

Sonoma State University Department of Music presents the Senior Recital of

June Ivanetich, soprano

and

Kyle Piet, baritone

with

Dan Cromeenes, piano
Yvonne Wormer, piano

Jomei Greer, piano
Leif Dering, bass

Saturday, April 13, 2024
7:30 pm
Schroeder Hall

June Ivanetich 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,
Choral Education.

Kyle Piet is from the studio of Dr. Lee Steward.

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Choral Education.

PROGRAM

Of the Land and Those Upon It

Paysage Reynaldo Hahn (1974–1947)

Kyle Piet, baritone

Linden Lea Ralph Vaughan Williams

Kyle Piet, baritone

O Can Ye Sew Cushions Traditional Scottish Folk Song
arr. Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

June Ivanetich, soprano

Auf ein altes Bild Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

Kyle Piet, baritone

The Sky Above the Roof Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)

June Ivanetich, soprano

Love, Sincerely

Tornami a vagheggiar from *Alcina* George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Bester Jüngling from *Der Schauspieldirektor* Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791)

June Ivanetich, soprano

Lost Loves

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen Robert Franz (1815–1892)

Kyle Piet, baritone

At the mid hour of night

Traditional Irish Folk Song
arr. Benjamin Britten

June Ivanetich, soprano

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)

Kyle Piet, baritone

INTERMISSION

Four Encore Songs

Florence Price (1887–1953)

“Tobacco”

“A Flea and a Fly”

“‘Come, come,’ said Tom's Father”

“Song of the Open Road”

Kyle Piet, baritone

Birds and Their Gifts

Flying

Leslie Adams Jr. (b.1932)

Le Colibri

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899)

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? from *Des Knaben
Wunderhorn*

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

June Ivanetich, soprano

As You Wish

Morgen!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Kyle Piet, baritone

Nuit d'Etoiles

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

June Ivanetich, soprano

Le Charme

Ernest Chausson

Kyle Piet, baritone

Spill! The! Tea!

Canción Picaresca from *El canapé*

José Palomino (1755–1810)

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri

Alessandro Parisotti (1853–1919)

A very short song

Richard Ricardi (b. 1943)

Kyle Piet, baritone

And All That Jazz

The Peacocks

Jimmy Rowles (1918–1996)

Chorinho pra Ele

Hermeto Pascoal (b. 1936)

Twisted

Wardell Gray (1921–55)

June Ivanetich, soprano

Jomei Greer, piano

Leif Dering, bass

PROGRAM NOTES, TEXTS, AND TRANSLATIONS

Of the Land and Those Upon It

(Program notes here!)

Paysage

Andre Theuriet (1833–1907)

A deux pas de la meet qu'on entend bourdonner
Je sais un coin perdu de la terre bretonne
Où j'aurais tant aimé, pendant les jours d'automne,
Chère à vous emmener!

*Two steps from the sea one can hear murmuring,
I know of a forgotten spot in the land of Brittany,
Where I would so love, in the days of autumn,
Dear, I will take you there!*

De chênes faisant cercle autour d'une fontaine,
Quelques hêtres épars, un vieux moulin désert,
Une source dont l'eau claire a le reflet vert
De cos yeux de sirène;

*Oak trees form a circle around a fountain,
A few scattered hedges, an old deserted mill,
A source of clear water; the reflection
Of your green siren-like eyes ;*

La mésange, au matin sous la feuille jaunie,
Viendrait chanter pour nous ...
Et la mer, nuit et jour,
Viendrait accompagner nos caresses d'amour
De we basse infinie!

*A bird, each morning under the yellow foliage
Would come to sing for us,
and the sea, night and day,
will accompany our loving caresses
With its infinite bass!*

The Sky Above the Roof

Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)

**English translation 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?

Linden Lea

William Barnes (1801–1866)

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,
By the oak trees' mossy moot,
The shining grass blades, timber shaded,
Now do quiver under foot;
And birds do whistle overhead,
And water's bubbling in its bed;
And there for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,
Now do fade within the copse,
And painted birds do hush their singing,
Up upon the timber tops;
And brown leaved fruit's a-turning red,
In cloudless sunshine overhead,
With fruit for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.
Let other folk make money faster
In the air of dark-room'd towns;
I don't dread a peevish master,
Though no man may heed my frowns.
I be free to go abroad,
Or take again my homeward road
To where, for me, the apple tree
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

O Can Ye Sew Cushions

Traditional Scottish Folk Song

O can ye sew cushions and can ye sew sheets
And can ye sing ballulow when the bairn greets?
And hie and baw, birdie,
And hie and baw lamb,
And hee and baw birdie,
My bonnie wee lamb.

