

Inventions of a Dream: Text, Topics, and Translations

Invention (noun): productive imagination, discovery, finding

My journey as an opera singer is quite unusual. In fact, I would have never imagined I would be here tonight performing this recital. *Inventions of a Dream* tells my story of finding my voice as an artist and as a person. Each piece holds significance and pinpoints where I've been, where I am, and where I'm going. Creating an invention is a process. It's not easy and takes grit and hard work to achieve the "inconceivable." It takes the support of others. For the rest of my life, I hope to keep inventing. The process of a dream is as important as the product.

Each selection of *Inventions of a Dream* relates to three topics:

- 1. The idea of my dream:** These selections were the seeds that started the idea of my dream of becoming a professional opera singer.
- 2. The process of my dream:** In the process of my dream, there were many stumbling blocks and unknowns that I had to navigate along the way. However, the process made me appreciate the growth and healing that comes from grit and perseverance.
- 3. The product of my dream:** The product of my dream is continually developing and evolving. I hope to continue stretching myself as an artist by learning and performing repertoire outside the operatic canon.

The process of my dream: Parto, parto ma tu ben mio (1791) from *La clemenza di Tito*

Composed by Wolfgang A. Mozart (1756-1791) | Libretto by Caterino Mazzolà (1745-1806)

Translation for Parto, parto ma tu ben mio (I go, I go, but you, my beloved):

Parto, parto, ma tu, ben mio,
meco ritorna in pace:
farò qual più ti piace,
quel che vorrai farò.

I go, I go, but you, my beloved
Return to me in peace
I will be what you desire me to be
What you desire I will do.

Guardami, e tutto oblio,
e a vendicarti io volo.
A questo sguardo solo
da me si pensera.

Look at me, and I will forget everything!
And I will fly to avenge you!
I will think only
of your glance.

Ah qual poter, o dei!
donaste alla beltà.

Oh what power, oh gods!
Have endowed your beauty!

Parto, parto ma tu ben bio (Mozart) – Translation copyright © by https://opera-guide.ch/highlights/show_highlight.php?id=647&oper_id=253&uilang=de

More about Parto, parto ma tu ben mio:

“Parto, parto ma tu ben mio” represents the process of my dream. I started working on this last semester, with the help of my current voice teacher, Sandra Piques-Eddy, who never ceased to encourage me to work through those triplets!

At first glance, the aria seemed overwhelming, but over time I realized that Mozart composed for the voice to be as prominent as an instrument. “Parto, parto ma tu ben mio” is notoriously listed as a “difficult” mezzo-soprano aria, but I would argue that its challenges are in its simplicity. Working through this aria has both challenged me and humbled me. My character, Sesto, like all people, wants to be seen and matter to someone.

Sandra, I can never thank you enough for helping me through this aria and reminding me of the beauty of Mozart’s music.

The process of my dream: Selections from *L'nuits d'été*, Op. 7 (1841)

1. Villanelle

2. Le spectre de la rose

Composed by Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) | Poems by Théophile Gautier (1811-1872)

Translation for Villanelle:

Quand viendra la saison nouvelle,
Quand auront disparu les froids,
Tous les deux nous irons, ma belle,
Pour cueillir le muguet aux bois;
Sous nos pieds égrenant les perles
Que l'on voit au matin trembler,
Nous irons écouter les merles - Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma belle;
C'est le mois des amants béni,
Et l'oiseau, satinant son aile,
Dit ses vers au rebord du nid.
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc de mousse,
Pour parler de nos beaux amours,
Et dis-moi de ta voix si douce: Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos courses,
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,
Et le daim au miroir des sources
Admirant son grand bois penché;
Puis, chez nous, tout heureux, tout aises,
En paniers enlaçant nos doigts,
Revenons rapportant des fraises des bois!

When the new season comes,
When the cold has gone,
We two will go, my sweet,
To gather lilies-of-the-valley in the woods;
Scattering as we tread the pearls of dew
We see quivering each morn,
We'll go and hear the blackbirds - Sing!

