



Saxophone playing  
Vol 3:  
Le charme

The title 'Saxophone playing' is rendered in a large, ornate, 3D-style font with a metallic, reflective finish. The letters are highly decorative with intricate scrollwork and flourishes. Below the main title, 'Vol 3:' and 'Le charme' are written in a smaller, simpler, 3D-style font, also with a metallic finish. The background is a vibrant blue sky with scattered white clouds, and a green grassy hill is visible at the bottom left corner.

April 3, 2026  
Edge Recital Hall  
7:30 PM

# Thank You!

Dear You,

Thank you for choosing to spend your night with us at this recital! Entitled "Le charme," volume three of Sax & Singing is dedicated to my sister. The recital revolves around three central themes inspired from her. Firstly, French. All throughout high school and into college, my sister studied French, even getting the opportunity to study abroad in the country. The program opens with Italian composer, Paolo Tosti, but quickly pivots to one of his few songs in French. The following set contains all French songs and composers. On the saxophone side, this half kicks-off with French composer, Fernande Decruck's, well-known *Sonate en Ut#*. The second theme is *Le charme*, or the charm. Music selected for this recital have a charming aspect. They draw on emotions and nature. The German set begins with two songs with strong ties to the charmed natural world and ends with an impassioned proclamation of love. The final theme revolves around songs that my sister and I have been able to bond over. In the first half, the last set is comprised of showtunes we have grown to love together from being in those shows or her introducing them to me. The recital concludes with a set of three original songs by her with sax arrangements by me. It has been great getting to collaborate with my wonderfully talented sister on bringing these songs to life. Thank you for attending! I hope you enjoy the night!

Sincerely,

  
J. Aidan C. Eclavea





Hugh Hodgson School of Music  
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

*presents*

*Saxophone*  
*Singing*  
Vol 3:  
*Le charme*

*a third-year saxophone and voice recital*

Friday, April 3, 2026 7:30 PM  
250 River Road, Athens, GA 30602

*This recital is dedicated to my Sister,  
Bella Eclavea*

# Sax & Sing

Vol 3:  
Le charme

**Aidan Eclavea, tenor**  
**Rachel Townes, piano**

L'ultima canzone	Francesco Paolo Tosti (1864-1916)
Chanson de l'adieu	
Ideale	
Mots d'amour	Cecilé Chaminade (1857-1944)
Nell	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Vainement, ma bien amiée <i>from Le roi d'Ys</i>	Édouard Lalo (1823-1892)
Das Veilchen	Clara Schumann (1819-1896)
Salamander <i>from 5 Lieder, Op. 107</i>	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Widmung <i>from Myrthen, Op 25</i>	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

# Sax & Sing

Vol 3:  
Le charme

My Petersburg  
*from Anastasia*

Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty  
(b. 1948) and (b. 1960)

Found/Tonight

arr. Alex Lacamoire  
(b. 1975)

Ian Harding, *tenor*

Who I'd Be  
*from Shrek the Musical*

Jeanine Tesori  
(b. 1961)

Danielle Vergara, *soprano*  
Noah Colwell, *tenor*

*This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the degree  
Bachelor of Music with an emphasis in Music Education.*



**Sax & Sing**  
Vol 3:  
**Le charme**

**Aidan Eclavea, saxophones**

**Greg Hankins, piano**

Sonate en Ut# pour  
saxophone alto (ou alto) et piano

Fernande Decruck  
(1896-1954)

I. Très modéré, expressif

IV. Nocturne et Rondel

Maple Leaf Man

Bella Eclavea  
(b. 2001)  
*arr. Aidan Eclavea*

Geronimo

Ms. Suzy

*Jon Erik Tripp, soprano saxophone*  
*Jackson Tadlock, alto saxophone*  
*Aidan Eclavea, tenor saxophone*  
*Emily Johnson, baritone saxophone*  
*Bella Eclavea, voice and guitar*  
*Nicolas Hoepfel, electric bass*  
*Jacien Thorne, drumset*

## L'ultima canzone

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
(1864-1916)

M'han detto che domani  
Nina vi fate sposa.  
Ed io vi canto ancor la  
serenata.  
Là nei deserti piani  
Là, ne la valle ombrosa.  
Oh quante volte a voi l'ho  
ricantata!

