

The APSU Music Department
and
The Center of Excellence for the Creative Arts
present

Min Sang Kim, countertenor
Jeffrey Williams, baritone
in a
Faculty Duo Recital

with guest artists
Edwin Kim, piano
Alec Blazek, trumpet

7:30 p.m.
February 17, 2024

George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall
Music/Mass Communication Building

—Program—

Для берегов отчизны дальной (1881)
(For the Shores of the Distant Fatherland)

Alexander Borodin
(1833-1887)

La mer est plus belle (1891)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Jeffrey Williams, baritone

Cinq mélodies populaires grecques (1904-1906)

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Chanson de la mariée
Là-bas, vers l'église
Quel galant m'est comparable
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques
Tout gai!

Min Sang Kim, countertenor

...to cast a shadow again (1991)

Eric Ewazen
(b. 1954)

Stopped by the stream
Everyone says it snowed
Hands underwater on my body
Cordite surrounded you
Lie down and cry

Jeffrey Williams, baritone
Alec Blazek, trumpet

Three Shakespeare Songs, Op. 6 (1905)

Roger Quilter
(1877-1953)

Come away, death
O mistress mine
Blow, blow thou winter wind

Min Sang Kim, countertenor

-Intermission-

—Program—

귀천 (2020)
(To Heaven)

Edwin Kim
(b. 1988)

연꽃 만나고 가는 바람 같이 (2012)
(Like the Wind That Met with Lotus)

Joowon Kim
(b. 1984)

Min Sang Kim, countertenor

Min y Môr (1938)

William Albert Williams
(1909-1946)

Gwynfyd (1935)

Meirion Williams
(1901-1976)

Sant Gofan (1949)

John Morgan Lloyd
(1880-1960)

Jeffrey Williams, baritone

Vier Duette, Op. 28 (1864)
Die Nonne und der Ritter
Vor der Tür
Es rauschet das Wasser
Der Jäger und sein Liebchen

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Min Sang Kim, countertenor
Jeffrey Williams, baritone

—Text and Translations—

Borodin: Для берегов отчизны дальной (For the Shores of the Distant Fatherland)

Для берегов отчизны дальной
ты покидала край чужой;
в час незабвенный, в час печальный
я долго плакал пред тобой.

Твои хладеющие руки
меня старались удержать;
томленья страшного разлуки
твой стон молил не прерывать.

Но ты от горького лобзанья
Твои уста оторвала;
из края вечного изгнанья
ты в край иной меня звала.

Ты говорила: “В день свиданья,
под небом вечно голубым,
в тени олив лубви лобзанья
мы вновь, мой друг, соединим.”

Но там, увы, где неба своды
сияют в блеске голубом,
где под скалами дремлют воды,
уснула ты последним сном.

Твоя краса, твои страданья
исчезли в урне гробовой,
исчез и поцелуй свиданья...
Но жду его: он за тобой!

Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837)

For the shores of the distant fatherland
You were leaving this foreign country;
In that unforgettable sad hour
For a long time I wept before you.

My hands, that were growing cold
Were trying to hold on to you;
The dreadful moment of our parting
My moan begged you not to interrupt.

But you tore away your lips
from this bitter kiss;
From the somber land of exile
You were inviting me into another land.

You were saying: “At the time of our meeting,
Beneath the ever-blue sky,
In the shadow of the olive trees,
We shall unite again in a kiss of love, my friend!”

But there, alas, where the sky’s dome
Is shining in its luster blue,
Where the shadow of the olive trees rests upon
the waters, You fell asleep forever.

Your beauty and your torments
Disappeared in the burial urn,
Gone is the kiss of our meeting...
But I still await it; you owe it to me!

—Text and Translations—

Debussy: La mer est plus belle (The sea is more lovely)

