

WUSTL MUSIC

Sunday, April 24, 2022 - 7:00 P.M.
E. Desmond Lee Concert Hall, 560 Music Center



Great Artists Series '22:

Angel Blue, soprano and
Douglas Sumi, piano

Co-sponsor:



Center for the Study of Race, Ethnicity & Equity
with additional support provided by the Missouri Arts Council



Program

The Lady of the Harbor from *Three Women* (1985)

Lee Hoiby
(1926 - 2011)

Ne poi krasavitsa, Op. 4, No. 4 (1890-1903)

Zdes' khorosho, Op. 21, No. 7 (1900-1902)

V'molchani nochi, Op. 4, No. 3 (1890-1903)

Vesenniye vody, Op. 14, No. 11 (1900-1902)

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873 - 1943)

Piano Solo: *Reflets dans l'eau* from *Images I* (1904-1905)

Claude Debussy
(1862 - 1918)

Stille Tränen, Op. 35, No. 10 (1840)

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8 (1885)

Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4 (1897-1898)

Morgen! Op. 27, No. 4 (1894)

Cäcilie, Op. 27, No. 2 (1894)

Richard Strauss
(1864 - 1949)

Intermission

Piano Solo: *The Man I Love* (1924)

Summertime from *Porgy and Bess* (1934)

Youkali

George Gershwin
(1898 - 1937)

Kurt Weill
(1900 - 1950)

Winter Song from *Songs for Leontyne* (1965)

There Came a Wind Like a Bugle (1988)

Lee Hoiby

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

You Can Tell the World

Deep River

Ride on King Jesus

arr. Margaret Bonds
(1913 - 1972)

arr. H.T Burleigh
(1866 - 1949)

Texts & Translations

The Lady of The Harbor

Text by Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Ne poi krasavitsa, Op. 4, No. 4

Text by Alexander Pushkin

Ne poi, krasavitsa, pri mne
Ty pesen Gruzii pechalnoi;
Napominayut mne one
Druguyu zhizn i bereg dalnyi.

Uvy, napominayut mne
Tvoi zhestokie napevy
I step, i noch - i pri lune
Cherty dalyokoy, miloi devï.

Do not sing, my beauty

Do not sing, my beauty, to me
Your sad songs of Georgia;
They remind me
Of another life and a distant shore.

Alas, they remind me
your cruel melodies
Of the steppe, the night and the moonlit
Features of a poor, distant maiden!

Zdes' khorosho, Op. 21, No. 7

Text by Glafira Adol'fovna Galina

Zdes' khorosho...
Vzgljani, vdali
Ognjom gorit reka;
Cvetnym kovrom luga legli,
Belejut oblaka.
Zdes' net ljudej...
Zdes' tishina...
Zdes' tol'ko Bog da ja.
Cvety, da staraja sosna,
Da ty, mechta moja!

V'molchani nochi, Op. 4, No. 3

Text by Afanasy Afanasyevich Fet

O, dolgo budu ja, v molchan'i nochi tajnoj,
Kovarnyj lepet tvoj, ulybku, vzor sluchajnyj,
Perstam poslushnuju gustuju prjad',
Iz myslej izgonjat', i snova prizyvaj';
Dysha poryvisto, odin, nikem ne zrimyj,
Dosady i styda rumjanami palimyj,
Iskat' khotja odnoj zagadochnoj cherty
V slovakh, kotorye proiznosila ty;
Sheptat' i popravljat' bylye vyrazhen'ja
Rechej moikh s toboj, ispolnennykh smushchen'ja,
I v op'janenii, naperekor umu,
Zavetnym imenem budit' nochnuju..

How nice it is here

How nice it is here...
Look - far away,
The river is a blaze of fire;
The meadows lie like carpets of colour
The clouds are white.
Here there is no one...
Here it is silent...
Here is only God and I,
The flowers, the old pine tree,
And you, my dream!

In the silence of the mysterious night

Oh, for a long while, in the silence of the mysterious night,
Your beguiling murmur, smile, fleeting glance,
A luscious strand of your hair, obedient to my fingers,
Will I banish from my thoughts - but then recall again;
Breathing impulsively, alone, unseen by anyone,
Blushing and burning with vexation and shame,
I will search for secret messages
In the words you uttered;
Whisper and reconsider the phrases
Of my embarrassed conversations with you,
And, as if intoxicated, against all reason,
With your cherished name awaken the nightly haze.

