



Brandeis University

Department of Music

*presents*

Kat Lawrence, *soprano*

Senior Musical Theater  
Performance Track Recital

with

Emma Johnston, *alto*

and

Grace Spicuzza, *piano*

Wednesday, May 4th, 2022 at 7 p.m.

Laurie Theater in Spingold

## Program

“Singin’ in the Rain” from *Singin’ In the Rain*     Music by Nacio Herb Brown (1896-1964)  
Lyrics by Arthur Freed (1894-1973)  
Choreographed by Emma Johnston

“The Glamorous Life” from *A Little Night Music*     Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2021)

Monologue from *The 5<sup>th</sup> of July*     Lanford Wilson  
(1937-2011)

“Spark of Creation” from *Children of Eden*     Stephen Schwartz  
(b. 1948)

Monologue from *The Jack and Jill’s Plays*     Adam Szymkowicz  
(b. 1981)

“Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again” from *Phantom of the Opera*     Sir Andrew  
Lloyd Webber  
(b. 1948)

Monologue from *Macbeth*     William Shakespeare  
(1564-1616)

“Pretty Funny” from *Dogfight*     Benji Pasek & Justin Paul  
(b.1985)

Monologue from *St. Joan*     George Bernard Shaw  
(1856-1950)

“Woman” from *The Pirate Queen*     Claude-Michelle Schonberg  
(b. 1944)

~15 min intermission~

“I Can’t Do it Alone” from *Chicago*     Music by John Kander (b.1927)  
Lyrics by Fred Ebb (1928-2004)  
Choreography by John H. Llewellyn

Scene from *Window Pain*     Joseph Arnone  
(b. 1983)

Emma Johnston ‘22, actress

“Therapy” from *Tick, Tick, Boom!*     Jonathan Larson  
(1960-1996)

Emma Johnston ’22, alto

Monologue from <i>As You Like It</i>	William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
“Till There Was You” from <i>The Music Man</i>	Meredith Wilson (1902-1984)
Monologue from <i>The Lord of the Rings</i>	Peter Jackson (b.1961) Fran Walsh (b.1959) Philippa Boyens (b.1962)
“Wonder” from <i>The Lord of the Rings</i> (musical)	A.R. Rahman (b. 1967)
Monologue from <i>The People</i>	Susan Glaspell (1876-1948)
“You’ll Never Walk Alone” from <i>Carousel</i>	Rogers and Hammerstein (1902-1979) (1895-1960)
Monologue from <i>The Seagull</i>	Anton Chekhov (1860-1904)
“Meadowlark” from <i>The Baker’s Wife</i>	Stephen Schwartz (b.1948)

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*This recital partially fulfills the requirements of the Music Performance Track Major*

## Texts and Translations

### Singin' In the Rain

Text by Arthur Freed  
(1894-1973)

Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo  
Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo-doo  
Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo-doo  
Doo-dloo-doo-doo-doo-doo...

I'm singing in the rain  
Just singing in the rain  
What a glorious feelin'  
I'm happy again

I'm laughing at clouds  
So dark up above  
The sun's in my heart  
And I'm ready for love

Let the stormy clouds chase  
Everyone from the place  
Come on with the rain  
I've a smile on my face  
I walk down the lane  
With a happy refrain  
Just singin',  
Singin' in the rain

Dancin' in the rain  
Dee-ah dee-ah dee-ah  
Dee-ah dee-ah dee-ah  
I'm happy again!  
I'm singin' and dancin' in the rain!

I'm dancin' and singin' in the rain.

### The Glamorous Life

Text by Stephen Sondheim  
(1930-2021)

Ordinary mothers lead ordinary lives  
Keep the house and sweep the parlour  
Mend the clothes and tend the children  
Ordinary mothers, like ordinary wives  
Make the beds and bake the pies  
And wither on the vine—  
Not mine

Dying by inches  
Every night—  
What a glamorous life!  
Brought on by winches  
To recite—  
What a glamorous life!

Ordinary mothers never  
Get the flowers  
And ordinary mothers never  
Get the joys  
Ordinary mothers couldn't  
Cough for hours  
Maintaining their poise

Sandwiches only  
But she eats  
What she wants when she wants  
Sometimes it's lonely  
But she meets  
Many handsome gallants  
Ordinary mothers don't live out of cases  
But ordinary mothers don't go different places  
Which ordinary mothers can't do  
Being mothers all day  
Mine's away in a play  
And she's realer than they...

What if her brooch is  
Only glass  
And her costumes unravel?  
What if her coach is  
Second class?  
She at least gets to travel

And sometime this summer, meaning soon  
She'll be traveling to me!  
Sometime this summer, maybe June  
I'm the new place she'll see!

