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### Senior Recital

Rebecca Robles  
*Chapman University*

Cheryl Lin Fielding  
*Chapman University*

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*Chapman University*  
*Conservatory of Music*

presents a

Senior Recital

Rebecca Robles, soprano

Dr. Cheryl Lin Fielding, pianist

March 22, 2009 • 8:00 P.M.  
Salmon Recital Hall

# Program

## I

### Cantata

*Georg Frideric Handel*  
(1685-1759)

Aria: Crudel tiranno amor

Recitativo: Ma tu mandi al mio core

Aria: O dolce mia speranza

Recitativo: Senza te, dolce speme

Aria: O cara speme

Maria Myrick, Violin • Jarrett Threadgill, Viola

Daphne Medina, Violin • Scott Kawai, Cello

## II

### Four Folk Songs

*Maurice Ravel*  
(1875-1937)

Spanish

French

Italian

Hebrew

## III

### Steal Me

*Gian Carlo Menotti*  
(1911-2007)

from *The Old Maid and the Thief*

Dan St.Marseille, Clarinet

## Intermission

## IV

### The Daisies

*Samuel Barber*  
(1910-1981)

Nuvoletta

My Lizard

## V

### Ständchen

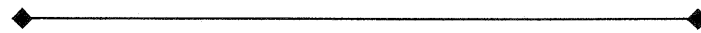
*Richard Strauss*  
(1864-1949)

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

Cäcilie

This recital is in partial fulfillment of the requirement for a Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Ms. Robles is a student of Dr. Peter Atherton.

*Program Notes*



*Rebecca Robles*  
*Senior Vocal Recital*  
*March 22, 2009*

# I.

**George Frideric Handel** (1685-1759), a composer during the Baroque period, is recognized as one of the most prolific composers in music history. Handel wrote nearly 1,000 solos in his operas, oratorios, and cantatas. His best-known work is the oratorio *The Messiah*. Regarded as a great composer of opera with an innate understanding of the voice, Handel wrote exceptionally beautiful arias, primarily using the *da capo* form (meaning the A section of each aria will be repeated with variations).

*Crudel Tiranno Amor* (1721) is a set of three *da capo* arias from Handel's cantata *Apollo e Dafne*. The story of *Apollo e Dafne* depicts the unwanted attention, which arrogant Apollo lavishes upon the beautiful nymph Dafne. After attempting every means to reject the bullying god, Dafne only manages to escape Apollo's clutches by transforming herself into a laurel bush. Apollo is both devastated and stunned.

## Crudel tiranno Amor

### *No. 1 Aria*

Crudel tiranno Amor  
o rendimi 'l mio ben,  
o dammi liberta!  
Del suo fedele ardor  
questa mercede al sen  
ingrato non si da.

*Da Capo*

### *Recitativo*

Ma tu mandi al mio core  
la speme lusinghiera,  
che promette il ritorno  
il ritorno bramato  
del caro bene amato.

### *No. 2 Aria*

O dolce mia speranza,  
no, non partir da me!  
Per te, di lontananza  
non sento piu tormento  
e vivo sol per te.

*Da Capo*

### *Recitativo*

Senza te, dolce spene,  
viver in tanto duolo io non potrei;  
tu degli affanni miei tempri il dolore,  
e prometti che un di contenta, lieta  
superato il rigor del fato rio,  
tornero ad abbracciar l'idolo mio!

### *No. 3. Aria*

O cara spene, del mio diletto  
il core amante, si fida in te,  
o spene cara!  
L'amato bene,  
che torni aspetto  
fido e costante al par di me.

## Amor, merciless tyrant

### *No. 1 Aria*

Amor, merciless tyrant  
give back to me my dear one,  
or give me back my freedom!  
This reward  
of a loyal ardour  
will not belong to an ungrateful breast.

*Da Capo*

### *Recitative*

You send to my heart  
a flattering hope  
which promises  
the eagerly awaited return  
of the beloved.

### *No. 2 Aria*

Oh my sweet hope,  
do not depart from me!  
Because of you I no longer feel  
the torments of distance  
and live only for you

*Da Capo*

### *Recitative*

Without you dear hope  
I could not live in such great pain  
You assuaged the pains of my sorrow  
and promised that one day,  
once the rigour of cruel fate had passed,  
I will return to embrace the one I adore!

### *No. 3 Aria*

Oh my dear hope, let the  
heart of my love trust you,  
oh, dear hope!  
Grant that my beloved,  
just like me,  
will continue trusting and constant.

