

MUSIC

2025 - 2026



**SONOMA
STATE**
UNIVERSITY

FALL 2025 CONCERTS

All concerts are held at the Green Music Center

SEP 26	7:30 p.m.	Symphonic Wind Ensemble & Chabot College Wind Symphony	Schroeder Hall
SEP 27	7:30 p.m.	Symphony Orchestra	Weill Hall
SEP 30	7:30 p.m.	Concert Band & Analy High School Symphonic Band	Weill Hall
OCT 2	7:30 p.m.	Jazz Orchestra, Jazz Ensembles, & Latin Band	Weill Hall
OCT 4	1:00 p.m.	SSU Day of Strings	Schroeder Hall
OCT 6	1:00 p.m.	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder Hall
OCT 19	12:00 p.m.	SSU Saxophone Day	Schroeder Hall
OCT 21-22	All Day	Sonoma Invitational Choral Festival	Weill Hall & Schroeder Hall
OCT 25	7:30 p.m.	Symphonic Wind Ensemble & Orchestra Chamber Ensembles	Schroeder Hall
OCT 30	7:30 p.m.	Faculty Recital: Dan Norris & Yvonne Wormer	Schroeder Hall
NOV 1	10:00 a.m.	Music Department Entrance Auditions	Schroeder Hall
NOV 14	7:30 p.m.	Concert Choir & SonoVoce	Schroeder Hall
NOV 15	7:30 p.m.	Rock Collegium	Schroeder Hall
NOV 17	1:00 p.m.	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder Hall
NOV 18	7:30 p.m.	Guitar Ensemble	Schroeder Hall
NOV 20	7:30 p.m.	Concert Jazz Ensembles & Latin Band	Schroeder Hall
NOV 21	7:30 p.m.	Symphony Orchestra & Jazz Orchestra	Weill Hall
NOV 22	7:30 p.m.	Musical Theatre - Opera Scenes	Schroeder Hall
NOV 23	2:00 p.m.	Brass Ensemble	Schroeder Hall
NOV 24	12:00 p.m.	Instrumental Juries Jazz	Schroeder Hall
DEC 3	7:30 p.m.	Chamber Music Ensembles	Schroeder Hall
DEC 5	7:30 p.m.	Symphonic Wind Ensemble & Diablo Valley College	Weill Hall
DEC 10	1:00 p.m.	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder Hall
DEC 10	7:30 p.m.	Concert Band & Noma Winds	Weill Hall

Tickets:

\$20 General

\$8 Students / Youth

\$12 Seniors

FREE for SSU Students, Staff and Faculty

Box Office:

707-664-4246

tickets.sonoma.edu

Sonoma State University Department of Music
presents

Vocal Repertory Recital

December 10, 2025
1:00 p.m.
Schroeder Hall, Green Music Center

PROGRAM

**The First half of this recital is a chronological sampling of Italian art song from the 17th century into the 20th century. The songs were prepared as part of a performance lecture project studying the history of Italian vocal repertoire.*

“Lasciatemi morire!”
from Arianna

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Eleonora Bezhenar, soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Tu lo sai

Giuseppe Torelli
(1658-1709)

Casey Sorensen, soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Sento nel core

Alessandro Scarlatti
(1660-1725)

Ash Jones, bass-baritone
Dan Cromeenes, piano

“O del mio dolce ardor”
from Paride ed Elena, No. 1

Christoph Willibald von Gluck
(1714-1787)

Sierra Reid, mezzo-soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Nel cor piu non mi sento

Giovanni Paisiello
(1740 - 1860)

Reese Perez, soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

La danza

Gioachino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Sam Martin, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

L'amante spagnolo

Gaetano Donizetti
(1797-1848)

August Perez, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Jenni Heikura, mezzo -soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Malia

Luke Ruddell, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Mattinata

Corey Wilson, tenor
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Ruggero Leoncavallo
(1857-1919)

Morire?

