

Artist Series

Bradley Howard, Tenor & Lee Thompson, Piano
Desire and Delusion: A Recital

Friday, March 18, 2022 at 12pm
Lagerquist Concert Hall, Mary Baker Russell Music Center

Pacific Lutheran University
School of Arts and Communication / Department of Music presents

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Desire and Delusion: A Recital

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Welcome to Lagerquist Concert Hall.
Please disable the audible signal on all watches and cellular phones for the duration of the concert.
Use of cameras, recording equipment and all digital devices is not permitted in the concert hall.

PROGRAM

Dichterliebe, op. 48 Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*
- II. Aus meinen Tränen spriessen*
- III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube*
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'*
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen*
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome*
- VII. Ich grolle nicht*
- VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen*
- IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen*
- X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen*
- XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*
- XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen*
- XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet*
- XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich*
- XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es hervor*
- XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder*

War Dreams John David Earnest (b. 1940)

- Prologue-Elegy*
- Antietam*
- Battleground: Gettysburg*
- Memorial*
- Little Big Horn*
- Epilogue*

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée..... Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

- Chanson Romanesque*
- Chanson épique*
- Chanson à boire*

Texts and Translations

Dichterliebe (A Poet's Love)

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Knospen sprangen,
da ist in meinem Herzen
die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the flower-buds burst,
then in my heart
love arose.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
als alle Vögel sangen,
da hab' ich ihr gestanden
mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wonderfully fair month of May,
as all the birds were singing,
then I confessed to her
my yearning and longing.

II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
viel blühende Blumen hervor,
und meine Seufzer werden
ein Nachtigallenchor,

From my tears spring
many blooming flowers forth,
and my sighs become
a nightingale choir,

und wenn du mich
lieb hast, Kindchen,
schenk' ich dir die Blumen all', und
vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
das Lied der Nachtigall.

and if you have
love for me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers, and
before your window shall sound
the song of the nightingale.

III. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube

Die Rose, die Lilie,
die Taube, die Sonne,
die lieb' ich einst
alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr,
ich liebe alleine
die Kleine, die Feine,
die Reine, die Eine;
sie selber, aller Liebe Bronne,
ist Rose und Lilie
und Taube und Sonne.
Ich liebe alleine
die Kleine, die Feine,
die Reine, die Eine!

The rose, the lily,
the dove, the sun,
I once loved them all
in love's bliss.
I love them no more,
I love only
the small, the fine,
the pure, the one;
she herself, source of all love,
is rose and lily
and dove and sun.
I love only
the small, the fine,
the pure, the one!

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
so schwindet all' mein
Leid und Weh!
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
so werd' ich ganz
und gar gesund.

When I look into your eyes,
then vanish all my
sorrow and pain!
But when I kiss your mouth,
then I become wholly
and completely healthy.

Wenn ich mich lehn'
an deine Brust,
kommt's über mich
wie Himmelslust,
doch wenn du sprichst:
Ich liebe dich!
so muß ich weinen bitterlich.

When I lean
on your breast,
Heaven's delight
comes over me,
but when you say,
"I love you!"
then must I weep bitterly.

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
in den Kelch der Lilie hinein,
die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben
wie der Kuß von ihrem Mund',
den sie mir einst gegeben
in wunderbar süßer Stund'!

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
mit seinem großen Dome
das große, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildniß
auf goldenem Leder gemalt.
In meines Lebens Wildniß
hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
um unsre liebe Frau;
die Augen, die Lippen,
die Wänglein,
die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

VII. Ich grolle nicht

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
ewig verlор'nes Lieb!

Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst
in Diamantenpracht,
es fällt kein Strahl
in deines Herzens Nacht,
das weiß ich längst.

Ich grolle nicht,
und wenn das Herz auch bricht.

Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
und sah die Nacht
in deines Herzens Raume,
und sah die Schlang',
die dir am Herzen frißt,
ich sah, mein Lieb,
wie sehr du elend bist.

Ich grolle nicht.

VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen

Und wüßten's die Blumen,
die kleinen,
wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
sie würden mit mir weinen
zu heilen meinen Schmerz.
Und wüßten's die Nachtigallen,
wie ich so traurig und krank,
sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
erquickenden Gesang.
Und wüßten sie mein Wehe,
die goldenen Sternelein,
sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,

I want to plunge my soul
into the chalice of the lily,
the lily shall resoundingly exhale
a song of my beloved.