## II.

**Maurice Ravel** (1875-1937) is considered an Impressionistic composer who wrote great works for piano, voice, chamber music, and orchestra. He was very precise and refined in his personal life as well as in his musical compositions. He wanted his music to be performed, not interpreted. How he indicated his phrasing, dynamics, and tempo are intended to be honored exactly. Ravel's sound ranges from folk-like to more romantic. He believed in writing music that would "underline the poem and sustain it, but will be unable to interpret it or add anything to it". Ravel was highly intrigued by texts about travel and exploration. This can be seen in his natural ability to write exotic music. Well-known works include the song cycle *Shéhérazade* (1903) and *Boléro* (1928) for orchestra.

*Folk Songs* (1910) is a song cycle that includes four songs in Spanish, French, Italian, and Hebrew. Each text is written in a more provincial dialect of its respective language. The Spanish song is describing the hatred of war and its effects (listen for the tightly dissonant rolled chords, which imitate a guitar and the sad twist of the melody to the lowered seventh at the end of each verse). The French song is a sweet yet suggestive song about two naïve young lovers. The "lan la's" demonstrate the coy demeanor of the lovers. The Italian song is a lovelorn lament where the emotions are more openly displayed. The key of C minor provides the backdrop for the crashing of the ocean waves. Ninth and seventh chords provide the color of the unrequited love. The Hebrew song is a dialogue between father and son. The father can be heard in the E minor sections where the urgency of his questions are accompanied by a driving drum-like beat. The son answers in C major, youthful and sunny, but proud. The vocal line is recitative-like and ornament-filled, intended to imitate the ease of a Jewish cantor.

### Spanish Song

Adios meu homiño, adios  
Ja que te marchas pr'a guerra  
Non t'olvides d'aprendiña  
Queche qued'a can'a terra.  
Castellanos de Castilla Tratade ben os Gallegos:  
Cando van, van como rosas,  
Cando ven, ven como negros.

### French Song

Janeta ount anirem gardar  
Qu'ajam boun tems un' oura?  
Lan la! Aval, aval, al prat barrat;  
Ia de tan belas ombres! Lan la!  
Lou pastour quita soun mantel  
Per far sieire Janeta, lan la!  
Janeta a talamen jougat  
Que se ies oublidada, lan la!

### Italian Song

M'affaccio la finestra e vedo l'onde,  
Vedo le mi miserie che so granne.  
Chiamo l'amore mio, nun m'arrisponde.

### Spanish Song

Farewell my man, farewell,  
Since you are leaving for the war  
Do not forget to be in touch  
With those staying behind in this country.  
Castilians of Castille Treat well the Galicians:  
When they go, they go like roses  
When they come back, they come back black (burnt).

### French Song

Johnny where shall we go to guard  
To have a good time for an hour?  
Hi ho! There, there, in the meadow fenced;  
There are so many beautiful shadows! Hi ho!  
The shepherd takes off his cloak!  
In order to make a seat for Jeanette, hi ho!  
Jeanette so much played  
That she herself there forgot, hi ho!

### Italian Song

I look out the window and I see the waves,  
I see my miseries which are great.  
I call my love, he does not reply to me.

Hebrew Song

Mejerke main Suhn, oi Mejerke main Suhn,  
Zi weiss tu, var wemen du steihst?  
"Lifnei Melech Malchei hamlochim," Tatumju.  
Wos ze westu bai lhm bet'n?  
"Bonei, chajei, M'suneï," Tatumju.  
Oif wos darfs tu M'suneï?  
"W'ochalto w'sowoto uweirachto."

Hebrew Song

Meyerke my son, oh Meyerke my son,  
Do you know before whom you stand?  
"Before the King of Kings," dear father.  
What then will you ask of Him?  
"Sons, life, sustenance," father dear.  
For what do you need sustenance?  
"You shall eat, and you will be satisfied, so you can  
bless God."

III.

**Gian Carlo Menotti** (1911-2007) wrote the words and music to his first opera, *The Death of Pierrot* at age eleven. In 1923 he began formal musical training at the Verdi Conservatory in Milan. The death of his father prompted his move to the United States where he continued his studies at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia under composer Rosario Scalerò. Following the success of his one-act opera buffa *Ameila Goes to the Ball* (1937), Menotti was commissioned to write an opera specifically for radio, *The Old Maid and the Thief*, which was the first commission of its kind. Menotti composed songs, chamber music, opera, and ballet. He wrote the text to all of his operas, which were primarily in English. Well-known works include the operas *Amahl and the Night Visitors* (1951) and *Goya* (1986) written for Plácido Domingo.

