

Kennesaw State University  
*College of the Arts*  
School of Music



presents

*Senior Recital*

**Natalie Gough,**  
**soprano**

**Sherri Barrett, piano**

Saturday, April 13, 2013

8:00 p.m.

Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center  
*One Hundred Seventh Concert of the 2012-2013 Season*

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**Kennesaw State University**  
**School of Music**  
**Audrey B. and Jack E. Morgan, Sr. Concert Hall**  
**April 13, 2013**

**I**

<b>36 Arie di Stile Antico</b> (Alberto Donaudy)	Stefano Donaudy (1879-1925)
Amor mi fa cantare	
Sorge il sol	
Perduta ho la speranza	
Quand'il tuo diavol nacque	
Quando ti rivedrò	
Ah, mai non cessate	

**II**

<b>Twelve poems of Emily Dickinson</b>	Aaron Copland (1900-1990)
Why do they shut me out of heaven?	
I felt a funeral in my brain	
Heart, we will forget him	
There came a wind like a bugle	

**III**

<b>Die Forelle</b> (Fassung)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
<b>Lied der Mignon</b> (Goethe)	
<b>Heidenröslein</b> (Goethe)	
<b>Die Lotosblume</b> (Heine)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

**IV**

<b>Fantoches</b> (Verlaine)	Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
<b>Beau Soir</b> (Bourget)	
<b>Les Cloches</b> (Bourget)	
<b>Mandoline</b> (Verlaine)	

**V**

<b>Ah! Je veux vivre</b> (Barbier) from Roméo et Juliette	Charles Gounod (1818-1893)
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This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of requirements for the degree  
Bachelor of Music in Performance.  
Ms. Gough studies voice with Valerie Walters.

## Stefano Donaudy

Stefano Donaudy, a Sicilian composer, was born February 21, 1879 in Palermo and died in Naples on May 30, 1925. Donaudy studied at Palermo Conservatory with teacher Guglielmo Zuelli (Director of the Royal Conservatory in Palermo). Stefano began composing music at a young age, seeing his first opera premiere in 1892 when he was just 13 years old. Donaudy's most known operas include *Folchetto* (1892) and *Scampagnata* (1898). Donaudy composed six operas in total, many piano pieces and a symphonic poem (*Le Rêve*), yet is only remembered for about 36 little arias. Having his brother Alberto as the librettist, Donaudy composed these arias around the year 1918. They first became popular and recognized because of tenor Enrico Caruso who included one of them on his 1920 recording. Because of this, Donaudy's little arias became published within the next year. Donaudy's music fell silent again until 1990 when Ernesto Palacio recorded the entire 36 arias.

### *Amor mi fa cantare*

Amor mi fa cantare  
per dir le laudi ascose  
di due pupille chiare  
e di due labbra oziose.  
S'io penso a quello sguardo,  
il sol mi sembra offenso;  
e tutto avvampo ed ardo  
se a quelle labbra penso.  
Se poi, siccome suole,  
mi guarda e parla un po',  
son come cera al sole:  
tutto mi liquefo.

Ma invan le trotto dietro  
da quasi un anno intero;  
in van, cambiando metro,  
mi mostro audace o altero,  
Se le rivolgo un motto,  
dal rider non si regge...  
Le scrivo uno strambotto?  
Lo legge e non lo legge.  
Se poi, siccome suole,  
mi guarda e parla un po',  
son come cera al sole:  
tutto mi liquefo.

Love makes me sing  
To speak the hidden praises  
Of two bright eyes  
And of two idle lips.  
If I think of that look,  
The sun seems to me offended  
And I blaze and burn completely  
If I think of those lips.  
If then, as usual,  
She looks at me and talks a little,  
I am like wax in the sun:  
I melt entirely.

But in vain I have trotted behind her  
For almost an entire year;  
In vain, changing meter,  
I show myself audacious or haughty.  
If I direct a word to her,  
From laughing she cannot hold herself up...  
Do I write her a song?  
She reads it and doesn't read it.  
If then, as usual,  
She looks at me and talks a little,  
I am like wax in the sun:  
I melt entirely.