The song shall quiver and tremble
like the kiss from her mouth,
that she once gave me
in a wonderfully sweet hour!

In the Rhine, in the holy stream,
there is mirrored in the waves,
with its great cathedral,
great holy Cologne.

In the cathedral, there stands an image
on golden leather painted.
Into my life's wilderness
it has shined in amicably.

There hover flowers and little angels
around our beloved Lady,
the eyes, the lips,
the little cheeks,
they match my beloved's exactly.

I bear no grudge,
even when my heart is breaking,
eternally lost love!

I bear no grudge.
Even though you shine
in diamond splendor,
there falls no light
into your heart's night
that I've known for a long time.

I bear no grudge,
even when my heart is breaking.

I saw you, truly, in my dreams,
and saw the night
in your heart's space,
and saw the serpent
that feeds on your heart,
I saw, my love,
how very miserable you are.

I bear no grudge.

And if they knew it, the blooms,
the little ones,
how deeply wounded my heart is,
they would weep with me
to heal my pain.
And if they knew it, the nightingales,
how I am so sad and sick,
they would loose the merry sound
of refreshing song.
And if they knew my pain,
the golden little stars,
they would descend from their heights

und sprächen Trost mir ein.
Die alle können's nicht wissen,
nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
zerrissen mir das Herz.

IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmetterten darein.
Da tanzt wohl den
Hochzeitreigen
die Herzallerliebste mein.
Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
dazwischen schluchzen und
stöhnen die lieblichen Engelein.

X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
das einst die Liebste sang, so will
mir die Brust zerspringen von
wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
dort lös't sich auf in Tränen
mein übergroßes Weh'.

XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
die hat einen Andern erwählt;
der Andre liebt' eine Andre,
und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.
Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
den ersten besten Mann
der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
der Jüngling ist übel dran.
Es ist eine alte Geschichte
doch bleibt sie immer neu; und
wem sie just passieret,
dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen
die Blumen,
ich aber wandle stumm.
Es flüstern und sprechen
die Blumen,
und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
Sei uns'rer Schwester nicht böse,
du trauriger, blasser Mann.

XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
floß noch von der Wange herab.
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte

and would comfort me.
All of them cannot know it,
only one knows my pain,
she herself has indeed torn,
torn up my heart.

There is a fluting and fiddling,
and trumpets blasting in.
Surely, there dancing
the wedding dance
is my dearest beloved.
There is a ringing and roaring
of drums and shawms,
amidst it sobbing and moaning
are dear little angels.

I hear the little song sounding
that my beloved once sang,
and my heart wants to shatter
from savage pain's pressure.

I am driven by a dark longing
up to the wooded heights,
there is dissolved in tears
my supremely great pain.

A young man loves a girl,
who has chosen another man,
the other loves yet another
and has gotten married to that other.
The girl takes out of anger
the first, best man
who crosses her path;
the young man is badly off.
It is an old story
but remains eternally new, and
for him to whom it has just happened
it breaks his heart in two.

On a radiant summer morning
I go about in the garden.
There the flowers whisper
and speak,
I however wander silently.
There the flowers whisper
and speak,
and look sympathetically at me:
"Do not be angry with our sister,
you sad, pale man."

I have in my dreams wept.
I dreamed you lay in your grave.
I woke up and the tears
still flowed down from my cheeks.
I have in my dreams wept.
I dreamed you forsook me.
I woke up and I wept

noch lange bitterlich.
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
strömt meine Tränenflut.

XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Allnächtlich im Traume
seh' ich dich,
und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
und laut aufweinend
stürz' ich mich
zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehst mich an wehmütiglich
und schüttelst das
blonde Köpfchen;
aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
die Perltränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir Heimlich
ein leises Wort,
und gibst mir den
Strauß von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf,
und der Strauß ist fort,
und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es hervor

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
hervor mit weißer Hand,
da singt es und da klingt es
von einem Zauberland;
wo bunte Blumen blühen
im gold'nen Abendlicht,
und lieblich duftend glühen
mit bräutlichem Gesicht;
Und grüne Bäume singen
uralte Melodei'n,
die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
und Vögel schmetternd drein;
Und Nebelbilder steigen
wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
im wunderlichen Chor;
Und blaue Funken Brennen
an jedem Blatt und Reis,
und rote Lichter rennen
im irren, wirren Kreis;
Und laute Quellen brechen
aus wildem Marmorstein,
und seltsam in den Bächen
strahlt fort der Widerschein.
Ach! könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
und aller Qual entnommen,
und frei und selig sein!
Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
das seh' ich oft im Traum,
doch kommt die Morgensonne,
zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

very long and bitterly.
I have in my dreams wept,
I dreamed you still were good to me.
I woke up, and still now
streams my flood of tears.

