

KENNESAW STATE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Voice Faculty Recital

Nuit d'étoiles – An Evening of Mélodie

Jana Young, Todd Wedge, Nathan Munson
with Benjamin Wadsworth,
Edward Eanes and Erika Tazawa



Wednesday, February 28, 2018 at 8 pm
Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center, Morgan Hall
Eighty-fifth Concert of the 2017-18 Concert Season



program

I.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY (1862–1918)

Nuit d'étoiles (Théodore Faullin de Banville)

Beau soir (Paul Bourget)

Clair de lune (*Fêtes galantes*, Paul Verlaine)

Nathan Munson, tenor

Benjamin Wadsworth, piano

II.

GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845–1924)

Notre amour (Armand Silvestre)

La Chanson du Pêcheur (Théophile Gautier)

Mandoline (Paul Verlaine)

Clair de lune (Paul Verlaine)

Fleur jetée (Armand Silvestre)

Jana Young, soprano

Erika Tazawa, piano

III.

REYNALDO HAHN (1874–1947)

À *Chloris* (Théophile de Viau)

L'énamourée (Théodore Faullin de Banville)

L'heure exquise (Paul Verlaine)

Todd Wedge, tenor

Erika Tazawa, piano

IV.

GABRIEL FAURÉ

from ***La bonne chanson***, Op. 61

1. "Une sainte en son auréole"

2. "Puisque l'aube grandit"

3. "La lune blanche luit dans les bois"

Nathan Munson, tenor

Benjamin Wadsworth, piano

V.

HENRI DUPARC (1848–1933)

Sérénade (Gabriel Marc)

Soupir (René-François Sully-Prudhomme)

Extase (Henri Cazalis)

Lamento (Théophile Gautier)

Todd Wedge, tenor

Erika Tazawa, piano

program notes

An Introduction to the French *Mélobdie*:

Fauré and Debussy

Benjamin K. Wadsworth

The tradition of song in 19th-century France, the *mélodie*, often defined itself against the German *Lied*. As Debussy and others have remarked, the French tradition is characterized as having qualities of precision, clarity, and concision versus the German tradition, which has qualities of heightened emotion, subjectivity, and long-range shape. At times, French music was independent of German developments. At others, it was strongly influenced by German composers, with the borrowings sometimes being covert. For instance, the *wagneromanie* of the late 1880s in Paris resulted in certain French composers (e.g., d'Indy) modelling their works on German ones (*Fervaal* being an obvious allusion to Wagner's *Ring*). Two composers featured in this recital, Gabriel Fauré and Claude Debussy, reconcile differently the tension between French and German traditions in their songs.

By the early 20th century, Gabriel Fauré (1843–1924) was the grand statesman of French music, in the volume of his output and position as director of the Paris Conservatoire. Fauré's style development has sometimes been described in three periods: an initial period working within Chopinesque genres of nocturne, ballade, and so forth (1860–1889); a period of increasing chromaticism and formal experimentation (1890–1903); and finally, a period of increasing dissonance at the same time as more economical textures (1904–1924). The songs in this recital date from his first two style periods. "Claire de lune" (Verlaine) dates from the end of his second period (1887): it shows his characteristic embrace of tonal ambiguity, since the music swings continuously between relative major and minor keys, which represent outward love and joy versus inward sadness. This duality between objective and subjective experience is characteristic of Symbolism, the literary movement in France and other countries in the second half of the 19th century. Symbolism combined a tone of ironic detachment, dream imagery, and a tendency toward indirect suggestion. "Notre amour" (1879) is an animated, sunny song from his first period. "Mandoline" (1891) is from his Venice songs in the second period. This work pioneers a system of recurrent motifs that help unify an entire cycle and foreshadow the motivic web in the later *La Bonne Chanson*. "La Chanson du Pêcheur" (1870–1872) is a tragic,

first period song. “Fleur Jetée” (1884) is an impassioned, first-period song with a highly challenging piano accompaniment.