Ordinary daughters may think  
Life is better  
With ordinary mothers near them  
When they choose  
But ordinary daughters seldom  
Get a letter  
Enclosing reviews!  
Gay and resilient  
With applause—  
What a glamorous life!  
Speeches are brilliant  
If they're Shaw's—  
What a glamorous life!

Ordinary mothers needn't meet committees  
But ordinary mothers don't get keys to cities  
No, ordinary mothers merely see their children all year  
Which is lovely, I hear  
But it does interfere  
With the glamorous—

I am the princess, guarded by dragons  
Snorting and grumbling and rumbling in wagons  
She's in her kingdom, wearing disguises  
Living a life that is full of surprises  
And sometime this summer  
She'll come galloping over the green!  
Sometime this summer  
To the rescue, my mother the queen!

Ordinary mothers thrive on  
Being private  
And ordinary mothers somehow  
Can survive it  
But ordinary others never  
Know they're just standing still  
With the kettles to fill  
While they're missing the thrill  
Of the glamorous life!

### **The 5<sup>th</sup> of July**

Text by Lanford Wilson  
(1937-2011)

SHIRLEY: I'm going to be the greatest artist Missouri has ever produced. No – the entire Midwest. There have been very famous people – world famous people – Tennessee Williams grew up in Missouri. He grew up not three blocks from where I live now! All his formative years. And Mark Twain. And Dreiser! And Vincent Price and Harry Truman! And Betty Grable! But me! Oh God! Me! Me! Me! Me! I am going to be so great! Unqualified! The greatest single artist the Midwest has ever known!

A painter. Or a sculptor. Or a dancer! A writer! A conductor! A composer! An actress! One of the arts! People will die. Certain people will literally have cardiac arrests at the magnitude of my achievements. Doing something astonishing! Just astonishing. I will have you know that I intend to study for ten years, and then burst forth on the world. And people will be abashed! Amazed! Astonished! At the magnitude.

Oh, God! Look! Is that she? Is that she? Is it? IT IS! IT IS SHE! IT IS SHE!  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! She died of cardiac arrest and astonishment at the magnificence of my achievement in my chosen field. Only Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Beethoven, and Frank Lloyd Wright have raised to my heights before me!”

## **Spark of Creation**

Text by Stephen Schwartz  
(b. 1948)

I've got an itching on the tips of my fingers  
I've got a burning in the back of my brain  
I've got a hunger burning inside me, cannot be denied  
I've got a feeling that the Father who made us  
When He was kindling a pulse in my veins  
He left a tiny spark of that fire, smoldering inside

The spark of creation is flickering within me  
The spark of creation is blazing in my blood  
A bit of the fire that lit up the stars and brought life into the mud  
The first inspiration, the spark of creation

I see a mountain and I want to climb it  
I see a river and I want to leave shore  
Where there was nothing let there be something  
Something made by me  
There's things waiting for me to invent them  
There's worlds waiting for me to explore  
I am an echo of the eternal cry of  
Let there be

The spark of creation burning bright within me  
The spark of creation won't let me rest at all  
Until I discover or build or uncover, a thing that I can call  
My celebration of the spark of creation  
The spark of creation, may it burn forever  
The spark of creation, I am a keeper of the flame

We think all we want is a lifetime of leisure  
Each perfect day the same, endless vacation  
Well, that's alright if you're a kind crustacean  
But when you're born with an imagination  
Sooner or later you're feeling the fire, getting hotter and higher  
The spark of creation

## **The Jack and Jill's Plays**

Text by Adam Szymkowicz  
(b. 1981)

I always thought it would be me first, you know? I didn't think. No, I shouldn't say that.  
You'll be fine. You'll be fine. You'll beat this. I don't care what the doctor says.

Cheryl came by. Oh. I guess you don't really like her. Well, anyway, she came to see  
you. Which was nice of her.

Look you can't do this. You can't leave me alone. I can't just . . . not without you. How  
can I . . . do anything . . . ever again?

Morgan's waiting for you. Everyone is no waiting for you. Your job is there if you just pull through. Won't you?

I need you. I can't remember anything. Everything that happened to us, who will remember if you're not here? No one. Like they never happened.

Remember that time we went fishing and you -- Just wake up. Wake up! WAKE UP!  
WAKE UP!!!

Sorry. I'm going to get some water. Just. Please. Just. Come on. You have to. I'm all alone.

I can't be me without you.

