



CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
SENIOR RECITAL

Justin Trujillo, composition

Eucalypti (2025)

Chris Harris, marimba

Justin Trujillo

Lingering Residue (2024)

Evan French, Justin Respicio, Jesse Barba, Matt Amato (video playback)

Home (2023)

Chris Harris, marimba

White Picket Fence (2024)

Kiele Miyata, flute | Dara Vasquez, bass clarinet
Emily Kurulenko, violin | William Masters, cello

Sarabande in C Minor (2024) *

Selena Delgadillo, piano

INTERMISSION

"Kyrie" from *Missa Brevis Sacramentum* (2023–24)

Ave Verum Corpus (2025) *

A Tahoe Pastorale (2024) *

Leah Anonuevo & Annie Wu, soprano | Valerie Simonson & A.C. Sullivan, alto
Jake Michael & Lyle Mendoza, tenor
Nathan Montevirgen, Dante Camacho, & Ryan Antillon, bass
Manqi Liang, piano (on *A Tahoe Pastorale*)
Justin Trujillo, conductor

continued on reverse



TUESDAY, 7:00 P.M.
OCTOBER 21, 2025
CAPISTRANO CONCERT HALL

At the Will of Giants (2025) *

<u>Flute</u> Soraya Roman Kiele Miyata	<u>Oboe</u> Ethan Pham Alan Verdin	<u>Clarinet</u> Mia Kawakami Garrett Mandujan Zephaniah Samuel (bass)	<u>Bassoon</u> Jack Zill	<u>Horn</u> Christian Orr Anthony DePage
<u>Trumpet</u> Abraham Villarreal Armando Muse	<u>Trombone</u> Josh Elmore Zach Michlig	<u>Tuba</u> Jean Rodriguez	<u>Violin 1</u> Nathanial Bacon A.C. Sullivan	<u>Violin 2</u> Kayla Nhoun
<u>Viola</u> Emily Kurulenko	<u>Cello</u> Abigail Cooper Jake Fox	<u>Bass</u> Allison Keller	<u>Timpani</u> Aaron Kitzes Luke Shalz	<u>Percussion</u> Jesse Barba

Justin Trujillo, conductor

Octubre (2025) *

Latin Jazz Ensemble – Mike Rocha, director

<u>Trumpet</u> Abraham Villarreal Billy Elliot Joel Swanson	<u>Trombone</u> Jean Rodriguez	<u>Percussion</u> Aaron Kitzes Steven Phan Devin Jones Aidan Smith Felix Badde
	<u>Saxophone</u> Nathan Montevirgen, alto Jeff Grexton, tenor Justin Trujillo, bari	

Selena Delgadillo, piano | Jonathan Chavez-Ulloa, bass

* world premiere

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Theory & Composition.
Justin Trujillo is a student of Dr. Shuying Li.*

PROGRAM NOTES

Justin Trujillo – October 21, 2025

Eucalypti

Eucalypti, titled after the uncommon plural form of eucalyptus, is a foggy swan song to early memories. Throughout my childhood, my mom and I would visit my Tía Clemen on weekends in San Francisco. We would cross the Golden Gate and cruise through the dense eucalyptus groves along Highway 1. This was my favorite part of the car ride there, even more so than the bridge itself. The scent of these trees still lingers in my mind, bringing me a sense of comfort.

As I grew older, I learned that eucalyptus trees are widely disliked. They are not native to California, and their shallow roots make them prone to falling in storms. They also catch fire very easily and burn for a long time. This duality of beauty and peril, nostalgia and reality, is present throughout all the movements of *Eucalypti*.

Movement I reflects my childhood wonder toward these trees, full of warmth and curiosity, yet threaded with harmonic and rhythmic dissonance that foreshadows the next movement. Movement II brings that underlying danger to the forefront, highlighting their ominous nature. Finally, Movement III returns to the past. A reprise of those car rides to San Francisco, where the fog and the scent of eucalyptus filled the air.

