MUSIC

2026 – 2027



SONOMA STATE UNIVERSITY

FALL 2026 PERFORMANCES

All concerts are held at the Green Music Center

SEP 13	12:00 p.m	Saxophone Day	Schroeder Hall
SEP 20	2:00 p.m	Navarro Trio	Schroeder Hall
SEP 25	7:30 p.m.	Symphony Orchestra	Weill Hall
OCT 1	7:30 p.m.	Symphonic Wind Ensemble & USAF Band of the Golden West	Weill Hall
OCT 5	1:00 p.m.	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder Hall
OCT 13	7:30 p.m.	SSU Community Concert Band & BD Winds	Weill Hall
OCT 17	2:00 p.m.	Jazz Orchestra	Weill Hall
OCT 18	10:00 a.m.	Day of Strings	Schroeder hall
OCT 20–21	All Day	SSU Choral Festival	Weill Hall & Schroeder Hall
OCT 22	7:30 p.m.	Concert Jazz Ensemble & Latin Band	Schroeder Hall
NOV 7	7:30 p.m.	Concert Choir & SonoVoce	Weill Hall
NOV 9	1:00 p.m.	Department Repertory Recital	Schroeder Hall
NOV 20	7:30 p.m.	Symphony Orchestra	Weill Lawn
NOV 22	2:00 p.m.	Brass Ensemble	Schroeder Hall
DEC 2	7:30 p.m.	Chamber Ensembles	Schroeder Hall
DEC 3	7:30 p.m.	Symphonic Wind Ensemble 25th Anniversary	Weill Hall
DEC 4	7:30 p.m.	Music Theater - Opera Scenes	Schroeder Hall
DEC 5	2:00 p.m.	Music Theater - Opera Scenes	Schroeder Hall
DEC 5	7:30 p.m.	Music Theater - Opera Scenes	Schroeder Hall
DEC 6	3:00 p.m.	Jazz Orchestra	Weill Hall
DEC 8	7:30 p.m.	Guitar Ensemble	Schroeder Hall
DEC 9	1:00 p.m.	Vocal Repertory Recital	Schroeder Hall
DEC 10	7:30 p.m.	Concert Jazz Ensemble & Latin Band	Schroeder Hall
DEC 12	7:30 p.m.	Rock Collegium	Schroeder Hall
DEC 15	7:30 p.m.	SSU Community Concert Band & Piner High School	Weill Hall
DEC 16	7:30 p.m.	Noma Winds	Weill Hall

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Sonoma State University Department of Music

presents

SPIRIT & SONG

CONCERT CHOIR & SONOVOCE

Jenny Bent, Conductor
Dan Cromeenes, Piano

PROGRAM

Concert Choir

My Spirit Sang All Day — Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Liebst du um Schönheit — Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Day of Fire and Sun — Kate Crellin (b. 1997)

Red, Red Rose — James Mulholland (b. 1935)

Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit — William Dawson (1899-1990)

Ash Jones, soloist

City Called Heaven — Josephine Poelinitz (b. 1942)

Eleanora Bezhenar, soloist

Hearts Beat Together — Emilio Solé-Sempere (b. 1952)

SonoVoce

Zigeunerleben — Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Soloists: Ashlyn Brown, Maggie Millard, Max Vicas, Kevin Ruiz

From *Old American Songs* — Arr. Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

- Simple Gifts
- The Boatmen's Dance

Soloists: Max Vicas, John Jedrzynski, Jim Roth

- At the River
- The Little Horses
- I Bought Me a Cat

Soloists: Eleanora Bezhenar, John Jedrzynski

- Zion's Walls

O Meu Maracatu — Arr. Daniel R. Afonso, Jr.

In Love With You — Alec Powell

Combined Choirs

For the Beauty of the Earth — Arr. John Rutter (b. 1945)

SSU Concert Choir

Dan Cromeenes, piano

Soprano I

Eleanora Bezhenar*
Emily Bousquet
Christina Corrales
Peyton Crockett
Rachel Glenn
Brooklyn Homma
Pasami Motufau
Karly Miller
Indra O'Shea
Katie Overton
Casey Sorensen
Avery Stull

Alto

Olivia Buettner
Emily Hanna
Jenni Heikura*
Raquel Howle
Suzy Latimer
Carley McVicker
Briana Moreno
Caitlin Roig
Margot Saulnier
Cameryn Walker