Fauré’s cycle *La Bonne Chanson* (1890–1894) is arguably the high point of his second-period chromaticism, with Neo-Wagnerian Leitmotifs portraying thoughts of a beloved, the passion of a couple, and their star-crossed love affair. At the time of composition, Fauré had an affair with the socialite Emma Bardac, who is the dedicatee of the work, and a fixture in Fauré’s life in the 1890s. The three songs performed tonight from the cycle include “Une sainte en son auréole,” a portrait of the beloved as an idealized saint in her tower; “Puisque l’aube grandit,” a heartfelt (albeit self-absorbed) pouring of passion of her suitor, who imagines their future romance; and “La lune blanche luit dans les bois,” a clandestine meeting of the couple at night under the stars.

Claude Debussy (1862–1918), is one of the most influential composers of his day. Debussy’s music, more so than Fauré’s, experimented with various techniques at odds with classical tonality: parallel chord progressions, modes, ambiguous scales such as the whole-tone and pentatonic, bitonality. These techniques stall any sense of forward motion in Debussy’s music. The Debussy songs in this recital span a 12-year period. The youthful “Beau Soir” (1877–1878) and “Nuit d’étoiles” (1880) take us inside Debussy’s tonal language during his years at the Paris Conservatoire: ever the sensation seeker, Debussy explores freely distant keys. The poem of “Beau Soir” looks forward to his “Impressionistic” scores such as *La Mer*, with images of wind-swept wheat fields and the glow of a sunset. The “Clair de lune,” from the first book of *Fêtes Galantes* (Verlaine), dates from 1891–1892. Its beginning features pentatonic scales, as Debussy may have heard at the 1889 Paris Universal Exposition, but also many other scales (e.g., whole tone).

text and translations

I.

Nuit d'étoiles

*Nuit d'étoiles, sous tes voiles,
sous ta brise et tes parfums,*

*Triste lyre qui soupire,
je rêve aux amours défunts.*

La sereine mélancolie vient éclore

*au fond de mon coeur,
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.*

*Dans les ombres de la feuillée,
Quand tout bas je soupire seul,
Tu reviens, pauvre âme éveillée,*

Toute blanche dans ton linceuil.

*Je revois à notre fontaine
tes regards bleus comme les ciëux;
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.*

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!

Starry night, beneath your pinions,
beneath your breeze and your
perfumes,

Lyre, in sorrow, softly sighing,
I dream of a love long past.

Melancholy, so sadly tranquil, fills with
gloom

my poor weary heart.

And I hear your dear soul, my darling,
Quivering in the dreamy wood.

In the shadows of the greenwood,
When, alone, I am sighing low,
You come back, O! poor soul
awaken'd,

Pure and white as snow in your
shroud.

I watch here at this, your small fountain
your blue eyes like the sky;

This rose, it is my dear hope,
And these fair stars they are your
eyes.

When rivers are pink in the setting sun,

And a slight shiver runs through fields
of wheat,

A suggestion to be happy seems to rise
up from all things

And ascends toward the troubled heart;

A suggestion to taste the charms of the
world

While one is young and the evening is
fair,

For we are on our way just as this wave
is:

It is going to the sea, -- and we, to the
grave!

Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et
bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi*

*Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques!*

*Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,*

*Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux [dans]1 les
arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,*

*Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les
marbres.*

II.

Notre amour

*Notre amour est chose légère
Comme les parfums que le vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en rêvant.*

_ Notre amour est chose légère.

*Notre amour est chose charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamante,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.*

_ Notre amour est chose charmante.

*Notre amour est chose sacrée
Comme le mystère des bois
Où tressaille un âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.*

_ Notre amour est chose sacrée.

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers

playing the lute and dancing and
almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their
happiness,
and their song mingles with the
moonlight,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees
dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with
ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the
marble statues!

Our love

Our love is a light thing
like the scents which the breeze
gathers from the tips of the ferns
that we might breathe them when
dreaming.

_ Our love is a light thing.

Our love is an enchanting thing,
like the songs of the morning
in which no regret is lamented,
in which an uncertain hope vibrates.

_ Our love is an enchanting thing.

Our love is a sacred thing
like the mystery of the woods
in which an unknown soul trembles,
in which silences have voices.

_ Our love is a sacred thing.

*Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux réunie,*

*S'endort sous les soleils penchants.
_ Notre amour est chose infinie.*

*Notre amour est chose éternelle
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile.
Comme tout ce qui vient du cœur.
_ Notre amour est chose éternelle.*

La Chanson du Pêcheur

*Ma belle amie est morte:
Je pleurerai toujours;
Sous la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme et mes amours.
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna;
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amours, s'en aller sur la mer!*

*La blanche créature
Est couchée au cercueil.
Comme dans la nature
Tout me paraît en deuil!
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent;
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amours, s'en aller sur la mer!*

*Sur moi la nuit immense
S'étend comme un linceul;
Je chante ma romance
Que le ciel entend seul.
Ah! comme elle était belle
Et comme je l'aimais!
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.
Que mon sort est amer!
Ah! sans amours, s'en aller sur la mer!*

Our love is an infinite thing,
like the paths of the sunsets
where the sea, reunited with the
heavens,
falls asleep beneath the sinking suns.
_ Our love is an infinite thing.

Our love is an eternal thing
like all that a victorious God
has touched with the flame of his wing.
Like all that comes from the heart.
_ Our love is an eternal thing.

Song of the Fisherman

My beautiful girlfriend is dead
I shall weep for ever;
into the tomb she carries
my soul and my loves.
To heaven, without waiting for me,
she has returned;
the angel who lead her away
would not take me.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! Without love, to set off on the sea!

The white being
is lying in her coffin.
Oh! How all nature
seems to me to be in mourning!
The forgotten dove
weeps and thinks of the absent one;
my soul weeps and feels
that it is incomplete.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! Without love, to set off on the sea!

Over me the immense night
spreads like a shroud;
I sing my romance
that heaven alone hears.
Ah! How beautiful she was
and how I loved her!
I shall never love
another woman as much as her.
How bitter is my fate!
Ah! Without love, to set off on the sea!

La Mandoline

*Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent 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]1 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.*

Clair de lune

*Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et
bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi*

*Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques!
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.*

*Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,*

*Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux dans les
arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les
marbres.*

The Mandoline

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a
tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy
And their soft blue shadows,

Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and
bergamasquers go
Playing the lute and dancing and
almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.

They all sing in a minor key
About triumphant love and fortunate
life,
They do not seem to believe in their
fortune
And their song blends with the light of
the moon,
In the calm moonlight, sad and
beautiful,
Which has the birds dreaming in the
trees
And the fountains sobbing in ecstasy,
The tall fountains, slender amid marble
statues.

Fleur jetée

*Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant cueillie
Et jetée en rêvant.
_ Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent!*

*Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
_ Comme la fleur fauchée,
Périt l'amour!*

*Que le vent qui te sèche,
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur!
_ Que le vent qui te sèche,
Sèche mon cœur!*

III.

À Chloris

*S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.*

*Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!*

*Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.*

L'énamourée

*Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe:
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore,
Tu t'éveilles, ranimée,
O pensive bien-aimée!*

Discarded flower

Carry my folly away
at the will of the wind,
flower plucked in a song
and discarded in a dream.
_ Carry my folly away
at the will of the wind!

Like the flower cut down
love perishes.
The hand which touched you
flees my hand forever.
_ Like the flower cut down
love perishes!

May the wind which dries you,
o poor flower,
just now so fresh
and tomorrow without colour!
_ May the wind which dries you,
dry my heart!

It's true, Chloris, that you love me
(and I'm told your love is real)
I don't believe that even kings
themselves
Ever had a happiness equal to mine.

How unwelcome Death would be
if it replaced my fortune
For heavens bliss beyond the skies!

Some may desire divine ambrosia -
it utterly fails to spark my fantasy
As does the charm of your gaze.

The Enamoured One

They say, my dove,
that you dream, even now dead,
beneath the stone of a tomb:
but for the soul which loves you,
you awaken, revived,
o thoughtful dearest beloved!

*Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mourante chevelure,
Et les ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses!*

*O délices! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes!
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!*

L'heure exquise

*La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...*

Ô bien aimée.

