



Sonoma State University, Department of Music presents

# *A Mother's Wish*

The Senior Recital of  
Andrew Cedeño, baritone  
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Thursday May 5th, 2022  
7:30 P.M.  
Schroeder Hall

### Childhood Songs

“Wiegenlied, Op. 49, No. 4”

Music and Text by Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

“Wiegenlied, Op. 98, No. 2”

Music and Text by Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

“An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust”

Music by Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Text by Adelbert von Chamisso (1781–1838)

***\*Please hold all applause until after each set. Thank you.\****

### Returning Home

“Nella Fantasia” from *The Mission*

Music by Ennio Morricone (1928–2020)

Text by Chiara Ferrà (dates unknown)

“Dove sei, amato bene” from *Rodelinda*

Music by George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Text by Nicola Francesco Haym (1678–1729)

“Ideale”

Music by Francesco Paolo Tosti (1846–1916)

Text by Carmelo Errico (1848–1892)

“Mamma”

Music by Cesare Andrea Bixio (1896–1978)

Text by Bruno Cherubini (1897–1947)

### A Lost Husband

All music composed by Modesta Bor (1926–1998)

“La luna tienes cabellos blancos” from *3 Canciones*

Text by Fernando Rodríguez (b. 1949)

“Te aguardaba entre mástiles” from *3 Canciones*

Text by Minima Rodríguez Lezama (dates unknown)

“Sequía” from *3 Canciones*

Text by Francisco Lárez Granado (1903–1988)

***\*10 Minute Intermission\****

### A Mother’s Struggle

“I’d Give My Life For You” from *Miss Saigon*

Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg (b. 1944)

Text by Alain Boublil (b. 1941) and

Richard Maltby Jr. (b. 1937)

“Baby Mine” from *Dumbo*

Music by Frank Churchill (1901–1942)

Text by Ned Washington (1901–1976)

“So Big/ So Small” from *Dear Evan Hansen*

Music and Text by Benj Pasek (b. 1985) and

Justin Paul (b. 1985)

## For Mom

“And So It Goes”

Music and Text by Billy Joel (b. 1949)

“You’re Still You”

Music and Text by Linda Thompson (b. 1950) and  
Ennio Morricone (1928–2020)

“My Mother’s Eyes”

Music by Abel Baer (1893–1976)

Text by Louis Wolfe Gilbert (1886–1970)

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“Sueño”

Music by Giuseppe Servillo (b. 1960)

Text by Ignacio Ballesteros (b. 1970)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance. Andrew Cedeño is a student of Justin Montigne.

## Program Notes

Hello, and welcome to my senior recital. This performance is dedicated to my mother, who has always supported me in my efforts of pursuing a music life. I don’t know what I would do without her love and devotion that she has given to me everyday since I was born. Tonight, I would like to share with you songs that not only reflect the characteristics that define my mother, but also depict both the joyous and difficult events that she has gone through in her efforts of providing for her children. Thank you all for sharing this moment with me.

**Childhood Songs:** I wanted to start the night with songs that signify the beginning of a mother’s journey of parenthood. The Brahms and Schubert lullabies help set the tone of a mother watching her child sleep in their cradle. Following a child’s good night sleep is a day filled with excitement and new discoveries, which is what I reminisce about when I sing “An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust.”

**Returning Home:** This set of lovely Italian pieces reflect on the safe feeling a child gets when in their mother’s arms once they have returned home after a long day. “Nella Fantasia” dives deeper into the security of a mother’s embrace, momentarily forgetting the outside world and imagining a safer one. “Dove sei, amato bene” emotionally portrays the situation where a child comes home after having the most horrible day at school, needing their mother to console their stress. Having

been through that rough day, “Ideale” dwells on the feelings a child has whilst listening to their mother tell a bedtime story, letting her soothing voice wash away the lows of the day. “Mamma” depicts the child’s next day, full of joy and adventure as they look forward to coming back home.