Tenor

Theodore Hayse
Jake McFadden
August Perez*
Kevin Ruiz
J-Ryan Stewart
Patrick Swallow

Bass

Joseph Campbell
Aiden Chan
Chihiro Fujii
Ash Jones
Jim Roth*
Luke Ruddell

SonoVoce

Soprano

Eleanora Bezhenar*
Ashlyn Brown
Andrea Giles
Katie Overton
Casey Sorensen

Alto

Rachelle Alexander
Jenni Heikura*
Angel Levy
Maggie Millard
Briana Moreno
Haley Perry
Caitlin Roig
Anastasia Thompson

Tenor

August Perez*
Patrick Swallow
Kevin Ruiz
Michael Steiner
J-Ryan Stewart
Max Vicas

Bass

Aiden Chan
Ethan Chiu
Chihiro Fujii
John Jedrzynski
Ash Jones
Jim Roth*

Section Leaders

Texts, Translations, & Program Notes

This evening's program brings together music that explores love, joy, faith, and the human spirit. Gerald Finzi's *My Spirit Sang All Day* opens with an exuberant celebration of love, while Clara Schumann's *Liebst du um Schönheit* and James Mulholland's *Red, Red Rose* offer more intimate expressions of love and devotion. Kate Crellin's *Day of Fire and Sun* captures both the beauty and intensity of human emotion. The spirituals *Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit*, arranged by William Dawson, and *City Called Heaven*, arranged by Josephine Poelinitz, speak to faith, perseverance, and the hope of a better life. Emilio Solé-Sempere's *Hearts Beat Together* closes the set with a celebration of the connections we share with one another.

SonoVoce's portion of the program draws from a wide range of musical and cultural traditions. Robert Schumann's *Zigeunerleben* offers a colorful depiction of nineteenth-century romanticized images of itinerant life, while Aaron Copland's *Old American Songs* brings together folk songs, hymns, and humorous tunes that reflect different aspects of American life. Daniel Afonso Jr's arrangement of *O Meu Maracatu* introduces the driving rhythms of Brazil's maracatu tradition, and Alec Powell's *In Love With You* returns to the theme of love with a more contemporary musical voice. The concert concludes with both choirs joining together for John Rutter's *For the Beauty of the Earth*, a setting of the familiar hymn celebrating the beauty of the world and the gifts of human connection. Though the music spans several centuries and many different traditions, the sentiments expressed throughout the evening remain remarkably familiar.

My Spirit Sang All Day

Text: Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)

My spirit sang all day
O my joy.
Nothing my tongue could say,
Only My joy!
My heart an echo caught
O my joy
And spake,
Tell me thy thought,
Hide not thy joy.
My eyes gan peer around,
O my joy
What beauty hast thou found?
Shew us thy joy.
My jealous ears grew whist;
O my joy
Music from heaven is't,
Sent for our joy?
She also came and heard;
O my joy,
What, said she, is this word?
What is thy joy?
And I replied,
O see, O my joy,
'Tis thee, I cried, 'tis thee:
Thou art my joy.

Born in England in 1901, the reclusive and introspective composer Gerald Finzi lived only 55 years, dying before his time from leukemia. During his brief life, he dedicated himself to music. Much of his time was spent composing, attending concerts, lecturing, collecting music, and befriending the likes of Gustav Holst and Ralph Vaughan Williams. His output includes orchestral and choral music as well as many solo songs and essays. He shows a brilliance in the way he sets words by finding the essence of the text without the need for over-embellishment (indeed, much of his vocal music is primarily set syllabically). My Spirit Sang All Day is from a set of seven part-song settings of poetry by Robert Bridges (1844-1930) and is an ecstatic declaration of the joy wrought by love.

- Matthew D. Oltman

Liebst du um Schönheit
If you love for beauty

English translation Richard Stokes

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja, mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
She has golden hair.

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
Which is young each year.

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
Who has many shining pearls.

If you love for love,
Ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you evermore.

Day of Fire and Sun

Poem: Sara Teasdale (1884-1933)

Oh day of fire and sun,
Pure as a naked flame,
Blue sea, blue sky and dun
Sands where he spoke my name;

Laughter and hearts so high
That the spirit flew off free,
Lifting into the sky
Diving into the sea;

Oh day of fire and sun
Like a crystal burning,
Slow days go one by one,
But you have no returning.