### **Wishing You Were Somehow Here Again**

Text by Charles Hart  
(b.1961)

You were once  
My one companion  
You were all  
That mattered  
You were once  
A friend and father  
Then my world  
Was shattered

Wishing you were  
Somehow here again  
Wishing you were  
Somehow near  
Sometimes it seemed  
If I just dreamed  
Somehow you would  
Be here

Wishing I could  
Hear your voice again  
Knowing that I  
Never would  
Dreaming of you  
Won't help me to do  
All that you dreamed  
I could

Passing bells  
And sculpted angels  
Cold and monumental  
Seem, for you  
The wrong companions  
You were warm and gentle

Too many years  
Fighting back tears  
Why can't the past  
Just die?

Wishing you were  
Somehow here again  
Knowing we must  
Say goodbye  
Try to forgive  
Teach me to live  
Give me the strength  
To try

No more memories  
No more silent tears  
No more gazing across  
The wasted years  
Help me say  
Goodbye  
Help me say  
Goodbye!



## Macbeth

Text by William Shakespeare  
(1564-1616)

LADY MACBETH:

Yet here's a spot. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? —What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone.—To bed, to bed, to bed!

## Pretty Funny

Text by Benji Pasek & Justin Paul  
(b.1985)

Close the window draw the curtain  
Hide of the bright light of the moon  
Hang the dresses ugly dresses  
No one likes maroon  
Wipe off all that stupid lipstick  
Return the earrings to their case  
Makeup won't make any difference  
It's still the same old face

Isn't it funny?  
Isn't it funny?  
Isn't it funny you believed that it was real?  
Pretty funny.

All disasters have an upside  
You can find one if you tried  
You went dancing, you were dancing, you were dancing with a guy  
Isn't it funny?  
Isn't it funny?

Aren't you funny?  
Pathetically naive and desperate to believe  
You can always find some good  
Well you misunderstood  
Or you've been dreaming  
'Cause people are just cruel

Shut the light off turn the bed down  
No more crying don't you dare  
You'll wake up sometime tomorrow and forget to even care  
Isn't it funny?  
Isn't it funny?  
For a moment he convinced me I could be pretty  
Funny

## St. Joan

Text by George Bernard Shaw  
(1856-1950)

Yes: they told me you were fools, and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead. It is not the bread and water I fear: Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of God when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the bible that was heated seven times. I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind. But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

## Woman

Text by Richard Maltby Jr.  
(b. 1937)

Woman I am born  
What does "woman" mean?  
Must my dreams face scorn  
Held back and unseen

If I long for fire  
Must it stay unreal?  
Can I not desire?  
Am I not to feel?

If I ache to taste  
Am I not to try?  
If my heart says sail  
Why must I deny?  
I have my dreams  
I have made plans

I see horizons wide as a man's  
Must I be nothing till I'm some man's wife?

Look at this face  
Does it deceive?  
Do I look made to milk and to weave?  
I will be damned to Hell if that is my life!

I'm almost your age,  
I'm your match in size,  
I'm your match with swords  
An equal in most eyes

But when you have a dream  
And you're caught in its grip  
You can climb aboard a ship  
You can -  
You can for you're a man

You can reach toward that place  
Where the earth meets the sky  
Fight a battle be brave, be true  
If you can do it, why not I?

I'm meant to fly  
Sail unrestrained  
Why is man free and woman chained?  
Is that my epitaph before I die?

I should be free  
Free to be Grace  
I want to feel the wind on my face!  
And when life beckons, I should go  
Face out the storm, not stay below  
Am I to be just woman? No! Not !!

### **I Can't Do it Alone**

Text by Fred Ebb  
(1928-2004)

My sister and I had an act that couldn't flop  
My sister and I were headed straight for the top  
My sister and I eared a thou a week at least  
But my sister is now, unfortunately, deceased

Oh, I know, it's sad, of course,  
But a fact is still a fact  
And now all that remains  
Is the remains  
Of a perfect double act!

Roxie, do you know you are exactly the same size as my sister?  
Oh, you would fit in her wardrobe perfectly. Look, why don't I  
just show you some of the act, huh?  
Watch this.

Now, you have to imagine this with two people.  
It's swell with two people.

First, I'd...  
Then she'd...  
Then we'd...  
But I can't do it alone!  
Then she'd...

Then I'd...  
Then we'd...  
But I can't do it alone!

She'd say, "What's your sister like?"  
I'd say, "MEN,"  
Yuk, yuk, yuk  
She'd say, "you're the cat's meow"  
Then we'd wow  
The crowd again  
When she'd go...  
I'd go...  
We'd go...

And then those ding-dong daddies started to roar  
Whistled, stomped, and stamped on the floor  
Yelling, screaming, begging for more.

And we'd say, "O.K. fellas, keep your socks up.  
You ain't seen nothing yet!"

Ah, aha, yeah!  
But I simply cannot do it alone.

Well? What did ya think? Come on, you can say.

O.K. O.K. The first part can always be rewritten. But the  
second part was really nifty. Watch this!

