

Music

AT EASTERN

The EWU Department of Music Presents

Carmyn Parks
Senior Voice Recital

with

Mr. Scott Rednour, piano

Wednesday, April 6th 6pm
Music Building Recital Hall

Presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for
Bachelor of Music Education and Bachelor of Music, Vocal Performance

Studio of Professor Cynthia Romoff

Program

- 'Ich folge dir gleichfalls' from the *St. John Passion* Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)
Robyn Kunkel, Flute
- Vanne, o Rosa Fortunata Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)
- Stornello Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)
- La Pesca Gioachino Rossini
Duetto Buffo di due Gatti (1792-1868)
Kimberly Regis, mezzo-soprano
- Piangeró la sorte mia from *Giulio Cesare* George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)
- Quatre Chansons Pour Enfants Francis Jean Marcel Poulenc
(1899-1963)
La Tragique Histoire du Petit René
Nous Voulons une Petite Sœur
Le Petit Garçon Trop Bien Portant
Monsieur Sans Souci
- Goethe Lieder Hugo Phillip Jacob Wolf
(1860-1903)
Nixe Binsefuss
Die Spröde
Die Bekehrte
- Cowboy Songs Libby Larsen
(b. 1950)
Bucking Bronco
Lift Me into Heaven Slowly
Billy the Ki

Program Notes and Translations

Ich folge dir gleichfalls

*Ich folge dir gleichfalls mit freudigen Schritten
Und lasse dich nicht, mein Leben, mein Licht.
Befördre den Lauf und höre nicht auf,
Selbst an mir zu ziehen, zu schieben, zu bitten.*

I follow you also with joyful steps
And I will not leave you, for you are my life, my light.
Set the course and do not stop,
To pull me, to push me, and to beg me to follow.

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Vanne, o Rose Fortunata

*Vanne, o rosa fortunata,
A posar di Nice in petto
Ed ognun sará costretto
La tua sorte invidiar,
Oh, se in te potessi anch'io
Trasformarmi un sol momento;
Non avria più bel contento
Questo core a sospirar.
Ma tu inchini dispettosa,
Bella rosa impallidita,
La tua fronte scolorita
Dallo sdegno e dal dolor.
Bella rose, è destinate
Ad entrambi un'ugual sorte:
Là trovar dobbiam la morte,
Tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.*

Go, oh fortunate rose,
To rest upon Nice's breast
And everyone will be compelled
To envy your fate.
Oh, if I could also for a single moment
Transform myself into you;
No greater joy would have
My heart but to sigh
But you bow in scorn,
Beautiful faded rose,
Your face made pale
By anger and sorrow.
Beautiful rose, it is destined,
Beautiful rose, the same fate is destined for both of us
We both must find death (on Nice's breast),
You of envy and I of love.

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Stornello

*Tu dici che non m'ami... ach'io non t'amo...
Dici non mi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.
Anco di questo vo' che ci accordiamo:
Tu fai quell che ti pare, io quel che voglio.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.
Constanza nell'amor è una follia;
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.,
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,
Nè quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.
Come usignuol che usci di prigionia
Tutta la note e il di folleggio e canto.*

You say that you do not love me... I do not love you either...
You say that you do not want me, I do not want you either.
You say that you have another fish on a hook.
I too pick roses in another garden.
Also, on this I want us to agree:
you do that which you think best, and I will do what I want.
I am free, everyone is his own master.
I am a servant to all and a servant to none.
Fidelity in love is folly;
I am fickle and I brag about it.
I do not tremble to see you on the street,
nor, when you're far away do I suffer in tears
Like the nightingale who emerges from prison
Night and day I frolic and sing.

