

# Lamont School of Music

## Graduate Recital

**Puting Liu**

Baritone

**Dr. Beth Nielsen**

Piano

Saturday, March 14, 2026

7:30 p.m.

Frederic C. Hamilton Family Recital Hall



**Robert & Judi Newman Center  
for the Performing Arts**

# Program

## Liederkreis, Op. 39

**Robert Schumann**  
(1810–1856)

- I. In der Fremde
- II. Intermezzo
- III. Waldesgespräch
- IV. Die Stille
- V. Mondnacht

## Belsazar, Op. 57

### Elégie (1872)

**Jules Massenet**  
(1842–1912)

### Les berceaux

from *Trois Mélodies*, Op. 23, No. 1

**Gabriel Fauré**  
(1845–1924)

### Chanson à boire

from *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* (1932–33)

**Maurice Ravel**  
(1875–1937)

### Net, tol'ko tot, kto znal Op. 6, No. 6

**Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky**  
(1842–1912)

INTERMISSION

Please silence your cell phones

Photography and video/audio recording of Lamont concerts and recitals are prohibited without prior permission from the Manager of Marketing & Communications

**Let Us Garlands Bring, Op. 18**

**Gerald Finzi**

(1901–1956)

- I. Come Away, Come Away, Death
- II. Who Is Silvia?
- III. Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun
- IV. O Mistress Mine
- V. It Was a Lover and His Lass

**大江东去 (The River Flows East) (1920)**

**Zhu Qing**

(1893 -1959)

**青玉案·元夕 (The Lantern Festival)**

**Changqun Ao**

(b. 1950)

**桥 (The Bridge)**

**Zaiyi Lu**

(b. 1943)

**家 (The Home)**

**望乡词 (Song of Homesickness)**

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of a  
Master of Music Degree in Performance

Mr. Liu is from the studio of Prof. Catherine Kasch

Reception to follow in the Spencer Artist Reception Room

# Text and Translations

## In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot

Da kommen die Wolken her,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,

Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.  
Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die  
stille Zeit,

Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,

Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.  
– Joseph von Eichendorff

## In a Foreign Land

From my homeland, beyond the red  
lightning,  
The clouds come drifting in,  
But father and mother have long been  
dead,  
Now no one knows me there.  
How soon, ah! how soon till that quiet  
time  
When I too shall rest  
Beneath the sweet murmur of lonely  
woods,  
Forgotten here as well.

Trans. Richard Stokes

## Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig  
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,  
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich  
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.  
Mein Herz still in sich singet  
Ein altes, schönes Lied,  
Das in die Luft sich schwinget  
Und zu dir eilig zieht.  
– Joseph von Eichendorff

## Intermezzo

I bear your beautiful likeness  
Deep within my heart,  
It gazes at me every hour  
So freshly and happily.  
My heart sings softly to itself  
An old and beautiful song  
That soars into the sky  
And swiftly wings its way to you.  
Trans. Richard Stokes

## Waldesgespräch

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!  
„Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,

Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,

O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin.“  
So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge Leib,  
Jetzt kenn' ich dich—Gott steh' mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe Loreley.

„Du kennst mich wohl—von hohem  
Stein

Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den  
Rhein.

Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,  
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem  
Wald!“

– Joseph von Eichendorff

## A Forest Dialogue

It is already late, already cold,  
Why ride lonely through the forest?  
The forest is long, you are alone,  
You lovely bride! I'll lead you home!  
'Great is the deceit and cunning of  
men,  
My heart is broken with grief,  
The hunting horn echoes here and  
there,  
O flee! You do not know who I am.'  
So richly adorned are steed and lady,  
So wondrous fair her youthful form,  
Now I know you—may God protect me!  
You are the enchantress Lorelei.  
'You know me well—from its  
towering rock  
My castle looks silently into the  
Rhine.  
It is already late, already cold,  
You shall never leave this forest  
again!'

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Die Stille**

Es weiß und rät es doch Keiner,  
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!  
Ach, wüßt' es nur Einer, nur Einer,  
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!  
So still ist's nicht draußen im Schnee,  
So stumm und verschwiegen sind  
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',  
Als meine Gedanken sind.  
Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein Vöglein  
Und zöge über das Meer,  
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,  
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär'!

