COLLEGE OF MUSIC

University of North Texas College of Music

Master's Recital | Thursday, November 13, 2025 | 5:00 p.m.
Paul Voertman Concert Hall

Tonique Brown, soprano

Cristian Garcia-Castillo, piano, harpsichord, and portativ organ

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I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly
from *The Indian Queen* (1695) ..... Henry Purcell
Poetry by John Dryden

If Music Be the Food of Love Z. 379b (1692) ..... Henry Purcell
Text by Henry Hevingham and William Shakespeare

Sweeter than Roses from
Pausanias, the Betrayer of His Country Z. 585 (1695) ..... Henry Purcell
Text by Richard Norton

Man is for the Woman Made from
The Mock Marriage Z. 605 (1695) ..... Henry Purcell
Text by Peter Anthony Motteux

Duetto: Et In Unum,
B minor Mass BWV 232 (1748–1749) ..... Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685–1750)
Text from the Nicene Creed
Arthur Keast, countertenor
Evan Clarner and Billy Traylor, baroque oboe

Program one hundred sixty-seven of the 2025–2026 season
Photography and videography are prohibited

Cinq Mélodies "de Venise" Op. 58 (1891) ..... Gabriel Fauré
(1845–1924)
Poetry by Paul Verlaine

Mandoline
En sourdine
Green
A Clymene
C'est L'extase langoureuse

-INTERMISSION-

from Zigeunerlieder Op. 103 (1888) ..... Johannes Brahms
(1833–1897)
Text by Hugo Conrat

1. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
7. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn

Der Erlkönig (1815) ..... Franz Schubert
(1797–1828)
Poetry by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Twinkling in the Moonlight (2019) ..... Stefan Thompson
(b.1987)
Poetry by Gertrude Stein

Nassau Harbour (c. 2013) ..... Music and Text by Cleophas Adderley
(1955–2017)

Here's One (c.1941) ..... African-American Spiritual
arr. William Grant Still
(1895–1978)

Lord, I Just Can't Keep from Crying (pub. 1946) ..... African-American Spiritual
arr. Margaret Bonds
(1913–1972)

You Can Tell the World (pub. 1946) ..... African-American Spiritual
arr. Margaret Bonds

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Program Notes

I. Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

A leading figure of the English Baroque, Henry Purcell combined elegant text setting with emotional nuance, elevating English song to new expressive heights. His works often explore the tension between love's beauty and pain, a theme that runs through *I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly, If Music Be the Food of Love and Sweeter than Roses*. Written for 'The Indian Queen', I attempt from Loves Sickness to fly is an aria that captures a lover's futile struggle to escape the pain and pleasure of love. Purcell's melodic lines portray the struggle between passion and reason. Inspired by Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night', *If music be the food of love*, celebrates music as the essence of love's nourishment.

I attempt from love's sickness to fly

English source: John Dryden

Title and first line from Shakespeare's twelfth Night

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,

Since I am myself my own fever and pain.
No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou can'st not raise forces enough to rebel.

For love has more pow'r, and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin, and love those that hate.

If music be the food of love

English source: Henry Heveningham

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien (strength),
your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms

Composed as part of incidental music for *Pausanias, the Betrayer of His Country, Sweeter than Roses* portrays the awakening of love through the imagery of the fragrance of roses. The opening recitative flows into a tender melody that unfolds like a sigh. *While Man is for the Woman Made* is a playful song, written for the theatrical comedy *The Mock Marriage*. This piece humorously celebrates love and companionship. Purcell uses dance-like rhythms and witty word setting to express the flirtatious tone of Peter Anthony Motteux's text

Sweeter than roses

English source: Richard Norton

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze
On a warm, flowery shore, was the dear kiss,
First trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Man is for the woman made

English source: Peter Anthony Motteux

Man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man;
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for digging is the spade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man.

As the scepter to be sway'd,
As for night's the serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
And to cool us is the fan,
So man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife or maid,
Be she wanton, be she stayed,
Be she well or ill array'd,
Whore, bawd or harridan,
Yet man is for the woman made,
And the woman made for man.

II. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Bach's *Mass in B Minor*, completed near the end of his life, stands as a testament to his devotion and musical mastery. The duet *Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum*, which appears in the credo portion of the mass, expresses the unity of Christ's divine and human natures as professed in the Nicene Creed. Bach blends the two voices in counterpoint, symbolizing the spiritual oneness of the Father and the Son and harmony. The addition of oboe d'amore adds warmth and intimacy to this deeply devotional movement. Performing this piece feels like a conversation of souls and an intimate expression of belief and balance.

Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum, et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula, Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero, genitum non factum, consubstantialem Patri; per quem omnia facta sunt, qui propter nos homines et propter nostram salutem descendit de coelis,	And [I believe] in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all the ages, God from God, light from light, true God from true God, begotten, not made, of one substance with the Father; through whom all things were made, [the Son] who on account of us human beings and on account of our salvation, came down from the heavens,

III. Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Antoine Watteau (1684–1721) was a leading figure in French Rococo art, known for his fêtes galantes and scenes of elegantly dressed people in peaceful gardens. His paintings often show moments filled with fantasy, romance, and a sense of things passing. Rather than focusing on mood, Watteau's work centers on events. Inspired by Watteau, Paul Verlaine's poetry in 'Cinq Mélodies de Venise' shares a similar style. His verses use impressionistic images, with light and color creating gentle moods and fleeting emotions. Fauré brings this poetic style into music, moving smoothly through different modes and adding personality with rhythm. Like Watteau's paintings, Verlaine's poems suggest scenes instead of describing them directly, building a world of personal impressions. Titles like 'Mandoline' and 'En sourdine' hint at quiet longing, much like Watteau's moments frozen in time. Fauré's music deepens this link, turning Verlaine's images into sound and inviting listeners to step into a world of beauty, feeling, and ever-changing atmosphere.

Mandoline

French source: Paul Verlaine Les donneurs de sérénades Et les belles écouteuses Échangent des propos fades Sous les ramures chanteuses.	English translation © Richard Stokes The gallant serenaders And their fair listeners Exchange sweet nothings Beneath singing boug
C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte, Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre, Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.	Tirsis is there, Aminte is there, And tedious Clitandretoo, And Damis who for many a cruel maid Writes many a tender song.
Leurs courtes vestes de soie, Leurs longues robes à queues, L eur élégance, leur joie Et leurs molles ombres bleues,	Their short silken doublets, Their long trailing gowns, Their elegance, their joy, A nd their soft blue shadow
Tourbillonnent dans l'extase D'une lune rose et grise, Et la mandoline jase Parmi les frissons de brise.	Whirl madly in the rapture Of a grey and roseate moon, And the mandolin jangles on In the shivering breeze.

En sourdine (1869)

French source: Paul Verlaine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton
cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.
E t quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Muted

English translation © Richard Stokes

Calm in the twilight
Cast by loft boughs,
Let us steep our love
In this deep quiet

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our enraptured senses
With the hazy languor
Of arbutus and pine

Half-close your eyes,
Fold your arms across your breast,
And from your heart
now lulled to rest
Banish forever all intent.

Let us both succumb
To the gentle and lulling breeze
That comes to ruffle at your feet
The waves of russet grass.
And when, solemnly, evening
Falls from the black oaks,
That voice of our despair,
The nightingale shall sing.

Green

English source: Paul Verlaine

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur
qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas
avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble
présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert
encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin
vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue
à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants
qui la délasseront.

English translation © Richard Stokes

Here are flowers, branches,
fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart
that beats just for you.
Do not tear it
with your two white hands
And may the humble gift
please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered
still with the dew
Frozen to my brow
by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue,
finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments
that will soothe it.

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Sur votre jeune sein laissez
rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor
de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser
de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu
puisque vous reposez.

On your young breast
let me cradle my head
Still ringing
with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult
grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while,
since you rest.

À Clymène

French source: Paul Verlaine
Mystiques barcarolles,
Romances sans paroles,
Chère, puisque tes yeux,
Couleur des cieux,

Puisque ta voix, étrange
Vision qui dérange
Et trouble l'horizon
De ma raison,

Puisque l'arome insigne
De ta pâleur de cygne,
Et puisque la candeur
De ton odeur,

Ah! puisque tout ton être,
Musique qui pénètre,
Nimbes d'anges défunts,
Tons et Parfums,

A, sur d'almes cadences,
En ces correspondances
Induit mon cœur subtil,
Ainsi soit-il!