Kevin Ruiz, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

Giacomo Puccini
(1858-1924)

O sole mio

Vinny Stallone, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

Eduardo di Capua
(1865-1917)

O del mio amato ben

Chihiro Fujii, tenor
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Stefano Donaudy
(1879-1925)

INTERMISSION

***“Dies bildnis ist bezaubernd schön”
from Die Zauberflöte***

Corey Wilson, tenor
Yvonne Wormer, piano

W. A. Mozart
(1756-1791)

***Die Iotosblume
from Myrthen, Op. 25: No. 7***

Jenni Heikura, mezzo-soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

***In der fremde
from Liederkreis, Op..39 ,No..8***

Luke Ruddell, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

***“Ach, so fromm”
from Martha***

**Friedrich von Flotow
(1812-1883)**

Kevin Ruiz, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

Liebst du um Schönheit - Op. 12, No. 4

**Clara Schumann
(1819-1896)**

Sierra Reid, mezzo soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

***Zueignung
from Acht Gedichte aus “Letzte Blätter”, Op. 10 ,No. 1***

**Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)**

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

**Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)**

Reese Perez, soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

***The Sigh
from A Young Man’s Exhortation, Op.14, No. 7***

**Gerald Finzi
(1901-1956)**

Sam Martin, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

***The Choirmaster’s Buria
from Winter Words, Op. 52, No. 5***

**Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)**

August Perez, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

***Sure on This Shining Night
from Four Songs, Op. 13, No. 3***

**Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)**

Casey Sorensen, soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Il pescatore canta!

**Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)**

Vinny Stallone, tenor
Dan Cromeenes, piano

Le manoir de Rosemonde

**Henri Duparc
(1848-1933)**

Ash Jones, bass-baritone
Dan Cromeenes, piano

***I wait for thee
from 12 Romances, Op. 14, No.1***

**Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)**

Eleonora Bezhenar, soprano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

TRANSLATIONS

Lasciatemi morire! Let me die!

Let me die!
Let me die!
And whom would you want to comfort me
in such a cruel fate,
in such great torment?
Let me die!

Tu lo sai You know

You know how much I loved you,
You know it, know it, cruel one!
I do not desire other
Compensation.
But remember me, And then
despise an unfaithful one.

Sento nel core I Feel in my heart

I feel in my heart a certain pain,
Which disturbing my peace it goes.
There shines a torch that lights my soul, If it's
not love, it will be love.

O del mio dolce ardor O of my sweet desire

O of my sweet ardor desire object!
The breezes which you breathe at last I
breathe.
Wherever my glance I turn your lovely
features
Love in me paints;
My thought to itself imagines
The most happy hopes
And in the longing which thus to me fills my
bosom,
I seek you, I call you, I hope and I sigh!

Nel cor piu non mi sento In my heart I no longer feel

In my heart I no longer feel
The sparkling of youth.
The cause of my torment
Dear, the guilty one are you.
You tease me, you bite me,
You prick me, you pinch me;
What is this thing, alas?
Pity, pity, pity!
Love is a certain something,
Which makes me despair!

La Danza The Dance

The moon is already in the middle of the sea,
Oh my, we will jump:
The hour is perfect for dancing;
Who is in love will not miss out!

Quickly, let's dance round and round...
My ladies, come here:
A handsome and cheerful young man
Will come to each of you.

As long as a star shines in the sky,
And the moon is glowing;
The most handsome with the most beautiful
Will dance all night.

Oh my, oh my,
The moon is already in the middle of the sea,
Oh my, oh my,

Oh my, we will jump.
Faster faster faster faster
Oh my, we will jump,
La la ra la ra...

Jump, jump, turn, turn,
Every couple goes in a circle,
Now advancing, now retreating,
And then back to the charge.

Hold tight with the blonde,
With the brunette, go here and there,
With the redhead, go second,
With the pale one, stand still.

Long live the round dance, round and round
I am a King, I am a Pasha,
It is the greatest pleasure in the world,
The most cherished delight!

Oh my, oh my,
The moon is already in the middle of the sea,
Oh my, oh my,
Oh my, we will jump.
Faster faster faster faster
Oh my, we will jump,
La la ra la ra...

L'amante spagnolo The Spanish Lover

Run quickly, my steed, run!
Eat up the road!
Carry me to the angel
who makes my life beautiful.
Before dawn spreads its rosy light in the sky,
let her know by your neighing that her
faithful lover has returned.
Run, run! Eat up the road!
Run, run, oh steed!
And you will make her face light up with joy,
and you will be the delight of her life.
Her chaste hand will give you
a friendly caress,
and I will be only a little less
happy than you.

Run, run! Eat up the road!
Run, fly, oh steed!
Before dawn spreads its rosy light in the sky,
let her know by your neighing that her
faithful lover has returned.
Run, run!

