From thy cheek and from thy eye,
O'er the youthful harvests nigh.
Infant wiles and infant smiles
Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles.

The Highland Balou
(Text by Robert Burns)

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief. (Hee Balou!)

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
and bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou funder!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

Sephestia's Lullaby Benjamin Britten

(Text by Robert Greene)

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crow'd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old there 's grief enough for thee.

A Charm Benjamin Britten

(Text by Thomas Randolph)

Quiet!
Sleep! or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamanthus take
Thy body to the boiling lake,
Where fire and brimstones never slake;
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ache,
And ev'ry joint about thee quake;
And therefor dare not yet to wake!
Quiet, sleep!

Quiet!
Sleep! or thou shalt see
The horrid hags of Tartary,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three
The worst is called Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternity;
And therefor sleep thou peacefully
Quiet, sleep!

The Nurse's Song. Benjamin Britten

(Text by John Phillip)

Lullaby baby,
Lullaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullaby baby!

Be still, my sweet sweetening, no longer do cry;
Sing lullaby baby, lullaby baby.
Let dolours be fleeting, I fancy thee, I ...
To rock and to lull thee I will not delay me.

Lullaby baby,
Lullabylabylaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be
Lullabylabylaby baby.

The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!
The gods be thy shield and comfort in need!

Sing Lullaby baby,
Lullabybaby baby.

They give thee good fortune and well for to speed,
And this to desire ... I will not delay me.
Lullaby lullabybaby baby,
Lullaby lullabybaby baby,
Thy nurse will tend thee as duly as may be.
Lullabybabybabybaby baby.

Gestillte Sehnsucht Johannes Brahms
Stilled Longing

(Text by Friedrich Rückert)

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

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
birds?

They whisper the world into slumber.

You, my desires, that stir
in my heart without rest or peace!

Your longings that move my heart,
When will you rest, when will you
sleep?

By the whispering of the wind and
birds,

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
birds,

The longing, the longing - will not fall
asleep.

Alas, when no longer into the golden
distance

Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen

Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

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.

Geistliches Wiegenlied Johannes Brahms
Lullaby for the Christ Child

(Text by Emanuel von Geibel)

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

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

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.

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

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.

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.

Grimmige Kälte
Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck ich
Des Kindleins Glieder!
O all ihr Engel,
Die ihr geflügelt

Fierce cold
Comes rushing,
How shall I cover
The little child's limbs!
O all you angels,
You winged ones

Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein kind.

Wandering in the wind,
Silence the treetops!
My child is sleeping.

O Might Those Sighs David Ashley White

(Text by John Donne)

O! might those sight and tears return again
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourn with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vain.
In mine idolatry what showers of rain
Mine eyes did waste? What griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sin, now I repent;
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer pain.
Th'hydroptic drunkard, and night-scouting thief,
The itchy lecher, and self-tickling proud
Have the remembrance of past joys, for relief
Of coming ills. To poor me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement grief hath been
Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sin.

Vertue David Ashley White

(Text by George Herbert)

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie:
The dew shall weep thy fall to night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

This Is My Play's Last Scene. David Ashley White

(Text by John Donne)

This is my play's last scene; here heavens appoint
My pilgrimage's last mile; and my race,
Idly, yet quickly run, hath this last pace,
My span's last inch, my minute's latest point;
And gluttonous death will instantly unjoint
My body and my soul, and I shall sleep a space;
But my'ever-waking part shall see that face
Whose fear already shakes my every joint.
Then, as my soul to'heaven, her first seat, takes flight,
And earth-born body in the earth shall dwell,
So fall my sins, that all may have their right,
To where they'are bred, and would press me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evil,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devil.

FACULTY RECITALS 2014–5

Sunday, Oct. 12, 2014 | 2 p.m.

**Works for Solo Piano and Piano/Four Hands
from *Complete Piano Works of Glazunov*
CD Release Concert**

Duane Hulbert, piano; Yoshikazu Nagai '92, piano, guest artist

Friday, Nov. 14, 2014 | 7:30 p.m.

Inspiration

Dawn Padula, mezzo-soprano; Joeeun Pak, piano
Maria Sampen, viola, and Margaret Shelton '11, harp

Friday, Jan. 30, 2015 | 7:30 p.m.

Masterworks for Violin

Maria Sampen, violin; Oksana Ezhokina, piano, guest artist

Saturday, Feb. 21, 2015 | 7:30 p.m.

Puget Sound Piano Trio

Duane Hulbert, piano; Maria Sampen, violin; David Requiro, cello

Sunday, March 1, 2015 | 2 p.m.

Back to the Future: works by Beethoven, Martin, and Vine

Joeeun Pak, piano

UPCOMING ARTS AND LECTURES

Information: 253.879.3555 | pugetsound.edu/calendar

Puget Sound is committed to being accessible to all people. If you have questions about event accessibility, please contact 253.879.3236, accessibility@pugetsound.edu, or pugetsound.edu/accessibility

through–Thursday, Jan. 15 Collins Memorial Library Exhibit: *Sparking Imaginations*. Free

Tuesday, Nov. 18, 4 p.m. Guest Lecture: “Artists’ Books as a Framework for Personal Narrative,” by MalPina Chan, local artist and founding member of the Puget Sound Book Artists, part of the Behind the Archives Door Series, Archives and Special Collections, Collins Memorial Library, second floor. Free

Friday, Nov. 21, 7:30 p.m. Performance: *Born in the U.S.A.* Symphony Orchestra, Huw Edwards, conductor, program includes: Marilyn Shrude: *Libro d’ore (Book of Hours)*, with Maria Sampen, violin. “West Coast Premiere”; and Gershwin: *Rhapsody in Blue*, with Duane Hulbert, piano, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Monday, Nov. 24–Saturday, Dec. 13 Kittredge Gallery Exhibit: *2014 Art Students Annual*. Free

Monday, Nov. 24, 6 p.m. and 8 p.m. Performance: Student Chamber Music Ensembles, David Requiro and Meta Weiss, co-directors, two different concerts in one evening, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Tuesday, Dec. 2, 4 p.m. Behind-the-Scenes Tour of the Archives and Special Collections, part of the Behind the Archives Door Series, Collins Memorial Library, second floor. Free

Tuesday, Dec. 2, 7 p.m. Performance: TubaChristmas, Ryan Schultz, director, Rasmussen Rotunda, Wheelock Student Center. Free

Friday, Dec. 5, 12:05 p.m. Performance: Organ at Noon, Joseph Adam, organ, faculty, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Free

Friday, Dec. 5, 7:30 p.m. Performance: Shostakovich, Whitacre, Schoenberg, Saint-Saëns, Reed, Van der Roost, Boysen, Concert Band and Wind Ensemble, Gerard Morris, conductor, Schneebeck Concert Hall. Free

Saturday, Dec. 6, 7:30 p.m. Performance: *Winter Lullabies*, Adelphian Concert Choir and Voci d’Amici, Steven Zopfi, conductor, Kilworth Memorial Chapel. Tickets: \$10 general; \$5 seniors, students, military, Puget Sound faculty/staff/students, available at Wheelock Student Center, 253.879.3100, and online at tickets.pugetsound.edu, and at the door. Additional performance Sunday, Dec. 7, 2 p.m.

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.

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