

AIM HIGH REACH WIDE EDUCATE ALL

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
2023 - 24 Concert Series



FALL 2023 CONCERTS

Tickets \$12
SSU Students Free

Box Office:
707.664-4246
tickets.sonoma.edu

SEPT 7	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
SEPT 19	7:30 PM	Beneath A Tree	Schroeder
SEPT 21	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
SEPT 27	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
SEPT 27	7:30 PM	Symphonic Wind Ensemble and Chabot College	Weill
SEPT 28	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
SEPT 30	7:30 PM	Symphony Orchestra: Season Opener	Weill
OCT 2	7:30 PM	Concert Band & Casa Grande High School	Weill
OCT 10	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital featuring Jonathan Seiberlich	Schroeder
OCT 11	1:00 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
OCT 13	2:00 PM	Scholarship Showcase	Schroeder
OCT 17	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
OCT 18	7:30 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
OCT 19	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
OCT 24-25	ALL DAY	2023 Sonoma Invitational Choral Festival	Schroeder
OCT 26	7:30 PM	Chamber Wind Ensemble	Schroeder
NOV 2	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
NOV 3	7:30 PM	Concert Choir and SonoVoce	Schroeder
NOV 5	ALL DAY	SSU Saxophone Day	Schroeder
NOV 8	1:00 PM	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder
NOV 9	7:30 PM	Faculty Recital featuring Voice Faculty	Schroeder
NOV 16	5:30 PM	Jewish Music Series	Schroeder
NOV 17	7:30 PM	Brass Ensemble	Schroeder
NOV 19	2:00 PM	Symphony Orchestra	Weill
NOV 28	7:30 PM	Guitar Ensemble	Schroeder
DEC 5	7:30 PM	Music Theatre Scenes	Schroeder
DEC 6	7:30 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder
DEC 7	7:30 PM	Jazz Combos	Schroeder
DEC 8	7:30 PM	Chamber Music Ensembles	Schroeder
DEC 9	7:30 PM	Rock Collegium	Schroeder
DEC 10	7:00 PM	Jazz Orchestra	Weill
DEC 11	7:30 PM	Concert Band and Noma Winds	Weill
DEC 12	7:30 PM	Symphonic Wind Ensemble and Maria Carrillo HS	Weill
DEC 13	1:00 PM	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder

Sonoma State University
Department of Music
Presents

Vocal Repertory Recital

Zarzuela

From the Vocal Studios of:

M. Jane Erwin

Mark Kratz

Lee Steward

Krista Wigle

Collaborative Pianists:

Yvonne Wormer & Dan Cromeenes

Wednesday, December 6, 2023
7:30 pm
Schroeder Hall

PROGRAM

Cuando está tan hondo
from *El Barquillero*

Ruperto Chapí (1851–1909)

Rachel Archambault, mezzo soprano

Lagrímas Mias
from *El anillo de hierro*

Miguel Marqués (1843–1918)

Avery Terra, mezzo-soprano

Suena Guitarrico Mío
from *El Guitarrico*

Agustín Pérez Soriano (1895–1951)

John Kirk, baritone

Por que no quiere mi madre?
from *La corría de toros*

Federico Chueca (1806–1908)

Maggie Millard, mezzo-soprano

Noche Hermosa
from *Katiuska*

Pablo Sorozábal (1897–1988)

Julianne Nguyen, soprano

Pobre Chica
from *La gran vía*

Joaquín Valverde Durán (1846–1910)

Raquel Howle, mezzo-soprano

No Puede Ser
from *La tabernera del puerto*

Pablo Sorozábal

Alexander Pletkin, Tenor

Marinela, Marinela
from *La canción del Olvido*

José Serrano (1873–1941)

Nora Sarault, mezzo-soprano

Amor vida de mi vida
from *Maravilla*

Federico Moreno Torroba (1891–1982)