– Joseph von Eichendorff

### **Mondnacht**

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,  
Die Erde still geküßt,  
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer  
Von ihm nun träumen müßt'.  
Die Luft ging durch die Felder,

Die Ähren wogten sacht,  
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,  
So sternklar war die Nacht.  
Und meine Seele spannte  
Weit ihre Flügel aus,  
Flog durch die stillen Lande,  
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

– Joseph von Eichendorff

### **Belsatzar**

Die Mitternacht zog näher schon;  
In stummer Ruh' lag Babylon.  
Nur oben in des Königs Schloß,  
Da flackert's, da lärmt des Königs Troß.  
Dort oben in dem Königssaal  
Belsatzar hielt sein Königsmahl.  
Die Knechte saßen in schimmernden

Reihn,  
Und leerten die Becher mit funkelndem  
Wein.  
Es klirrten die Becher, es jauchzten die  
Knecht';  
So klang es dem störrigen Könige  
recht.

Des Königs Wangen leuchten Glut;  
Im Wein erwuchs ihm kecker Mut.

### **Silence**

No one knows and no one can guess  
How happy I am, how happy!  
If only one, just one person knew,  
No one else ever should!  
The snow outside is not so silent,  
Nor are the stars on high  
So still and taciturn  
As my own thoughts.  
I wish I were a little bird,  
And could fly across the sea,  
Across the sea and further,  
Until I were in heaven!

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Moonlit Night**

It was as though Heaven  
Had softly kissed the Earth,  
So that she in a gleam of blossom  
Had only to dream of him.  
The breeze passed through the  
fields,  
The corn swayed gently to and fro,  
The forests murmured softly,  
The night was so clear with stars.  
And my soul spread  
Her wings out wide,  
Flew across the silent land,  
As though flying home.

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Belshazzar**

The midnight hour was drawing on;  
In hushed repose lay Babylon.  
But high in the castle of the king  
Torches flare, the king's men clamour.  
Up there in the royal hall,  
Belshazzar was holding his royal feast.  
The vassals sat in shimmering rows,

And emptied the beakers of glistening  
wine.

The vassals made merry, the goblets  
rang;  
Noise pleasing to that obdurate king.

The king's cheeks glow like coals;  
His impudence grew as he quaffed the  
wine.

(Continued.)

Und blindlings reißt der Mut ihn fort;

Und er lästert die Gottheit mit  
sündigem Wort.

Und er brüstet sich frech, und lästert  
wild;

Die Knechtenschar ihm Beifall brüllt.  
Der König rief mit stolzem Blick;

Der Diener eilt und kehrt zurück.

Er trug viel gülden Gerät auf dem  
Haupt;

Das war aus dem Tempel Jehovas  
geraubt.

Und der König ergriff mit frevler Hand  
Einen heiligen Becher, gefüllt bis am  
Rand.

Und er leert' ihn hastig bis auf den  
Grund

Und rufet laut mit schäumendem  
Mund:

Jehova! Dir künd' ich auf ewig Hohn,—  
Ich bin der König von Babylon!

Doch kaum das grause Wort verklang,  
Dem König ward's heimlich im Busen  
bang.

Das gellende Lachen verstummte  
zumal;

Es wurde leichenstill im Saal.

Und sieh! und sieh! an weißer Wand  
Da kam's hervor wie Menschenhand;  
Und schrieb und schrieb an weißer  
Wand

Buchstaben von Feuer, und schrieb  
und schwand.

Der König stieren Blicks da saß,  
Mit schlotternden Knien und totenblaß.

Die Knechtenschar saß kalt  
durchgraut,

Und saß gar still, gab keinen Laut.

Die Magier kamen, doch keiner  
verstand

Zu deuten die Flammenschrift an der  
Wand.

Belsetzar ward aber in selbiger Nacht  
Von seinen Knechten umgebracht.

– Heinrich Heine

And arrogance carries him blindly  
away;

And he blasphemes God with sinful  
words.

And he brags insolently, blasphemes  
wildly;

The crowd of vassals roar him on.  
The king called out with pride in his  
eyes;

The servant hurries out and then  
returns.

He bore many vessels of gold on his  
head;

Plundered from Jehovah's temple.

With impious hand the king  
Grabs a sacred beaker filled to the  
brim.

And he drains it hastily down to the  
dregs,

And shouts aloud through foaming lips:

Jehovah! I offer you eternal scorn—  
I am the king of Babylon!

