AIM HIGH
REACH WIDE
EDUCATE ALL

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
2022 - 23 Concert Series
<table>
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<th>Date</th>
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<tr>
<td>SEPT 1</td>
<td>5:30 PM</td>
<td>Jewish Music Series</td>
<td>Schroeder</td>
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<tr>
<td>SEPT 9</td>
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<td>Fall Guest Guitarist: Tengyue Zhang (TY)</td>
<td>Schroeder</td>
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<tr>
<td>SEPT 11</td>
<td>2:00 PM</td>
<td>Beneath A Tree</td>
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<td>SEPT 22</td>
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<td>SEPT 24</td>
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<td>Symphony Orchestera- Collaborative with DDAT</td>
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<td>SEPT 28</td>
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<td>Department Repertory Recital</td>
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<td>OCT 4</td>
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<td>Jazz Combos</td>
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<td>OCT 5</td>
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<td>OCT 6</td>
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<td>OCT 7</td>
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<td>Symphonic Wind Ensemble</td>
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<td>OCT 14</td>
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<td>Scholarship Showcase</td>
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<td>ALL DAY</td>
<td>Sonoma State Sings Choral Festival</td>
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<td>NOV 3</td>
<td>5:30 PM</td>
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<td>NOV 4</td>
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<td>Brass Ensemble</td>
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<td>NOV 16</td>
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<td>NOV 17</td>
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<tr>
<td>NOV 19</td>
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<tr>
<td>NOV 20</td>
<td>10:00 AM</td>
<td>Day of Strings</td>
<td>Schroeder</td>
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<tr>
<td>DEC 6</td>
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<td>Music Theatre Scenes</td>
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<td>DEC 7</td>
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<td>DEC 8</td>
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<td>Jazz Combos</td>
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<td>DEC 9</td>
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<td>DEC 10</td>
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<td>Rock Collegium</td>
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<tr>
<td>DEC 11</td>
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<td>Symphonic Wind Ensemble</td>
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<tr>
<td>DEC 12</td>
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<td>Noma Winds &amp; Concert Band</td>
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<tr>
<td>DEC 13</td>
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<td>Vocal Repertory Recital</td>
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<td>DEC 14</td>
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<td>SSU Vocal Faculty Concert</td>
<td>Schroeder</td>
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Vocal Repertory Recital
Finals Program

Yvonne Wormer and Dan Cromeenes, collaborative pianists
Voice students of Christa Durand, M. Jane Erwin,
Pamela Hicks, Mark Kratz and Krista Wigle
Lynne Morrow, Director of Opera and Musical Theatre

Wednesday, December 14, 2022
1:00 pm
Schroeder Hall
PROGRAM

If Music Be the Food of Love

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Colonel Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)
Margaret Millard, soprano

Nel Cor Più Non Mi Sento

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)
English Lyricist Dr. Theodore Baker (1851-1934)
Kathryn Rodriguez, soprano

Saper vorresta
from Un Ballo in Maschera

Giuseppe Verdi (1813-1901)
Antonio Somma (1809-1864)
Corwin Wilson, soprano

Chitarra Romana

Eldo Di Lazzaro (1902-1968)
David Kerr, baritone

Lieder der Braut I & II
from Myrthen, Op 25, Nos. 11 & 12

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)
Melody Rose Neal, soprano

Aus den östlichen Rosen
from Myrthen, Op 25, No. 25

Robert Schumann
Friedrich Rückert
Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano

Du bist wie eine Blume
from Myrthen, Op. 25, No. 24

Robert Schumann
Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)
Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo-soprano

Wie Melodien zieht es mir

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Klaus Johann Groth (1819-1899)
Alexander Pletkin, tenor

Verborgenheit

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Eduard Mörike (1804-1875)
Rachel Archambault, mezzo-soprano
Le Secret
   Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)
   Paul-Armand Silvestre (1837-1901)
   Kyle Piet, baritone