Joshua Lovell, baritone

Canción de Paloma
from *El Barberillo de Lavapiés*

Francisco Asenjo Barbieri (1823–1894)

Charlie Whitaker, mezzo-soprano

Junto al puente de la peña
from *La canción del Olvido*

José Serrano

Brayden Simmons-Ayala, baritenor

Palomica Aragonesa
from *Los de aragòn*

José Serrano

Kaitlyn Price, mezzo-soprano

Bella enamorada
from *El último romántico*

Reveriano Soutullo (1880–1932)

Sam Martin, tenor

Lagrimas Mias
from *El anillo de hierro*

Miguel Marqués

Sofia Fichera, mezzo-soprano

Yo no sé qué veo en Ana Mari
from *El caserío*

Jesús Guridi Bidaola (1886–1961)

Corwin Wilson, tenor

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

"Cuando está tan hondo"

Cuando está tan hondo,
¿quién mata el querer?
¡Para él!
¡Ay! ¡ya no creo que estoy para él!

Cuando el amor se apodera
del alma de una mujer, ¡ay!
no hay powder que lo eche fuera,
que es muy grande su poder.
¿Cómo he de olvidarle
si vivo para él?
¡Si no hay fuerza bastante
en el mundo
que tuerza el querer!

Quiero que me vuelva loca
con su labia el picarón
Diciéndome, así bajito,
con todo su corazón.
"¡Ojitos de cielo! ¡Carita de gloria!
¡Ramito de flores! ¡Boquita de miel!
Dame el calorcito de tu cuerpecito,
¡por Dios, que me muero de frío sin él!"

¿Cómo he de olvidarle
si le llevo aquí?
Si aún le escucho llorando en mi reja
cantándome así:

"Un corazón sin amores
es una flor sin aromas,
una noche sin estrellas,
un arbolito sin hojas.
¡Quiéreme chiquilla,
quíereme por Dios,
que tengamos
perfumes y estrellas
y hojitas los dós!"

Cuando está tan hondo,
¿quién mata el querer?
¡Para él!
¡Ay! ¡ya lo creo que estoy para él!

When it is so deep

*When it is so deep,
who could want to kill love?
For him!
Ay! I don't believe I am meant for him.*

*When love possesses
the heart of a woman, ay!
there is no power that can oust it,
it is too great to try.
How can I forget him
if I live for him?
If there is not enough
strength in the world
to wreck love-*

*I want him to drive me mad
with his roguish blarney
speaking softly to me
with all his heart.
"Heavenly eyes, glorious little face,
posy if flowers, mouth of honey!
Give me the warmth of your body,
by heaven, I'll die of cold without it."*

*How can I forget him
if he comes here?
If I still hear him weeping at my window
singing to me like this:*

*"A loveless heart
it is a flower without fragrance,
a night without stars,
a tree with no leaves.
Love me, my darling,
love me for God's sake,
that we may have the
fragrance and the stars
and the leaves, both of us."*

*When it is so deep,
who could want to kill love?
For him!
Ay! I believe I am meant for him.*

"Lagrimas Mias"

"My Tears"

My tears now
from my eyes you no longer flow.
The ardent fire of passion
has left my heart dry.
Ay me! Ay me!
that sad and desolate
to tears I was born.

As the leaves fall
before the force of the hurricane,
so to my sorrow have fallen
the hopes of such a great love.
Ay me! Ay me!
thats sad and desolate
I should be, because I was ever born.

"Suená Guitarrico Mío"

Suená guitarrico mío,
suená guitarrico suena
Y no te importe que el viento
Vaya barriendo tus quejas
Como el viento es para todos
Puede tropezar con ella.

Dila si la ves cruzar, dila
pero muy bajito,
Dila que estoy medio loco,
dila que loco perdido,
Dila que la Inquisición,
Dila que era un gran tormento
Pero que aquello no es nada
Para lo que estoy sufriendo,

Dila muchas cosas, dila
que la quiero,
Dila que no vivo,
dila que me muero,

Dila que me mire,
siquiera un poquito,
Dila que se apiade
De este baturrico.