**A Lost Husband**: I titled this set based on its connection to my father, who passed away when I was ten. Modesta Bor grew up and began her compositional life in Caracas, Venezuela, as did my father. Like Modesta, my dad fell in love with music, and his music was what drew my mother towards him. Yet after being happily married for about seven years with two children, they divorced without explaining to me and my sister why it happened. It wasn’t until I was in high school that I understood the reasons why they had split up. But even though my dad is gone, I still share his love of music through my voice, and it always reminds my mother of the day she first met him every time she hears me sing.

**A Mother’s Struggle**: With this set, I wanted to depict the emotions my mother was going through from the point of my father’s death. With “I’d Give My Life For You,” it shows how dedicated my mother was to providing for me and my sister, like how Kim in *Miss Saigon* was determined to provide for her child after her husband went away. As she was starting to make a sustainable living as a single parent, I would cry every time I thought of my dad. Whenever I did, my mother was always there to comfort me, which is what I imagine as I sing “Baby Mine.” By the time I was an upperclassman in high

school, I had the courage to ask my mom about why she and my dad divorced; this is where I thought “So Big/ So Small” would be an appropriate song to put in the program because there were similarities between my experience and the experience of Evan Hansen from the Broadway show of when both our dads left.

**For Mom**: For my final set, I wanted to share a mixture of my mom’s favorite songs recorded by her best-loved singers and songs that describe what I feel when I think of her. Billy Joel is one of my mother’s top-of-the-list artists of all time, with one of her favorite songs recorded by him being “And So It Goes.” Following that are two songs that I chose, “You’re Still You” and “My Mother’s Eyes,” that tell how wonderful and loving my mother is, and how proud I am to have her in my life. To end the night, I thought it would be appropriate to sing my mom’s favorite song of all time “Sueño,” recorded by another treasured singer, Andrea Bocelli. With its pastoral melody and beautiful text, this song is a fitting end to this gift to my mom.

## Acknowledgements

**Dr. Montigne**, thank you for helping me expand my knowledge and aptitude of singing, both in my chest and head voice. The various exercises, assignments, and performances have definitely helped shape my voice to what it is today, and I will remember all that you have taught me as I continue to improve. It was a true honor working with you and learning from you.

**Dr. Morrow**, words cannot express my appreciation for all you have taught me about the life of a stage performer. Working with you in each stage production has always been a joy, and I will never forget my time under your musical direction. You have helped me as a teacher and as an advisor, and I thank you for all you've done for me.

**Dr. Bent**, where shall I begin? You have opened my mind to the vast knowledge of choral singing and conducting. The various and thorough warm-ups are some of the many things I will never forget from your instruction. You've always believed in my abilities as a singer and as a leader. Thank you for making my time in Sonovoce a time to remember.

**Yvonne Wormer**, we did it! We made my mother cry... in a good way. It has been an amazing experience having you as my pianist for all four years for Vocal Rep. You've always been on top of the different kinds of repertoire I would give to you, along with many musical theater songs I bestowed upon you almost every week to see how they all sounded. You are a fun, considerate, and hard working human being, and this performance, along with others that lead to this moment, would not have been possible without you. Thank you, madame.

**Mom**, need I say anything else? You are the reason that I now love Billy Joel, Andrea Bocelli, and other artists that you play in the car on long road trips. You've been in the audience for all of my stage performances ever since I took up clarinet in the fourth grade. As I started my vocal journey when I was in high school, you've always enjoyed hearing me sing with the choir. And of course, I will never forget the times when you would listen to me practicing and you hear pitches that would be just off key and you ask me to play them on the piano... back then, I thought it was rude, but now I'm thankful for your constructive input. You have been and will continue to be my light at the end of the tunnel, guiding me through the dark and assuring that you'll always be there for me no matter what. I love you, mom.

## Texts and Translations

### **“Wiegenlied, Op. 49, No. 4”**

Guten Abend, gut’ Nacht, mit Rosen bedacht,  
Mit Näglein besteckt,  
Schlupf’ unter die Deck’.  
Morgen früh, wenn Gott will,  
Wirst du wieder geweckt.  
Guten Abend, gut’ Nacht,  
Von Eng’lein bewacht,  
Die zeigen im Traum dir  
Christkindleins Baum:  
Schlaf’ nun selig und süß,  
Schau’ im Traum’s Paradies.