Spring has come, my sweet;
It is the season lovers bless,
And the birds, preening their wings,
Sing songs from the edge of their nests.
Ah! Come, then, to this mossy bank
To talk of our beautiful love,
And tell me in your gentle voice: Forever!

Far, far away we'll stray from our path,
Startling the rabbit from his hiding-place
And the deer reflected in the spring,
Admiring his great lowered antlers;
Then home we'll go, serene and at ease,
And entwining our fingers basket-like,
We'll bring back home wild strawberries!

Villanelle (Berlioz) – Translation copyright © by Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

Translation for *Le spectre de la Rose* (The spectre of the rose):

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'éffleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi le fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi, qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose
À ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni *De profundis*;
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poète avec un baiser
Écrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouse

Open your eyelids,
Brushed by a virginal dream;
I am the spectre of a rose
That yesterday you wore at the dance.
You plucked me still sprinkled
With silver tears of dew,
And amid the glittering feast
You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,
You shall be powerless to banish me:
The rosy spectre which every night
Will come to dance at your bedside.
But be not afraid – I demand
Neither Mass nor *De Profundis*;
This faint perfume is my soul,
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;
And for such a beautiful fate,
Many would have given their lives –
For my tomb is on your breast,
And on the alabaster where I lie,
A poet with a kiss
Has written: Here lies a rose
Which every king will envy.

Le spectre de la rose (Berlioz) – Translation copyright © by Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

More about Villanelle and *Le spectre de la Rose*:

“Villanelle” and “*Le spectre de la Rose*” represent the process of my dream. I started working on both of these pieces with my first voice teacher at Longy, Corrine Byrne, during the spring of 2022. Immediately, I was intimidated by the music. My first thought was how I was going to memorize all of the words! I didn’t know where to begin, let alone if I could learn these two pieces from memory. Although I was intimidated, I didn’t want that to stop me from learning the repertoire. I knew it was going to be challenging, but I was ready to stretch myself as an artist.

Throughout the learning process, I took a step back and began to think through the storytelling of each piece. “Villanelle” has an exciting and electrifying character to it. When I sing it, I feel an intense rush of adrenaline and anticipation. “*Le spectre de la Rose*” is full of depth and passion, even though the ending is bittersweet. For both of these pieces, I am blown away by how they relate to my life now, as I anticipate the spring and will soon say goodbye to my time here at Longy.

The idea of my dream: Beau Soir, L. 84, (1891)

Composed by Claude Debussy (1862-1918) | Poem by Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Translation for Beau Soir (Beautiful Evening)

Lorsqu'au soleil couchant les rivières sont roses, Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs de blé Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des choses Et monter vers les couler troublé	When the rivers are rosy in the setting sun, And a mild tremor runs over the cornfields An exhortation to be happy seems to emanate from things And rises towards the troubled heart
Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est beau, Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va cette onde: Elle a la mer, nous au tombeau.	An exhortation to enjoy the charm of being alive While one is young and the evening is beautiful, For we go away, as this stream goes: The stream to the sea, we to the tomb

Beau soir (Debussy) – Translation copyright © by Richard Stokes, from *A French Song Companion* (Oxford, 2000)

More about Beau Soir:

“Beau Soir” represents the idea of my dream. I first learned this art song during the fall semester of my senior year at Baylor University. I was just entering my second year as a Bachelor of Arts - Music major, after switching from Pre-Med - Neuroscience. It was my first dive into French art song literature, and I learned it quickly to prepare for graduate school pre-screening auditions. I remember painstakingly scribbling the IPA (International Phonetic Alphabet) underneath the text, and again hoping that I would remember all the words! I was so nervous during my pre-screening auditions. I had no idea if I would make it into graduate school for Vocal Performance. I was so concerned with being right, that I neglected to internalize the meaning of the words.

I decided to revisit this piece for *Inventions of a Dream*, to thank my undergraduate voice teacher, Mrs. Julianne Best, and honor the late Jessye Norman. Jessye Norman's recording of this piece still moves me to tears. As the song beautifully says, I hope this piece will be, “Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au monde,” which translates to, “an exhortation to enjoy the charm of being alive...”

