

# Simon Faddoul, bass-baritone

## Bachelor of Music Recital

Loren Mitchel, piano

Saturday, December 1, 2018

Holsclaw Hall

7:00 p.m.

### PROGRAM

#### *I. Italy and Handel*

- Si, tra i ceppi from Berenice* ..... George Frideric Handel  
(1685-1759)
- Non lo diro col labbro from Tolomeo*
- Lungi dal caro bene from Lungi dall'amore, il languisco* ..... Giuseppe Sarti  
(1729-1802)
- La vendetta from Le Nozze di Figaro* ..... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

#### *II. Intense German Lied*

- Edward, Op.1* ..... Carl Loewe  
(1796-1869)

#### *III. The River Shall Wash*

- Deep River* ..... Traditional  
Arr. Harry T. Burleigh (1866-1949)
- At the River* ..... Aaron Copland  
(1900-1990)
- General William Booth Enters Into Heaven* ..... Charles Ives  
(1874-1954)

### INTERMISSION



THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA  
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS

Fred Fox School of Music

PROGRAM CONTINUES

*IV. Middle East*

*Allah Allah ya baba* ..... Tunisian folk song

*Touba lil madoweena* ..... Maronite Mass

*Kod'douson* ..... Maronite Mass

Zouheir Faddoul, electric keyboard

*V. Trip with G&S*

*Pirate King from Pirates of Penzance* ..... Arthur Sullivan  
(1842-1900)

*A More Humane Mikado from The Mikado*

*VI. Musical Theater Roots*

*My Friends from Sweeney Todd* ..... Stephen Sondheim  
(b. 1930)

*Leaning on a Lamp Post from Me and my Girl* ..... Noel Gay  
(1898-1954)

*Lily's Eyes from The Secret Garden* ..... Lucy Simon (b. 1943)

Jinzhou Jia, tenor

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*Simon Faddoul is a student of Dr. Andrew Stuckey. This recital is presented  
in partial fulfillment of the Bachelor of Music degree.*

— *Please join us for a reception following tonight's performance* —

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***Peter & Debbie Coogan Steinway B***

# A Return to Musical and Middle Eastern Exploration

Simon Faddoul, bass-baritone

Loren Mitchell, piano

## Program Notes

This recital is being presented to fulfill the degree requirements for a Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance. This happens to be in tandem with fulfilling my Senior Honors thesis. The premise of this recital is to celebrate the music from a number of cultures which I hold dear and some which are my nationality. I am extremely excited to branch off the concepts of Middle Eastern performance presented last semester in my Junior Recital. Each set is divided between language, genre, and cultural representation of music. These different musical contributions created my identity as a performer and I cannot wait to share the passion I have for these pieces with you.

### **Getting a “Handel” on Beautiful Italian Music**

**George Frideric Handel** (1685-1759) was a German, who moved to London where he spent the majority of his career. He was renowned for his operas, oratorios, anthems, and organ concertos. His most famous oratorio is “*Messiah*,” but his operas were works of “dramatic genius of the first order” as claimed by Musicologist Winton Dean. His music showcased in this set includes two arias from his operas *Berenice* and *Tolomeo*. One describes the idea of breaking the bonds which hold our spirits down, while the next narrates a desire that not even the lips can encompass.

*Si, tra i ceppi*

Si, tra i ceppi e le ritorte  
La mia fe risplenderà

Yes, even in chains and bonds  
My faith will be resplendent.

Nò, nè pur la stessa morte  
Il mio foco estinguerà

No, not even Death itself  
Will put out my fire

*Non lo dirò col Labbro*

Non lo dirò col labbro  
Che tanto ardir non ha;

I will not say it with my lips  
Which have not the courage;

Forse con le faville  
Dell' avide pupille,  
Per dir come tutt' ardo  
Lo sguardo parlerà.

Perhaps the sparks  
of my burning eyes ,  
Revealing my passion ,  
My glance will speak

**Giuseppe Sarti** (1729-1802) was an Italian opera and art song composer. In 1752 he published his first documented opera, *Il re pastore*, and was later appointed by King Frederick V of Denmark as the director of the court's opera in 1755. This aria from *Lungi dall'amore, il languisco*, expresses the heartbreak of being far from one who is loved most.

*Lungi dal caro bene*

Lungi dal caro bene,  
Vivere non poss'io;  
Sono in un mar di pene.

