

Chapman University

Chapman University Digital Commons

Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format)

Music Performances

4-5-2015

Senior Recital

Eric Michael Parker
Chapman University

Cheryl Lin Fielding
Chapman University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/music_programs

Recommended Citation

Parker, Eric Michael and Fielding, Cheryl Lin, "Senior Recital" (2015). *Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format)*. 920.

https://digitalcommons.chapman.edu/music_programs/920

This Senior Recital is brought to you for free and open access by the Music Performances at Chapman University Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Printed Performance Programs (PDF Format) by an authorized administrator of Chapman University Digital Commons. For more information, please contact laughtin@chapman.edu.

CHAPMAN UNIVERSITY

Hall-Musco
Conservatory of Music
presents a

Senior Recital

Eric Michael Parker, tenor

Cheryl Lin Fielding, piano

April 5, 2013 ■ 8:00 P.M.

Salmon Recital Hall

Program

I

An die ferne Geliebte, Op. 98

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
Wo die Berge so blau
Leichte Segler in den Höhen
Diese Wolken in den Höhen
Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au
Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder

Ludwig van Beethoven
(1770-1827)

II

though love be a day

2 Thy fingers make early flowers
3 lily has a rose
4 after all white horses are in bed
5 maggie and milly and molly and may
6 Still

Gwyneth Walker
(b. 1947)

~Intermission~

III

From *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*, Op. 35

8 Oh my black Soule!
9 Batter my heart
10 O might those sighes and teares
11 Oh, to vex me
12 Since she whom I loved
At the round earth's imagined corners

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

IV

Four Moravian Duets, Op. 20

13 Proměny
14 Rozloučení
15 Chudoba
16 Vuře Šohaj, Vuře

Emily Dyer, soprano

Antonín Dvořák
(1841-1904)

V

Moi, je suis Aristée

17 from *Orphée aux enfers*

Jacques Offenbach
(1819-1880)

18 - bridge over
troubled

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance degree. Mr. Parker is a student of Dr. David Alt.

This recital would not have been possible without the guidance of my incredible voice teacher and mentor Dr. David Alt, along with my beautiful and dedicated coach, Cheryl. To the people that have made the past four years the most fulfilling and enlightening time of my life: words alone are not enough. Thank you to my family, friends, and professors for shaping who I am and who I hope to be.

Eric Michael Parker

A Senior Voice Recital



Dr. Cheryl Lin Fielding, pianist
with Emily Dyer, soprano

Works by Beethoven, Walker, Britten, Dvorak, and Offenbach

Salmon Recital Hall – Chapman University
Friday, April 5, 2013 – 8pm

An die ferne Geliebte (Op. 98)

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

Written in 1816, *An die ferne Geliebte* is widely accepted as western art music's first song cycle. With poetry by Alois Jeitteles, an unassuming physician with a knack for prosody, the work was especially relevant to Beethoven as it is delivered from the perspective of a young man longing for a far-away love. This was in fact a recurring theme in the composer's own life, as he often pursued relationships with women who were either married or far above him in social status. Unlike most cycles that succeed it, *An die ferne Geliebte* incorporates seamless transitions between the six songs: it is truly continuous. Beethoven himself referred to it as a "Liederkreis," or a "ring of song." Using the compositional structure of the Classical era as a foundation, Beethoven pushes its limits with unprecedented attention to text, use of thematic variation, and overlapping motives in the voice and piano.

An die ferne Geliebte

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir
dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

Alois Jeitteles

On the hill sit I, peering
Into the blue, hazy land,
Toward the far away pastures
Where I you, beloved, found.

Far am I, from you, parted,
Separating us are hill and valley
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our sorrow.

Ah! The look can you not see,
That to you so ardently rushes,
And the sighs, they blow away
In the space that separates us.

Will then nothing more be able to
reach you,
Nothing be messenger of love?
I will sing, sing songs,
That to you speak of my pain!

For before the sound of love escapes
every space and every time,
And a loving heart reaches,
What a loving heart has consecrated!

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

Where the mountains so blue
Out of the foggy gray
Look down,
Where the sun dies,
Where the cloud encircles,
I wish I were there!

There is the restful valley
Stilled are suffering and sorrow
Where in the rock
Quietly the primrose meditates,
Blows so lightly the wind,
I wish I were there!

There to the thoughtful wood
The power of love pushes me,
Inward sorrow,
Ah! This moves me not from here,
Could I, dear, by you
Eternally be!

Light veils in the heights,
And you, little brook, small and narrow,
Should my love spot you,
Greet her, from me, many thousand times.

See you, clouds, her go then,
Meditating in the quiet valley,
Let my image stand before her
In the airy heavenly hall.

If she near the bushes stands,
Now that autumn is faded and leafless,
Lament to her, what has happened to me,
Lament to her, little birds, my suffering!

