



# Brandeis University

Department of Music

*presents*

Elizabeth Hilliard, *soprano*

Senior Musical Theatre Performance Track Recital

with

Grace Spicuzza, *keyboard collaborative artist*

Sunday, March 13, 2022 at 3 p.m.

Slosberg Recital Hall  
Waltham, Massachusetts

## Program

"Fifteen Minutes" from Talking With...	Jane Martin (b. 1959)
"I Have Confidence" from The Sound of Music	Richard Rogers (1902-1979)
"Hannah" from Patience and Hannah	Gabrielle Sinclair (b. 1982)
"How to Return Home" from Tales from the Bad Years	Lowdermilk (b. 1982)
"Nan" from How Water Behaves	Sherry Kramer (b. 1956)
"Moments in the Woods" from Into the Woods	Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)
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"Helena" from A Midsummer Night's Dream	William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
"Simple Little Things" from 110 in the Shade	Harvey Schmidt (1929-2018)
"Wendy" from Spring	Tanya Palmer (unknown)
"Vanilla Ice Cream" from She Loves Me	Jerry Bock (1928-2010)
~ INTERMISSION ~	
"Laurie's Song" from The Tender Land	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
"Ellen" from Bite Me	Nina Mansfield (unknown)
"Calm" from Ordinary Days	Adam Gwon (b. 1979)
"Ramona and Florence" from The Pocket Girls*	Elizabeth Hilliard (b. 2000)
"You Were Brave" from The Pocket Girls*	Elizabeth Hilliard (b. 2000)
"Gwendolyn" from The Importance of Being Earnest	Oscar Wilde (1864-1961)
"At the Ballet" from A Chorus Line	Marvin Hamlisch (1944-2012)
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"Lennox" from Macbeth	William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
"Astonishing" from Little Women	Jason Howland (b. 1971)
"Happy Days are Here Again" from Chasing Rainbows	Milton Ager (1893-1979)

\* = *world premiere*

# Texts

## I Have Confidence

Text: Oscar Hammerstein II  
(1895-1960)

What will this day be like?  
I wonder  
What will my future be?  
I wonder  
It could be so exciting  
To be out in the world  
To be free!  
My heart should be wildly rejoicing  
Oh, what's the matter with me?

I've always longed for adventure  
To do the things I've never dared  
Now here I'm facing adventure  
Then why am I so scared?

A captain with seven children  
What's so fearsome about that?  
Oh, I must stop these doubts  
All these worries  
If I don't, I just know I'll turn back!

I must dream of the things I am seeking  
I am seeking the courage I lack  
The courage to serve them with reliance  
Face my mistakes without defiance  
Show them I'm worthy  
And while I show them  
I'll show me!

So! Let them bring on all their problems  
I'll do better than my best  
I have confidence  
They'll put me to the test!  
But I'll make them see  
I have confidence in me

Somehow, I will impress them  
I will be firm, but kind  
And all those children  
Heaven bless them  
They will look up to me  
And mind me!

With each step I am more certain  
Everything will turn out fine  
I have confidence  
The world can all be mine!  
They'll have to agree  
I have confidence in me

I have confidence in sunshine  
I have confidence in rain  
I have confidence that spring will come again!  
Besides, which you see  
I have confidence in me!

Strength doesn't lie in numbers  
Strength doesn't lie in wealth  
Strength lies in nights of peaceful slumbers  
When you wake up  
Wake up! It's healthy!

All I trust I leave my heart to  
All I trust becomes my own!  
I have confidence in confidence alone...

- Oh, help

I have confidence in confidence alone!  
Besides, which you see  
I have confidence in me!

## How to Return Home

Text: Kait Kerrigan  
(b. 1980)

Your bare feet sliding on the old wooden floorboards.  
Home just as you left it but still you're shaken.  
Like walking into a museum somehow out of time.  
It's all the same except the girl in the hallway,  
Where she's been and who she will ripen into,  
Your childhood's on the other side of a sprawling divide... too wide.

Take a silent breath,  
Hold in the change,  
Tell yourself you still live here.  
Take your bags upstairs,  
It's the only way you'll get through today.  
Count the hours,  
Take a shower,  
Wash yourself away.

The house is pulsing with an alien heartbeat.  
Was it always here but you never listened?  
It's calling you to be the girl that you were way back then... again

Take a silent breath.  
Hold in the change.  
Tell yourself you still live here.  
Take your bags upstairs.  
Put away your clothes, take it nice and slow.

Be their daughter.  
Nothing's harder  
When nobody knows  
How to return home.