Far from my dear beloved,  
I cannot live;  
I am in a sea of pain.

Lungi dal caro bene,  
Sento, sento mancarmi'l cor.

Far from my dear beloved,  
I feel my heart give way.

Un dolce estremo sonno,  
Se lei mirar non ponno,  
Mi chiuda, mi chiuda i lumi ancor.

A sweet dark dream  
Steals over me if she is not near;  
Light fails me.

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** (1756-1791) is one of the most prolific and influential composers of western classical music. Born in Salzburg, W.A. Mozart showed prodigious ability from his earliest childhood. He composed more than 600 works, many acknowledged as pinnacles of symphonic, concertante, chamber, operatic, and choral music. His work, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, is regarded as the most beloved of all operas and is continuously performed in the modern canon of opera houses worldwide.

*La vendetta*

La vendetta, oh, la vendetta  
È un piacer serbato ai saggi.  
L'obbliar l'onte, l'otraggi,  
È bassezza, è ognor viltà.

Coll' astuzia, coll'arugzia,  
Col giudizio, col criterio,  
Si potrebbe, il fatto è serio.  
Ma credete, si fara.

Se tutto il codice dovessi volgere,  
Se tutto l'indice dovessi leggere,  
Con un equivoco, con un sinonimo,  
Qualche garbuglio si troverà.

Tutta Siviglia conosce Bartolo,  
Il birbo Figaro vinto sarà.

Vengeance, oh, Vengeance  
Is a pleasure reserved to the wise.  
To forget a shame or an outrage  
Is always base and cowardly

With astuteness, with cleverness,  
With judgement, with discernment  
One can do it; the case is serious,  
But believe me, it will be done.

If I have to turn over the whole law,  
If I have to read the whole index,  
With a quibble, with a substitution,  
I'll find some way to mess it up.

All of Seville knows Bartolo;  
That rascal Figaro will be beaten.

### Intense German Lied

**Carl Loewe** (1796-1869) was a German composer, tenor, and conductor. In his lifetime, his songs, or *Lieder*, were well known. Today, his fame has dwindled, but his ballads and songs of over 400 are still often performed. His piece *Edward Op.1 no.1* composed in 1818 uses poetic text by Johann Gottfried Herder based on Scottish ballad collected by Thomas Percy in *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. This narrates the dialogue between a mother and her son, Edward, about the twisted murder he has committed and of many other things finally accumulating on the one to blame.

#### *Edward. Op.1 no.1*

Dein Schwert wie ist's von Blut so rot?  
Edward, Edward!  
Dein Schwert wie ist's von Blut so rot,  
Und Gehst so traurig da? O!

Ich hab' geschlagen meinen Geier tot,  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Ich hab' geschlagen meinen Geier tot,  
Und das, das geht mir nah. O!

Deines Geiers Blut is nicht so rot  
Edward, Edward!  
Deines Geiers Blut is nicht so rot,  
Mein Sohn, bekken mir frei. O!

Your sword, why is it so red with blood?  
Edward, Edward!  
Your sword, why is it so red with blood,  
And why do you walk so sadly? O!

I have struck my hawk dead,  
Mother, Mother!  
I have struck my hawk dead,  
And that has touched my heart. O!

Your hawk's blood is not so red,  
Edward, Edward!  
Your hawk's blood is not so red,  
My son, confess to me freely. O!

Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotross tot,  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Ich hab geschlagen mein Rotross tot,  
Und's war so stolz und treu. O!

Dein Ross war alt und hast's nicht not,  
Edward, Edward!  
Dein Ross war alt und hast's nicht not,  
Dich drückt ein anderer Schmerz. O!

Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot!  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Ich hab geschlagen meinen Vater tot!  
Und das, das quält mein Herz! O!

Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,  
Edward, Edward?  
Und was wirst du nun an dir tun,  
Mein Sohn, das sage mir! O!

Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Auf Erden soll mein Fuß nicht ruhn!  
Will wandern übers Meer! O!

Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall,  
Edward, Edward?  
Und was soll werden dein Hof und Hall,  
So herrlich sonst, so schön? O!

Ach immer steh's und sink und fall!  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Ach immer steh's und sink und fall!  
Ich werd es nimmer seh'n! O!  
Und was soll werden aus Weib und Kind,  
Edward, Edward?  
Und was soll werden aus Weib und Kind,  
Wann du gehst übers Meer? O!