Foglia di rosa  
O fiore d'amaranto  
Se ti fai sposa  
Io ti sto sempre accanto.

Domani avrete intorno  
Feste sorrisi e fiori  
Nè penserete ai nostri vecchi  
amori.  
Ma sempre notte e giorno  
Piena di passione  
Verrà gemendo a voi la mia  
canzone.

Foglia di menta  
O fiore di granato.  
Nina, rammenta  
I baci che t'ho dato!

Ah! ... Ah! ...

They told me that tomorrow  
Nina, you will be a bride.  
Yet still I sing my serenade to  
you!  
Up on the barren plateau,  
Down in the shady valley,  
Oh, how often I have sung it to  
you!

Rose-petal  
O flower of amaranth,  
Though you marry,  
I shall be always near.

Tomorrow you'll be surrounded  
By celebration, smiles and  
flowers.  
And will not spare a thought for  
our past love:  
Yet always, by day and by night,  
With passionate moan  
My song will sigh to you.

Mint-flower,  
O flower of pomegranate,  
Nina, remember  
The kisses I gave you!

Ah! ... Ah! ...



## Chanson de l'adieu

Partir, c'est mourir un peu.  
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime:  
On laisse un peu de  
soi-même  
En toute heure et dans tout  
lieu.

C'est toujours le deuil d'un  
vœu.  
Le dernier vers d'un poème:  
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.  
C'est mourir à ce qu'on aime:

Et l'on part, et c'est un jeu.  
Et jusqu'à l'adieu suprême  
C'est son âme que l'on sème.  
Que l'on sème à chaque  
adieu:

Partir, c'est mourir un peu.  
Partir, c'est mourir un peu.

## Ideale

Io ti seguii come iride di pace  
Lungo le vie del cielo:  
Io ti seguii come un'amica face  
De la notte nel velo.  
E ti sentii ne la luce, ne l'aria,  
Nel profumo dei fiori:  
E fu piena la stanza solitaria  
Di te, dei tuoi splendori.

In te rapito, al suon de la tua  
voce,

Lungamente sognai:  
E de la terra ogni affanno, ogni  
croce,

In quel giorno scordai.  
Torna, caro ideal, torna un  
istante

A sorridermi ancora,  
E a me risplenderà, nel tuo  
sembiante.

Una novella aurora.

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
(1864-1916)

To part is to die a little  
To die to which one loves  
One leaves a little of oneself  
In every hour and in every  
place.

It is always the mourning of a  
wish

The last verse of a poem  
To part is to die a little  
To die to which one loves

And one leaves, and it's a  
game  
And until the final farewell  
It is the soul which one sows,  
Which one sows into each  
goodbye.

To part is to die a little.  
To part is to die a little.

Francesco Paolo Tosti  
(1864-1916)

I followed you like a rainbow of  
peace  
Along the path of life:  
I followed you like a friendly torch  
Of the veiled night  
And I sensed you in the light,  
in the air,

In the aroma of the flowers:  
And my solitary room was filled  
Of you, of your splendor

Absorbed by you, I dreamed for  
a long time  
Of the sound of your voice,  
And earth's every anxiety, every  
torment

I forgot in that dream.  
Come back, dear ideal, for an instant  
To smile at me again,  
And in your face will shine for me  
A new dawn.

# Texts & Translations

## Mots d'amour

Quand je te dis de mots lassés,  
C'est leur douleur qui fait leurs  
charmes!  
Ils balbutient, et c'est assez.  
Les mots ont des larmes.

Quand je te dis des mots  
fougueux,  
Ils brûlent mon cœur et mes  
lèvre,  
Ton être s'embrase avec eux,  
Les mots ont des fièvres.

Mais quels qu'ils soient, les  
divins mots,  
Les seuls mots écoutés des  
femmes,  
Dans leurs soupirs ou leurs  
sanglots,  
Les mots ont des âmes.

Cecilé Chaminade  
(1857-1944)

When I speak to you with weary  
words,  
It is their sadness that gives  
them charm!  
They hesitate, and it is enough  
The words have tears.

When I speak to you with fiery  
words,  
They burn my heart and lips,  
Your being is caught in their  
blaze,  
The words have passion.