Then she'd...  
Then I'd...  
Then we'd...  
But I can't do it alone!  
She'd say, "What state's Chicago in?"  
I'd say, "ILL!"  
Did ya get that?  
She'd say, "turn your motor off!"  
I can hear 'em cheerin' still  
When she'd go...  
I'd go...  
We'd go...  
And then those two-bit Johnnies did it up brow  
To cheer the best attraction in town  
They really tore the balcony down

And we'd say, "O.K. fellas, O.K., we're goin' home, but  
here's a few more partin' shots!" And this...this we did  
in perfect unison.  
Now, you've seen me goin' through it  
You can see there's nothin' to it  
But I simply cannot do it  
Alone!

## Window Pain

Text by Joseph Arnone  
(b. 1983)

V: ...Hey.

L: ...Hey.

V: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to punch you in the face.

L: Oh no? What did you mean then cause I have a black eye that's shining like the moon on a pitch black night!

V: I know. I meant to punch you but I'm sorry I did and I shouldn't have. I really shouldn't have, Leslie. I would never want to hurt you.

L: It's not the black eye that hurts...

V: Yeah well, you say such horrible things to me and you always talk down to me; I've given you so many warnings, so many times I've tried to tell you to stop, stop, stop and every time we argue you hit below the belt and it's not like I haven't been trying really hard to control my temper, alright?

L: Look at my big black eye. You call that controlling your temper? We've been through this...you're lucky I ain't called the police on you. Still might. Been debating it all this time.

V: Just quit it. It's not like you haven't taken shots at me. Remember that time you pushed me through the barn window. I went clear straight through and landed in wart hog shit on the other side. It actually saved me from a harder fall I imagine.

L: Yeah well, you had it coming.

V: That's exactly what I mean. You see, you can relate to me, can't you?

L: And my elbow, when you popped me I spun and landed straight down on my elbow. I don't know what's worse.

V: You're a real bitch.

L: And you're Satan reincarnated as a woman.

V: Can we make up? Please? I'm really sorry I hurt you, Les...

L: I know I have a bad mouth on me, I know I said some terrible things to you, I get it, I admit it...but I'm not so sure how I feel about all this now that you've physically hurt me like this...

V: Alright, so will it make you feel better to pop me back?

L: Get the hell out of here...you going real crazy on me.

V: Come on. Just punch me one real good and we can call it even then. Yeah?

L: I said hell no. Stop it already before I send you to the asylum.

V: Maybe I'm better off at the asylum anyways.

L: Maybe

V: Maybe...hmmm. What if I give myself a quick jab to the eye. Will that make you feel better?

L: You know what Vickie? I don't have the energy for you. I can see out of one eye and can move one arm. My head is pounding and I just want to conk out. I'm exhausted.

V: I'm so sorry I did this to you, please don't hate me. Please don't be mad at me Les.

L: Damn girl, just give me some time. I'm not a robot that can turn on and off emotions at will. I can't stand you right now and you know that. A few hours after what happened isn't long enough for me to welcome you with open arms.

V: But will you?

L: Will I what?

V: Welcome me with open arms?

L: We'll just have to wait and see.

V: Why?

L: Cause whenever someone hurts me deep, the way that you've done, it takes me a while to readjust myself to that person and sometimes there's no going back.

V: So what are you saying? We may not be together anymore?

L: If you keep pushing me, we definitely won't be?

V: That's bullshit!

L: Listen, if you keep pushing it, I will keep going further away from you.

V: Fine. Suit yourself. When you pushed me through that glass window, I let you care for me and I forgave you on the spot.

L: Damn it, Vickie! Stop acting so Goddamn stupid when it comes to things like this. You gave me a black eye and almost broke my damn elbow. What do you really think? Lucky I'm even speaking to your dumb ass right this instant.

V: Fine! Do what you want.

L: I will. You got some nerve getting all hot when I'm the patient and your the cause.

V: Yeah, well, I wouldn't do this to you. Make you feel all bad...it's abuse.

L: Believe me, I'm not doing anything on purpose here. I also think I've been extremely kind enough to you in the aftermath. Trust me, where I come from, you're lucky I didn't react differently. I'm actually surprised at myself right now.

V: Fine.

L: Fine.

V: Just let it go then.

L: thank you.

V: Yeah...will you tell me if you at least forgive me for what I done?

L: YES, I forgive you...holy shit man.

V: Like really, really. Like really forgive me for it?

L: Vickie, for the last time girl...I forgive you. Okay?

V : Alright...I'll take that. I love you.

L: I forgive you.

V: Okay, okay...