A Red, Red Rose

Adapted from the poem by Robert Burns (1759-1796)

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve's like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit

Every time I feel the Spirit moving in my heart I will pray.
Yes, every time I feel the Spirit moving in my heart I will pray.
Upon the mountain, when my Lord spoke,
out of God's mouth came fire and smoke.
Looked all around me, it looked so fine,
till I asked my Lord if all was mine.
Jordan River, chilly and cold,
it chills the body but not the soul.
There is but one train upon this track.
It runs to heaven and then right back.

City Called Heaven

I am a poor pilgrim of sorrow,
I'm left in this wide world alone,
No hope have I for tomorrow,
I've started to make heav'n my home.
Sometimes I am tossed and I'm driven,
Lord, Sometimes I don't know which way to turn,
Oh, I heard of a city called heaven,I'm trying to make heaven my home.

African American spirituals emerged from the experiences of enslaved people in the United States, serving as expressions of faith, sources of comfort, and a means of easing the hardship and monotony of daily labor. At the same time, they embodied a profound yearning for freedom offering hope and resilience in the face of unimaginable adversity. These songs have become one of America's most enduring and influential musical traditions. Through their choral arrangements, we honor the spiritual's rich legacy, while inviting contemporary performers and audiences to experience their enduring message of courage, perseverance, and hope.

Hearts Beat Together

So let's come together and share the music that unites us,
Make the rhythm bond us together and dance.
I hope we meet again in the future singing songs together,
To recall the moments we spend in song and dance.

You gave me your joy, you gave me your laugh,
Took away my sorrows, turned them into smile.

Hearts beat together ev'ry time we sing.
After all the music that we shared, let's sing again
Hear the rhythm and then sing a Ra pap pap pap pap pap papa dap pap
Feel the rhythm; it's contagious. Share it all with me
With that Ra pap pap pap pap pap papa dap pah

Let's sing again one more time!

Zigeunerleben

Text: Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884)

Im Schatten des Waldes, im Buchengezweig
Da regt sich's und raschelt und flüstert zugleich;
Es flackern die Flammen, es gaukelt der Schein
Um bunte Gestalten, um Laub und Gestein.

Das ist der Zigeuner bewegliche Schar,
Mit blitzendem Aug' und mit wallendem Haar,
Gesäugt an des Niles geheiligter Flut,
Gebräunt von Hispaniens südlicher Glut.

Ums lodernde Feuer in schwellendem Grün
Da lagern die Männer verwildert und kühn,
Da kauern die Weiber und rüsten das Mahl,
Und füllen geschäftig den alten Pokal.

Und Sagen und Lieder ertönen im Rund,
Wie Spaniens Gärten so blühend und bunt,
Und magische Sprüche für Not und Gefahr
Verkündet die Alte der horchenden Schar.

Schwarzäugige Mädchen beginnen den Tanz;
Da sprühen die Fackeln im rötlichen Glanz,
Heiß lockt die Gitarre, die Cymbel klingt,
Wie wilder und wilder der Reigen sich schlingt.

Dann ruhn sie ermüdet von nächtlichen Reihn;
Es rauschen die Buchen in Schlummer sie ein,
Und die aus der glücklichen Heimat verbannt,
Sie schauen im Traume das glückliche Land.

Doch wie nun im Osten der Morgen erwacht,
Verlöschen die schönen Gebilde der Nacht;
Es scharret das Maultier bei Tagesbeginn,
Fort ziehn die Gestalten, wer sagt dir wohin?

In the shaded wood, among the beech tree's boughs
Things stir and rustle and murmur;
The flames flicker, the glow dances
Round coloured forms, round foliage and stone.

It is the gypsies who throng there
With flashing eyes and waving hair,
Suckled alongside the sacred Nile,
Bronzed by Spain's southern heat.

Around the blazing fire in the burgeoning green
The bold, wild men are stretched,
The women crouch and prepare the meal,
And busily fill the ancient goblet.

And fables and songs sound all around,
Like Spain's gardens, so colorful and blooming,
And the old woman recites to the listening throng
Her magic spells against famine and danger.

Dark-eyed girls begin the dance;
Torches sparkle in the reddish gleam,
Passionate guitars and cymbals sound,
As the dance grows wilder and wilder.

Then, exhausted, they rest from the nightly dance,
The beech trees rustle them to sleep,
And, banished from their native land,
They see in dreams that happy land.

But when the day dawns in the east,
The nocturnal visions fade;
The mule at daybreak paws at the ground,
The figures set off, but who knows where?