Suená guitarrico mio.

"Play my little guitar"

*Play my little guitar,
play, little guitar, play,
and don't let it concern you that the wind
may go sweeping your complaints
as the wind is for everybody
it can accidentally meet her.*

*Tell her if you see her cross [the street],
but tell her very quietly,
Tell her that I am half-crazy,
tell her [that I am] completely crazy,
tell her that the Inquisition,
tell her that it was a great torment
but that it is nothing
compared with my suffering,*

*Tell her many things, tell her
that I love her,
tell her that I can't live without her,
tell her that I will die,*

*Tell her that she should notice me,
even a little bit,
tell her to take pity on
this little Aragonese peasant.*

Play my little guitar

Dila que mi corazon, dila
que lo estoy buscando,
Dila que en ella lo puse,
Dila que onde lo ha echado,
Dila que calme mi amor,
Dila que escuche
mis quejas,
Dila que me estoy muriendo,
Y quiero vivir para ella.

Calla guitarrico mio.

"Por que no quiere mi madre?"

¿Por qué no quiere mi madre
que quiera ese minero?
Madre no puedo olvidarlo!
Madre tengo que quererlo!
Si el tiene toda mi vida, mi
corazón y mi sangre,
¿Cómo dejar de quererle?
¿Cómo poder olvidarle?
Ay, que sola que me quedo
si dejan sin su amor,
Que pa mi sin sus quererles
to en el mundo se acabó!
Virgen de la Soleá, no lo
apartes de mi vera
Que el cariño de mi novio
es pa mí la vida enterra.
Que el cariño de mi novio
calor y vida me da,
Que te lo pido llorando,
Virgen de la Soleá!
¿Por qué no quiere mi madre
que quiera a mi Rafael?
Madre no puedo olvidarlo,
Que es mi vida su querer!

"Noche Hermosa"

Noche hermosa de
jazmines perfumada
Dile al eco que repita mis palabras
Noche hermosa que de luna
estás nevada lleva lejos
piano, piano esta triste canción

*Tell her that I am
looking for my heart,
tell her that I gave it to her,
tell her that wherever she has put it,
tell her that she soothes my love,
tell her that she may listen
to my complaints,
tell her that I am dying,
and I want to live for her.*

Be quiet, my little guitar.

*"Why doesn't my mother want
me to love that miner?"
Mother, I can't forget him!
Mother, I have to love him!
If he has my whole life, my
heart, and my blood,
How can I stop loving him?
How can I forget him?
Oh, how lonely I am left
if he leaves me without his love,
Because for me, without his love,
everything in the world is over!
Virgin of Soleá, do not take
him away from me
My boyfriend's affection for
me is my life buried.
My boyfriend's affection gives
me warmth and life,
I ask you crying,
Virgin of Soleá!
Why doesn't my mother
want me to love my Rafael?
Mother, I can't forget him,
He is the love of my life!*

"Beautiful Night"

*Beautiful night,
perfumed with jasmine,
give me an echo to repeat my words.
Beautiful night that the moon
whitens like snow, carry far away,
softly, softly this sad song.*

Dile que vuelva pronto, dile
Que mi amor le aguarda
Dile, dile que la ausencia
es pena, pena que me mata
Dile que vuelva pronto, pronto
Porque me muero si tarda
Noche hermosa de
jazmines perfumada
Dile al eco que repita mis palabras
Noche hermosa que de
luna estás nevada
Lleva lejos piano, piano
Mi canción de enamorada
Lleva lejos piano piano
El secreto de mi alma
De amor

"No Puede Ser"