English translation © Richard Stokes
Mystical barcarolles,
Songs without words,
Sweet, since your eyes,
The colour of skies

Since your voice,
Strange vision that unsettles
And troubles the horizon
Of my reason,

Since the rare scent
Of your swan-like pallor,
And since the candour
Of your fragrance,

Ah! since your whole being –
Pervading music,
Haloes of departed angels,
Sounds and scents

Has in sweet cadences
And correspondences
Led on my receptive heart –
So be it!

C'est l'extase langoureuse

French source: Paul Verlaine	English translation © Richard Stokes
C'est l'extase langoureuse,	It is languorous rapture,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,	It is amorous fatigue,
C'est tous les frissons des bois	It is all the tremors of the forest
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,	In the breezes' embrace,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,	It is, around the grey branches,
Le chœur des petites voix.	The choir of tiny voice
Ô le frêle et frais murmure!	O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
Cela gazouille et susurre,	The warbling and whispering,
Cela ressemble au bruit doux	It is like the sweet sound
Que l'herbe agitée expire …	The ruffled grass gives out …
Tu dirais, sous	You might take it
l'eau qui vire,	for the muffled sound
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.	Of pebbles in the swirling stream
Cette âme qui se lamente	This soul which grieves
En cette plainte dormante	In this subdued lament,
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?	It is ours, is it not?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,	Mine, and yours too,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne	Breathing out our humble hymn
Par ce tiède soir,	On this warm evening,
tout bas?	soft and low?

IV. Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Brahms's Zigeunerlieder, Op. 103, celebrate Hungarian folk rhythms and the untamed spirit of Romani song. Brahms captures the fiery rhythms and passionate spirit of Hungarian dance while preserving refined German Romanticism. They express love, nostalgia, and longing through folk melody and romantic sensibility.

He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!

German source: Hugo Conrat	English translation © Richard Stokes
He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!	Hey, Romany, sound your strings!
Spiel das Lied	Play the song
vom ungetreuen Mägdelein!	of the faithless girl!
Laß die Saiten weinen,	Make the strings weep and
klagen, traurig bange,	moan in sad despair
Bis die heiße Träne	Till hot tears
netzet diese Wange!	moisten these cheeks

Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn

German source: Hugo Conrat	English translation © Richard Stokes
Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,	Do you sometimes recall,
Mein süßes Lieb,	My sweetest,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide	What you once pledged to me
Mir gelobt?	With a sacred oath?
Täusch mich nicht,	Do not deceive me,
verlaß mich nicht,	do not leave me,
Du weißt nicht wie	You do not know
lieb ich dich hab,	how much I love you,
Lieb du mich, wie ich dich,	Love me as I love you,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld	And God's grace
auf dich herab!	will pour down on you!

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Der Erlkönig remains one of Schubert's most dramatic ballads, a masterpiece of storytelling where music and poetry become one. Composed at just eighteen, it showcases his gift for character through music, depicting a dying, terrified child, a worried but reassuring father, and the sinister Elfking, each vividly brought to life. Performing it feels like stepping into a storm of sound and fear. Defining each character in a way that stays true to my voice and to the story was especially challenging, but I trust it will be a sonically pleasing experience.

Der Erlkönig	**The Erlking**
German source: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe	English translation © Richard Wigmore
Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?	Who rides so late through the night and wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind:	It is the father with his child.
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,	He has the boy in his arms; he holds
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.	him safely, he keeps him warm.
„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?"	'My son, why do you hide your face in fear?'
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?	'Father, can you not see the Erlking?
Den Erlenkönig	The Erlking
mit Kron' und Schweif?"	with his crown and tail?'
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif."	'My son, it is a streak of mist.'
„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!	'Sweet child, come with me.
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;	I'll play wonderful games with you.
Manch' bunte Blumen	Many a pretty flower
sind an dem Strand,	grows on the shore;
Meine Mutter hat manch	my mother has many
gülden Gewand."	a golden robe.'

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„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest
du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind:
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe,
du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen
dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den
nächtlichen Rein
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen
dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater,
und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter
am düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn,
ich seh es genau:
Es scheinen die alten Weiden
so grau.“

„Ich liebe dich,
mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch
ich Gewalt.“
„Mein Vater, mein Vater,
jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grausets,
er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen
das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit
Mühe und Not:
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

‘Father, father, do you not hear
what the Erlking softly promises
me?’ ‘Calm, be calm, my child:
the wind is rustling
in the withered leaves.’