### *Sorge il sol*

Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?  
Che fai lassù?  
Se dormi, svègliati: è primavera!  
Se vegli, lèvati: vienne a gioir!  
Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?  
Che fai lassù?  
È tempo venuto di correre ancor  
pei campi stellanti di mille colori;

The sun is coming up! What are you doing?  
What are you doing up there?  
If you are sleeping, wake up: it is spring!  
If you are awake, get up: come to rejoice.

The sun is coming up! What are you doing?  
What are you doing up there?  
The time has come to run again  
Through fields shining with a thousand  
colors;

di sciogliere canti, di cogliere fiori,  
di ber lungo i rivi,

d'avere nel cor le gioie d'amor!

Sorge il sol! Che fai tu?

Viene a gioir...

Chè, se tu non vieni,

non sbocciano i fiori.

### *Perduta ho la speranza*

Perduta ho la speranza in voi mirare,  
e di speranza sola nutrivò il core!

Ahimè! Ah! come farò, se per amare,

la fede ho già smarrita,

la fede nell'amore?

Perduta ho la speranza in voi mirare,

e di speranza sola nutrivò il core!

### *Quand' il tuo diavol nacque*

Quand' il tuo diavol nacque

il mio già andava a scuola,

sicchè a un'astuzia sola

il cor mai non soggiacquè.

T'inghingeri; ti buzzichi,  
fai per piacermi e stuzzichi...

Ma sai cos'è l'amor? Cos'è?

È un certo non so che  
che niun comanda al cor.

Se finì un solo istante

d'asseccar tue mire,

fu per non far poltrire

un cor d'antico amante.

Nessuno mai s'attedia

giucando tal commedia.

Ma sai cos'è l'amor? Cos'è?

È un certo non so che

che niun comanda al cor.

### *Quando ti rivedrò*

Quando ti rivedrò,

infida amante che mi fosti sì cara?

Tante lagrime ho piante

or che altrui ci separa,

che temo sia fuggita ogni gioia

per sempre di mia vita.

Eppur più mi dispero,

più ritorno a sperare.

Più t'odio nel pensiero

e più ancora l'anima mia ti torna ad amar.

To send forth songs, to gather flowers,  
To drink along the brooks, to have in your  
heart

The joys of love!

The sun is coming up! What are you doing?

Come to rejoice...

Since if you don't come,

The flowers won't bloom!

I have lost hope in looking at you,

And by hope alone did I nourish my heart!

Ah me! Ah me! Oh, what shall I do if

through loving

I have really lost faith,

faith in love?

I have lost hope in looking at you,

And by hope alone did I nourish my heart!

When your devil was born

Mine was already going to school,

So that to a single wile

My heart was not ever subjected.

You dress yourself up, you stir,

You act to please me and you tease...

But do you know what love is? What is it?

It is a certain I-don't-know-what

That no one commands in his heart.

If I feigned for a single instant

To favor your designs,

It was only so as not to leave idle

The heart of an old lover.

No one ever gets bored

Playing such a comedy.

That no But do you know what love is?

What is it?

It is a certain I-don't-know-what

one commands in his heart.

When will I see you again,

Unfaithful lover, who was so dear to me?

So many tears I have wept

Now that another separates us,

That I fear that may be fled

Every joy forever from my life.

And yet the more I despair,

The more I return to hoping.

The more I hate you in my mind,

The more my soul turns again to loving  
you.

Quando ti rivedrò,  
infida amante che mi fosti cara così?

When shall I see you again,  
Unfaithful lover, who was so dear to me?

*Ah, mai non cessate*

Ah, mai non cessate dal vostro parlar,  
o labbra desiato ond'io folle vo'  
col miel delle vostre parole vo' far  
un dolce guanciale su cui dormirò.

Ah, never cease from your talking,  
oh desired lips which I madly want;  
with your words I want to make  
a sweet pillow on which I will sleep.

O sonni beati da niun mai sognati

Oh blessed dreams that no one ever  
dreamed,

che su quel guanciale dormendo farò,  
dormendo e sognando, vicino al tuo cor,  
il dolce, desiato mio sogno d'amor.  
Ah! dormendo, sognando, sognando  
d'amor!

that, sleeping on that pillow, I will make;  
sleeping and dreaming, close to your heart,  
the sweet, desired dream of love.  
Ah! Sleeping, dreaming of love!

