

# AIM HIGH REACH WIDE EDUCATE ALL

Sonoma State University  
Department of Music  
2023 - 24 Concert Series



# FALL 2023 CONCERTS

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<b>SEPT 7</b>	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
<b>OCT 2</b>	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
<b>NOV 2</b>	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
<b>DEC 5</b>	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

***SSU Voice Faculty Recital:  
Oh, The Places We've Been!***

M. Jane Erwin, soprano

Mark Kratz, tenor

Lee Steward, tenor

Krista Wigle, soprano

Dan Cromeenes, piano

Yvonne Wormer, piano

Dr. Lynne Morrow, percussion

Thursday, November 9, 2023  
7:30 pm  
Schroeder Hall

## **OH, THE PLACES WE'VE BEEN!**

*Songs from around the world, and of the places our relationships take us.*

### ***Magic and Rebellion: Irish Country Songs***

- The Leprechaun Traditional Irish Air  
Arr. by Herbert Hughes (1882-1937)
- The Gartan Mother's Lullaby Traditional Irish Air  
Arr. by Hughes
- She Lived Beside the Anner/Sliabh na Mban Traditional Irish Air  
Arr. by Hughes
- The Snowy Breasted Pearl Attr. Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738)  
Arr. by Baker Peeples (b. 1950)

Jane Erwin, soprano & Yvonne Wormer, piano

### ***Postcards from Germany***

- Ich liebe dich Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)
- Du bist die Ruh Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
- Ich grolle nicht Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Mark Kratz, Tenor & Yvonne Wormer, piano

### ***Wandering Outside***

- Tombstones in the Starlight David Garner (b. 1954)  
I. The Minor Poet / The Pretty Lady / The Very Rich Man /  
The Fisherwoman / The Crusader / The Actress  
II. Distance / "Starlight, Starbright-" / Midnight

Krista Wigle, soprano & Dan Cromeenes, piano

### ***Finding Love in India***

- Five Songs of Laurence Hope H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)  
I. Worth While  
II. The Jungle Flower  
III. Kashmiri Song  
IV. Among the Fuchsias  
V. Till I Wake

Lee Steward, tenor & Dan Cromeenes, piano

## INTERMISSION

### ***Kissing, Flying, Dancing***

Bésame Mucho Consuelo Velazquez (1916–2005)

Volare Domenico Modugno (1928–1994)

Sway Pablo Beltrán Ruiz (1915–2008)

Mark Kratz, tenor & Dan Cromeenes, piano, Dr. Lynne Morrow, percussion

### ***Relationship Status: It's Complicated***

Symptom Recital David Garner (b. 1954)

Krista Wigle, soprano & Yvonne Wormer, piano

Goodbye, Emil (from *Romance/Romance*) Keith Herrmann (1952–2021)

Jane Erwin, soprano & Yvonne Wormer, piano

It's Never That Easy/I've Been Here Before David Shire (b. 1937)  
(from *Closer Than Ever*)

Jane Erwin & Krista Wigle, sopranos & Yvonne Wormer, piano

### ***Yearning for that Special Someone***

Always Through the Changing Douglas Moore (1893–1969)  
(from *The Ballad of Baby Doe*)

Jane Erwin, soprano & Yvonne Wormer, piano

Wanting (from *Rags*) Charles Strouse (b. 1928)

Krista Wigle, soprano & Dan Cromeenes, piano

Lily's Eyes (from *Secret Garden*) Lucy Simon (1940–2022)

Lee Steward & Mark Kratz, tenors & Dan Cromeenes, piano

### ***Exotic Infatuation***

Love Can't Happen (from *Grand Hotel*) Maury Yeston (b. 1945)

Lee Steward, tenor & Yvonne Wormer, piano

Watch Duet (from *Die Fledermaus*) Johann Strauss II (1825–1899)

Mark Kratz, tenor, Krista Wigle, soprano, & Yvonne Wormer, piano

## NOTES/TEXTS/TRANSLATIONS

### ***Magic and Rebellion: Irish Country Songs***

That the Irish poured out their hearts and their history in music is evident in the wealth of hauntingly beautiful Irish song literature. Some of the most beautiful Irish songs were collected and arranged by Herbert Hughes, an Irish composer, arranger, and collector of Irish music, in his five volumes of Irish Country Songs (Boosey & Co. Ltd., 1935).

### ***The Leprechaun***

Traditional Irish Air

Arr. by Herbert Hughes (1882-1937)

Words by Patrick Weston Joyce (1827-1914)

Dr. Patrick Weston Joyce published a collection of Irish airs in 1872, one of which was "The Leprechaun." Joyce could not recall most of the words to this air, so he wrote all but the first line himself. Leprechauns are magical creatures known for their mischief and deceit. They are typically described like the one in this song - wearing a scarlet cap, a green coat, mending a shoe, and with a *cruiskeen* or flask nearby, filled with "mountain dew." Surely our modern soft drink borrowed its name from the Leprechaun's drink of choice! But what the leprechaun drinks is in fact *potteen* ("po-cheen"), illicit Irish whiskey. While you might well find a leprechaun at the end of the rainbow who has money or gold, he is fiercely protective of it and will resort to trickery to get you to divert your gaze, at which instant he vanishes with his treasure.

In a shady nook one moonlight night,  
A leprechaun I spied;  
With scarlet cap and coat of green,  
A *cruiskeen* by his side.  
'Twas tick tack tick, his hammer went,  
Upon a weeny shoe;  
And I laughed to think of a purse of gold;  
But the fairy was laughing too!

With tiptoe step and beating heart,  
Quite softly I drew nigh;  
There was mischief in his merry face;  
A twinkle in his eye.  
He hammered and sang with tiny voice,  
And drank his mountain dew,  
And I laughed to think he was caught at last;  
But the fairy was laughing too!

As quick as thought I seized the elf,

"Your fairy purse!" I cried.  
"The purse," he said, "'tis in her hand,  
That lady at your side."  
I turned to look, the elf was off!  
Then what was I to do?  
Oh, I laughed to think what a fool I'd been,  
And the fairy was laughing too!

### ***The Gartan Mother's Lullaby***

Traditional Irish Air from County Donegal  
Arr. by Herbert Hughes (1882-1937)  
Words by Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil (1879-1944)

Gartan is a parish in County Donegal in Ireland. As the birthplace of St. Columba, one of Ireland's three patron saints, the region is important in Irish history. In this lullaby, a local mother invokes the spirits of the land for the protection of her child. *Aoibheal* ("E-val") is the queen of the Northern Fairies, who guards the gray rock. The Green Man is a spirit whose appearance bodes well if seen in the morning, but bodes ill if seen at night. Here, he is ringed in fog and presumably less fearful. *Siabhra* ("Sheevra") is a generic name for an Irish Fairy, but his presence here is reassuring. *Leanbhan* ("lyanvan") is a Gaelic word for "little child." The text was written by Joseph Campbell (1879-1944), an Irish poet who wrote under the Gaelic equivalent name of Seosamh Mac Cathmhaoil.