‘Won’t you come with me,
my fine lad?
My daughters
shall wait upon you;
my daughters lead the nightly
dance,
and will rock you, and dance, and
sing you to sleep.’

‘Father, father,
can you not see
Erlking’s daughters there in the
darkness?’
‘My son, my son,
I can see clearly:
it is the old grey willows
gleaming.’

‘I love you,
your fair form allures me,
and if you don’t come willingly, I’ll
use force.’
‘Father, father,
now he’s seizing me!
The Erlking has hurt me!’

The father shudders,
he rides swiftly,
he holds the moaning child
in his arms;
with one last effort
he reaches home;
the child lay dead in his arms.

V. Stefan Thompson (b.1987)

A contemporary Bahamian composer, Stefan Thompson's *Twinkling in the Moonlight* radiates warmth and nostalgia through lyrical simplicity. The piece is based on Gertrude Stein's whimsical poem "The house was just twinkling in the moonlight", whose gentle repetitions and playful language evoke tenderness and domestic joy. Thompson transforms Stein's poetic rhythm into a shimmering musical texture, where each "twinkle" feels like a heartbeat of affection. He was also my piano teacher in high school and played a vital role in laying the early foundations of my musical journey. Performing his work now feels deeply personal. It is a tribute to where my love for music began and how it continues to grow.

Cleophas Adderley (1968–2017)

Bahamian composer Cleophas Adderley devoted his life to cultivating Caribbean classical music, weaving local rhythms, language, and imagery into a universal voice. As director of the Bahamas National Youth Choir, in which I was a part (though not during his lifetime), he shaped generations of Bahamian singers through his vision and leadership. Nassau Harbour, set to a vibrant text celebrating the sights and sounds of Bahamian life, captures the market chatter, sea breeze, and communal joy of the islands. His fusion of classical and folk traditions has created a unique musical landscape for young artists like me, giving us the gift of singing the songs of our culture in ways that can also connect with audiences who may not identify with it. Performing this work feels like a homecoming and a musical tribute to his enduring legacy and the beauty of the place that first gave me song.

The House Was Just Twinkling in the Moonlight

By Gertrude Stein

The house was just twinkling in the moon light,
And inside it twinkling with delight,
Is my baby bright.
Twinkling with delight in the house twinkling
with the moonlight,
Bless my baby bless my baby bright,
Bless my baby twinkling with delight,
In the house twinkling in the moon light,
Her hubby dear loves to cheer when he thinks
and he always thinks when he knows and he always
knows that his blessed baby wifey is all here and he
is all hers, and sticks to her like burrs, blessed baby

Nassau Harbour
By Cleophas Adderley

Ships Sailin
into Nassau harbour.
Da sun shinin',
On da waters of Nassau harbour.

Da people in da market Chile dey talkin about
"She tief my customer!"
"She too biggity."
Dat coulda been my straw hat did sell.
Hey sweety you wanna buy dis one?
I gatta special sale on for yah.

Da seagulls flyin'
into beautiful Nassau Harbour.
Da water is oh so gentle
over Nassau Harbour.
It's sapphire!
Da fishman's in da market '
Sellin grouper.
Da womans in da street gat
ripe tomata for sale.
Da people on Bay street is buyin' up da tings.
Da horse and carriage dem is full a people.

All da people in da car,
All da people on da dock,
An' da straw market full a people,
Dem is everywhere you go.
People fussin' people fightin',
People buying, people sellin.
Oh what a rowdy crowd.
I must go where ships sailin',
Where seagulls flyin'
Over beautiful Nassau Harbour

VI. William Grant Still (1895–1978)

Known as the "Dean of African American Composers," Still sought to blend classical technique with the soul of African American song. Still's setting of this traditional spiritual keeps the original melody largely intact, placing greater emphasis on the message than on any display of talent or virtuosity. This song offers comfort and reassurance through the message of God's divine grace. The reference to "Here's one" describes a sinner who has known the dark depths of life without the love of Christ and how they've come to know him and his love. I especially want to note that I know not everyone believes in Jesus Christ, but I do, and he is the foundation on which I have built my life and its principles. As Christ has shown me love and grace, I strive every day to show others the same. I fail often, but I will always give it my best.