The idea of a dream: Selection from Op. 105, No. 1

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (1886-1888)

Composed by Johannes Brahms (1803-1869) | Poem by Klaus Groth (1819-1899)

Translation for Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Like melodies it runs):

Wie Melodien zieht es	Like melodies it runs
Mir leise durch den Sinn	Gently in my mind.
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es	Like spring flowers it blooms
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin	and drifts away like a fragrance.
Doch kommt das Wort und fasst es	Yet if a word comes and fixes it
Und führt es vor das Aug’,	And brings it before the eye,
Wie Nebelgrau erblasst es	Like a gray mist it fades
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.	And vanishes like a breath
Und dennoch ruht im Reime	Still, there remains in the rhyme
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,	A hidden fragrance,
Den mild aus stillem Keime	Which softly from the silent bud
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.	Can be brought forth by tears.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir (Brahms) – Translation copyright © by *The Ring of Words: An Anthology of Song*
Texts by Philip L. Miller

More about Wie Melodien zieht es mir:

“Wie melodien zieht es mir” represents the idea of my dream. I was introduced to Johannes Brahms and this art song by my very first voice teacher, Ms. Jessie Hinkle. Weeks before graduating high school, I sang through this piece during my last lesson with her. It is a lesson that I will cherish for the rest of my life. I was debating about pursuing music or pursuing medicine. Ms. Hinkle reminded me that I will end up where I belong, and she encouraged me that with the right teacher and the right school, I could make it in opera. Without her encouragement and unwavering enthusiasm for an incredibly shy 18-year-old, I would not be standing before you all tonight. Ms. Hinkle, there are not enough words to express my gratitude, so I hope this art song will express my utmost appreciation for you.

The process of a dream: Selection from Op. 105, No. 2

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (1886-1888)

Composed by Johannes Brahms (1803-1869)

Poem by Hermann (Ritter Von) Lingg (1820-1905)

Translation for Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (Each night I sleep more lightly):

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,
Nur wie Schleier liegt mein Kummer
Zitternd über mir.

Each night I sleep more lightly;
Like a veil my grief
Lies trembling over me.

Oft im Traume hör' ich dich
Rufen drauß vor meiner Tür:
Niemand wacht und öffnet dir,
Ich erwach' und weine bitterlich.

Often in my dreams I hear you
calling outside my door;
No one wakes and lets you in,
I wake up and weep bitterly.

Ja, ich werde sterben müssen,
Eine Andre wirst du küssen,
Wenn ich bleich und kalt.

Yes, I will have to die;
You will kiss another,
when I am pale and cold.

Eh' die Maienlüfte weh'n
Eh' die Drossel singt im Wald:
Willst du mich noch einmal seh'n,
Komm, o komme bald!

Before the May breezes blow,
Before the thrush sings in the wood:
If you could see me once again,
Come, oh come soon!

Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (Brahms) – Translation copyright © by *The Ring of Words: An Anthology of Song Texts* by Philip L. Miller, Modified by Isabel Randall

More about Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer:

“Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,” represents the process of my dream. Corrine Byrne helped me prepare this piece, last Spring, for my first-year recital at Longy. I remember, once again, having trouble remembering the words! Corrine made it a point to internalize the words with gestures. To this day, I use this technique in almost all of my repertoire.

“Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,” has quickly become another favorite Brahms piece of mine. My favorite phrase is, “Oft im Traume hör' ich dich,” which translates to, “Often in my dreams I hear you calling outside my door...” I’ve learned that dreams sometimes are changed, deferred, or even sadly dissipated. This song reminds me of when my dream of pursuing opera was deferred twice during my undergraduate years, but I chose to persevere and wait.