Quiet west, bring in the wind
To my heart's chosen one
My sighs, that pass
As the last ray of the sun.

Whisper to her of my love's imploring,
Let her, little brook, small and narrow,
Truly, in your waves see
My tears without number!

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

Es kehret der Maien,
es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe,
die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig
ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig
von kreuz und von quer
Manch weicherer Stück
zu dem Brautbett hieher,
Manch wärmendes Stück
für die Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten
beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden,
verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien,
es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen
so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

These clouds in the heights,
These birds gaily passing,
Will see you, my beloved.
Take me with you on your light flight!

These west winds will play
Joking with you about your cheek and breast,
In the silky curls will dig.
I share with you this pleasure!

There to you from this hill
Busily, the little brook hurries.
If your image is reflected in it,
Flow back without delay!

May returns,
the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow
so softly, so mildly,
Chattering, the brooks now run.

The swallow,
that returns to her hospitable roof,
She builds, so busily,
her bridal chamber,
Love must dwell there.

She brings, so busily,
from all directions,
Many soft pieces
for the bridal bed,
Many warm pieces
for the little ones.

Now live the couple
together so faithfully,
What winter has separated
is united by May,
What loves, he knows how to unite.

May returns,
the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow
so softly, so mildly,
Only I cannot go away from here.

Wenn alles, was liebet,
der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe
kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann zieht
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
ohne Kunstgepräng erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

When all that loves,
the spring unites,
Only to our love
no spring appears,
And tears are our only consolation.

Take, then, these songs,
That I to you, beloved, sang,
Sing them again in the evenings
To the sweet sounds of the lute!

When the red twilight then moves
toward the calm, blue lake,
And the last ray dies
behind that hilltop;

And you sing, what I have sung,
What I, from my full heart,
Artlessly have sounded,
Only aware of its longings.

For before these songs yields,
What separates us so far,
And a loving heart reaches
For what a loving heart has consecrated.

though love be a day

Gwyneth Walker (b. 1947)

Thy fingers make early flowers
lily has a rose
after all white horses are in bed
maggie and milly and molly and may
Still

American composer Gwyneth Walker has composed in many genres, with her vocal and choral works among the most striking and inspired. Walker's *though love be a day* embraces the poetic world of e.e. cummings, balancing both the playful and transcendent qualities of his poems. The cycle was composed in 1979; "after all white horses are in bed," a love song harking back to the days of courtship, was the text that inspired Walker to set more of cummings' works. The first and last songs offer thoughtful musings on love. The second and fourth settings present more lighthearted perspectives, each with their kernel of insight hidden in the text. Gwyneth Walker wrote the final text herself. She later identified the recurrence of the number five throughout the cycle, a subconscious result: five songs, five words in its title, many references to fingers, and the use of quintuplet motives in many of the songs.

thy fingers make early flowers

e.e. cummings

thy fingers make early flowers of all things
thy hair mostly the hours love
a smoothness which sings
saying do not fear
though love be a day we will go a-maying
thy whitest feet crisply are straying
always thy moist eyes are at kisses playing
whose strangeness much says;
singing for which girl art thou flowers bringing
to be thy lips is a sweet thing and small
Death, Thee I call rich beyond wishing
If this thou catch, else missing and life be nothing
though love be a day it shall not stop kissing

lily has a rose

lily has a rose, i have none
"don't cry dear violet, you can have mine"
o how how how could i ever wear it now
for the boy who gave it to you is the tallest of boys
"he'll give me another if i let him kiss me twice,
but my lover has a brother who is good and kind to all"
o no no no let the roses come and go
for kindness and goodness do not make a fellow tall
lily has a rose, no rose i've
losing is less than winning
but love is more than love

after all white horses are in bed

after all white horses are in bed
will you walking beside me, my very lady,
touch lightly my eyes
and send life out of me
and the night absolutely into me

maggie and milly and molly and may

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach (to play one day)
and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and
milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;
and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles; and
may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.
For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
It's always ourselves we find in the sea

Still

Gwyneth Walker

When the streets are newwet dawning,
night lamps glowing, capering eyes,
walk gently in the song of morning
you are with me as I arise.
Still, still beyond my fingers,
beyond the reaching of my eyes,
comes the time beyond my seeking
you are with me as I arise.
Comes the time beyond all question:
is it you or is it I
who spoke the word to crack the darkness,
to bring you near as I arise.
Love, love this moment glistens
in sacred mourning of our lives.
Beyond the speaking and the breaking
you are with me as I arise.

