

**Sonoma State University
Department of Music
presents**

**Senior Recital
Jenni Heikura, mezzo-soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano**

**November 21, 2026
2:30
Schroeder Hall**

Jenni Heikura is from the studio of Mark Kratz.
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of
Music in Music Teacher Preparation.

Program

If Music be the Food of Love, Z. 379a (1692)	Henry Purcell arr. Benjamin Britten (1959-1995)
Silent Noon (1902)	Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
A Memory (1919)	Rudolph Ganz (1877-1972)
"I Hate Music!" from <i>I Hate Music!: A Cycle of Five Kid Songs</i> (1943)	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
Vergebliches Ständchen Op 84, No.4 (1882)	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Die Lotosblume Op 25, No.7 (1827)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Heidenröslein Op 3, No 3 , D257 (1815)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
"L'amour est un oiseau rebelle" (Habanera) from <i>Carmen</i> (1874)	George Bizet (1838-1875)
Le Secret Op 23, No 3 (1881)	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Jeunes fillettes (1894)

Jean-Baptiste Weckerlin
(1821-1910)

Nuit d'étoiles

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

"We Kiss in a Shadow" from *The King and I*
(1951)

Richard Rogers
Oscar Hammerstein II
(1902-1979), (1895-1960)

Innamorata (Sweetheart) (1955)

Harry Warren, Jack Brooks
(1893-1981), (1912-1971)

That's Amore (1953)

Harry Warren, Jack Brooks
(1893-1981), (1912-1971)

Mambo Italiano (1954)

Bob Merrill
(1921-1998)

Program Notes

If Music be the Food of Love, Z. 379a

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) was an extremely prolific composer and organist from the Baroque era. "If Music be the Food of Love" is a setting of Henry Haveningham's poem which reflects the opening line from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. Three different settings of the text were created between 1662-1665, the first of the three appearing in this program. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976) completed his realization of the first version in 1948, translating the original figured bass into a fluid piano accompaniment, often played by a harpsichord.

Silent Noon

British composer Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) published "Silent Noon" in 1903 as the second piece in *The House of Life* song cycle. The text is drawn from a sonnet written by English poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti and paints a serene scene of two lovers, peaceful and content in their romance, surrounded by nature. William's use of long, flowing lines and recitative has allowed it to be a well-loved piece within classical art song repertoire.

A Memory

Rudolph Ganz (1877-1972) may most commonly be tied to 20th century music education, but he also composed 200 art songs. Composed in 1919, "A Memory" sets text by Minnie K. Brief. Soft and tender with sparse accompaniment, this art song feels deeply introspective.

I Hate Music

In the early years of Leonard Bernstein's (1918-1990) career, he often practiced piano and coached opera in his apartment, much to the disdain of his roommate, Edys Merrill. Merrill would occasionally reach a breaking point and run around their apartment, shouting "I Hate Music!". Amused, Bernstein included the phrase in a song cycle, *I Hate Music: A Cycle of Five Kid Songs*. The song cycle imagines perspectives of a young girl, and the titular piece "I Hate Music" featured in this program utilizes rhythm changes and disjunct intervals to display the wit and imagination of a child.

Vergebliches Ständchen Op 84, No 4

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897) held a deep fascination with German folk tunes. Published in 1882 as part of his *Fünf Romanzen und Lieder* (*Five Romances and Songs*), *Vergebliches Ständchen* (*Futile Serenade*) uses a Lower Rhine folk tune to depict an unsuccessful courtship. Brahms uses lively rhythms, repeated phrases, and contrasting vocal lines to highlight the humor of the situation.

Die Lotosblume Op 25, No.7

“The Lotus Flower” was composed by Robert Schumann (1810-1856) in 1840, and uses text from Heinrich Heine’s (1797-1865) poem of the same title. Text and melody reflect one another, starting with the lotus flower’s stillness, and resulting in its blossoming and acceptance of love. "Die Lotosblume" is the seventh song in *Myrthen* (Op. 25), a cycle of 26 songs that Schumann presented to his wife Clara as a wedding gift on the eve of their marriage.