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La Pesca

*Già la notte s'avvicina, viene, o Nice, amato bene,
Della placida marina le fresch'aure a respirar.
Non sa dir che sia diletto chi no posa in queste arene
Or ch'un lento zefiretto dolcemente increspa il mar.*

Night is already approaching, come, oh Nice, dear beloved,
Of the calm sea to breath the fresh breezes.
No one knows what delight is who has not rested on these sands
Now when the languid breeze gently ripples the sea

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Piangerò la sorte mia

*E pur così in un giorno
Perdo fast e grandezze? Ahi, fato rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son, nè sanno
Darmi soccorso. Oh Dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.*

Therefore in one day
I lose fame and greatness? Oh, treacherous fate!
Caesar, my protector, is perhaps no more;
Cornelia and Sesto are powerless,
They cannot assist me. O God!
No hope remains in my life.

*Piangerò la sorte mia,
Sì crudele e tanto ria,
Finchè vita in petto avrò.*

I will lament my destiny,
So cruel and merciless,
As long as there is life in my body.

*Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
Il tiranno e notte e giorno
Fatta spettro agiterò.*

But once dead, everywhere,
The tyrant, night and day,
My spirit will torment.

Translation from *Arias for Soprano, Volume 2*, compiled and edited by Robert L. Larsen © 2004 by G. Shirmer Inc.

Quatre Chansons pour Enfants

La tragique Histoire du petit René

*Avec mon face à main Je vois ce qui se passe
Chez Madame Germain dans la maison d'en face.
Les deux filles cadettes Prèpare le repas
Représent les chausset's Et font le lit de leur papa.
Emma s'occupe du balai,
Paul va chercher le lait,
Mais le p'tit René Quoique étant l'aîné
fait rogir la maisonnée
D'un bout de l'anée A l'aut' bout d'l'année
Il me les doigts dans son nez*

With my face in my hand, I see what is happening
at Mrs. Germain's home. In the opposite house,
the two youngest girls prepare the meal,
darn the socks and make their father's bed.
Emma busies herself with the broom,
Paul goes to find the milk
But little Rene, although being the eldest,
makes the household blush.
From the beginning of the year to the end of the year
he puts his fingers in his nose.

*Le sermons, le discours dont ses parents le bourrent
Semblent tomber toujours Dans l'oreille d'un sourd.
Sa mère consternée A beau le sermonner
Le priver de diner
Et lui donner le martinet
L'en fermer dans le cabinets
Il s'met les doigts dans l'nez*

The sermons, the discussions that his parents stuff him
with always seem to fall on deaf ears.
His mother dismayed in vain lectures him,
deprives him of dinner,
and gives him the candlestick,
locked in the cabinets.
He puts his fingers in his nose,

*D'un bout de l'année A l'aut' bout d'l'anée
C'est sa triste destinée
Pauvr' petit René en terminer On a dû lui couper l'nez.*

throughout the year, at another end of the year.
It's his sad fate.
Poor little Rene. To finish, one must cut his nose.

Nous Voulons une Petite Sœur

*Madame Eustache a dixsept filles,
Ce n'est pa trop, Mais c'est assez
La jolie petite famille, Vous avez dû dû dû,
Vous avez dû dû dû, vous avez dû la voir passer.
Le vingt decembre on les appelle:
"Que voulezvous Mesdemoiselles, pour votre Noël?
Voulezvous une boite à poudre?
Voulezvous de petits mouchoirs?
Un petit necessaire à coudre?
Un perroquet sur son perchoir?
Woulezvous un petit menage?
Un stylo qui tache les doigts?
Un pompier qui plonge et qui nage?
Un vase à fleurs Presque chinois?"
Mais les dixsept enfants en chæur ont répondu:
"Non, non, non, non, non.
Ce n'est pas ça que nous voulons,
Nou voulons une petite sœur.
Ronde et joufflue comme un ballon
Avec un petit nez, far cœur
Avec les che veux blonds avec la bouche en cœur
Nous voulons une petite sœur."*

Madame Eustache has seventeen daughters,
It is not too much, but it is enough.
The pretty little family, you have had to,
You have had to, you have had to see them pass by.
On December 20, she asked them:
"What do you want ladies? For your Christmas?
Would you like a powder box?
Would you like little handkerchiefs?
A little sewing kit?
A parrot on its perch?
Do you want a little household?
A pen that stains your fingers?
A firefighter who dives and swims?
A flower vase that is almost Chinese?"
But the seventeen children in unison responded:
"No, no, no, no, no!
This is not what we want.
We want a little sister.
Round and chubby like a ball.
With a funny little nose,
with blonde hair, with a heart shaped mouth.
We want a little sister!"