How to return home  
And how to survive.  
There's no written guidelines.  
How to go back.  
How to show up and unpack.  
How to show up.

How to grow up.  
How to take a breath.  
Take a silent breath.  
Hold in the change.  
Tell yourself you still live here.  
Take your bags upstairs.  
You still share a name.

But you're not the same.  
You don't fight it.  
You don't hide it.  
It's a whole new game of how to return home.  
How to return home.  
How to return home.  
How to return home.  
Ooh

## Moments in the Woods

Text: Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2021)

What was that?

Was that me?

Was that him?

Did a Prince really kiss me?

And kiss me?

And kiss me?

And did I kiss him back?

Was it wrong?

Am I mad?

Is that all?

Does he miss me?

Was he suddenly

Getting bored with me?

Wake up! Stop dreaming.

Stop prancing about the woods.

It's not beseeming.

What is it about the woods?

Back to life, back to sense,

Back to child, back to husband,

You can't live in the woods.

There are vows, there are ties,

There are needs, there are standards,

There are shouldn'ts and shoulds.

Why not both instead?

There's the answer, if you're clever:

have a child for warmth,

And a Baker for bread,

And a Prince for whatever -

Never!

It's these woods

Face the facts, find the boy,

Join the group, stop the Giant -

Just get out of these woods.

Was that him? yes it was.

Was that me? No, it wasn't,

Just a trick of the woods.

Just a moment,

One peculiar passing moment...

Must it all be either less or more,  
Either plain or grand?  
Is it always "or"  
Is it never "and"?  
That's what woods are for:  
For those moments in the woods...

Oh. if life were made of moments,  
Even now and then a bad one - !  
But if life were only moments,  
Then you'd never know you had one.

First a Witch, then a child,  
Then a Prince, then a moment -  
Who can live in the woods?  
And to get what you wish,  
Only just for a moment -  
These are dangerous woods...

Let the moment go...  
Don't forget it for a moment, though.  
Just remembering you've had and "and",  
When you're back to "or",  
Makes the "or" mean more  
Than it did before.  
Now I understand –

And it's time to leave the woods.



## Simple Little Things

Text: Tom Jones  
(b. 1928)

Not all dreams are great big dreams.  
Some peoples' dreams are small.  
Not all dreams have to have a golden fleece,  
Or any kind of fleece at all.

My dreams, like my name, are very plain;  
No shining knight must kneel.  
My dreams, like my name, are very plain;  
But nevertheless, they're real.  
They're all so very real.

Simple little things.  
All I want are simple little things  
All I need is someone beside me to have and to hold,  
Someone to love me as we grow older.  
Simple little things,  
Simple little dreams, will do.

"Lizzie, is my blue suit pressed?"  
"Lizzie, kinda scratch between my shoulder blades."  
"Lizzie, are the children all in bed?"  
That's what he'll say,  
I'll say, "My husband."

Simple little things,  
All I want are simple little things.  
All I need is someone beside me to have and to hold,  
Someone to love me as we grow older.  
Simple little things,  
Simple little dreams, will do.

## Vanilla Ice Cream

Text: Sheldon Harnick  
(b. 1924)

Dear Friend

I am so sorry about last night.  
It was a nightmare in every way,  
But together, you and I will laugh at last night someday.

Ice cream...

He brought me ice cream...

Vanilla ice cream...

Imagine that!

Ice cream...

And for the first time

We were together

Without a spat!

Friendly,

He was so friendly,

That isn't like him.

I'm simply stunned!

Will wonders never cease?

Will wonders never cease?

It's been a most peculiar day!

Will wonders never cease?

Will wonders never cease?

Oh, where was I?

I am so sorry about last night

It was a nightmare in every way

But, together, you and I will laugh at last night someday.

I sat there waiting in that café

And never guessing that you were old...

That you were near.

You were outside looking bald

Oh, my...

Dear Friend...

I am so sorry about last night.

Last night

I was so nasty!

Well, he deserved it!

But even so..

That George

Is not like this George,

This is a new George

That I don't know.

Somehow  
It all reminds me  
Of Dr. Jekyll  
And Mr. Hyde.  
When right before my eyes  
A man that I despise  
Has turned into a man I like!  
It's almost like a dream,  
And strange as it may seem.  
He came to offer me vanilla ice cream!

## Laurie's Song

Text: Horace Everett  
(1927-2001)

Once I thought I'd never grow  
Tall as this fence.  
Time dragged heavy and slow.

