

# **Liberty University School of Music**

*presents*

## ***Student Recital Series***

### **Graduate Voice Recital**

**Blythe Condon, *soprano***

**May 8, 2026**

**Macel Falwell Recital Hall**

**MUSIC 305**

**7:30 PM**

# GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL

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Blythe Condon, *soprano*  
Dr. Paul Rumrill, *piano*

## *Program*

Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen  
from *Cantata No. 51*

Johann Sebastian Bach  
(1685-1750)

Shepard Wells, *trumpet*

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I. An die Nacht  
from *Sechs Lieder, Op. 68*

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

II. Ich wolt ein Sträußlein binden  
from *Sechs Lieder, Op. 68*

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

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Notre Amour  
from *Trois Mélodies, Op. 23*

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Après un rêve  
from *Trois Mélodies, Op. 7*

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Mandoline  
from *Cinq Mélodies de Venise, Op. 58*

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

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“Par le rang...Salut a la France”  
from *La Fille du régiment*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

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Ah, Love but a Day  
from *Three Browning Songs*

Amy Beach  
(1867-1944)

“Be Kind and Courteous”  
from *A Midsummer Nights Dream*

Benjamin Britten  
(1913-1976)

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# GRADUATE VOICE RECITAL

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## *Program*

“Qui di sposa... Verranno a te sull'aure”  
from *Lucia di Lammermoor*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

Willie Dykes, *tenor*

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“Ardon gl'incensi ... Spargi d'amaro pianto”  
from *Lucia di Lammermoor*

Gaetano Donizetti  
(1797-1848)

Allison Ahl, *flute*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### **Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen**

Composed during his tenure in Leipzig, *Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen*, is one of Johann Sebastian Bach's most virtuosic sacred cantatas. Uniquely scored for solo soprano, trumpet, and continuo, the work reflects both the celebratory nature of Baroque sacred music and Bach's exceptional ability to combine technical brilliance with spiritual expression. BWV 51 is considered a *cantata for any time*, making it especially versatile within the church calendar. The text, drawn from various biblical and devotional sources, centers on themes of joy, praise, and divine glory. Throughout the cantata, the soprano voice and trumpet engage in a brilliant dialogue, symbolizing both heavenly radiance and triumphant faith.

*Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen!  
Was der Himmel und die Welt  
An Geschöpfen in sich hält,  
Müssen dessen Ruhm erhöhen,  
Und wir wollen unserm Gott  
Gleichfalls itzt ein Opfer bringen,  
Daß er uns in Kreuz und Not  
Allezeit hat beigestanden.*

*Exult in God in every land!  
Whatever creatures are contained  
by heaven and earth  
must raise up this praise,  
and now we shall likewise  
bring an offering to our God,  
since he has stood with us  
at all times during suffering and necessity.*

### **I. An die Nacht**

*Sechs Lieder*, Op. 68, composed in 1945, represents a late-Romantic richness in Richard Strauss's vocal writing, paired with deeply introspective poetry by Clemens Brentano. The first song of the set, "*An die Nacht*", opens the cycle with an atmosphere of stillness, mystery, and emotional surrender. The poem evokes the night as both a refuge and a spiritual presence, Strauss mirrors this imagery through a lush, flowing vocal line supported by a harmonically rich accompaniment. The music unfolds in long, arching phrases, allowing the singer to explore warmth of tone and expressive nuance.

*Heilige Nacht, heilige Nacht!  
Sternenschloss 'ner Himmelsfriede!  
Alles, was das Licht geschieden,  
Ist verbunden,  
Alle Wunden  
Bluten süß im Abendrot!*

*Holy night, holy night!  
Heavenly peace, encircled in stars!  
All things divided by light,  
Are united,  
All our wounds  
Bleed sweetly in the sunset!*

*Bjelbog's Spear, Bjelbog's Spear  
Sinkt in's Herz der trunkenen Erde,  
Die mit seliger Geberde  
Eine Rose  
In dem Schoße  
Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!*