## Therapy

Text by Jonathan Larson  
(1960-1996)

I feel bad, that you feel bad  
About me feeling bad, about you feeling bad  
About what I said, about what you said  
About me not being able to share a feeling

If I thought that what you thought  
Was that I hadn't thought about sharing my thoughts  
Then my reaction to your reaction, to my reaction  
Would have been more revealing

I was afraid that you'd be afraid  
If I told you that I was afraid of intimacy  
If you don't have a problem with my problem  
Maybe the problem's simply co-dependency

Yes, I know, that now you know  
That I didn't know, that you didn't know  
That when I said "No", I meant "Yes, I know"  
And that now I know that you knew, that I knew you adored me

I was wrong to-  
Say you were wrong to-  
Say I was wrong about-  
You being wrong.  
When you rang to say that-  
The ring was the wrong thing to bring-  
If I meant what I said  
When I said, "Rings bored me"

I'm not mad, that you got mad, when I got mad  
When you said I should go drop dead  
If I were you and I'd done what I'd done  
I'd do what you did  
When I gave you the ring having said what I said

I feel bad, that you feel bad (I feel badly)  
About me feeling bad, about you feeling bad (about you)  
About what I said, about what you said (feeling badly about me)  
About me not being able to share a feeling (feeling badly about you)

I thought (if I thought that what you thought)  
You thought (was that I hadn't thought about sharing my thoughts)  
I reacted shallowly (then my reaction to your reaction, to my reaction)  
When I reacted to you (would have been more revealing)

I'm not mad, that you got mad, when I got mad  
When you said I should go drop dead  
If I were you and I'd done what I'd done (if I were you)  
I'd do what you did when I gave you the ring (but I'm not you)  
Having said what I said (said what I said)

But now it's out in the open  
Now it's off our chest  
Now it's 4 a.m.  
And we have therapy tomorrow  
It's too late to screw  
So let's just get some rest

### **As You Like It**

Text by William Shakespeare  
(1564-1616)

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;  
'Tis but a peevish boy—yet he talks well—  
But what care I for words? Yet words do well  
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—  
But sure he's proud—and yet his pride becomes him.  
He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue  
Did make offense, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall—yet for his years he's tall;  
His leg is but so so—and yet 'tis well;  
There was a pretty redness in his lip,  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference  
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.  
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
In parcels as I did, would have gone near  
To fall in love with him; but for my part  
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet  
Have more cause to hate him than to love him,  
For what had he to do to chide at me?  
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,  
And, now I am rememb'ed, scorn'd at me.  
I marvel why I answer'd not again.  
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.  
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?



## **Till There Was You**

Meredith Wilson  
(1902-1984)

There were bells on the hill,  
But I never heard them ringing.  
No, I never heard them at all,  
'Til there was you.

There were birds in the sky,  
But I never saw them winging.  
No, I never saw them at all,  
'Til there was you.

And there was music,  
And there were wonderful roses, they tell me,  
In sweet fragrant meadows of dawn and dew.

There was love, all around,  
But I never heard it singing.  
No, I never heard it at all,  
'Til there was you.

## **The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers**

Text by Peter Jackson (b.1961)  
Philippa Boyens (b.1962)  
Fran Walsh (b.1959)

It's like in the great stories  
The ones that really mattered.  
Full of darkness and danger they were,  
and sometimes you didn't want to know the end.  
Because how could the end be happy?  
How could the world go back to the way it was when so much bad happened.  
But in the end, it's only a passing thing, this shadow.  
Even darkness must pass.  
A new day will come.  
And when the sun shines it will shine out the clearer.  
Those were the stories that stayed with you.  
That meant something.  
Even if you were too small to understand why.  
But I think, I do understand.  
I know now.  
Folk in those stories had lots of chances of turning back only they didn't.  
Because they were holding on to something.  
That there's some good in this world. And it's worth fighting for.

## Wonder

Text by Matthew Warchus (b. 1966)  
Shaun McKenna (b.1957)

I sang of leaves, of leaves of gold, and leaves there grew  
Of wind I sang, a wind there came and in them blew  
Lothlorien  
In light I wove a secret land of timeless joy  
My perfect child no mortal hand could dare destroy  
Lothlorien

Beyond the sun  
Beyond the moon  
Wonder  
Wonder

Shine forever  
Beacon of light  
Blaze in the air  
Vanquishing night  
Live forever  
Held like a breath  
Deep at the core  
Blossom in death

My golden leaves will fade and fall through branching years  
Through sweet the song yet sweeter still shall be the tears  
The night must come, the shadows grow, the dark descends  
And all we love and all we know must reach an end  
Lothlorien

Though worlds will die and worlds will grow Out of death, life  
Out of night, day, glory from sorrow  
Out of grief, joy  
Out of storm, comes strength for tomorrow  
Out of dust, gold  
Out of fire, air, comfort forsaken  
Out of rage, calm  
Out of loss, find, glory awaken

Shine forever  
Beacon of light  
Blaze in the air  
Vanquishing night  
Sing forever  
Proud and strong  
Anthem of life  
Conquering song

Sing forever! Wonder! Wonder! Wonder!