*L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...*

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

*Un vaste et tender
Apaînement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...*

C'est l'heure exquise.

IV.

Une sainte en son auréole

*Une Sainte en son auréole,
Une Châtelaine en sa tour,
Tout ce que contient la parole
Humaine de grâce et d'amour.*

In the white night of stars,
in the murmuring breeze,
I caress your long veils,
your dying hair,
and the half-closed wings
which hover over the roses!

O sweetness! I breath in
your divine blond tresses!
your pure voice, this lyre,
follows the wave across the waters
and, suavely, brushes against them
like a weeping swan!

The Exquisite Hour

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
springs a voice
beneath the arbor...

Oh, my beloved...

Like a deep mirror
the pond reflects
the silhouette
the black willow
where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm
seems to descend
from a sky
made iridescent by the moon

It is the exquisite hour!

A saint within her halo,
A lady in her tower,
All that human speech contains
Of grace and of love.

*La note d'or que fait entendre
[Un cor dans le lointain des bois]¹ des
bois,*

*Mariée à la fierté tendre
Des nobles Dames d'autrefois;*

*Avec cela le charme insigne
D'un frais sourire triomphant
Éclos [de]² candeurs de cygne
Et des rougeurs de femme-enfant;*

*Des aspects nacrés, blancs et roses,
Un doux accord patricien:
Je vois, j'entends toutes ces choses
Dans son nom Carlovingien.*

Puisque l'aube grandit

*Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici
l'aurore,
Puisque, après m'avoir fui longtemps,
l'espoir veut bien
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et
l'implore,
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être
le mien,
Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux yeux
aux flammes douces,
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera
ma main,
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des
sentiers de mousses
Ou que rocs et cailloux encombrant le
chemin ;
Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs de
la route,
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me
dis
Qu'elle m'écouterait sans déplaisir sans
doute;
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre
Paradis.*

The golden note by which one hears
The horn in the depths of the woods,

Married to the tender pride
Of the noble ladies of the past;

With this emblematic charm:
A fresh, triumphant smile,
Revealed with the candor of a swan
And the blush of a woman-child,

Of pearly appearance, white and pink;
A gentle aristocratic harmony.
I see, I hear all these things
In your Carolingian name.

Since day is breaking, since dawn is
here,
Since, having long eluded me, hope
may
Fly back to me, who calls to it and
implores it,
Since all this happiness will certainly
be mine,
I want, guided by you, [your] beautiful
eyes [lit] by gentle flames,
Led by you, in whose hand my
trembling hand [rests],
To march straight on, whether along
trails of moss
Or on tracks strewn with boulders and
stones;
And just as I'll comfort myself [during]
the tediousness of the journey,
By singing some innocent airs, I'll tell
myself
That she will hear me without
displeasure or doubt;
And truly I want no other paradise.

La lune blanche luit dans les bois

*La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...*

Ô bien aimée.

*L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...*

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

*Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...*

C'est l'heure exquise.

The white moon
shines in the woods.
From each branch
springs a voice
beneath the arbor.

Oh my beloved...

Like a deep mirror
the pond reflects
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind weeps.

Let us dream! It is the hour...

A vast and tender
calm
seems to descend
from a sky
made iridescent by the moon.

It is the exquisite hour!

V.

Sérénade

*Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse,
La brise au souffle parfumé,
Pour frôler ta bouche rieuse,
Je viendrais craintif et charmé.*

*Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole,
Ou le papillon séducteur,
Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole,
Te quitter pour une autre fleur.*

*Si j'étais la rose charmante
Que ta main place sur ton coeur,
Si près de toi toute tremblante
Je me fanerais de bonheur.*

*Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire,
J'ai beau gémir et soupirer.
Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire? -
T'aimer... Te le dire ... Et pleurer!*

Serenade

If I were, o my love,
The breeze of a perfumed breath
Brushing against your cheerful mouth
I would become timid and charmed.

If I were the bee that flew,
Or the seductive butterfly,
You would not see me, frivolous,
Leave you for another flower.

If I were the charming rose
Which your hand placed on your heart
So near to you, all trembling,
I would faint with happiness.

