Sonoma State University
Department of Music
presents

Voices in the Margins:

Celebrating Underrepresented Voices in Song

August Perez, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

Saturday, November 21st, 2026
2:00 pm
Schroeder Hall

August Perez is from the studio of Mary Evelyn Hangley
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Performance.

Scenes from *Alcina*

"Semplicetto! a donna credi?"
"Un momento di contento — George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Text by [Anonymous]

Deutsche Romantiker

Mein Stern — Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Text by Friederike Serre (1800-1872)

Laue Sommernacht — Alma Mahler (1879-1964)
Text by Otto Julius Bierbaum (1865-1910)

Die Lorelei — Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Selections from *Winter Words* (1953)

"The Choirmaster's Burial"
"Proud Songsters"
"Before Life and After" — Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Text by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)

What Lies Beyond

"How Glory Goes" from *Floyd Collins* — Adam Guettel (b. 1964)

Waiting for Phidylé

Phidylé — Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Text by Leconte de Lisle (1818-1894)

Program Notes

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) was a German-born composer who spent most of his career in England. He became one of the leading composers of the Baroque period and was especially known for his operas and vocal music. His opera *Alcina* takes place on an enchanted island and tells a story filled with love, jealousy, deception, and magic. In "Semplicetto! A donna credi?" Oronte warns Ruggiero not to be so trusting in love, while "Un momento di contento" shows a more hopeful and tender side of his character. These two arias show Handel's ability to use the voice to bring out different sides of a character and capture the changing emotions of the story. I wouldn't consider Handel an underrepresented composer, but this set has personal significance to me and I wanted to honor that. Over the summer, I was very fortunate to make my professional debut in Festival Opera's production of *Alcina*, where I sang in the chorus (and had a short solo where I complained about Alcina turning me into a rock). A special thanks to Zachary Gordin for giving me the opportunity!

Clara Schumann (1819–1896) was a German pianist, composer, and one of the most celebrated performers of the nineteenth century. She began studying piano with her father, Friedrich Wieck, and went on to have a successful international career. Alongside performing, Schumann composed works for piano, chamber ensembles, and voice, including Mein Stern and Die Lorelei. Although she was highly respected as a pianist, her compositions received less recognition, in part because of the limitations placed on women composers during her lifetime. Today, her music is increasingly recognized as an important part of the Romantic repertoire. I was lucky enough to study the works of Clara Schumann under Dr. Kayleen Asbo in 2019, which sparked my interest in Schumann's work and lieder in general.

Alma Mahler (1879–1964) was an Austrian composer who grew up surrounded by the arts in Vienna. She began studying music at a young age and mainly composed songs for voice and piano. As a condition of their marriage, Gustav Mahler forbade Alma from composing, sending her a 20-page letter in which he demanded that there be only one composer in the family. As a result, only a small collection of her music survives today. Her songs, including Laue Sommernacht, are known for their expressive melodies, colorful harmonies, and strong connection to the text. Although her music was often overshadowed by the well-known artists and composers around her, her works have gained more recognition and are now performed more frequently.

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) was an English composer, pianist, and conductor, and one of the most influential British composers of the twentieth century. Vocal music was especially important throughout his career, and many of his works were written for his longtime musical and romantic partner, tenor Peter Pears. Their relationship shaped much of Britten's composing

at a time when homosexuality was criminalized in Britain. Britten's song cycle *Winter Words*, written for Pears, sets eight poems by Thomas Hardy and explores themes of memory, time, and loss. Although Britten himself is not an underrepresented composer in today's classical repertoire, this part of his life connects to the recital's theme by recognizing LGBTQ+ voices. I was only introduced to Britten last year, but since then I have fallen in love with his works due to their expressiveness and complexity.

Adam Guettel (b. 1964) is an American composer and lyricist whose music blends musical theater with influences from classical, folk, and jazz. While this recital highlights underrepresented composers and music that is less often heard in traditional recital settings, "How Glory Goes" moves past the standard classical repertoire into contemporary musical theater. The final song from *Floyd Collins*, it follows the title character as he reflects on death and what may come after, moving from uncertainty toward hope and acceptance.

Henri Duparc (1848–1933) was a French composer best known for his songs for voice and piano. His struggles with mental and physical health contributed to his decision to stop composing at a relatively young age, and he later destroyed many of his own works. Because so little of his music survives, Duparc represents a different kind of underrepresented voice: a composer whose work is limited not by social barriers, but by how little he left behind. One of his best-known songs, Phidylé, was composed in 1882 to a poem by Leconte de Lisle. The song begins with the peace of a warm summer afternoon and gradually grows into an intense expression of love and desire. Despite his small collection of surviving music, Duparc left a lasting mark on the French art song tradition.