Sleep oh babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's fall,  
Aoibheall from the grey rock comes, to wrap the world in thrall.  
A leanbhan oh, my child, my joy, my love, my heart's desire,  
The crickets sing you lullaby, beside the dying fire.

Dusk is drawn and the Green Man's thorn is wreathed in rings of fog,  
Siabhra sails his boat till morn, upon the Starry Bog.  
A leanbhan oh, the pale half-moon hath brimmed her cusp in dew,  
And weeps to hear the sad sleep-tune, I sing, oh love, to you.

Sleep oh babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's fall,  
Aoibheall from the grey rock comes, to wrap the world in thrall.  
A leanbhan oh, my child, my joy, my love, my heart's desire,  
The crickets sing you lullaby, beside the dying fire.

### ***She Lived Beside the Anner***

Traditional Irish Air  
Arr. by Herbert Hughes (1882-1937)  
Words by Charles Joseph Kickham (1826-1882)

### ***Sliabh na Mban***

Traditional Irish Air

Charles Joseph Kickham (1826-1882) was an Irish revolutionary, novelist and

poet who belonged to the Fenian Brotherhood, a secret political organization in the late 19th and early 20th centuries dedicated to Irish independence from England. The river Anner flows through County Tipperary, near Clonmel, and runs past a mountain known as *Sliabh na Mban* ("Shleeve-na-mahn") (The Mountain of the Women). This mountain was the site of a battle during the 1798 Rebellion in which the poorly armed locals were defeated by the British.

**She lived beside the Anner** laments the fate of an Irish beauty whose prospects withered when most of the young men of her time were either killed or imprisoned by a certain "foreign" government, or sent to exile in France. It is set here with **Sliabh na Mban** (traditionally sung a cappella), whose text tells the desperate tale of the 1798 Rebellion battle - voiced by the poorly armed and disorganized Irish peasant farmers unable to stand up against the well-organized British militia. If you listen closely, you will hear three English words embedded in the Gaelic text: "game," "pikes" and "Major." I have set these songs together as it seems likely that the sad fate of the maiden in the first song was the result of the tragedy in the second.

She lived beside the Anner at the foot of Slieve-na-man,  
A gentle peasant girl with mild eyes like the dawn.  
Her lips were dewy rosebuds, her teeth of pearls rare,  
And a snowdrift 'neath a beechen bough her neck and nut brown hair.

How pleasant was to meet her on Sunday when the bell  
Was filling, with its mellow tones, lone wood and grassy dell.  
And when at eve young maidens strayed the river bank along,  
The widow's brown-haired daughter was loveliest of the throng.

Ah cold and well-nigh callous this weary heart has grown  
For thy helpless fate, dear Ireland, and for sorrows of my own;  
Yet a tear my eye will moisten when by Anner's banks I stray  
For the lily of the mountain foot that withered far away.

*Is oth liom féinig bualadh'n lae ud  
Do dhul ar Ghaeil bocht 'sna céadta slad  
Mar tá na meirligh ag deanamh game dinn  
Is á rá nach aonnidh leo pike ná slea.  
Noir tháinig ár Major i dtúis an lae chughainn*

*Is ni rabhamar féin ann i gcóir ná gceart,  
Ach mar a seolfai aoireacht bó gan aoire  
Ar thaobh na gréine de Sliabh na mban.*

Oh, bitter pain it is, that thus the day went  
Against the Gael in that dreadful fight.  
For now the strangers are making game of us,  
Our pikes are vain, they say, against their might.  
Our Major came not, when dawned that day on  
us,  
And we ourselves were in disorder thrown,  
Like scattered herds without their drover  
On the sunny hill-slopes of Slieve-na-Mon.



### ***The Snowy Breasted Pearl***

Tune attributed to Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738)

Arr. by Baker Peeples (b. 1950)

English translation from the traditional Gaelic by George Petrie (1789-1866)

During the 18th century the Irish people suffered under the British Penal Laws, the intent of which was to eradicate Irish culture and the practice of Catholicism. The singing of patriotic songs was forbidden and from this proscription arose a genre of song in which the poet addresses himself to Ireland in the guise of a young girl. Such songs as this became known as the Irish allegorical songs. One of the most beautiful of these songs is "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," here arranged by my colleague and good friend, Baker Peeples. The poet laments his loss of country through metaphors of love-wooing, longing, and the pain of separation.

There's a colleen fair as May,  
For a year and for a day  
I have sought by every way, her heart to gain.  
There's no art of tongue nor eye  
Fond youth with maidens try  
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh - yet tried in vain.  
If to France or far off Spain,  
She crossed the watery main,  
To see her face again the seas I'd brave.  
But if 'tis Heav'n's decree that mine she may not be,  
May the Son of Mary me in mercy save.

Oh thou blooming milk white dove  
To whom I've given true love,  
Do not ever thus reprove my constancy.  
There are maidens would be mine  
With wealth in land and kine  
If my heart would but incline to turn from from thee.  
But a kiss of welcome bland,  
Or touch of thy fair hand,  
Are all that I'd demand would'st thou not spurn;  
For if not mine, dear girl,  
Oh! snowy breasted pearl!  
May I never from the Fair with life return!

### ***Postcards from Germany***

This set presents three very different compositions and three different kinds of relationships. We start with probably the most famous song by Edvard Grieg, "I love you." This piece is sung in both Norwegian and German. In this song we hear of a love that will last for "all time and eternity." The increasing chromaticism

in the melody and accompaniment provide a perfect setting for this deeply devotional love song. Then we move on to a different kind of love song, one that is not so much "heart on your sleeve" but quiet and intense. Franz Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh" opens with a simple and sublime accompaniment. This song is about the peace found in a loved one, and is one of several of Schubert's songs that Franz Liszt chose to transcribe for piano in his *Songs of Franz Schubert*. Although it appears to be a fairly simple song, the singer must have great control over the phrasing and color of the voice so that none of the notes jump out of the flow of the vocal line. The set ends with Love gone bad. "Ich grolle nicht" from Robert Schumann's song cycle *Dichterliebe*. The speaker comes to terms with the cruelty and heartlessness of their lover. They declare that they have seen "the night in the abyss of your heart" and "the snake that gnaws at your breast." Although the speaker has been wronged, they insist that they "will not complain."

***Ich liebe dich*** (*I love you*)

Music by Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Words by Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)

*Du mein Gedanke,*

*du mein Sein und Werden!*

*Du meines Herzens erste Seligkeit!*

*Ich liebe dich wie nichts auf dieser Erden,*

*Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!*

You, my thought,

You, my being and becoming!

You, the first bliss of my heart!

I love you like nothing on this earth,

I love you for time and eternity!

*Ich denke dein, kann stets nur deiner denken,*

*Nur deinem Glück ist*

*dieses Herz geweiht;*

*Wie Gott auch mag des Lebens Schicksal lenken,*

*Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit.*

I think of you, can only ever think of you,

This heart is dedicated

only to your happiness;

No matter how God directs life's fate,

I love you for time and eternity!