Hie-o wie-o what will I do wi' ye?
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye
Many o' you, little for to gi' ye
Hie-o wie-o what will I do wi' ye?

I've placed my cradle on yon hilly top
And aye as the wind blew my cradle did rock.
O hushaby babie,
O baw lily loo,
And hee and baw birdie,
My bonnie wee doo.

Hie-o wie-o...

Auf ein altes Bild

Eduard Mörike (1804–1875)

In grüner Landschaft Sommerflor,
Bei kühlem Wasser, Schilf und Rohr,
Schau, wie das Knäblein sündelos
Frei spielet auf der Jungfrau Schoss!
Und dort im Walde wonnesam,
Ach, grünet schon des Kreuzes Stamm!

*In the green landscape full of summer flowers,
Near cool water, stalks and reeds,
Look, how the child without sin
Freely plays on the Virgin's lap!
And there in the peaceful forest
Ah, already grown is the trunk of the Cross!*

Love, Sincerely

(Program notes)

Tornami a vagheggiar from *Alcina*

Tornami a vagheggiar, te solo vuol amar
quest' anima fedel, caro mio bene.

Già ti donai il mio cor:
fido sarà il mio amar;
mai ti sarò crudel, cara mia speme.

Bester Jüngling from *Die Schauspieldirektor*

Bester Jüngling!
mit Entzükken nehm'ich deine Liebe an,
da in dienen holden Blikken ich mein Glück
entdekken kann,

Aber ach!
wenn düst'eres Leiden unsrer Liebe folgen soll,
lohn dies der Liebe Freuden?
Jüngling, das bedenke wohl!

Bester Jüngling!...

Nichts ist mir so wert und teuer
als dein Herz und deine Hand,
voll vom reinsten Liebesfeuer
geb' ich dir mein Herz zum Pfand.

Ricardo Broschi (1698–1756)

*Return to me, for I love only you.
My soul is faithful, my love.*

*I have already given you my heart:
it will be faithful, my love;
never will I be cruel to you, my dear hope.*

Gottlieb Stephanie (1741–1800)

*Fair youth!
With delight I accept your love,
for in your dear glance I find my happiness.*

*But ah!
If dark sorrow should ever overtake our love,
will love's joy be worth the pain?
Youth, consider it well!*

Fair youth...

*Nothing is to me more worthy and dear
as your heart and your hand,
full of love's purest fire,
I give you my own heart as assurance.*

Lost Loves

(Program Notes)

Dolente immagine di Fille mia

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedi accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)

*Sorrowful image of my Phillis
Why do you sit so desolate beside me?
What more do you desire? Streams of tears
I have poured on your ashes already*

*Do you fear that I am forgetful of our sacred vows
That I will turn to another face?
Shade of Phillis, Rest In Peace
Our inextinguishable ancient flame*

At the mid hour of night

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered e'en in the sky.
Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
When our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,
And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my Love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls
Faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

Aus Meinen Grossen Schmerzen

Heinrich Heine (1797–1856)

Aus meinen großen Schmerzen
Mach ich die kleinen Lieder
Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder
Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen
Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten
Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen
Und klagen, und wollen nicht sagen
Was sie im Herzen schauten.

*Out of my great pain
I make little songs
They lift their tinkling wings
And flutter off to her heart
To find the path to my dear one
But then they come back and wail
And wail and want not say
What they, in her heart, have seen*

————— INTERMISSION —————

Florence Price Set

(**Program notes**) not entirely sure of how this would be set up

Florence Price Set

Tobacco

Graham Lee Hemminger (1895–1950)

Tobacco is a dirty weed. I like it.
It satisfies no normal need. I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean.
It's the worst stuff I've ever seen.
I like it.

A Flea and a Fly

Ogden Nash (1902–1971)

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the fly, "let us flee!"
"Let us fly!" said the flea.

So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

“Come, come,” said Tom's Father

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

“Come, come,” said Tom’s father, ”at your time of life,
There’s no longer excuse for thus playing the rake.
It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife.”
”Why, so it is, father, whose wife shall I take?”

Song of the Open Road

Ogden Nash

I think that I shall never see
a billboard lovely as a tree
Indeed unless the billboards fall
I’ll never see a tree at all.