Texts and Translations

Scenes from *Alcina*
Translations by Andrew Schneider

“Semplicetto! a donna credi?”
Semplicetto! A donna credi?
Se la vedi, che ti mira,
che sospira, pensa e di':
ingannar potrebbe ancor.

Quei sospiri lusinghieri,
quelli sguardi a volger tardi,
menzogneri fa così,
senza amar, mostrare amor.

“Un momento di contento”
M'inganna, me n'avveggo,
e pur ancor l'adoro.
Sebben mi fu infedel,
è’l mio tesoro.

Un momento di contento
dolce rende a un fido amante
tutto il pianto che versò.

Suol'amore, dal dolore
tirar balsamo alle pene,
e sanar, chi pria piagò.

“Simpleton! You believe women?”
Simpleton! You believe women?
If you see one who looks at you,
sighs, thinks and talks:
she could yet deceive you again!

Those flattering sighs,
those late-turning glances,
they thus regularly lie,
showing love without loving.

“One moment of contentment”
She is tricking me, I know this,
and yet I still adore her.
Though she was unfaithful,
she is my treasure

One moment of contentment
turns all the tears a faithful lover has shed
into sweetness.

Love often brings balsam
to soothe the pain and suffering
of those whom he once wounded.

Deutsche Romantiker
Translations by Richard Stokes

Mein Stern
O du mein Stern,
Schau dich so gern,
Wenn still im Meere die Sonne sinket,
Dein gold'nes Auge so tröstend winket
In meiner Nacht!

O du mein Stern,
Aus weiter Fern',
Bist du ein Bote mit Liebesgrüßen,
Laß deine Strahlen mich durstig küssen
In banger Nacht.

O du mein Stern,
Verweile gern,
Und lächelnd führ' auf des Lichts Gefieder
Der Träume Engel dem Freunde wieder
In seine Nacht.

My star
O you my star,
I love to observe you,
When the sun slips quietly into the sea,
And your golden gaze beckons so
consolingly in my night!

O you my star,
From afar
You bring me tidings of love,
Let me passionately kiss your rays
In fearful night.

O you my star,
Linger gladly,
And smilingly on the wings of light
Escort once more the angel of dreams to
your friend in his night.

Laue Sommernacht
Laue Sommernacht: am Himmel
Stand kein Stern, im weiten Walde
Suchten wir uns tief im Dunkel,
Und wir fanden uns.

Fanden uns im weiten Walde
In der Nacht, der sternenlosen,
Hielten staunend uns im Arme
In der dunklen Nacht.

War nicht unser ganzes Leben
So ein Tappen, so ein Suchen?
Da: In seine Finsternisse
Liebe, fiel Dein Licht.

Mild summer night
Mild summer night: in the sky
Not a star, in the deep forest
We sought each other in the dark
And found one another.

Found one another in the deep wood
In the night, the starless night,
And amazed, we embraced
In the dark night.

Our entire life – was it not
Such a tentative quest?
There: into its darkness,
O Love, fell your light.

Die Lorelei

Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Daß ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,
Und ruhig fließt der Rhein;
Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt
Im Abendsonnenschein.

Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar,
Ihr goldnes Geschmeide blitzet,
Sie kämmt ihr goldenes Haar.

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei,
Das hat eine wundersame,
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

Den Schiffer im kleinen Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'.

Ich glaube, die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei getan.

The Loreley

I do not know what it means
That I should feel so sad;
There is a tale from olden times
I cannot get out of my mind.

The air is cool, and twilight falls,
And the Rhine flows quietly by;
The summit of the mountains glitters
In the evening sun.

The fairest maiden is sitting
In wondrous beauty up there,
Her golden jewels are sparkling,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with a golden comb
And sings a song the while;
It has an awe-inspiring,
Powerful melody.

It seizes the boatman in his skiff
With wildly aching pain;
He does not see the rocky reefs,
He only looks up to the heights.

I think at last the waves swallow
The boatman and his boat;
And that, with her singing,
The Loreley has done.

Waiting for Phidylé
Translation by Emily Ezust

Phidylé
L'herbe est molle au sommeil sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui dans les prés en fleur germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé ! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules, en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente !

Phidylé
The grass is soft for slumber beneath the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which, in the meadows flowering with a thousand plants,
lose themselves under dark thickets.

Rest, o Phidylé! the midday sun shines on the foliage
and invites you to sleep!
Among clover and thyme, alone, in full sunlight hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about the turning paths,
the red cornflower tilts,
and the birds, skimming the hill with their wings, search for shade among the wild roses.

But when the sun, turning in its resplendent orbit,
finds its heat abating,
let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss
recompense me for waiting!