Vesenniye vody, Op. 14, No. 11

Text by Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev

Jeshchjo v poljakh belejet sneg,
A vody uz vesnoj shumjat -
Begut i budjat sonnyj breg,
Begut, i bleshchut, i glasjat...

Oni glasjat vo vse koncy:
"Vesna idjot, vesna idjot!
My molodoj vesny goncy,
Ona nas vyslala vperjod."

Vesna idjot, vesna idjot,
I tikhikh, teplykh majskikh dnej
Rumjanyj, svetlyj khorovod
Tolpitsja veselo za nej!...

Stille Tränen, Op. 35, No. 10

Text by Justinus Andreas Christian Kerner

Du bist vom Schlaf erstanden
Und wandelst durch die Au',
Da liegt ob allen Landen
Der Himmel wunderblau.

So lang du ohne Sorgen
Geschlummert schmerzenlos,
Der Himmel bis zum Morgen
Viel Tränen niedergoss.

In stillen Nächten weinet
Oft mancher aus den Schmerz,
Und morgens dann ihr meinet,
Stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.

Spring Waters

The fields are still whitened with snow,
But the waters already roar with Spring.
They rush and awaken the sleepy riverbank,
They rush and sparkle, and proclaim...

They proclaim to all corners of the earth:
"Spring is coming, Spring is coming!
We are the heralds of the young Spring,
She has sent us forward!"

Spring is coming, Spring is coming,
And the quiet, warm days of May
In a bright and glowing round dance
Bustle joyfully behind her.

Silent Tears

You have risen from sleep
And are wandering through the meadow.
There lies over all the land
Heaven's wondrous blue.

As long as, free from cares,
You've been slumbering without pain,
Heaven has, since morning,
Shed many tears.

In silent nights,
Many weep from pain,
And in the morning you assume
Their hearts are always light.

Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8

Text by Hermann von Gilm

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Aestern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Befreit, Op. 39, No. 4

Text by Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise, leise
Wirst du lächeln: und wie zur Reise
Geb' ich dir Blick und Kuß zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du hast sie bereitet,
Ich habe sie dir zur Welt geweitet --
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiß meine Hände fassen
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
Läßt unsern Kindern mich zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wiedergeben --
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's beide,
Wir haben einander befreit vom Leide;
So geb ich dich der Welt zurück.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit mir weinen --
O Glück!

All Souls' Day

Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes
Bring inside the last red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As once in May.

Give me your hand, so that I can press it secretly
And if one sees us, it's all the same to me,
Just give me your sweet gaze,
As once in May.

It blooms and perfumes today on every grave,
One day in the year the dead are free,
Come to my heart, so I can have you again,
As once in May

Freed

You will not weep. Gently
Will you smile: and as on a journey
I will return your gaze and your kiss.
Our lovely four walls! You have helped build
I have expanded them into the world for you
O joy!

Then you will warmly seize my hands
and you will leave me your soul,
leaving me behind for our children.
You gave me your entire life,
so I will give it again to them.
O joy!

It will be very soon, as we both know -
but we have freed each other from sorrow.
So I give you back to the world
Then you will only appear to me in dreams
And bless me and cry with me
O joy!

Morgen! Op. 27, No. 4

Text by John Henry MacKay

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

Cäcilie, Op. 27, No. 2

Text by Heinrich Hart

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was träumen heißt von brennenden Küssen,
Von Wandern und Ruhem mit der Geliebten,
Aug in Auge,
Und kosend und plaudernd,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du neigtest dein Herz!

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was bangen heißt in einsamen Nächten,
Umschauert vom Sturm, da niemand tröstet
Milden Mundes die kampfmüde Seele,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du kämest zu mir.

Wenn du es wüßtest,
Was leben heißt, umhaucht von der Gottheit
Weltschaffendem Atem,
Zu schweben empor, lichtgetragen,
Zu seligen Höhn,
Wenn du es wüßtest,
Du lebstest mit mir!

Morning!

And tomorrow the sun will shine again
And on the path, that I will walk,
It will unite us again, we the lucky ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, that wide shore with blue waves
We will quietly and slowly descend
We will look into each other's eyes
And mute silence of happiness falls on us...

