



AIM HIGH REACH WIDE EDUCATE ALL

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
2022 - 23 Concert Series

SPRING 2023 CONCERTS

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SSU Students Free

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JAN 27-28	ALL DAY	Sonoma County Honor Bands	Weill
JAN 29	2:00 PM	Faculty Concert	Schroeder
FEB 10-19		<i>Once Upon a Mattress</i>	Person
FEB 23	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital- Christa Durand & Krista Wigle	Schroeder
FEB 26	2:00 PM	Symphony Orchestra: Family Concert	Weill
MARCH 1	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
MARCH 2	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
MARCH 3	7:30 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
MARCH 4	ALL DAY	NATS Choral Event	Schroeder
MARCH 6	7:30 PM	SSU Concert Band with High School Guest	Weill
MARCH 8-10	ALL DAY	Sonoma Invitational Wind Band & Orchestra Festival	Weill
MARCH 13	7:30 PM	Sonoma Musica Viva	Schroeder
MARCH 15	1:00 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
MARCH 16	7:30 PM	Faculty Composers	Schroeder
APRIL 2	7:30 PM	Concerto Competition	Schroeder
APRIL 6	7:30 PM	New Music Sonoma	Schroeder
APRIL 7	7:30 PM	Jason Vieaux, classical guitarist	Schroeder
APRIL 17	7:30 PM	Noma Winds	Weill
APRIL 19	1:00 PM	Instrumental Repertoire Recital	Schroeder
APRIL 22	7:30 PM	Concert Choir and SonoVoce	Schroeder
APRIL 23	2:00 PM	Navarro Trio	Schroeder
APRIL 28	ALL DAY	CMEA State Band and Orchestra Festival	Weill
APRIL 29	7:30 PM	Symphony Orchestra: Season Finale	Weill
APRIL 30	2:00 PM	Brass Ensemble	Schroeder
MAY 9	7:30 PM	Music Theatre Scenes	Schroeder
MAY 10	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
MAY 10	7:30 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
MAY 12	7:30 PM	Symphonic Wind Ensemble & Concert Band	Weill
MAY 13	7:30 PM	Rock Collegium	Schroeder
MAY 14	7:30 PM	Student Composers	Schroeder
MAY 15	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
MAY 16	7:30 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
MAY 17	1:00 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
Presents

Vocal Repertory Midterm Concert

Dan Cromeenes and Yvonne Wormer, collaborative pianists

From the vocal studios of

Christa Durand

M. Jane Erwin

Pamela Hicks

Mark Kratz

Krista Wigle

Wednesday, March 15, 2023
1:00 pm
Schroeder Hall

PROGRAM

Strike The Viol
(*Come Ye Sons of Art*)

Henry Purcell (1658-1695)
Nahum Tate (1692-1715)

Brayden Simmons-Ayala, baritone

I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly
(*The Indian Queen*)

Henry Purcell
John Dryden (1631-1700)

Samuel Martin, baritone

Tornami a vagheggiar
(*Alcina*)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)
Riccardo Broschi (1698-1756)

June Ivanetich, soprano

Ombra mai fu
(*Serse*)

George Frideric Handel
Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)

Rachel Archambault, mezzo soprano

Vedrai, carino
(*Don Giovanni*)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

Julianne Nguyen, soprano

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Antonie Houdar de La Motte (1672-1731)

Nora Sarault, mezzo soprano

Ständchen

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

David Kerr, baritone

Das Wandern (*Die schöne Müllerin*)

Franz Peter Schubert
Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

John Kirk, baritone

Widmung

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

Nick Lawson, baritone

Morgen!
(*op. 27 no. 4*)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)

Kyle Piet, baritone

Beau soir

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

Margaret Millard, soprano

La Mer

Charles Trenet (1913-2001)

Alexander Pletkin, tenor

Simple Gifts
(*Old American Songs*)

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Joseph Brackett (1797-1882)

Charlie Whitaker, soprano

Love, Look Away
(*Flower Drum Song*)

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)
Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)

Emily Rae Fealy, soprano

Say the Word from
(*The Mad Ones*)

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

Gabrielle Giddings, mezzo soprano

Big Bad Wolf

Michaela Thomas (b. 1991)