Chanson d’amour
   Gabriel Fauré
   Paul-Armand Silvestre
   Brayden Simmons-Ayala, baritone

Nocturne
   César Franck (1822–1890)
   Louis de Fourcaud (1851–1914)
   Gwenora Sarault, mezzo-soprano

Que Toi
   Anh Minh (1935–2005)
   Julianne Nguyen, soprano
   Sierra Smith, flute

The Sky Above the Roof
   Ralph Vaughn Williams (1872–1958)
   Original French text by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)
   English version by Mabel Dearmer (1872–1915)
   Sybil Staglik, alto

Simple Gifts
   Aaron Copland (1900–1990)
   from Appalachian Spring
   Joseph Brackett (1797–1882)
   Samuel Martin, baritone

Ah, Love, But a Day // I Send My Heart Up to Thee
   Amy Beach (1867–1944)
   Robert Browning (1812–1889)
   Emily Rae Fealy, soprano

Where Are All the People?
   Christopher Curtis (b. 1941)
   from Chaplin: The Musical
   Thomas Meehan (1929–2017)
   Nick Lawson, baritone
Anthem  Benny Andersson (b. 1946)
from Chess  Bjorn Ulvaeus (b. 1945)
Tim Rice (b. 1944)

John Kirk, baritone

River  Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)

Michaela Thomas, mezzo-soprano

Santa Baby  Philip Springer (b. 1926)
Joan Javits (b. 1929)

Charlie Whitaker, soprano
Jomei Greer, piano

**TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**

**If Music Be the Food of Love**
Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
Colonel Henry Heveningham (1651–1700)

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill’d with joy;
For then my list’ning soul you move,
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev’rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce, the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are;
Tho’ yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

**Nel Cor Più Non Mi Sento**
Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)
English Lyricist Dr. Theodore Baker (1851–1934)

Nel cor più non mi sento  Why feels my heart so dormant,
Brillar la gioventù;  No fire of youth divine?
Cagion del mio tormento,  Thou cause of all my torment,
Amor, sei colpa tu.  O love, the fault is thine!
Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi,  He teases me, he pinches me,
Mi pungichi, mi mastichi;  He squeezes me, he wrenches me;
Che cosa è questo ahimè?
Pietà, pietà, pietà!
Amore è un certo che,
Che disperar mi fa.

What tortures I must bear?
Have done, have done, have done
Thou, love, art surely one
Will drive me to despair!

Saper vorreste
from Un Ballo In Maschera
Giuseppe Verdi (1813–1901)
Antonio Somma (1809–1864)

You would like to know
what he’s wearing,
when it’s the very thing
that he wants concealed.
Oscar knows,
but he won’t tell.

Pieno d’amor
Mi balza il cor,
Ma pur discreto
Serba il segreto.

Full of love
my heart throbs,
but still discreet
it keeps the secret.

Chitarra Romana
Eldo Di Lazzaro (1902–1968)

Under a starry mantle
I find Rome beautiful,
my lonely heart let down by love
wants to sing in the shadows
A silent fountain
and a balcony above,

Oh chitarra romana accompagnami tu

oh a roman guitar
accompany me.

Suona suona mia chitarra
Lascia piangere il mio cuore
Senza casa e senza amore
Mi rimani solo tu
Se la voce è un po’ velata
Accompagnami in sordina
La mia bella fornarina

Play play guitar of mine
let my heart weep,
without home and without love
only you are there for me.
If the phonation is a little veiled
accompany me softly,
my beautiful Fornarina
Al balcone non c’è piú’
Lungotevere dorme
Mentre il fiume cammina
Io lo seguo perché
Mi trascina con se’
E travolge il mio cuor
Vedo un’ombra lontana
E una stella lassu’
Oh chitarra romana accompagnami tu

isn’t on the balcony anymore.
Tiber’s waterside sleeps
while the river strolls,
I follow ‘cause it carries me along
and sweeps my heart away.
I see a distant shadow
and a star up there
Oh roman guitar accompany me.
Oh roman guitar accompany me.