Cecily

If you only knew
What is dreaming of burning kisses
Of wondering and resting with one's beloved,
Eye to eye,
And caressing and chatting
If you only knew
you would incline your heart to me!

If you only knew,
What it's like to feel dread on lonely nights,
Surrounded by a storm, for no one comforts
With a mild voice your battle-weary soul,
If you only knew
You would come to me.

If you only knew,
What it like to live, breathed on by God's
World-creating breath,
To soar aloft, carried by light
To blessed heights
If you only knew,
You would live with me!

Summertime from *Porgy and Bess*

Text by Ira Gershwin

Summertime
And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich
And your ma is good-lookin'
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry

One of these mornings
You're going to rise up singing
Then you'll spread your wings
And you'll take the sky
But 'til that morning
There's a'nothing can harm you
With daddy and mammy standing by

Summertime
And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high
Oh, your daddy's rich
And your ma is good-lookin'
So hush, little baby
Don't you cry

Youkali

C'est presque au bout du monde
Ma barque vagabonde
Errante au gré de l'onde
M'y conduisit un jour
L'île est toute petite
Mais la fée qui l'habite
Gentiment nous invite
À en faire le tour

Youkali
C'est le pays de nos désirs
Youkali
C'est le bonheur, c'est le plaisir
Youkali
C'est la terre où l'on quitte tous les soucis
C'est, dans notre nuit, comme une éclaircie
L'étoile qu'on suit
C'est Youkali

Youkali,
C'est le respect
De tous les Vœux échangés,
Youkali,
C'est le pays
Des beaux amours partagés,
C'est l'espérance
Qui est au cœur de tous les humains,
La délivrance
Que nous attendons tous pour demain,
Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur
C'est le plaisir

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

It's nearly at the end of the world,
My boat wanders
Wandering with the waves
Took me there one day
The island is very small
But the fairy who lives there
Kindly invites us
To take a tour

Youkali
It is the land of our desires
Youkali
It is happiness, it is pleasure
Youkali
It's the land where one leaves all worries
It is, in our night, like a clearing
The stars we follow
It's Youkali

Youkali
It is the respect
Of all the vows you exchanged
Youkali,
It's the country
Of beautiful loves shared
It's hope
That is at the heart of all people
The deliverance
From our waiting for tomorrow
Youkali
It's the land of our desire
Youkali
It is happiness
It is pleasure

But it's a dream, folly,
There is no Youkali!
But it's a dream, folly,
There is no Youkali!

Et la vie nous entraîne,
Lassante, quotidienne,
Mais la pauvre âme humaine,
Cherchant partout l'oubli,
A pour quitter la terre,
Su trouver le mystère
Où nos rêves se terrent
En quelque Youkali...

Youkali,
C'est le pays de nos désirs,
Youkali,
C'est le bonheur,
C'est le plaisir,

Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!
Mais c'est un rêve, une folie,
Il n'y a pas de Youkali!

And life leads us,
Boring, day in and day out,
But the poor human soul,
Seeking oblivion everywhere,
To leave the earth,
Know how to find the mystery
Where our dreams are hiding
In this Youkali...

Youkali,
It's the land of our desire,
Youkali,
It is happiness,
It is pleasure,

But it's a dream, folly,
There is no Youkali!
But it's a dream, folly,
There is no Youkali!

Winter Song

Text by Wilfred Owen

The browns, the olives, and the yellows died,
And were swept up to heaven; where they glowed
Each dawn and set of sun till Christmastide,
And when the land lay pale for them, pale-snowed,
Fell back, and down the snow-drifts flamed and flowed.

From off your face, into the winds of winter,
The sun-brown and the summer-gold are blowing;
But they shall gleam with spiritual glinter,
When paler beauty on your brows falls snowing,
And through those snows my looks shall be soft-going.

There came a wind like a bugle

Text by Emily Dickinson

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 Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived – that Day –
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told –
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

In the Lord, in the Lord,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
Before I'd stay in hell one day,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord;
I'd sing and pray myself away,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.
I'm going to pray and never stop,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord;
Until I've reached the mountain top,
My soul's been anchored in the Lord.