## **The People**

Text by Susan Glaspell  
(1876-1948)

"We are living now. We shall not be living long. No one can tell us we shall live again.  
This is our little while. This is our chance.

And we take it like a child who comes from a dark room to which he must return--comes  
for one sunny afternoon to a lovely hillside, and finding a hole, crawls in there till after  
the sun is set.

I want that child to know the sun is shining upon flowers in the grass. I want him to know  
it before he has to go back to the room that is dark. I wish I had pipes to call him to the  
hilltop of beautiful distances. I myself could see further if he were seeing at all.

Perhaps I can call you; you who have dreamed and dreaming know, and knowing care.  
Move! Move from the things that hold you. If you move, others will move. Come! Now.  
Before the sun goes down."

## **You'll Never Walk Alone**

Text by Oscar Hammerstein II  
(1895-1960)

When you walk through a storm  
Hold your head up high  
And don't be afraid of the dark  
At the end of a storm  
There's a golden sky  
And the sweet silver song of a lark  
Walk on through the wind  
Walk on through the rain  
Though your dreams be tossed and blown  
Walk on, walk on  
With hope in your heart  
And you'll never walk alone  
You'll never walk alone

## **The Seagull**

Text by Anton Chekhov  
(1860-1904)

Why do you say that you have kissed the ground I walked on? You should kill me rather.  
I am so tired. If I could only rest—rest. I am a sea-gull—no—no, I am an actress. He is  
there too. Ah, well—no matter. He does not believe in the theatre; he used to laugh at  
my dreams, so that little by little I became down-hearted and ceased to believe in it too.  
Then came all the cares of love, the continual anxiety about my little one, so that I soon  
grew trivial and spiritless, and played my parts without meaning. I never knew what to do  
with my hands, and I could not walk properly or control my voice. You cannot imagine  
the state of mind of one who knows as he goes through a play how terribly badly, he is  
acting. I am a sea-gull—no—no, that is not what I meant to say. Do you remember how

you shot a seagull once? A man chanced to pass that way and destroyed it out of idleness. That is an idea for a short story, but it is not what I meant to say.

What was I saying? Oh, yes, the stage. I have changed now. Now I am a real actress. I act with joy, with exaltation, I am intoxicated by it, and feel that I am superb. I have been walking and walking, and thinking and thinking, ever since I have been here, and I feel the strength of my spirit growing in me every day. I know now, I understand at last, Constantine, that for us, whether we write or act, it is not the honour and glory of which I have dreamt that is important, it is the strength to endure. One must know how to bear one's cross, and one must have faith. I believe, and so do not suffer so much, and when I think of my calling, I do not fear life.

### **Meadowlark**

Text by Stephen Schwartz  
(b.1948)

When I was a girl I had a favourite story  
Of the meadowlark who lived where the rivers wind  
Her voice could match the angels in its glory  
But she was blind, the lark was blind  
An old king came and took her to his palace  
Where the walls were burnished bronze and golden braid  
And he fed her fruit and nuts from an ivory chalice  
And he prayed:

"Sing for me, my meadowlark,  
Sing for me of the silver morning,  
Set me free, my meadowlark,  
And I'll buy you a priceless jewel  
And cloth of brocade and crewel  
And I'll love you for life,  
If you will sing for me."

Then one day as the lark sang by the water  
The god of the sun heard her in his flight  
And her singing moved him so  
He came and brought her the gift of sight  
He gave her sight  
And she opened her eyes to the shimmer and the splendor  
Of this beautiful, young god, so proud and strong  
And he called to the lark in a voice both rough and tender

"Come along.  
Fly with me, my meadowlark,  
Fly with me on the silver morning,  
Past the sea where the dolphins bark  
We will dance on the coral beaches,  
Make a feast of the plums and peaches  
Just as far as your vision reaches  
Fly with me."

But the meadowlark said no  
For the old king loved her so  
She couldn't bear to wound his pride  
So, the sun god flew away  
And when the king came down that day  
He found his meadowlark had died  
Every time I heard that part, I cried ...

And now I stand here starry-eyed and stormy  
Oh, just when I thought my heart was finally numb  
A beautiful, young man appears before me,  
Singing "come, oh, won't you come?"  
And what can I do if finally for the first time  
The one I'm burning for returns the glow?  
If love has come at last it's picked the worst time  
Still I know  
I've got to go

Fly away, meadowlark  
Fly away in the silver morning,  
If I stay, I'll grow to curse the dark  
So it's off where the days won't bind me  
I know I leave wounds behind me  
But I won't let tomorrow find me  
Back this way  
Before my past once again can blind me  
Fly away ...  
And we won't wait  
To say good-bye  
My beautiful young man  
And !!