<p>La mer est plus belle Que les cathédrales, Nourrice fidèle, Berceuse de râles, La mer qui prie La Vierge Marie!</p> <p>Elle a tous les dons Terribles et doux. J'entends ses pardons Gronder ses courroux. Cette immensité N'a rien d'entêté.</p> <p>O! si patiente, Même quand méchante! Un souffle ami hante La vague, et nous chante: «Vous sans espérance, Mourez sans souffrance!»</p> <p>Et puis sous les cieux Qui s'y rient plus clairs, Elle a des airs bleus. Roses, gris et verts... Plus belle que tous, Meilleure que nous!</p> <p>Paul Verlaine (1844-1896)</p>	<p>The sea is more lovely Than the cathedrals, A faithful nurse, A lullaby of a death-rattle, The sea over which The Virgin Mary prays!</p> <p>It has all the qualities, Terrible and sweet. I hear its pardons, Grumbling its ire. This immensity Has no obstinacy.</p> <p>Oh! So patient, Even when dangerous! A friendly breath haunts The wave, and sings to us: "You, without hope, Perish without suffering!"</p> <p>And then, beneath the skies That mock it by being brighter, It has the appearance of blue, Pink, grey, and green... More lovely than everything, Better than we!</p>
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Ravel: Cinq mélodies populaires grecques (Five Greek Folk Songs)

Chanson de la mariée	The bride's awakening
<p>Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix mignonne, Ouvre au matin tes ailes. Trois grains de beauté, mon cœur en est brûlé! Vois le ruban d'or que je t'apporte, Pour le nouer autour de tes cheveux. Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous marier! Dans nos deux familles, tous sont alliés!</p>	<p>Wake up, wake up, pretty partridge, Spread your wings to the morning, Three beauty spots - and my heart's ablaze. See the golden ribbon I bring you To tie around your tresses. If you wish, my beauty, let us marry! In our two families all are related.</p>

—Text and Translations—

Là-bas, vers l'église

Là-bas, vers l'église,
Vers l'église Ayio Sidéro,
L'église, ô Vierge sainte,
L'église Ayio Costanndino,
Se sont réunis,
Rassemblés en nombre infini,
Du monde, ô Vierge sainte,
Du monde tous les plus braves!

Quel galant m'est comparable

Quel galant m'est comparable,
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?
Dis, dame Vassiliki?
Vois, pendus à ma ceinture,
Pistolets et sabre aigu ...
Et c'est toi que j'aime!

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

Ô joie de mon âme,
Joie de mon cœur,
Trésor qui m'est si cher;
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,
Toi que j'aime ardemment,
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.
Ô lorsque tu parais,
Ange si doux
Devant nos yeux,
Comme un bel ange blond,
Sous le clair soleil,
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Tout gai!

Tout gai! gai, Ha, tout gai!
Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse;
Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse,
Tra la la la la ...

Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi (1877-1944)

Down there by the church

Down there by the church,
By the church of Saint Sideros,
The church, O Holy Virgin,
The church of Saint Constantine,
Are gathered together, buried in infinite num-
bers,
The bravest people, O Holy Virgin,
The bravest people in the world!

What gallant can compare with me?

What gallant can compare with me?
Among those seen passing by?
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?
See, hanging at my belt,
Pistols and sharp swaord...
And it's you I love!

Song of the lentisk gatherers

O joy of my soul, joy of my heart,
Treasure so dear to me;
Joy of the soul and of the heart,
You whom I love with passion,
You are more beautiful than an angel.
Oh when you appear, angel so sweet,
Before our eyes,
Like a lovely, blond angel
Under the bright sun -
Alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

So merry!

So merry,
Ah, so merry;
Lovely leg, tireli, that dances
Lovely leg, the crockery dances,
Tra la la.

—Text and Translations—

Ewazen: ...to cast a shadow again

Stopped by the stream

Stopped by the stream
we steam like two workhorses

The moisture lies white
on the field
and your shoulder.

Our own fog melts
Thin shingles of ice water

I lean over to kiss
Your halo of moisture

My face comes away wet.

Everyone says it snowed last night

Everyone says it snowed last night
but I know it's the whitening of your love
blowing across my eyelids
where your lips used to rest.

A confused tree sends out one green branch,
covets its few withered leaves
and won't release them to the snow.
Not evergreen, but half green:
like us.
Our feet kick up white storms
wet ankles skim over the trails

This is what I want to hold:
One green branch on
A hibernating tree.
It bent softly when I brushed again it.

Hands underwater on my body

Hands underwater on my body
gentle fingers flutter
frictionless, like fish
brush against me
and quick swim away.
Waves chop.

Your hands can't rest, they find no purchase
I'm about to go under

You only touched me once under water
but this is how I remember it always:
your hands slide away.

Cordite surrounded you

Cordite surrounded you
Caps popped in my heart
the day we held fireballs in our mouths
red tongues dangerous drums

our small battles squealed roman candles

now you march
across the street to me
through a blaze of gunpowder:
Battalion guarding my heart fortress.