## II

### Aaron Copland

Aaron Copland was born in Brooklyn, New York in 1900 and died in North Tarrytown, New York in 1990. In 1917, he started studying theory and composition with Rubin Goldmark. He composed mostly at the piano and often recycled materials from earlier works. His style is most easily recognized as American. Copland liked to use Jazz and American folk tunes and inspiration for his works. He was a composer of film scores, piano music, chamber music, orchestral music and ballet music. Copland is most known for his ballet music *Appalachian Spring* (1944), *Piano Variations*, and *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson* (1949-1950). Emily Dickinson was an American poet who was ill most her life. Because of this she stayed inside her house and hardly had any visitors. While spending time alone Dickinson composed over 1800 poems. These include twelve selected poems that Copland felt moved to put to music. Although Copland is not the only composer to use Dickinson's poems as libretto, he is the most known for this. Among these twelve include *There came a wind like a bugle*, *Why do they shut me out of Heaven?*, *Heart, we will forget him*, and *I felt a funeral in my brain*. *There came a wind like a bugle* depicts the wind passing through one day and all it encounters. Copland uses a fast tempo and short rhythms to help paint the picture the poem describes. In *Why do they shut me out of Heaven?* Dickinson speaks of trying hard to get into heaven and thinking of ways to be given another chance. Copland uses text painting in the melodic line to help the audience understand the poem. *Heart, we will forget him* speaks of a conversation the singer has with her heart. As she tries to persuade her heart to heal faster the vocal line ascends higher each stanza. Then in *I felt a funeral in my brain* Dickinson describes all around her as she pictures a funeral and what would happen. Copland uses the music to describe the marching of the people carrying the casket, and text painting in the melodic line.

*Why do they shut me out of heaven?*

Why -- do they shut me out of Heaven?  
Did I sing -- too loud?  
But -- I can sing a little minor,  
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me --  
just -- once -- more --  
Just -- see -- if I troubled them --  
But don't -- shut the door!

*I felt a funeral in my brain*

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,  
And Mourners to and fro  
Kept treading – treading – till it seemed  
That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were seated,  
A Service, like a Drum –  
Kept beating – beating – till I thought  
My Mind was going numb –

*Heart, we will forget him*

Heart, we will forget him!  
You and I, tonight!  
You may forget the warmth he gave,  
I will forget the light.

*There came a wind like a bugle*

There came a wind like a bugle;  
It quivered through the grass,  
And a green chill upon the heat  
So ominous did pass  
We barred the windows and the doors  
As from an emerald ghost;  
The doom's electric moccasin  
That very instant passed.  
On a strange mob of panting trees,

And then I heard them lift a Box  
And creak across my Soul  
With those same Boots of Lead, again,  
Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,  
And Being, but an Ear,  
And I, and Silence, some strange Race  
Wrecked, solitary, here –

When you have done, pray tell me  
That I my thoughts may dim;  
Haste! lest while you're lagging,  
I may remember him!

And fences fled away,  
And rivers where the houses ran  
The living looked that day.  
The bell within the steeple wild  
The flying tidings whirled.  
How much can come  
And much can go,  
And yet abide the world!

### III

#### **Franz Peter Schubert**

Franz Peter Schubert, a Viennese composer, was born January 31, 1797 and died of syphilis on November 19, 1828. Schubert was one of five surviving children of his parents in Viennas Lichienthal district. His father Franz Theodor was an amateur musician and recognized his talent immediately. His father taught him violin and his older brother taught him piano until starting school. He left college (Royal City College) in 1814 and started teaching at his father's school. He began composing right away, although he was not enthusiastic about it. At age 17, he was being acclaimed for his brilliance such as in the song *Gretchen am Spinnrade*. Within the next year he composed 4 symphonies and operas, chamber music and nearly 150 songs; among these *Der Erlkönig* giving him the most recognition. By 1817, he started composing piano sonatas and his more famous songs, such as *An die Musik* and *Die Forelle*. Like most composers of this time, Schubert died young, but left behind music to be remembered forever.