Die Welt ist groß, lass sie betteln drin,  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Die Welt ist groß, lass sie betteln drin,  
Ich seh' sie nimmermehr! O!

Und was soll deine Mutter tun,  
Edward, Edward?

I have struck my chestnut-horse dead,  
Mother, Mother!  
I have struck my chestnut-horse dead,  
And it was so proud and true. O!

Your horse was old and you have no need of it  
Edward, Edward!  
Your horse was old and you have no need of it  
Some other thing troubles you. O!

I have stuck my father dead!  
Mutter, Mutter!  
I have struck my father dead,  
And that, that torments my heart! O!

And what will you now do to yourself,  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will you do to yourself now,  
My son, tell me that! O!

My foot shall not rest on the Earth!  
Mother, Mother!  
My foot shall not rest on the Earth!  
I will go far across the sea! O!

And what will you do with your lands & hall,  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will you do with your lands & hall,  
So magnificent until now, so beautiful? O!

Ah, may it stand forever and sink and fall!  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Ah, may it stand forever and sink and fall!  
I will never see it again! O!  
And what will come of your wife and child?  
Edward, Edward?  
And what will come of your wife and child,  
When you go far across the sea? O!

The world is large, let them go beg in it,  
Mother, Mother!  
The world is large, let them go beg in it,  
I shall see them nevermore! O!

And what shall your mother do,  
Edward. Edward?

Und was soll deine Mutter tun,  
Mein Sohn, das sage mir? O!

And what shall your mother do,  
My son, tell me that? O!

Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,  
Mutter, Mutter!  
Der Fluch der Hölle soll auf euch ruhn,  
Denn ihr, ihr rietet's mir! O!

The curse of Hell shall rest upon you,  
Mother, Mother!  
The curse of Hell shall rest upon you,  
For you, you advised me to do it! O!

### **The River Shall Wash**

**Harry T. Burleigh** (1866-1949) was an African-American classical composer, arranger, and professional singer known for his baritone voice. Burleigh made African-American music available to classically trained artists by arranging them in a more classical form. His arrangement of *Deep River* is one beloved by many singers in the spiritual genre. It captures the spiritual idea of washing yourself into the promised land.

#### *Deep River*

Deep river,  
My home is over Jordan.  
Deep river, Lord,  
I want to cross over into campground.

Oh, don't you want to go  
To that gospel feast?  
That promised land,  
Where all is peace?

**Aaron Copland** (1900-1990) was an American composer, composition teacher, writer, and later, conductor. Copland was referred to by his peers and critics as “the Dean of American Composers”. The open, slowly changing harmonies in much of his music are typical of what many people consider to be the sound of American music, evoking the vast American landscape and pioneer spirit. He is a master of text painting and defining an entire geographic region with his compositional skills. Copland was also initiated by our very own Alpha Upsilon Chapter of Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia as an honorary member in 1961. I personally enjoy his spiritual music and always feel attuned with my Lord and savior every time I sing *At the River*. The hope of baptism and purification by the holy waters and gathering with the Saints by the throne of God

speaks to my heart so deeply. I hope you enjoy this piece which is very near and dear to my heart.

*At the River*

Shall we gather by the river,  
Where bright angel's feet have trod?  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God.

Yes, we'll gather by the river  
The beautiful, the beautiful river  
Yes, we'll gather by the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather by the river  
The beautiful, the beautiful river  
Yes, we'll gather by the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

**Charles Edward Ives** (1874-1954) was an American modernist composer. He is one of the first American composers of international renown, though his music was largely ignored during his life, and many of his works went unperformed for many years. Over time, he came to be regarded as an "American original". He combined the American popular and church music traditions of his youth with European art music, and was among the first composers to engage in a systematic program of experimental music. This included the musical techniques of polytonality, polyrhythm, tone clusters, aleatory elements, and quarter tones. His piece *General William Booth Enters into Heaven* was inspired by religious hymns he had heard in his upbringing and is a combination of vernacular music and protestantism.

General William Booth was an English Methodist preacher who founded the Salvation Army and became its General. This was back in its quasi-military structure. This almost unsettling in structure piece narrate what Booth saw once he entered the kingdom of heaven. Be attentive to the imagery of the figures and sounds he encounters on this new journey to the kingdom of God. This piece features text by American poet, Vachel Lindsay.