Lingering Residue

On August 6, 2012, I was riding my scooter in front of the duplex my family was renting in Richmond, CA. Suddenly, my neighbor across the street began yelling, "The refinery exploded! Go inside!" I got off my scooter and turned around to see a giant cloud of black smoke approaching my neighborhood. I rushed inside and told my dad, but he was already on the phone with my mom with the TV on the local news station.

Anyone who lives in that area today can tell you their feelings about living near a refinery. You couldn't possibly be okay with it. That day was very formative, not just years later, but in beginning to understand the class divide within the United States. Wealthy people don't have to worry about a refinery exploding down the street and the damages of inhaling toxic smoke.

This piece is broken up into three sections. "Industrial" is the churning sound of machinery. "Aleatoric" is an ominous glow coming from the refinery. "Panic" is the explosion itself.

The name of the piece comes from the oil-slicked frost you see on your car windshield after a cold winter night living near a refinery that has been letting off "harmless" emissions overnight.

This piece was a part of a project to commission percussion ensemble pieces to be performed in the CSUS Planetarium in the 2024–25 academic year. Special thanks to Dr. Jordan Shippy for recording and mixing the audio, Dr. Kyle Waters for creating visuals based on my descriptions, and the Sac State Percussion Studio for continuously supporting student composers and new music.

Home

Home explores concepts of our expansive universe. In a broader sense of the word "home," we encapsulate space and all its wonders. You will hear tremolos representing the vast dark vacuum of space, hits and short flurries of space dust and rocks, collisions, and chaos. As the piece ends, you will hear a final collision as the rocks break off and float away into the never-ending darkness.

White Picket Fence

White Picket Fence delves into the unraveling of the American Dream, focusing on the isolation and disconnection felt in 21st century suburbia. While the white picket fence is often used as a symbol of stability and success, it simultaneously mocks us by standing as a pillar, or fence, representing something unachievable for most people.

Growing up, my family moved around a lot due to financial strains. With constant moving, it was often hard to build any sense of community where we lived. I believe this to be a shared experience among many people in the American middle class. The consonance peeking out in sections of the piece serves as a temporary acceptance of reality. The ups in a series of ups and downs brought on by living life in this way. Being okay with where you are, both figuratively and literally. Finding your version of success and stability in opposition to the one pushed by that fence.

Sarabande in C Minor

I wrote *Sarabande in C Minor* for my Advanced Counterpoint course in Fall 2024. Writing music in the Baroque style was a necessary challenge in my compositional journey. This was the “learn the rules to break them” moment I had here at Sac State. It stands at a bit of a pivot in my compositional language. The process of writing the two pieces I wrote immediately following this (*A Tahoe Pastorale* and *Eucalypti*) felt like playing with new tools, painting with new brushes, and having a greater understanding of the craft of composition.

“Kyrie” from Missa Brevis Sacramentum

In 2023, my friend and colleague Luke Shalz invited me to sing at the church he worked for at the time, St. Philip the Apostle Catholic Church in San Francisco. I was very new to choral music and the Catholic liturgy and this was a terrifying experience. When to stand up, sing, sit down, kneel, what a psalm is, what an antiphon is, etc. On the other half of my life, I was in the process of becoming a composition major at Sacramento State.

My experiences working at St. Philip’s left a mark on me and inspired me to begin writing choral music. Initially called The Mass of St. Philip, the piece eventually became *Missa Brevis Sacramentum* (Short Mass for the Blessed Sacrament) to honor both my induction into choral composition at Sacramento State and the beginning of my work singing in church choirs across the Bay Area.

A *Missa Brevis* is typically four to five short movements. There is the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo (sometimes), Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. Mine ended up unfinished, only having a Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei, making it an extra short mass. I am presenting the Kyrie as the Sanctus and Agnus Dei are undergoing revisions. At some point I will complete the Gloria movement as well.

Text: Lord, have mercy
Christ, have mercy

Ave Verum Corpus

Ave Verum Corpus translates to “Hail, true body.” At this point in the program, I should clarify that I am not Catholic. I was raised in a Quaker-ish way, being told to pray, believe, and read scripture if I felt so moved to. While the former did not happen, I find the way scripture is written to be beautiful. The dead language of Latin has always felt exciting to sing in and these medieval texts always sound more dramatic and important than they would in English.