Lieder der Braut I and II
from Myrthen Op. 25, Nos. 11 & 12
Robert Schumann (1810–1856)
Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

1. Mutter, Mutter!
Glaube nicht, weil ich ihn lieb allsosehr,
Dass nun Liebe mir gebracht,
Dich zu lieben, wie vorher
Mutter, Mutter!
Seit ich ihn lieb’ ich erst dich sehr.
Lass mich an mein Herz dich zieh’n,
Und dich küssen, wie mich
er, wie mich er wieder!
Mutter, Mutter!
Seit ich ihn liebe, lieb’
ich erst dich ganz,
Dass du mir das Sein verlieh’n,
Das mir ward zu solchem Glanz.

2. Lass mich ihm am Busen hangen,
Mutter, Mutter!
Lass das Bangen.
Frage nicht: wie soll sich’s wenden?
Frage nicht: wie soll das enden?
Enden?
Noch nicht weiss ich, wie!
Lass mich ihm am Busen
hanger, lass mich!

Songs of the Bride
1. Mother, Mother!
Never believe, because I love him so,
That I will love you less
Than I was able to before.
Mother, Mother!
Since loving him, I love you more.
Let me draw you to my heart,
And let me kiss you, as he kisses me!
Mother, Mother!
Only since loving him
can I truly love you,
You gave me life, and for that,
It has become so radiant.

2. Let me cling to his chest,
Mother, Mother!
Don’t be afraid.
Don’t ask how it will change.
Don’t ask how it will end?
End?
I still don’t know how!
Let me cling to his chest,
to him. Let me!
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.

Out of storms of grief which
rage through my heart,
I send a tiny breeze -- may its
touch never be harsh!

Du bist wie eine Blume
So hold und schön und rein,
Ich schau’ dich an,
Und Wehmuth schleicht
mir in’s Herz hinein.

You are like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
I look at you,
And sadness steals into my heart.

Mir ist, als op ich die Hände
auf’s Haupt dir legen sollt’,
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte,
So rein und schön und hold.

I feel as if I should lay,
My hands upon your head,
Praying that God preserves you,
So pure and fair and sweet.

Wie Melodien zieht es mir
Like melodies it pervades
my senses softly.
Like spring flowers it blooms
and drifts along like fragrance.
But when a word comes and grasps it
Und führt es vor das aug,  
Wie nebelgrau erblast es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.  
Und dennoch ruht im reim  
Verborgen wohl ein duft,  
Den mild aus stillen keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.  

and brings it before the eye,  
Like gray mist it fades  
and vanishes like a breath.  
And yet there remains in the rhyme  
A certain hidden fragrance,  
Which gently, from the dormant bud,  
A tearful eye evokes.

Le Secret  
Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)  
Paul-Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Je veux que le matin l’ignore  
Le nom que j’ai dit à la nuit,  
Et qu’au vent de l’aube, sans bruit,  
Comme une larme il s’évapore.

I want the morning to ignore  
The name that I told to the night,  
And that the wind of dawn, noiselessly,  
Like a tear will evaporate.

Je veux que le jour le proclame  
L’amour qu’au matin j’ai caché,  
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,  
Comme un grain d’encens il l’enflamme.

I want the night to proclaim  
The love that I hid from the morning,  
And that, leaning over my open heart,  
Like a grain of incense it is aflame.

Je veux que le couchant l’oublie  
Le secret que j’ai dit au jour  
Et l’emporte, avec mon amour,  
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

I want the sun to forget  
The secret that I told the day  
And it takes, with my love  
In the fold of its pale dress!

Chanson d’amour  
Gabriel Fauré  
Paul-Armand Silvestre

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.

I love your eyes, I love your face,  
Oh my rebel, oh my fierce one,  
I love your eyes, I love your mouth,  
Where my kisses exhaust themselves.