¡No puede ser! Esa mujer es buena.
¡No puede ser una mujer malvada!
En su mirar, como una luz singular,
he visto que esa mujer es
una desventurada.
No puede ser una vulgar sirena
que envenenó las horas de mi vida.
¡No puede ser! Porque la vi rezar,
porque la vi querer,
porque la vi llorar.
Los ojos que lloran
no saben mentir;
las malas mujeres no miran así.
Temblando en sus ojos dos lágrimas vi
y a mí me ilusiona que tiemblen por mí,
que tiemblen por mí.
Viva luz de mi ilusión,
sé piadosa con mi amor,
porque no sé fingir,
porque no sé callar,
porque no sé vivir

"Marinela, Marinela"

Marinela, Marinela, con
su triste cantinela
se consuela de un
olvido maldecido

*Tell him to return soon,
tell him that my love waits for him,
tell him, tell him that his absence is
a torment, a torment that kills me;
tell him to return soon, soon
because I will die if he delays.
Beautiful night,
perfumed with jasmine,
give me an echo to repeat my
words, beautiful night that
the moon whitens like snow,
carry far away, softly, softly
my song of love,
carry far away, softly, softly
the secret of my soul, of love.*

"No Way"

*No Way! This woman is good.
She cannot be a wicked woman!
In her look, like a strange light,
I've seen that this woman is
unhappy.
She cannot be a cheap siren
who poisoned every moment of my life.
No way! Because I've seen her pray,
because I've seen her love,
because I've see her cry
Those eyes that cry
don't know how to lie.
Bad women do not look like that.
Gleaming in her eyes I saw two tears,
and my hope is they may gleam for me,
they may gleam for me.
Vivid light of my hopes
Be merciful with my love
Because I cannot pretend,
because I cannot be silent,
because I cannot live!*

"Marinela, Marinela"

*Marinela, Marinela, with
her sad ballad
consoles herself for a
wicked abandonment*

Mari, Marinela...
Campesina, campesina,
como errante golodrina
cantarina, vas en busca del amor.
Pobre golodrina que al azar camina
tras un sueño engañosor.
El aire murmura en mi oído
dulces cantares
que en nuestros labios ha sorprendido
en noches lejanas de amor.
Cantares de tiempos mejores,
cantares risueños
que huelen a flores y alientan
ensueños de amores.
Marinela, con su cantinela
busca olvido a su dolor;
pobre Marinela
ese bien que anhela no la da
ese amor.

"Amor vida de mi vida"

Adiós dijiste;
se va mi vida.
Llorar quisiste
por un amor que hay
que olvidar.
Te vas riendo
¡y yo me muero!
Mi dolor es saber
que no puedes llorar.
Amor, vida de mi vida,
¡qué triste es decirse adiós!
Te llevas la juventud
de éste querer sin redención,
amor que por el camino
no puedes volver atrás.
Te ríes cuando sientes
deseos de llorar.
Y pensar que te amé
con alma y vida,
y hoy te quieres
burlar de mi dolor.
Este amor que soñé
no lo puedo callar.
Fueron falsas palabras,

*Mari, Marinela...
Farmgirl, farmgirl,
like a wandering swallow,
always singing, seeking love,
Poor swallow, aimlessly roaming
after a deceiving dream.
The air whispers in my ear
sweet songs
which it caught on our lips
in distant nights of love.
Songs of better times,
cheerful songs,
scented with flowers and evoking
dreams of love.
Marinela, with her ballad
seeks to forget her sorrow.
Poor Marinela,
that love does not give her
the happiness she craves.*

"Love, Life of my Life"

*Goodbye you said;
my life is gone.
You wanted to cry
for a love there
to forget.
You're laughing.
and I'm dying!
My pain is knowing
that you can't cry.
Love, life of my life,
how sad it is to say goodbye!
You take away youth
of this wanting without redemption,
love that along the way
you can't go back.
You laugh when you feel
desires to cry.
And to think that I loved you
with soul and life,
and today you love yourself
make fun of my pain.
This love I dreamed of
I can't shut him up.
They were false words,*

mentiste mil veces
tu amor, mujer.
Amor, vida de mi vida,
¡qué triste es decirse adiós!
¡amor que por el camino!
no puedes volver atrás.
Te ríes cuando sientes
deseos de llorar.
¡Adiós, mi bien!
¡Ah, adiós!