Birds and Their Gifts

(Program notes)

Flying

Joette McDonald (b. 1936)

Angel wing or eagle wing
any pinioned pulsating thing lifts the spirit free!
Fly in foam where ether is
float among despair
surge ahead, or soar above,
find your freedom there.

Earthbound, clumsy, stumbling, heavy,
plodding, dull
Dream of wings and liberty
feel the upward pull!

Gravity’s the enemy,
fling the mass aside!
Lifting into space,
Swoop, and sweep, and glide!

Le Colibri

**Charles-Marie-René Leconte de
Lisle(1818–1894)**

Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.
Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,

*The green hummingbird, the king of the hills,
Seeing the dew and the bright sunlight
Shining on his nest woven with fine grasses,
Like a fresh ray he escapes into the air.
He hurries and flies to the nearby springs,
Where bamboo makes a sound like the sea,*

Où l'açoka rouge, aux odeurs divines,
S'ouvre et porte au cœur un humide éclair.
Vers la fleur dorée il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir.

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée!

*Where the red hibiscus, with divine perfume,
Unfolds the dewy brilliance of its heart.
To the gilded flower he descends, he alights,
And drinks so much love from the red cup
That he dies, not knowing if he could drain it.*

*On your pure lips, O my beloved,
My soul would also have wished to die
Of the first kiss which perfumed it!*

Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht? from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

Traditional German text

Dort oben am Berg in dem hohen Haus!
Da gucket ein fein's lieb's Mädel heraus!
Es ist nicht dort daheime!
Es ist des Wirt's sein Töchterlein!
Es wohnt auf grüner Haide!

*Up there on the mountain in the tall house!
A lovely, dear girl peeps out!
She does not live there!
She is the innkeeper's daughter!
And lives on the green heath!*

Mein Herzle is' wund!
Komm', Schätzle, mach's g'sund!
Dein schwarzbraune Äuglein,
Die hab'n mich verwund't!
Dein rosiger Mund macht Herzen gesund,
Macht Jugend verständig,
Macht Tote lebendig,
Macht Kranke gesund, ja gesund.

*My heart is sore!
Come, sweetheart, make it well!
Your dark brown little eyes,
they have wounded me!
Your rosy mouth mends broken hearts,
makes youth wise,
brings the dead back to life,
heals the sick, heals indeed.*

Wer hat denn das schön schöne Liedlein erdacht?
Es haben's drei Gäns über's Wasser gebracht!
Zwei graue und eine weiße!
Und wer das Liedlein nicht singen kann,
Dem wollen sie es pfeifen! Ja!

*Who devised this pretty little song?
Three geese brought it over the water!
Two gray ones and a white one!
And if you can't sing this little song,
they'll whistle it for you! Yes!*

As You Wish

(Program notes)

Morgen!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde.

*And tomorrow, when the sun shines again,
And on the path, that I will take,
They will unite us, the happy ones, again
In the middle of this sun-breathing earth.*

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes

*And to the shore, broad and blue-waved,
We shall quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless we shall look into each others eyes,
And upon us shall fall blissful speechless silence.*

Schweigen.

Nuit d'Etoiles

Théodore de Banville (1823–1891)

Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,
Triste lyre qui soupire, je rêve aux amours
défunts.

*Night of stars, under your veils,
Under your breeze and your perfumes,
Sad lyre who sighs, I dream of deceased loves.*

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore au fond de mon
cœur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie Tressaillir dans le
bois rêveur.

*The serene melancholy comes from the bottom of
my heart,
And I hear the soul of my dear love reverberate in
the air.*

Nuit d'étoiles...

Night of stars...

Je revois à notre fontaine tes regard bleus comme
les cieux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine, et ces étoiles sont tes
yeux.

*I again see our fountain, your look blue as the
skies;
This rose, it is your breath, and those stars are
your eyes.
Night of stars...*

Nuit d'étoiles...

Le Charm

Paul-Armand Silvestre (1837 – 1901)

Quand ton sourire me surprit
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait mon esprit
E ne pus d'abord le connaître.

*When your smile caught me unawares,
I felt a trembling throughout my being,
But the reason for the subjection of my spirit
I did not at first know*

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

*When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
But what this emotion was,
I could not at first tell.*

Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme,
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta première larme.

*That which vanquished me for ever,
Was a more sorrowful charm,
And I knew that I loved you
Only when I saw your first tears.*

Spill! The! Tea!

