Department of Music
College of Fine Arts

presents an

Artist-In-Residence Recital
Hope Kohler, soprano
James Douglass, piano

PROGRAM

Lester Trimble
(1923-1986)

Four Fragments from the Canterbury Tales
I. Prologe
II. A Knyght
III. A Young Squier
IV. The Wyf of Biside Bathe

Bryan Wente, clarinet
Rik Noyce, flute

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)

Befreit, Op.39, No. 4
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
Ruhe, meine Seele, Op. 27, No. 1

INTERMISSION

John Jacob Niles
(1892 – 1980)

Careless Love
Gambler, Don't You Lose Your Place
The Robin and the Thorn
Sweet Little Boy Jesus
The Carol of the Birds

Moses Hogan
(1957-2003)

Walk Together Children
Deep River
He Never Said a Mumbalin' Word
My Good Lord's Done Been Here

Evelyn Simpson Curenton
(b. 1953)

Lord, How Come Me Here

Jacqueline Hairston
(b. 1938)

I Don't Feel No Ways Tired

Wednesday, November 10, 2010 7:30 p.m.  Dr. Arturo Rando-Grillot Recital Hall
Lee and Thomas Beam Music Center
University of Nevada, Las Vegas
Lester Trimble was an American music critic and composer. *Four Fragments from the Canterbury Tales* is one of a number of chamber works he composed. In this song cycle, based on Chaucer’s poetry, he exhibits great rhythmic vitality and while the work is certainly tonal, melodic, and accessible, it is also adventurous, shifting quickly from one tonal center to another.

**Prologue**

When that April, with his shoures soote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephyr also with his sweete breath
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre crompe, and the yonge sonne.
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foweles maken melode,
That slepen al the nyght with open eye-
(To priketh hem Nature in her corages);...

Biffl that in that seson, on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout conge,
At nyght was come into that hostelrye
Of sondry folk, by aventure yffalle
In felawehipe, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolde ryde,
And shortly, when the sonne was to reste
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon
That I was of hir felawehipe anon...
But...Er that I ferther in this tale pase,
Me thinkest it acordant to resoun
To telle yow at the condicioun
Of ech of hem.
And at a knyght then wol I first bigynne.

**A Knyght**

A knyght thys was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bogan
To riden out, he loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, freedon and curteisie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordez warere,
And thereto hadde he riden, no man ferre,
As wel in criwestond as in heuhenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthynesse...
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as meckel as is a mayde.
He neveer yet no vilenye ne sayde
In al hyr lyf unto no maner wight.
He was a verray, parfit gentil knyght...
Of fustian he wered a gypon
Al brismotered with his habergeoun,
For he was late yeome from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

**A Yong Squier**

... A yong squier,
A lovyere and a lusty bachelore;With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in prose.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere, and of gret strengthe...
Embrouded was he, as it were a meede,
Al ful of fresche florues, whyte and reede;
Syngynge he was, or flotynge, al the day,
He was as fresh as is the monthe of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleves longe and wyde.

**A Knight**

A knight there was, and what a gentleman,
Who, from the moment that he first began
To ride about the world, loved chivalry,
Truth, honour, freedom and all courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his sovereign's war,
And therein had he ridden, no man more,
As well in Christendom as heathenesse,
And honoured everywhere for worthiness...
Though so strong and brave, he was very wise
And of temper as meekly as a maid.
He never yet had any vilenes said,
In all his life, to whatsoever wight.
He was as fresh as is the month of May.

**A Young Squire**

...A young squier,
A lover and a lively bachelore,
With locks well curled, as if they'd laid in press.
Some twenty years of age he was, I guess.
In stature he was of average length,
Wondrously active, agile, and great of strength...
Embroidered he was, as if he were a meadow bright,
All full of fresh-cut flowers red and white.
Singing he was, or whistling, all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleeves both long and wide.
Wel koude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He koude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste, and eek daunce...
So hoote he lovede, that by nyghtertale
He slepte namoore than dooth a nyghtngale.

