



Sonoma State University, Department of Music
From the Studio of M. Jane Erwin

Come Fly With Me!

Senior Recital of

Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano

Dan Cromeenes, piano

Thursday, May 4, 2023 at 7:30 pm
Schroeder Hall

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
Presents

Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano
Dan Cromeenes, piano
Featuring Melody Rose Neal, soprano

THURSDAY, MAY 4TH, 2023
7:30 PM
SCHROEDER HALL

Gabrielle Giddings is from the studio of M. Jane Erwin
This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Bachelor of Music in vocal performance

Come Fly With Me!

WISHFUL THOUGHTS

“Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile”	Francesco Durante (1684-1755)
“Tu lo sai”	Giuseppe Torelli (1650-1703)
“O del mio dolce ardor”	Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)

From “MYRTHEN, Op. 25”

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Der Nussbaum, no. 3	Text by Julius Mosen (1788-1866)
Aus den östlichen rosen, no. 25	Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)
Zum Schluss, no. 26	Text by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)
Die Lotosblume, no. 7	Text by Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

VISIONS OF LOVE

“Plaisir d’amour”	Jean-Paul Martini (1741-1816)
“Chanson d’amour”	Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
“La vie en rose”	Edith Piaf (1915–1963) & Luis Guglielmi (1916–1991)

INTERMISSION - 10 minutes

MEMORIES

Make Someone Happy
from Do Re Mi

Jule Styne (1905-1994)

Far From The Home I Love
from Fiddler on the Roof

Jerry Bock (1928-2010) &
Sheldon Harnick (b. 1924)

If Ever I Would Leave You
from Camelot

Frederick Loewe (1901-1988)

FAMILY

I Remember
from Ever After

Zina Goldrich (b. 1964)

Slipping Through My Fingers
from Mamma Mia

Benny Andersson (b. 1946) &
Bjorn Ulvaeus (b. 1945)

So Big/So Small
from Dear Evan Hansen

Benj Pasek (b.1985) &
Justin Paul (b. 1985)

FREEDOM

Say The Word
from The Mad Ones

Bree Lowdermilk (b. 1982) &
Kait Kerrigan (b. 1990)

Flight

Craig Carnelia (b. 1949)
With Melody Rose Neal, soprano

Colors of the Wind
from Pocahontas

Alan Menken (b. 1949)

***Please refrain from clapping until the end of each set**

PROGRAM NOTES

WISHFUL THOUGHTS

“Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile” was written by the Italian composer Francesco Durante. It is believed that “Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile” was originally written to be a singing exercise as it is filled with fast scalar motion. I selected “Danza, danza” to open my recital because it is lively and joyful. The lyrics are an invitation to come dance, dance gently to my song!

MYRTHEN

I selected these pieces from Robert Schumann’s Myrthen collection because of their reference to nature. Schumann dedicated the entire Op. 25 to his newly wed, Clara Schumann. Der Nussbaum is about a nut tree blossoming outside of a house where a young woman lives. The leaves and the blossoms are whispering of a groom and the year to come. Die Lotosblume compares her beauty and innocence to that of a flower that will only blossom for her lover, the moon.

VISIONS OF LOVE

All three of these French pieces are about love and admiration for someone dear. Plaisir d’amour was written by Jean-Paul Martini in 1784, approximately two centuries before Elvis Presley recorded the famous English version “Can’t Help Falling in Love” in 1961. I was drawn to this piece because I have loved Elvis Presley’s music since I was young.

MEMORIES

This set holds a special place in my heart because these three songs remind me of my childhood.

Growing up, I spent a lot of time with the older generations of my family who were major influences on my love for music, especially singing. Make Someone Happy is important to me because anyone who knows me, knows that I love to make people smile so if I can do that through this song, then I myself will be happy! If Ever I Would Leave You reminds me of home thinking how after all, I could never leave behind the home that I love.

FAMILY

My family set is composed of emotional texts that express the more difficult realities of life that come with being a child and growing up. Slipping Through My Fingers feels very symbolic to me because of the strong relationship I have with my Mom; we watched Mamma Mia together many times when I was a child and I will forever think of her when I sing this song. Especially now as I get ready to graduate, it feels like a reflection of how far I have come and how my Mom has always been there supporting me even as the time has flown by.