Those terrible words had hardly faded,  
Than the king was filled with secret  
fear.

The shrill laughter was suddenly silent;

It became deathly still in the hall.

And see! And see! On the white wall  
A shape appeared like a human hand;  
And wrote and wrote on the white wall

Letters of fire, and wrote and went.

The king sat there with staring eyes,  
With trembling knees and pale as  
death.

The host of vassals sat stricken with  
horror,  
And sat quite still, and made no sound.

The soothsayers came, not one of  
them all

Could interpret the letters of fire on the  
wall.

Belshazzar however in that same night  
Was done to death by his own vassals.

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Elégie**

Ô doux printemps d'autrefois,  
vertes saisons, vous avez fui pour  
toujours!

Je ne vois plus le ciel bleu ;  
je n'entends plus les chants joyeux des  
oiseaux!

En emportant mon bonheur,  
Ô bien-aimé, tu t'en es allé!  
Et c'est en vain que revient le  
printemps!

Oui ! Sans retour, avec toi,  
le gai soleil, les jours riants sont partis!

Comme en mon coeur tout est sombre  
et glacé,  
tout est flétri pour toujours!

– Louis Gallet

### **Les berceaux**

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence,  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance.  
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,

Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.  
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leur masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

– Sully Prudhomme

### **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 cœur, mon âme!  
Je bois  
À la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit ...  
lorsque j'ai bu!  
Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,

### **Elegy**

O sweet Spring of yesteryear,  
green seasons, you have fled forever!

I no longer see the blue sky;  
I no longer hear the joyous songs of  
the birds!

You have fled, my love,  
and with you has fled my happiness.  
And it is in vain that the spring returns!

For along with you,  
the cheerful sun, the laughing days  
have gone!

As my heart is dark and frozen,

so all is withered for evermore!

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **The Cradles**

Along the quay the great ships,  
Listing silently with the surge,  
Pay no heed to the cradles  
Rocked by women's hands.  
But the day of parting will come,  
For it is decreed that women shall  
weep,

And that men with questing spirits  
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,  
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,  
Shall feel their hulls held back  
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Drinking Song**

A pox on the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
Who to discredit me in your sweet  
eyes,

Says that love and old wine  
Are saddening my heart and soul!

I drink

To joy!

Joy is the only goal

To which I go straight...

when I'm...drunk!

A pox on the jealous wretch, O dusky  
mistress,

(Continued.)

Qui geint, qui pleure et fait serment  
D'être toujours ce pâle amant  
Qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse !  
Je bois  
À la joie !  
La joie est le seul but  
Où je vais droit ...  
Lorsque j'ai bu!

– Paul Morand

Who whines and weeps and vows  
Always to be this lily-livered lover  
Who dilutes his drunkenness!  
I drink  
To joy!  
Joy is the only goal  
To which I go straight...  
when I'm... drunk!

Trans. Richard Stokes

### **Nyet tolko tot kto znal**

Net, tol'ko tot,  
kto znal svidan'ja, zhazhdu,  
pojnjot, kak ja stradal  
i kak ja strazhdu.  
Gljazhu ja vdal'...

net sil, tusknejet oko...  
Akh, kto menja ljubil  
i znal - daleko!  
Akh, tol'ko tot,

kto znal svidan'ja zhazhdu,  
pojnjot, kak ja stradal  
i kak ja strazhdu.

– Lev Aleksandrovich Mey

### **None But the Lonely Heart**

No, only one who has known  
What it is to long for one's beloved  
Can know how I have suffered  
And how I suffer still.  
I gaze into the distant – but my strength  
fails me,  
My sight grows dim...  
Ah, the one who loved me  
And knew me is far away now!  
My breast is all aflame – whoever has  
known  
What it is to long for one's beloved  
Can know how I have suffered  
And how I suffer still.

Trans. Philip Ross Bullock

### **Come Away, Death**

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

– William Shakespeare

### **Who Is Silvia?**

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?  
Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.  
Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And, being helped, inhabits there.  
Then to Silvia, let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

– William Shakespeare

### **Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun**

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.  
Fear no more the frown o' the great;  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The scepter, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.  
Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.  
No exorciser harm thee!  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
Nothing ill come near thee!  
Quiet consummation have;  
And renownèd be thy grave!