Lie down and cry

Lie down and cry.
And tears will roll into your ears.
Your words, my words, blank ceiling,
And my ears are wet, cold.
Your words did that to me.

Katherine Gekker (b. 1954)

—Text and Translations—

Quilter: Three Shakespeare Songs

Come away, death

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Blow, blow thou winter wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Although thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
Unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
Most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!
unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning,
most loving mere folly
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

—Text and Translations—

E. Kim: 귀천 (To Heaven)

<p>나 하늘로 돌아가리라 새벽빛 와 닿으면 스러지는 이슬 더불어 손에 손을 잡고</p> <p>나 하늘로 돌아가리라 노을빛 함께 단 둘이서 기슭에서 놀다가 구름 손짓하면은</p> <p>나 하늘로 돌아가리라 아름다운 이세상 소풍 끝내는 날</p> <p>가서, 아름다웠더라고 말하리라.</p> <p>Sang-byeong Cheon (1930-1993)</p>	<p>I shall find home in heaven As the light of dawn takes away The morning dew, whose hands in mine.</p> <p>I shall find home in heaven Alone with the sunset, just the two Playing in the mountain, When the clouds wave at me</p> <p>I shall find home in heaven When, of this beautiful world, The last day of this journey comes</p> <p>Upon arrival, “It was beautiful,” I will testify.</p>
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J. Kim: 연꽃 만나고 가는 바람같이 (Like the Wind That Met With Lotus)

<p>섭섭하게, 그러나 아주 섭섭하지 말고 좀 섭섭한 듯만 하게.</p> <p>이별이게, 그러나 아주 영 이별은 말고 어디 내생에서라도 다시 만나기로 하는 이별이게</p> <p>연꽃 만나려 가는 바람이 아니라 만나고 가는 바람같이.....</p> <p>옛그제 만나고 가는 바람이 아니라 한 두철 전 만나고 가는 바람같이.....</p> <p>Poetry: Jeong-Ju Seo (1915-2000)</p>	<p>Please feel sorry But Please not feel sorry verily Please but sorry suitably.</p> <p>Please say farewell But Please not say eternal farewell Even somewhere in next life Engage to meet again and say farewell.</p> <p>Like the wind Not coming to the lotus for meeting, But the wind not coming back after meeting...</p> <p>A few days ago, Not the wind coming back after meeting A few seasons ago, Like but the wind coming back after meeting...</p>
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—Text and Translations—

J. M. Williams: Min y Môr (By the Sea)

<p>A glywi di sw'n y tonnau Yn torri ar y traeth? A weli di'r ewyn Yn llifo'n wyn fel llaeth?</p> <p>Mae'n noi'n dawel heno, A phawb yng nghwsg o'r bron; Tyr'd hyd y traeth yn araf, Mae 'nghalon fach yn llon.</p> <p>Mae'r lloer yn awry n codi Dros erchwyn pell y lli, A gyr ei llwybyr gloyw Yn union atom ni.</p> <p>O, na chawn fyw bob amser Fel hyn ar fin y lli, Yng nghwmni'r lloer a'r llwybyr, A thon y môr, a thi!</p> <p>Huw Emrys Griffith (1912-1980)</p>	<p>O, hearest thou the billows That break with sullen roar? And seeest thou the white surge That swells on yonder shore?</p> <p>The summer night is peaceful, And all around asleep; Come, let us walk together, Beside the restless deep.</p> <p>The moon is now arising Resplendent in the sky, And all the world is glowing With radiance from on high.</p> <p>O, how my heart is longing To live beside the sea, To stay in magic moonlight Close to the waves and thee!</p>
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M. Williams: Gwynfyd (Paradise)

<p>Ei enw yw Paradvys wen, Paradvys wen yw enw'r byd, Ac wylo rwyf o'i golli cyd, A'i geisio hwnt i sêr y nen.</p> <p>Nid draw ar bell-bell draeth y mae, Nac obry 'ngwely'r perlau chwaith, Ond mil-mil nes a ber yw'r daith I ddistaw byrth y byd di-wae.</p> <p>Tawelach yw na'r dyfnaf hun, Agosach yw na throthwy'r drws, Fel pêrwelyau'r rhos o dlws, Ar allwedd yn fy llaw fy hun.</p> <p>William Williams "Crwys" (1875-1968)</p>	<p>O blessed realm of Paradise O land of beauty and of peace, My soul too oft in secret cries, And seeks it far beyond the skies.</p> <p>Not found upon some far-off strand, Nor yet within the pearly deep, But nearer far, in mine own hand I hold the key to that fair land.</p> <p>More peaceful than the deepest sleep, Within my heart for e'er to keep, Like roses fair before mine eyes, O blessed, blessed Paradise.</p>
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—Text and Translations—