But whatever they may be, the  
divine words,  
The only words that women  
hear,  
In their sighs or in their sobs,  
The words have souls.

## Nell

Ta rose de pourpre, à ton clair  
soleil,  
Ô Juin, étincelle enivrée:  
Penche aussi vers moi ta coupe  
dorée:  
Mon cœur à ta rose est pareil.

Sous le mol abri de la feuille  
ombreuse  
Monte un soupir de volupté:  
Plus d'un ramier chante au bois  
écarté,  
Ô mon cœur, sa plainte  
amoureuse.

Que ta perle est douce au ciel  
enflammé,  
Étoile de la nuit pensive!  
Mais combien plus douce est la  
clarté vive  
Qui rayonne en mon cœur  
charmé!

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

Your crimson rose in your bright sun  
Glitters, June, in rapture:  
Incline to me also your golden cup:  
My heart is like your rose.

From the soft shelter of shady  
leaves  
Rises a languorous sigh:  
More than one dove in the secluded  
wood  
Sings, O my heart, its love-lorn lament.

How sweet is your pearl in the  
blazing sky,  
Star of meditative night!  
But sweeter still is the vivid light  
That glows in my enchanted heart!

# Texts & Translations

Nell (cont.)

La chantante mer, le long du  
rivage,  
Taira son murmure éternel,  
Avant qu'en mon cœur, chère  
amour, ô Nell,  
Ne fleurisse plus ton image!

Vainement, ma bien amiée  
*from Le roi d'Ys*

Puisqu'on ne peut fléchir ces  
jalouses gardiennes,  
Ah! Laissez-moi conter me  
peines  
Et mon émoi

Vainement, ma bienamée,  
On croit me désespérer:  
Près de ta porte fermée  
Je veux encor demeurer!

Les soleils pourront s'éteindre,  
Les nuits remplacer les jours,  
Sans t'accuser at sans me  
plaindre,  
Là je resterait toujours!

Je le sais, ton âme est douce,  
Et l'heure bientôt viendra,  
Où la main qui me repousse,  
Vers la mienne se tendra!

Ne sois pas trop tardive  
À te laisser attendrir,  
Si Rozenn bientôt n'arrive,  
Je vais, hélas! mourir.

Gabriel Fauré  
(1845-1924)

The singing sea along the shore  
Shall cease its eternal murmur,  
Before in my heart, dear love,  
O Nell,  
Your image shall cease to  
bloom!

Édouard Lalo  
(1823-1892)

Since I cannot persuade these  
determined women,  
I will sing to you of my pain  
And my torment.

Since I wait in vain, my beloved,  
One believes me to despair:  
Near to your closed door  
I wish still to dwell!

The stars may be extinguished,  
And the night replaced by day,  
Without blaming you or complaining  
about my state,  
Here, I will remain always!

I know that your heart is kind,  
And the hour will soon come,  
When the hand that now pushes me  
away,  
Will reach out towards mine!

Do not delay too long  
To let your heart soften,  
If Rozenn does not arrive soon,  
I, alas, shall die!



## Das Veilchen

Clara Schumann  
(1819-1896)

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese  
stand.

Gebückt un sich und unbekannt:  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.

Da kam ein' junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntren  
Sinn

Daher. daher.

Die Wise her. und sang.

A violet was growing in the  
meadow.

Unnoticed and with bowed head:  
It was a dear sweet violet.

Along came a young  
shepherdess.

Light of step and happy of heart,  
Along, along

Through the meadow. and sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich  
nur

Die schönste Blume der Natur  
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen.

Bis mich das Liebchen  
abgepflückt

Und an dem Busen matt  
gedrückt!

Ach nur. ach nur

Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ah! thinks the violet, if I were  
only

The loveliest flower in all Nature.  
Ah! for only a little while.

Till my darling had picked me  
And crushed me against her  
bosom!

Ah only, ah only

For a single quarter hour!

Ach! Aber ach! das Mädchen  
kam

Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen  
nahm.

Ertrat das arme Veilchen.

Es sank und starb un freut' sich  
noch:

Und sterb ich denn, so sterb' ich  
doch

Durch sie, durch sie.

Zu irhen Füßen doch.