The process of a dream: Selection from Op. 43, No. 1 - Von ewiger Liebe (1857)

Composed by: Johannes Brahms (1803-1869)

Poem by: August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben (1798-1874)

Translation for Von ewiger Liebe (Of eternal love):

Der Feld:

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald und in
Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Licht und nirgend noch Rauch,
Ja, und die Lerche sie schweiget nun auch.
Kommt aus dem Dorfe der Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche vorbei,
Redet so viel und so
mancherlei:

Der Bursche:

“Leidest du Schmach und betrübtest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind.
Scheide mit Regen und scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher vereinigt sind,”

Das Mägdelein:

Spricht das Mägdelein, Mägdelein spricht:
“Unsere Liebe sie trennet sich nicht!
Fest ist der Stahl und das Eisen
gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe ist fester noch mehr.
Eisen und Stahl, man schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können zergehn,
Unsere Liebe muß ewig bestehn!”

The Forest:

Dark, how dark in the woods and in the
field!
It is evening already, and now the world is silent.
Nowhere a light, and nowhere a
smoke,
Yes, even the lark is silent now also.
Out of the village comes the lad,
Bringing his sweetheart home.
He leads her by the willow thickets,
Talking a great deal and about so many things:

The Lad:

“If you are ashamed and troubled,
Ashamed of me before the others,
Let love be broken off as suddenly,
As quickly as we first came together.
Let us part in the rain, let us part in the wind,
As quickly as we first came together.”

The Maiden:

The maiden speaks, maiden says:
“Our love shall not be parted!
Strong is the steel and the iron
very much so,
Our love is even stronger.
Iron and steel are shaped in the forge,
But who shall change our love?
Iron and steel, may be melted
But our love shall endure forever!”

Von ewiger liebe (Brahms) – Translation copyright © by *The Ring of Words: An Anthology of Song Texts* by Philip L. Miller, Modified by Isabel Randall

More about Von ewiger Liebe:

“Von ewiger Liebe” represents the process of my dream. I learned this piece, during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, in 2020. I was entering my 2nd year of my Master of Music program at Azusa Pacific University. I was adjusting to graduate school from home. From green screen recordings in the garage to voice lessons in my living room. The years 2020-2021 were a test of endurance. I was not sure of what was next for me after my Master of Music program. I knew that I wanted to continue my education, but I didn’t know what exactly that would look like. At the time, I was taught and mentored by Professor Angela Blasi. Professor Blasi introduced me to this art song by Johannes Brahms and encouraged me to prepare it for my Master of Music Recital. During the Spring of 2021, I miraculously performed it live, but without an audience.

I was blown away by Brahms’ music and Hoffmann von Fallersleben’s poem. To me, the art song is a mini-opera scene, with three characters: The Forest, The Lad, and The Maiden. Each of them with their own perspective on the relationship. To date, it is one of my favorite art songs, because there is such depth and complexity to this piece. Every time I sing it, I am given so much joy because of its redemptive qualities musically, thematically, and emotionally. I am so grateful that I am performing “Von ewiger Liebe” for you all tonight.

Thank you, Professor Blasi, for teaching me that there is beauty that comes from grit and perseverance. Your mentorship, especially throughout the COVID-19 pandemic, came at a critical point during my vocal development, and I can’t thank you enough for all you’ve done.

The product of a dream: *Five short pieces - The Inquisitive Typist*

Composed by Ben Russman (b. 1998) |
Poems and staging by Isabel Randall (b. 1996)

1. Waiting Room
2. ICU
3. Bluebird
4. Retrospect
5. Change the Path

Text for Waiting Room

I sat outside the room
Waiting for an answer...
Anything new...
Any news...
I held my breath, hoping yours hadn't left.
I held my breath, hoping yours had not left.

Text for ICU

In dedication to frontline workers, families, patients, and victims of the COVID-19 pandemic.

And I can hear.
Yes, I can hear them:
I hear their cries.
I hear them sing.
I heard their cries.
I heard them sing.
But the words left unsaid, are spoken to the grave.
A whisper rises o'er the distant fray.
"You must live on."

Text for Bluebird

I will rise above my foes...
Fly high, little bird, Fly, high!
I will fly home stronger than ever!
I know my wings are not clipped,
but stretched toward the sky!