Lloyd: Sant Gofan (Saint Govan)

<p>Sant Gofan a gododd ei gell Ar y lan ger y tonnog li, Ac yno, fel gwylan Penfro bell, Y trigiannai heb un hafan well, Gan ochainam Wynfafry.</p> <p>Sant Gofan a gododd ei gell Rhwng wybren wyllt a môr gerllaw, Lle y rhudda'r machlud y tonnau pell A cheinder hudol y golau gwell Ar ddyffryn a rhosydd draw.</p> <p>Sant Gofan a drig yn ei gell, Ond ei enaid mwy sydd fry, A phwy all ddirnad pa un ai gwell Gan Ofan santaidd yw'r Nef oedd bell Na'r hen gell ger y tonnog li!</p> <p>Thomas Hudson-Williams (1873-1961)</p>	<p>Saint Govan, he built him a cell, By the side of the Pembroke sea, And there, as the crannied seagulls dwell, In a tiny secret citadel, He sighed for eternity.</p> <p>Saint Govan, he built him a cell, Between the wild sky and the sea, Where the sunsets redden the rolling swell And brooding splendor has thrown her spell On valley and moorland lea.</p> <p>Saint Govan, still lies in his cell, But his soul, long since, is free, And one may wonder and who can tell If good Saint Govan likes Heaven as well As his cell by the sounding sea!</p>
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Brahms: Vier Duette, Op. 28

Die Nonne und der Ritter	The Nun and the Knight
<p>Da die Welt zur Ruh' gegangen, Wacht mit Sternen mein Verlangen; In der Kühle muß ich lauschen, Wie die Wellen unten rauschen.</p> <p>"Fernher mich die Wellen tragen, Die ans Land so traurig schlagen, Unter deines Fensters Gitter, Fraue, kennst du noch den Ritter?"</p> <p>Ist's doch, als ob seltsam' Stimmen Durch die lauen Lüfte schwimmen; Wieder hat's der Wind genommen - Ach, mein Herz ist so beklommen!</p> <p>"Drüben liegt dein Schloß verfallen, Klagend in den öden Hallen Aus dem Grund der Wald mich grüßte - 's war, als ob ich sterben müßte."</p>	<p>As the world goes to rest, my yearning awakens with the stars; I must listen in the cool as the waves roar below!</p> <p>"I am brought here from far away by waves that beat so mournfully against the land, beneath the bars of your window. Lady, do you still know this Knight?"</p> <p>It is as if strange voices are floating through the mild air; once again the wind has taken them away, - alas, my heart is so anxious!</p> <p>"Over there lies your ruined castle lamenting in its desolate halls; the way the woods greeted me, I felt as though I must die."</p>

—Text and Translations—

Alte Klänge blühend schreiten!
Wie aus lang versunkenen Zeiten
Will mich Wehmut noch bescheinen,
Und ich möcht' von Herzen weinen.

"Überm Walde blitzt's vom Weiten,
Wo um Christi Grab sie streiten;
Dorthin will mein Schiff ich wenden,
Da wird alles, alles enden!"

Geht ein Schiff, ein Mann stand drinnen,
Falsche Nacht, verwirrst die Sinne,
Welt Ade! Gott woll' bewahren,
Die noch irr im Dunkeln fahren.

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788-1857)

Vor der Tür

Tritt auf den Riegel von der Tür,
Wie gern käm' ich herein
Um dich zu küssen.
'Ich lass' dich nicht herein,
Schleich immer heim ganz sacht
Auf deinen Füßen.'

Wohl kann ich schleichen sacht
Wie Mondenschein,
Steh nur auf, laß mich ein;
Das will ich von dir haben,
O Mägdlein, deinen Knaben
Laß ein!

Anonymous

Old sounds burst forth,
sunk long since in time;
melancholy falls on me once again,
and I feel like weeping from my heart.

"Over the wood lightning flashes from afar,
where they are fighting over the grave of Christ;
There will I steer my ship,
and there will everything end!"

A ship leaves with a man upon it;
false night, you bewilder the mind!
Farewell, world! May God protect
those who wander madly in darkness!