In 2024, Luke (now at St. Dominic’s Catholic Church in Benicia) needed a tenor sub on a Sunday. The big piece was *Ave Verum Corpus* by William Byrd. I immediately fell in love with the music. The text paints Jesus, born of the Virgin Mary, bleeding out on the cross, dying for us through the trial of death. Whether or not you believe that, it sounds “METAL AF,” as the kids say.

There are various settings of this text, with the most popular being W.A. Mozart (1791), Byrd (16th century), and Edward Elgar (20th century). I hope to add to that canon of Ave Verums with my 21st century setting.

Latin text:

Ave verum corpus,
natum de Maria Virgine,
vere passum, immolatum
in cruce pro homine,
cuius latus perforatum
fluxit sanguine:
esto nobis praegustatum
in mortis examine

O Jesu dulcis, O pie,
fili Mariae.
Miserere mei, miserere nobis.
Amen.

English translation:

Hail, true body.
born of the Virgin Mary
who truly suffered, sacrificed
on the Cross for humankind,
whose pierced side
flowed with blood:
be for us a foretaste
in the trial of death.

O sweet Jesus, O holy,
Son of Mary.
Have mercy on me, have mercy on us. Amen.

A Tahoe Pastorale

A Tahoe Pastorale was written primarily in a hotel room in South Lake Tahoe, California. After “completing” my *Missa Brevis Sacramentum* just a few months earlier, I decided to pause choral writing altogether to focus on orchestral score study and *Lingering Residue*. However, the quiet allure of winter in Tahoe and my growing fascination with Cecil Effinger’s *Four Pastorales for Oboe and Chorus* drew me back to the choral medium.

The text of *A Tahoe Pastorale* weaves together two poems by poets from Amherst, Massachusetts: Emily Dickinson and Helen Hunt Jackson, both born in 1830. Despite their shared birthplace and birth year, these two poets led vastly different lives. Dickinson famously lived as a recluse, publishing almost none of her poetry during her lifetime, while Jackson became a prominent writer and advocate for Native American rights, with an active literary and public life. The interplay of these distinct voices within the work reflects both the contrast and harmony found in the natural and emotional landscapes that inspired the piece.

Initially, I considered naming the work An Amherst Pastorale to honor the poets’ shared origins. However, since I have never been to Amherst, the piece evolved to reflect the place that sparked its creation: Lake Tahoe. The stillness of its snow-covered terrain and its towering pines shaped the music, aiming to create a darker winter piece. I have provided the 2 original poems and my adaptation below.

The Mountains stood in Haze

by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

The Mountains stood in Haze—
The Valleys stopped below
And went or waited as they liked
The River and the Sky.

So soft upon the Scene
The Act of evening fell
We felt how neighborly a Thing
Was the Invisible.

At leisure was the Sun—
His interests of Fire
A little from remark withdrawn—
The Twilight spoke the Spire,

January

by Helen Hunt Jackson (1830-1885), published in 1893

O Winter! frozen pulse and heart of fire,
What loss is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
Of death! Far sooner in midsummer tire
The streams than under ice. June could not hire
Her roses to forego the strength they learn
In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
In vain to build.

O Heart, when Love's sun goes
To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace.
Sleep on content, as sleeps the patient rose.
Walk boldly on the white untrodden snows,
The winter is the winter's own release.

Adapted text:

The mountains stood in haze
The valleys stopped below
And went or waited as they liked
The river and the sky

So soft untrodden snow
At leisure was the sun
His interests of fire, keep warm
No fires can burn
O Heart
When loves sun goes

O Winter
Frozen pulse
Under ice

The act of evening fell
As sleeps the patient rose
The twilight spoke the spire
We felt how neighborly a thing
The winter is winter's own release
And the sounds of singing cease

At the Will of Giants

At the Will of Giants is a programmatic work for symphony orchestra that follows a narrative I wrote, very loosely based on true events and places from my own life. I say "loosely" because I have not been sacrificed by giants in a secret mountain cave. But I have escaped into nature, woken up in my car far from home, quit a job, and found myself drawn to Mount Shasta.