Margaret Bonds (1913–1972)

Margaret Bonds was a trailblazing African American composer and pianist who used her art to uplift spirituals into concert form. *Lord, I Just Can't Keep from Cryin*' expresses deep sorrow and unwavering faith through soulful text and melody. Life can be difficult, and we have all faced moments of grief, injustice, hardship, pain, or mental struggle. This song is a prayer to God Recital Program about the deepest challenges we encounter along the way. I want you to remember that this too shall pass — not every season will be filled with rainbows and sunshine. Yet knowing there is someone or something you can turn to for comfort makes all the difference. For me, that source of peace is God, along with my loved ones and close friends; for others, it may take a different form. Wherever you find your comfort, my prayer is that it reaches you exactly when you need it most.

You Can Tell the World is an exuberant piece that celebrates the pure joy of sharing good news. After seasons of pain, heartache, and struggle, you finally reach a moment of breakthrough, and you just have to tell someone. From a Black perspective, it radiates the triumph and freedom born out of perseverance; from a personal standpoint, it allows me to express, through song, the deep gratitude I feel for all that Jesus has done in my life. I am overjoyed to share the love of Christ with you, and I hope that whatever goodness fills your life inspires you to share your own story of joy and hope.

Here's One

African-American Spiritual

Talk about a child dat do love Jesus,
Here's one, here's one.
Talk about a child dat do love Jesus,
Here's one, here's one.

In ol' Satan's snares I once was fallin'
But I heard the voice of my Lawd callin'
Talk about a child dat do love Jesus,
Here's one.
Talk about a child dat's been converted,
Here's one, here's one.

Talk about a child dat's been converted,
Here's one, here's one.
Evah since I learned de gospel story
I've been walking up de path to glory,
Talk about a child dat's been converted,
Here's one

Lord, I Just Can't Keep from Cryin'

African-American Spiritual

Lord, I just can't keep from cryin' sometime
Lord, I just can't keep from cryin' sometime
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I just can't keep from cryin' sometime.

Lord, I fold my arms and cry sometime
Lord, I fold my arms and cry sometime
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I fold my arms and cry sometime.

Lord, I hum a tune and cry sometime
Lord, I hum a tune and cry sometime
When my heart is full of sorrow
And my eyes are full of tears
Lord, I fold my arms and cry sometime

You Can Tell the World

African-American Spiritual

You can tell the world about this,
You can tell the nation about that,
Tell 'em what Jesus has done,
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come,
And He brought joy, joy, joy
To my soul.

He took my feet out the mercy clay.
Yes, He did
Yes, He did
He place d them high on the Rock to stay
Yes, He did
Yes, He did

You can tell the world about this,
You can tell the nation about that,
Tell 'em what Jesus has done,
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come,
And He brought joy, joy, joy
To my soul.

My Lawd done done jes what He said.
Yes, He did
Yes, He did
He healed the sick and raised the dead
Yes, He did
Yes, He did

You can tell the world about this,
You can tell the nation about that,
Tell 'em what Jesus has done,
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come,
And He brought joy, joy, joy
To my soul.
And He brought joy, joy, joy
To my soul.

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I would like to express my deepest gratitude to Professor Lane for her dedicated instruction, guidance, and encouragement over the past two years. Her wisdom and support have greatly shaped my growth as both a student and an artist.

To my parents, thank you for your unwavering love and belief in me. Your nurturing, sacrifice, and encouragement have been the foundation of who I am today.

To my sister, my rock, thank you for your constant support and personal encouragement, and to my two brothers, thank you for always cheering me on and celebrating each step of my journey.

To my friends and extended family, your presence, love, and encouragement in so many different ways have meant more than words can express.

To Arthur, my beloved friend and duet partner, thank you for sharing your talent and heart with me in music. I am so grateful for you and for the joy of performing together.

To Evan and Billy, thank you for lending your wonderful artistry on the oboe to my program. Your musicianship and generosity made this performance truly special.

To my accompanist and dear friend Cristian, thank you for toiling with me through these weeks to bring such an exciting program to life. Your patience, dedication, and musical partnership have meant so much to me.

Above all, I thank God, who has blessed me with the gift of song and called me to use it for His purpose. All that I do and all that I am is for His glory.

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