***Du bist die Ruh*** (*You are rest*)

Music by Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Words by Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866)

*Du bist die Ruh, der Friede mild,*

*Die Sehnsucht du, und was sie stillt.*

*Ich weihe dir voll Lust und Schmerz*

*Zur Wohnung hier mein Aug' und Herz.*

You are rest, gentle peace,

You are longing, and what quenches it.

I dedicate to you, full of joy and pain

As a dwelling place, here, my eyes and heart.

*Kehr' ein bei mir, und schließe du*

*Still hinter dir die Pforten zu.*

*Treib andern Schmerz aus dieser Brust.*

*Voll sei dies Herz von deiner Lust,*

Come to me, and close

Quietly behind you the gates.

Drive all other pain from this breast.

Let this heart be full of your joy.

*Dies Augenzelt, von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt. O füll' es ganz.*

The temple of these eyes from your brilliance  
Alone is illuminated. O fill it entirely.

***Ich grolle nicht*** (*I will not complain*)

Music by Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Words by Heinrich Heine (1799-1856)

*Ich grolle nicht, und wenn  
das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in  
Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.*

I will not complain, even if  
my heart does break.  
O love forever lost! I will not complain.  
However you may shine in  
bediamonded splendor,  
No ray illuminates the night in your heart.

*Daß weiß ich längst.  
Ich sah dich ja im Traume.  
Und sah die Nacht in  
deines Herzens Raume,  
Und sah die Schlang,  
die dir am Herzen frißt,  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.  
Ich grolle nicht. Ich grolle nicht.*

Long have I known this. Yes,  
I saw you in a dream,  
And saw the night in the  
abyss of your heart,  
And saw the serpent that  
gnaws at your breast,  
I saw, my love, how miserable you are.  
I will not complain, I will not complain!

***Wandering Outside***

***Tombstones in the Starlight***

Music by David Garner (b. 1958)

Words by Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Based on four poems of early-mid 20th-century poet and satirist, Dorothy Parker, "Tombstones in the Starlight" was composed by my friend and mentor, David Garner. The first one, "Tombstones in the Starlight," is the reading of six tombstones of people from different walks of life. "Distance" depicts the pain that is felt when an ex-lover lives close by. "Star Light, Star Bright" is contemplating the choice between loving someone who is not good for you, or acquiring material objects. The last poem "Midnight" reflects on the dichotomy between how soft and peaceful it is at midnight and a sharp pain in the heart.

***I.***

***The Minor Poet***

His little trills and chirpings were his best.  
No music like the nightingale's was bom  
Within his throat; but he, too, laid his breast  
Upon a thorn.

### ***The Pretty Lady***

She hated bleak and wintry things alone.  
All that was warm and quick, she loved too well—  
A light, a flame, a heart against her own;  
It is forever bitter cold, in Hell.

### ***The Very Rich Man***

He'd have the best, and that was none too good;  
No barrier could hold, before his terms.  
He lies below, correct in cypress wood,  
And entertains the most exclusive worms.

### ***The Fisherwoman***

The man she had was kind and clean  
And well enough for every day,  
But, oh, dear friends, you should have seen  
The one that got away!

### ***The Crusader***

Arrived in Heaven, when his sands were run,  
He seized a quill, and sat him down to tell  
The local press that something should be done  
About that noisy nuisance, Gabriel.

### ***The Actress***

Her name, cut clear upon this marble cross,  
Shines, as it shone when she was still on earth;  
While tenderly the mild, agreeable moss  
Obscures the figures of her date of birth.

## **II.**

### ***Distance***

Were you to cross the world, my dear,  
To work or love or fight,  
I could be calm and wistful here,  
And close my eyes at night.

It were a sweet and gallant pain  
To be a sea apart;  
But, oh, to have you down the lane  
Is bitter to my heart.

### ***"Star Light, Star Bright—"***

Star, that gives a gracious dole,  
What am I to choose?

Oh, will it be a shriven soul,  
Or little buckled shoes?

Shall I wish a wedding-ring,  
Bright and thin and round,  
Or plead you send me covering-  
A newly spaded mound?

Gentle beam, shall I implore  
Gold, or sailing-ships?  
Or beg I hate forevermore  
A pair of lying lips?

Swing you low or high away,  
Burn you hot or dim;  
My only wish I dare not say-  
Lest you should grant me him.

### ***Midnight***

The stars are soft as flowers, and as near;  
The hills are webs of shadow, slowly spun;  
No separate leaf or single blade is here-  
All blend to one.

No moonbeam cuts the air; a sapphire light  
Rolls lazily, and slips again to rest.  
There is no edged thing in all this night,  
Save in my breast.

## ***Finding Love in India***

### ***Five Songs of Laurence Hope***

Music by H.T. Burleigh (1866-1949)

Words by Laurence Hope (1865-1904)

H.T. Burleigh's (1866-1949) dramatic song cycle "Five Songs of Laurence Hope" touches the spirit with a wafting rendition of passionate poetry. "Laurence Hope" was the pseudonym for Adela Florence Nicolson, née Cory (1865-1904), a contemporary, but someone Burleigh never met. The composer was drawn to the poetry by the unique approach, written by a woman, about a man's feelings. Nicolson, a British woman, grew up in India and became fascinated with the Indian culture and landscape. She wrote the poems under the guise of a man writing from an Indian's man's perspective...falling in love with her. At the time, this was a forbidden love match, and would have been impossible for anyone to pursue. Adela had her own personal love with the head of the British army in India, and though there was a wide gap in their ages, the pair had a passionate

romance and marriage. It was, however, tragically cut short when he died unexpectedly on the operating table during a routine gallbladder surgery. Nicolson, completely devastated, took her own life in one of the most painful of ways, by ingesting liquid mercury. In her poems, the deep-seated passion of this man calling on God for help with his desires, is evident from the beginning of the cycle. And Burleigh, who wrote over 2000 arrangements of spirituals, was deeply interested in the poems' perspective, creating his best songs as a result.

### ***I. Worth While***

I asked my desolate shipwrecked soul,  
"Wouldst thou rather never have met  
The one whom thou lovedst beyond control  
And whom thou adorest yet?"  
Back from the senses, the heart, the brain,  
Came the answer swiftly thrown,  
"What matter the price? We would pay it again,  
We have had, we have loved, we have known!"

### ***II. The Jungle Flower***

Thou art one of the jungle flowers, strange and fierce and fair,  
Palest amber, perfect lines, and scented with champa flower.  
Lie back and frame thy face in the gloom of thy loosened hair;  
Sweet thou art and loved -- ay, loved -- for an hour!

But thought flies far, ah, far, to another breast,  
Whose whiteness breaks to the rose of a twin pink flower,  
Where wind the azure veins that my lips caressed  
When Fate was gentle to me for a too-brief hour.

### ***III. Kashmiri Song***

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,  
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?  
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,  
Before you agonize them in farewell?

Oh, pale dispensers of my Joys and Pains,  
Holding the doors of Heaven and of Hell,  
How the hot blood rushed wildly through the veins  
(Oh pale soft hands!)  
Beneath your touch, until you waved farewell.

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float  
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,  
I would have rather felt you round my throat,  
Crushing out life, than waving me farewell!

