



AIM HIGH REACH WIDE EDUCATE ALL

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
2022 - 23 Concert Series

FALL 2022 CONCERTS

Tickets \$12
SSU Students Free

Box Office:
707.664-4246
tickets.sonoma.edu

SEPT 1	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
SEPT 9	7:30 PM	Fall Guest Guitarist: Tengyue Zhang (TY)	Schroeder
SEPT 11	2:00 PM	Beneath A Tree	Schroeder
SEPT 15	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
SEPT 22	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital- Andrew Harrison, saxophone	Schroeder
SEPT 24	7:30 PM	Symphony Orchestra- Collaborative with DDAT	Weill
SEPT 28	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
OCT 4	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
OCT 5	7:30 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
OCT 6	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
OCT 7	7:30 PM	Symphonic Wind Ensemble	Weill
OCT 11	7:30 PM	Concert Band	Weill
OCT 14	2:00 PM	Scholarship Showcase	Schroeder
OCT 19	1:00 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
OCT 20	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Person
OCT 26	1:00 PM	Instrumental Repertoire Recital	Schroeder
OCT 27–28	ALL DAY	Sonoma State Sings Choral Festival	Weill
NOV 3	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
NOV 4	7:30 PM	Concert Choir and SonoVoce	Schroeder
NOV 10	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital- Jonathan Sieberlich, tuba	Schroeder
NOV 13	2:00 PM	Brass Ensemble	Schroeder
NOV 16	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
NOV 17	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
NOV 19	7:30 PM	Symphony Orchestra	Weill
NOV 20	10:00 AM	Day of Strings	Schroeder
DEC 6	7:30 PM	Music Theatre Scenes	Schroeder
DEC 7	7:30 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
DEC 8	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
DEC 9	7:30 PM	Opera Scenes	Schroeder
DEC 10	7:30 PM	Rock Collegium	Schroeder
DEC 11	2:00 PM	Symphonic Wind Ensemble	Weill
DEC 12	7:30 PM	Noma Winds & Concert Band	Weill
DEC 13	7:30 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
DEC 14	1:00 PM	SSU Vocal Faculty Concert	Schroeder

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
Presents

Vocal Repertory Recital Finals Program

Yvonne Wormer and Dan Cromeenes, collaborative pianists
Voice students of Christa Durand, M. Jane Erwin,
Pamela Hicks, Mark Kratz and Krista Wigle
Lynne Morrow, Director of Opera and Musical Theatre

Wednesday, December 14, 2022
1:00 pm
Schroeder Hall

PROGRAM

If Music Be the Food of Love Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Colonel Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

Margaret Millard, soprano

Nel Cor Più Non Mi Sento Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)
English Lyricist Dr. Theodore Baker (1851-1934)

Kathryn Rodriguez, soprano

Saper vorreste Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
from *Un Ballo in Maschera* Antonio Somma (1809-1864)

Corwin Wilson, soprano

Chitarra Romana Eldo Di Lazzaro (1902-1968)

David Kerr, baritone

Lieder der Braut I & II Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
from *Myrthen, Op. 25, Nos. 11 & 12* Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Melody Rose Neal, soprano

Aus den östlichen Rosen Robert Schumann
from *Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 25* Friedrich Rückert

Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano

Du bist wie eine Blume Robert Schumann
from *Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 24* Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano

Wie Melodien zieht es mir Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Klaus Johann Groth (1819-1899)

Alexander Pletkin, tenor

Verborgenheit Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)

Rachel Archambault, mezzo-soprano

Le Secret

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Paul-Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

Kyle Piet, baritone

Chanson d'amour

Gabriel Fauré
Paul-Armand Silvestre

Brayden Simmons-Ayala, baritone

Nocturne

César Franck (1822-1890)
Louis de Fourcaud (1851-1914)

Gwenora Sarault, mezzo-soprano

Que Toi

Anh Minh (1935-2005)

Julianne Nguyen, soprano
Sierra Smith, flute

The Sky Above the Roof

Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872-1958)
Original French text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)
English version by Mabel Dearmer (1872-1915)

Sybil Staglik, alto

Simple Gifts
from *Appalachian Spring*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Joseph Brackett (1797-1882)