Outside the door

Draw back the bolt from the door,
How I would love to come in
To kiss you.
'I'll not let you in,
Creep back home as soft as you can
On your feet.'

I can of course creep as softly
As moonlight,
Only get up and let me in;
That's what I want from you,
O maiden, let your
Lad in!

—Text and Translations—

Es rauschet das Wasser

Es rauschet das Wasser
Und bleibet nicht stehn;
Gar lustig die Sterne
Am Himmel hin gehn;
Gar lustig die Wolken
Am Himmel hin ziehn;
So rauschet die Liebe
Und fährt dahin.

Es rauschen die Wasser,
Die Wolken zergerhn;
Doch bleiben die Sterne,
Sie wandeln und gehn.
So auch mit der Liebe,
Der treuen, geschicht,
Sie wegt sich, sie regt sich,
Und ändert sich nicht.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Der Jäger und sein Liebchen

Ist nicht der Himmel so blau?
Steh' am Fenster und schau!
Erst in der Nacht,
Spät in der Nacht
Komm' ich heim von der Jagd.

Mädchen, der Himmel ist blau,
Bleib' am Fenster und schau'.
Bis in der Nacht,
Spät in der Nacht,
Heim ich komm von der Jagd.

"Anders hab' ich gedacht,
Tanzen will ich die Nacht!
Bleib' vor der Tür,
Spät vor der Tür
Willst du nicht tanzen mit mir!"

"Ist auch der Himmel so blau,
Steh' ich doch nimmer und schau'
Ob in der Nacht,
Spät in der Nacht
Heim du kehrst von der Jagd."

August Heinrich Hoffmann (1798-1874)

The water rushes

The water rushes by
And is never still;
The stars pass merrily by
In the heavens;
The clouds scud merrily by
In the heavens,
So too does love
Rush by.

The waters rush by,
The clouds disperse;
But the stars remain,
They wander and move;
So it is with love,
With true love –
It moves, it stirs,
And never changes.

The hunter and his sweetheart

Is not the sky so blue?
Stand by the window and watch!
Not until night,
Late at night,
Shall I come home from the hunt.

My girl, the sky is blue,
Wait by the window and watch,
Until in the night,
Late at night,
I come home from the hunt.

'I had other plans,
I want to do dancing tonight!
Stay outside the door,
At a late hour outside the door,
If you don't want to dance with me!'

'However blue the sky may be,
I shall not stand and watch
Whether in the night,
Late at night,
You come home from the hunt.'

-About the Guest Artists-

Edwin Kim, piano

A versatile artist, Dr. Edwin Kim is constantly in demand as a pianist, composer, vocalist, motivational speaker, and writer. His recent foray into memoir writing with the publication of "The Boy Who Wanted to Hug His Piano to Sleep" in September 2023 reflects his ability to engage with audiences through storytelling. Known for his interactive productions crossing all genres, Edwin performs as a recitalist, chamber musician and orchestral soloist across the globe. Praised by International Piano Magazine for performances infused with "magic in atmosphere, individuality and poise," his repertoire encompasses timeless masterpieces of the piano literature along with innovative new compositions.

In August 2022, his piano trio Suits had their sold-out recital "Hidden Figures" as part of the Seoul Arts Center's Summer Music Festival, presenting all-women composer program from the Romantic period. His other recent career highlights include solo recitals at the IBK Chamber Hall of the Seoul Arts Center (2021) and Youngsan Art Hall (2022), and the "3 PIANOS" concert presented by his former management, IMG Artists Seoul, at the Concert Hall of the Seoul Arts Center (2021). Dr. Kim also appeared on KBS FM Radio "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" as a collaborative pianist for Soprano Sunhae Im and Bass-Baritone Samuel Youn.

As an advocate of contemporary music, Dr. Kim founded Ensemble Evolve, whose mission is to pair the standard repertoire with newly commissioned contemporary works to mitigate the stereotypical gap between the two stylistic periods. Ensemble Evolve presented its inaugural concert at the Sejong Centre for the Performing Arts in 2020 and its second production featuring the Red Snapper Quintet composed by the Pulitzer Prize winner, Kevin Puts, at the Seoul Arts Center in January 2021.

Edwin works with the renowned composer-pianist Dongchang Lim who re-interpreted the traditional Korean Art music to be performed on any musical instruments while maintaining the authentic spirituality and musical foundations of it. His debut album "ARIRANG VARIATIONS," a 51-minute work composed by Lim and the forthcoming release of "My Prayer: Transcriptions on 24 Paganini Caprices for Solo Violin" distinguish Edwin as a unique all-rounder artist.