The Wif of Biside Bathe
"Experience, though noon auctoritee
Were in this world, were right ynogh to me
To speke of woe that is in mariage;
For, masters, since I was twelve years of age,
Thanks be to God...
Of husbands at church door have I had five...
And all were worthy men in their degree.
But someone told me not so long ago
That since Our Lord, save once, would never go...
I never should have married more than once...
Beside a well Lord Jesus, God and man,
Spak in reprove of the Samaritan:
"For thou hast had five husbands," thus said he,
"And he whom thou hast last now to be with thee
Is not thine husband." Thus he said that day...
And I would ask now why that same fifth man
Was not husband to the Samaritan?
How many might she have, then, in marriage?...
God bade us to increase and multiply;
That worthy text can I well understand.
And well I know he said, too, my husband
Should father leave, and mother, and cleave to me;
But no specific number mentioned He,
Whether of bigamy or octogamy;
Why should men speke of it reproachfully?

Richard Strauss is best known for his Lieder, operas, and tone poems. He represents the post-Wagnerian late romantic movement and often garnered criticism from atonally inclined contemporaries for the beauty and richness of his melodies and tonal harmonies. Zueignung and Allerseelen are among his best-known Lieder

Freed (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 geweiset,
O Glück!
Dann wirst du heiss meine Hände fassen,
Und wirst mir deine Seele lassen,
Lässt uns kern Kindern mich zurück,
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen weidergeben,
O Glück!
Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen’s Beide,
Wir haben einander befreit vom Leide,
So gab’ ich dich der Welt zurück,
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im Traum erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit mir weinen,
O Glück!

Well could he sit on horse, and fairly ride.
He could make songs and words thereto indite,
Jouett, and dance too...
So hot he loved that, while night told her tale,
He slept no more than does a nightingale

The Wife of Bath
"Experience, though no authority
Were in this world, were good enough for me,
To speak of woe that is in all marriage;
For, masters, since I was twelve years of age,
Thanks be to God...
Of husbands at church door have I had five...
And all were worthy men in their degree.
But someone told me not so long ago
That since Our Lord, save once, would never go...
I never should have married more than once...
Beside a well Lord Jesus, God and man,
Spoke in reproving the Samaritan:
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But no specific number mentioned He,
Whether of bigamy or octogamy;
Why should men speak of it reproachfully?
Allerseelen (Hermann von Gilm)
Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden
Die letzten roten Astern 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.

Zueignung (Hermann von Gilm)
Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank!
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethisten Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank!
Und beschworst darin die Bosen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig, ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Translations by Waldo Lyman and Kathleen Maunsbach

All Soul's Day
Place on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring here the last of the red asters,
And let us speak again of love,
As long ago in May.
Give me your hand that I may secretly clasp it,
And if it is observed by others, I will not mind;
Give me one of your sweet glances,
As long ago in May.
Today each grave is flowering and fragrant,
Once a year is All Soul's Day,
Come to my heart that I again may have you,
As long ago in May.

Devotion
Ah, you know it, dear soul,
That, far from you, I languish,
Love causes hearts to ache,
To you my thanks!
Once, drinking to my freedom,
I raised the amethyst cup,
And you blessed the drink,
To you my thanks!
You exorcised the evil spirits in it,
So that I, as never before,
Cleansed and freed, sank upon your breast,
To you my thanks!

John Jacob Niles was a composer, performer, and author. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky in 1892. Coming from a musical family, Niles began to play the dulcimer at an early age. As a teenager he worked with a surveying team in eastern Kentucky. During this time he kept a notebook in which he recorded lyrics and music of old folk songs known in the area. Niles served as a U.S. Army pilot in World War I and made numerous reconnaissance flights until he suffered serious injuries in a plane crash. After the war he studied music at the University of Lyon and the Schola Cantorum in Paris. He completed his musical education at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. As he accompanied noted photographer Doris Ulmann on her travels through Appalachia, he renewed his search for folk songs in this mountain region. He composed and arranged more than 1,000 songs.

Moses Hogan, African-American pianist, conductor, and arranger, was best known for his arrangements of spirituals. The richness and complexity of his piano accompaniments give testimony to his background as a pianist. Mr. Hogan tragically died at age 47 of a brain tumor, but he left behind him a wealth of brilliant solo and choral arrangements.

Evelyn Simpson Curenton lives and works in Washington, D.C. and is Music Director of the Washington Performing Arts Society's Men and Women of the Gospel. She is also an associate of the Smithsonian Institution.

Jacqueline Hairston is a pianist and arranger living in the San Francisco Bay area. Her commissions have included such luminaries as Florence Quivar, New York's Opera Ebony, Shirley Verrett, Madame Grace Bumbry, Benjamin Matthews, William Warfield, Robert Sims, and the 1993 March-On-Washington.