"Canción de Paloma"

Como nací en la calle de la Paloma,
Ese nombre me dieron
de niña en broma.
Y como vuelo alegre de calle en calle,
El nombre de Paloma
siguen hoy dándome.
Aunque no tengo el
cuello tornasolado,
Siempre está mi cabello limpio y rizado.
Y aunque mi pobre cuerpo
no tiene pluma,
Siempre está fresco y blanco
como la espuma.
En lo limpiita Paloma soy,
Y salto y brinco por donde voy,
Y a mi nombre de Paloma siempre fiel,
Ni tengo garras ni tengo hiel.

Como está mi ventana cerca del cielo,
Y por él las palomas tienden el vuelo,
Cuando veo en mis vidrios
que el alba asoma,
Tender quisiera el vuelo
cual las palomas.
Pero al ver que las venden
en el mercado,
Y que las pobres mueren en estofado,
Digo mitad en serio mitad en broma:
"Hay sus inconvenientes
en ser paloma."
En lo que arrullo Paloma soy,
Que siempre canto por donde voy;
Y a mi nombre de Paloma siempre fiel,

*you lied a thousand times.
your love, woman.
Love, life of my life,
how sad it is to say goodbye!
love you down the road!
you can't go back.
You laugh when you feel
desires to cry.
Goodbye, my good!
Ah, goodbye!*

"Song of Paloma"

*Since I was born on Dove Street,
they gave me that name
as a joke.
And as I fly happily from street to street,
they are still giving me
that name today.
Although I don't have an
iridescent neck,
my hair is always clean and curly.
And although my poor body
does not have feathers,
it is always fresh and white
like foam.
I am a nice and clean Dove,
and I jump and skip everywhere I go,
and faithful to the name of Dove,
I have neither claws nor gall.*

*Just as my window looks to the sky,
the doves aim their flight at him,
when I see dawn appearing
through the window,
I would like to fly
like the doves.
But those they sell
in the market,
those poor ones die in a stew,
I say half seriously and half in jest:
"There are disadvantages
to being a dove."
When I coo, I am a Dove,
and I sing wherever I go;
and faithful to the name of Dove,*

Busco un palomo, ¿quién será él?
¿Quién será él? ¡Ah!

"Junto al puente de la peña"

Junto al puente de la peña
por la noche la encontré,
y su guante chiquitito
le cayó a los pies.
Por sí un reto me lanzaba:
recogí su guante yo,
y en su mano bella
puse un beso de pasión,
porque al verla no se puede
resistir la tentación.
Por las calles solitarias,
embozado, la seguí,
esquivando las malicias
de la gente ruin,
y acercándome galante,
mis respetos le ofrecí.
"Perdonad...por favor...
attended." "¿Qué decis?"
"Que os adoro." "¡Callad!
No decídmelo así."
Y escuchando su voz,
yo pensé: ¡Qué infeliz!"
"Mujer, primorosa clavellina
que brindas el amor,
yo soy caminante que al pasar
arranca las hojas de la flor
y sigue adelante
sin recordar tu amor."
A la dueña que la sirve
con dinero soborné,
y, admirada de mi rasgo,
saludó y se fué.
Y al decir la cortesana:
"Caballero, que yo espero a mi galán",
en mi fiel acero
puse mano, sin dudar,
que mi espada se enardece
con la sombra de un rival.
Convencida y conquistada,
en mi brazo se apoyó
y escuchaba mis embustes

*I am looking for a mate, who will he be?
Who will he be? Ah!*

"Close to the stone bridge"

