

**Sonoma State University  
Department of Music  
Presents**

# **Department Repertory Recital**

**Wednesday, December 1, 2021  
1:00 pm  
Schroeder Hall**

## Program

Untitled #2

Mario Aparicio (b. 1999)

Jonathan Decicio, saxophone  
Ethan "EJ" Hardy, saxophone  
Jomei Greer, piano  
Brian Reed, bass  
Mario Aparicio, drums

Suite No. 3 in C Major, BWV 1009  
Prelude

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750)

Omar Diaz, viola

"Die Forelle"

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)  
Text by Christian Schubart (1739–1791)

Jon Iten, tenor  
Dan Cromeenes, piano

*In einem Bächlein helle,  
Da schoß in froher Eil  
Die launische Forelle:  
Vorüber, wie ein Pfeil.  
Ich stand an dem Gestade,  
Und sah' in süsser Ruh  
Des muntern Fisches Bade  
Im klaren Bächlein zu.*

*In a bright little brook  
there shot in merry haste  
a capricious trout:  
past it shot like an arrow.  
I stood upon the shore  
and watched in sweet peace  
the cheery fish's bath  
in the clear little brook.*

*Ein Fischer mit der Ruthe  
Wol an dem Ufer stand,  
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute  
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,  
So fängt er die Forelle  
Mit seiner Angel nicht.*

*A fisher with his rod  
stood at the water-side,  
and watched with cold blood  
as the fish swam about.  
So long as the clearness of the water  
remained intact, I thought,  
he would not be able to capture the trout  
with his fishing rod.*

*Doch endlich ward dem Diebe  
Die Zeit zu lang; er macht  
Das Bächlein tückisch trübe:  
Und eh' ich es gedacht,  
So zuckte seine Ruthe;  
Das Fischlein zappelt dran;*

*But suddenly the thief grew weary  
of waiting. He stirred up  
the brook and made it muddy,  
and before I realized it,  
his fishing rod was twitching:  
the fish was squirming there,*

*Und ich, mit regem Blute,  
Sah die Betrogne an.*

*and with raging blood I  
gazed at the deceived fish.*

*Sonata for Trumpet and Piano  
Adagio, molto cantabile*

Karl Pilss (1902–1979)

Robert Springer, trumpet  
Marilyn Thompson, piano

“Quizas, Quizas, Quizas”

Oswaldo Farres (1903–1985)

Nick Lawson, baritone  
Dan Cromeenes, piano

*Siempre que te pregunto  
Que cuándo, cómo y dónde  
Tu siempre me respondes  
Quizás, quizás, quizás  
Y así pasan los días  
Y yo desesperado  
Y tu, tu contestando  
Quizás, quizás, quizás  
Estas perdiendo el tiempo  
Pensando, pensando  
Por lo que mas tu quieras  
Hasta cuándo, hasta cuándo  
Y así pasan los días  
Y yo desesperando  
Y tu, tu contestando  
Quizás, quizás, quizás*

*Whenever I ask you  
That when, how and where  
You always answer me  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
And so the days pass  
And I despairing  
And you, you answering  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps  
You are losing your time  
Thinking, thinking  
For what you want the most  
Until when, until when  
And so the days go by  
And I despairing  
And you, you answering  
Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps*

*Yellow After the Rain*

Mitchell Peters (1935–2017)

Charlie Gomez, marimba

“Wie bist du, meine Königin”

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)  
Text by Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875)

David Kerr, baritone  
Yvonne Wormer, piano

*Wie bist du, meine Königin,  
Durch sanfte Güte wonnevoll!  
Du lächle nur, Lenzdüfte when  
Durch mein Gemüte, wonnevoll!*

*How blissful you are, my queen,  
When you are gentle and good!  
Merely smile, and spring fragrance wafts  
Through my spirit blissfully!*

*Frisch aufgeblühter Rosen Glanz,  
Vergleich ich ihn dem deinigen?  
Ach, über alles, was da blüht,  
Ist deine Blüte wonnevoll!*

*The brightness of freshly blooming roses,  
Shall I compare it to yours?  
Ah, soaring over all that blooms  
Is your bloom, blissful!*

*Durch tote Wüsten wandle hin,  
Und grüne Schatten breiten sich,  
Ob fürchterliche Schwüle dort  
Ohn Ende brüte, wonnevoll!  
Laß mich vergehn in deinem Arm!  
Es ist ihm ja selbst der Tod,  
Ob auch die herbste Todesqual  
Die Brust durchwüte, wonnevoll!*

*Wander through dead wastelands,  
And green shadows will be spreading,  
Even if fearful sultriness  
Broods there without end... blissfully!  
Let me die in your arms!  
It is in them that Death itself,  
Even if the sharpest pain  
Rages in my breast... is blissful!*

*Concertino, Op. 45, No. 7*  
Allegro pomposo

Lars-Erik Larsson (1908–1986)

Marcus Bedient, trombone  
Marilyn Thompson, piano

“The Year’s at the Spring” from  
*Three Browning Songs* Op. 44

Amy Marcy Cheney Beach (1867–1944)  
Text by Robert Browning (1812–1889)

Emily Rae Fealy, soprano  
Dan Cromeenes, piano

*The year’s at the spring,  
And day’s at the morn;  
Morning’s at seven;  
The hill-side’s dew-pearl’d;*

*The year’s at the spring,  
And day’s at the morn;  
The lark’s on the wing;  
The snail’s on the thorn;*

*God’s in His heaven—  
All’s right with the world!*

*Sonatine for Flute and Piano*  
Animé

Henri Dutilleux (1916–2013)

Isabella Grimes, flute  
Hikaru Hallberg, piano