Samuel Martin, baritone

Ah, Love, But a Day // I Send My Heart Up to Thee
from *Three Browning Songs*

Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Robert Browning (1812-1889)

Emily Rae Fealy, soprano

Where Are All the People?
from *Chaplin: The Musical*

Christopher Curtis (b. 1941)
Thomas Meehan (1929-2017)

Nick Lawson, baritone

Anthem
from *Chess*

Benny Andersson (b. 1946)
Bjorn Ulvaeus (b. 1945)
Tim Rice (b. 1944)

John Kirk, baritone

River

Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)

Michaela Thomas, mezzo-soprano

Santa Baby

Philip Springer (b. 1926)
Joan Javits (b. 1929)

Charlie Whitaker, soprano
Jomei Greer, piano

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

If Music Be the Food of Love

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Colonel Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

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.

Nel Cor Più Non Mi Sento

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

**English Lyricist Dr. Theodore Baker
(1851-1934)**

*Nel cor più non mi sento
Brillar la gioventù;
Cagion del mio tormento,
Amor, sei colpa tu.
Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi,
Mi pungichi, mi mastichi;*

Why feels my heart so dormant,
No fire of youth divine?
Thou cause of all my torment,
O love, the fault is thine!
He teases me, he pinches me,
He squeezes me, he wrenches me;

*Che cosa è questo ahimè?
Pietà, pietà, pietà!
Amore è un certo che,
Che disperar mi fa.*

Saper vorreste
from *Un Ballo In Maschera*
Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Antonio Somma (1809-1864)

*Saper vorreste
Di che si veste,
Quando l'è cosa
Ch'ei vuol nascosa.
Oscar lo sa,
Ma nol dirà
Tra là là là là
Là là là là.*

*Pieno d'amor
Mi balza il cor,
Ma pur discreto
Serba il segreto.
Nol rapirà
Grado o beltà,
Tra là là là là
Là là là là.*

Chitarra Romana
Eldo Di Lazzaro (1902-1968)

*Sotto un manto di stelle
Roma bella mi appare
Solitario il mio cuor
Disilluso d'amor
Vuol nell'ombra cantar
Una muta fontana
E un balcone lassu'
Oh chitarra romana accompagnami tu*

*Suona suona mia chitarra
Lascia piangere il mio cuore
Senza casa e senza amore
Mi rimani solo tu
Se la voce è un po' velata
Accompagnami in sordina
La mia bella fornarina*

What tortures I must bear?
Have done, have done, have done
Thou, love, art surely one
Will drive me to despair!

You would like to know
what he's wearing,
when it's the very thing
that he wants concealed.
Oscar knows,
but he won't tell.
Tra la la la la
la la la la.

Full of love
my heart throbs,
but still discreet
it keeps the secret.
Neither rank nor beauty
will seize it.
Tra la la la la
la la la la.

Under a starry mantle
I find Rome beautiful,
my lonely heart let down by love

wants to sing in the shadows
A silent fountain
and a balcony above,
oh a roman guitar
accompany me.
Play play guitar of mine
let my heart weep,
without home and without love
only you are there for me.
If the phonation is a little veiled
accompany me softly,
my beautiful Fornarina

*Al balcone non c'è piu'
Lungotevere dorme
Mentre il fiume cammina
Io lo seguo perché
Mi trascina con se'
E travolge il mio cuor
Vedo un'ombra lontana
E una stella lassu'
Oh chitarra romana accompagnami tu*

isn't on the balcony anymore.
Tiber's waterside sleeps
while the river strolls,
I follow 'cause it carries me along
and sweeps my heart away.

I see a distant shadow
and a star up there
Oh roman guitar accompany me.
Oh roman guitar accompany me.

**Lieder der Braut I and II
from Myrthen Op. 25, Nos. 11 & 12
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)**

*1. Mutter, Mutter!
Glaube nicht, weil ich ihn lieb allsosehr,
Dass nun Liebe mir gebricht,
Dich zu lieben, wie vorher
Mutter, Mutter!
Seit ich ihn lieb' ich erst dich sehr.
Lass mich an mein Herz dich zieh'n,
Und dich küssen, wie mich
er, wie mich er wieder!
Mutter, Mutter!
Seit ich ihn liebe, lieb'
ich erst dich ganz,
Dass du mir das Sein verlieh'n,
Das mir ward zu solchem Glanz.*

Songs of the Bride
1. Mother, Mother!
Never believe, because I love him so,
That I will love you less
Than I was able to before.
Mother, Mother!
Since loving him, I love you more.
Let me draw you to my heart,
And let me kiss you, as he kisses me!

