

Saturday, 2 May 2026
7:30 p.m.

Biemesderfer Concert Hall
Winter Center of Visual and Performing Arts



This evening, as we continue to recognize our country's Semiquincentennial, we celebrate

American Choral Classics: Stage and Screen

Dr. Jeffrey S. Gemmell, conductor
Jonathan Lefever, collaborative pianist

I. Cantilena Women's Choir

The Sound of Music (Choral Highlights) (1965).....Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers, arr. John Leavitt

The Sound of Music

*The hills are alive with the sound of music, with songs they have sung for a thousand years.
The hills fill my heart with the sound of music. My heart wants to sing every song it hears.
My heart wants to beat like the wings of the birds that rise from the lake to the trees.
My heart wants to sigh like a chime that flies from a church on a breeze.
To laugh like a brook when it trips and falls over stones on its way,
To sing through the night like a lark who is learning to pray.
I go to the hills when my heart is lonely. I know I will hear what I've heard before.
My heart will be blessed with the sound of music, and I'll sing once more.*

My Favorite Things

*Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens; bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens;
Brown paper packages tied up with strings: these are a few of my favorite things.
Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels; doorbells and sleighbells and schnitzel with noodles;
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings: these are a few of my favorite things.
Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes; snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes;
Silver white winters that melt into springs: these are a few of my favorite things.
When the dog bites, when the bee stings, when I'm feeling sad,
I simply remember my favorite things, and then I don't feel so bad.*

The Lonely Goatherd

*High on a hill was a lonely goatherd. Lay-ee.... Loud was the voice of the lonely goatherd. Lay-ee....
Folks in a town that was quite remote heard. Lay-ee.... Lusty and clear from the goatherd's throat heard. Lay-ee....
Prince on the bridge of the castle moat heard. Lay-ee.... Men on a road with a load to tote heard. Lay-ee....
Men in the midst of a table d'hote heard. Lay-ee.... Men drinkin' beer with foam afloat heard. Lay-ee....
One little girl in a pale pink coat heard. Lay-ee.... She yodled back to the lonely goatherd. Lay-ee....
Soon her name with gleaming gloat heard. Lay-ee.... What a duet for a girl and a goatherd. Lay-ee....
Happy are they, lay-lee o lay-lee-o! O lay-lee o lay-lee lay-ee-o. Soon the duet will become a trio, Lay-ee....*

Do-Re-Mi

*Let's start at the very beginning – a very good place to start. When you read you begin with A-B-C.
When you sing you begin with do-re-mi. Do-re-mi? The first three notes just happen to be do-re-mi. Do-re-mi!
Doe, a deer, a female deer. Ray, a drop of golden sun. Me, a name I call myself. Far, a long, long way to run.
Sew, a needle pulling thread. La, a note to follow sew. Tea, a drink with jam and bread.
That will bring us back to do! So-do-la-fa-mi-do-re. So-do-la-ti-do-re-do.
When you know that notes to sing, you can sing most anything. Doe, a deer,....*

“Hamilton Women” from *Hamilton* (2015)....Lyrics and Music by Lin-Manuel Miranda, arr. Lisa DeSpain

Satisfied

*To the groom! To the bride! May you always be satisfied. Rewind.
I remember that night, I just might regret that night for the rest of my days.
I remember those soldier boys tripping over themselves to win our praise.
I remember that dream-like candle-light, like a dream that you can't quite place,
But Alexander, I'll never forget the first time I saw your face.
I have never been the same. Intelligent eyes in a hunger-pang frame,
And when you said "Hi," I forgot my name, set my heart aflame, this is not a game.
So, so, so, so this is what it feels like to match wits with someone at your level!
Tell me what is the catch? It's the feeling of freedom, of seein' the light,
It's Ben Franklin with a key and a kite! You see it, right?
Handsome, and boy, does he know it! Peach fuzz, and he can't even grow it!
I wanna take him far away from this place, then I turn and see my sister's face and she is helpless!*

Victoria Dorsch and Caris Rolph, soloists

Burn

*I saved every letter you wrote me. From the moment I read them I knew you were mine.
You said you were mine. I thought you were mine.
Do you know what Angelica said when she read what you'd done?
She said, "You have married an Icarus. He has flown too close to the sun."
You and your words, obsessed with your legacy. Your sentences border on senseless,
And you are paranoid in every paragraph how they perceive you.
I am watching it burn. You forfeit all rights to my heart. You forfeit the place in our bed.
You'll sleep in your office instead, with only the memories of when you were mine.*