But alas, alas, the girl drew near  
And took no heed of the violet.

Trampled the poor violet.  
It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:

And if I die, at least I die

Through her, through her  
And at her feet.

The poor violet!

It was a dear sweet violet!

## Salamander

*from 5 Lieder, Op. 107*

Es saß ein Salamander  
Auf einem kühlen Stein.

Da warf ein böses Mädchen  
In's Feuer ihn hinein.

Sie meint, er soll verbrennen.  
Ihm war erst wohl zu Mut,  
Wohl wie mir kühlem Teufel  
Die heiße Liebe tut.

Johannes Brahms  
(1833-1897)

A salamander was sitting  
On a cool stone.

When suddenly a naughty girl  
Threw it into the fire.

She thought it would burn up,  
But it felt even more at ease,  
Just as hot love  
Suits a cool devil like me.

## Widmung

*from Myrthen, Op 25*

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz.  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein  
Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe.  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich  
schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der  
Frieden,  
Du bist vom Himmel mir  
beschieden,  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich  
mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir  
verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über  
mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein besseres  
Ich!

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which  
My grief forever I've consigned!  
You are repose, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from  
heaven,  
Your love for me gives me my  
worth,  
Your eyes transfigure me in  
mine,  
You raise me lovingly above  
myself,  
My guardian angel, my better  
self!

## My Petersburg

*from Anastasia*

I grew up on the sly  
In the gutters and the streets of  
Petersburg  
Just a kid on the fly  
Getting good at getting by in  
Petersburg!

I've bartered for a blanket,  
stolen for my bread  
Learned to take my chances  
And use my head  
A Russian rat is clever  
Clever or he ends up dead

Boils down to  
There are some who survive,  
some who don't  
Some give up, some give in  
Me, I won't  
Black and blue, welcome to my  
Petersburg

Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty

(b. 1948) and (b. 1960)

Standing here, you can see  
From the spires to the piers of  
Petersburg  
I'd be down on that quay  
Selling stolen souvenirs of  
Petersburg

The palaces above and  
alleyways below  
Funny when a city is all you  
know  
How even when you hate it  
Something in you loves it so

That's where I learned my stuff  
In some rough company  
There's a boy growing up who  
was me  
All I've been, all I'll be

# Texts & Translations

My Petersburg (*cont.*) Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty  
*from Anastasia* (b. 1948) and (b. 1960)

We can do what we're told  
We can go where we're led  
But I learned from my father to  
see what's ahead  
Nothing here to hold me  
No one that I owe  
Funny how a boy can grow  
Funny how a city tells you  
when it's time to go

Boils down to  
There are some who have walls  
yet to climb  
You and I on the fly, just in time  
But tonight, there's a sky and  
quite a view

Welcome to...  
My Petersburg!

Found/Tonight arr. Alex Lacamoire  
(b. 1975)

We may not yet have reached  
our glory  
But I will gladly join the fight  
And when our children tell their  
story  
They'll tell the story of tonight  
They'll tell the story of tonight  
Tonight

Someone will come running  
To take you home  
Raise a glass to all of us  
Tomorrow there'll be more of us  
Telling the story of tonight  
Out of the shadows  
The morning is breaking  
They'll tell the story of tonight  
And all is new

Have you ever felt like nobody  
was there?  
Have you ever felt forgotten in  
the middle of nowhere?  
Have you ever felt like you  
could disappear?  
Like you could fall, and no one  
would hear?

All is new  
All is new  
It's only a matter of time

Well, let that lonely feeling wash  
away  
All we see is light  
'Cause maybe there's a reason  
to believe you'll be okay  
For forever  
'Cause when you don't feel  
strong enough to stand  
You can reach, reach out your  
hand

Even when the dark comes  
crashing through  
When you need a friend to carry  
you  
When you're broken on the  
ground  
You will be found  
So let the sun come streaming in  
'Cause you'll reach up and you'll  
rise again  
If you only look around  
You will be found

Raise a glass to freedom  
Something they can never take  
away  
No matter what they tell you

And when our children tell their  
story  
You will be found  
They'll tell the story of tonight  
No matter what they tell you  
Tomorrow there'll be more of us  
Telling the story of tonight  
The story of tonight