Good evening, good night, with roses covered,  
With lilacs bedecked,  
Slip under the cover.  
Tomorrow morning, if God will,  
Will you again (be) wakened.  
Good evening, good night,  
By little angels guarded,  
Who show in the dream (to) you  
Christchild’s tree:  
Sleep now blissful and sweet,  
See in the dream (the) Paradise.

### **“Wiegenlied, Op. 98, No. 2”**

Schlafe, schlafe, holder süsser Knabe,  
Leise wiegt dich deiner Mutter Hand;  
Sanfte Ruhe, milde Labe  
Bringt dir schwebend dieses Wiegenband.  
Schlafe, schlafe, in dem süßen Grabe,  
Noch beschützt dich deiner Mutter Arm;  
Alle Wünsche, alle Habe  
Fasst sie liebend, alle liebewarm.  
Schlafe, schlafe, in der Flaumen Schosse,  
Noch umtönt dich lauter Liebeston;  
Eine Lilie, eine Rose,  
Nach dem Schlafe werd’ sie dir zum Lohn.

Sleep, sleep, lovely sweet boy,  
Softly rocks you your mother’s hand;  
Gentle rest, mild comfort,  
Brings you gliding this cradleband.  
Sleep, sleep in the sweet grave,  
Still protects you your mother’s arm;  
All desires, all things  
Understands she lovingly, all warm of love.  
Sleep, sleep in the down’s lap,  
Still sounds (to) you pure love’s sound;  
A lily, a rose,  
After the sleep get (it) you as reward.

### **“An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust”**

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!  
Das Glück ist die Liebe,  
Die Lieb ist das Glück,  
Ich hab’s gesagt und nehm’s nicht zurück.  
Hab überschwenglich mich geschätzt,  
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.  
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt  
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;  
Nur eine Mutter weiß allein,

On my heart, on my chest,  
You my delight, you my joy!  
The happiness is the love,  
The love is the happiness,  
I’ve always said and say so still.  
I thought myself rapturous,  
But now am delirious with joy.  
Only she who suckles, only she who loves  
The child, that she nourishes;  
Only a mother knows,

Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.  
O wie bedaur ich doch den Mann,  
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!  
Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,  
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!  
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,  
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

**“Nella Fantasia”**

Nella fantasia, io vedo un mondo giusto.  
Li tutti vivono in pace e in onestà.  
Io sogno d’anime che sono sempre libere.  
Come le nuvole che volano  
Pien’ d’umanità in fondo al l’anima.  
Nella fantasia, io vedo un mondo chiaro.  
Li anche la notte è meno oscura.  
Nella fantasia, esiste un vento caldo.  
Che soffia sulle città, come amico.

**“Dove sei, amato bene”**

Dove sei, amato bene?  
Vieni l’alma a consolar.  
Vieni, amato bene!  
Sono oppresso da tormenti,  
Ed i crudi miei lamenti  
Sol conte posso bear.

**“Ideale”**

Io ti seguii come iride di pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo:  
Io ti seguii come un’amica face  
De la notte nel velo.  
E ti senti ne la luce, ne l’aria,  
Nel profumo dei fiori;  
E tu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.  
In te rapito, al suon  
De la tua voce, lungamente sognai;  
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni croce,  
In quel giorno scordai.

What it means to love and be happy.  
Ah, how I pity the man,  
Who cannot feel a mother’s bliss!  
You dear, dear angel, you,  
You look at me and you smile!  
On my heart, on my chest,  
You my delight, you my joy!

In fantasy, I see a right world.  
They all live in peace and honesty.  
I dream of souls which are always free.  
Like the clouds that fly  
Full of humanity at the bottom of the soul.  
In fantasy, I see a clear world.  
Even the night is less dark there.  
In fantasy, there is a warm wind.  
Blowing over the cities as a friend.

Where are you, beloved?  
Come to console my heart.  
Come, beloved!  
I am oppressed by torments,  
And my harsh pains  
I can only bare with you.