FREEDOM

My final set contains a duet between Melody Rose Neal and myself called “Flight.” The melody moves back and forth between our two parts so we take turns supporting each other. The text encourages us to let go and live life to the fullest before it is too late. The song “Colors of the Wind” is a message from Pocahontas to the white settlers explaining the beauties of nature and that it is meant to be cherished, not owned or controlled by humans. The message I hope the audience will take home with them is that we are all related – humans, animals, plants, etc. – and that it is our responsibility to learn how to appreciate the world we are so fortunate to be a part of, not to take advantage of it.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

M. Jane Erwin - I want to give a huge thanks to Jane, my private voice instructor, for all she has done for me to become the singer that I am now. I’ve only worked with Jane for two semesters and I’ve learned so much in this short time. I remember when I first transferred to SSU, Jane led one of our rep classes and she asked all of the students to write down a goal for ourselves that we wanted to accomplish in our time here; I wrote down that I wanted more confidence. As I am here now, at my senior recital, I can look back and say that I reached my goal!

Dan Cromeenes - Dan has been an absolute rock for me and I can’t thank him enough for everything he has done for me in my time at SSU. Although Dan’s position is technically “collaborative accompanist” he has helped me tremendously in finding my voice during the 2 years we have been working together. I always look forward to singing with Dan and it has been such a pleasure getting to make music together.

Mom & Dad - My parents have been my greatest support system throughout my entire life. I am so fortunate to have parents that encourage me and push me to be the best version of myself. I’ve loved to sing all my life and I’ll never forget the day I was studying psychology at the SRJC, and my Dad tells me “you should follow your love for music.” I changed my major to music that next semester and I never looked back. Thank you Mom and Dad for giving me nothing but love!

Family & Friends - I’d like to thank all of my friends and my family for being here tonight. Thank you to my family that is here tonight and to the family that is watching from afar. Thank you to all of the friends that I have made throughout my musical education! Thank you to the friends that I’ve known for many years who continue to be there for me. I am so grateful for all of you wonderful people in my life.

Gloria Wood - Last, and definitely not the least, thank you to my Grand Aunt Gloria Wood. Gloria was my first voice instructor when I was in high school and I learned “Far From the Home I Love” from her. Gloria was supposed to be at my recital tonight but she unfortunately passed away in her sleep last week. I know she would have been proud of how far I have come and I would like to dedicate my recital to her. I love you Gloriummm. XOXO

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile

*Danza, danza, fanciulla,
Al mio cantar!
Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile,
Al mio cantar!
Gira, leggera, sottile,
Al suon dell'onde del mar!
Senti il vago rumore
Dell'aura scherzosa,
Che parla in core
Con languido suon
E che invita alla danza
D'appresso il mare!*

Dance, dance, young girl,
To my song!
Dance, dance, gentle young girl,
To my song!
Twirl lightly and softly,
To the sound of the waves of the sea.
Hear the faint sound,
Of the playful light breeze
That speaks to the heart
With its languid sound
And invites you to dance
Near the sea!

Tu lo sai

*Tu lo sai quanto t'amai,
Tu lo sai, lo sai crudel!
Io non bra'mo altra mercè,
Ma ricordati di me,
E poi sprezza un infedel.*

You know it, how much I loved you,
You know it, cruel one!

I don't burn for any other,
Just remember me,
And scorn the unfaithful.

O del mio dolce ardor

*O del mio dolce ardor
Bramato oggetto,
L'aura che tu respiri,
Alfin respiro.*

*Ovunque il guardo io giro,
Le tue vaghe sembianze
Amore in me dipinge:
Il mio pensier si finge
Le più liete speranze;
E nel desio che così
M'empie il petto
Cerco te, chiamo te,
Spero e sospiro.*

Oh, of my sweet passion
Craved object
The aura that you're breathing,
At last I breathe [it too].

Everywhere I look,
Your vague aspect
Gives birth to love in me:
My thought imagines
The most joyous hopes;
And in the desire which so,
Fills my chest
I look for you, I call you,
I hope and sigh.