But in vain I seek to please you.
I quite moan and sigh.
I am a man, and what can I do?
Love you . . . tell you so . . . and cry!

Soupir

*Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer!*

*Ouvrir les bras, et, las d'attendre,
Sur la néant les refermer!
Mais encor, toujours les lui tendre*

Toujours l'aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre

*Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
Mais ces pleurs toujours les répandre,
Toujours l'aimer...*

*Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais d'un amour toujours plus tendre,*

toujours, l'aimer!

Extase

Sur un lys pâle mon coeur dort

*D'un sommeil doux comme la mort
Mort exquise, mort parfumée
Du souffle de la bien aimée
Sur ton sein pâle mon coeur dort
D'un sommeil doux comme la mort.*

Lamento

*Connaissez-vous la blanche tombe,
Où flotte avec un son plaintif
L'ombre d'un if?
Sur l'if une pâle colombe,
Triste et seule au soleil couchant,
Chante son chant.
On dirait que l'âme éveillée
Pleure sous terre à l'unisson
De la chanson,
Et du malheur d'être oubliée*

Sigh

Never to see or hear her,
never to name her aloud,
but faithfully always to wait for her
and love her.

To open my arms and, tired of waiting,
to close them on nothing,
but still always to stretch them out to
her
and to love her.

To only be able to stretch them out to
her,

and then to be consumed in tears,
but always to shed these tears,
always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,
never to name her aloud,
but with a love that grows ever more
tender,
always to love her. Always!

Ecstasy

Against your pale breast my heart
sleeps
a sleep as sweet as death
An exquisite death, a death perfumed
with the breath of the beloved
against a pale lily, my heart sleeps
a sleep as sweet as death.

Lament

Do you know the white tomb
Where floats with plaintive sound,
The shadow of a yew?
On the yew a pale dove,
Sad and alone under the setting sun,
Sings its song:
One would say that an awakened soul
Is weeping under the earth in unison
With this song
And from the misfortune of being
forgotten

*Se plaint dans un roucoulement
Bien doucement.
Ah! jamais plus près de la tombe,
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir
Au manteau noir,
Écouter la pâle colombe
Chanter sur la branche de l'if
Son chant plaintif.*

Moans its sorrow in a cooing
Quite soft
Ah! Never again near the tomb
Shall I go, when night lets fall
Its black mantle
To hear the pale dove
Sing on the limb of the yew
Its plaintive song!

personnel



JANA YOUNG
Soprano



TODD WEDGE
Tenor



NATHAN MUNSON
Tenor



BENJAMIN WADSWORTH
Piano



ERIKA TAZAWA
Piano



EDWARD EANES
Presentor

about the school of music



Welcome to the Bailey Performance Center!

The School of Music at Kennesaw State University is an exciting place! We have a wonderful slate of performances planned for this year's *Signature Series*, and if you have not yet purchased your season tickets, I encourage you to do so as soon as possible. The Atlanta Symphony returns again this year as well as a wonderful slate of other performances.

The Dr. Bobbie Bailey & Family Performance Center is celebrating its 10th Anniversary Season this year. When this building opened in October of 2007, it was transformational for the School of Music and for KSU! It continues to be a jewel in our crown and musicians from around the world love to perform here because of the wonderful acoustic properties of Morgan Hall.


The weekend of October 7th–8th, we had an alumni recital on the 7th and a grand celebration Sunday afternoon October 8th, with full choir and orchestra to celebrate all this Center has meant to us these past 10 years! In honor of the Bailey 10th Anniversary, we officially launched our *Name a Seat Campaign* during our celebration in October. What a wonderful way to honor a loved one or to provide for future programming for Morgan Hall.


I look forward to a long and rewarding relationship with you. With your continued support of music and the arts, I look forward to all that we will accomplish together!


A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Stephen W. Plate". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.


Stephen W. Plate, DMA
Director, KSU School of Music

connect with us

 /musicKSU

 @musicKSU

 /musicKSU

 @musicKSU

musicKSU.com

Visit the Live Streaming page on musicKSU.com to watch live broadcasts of many of our concerts and to view the full schedule of upcoming live streamed events.

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

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