Mother, Mother!
Only since loving him
can I truly love you,
You gave me life, and for that,
It has become so radiant.

*2. Lass mich ihm am Busen hängen,
Mutter, Mutter!
Lass das Bangen.
Frage nicht: wie soll sich's wenden?
Frage nicht: wie soll das enden?
Enden?
Noch nicht weiss ich, wie!
Lass mich ihm am Busen
hänger, lass mich!*

2. Let me cling to his chest,
Mother, Mother!
Don't be afraid.
Don't ask how it will change.
Don't ask how it will end?
End?
I still don't know how!
Let me cling to his chest,
to him. Let me!

Aus den östlichen Rosen
from Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 25

Robert Schumann

Friedrich Rückert

*Ich sende einen Gruss
wie Duft der Rosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Rosenangesicht,
Ich sende einen Gruss
wie Frühlingskosen,
Ich send' ihn an ein Aug'
voll Frühlingslicht.*

I send a greeting like the smell of roses,

I send it to a rose-like face,
I send a greeting like spring's caressing,

I send it to her whose eyes
are full of spring's light.

*Aus Schmerzensstürmen, die
mein Herz durchtosen,
Send' ich den Hauch, dich
unsanft rühr er nicht!*

Out of storms of grief which
rage through my heart,
I send a tiny breeze -- may its
touch never be harsh!

*Wenn du gedenkest an
den Freudelosen,
So wird der Himmel
meiner Nächte licht.*

Should you think of the one
who knows no joy,
Then the sky of his dark nights
would be lightened.

Du bist wie eine Blume
from Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 24

Robert Schumann

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

*Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein,
Ich schau' dich an,
Und Wehmuth schleicht
mir in's Herz hinein.*

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you,
And sadness steals into my heart.

*Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
auf's Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.*

I feel as if I should lay,
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserves you,
So pure and fair and sweet.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Klaus Johann Groth (1819-1899)

*Wie Melodien zieht es
Mir leise durch den Sinn,
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht es
Und schwebt wie Duft dahin.
Doch kommt das Wort und faßt es*

Like melodies it pervades
my senses softly.
Like spring flowers it blooms
and drifts along like fragrance.
But when a word comes and grasps it

*Und führt es vor das aug,
Wie nebelgrau erblast es
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.
Und dennoch ruht im reime
Verborgен wohl ein duft,
Den mild aus stillen keime
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.*

and brings it before the eye,
Like gray mist it fades
and vanishes like a breath.
And yet there remains in the rhyme
A certain hidden fragrance,
Which gently, from the dormant bud,
A tearful eye evokes.

Le Secret

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Paul-Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)

*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,*

I want the morning to ignore
The name that I told to the night,
And that the wind of
dawn, noiselessly,
Like a tear will evaporate.

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,*

I want the night to proclaim
The love that I hid from the morning,
And that, leaning over
my open heart,
Like a grain of incense it is aflame.

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!*

I want the sun to forget
The secret that I told the day
And it takes, with my love
In the fold of its pale dress!

Chanson d'amour

Gabriel Fauré

Paul-Armand Silvestre

*J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front,
Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche,
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche
Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.*

I love your eyes, I love your face,
Oh my rebel, oh my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your mouth,
Where my kisses exhaust themselves.

*J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!*

*J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange
Grâce de tout ce que tu dis,
Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange,
Mon enfer et mon paradis!*

*J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!*

*J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle,
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux,
Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux,
Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!*

Nocturne

César Franck (1822-1890)

Louis de Fourcaud (1851-1914)

*Ô fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Mystère sans obscurité,
La vie est noire et dévorante;
Ô fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Donne-moi ta placidité.*

*Ô belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Vers moi tes regards sont baissés,
Éclaire mon âme troublée;
Ô belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Mets ton sourire en mes pensers.*

*Ô sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Pleine de paix et de douceur,
Mon cœur bouillonne comme une urne;
Ô sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Fais le silence dans mon cœur.*