Dolente immagine di Fille mia Sorrowful image of my Phyllis

Sorrowful image of
My Phyllis
Why do you sit so desolate beside me?
What more do you wish?
Streaming Tears
I have put on your ashes
Do you fear, that forgetting my sacred vows
I could be lit by another
Shadow of Phyllis,
Rest in peace
It is inextinguishable, this ancient love

Malìa Enchantment

What was there in that flower you gave me?
Perhaps a love-potion, a mysterious power!
As I touched it, my heart trembled,
its perfume troubled my thoughts!
What was there in your delicate movements?
Do you bring a magic charm with you?
The air quivers wherever you go,
a flower springs at your feet as you pass!

I do not ask in which blessed region
you have lived until now:
I do not ask if you are a nymph, a fairy
or a fair apparition!
But what is there in your fateful glance?
What is there in your magical words?
When you look at me, rapture overwhelms
me,
when you speak to me, I feel as if I am dying!

Mattinata Morning

The dawn, dressed in white,
has already opened the door to the sun,
and with pink fingers
caresses the myriads with flowers.
A mysterious trembling seems
to disturb all nature,
yet you will not get up, and vainly
I stand here sadly and sing.
Dress yourself, too, in white
and open the door to your serenader!
Where you are not, all is dark,
where you are, love is born!

Morire? Death?

Death?... But who knows what life is?
Is it something that opens itself up, bright
and free,
to the world's charms, to love and to hope,
or something that in renunciation slumbers?

Is it the bashful and quiet simplicity
that is passed down like a warning,
like a secret of hidden virtue,
so that everyone can achieve his goal,

or is it instead the bright flash
of new dreams over jaded dreams,
and restlessness and a never-ending
faith you need in order to desire?

In truth, I don't know, but you who have
crossed to that far and boundless shore
where the flower of life blooms,
you must know, I am sure.

O sole mio O my sunshine

What a beautiful thing is a sunny day!
The air is serene after a storm,
The air is so fresh that it already feels like a
celebration.
What a beautiful thing is a sunny day!

But another sun, even more beautiful, oh my
sweetheart,
My own sun, shines from your face!
This sun, my own sun,
Shines from your face; It shines from your
face!

When night comes and the sun has gone
down,
I almost start feeling melancholy;
I'd stay below your window
When night comes and the sun has gone
down.

But another sun, even more beautiful, oh my
sweetheart,
My own sun, shines from your face!
This sun, my own sun,
Shines from your face; It shines from your
face!

O del mio amato ben Oh, Lost enchantment of my beloved

Oh, the lost enchantment of my beloved! Far
from my eyes is the one
who was my glory and pride!
Now through the silent rooms I always search
and call for him, with my heart full of hope.
But I search in vain, I call in vain! And weeping
is so dear to me that I feed my heart with
tears alone.

To me, it seems, without her (him) every place
seems sad to me.
Night to me feels like day; to me, ice seems
like fire.

Sometimes I hope to follow another direction,
I am tortured by one thought:
Without her (him), what will I do?
To me, life has no point without my beloved.

Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schön
This portrait is enchantingly beautiful
beautiful,
such as no eye has ever yet seen.
I feel the way this divine image
fills my heart with new emotion.
Though I cannot name what this is,
yet I feel it burning here like fire.
Might this sensation be love?
Yes, yes! It can only be love!
Oh, if only I could find her!
Oh, if she but stood before me now!
I should ... should ... warmly and virtuously ...
What should I do? ... Rapturously I should
press her to this ardent breast,
and then she would be mine for ever.

Ich liebe Dich I Love You

I love you as you love me, In the evening
and in the morning; There has never been a
single day When you and I did not share our
troubles.

And for you and me they were, when shared,
easy to bear; you comforted me in my grief, I
wept in your distress. So God's blessing be on
you, joy of my life.

God protect you and keep you for me,
protect and keep us both.

Die Lotosblume The Lotus Flower

The lotus flower fears the sun's splendor. And
with a bowed head, dreaming, it waits for
night. The moon, who is her lover Awakens her
with his light

And to him she unveils her flower-like face.
She blooms, and glows, and gleams And
silently gazes into the sky. She sends forth
fragrance and weeping and trembling. With
love and the pain of love.

In der fremde In the Foreign Land

From the direction of home, behind the red
flashes of lightning. There come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead; No one
there knows me anymore.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet time
come,
When I too shall rest, and over me the
beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle,
And no one here shall know me anymore.