Heidenröslein

In *Heidenröslein*, Robert Schumann (1810–1856) used a strophic form to set text by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832). Goethe’s poem was inspired by a traditional folk song from Strasbourg, France, describing a young boy plucking a rose from a heath. Light and bouncy accompaniment displays the youth of the boy, but sudden melodic rises reveal underlying tension of consequences to come.

"L'amour est un Oiseau rebelle" (Habanera) from *Carmen*

George Bizet’s (1838-1875) groundbreaking opera, *Carmen*, first premiered on March 3, 1875, at the Opéra-Comique in Paris. With a plot surrounding tragic romance, *Carmen* surprised audiences with its gritty realism. At the center of the plot is the character Carmen, introduced in L'amour est un Oiseau rebelle in Act 1. The Cuban syncopated dance rhythm (habanera) combined with descending chromatic lines, results in the aria being almost hypnotic, and reflect Carmen’s dangerous allure.

Le Secret Op 23, No 3

Widely celebrated for his art songs, Gabriel Faure (1845-1924) composed “Le Secret” between 1879 and 1881. The text comes from a poem by Armand Silvestre (1837-1901) originally titled “Mystère”. The speaker describes a desire to conceal their love from the world, from the sunrise, the day, and the night. Gentle piano accompaniment and flowing, stepwise melodic lines create an intimate atmosphere, helping convey a sense of secrecy.

Jeunes fillettes

French composer and music publisher Jean-Baptiste Weckerlin’s (1821-1910) *Jeunes fillettes* is based on an eighteenth-century French melody with an anonymous text. The song playfully encourages young women to enjoy love and youth while they can, comparing them to flowers that quickly fade. Its lively melody and repeated refrain give it a light, youthful character, while the words gently remind listeners of fleeting youth.

Nuit d’étoiles

Claude Debussy is regarded as one of the composers who helped bridge the Romantic era and Impressionism, and his Romantic influences are evident in his early works. In 1880 at age eighteen, Debussy composed *Nuit d’étoiles* (“Night of Stars”), his first art song. The text comes from 3 stanzas of Théodore de Banville’s poem, depicting a serene night sky evoking memories of lost love within the speaker. Underlying the bittersweet vocal line, arpeggios give the piece a shimmering quality while harmonic changes reveal the melancholy of old memories.

We Kiss in a Shadow from *The King and I*

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979) and Oscar Hammerstein II’s (1895-1960) *The King and I* features a forbidden romance. Usually performed as a duet, “We Kiss in a Shadow” depicts Tuptim and Lun Tha expressing their secret love for each other, despite the King of Siam’s authority over Tuptim as one of his enslaved wives. The gentle melody and quiet mood create a sense of secrecy, while the build toward “sunlight” expresses their desire to love freely.

Innamorata/That’s Amore

Harry Warren and Jack Brooks were greatly inspired by the crooning style, most famously associated with Dean Martin, who often performed their songs. The sweet serenade “Innamorata” (“in love”) was composed for the 1955 film *Artists and Models*, a comedy starring Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Its legato vocal lines and tender quality create an intimate mood. “That’s Amore,” composed for *The Caddy* and released in 1953, also featured Martin and Lewis. Its waltz-like rhythm reflects the joy of falling in love.

Mambo Italiano

The story of Mambo Italiano has been told that nearing a deadline for a composition for Rosemary Clooney, Bob Merrill sat in an Italian restaurant, and scrawled the phrase “mambo italiano” on a napkin. He then relayed the lyrics and melody using a payphone, and in 1955, Rosemary Clooney topped the official UK Singles Chart with “Mambo Italiano.” Due to the Italian-American slang used in the song, it was briefly banned from ABC and WABC radio out of fear of suggestive material. After confirmation that the language is playful nonsense, the ban was lifted.

Text and Translations

If Music be the Food of Love

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and
glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn
hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky:

-

So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

A Memory

Somehow I feel that thou art near,
Though there is naught around
Somehow I hear thy soft sweet voice,
Though there is not a sound
Somehow I feel thine eyes resting on mine,
Though looking, naught do I see
Somehow I feel the touch of thy hand:
Ah! 'Tis but a memory!