(Program Notes)

Cancion Picaresca from *El canapé*

Text by Anonymous

Un canapé he comprado esta mañana,
y me ha contado todo lo que pasaba

*I bought a sofa this morning
And it has told me everything done by its first*

con su dueña primera,
que era madama de cierto cortejante
muy cortejada.

No solo quien descubre son las criadas,
pues hasta los asientos todo lo parlan.
Mi canapé me ha dicho todas las faltas
y sobras que había en la otra casa,
lo que dicen y hacen galán y dama.
Y en especial si encima de él se sentaban.

Yo voy a referiros lo que pasaba
entre aquel currutaco y su madama.
Mas como ya es hoy tarde,
lo haré mañana.

Se tu m'ami

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri
Sol per me, gentil pastor,
Ho dolor de' tuoi martiri,
Ho diletto del tuo amor,
Ma se pensi che soletto
Io ti debba riamar,
Pastorello, sei soggetto
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

Bella rosa porporina
Oggi Silvia sceglierà,
Con la scusa della spina
Doman poi la sprezzerà.
Ma degli uomini il consiglio
Io per me non seguirò.
Non perché mi piace il giglio
Gli altri fiori sprezzero.

A very short song

Once, when I was young and true,
Someone left me sad-
Broke my brittle heart in two;
And that is very bad.

Love is for unlucky folk,
Love is but a curse.
Once there was a heart I broke;
And that, I think, is worse.

owner

Who was a lady much wooed by a certain suitor

*Not only servant girls discover secrets
Since even seats reveal everything
My sofa has told me of all the deficiencies
And excesses that there were in that other house
What lover and lady did
And especially if they sat on the couch*

*I am going to tell you what happened
between that sport and his lady
But since it is late,
i will do it tomorrow*

Paolo Antonio Rolli (1687-1765)

*If you love me, if you
sigh for me, gentle shepherd,
your pain hurts me,
yet I delight in your love.
But if you think that
I must return my love only to you,
shepherd boy, then you are
easily deceived.*

*A beautiful purple rose
Silvia will choose today -
because of its thorns,
she will despise it tomorrow.
But men's advice
I will not follow.
Just because the lily pleases me,
Doesn't mean i must despise the other flowers.*

Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

And All That Jazz

(Program Notes)

The Peacocks

Norma Winstone (b. 1941)

The window looks out upon a pattern never ending
Of flowers and trees and little pathways far descending
To the garden far below us
The pavilion in the sunlight
Where the peacocks proudly graze the scene.

A vision, a timeless place, another way of living
You moved in so close I really thought that you were giving
I allowed myself a moment
To believe that you could leave me
To reflect upon what might have been.

The summer sky I saw reflected in the color of your eyes
But somehow I could never peel away the layers of disguise
I'm drowning now I'm slowly sinking in a sea of blue and green;
Where what you are is never seen how can anybody know you

I still hear the ringing of the church bells in the morning
The peacocks still calling out their sad and bitter warning
Beauty's only an illusion, here your truth is an intrusion, a mirage is all it's ever been.

Chorinho pra Ele

Twisted

Annie Ross (1930–2020)

My analyst told me that I was right out of my head,
The way he described it he said I'd be better dead than live
I didn't listen to his jive, I knew all along he was all wrong
And he knew that he thought I was crazy but I'm not, oh, no.

My analyst told me that I was right out of my head.
He said I'd need treatment but I'm not that easily led,
He said I was the type that was most inclined,
When out of his sight to be out of my mind
And he thought I was nuts, no more ifs or ands or buts, oh no.

They say as a child I appeared a little bit wild with all my crazy ideas,
But I knew what was happ'nin', I knew I was a genius.
What's so strange when you know that you're a wizard at three?
I knew that this was meant to be.

Well I heard little children were supposed to sleep tight,
That's why I drank a fifth of vodka one night.
My parents got frantic didn't know what to do,
But I saw some crazy scenes before I came to.
Now, do you think I was crazy?
I may have been only three but I was swingin'.

They all laughed at A. Graham Bell,
They all laughed at Edison and also at Einstein,
So why should I feel sorry if they just couldn't understand
the reasoning and the logic that went on in my head?
I had a brain, it was insane,
Soldiers used to laugh at me when I refused to ride
on all the double decker buses all because there were no drivers on the top.

My analyst told me...

My analyst told me that I was right out of my head,
But I said "Dear Doctor, I think that it's you instead,"
'Cause I have got a thing that's unique and new.
It proves that I'll have the last laugh on you.
'Cause instead of one head, I got two.
And you know two heads are better than one.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

(To be completed)