*L'hiver suivant, ell's sont dixhuit,
Ce n'est pa trop, mais c'est assez,
Noël approche et les petites
Sont vraiment bien embarrasses.
Madame Eustache les appelle:
"Décidezvous Mesdemoiselles Pour votre Noël?
Voulezvous un mouton qui fries?
Voulezvous un réveill' matin?
Un coffret d'alcool dentifrice?
Trois petits cousins de satin?
Coulezvous une panoplie
De danseuse de l'Opera?
Un petit fauteuil qui se plie?
Et que l'on porte sous son bras?"
Mais les dixhuit enfants en chæur Ont répondu:
"Non, non, non, non, non!
Ce n'est pas ça que nous voulons,
Nou voulons une petite sœur.
Ronde et joufflue comme un ballon
Avec un petit nez, far cœur
Avec les che veux blonds avec la bouche en cœur
Nous voulons une petite sœur."*

The next winter, there are eighteen,
It's not too much, but it's enough.
Christmas approached
and the little ones are truly embarrassed.
Madame Eustache asks them:
"What do you want, ladies? For your Christmas?
Do you want a curly-haired sheep?
Do you want an alarm clock?
A box of toothpaste alcohol?
Three satin cushions?
Do you want a costume
like an Opera dancer?
A little armchair that folds up
Which you can put under your arm?"
But the eighteen children in unison responded:
"No, no, no, no, no!
This is not what we want.
We want a little sister.
Round and chubby like a ball.
With a funny little nose,
With blonde hair, with a heart shaped mouth.
We want a little sister!"

<p><i>Ell's sont dixneuf l'année suivante, Ce n'est pa trop, Mais c'est assez, Quand revient l'époque émouvante Noël va de nou nou nou, Noël va de nou nou, Noël va de nouveau passer. Madame Eustache les appelle: "Décidezvous, Medemoiselles, pour votre Noël? Voulezvous des jeux excentriques? Avec des pil's et des moteurs? Voulezvous un ours électrique? Un hippopotami à vapeur? Pour coller des cartes postales? Vouslezvous un superbe album? Une automobile à pédales? Une bague en alluminium?"</i></p> <p><i>Mais les dixneuf enfants en chœur Ont répondu: "Non, non, non, non, non! Ce n'est pas ça que nous voulons, nous voulons deux petites jumelles Deux sœurs exactement pareilles, Deux sœurs avec des cheveux blonds!"</i></p> <p><i>Leur mère a dit: "C'est bien, mais il n'ya pas moyen, Cette année, vous n'aurez rien, rien, rien!"</i></p>	<p>There are nineteen the next year following, it's not too much, but it is enough. When the sentimental time returns Christmas will come, Christmas will come, Christmas will come once again, Madame Eustache asks them: "What do you want, ladies? For your Christmas? Do you want some eccentric games? With some batteries and some engines? Do you want an electric bear? A steam-powered hippopotamus For gluing postage stamps? Do you want a superb album? An automobile with pedals? An aluminum ring?"</p> <p>But the nineteen children in chorus responded: "No, no, no, no, no! This is not what we want. We want two little twins. Two sisters exactly alike. Two sisters with blond hair!"</p> <p>Their mother said: "That's fine, but it is too much! This year, you get nothing, nothing, nothing!"</p>
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Le petit garçon trop bien portant:

<p><i>Ah! Moncher docteur, je vous écris, Vous serrez un peu surprise, Je n'suis vraiment pas content, D'être toujours trop bien portant... Je suis gras Trois fois trop, J'ai des bras... Beaucoup trop gros. Et l'on dit, en me voyant: "Regardezle, c'est effrayant, Quell' santé, Quell' santé, Approchez, on peu tâter!... Ah! Mon cher docteur, c'est un enfer, vraiment je n'sais plus quoi faire, Tous les gens dis'n't à memèr': "Bravo, ma chère, il es ten fer..."</i></p> <p><i>J'ai René, mon aîné, quand il faut être enrhumé, Ça lui tomb' toujours sur le nez... Les fluxions, attention! ... C'est pour mon frère Adrien! Mais moi, j'n'attrapp' ja mais rien Et pourtant j'ai beau, pendant l'hiver, m'exposer aux courants d'air, Manger à tort à travers Tous les fruits verts, ya rien à faire... Hélas, je sais que lorsqu'on a la rougeole, On reste au lit, mais on ne va plus à l'école... Vos parents sont près de vous, ils cous cajolent, Et l'on vous dit des tas de petits mots gentils... Votr' maman constamment, vous donn' des médicaments.</i></p> <p><i>Ah! Mon cher docteur, si vous étiez gentil vous auriez pitié! Je sais bien c'que vous feriez pilul's que vous m'enverriez!</i></p>	<p>Ah! My dear doctor, I am writing you, You will be a little surprised. I am not happy to be always too healthy. I am fat three times too big, my arms are much too big. And they say, looking at me: "Look! It is frightening, What health! What health! Come closer, we can try". Ah, My dear doctor, it is hell, I truly don't know what to do anymore Everyone says to my mother: "Bravo, my dear, he is iron..."</p> <p>I have René, my elder, when he has a cold, It always falls on your nose... The pneumonia, beware! It is for my brother Adrien! But me, I never catch anything! And yet in vain, during the winter, I expose myself to drafts, eat wrongly through All the green fruit, nothing to be done. Alas! I know that when we have the measles, you stay in bed, not going to school, your parents are near to you, they cuddle you lots of nice words. Your mum, constantly gives medicines Ah! My dear doctor, if you were kind, you'd have pity I know what you would do, The pills that you would send me</p>
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<i>Etre bien portant tout l'temps, c'est trop embêtant...</i>	Being healthy all the time is too annoying...
<i>Je vous en suppli', docteur...</i>	I beg you, doctor,
<i>pour un' fois, ayez bon cœur...</i>	for one time, be kind
<i>Docteur un' seul' fois, Rendezmoi</i>	doctor, just one time, make me
<i>Malad' ..malad' ..malade... Pendant une heure!</i>	sick, sick, sick, just one hour!

Monsieur sans souci:

<i>Quand les gens ont beaucoup d'argent,</i>	When the people have a lot of wealth
<i>Pour leur service Ils ont, diton:</i>	For their service they have, they say:
<i>Larbins, nourrices et marmitons.</i>	Minions, servants, and scullery maids.
<i>C'nest pas ainsi, Chez Monsieur Sans Souci...</i>	It is not like this for Mr. Sans-Souci.
<i>Il fait tout lui-même dans sa p'tit' maison.</i>	He does everything himself in his little house.
<i>C'est le bon système: Il a bien raison!</i>	It is a good system, he is right.
<i>Il frotte, il astiqu': pas de domestiqu'.</i>	He rubs, he polishes, there is no servant.
<i>Son plancher reluit...Qu'on est bien chez lui!</i>	His floor really shines, we are really at home.
<i>Les petits plats qu'il aime, Il se les fait lui-même,</i>	The little dishes he loves, he makes himself.
<i>Et puis, il s'dit: "Merci" Monsieur Sans-Souci...</i>	And then he says, "Thank you." Mr. Sans-Souci.
<i>Au printemps, Il est bien content...</i>	In the springtime he is very happy
<i>Le jardinage prend tont son temps...</i>	The gardening takes all his time
<i>Malgré son âge: Il est heureux</i>	despite his age, he is very happy
<i>Des airs d'antan qu'il se met à l'ouvrage...</i>	Songs of yesteryear, he is pleased
<i>Il fait tout lui-même</i>	He does everything for himself.
<i>Dans son p'tit' jardin.</i>	In his little garden,
<i>Et les fleurs qu'il aime; Il les a pour rien.</i>	you see the flowers that he loves; he gets them for free.
<i>Il bêche il arros', Il taille ses ros's</i>	He spades, he waters, he prunes his roses
<i>Et dans sa villa c'est plein de lilas...</i>	And in the villa, it is full of lilacs
<i>Il a des chrysanthèmes qu'il cueille pour lui-même</i>	The are chrysanthemums, which he picks for himself
<i>Et pour les dam's aussi,</i>	and for the ladies also,
<i>Monsieur Sans Souci...</i>	Mister Sans-Souci.
<i>Le bon vieux n'est jamais envieux,</i>	The good old man is never jealous.
<i>Il se contente toujours de peu...</i>	He is content all the time with little.
<i>Rein ne le tente: Il est heureux...</i>	Nothing tempts him
<i>Son seul désir,</i>	His one desire,
<i>c'est de vous fair' plaisir.. Il fait tou lui-même,</i>	Is that you enjoy, he enjoys himself.
<i>pour qu'on soit content.. tout le monde l'aime</i>	So that everyone is happy, everyone loves him
<i>Il vivra long temps.. Il est centenaire'</i>	He will live a long time, he is 100 years old
<i>Et déjà Saint-Pierr', l'attend, m'at'on dit,</i>	And already Saint Peter waits for him, I've been told
<i>Dans son paradis.. Il entrera sans peine,</i>	And into paradise he will enter without pain.
<i>et près du Bon Dieu lui-même Nous le verrons assis,</i>	And close to the good Lord, we will see him seated.
<i>Monsieur Sans Souci.</i>	Mr. Sans-Souci