English translation Richard Stokes

Composed in 1840, Robert Schumann's celebrated "Year of Song," Zigeunerleben is the third of his Drei Gedichte, Op. 29, settings of poems by the German writer Emanuel Geibel. The poem reflects the nineteenth-century Romantic fascination with an imagined "gypsy" life of freedom, music, and wandering rather than the actual lived experiences of Romani people. Today, the work is best appreciated as an expression of Romantic artistic ideals and for Schumann's masterful musical storytelling, whose vitality and exuberance have made it one of the enduring favorites of the choral repertoire.

Simple Gifts

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free
'tis the gift to come down where you ought to be
And when we find ourselves in the place just right
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained
To bow and to bend we shan't be ashamed
To turn, turn will be our delight
'Till by turning, turning we come round right.

The Boatmen's Dance

The boatmen dance, the boatmen sing,
The boatmen up to ev'rything,
And when the boatman gets on shore
He spends his cash and works for more.

High row the boatmen row,
Floatin' down the river the Ohio.
Then dance the boatmen dance,
O dance the boatmen dance.
O dance all night 'til broad daylight,
And go home with the gals in the mornin'.

High row the boatmen row. . . etc
I went on board the other day
To see what the boatmen had to say.
There I let my passion loose
An' they cram me in the callaboose.
O dance the boatmen dance. . .

High row the boatmen row . . . etc
The boatman is a thrifty man,
There's none can do as the boatman can.
I never see a pretty gal in my life
But that she was a boatman's wife.
O dance the boatmen dance. . .

High row the boatmen row. . . etc

At the River

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

The Little Horses

Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
You shall have,
All the pretty little horses.
Blacks and bays,
Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Blacks and bays,
Dapples and grays,
Coach and six-a little horses.
Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Go to sleepy little baby.
When you wake,
You'll have sweet cake and
All the pretty little horses.
A brown and gray and a black and a bay and a
Coach and six-a little horses.
A black and a bay ad a brown and a gray and a
Coach and six-a little horses.
Hush you bye,
Don't you cry,
Oh you pretty little baby.
Go to sleepy little baby.
Oh you pretty little baby.

I Bought Me a Cat

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me,
I fed my cat under yonder tree.
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a duck, my duck pleased me,
I fed my duck under yonder tree.
My duck says, "Quaa, quaa",
My cat says fiddle eye fee.

I bought me a goose, my goose pleased me,
I fed my goose under the yonder tree.
My goose says, "Quaw, quaw",
My duck says. . .

I bought me a hen, my hen pleased me.
I fed my hen under yonder tree.
My hen says, Shimmy shack, shimmy shack",
My goose says. . .

I bought me a pig, my pig pleased me.
I fed my pig under yonder tree.
My pig says, "Griffey, griffey".
My hen says. . .

I bought me a cow, my cow pleased me.
I fed my cow under yonder tree.
My cow says "Moo, moo",
my pig says . . .

I bought me a horse, my horse pleased me.
I fed my horse under yonder tree.
My horse says, "Neigh, neigh",
My cow says. . .

I bought me a wife, my wife pleased me.
I fed my wife under yonder tree.
My wife says, "Honey, honey",
My horse says "Neigh, neigh". . .

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.

Aaron Copland's Old American Songs consists of two sets of five songs, arranged in 1950 and 1952, that draw upon American folk songs, hymns, and popular tunes of the nineteenth century. Originally written for solo voice and piano, the songs reflect Copland's interest in American musical traditions and his ability to bring a distinctive character to seemingly simple melodies. Simple Gifts, a Shaker hymn, celebrates humility and simplicity, while The Boatmen's Dance, depicts life along the Ohio River. At the River is Copland's setting of Robert Lowry's familiar hymn, and The Little Horses is a traditional lullaby. The humorous I Bought Me a Cat builds through a succession of farm animals and their sounds, while Zion's Walls, based on a revivalist hymn, is an energetic expression of communal faith. Together, these songs offer a varied portrait of American musical life.