Intermission

III

From *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Oh my black Soule!
Batter my heart
O might those sighes and teares
Oh, to vex me
Since she whom I loved
At the round earth's imagined corners


Believed to be written between 1609 and 1610, John Donne's sonnets center on the poet's personal relationship with God, a constant source of anxiety and passion in his life. As a metaphysical poet and devout Catholic, Donne uses paradoxical imagery and extended metaphors in his grapplings with the intense pressure to convert to Anglicanism. The death of his wife and brother, significant social and financial instability, and a preoccupation with death were all prominent influences on his writings as well.

A personal favorite composer of mine, Benjamin Britten selected nine of Donne's *Holy Sonnets* for his cycle composed in 1945. Arguably one of his darkest works, Britten attributed the sonnets' despair and anger to his visit to the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp to play a concert for survivors. Combined with Donne's haunting imagery, the *Holy Sonnets* make a powerful statement about human suffering and one's struggle with faith.

Oh my blacke Soule!

John Donne

Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
By sicknesse, death's herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till death's doome be read,
Wisheth himselfe deliver'd from prison;
But dam'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginne?
Oh make thyselfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou are with sinne;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.



Batter my heart

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.

I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.

Yet dearely I love you, and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,

Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you enthrall mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

O might those sighes and teares

O might those sighes and teares return againe
Into my breast and eyes, which I have spent,
That I might in this holy discontent
Mourne with some fruit, as I have mourn'd in vaine;
In mine Idolatry what show'rs of rain
Mine eyes did waste? What griefs my heart did rent?
That sufferance was my sinne; now I repent
'Cause I did suffer, I must suffer paine.
Th'hydropique drunkard, and night scouting thief,
The itchy lecher and self-tickling proud
Have the remembrance of past joyes, for relief
Of coming ills. To poore me is allow'd
No ease; for long, yet vehement grieve hath been
Th'effect and cause, the punishment and sinne.

Oh, to vex me


Oh, to vex me, contraries meet in one:
In constancy unnaturally hath begott
A constant habit; that when I would not
I change in vowes, and in devotione.
As humorous is my contritione
As my profane Love and as soone forgott:
As ridlingly distemper'd, cold and hott,
As praying, as mute; as infinite, as none.
I durst not view Heav'n yesterday; and today
In prayers, and flatt'ring speeches I court God:
Tomorrow I quake with true feare of his rod.
So my devout fitts come and go away,
Like a fantastique Ague: save that here
Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

Since she whom I lov'd

Since she whom I lov'd hath pay'd her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her Soule early into Heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
Here the admyring her my mind did whett
To seeke thee God; so streams do shew their head;
But though I have found thee and thou my thirst hast fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett,
But why should I begg more love, when as thou
Dost wooe my soul for hers: offering all thine:
And dost not only feare lest I allow
My love to Saints and Angels, things divine,
But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
Lest the world, Fleshe, yea, Devill putt thee out.

At the round earth's imagined corners

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain; and you whose eyes
Shall behold God and never taste death's woe,
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if Thou hadst seal'd my pardon with Thy blood.



IV

Four Moravian Duets (Op. 20)

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Proměny
Rozloučení
Chudoba
Vuře Šohaj, Vuře

Emily Dyer, soprano

Antonín Dvořák's *Moravian Duets* were commissioned early in the composer's career between 1875 and 1879, originally a modest project written for a wealthy businessman. These works, however, helped to establish Dvořák as the father of Czech art song as well as a participant in his homeland's nationalist movement. As cultural pride gained momentum through revival of its language, Dvořák's settings of Czech folk poems became a symbol of national identity. Even so, due to Germanic dominance in art music his works were rarely performed in their original language.

These four duets center around a young peasant couple. A number of poetic images are present: the green garland representing the maiden's chastity, farming tasks of mowing and reaping, contrasts of the freedom of birds with the lack of freedom of humankind, and references to the peasant lad going off to war.

Proměny

Darmo se ty trápiš,
můj milý synečku,
nenosím já tebe, nenosím v srdečku,
a já tvoja nebudu ani jednu hodinu.

Copak sobě myslíš,
má milá panenko,
dyť si ty to moje rozmilé srdenko,
a ty musíš, musíš být má,
lebo mi tě Pán Bůh dá.

Changes (Destined)

"You trouble yourself in vain,
my dear lad,
I do not carry you in my heart;
and I will not be yours even for one
hour."

"What are you thinking,
my dear maid,
indeed you are my lovely sweetheart,
and you must be mine,
because the Lord God will give you to
me."

Rozloučení

Zatoč se mně, galanečko,
na dobrou noc do kola!
A já se ti nezatočím,
já musím jít do pola.
Do polečka širého,
nevidět tam žádného.
Jenom vtáčka sokolíčka,
Pána Boha samého.

Zatoč sa ty, galanečko,
zatoč sa okolo mňa,
jako vtáček jarabáček okolo pňa!
Uďeľej kolečko, moja galanečko,
budeš moja.