Pale hands I loved,  
Where are you now?

#### ***IV. Among the Fuchsias***

Call me not to a secret place  
When daylight dies away,  
Tempt me not with thine eager face  
And words thou shouldst not say.

Entice me not with a child of thine,  
Ah, God, if such might be,  
For surely a man is half divine  
Who adds another link to the line  
Whose last link none may see.

Call me not to the Lotus lake  
Where drooping fuchsias hide,  
What if my latent youth awake  
And will not be denied?  
Ah, tempt me not for I am not strong  
(Thy mouth is a budded kiss).

My days are empty, my nights are long;  
Ah, why is a thing so sweet so wrong,  
Why is a thing so sweet so wrong  
As thy temptation is?

#### ***V. Till I Wake***

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,  
Stoop as the yellow roses droop in the wind from the South,  
So I may when I wake, if there be an Awakening,  
Keep, what lulled me to sleep; the touch of your lips on my mouth.

### ***Kissing, Flying, Dancing***

This set of songs is inspired by the music and performance style of the "Rat Pack." The "Rat Pack" was an informal group of entertainers who were both singers and actors that made films together and appeared together in Las Vegas casino venues. They originated in the late 1940s and early 1950s as a group of A-list show business friends, such as Errol Flynn, Nat King Cole, Mickey Rooney, Frank Sinatra and others who met casually at the home of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. In the 1960s, the group featured Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Sammy Davis Jr., among others. These singers were known as crooners.

Crooner is a term used to describe primarily male singers who performed using a smooth style made possible by better microphones which picked up quieter

sounds and a wider range of frequencies, allowing the singer to access a more dynamic range and perform in a more intimate manner. It is derived from the old verb "to croon" (meaning "to speak or sing softly"). This suggestion of intimacy was supposedly wildly attractive to women, especially younger ones such as teenage girls, known at the time as "bobby soxers." Crooners were characterized as "smooth" or "suave." Facial expressions and body language were to stay calm and relaxed. Many performers even performed with a glass of alcohol or cigarette in their hand!

**Bésame mucho** (*Kiss me much*)

Spanish Words and Music by Consuelo Velazquez (1916–2005)

English Words by Sunny Skylar (1913–2009)

<i>Bésame, bésame mucho</i>	Kiss me, kiss me much
<i>Como si fuera esta noche la última vez</i>	As if tonight were the last time.
<i>Bésame, bésame mucho</i>	Kiss me, kiss me much
<i>Que tengo miedo perderte,</i>	Because I'm afraid of losing you,
<i>perderte otra vez/después..</i>	losing you again/later.

This joy is something new, my arms enfolding you,  
Never knew this thrill before.  
Who ever thought I'd be holding you close to me,  
Whispering "It's you I adore."

**Volare** (*Flying*)

Music by Domenico Modugno (1928–1994)

Words by Francesco Migliacci (1930–2023)

Sometimes the world is a valley of heartaches and tears,  
And in the hustle and bustle, no sunshine appears,  
But you and I have our love always there to remind us  
There is a way we can leave all the shadows behind us.

<i>Volare, oh oh</i>	Flying, oh, oh
<i>E cantare, oh oh oh oh</i>	Singing, oh, oh,
<i>Nel blu, dipinto di blu</i>	In the blue-painted blue sky
<i>Felice di stare lassù</i>	Happy to be up there
<i>E volavo, volavo felice più in alto</i>	And I flew, I flew happily higher
<i>Del sole ed ancora più su.</i>	Than the sun and even higher.
<i>Mentre il mondo pian piano</i>	While the world slowly
<i>spariva lontano laggiù</i>	disappeared far down below
<i>Una musica dolce suonava soltanto per me.</i>	Sweet music was playing just for me.

*Volare, oh oh...*

Flying, oh, oh...



No wonder my happy heart sings,  
Your love has given me wings.

### **Sway**

Music by Pablo Beltrán Ruiz (1915-2008)

English Words by Norman Gimbel (1927-2018)

When marimba rhythms start to play,  
Dance with me, make me sway.  
Like a lazy ocean hugs the shore  
Hold me close, sway me more

Like a flower bending in the breeze  
Bend with me, sway with ease  
When we dance you have a way with me  
Stay with me, sway with me

Other dancers may be on the floor  
Dear, but my eyes will see only you  
Only you have the magic technique  
When we sway I go weak

I can hear the sounds of violins  
Long before it begins  
Make me thrill as only you know how  
Sway me smooth, sway me now

### ***Relationship Status: It's Complicated***

#### ***Symptom Recital***

Music by David Garner (b. 1958)

Words by Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Another setting of a Dorothy Parker poem by David Garner, "Symptom Recital" is a funny take on feeling generally cranky, frustrated and irritable, and not in the mood for dating. The cure? To fall in love again!

I DO not like my state of mind;  
I'm bitter, querulous, unkind.  
I hate my legs, I hate my hands,  
I do not yearn for lovelier lands.  
I dread the dawn's recurrent light;  
I hate to go to bed at night.  
I snoot at simple, earnest folk.  
I cannot take the gentlest joke.  
I find no peace in paint or type.

My world is but a lot of tripe.  
I'm disillusioned, empty-breasted.  
For what I think, I'd be arrested.  
I am not sick, I am not well.  
My quondam dreams are shot to hell.  
My soul is crushed, my spirit sore;  
I do not like me any more.  
I cavil, quarrel, grumble, grouse.  
I ponder on the narrow house.  
I shudder at the thought of men. . . .  
I'm due to fall in love again.

### **Goodbye, Emil**

Music by Keith Herrmann (1952–2021)

Words by Barry Harman (b. 1952)

*Romance, Romance* is a lesser known musical which began Off-Broadway in 1987 and moved to Broadway in 1988 where it ran for 297 performances. It was nominated for Tony Awards in 1988 for Best Musical, Best Original Score, Best Book of a Musical, along with nominations for its stars Alison Fraser and Scott Bakula for Best Performance by a Leading Actress and Actor in a Musical, respectively. Written in two acts taking place about 100 years apart, each act tells the story of a different romantic relationship. In *Goodbye, Emil* Josefine, a *demimondaine* weary of a series of affairs with upper class men, contemplates breaking it off with her latest lover, Emil.

Goodbye, Emil. *Adieu.*

We might as well face up to it, we're through.  
But don't you fret, I shan't be any worse off than before.  
To tell the truth, Emil, you always were a crashing bore!

So long, Emil, ta-ta!

I always found your taste a bit bourgeois.  
I never shared your dreary views on politics and art.  
You often touched my body, but you never touched my heart.  
The best way to describe my feelings knowing we must part?  
"Hurrah," Emil, "hurrah."

Did you think that I would cry?

But I can't imagine why.

You can't have thought this love you bought was real?

It was never true romance, just a question of finance.

And to be quite blunt, Emil . . . I got the short end of the deal!

Goodbye, Emil, *Mein Herr.*

What memories I'll have of this affair!  
Those weekends up near Salzburg at that garish little inn.  
The countless nights you fell asleep from drinking too much gin.  
The card games that I cheated at so I could let you win.  
Oh, if people only knew how dull it was to live in sin.