I followed you like a rainbow of peace  
A long way across the sky;  
I followed you like a friendly face  
Of the night under a veil.  
And you feel it in the light, in the air,  
In the scent of the flowers;  
And the solitary room was full  
Of you, of your splendors.  
Captivated by you, by the sound  
Of your voice, a long time I dreamed;  
And all the worry of the earth, every cross,  
In that day is forgotten.

Torna, caro ideal, torna un istante,  
A sorrdermi ancora,  
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo sembiante,  
Una novella aurora.

**“Mamma”**

Mamma, son tanto felice,  
Perche ritorno da te.  
La mia canzone ti dice,  
Che il più bel giorno per me.  
Mamma, son tanto felice,  
Vivere lontano perché?  
Mamma, solo per te la mia canzone vola.  
Mamma, sarai con me,  
Tu non sarai più sola.  
Quanto ti voglio bene,  
Queste parole d’amore;  
Che ti sospira il mio cuore,  
Forse non s’odono più.  
Mamma, ma la canzone mia più bella sei tu;  
Sei tu la vita e per la vita,  
Non ti lascio mai più.  
Sento la mano tua stanca,  
Cerca i mei riccioli d’or.  
Sento e la voce ti manca,  
La ninna nanna d’allor.  
Oggi la testa tua bianca,  
Io voglio stringere al cuor.

**“La luna tiene cabellos blancos”**

La luna tiene cabellos blancos  
Como abuelita.  
Abuelito bigotes blancos, rayos de sol.  
Sueño con ellos cuando me cantan,  
Sueño con ellos cuando me duermen.  
Sueños de luna, sueños de luna,  
Sueños de sol.  
Canto de gallos cuando despierto.  
Caballo blanco, cometa roja.  
Ya se voló, rompió los hilos,

Return, beloved ideal, return for an instant,  
Give me a smile,  
And to me the sparkle of your countenance,  
Will be a new dawn.

Mom, I am very happy,  
Because I am returning to you.  
My song is telling you,  
That it is the most beautiful day for me.  
Mom, I am very happy,  
Why should we live apart?  
Mom, only for you my song flies.  
Mom, you’ll stay with me,  
You’ll not be alone anymore.  
How much I love you,  
These words I love;  
That to you my heart whispers,  
Maybe are no longer used.  
Mom, but my most beautiful song is you;  
You are my life and for the rest of my life,  
I’ll never leave you again.  
I feel your tired hand,  
Look for my golden hair.  
I hear the voice you miss,  
The sleep lullaby of then.  
Today your white head,  
I want to tighten to the heart.

The moon has white hair  
Like grandma’s.  
Grandpa’s white mustache, rays of sun.  
I dream of them when they sing to me,  
I dream of them when they put me to sleep.  
Moon dreams, moon dreams,  
Sun dreams.  
Crowing of roosters when I wake up.  
White horse, red comet.  
She has already flown, she broke the strings,



Hoy puede verla,  
Está dormida cerca del sol.

**“Te aguardaba entre mástiles”**

Te aguardaba entre mástiles  
Confundido al oleaje  
Del ramaje celeste.  
El alba perseguía la fuga de los peces,  
Y autóctonas guaruras rompían el sortilegio  
Del arpa sideral.  
Alimenté tus labios con la dulzura  
Humilde del cerezo.  
Bastaba poco entonces para  
Trenzar los mimbres,  
Tu beso tenía fresco sabor de agua madura  
En la corteza láctea de los frutos.

**“Sequía”**

Hace tiempo que no llueve,  
Las fuentes están exhaustas  
Y las angustias del pueblo,  
Se enfilan hacia las charcas.  
Por las veredas con sol,  
Con luna o con madrugada,  
Saltando anémicos verdes  
De ortigas y de retamas.  
Anda la sed sofocante  
Tras la sonrisa del agua.  
De las múcuras vacías,  
El viento de la sabana  
Arranca un son monoorde,  
Y la voz de una muchacha  
Dispara al aire la flecha  
De una copla intencionada:  
Con hiel no se coja abejas,  
Con sed no se apagan llamas,  
Y promesas incumplidas  
Como la hiel son amargas.  
Y por veredas con sol,  
Con luna o con madrugada,

Today you could see her,  
She is asleep near the sun.