Teeanna Fogle, soloist

Helpless

*Boy, you got me helpless! Oh, look at those eyes. Oh! Yeah, I'm helpless! I know.
Down for the count, and I'm drownin' in 'em. Helpless. I am so into you, I'm helpless!
I never felt helpless, yeah. Helpless! That boy is mine! The sky's the limit. I'm down for the count....*

Katherine Sarro, soloist

The Schuyler Sisters

*Work, work! Look around, the revolution's happening in New York!
"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."
Look around at how lucky we are to be alive right now.
History is happening in Manhattan and we just happen to be in the greatest city in the world!
Work, work! Angelica! Work, work! Eliza! And Peggy! The Schuyler sisters! Work!*

“For Good” from *Wicked* (2003).....Lyrics and Music by Stephen Schwartz, arr. Mac Huff

*I've heard it said that people come into our lives for a reason, bringing something we must learn;
And we are led to those who help us most to grow if we let them, and we help them in return.
Well, I don't know if I believe it's true; but I know I'm who I am today because I knew you.
Like a comet pulled from orbit, as it passes a sun. Like a stream that meets a boulder halfway through the wood.
Who can say if I've been changed for the better, because I knew you, I have been changed for good.
It well may be that we will never meet again in this lifetime, so let me say before we part so much of me
Is made of what I learned from you. You'll be with me like a handprint on my heart.
And now whatever way our stories end, I know you have rewritten mine by being my friend.
Like a ship blown from its mooring by a wind off the sea. Like a seed dropped by a skybird in a distant wood.
Who can say if I've been changed for the better but, because I knew you, I have been changed for good.
And just to clear the air, I ask forgiveness for the things I've done you blamed me for.
But then I guess we know there's blame to share, and none of it seems to matter anymore. Like a comet....*

Madelyne Prazak and Cassidy McNew, soloists

II. Chorale

Sweeney Todd (A Choral Medley) (1979).....Lyrics and Music by Stephen Sondheim, arr. Andy Beck

The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

*Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd. His skin was pale and his eye was odd.
He shaved the faces of gentlemen who never thereafter were heard of again.
He trod the path that few have trod, did Sweeney Todd, the demon barber of Fleet Street.
He kept a shop in London town, of fancy clients and good renown.
And what if none of their souls were saved?
They went to their maker impeccably shaved by Sweeney Todd, the demon barber of Fleet Street.
Swing your razor wide, Sweeney, hold it to the skies!
Freely flows the blood of those who moralize. Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd.*

The Worst Pies in London

*These are probably the worst pies in London. I know why nobody cares to take them.
I should know, I make them. But good? No, the worst pieces in London. Even that's polite.
The worst pies in London. If you doubt it, take a bite. Is that just revolting? All greasy and gritty.
It looks like it's molting and tastes like....well, pity a woman alone with limited wind and the worst pies in London.
Times is hard.*

Johanna

*I feel you, Johanna, I feel you. Do they think that walls can hide you? Even now I'm at your window.
I am in the dark beside you, buried sweetly in your yellow hair. I feel you, Johanna, and one day I'll steal you.
Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there. Sweetly buried in your yellow hair.*

Roberto Santana, soloist

By the Sea

*By the sea, Mister Todd, that's the life I covet, by the sea, Mister Todd, Ooh, I know you'd love it!
You and me, Mister T., we could be alone in a house wot we'd almost own down by the sea!
Wouldn't that be smashing? By the sea. Anything you say. With the fishies splashing.
I can see us waking, the breakers breaking, the seagulls squaking. Hoo! Hoo!
I do me baking, then I go walking with you-hoo!
I'll warm me bones by the esplanade, have tea and scones with me gay young blade.
Then I'll knit a sweater, while I write a letter, unless we've got better to do-hoo.
By the sea, in our nest, we could share our kippers with the odd paying guest from the weekend trippers.
Have a nice sunny suite for the guest to rest in. Now and then I can do the guest in....
By the sea, married nice and proper. By the sea. Anything you say. Bring along your chopper. By the beautiful sea.*