Every night in my dreams
I see you,
and see your friendly greeting,
and loudly crying out,
I throw myself
to your sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully
and shake your
blond little head;
from your eyes steal forth
the little pearly teardrops.

You say to me secretly
a soft word,
and give me a
garland of cypress.
I wake up,
and the garland is gone,
and the word I have forgotten.

From old fairy-tales it beckons
to me with a white hand,
there it sings and there it resounds
of a magic land,
where colorful flowers bloom
in the golden twilight,
and sweetly, fragrantly glow
with bride-like faces.
And green trees sing
primeval melodies,
the breezes secretly sound
and birds warble in them.
And misty images rise
indeed forth from the earth,
and dance airy reels
in fantastic chorus.
And blue sparks burn
on every leaf and twig,
and red lights run
in crazy, hazy rings.
And loud springs burst
out of wild marble stone,
and oddly in the brooks
shine forth the reflections.
Ah! If I could enter there
and there gladden my heart,
and all anguish taken away,
and be free and blessed!
Oh, that land of bliss,
I see it often in dreams,
but come the morning sun,
and it melts away like mere froth.

XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
die Träume bös' und arg,
die laßt uns jetzt begraben,
holt einen großen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
doch sag' ich noch nicht was.
Der Sarg muß sein noch größer,
wie's Heidelberger Faß.

Und holt eine Totenbahre,
von Bretter fest und dick;
auch muß sie sein noch länger,
als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
die müssen noch stärker sein
als wie der starke Christoph
im Dom zu Köln
am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
und senken in's Meer hinab;
denn solchem großen Sarge
gebührt ein großes Grab.

Wißt ihr warum der Sarg wohl
so groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

The old, angry songs,
the dreams angry and wicked,
let us now bury them,
fetch a great coffin.

In it I will lay very many things,
though I shall not yet say what.
The coffin must be even larger
than the Heidelberg Tun.

And fetch a death-bier,
of boards firm and thick,
they also must be even longer
than Mainz's great bridge.

And fetch me also twelve giants,
who must be yet mightier
than mighty St. Christopher
in the Cathedral of
Cologne on the Rhine.

They shall carry the coffin away,
and sink it down into the sea,
for such a great coffin
deserves a great grave.

How could the coffin
be so large and heavy?
I would also sink my love
with my pain in it.

—English translation by Paul Hindemith

War Dreams

I have always been fascinated by battlefields. In the United States, the monuments to Civil War and American-Indian War battles are usually beautiful; there are often expanses of green grass and rows of white crosses, each perfectly aligned and glowing in the sun. These battlefields are park-like and serene, yet they mark the place where a horrific event occurred. I think part of my fascination comes from an awareness that a great transformation has taken place at these sites—from past terror to present calm, from bloodied field to bucolic memorial.

The poems in this set of songs look at this transformation in a variety of ways. Each poem visits a different battle site and considers what occurred there. In *Antietam*, I imagine the horror of that bloody Civil War battle and try to see it from the moon's objective point of view: a landscape that changes with the turn of the seasons; a landscape, once covered with the blood of fallen soldiers, now blanketed with white, healing, forgetting snow. In *Battleground: Gettysburg*, I picture a dialogue between a small boy and a wise, older figure. The boy asks about the crosses he sees at the battlefield. The older figure explains the power of the cemetery—it is a memorial and it is also a warning: the grass grows to cover the battlefield, and other wars will follow. In *Memorial*, I consider the site of a WWII ocean battle. Here, there is no marker, no memorial of the battle that once raged there—only the silent stars above and the wash of “the inextinguishable sea.” In *Little Big Horn*, I stand at the site of the bloody battle between General Custer and Sitting Bull. I imagine the wind carrying the sounds of the battle to me, and I am swept up in the terror of that day; I hear the charging of the horses and the shouted cries of the men on the battlefield. Finally, the wind subsides and the sounds of the battle fade away. The field is calm once again and the last star disappears in the morning light.

—Robert Bode

I. Antietam

Hang, O callous moon:
Hang where the breath of seasons
And the long, slow turn of evening
Mock the broken earth below.
Hang, insensate moon:

Hang above a crooked lane
Where fearful hands and stratagems
Stain the grass a thick vermilion.
Hang, impassive moon:
Hang where the sigh of tides
And fall's surrender into snow
Mark a white forgetting...