Der Nussbaum

*Es grünet ein Nussbaum, vor dem Haus,
Duftig, luftig breitet er blättrig die Aeste aus.*

*Viel liebliche Blüten stehen d'ran,
Linde, Winde kommen, sie herzlich zu umfah'n.*

*Es flüstern je zwei zu zwei gepaart,
Neigend, beugend zierlich zum Kusse die Häuptchen zart.*

*Sie flüstern von einem Mägdlein,
Das dächte die Nächte und Tage lang,
Wüsste ach selber nicht was.*

*Sie flüstern, wer mag versteh'n so gar leise Weis'?'
Flüstern von Bräut'gam und nächstem Jahr.,
Vom nächsten Jahr.*

*Das Mägdlein horchet, es rauscht im Baum.
Sehnend, wähnend sinkt es lächelnd in Schlaf und Traum.*

A walnut tree blossoms outside the house,
Fragrantly, airily, it spreads its leafy branches.

Many lovely blossoms it bears,
Gentle, wind comes to caress them tenderly.

The two together whisper,
Inclining, bending gracefully their delicate heads to kiss.

They whisper of a maiden,
Who dreamt for nights and many days
Of, alas, she never knew what.

They whisper but who can understand a song so soft?
Whisper of a bridegroom and next year.

The maiden listens as the tree rustles,
Yearning, hoping she sinks, smiling into sleep and dream.

Aus den östlichen rosen

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.*

*Aus Schmerzensstürmen, die mein Herz durchtosen,
Send' ich den Hauch, dich unsanft rühr' er nicht!
Wenn du gedenkest an den Freudelosen,
So wird der Himmel meiner Nächte licht.*

I send a greeting like the scent of roses,
I send it to a rose-like face.
I send a greeting like spring's caressing,
I send it to eyes that brim with spring's light.

From anguished storms that rage through my heart,
I send a breath, may it never harm you!
When you think of me in my sadness,
The sky of my nights will then be made bright.

Zum Schluss

*Hier in diesen erdbeklomm'nen Lüften,
Wo die Wehmuth thaut,
Hab' ich dir den unvollkomm'nen
Kranz geflochten, Schwester, Braut!*

*Wenn uns droben aufgenommen
Gottes Sonn' entgegen schaut,
Wird die Liebe den vollkomm'nen
Kranz uns flechten, Schwester, Braut!*

Here in these earth stifled breezes,
Where sadness dissolves like dew,
I've fashioned you that imperfect
Garland, Sister, Bride!

When we are received above
And God's sun looks down upon us,
Love shall fashion for us the perfect
Garland, Sister, Bride!

Die Lotosblume

*Die Lotosblume ängstigt
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht,
Und mit gesenktem Haupte
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.*

*Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich
Ihr frommes Blumengesicht.*

*Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet
Und starret stumm in die Höh';
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert
Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.*

The lotus flower is anxious,
In the sun's radiance,
And with hanging head
Waits dreaming for the night.

The moon is her lover
Awakens her with his light,
And to him she tenderly unveils
Her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams
And gazes silently upwards;
With fragrance she weeps and trembles
With love and love's torment.

Plaisir d'amour

*Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.
J'ai tout quitté pour l'ingrate Sylvie,
Elle me quitte et prend un autre amant.*

*Tant que cette eau coulera doucement
Vers ce ruisseau qui borde la prairie,
Je t'aimerai, me répétait Sylvie.
L'eau coule encore, elle a changé pourtant.*

The pleasures of love last but a moment,
The sorrows of love last a lifetime.
I have given up everything for the ungrateful Sylvia,
She left me and took another lover.

As long as this water runs gently
Towards the brook that borders the meadow,
I shall love you, Sylvia told me.
The stream still flows, yet she has changed.

Chanson d'amour

*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.*

*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!*

I love your eyes, I love your face,
O my rebellious, o my fierce one,
I love your eyes, I love your lips
Where my kisses will exhaust themselves.

I love your voice, I love the strange
Gracefulness of everything that you say,

O my rebellious one, o my dear angel,
My hell and my paradise!

I love everything that makes you beautiful,
From your feet to your hair,
O you, to whom ascend all my desires,
O my fierce one, my rebellious one!

La vie en rose

*Des yeux qui font baiser les miens,
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche,
Voilà le portrait sans retouche,
De l'homme auquel, j'appartiens.*

*Quand il me prend dans ses bras,
Il me parle tout bas,
Je vois la vie en rose.
Il me dit des mots d'amour,
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça me fait quelque chose.
Il est entré dans mon cœur,
Une part de bonheur,
Dont je connais la cause.*

*C'est lui pour moi,
Moi pour lui dans la vie.
Il me l'a dit,
L'a juré pour la vie.
Et, dès que je l'aperçois,
Alors je sens en moi,
Mon cœur qui bat.*

A gaze that makes me lower my own,
A laugh that gets lost on his lips,
Behold, is the untouched portrait,
Of the man to whom I belong.