Green Finch and Linnet Bird

*Green finch and linnet bird, nightingale, blackbird, how is it you sing?
How can you jubilate, sitting in cages, never taking wing?
Outside the sky waits, beckoning, just behind the bars.
How can you remain, staring at the rain, maddened by the stars?
How is it you sing anything? How is it you sing? Ah.
Green finch and linnet bird, nightingale, blackbird, teach me how to sing.
If I cannot fly, let me sing.*

Katarina Lingo, soloist

Pretty Women

*Pretty women, fascinating, sipping coffee, dancing, pretty women are a wonder, pretty women!
Blowing out their candles or combing out their hair, even when they leave you and vanish,
They somehow still remain there with you, they're there.*

Not While I'm Around

*Nothing's gonna harm you, not while I'm around. Nothing's gonna harm you, no, sir, not while I'm around.
Demons are prowling everywhere nowadays. I'll send them howling, I don't care...I've got ways.
No-one's gonna hurt you, no-one's gonna dare. Others can desert you, not to worry whistle I'll be there.
Demons'll charm you with a smile for a while, but in time nothing can harm you, not while I'm around.*

Madalyn Miller and Kyle Duvall, soloists

The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

*Sweeney wishes the world away, Sweeney's weeping for yesterday,
Hugging the blade, waiting the years, hearing the music that nobody hears.
Sweeney waits in the parlor hall, Sweeney leans of the office wall.
No one can help, nothing can hide you. Isn't that Sweeney there beside you?
Sweeney wishes the world away, Sweeney's weeping for yesterday. There he is, is Sweeney!
Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd. He served a dark and a hungry God.
To seek revenge may lead to hell.
But everyone does it, if seldom as well as Sweeney, as Sweeney Todd, the demon barber of Fleet Street.*

"Sunday" from *Sunday in the Park with George* (1984)

Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, arr. Mac Huff

*Sunday, by the blue purple yellow red water, on the green purple yellow red grass,
Let us pass through our perfect park, pausing on a Sunday by the cool blue triangular water
On the soft green elliptical grass as we pass through arrangements of shadows towards the verticals of trees forever.
By blue purple yellow red water on the green orange violet mass of the grass in our perfect park,
Made of flecks of light and dark, and parasols.
People strolling through the trees of a small suburban park on an island in the river on an ordinary Sunday*

III. University Choir

Medley from *Oklahoma* (1943).....Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

Music by Richard Rodgers, arr. John Leavitt

Oh, What a Beautiful Morning

Oh, what a beautiful mornin'. Oh, what a beautiful mornin'.

Oklahoma

*Oklahoma, where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain,
Where the wavin' wheat can sure smell sweet when the wind come right behind the rain.
Oklahoma, every night my honey lamb and I sit alone and talk and watch a hawk makin' lazy circles in the sky.
We know we belong to the land, and the land we belong to is grand! And when we say yeow! A yipioeeay!
We're only sayin', "You're doin' fine, Oklahoma! Oklahoma! O.K."*

The Surrey with the Fringe on Top

*Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry when I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
And we can watch that fringe and see how it flutters when you drive them high steppin' strutters.
Nosey pokes'll peek thru their shutters and their eye will pop!
The wheels are yellor, the upholstery's brown, the dashboard's genuine leather,
With is-in-glass curtains you can roll right down, in case there's a change in the weather.
Two bright side lights winkin' and blinkin', ain't no finer rig, I'm a thinkin'.
You can keep yer rig if you're thinkin' that I'd keer to swap fer that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top!
Clip clop!*

Kansas City

*I got to Kansas City on a Frid'y, by Satidy I larned a thing or two.
For up to then I didn't have an idy of what the modern world was comin' to!
I counted twenty gas buggies goin' by theirselves almost every time I took a walk.
Then I put my ear to a Bell Telephone and a strange woman started in to talk! What next! Yeah, what! What next?
Everythin's up to date in Kansas City, they've gone about as far as they can go!
They went and built a skyscraper seven stories high, about as high as a building' orta grow.
Everythin's like a dream in Kansas City, it's better than a magic lantern show!
You can turn the radiator on whenever you want some heat. With every kind of comfort, every house is all complete.
You can walk to privies in the rain and never wet your feet! They've gone about as far as they can go. Yes sir!*