And boys begin to dream of war.

2. Battleground: Gettysburg

Why do these ghostly rows appear?
Who are they, silent, buried here?

Here lie boys and boys, my dear,
Who fell, blameless, into fear.

Why must lonely bugles blow?
What may ordered crosses show?

It is, my dear, that boys may know.
It is that grass again may grow.

3. Memorial

Sing to me, white gull;
Swing above and circle to the sea.

Hover softly where they died:
The beautiful, unfinished ones,
Who slipped from war's fiery raging
Into the cold, slow silence.

Sing of the vanished boys,
Whose caps floated for a while
Like white blossoms on the gentle tide,
And then scattered,
As if going home.

Circle slowly where they lie;
Now no wreath
Nor lingering sound:
Only the soft wisdom of the stars
And the inextinguishable sea.

4. Little Big Horn

The field is bare now.

The last stars fade
and the morning spreads over the land.

The birds listen for the dawn and grow still.

And then, across the field,
a breeze;
now a wind,
bending the grass and
rolling down the hill:

It is around me now,
charging,
turning,
screaming the wild calls,

the war music;
horses, wet with fear,
stumble and tear the ground.

“Turn!”
“To the hill!”
“Stand!”
“Hold!”

And the circles and flashes,
and the shrieking sun,
the bleeding sun,

burning all,

blinding all.

And now the field is calm;
the wind turns over the hill,
and the last star disappears into the morning.

—Words: © 2006 by Robert Bode. Used by permission.

Don Quichotte à Dulcinée

1. Chanson Romanesque

Si vous me disiez que la terre
A tant tourner vous offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel
trop fleuri d'astres,
Déchirant les divins cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un
coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace,
Ainsi vidé ne vous plait point,
Chevalierdieu,
la lance au poing,
J'étoilerais
le vent qui passe.

Si vous me disiez que mon sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,
Je blémirais dessous le blame
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.
O Dulcinée

2. Chanson épique

Bon Saint Michel
qui me donnez loisir
De voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,
Bon Saint Michel
qui me daignez choisir
Pour lui complaire et la défendre,
Bon Saint Michel
veuillez descendre
Avec Saint Georges sur l'autel
De la Madone au bleu mantel.

Romanesque Song

If you would say that the earth
In its turning offends you,
I would quickly send Sancho Panza:
You'd see it fixed and still.

If you would say to me that bored
You had become with a sky
too flowery with stars,
Ripping up the divine order,
I would erase the night
in one fell swoop.

If you were to tell me that the space,
Thus emptied, does not please you,
With “God-knight,”
the lance in my hand,
I would sow stars in
the wind that passes.

If you were to say to me that my blood
Is more mine than yours, my Lady,
would grow pale under the reproach
And I'd die, blessing you.
Oh Dulcinée.

Epic Song

Good St. Michel
who gives me leisure
to see and hear my lady,
Good St. Michel
who deigns to choose me
to please and protect her,
Good St. Michel
will you please descend
with St. George from the altar
of the Madonna in the blue mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel
bénissez ma lame
Et son égale en pureté
Et son égale en piété
Comme en pudeur et chasteté:
Ma Dame, (O grands Saint Georges
et Saint Michel!)
L'ange qui veille
sur ma veille,
Ma douce Dame si pareille
A Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!
Amen.

3. Chanson à boire

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,
Qui pour me perdre
à vos doux yeux
Dit que l'amour et le vin vieux
Mettent en deuil mon couer,
mon âme!

Je bois
A la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...Lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,
Qui geind,
qui pleure et fait serment
D'être toujours ce pâle amant
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois
A la joie!
La joie est le seul but
Où je vais droit...Lorsque j'ai bu!

Je bois a la joie!

May a ray from heaven
bless my blade
and his equal in purity
and his equal in piety
as in decency and chastity:
My Lady, (O great St. George
and St. Michel!)
the angel who guards
my own watching,
my sweet Lady is the same as you,
Madonna in the blue mantle!
Amen.

Drinking Song

Stick the bastard, illustrious Lady,
Who lessens me
in your sweet eyes,
Says that love and old wine
Sadden my heart
and my soul!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal, which I pursue...
When I've...when I've drunk!

Stick the jealous man, dark mistress,
Who moans,
who weeps and swears
Of always being the pale lover
Who waters down his drunkenness!