I was waiting for you between masts  
Confused to the waves  
Of the celestial branches.  
The dawn chased the escape of the fish,  
And native conch shells broke the spell  
Of the sidereal harp.  
I fed your lips with the humble sweetness  
Of the cherry tree.  
Little was enough then to  
Braid the wicker,  
Your kiss had the fresh taste of ripe water  
In the milky rind of the fruits.

It hasn't rained for a long time,  
The river source is exhausted  
And it anguishes the people,  
They head towards the ponds.  
Along the sidewalks with sun,  
With moon or early morning,  
Jumping green anemics  
Of nettles and brooms.  
The suffocating thirst walks  
Behind the smile of the water.  
From the empty pitchers,  
The wind of the savannah  
Rips a monochord sun,  
And the voice of a girl  
Shoots into the air an arrow  
Of an intentional couplet:  
With gall you don't catch bees,  
With thirst you don't put out flames,  
And unfulfilled promises  
Like gall are bitter.  
And by sidewalks with sun,  
With moon or early morning,

Anda el pueblo con su angustia  
Buscando alivio en las charcas.  
Sequía, sequía, ¡Ah!

The town walks with its anguish  
Looking for relief in the ponds.  
Drought, drought, Ah!

**“I’d Give My Life For You”**

You, who I cradled in my arms. You, asking as little as you can,  
Little snip of a little man. I know I’d give my life for you.  
You didn’t ask me to be born, you.  
Why should you learn of war or pain?  
To make sure you’re not hurt again,  
I swear I’ll give my life for you.  
I’ve tasted love beyond all fear,  
And you should know it’s love that brought you here.  
And in one perfect night, when the stars burned like new,  
I knew what I must do.  
I’ll give you a million things I’ll never own.  
I’ll give you a world to conquer when you’re grown.  
You will be who you want to be.  
You can choose whatever heaven grants,  
As long as you can have your chance.  
I swear I’ll give my life for you.  
Sometimes I wake up reaching for him.  
I feel his shadow brush my head,  
But there’s just moonlight on my bed.  
Was he a ghost, was he a lie that made my body laugh and cry?  
Then by my side the proof I see, his little one.  
Gods of the sun, bring him to me.  
You will be who you want to be.  
You can choose whatever heaven grants,  
As long as you can have your chance.  
I swear I’ll give my life for you.  
No one can stop what I must do.  
I swear I’ll give my life for you.

**“Baby Mine”**

Baby mine don’t you cry, baby mine dry your eye;  
Rest your head close to my heart, never to part, baby of mine.  
Little one, when you play, don’t you mind what you say;  
Let those eyes sparkle and shine, never a tear, baby of mine.  
If they knew sweet little you, they’d end up loving you too.

All those same people who scold you,  
What they'd give just for the right to hold you.  
From your head to your toes,  
You're not much, goodness knows;  
But you're so precious to me, cute as can be, baby of mine.

**“So Big/ So Small”**

It was a February day  
When your dad came by before goin' away,  
A U-haul truck in the driveway,  
The day it was suddenly real.  
I told you not to come outside,  
But you saw that truck, and you smiled so wide.  
A real live truck in your driveway,  
We let you sit behind the wheel.  
Goodbye, goodbye, now it's just me and my little guy.  
And the house felt so big, and I felt so small.  
That night I tucked you into bed,  
I will never forget how you sat up and said:  
“Is there another truck comin' to our driveway,  
A truck that will take mommy away?”  
And the house felt so big, and I felt so small.  
The house felt so big,  
And I knew there would be moments that I'd miss.  
And I knew there would be space I couldn't fill.  
And I knew I'd come up short a million different ways,  
And I did, and I do, and I will.  
But like that February day,  
I will take your hand, squeeze it tightly and say:  
“There's not another truck in the driveway.  
Your mom isn't going anywhere,  
Your mom is staying right here.”  
No matter what, I'll be here  
When it all feels so big 'til it all feels so small.