*Bielbog's spear, Bielog's spear  
Plunges into the heart of the drunken earth,  
Which with a gesture of bliss  
Immerses a rose  
In the womb  
Of darkened desire!*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### *An die Nacht (cont.)*

<i>Heilige Nacht!</i>	<i>Holy night!</i>
<i>züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut!</i>	<i>chaste bride, chaste bride!</i>
<i>Deine süße Schmach verhülle,</i>	<i>Veil your sweet shame,</i>
<i>Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle</i>	<i>When the wedding-cup</i>
<i>Sich ergießet.</i>	<i>Overflows.</i>
<i>Also fließet</i>	<i>Thus does day</i>
<i>In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!</i>	<i>Stream into fervent night!</i>

### **II. Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden**

The second song of *Sechs Lieder*, Op. 68, “*Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden*”, sets another poem by Clemens Brentano, but shifts dramatically in tone from the introspective stillness of “*An die Nacht*.” Here, Strauss embraces a lighter, more playful character, infused with charm, delicacy, and subtle humor. The text tells a simple yet evocative story: the speaker gathers flowers to create a bouquet, only to find that they wither too quickly, a gentle metaphor for fleeting love or fragile affection.

<i>Ich wollt ein Sträußlein binden,</i>	<i>I meant to make you a posy,</i>
<i>Da kam die dunkle Nacht,</i>	<i>But dark night then came,</i>
<i>Kein Blümlein war zu finden,</i>	<i>There were no flowers to be found,</i>
<i>Sonst hätt' ich dir's gebracht.</i>	<i>Or I'd have brought you some.</i>

<i>Da flossen von den Wangen</i>	<i>Tears then flowed down my cheeks</i>
<i>Mir Tränen in den Klee,</i>	<i>Into the clover,</i>
<i>Ein Blümlein aufgegangen</i>	<i>And now I saw a flower</i>
<i>Ich nun im Garten seh.</i>	<i>That had sprung up in the garden.</i>

<i>Das wollte ich dir brechen</i>	<i>I meant to pick it for you</i>
<i>Wohl in dem dunklen Klee,</i>	<i>There in the dark clover,</i>
<i>Da fing es an zu sprechen:</i>	<i>When it started to speak:</i>
<i>"Ach, tue mir nicht weh!</i>	<i>'Ah, do no hurt me!</i>

<i>"Sei freundlich im Herzen,</i>	<i>Be kind in your heart,</i>
<i>Betracht dein eigen Leid,</i>	<i>Consider you own suffering,</i>
<i>Und lasse mich in Schmerzen</i>	<i>And do not make me die</i>
<i>Nicht sterben vor der Zeit!"</i>	<i>In torment before my time!"</i>

<i>Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,</i>	<i>And had it not spoken these words,</i>
<i>Im Garten ganz allein,</i>	<i>All alone in the garden,</i>
<i>So hätt' ich dir's gebrochen,</i>	<i>I'd have picked it for you,</i>
<i>Nun aber darfs nicht sein.</i>	<i>But now that cannot be.</i>

<i>Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,</i>	<i>My sweetheart stayed away,</i>
<i>Ich bin so ganz allein.</i>	<i>I am utterly alone.</i>
<i>Im Lieben wohnt Betrübten,</i>	<i>Sadness dwells in loving,</i>
<i>Und kann nicht anders sein.</i>	<i>And cannot be otherwise.</i>

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### **Notre Amour**

Composed in 1879, “*Notre amour*”, is one of Gabriel Fauré’s most beloved mélodies, set to a poem by Armand Silvestre. The song is a graceful and luminous expression of love, capturing both its tenderness and its strength through Fauré’s refined musical language. The poem unfolds as a series of images, each revealing a different facet of love, that is gentle, enduring, and deeply rooted. Rather than portraying love as dramatic or overwhelming, Fauré presents it as something constant and sustaining, like a calm, steady flame. This sense of balance is reflected in the music’s flowing, almost seamless phrasing and its delicate interplay between voice and piano.