*Ô grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
En qui tout est délicieux,
Prends mon être entier sous ton aile;*

*Ô grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
Verse le sommeil en mes yeux.*

Que Toi

Anh Minh (1935-2005)

*Que toi co canh dieu vi vu
Xa sau luy tre lang*

Trua trua duoi mai dinh reu phong

*La bong mat ngay tho
Que toi co canh dong bao la
Thom huong lua len dong
Lieu xieu mai tranh nghe don xo
Tro ve nhe tuoi tho toi*

*Que toi som tinh mo, tieng ga
goi cha vac cuoc ra dong*

Ai dem nang dong day toi vai,

O cool night, transparent night,
Mystery without obscurity,
Life is black and devouring;
O cool night, transparent night
Grant me your tranquility.

O lovely night, starry night
As you look down on me,
Bring light to my troubled soul,
O lovely night, starry night,
Let your smile enter my thoughts.

O holy night, silent night,
Full of peace and gentleness,
My heart seethes like a cauldron;
O holy night, silent night,
Bring silence to my heart.

O boundless night, solemn night,
In which all things give delight,
Take my whole being
under your wing;
O boundless night, solemn night,
Pour sleep into my eyes.

My home village has a kite
that's flying far behind the
village's bamboo bush.
At noon, under the roof of a
mossy pavillion, it is the
shade of my childhood.
My home village has an immense
field with fragrance of rice, poor
and simple thatched roof. Please
come back, my childhood!

My home village at dawn
with the rooster calling the
fathers with the hoes
out on the field. Did someone

*chay nhung giot mo hoi
Que toi voi con nguoi chan
phuong, ai xa niu chan ve*

Que huong buoc ra tu cau

tho, dep nhu loi me ru.

bring the sun over their shoulder?
Because they are filled with sweat.
My home village has genuine and
kind people, whoever leaves home
wants to come back (whoever lives
far, their feet are dragged back)
Motherland stepped out from
a verse of a poem, beautiful
like my mother's lullaby.

The Sky Above the Roof

Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872-1958)

Original French text by Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)

English version by Mabel Dearmer (1872-1915)

The sky above the roof
Is calm and sweet,
A tree above the roof
Bends in the heat.

A bell from out the blue
Drowsily rings,
A bird from out the blue
Plaintively sings.

Ah God! A life is here
Simple and fair,
Murmurs of strife are here,
Lost in the air.

Why dost thou weep o heart,
Poured out in tears?
What hast thou done o heart,
With thy spent years?

Simple Gifts

from *Appalachian Spring*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Joseph Brackett (1797-1882)

'Tis the gift to be simple 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed,
To turn, turn will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning we come round right.

Ah, Love, But a Day
from *Three Browning Songs*
Amy Beach (1867-1944)
Robert Browning (1812-1889)

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?

I Send My Heart Up to Thee
from *Three Browning Songs*
Amy Beach
Robert Browning

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice' streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

Where are all the people?
from *Chaplin: The Musical*
Christopher Curtis (b. 1941)
Thomas Meehan (1929-2017)

Once upon a time I had the world upon a string.
Once, they stood in line
To see my face upon the screen.
I'd walk into the theater
And they all would call my name.
And i lived for those moments.
Now the tide has turned,

And all the glory's slipped away.
Now there's someone new,
And they cannot recall your name.
They love you for the moment.
Oh, but then they let you be.
And where are all the people that once loved me?
Now the world's changed to color,
So what can you do?
You're still black and white, so now you're old news.
The movies are talking, so you're never heard.
You're just an old picture,
From a far different world.
And now all that i have
Is just a faded memory
A wall that's full of pictures,
Of the way things used to be.
You search for your tomorrow,
But the past is all you see.
And where are all the people?
Where is my tomorrow?
Where are all the people
That once loved me?

Anthem
from *Chess*

Benny Andersson (b. 1946)

Bjorn Ulvaeus (b. 1945)

Tim Rice (b. 1944)

No man, no madness,
Though their sad power may prevail,
Can possess, conquer my country's heart,
They rise to fail.
She is eternal
Long before nation's lines were drawn.
When no flags flew, when no armies stood,
My land was born.

And you ask me why I love her
Through wars, death and despair.
She is the constant, we who don't care.
And you wonder will I leave her
But how?
I cross over borders but I'm still there now.

