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Sonoma State University
Department of Music
2023 - 24 Concert Series



SPRING 2024 CONCERTS

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SSU Students Free

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JAN 28	2:00 PM	Navarro Trio	Schroeder
FEB 9	ALL DAY	SSU/Redwood Empire Jazz Festival	Weill
FEB 9, 10	7:30PM	<i>In the Heights</i>	Evert B. Person Theatre
FEB 11	2:00 PM		
FEB 13	6:30 PM	Bassoon Masterclass with Jeff Robinson	Schroeder
FEB 16, 17	7:30 PM	<i>In the Heights</i>	Evert B. Person Theatre
FEB 18	2:00 PM		
FEB 24	ALL DAY	2024 NATS Vocal Festival	Schroeder
FEB 27	7:30 PM	An Evening of Saxophone Chamber Music	Schroeder
FEB 28	1:00 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
MAR 5	7:30 PM	SSU Jazz Combos	Schroeder
MAR 6	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
MAR 7	7:30 PM	SSU Jazz Orchestra	Weill
MAR 11	7:30 PM	SSU Concert Band	Weill
MAR 13-15	ALL DAY	Sonoma Invitational Wind Band & Orchestra Fest	Weill
APRIL 7	7:30 PM	SSU Concerto Competition	Schroeder
APRIL 9	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital featuring Ian Carey	Schroeder
APRIL 17	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
APRIL 19	7:30 PM	Concert Choir & SonoVoce	Schroeder
APRIL 20	7:30 PM	Brass Ensemble: Full Fathom Five	Schroeder
APRIL 21	2:00 PM	Navarro Trio	Schroeder
APRIL 26	ALL DAY	CMEA State Choral Festival	Green Music Center
APRIL 27	7:30 PM	Symphony Orchestra Season Finale	Weill
MAY 1	7:30 PM	Concert Band & Diablo Valley Winds	Weill
MAY 2	7:30 PM	SSU Jazz Combos	Schroeder
MAY 3	7:30 PM	Chamber Music Ensembles	Schroeder
MAY 4	7:30 PM	SSU Wind Ensemble and CSU Fullerton	Weill
MAY 6	7:30 PM	SSU Jazz Orchestra	Weill
MAY 7	7:30 PM	SSU Guitar Ensemble	Schroeder
MAY 8	1:00 PM	Instrumental Repertory Recital	Schroeder
MAY 9	7:30 PM	Music Theatre Scenes	Schroeder
MAY 11	7:30 PM	Rock Collegium	Schroeder
MAY 12	2:00 PM	Student Composers	Schroeder
MAY 15	7:30 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
Presents

Vocal Repertory Recital ***Singer's Choice***

From the Vocal Studios of:

M. Jane Erwin

Mark Kratz

Lee Steward

Krista Wigle

Collaborative Pianists:

Yvonne Wormer & Dan Cromeenes

Wednesday, February 28, 2024
1:00 pm
Schroeder Hall

PROGRAM

"Das Verlassene Mägdlein" Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Kaitlyn Price, mezzo-soprano

"Green Finch & Linnet Bird"
from *Sweeney Todd* Stephen Sondheim (1930-2021)

Nora Sarault, soprano

"Liebeszaube" Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Julianne Nguyen, soprano

"What I Did for Love"
from *A Chorus Line* Marvin Hamlisch (1944-2012)

Raquel Howle, mezzo- soprano

"Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" Felix Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Maggie Millard, soprano

"When I Have Sung My Songs" Ernest Charles (1895-1984)

Sam Martin, tenor

"Decisions" John Kirk (b.1997)

John Kirk, baritone

"Once Upon a December"
from *Anastasia* Stephen Flaherty (b. 1968)

Avery Terra, mezzo-soprano

"Dolente immagine di fille mia" Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Kyle Piet, baritone

"Maria"
from *Westside Story* Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Corwin James Wilson, tenor

"Sure On This Shining Night"

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Rachel Archambault, mezzo soprano

"Der Leiermann"
from *Winterreise*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Joshua Lovell, baritone

"O Sole Mio"

Eduardo di Capua (1865-1917)

Alexander Pletkin, tenor

"Black Is the Color Of My True Love's Hair"

John Jacob Niles (1892-1980)

Brayden Simmons-Ayala, baritenor

"Zion's Walls"
from *Old American Songs, Set 2*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Charlie Whitaker, mezzo-soprano

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

"Das Verlassene Mägdlein"

Früh, wann die Hähne krähn,
Eh' die Sternlein schwinden,
Muss ich am Herde stehn,
Muss Feuer zünden.