– William Shakespeare

### **O Mistress Mine**

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low;  
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.  
What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

– William Shakespeare

### **It Was a Lover and His Lass**

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass.  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that life was but a flower  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.  
And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crownèd with the prime  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

– William Shakespeare

### 大江东去

大江东去，  
浪淘尽，  
千古风流人物。  
故垒西边，  
人道是，  
三国周郎赤壁。

乱石穿空，  
惊涛拍岸，  
卷起千堆雪。  
江山如画，一

时多少豪杰。

遥想公瑾当年，  
小乔初嫁了，  
雄姿英发。  
羽扇纶巾，  
谈笑间，  
檣櫓灰飞烟灭。  
故国神游，  
多情应笑我，  
早生华发。  
人生如梦，一  
尊还酹江月。

– Shi Su

### 青玉案·元夕

东风夜放花千树，  
更吹落、星如雨。  
宝马雕车香满路。  
凤箫声动，  
玉壶光转，  
一夜鱼龙舞。

蛾儿雪柳黄金缕，

笑语盈盈暗香去。  
众里寻他千百度；

蓦然回首，  
那人却在、灯火阑珊处。

– Qiji Xin

### The River Flows East

The great river flows eastward,  
its waves sweeping away  
heroes of a thousand ages.  
West of the ancient fortress,  
they say, was Red Cliff,  
where Zhou Yu of the Three Kingdoms  
made his stand.

Jagged rocks pierce the sky;  
fierce waves crash upon the shore,  
rolling up a thousand heaps of snow.  
The landscape unfolds like a  
painting—

how many heroes once rose and fell  
here.

I recall Gongjin in his prime,  
newly wed to fair Xiao Qiao,  
radiant and bold in spirit.  
With feather fan and silk cap,  
in calm laughter and easy speech,  
enemy ships turned to ash and smoke.  
Lost in thoughts of that bygone age,  
one might smile at my sentimentality—  
my hair already streaked with gray.  
Life is but a dream;  
I pour a libation to the moon over the  
river.

Trans. Puting Liu

### The Lantern Festival

The east wind releases a thousand  
trees of blossoms by night,  
and blows down stars like rain.  
Perfumed carriages fill the roads.  
Phoenix flutes resound,  
lantern light turns like jade vessels,  
and dragon and fish lanterns dance  
through the night.

Hair ornaments shimmer— golden  
threads and snowy willows—  
laughter lingers with hidden fragrance.  
I search for her hundreds, thousands  
of times in the crowd;  
suddenly I turn my head—  
there she stands, where the lantern  
light grows dim.

Trans. Puting Liu

## 桥

水乡的小桥姿态多，  
石板缝里长藤萝。  
三步两桥连水港啊，  
条条玉带映碧波。  
姑娘挑藕桥头歇，  
老汉送粮桥下过。  
离家千年也恋水乡，  
愿做人间桥一座。  
离家千年也恋水乡，  
愿做人间桥一座。

- Zhi Yu

## The Bridge

The little bridges of the water town  
take many graceful forms;  
vines grow between the cracks of the  
stone slabs.  
Every few steps, another bridge joins  
the harbor,  
like jade ribbons reflected in the blue  
waves.  
A young girl rests at the bridgehead  
with lotus roots on her shoulder;  
an old man passes beneath, delivering  
grain.  
Though away from home for a  
thousand years, one still longs for the  
water town—  
wishing to become a bridge in this  
human world.  
Though away from home for a  
thousand years, one still longs for the  
water town—  
wishing to become a bridge in this  
human world.

Trans. Puting Liu

## 家

家啊家，家在哪？  
家不在人家的屋檐下，  
家在长长的乡愁里。  
愁了九十九个夏。  
家像那太阳远远地暖，  
家像那月儿高高地挂。  
家啊家，家在哪？  
家不在他乡的竹篱下，  
家在弯弯的黄河边，  
等了九十九个夏。  
家是那燕子回归的巢，  
家是那儿女思念的妈。  
啊……啊……

- Xinkai Zhang

## The Home

Home—oh home, where are you?  
Home is not beneath another's eaves.  
Home lives within a long, unending  
homesickness,  
a longing that has endured ninety-nine  
summers.  
Home is like the distant warmth of the  
sun,  
home is like the moon hanging high  
above.  
Home—oh home, where are you?  
Home is not beneath the bamboo  
fence of a foreign land.  
Home lies beside the winding Yellow  
River,  
waiting through ninety-nine summers.  
Home is the nest to which the swallow  
returns;  
home is the mother longed for by her  
children.  
Ah... ah...