#### **Robert Schumann**

Robert Schumann was born in Zwickau(40 miles south of Leipzig) on June 8, 1810 and died on July 29, 1856. Schumann was a romantic composer who started study-

ing music when his father insisted on finding him a tutor. He fell in love with music from that moment on, composing pieces at the age of 7. When his father died in 1828, Schumann's mother sent him off to study law at Leipzig University. He neglected his law studies from day one, concentrating on music. Two years later he switched to Heidelberg University to continue studying music with his piano teacher, even though his mother still thought he was studying law. Most of his early piano works were dedicated to Clara (who later became his wife). Schumann also grew to love Lieder, composing most between 1840 – 1849. His four symphonies will always remain popular as they did in his time and of his concertos, Op.54, his piano concerto being his most popular work.

### *Die Forelle*

In einem Bächlein helle,  
 Da schoß in froher Eil  
 Die [launige]1 Forelle  
 Vortüber wie ein Pfeil.  
 Ich stand an dem Gestade  
 Und sah in süßer Ruh  
 Des muntern [Fisches]2 Bade  
 Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute  
 Wohl an dem Ufer stand,  
 Und sah's mit kaltem Blute,  
 Wie sich das Fischlein wand.  
 So lang dem Wasser Helle,  
 So dacht ich, nicht gebricht,  
 So fängt er die Forelle  
 Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch [plötzlich]3 ward dem Diebe  
 Die Zeit zu lang. Er macht  
 Das Bächlein tückisch trübe,  
 Und eh ich es gedacht,  
 So zuckte seine Rute,  
 Das Fischlein zappelt dran,  
 [Und ich mit regem Blute  
 Sah die Betrogene an.]4

Across a clear brook gentle,  
 There shot in eager haste  
 The trout, so temperamental;  
 Quite arrow-like it raced.  
 I on the shore was gazing  
 And watched the brook disclose  
 The merry fish's bathing  
 To me in sweet repose.

An angler's reel unrolled  
 From where he stood below.  
 He watched with blood most cold  
 The fish swim to and fro.  
 So long no stone or sod  
 Stirred up the water pure  
 The trout from line and rod  
 Would stay, I thought, secure.

At length the thief lost patience  
 And made the brook obscure  
 With crafty agitations,  
 And ere I could be sure  
 The rod had started curving;  
 The squirming fish was hooked.  
 With pounding blood observing,  
 At the betrayed, I looked.

### *Lied der Mignon*

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
 Weiß, was ich leide!  
 Allein und abgetrennt  
 Von aller Freude,  
 Seh ich [ans]1 Firmament  
 Nach [jener]2 Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,  
 Ist in der Weite.  
 Es schwindelt mir, es brennt  
 Mein Eingeweide.  
 Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt  
 Weiß, was ich leide!

Only one who knows longing  
 Knows what I suffer!  
 Alone and cut off  
 From all joy,  
 I look into the firmament  
 In that direction.

Ach! he who loves and knows me  
 Is far away.  
 I am reeling,  
 My entrails are burning.  
 Only one who knows longing  
 Knows what I suffer!

### *Heidenröslein*

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,  
Röslein auf der Heiden,  
War so jung und morgenschön,  
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,  
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,  
Röslein auf der Heiden!  
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,  
Daß du ewig denkst an mich,  
Und ich will's nicht leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach  
's Röslein auf der Heiden;  
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,  
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,  
Mußt es eben leiden.  
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,  
Röslein auf der Heiden.  
Passing lad a rose blossom spied,

Blossom on the heath growing,  
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,  
Raced he fast to be near its side,  
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,  
Blossom on the heath growing!  
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,  
That thou shalt ever think of me,  
And I'll not be allowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick  
The blossom on the heath growing;  
Blossom, in defense, did prick,  
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,  
Had to be allowing.  
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,  
Blossom on the heath growing.

### *Die Lotosblume*

Die Lotosblume ängstigt  
Sich vor der Sonne Pracht  
Und mit gesenktem Haupte  
Erwartet sie träumend die Nacht.