My eyes, Emil, are dry -  
Although the time for ending it is nigh.  
Whatever passion I had felt has turned completely cold.  
My mind's made up, I won't be threatened, flattered or cajoled.  
Besides, I hear you're dating someone seventeen years old.

Emil, you heel! Goodbye!

***It's Never That Easy/I've Been Here Before***

Music by David Shire (b. 1937)

Words by Richard Maltby, Jr. (b. 1937)

*Closer Than Ever* was composed as a musical revue of songs, premiering Off-Broadway in 1989. The songs are loosely tied together by themes of relationship. Maltby and Shire collaborated on a number of successful shows including *Starting Here*, *Starting Now*; *Closer Than Ever*; *Baby*; and *Big*, earning multiple Tony and Grammy nominations for their work. In this duet two women grapple with the risks of commitment - one woman counsels another, perhaps younger, woman to beware of committing too soon, while the other woman contemplates jumping back into a risky but potentially heady relationship.

[Woman 1]

You just met him, yes, I know.  
This is lasting, this will grow.  
But oh, it's never that easy.  
Believe me, it isn't at all.  
You are starstruck, so was I.  
I would love him, till I die.  
But oh, it's never that easy.  
My darling, not easy at all.

All your life you'll be with him.  
Think of that, think it through.  
He may chase some crazy whim.  
When he does, you'll go too.  
And you'll lose him now and then.  
But each morning start again.  
And oh, some days you'll be happy.  
But it won't be easy.

It's never that easy.  
You think so, but no, oh no, I know.  
It isn't at all.

[Woman 2]

The man says things he needs to say,  
Turns to smile as he stands at my door.  
And then I see his eyes are gray.  
Oh god I've been here before.  
To want him makes no sense at all.  
Then we talk and out his feelings pour.  
Inside all my defenses fall.  
Oh yes I've been here before.

The man's all wrong. That's all that's true.  
And what is worse, this time,  
Good God, he's twenty-two!  
And since it's wrong before we start,  
Why should I rush to prove  
That I can break my heart all over?

The man leaves and I'm on my own.  
I sit here and simply watch the door.  
And tell myself I'm fine alone.  
Oh yes, I've been here before.  
Oh yes, I've been here before.

[Woman 2, Woman 1]

The man's all wrong. That's all that's true.  
I know, it's never that easy  
And what is worse, this time,  
Good God, he's twenty-two!  
Believe me, it isn't at all.  
And since it's wrong before we start,  
He may chase some crazy whim.  
Why should I rush to prove  
That I can break my heart all over?  
Let him go or he'll break your heart.

The man leaves and I'm on my own.  
You're fine alone without him.  
I sit here and simply watch the door.  
And you'll miss him now and then.  
Then tell myself I'm fine alone.  
You're fine alone.

Oh yes I've been here before.  
Oh yes I've been here before  
But it won't be easy. No never that easy.  
Some days you'll be happy. But it won't be easy.  
You think so, but no.  
Oh, no,

[Both]  
I know. I've been here before.

### ***Yearning for that Special Someone***

#### ***Always Through the Changing***

Music by Douglas Moore (1893-1969)

Words by John Latouche (1914-1956)

The opera *The Ballad of Baby Doe* tells the real-life story of Elizabeth McCourt Doe Tabor, known as "Baby Doe," and of her deep love for and marriage to Horace Tabor, a wealthy mine owner. The story takes place in Leadville, Colorado at the height of the silver mining rush of the 1880s. The successful and wealthy Tabor becomes a target for the impoverished and abandoned Baby Doe. After falling for her Tabor divorces his wife Augusta to marry her, causing a social scandal. Political and economic events lead to the collapse of Tabor's fortune, and he dies penniless. The faithful Baby Doe sticks by him through riches and ruin, and Horace dies in her arms. She spends the last 3 decades of her life living in abject poverty in a shack outside the Matchless Mine, which Horace had urged her to save. Baby Doe dies keeping her promise to Horace; at the age of 81, she is found frozen to death in her shack. This aria follows his death in the opera, and projects forward in time to the end of her life beside the Matchless Mine. It is one of the most haunting and beautiful musical treatments of enduring love ever composed.

Always through the changing of sun and shadow, time and space,  
I will walk beside my love in a green and quiet place.  
Proof against the forms of fear,  
No distress shall alter me.  
I will walk beside my dear, clad in love's bright heraldry.

Sound the battle's loud alarms.  
Any foe I shall withstand.  
In the circle of his arms  
I am safe in Beulah Land.

Passion fades when joy is spent,  
Lust is lure for gold and crime.  
Beauty's kiss is transient.

Love alone is fixed in time.  
Death cannot divide my love,  
All we sealed with living vows.  
Warm I'll sleep beside my love  
In a cold and narrow house.

Never shall the mourning dove  
Weep for us in accents wild.  
I shall walk beside my love,  
Who is husband, father, child.  
As our earthly eyes grow dim  
Still the old song will be sung.  
I shall change along with him,  
So that both are ever young.  
Ever young.

### **Wanting**

Music by Charles Strouse (b. 1928)

Words by Stephen Schwartz (b. 1948)

"Wanting" is a song from the musical *Rags*. Rebecca and her son, Ben, are Russian Jewish immigrants in New York and are searching for her husband who arrived years earlier and had been out of touch. In the meantime, Rebecca finds work at a sweatshop and falls in love with a Union organizer named Saul. At this point in the show, Rebecca and Saul think their love can never be, so they express the frustration and pain of not being able to have someone you want.

How could this feeling come again,  
When I was safe at last, calm at last, freed?

Then I turn around, there he is  
And the room is bright where he is.  
Don't I ever learn? No, I stand here wanting,  
Wanting him.

I must be wanting in my brain  
To feel this dangerous, treacherous need.

Then I see his eyes and they dance.  
All they hold are lies, but they dance.  
Don't I ever learn? Oh, this stupid wanting.  
Like a swift summer storm, let it pass,  
Like a hot midnight fever, let it pass.  
No more wanting things that cannot be,  
No more wanting him.

End this wanting, tear it out of me.  
End this helpless wanting.  
Don't I ever learn? No, I stand here wanting.

### ***Lily's Eyes***

Music by Lucy Simon (1940–2022)

Words by Marsha Norman (b. 1947)

Archibald and Craven, the uncles of Mary Lennox, are struck by their strong emotions for her, though she has just arrived at their home after losing both of her parents. She reminds both of Archibald's late wife, the woman they both loved, Lily.

[Dr. Craven]

Strangely quiet, but now the storm  
Simply rests to strike again  
Standing, waiting, I think of her  
I think of her.

[Archie]

Strange, this Mary, she leaves the room,  
Yet remains; she lingers on.  
Something stirs me to think of her,  
I think of her.

[Dr. Craven]

From death she casts her spell,  
All night we hear her sighs,  
And now a girl has come who has her eyes.

She has her eyes.