## About the Artists

**Kat Lawrence** (she/her) is a senior at Brandeis University earning her B.A. in Theater and Music with a concentration in musical theater and minoring in film. She is currently residing in Waltham Massachusetts.

Kat has been performing on the stage since a very young age with her first performance in *The Cat and the Fiddle* in the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade and has been caught by the theater bug ever since. She has performed in multiple states including Massachusetts, New York, and New Jersey. She attended Stage Door Manor where she performed in *A...My name is Alice* and *The Sound of Music* for which she won an award for Outstanding Achievement in a Musical. She additionally attended the Stella Adler Acting Studio in Los Angeles. She also participated in Weston Drama Workshop where she performed in *Pippin*, *Billy Elliot*, and *Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime*. Kat is a proud alumnus of Framingham High School Drama Company where she performed in *Treasure Island* (Captain Flint), *Legally Blonde* (Paulette), and *Sideways Stories from Wayside School* (Mrs. Zarves) which won the Massachusetts Educational Theater Guild Festival in Boston in 2016. That same year, she also won the Douglas Ingalls Acting Scholarship for the METG as well as second place in the METG costume design competition. Kat graduated from FHS and briefly attended Hofstra in New York before making the best decision of her life and transferring to Brandeis.

Since arriving at Brandeis Kat made the most of her time. As a performer she participated in both student run productions and department productions. Past acting credits include: *Lady Macbeth* (*Macbeth*), *Anna Politkovskaya* (*Intractable Woman*), *Various* (*Love and Information*), *Chorus* (*The Bacchae*), and *Marcellus* (*Hamlet*). She also recently made her Boston Theater debut at the Boston Public Library in *Onward: Votes for Women*, a documentary play she portrayed Alice Paul. Kat expanded her theatrical skills at Brandeis with costume design, with which she did her senior thesis on the department's production of *Orlando* in March. She has also costumed numerous student productions such as *Rumors*, *Eurydice*, *Godspell*, *Arcadia*, *The Wolves*, and *Oy!* Kat has also directed several student productions including *The Tempest*, *You're a Good Man Charlie Brown*, and *10, 9, too late Blast Off!* Kat was president of Hold Thy Peace, Brandeis' Shakespeare performance club, for multiple semesters, as well as Events Manager for the UTC, and an assistant music director and member of Proscenium a Capella. Kat is also currently Vice President of the Undergraduate Theater Collective and was President during the pandemic, despite taking a year off from school. Academically, Kat also has excelled and won the Giumette Academic Achievement Award and is an Undergraduate Representative for the Theater Department. She also recently won the Fisher Achievement in the Arts award and the Outstanding Student Collaborator award. After graduating, Kat will be costuming this summer for Commonwealth Shakespeare, Weston Drama Workshop, and music directing for *Little Mermaid Jr.* at Hemingway Elementary school. You can keep tabs on Kat and her upcoming projects by visiting [www.kat-lawrence.com](http://www.kat-lawrence.com)

Kat would like to thank Nan Armstrong for her amazing vocal instruction over the years, Grace Spicuzza for her stellar piano skills, Paula Plum for her impeccable direction, John. H. Lewellyn for his endless love and patience and incredible choreography, Emma Johnston for her talent and incredible drive as both her VP and President of the UTC, and Robert Duff and the music department for their immense guidance and support. She would also like to thank her incredible friends and family for their endless years of support- especially her mother whole would drive her to countless lessons and

rehearsals. She also thanks Nora Rossi and Morgan Lloyd for hours of memorization help, and her incredible boyfriend Garrett who she will have been with for almost eight years. Kat was blessed to call Brandeis her home and to have learned so much.

**Nancy Armstrong** (Vocal instructor and mentor) (she/her) luminous performances extend across the musical spectrum from early Renaissance to American musical theatre. The *Boston Globe* described her voice as "a plaintive, humane instrument ... she is an intelligent artist who cherishes words", and *The New Yorker* honored her with the title "the Purcell *Prima Donna* of our day".

Highlighting her career are her portrayals of seventeen Handelian operas and oratorio heroines, critically acclaimed *Messiah* performances at Carnegie Hall, and CDs 'What Magic Has Victorious Love' and 'Starlight and Sweet Dreams'. Her treasured Valentine's Day recitals of American Broadway composers are legendary.