Schön ist der Flamme Schein,
Es springen die Funken;
Ich schau so darein,
In Leid versunken.

Plötzlich, da kommt es mir,
Treuloser Knabe,
Dass ich die Nacht von dir
Geträumet habe.

Träne auf Träne dann
Stürzt hernieder;
So kommt der Tag heran—
O ging' er wieder!

"The Forsaken Maiden"

Early, when the cocks crow,
Before the tiny stars recede,
I must be at the hearth,
I must light the fire.

The flames are beautiful,
The sparks fly;
I gaze at them,
Sunk in sorrow.

Suddenly I realize,
Faithless boy,
That in the night
I dreamt of you.

Tear after tear
Then tumbles down;
So the day dawns -
O would it were gone again!

"Green Finch and Linnet Bird"

Green finch and linnet bird
Nightingale, blackbird
How is it you sing?
How can you jubilate sitting in cages
Never taking wing?
Outside the sky waits
Beckoning, beconing
Larks never will, you know
When they're captive
Teach me to do be
More adaptive
Green finch and linnet bird
Nightingale, blackbird
Teach me how to sing
If I cannot fly
Let me sing. Just beyond the bars
How can you remain staring at the rain
Maddened by the stars?
How is it you sing anything?

"Liebeszaube"

Die Liebe saß als Nachtigall
Im Rosenbusch und sang;
Es flog der wunderschöne Schall
Den grünen Wald entlang.
Und wie er klang, - da stieg im Kreis
Aus tausend Kelchen Duft,
Und alle Wipfel rauschten leis',
Und leiser ging die Luft;
Die Bäche schwiegen, die noch kaum
Geplätschert von den Höhn',
Die Rehlein standen wie im Traum
Und lauschten dem Getön.
Und hell und immer heller floß
Der Sonne Glanz herein,
Um Blumen, Wald und Schlucht ergoß
Sich goldig roter Schein.
Ich aber zog den Wald entlang
Und hörte auch den Schall.
Ach! was seit jener Stund' ich sang,
War nur sein Widerhall.

How is it you sing?
Green finch and linnet bird
Nightingale, blackbird
How is it you sing?
Whence comes this melody
constantly flowing?
Is it rejoicing or merely hallooing?
Are you discussing or fussing
Or simply dreaming?
Are you crowing?
Are you screaming?
Ringdove and robinet
Is it for wages
Singing to be sold?
Have you decided it's safer in cages
Singing when you're told?
My cage has many rooms
Damask and dark
Nothing there sings
Not even my lark

"The Magic of Love"

Love, as a nightingale,
Perched on a rosebush and sang;
The wondrous sound floated
Along the green forest.
And as it sounded, there arose a scent
From a thousand calyxes,
And all the treetops rustled softly,
And the breeze moved softer still;
The brooks fell silent, barely
Having babbled from the heights,
The fawns stood as if in a dream
And listened to the sound.
Brighter, and ever brighter
The sun shone on the scene,
And poured its red glow
Over flowers, forest and glen.
But I made my way along the path
And also heard the sound.
Ah! all that I've sung since that hour
Was merely its echo.

"What I Did For Love"

Kiss today goodbye
The sweetness and the sorrow
Wish me luck, the same to you
But I can't regret
What I did for love, what I did for love
Look, my eyes are dry
The gift was ours to borrow
It's as if we always knew
And I won't forget what I did for love
Gone
Love is never gone
As we travel on
Love's what we'll remember

"Auf Flügeln des Gesanges"

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag' ich dich fort,
Fort nach den
Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort.
Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein;
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.
Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und Schau'n nach den Sternen empor;
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen in's Ohr.
Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazell'n;
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heil'gen Stromes Well'n.
Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Lieb' und Ruhe trinken
Und träumen seligen Traum.