Text for Retrospect

Though living in the now,
I feel myself looking back:
As if what I perceive is already in the past...
Moments fleeting, and yet this heart is beating
Reminding me of the life yet to live...

Text for Change the Path

There is a road less traveled
It is rugged
Full of mystery
Yet it too must be traveled
For the ones who come after
They too need a map of what is to come.

More about Five short pieces - The Inquisitive Typist: *Five short pieces - The Inquisitive Typist* describes the product of my dream. When I was a little kid, I always found myself writing. Whether it be poems, short stories, journal entries, or songs. I found solace within lined pages. That same solace was found during the COVID-19 pandemic when I decided to write poems under the pen name "The Inquisitive Typist".

I love the saying, "When words fail, music speaks." I am beyond honored to have collaborated with Ben Russman on this custom commission. Ben has captured my words so that both his music and my words speak on behalf of a pandemic that has left millions speechless.

"Waiting Room" was written from the perspective of an unnamed person on the other side of the doors of a waiting room. When I wrote the words, I was gripped by their simplicity and haunted by their reality. How waiting can be the most terrifying moment of a person's life.

"ICU" and "Bluebird" were written during a Neave Trio concert I attended during Longy's New Student Orientation in Fall 2021. I have never experienced anything like this in my life. I was writing the poetry as I was listening to the music being played live. Neave Trio's performances of Rachmaninoff's *Elegy* and Lili Boulanger's *A Little Spring* were impactful moments because it was then I realized that music is beyond notes on a page. Music is a balm for the heart.

"ICU" is a play on words for "intensive care unit" and "I see you." I wrote it in dedication to those impacted by the pandemic, especially to those who were never seen again.

"Bluebird" was inspired by the reopening happening and as the world was "returning to normalcy." I'm not sure if a pre-pandemic life will exist again, but I know that I learned a lot during quarantine. Enough to make me realize that it is worth it to persevere during pauses.

"Retrospect" was written as a letter to my future self. I have moments where I wonder if what I'm looking at is the present moment or a memory. I guess in a way the answer is both. As I started thinking of my life, post-pandemic, I wrote this poem to remind myself to take each day for what it is, and remind myself to always be present. What I've learned the most is that life is incredibly fragile, and each day, each breath, and each heartbeat we have is enough.

“Change The Path,” was inspired by Robert Frost’s “The Road Not Taken,” I remember first reading Frost’s words and wondering about the road less traveled and its significance. “Change The Path” is the thesis for *Inventions of a Dream*. Inventions require you to change the path through productive imagination, discovering new ways, and finding your own path.

The product of a dream: Selection from *Three Dream Portraits* (1959)

2. Dream Variation

Composed by Margaret Bonds (1913-1972) | Poem by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Text for Dream Variation:

To fling my arms wide in some place in the sun,
To whirl and to dance till the white day is done,
Then rest at cool evening, beneath a tall tree
while night comes on gently, dark like me,
That is my dream.

To fling my arms wide in the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl!, Whirl till the quick day is done,
Rest at pale evening, a tall, slim tree
Night coming tenderly, black like me.

The product of a dream: Hold Fast to Dreams (1945)

Composed by Florence Price (1887-1953) | Poem by Langston Hughes (1901-1967)

Text for Hold Fast to Dreams:

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams in the sun,
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

More about Dream Variation and Hold Fast to Dreams: “Dream variation” and “Hold fast to dreams” represent the product of my dream. I have always admired the poetry of Langston Hughes, and I was excited to see that Margaret Bonds and Florence Price both set his words to music. These pieces speak to me personally, because both sets of my grandparents never had a chance to see me perform for an audience while they were alive. They had no idea I’d be where I am today. I dedicate these two songs to them. Their legacy gives me the strength to endure on. I hope that I’ve made them proud as I continue to “fling my arms wide and hold fast to dreams.”