When he takes me into his arms,
He speaks to me softly,
And I see life through rose-colored glasses.

He speaks words of love to me,
They are everyday words,
And they do something to me.
He has entered into my heart,
A bit of happiness,
That I know the cause of.

It's only him for me,
And me for him, for life.
He told me, he swore to me, for life.
As soon as I notice him,
I feel inside me,
My heart beating.

INTERMISSION

Make Someone Happy

Make someone happy
Make just one someone happy
Make just one heart the heart you sing to
One smile that cheers you
One face that lights when it nears you
One man you're everything to.

Fame, if you win it
Comes and goes in a minute
Where's the real stuff in life to cling to?
Love is the answer
Someone to love is the answer
Once you've found him
Build your world around him
Make someone happy
Make just one someone happy
And you will be happy too.

Far From The Home I Love

How can I hope to make you understand

Why I do what I do,
Why I must travel to a distant land
Far from the home I love?

Once I was happily content to be
As I was, where I was,
Close to the people who are close to me,
Here in the home I love.

Who could see that a man would come
Who would change the shape of my dreams?
Helpless, now, I stand with him
Watching older dreams grow dim.

Oh, what a melancholy choice this is,
Wanting home, wanting him,
Closing my heart to ev'ry hope but his,
Leaving the home I love.

There where my heart has settled long ago,
I must go, I must go.
Who could imagine I'd be wand'ring so
Far from the home I love?
Yet, there with my love, I'm home.

If Ever I Would Leave You

If ever I would leave you,
It wouldn't be in summer,
Seeing you in summer,
I never would go.

Your hair streaked with sunlight,
Your lips red as flame,
Your face with a luster,
That puts gold to shame!

But if I'd ever leave you,
It couldn't be in autumn,

How I'd leave in autumn,
I never will know.

I've seen how you sparkle,
When fall nips the air.
I know you in autumn,
And I must be there.

And could I leave you running
Merrily through the snow?
Or on a wintry evening
When you catch the fire's glow?

If ever I would leave you,
How could it be in springtime,
Knowing how in spring
I'm bewitched by you so?
Oh, no! Not in springtime!
Summer, winter, or fall!
No, never could I leave you at all!

I Remember

Ev'ry night when I was young,
We'd light a candle by my bed,
And look at all the stars he painted,
High above my head.
He said everyone a symbol,
Of a lesson he would teach,
And he painted some all down my wall,
So I'd have some right in reach.

It wasn't long before they all came down,
Stepmother said that they were gauche
And she erased them.
And though I haven't wished upon my father's stars in years
I can't count how many thousand times I've traced them.

And it makes me want to cry,
But I'm anything but sad,

For you answered me a prayer today
I didn't know I had.

I searched everywhere I could,
I looked everywhere I knew,
And for so long he was nowhere to be found,
But here all I have to do is look around,
And I remember.

I did just what I was told,
And I didn't say a thing.
I thought living in the past would be unwise,
But here all I have to do is close my eyes,
And I remember.

And here inside the quiet of this universe of words,
And the stories that we never got to share.
Hope I never knew I needed,
Love I thought that I had lost is everywhere.

Father said before he died,
He explained, well he tried,
If I loved him he was never really gone,
Though I thought he lied I know now love goes on,
And I'll remember.

I searched everywhere I could,
I looked everywhere I knew,
Now I know that thanks to you,
Wishes made on walls come true.

I remember.

Slipping Through My Fingers

School bag in hand,
She leaves home in the early morning,
Waving goodbye, with an absentminded smile.
I watch her go with a surge of that well known sadness,
And I have to sit down for a while.

The feeling that I'm losing her forever,
And without really entering her world.
I'm glad whenever I can share her laughter,
That funny little girl.

Slipping through my fingers all the time,
I try to capture every minute,
The feeling in it,
Slipping through my fingers all the time.
Do I really see what's in her mind?
Each time I think I'm close to knowing,
She keeps on growing,
Slipping through my fingers all the time.