*Close to the stone bridge
I came across her one night,
when her pretty little glove
dropped at my feet.
To me this was a challenge:
I retrieved her glove,
and on her lovely hand
planted a passionate kiss,
for at the sight of her I could
not resist temptation.
Through the solitary streets,
disguised, I followed her,
avoiding the animosity
of the common people,
and approaching courteously,
I paid her my respects.
"My pardon...if you please..."
"Wait." "What are you saying?"
"That I adore you." "Quiet!
Don't say that yo me."
And hearing her voice,
I thought: How unfortunate!
"Lady, exquisite carnation
promising love,
I am a traveller who in passing
plucks the petals from the flower
and goes on his way
without awakening your love."
The duenna serving her
I bribed with cash,
and, awed by my sophistication,
she curtsied and left.
And when the courtesan said:
"Sir, I am waiting for my gallant",
upon my staunch steel
I put my hand, without delay,
for my sword is inflamed
by the shadow of a rival.
Convinced and conquered,
she took my arm
and was taken in by my lies*

llena de ilusión.
Al llevarla a su palacio,
mis finezas repetí:
"¡Dulce bien!" "Me engañáis."
"No acostumbro a mentir."
"¿Volveréis?" "¿Cómo no?"
"Va veré si fingís."
Y dejándola ya,
de su amor me reí.
"Mujer, primorosa clavellina
que brindas el amor,
yo soy caminante que al pasar
arranca las hojas de la flor
y sigue adelante
sin recordar tu amor."

"Palomica Aragonesa"

Vuelven las horas lejanas
¡Ay, madre querida!
el eco de esas campanas
¡Son mis campanas
las mías son!

Que lejos están los días
¡Ay, madre adorada!
cuando mi cuna mecías
al rumor de tu canción:
"Palomica aragonesa,
no dejes tu palomar
que te harán volver de lejos
las campanas del Pilar.
Palomica aragonesa
no dejes tu palomar."

Por vanidad y locura
he root mi vida
ni hallo ternura
ni compasión
Sola con mi desconsuelo,
¡Ay, madre querida!
ongoing cual voces del cielo
los ecos de tu canción:

"Palomica aragonesa..." etc.

*full of nonsense.
On arrival at her mansion,
my vows I repeated:
"Sweet love!" "You're deceiving me."
"I am not a habitual liar."
"You'll return?" "Why not?"
"I'll see if you're pretending."
And leaving her there,
I laughed at her love.
"Lady, exquisite carnation
promising love,
I am a traveller who in passing
plucks the petals from the flower
and goes on his way
without awakening your love."*

"Little Dove of Aragón"

*The past returns
Ay, beloved mother!
The echo of those bells is my whole life.
They are my bells
They are mine!*

*How far away are the days,
Ay, adored mother!
when you swung my cradle
to the murmur of your song:
"Little dove of Aragón"
do not desert
your dovecote."*

*Out of vanity and folly
I have ruined my life,
I find neither tenderness
nor pity,
Alone with my trouble
Ay, beloved mother!
I hear, like voices from Heaven,
the echoes of your song:*

"Little dove of Aragón..." etc...

"Bella Enamorada"

Bella enamorada con
tu imagen sueño
y un amor dichoso busco para mí.
Bella enamorada que
eres mi consuelo,
ya sin tu cariño, ya sin tu cariño
no podré vivir.

Noche de amor, noche misteriosa,
ven hacia mi sombra de mujer;
suave placer ver lo que soñamos,
quiero vivir por volver la a ver.
Ilusión perdida, quiero recordar
de un amor lejano que no volverá.

Dama misteriosa que en
la sombra vives,
dime ya quién eres y
sabrás mi amor.
Bella entre las bellas, linda enamorada,
tú eres mi tormento, tú
eres mi tormento,
yo tu esclavo soy.

"Yo no sé qué veo en Ana Mari"

Yo no sé qué veo en Ana Mari
que nunca, nunca vi.
La miré y una alegría
siento que jamás,
jamás sentí.