Chudoba

Ach, co je to za slavine,
co tak pěkně spiva?
Ach, to je můj nejmilejší,
ze mne se vysmiva.

Ty se ze mne něvysmivej,
z chudobnej sirotky,
choť ja němam žádných peněz,
ani žádné šaty.

Jenom ten víněk zelený,
kery mam na hlavě,
a ten jeden šuraneček,
kery mam na sobě.

Farewell (The Parting)

Turn for me, my lass,
as we dance good night in the circle!
But I do not turn for you,
I must go to the field.
In the wide field,
to see there no one,
only the falcon,
the Lord God himself.

Turn, my lass,
turn around me
like a hawk around the tree!
Make a circle, my lass,
you will be mine.

Poverty (The Silken Band)

Ah, what is that which like the
nightingale so sweetly sings?
Ah, that is my dearest,
who mocks me.

Do not mock me,
poor orphan,
although I have no money
nor clothing.

Only this green garland
on my head,
and only this dress
which I wear.

Vuře šohaj, vuře

Vuře šohaj, vuře v zeleným hóhoře,
Pohání konička po hedbávné šňůře.
Ta šňúra hedbávná
na pole strhaná,
Nevěř, milá nevěř,
šak je láska planá.

Nevěř, milá nevěř,
a šak nemáš kemo,
šuhajek falešné pojede na vojno.
Debech měla koňa,
sama bech s něm jela,
aspoň bech viděla, kde bech
zahynula.

A zahynuli já, zahyneme vobá,
jenom nás položte
do jednoho hroba.
Do jednoho hroba,
do jedné trohlíce,
bodó vo nás plakat
bestrecké děvčice.

A lad plows (The Last Wish)

A lad plows in the green fallow field,
driving the horse with silken reins.
Those silken reins
may break in the field,
do not believe him, dear,
love is in vain.

Do not believe, dear,
and you have no one, after all,
the false lad is going off to war.
If I had a horse,
I myself would ride with him,
at least I would see
where I would die.

And if I die, we both die,
only lay us
in one grave,
in one grave,
in one coffin,
the keen eyed maidens
will weep over us.

V

Moi, je suis Aristée
from *Orphée aux enfers*

Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880)

To quote Offenbach scholar Gabriel Grovlez, "It is impossible to analyse adequately a piece wherein the sublimest idiocy and the most astonishing fancy clash at every turn." It was Offenbach that gave legitimacy to the genre of operetta. Known for their overwhelmingly satirical tone, his works often made humorous commentary on society. Premiering in 1858, *Orphée aux enfers* uses the Orpheus myth and the gods of Olympus as a backdrop to poke fun at the nonsense of high society and religion. Offenbach even included direct quotes from Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* as a joke.

In this aria, we are introduced to Pluto, self-absorbed God of the Underworld. He is masquerading on Earth as a humble shepherd named Aristée and has been seducing Eurydice, the wife of Orphée; this game of "playing poor" might be a bit more fun for Pluto than it should be. While he plots to take her down to the Underworld with him, he also mocks her for being so easily manipulated and wooed.

Moi, je suis Aristée,
un berger d'Arcadie,
Un fabricant de miel,
ivre de mélodie,
Sachant se contenter
des plaisirs innocents
Que les dieux ont permis
à l'habitant des champs!

Voir voltiger sous les treilles,
Entre terre et ciel,
Les essaims de mes abeilles
Butinant leur miel,
Voir le lever de l'aurore,
Et chaque matin,
Se dire: je veux encore
Le revoir demain.

Voilà la fête
D'une âme bonnête,
Le vrai bonheur
D'un tendre cœur!

Voir bondir de dans la plaine
Les petits moutons,
Accrochant leur blanche laine
A tous les buissons!
Voir sommeiller la bergère,
Tandis qu'à pas lents,
Le berger qu'elle préfère
Vient et la surprend!

Voilà la fête
D'une âme bonnête,
Le vrai bonheur
D'un tendre cœur!

I am Aristaeus,
a shepherd of Arcadia,
Maker of honey,
drunk on melody,
Simply knowing
innocent pleasures
That the gods have allowed
the people of the fields!

To see fluttering under the vines,
Between earth and sky,
Swarms of my bees
Foraging their honey,
To see daybreak,
And each morning,
To say: I still want
To see it again tomorrow.

This is the day,
One honest soul,
True happiness
From a tender heart!

To see jumping in the plain
Little sheep,
Hanging their white wool
To all the bushes!
See the shepherdess sleeping,
While only slowly,
The shepherd she prefers
Comes and surprises!

This is the day,
One honest soul,
True happiness
From a tender heart!

Thank you for joining me tonight, please enjoy the reception!