Michaela Thomas, mezzo soprano

What More Can I Say?
(*Falsettos*)

William Finn (b. 1952)

Corwin Wilson, alto

Johanna
(*Sweeney Todd*)

Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Kathryn Rodriguez, mezzo soprano

Moments in the Woods
(*Into the Woods*)

Stephen Sondheim

Melody Rose Neal, soprano

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Strike The Viol (*Come Ye Sons of Art*)

Henry Purcell(1658-1695)

Nahum Tate(1692-1715)

Strike the viol, Touch the lute,
Wake the harp, Inspire the flute.
Sing your patroness's praise,
Sing in cheerful and harmonious lays

I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly (*The Indian Queen*)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

John Dryden (1631-1700)

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,
Since I am myself, my own fever and pain.
No more now, fond heart, with pride no more swell,
Thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.
For love has more pow'r and less mercy than fate,
To make us seek ruin, and love those that hate.

Tornami a vagheggiar (*Alcina*)

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Riccardo Broschi (1698-1756)

*Tornami a vagheggiar,
te solo vuol amar quest'anima fedel,
caro mio bene.
Già ti donai il mio cor,
fido sarà'l mio amor,
mai ti sarò crudel, cara mia speme.*

Come back to woo me,
Only you does this faithful soul wish to love,
My dearly beloved.
I have already given you my heart,
My love will be true,
Never will I be cruel to you, my dear hope.

Ombra mai fu from Serse

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)

*Ombra mai fu
Di vegetable
Cara ed amabile
Soave piu.*

Never was there a shadow
Of branches
Sweeter, more refreshing,
Or more gentle.

Vedrai, carino (Don Giovanni)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Lorenzo da Ponte (1749-1838)

*Vedrai, carino,
se sei buonino,
Che bel rimedio
ti voglio dar!
È naturale
non dà disgusto,
E lo speciale
non lo sa far.*

You will see, my dear
if you'll be good
the cure I have for you!
It's natural,
It won't give you disgust
though no apothecary
can prescribe it

*È un certo balsamo
Ch'io porto addosso,
Dare tel posso,
Se il vuoi provar.*

It's a certain balm
I carry within me
Which I can give you,
if you'll try it.

*Saper vorresti
dove mi sta?
Sentilo battere,
toccami qua!*

You want to know
where I keep it?
Then feel it beating,
put your hand here.

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Antonie Houdar de La Motte (1672-1731)

*Dans un bois solitaire et sombre
Je me promenais l'autre jour,
Un enfant y dormait à l'ombre,
C'était le redoutable Amour.*

In a wood solitary and somber
I was walking the other day,
a child was sleeping there in the shade,
It was the formidable Cupid.

*J'approche, sa beauté me flatte,
Mais je devais m'en défier.
J'y vis tous les traits d'une ingrate,
Que j'avais juré d'oublier.*

I approach, his beauty entices me,
but I had to be wary;
I saw everything the traits of an ingrate,
Whom I had sworn to forget.

*Il avait la bouche vermeille,
Le teint aussi beau que le sien.
Un soupir m'échappe, il s'éveille;
L'Amour se réveille de rien.*

He had a mouth of red,
His color as fine as hers,
A sigh escapes me, he awakens;
Cupid wakes for nothing.

*Aussitôt déployant ses ailes et saisissant,
Son arc vengeur,
D'une de ses flèches cruelles, en partant
Il me blesse au cœur.*

Immediately opening his
wings and seizing
His bow of vengeance,
With one of his arrows,
cruel in their flight,
He wounds me in the heart.

*Va, va, dit-il, aux pieds de Sylvie,
De nouveau languir et brûler:
Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie,
Pour avoir osé m'éveiller.*

Go, go, he says, to the
feet of Sylvia,
anew to languish and to burn!
You will love her all your life,
For having dared to awaken me.

Ständchen

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

*Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!
Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen*

Softly my songs plead
through the night to you;
down into the silent grove,
beloved, come to me!
Slender treetops
whisper and rustle
in the moonlight;
my darling, do not fear
that the hostile betrayer
will overhear us.