*Steal Me* is an aria from the opera *The Old Maid and the Thief* (1939). The story is a twisted tale of morals and evil womanly power. Menotti writes in the libretto, "*The devil couldn't do what a woman can- Make a thief out of an honest man.*" Menotti was inspired to write the story when he visited the family of his partner, composer Samuel Barber. He found that what seemed to be a quaint, cute town actually covered up a plethora of secrets about people and places. *Steal Me* is one of 14 scenes in the opera. Here, Laetitia, a young housemaid, sings about her love for Bob, a bum-of-a man who has come to town and is suspected to be a thief. Miss Todd, whom Laetitia references in the aria, is her old maid employer. Laetitia begs Bob, "Steal me, sweet thief", before time robs her of her beauty.

Steal Me, Sweet Thief

*Recitative:*

What a curse for a woman is a timid man!  
A week has gone by; he had plenty of chances, but he made no advances.  
Miss Todd schemes and labors to get him some money.  
She robs friends and neighbors the club and the church.  
He takes all the money with a smile that entrances...but still makes no advances.  
The old woman sighs and makes languid eyes.  
All the drawers are wide open, all the doors are unlocked...  
He neither seems pleased nor shocked.  
He eats and drinks and sleeps, he talks of baseball and boxing...but that is all.  
What a curse for a woman is a timid man!

*Aria:*

Steal me, Oh, Steal me, sweet thief, for time's flight is stealing my youth  
And the cares of life steal fleeting time  
Steal me, thief, for life is brief and full of theft and strife.  
And then with furtive step death comes and steals time and life.  
Oh sweet thief, I pray make me die before dark death steals her prey.  
Steal my lips before they crumble to dust  
Steal my heart before death must  
Steal my cheeks before they're sunk and decayed  
Steal my breath before it will fade  
Steal my lips, steal my heart, steal my cheeks, steal, oh steal my breath  
And make me die before death will steal her prey.  
Oh, steal me! For time's flight is stealing my youth.

IV.

**Samuel Barber** (1910-1981) was a composer of opera, orchestral, choral, piano, and solo vocal music. At the age of fourteen he began to study at the Curtis Institute, training in piano, voice, and composition. Along with his partner and librettist Gian Carlo Menotti, he wrote *Vanessa* (1956-57), which is considered by many to be *the* American opera. When setting text, he was most interested in romantic poetry. He likened his songs to *Lieder*, as he intended to highlight the text with his music, but not take liberties with the natural rhythms. During his life lifetime he wrote 106 songs.

*The Daisies* (James Stephens): The text comes from *Collected Poems of James Stephens*. The piano introduces the beautiful, calm scenery with a tender ascending line in the left hand. Two larks can be heard in the piano in the high pitched grace notes.

*Nuvoletta* (James Joyce): "Nuvoletta" means "little cloud" or "cloudlet" in Italian. This avant-garde text comes from James Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* (1939), a work of comic fiction. The text is extremely experimental, using such literary techniques as multilingual puns and often blending two or more words (ie: "banistars", being "banisters" and "stars" combined). The text is intended to recreate the experience of sleep and dreams.

*My Lizard* (Theodore Roethke): Although originally written as a "Wish for a young wife", this interpretation is of a love for one's young pet. The fast arpeggios in the piano describe the excitement and demeanor of the small creature.

The Daisies:

In the scented bud of the morning O,  
when the windy grass went rippling far!  
I saw my dear one walking slow  
In the field where the daisies are.  
We did not laugh, and we did not speak,  
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,  
I kissed my dear on either cheek,  
In the bud of the morning O!  
A lark sang up, from the breezy land;  
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;  
As he and I went, hand in hand,  
In the field where the daisies are.



Nuvoletta:

Nuvoletta in her lightdress,  
spunn of sisteen shimmers,  
was looking down on them,  
leaning over the bannistars  
and listening all she childishly could. . .

She was alone.  
All her nubied companions  
were asleeping with the squirrels. . . .  
She tried all the winsome wonsome ways  
he four winds had taught her.  
She tossed her sfumastelliacinous hair  
like *la princesse de la Petite Bretagne*  
and she rounded her mignons arms  
like Mrs. Cornwallis-West  
and she smiled over herself  
like the image of a pose of a daughter  
of the Emerour of Irelande  
and she sighed after herself  
as were she born to bride with Tristus  
Tristior Tristissimus.  
But, sweet madonine, she might fair as well  
have carried her daisy's worth to Florida. . . .