The girl has Lily's hazel eyes,  
Those eyes that saw him happy long ago.  
Those eyes that gave him life and hope he'd never known.  
How can he see the girl and miss those hazel eyes?

[Archie]

She has her eyes,  
The girl has Lily's hazel eyes,  
Those eyes that closed and left me all alone.  
Those eyes I feel will never ever let me go.  
How can I see this girl who has her hazel eyes?

In Lily's eyes a castle,  
This house seemed to be

And I, her bravest knight became,  
My lady fair was she.

[Dr. Craven]

She has her eyes,  
She has my Lily's hazel eyes,  
Those eyes that loved my brother, never me.  
Those eyes that never saw me, never knew I longed  
To hold her close, to live at last in Lily's eyes.

[Archie]

Imagine me a lover,

[Dr. Craven]

I longed for the day  
She'd turn and see me standing there,

[Both]

Would God have let her stay

[Dr. Craven, Archie]

She has her eyes, she has Lily's hazel eyes,  
She has my Lily's hazel eyes,  
Those eyes that first I loved so.  
Those eyes that saw me happy long ago.  
How can I now forget that I dared to be  
How can I now forget that once I dared to be

[Both]

In love, alive, and whole  
In Lily's eyes,  
In Lily's eyes!

### ***Exotic Infatuation***

#### ***Love Can't Happen***

Words and Music by Maury Yeston (b. 1945)

Grushinskaya dances in her concert, but the audience is hardly appreciative of her. She refuses to go back out on stage, and instead rushes back to the hotel for solace. However, upon entering her room, Grushinskaya finds The Baron, standing beside her precious necklace. The Baron quickly improvises that he is in her hotel room because he is her biggest fan, and has been following her all across Europe. The two jaded romantics quickly fall for each other, while trying to convince themselves that "Love Can't Happen."



Mademoiselle, I have followed you everywhere,  
Almost throughout your career.  
London, Vienna, Paree, I've admired you,  
Hoping one day we might meet in this way.  
But I never thought I'd be carried away,  
Oh, I knew you'd be beautiful, but not so beautiful...

Why am I talking this way?  
Can this be real to me?  
Nonsense, my boy,  
You knew she'd be beautiful, but not so beautiful...

Love can't happen quite so quickly,  
Not unless I dreamed you, beautifully and sweetly,  
No, don't look through me so clearly.  
I might very nearly lose myself completely.  
Who could ever have suspected  
You would make me tremble so?  
I can't think of any answer  
Other than, if love comes,  
When love comes, you know.

What is this I'm saying? What is this I'm feeling?  
Like I'm getting drunk, looking in her eyes,  
Overwhelming face, utterly appealing.  
Never mind the truth, never mind the lies.  
Never mind a thought in the world except...

Love can't happen quite so quickly,  
But I'm filled with no one but her,  
No, don't look through me so clearly.  
I might very nearly lose myself completely  
Who could ever have suspected  
I would be here trembling so?  
I can't think of any answer  
Other than, if love comes,  
When love comes, you know.  
And I know!

### ***Watch Duet***

Music by Johann Strauss II (1825-1899)

Words by Karl Haffner (1804-1876) and Richard Genée (1823-1895)

There is an old saying that goes "the third time's the charm." This statement holds true when talking about Johann Strauss' third attempt at opera and operetta with

his famous operetta *Die Fledermaus*, which translates as *The Bat*. It is called *The Bat* because of a prank that one of the main characters, Eisenstein, played on his friend Dr. Falke two years earlier. The prank left Dr. Falke drunk and passed out in a public park dressed as a bat. The incident earned Falke the nickname "Dr. Bat" and made him the butt of jokes in Vienna for some time. Dr. Falke sees an opportunity for revenge, and thus begins *Die Fledermaus*.

On New Year's Eve, Eisenstein is about to go to jail for punching a policeman but decides to avoid jail for one night so he can go to Prince Orlofsky's lavish party. Eisenstein wants to go with his friend Falke, so he tells his wife Rosalinde that he is going to jail. Meanwhile, Rosalinde knows that Eisenstein is lying and follows him to the ball, disguised as a Hungarian countess. After many mistaken identities, Eisenstein tries to seduce his own wife without knowing it. It is at this point that the famous "Watch Duet" occurs. Eisenstein owns a stopwatch, which is rumored to have the ability to seduce women. He decides to try it on his disguised wife. This upbeat, musical cat-and-mouse chase ends with Rosalinda snatching Eisenstein's precious watch and is one of the highlights of this beloved operetta.

[Eisenstein]

How engaging, how exciting, how adorably inviting!  
Such a flower I could shower with my kisses here and now,  
If she only would allow.

[Rosalinda]

Masquerading undercover, he approaches me as lover.  
Was a liar ever slyer, just you wait, dear Eisenstein.  
I will make you toe the line.

[Eisenstein]

Like a fleeting, magic vision, you may vanish from my sight!  
Will you change your firm decision and unmask for me tonight?

[Rosalinda]

Please, my dear Marquis, don't ask me. That's the one thing I won't do.  
I insist you don't unmask me. I expect that much from you.

[Rosalinda, Eisenstein]

How he prances and romances while he boldly makes advances.  
From her glances and advances I have chances, I am sure.  
No suspicion, premonition, warns him who resists his charms.  
If I try and persist, how can she resist?  
In a minute he'll discover, this philandering, would-be lover,  
In a minute I'll discover, yes, I will see whether she  
How completely he has fallen in my trap!  
Can resist, or will fall into my trap.

[Rosalinda]

Ah, my heart is weak and tender, and my brain begins to spin.

[Eisenstein]

Ah, she's going to surrender, pretty soon she will give in.

[Rosalinda]

Ah, my pulse is beating wildly, throbbing on tick, tock, tick tock!  
Could we measure its pulsations by your precious little clock?

[Eisenstein]

That's just what I want to say!

[Rosalinda]

Let us count them right away!

[Both]

Yes, let us count them right away.

[Eisenstein]

One, two, three, four,

[Rosalinda]

Five six, seven, nine,

[Eisenstein]

No, that's not in line, for after seven there is eight.

[Rosalinda]

I thought perhaps that I was late, let's change positions.

[Eisenstein]

Change them? How?

[Rosalinda]

You count the beats of my heart, and the ticking of your watch,  
And let us start from the start.  
Now let us count without delay.

[Eisenstein]

Yes, right away.

[Rosalinda, Eisenstein]

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,

Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,  
Hop, hop, hop, hop, on without a stop!  
Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty,  
One, two, three, four, five, six, ten, hop, hop, hop, hop, without stop,  
Eighty, hundred.  
Six hundred and nine!  
My goodness, we can't be that far!  
Oh, yes, indeed, we are,  
No, no, no!  
Half a million beats, at least!  
That is a little too fantastic!  
My figures are a bit elastic.  
You'll never count another heartbeat.  
She took my watch away from me, how unkind!  
I thank you sincerely!  
If you don't mind?  
I'll cherish it dearly. Ah!