*Notre amour est chose légère,  
Comme les parfums que le vent  
Prend aux cimes de la fougère  
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.  
Notre amour est chose légère.  
Notre amour est chose charmante,  
Comme les chansons du matin  
Où nul regret ne se lamente,  
Où vibre un espoir incertain.  
Notre amour est chose charmante.*

*Notre amour est chose sacrée,  
Comme le mystère des bois  
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,  
Où les silences ont des voix.  
Notre amour est chose sacrée.*

*Notre amour est chose infinie,  
Comme les chemins des couchants  
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,  
S'endort sous les soleils penchants.*

*Notre amour est chose éternelle,  
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur  
A touché du feu de son aile,  
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur,  
Notre amour est chose éternelle.*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### **Après un rêve**

One of Gabriel Fauré's most iconic songs, "Après un rêve", sets a text by Romain Bussine that captures the fragile boundary between dream and reality. The poem describes a vision of love experienced in sleep, an encounter so vivid and beautiful that waking becomes a quiet sorrow. The accompaniment supports this atmosphere with gently shifting harmonies, creating a sense of constant motion beneath the vocal line. The final moments return to stillness, reflecting the inevitable return to reality and the lingering longing for the dream's beauty.

*Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur,  
ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux,  
ta voix pure et sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel  
éclairé par l'aurore;*

*Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous  
entr'ouvraient leurs nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues,  
lueurs divines entrevues.*

*Hélas! hélas,  
triste réveil des songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit,  
rends-moi tes mensonges;  
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!*

*In sleep made sweet by a vision of you  
I dreamed of happiness,  
fervent illusion,  
Your eyes were softer,  
your voice pure and ringing,  
You shone like a sky  
that was lit by the dawn;*

*You called me and I departed the earth  
To flee with you toward the light,  
The heavens parted  
their clouds for us,  
We glimpsed unknown splendours,  
celestial fires.*

*Alas, alas,  
sad awakening from dreams!  
I summon you, O night,  
give me back your delusions;  
Return, return in radiance,  
Return, O mysterious night!*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### **Mandoline**

“*Mandoline*” is a sparkling example of Gabriel Fauré’s ability to capture lightness, elegance, and subtle wit within the French *mélodie* tradition. Set to a poem by Paul Verlaine, the song paints a delicate scene of aristocratic figures gathered in an idyllic, dreamlike setting. The poem itself is playful and slightly ironic, presenting love as a kind of theatrical game. Fauré reflects this through a graceful, dance-like accompaniment that evokes the plucked sound of a mandolin. The piano’s gently pulsing figures create a sense of motion and charm, while the vocal line glides effortlessly above, requiring precision, clarity, and elegance from the singer.

*Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Échangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.*

*C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.*

*Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues*

*Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.*

*The singers of serenades  
Whisper their faded vows  
Unto fair listening maids  
Under the singing boughs.*

*Tircis, Aminte, are there,  
Clitandre is over-long,  
And Damis for many a fair  
Tyrant makes many a song.*

*Their short vests, silken and bright,  
Their long pale silken trains,  
Their elegance of delight,  
Twine soft blue silken chains.*

*And the mandolines and they,  
Faintlier breathing, swoon  
Into the rose and grey  
Ecstasy of the moon.*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### “Par le rang...Salut a la France”

Premiering in 1840, *La fille du régiment* by Gaetano Donizetti is a sparkling opéra comique filled with patriotic spirit, vocal brilliance, and heartfelt charm. The story follows Marie, a spirited young woman raised by a regiment of French soldiers, who later discovers she was born into nobility, but ultimately remains deeply loyal to the men who brought her up. This aria is sung by Marie in Act II at a moment of emotional conflict and transformation. Left alone, she reflects on her situation in the opening section, “*Par le rang et par l’opulence.*” Here, she acknowledges the attempts to elevate her through wealth and social status yet remains unconvinced. The music is lyrical and introspective, revealing her inner struggle as she tries to reconcile herself to a life removed from the regiment she love. Just as she begins to accept her fate, the mood shifts dramatically. Hearing the distant sounds of military music, Marie is suddenly overcome with joy and excitement. In the second section, “*Salut à la France!*”, she bursts into exuberant celebration as the regiment returns. This cabaletta is filled with energy, brilliance, and triumphant spirit, reflecting her deep emotional connection to the soldiers she considers her family.