Oh, how it was duusk!  
From Vallee Maraia to Grasyaplainia,  
dormimust echo!  
A dew! Ah dew! It was so duusk  
that the tears of night beagn to fall,  
first by ones and twos,  
then by threes and fours,  
at last by fives and sixes of sevens,  
for the tired ones were wecking,  
as we weep now with them.  
*O! O! O! Par la pluie! . . .*

Then Nuvoletta reflected for the last time  
in her little long life  
And she made up all her myriads  
of drifting minds in one.  
She cancelled all her engauzements.  
She climbed over the bannistars;  
she gave a chilyd cloudy cry:  
*Nuée! Nuée!*  
A lightdress fluttered  
She was gone.

My Lizard

My lizard, my lively writher,  
may your limbs never wither,  
may the eyes in your face  
survive the green ice of envy's mean gaze;  
May you live out your life  
without hate, without grief,  
and your hair ever blaze, In the sun, in the sun,  
When I am undone,  
When I am no one.

**Richard Strauss** (1864-1949) wrote during the late Romantic and early modern periods. Strauss composed tone poems, *Lieder*, operas, and instrumental works. For vocal music, he is best known for his operas such as *Elektra*, *Arabella*, *Der Rosenkavalier*, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, and *Die Ägyptische Helena*. Strauss' greatest contribution to *Lieder* is the development of orchestral accompaniment for his songs, which helped him reach a larger audience beyond the recital setting.

*Ständchen* (Adolf Friedrich von Schack): The broken-chord arpeggios in the treble clef send the serenade to the lover's window. The light vocal phrases paired with the piano figures create the magical feel of the night and the sense of urgency with which the person is serenading their beloved to come out and join them.

*Du meines herzens Krönelein*: This song highlights all the wonderful qualities of someone's partner. The piano accompaniment has a more fluid and caressing quality when talking of the beloved, but becomes more intense with the use of staccato in the piano part when the text describes other lovers who speak "false words".

*Cäcilie* (Heinrich Hart): Written by Strauss as a wedding gift to his bride, soprano Pauline de Ahna, this emotional piece epitomizes Straussian *Lieder* as it is richly-textured, colorful, and full of highly passionate long phrases. The vocal line is very operatic in style and the piano accompaniment is orchestral sounding indeed.

#### Ständchen

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise mein Kind,  
Um keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken.  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken.  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß [nichts sich]<sup>1</sup> regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt.

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
[Die über die Blumen]<sup>2</sup> hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder, hier dämmert's geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen,  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen,  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

#### Serenade

Open up, open, but softly my dear,  
So as to wake no one from sleep.  
The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes  
A leaf on bush or hedge.  
So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,  
Just lay your hand softly on the door latch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,  
Soft enough to hop over the flowers,  
Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,  
To steal to me in the garden.  
The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,  
Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously  
Beneath the lindens,  
The nightingale over our heads  
Shall dream of our kisses,  
And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,  
Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.

Du meines Herzens Krönelein

Du meines Herzens Krönelein,  
du bist von lautrem Golde,  
wenn andere daneben sein,  
dann bist du [erst]<sup>1</sup> viel holde.

Die andern tun so gern gescheit,  
du bist gar sanft und stille,  
daß jedes Herz sich dein erfreut,  
dein Glück ist's, nicht dein Wille.

Die andern suchen Lieb und Gunst  
mit tausend falschen Worten,  
du ohne Mund- und Augenkunst  
bist wert an allen Orten.

Du bist als wie die Ros' im Wald,  
sie weiß nichts von ihrer Blüte,  
doch jedem, der vorüberwallt,  
erfreut sie das Gemüte.

Cäcilie

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,  
Von Wandern und Ruhen mit der Geliebten,  
Aug in Auge,  
Und kosend und plaudernd,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,  
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet  
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit  
Weltschaffendem Atem,  
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,  
Zu seligen Höhn,  
Wenn du es wüßtest,  
Du lebtest mit mir!

You, my Heart's Crown

You, my heart's crown -  
you are made of sheer gold.  
When others are beside you,  
then you are only more beautiful.