*General William Booth Enters into Heaven*

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum,  
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
Halleluyah!  
Saints smiled gravely and they said he's come  
Washed in the blood of the lamb

Walking lepers followed rank on rank,  
Lurching bravoed from the ditches dank.  
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale.  
Minds still passion ridden, soul powers frail.

Vermin eaten saints with mouldy breath,  
Unwashed legions with the way of death-  
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?

Every slum had sent its half-a-score  
The round world over.  
(Booth had groaned for more)  
Every banner that wide world flies,  
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.

Big-voiced lassies made their banjos,  
Tranced, fanatical, they shrieked and sang-  
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?  
Halleluyah!

It was queer to see,  
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.  
Loons with Trumpets blowed a blare, blare,  
On, on upward thro' the golden air!  
Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?

Jesus came from the courthouse door,  
Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
Booth saw not, but led his queer ones there.  
Round and round.

Yet! in an instant all that blear review,  
Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.  
The lame were straightened (Halleluyah)  
Withered limbs uncurled  
And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world  
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

### **Middle East and Maronite**

**Middle Eastern Folk and Lebanese Maronite Hymns** The following pieces inspired me to create this recital series last semester. I wanted to give you all an idea of the musical culture I was raised around outside of what we know every day. The following Arabic pieces have no known composer and are of Folk and Sacred tradition. *Allah Allah Ya Baba* is a Tunisian folk song that keeps religious elements of both Christianity and Islam praising God the father for all he has done for the whole. This piece has a wide spread influence and is popular in the Middle East. The following two hymns *Touba lil Madoweena* and *Kod'douson* are hymns from the Maronite Catholic Mass. This diocese specifically prevalent in the Lebanese community is currently the faith I follow and have grown up listening to its beautiful music. Hearing these hymns every Sunday in church growing up inspired me to sing at a very young age, and I wanted

to share my favorites with you. I also would like to welcome my father, Zouheir Faddoul, the music director of our home Parish, St. Joseph's Maronite Catholic Church, to perform these with pieces with me. Please note the phonetic transcription into english characters includes numbers to characterize sounds not in our alphabet. Also, listen to the improvisation and quarter tones of the music.

*Allah Allah Ya Baba*

Allah Allah ya Baba  
We salam 3alek ya baba  
Sidi mansour ya baba  
Wenjek enzour ya baba

God, God my father.  
Hello, my father,  
Sir, monsieur, my father.  
Visiting you my father.

Ash-had bellah ya baba  
Ma3shegt sewah ya baba  
Jar7 el 7abibi ya baba  
3alaj es3eb ya baba  
Wesh 7ale feh ya baba  
Malhouf 3aleh ya baba  
Wash-had bellah ya baba  
Ma3shegt sewaah!

I witness to God, my father  
I love nobody but him, my father  
Wounded beloved, my father  
On my arm, my father  
What good will do, my father?  
Dying for him my, father.  
I love nobody but him,  
I won't love any else!

Wenjek ya sidi  
Beshmou3 fi 2ede  
Wenar fi gkalbe  
Ta7rout warede

We come to you,  
Candles in hand.  
The fire in my heart,  
Burns through my veins.

Some text repeats

Some text repeats

*Touba lil Madoweena*

Touba lil Madoweena  
I la walee matil hamal  
Halommou t3law ila  
3asha2l lahil 3azeem  
Touba lil Madoweena  
Ila walee matil hamal

Blessed are the invited guests  
To the banquet of the Lord.  
Come to the great dinner of the lord.  
The picking never ends.  
Blessed are the invited guests  
To the banquet of the Lord.

Al ketafou la yantahi  
Ketafou hayat, walhashadou  
La yantahee, hasadol mahabbah  
Walgheelalou la tantahi  
Gheelaloul rahmah

The picking of life  
The harvest never ends,  
The harvest of love  
And the fortune doesn't end the  
fortune never ends

Halommou t3law ila  
3asha2l lahil 3azeem

Come to the great dinner of the lord.  
The picking never ends

*Kod'douson*

Kod'douson, Kod'douson, Kod'douson  
Antal Rabol Kawe you iahol saba'oot.  
Assama, Wal Ardou mamou'atani min majdikal.  
Azeem. Hoosha'na fil oula, Moubarkon Allazi ata  
Wa Sawfa ya'ti bismel rab,  
Hoosha'na fil oula.