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 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!

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!
Nocturne
César Franck (1822-1890)
Louis de Fourcaud (1851-1914)
Ô fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Mystère sans obscurité,
La vie est noire et dévorante;
Ô fraîche nuit, nuit transparente,
Donne-moi ta placidité.

Ô belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Vers moi tes regards sont baissés,
Éclaire mon âme troublée;
Ô belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Mets ton sourire en mes pensers.

Ô sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Pleine de paix et de douceur,
Mon cœur bouillonne comme une urne;
Ô sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Fais le silence dans mon cœur.

Ô grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
En qui tout est délicieux,
Prends mon être entier sous ton aile;
Ô grande nuit, nuit solennelle,
Verse le sommeil en mes veux.

Que Toi
Anh Minh (1935–2005)
Que toi co canh dieu vi vu
Xa sau luy tre lang

Trua trua duoi mai dinh reu phong
La bong mat ngay tho
Que toi co canh dong bao la
Thom huong lua len dong
Lieu xieu mai tranh ngheo don xo
Tro ve nhe tuoii tho toi

Que toi som tinh mo, tieng ga
goi cha vac cuoc ra dong

Ai dem nang dong day toi vai,
The sky above the roof
Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958)
Original French text by Paul Verlaine (1844–1896)
English version 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?

Simple Gifts
from Appalachian Spring
Aaron Copland (1900–1990)
Joseph Brackett (1797–1882)
‘Tis the gift to be simple ‘tis the gift to be free,
‘Tis the gift to come down where you ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
’Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend we shan’t be ashamed,
To turn, turn will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning we come round right.
Ah, Love, But a Day
from *Three Browning Songs*
Amy Beach (1867–1944)
Robert Browning (1812–1889)
Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!
The sun’s away,
And the bird estranged;
The wind has dropped,
And the sky’s deranged;
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!
Wilt thou change too?
Should I fear surprise?
Shall I find aught new
In the old and dear,
In the good and true,
With the changing year?
Ah, Love! Look in my eyes,
Wilt thou change too?

I Send My Heart Up to Thee
from *Three Browning Songs*
Amy Beach
Robert Browning
I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing,
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging
Closer to Venice’ streets to leave on space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

Where are all the people?
from *Chaplin: The Musical*
Christopher Curtis (b. 1941)
Thomas Meehan (1929–2017)
Once upon a time I had the world upon a string.
Once, they stood in line
To see my face upon the screen.
I’d walk into the theater
And they all would call my name.
And i lived for those moments.
Now the tide has turned,
And all the glory’s slipped away.
Now there’s someone new,
And they cannot recall your name.
They love you for the moment.
Oh, but then they let you be.
And where are all the people that once loved me?
Now the world’s changed to color,
So what can you do?
You’re still black and white, so now you’re old news.
The movies are talking, so you’re never heard.
You’re just an old picture,
From a far different world.
And now all that i have
Is just a faded memory
A wall that’s full of pictures,
Of the way things used to be.
You search for your tomorrow,
But the past is all you see.
And where are all the people?
Where is my tomorrow?
Where are all the people
That once loved me?

Anthem
from Chess
Benny Andersson (b. 1946)
Bjorn Ulvaeus (b. 1945)
Tim Rice (b. 1944)
No man, no madness,
Though their sad power may prevail,
Can possess, conquer my country’s heart,
They rise to fail.
She is eternal
Long before nation’s lines were drawn.
When no flags flew, when no armies stood,
My land was born.

And you ask me why I love her
Through wars, death and despair.
She is the constant, we who don’t care.
And you wonder will I leave her
But how?
I cross over borders but I’m still there now.
How can I leave her?
Where would I start?
Let man’s petty nations tear themselves apart.
My land’s only borders lie around my heart.