*In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.*

Do you not hear the
nightingales call?
Ah, they are imploring you;
with their sweet, plaintive songs
they are imploring for me.
They understand the
heart's yearning,
they know the pain of love;
with their silvery notes
they touch every tender heart.
Let your heart, too, be moved,
beloved, hear me!
Trembling, I await you!
Come, make me happy!

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?

*Ach! sie flehen Dich,
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.
Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,*

*Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jedes weiche Herz.
Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!
Komm', beglücke mich!*

Das Wandern (*Die schöne Müllerin*)

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Wilhelm Müller (1794-1827)

*Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muss ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.*

*Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.*

*Das seh'n wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille steh'n,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde dreh'n,
Die Räder.*

*Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reih'n
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.*

*O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Lasst mich in Frieden weiterzieh'n,
Und wandern.*

To travel is the miller's
joy, traveling!
That must a poor miller be,
who never thought of
traveling, traveling!

From water we have
learned it, from water!
It does not rest by day and night,
always focused on
traveling, the water.

We can also see this in the
wheels, the wheels!
Which do not like to stand still,
which do not make
themselves tired
by turning day and
night, the wheels.

The stones themselves, so
heavy as they are, the stones!
They dance together, the
cheerful ring-dance,
and want to go even
faster still, the stones!

Oh hiking, traveling, my
joy, oh traveling!
Master and mistress,
let me move on in
peace, and travel!

Widmung

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

*Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,
O du mein Grab, in das hinab
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!*

You my soul, you my heart,
You my rapture, O you my pain,
You my world in which I live,
My heaven you, to which I aspire,
O you my grave, into which
My grief forever I've consigned!

*Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!*

You are repose, you are peace,
You are bestowed on
me from heaven.
Your love for me gives
me my worth,
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,
You raise me lovingly
above myself,
My guardian angel, my better self!

Morgen! (op. 27 no. 4)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)

*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 Schweigen.*

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.

Beau soir

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Paul Bourget (1852-1935)

*Lorsque au soleil couchant
les rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court
sur les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux
semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur troublé.
Un conseil de goûter le
charme d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune
et que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons, comme
s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.*

Beautiful evening
When at sunset the rivers
are rose-tinted
And a warm breeze shivers
across the wheat fields,
A suggestion to be happy seems
to emanate from all things
And rises toward the restless heart.
A suggestion to savor the
pleasure of being alive
While one is young and the
evening is beautiful
For we shall go, as this waves goes:
It to the sea, we to the tomb.

La Mer

Charles Trenet (1913-2001)

*La mer, qu'on voit danser
Le long des golfes clairs
A des reflets d'argent, la mer
Des reflets changeants sous la pluie*

The sea, we see dancing
along the shores of clear
bays, shimmers with silver
The sea changing shimmers
Under the rain

*La mer au ciel d'été
confond ses blancs moutons
Avec les anges si purs
La mer, bergère d'azur infinie*

The sea
With the summer sky
Mix up her white horses
With the angels so pure
The infinite azure shepherdess

*Voyez, près des étangs
Ces grands roseaux mouillés
Voyez ces oiseaux blancs
Et ces maisons rouillées*

See, by the ponds
Those big wet reeds
See those white birds
And those rusty houses

*La mer, les a bercés
Le long des golfes clairs
Et d'une chanson d'amour
La mer a bercé mon cœur pour la vie*

The sea
Has cradled them
Along the shores of clear bays
And with a love song
The sea has rocked my heart for life

Simple Gifts (*Old American Songs*)

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.

Love, Look Away

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)

I have wished before, I will wish no more
Love, look away
Love, look away from me
Fly, when you pass my door
Fly and get lost at sea
Call it a day
Love, let us say we're through
No good are you for me
No good am I for you
Wanting you so, I try too much
After you go, I cry too much
Love, look away
Lonely though I may be
Leave me and set me free,
Look away, look away, look away, from me

Say the Word from *The Mad Ones*

Bree Lowdermilk (b. 1982)

Kait Kerrigan (b. 1990)

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 night when the clouds are thick
And the wind starts to blow.
I stare out the window wondering
Where I will go.
I turn the light out,
Under the covers, all I think of is you.
Just you.