*Par le rang et par l'opulence,  
En vain l'on a cru m'éblouir;  
Il me faut taire ma souffrance...  
Et ne vivre que de souvenir!  
Sous les bijoux et la dentelle,  
Je cache un chagrin sans espoir.  
Ah!*

*A quoi me sert d'être si belle,  
Lui seul, il ne doit pas me voir  
O vous à qui je fus ravie  
Dont j'ai partagé le destin...  
Je donnerais toute ma vie  
Pour pouvoir vous serrer la main!*

*Oh! Transport!  
Oh! Douce ivresse!  
Mes amis, mesa mis,  
Spuvenir de jeunesse, Revenez  
Revenez avec eux  
Souvenir, revenez, revenez, avec eux,  
Revenez, souvenir, revenez, revenez  
Salut à la France  
A mes beaux jours!  
A l'espérance! A mes amours!  
Salut à la gloire! Voilà pir mon cœur,  
Avec la Victoire, L'istant du bonheur!  
Ah! Salut à la France  
A mes beaux jours!  
A l'espérance! A mes amours!  
Salut à la gloire! Salut à la France!  
Vive la France!*

*By rank and by wealth,  
in vain have they tried to dazzle me;  
I must conceal my suffering...  
and live only on memories.  
Beneath jewels and lace,  
I hide a hopeless sorrow.  
Ah!  
What use is it to be so beautiful,  
if he alone must not see me?  
O you, from whom I was taken,  
whose fate I once shared...  
I would give my whole life  
just to hold your hand again!*

*Oh! Rapture!  
Oh! Sweet ecstasy!  
My friends, my friends,  
memories of youth—return!  
Return with them!  
Memories, return, return with them!  
Return, memories, return, return!  
Hail to France!  
To my beautiful days!  
To hope! To my loves!  
Hail to glory! Here for my heart  
with victory comes happiness!  
Ah! Hail to France!  
To my beautiful days!  
To hope! To my loves!  
Hail to glory! Hail to France!  
Long live France!*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### **Ah, Love but a Day**

This is one of Amy Beach's most expressive art songs, set to a poem by Robert Browning. Composed in 1894, the song reflects Beach's gift for blending Romantic lyricism with deeply personal emotional nuance, establishing her as a leading figure in American art song. The poem explores the fleeting nature of love and the passage of time, contrasting the intensity of present emotion with the inevitability of change. Beach mirrors this tension through a richly expressive vocal line and a harmonically fluid accompaniment. The music moves between moments of warmth and uncertainty, capturing the speaker's shifting emotional state.

*Ah, Love, but a day,  
And the world has changed!  
The sun's away,  
And the bird estranged;  
The wind has dropped,  
And the sky's deranged;  
Summer has stopped.*

*Look in my eyes!  
Wilt thou change too?  
Should I fear surprise?  
Shall I find aught new  
In the old and dear,  
In the good and true,  
With the changing year?  
Ah, Love!  
Look in my eyes!  
Wilt thou change too?*

### **“Be Kind and Courteous”**

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (1960), Benjamin Britten brings William Shakespeare's enchanted world to life through a score that is whimsical and sharply characterized. The aria “*Be kind and courteous*” is sung by Tytania, the Queen of the Fairies, as she instructs her fairy attendants to care for Bottom, whom she has been magically enchanted to admire. This moment is both elegant and humorous, Tytania's regal poise contrasts with the absurdity of her infatuation, as Bottom has been transformed with a donkey's head. The music floats with an almost otherworldly quality, reflecting the fairy realm while subtly underscoring the comic situation.