Edwin Kim won the first prize and the Best Polonaise Prize at the 3rd Australian International Chopin Piano Competition in Canberra, AU. His other competition achievements include the first prizes at 2011 Jefferson Symphony International Young Artists Competition in Colorado and the 2009 South Orange Symphony Orchestra Artist Competition, the fourth prize at the 2010 Isang Yun International Music Competition in Tongyeong, Korea, and the third prize at the 2009 Manchester International Piano Competition in Manchester, U.K.

Appearances as a soloist with orchestra include performances with Moscow Symphony Orchestra, Yangpyeong Philharmonic Orchestra, Manchester Camerata in England, Changwon Municipal Philharmonic Orchestra among many. He has performed as part of YAMAHA Rising Artist Series, at the Sydney Opera House, the Seoul Arts Center, and Sejong Centre for the Performing Arts. In 2015, he was heard by thousands in the New York metropolitan region performing an all-Chopin recital live on WWFM radio.

Edwin Kim received the Doctor of Musical Arts degree at the Peabody Institute of The Johns Hopkins University, where he earned his Master's and Bachelor's degrees as well. His teachers include the Chopin-specialist Brian Ganz and the renowned artist-teacher Yong Hi Moon. Previously, he studied for four years with the eminent pianist Martin Canin at The Juilliard School's Pre-College Division in New York.

Since 2015, Edwin Kim has been serving on the faculty alongside the principals and concertmasters of the major orchestras of Europe and North America at the Pacific Region International Summer Music Academy in British Columbia, and joined the faculty for the Piano at Peabody (an amateur summer course) in 2016.

Alec Blazek, trumpet

Originally from Clovis, New Mexico, Alec Blazek joined the Nashville Symphony as 2nd Trumpet in the fall of 2016. Since arriving in Nashville, he has become a regular in the local recording and music scenes, working with the Blair Brass Quintet, Nashville Concerto Orchestra, Gateway Chamber Orchestra, and more. Prior to joining the NSO, Alec performed regularly with the Terre Haute Symphony, New Mexico Philharmonic, and guest principal of the Santa Fe Symphony. He has performed on national tours with Les Misérables, the New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players, the Blue Knights, and Carolina Crown Drum & Bugle Corps.

As an active educator and clinician, Alec regularly works with students of all ages across Middle Tennessee, performing educational shows with the NSO Brass Quintet, and teaching lessons through the Nashville Symphony's Accelerando Program. He has given masterclasses at the Vanderbilt University, Middle Tennessee State University, the University of New Mexico, and is on faculty for the California Orchestra Academy. In the summers, Alec also has taught brass with the Cavaliers and Bluecoats Drum & Bugle Corps.

Alec studied at the University of New Mexico and Indiana University, and his primary teachers include Michael Ellzey, John Marchiando, and John Rommel. As a student he attended the National Orchestral Institute, the Rafael Mendez Brass Institute, and Aspen Music Festival, and has had the opportunity to work with many great artists, including David Robertson, Leonard Slatkin, Pinchas Zukerman, and Joshua Bell. As part of the Nashville Symphony's ongoing mission with Naxos to record new American Music, Alec can be heard on recordings featuring the music of John Adams, Christopher Rouse, Aaron Jay Kernis, Jonathan Leshnoff, and many more. Alec also played Principal Trumpet on the National Orchestral Institute's commercial recording of Randall Thompson's Symphony No. 2.

When not performing or practicing, Alec enjoys going on scenic bike rides, strength training, reading, cooking, playing chess, and exploring the local food scene.

Upcoming Events

Feb. 18	Channing Wright Horn Recital	4 p.m.
Feb. 20	APSU Symphonic Band	7:30 p.m.
Feb. 23	Govs Honor Festival Concert	5 p.m.
Feb. 25	Spirituals with Min Sang Kim	4 p.m.
Feb. 28	APSU Woodwind Chamber Ensemble	7:30 p.m.
Feb. 29	APSU Orchestra	7:30 p.m.

Events listed above are held in the George and Sharon Mabry Concert Hall in the Music/Mass Communication Building and are free and open to the public, unless indicated otherwise.



If you would like to be added to the Music Department patron database to be notified about future events, please send your name, address and email to music@apsu.edu or call 931-221-7818.

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