Translation from Mr. Scott Rednour, Mr. Steven Honig, and Miss Ivalee Beck

Goethe Lieder (*Nixe Binsefuss, Die Spröde, Die Bekehrte*)

Nixe Binsefuss

*Des Wassermanns sein Töchterlein
Tanzt auf dem Eis im Vollmondschein,
Sie singt und lachet sonder Scheu,
Wohl an des Fischers Haus vorbei.*

The water spirit's little daughter
Dances on the ice in the full moonlight,
Singing and laughing without fear
Past the fisherman's house.

*"Ich bin die Jungfer Binsefuss,
Und meine Fisch' wohl hüten muss,
Meine Fisch' die sind in Kasten,
Sie haben kalte Fasten;
Von Böhmerglas mein Kasten ist,
Da zähl' ich sie zu jeder Frist.*

"I am the maiden Reedfoot,
And I must look after my fish;
My fish are in this chest,
Having a cold Lent;
My chest is made of Bohemian glass,
And I count them whenever I can.

*Gelt, Fischermatz? Gelt, alter Tropf
dir will der Winter nicht in Kopf?
Komm mir mit deinen Netzen!
Die will ich schön zerfetzen!
Dein Mädglein zwar ist fromm und gut,
Ihr Schatz ein braves Jägerblut.
Drum hang' ich ihr, zum Hochzeitsstrauss,
Ein schilfen Kränzlein vor das Haus,
Und einen Hecht, von Silber schwer,
Er stammt von König Artus her,
Ein Zwergen-Goldschmids-Meisterstück,
wer's hat, dem bringt es eitel Glück:
er lässt sich schuppen Jahr für Jahr,
da sind's fünfhundert Gröschlein baar.
Ade, mein Kind! Ade für heut!
Der Morgenhahn im Dorge schreit."*

Right, fisherman? Not so, foolish old fisherman,
You cannot understand it is winter?
If you come near me with your nets,
I'll tear them all to shreds!
But your little girl is good and devout,
And her sweetheart's an honest huntsman.
That's why I'll hand a wedding bouquet,
A wreath of rushes outside her house,
And a pike of solid silver,
From King Arthur's time,
The masterwork of a dwarf goldsmith,
Which brings its owner the best of luck:
Each year it sheds its scales,
Worth five hundred groshen in cash.
Farewell, child! Farewell for today!
The cock in the village cried morning.