The product of a dream: Lost In The Stars from the musical *Lost In The Stars* (1949)

Composed by Kurt Weill (1900-1950) | Lyrics by Maxwell Anderson (1888-1959)

Text for Lost In The Stars :

Before Lord God made the Sea and the land,
He held all the stars in the palm of his hand,
And they ran through his fingers like grains of sand,
And one little star fell alone.

Then the Lord God hunted through the wide night air
For the little dark star in the wind down there
And he stated and promised he'd take special care
So it wouldn't get lost again.

Now a man don't mind if the stars grow dim
And the clouds blow over and darken him,
So long as the Lord God's watching over them,
Keeping track how it all goes on.

But I've been walking through the night and the day
Till my eyes get weary and my head turns gray,
And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away,
Forgetting the promise that we heard him say.

And we're lost out here in the stars,
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,
And we're lost out here in the stars,
Little stars, big stars, blowing through the night,
And we're lost out here in the stars.

More about Lost In The Stars:

"Lost in the stars" represents the product of my dream. I first learned about Kurt Weill from working with my current voice teacher, Sandra Piques-Eddy. I was intrigued by his compositional style, which leans itself more toward jazz and musical theatre. I knew I wanted to incorporate a Kurt Weill piece on *Inventions of a Dream*, but I didn't know which one would fit with the theme. From a Spotify search, I stumbled upon Sarah Connolly's recording of "Lost in the Stars." Right away, I knew I wanted to include it in this recital.

The second to last stanza really spoke to me, "And sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away, forgetting the promise that we heard him say. And we're lost out here in the stars..."

For years, I wandered through different paths that eventually led me to pursue a career in opera. There were and still are days when I feel lost or discouraged. However, I am continually reminded that the human experience is both vastly different and strangely collective. When I feel lost, I'm reminded that I'm never truly alone. I will continue to wander my way through opera with the reassurance that I have the support of so many people along the way.

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The product of a dream: Unusual Way from the musical *Nine* (1983)

Composed and written by Maury Yeston (b.1945) | Cello arrangement by Isabel Randall (b. 1996)

Text for Unusual Way:

In a very unusual way one time I needed you.
In a very unusual way, you were my friend.
Maybe it lasted a day, maybe it lasted an hour...
but somehow it will never end...

In a very unusual way, I think I'm in love with you.
In a very unusual way, I want to cry.
Something inside me goes weak,
something inside me surrenders.
And you're the reason why, you're the reason why.

You don't know what you do to me,
You don't have a clue.
You can't tell what it's like to be me looking at you.
It scares me so, that I can hardly speak.

In a very unusual way, I owe what I am to you.
Though at times it appears I won't stay, I never go.
Special to me in my life since the first day that I met you,
How could I ever forget you once you have touched my soul?
In a very unusual way, you've made me whole.

More about Unusual Way:

"Unusual Way," represents the product of my dream. Towards the end of last year, I was going back and forth between how I wanted to conclude *Inventions of a Dream*. As I stated in the beginning, my journey to opera is unusual. Before pursuing a career in opera, I wanted to be in musical theatre. In high school, my mom always found me belting anything from *Wicked* to *Les Miserables* to *Cats* from the passenger seat of the car. I would sing my heart out, and then wonder what it took to get from dreaming about being on stage to actually being on one.

Then, I found myself in college, studying towards a career as a neurobehavioral pediatrician. Later on, I found myself auditioning for the School of Music, halfway through undergrad, having no idea it would lead me here in front of you all.

I recently discovered this piece from a friend of mine, mezzo-soprano, Shannon Keegan. Shannon's recording of this musical theatre piece impacted me, and I believe the words are fitting to close out *Inventions of a Dream*. Additionally, I arranged a cello part, so that Giselle, Ana, and I can finish my recital together.

LONGY

School of Music of Bard College

There are so many people in my life that have joined my journey; who've watched me grow into the woman and artist I am today. As this piece says, "In a very unusual way, I owe what I am to you." And by you, I mean all of you here in this concert hall tonight, online live-streaming, and just every person along the way who has simply been there in my life. This last piece is dedicated to you all.

With gratitude and immense appreciation,

Isabel Randall