Holy, Holy, Holy  
Heaven and earth are full of your great glory.  
Hosanna in the highest  
Blessed is he who has come  
And will come in the name of the Lord.  
Hosanna in the highest.



**A Trip With Gilbert and Sullivan**

**W.S Gilbert** (1836-1911) and **Arthur Sullivan** (1842-1900) are the two men involved in one of the greatest musical partnerships of the Victorian Era. The two collaborated on fourteen comic operas between 1871 and 1896. *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, and *The Mikado* are among the best known. Gilbert wrote the libretti for these operas, and created an absurd and hilarious lyricism still popular to this day. In fact, there is an entire lexicon of information available to decode the fanciful messages and words Gilbert employed in his Operas. Of course the musical stylings of Sir Sullivan have created the Gilbert and Sullivan sound which we love so much. Here I will present the arias of the Pirate King and the Mikado.

*“Oh better far to live and die”*

Oh better far to live and die  
Under the brave black flag I fly,

When I sally forth to seek my prey  
I help myself in a royal way;

Than play a sanctimonious part,  
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.

Away to the cheating world go you,  
Where pirates all are well to do,  
But I'll be true to the song I sing,  
And live and die a Pirate King.

For I am a Pirate King!  
And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Pirate King.  
For I am a Pirate King!

I sink a few more ships, it's true,  
Then a well-bred monarch ought to do!

But many a king on a first-class throne,  
If he wants to call his crown his own,  
Must manage somehow to get through,  
More dirty work than ever I do.

For I am a Pirate King!  
And it is, it is a glorious thing  
To be a Pirate King.  
For I am a Pirate King!

*"A More Humane Mikado"*

A more humane Mikado  
Never did in Japan exist,  
To nobody second,  
I'm certainly reckoned  
A true philanthropist  
It is my very humane endeavour  
To make, to some extent,  
Each evil liver, a running river  
Of harmless Merriment

My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time  
To let the punishment fit the crime-  
The punishment fit the crime,  
And make each prisoner pent  
Unwillingly represent,  
A source of innocent merriment!  
Of Innocent merriment.

All prosy dull society sinners,  
Who chatter and bleat and bore,  
Are sent to hear sermons  
from mystical Germans  
Who preach from ten till four  
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villanies  
All desire to shirk  
Shall, during off hours, exhibit his powers

My object all sublime  
I shall achieve in time  
To let the punishment fit the crime-  
The punishment fit the crime,  
And make each prisoner pent  
Unwillingly represent,  
A source of innocent merriment!  
Of Innocent merriment.

The advertising quack who wearies  
With tales of countless cures,  
His teeth, I've enacted,  
Shall all be extracted  
By terrified amateurs.  
The music-hall singer attends a series  
Of masses and fugues and "ops" by Bach  
interwoven with Spohr and Beethoven,

To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

The lady who dyes a chemical yellow  
Or stains her grey hair puce,  
Or pinches her finger,  
Is painted with vigor,  
And permanent walnut juice.

The idiot who in railway carriages  
Scribbles on window panes,  
Shall only suffer to ride on a buffer,  
In Parliamentary trains.

At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp who anyone catches,  
His doom's extremely hard-  
He's made to dwell-  
In a dungeon cell,  
On a spot that's always barred.

And there he plays extravagant matches  
In fitless finger stalls  
On a cloth untrue, with a twisted cue  
And elliptical billiard balls!

### **My Musical Theater Roots**

**Stephen Sondheim** (1930) is an American composer and lyricist known for more than a half-century of contributions to musical theatre. Sondheim has received an Academy Award, eight Tony Awards, eight Grammys, a Pulitzer Prize, a Laurence Olivier Award, and a 2015 Presidential Medal of Freedom. He is, in my opinion, the greatest composer of American musical theatre. He challenged the genre with the introduction of almost atonal in quality music. I am biased as my portrayal of Judge Turpin *Sweeney Todd* earned me my first National Youth Award prior to high school. In college, I was hungry for the opportunity to sing Sweeney. Enjoy the classic, *My Friends*.

#### *My Friends*

These are my friends,  
See how they glisten.  
See this one shine,  
How he smiles in the light,  
My friend,  
My faithful friend!

