

*April 6<sup>th</sup>, 2017*  
*Jillian Smith ~ Mezzo-soprano*  
*Amanda Sherrill ~ Piano*

**Matthäuspassion, BMV 244.....Bach (1685-1750)**  
Können Tränen meiner Wangen  
Erbarme dich, mein Gott

**La bonne chanson, Op. 61.....Fauré (1845-1942)**

1. Une Sainte en son aureole
2. Puisque l'aube grandit
3. La lune blanche
8. N'est-ce pas?

**Trouble in Tahiti.....Bernstein (1918-1990)**  
I was standing in a garden

**Wuthering Heights.....Herrmann (1911-1975)**  
I have been wandering through the green woods  
I have dreamt

~ Intermission ~

**The Last Five Years.....Brown (1970)**  
A part of that

**Ever After.....Goldrich (1964)**  
I remember

**Baby.....Shire (1937)**  
Patterns

**Finding Neverland.....Barlow (1971) & Kennedy (1969)**  
What you mean to me

**Dogfight.....Pasek (1985) & Paul (1985)**  
Before it's over

Thank you so much to all my friends and family who have supported and encouraged me through my undergraduate journey. Special thanks to my voice teacher Anne Kopta and my pianist Amanda Sherrill - I wouldn't be the performer I am today without their help and encouragement.  
Thank you so much for joining me tonight!

~Colossians 3:17~

***Können Tränen Meiner Wangen***

If the tears upon my cheeks can  
Not accomplish,  
Oh, then take my heart away.  
But then let amidst the streaming  
Of the wounds gently bleeding,  
Also be the sacrificial cup.

***Erbarme dich***

Have mercy,  
My God, for the sake of my tears!  
Look here,  
My heart and eyes weep before thee  
Bitterly.

***Une Sainte en un aureole***

A Saint in her halo,  
A Châtelaine in her tower,  
All that human words contain  
Of grace and love;

The golden note of a horn  
In forests far away,  
Blended with the tender pride  
Of noble Ladies of long ago;

And then the rare charm  
Of a fresh, triumphant smile,  
Flowering in a swan-like innocence  
And the blushes of a woman-child;

A nacreous sheen of white and pink,  
A sweet patrician harmony:  
All these things I see and hear  
In her Carolingian name.

***Puisque l'aube grandit***

Since day is breaking, since dawn is here,  
Since hope, having long eluded me, would  
now

Return to me and my imploring,  
Since all this happiness will truly be mine,

I shall, guided by your fair eyes' gentle glow,  
Let by your hand in which I place my  
trembling hand,  
Walk straight ahead, on mossy paths  
Or rock and pebble covered path;

And while, to ease the journey's languid pace,  
I shall sing some simple airs I tell myself  
That she will surely hear me without  
displeasure;  
And truly I crave no other paradise.

***La lune blanche***

The white moon  
Gleams in the woods;  
From every branch  
There comes a voice  
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The reflects,  
Deep mirror,  
The silhouette  
Of the black willow  
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender  
Consolation  
Seems to fall  
From the firmament  
That the moon illuminates

It is the exquisite hour.

***N'est-ce pas?***

Is it not so? Happy and unhurried we'll follow  
The modest path were Hope directs us with a  
smile,  
Little caring if we are neither known or seen.

Isolated in love we in a dark wood,  
Our two hearts, breathing gentle love,  
Shall be two nightingales singing at evening.

With no thought of what Destiny  
Has in store, we shall walk along together,  
Hand in hand, our souls like those of children

Whose love is unalloyed, is that no so?