Kyle Duvall, soloist

I Cain't Say No

*I'm just a girl who cain't say no, I'm in a turible fix. I always say "Come on, let's go" jist when I orta say "nix!"
When a feller tries to kiss a girl, I know she orta give his face a smack.
But as soon as someone kisses me, I somehow sorta wanta kiss him back!
I'm just a fool when lights are low, I cain't be prissy and quaint, I ain't the type that can faint,
How can I be what I ain't? I cain't say no!*

*I'm just a girl who cain't say no, cain't seem to say it at all. I hate to disappoint a beau when he is pain' a call.
For a while I act refined and cool, a settin' on the velveteen settee, then I think of that ol' golden rule,
And do for him what he would do for me! I cain't resist a Romeo in a sombrero and chaps.
Soon as I sit on their laps somethin' inside of me snaps! I cain't say no!*

Many a New Day / People Will Say We're in Love

*Many a new face will please my eye, many a new love will find me;
Never've I once looked back to sigh over the romance behind me;
Many a new day will dawn before I do!
Don't throw bouquets at me. Don't please my folks too much. Don't laugh at my jokes too much,
People will say we're in love.
Never've I chased the honey bee who carelessly cajoled me;
Somebody else just as sweet as he cheered me and consoled me.
Never've I wept into my teach over the deal someone doled me,
Don't sigh and gaze at me, your sighs are so like mine.
Your eyes mustn't glow like mine, people will say we're in love!
Don't dance all night with me till the stars fade from above,
Many a new day will dawn, many a red sun will set, people will say we're in love!*

Kat Dorsheimer and Enrique Angeles

Hair (A Choral Medley) (1967).....Lyrics by James Rado and Gerome Ragni
Music by Galt McDermot, arr. Greg Gilpin

Hair

*Hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair! Give me a head with hair, long beautiful hair.
Shining, gleaming, steaming, flaxen, waxen. Give me down to there hair. Shoulder length or longer.
Here, baby, there, mamma, everywhere, daddy, daddy. Hair! Flow it, show it, long as I can grow it, my hair.
I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy, snaggy, shaggy, ratty, matty, oily, greasy, fleecy, shining, gleaming steaming
Flaxen, waxen, knotted polka dotted, twisted, beaded braided, powdered, flowered, and confettied, banged, tangled
Spangled, and spahettied. Oh, say, can you see my eyes if you can, then my hair's too short.*

Good Morning Starshine

*Good morning starshine, the earth says, "Hello." You twinkle above us, we twinkle below.
Good morning starshine, you lead us along. My love and me as we sing our early morning singing song.
Gliddy glup gloopy, nibby nabby noopy la la la lo lo. Sabba sibby sabba, nooby abba nabba le le lo lo.
Tooby ooby walla nooby abba nabba, early morning singing song. Singing a song, humming a song. Singing a song.
Loving a song, laughing a song. Singing a song. Sing the song, song the sing. Sing an early morning song.*

Caris Rolph, soloist

Aquarius

*When the moon is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars,
Then peace will guide the planets, and love will steer the stars.
This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius, age of Aquarius.
Harmony and understanding. Sympathy and trust abounding.
No more falsehoods or derisions, golden living, dreams of visions,
Mystic crystal revelations, and the mind's true liberation. Aquarius.*

Alec Gartner, soloist

Let the Sunshine In

Let the sunshine, let the sunshine in, the sunshine in. The sunshine in!

"Seasons of Love" from Rent (1994).....Lyrics and Music by Jonathon Larson, arr. Roger Emerson

*Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes, five hundred twenty-five thousand moments so dear.
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes; how do you measure, measure a year?
In daylights, in sunsets, in midnights, in cups of coffee; in inches, in miles, in laughter, in strife?
In five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes; how do you measure a year in the life?
How about love? How about love? How about love? Measure in love.
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes, five hundred twenty-five thousand journeys to plan.
Five hundred twenty-five thousand six hundred minutes; how do you measure the life of a woman or a man?
In truth that she learned or in times that he cried. In bridges he burned or the way that she died.
It's time now to sing out though the story never ends. Let's celebrate, remember a year in the life of friends.*

Cassidy McNew, Elliott Stabler, and Teeanna Fogle, soloists

IV. Choral Union

Choral Suite from *West Side Story* (1957).....Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim
Music by Leonard Bernstein