I Hate Music

I hate music!
But I like to sing
la dee da da dee; la dee da dee.
But that's not music, not what I call music.
No, sir.
Music is a lot of men in a lot of tails, making
lots of noise like a lot of females;
Music is a lot of folks in a big dark hall, where
they really don't want to be at all;
with a lot of chairs and a lot of airs, and a lot of
furs and diamonds!
Music is silly! I hate music!
But I like to sing
la dee da da dee; la dee da dee: la dee da dee

Vergebliches Ständchen

Guten Abend, mein Schatz,
Guten Abend, mein Kind!
Ich komm' aus Lieb' zu dir,
Ach, mach' mir auf die Tür,
Mach' mir auf die Tür!

Mein' Tür ist verschlossen,
Ich lass' dich nicht ein
Mutter, die rät' mir klug,
Wär'st du herein mit Fug,
Wär's mit mir vorbei!

So kalt ist die Nacht,
So eisig der Wind,
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,
Mein' Lieb' erlöschen wird
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

Löschet dein' Lieb'
Lass' sie löschen nur!
Löschet sie immerzu,
Geh' heim zu Bett, zur Ruh'!
Gute Nacht, mein Knab'!

Die lotosblume

Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

Vain Serenade

Good evening, my treasure,
Good evening, my child!
I come because I love you;
ah! open up your door to me,
open up your door!

My door's locked,
I won't let you in
mother gave me good advice
if you were allowed in,
It would all be over for me!

The night is so cold,
the wind is so icy,
My heart is freezing,
My love will go out
Open for me, my child!

If your love goes out,
then let it go out!
If it keeps going out,
then go home to bed and go to sleep!
Goodnight, my lad!

The Lotus Flower

The lotus-flower fears
The sun's splendour,
And with bowed head,
Dreams of the night.

The moon is her lover,
And wakes her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
And gazes silently aloft—
Fragrant and weeping and trembling
With love and the pain of love.

Heidenröslein

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehen,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde knabe brach's
Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Wild Rose

A boy saw a wild rose
growing in the heather
It was so young, and as lovely as the morning.
He ran swiftly to look more closely,
He looked at it with great joy.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose
Little rose in the heather.

Said the boy: I shall pluck you,
wild rose in the heather!
Said the rose: I shall prick you
so that you will always remember me.
And I will not suffer it.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose
Little rose in the heather.

And the wild boy plucked
the little rose from the heather;
the rose defended herself and pricked him,
but her cries of pain were to no avail;
she simply had to suffer.
Little rose, little rose, little red rose,
little rose in the heather.

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle (Habanera)

L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
que nul ne peut apprivoiser,
et c'est bien en vain qu'on l'appelle,
s'il lui convient de refuser.
Rien n'y fait, menace ou prière
l'un parle bien, l'autre se tait
Et c'est l'autre que je préfère,
Il n'a rien dit mais il me plaît.

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohème,
il n'a jamais, jamais connu de loi
si tu ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!
Si tou ne m'aimes pas, si tou ne m'aimes pas, je
t'aime, Mais si je t'aime,
si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

L'oiseau que tu croyais surprendre
Battit de l'aile et s'envola
L'amour est loin, tu peux l'attendre
Tu ne l'attends plus, il est là!
Tout autour de toi, vite, vite
Il vient, s'en va, puis il revient
Tu crois le tenir, il t'évite
Tu crois l'éviter, il te tient

L'amour! L'amour! L'amour! L'amour!

L'amour est enfant de Bohême,
Il n'a jamais jamais connu de loi.
Si tou ne m'aimes pas, je t'aime.
Si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Si tou ne m'aimes pas, si tou ne m'aimes pas, je
t'aime,
Mais si je t'aime, si je t'aime, prends garde à toi!

Love is a Rebellious Bird

Love is a rebellious bird
that nobody can tame,
and you call him quite in vain
if it suits him not to come
Nothing helps, neither threat nor prayer.
One man talks well, the other's mum;
It's the other one that I prefer.
He's silent but I like his looks

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,
it has never, ever, known a law;
love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware!
love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware!