You Can Tell the World

You can tell the world about this
You can tell the nation about that
Tell 'em what Jesus has done
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come
And He brought joy great joy to my soul.
Well, He took my feet out of the mirary clay.
Yes, He did! Yes, He did!
And He placed them on the rock to stay.
Yes, He did! Yes, He did!
You can tell the world about this
You can tell the nations about that
Tell 'em what Jesus has done
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come
And He brought joy great joy to my soul.
Well, my Lord done just what He said.
Yes, He did! Yes, He did!
He healed the sick and He raised the dead!
Yes, He did! Yes, He did!
You can tell the world about this
You can tell the nations about that
Tell 'em what Jesus has done
Tell 'em that the Comforter has come
And He brought joy great joy to my soul

Deep River

Deep River, my home is over Jordan.
Deep River, Lord. I want to cross over into campground.
Oh, don't you want to go to that gospel feast?
That promised land, where all is peace?

Ride on King Jesus

Ride on King Jesus,
No man can a-hinder thee.
Ride on King Jesus,
No man can a-hinder thee.

In that greatness of morning
Fair thee well, fair thee well.
In that greatness of morning
Fair thee well, fair thee well.

When I get to heaven gonna' wear a robe,
(No man can a-hinder thee.)
Gonna' walk all over those streets of gold.
(No man can a-hinder thee.)
When King Jesus sittin' on the throne,
(No man can a-hinder thee.)
Joy to a man when the devil goes.
(No man can a-hinder thee.)

About the Artists



Angel Blue has firmly established herself as one of the most important sopranos before the public today. She opened the Metropolitan Opera's 2019/2020 season as Bess in a new production of George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* which she reprised at the Met in Fall 2021; this production immediately followed her triumphant role debut as Destiny/Loneliness/Greta in the Met's historic 2021/22 season opener of *Fire Shut Up In My Bones*, the first production at the Metropolitan Opera by a Black composer. Additionally, she was the 2020 recipient of the Met's prestigious Beverly Sills Award. She has also been praised for performances in nearly every major opera house in the world, including Teatro alla Scala, Covent Garden, the Vienna State Opera, Semperoper Dresden, San Francisco Opera, Seattle Opera, Theater an der Wien, Oper Frankfurt, and San Diego Opera.

This season includes a stunning range of repertoire which highlights her immense versatility and virtuosity on operatic and concert stages internationally. Following her return to the Metropolitan Opera with back-to-back productions, *La*

Traviata will play a prominent role in Ms. Blue's performance calendar in 2021/22 with productions at Covent Garden and Arena di Verona. In Summer 2022, she sings the role of Marguerite in *Faust* at Paris Opera. Highlights of Ms. Blue's recital and concert engagements include *Knoxville: Summer of 1915* with the Philadelphia Orchestra and Yannick Nézet-Séguin, including one night at Carnegie Hall; and, she appears with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra conducted by Fabio Luisi performing Beethoven's Symphony No. 9. She also gives recitals at Washington University in St. Louis, Cal Performances in Berkeley, Poznan (Poland) and further engagements with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Saratoga, Edinburgh, and Hamburg.

Puccini's *La Bohème* has played an especially prominent role in the development of Angel Blue's career. She made her United States operatic debut as Musetta at the Los Angeles Opera in 2007 while a member of the company's Young Artist Program and subsequently made her debut at the Teatro alla Scala in Milan in the same role. As Mimi, she has won special international acclaim. Ms. Blue first sang the role at the English National Opera in London in 2014 and has since sung Mimi for her debuts at the Palau de Les Arts in Valencia in 2015, at the Vienna State Opera in 2016, and with the Canadian Opera Company in 2019. Mimi was also the role of her Metropolitan Opera debut in 2017, and it is as Mimi that she debuted at the Hamburg State Opera in the 2019/20 season. In Germany, she has already been heard as Mimi at the Semperoper Dresden. Other recent operatic engagements have included her debuts as Liu in *Turandot* at the San Diego Opera in 2018, as Marguerite in *Faust* at the Portland Opera in 2018 and as Bess in *Porgy and Bess* in Seattle in the same year. She debuted in Baden Baden as Elena in *Mefistofele* in 2016 and sang her first Violetta in *La Traviata* at the Seattle Opera in 2017, a role she also sang in the 2018/19 season for her debut at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and her return to the Teatro alla Scala. She became the first African-American to receive the Beverly Sills Award from the Metropolitan Opera in 2020.