Miss Armstrong has been Adjunct Associate Professor of the Practice for the Brandeis University Theatre Arts Department since 1996. It has been an honor and a joy for her to be Kat's voice teacher during these past several years.

**Emma Johnston** (Guest actor and vocalist, choreographer) (she/they) is so honored to get to be a part of Kat's senior recital. The first time Emma met Kat, she cried as Kat introduced herself as the director of *The Tempest* (one of Emma's dream shows). Kat went on to cast Emma as Prospera, which was an absolute joy and kickstarted Emma's extensive theater experience at Brandeis. She has held a variety of production staff positions and performed a plethora of roles since playing Prospera, including: Sophie in the 24-hour *Annie*, choreographer for *Mamma Mia*, ASM for the 24-hour *Legally Blonde*, Aunt March/Mrs. Kirk in *Little Women*, director and creative coordinator for *Oy!*, ensemble and a member of the Manson Trio in *Pippin*, Hecuba in *Trojan Women*, Charlie Brown in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, president for the 24-hour *Camp Rock*, and Schwoopsie in *Firebringer*. She has also been on the UTC E-Board for many years, working as the diversity coordinator on the proposals board her freshman year and going on to be the producer, vice president, and now president. Despite her love for theater, she is a double major in Neuroscience and Psychology with a minor in Women's, Gender, and Sexuality Studies. She doesn't know when she'll be performing again, so she thanks Kat for this wonderful opportunity. Kat has worked insanely hard for this, and Emma is so proud of her. Enjoy!

**John H. Llewellyn** (Choreographer) (he/they) is a freelance director and choreographer based in Providence, RI. This spring, he is directing + choreographing *Fiddler on the Roof Jr.* and *Disney's The Little Mermaid Jr.* for Framingham Public Schools. Recent directing credits include *The Tempest* (Wayland High School), *Leonard Bernstein's New York* (asst. dir, Wayland High School), *Disney's The Descendants* and *Disney's The Lion King Jr.* (asst. dir, Weston Drama Workshop), *Andrew Lippa's The Wild Party*, *Home Invasion*, *The Haunting of Hill House* and *The Shadow Box* (UMass Amherst). Choreography credits include *Disney's The Descendants* (Melrose Public Schools) and *Andrew Lippa's The Wild Party* (UMass Amherst). He graduated from the Commonwealth Honors College at UMass Amherst with dual-degrees in Theater (BA) and English (BA). [www.johnllewellyn.com](http://www.johnllewellyn.com)

**Paula Plum** (Acting Coach) (she/her) is one of Boston's leading actresses. Over the past three decades, her most notable performance have been as *Cleopatra*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Beatrice*, *Touchstone* and *Phedre* at the Actors' Shakespeare Project; in *Miss Witherspoon*, *The Heiress* and *Death of a Salesman* at the Lyric Stage ; *Body Awareness*, *History Boys* and *New Century* at SpeakEasy Stage; *Lysistrata*, *Ivanov*, *Mother Courage*, and *The Marriage of Bette and Boo* at the American Repertory Theatre. Ms. Plum starred in two world premieres by John Kuntz: *Sing Me To Sleep* (Boston Center for the Arts) and *Miss Price*, which she coproduced (Boston Playwrights' Theatre). Movie credits include *Irrational Man*, *Next Stop Wonderland*, *Mermaids*, *Malice*, and *The March Sisters at Christmas*. Television credits include voicing characters on *Squigglevision* (ABC), *The Dick and Paula Celebrity Special* (FX), *Hey Money*(Oxygen) and *Dr. Katz, Professional Therapist* (Comedy Central). Paula Plum is the recipient of the prestigious Fox Actor Fellowship for Distinguished Achievement, awarded to five actors nationwide to study and develop new work. Her original plays include: *Memorial*, *Wigged OUT!*, and *What Lips My Lips Have Kissed*. Her solo show, *Plum Pudding*, garnered her critical praise and the 2003 IRNE award for Best Solo Performance. Her article "Handling the Hot Moments, How Actors Negotiate Intimacy On Stage" was published in American Theatre Magazine. Paula was honored by the Boston Theatre Critics Association with the Elliot Norton Award for Sustained Excellence (past recipients include Sir Ian McKellen and Julie Harris) and for Best Actress twice (*Lost in Yonkers* and *Miss Witherspoon*). Ms. Plum was trained at The London Academy of Music and Dramatic arts and is a Cum Laude graduate of Boston University's School for the Arts, where she was also honored as Distinguished Alumna in 2003.

**Grace Spicuzza** (Pianist) (she/her), is a collaborative pianist working in the Boston, MA metropolitan area. She enjoys a varied career playing repertoire ranging from Renaissance to Neoclassical, 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 Berkeley, 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 string 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 Berkeley, 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.