I drink
To joy!
Joy is the only goal, which I pursue...
When I've...when I've drunk!

I drink to joy!

About the Performers



With a career spanning classical and modern choral works, solo recitals, and opera roles, tenor **Bradley Howard** has gained recognition as a multi-faceted vocalist, performing under the batons of renowned conductors Seiji Ozawa, William Fred Scott, Christian Badaea, Riccardo Muti, Joesph Flummerfelt, Yoel Levi, John Mauceri, and Robert Spano. A passionate educator, he joined the faculty of Emory University as director of vocal studies in 2011.

Howard began his career as a fellow at the Tanglewood Music Center. Operatic successes include Tamino in *The Magic Flute*, Ferrando in *Così fan tutte*, Rodolfo in *La bohème*, Beppe in *I Pagliacci*, Count Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, and Peter Quint in Britten's *Turn of the Screw*. He has participated in festivals including Spoleto, Chautauqua Opera, the Ohio Light Opera, Tanglewood Music Festival, and Breckenridge Music Institute.

Howard brings depth and excitement of an expansive repertoire to his solo recitals, handling the florid style of Bach and fragmented tonalities of Britten and Menotti with equal aplomb. This season he will be touring with pianist Lee D. Thompson performing Robert Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, Maurice Ravel's *Don Quichotte*, and *War Dreams* by John David Earnest.

Howard's concert engagements include a long-time collaboration with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. Recording credits include the ACA Digital production of the Atlanta Opera's Mozart *Requiem* and Telarc's *La bohème* with the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra.

A noted educator, Howard's students attend undergraduate and graduate programs at the Julliard School, Manhattan School of Music, Oberlin, University of Cincinnati, the University of Michigan, Elon College, Carnegie Mellon, New York University, Roosevelt, Bard College, and many others. They participate in young artist programs such as Interlochen, Amalfi Coast Music Festival, Houston Grand Opera's YAVA, and other local and international programs. Recently, Howard taught at the Amalfi Coast Music Festival in Maiori, Italy.



Active as a collaborative pianist and vocal coach, **Lee D. Thompson** currently teaches at the Ohio State University (OSU) School of Music in Columbus, Ohio. Prior to moving to OSU, Thompson was on the music faculty of the University of Missouri-Kansas City Conservatory of Music. He is also professor of music, emeritus, at Whitman College in Walla Walla, Washington. As head of piano and accompanying studies there, he taught piano, accompanying, foreign language diction for singers, and courses in the history of music. Thompson has also served as a member of the summer music staff/collaborative pianist of the Santa Fe Opera. In 2000 he was appointed an American cultural ambassador by the State Department of the United States and he worked with the Mongolian National Opera as principal vocal coach for its first-ever English language production. Thompson has toured internationally as a collaborative artist, performing concerts in Vienna, London, Graz (Austria), Kunming (People's Republic of China), Bucharest (Romania), and Canada.

Thompson has a doctorate of musical arts degree from the College-Conservatory of Music, University of Cincinnati, as well as master of music and bachelor of music education degrees from Baylor University.

Spring Events

at Pacific Lutheran University

ALL MUSIC EVENTS ARE IN MARY BAKER RUSSELL MUSIC CENTER, LAGERQUIST CONCERT HALL AT 8PM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.

FEBRUARY

- 6 Sunday, 3pm**
Benefit Concert for ORS of Tacoma, free admission (donation suggested)
- 13 Sunday, 3pm**
Richard D. Moe Organ Recital Series: Mark Brombaugh, Organist
Tickets: \$17 general admission; \$10 senior citizen (60+), military, alumni, PLU community; \$5 PLU students & 18 and under
- 15 Tuesday, 8pm**
PLU Student Showcase, an AMP fundraising event. Free admission, \$5 suggested donation
- 16 Wednesday, 8pm**
Artist Series: Sheely Alves, Voice; Cassio Vianna, Piano & Wagner Trindade, Bass, free admission
- 20 Sunday, 3pm**
Artist Series: Erik Steighner, Saxophone with Oksana Ejokina, Piano, free admission