Sleep in our eyes,
Her and me at the breakfast table,
Barely awake I let precious time go by.
Then when she's gone,
There's that odd melancholy feeling,
And a sense of guilt I can't deny.

What happened to those wonderful adventures,
The places I had planned for us to go?
Well, some of that we did, but most we didn't,
And why, I just don't know.

Sometimes I wish that I could freeze the picture,
And save it from the funny tricks of time.
Slipping through my fingers!

Schoolbag in hand,
She leaves home in the early morning,
Waving goodbye, with an absentminded smile.

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 in to 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.
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 stayin' right here"
No matter what, I'll be here.

When it all feels so big
'Til it all feels so small.

Say The Word

Sometimes when I look at you,
I don't know why you'd wait.
School girl in a little world
Who learns ev'rything late.

I've always had all the answers,
Now I don't have a clue.
Some nights when the clouds are thick
And the wind starts to blow
I stare out the window wondering,
Where will I go?

I turn the light out,
Under the covers,
All I think of is you.
Just you.

Say the word and I might just listen.
Say the word and you might get your way.
Loving you should be easier,
But say the word,
And I might have to stay.

Meanwhile there's so many things that I don't understand.
I don't know why I tremble when you reach for my hand.
The only thing I'll ever know is that you sweep me away.

I wanna love.
I wanna ride.
I want to be the girl there by your side.
Just tell me when.
Just tell me how.
Tell me, I'm ready now.
Today!

Flight

Let me run through a field in the night,
Let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight,
Let me sway like the shade of a tree,
Let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea.
Wish me on my way thru the dawning day.
I wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill,
Wanna grow in a grove on the side of a hill.

I don't care if the train runs late,
If the checks don't clear,
If the house blows down.

I'll be off where the weeds run wild,
Where the seeds fall far from this earthbound town.
And I'll start to soar.
Watch me rain 'til I pour.

I'll catch a ship that'll sail me astray,
Get caught in a wind I'll just have to obey 'til I'm flyin' away...

Let me leave behind all the clouds in mind.
I wanna wake without wondering why,
Finding myself in a burst for the sky.
High, I'll just roll, let me lose all control,

I wanna float like a wish in a well,
Free as the sound of the sea in a shell.
I don't know but maybe I'm just a fool.
I should keep to the ground,
I should stay where I'm at.

Maybe ev'ryone has hunger like this,
And the hunger will pass,
But I can't think like that.
All I know is somewhere, thru a clearing,
There's a flickering of sunlight on a river long and wide,
And I have such a river inside.

Let me run through a field in the night,
Let me lift from the ground 'til my soul is in flight.
Let me sway like the shade of a tree.
Let me swirl like a cloud in a storm on the sea.
Wish me on my way thru the dawning day.
I wanna flow, wanna rise, wanna spill,
Wanna grow on the side of a hill.
Wanna shift like a wave rollin' on,
Wanna drift from the path I've been trav'ling upon,

Before I am gone.

Colors of the Wind

You think I am an ignorant savage?
And you've been so many places,
I guess it must be so.
But still I cannot see,
If the savage one is me.
How can there be so much that you don't know,
You don't know?

You think you own whatever land you land on,
The Earth is just a dead thing you can claim.
But I know every rock and tree and creature,
Has a life, has a spirit, has a name.

You think the only people who are people,
Are the people who look and think like you.
But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger,
You'll learn things you never knew, you never knew.

Have you ever heard the wolf cry to the blue corn moon?
Or asked the grinning bobcat why he grinned?
Can you sing with all the voices of the mountain?
Can you paint with all the colors of the wind?

Come run the hidden pine trails of the forest,
Come taste the sun sweet berries of the Earth,
Come roll in all the riches all around you,
And for once, never wonder what they're worth.

The rainstorm and the river are my brothers,
The heron and the otter are my friends,
And we are all connected to each other,
In a circle, in a hoop that never ends.

How high does the sycamore grow?
If you cut it down, then you'll never know.

And you'll never hear the wolf cry to the blue corn moon,
For whether we are white or copper skinned.
We need to sing with all the voices of the mountain.
We need to paint with all the colors of the wind.

You can own the Earth and still,
All you'll own is Earth until,
You can paint with all the colors of the wind.