The others like to be so clever,  
but you are so gentle and quiet:  
that you delight every heart  
is your good luck, not your active intent.

The others search for love and good will  
with a thousand false words,  
but you, without an artful tongue or eye,  
are considered worthy in every place.

You are like a rose in the forest:  
you know nothing of your own bloom,  
but everyone who passes by  
rejoices in his mind to see you.

Cecily

If you only knew  
what it's like to dream of burning kisses,  
of wandering and resting with one's beloved,  
eye turned to eye,  
and cuddling and chatting -  
if you only knew,  
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew  
what it's like to feel dread on lonely nights,  
surrounded by a raging storm, while no one  
comforts with a mild voice your struggle-weary soul  
if you only knew,  
you would come to me.

If you only knew  
what it's like to live, surrounded by God's  
world-creating breath,  
to float up, carried by the light,  
to blessed heights -  
if you only knew,  
then you would live with me!

A huge thank you goes out to everyone who came here tonight. I appreciate your support, and I am so happy to have been able to share this music with you!

*Mom & Dad:* Thank you for your constant support. All those years of driving around to lessons paid off! I love you and am so grateful to have parents who have never once pushed me to be anything other than what I want to be: a singer. I have missed you both so much while being here, and I am happy to finally be able to come home for more than just a weekend! I love you.

*Carlos, Antonio, Mamafina, Tere:* Thank you for coming tonight! Tonio and Carlos, I know you can't be here, but you're here to me in spirit. I love you all very much, and I know you are my biggest fans! FELIZ CUMPLEAÑOS, MAMAFINA!

*Barbara & Lyle:* WOW! Thanks for coming! You are both so incredibly supportive of everything that I do, and I appreciate that so much. Thank you for everything...the trips to Oregon and Canada, the incredible meals, and more. You are both so loving and generous. It means so much to me that you are here. Hello, Heather! (And to Yogo!).

*The Dawson Family:* Thank you for being my home away from home over the past four years. You have taken me in as one of your own, and I am so thankful to have met you all. Thank you for always cheering me on, and for being great friends to my family. Thank you. Mrs. Dawson, you have the best taste in music. Any time you want me to prank call one of your friends, I'm just a phone call away...

*Peter:* Thank you for welcoming me into your studio this year. In the past months I have learned so much from you that I know I will carry with me where ever I may end up. I can always feel that you really care about my well-being, and I whole-heartedly appreciate that. I know you're always looking out for me and want the best for me. Thank you so much for all your help in preparing for grad school auditions and for this recital. It was a lot of work, and I could not have done it without you. Above all, thank you for reminding me that I *can* do this. I hope very much to come to one of your ballet's very soon! Thank you for being my teacher and friend.

*Carol:* I had an incredible three years with you, and I am thankful for every single lesson, meal, and time we shared together. I really believe our Aquarian spirits were meant to be brought together! Thank you for being honest with me at all times. Thank you for not laughing at me when I asked you as a little naïve freshmen if you had ever heard of "Quando m'en vo". Oh my goodness...I'm so embarrassed I did that! Thank you for all your advice, guidance, and love. Thank you for always reminding me to get out of my head and to never forget to sing to the audience behind me as well as in front of me. Thank you so much, Carol.

*Cheryl:* Oh my goodness, many, many, many thanks. Cheryl, without you I would be a total mess. Thank you for teaching me how to properly photocopy and tape my music! Thank you for showing me the importance of the text. I could not be more grateful for all the times you took me to performances, out to meals, and all the conversations we had. You treat me like a daughter and a friend. Thank you for never giving up on me, even when I wanted to give up on me. Thank you for believing in my talent. I am so incredibly glad that you are my coach, and I wish there was some sort of incredible all-encompassing enormous tangible gift of thanks I could give you to show you how much I appreciate everything you've done for me! Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

*Albert:* Thank you a million times over, Albert. Something was missing in my life when I came to Chapman...as soon as I joined Big Band that void was filled! Thank you for giving me the opportunity to sing jazz with an incredible ensemble. Thank you for taking the time to sit down with me and work on my technique. I always appreciate your honest feedback and positive attitude. It has been an honor to work with you these past three years, and I will miss it terribly. Thank you for giving me the confidence to sing things I never thought I could do! From Gloria Estefan to Stevie Wonder, Aretha Franklin to Tina Turner...it's been fantastic! Thank you for your support, Albert. You are a great teacher and friend, and I hope our work together does not end here.