Der Mond, der ist ihr Buhle  
Er weckt sie mit seinem Licht,  
Und ihm entschleiert sie freundlich  
Ihr [frommes]1 Blumengesicht,

Sie blüht und glüht und leuchtet  
Und starret stumm in die Höh';  
Sie duftet und weinet und zittert

Vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

The lotus flower is anxious  
In the Sun's radiance,  
And with hanging head  
Waits, dreaming, for Night.

The moon, who is her lover,  
Awakens her with his light,  
And for him she smilingly unveils  
Her innocent flower-face.

She blooms and glows and gleams  
And gazes silently upwards;  
She sends forth fragrance, and weeps and  
trembles,  
With love and love's torment.

## IV

### **Claude Debussy**

Claude Debussy was born in France on August 22, 1862, and died of cancer on March 25, 1918. In 1867 his family moved to Paris, where with the help of his aunt's finances, Debussy at age 7, began the study of music with piano lessons from an Italian violinist, Cerutti. Three years later he began his studies at the Paris Conservatoire. Then in 1884, Debussy's cantata *L'Enfant prodigue* won the Prix de Rome; from which he received a four-year scholarship to the Villa Medici, the French Academy of Rome. Throughout his life he composed many piano and vocal pieces, with influences from Richard Wagner. In 1903 he became Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Debussy is thought to have 'untethered' the basic elements

of music with the use of block chords based on the whole tone scale. With this he innovated a revolution in composition for years to come. Although most critics feel his music is much like the paintings of impressionists, he himself mostly disliked impressionistic work. Instead he loved Oriental art, drawing inspiration from it for composing his piano pieces. His music he felt produced physical realities more than impressions of life. His works include orchestral pieces *Nocturnes* (1897-1899), *La mer* (1903-1905), operas *Pelléas et Mélisande* (1893-1902), piano pieces *Clair de Lune* (1890), and more than 100 songs, *Beau soir* (1880), *Mandoline* (1882).

### *Fantoches*

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,  
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,  
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,

Cependant l'excellent docteur Bolognais  
Cueille avec lenteur des simples  
Parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,  
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,  
Se glisse demi-nue,

En quête de son beau pirate espagnol,  
Dont un [languoureux] rossignol  
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,  
brought together by some evil scheme  
gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile, the learned doctor  
from Bologna slowly gathers  
medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his sassy-faced daughter  
sneaks underneath the arbor  
half-naked, in quest

Of her handsome Spanish pirate,  
whose distress a languorous nightingale  
deafeningly proclaims.

### *Beau Soir*

Lorsque au soleil couchant les rivières sont  
roses,  
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur les champs  
de blé,  
Un conseil d'être heureux semble sortir des  
choses  
Et monter vers le cœur troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme d'être au  
monde,  
Cependant qu'on est jeune et que le soir est  
beau,  
Car nous nous en allons, comme s'en va  
cette onde:  
Elle à la mer, nous au tombeau.

When streams turn pink in the setting sun,

And a slight shudder rushes through the  
wheat fields,  
A plea for happiness seems to rise out of all  
things  
And it climbs up towards the troubled  
heart.

A plea to relish the charm of life

While there is youth and the evening is fair,

For we pass away, as the wave passes:

The wave to the sea, we to the grave.

### *Les Cloches*

Les feuilles s'ouvraient sur le bord des  
branches  
Délicatement.  
Les cloches tintaient, légères et franches,  
Dans le ciel clément.

The leaves opened on the edge of the  
branches  
delicately.  
The bells tolled, light and free,  
in the clear sky.

Rythmique et fervent comme une antienne,

Ce lointain appel  
Me remémorait la blancheur chrétienne  
Des fleurs de l'autel.

Ces cloches parlaient d'heureuses années,  
Et, dans le grand bois,  
Semblaient reverdir les feuilles fanées,  
Des jours d'autrefois.

### *Mandoline*

Les donneurs de sérénades  
Et les belles écouteuses  
Echangent des propos fades  
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,  
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,  
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte  
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,  
Leurs longues robes à queues,  
Leur élégance, leur joie  
Et leurs molles ombres bleues,

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase  
D'une lune rose et grise,  
Et la mandoline jase  
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Rhythmically and fervently, like an anti-  
phon,  
this far-away call  
reminded me of the Christian whiteness  
of altar flowers.