Trans. Puting Liu

### 望乡词

葬我于高山之上兮，  
望我故乡。  
故乡不可见兮，  
故乡不可见兮，  
永不能忘。  
葬我于高山之上兮，  
望我大陆。  
大陆不可见兮，  
大陆不可见兮，  
只有痛哭。  
天苍苍，  
野茫茫，  
山之上，  
国有殇。  
天苍苍，  
野茫茫，  
山之上，  
国有殇。  
呜……呜……呜……  
噢……噢……  
啊……啊……  
天苍苍，  
野茫茫，  
山之上，  
国有殇。  
天苍苍，  
野茫茫，  
山之上，  
国有殇。

### Song of Homesickness

Bury me upon the mountaintop—  
let me gaze toward my homeland.  
Though my homeland cannot be seen,  
though it cannot be seen,  
it can never be forgotten.  
Bury me upon the mountaintop—  
let me gaze toward the mainland.  
Though the mainland cannot be seen,  
though it cannot be seen,  
there is only weeping.  
Heaven stretches vast and blue,  
the wilderness boundless and wide;  
upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Heaven stretches vast and blue,  
the wilderness boundless and wide;  
upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Mm... mm... mm...  
Oh... oh...  
Ah... ah...  
Heaven stretches vast and blue,  
the wilderness boundless and wide;  
upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Heaven stretches vast and blue,  
the wilderness boundless and wide;  
upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Heaven stretches vast and blue,  
the wilderness boundless and wide;  
upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Heaven stretches vast and blue,  
the wilderness boundless and wide;  
upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.  
Upon the mountain heights,  
the nation bears its sorrow.

— Youren Yu

Trans. Puting Liu

# Donate

## *Lamont Society*

Donors to the Lamont School of Music are an integral part of the Lamont community. Since 1983, the Lamont Society has provided financial and other support that has sustained our program's excellence. It has enabled us to purchase instruments, underwrite masterclasses and guest artist performances, support touring ensembles, provide students with professional development funds, support faculty initiatives, maintain scholarships for our deserving students, and much more. We are deeply grateful for this philanthropy!

To support Lamont, please contact Laura Mack, Director of Development, at 303.871.6267 or [laura.mack@du.edu](mailto:laura.mack@du.edu).

You may also donate through <https://liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/society> or with the QR code on this page.



# Upcoming Events

Sunday, March 15, 3:00 p.m.

## **Student Carillon Concert**

Williams Carillon, Ritchie Center Lawn

Free admission, no weather cancellations

## **Masterclass: David Kim, violin**

Monday March 16, 4:00 p.m.

Tuesday March 17, 10:00 a.m.

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission to observe

Saturday, April 4, 7:30 p.m.

## **Faculty Recital Series: Basil Vendryes, viola & William David, piano**

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Tuesday, April 7, 7:30 p.m.

## **Trombone Studio Recital**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, April 10, 7:30 p.m.

## **Faculty Recital Series: Richard Harris, trombone**

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty

Sunday, April 12, 5:00 p.m.

## **Guest Recital: Lynnli Wang, carillon**

Williams Carillon, Ritchie Center Lawn

Free admission, no ticket required

Monday, April 23, 7:30 p.m.

## **Trumpet Studio Recital**

Hamilton Recital Hall

Free admission, no ticket required

Friday, April 17, 7:30 p.m.

## **Faculty Recital Series: Brian Neal, trumpet & Cindy Lindeen-Martin, organ**

Hamilton Recital Hall

\$12, free for students & faculty



**Present your Lamont program or ticket stub to La Belle Rosette within 24 hours of an event (either before or after) and receive 20% off your order.**

Located steps from the Newman Center at  
2423 S University Blvd, Denver, CO 80210

**Hours (now open later on weekdays!)**

Mon-Fri, 7AM to 8PM

Sat, 7AM to 2PM

Sun, 8AM to 2PM

720.508.4469

labellerosette.com

[du.edu/lamont](http://du.edu/lamont)

*Lamont News:* [liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/stories](http://liberalarts.du.edu/lamont/stories)



**Lamont School of Music**  
UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