Si será su voz de ave
tan dulce y suave como una canción,
ó la luz de su mirada,
feliz alborada de mi corazón.

¡Ay, no sé qué veo en Ana Mari,
que es raro y nunca vi!

Pensaré, ya que no lo adivino
si estará lo raro en mí.
Quiero saber la causa
de esta agonía que sufro yo.

"Beautiful Admirer"

*Beautiful admirer, I dream
of your image,
and seek a happy love for myself.
Beautiful admirer, who
is my consolation,
without your love, without your love
I cannot live.*

*Night of love, mysterious night,
approach me, shadow-woman;
soft pleasure to see what we dream,
I want to live by seeing her again.
Lost hope, I want to recall
a distant love that will never return.*

*Mysterious lady dwelling
in the shadows,
tell me who you are and
learn of my love.
Most beautiful of beauties, lovely lover,
you are my torment, you
are my torment,
I am your slave.*

"I do not know what I see in Ana Mari"

*I do not know what I see in Ana Mari
that I never, never saw before.
I look at her and
feel a happiness that I never,
never felt before.*

*Whether it is her birdlike voice
as sweet and soft as a song,
or the light of her glance,
joyful awakening of my heart.*

*Ay, I do not know what I see in Ana Mari,
that is new, and never seen before!*

*I will think, since I can't guess,
whether it is something new in me.
I want to know the cause
of this agony that I suffer.*

Dime si es que Ana Mari
¡ay, alma mía! te enamoró.

Yo no sé que veo en su mira
da que enciende vivo amor
¡Si será que estoy enamorado
de esa tierna y linda flor!
¡Ay, tierna flor!
¡Oh bendito mal de amor!

*Tell me whether Ana Mari,
oh my soul, has made you love her.*

*I do not know what I see in her eyes
that sparks love into life,
whether I am enamoured
of that delicate and pretty flower!
Ay, delicate flower!
Oh blessed, aching heart!*

We want you to become a Seawolf Musician

You'll find a home here at Sonoma State University. What you can expect as a music major here at SSU is personalized attention to your individual needs as an artist. Our faculty are here to help you develop your voice as a musician, provide you with a sound foundation in musicianship, and to help guide your path toward a career in music. Each student is assigned a faculty Advisor to assist with your academic progress. You'll find the vibe here between students and between faculty is welcoming, genuine, and caring. The SSU Music Department is a dynamic environment where you can thrive.

World Class Facilities

The Green Music Center is an outstanding place to immerse yourself in music and to develop your career path as a performing artist, music educator or composer. The GMC is home to world-class concert venues, including 1400-seat Weill Hall and 250-seat Schroeder Recital Hall. The GMC features dozens of performances and masterclasses by guest artists from around the globe each year, making our campus one of the crown jewels in the CSU system.

Outstanding Faculty

Our award-winning faculty are recognized as leading artists, scholars and educators in their fields. Our instructional faculty comprise professional musicians who perform with the top professional ensembles in the Bay Area, including the San Francisco Symphony, the San Francisco Opera and Ballet, the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, the American Bach Soloists, the Grammy-nominated Agave Ensemble, the Santa Rosa Symphony, and Bay Area Jazz venues.

2023 - 2024 Audition Dates

- Saturday November 4
- Saturday January 27
- Saturday February 17
- Saturday March 2

Degree Programs

- Bachelor of Arts, Music
- Bachelor of Music, Composition
- Bachelor of Music, Jazz Studies
- Bachelor of Music, Vocal Performance
- Bachelor of Music, Instrumental Performance
- Bachelor of Music, Music Education (Pre-Certification), Choral Track
- Bachelor of Music, Music Education (Pre-Certification), Instrumental Track
- Bachelor of Music, Music Education (Pre-Certification), Jazz Track



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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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Ensemble, Guitar Methods

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David Ridge, Trombone

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Instrumental

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