The bird you thought you had caught
beat its wings and flew away ...
love stays away, you wait and wait;
when least expected, there it is!
All around you, swift, so swift,
it comes, it goes, and then returns ...
you think you hold it fast, it flees
you think you're free, it holds you fast.

Love! Love! Love! Love!

Love is a gypsy's child,
it has never, ever, known a law;
love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware!

love me not, then I love you;
if I love you, you'd best beware!

Le Secret

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme une larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

Jeunes Fillettes

Jeunes fillettes, profitez du temps,
La violette se cueille au printemps.

Cette fleurette passe en peu de temps ;
Toute amourette passe également.

Dans le bel âge prenez un ami.
S'il est volage, rendez le lui !

The Secret

I want the morning not to know
the name that I told to the night;
in the dawn wind, silently,
may it evaporate like a teardrop.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the morning,
and bent over my open heart
to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.

I want the sunset to forget
the secret I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love
in the folds of its pale robe!

Young Girls

Young girls, make the most of your time
Violets are picked in the spring

This little flower fades all too soon
So does fleeting romance

At this age, pick a friend
If he his fickle, return him the favor

Nuit d'étoiles

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Je revois à notre fontaine
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles,
Sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre
Qui soupire,
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

Night of Stars

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy
Now blooms deep in my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love
Quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Once more at our fountain I see
Your eyes as blue as the sky;
This rose is your breath
And these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars,
Beneath your veils,
beneath your breeze and fragrance,
Sad lyre
That sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

We Kiss in a Shadow

We kiss in a shadow, we hide from the moon

Our meetings are few and over too soon

We speak in a whisper, afraid to be heard

When people are near we speak not a word

Alone in our secret, together we sigh

For one smiling day to be free

To kiss in the sunlight

And say to the sky

'Behold and believe what you see

Behold how my lover loves me'

Alone in our secret

Together we sigh

For one smiling day to be free

To kiss in the sunlight

And say to the sky

'Behold and believe what you see

Behold how my lover loves me'

Innamorata

If our lips should meet, Innamorata

Kiss me, kiss me sweet, Innamorata

Hold me close and say you're mine

With a love as warm as wine [[1](#)]

I'm at Heaven's door, Innamorata

Want you more and more, Innamorata

You're a symphony

A very beautiful sonata, my Innamorata

Say that you're my sweetheart, my love

That's Amore

When the moon hits your eye

Like a big pizza pie, that's amore

When the world seems to shine

Like you've had too much wine, that's amore

Bells will ring ting-a-ling-a-ling

Ting-a-ling-a-ling and you'll sing, "Vita bella"

Hearts will play tippy-tippy-tay

Tippy-tippy-tay like a gay tarantella

When the stars make you drool

Just like a pasta fasul, that's amore

When you dance down the street

With a cloud at your feet, you're in love

When you walk down in a dream

But you know, you're not dreaming, signore

Scusami, but you see

Back in old Napoli, that's amore

Mambo Italiano

A boy went back to Napoli
Because he missed the scenery
The native dances and the charming songs
But wait a minute, something's wrong
'Cause now it's-

Hey mambo, mambo italiano
Hey mambo, mambo italiano
Go, go, go, you mixed up a siciliano
All you calabresi do the mambo like a crazy
with the

Hey mambo, don't wanna tarantella
Hey mambo, no more mozzarella
Hey mambo, mambo italiano
Try an enchilada with the fishy baccalà and then

Hey cumpa', I love-a how you dance the rumba
But take-a some advice, paesano
Learn-a how to mambo
If you gonna be a square
You ain't-a gonna go nowhere

Hey mambo, mambo italiano
Hey mambo, mambo italiano
Go, go, Joe, shake like a Giovanni
Hello, che si dice, you get happy in the feets

When you mambo italiano

Mama say you stop-a or I'm gonna tell your
papa and then

Hey chadrol, you don't-a have to go to the
school

Just to make it with the beat, bambino

It's like a vino

Kid, you good-a lookin' but you don't a-know
what's cookin', 'til you

Hey mambo, mambo italiano

Hey mambo, mambo italiano

Go, go, go, you mixed up a siciliano

It's a so delish-a everybody can capice-a how to
Mambo italiano

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