Say the word and I just must 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'll sweep me away.

Say the word and I just must 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.

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!

Say the word and I just must 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.

Big Bad Wolf

Michaela Thomas (b. 1991)

You've heard of the Big Bad Wolf
You know his drooling eyes
He huffs and he puffs and he'll only tell you lies
At one time or another
He gets inside your house
He howls and it scares you and you shrink inside yourself

For what it's worth, you scum of the earth
I'm still standing here
From all you've done I won't turn and run
You do not own my fear
Little Red is grown now
And she does not let beast in
She bears down, unafraid and howls, "I'll never let you in."

For what it's worth, you scum of the earth
I'm still standing here
From all you've done I won't turn and run
You do not own my fear
Shame no longer lives here

What More Can I Say? (*Falsettos*)

William Finn (b. 1952)

It's been hot
Also very sweet
And I'm not usually indiscreet
But when he sparkles
The earth begins to sway
What more can I say?
How can I express
How confused am I by our happiness?
I can't eat breakfast
I barely tie my shoe
What more can I do?

If I say I love him
You might think my words come cheap
Let's just say, I'm glad he's mine
Awake, asleep

It's been hot
Also, it's been swell
More than not
It's been more than words can tell
I halt, I stammer
I sing a roundelay
What more can I say?

I'll stay calm
Untie my tongue
And try to stay
Both kind and young

I was taught
Never brag or shout
Still it's hot
Just like how you read about
And also caring
And never too uncouth
That's the simple truth
That's the simple truth

Can you tell
I have been revised?
It's so swell, damn it,
even I'm surprised
We laugh, we fumble
We take it day by day
What more can I say?

Johanna (*Sweeney Todd*)
Stephen Sondheim (1930–2021)

I feel you, Johanna
I feel you
I was half convinced I'd waken
Satisfied enough to dream you
Happily I was mistaken, Johanna

I'll steal you, Johanna
I'll steal you
Do they think that walls can hide you?
Even now I'm at your window
I am in the dark beside you
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair

I feel you, Johanna
And one day I'll steal you

'Til I'm with you then I'm with you there
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair.

Moments in the Woods (*Into the Woods*)
Stephen Sondheim (1930–2021)

What was that?
Was that me? Was that him?
Did a prince really kiss me?

Is that all? Does he miss me?
Was he suddenly getting bored with me?
Wake up! Stop dreaming.
Stop prancing about the woods.
It's not beseeming.
What is it about the Woods?
Back to life, back to sense,
Back to child, back to husband,
No one lives in the Woods.
There are vows, there are ties,
There are needs, there are standards,
There are shouldn'ts and shoulds.
Why not both instead?
There's the answer, if you're clever:
Have a child for warmth,
And a baker for bread,
And a Prince for whatever—
Never!
It's these Woods.
Face the facts, find the boy,
Join the group, stop the Giant—
Just get out of these Woods
Was that him? Yes, it was.
Was that me? No, it wasn't,
Just a trick of the Woods.

Just a moment,
One peculiar passing moment.
Must it all be either less or more,
Either plain or grand?
Is it always "or"
Is it never "and"?
That's what Woods are for:
For those moments in the Woods...
Oh, if life were made of moments,
Even now and then a bad one!
But if life were only moments,
Then you'd never know you had one.
First a witch, then a child,
Then a Prince, then a moment—
Who can live in the Woods?
And to get what you wish,
Only just for a moment—
These are dangerous Woods...
Let the moment go...

Don't forget it for a moment, though.
Just remembering you've had an "or"
When you're back to "and,"
Makes the "or" mean more
Than it did before.
Now I understand,
And it's time to leave the woods.

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

FACULTY

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Alexander Kahn, Director of Orchestral Activities
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Kim Mieder, Music Education Coordinator
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Marilyn Thompson, Piano and Chamber Music Director
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Eric Cabalo, Classical Guitar
Gail Hernández Rosa, Violin
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Mark Wallace, Classical Bass
Aaron Westman, Violin & Viola

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Rufus Olivier, Bassoon
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Laura Reynolds, Oboe
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JAZZ

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Kendrick Freeman, Latin Band
Raffi Garabedian, Saxophone
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