How can I leave her?
Where would I start?
Let man's petty nations tear themselves apart.
My land's only borders lie around my heart.

River

Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)

It's coming on Christmas
They're cutting down trees
They're putting up reindeer
And singing songs of joy and peace
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on

But it don't snow here
It stays pretty green
I'm gonna make a lot of money
Then I'm gonna quit this crazy scene
I wish I had a river I could skate away on

I wish I had a river so long
I would teach my feet to fly
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on
I made my baby cry

He tried hard to help me
You know, he put me at ease
And he loved me so naughty
Made me weak in the knees
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on

I'm so hard to handle
I'm selfish and I'm sad
Now I've gone and lost the best baby
That I ever had
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on

I wish I had a river so long
I would teach my feet to fly
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on
I made my baby say goodbye

It's coming on Christmas
They're cutting down trees
They're putting up reindeer
And singing songs of joy and peace
I wish I had a river I could skate away on

Santa Baby

Philip Springer (b. 1926)

Joan Javits (b. 1929)

Santa baby, just slip a Sable under the tree for me
Been an awful good girl
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa baby, a 54 convertible too, light blue
I'll wait up for you dear
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Think of all the fun I've missed
Think of all the fella's that I haven't kissed
Next year I could be just as good
If you check off my Christmas list

Santa baby, I want a yacht and really that's not a lot
Been an angel all year
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa honey, one little thing I really need
The deed to a platinum mine
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with the duplex and checks
Sign your 'x' on the line
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight

Come and trim my Christmas tree
With some decorations bought at Tiffanys
I really do believe in you
Let's see if you believe in me

Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing
A ring, I don't mean on the phone
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight



**YOUR
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**SONOMA
STATE
UNIVERSITY**

MUSIC

**ON CAMPUS
AUDITION DATES**

▶ November 5, 2022

▶ February 25, 2023

▶ March 18, 2023



DEGREE PROGRAMS

Bachelor of Music in Music Education
(Choral, Instrumental, and Jazz tracks)

Bachelor of Music in Performance

Bachelor of Music in Jazz Studies

Bachelor of Music in Composition

Bachelor of Arts in Music

Minor in Music Liberal Arts

Minor in Music Jazz Studies

music.sonoma.edu

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

FACULTY

R. Anderson Collinworth, Chair and Director of Bands
Jenny Bent, Director of Choral Activities
Alexander Kahn, Director of Orchestral Activities
Doug Leibinger, Director of Jazz Studies
Thom Limbert, Composition Program Director
Kim Mieder, Music Education Coordinator
Lynne Morrow, Director of Voice Program
John R. Palmer, Musicology and Musicianship Programs
Marilyn Thompson, Piano and Chamber Music Director
Brian S. Wilson, Music Theory Program Director

STRINGS

Liana Bérubé, Violin & Viola
Jill Rachuy Brindel, Cello
Eric Cabalo, Classical Guitar
Gail Hernández Rosa, Violin
Daniel Levitan, Harp
Mark Wallace, Classical Bass
Aaron Westman, Violin & Viola

WOODWINDS

Andrew Harrison, Saxophone
Rufus Olivier, Bassoon
Kathleen Reynolds, Flute
Laura Reynolds, Oboe
Roy Zajac, Clarinet

BRASS

Daniel Gianola-Norris, Trumpet
Alicia Mastromonaco, French Horn
David Ridge, Trombone
Jonathan Seiberlich, Tuba and Euphonium

PERCUSSION AND PIANO

Marilyn Thompson, Piano
Jennifer Wilsey, Percussion

VOICE

Christa Durand
M. Jane Erwin
Pamela Hicks
Mark Kratz
Krista Wigle

JAZZ

Ian Carey, Trumpet
Ken Cook, Piano
Andrew Emer, Bass
Kendrick Freeman, Latin Band
Raffi Garabedian, Saxophone
Doug Leibinger, Trombone
George Marsh, Drums
Randy Vincent, Guitar

PERFORMING ENSEMBLES

Symphonic Chorus
Concert Choir
SonoVoce
Musical Theatre and Opera
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Jazz Orchestra
Latin Band
Concert Jazz Ensemble
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