[Eisenstein]

She outwitted all my guesses, and my watch she now possesses.  
This flirtation cost me dearly, I disgraced myself severely.  
Ah! Lovely watch, oh, give it back! Please, give it back!  
Ah, dearest watch, if I only had you back! Please, give it back!  
This flirtation cost me dearly, I disgraced myself severely!  
And my watch has gone to waste. Ah, I am disgraced.  
Poor me!



## PERFORMERS

### **M. Jane Erwin**

In addition to Sonoma State University, M. Jane Erwin (fka Jane Erwin Hammett) is on the faculty at San Francisco Conservatory of Music as Stage Director for the Pre-College Division. Ms. Erwin is a longtime teaching artist at the American Conservatory Theater (ACT), where she has taught singing, acting and musical theater. She has performed across the U.S. and in San Francisco in two national companies of *The Phantom of the Opera*, as well as sung many leading roles with Bay Area opera and theater companies. Her outstanding performances have earned two Bay Area Theatre Critics' Circle Awards and a Drama-Logue Award for appearances with San Francisco's Lamplighters Music Theatre. She is known for her fearless portrayals of coloratura heroines, such as a roller skating Olympia (*The Tales of Hoffmann*), a hula-hooping Cunegonde (*Candide*), and a cartwheeling Valencienne (*The Merry Widow*). As a stage director, she has helmed productions for Sonoma State University, Island City Opera, Lamplighters Music Theatre, Pocket Opera, SF Opera Guild's Opera à la Carte, and the International Gilbert & Sullivan Festival in Buxton, England. For her 2016 direction of *Ruddygore* she received a Theatre Bay Area Awards nomination for Outstanding Direction of a Musical. Her passion is to help vocal and performing artists become wholehearted storytellers and communicators through their craft.



### **Mark Kratz**

Mr. Kratz holds a Bachelor of Music degree in vocal performance from the Eastman School of Music and a Master of Music degree in Opera from Binghamton University and participated in the Tri-Cities Opera and Tacoma Opera Young Artist Programs.



He has performed with such opera companies as Tri-Cities Opera, Tacoma Opera, Juneau Opera-to-Go, Juneau Lyric Opera, International Opera Institute of Palm Springs, and locally with Cinnabar Theater, Lamplighters, and Pocket Opera.

Mr. Kratz has performed with such orchestras and choral groups as the Northeastern PA Philharmonic, The Sonoma County Philharmonic, the Santa Rosa Symphony, the Northeastern Choral Society, The Sonoma County Chamber Singers, and the Santa Rosa Symphonic Chorus.

Mark Kratz has also performed with the National Opera Orchestra (under

famous tenor and conductor, Placido Domingo) at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C.

His roles include both operatic and musical theater roles such as the Beast (*Beauty and the Beast*), the Phantom (*Phantom of the Opera*), Alfredo (*La Traviata*), Tamino (*The Magic Flute*), Lensky (*Eugene Onegin*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), Edgardo (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Don Jose (*Carmen*), and Canio (*I Pagliacci*).

In addition to Sonoma State University, Mr. Kratz is an adjunct professor of voice at Santa Rosa Junior College, where he teaches applied voice lessons and beginning/intermediate voice classes. He is also on the Theater Arts adjunct faculty as a vocal director for their full-scale musicals.

Mr. Kratz has a private voice studio and is Choir Director at Saint Patrick's Episcopal Church in Kenwood, as well. He is also a member of the Redwood Empire chapter of the National Association of Teachers of Singing (NATS).

### **Lee Steward**

Tenor, Lee Steward, has performed musical theatre, opera, sacred, and lieder concerts around the world. His spinto tenor, described as both "bold and beautiful," lends itself to a variety of repertoire, but most especially English language works. His singing career had an auspicious beginning, as he performed with international film and Broadway stars Gregory Hines and Stephen Schwartz, as well as with Bernadette Peters and Stephen Sondheim on A&E Television. He has sung with Utah Festival Opera, Sarasota Opera, Opera Theatre of St. Louis, Opera Carolina, Berkshire Opera, and the Bronx Opera. He has performed concerts around the U.S. and internationally in Salzburg, Austria and Okinawa, Japan. Lee expanded his stage career to the concert hall performing in several oratorios with the New York City Chorale including Bach's Weihnachts-Oratorium. While a visiting professor at Ithaca College, he gave the world-premiere performance of song cycles and performance pieces by the eclectic New York City composer, Gerald Busby, including "Emotion" with a text by Tony Award winner, playwright, Craig Lucas. In the San Francisco Bay area, Lee sang with North Bay Opera, West Bay Opera, Opera San José, and the San Francisco Opera Chorus as well as *Edgar* in Puccini's *Edgar* and Martin in Aaron Copland's *The Tender Land* with West Edge Opera.



He currently sings, accompanies, and conducts a wide range of concert performances in the SF Bay Area.

## **Krista Wigle**

Krista Wigle is very pleased to be joining the voice faculty at Sonoma State University. Ms. Wigle earned her Bachelor of Music Degree in Vocal Performance from the San Francisco Conservatory of Music in 1993. After graduation, she performed as Wild Woman/Confidante/Carlotta in the First National Co. (Christine Co.) of *The Phantom of the Opera* for five years at the Curran Theater in San Francisco. After its closing, she went back to the SF Conservatory to earn her Master of Music Degree in Vocal Performance under the tutelage of master voice teacher, Jane Randolph. She graduated with awards in Voice, Opera, and Musical Theater in 2003.



Ms. Wigle teaches Voice and Vocal Performance Workshops at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music in the Continuing Education and Pre-College Departments. She is a longtime Vocal Director and Musical Theater/Cabaret Instructor at the American Conservatory Theater (A.C.T.), and is an Artist-in-Residence in the Vocal Department at the Ruth Asawa School of the Arts. She has maintained a private vocal studio for more than twenty years in San Francisco and her students have gone on to careers in opera, musical theater, pop music, songwriting, film, and television.

Known for her vocal versatility, and her character/comedic work, Ms. Wigle's extensive performance career ranges from Opera to Musical Theater. Most recently, she performed with West Edge Opera as Miss Spink in the American Premiere of *Coraline*, and with Lamplighters Music Theatre as The D'Ysquith Family in *A Gentleman's Guide to Love and Murder*. She received a Bay Area Theatre Critics Circle nomination for her portrayal as Cleo in *The Most Happy Fella* at Cinnabar Theater. Other past roles include: Musetta (*La Bohème*), Clorinda (*La Cenerentola*), Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), Dame Quickly (*Falstaff*), Marcellina (*The Marriage of Figaro*), Saraghina (*Nine*), Berta (*The Barber of Seville*), Miss Jessel (*The Turn of the Screw*), Hucklebee (*The Fantasticks*), The Princess Puffer (*The Mystery of Edwin Drood*), Soprano/Jazz Trio (*Trouble in Tahiti*), Jenny (*The Three Penny Opera*), Chayesel/Dobrisch (*The People in the Picture*) and Wild Woman/Carlotta U.S. (*Phantom: The Las Vegas Spectacular*).