Speak to me, friend.  
Whisper, I'll listen.

You there my friend  
Come, let me hold you.  
Now with a sigh,  
You grow warm in my hand  
My friend  
My clever friend!

Rest now my friend  
Soon, I'll unfold you.

I know, I know  
You've been locked out of sight  
All these years  
Like me, my friend.  
Well I've come home to find you waiting  
Home, and we're together  
And we'll do wonders  
Won't we?

Soon you'll know splendors  
You never have dreamed  
All your days  
My lucky friend  
Till now, your shine was merely silver  
Friends, you shall drip rubies  
You'll soon drip precious  
Rubies



**Noel Gay** (1898-1954) was born Reginald Moxon Armitage, and also used to name Stanley Hill professionally. He was a successful British composer of popular music of the 1930s and 1940s. He has composed 45 songs as well as music for 28 films and 26 London shows and Musicals. This comic selection, *Leaning on a Lamp Post*, stems from his show *Me and my Girl*. It is an adorable comedic number of a nervous charmer awaiting his lovely lady.

### *Leaning on a Lamp Post*

Leaning on a lamp  
Maybe you think I took a tramp,  
Or you may think I'm hanging round to steal a car  
But no, I'm not a crook,  
And if you think, that's what I look  
I'll tell you why I'm here and what my motive are.

I'm leaning on a lamp post at the corner of the street  
In case a certain little lady comes by  
Oh me, oh my  
I hope that little comes by.

There's no other girl I could wait for,  
But this one I'd break any date for.  
I won't have to ask what she's late  
for.  
She's never leave me flat,  
She's not a girl like that

She's absolutely wonderful,  
And marvelous, and beautiful,  
And anyone can understand why,  
I'm leaning on a lamp post at the

I don't know if she'll get away  
She doesn't always get away,  
But anyway I know that she'll try.  
Oh me, oh my.  
I hope the little lady comes by

corner of the street  
I case a certain little lady comes by

**Marsha Norman and Lucy Simon** (1947, 1943) Marsha Norman is an American playwright, screenwriter, and novelist. She received the 1983 Pulitzer Prize for Drama for her play *'night Mother*. She was the writer for the book and lyrics for *The Secret Garden* and *The Bridges of Madison County* and received Tony awards for such. She is the co-chair for the playwriting department at the Juilliard School. Lucy Simon is an American composer for the theatre and popular songs. She has recorded and performed as a singer and songwriter, and is known for the musicals *The Secret Garden* and *Doctor Zhivago*. Her collaboration with Marsha Norman gave us the classic we will never forget. This scene highlights Archibald and Neville Craven mourning their love Lily in different parts of their mansion. She perished long ago, and Mary Lennox, her niece's eyes remind them of the love they have both lost. Please welcome my guest Jinzhou Jia, tenor, as we perform *Lily's Eyes* from *The Secret Garden*. Thank you for coming and showing your support tonight.

### *Lily's Eyes*

Strangely quiet, but now the storm  
Simply rests to strike again.  
Standing, waiting, I think of her  
I think of her.

Strange, this Mary. She leaves the room  
Yet remains, she lingers on.  
Something stirs me to think of her  
I think of her.

From death she casts her spell  
All night we hear her sighs,  
And now a girl has come  
Who has her eyes.

She has her eyes  
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes  
Those eyes that loved my brother never me.  
Those eyes that never saw me  
Never knew I longed to hold her close  
To live at last in Lily's eyes.

Imagine me a lover.  
I longed for the day  
She'd turn and see me standing there.  
Would God has let her stay!

She has her eyes  
She has my Lily's hazel eyes.  
Those eyes that saw me happy long ago

She has her eyes  
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes  
Those eyes that saw him happy long ago.  
Those eyes that gave him life  
And hope he'd never known.  
How can he see the girl  
And miss those Hazel eyes?

She has her eyes  
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes  
Those eyes that closed and left me all alone.  
Those eyes I feel will never ever let me go  
How can I see this girl who has her hazel eyes?

In Lily's eyes a castle  
This house seemed to be  
And I, her bravest knight became  
My lady fair was she

(Those eyes that closed and left me)  
How can I now forget  
That once I dared to be in love  
Be alive and whole  
In Lily's Eyes?  
In Lily's Eyes!