"When I Have Sung my Songs to You"

When I have sung my songs to you, I'll sing no more.
'Twould be a sacrilege to sing at another door.
We've worked so hard to hold our dreams, just you and I.
I could not share them all again, I'd rather die
With just the thought that I had loved so well, so true,
That I could never sing again, except to you.

Kiss today goodbye
And point me toward tomorrow
We did what we had to do
Won't forget, can't regret
What I did for
Love
Love is never gone
As we travel on
Love's what we'll remember
Kiss today goodbye
And point me toward tomorrow
Point me toward tomorrow
We did what we had to do
Won't forget, can't regret

"On Wings of Song"

On wings of song,
Heart's darling,
I will carry you away to the
plains of the Ganges,
Where I know the loveliest place.
There is a garden of red flowers
Under quiet moonlight;
The lotuses are waiting
For their dear sister.
The violets giggle and caress,
And look up at the stars;
Secretly the roses
Tell fragrant stories to each other.
The docile, cunning gazelles
Hop near to listen;
And in the distance one hears the sound
Of the holy river.
There we will sink
Down under a palm tree,
And drink in love and quiet
And dream a blessed dream.

"Decisions"

Decisions, decisions
How am I supposed to make
Any decisions, decisions?
Should I go or should I stay?

I never feel like I can decide
On anything, although I try.
Whether it's big or small
I've gotta think about all of my options.
How could I possibly make up my mind
When I'm given choices which
aren't well-defined?
And even when I commit,
How will I know I'm gonna
get what I wanted?

What flavor should I get
for my birthday cake?
Do I want an ice cream, or
should I get a milkshake?
Should I keep on working,
is it time for a break?
I know I'm gonna make a mistake!
I worry about the choices
I've already made.
I say that I'm happy, but
it's just a charade.
All the possibilities, they
make me afraid,
And that's why I don't wanna make
Any decisions, decisions,

"Once Upon a December"

Dancing Bears
Painted Wings
Things I almost remember.
And a song someone sings
Once upon a December.
Someone holds me safe and warm.
Horses prance through a silver storm.
Figures dancing gracefully
across my memory.
Someone holds me safe and warm.

What color would I pick
if I dyed my hair?
Should I keep these shoes or
should I buy a new pair?
Trying to choose, it feels
like a nightmare,
Plus not every choice is fair.
If I don't like what I've chosen
I'll feel bummed out.
Feigning confidence while
I'm full of self-doubt.
All this worrying makes
me so stressed out,
It makes me want to shout
I hate decisions, decisions!

Analysis paralysis
I miss the olden days,
ignorance was bliss
When all of my choices
were inconsequential
And didn't cause crises existential.
Choosing a job, taking out a loan,
Going from renting to owning a home,
Who's gonna get my assets when I die?
Are just a little of why
I never feel like I can decide
On anything at all in my life.
Whether it's big or small
I know I'll stress over all of the options.

Horses prance through a silver storm.
Figures dancing gracefully
across my memory.
Far away,
Long ago,
Glowing dim as an ember,
Things my heart
Used to know
Things it yearns to remember
And a song someone sings
Once upon a December

"Dolente immagine di Fille mia"

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto?
Che più desideri?
Dritto 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.

"Maria"

The most beautiful sound I ever heard
Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria
All the beautiful sounds of the
world in a single word
Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria

Maria!
I just met a girl named Maria
And suddenly that name
Will never be the same
To me

Maria!
I just kissed a girl named Maria
And suddenly I've found
How wonderful a sound
Can be

Maria!
Say it loud and there's music playing—
Say it soft and it's almost like praying—

"Sure on this shining night"

Sure on this shining night
Of starmade shadows round,
Kindness must watch for me
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.
All is healed, all is health.
High summer holds the earth.
Hearts all whole.

"Sorrowful image of my Phillis"

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.

Maria...
I'll never stop saying
Maria!