There are many legends and myths about Mount Shasta and the surrounding area. Aliens, a door to an unknown continent, Bigfoot, and many other stories have found their home in this region of Northern California. The narrative is written from a second-person point of view to help the reader imagine these events taking place in their own life.

Narrative:

The sun has not risen yet. You are in a field near the Sutter Buttes. You car camped and do not remember exactly why you drove all the way out there, but you know you will continue heading north toward Mt. Shasta. As you sit up in your car and open the door, you hear crickets and bugs. You check your watch, but it is not wound, and you don't know what time it is. Your phone is dead. Time does not matter, but the sun is slowly beginning to rise. A bit of panic starts to set in when you realize it's Monday and you have work in the morning, but you planned on sending your letter of resignation a while ago and the only thing stopping you from not showing up is your mom's 80s view of company loyalty and "the right thing to do."

You decide to say screw the job and start your car, full of anxiety. As you wait for your phone to charge, your car clock, which is ahead by 3 hours and 4 minutes, says it's 9:46, which means it's really 6:44 a.m. Your phone gets to 4%, and you anxiously hover over your boss's contact but decide to block his number

and put your phone on Do Not Disturb. You hit the road and begin heading on your adventure up north. Mt. Shasta is calling you. You head north on I-5 and see it clearly in the distance near Corning. As you approach closer to the mountain, you begin feeling its energy.

You reach the base of the mountain and feel a sense of shock. You hear the stomping of giants. You encounter the giants inside the mountain. You only hear them. They are performing a ritual. You soon realize that you are part of their ritual and have been chosen as a sacrifice. You never come to terms with your fate and turn to prayer in this moment despite your lack of faith. Your prayers are not answered. A search party is sent after no answered phone calls for two days. You open your eyes after a shatter from breaking glass. You find yourself no longer in your mind, but in your car at the base of a mountain.

Octubre

Octubre is many things besides the month this recital is happening in. It's the time of year when the trees change colors and you admire the beauty of the autumn leaves. It's when the rain typically begins here in Northern California. It's, as my mom says, the beginning of "sweater weather." Octubre is happiness. It is looking back at where things began.

Jazz was my first home as a musician. Before I had any desire to teach or write music, I played saxophone and bass in my middle school jazz band. I continued throughout high school, and in my first week of college, I was welcomed into the Sac State Three O'Clock Big Band. I was welcome there regardless of what I was doing musically. It's "The People's Big Band," as Duncan calls it.

Last year, the Latin Jazz Ensemble returned after a 10-year hiatus, and I joined to become immersed in the music of my cultural heritage. After doing some arranging and writing tunes here and there, I decided to finally write my first original chart in this jazz style I have known for so long.

Thank you to my saxophone teacher and big band director Duncan Mcelman, Latin Jazz Ensemble director Mike Rocha, Dr. Steve Roach, Dr. Greg Johnson, and the whole jazz department for giving me the invaluable opportunity to study and play jazz at the collegiate level.

Biography

Justin Trujillo (b. 2004) is a composer and educator from the California Bay Area with a background in both jazz and classical idioms. His works have been performed by world-renowned ensembles, including Hub New Music. Currently pursuing a Bachelor of Music in Theory/Composition at California State University, Sacramento, he studies under Dr. Shuying Li. Justin's music draws inspiration from personal life experiences—culture, events, and art—while also reflecting influences from early 20th-century concert music, renaissance polyphony, alternative rock/metal, and hip-hop.

Alongside his compositional work, Justin is an active educator dedicated to guiding students in their musical growth. While completing his undergraduate studies, he maintains a studio of private guitar, bass, saxophone, and theory students. He also serves as a staff singer at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Tiburon-Belvedere, California. Outside of music, Justin enjoys hiking, photography, and scenic coastal drives, seeking inspiration from the natural and cultural landscapes around him.

*Thank you to my family and friends for supporting me throughout everything.
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and all the theory/composition faculty for being the most incredible mentors.*