Translation from © Richard Stoke, author of: *The Book of Lieder (Faber)*, provided via *Oxford Lieder*

Die Spröde

*An dem reinsten Frühlingsmorgen
Ging die Schäferin und sang,
Jund und schön und ohne Sorgen,
Daß es durch die Felder klang,
So la la! Le ra la la!*

On the clearest of spring mornings
The shepherdess went out and sang,
Carefree, young and beautiful,
Till it echoed through the fields,
So la la! Le ra la la!

*Thyrsis bot ihr für ein Mäulchen
zwei, drei Schäfchen gleich am Ort,
Schalkhaft blickte sie ein Weilchen;
Doch sie sang und lachte fort*

Thyrsis offered her for a kiss
Two, three lambs without delay,
She looked on mischievously for a while;
But went on laughing and singing on her way,

*Und ein anderer bot ihr Bänder,
Und der dritte bot sein Herz;
Doch sie trieb mit Herz und Bändern
So wie mit den Lämmern Scherz
Nur la la! Le ra la la!*

And another offered her ribbons,
And a third bid his heart;
But she made fun of heart and ribbons
As she had done with the lambs,
Only la la! Le ra la la!

Translation from © Richard Stoke, author of: *The Book of Lieder (Faber)*, provided via *Oxford Lieder*

Die Bekherte

*Bei dem Glanz der Abendröte
Ging ich still den Wald entlang,
Damon saß und blies die flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la! Ra la la!*

In the red glow of sunset
I wandered quietly through the wood,
Damon sat and played his flute,
Making the rocks resound,
So la la! Ra la la!

*Und er zog mich zu sich nieder
Küßte mich so hold, so süß,
Und ich sagte: "Blase wieder!"
Und der gute Junge blies,*

And he drew me down to him,
Kissed me so gently, so sweetly.
And I said: "Play once more!"
And the good lad played.

*Meine Ru hist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör vor meinen Ohren
Immer nur den alten Ton,
So la la! Ra la la!*

Now my peace is lost,
My joy has flown away,
And ringing in my ears I hear
Nothing by the old tones,
So la la! Ra la la!

Translation from © Richard Stoke, author of: *The Book of Lieder* (Faber), provided via *Oxford Lieder*

Cowboy Songs

Bucking Bronco

My love is a rider, my love is a rider.
My true love is a rider. Wild broncos he breaks,
Though he promised to quit for my sake.
It's one foot in the stirrup and the saddle put on
With a swing and a jump, he is mounted and gone.
The first time I met him it was early one spring
A riding a bronco a high headed thing!
The next time I saw, 'twas late in the fall,
A swinging the girls at Tomlinson's ball.
He gave me some presents, among them a ring,
The return that I gave him was a far better thing;
A young maiden's heart, I'd have you all know,
that he won it by riding his bucking bronco.
Now all young maidens, where e'er you reside,
Beware of the cowboy who swings raw hide,
He'll court you and pet and leave you to go
In the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco.

Lift Me into Heaven Slowly

Lift me into heaven slowly,
'cause my back's sore and my mind's thoughtful
Lift me, lift me into heaven slowly,
Lift me, lift me into heaven slowly,
'cause my back's sore and my mind's thoughtful
And I'm not even sure I want to go.
I'm not even sure I want to go.
Lift me into heaven slowly, slowly.

Billy the Kid

Billy was a bad man. Carried a big gun.
He was always after good folks and he kept them on the run.
He shot one ev'ry morning to make his morning meal;
Let a man sass him he was sure to feel his steel.
He kept folks in hot water, stole from ev'ry stage,
When he was full of liquor he was always in a rage.
He kept things boiling over, he stayed out in the brush,
When he was full of dead eye, other folks 'ld better hush.
Billy was a bad man.
But one day he met a man a whole lot badder
And now he's dead and we ain't none the sadder.

Special thanks to

... Cynthia Romoff; for the patience, so many high notes that resonant to smash the patriarchy, and so many creative vocal techniques. This recital would not have been possible without your knowledge and expertise, and your ability to push me to be better, to do better.

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