Matthäuspassion, BMV 244...............................................................Bach (1685-1750)
   Können Tränen meiner Wangen
   Erbarme dich, mein Gott

La bonne chanson, Op. 61..............................................................Fauré (1845-1942)
   1. Une Sainte en son aureole
   2. Puisque l’aube grandit
   3. La lune blanche
   8. N’est-ce pas?

Trouble in Tahiti.................................................................Bernstein (1918-1990)
   I was standing in a garden

Wuthering Heights...............................................................Herrmann (1911-1975)
   I have been wandering through the green woods
   I have dreamt

~ Intermission ~

The Last Five Years..............................................................Brown (1970)
   A part of that

Ever After.................................................................Goldrich (1964)
   I remember

Baby..................................................................................Shire (1937)
   Patterns

Finding Neverland..................................................Barlow (1971) & Kennedy (1969)
   What you mean to me

Dogfight.................................................................Pasek (1985) & Paul (1985)
   Before it’s over

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   Thank you so much for joining me tonight!

~Colossians 3:17~
Können Tränen Meiner Wangen
If the tears upon my cheeks can
Not accomplish,
Oh, then take my heart away.
But then let amidst the streaming
Of the wounds gently bleeding,
Also be the sacrificial cup.

Erbarme dich
Have mercy,
My God, for the sake of my tears!
Look here,
My heart and eyes weep before thee
Bitterly.

Une Sainte en un aureole
A Saint in her halo,
A Chatelaine in her tower,
All that human words contain
Of grace and love;
The golden note of a horn
In forests far away,
Blended with the tender pride
Of noble Ladies of long ago;
And then the rare charm
Of a fresh, triumphant smile,
Flowering in a swan-like innocence
And the blushes of a woman-child;
A nacreous sheen of white and pink,
A sweet patrician harmony:
All these things I see and hear
In her Carolingian name.

Puisque l'aube grandit
Since day is breaking, since dawn is here,
Since hope, having long eluded me, would now
Return to me and my imploring,
Since all this happiness will truly be mine,
I shall, guided by your fair eyes' gentle glow,
Let by your hand in which I place my trembling hand,
Walk straight ahead, on mossy paths
Or rock and pebble covered path;

And while, to ease the journey's languid pace,
I shall sing some simple airs I tell myself
That she will surely hear me without displeasure;
And truly I crave no other paradise.

La lune blanche
The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

Let us dream, it is the hour.
A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the firmament
That the moon illuminates
It is the exquisite hour.

N'est-ce pas?
Is it not so? Happy and unhurried we'll follow
The modest path were Hope directs us with a smile,
Little caring if we are neither known or seen.

Isolated in love we in a dark wood,
Our two hearts, breathing gentle love,
Shall be two nightingales singing at evening.

With no thought of what Destiny
Has in store, we shall walk along together,
Hand in hand, our souls like those of children
Whose love is unalloyed, is that no so?