*Gary:* I know you couldn't play tonight, but thank you for considering doing so in the first place. I send you nothing but vibes of good health and many thanks. Thank you for encouraging me to sing in Albert's group in the first place, and thank you for your feedback in Big Band.

*To all the instrumentalists:*

Dan, Daphne, Scott, Jarrett, Maria, Tim...THANK YOU!!! Thank you for taking time out of your busy schedules to be a part of my Senior Recital. It truly could not have happened without you and your beautiful talents. I am blessed to have such incredible instrumentalists as friends. Thank you.

*Laszlo:* You have to be one of the most patient human beings I have ever met! After all, if you can teach *me* piano then you must be a saint. I will miss you so much, Laszlo. I am so grateful to have had you as a teacher, and I cannot thank you enough. You are so musical, and it is always an honor to hear you play. Your wife is great too!

*Joe:* It has been an honor being in your choirs these past two years. I send love to your family and its newest member! You have been an incredible director and mentor. You give 100% of yourself to the choirs each week, and I have great respect for you. Thank you.

*Jeff Cogan:* Thank you for encouraging me to sing Jazz. I had so much fun doing gigs with you this year, and I hope there will be more in the future. You have been a great mentor and it is always a pleasure to work with you. Thank you for your support. I like your dogs!

*Margaret Dehning:* Thank you for your help and for getting me excited about vocal pedagogy. I enjoyed your class, and want to thank you for everything you do for us students here at the conservatory.

*Judy:* Thank you for all the work you do behind the scenes here at the conservatory. I appreciate you and all you do for me and everyone else here. You truly keep this place afloat! Thank you for getting my program together, checking in with me, and supporting the Big Band!

*Prof. Nehring:* You've helped me so much in such a short amount of time. It was an honor to be in your class. I will keep on "taking the first thing" for many years to come...Thank you!!!

*Daniel Wachs:* Thank you for helping me with the pronunciation of Hebrew text. I know you are very busy, so I appreciate you taking the time to sit down with me and go through all the words. Thank you.

*Dr. Hall:* Thank you for accepting me in the first place! I truly wouldn't be here if it weren't for you. I am thankful to have been a part of your choir for two years. Thank you.

*Ah, my friends...*

Thank you for being so incredibly thoughtful and kind, for making me laugh and being the voice of encouragement when things get rough. I have made many beautiful connections while here at Chapman, and I know they will last throughout my lifetime. I care for all of you so very much, and am so grateful you are here tonight. It means the world to me.

*Brian:* I love you so much, and I am so happy to have you as my greatest friend. You help me every single day: from getting my dry-cleaning to reminding me to relax to ...you're always there for me, and I appreciate that more than you know. I know I've said this before, but I am so thankful we met here at Chapman. After we first met Brooke said, "Yeah, you really freaked that guy out acting so weird." I figured you'd never want to talk to me again...but we did talk again! Thank you now and always for everything...And I'd like to play Halo tonight if that's okay with you.

*My friends from back home:*

Gina, Sam, and Michael! Thanks for being here tonight! Sarah, Maureen, Henry, Devin, Kate, Daniel...I know you would've come if you could have. Miss you!

*Chapman friends:*

Oh my goodness...I'm quite terrified of leaving someone out so please don't be offended if I do so! My mind is in a bit of a haze...I won't tell you at what hour I'm writing this...

Kelly (my stage mom and sister), Brooke (the poster is INCREDIBLE and I know there are people here tonight who only came because your poster spoke to them! Thank you!), John (Thanks for not getting angry at me for leaving my fish tank at your apartment for about three months now), Chelsea, Amy (meow!), Dan, Stephanie, Malaki/Malachai/Malachi, Jared, Harrison, and all the Resident Advisors and Directors (Hi, Tara!). Thank you Stephen and Ashley for covering my duty this weekend; I owe you big time. Michelle & Richard, thank you for your understanding and support during my last two years here. Ben, Liz, Zach, Morgan, and Katie thank you for always being there for me and for being a great team to work with this year : ) Audra, Patrick, Natalie, Alfredo, Cesar I'm so glad you all came to Chapman this year! Amy K., I hope we can go to New York together very soon! Ariel & Yannick, we need to go laser tagging soon! Thank you for your kindness. Daniel, ah! That's so cool you're here! Thanks for all the advice and for keeping in touch. Your talents are inspiring. To all the Big Band members, I will miss working with you all so much. Fridays won't be the same. Keep doing what you do and always have fun up there.