Ach, so fromm Ah, so meek

Oh, so meek, oh, so comforting
she appeared to my eyes;
oh, so gentle and so pure.
her image pressed into my heart.
Anxious grief, before she came,
enveloped my future,
but with her bloomed for me
a new existence filled with joy.
Woe, what I found disappeared
alas, I barely created my happiness. I was
awakened, and the nightrobbed me of the
sweet dream.

Martha! Martha! You vanished, and you took
my happiness with you; give me back what
you found, or share it with me.

Liebst du um Schönheit If you love for beauty

If you love for beauty, then do not love
me Love the sun, with its golden hair!
If you love youth, then do not love me Love
the spring, which is young every year!
If you love treasure, then do not love me Love
the mermaid with her many shiny pearls! If it
is love you love O then love me!
Love me always, as I will always love you!

Zueignung Dedication

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I'm in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick
Be thanked.

Once, revelling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart
Be thanked.

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk; Nor
winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up, And
slips into the bosom of the lake: So fold
thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip Into my
bosom and be lost in me.

The Sigh

Little head against my shoulder,
Shy at first, then somewhat bolder, And
up-eyed;
Till she, with a timid quaver,
Yielded to the kiss I gave her;
But, she sighed.

That there mingled with her feeling Some sad
thought she was concealing It implied.
— Not that she had ceased to love me, None
on earth she set above me; But she sighed.

She could not disguise a passion, Dread, or
doubt, in weakest fashion If she tried:
Nothing seemed to hold us sundered, Hearts
were victors; so I wondered Why she sighed.

Afterwards I knew her thoroughly,
And she loved me staunchly, truly, Till she
died; But she never made confession
Why, at that first sweet concession, She had
sighed.

It was in our May, remember;
And though now I near November And abide
Till my appointed change, unfretting,
Sometimes I sit half regretting That she
sighed.

The Choirmaster's Burial

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best—
The one whose sense suits
"Mount Ephraim"
And perhaps we should seem
To him, in death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon.
"I think" said the vicar,
"A read service quicker
That viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned was
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be."
Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But t'was said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstoned grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.
Sure on This Shining Night

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wand'ring far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

Il pescatore canta! The Fisherman sings!

Your pupils are so large and clear that love is reflected in them: Oh, beautiful one, walking along the sea, a fisherman sings on the shore.

A fisherman sings and dies
and you walk and don't want to stop:
the moon rises white as a flower, and the fisherman sings, the sea sleeps, and the sea sleeps!

Oh, beautiful one, my heart was all gold and I lost it on a sweet evening; all the sirens were there chorus is and the fisherman sings, but the one who found her, beautiful one, wasn't there!

And the fisherman sings: love, love, you've taken my heart and you don't want to stop! The moon rises white as a flower and the fisherman sings and the sea sleeps.
Ah!...Ah!...

Le manoir de Rosemonde The manor of Rosamond

With his tooth sudden and voracious,
Like a dog love has bitten me...
Following my spilled blood.
Go, you can follow my trail...

Take a horse of good breed.
Go, and follow my arduous path.
By bog or by lost path.
If the chase doesn't exhaust you!

Passing by where I have passed, You will see that solitary and wounded
I have traversed this sorry world.

And that thus I went off to die
Far away, far away,
without ever finding the blue manor of
Rosamonde

Я жду тебя

I Wait for Thee

I wait for thee! The sun has set
night's dark covers are ready to descend and
hide us.

I wait for thee! With a fragrant mist, night
suffused the sleeping world and the past day
has bid
farewell to earth.

I wait for thee! Tormented and in love, I am
counting each moment. Full of anguish and
impatience I wait for thee!

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

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Alexander Kahn, Director of Orchestral Activities

Doug Leibinger, Director of Jazz Studies

Thom Limbert, Composition Program

Kim Mieder, Music Teacher Preparation

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Roy Zajac, Clarinet

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Randy Vincent, Guitar

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SonoVoce

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Symphonic Wind Ensemble

Symphony Orchestra

Brass Ensemble

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Rock Collegium

Jazz

Jazz Orchestra

Latin Jazz Band

Concert Jazz Ensemble

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2025 - 2026 AUDITION DATES

November 1 (Early Action)

January 31

February 28

March 1



DEGREE PROGRAMS

Bachelor of Music

Music Teacher Preparation, Instrumental

Music Teacher Preparation, Choral

Music Teacher Preparation, Jazz

Performance, Instrumental

Performance, Vocal

Jazz Studies

Composition

Bachelor of Arts, Music

Minor in Music

Minor in Jazz Studies

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