Who I'd Be

*from Shrek the Musical*

I guess I'd be a hero, with sword  
and armor clashing

Looking semi-dashing, a shield  
within my grip

Or else I'd be a Viking and live a  
life of daring

While smelling like a herring  
upon a Viking ship

I'd sail away, I'd see the world

I'd reach the farthest reaches

I'd feel the wind, I'd taste the salt  
and sea

And maybe storm some  
beaches

That's who I'd be, that's  
who I'd be

Or I could be a poet and write a  
different story

One that tells of glory and  
wipes away the lies

And to the skies I'd throw it, the  
stars would do the telling

The moon would help with  
spelling and night would  
dot the I's

I'd write a verse, recite a joke

With wit and perfect timing

I'd share my heart, confess the  
things I yearn

And do it all while rhyming

But we all learn, but we all  
learn

An ogre always hides

An ogre's fate is known

An ogre always stays

In the dark and all alone

Jeanine Tesori

(b. 1961)

So yes, I'd be a hero, and if my  
wish was granted

Life would be enchanted, or so  
the stories say

Of course I'd be a hero, and I  
would scale a tower

To save a hot-house flower, and  
carry her away

But standing guard would be a  
beast, I'd somehow  
overwhelm it

I'd get the girl, I'd take a breath,  
and I'd remove my helmet

We'd stand and stare, we'd  
speak of love

We'd feel the stars ascending,  
we'd share a kiss

I'd find my destiny, I'd have a  
hero's ending

A perfect happy ending, that's  
how it would be

A big, bright, beautiful world, but  
not for me

An ogre always hides

An ogre's fate is known

An ogre always stays in the  
dark

You're all alone, all alone (and I  
know)

So yes, I'd be a hero (he'll appear)

And if my wish were granted

('cause there are rules and  
there are strictures)

Life would be enchanted, or so  
the stories say

Of course I'd be a hero, and I  
would scale a tower (I

believe the storybooks I read)

To save a hot-house flower and  
carry her away! (By candlelight)

A perfect happy ending

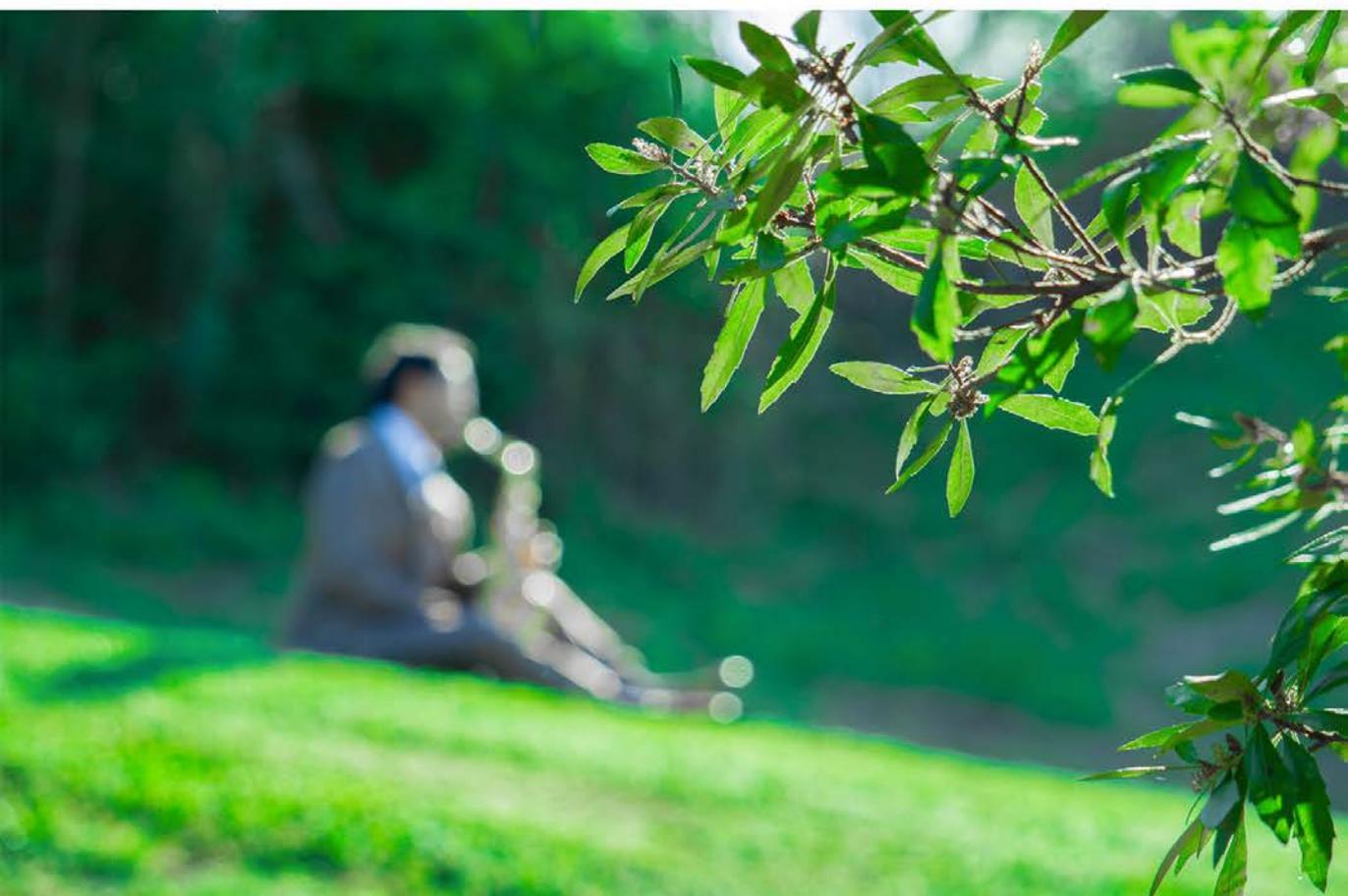
That's how it should be!