**“And So It Goes”**

In every heart there is a room,  
A sanctuary safe and strong,  
To heal the wounds from lovers past  
Until a new one comes along.

I spoke to you in cautious tones.  
You answered me with no pretense,  
And still I feel I said too much.  
My silence is my self defense.  
And every time I've held a rose,  
It seems I only felt the thorns.  
And so it goes, and so will you soon I suppose.  
But if my silence made you leave,  
Then that would be my worst mistake.  
So, I will share this room with you  
And you can have this heart to break.  
And this is why my eyes are closed,  
It's just as well for all I've seen.  
And so it goes, and you're the only one who knows.  
So, I would choose to be with you,  
That's if the choice were mine to make.  
But you can make decisions too  
And you can have this heart to break.  
And so it goes, and you're the only one who knows.

### **“You're Still You”**

Through the darkness, I can see your light.  
And you will always shine, and I can feel your heart in mine.  
Your face I've memorized, I idolize just you.  
I look up to everything you are.  
In my eyes, you do no wrong.  
I've loved you for so long, and after all is said and done,  
You're still you, after all, you're still you.  
You walk past me. I can feel your pain.  
Time changes everything. One truth always stays the same:  
You're still you, after all, you're still you.  
I look up to everything you are.  
In my eyes you do no wrong.  
And I believe in you, although you never asked me to.  
I will remember you and what life put you through.  
And in this cruel and lonely world, I found one love.  
You're still you, after all,  
You're still you.

### **“My Mother’s Eyes”**

Back in childhood days, I can remember  
Loving caresses showered on me.  
Mother’s eyes would gaze at me so tender.  
What was their meaning? Now I can see.  
One bright and guiding light  
That taught me wrong from right  
I found in my mother’s eyes.  
Those baby tales she told,  
That road all paved with gold,  
I found in my mother’s eyes.  
Just like a wandering sparrow, one lonely soul,  
I’d walk the straight and narrow to reach my goal.  
God’s gift sent from above, a real unselfish love,  
I found in my mother’s eyes.  
When I’m all alone, no one around me,  
I find the future dark as can be.  
Sorrows I have known always surround me,  
Then through the shadows, I always see:

## “Sueño”

Ve, te esperaré,  
La flor en el jardín  
Diseña el tiempo.  
Lo dibujaré el día después de tu regreso.  
Si estarás segura de mi amor  
Que te lo llevas para ti  
Preso entre tus manos llega hasta  
Tu cara vuelves a pensar en mi.  
De qué te serviré,  
Mostrarle al mundo; que  
No sé que vida ve  
Un corazón que se destruye ausente;  
No sé que vida ve un corazón  
Que nunca mente siente.  
Y te esperaré, le robaré  
Besos al tiempo.  
Tiempo que no puede cancelar  
Con el recuerdo aquel deseo que  
Apresando entre tus manos llevas  
A tu cara vas pensando en mi.  
Y te acompañaré,  
Pasando la ciudad por mi,  
Por mi que estoy ahora aquí,  
Y sueño cosas que no sé de tí.  
¿Dónde estarás?  
¿Qué calle andarás en tu retorno?  
Sueño.  
Un rumor, el viento me despierta,  
Y aquí estarás.

Go then, I'll wait for you,  
The flowers in the garden  
Will mark your absence.  
And rejoice the day then of your return.  
If you will be sure of my love  
That you take it for yourself  
Cupped in the hands that you raise  
To your face as you still think of me.  
And if you need to,  
Show it to the world; one that  
Won't understand what lives in  
An uncaring absent heart;  
That won't understand how a heart  
That never lies feels.  
And I will wait for you, I will steal  
Kisses from time.  
Time that cannot erase  
The memories and the desire that  
You cup in the hands you raise  
To your face as you still think of me.  
And throughout your journey,  
It will lead you back to me,  
For I'll still be waiting here,  
Dreaming of your unknown whereabouts.  
Where will you be?  
What street will you walk on your return?  
I dream.  
A noise, the wind awakes me,  
And you're already here.