These bells spoke of happy years,  
and in the large forest  
they seemed to revive the withered leaves  
of days gone by.

The singers of serenades  
Whisper their faded vows  
Unto fair listening maids  
Under the singing boughs.

Tircis, Aminte, are there,  
Clitandre is over-long,  
And Damis for many a fair  
Tyrant makes many a song.

Their short vests, silken and bright,  
Their long pale silken trains,  
Their elegance of delight,  
Twine soft blue silken chains.

And the mandolines and they,  
Faintlier breathing, swoon  
Into the rose and grey  
Ecstasy of the moon.

## V

### **Charles Gounod**

Charles Gounod wrote the opera *Roméo et Juliette* in 1867 with libretto by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. Basing the opera on the tragic play by Shakespeare, Gounod had success with the audience of the opera, especially in France. The famous aria sung by Juliette and is set in a five part rondo form. As Juliette celebrates her birthday at a masked ball, she breaks out in song expressing the joy of being young and beautiful. By understanding the form of this aria, the singer is able to better understand the characteristics of Juliette and the style Gounod was intending.

As a five part rondo the aria starts off in F Major, modulating once to A minor. The main theme of the rondo is heard multiple times in the first rondo to help the listener establish the theme and remember it. The Introduction of the aria is very large and attention grabbing. The aria starts off in F Major on a V chord and continues with that for a couple of measures. When the solo line comes in, the orchestra stops playing and the singer sings an octave leap and runs down the chromatic scale to the starting pitch of the rondo section. This helps draw attention to the soloist and creates a scene to which we all will want to listen.

Je veux vivre  
Dans le rêve qui m'enivre  
Ce jour encor!  
Douce flamme,  
Je te garde dans mon âme  
Comme un trésor!

Cette ivresse de jeunesse  
Ne dure hélas! qu'un jour,  
Puis vient l'heure  
Où l'on pleure,  
Le cœur cède à l'amour,  
Et le bonheur fuit sans retour!

Loin de l'hiver morose,  
Laisse moi sommeiller,  
Et respirer la rose,  
Avant de l'effeuiller.

I want to live  
In the dream that exhilarates me  
This day again!  
Sweet flame,  
I guard you in my soul  
Like a treasure!

This rapture of youthfulness  
Doesn't last, alas! but a day,  
Then comes the hour  
At which one cries,  
The heart surrenders to love  
And the happiness flies without returning

Far from a morose winter,  
Let me slumber  
And breath in the rose  
Before it dies.

## Welcome to the Kennesaw State University School of Music

The School of Music at KSU has dedicated, vibrant, and talented faculty and staff that are completely devoted to teaching, performing, scholarship, and serving our community. It is an incredibly exciting place to study, boasting state-of-the-art facilities with opportunities to produce and explore music in a dynamic place that is ahead of the curve for what it means to be a musician in the 21st century. Our students come from the leading musical honor organizations across the region and are poised to lead the cultural offerings and musical education in our area and beyond for years to come.

We welcome you to attend a concert, meet our faculty and staff, and feel the energy and excitement that our students exude. We are fully committed to our purpose as educators, performers, and scholars. We hope that you will find as much enjoyment in our product as we do in producing it. Welcome!

For more information about the School of Music, please visit  
[www.kennesaw.edu/music](http://www.kennesaw.edu/music)

**Please consider a gift to the Kennesaw State University School of Music.**

**<http://community.kennesaw.edu/GiveToMusic>**

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### UPCOMING EVENTS

*Unless otherwise noted, all events will take place at 8:00 pm  
in Morgan Concert Hall.*

Monday, April 15, 2013

**Jazz Guitar Ensemble & Jazz Combos**

Tuesday, April 16, 2013

**Wind Ensemble**

Wednesday, April 17, 2013

**Gospel Choir**

For the most current information, please visit  
<http://calendar.kennesaw.edu>

We welcome all guests with special needs and offer the following services: easy access, companion seating locations, accessible restrooms, and assisted listening devices. Please contact an audience services representative to request services.