But April came and August went  
Before I knew just what they meant,  
And little by little I grew.  
And as I grew I came to know  
How fast the time could go

Once I thought I'd never go outside this fence  
This space was plenty for me

But I walked down the road one day  
And just happened I can't say  
But little by little it came to be  
That line between the earth and sky  
Came beckoning to me

Now the time has grown short  
The world has grown so wide

I'll be graduated soon  
Why am I strange inside?

What makes me think I'd like to try  
To go down all those roads beyond that line  
Above the earth and 'neath the sky?

Tomorrow when I sit upon  
The graduation platform stand  
I know my hand will shake  
When I reach out to take that paper  
With the ribboned band

Now that all the learning's done  
Oh who knows what will now begin?

Oh it's so strange  
I'm strange inside

The time has grown so short  
The world so wide

## Calm

Text: Adam Gwon  
(b. 1979)

So I am on the 6th train heading uptown to my lit professor's office  
It's like light years off of campus  
Don't ask me why  
I'm sandwiched in-between this guy who's literally drooling  
And some European hipster who, well let's be honest, smells

Woody Allen heard Gershwin in the air when he thought Manhattan  
Well, I'm not so impressed, I hear like Philip Glass at best  
I spend all my time just trying to get calm

But it's not working  
'Cause like, clearly, I'm a magnet for a special breed of psycho  
Who think being weird's a valuable use of time  
And my notebook likes to wander on its own across the city  
Taking with it my whole thesis, which I need to write, like, now

I don't remember the Muppets getting hives  
When they took Manhattan  
But my own diagnosis says I'm creeping toward psychosis  
Cause I cannot find a place to get calm

It's really hard you know  
I tried to take up yoga  
But you'll be surprised how many folks don't think deodorant is Zen  
I even saw a life coach who told me I should breathe  
Just breathe  
But every time I took in a breath  
I visualized that life coach's death  
She's having brunch at café Pierre  
And she's choking  
And choking  
And choking  
'Til finally she's calm

I'm sorry  
Anyway, I get to my profesor's and he sits me down and tells me  
That my thesis on Virginia Woolf feels somehow false  
I tell him what I'm working from is not so much a thesis  
As the fact that she went crazy  
And that seems, well, apropos  
My professor just tosses back his head  
And a dry Manhattan  
I'm wondering which will him quicker  
The big apple or the liquor  
When suddenly I panic  
And I tell myself I must get someplace calm

I up and run toward Penn station like I swear my head was ready to blow  
And I hop a train to Jersey  
Just as fast as any person can go  
Then 90 minutes out  
I get off at some provincial hamlet I've never heard of  
There's a real estate office right on the block  
I can afford a two bedroom  
I go into shock  
I think, what the heck  
I write a check  
Cause there's sunlight, and closets, and laundry  
But mostly it's calm

Calm  
Calm  
Calm  
Calm  
Really calm  
Strangely calm  
Like times square at five A.M. calm  
Like totally freak me out calm  
Like I'm gonna slowly go crazy and throw myself over the balcony calm

Damn it

So  
I tear up my deposit  
And I head back to Penn station  
Of course the subway's broken  
So I walk four miles home  
And like 14 hours later  
I get back to my apartment  
With my crazy spastic roommates  
And a room, well, of my own  
I've got this black and white poster on my wall  
that says "my Manhattan"  
And I give it the finger  
But I let my gaze linger  
And I notice how the people look like tiny specks of grey  
All haphazardly arranged just like they were in that Monet  
And suddenly I'm struck with this bizarro revelation  
That like, Warren's whacked out theory might deserve some exploration.  
I sit on my bed  
And I realize I'm finally  
Calm

## You Were Brave

Text: Elizabeth Hilliard  
(b. 2000)

Twenty years dead and gone  
You and me, on and on  
Twenty years you were brave  
For the love that you gave

You were brave  
To me, you were brave  
Weren't you?

Twenty years in this house  
You and me, cat and mouse  
Twenty years on your throne  
Coexisting alone

And you were brave  
To me, you were brave  
Weren't you?

I never judged you for your dolls  
The lies that you tell and the whys and the wells  
I didn't say a word  
And you didn't give me an inch, didn't budge  
You sat and you sat, left our home to the rats  
Say your prayers, Florence, there's no escaping this hole  
'Til your sister's interred

And you were brave  
To me, you were brave  
Weren't you?

I never left because of you  
I only stayed because you wanted me too  
And you let me be miserable, let me stay  
And you let me waste my whole life away  
And you let me hate you  
When I didn't want to

And you were brave  
To me, you were brave  
Weren't you?