*Be kind and courteous  
to this gentleman; hop in his walks  
and gambol in his eyes;  
feed him with apricocks  
and dewberries,  
with purple grapes, green figs,  
and mulberries; the honey-bags  
steal from the humble-bees,  
and for night-tapers crop  
their waxen thighs  
and light them at the fiery  
glow-worm's eyes,  
to have my love to bed and to arise;  
nod to him, elves,  
and do him courtesies.*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### “Qui di sposa...Verranno a te sull'aure”

*Lucia di Lammermoor* (1835), written by Gaetano Donizetti tells a “Romeo and Juliet” set in the highlands of Scotland in the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Lucia’s brother, Enrico, has begun pressuring her to abandon her true love and the family enemy, Edgardo, in favor of a politically advantageous marriage. This duet takes place early in Act I at a secluded fountain, where Lucia secretly meets Edgardo. When Edgardo arrives, their reunion is tender but shadowed by urgency: he must leave for France, and their future is uncertain. Despite the danger, they affirm their love and devotion to one another, choosing to trust in their bond even as forces beyond their control begin to close in. The opening recitative, “*Qui di sposa,*” reveals this emotional tension. Lucia expresses her fears and vulnerability, while Edgardo responds with reassurance and passion. The duet then blossoms into “*Verranno a te sull'aure,*” one of the most famous melodies in the bel canto repertoire. Yet beneath the beauty of this moment lies dramatic irony: the audience knows that their vows will soon be tested and ultimately broken by deception and family pressure. This duet thus becomes not only a declaration of love, but also a fragile, fleeting moment of peace before tragedy unfolds.

EDGARDO

*Qui, di sposa eterna fede  
Qui mi giura, al cielo innante  
Dio ci ascolta, Dio ci vede ...  
Tempio, ed ara è un core amante;  
Al tuo fato unisco il mio.  
Son tuo sposo.*

LUCIA

*E tua son io.*

EDGARDO AND LUCIA

*Ah! Sol tanto il nostro foco spegnerà di  
morte il gel  
A' miei voti amore il voco  
A' miei voti in voco il ciel*

EDGARDO

*Separarci omai conviene.*

LUCIA

*Oh parola a me funesta!  
Il mio cor con tè ne viene.*

EDGARDO

*Il mio cor con te qui resta.*

LUCIA

*Ah! Edgardo! Ah! Edgardo!*

EDGARDO

*Separar cio mai con vien*

EDGARDO

*Here, pledge yourself eternally  
before Heaven to be my bride.  
God hears us, God sees us;  
church and altar is a loving heart;  
to your destiny I link mine...  
I am your betrothed.*

LUCIA

*And I yours.*

EDGARDO & LUCIA

*Ah! Only death's cold hand  
can extinguish our love's flame.  
Love, I call upon you to witness my vows,  
Heaven, I call upon you to witness my vows.*

EDGARDO

*Now we must part.*

LUCIA

*Oh, words so cruel to me!  
My heart goes with you*

EDGARDO

*My heart remains here with you.*

LUCIA

*Ah! Edgardo! Ah! Edgardo!*

EDGARDO

*Now we must part.*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### *“Qui di sposa...Verranno a te sull'aure” (cont.)*

LUCIA EDGARDO

*Ah! Veranno a te sull' aura  
I miei sospiri ardenti,  
Udrai nel mar che mormora  
L' eco de' miei lamenti ...  
Pensando ch' io di gemiti  
Mi pasco, e di dolor.  
Spargi una mesta lagrima  
Su questo pegno allor.*

LUCIA

*Il tuo scritto sempre viva  
La memoria il me terrà*

EDGARDO

*Sì, sì, Lucia, Sì, sì,*

LUCIA EDGARDO

*Ah! Veranno a te sull' aura  
I miei sospiri ardenti,  
Udrai nel mar che mormora  
L' eco de' miei lamenti ...  
Pensando ch' io di gemiti  
Mi pasco, e di dolor.  
Spargi una mesta lagrima  
Su questo pegno allor.*

EDGARDO

*Io parto ...*

LUCIA

*Addio ...*

EDGARDO

*Rammentati!  
Ne stringe il cielo! ...  
Addio!*

LUCIA

*Edgardo!*

EDGARDO AND LUCIA

*Ah! My ardent sighs  
will come to you on the breeze.  
You will hear, in the murmuring sea,  
the echo of my lament...  
Thinking that I am nourished  
by sorrow and by grief.  
Then shed a tender tear  
upon this token.*