# Program Note

Sonate en Ut# pour  
saxophone alto (ou alto) et piano

Fernande Decruck  
(1896-1954)

Composed in 1943, *Sonate en Ut# pour saxophone alto (ou alto) et piano* has become one of Fernande Decruck's most well-known works. Although the piece has only gained popularity in the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, the piece has since become a staple of the classical saxophone repertoire. French composer **Fernande Decruck** brings characteristics of Impressionism to the piece through the use of harmonic vocabulary in chordal planing and melodic motion often utilizing pentatonic scales. Dedicated to saxophone virtuoso Marcel Mule, this work also has a parallel instrumentation for viola and accompaniment. Movement I follows a traditional sonata form starting with a mysterious beginning and settles a charming pastoral melody. Movement IV evokes a funeral march which transforms into a Rondel section that dramatically closes the whole work.



## Maple Leaf Man

Maple leaf man  
Scatter away at the sight of a  
bright red  
Ladybug with spots like eyes  
Eyein' you, eyein' you, eyein' you,  
I and You

If you count on the breeze  
To carry you away,  
You almost hit windshields  
Then skim right above it, above  
it, above it, and buff it.

Vacuum-sealed in a bag for  
preservation.  
Could've gone up in the air tube,  
in the vortex  
Just wanna be on a branch  
Just wanna be whole again  
Just wanna be home again

## Geronimo

Geronimo, he'll fix  
Your heart of old steel. It's  
That trick of his, he keeps up  
his sleeve.  
Fingers walk up barks of trees  
Next to the lichen ants and bees  
And praise  
The humming melody

Open up, he'll feed your soul  
Geronimo, Geronimo  
Open up, he'll feed your soul  
Geronimo, Geronimo

Your automobile is  
Failing with the times.  
To keep up with money's to  
reduce to a dime.  
Ten cents, then no sense/cents  
in going anywhere else.  
20 dollars won't get you much  
these days.

Bella Eclavea  
(b. 2001)

Cut out the shapes then  
Rearrange and  
Try to abide by the idea of  
perfection  
Nothing adds up anymore.  
Only that we start and end  
And that we're on a deathbed  
Beautified by moments or  
instants that make life alive  
Or make it worth living

I felt the sun shine on my left  
side when caught at a traffic  
light.

I felt the warmth. The warmth is  
worth. The warmth is worth.  
We locked eyes on a park  
bench and held it and felt the  
warmth.