MARCH

- 15 Tuesday, 8pm**
University Symphony Orchestra: Student Showcase
- 18 Friday, 12pm**
Artist Series: Bradley Howard, Tenor with Lee Thompson, Piano, free admission
- 19 Saturday, 1pm**
Guitar Orchestra & Guitar Ensemble, free admission
- 19 Saturday, 5pm**
Artist Series: Guitar Faculty Recital
- 19 Saturday, 8pm**
Choral Union. Tickets: \$17 general admission; \$10 senior citizen (60+), military, alumni, PLU community; \$5 PLU students & 18 and under
- 20 Sunday, 3pm**
University Wind Ensemble
- 21 Tuesday, 8pm**
University Jazz Ensemble with Guest Artist Greg Gisbert, Trumpet
Eastvold Auditorium, Karen Hille Phillips Center
- 24 Thursday, 8pm**
Keyboard Students Recital, free admission
- 27 Sunday, 5pm**
PLU Honor Orchestra for Strings, free admission

APRIL

- 2 Saturday, 5 and 6:30pm**
Northwest High School Honor Band, free admission
- 5 Tuesday, 8pm**
Golden West Winds, free admission
- 6 Wednesday, 8pm**
Artist Series: Jennifer Rhyne, Flute
- 12 Tuesday, 8pm**
University Symphony Orchestra: KammerMusikeren
- 20 Wednesday, 8pm**
Keyboard Students Recital, free admission
- 24 Sunday, 3pm**
Richard D. Moe Organ Recital Series: Paul Tegels, University Organist. Tickets: \$17 general admission; \$10 senior citizen (60+), military, alumni, PLU community; \$5 PLU students & 18 and under
- 24 Sunday, 8pm**
Artist Series: The Goldberg Variations by J. S. Bach, free admission
- 28 Thursday, 8pm**
University Chorale
- 30 Saturday, 1pm**
PLUtonic/Gold Rush, MBR Amphitheater, free admission
- 30 Saturday, 5pm**
University Singers & Knights Chorus, free admission
- 30 Saturday, 5pm**
Artist Series: Aria Manning, Soprano, free admission

MAY

- 1 Sunday, 12pm**
Sølvvinden Flute Ensemble, free admission
- 1 Sunday, 5:30pm**
Second City Chamber Series: Viennese Finesse. Tickets: \$30, purchased through Second City Chamber Series only, by phone at 253-572-8863 or at their website: www.scchamberseries.org
- 1 Sunday, 8pm**
Viennese Piano Masterclass, free admission
- 3 Tuesday, 5:30pm**
Saxophone Quartets & Jazz Combos. The Cave, Anderson University Center, free admission
- 3 Tuesday, 8pm**
Choir of the West
- 6 Friday, 1pm**
Pierre Vallet Voice Masterclass, free admission
- 6 Friday, 8pm**
Steel Band & Percussion Ensemble, free admission
- 7 Saturday, 8pm**
PLU Ringers
- 8 Sunday, 3pm**
Woodwind Students Recital, free admission
- 8 Sunday, 4:30pm**
Brass Students Recital, free admission
- 10 Tuesday, 8pm**
University Symphony Orchestra
- 12 Thursday, 8pm**
Keyboard Students Recital, free admission
- 14 Saturday, 3pm**
Piano Ensemble, free admission
- 14 Saturday, 8pm**
Guitar Orchestra & Guitar Ensemble, free admission
- 15 Sunday, 3pm**
University Wind Ensemble
- 17 Tuesday, 6pm**
Chamber Music Kaleidoscope, free admission
- 17 Tuesday, 8pm**
String Kaleidoscope, free admission
- 18 Wednesday, 8pm**
University Concert Band, free admission
- 19 Thursday, 8pm**
University Jazz Ensemble. Eastvold Auditorium, Karen Hille Phillips Center
- 20 Friday and 21 Saturday**
Opera Scenes. Eastvold Auditorium, Karen Hille Phillips Center.
- 22 Sunday, 3pm**
Composers Forum, free admission
- 22 Sunday, 5:30pm**
Songwriters Workshop. Jennie Lee Hansen Recital Hall, free admission

To Order Tickets:

On Line: www.plu.edu/musictickets

At the Concert: Lobby Desk in Mary Baker Russell Music Center

CONCERTS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE

All ticket sales are final - no refunds

MUSIC EVENT TICKET PRICES: \$10 GENERAL; \$5 SENIOR CITIZENS (60+), MILITARY, PLU ALUMNI, & PLU COMMUNITY; FREE TO PLU STUDENTS & 18 AND UNDER UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED. CONCERTS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE AND SOME CONCERTS MAY BE ADDED AFTER PUBLICATION.
www.plu.edu/music/calendar (updated March 4, 2022)