LUCIA

*Your writing will always keep  
My memory alive for you.*

EDGARDO

*Yes, yes, Lucia, yes, yes.*

EDGARDO AND LUCIA

*Ah! My ardent sighs  
will come to you on the breeze.  
You will hear, in the murmuring sea,  
the echo of my lament...  
Thinking that I am nourished  
by sorrow and by grief.  
Then shed a tender tear  
upon this token.*

EDGARDO

*I must go...*

LUCIA

*Farewell!*

EDGARDO

*Remember me!  
Heaven binds us...  
Farewell!*

LUCIA

*Edgardo!*

## - PROGRAM NOTES -

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### “Ardon gl’incensi ...Spargi d’amaro pianto”

The Mad Scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor* stands as one of the most iconic and demanding moments in the bel canto repertoire. Occurring in Act III, it follows Lucia’s forced marriage to Arturo, a union arranged by her brother Enrico for political gain. Driven to psychological collapse by betrayal, grief, and emotional isolation, Lucia murders Arturo on their wedding night and reappears before the guests in a state of delirium. Lucia enters this scene in her wedding gown, covered in blood. The scena begins with “*Ardon gl’incensi*,” as Lucia enters, disoriented and detached from reality. The music reflects her fractured mental state through shifting tonalities, fragmented phrases, and an eerie sense of suspension. Rather than expressing horror, Lucia retreats into a dreamlike vision, believing she is once again with Edgardo, reliving their vows of love. Central to this scene is the famous duet-like interaction between the soprano and the solo flute. The flute’s ethereal, ornamented melody intertwines with Lucia’s voice, the listeners then hear the floating melody, previously sung by Lucia and Edgardo in their duet, creating the impression of an otherworldly companion. This illusion unfolds fully in “*Spargi d’amaro pianto*,” where virtuosic coloratura becomes a vehicle for psychological expression. As the scene concludes, Lucia collapses in her exhaustion and is later reported to have died, sealing the opera’s tragic fate.

LUCIA

*Ardon gl' incensi ... splendon  
Le sacre faci intorno!  
Ecco il ministro! Porgimi  
La destra ... Ah lieto giorno!  
Alfin son tua:  
sei mio!  
A me ti dona un Dio ...*

*Spargi d'amaro pianto il  
mio terrestre velo,  
mentre lassu nel cielo  
io preghero per te.  
Al giunger tuo soltanto  
fia bello  
il ciel per me!*

LUCIA

*The incense is burning... the sacred  
torches are glowing all around!  
Here is the minister! Give me  
your hand... Oh, happy day!  
At last I am yours,  
at last you are mine,  
God has given you to me.*

*Sprinkle with bitter tears  
my earthly remains,  
while in heaven above  
I pray for you.  
To join with you only then  
will be beautiful,  
heaven, to me!*

This recital is a deeply bittersweet moment for me, as it marks not only the culmination of my graduate studies, but also my final performance at Liberty. This chapter has shaped me in ways I will carry with me for the rest of my life, and I am profoundly grateful. I would like to extend my deepest thanks to Dr. Samantha Miller and Dr. Gabriel Miller for their unwavering support, guidance, and belief in me. There are not enough words to express how much they have poured into my growth as a musician, a believer and a person. I am endlessly thankful for everything they have done for me; I would not be standing here today if it wasn't for them. I am also sincerely grateful to Dr. Rumrill for his artistry, dedication, and collaboration. It is a privilege to work with such a skilled and insightful musician, and I am incredibly thankful for his partnership in preparing this recital. To the opera students and friends who allowed me to lead them this year, thank you. This experience has shaped me in countless ways, and I truly believe in each of you more than words can express. It is my sincere hope that you will carry this program forward with integrity and excellence, serving as good stewards of your gifts. I am so proud of each of you and can't wait to see all that you accomplish as this program continues to grow under Dr. Miller's guidance.



Blythe Condon is a student of Dr. Samantha Miller.

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music: Vocal Performance degree.*

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