And I'm sure you think you're just the world's best mother  
Maternal martyr, you cover, you smother  
But you spent twenty years trying to exist as her  
And I needed you to be my sister

You were brave  
To me you were brave  
You were brave  
To me you were brave  
Weren't you?  
Weren't you?  
Weren't you?



## At the Ballet

Text: Edward Kleban  
(1939-1987)

Daddy always thought that he married beneath him  
That's what he said, that's what he said  
When he proposed he informed my mother  
He was probably her very last chance  
And though she was twenty-two  
Though she was twenty-two  
Though she was twenty-two  
She married him

Life with my dad wasn't ever a picnic  
More like a "Come as you are"  
When I was five I remember my mother  
Dug earrings out of the car  
I knew they weren't hers, but it wasn't  
Something you'd want to discuss  
He wasn't warm  
Well, not to her  
Well, not to us

But everything was beautiful at the ballet  
Graceful men lift lovely girls in white  
Yes, everything was beautiful at ballet, hey  
I was happy at the ballet  
That's why I started class

Up a steep and very narrow stairway  
To the voice like a metronome  
Up a steep and very narrow stairway  
It wasn't paradise  
It wasn't paradise.  
It wasn't paradise  
But it was home

Mother always said I'd be very attractive  
When I grew up, when I grew up  
"Different," she said, "With a special something  
And a very, very personal flair"  
And though I was eight or nine  
Though I was eight or nine  
Though I was eight or nine  
I hated her

Now, "Different" is nice, but it sure isn't pretty  
Pretty is what it's about  
I never met anyone who was "different"

Who couldn't figure that out  
So beautiful I'd never lived to see  
But it was clear  
If not to her  
Well, then to me

That everyone is beautiful at the ballet  
Every prince has got to have his swan  
Yes, everyone is beautiful at the ballet, hey  
I was pretty  
At the ballet

Up a steep and very narrow stairway  
To the voice like a metronome  
Up a steep and very narrow stairway  
It wasn't paradise  
It wasn't paradise  
It wasn't paradise  
But it was home

But it was clear  
When he proposed  
That I was born to help their marriage and when  
That's what he said  
That's what she said  
I used to dance around the living room  
He wasn't warm  
Not to her  
It was a foreign king and he'd say:  
"Maggie, do you wanna dance?"  
And I'd say, "Daddy, I would love to..."

Everything was beautiful at the ballet  
Raise your arms and someone's always there  
Yes, everything was beautiful at the ballet  
At the ballet  
At the ballet

Yes, everything was beautiful at the ballet, hey  
I was pretty  
I was happy  
"I would love to..."  
At the ballet

## Astonishing

Text: Mindi Dickstein  
(b. 1960)

Who is he?  
Who is he with his marry me?  
With his ring and his marry me?  
The nerve, the gall

This is not  
Not what was meant to be  
How could he ruin it all  
With those two words?  
I thought I knew him  
Thought that he knew me  
When did it change?  
What did I miss?  
A kiss  
When I thought all along  
That we were meant to forge frontiers  
How could I be so wrong?

And I need  
How I need my sisters here  
If I can't share my dreams  
What were they for?  
I thought our promise  
Meant that we would never change and never part  
I thought together  
We'd amaze the world  
How can I live my dreams or even start when everything has come apart?

I thought home was all I'd ever want  
My attic all I'd ever need  
Now nothing feels the way it was before  
And I don't know how to proceed  
I only know I'm meant for something more  
I've got to know if I can be  
Astonishing

There's a life  
That I am meant to lead  
A life like nothing I have known  
I can feel it  
And it's far from here  
I've got to find it on my own  
Even now I feel its heat upon my skin  
A life of passion that pulls me from within  
A life that I am making to begin

There must be somewhere I can be  
Astonishing  
Astonishing

I'll find my way  
I'll find it far away  
I'll find it in unexpected and unknown  
I'll find my life in my own way  
Today

Here I go  
And there's no turning back  
My great adventure has begun  
I may be small  
But I've got giant plans  
To shine as brightly as the sun

I will blaze until I find my time and place  
I will be fearless  
Surrendering modesty and grace  
I will not disappear without a trace  
I'll shout and start a riot  
Be anything but quiet  
Christopher Columbus  
I'll be Astonishing  
Astonishing  
Astonishing  
At Last

## Happy Days are Here Again

Text: Jack Yellen  
(1892-1991)

So long sad times  
Go long bad times  
We are rid of you at last

Howdy gay times  
Cloudy gray times  
You are now a thing of the past

Happy days are here again  
The skies above are clear again  
So, let's sing a song of cheer again  
Happy days are here again

All together, shout it now  
There's no one  
Who can doubt it now  
So, let's tell the world about it now  
Happy days are here again

Your cares and troubles are gone  
There'll be no more from now on...