River
Joni Mitchell (b. 1943)
It’s coming on Christmas
They’re cutting down trees
They’re putting up reindeer
And singing songs of joy and peace
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on

But it don’t snow here
It stays pretty green
I’m gonna make a lot of money
Then I’m gonna quit this crazy scene
I wish I had a river I could skate away on

I wish I had a river so long
I would teach my feet to fly
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on
I made my baby cry

He tried hard to help me
You know, he put me at ease
And he loved me so naughty
Made me weak in the knees
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on

I’m so hard to handle
I’m selfish and I’m sad
Now I’ve gone and lost the best baby
That I ever had
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on

I wish I had a river so long
I would teach my feet to fly
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on
I made my baby say goodbye

It’s coming on Christmas
They’re cutting down trees
They’re putting up reindeer
And singing songs of joy and peace
Oh, I wish I had a river I could skate away on
Santa Baby
Philip Springer (b. 1926)  
Joan Javits (b. 1929)
Santa baby, just slip a Sable under the tree for me
Been an awful good girl
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa baby, a 54 convertible too, light blue
I’ll wait up for you dear
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Think of all the fun I’ve missed
Think of all the fella’s that I haven’t kissed
Next year I could be just as good
If you check off my Christmas list

Santa baby, I want a yacht and really that’s not a lot
Been an angel all year
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa honey, one little thing I really need
The deed to a platinum mine
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight

Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with the duplex and checks
Sign your ‘x’ on the line
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight

Come and trim my Christmas tree
With some decorations bought at Tiffanys
I really do believe in you
Let’s see if you believe in me

Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing
A ring, I don’t mean on the phone
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight
YOUR FUTURE BEGINS HERE

ON CAMPUS AUDITION DATES
- November 5, 2022
- February 25, 2023
- March 18, 2023

DEGREE PROGRAMS
Bachelor of Music in Music Education (Choral, Instrumental, and Jazz tracks)
Bachelor of Music in Performance
Bachelor of Music in Jazz Studies
Bachelor of Music in Composition
Bachelor of Arts in Music
Minor in Music Liberal Arts
Minor in Music Jazz Studies

music.sonoma.edu
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

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Alexander Kahn, Director of Orchestral Activities
Doug Leibinger, Director of Jazz Studies
Thom Limbert, Composition Program Director
Kim Mieder, Music Education Coordinator
Lynne Morrow, Director of Voice Program
John R. Palmer, Musicology and Musicianship Programs
Marilyn Thompson, Piano and Chamber Music Director
Brian S. Wilson, Music Theory Program Director

JAZZ
Ian Carey, Trumpet
Ken Cook, Piano
Andrew Emer, Bass
Kendrick Freeman, Latin Band
Raffi Garabedian, Saxophone
Doug Leibinger, Trombone
George Marsh, Drums
Randy Vincent, Guitar

PERFORMING ENSEMBLES
Symphonic Chorus
Concert Choir
SonoVoce
Musical Theatre and Opera
Symphony Orchestra
Wind Ensemble
Concert Band
Chamber Music Ensembles
Brass Ensemble
Guitar Ensemble
Jazz Orchestra
Latin Band
Concert Jazz Ensemble
Rock Collegium

STRINGS
Liana Bérubé, Violin & Viola
Jill Rachuy Brindel, Cello
Eric Cabalo, Classical Guitar
Gail Hernández Rosa, Violin
Daniel Levitan, Harp
Mark Wallace, Classical Bass
Aaron Westman, Violin & Viola

WOODWINDS
Andrew Harrison, Saxophone
Rufus Olivier, Bassoon
Kathleen Reynolds, Flute
Laura Reynolds, Oboe
Roy Zajac, Clarinet

BRASS
Daniel Gianola-Norris, Trumpet
Alicia Mastromonaco, French Horn
David Ridge, Trombone
Jonathan Seiberlich, Tuba and Euphonium

PERCUSSION AND PIANO
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Jennifer Wilsey, Percussion

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