Something's Coming

*Could be! Who knows? There's something due any day; I will know right away, soon as it shows.
It may come cannonballing down through the sky, gleam in its eye, bright a rose! Who knows?
It's only just out of reach, down the block, on a beach, under a tree....
I got a feeling there's a miracle due, gonna come true, coming to me!
Could it be? Yes, it could. Something's coming, something good, if I can wait!
Something's coming, I don't know what it is, but it is gonna be great!
With a click, with a shock, phone'll jingle, door'll knock, open the latch!
Something's coming, don't know when, but it's soon; catch the moon, one-handed catch!
Around the corner, or whistling down the river, come on, deliver to me.
Will it be? Yes, it will. Maybe just by holding still, it'll be there!
Come on, something, come on in, don't be shy, meet a guy, pull up a chair.
The air is humming, and something great is coming. Who knows.
It's only just out of reach, down the block, on a beach. Maybe tonight.*

Tonight

*Tonight, tonight, won't be just any night, tonight there will be no morning star.
Tonight, tonight, I'll see my love tonight. And for us, stars will stop where they are.
Today the minutes seem like hours, the hours go so slowly, and still the sky is light.
O moon, grow bright, and make this endless day endless night! Tonight!*

Jinge Ma and Sam Pedersen, soloists

Maria

*The most beautiful sound I ever heard: Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria.
All the beautiful sounds of the world in a single word: Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria....
I've just met a girl named Maria. And suddenly that name will never be the same to me. Maria!
I've just kissed a girl named Maria, and suddenly I've found how wonderful a sound can be! Maria!
Say it loud and there's music playing. Say it soft and it's almost like praying.
Maria, I'll never stop saying Maria. The most beautiful sound I ever heard: Maria.*

Sam Pedersen, soloist

One Hand, One Heart

*Make of our hands one hand, make of our hearts one heart, make of our vows on last vow;
Only death will part us now. Make of our lives one life, day after day, one life.
Now it begins, now we start one hand, one heart; even death won't part us now.*

I Feel Pretty

*I feel pretty. Oh, so pretty. I feel pretty and witty and bright, and I pity any girl who isn't me tonight.
I feel charming. Oh, so charming. It's alarming how charming I feel. And so pretty that I hardly can believe I'm real.
See the pretty girl in that mirror there: who can that attractive girl be?
Such a pretty face, such a pretty dress, such a pretty smile, such a pretty me!
I feel stunning and entrancing, feel like running and dancing for joy for I'm loved by a pretty wonderful boy!*

Cool

*Boy, boy, crazy boy, get cool boy! Got a rocket in your pocket; keep coolly cool, boy!
Don't get hot, 'cause man, you got some high times ahead.
Take it slow and, daddy-o you can live it up and die in bed!
Boy, boy, crazy boy, stay loose, boy! Breeze it, buzz it, easy does it. Turn off the juice, boy!
Go, man, go, but not like a yo-yo, schoolboy. Just play it cool, boy, real cool!*

America

*Puerto Rico, you lovely island. Island of tropical breezes.
Always the pineapples growing, always the coffee blossoms blowing.
Puerto Rico, you ugly island. Island of tropic diseases.
Always the hurricanes blowing, always the population growing.
And the money owing, and the babies crying, and the bullets flying.
I like the island Manhattan. Smoke on your pipe and put that in!
I like to be in America! Okay by me in America! Eoerything free in America, for a small fee in America!*

*I like the city of San Juan. I know a boat you can get on.
 Hundreds of flowers in full bloom. Hundreds of people in each room!
 Automobile in America, chromium steel in America, wire spoke wheel in America, very big deal in America!
 When I will go back to San Juan? When will you shut up and get gone?
 Everyone there will give big cheer! Everyone there will have moved here!
 I like to be in America! Okay by me in America! Everything free in America, for a small fee in America!*

Joaquin De Los Rios, claves • Madelyn Stern and Luciana Martinez, soloists

Somewhere

*There's a place for us. Somewhere a place for us. Peace and quiet and open air wait for us somewhere.
 There's a time for us, someday a time for us. Time together with time to spare. Time to learn, time to share.
 Someday! Somewhere! We'll find a new way of living. We'll find a way of forgiving. Somewhere.
 There's a place for us. A time and place for us. Hold my hand and we're halfway there.
 Hold my hand and I'll take you there. Somehow. Someday. Somewhere!*