Happy days are here again  
The skies above are clear again  
So, let's sing a song of cheer again  
Happy days are here again!

## About the Artists:

**Elizabeth Hilliard** is a senior at Brandeis University earning her B.A. in Theater and in Music with a concentration in Musical Theatre and a minor in English. She is originally from Abington, Pennsylvania.

Lizzy has been performing in musicals since she was five years old and played the Elephant Bird in a production of *Seussical the Musical*. She began taking dance classes that same year and was in shows all through her grade school years, playing roles such as Annie (*Annie*), Downy (*Honk!*), and Jojo (*Seussical*), then moving on to high school and playing roles such as The Narrator (*Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*), Teen Fiona (*Shrek the Musical*), and Esmeralda (*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*). Elizabeth also founded, directed and composed arrangements for an a cappella ensemble for five years during her high school career. She studied flute and voice between her AP and honors courses and excelled both academically and musically, participating in Pennsylvania's All State Vocal Jazz Ensemble in her junior year. When she graduated in 2018, she received the National School Choral Award, an Instrumental Music Award, and the Theater Honorary Award for Best Actress in a Musical. In this year, she also self-released her first EP of original music and wrote, produced, directed and performed in an original musical entitled *Open Call*.

Since arriving at Brandeis, she has been making waves as an actress, musician and singer-songwriter. She is co-president of Boris' Kitchen, Brandeis' sketch comedy group, as well as a member of the Brandeis Chamber Singers. Elizabeth is always performing, having participated in both mainstage and student-run theater productions in her time at Brandeis. Some favorite roles include: Jo March (*Little Women*), Trinculo (*The Tempest*), Sally Brown (*You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*), and Learn Your Lessons Soloist (*Godspell*). She spent last semester abroad in London at the British American Drama Academy, and there, she was in a devised production of Euripides' *Hippolytus*, for which she also wrote music. In conjunction with her musical theater education, Lizzy is an active singer-songwriter, having self-released an EP and four full albums in her time at Brandeis. Her senior thesis is an original musical, which will see a staged reading April 28 – May 1. To listen to some of Lizzy's original music, visit [lizzyhilliard.com](http://lizzyhilliard.com).

Elizabeth would like to thank Professor Duff and the Brandeis Music Department for their continuous guidance and support, Krista River for her invaluable vocal instruction, Grace Spicuzza for her gorgeous accompaniment, Talia Jacobson and Sophia Seufert for offering their voices, time and friendship, and her parents and brothers, the best makers of music and laughter she will ever meet. She would also like to thank Boris' Kitchen, the cast and crew of Orlando, and her wonderful friends for their constant support. *Soli Deo Gloria*.

**Grace Evelyn Spicuzza** is a collaborative pianist working in the Boston, MA metropolitan area. She enjoys a varied career playing repertoire ranging from renaissance to neo classical, jazz to rock, 19th century art song to musical theater, at the various institutions where she works.

Grace is in her third year at Brandeis, where she loves accompanying the choral ensembles under the direction of Dr. Robert Duff. Watching the students grow in their understanding of and their ability to make music is such a reward. Grace also holds a position at Boston Conservatory at Berklee, where she has the pleasure of working alongside excellent voice faculty, accompanying and coaching classical and musical theater voice students. She also works with woodwind and strings students to help them prepare for their performances and recordings. And, of course, she loves the sporadic freelance opportunities to play for weddings and formal events, as well as working with vocalists for their recordings and recitals. You can find out more about Grace's work at [musicbygraceevelyn.com](http://musicbygraceevelyn.com).

Mrs. Spicuzza earned a Masters of Music in Collaborative Piano from Boston Conservatory at Berklee, Boston, MA, in 2017 and a Bachelor of Music in Piano Performance from Wheaton College Conservatory of Music, Wheaton, IL in 2011.

When she is not working on music, Grace enjoys vegetable gardening, swing dancing with her husband, and petting her lop-eared rabbit. She is very grateful to God, her parents, her husband, and the excellent teachers she has had in her life. They are the reason she is where she is today. And she thanks you, our audience, for taking the time to join us today and share this beautiful music with us. She hopes that your hearts will be touched, just as ours have, by this music.