Other companies: Opera Parallèle, Pocket Opera, Brava Opera, Opera Santa Barbara, Festival Opera, West Bay Opera, Livermore Valley Opera, Sierra Repertory Theater, Woodminster Amphitheater, and the San Jose Playhouse.

Ms. Wigle has also been the Soprano Soloist/Featured Artist with such organizations as: The Chintimini Chamber Music Festival, The Santa Rosa Symphony, Chora Nova, The UC Berkeley Orchestra, The SFCM Orchestra, The Santa Cruz Symphony, Ballet San Jose, The Monterey Opera Orchestra, The Winchester Orchestra, and The Rogue Valley Chorale.



## Dan Cromeenes

Dan Cromeenes is a versatile musician who has performed professionally as a collaborative pianist, countertenor soloist, and choral singer. A southern California native, he received a Bachelor's degree in piano and voice from Biola University and a Master's degree in piano accompanying from East Carolina University. He first moved to San Francisco to perform with the world-renowned ensemble



Chanticleer, and has since flourished in the Bay Area's music scene. He has played for various opera and musical theater organizations, including West Bay Opera, Livermore Valley Opera, BASOTI, Lamplighters Music Theatre, and FOGG Theatre. He has accompanied for educational programs such as Young Musicians Program and Chanticleer's Skills LAB as well as for masterclasses, recitals, auditions, and competitions throughout the region. Dan is currently a staff accompanist for Sonoma State University, Santa Clara University, and the Santa Clara Chorale, and works as a freelance accompanist and vocal coach.

Dan is often described as an intuitive accompanist and an ideal collaborator for vocalists because of his own extensive experience as a singer. As a countertenor soloist he was featured singing lute songs for Oakland Ballet in Graham Lustig's *Consort* and is a frequent soloist for Bay Area early music performances, including Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* and Purcell's *Come Ye Sons of Art* with Marin Baroque. He has performed as soloist for the American Bach Festival & Academy, including Bach's *Mass in B minor*. He has also enjoyed performing Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with Vallejo Choral Society, Bach's *Magnificat* with Sonoma Bach, and both Handel's *Messiah* and Bach's *St. John Passion* with the Santa Clara Chorale. Dan is a regular vocalist in the elite ensembles Clerestory, American Bach Choir, Philharmonia Baroque Chorale, Bach Collegium San Diego, and Oregon Bach Festival Chorus.

In addition to his playing and singing, Dan has written multiple choral arrangements that have been performed by Clerestory, and he has assisted in preparing a performance edition of the Lyon version of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* for American Bach Soloists. When not onstage or behind a piano, he can usually be found on a hike in the mountains or at home baking gourmet goodies.

### **Yvonne Wormer**

Yvonne has been a collaborative pianist ever since her uncle commented that “she phrases like a singer” when at a family gathering early in her music studies. Though it took a few attempts, she eventually graduated from Cal State Hayward (now East Bay), and has gone on to accompany choirs, singers, and instrumentalists. She is particularly intuitive and this continues to be her strength. She loves the collaborative aspect of accompanying, and loves poetry and prose. The combination of text and music, and the wide variety of students and instructors makes her particularly well suited for her job as a staff accompanist at a university.



Derailed for six years with a repetitive strain injury in 1996, she eventually recovered, and retrained, and went on to become the staff accompanist at Sonoma State University since 2003 where she has worked intimately in the voice department with many many teachers and students over the past twenty-plus years. She is currently also the rehearsal pianist for the Sonoma Bach choir, and the liturgical pianist at Congregation Shomrei Torah, a progressive reform synagogue in Sonoma county.

### **Dr. Lynne Morrow**

Dr. Lynne Morrow is a specialist in American music. She directs opera, music theatre, and choral music of all genres. The works of Stephen Sondheim and Gershwin’s “Porgy and Bess” are areas of her scholarship. Dr. Morrow has received The Heritage Keepers Award from The Friends of Negro Spirituals.



Dr. Morrow received a GRAMMY nomination for her work on Bernstein’s “Mass” with Kent Nagano and with the Pacific Mozart Ensemble (now Pacific Edge Voices). She also recorded two CDs of Dave Brubeck’s choral music with PME. Dr. Morrow was the music director of Pacific Edge Voices (PME) from 2005-2020, after being the assistant director after 1994.

Since 2001, Dr. Morrow has directed the Voice and Opera/Music Theatre Programs at Sonoma State University. Dr. Lynne Morrow was the director of Oakland Symphony Chorus from 2005-2022, commissioning new works and taking the Chorus on its first 2 international tours.

Dr. Morrow presents workshops on African American Spirituals, and works as a clinician with choruses across the country on Spirituals and other American music. She has also given lectures on music for major Bay Area organizations

including San Francisco Opera, Oakland Symphony, Stern Grove and Cal Performances. Dr. Morrow strives for a powerful connection to music, presenting works from every corner of the musical arts in fresh ways, to reach the widest possible audiences.

## **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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# DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC FACULTY

## FACULTY

**R. Anderson Collinsworth**, Department Chair,  
Director of Bands, Instrumental Conducting

**Jenny Bent**, Director of Choral Activities,  
Choral Conducting, Choral Music Education

**Alexander Kahn**, Director of Orchestral Activities

**Doug Leibinger**, Director of Jazz Studies

**Thom Limbert**, Composition Program

**Kim Mieder**, Music Education Program Coordinator

**Lynne Morrow**, Director of Voice, Opera  
and Music Theatre Programs

**John R. Palmer**, Musicology and Musicianship Programs

**Marilyn Thompson**, Piano and Chamber Music Director

**Brian S. Wilson**, Music Theory Program  
Director, Jewish Studies Program Director

## STRINGS

**Jill Rachuay Brindel**, Cello

**Eric Cabalo**, Classical Guitar, Guitar  
Ensemble, Guitar Methods

**Gail Hernández Rosa**, Violin

**Daniel Levitan**, Harp

**Mark Wallace**, Classical Bass

**Aaron Westman**, Violin & Viola

## WOODWINDS

**Andrew Harrison**, Classical Saxophone

**Kathleen Reynolds**, Flute

**Laura Reynolds**, Oboe & English Horn

**Jeff Robinson**, Bassoon

**Roy Zajac**, Clarinet

## BRASS

**Daniel Gianola-Norris**, Trumpet

**Alicia Mastromonaco**, French Horn

**David Ridge**, Trombone

**Jonathan Seiberlich**, Tuba and Euphonium

## PERCUSSION AND PIANO

**Jonathan Dimmock**, Organ

**Marilyn Thompson**, Piano

**Jennifer Wilsey**, Percussion

## VOICE

**M. Jane Erwin**

**Mark Kratz**

**Lee Steward**

**Krista Wigle**

## 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

### Choral/Vocal

Concert Choir

Symphonic Chorus

SonoVoce

Musical Theatre and Opera Production

### Instrumental

Concert Band

Symphonic Wind Ensemble

Symphony Orchestra

Brass Ensemble

Guitar Ensemble

Chamber Music Ensembles

Saxophone Quartet

Rock Collegium

### Jazz

Jazz Orchestra

Latin Jazz Band

Concert Jazz Ensemble

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