Jinge Ma, soloist

PERFORMING PERSONNEL

CANTILENA CHOIR

Dr. Jeffrey S. Gemmell, conductor

Emma Agis
 Eva Anderson
 Kaylie Boas
 Gianna Carbone
 Kirstin Crone
 Rania De La Mar
 Victoria Dorsch
 Isabelle Ebersole
 Zoey Fizz

Karyme Flores
 Teeanna Fogle
 Veronica Fox
 Abigail Fraver
 Anya Garber
 Abbey Giughlo
 Anna Hennessy
 Zining Hu
 Rose Leitner

Keirly Mcgonigal
 Cassidy McNew
 Madalyn Miller
 Madelyne Prazak
 Dana Raugh
 Caris Rolph
 Celia Romero
 Sarah Rothermel
 Catherine Samer

Katherine Sarro
 Nenea Schimek
 Eva Shaw
 Morgan Shultz
 Cameron Smeltz
 Bozhena Sobkevych
 Emily Stinchfield
 Ava Zink

CHORALE

Dr. Jeffrey S. Gemmell, conductor

Soprano

Emma Agis
 Katarina Lingo
 Jinge Ma
 Luciana Martinez
 Cassidy McNew
 Dana Raugh
 Cassandra Wright

Alto

Hannah Buckbee
 Teeanna Fogle
 Abbey Giughlo
 Leah Halcisak
 Madalyn Miller
 Sarah Rothermel

Tenor

Grayson Conrad
 Matthew Cortes
 Kyle Duvall
 Nick Keilholtz
 Roberto Santana
 Brayden Smith
 Xavier Polite

Bass

Ezekiel MacCloskey
 Liam Moss
 Samuel Pedersen
 Dakota Shertzer
 Lucas Sinkinson
 Evan Zimmerman

UNIVERSITY CHOIR

Dr. Jeffrey S. Gemmell, conductor

Soprano

Emma Agis
 Eva Anderson
 Kat Dorsheimer
 Isabelle Ere
 Zoey Fizz
 Margaret Fogleman
 Alec Gartner
 Renae Greak
 Luciana Martinez
 Cassidy McNew
 Dana Raugh
 Charlotte Reisse
 Grace Ritter
 Ava Rodriguez
 Sarah Rothermel
 Charlotte Schnur
 Bozhena Sobkevych
 Devin Sparwasser
 Elizabeth Wicht
 Cassandra Wright

Alto

Kathryn Felix
 Teeanna Fogle
 Izzy Funari
 Abigail Giughlo
 Kaiya Hass
 Talia Hall
 Chrono Holly
 Jemai Mallory
 Natalie Martin
 Jozie Papcun
 Gennesis Pichardo
 Caris Rolph
 Celia Romero
 Olivia Seiberling
 Madelyn Stern
 Lapis Valido
 Olivia Zimmerman

Tenor

Blake Atkins
 Enzo Bellini
 Noah Brosey
 Matt Cortes
 Caleb Creviston
 Ethan Desjardin
 Brian Dobbs
 Victoria Dorsch
 Kyle Duvall
 Conley LaPratt
 Kevin Lynch
 Samuel Messersmith
 Liam Moss
 Olivia Shaheen
 Dakota Shertzer
 Elliott Stabler
 Michael Tchernev

Bass

Enrique Angeles
 Jackson Baker
 Brahm Bean
 Anthony Ramos Calderon
 Josh Corcoran
 Damion Crawford
 Daniel D'Albora
 Justin Davis
 Joaquin De Los Rios
 Max French
 Dylan Gehringer
 Tymere Glenn-Peters
 Sam Heebner
 Eamon Helfrich
 Rohit Kandala
 Justin Natale
 Edward Nieves
 Jack Newkirk
 Samuel Pedersen
 Kurt Scheuerman
 Zheyu Shi
 Lucas Sinkinson
 Liam Ventrella
 Micaiah Weaver
 Gabe Wolford

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Prof. Morgann Davis

Dr. Ross Ellison
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Dr. Brian Norcross
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Prof. Vera Volchansky