O Meu Meracatu
Brazilian Folk Song

Vamos coroá o nosso imperadô.
Let's crown our emperor.
O meu maracatu, maraca!
My maracatu, maraca!
Gonguê, tarô, surdo e ganzá! Oi!
Gonguê, tarô, surdo e ganzá! Hey!
O meu maracatu é imperiá,
My maracatu is imperial.
Sua nação tem corte reá
It's nation has a royal court
Tem baque de som, tem muito valô,
It has a sonorous thud, it is worth much,
Fazendo festis ao imperadô!
Celebrating the emperor with a feast!
Gonguê, tarô, surdo and ganzá,
Gonguê, tarô, surdo and ganzá,
Cuíca de som, bombo centrá,
Sonorous cuíca, central bombo,
Boneca de seda de todo primô,
Silk doll of great perfection,
As dama de honra tem todo valô!
The maids of honor have great prestige!

O Meu Meracatu is based on a folk song from Recife, a city in the northeastern Brazilian state of Pernambuco. The tune is sung during the performance of the maracatu, a lively folk celebration that started centuries ago, possibly with its origins in colonial times. During that time, slave owners and authorities would allow the slaves to organize themselves in societies and choose a (purely symbolic) king according to their African traditions. The role of the slave-king was to serve as a mediator between the government and the slaves, thus helping to keep peace among his subjects. On several occasions during the year, slaves would then organize a royal procession that would include king, queen, and their "royal court," followed by dancers and musicians. The processional would normally start from the front of the church, where the slaves would perform a choreographed dance and then proceed freely through the streets. Initially, these celebrations occurred on national or religious holidays and were very popular in several northeastern states. Nowadays, they happen exclusively in the state of Pernambuco during carnival. These processions were always accompanied by a large percussion ensemble and many of the songs used for the celebration mention the instruments used – in O Meu Meracatu there are references to gonguê, tarô, surdo, ganzá, cuíca, and bombo.

This arrangement includes sections representing a call for the initial dance, the dance, and several "stops" during the celebration when the ensemble would make turns, stop in front of houses, or simply reorganize the processional (indicated by the tenors sustained pitch).
Program notes (slightly adapted) by Daniel R. Afonso, Jr.

In Love With You

I will fetch the golden lilies from the field.
I will paint the sky a hue so bright and blue.
Drifting, fading
Into pools of light.
I have never been this much in love.

I will touch the sky and never leave the earth.
I will sing the sparrow's song and know its worth.
Diving, falling
Fast for you.
I have never been this much in love.

Watching as the sunset turns to twilight
Embers burn and glow so strong, so bright.
And with my breath I'll love you 'til the very end

BIOGRAPHIES



Jenny Bent

Dr. Jenny Bent is Professor of Music and Director of Choral and Vocal Activities at Sonoma State University in Rohnert Park, California, and Choral Director of the Santa Rosa Symphony. She holds degrees from Boston University and the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, with expertise in voice performance, choral conducting, and choral literature.

Praised by the San Francisco Classical Voice as "superb" with "excellent diction and well-controlled dynamics," Dr. Bent's choirs have earned unanimous superior ratings and command performances at festivals throughout California. Under her direction, her ensembles have performed at such venues as Carnegie Hall in New York City, Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, and Walt Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles. Her ensemble SonoVoce was recently honored to perform at the California All-State Music Education Conference (CASMEC).

Dr. Bent received the 2019 California Music Educators Association Bay Section Outstanding Choral Educator Award and the 2023 CMEA Pearson/Scott Foresman/Silver Burdett Choral Educator Award. Before joining the faculty at Sonoma State University, she spent more than a decade teaching high school, including at the Marin School of the Arts. This summer, she served as Choral Director at the Boston University Tanglewood Institute, where she previously served on the voice faculty.

As an active guest conductor, adjudicator, and conference presenter, Dr. Bent has worked with organizations including CMEA, ACDA, Golden State, and NATS. She served on the board of the California Choral Directors Association (CCDA) from 2016-2023 and currently serves as Repertoire & Resources Collegiate Choirs Coordinator for National ACDA and Treasurer for the National Collegiate Choral Organization (NCCO). From 2007-2014, Dr. Bent enjoyed sharing her passion for choral music as a host of "The Choir Loft" on KRCB-FM, Sonoma County's NPR affiliate.

Outside of music, she is a proud (and semi-obnoxious) sports and robotics mom whose favorite moments are watching her two sons do what they love.

FACULTY

Jenny Bent
Director of Choral Activities
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Cello

Eric Cabalo
Classical Guitar,
Guitar Ensemble,

Ian Carey
Jazz Trumpet

Andy Collinsworth
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Director of Bands

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Jazz Piano

Jeff Denson
Jazz Bass

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