Also active on the concert platform, Ms. Blue has appeared in recital and in concert in over thirty-five countries. Important orchestral engagements have included *Porgy and Bess* at the Berliner Philharmoniker under Sir Simon Rattle and with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Marin Alsop, Mahler's Symphony No. 2 with the Münchener Philharmoniker under the baton of Zubin Mehta, and Verdi's *Requiem* in Sydney, Australia with Oleg Caetani. She has also sung Strauss's *Vier Letzte Lieder* and Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Peri in Schumann's *Das Paradies und die Peri* with the Accademia Santa Cecilia in Rome, conducted by Daniele Gatti, and Beethoven's *Symphony No. 9* with the Cincinnati Symphony under Music Director Louis Langree. Ms. Blue debuted in recital at the Ravinia Festival in August of 2019, after which she joined many of her international colleagues at the 2019 Richard Tucker Gala at Carnegie Hall in New York City.

Angel Blue was born and raised in California and completed her musical studies at UCLA. She was a member of the Young Artists Program at the Los Angeles Opera, after which she moved to Europe to begin her international career at the Palau de les Arts in Valencia, Spain in 2009 and at the Verbier Festival in 2010. She subsequently appeared at the Theater an der Wien in *The Rape of Lucretia* (female chorus) and as Giulietta in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* in a production created by Oscar-award-winning director William Friedkin. Blue also debuted in Frankfurt as the 3rd Norn in *Götterdämmerung* and returned to the United States as Clara in *Porgy and Bess* at the Seattle Opera in 2011. She also appeared as Micaela in *Carmen* with the Israeli Philharmonic and in Verdi's *Requiem* with the Cincinnati Symphony under the late Raphael Frubeck de Burgos.



American pianist, Douglas Sumi, is a frequent collaborator with many of today's artists and opera theaters. He is a versatile artist, comfortable in the capacities of pianist, coach, and assistant conductor, and has a recognized commitment to song and opera. He has assisted conductors such as James Conlon, Patrick Summers, Michele Mariotti, and Emmanuel Villaume. He has worked with artists such as Renée Fleming, Plácido Domingo, Carol Vaness, Sir Thomas Allen, Vladimir Chernov, Linda Watson, Joyce DiDonato, Charles Castronovo, Juan Diego Flórez, Alek Shrader, Ailyn Pérez, Jamie Barton, Ryan McKinny, Angel Blue, Janai Brugger, and members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Los Angeles Opera Orchestra, San Francisco Symphony, and Boston Symphony Orchestra. Most notably, he collaborated with Renée Fleming in recital, after their work together in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He has performed throughout Europe and North America, including the Kennedy Center for the Arts.

Sumi served for many seasons on music staff at Los Angeles Opera and is an alumnus of their young artist program. He has also worked for the Metropolitan Opera: Live in HD, New York City Opera, Boston Lyric Opera, New Orleans Opera Company, Wolf Trap Opera

Company, Indianapolis Opera, Ash Lawn Opera Festival, American Opera Projects, Pacific Opera Projects and his alma mater, the Manhattan School of Music, as Assistant Coach to English diction expert, Kathryn LaBouff. In Russia, he has given master classes at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and Galina Vishnevskaya's Opera Center. In Mexico, he premiered *La Paloma y el Ruiseñor* at the Cultural Festival of Mazatlán. He has led singers to top prizes of premiere competitions including Plácido Domingo's Operalia, the Metropolitan National Council Auditions, BBC Cardiff Singer of the World, Neue Stimmen, Licia Albanese Competition, Gerda Lissner Competition, Giulio Gari Competition, Palm Springs Opera Guild Competition, the Dallas Opera Guild Competition and the Richard Tucker Foundation.

As a piano teacher himself, he has guided students of collaborative piano to earn acceptance into programs at the Juilliard School, Manhattan School of Music, Mannes College of Music and New England Conservatory. While residing in Los Angeles, he was on faculty at UCLA's Herb Alpert School of Music, fastidiously guiding students through innovative recitals, original works and opera productions, and still maintains a vibrant private teaching studio in southern California. He has curated countless recitals with many singers over the years, promoting the relevancy of art song literature. In addition to his many responsibilities, Sumi began making a path for himself in chamber music. A cofounder of Prospect Park Chamber Players, he regularly creates and performs a variety of programs in the greater Los Angeles area. In addition to coaching singers at Boston University's School of Music, he teaches courses in song literature, lyric diction, and opera for pianists.

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