Maria, Maria, Maria, Maria

Maria!
Say it loud and there's music playing—
Say it soft and it's almost like praying—
Maria...
I'll never stop saying
Maria!

Maria
Say it loud and there's music playing—
Say it soft and it's almost like praying—
Maria...
I'll never stop saying
Maria!

The most beautiful sound I ever heard—
Maria

Sure on this shining night
I weep for wonder
Wandering far alone
Of shadows on the stars.

"Der Leiermann"

Drüben hinterm Dorfe
Steht ein Leiermann
Und mit starren Fingern
Dreht er, was er kann

Barfuß auf dem Eise
Wankt er hin und her;
Und sein kleiner Teller
Bleibt ihm immer leer

Keiner mag ihn hören
Keiner sieht ihn an;
Und die Hunde knurren
Um den alten Mann

Und er läßt es gehen
Alles, wie es will
Dreht, und seine Leier
Steht ihm nimmer still

Wunderlicher Alter
Soll ich mit dir gehn?
Willst zu meinen Liedern
Deine Leier drehn?

"O Sole Mio"

Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole,
n'aria serena doppo na tempesta!
Pe' ll'aria fresca pare
già na festa...
Che bella cosa na jurnata 'e sole.
Ma n'atu sole
cchiù bello, oje ne'.
O sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!
O sole
O sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!
sta 'nfronte a te!
sta 'nfronte a te!
Quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne,
me vene quase 'na malincunia;
sotto 'a fenesta toia restarria
quanno fa notte e 'o sole se ne scenne.
Ma n'atu sole

"The Hurdy-Gurdy Player"

There, beyond the village,
stands a hurdy-gurdy player;
with numb fingers
he plays as best he can.

Barefoot on the ice
he totters to and fro,
and his little plate
remains forever empty.

No one wants to listen,
no one looks at him,
and the dogs growl
around the old man.

And he lets everything go on
as it will;
he plays, and his hurdy-gurdy
never stops.

Strange old man,
shall I go with you?
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy
to my songs?

"My Sun"

What a wonderful thing a sunny day
The serene air after a thunderstorm
The fresh air, and a party is
already going on...
What a wonderful thing a sunny day.
But another sun,
that's brighter still
It's my own sun
that's in your face!
The sun, my own sun
It's in your face!
It's in your face!
When night comes and the
sun has gone down,
I start feeling blue;
I'd stay below your window
When night comes and the
sun has gone down.

cchiù bello, oje ne'.
O sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!
O sole
O sole mio
sta 'nfronte a te!
sta 'nfronte a te!

But another sun,
that's brighter still
It's my own sun
that's in your face!
The sun, my own sun
It's in your face!
It's in your face!

"Black, Black, Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair"

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are something rosy fair,
The pertest face and the daintiest hands
I love the grass where on she stands.

I love my love and well she know,
I love the grass where on she goes;
If she on earth no more I see,
My life will quickly leave me.

I go to Troublesome to mourn, to weep,
But satisfied I ne'er can sleep;
I'll write her a note in a few little lines
I'll suffer death ten thousand times

Black, black, black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are something rosy fair,
The pertest face and the daintiest hands
I love the grass where on she stands.

"Zion's Walls"

Come fathers and mothers,
Come sisters and brothers,
Come join us in singing
the praises of Zion.
O fathers, don't you feel determined
To meet within the walls of Zion?
We'll shout and go round
The walls of Zion.



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2023 - 2024

ON-CAMPUS AUDITION DATES

November 4, 2023

February 17, 2024

January 27, 2024

March 2, 2024

DEGREE PROGRAMS:

Bachelor of Music in Music Education (Pre-Certification)

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

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Choral Conducting, Choral Music Education

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Laura Reynolds, Oboe & English Horn

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David Ridge, Trombone

Jonathan Seiberlich, Tuba and Euphonium

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Kendrick Freeman, Latin Band

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Randy Vincent, Guitar

PERFORMING ENSEMBLES

Choral/Vocal

Concert Choir

Symphonic Chorus

SonoVoce

Musical Theatre and Opera Production

Instrumental

Concert Band

Symphonic Wind Ensemble

Symphony Orchestra

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Jazz

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