The warmth is worth. The  
warmth is worth everything  
to me.

Bella Eclavea  
(b. 2001)

Only a meal and a stranger's pity.  
Lost the battery  
Everything fails when we throw  
empathy  
Out into the wind.

You ought to go heal  
In these failing times.  
When everything's broken, can't  
fix it with broken tools  
Materialistic views, just leave you  
screwed.  
Can't keep to the line 'cus they  
cut it.

And they did it on purpose  
You ought to go heal.  
Cut your losses  
Seek solace  
And dig for a soul lest  
We yearn to make it worse  
again.

# Texts & Translations

Ms. Suzy

Bella Eclavea  
(b. 2001)

Hey Ms. Suzy  
You're smokin' your pipe  
Guess you're feeling quite down  
Tonight

Mascara smudged  
Beneath your eyes  
You're havin' a hard time  
Tonight

Well, honey,  
With the moon on the rise  
And a fire in your smile  
Just forget about the worries  
And have fun for a while

Cuz the night is still young  
Like a blue painted tongue  
So forget about the worries  
Cuz the stars are strung

No, you don't have the time  
To be wasting your life  
Weepin' 'bout a boy who lies

Hey Ms. Suzy  
You're wantin' to hide  
Don't wanna see the guy who  
ditched you tonight.

But who really cares?  
You got curls in your hair  
And you owe it to yourself to  
live a little out there

Well, honey,  
With the moon on the rise  
And a fire in your smile  
Just forget about the worries  
And have fun for a while

Cuz the night is still young  
Like a blue painted tongue  
So forget about the worries  
Cuz the stars are strung

No, you don't have the time  
To be wasting your life  
Weepin' 'bout a boy who lies  
The world's in your hands  
So go and have a dance  
Forget about a broken romance

Ba dat da-a  
Ba ba dap a doot da  
Di buh di bi doo bi di boo di bi doo  
bi di boo doo doo  
Doo doot doo doot doo doot doo

Well, honey,  
With the moon on the rise  
And a fire in your smile  
And have fun for a while

Cuz the night is still young  
Like a blue painted tongue  
So forget about the worries  
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No, you don't have the time  
To be wasting your life  
Weepin' 'bout a boy who lies

The world's in your hands  
So go and have a dance  
Forget about a broken romance

doot doo  
Ba dat da-a  
Ba ba dap a doot da  
Di buh di bi doo bi di boo di bi doo  
bi di boo doo doo  
doo doot doo doot doo doot doo  
doot doo

# Musical Performers



J. Aidan C. Eclavea *Voice & Saxophone*  
Third-Year Bachelor of Music  
*with an emphasis in Music Education*  
Bachelor of Arts in Music  
Martinez, Georgia



Rachel Townes *Piano*  
Collaborative Pianist  
  
Athens, Georgia



Ian Harding *Tenor*  
Third-Year Bachelor of Music  
*with an emphasis in Music Education*  
Bachelor of Arts in Music  
Leesburg, Georgia



Danielle Vergara *Soprano*  
Third-Year Bachelor of Music  
*with an emphasis in Music Therapy*  
  
Augusta, Georgia



Noah Colwell *Tenor*  
Third-Year Bachelor of Music  
*with an emphasis in Music Therapy*  
  
Cumming, Georgia



Greg Hankins *Piano*  
Collaborative Pianist  
  
Athens, Georgia

# Musical Performers



Bella Eclavea

*Voice & Guitar*

GCSU '24 Bachelor of Arts in Theatre  
Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy

Martinez, Georgia



Jon Erik Tripp

*Soprano Saxophone*

Third-Year Bachelor of Music  
*with an emphasis in Music Education*

Lavonia, Georgia



Jackson Tadlock

*Alto Saxophone*

Third-Year Bachelor of Arts in Music

Taylorsville, Georgia



Emily Johnson

*Baritone Saxophone*

Third-Year Bachelor of Music  
*with an emphasis in Music Education*

Cumming, Georgia



Jacien Thorne

*Drumset*

Third-Year Bachelor of Music  
*with an emphasis in Music Therapy*

Covington, Georgia



Nicolas Hoepfel

*Electric Bass*

GCSU '25 Bachelor of Science  
in Environmental Sciences

Augusta, Georgia

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