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 Biseide 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
Program Notes

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 in April the sweet showers fall
That pierce March’s drought to the root and all
And bathed every vein in liquor that has power
To generate therein and sire the flower;
When Zephyr also has with his sweet breath,
Filled again, in every holt and heath,
The tender shoots and leaves, and the young sun
His half-course in the sign of the Ram has run,
And many little birds make melody
That sleep through all the night with open eye
(So Nature pricks them on to ramp and rage)... It happened that, in that season, on a day
In Southwark, at the Tabard, as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At nyght was come into that hostelry
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawe, and pilgryme were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon
That I was of hir felawe anon...
But... Er that I ferth er in this tale pace,
Me thynketh it acordaunt to resoun
To telle yow a the condicioun
Of ech of hem.
And at a knight thant wol I first bigynne.

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 Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthynesse ...
Though so strong and brave, he was very wise
And of his port as meek as is a maid.
He never yet had any vilenes said,
In all his life, to whatsoever wight.
He was a truly perfect, noble knight ...
A tunic of simple cloth he possessed
Discoloured and stained by his habergeon;
For he had lately returned from his voyage
And now was going on this pilgrimage.

A Young Squire
... A young squier,
A lover and a lively bachelor,
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 gown, with sleeves both long and wide.
Well could he sit on horse, and fairly ride.  
He could make songs and words thereto indite,  
Juste, 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,\nTo speak of woe that is in all marriage;\nFor, masters, since I was twelve years of age,  
Thanks be to God...\nOf husbands at church door have I had five...  
And all were worthy men in their degree.\nBut someone told me not so long ago  
That since Our Lord, save once, would never go...\nI never should have married more than once.  
Beside a well Lord Jesus, God and man,  
Spok in reproving the Samaritan:  
"For thou hast had five husbands," thus said he,  
"And he whom thou hast now to be with thee\nIs not thine husband." Thus he said that day...\nAnd I would ask now why that same fifth man\nWas not husband to the Samaritan?  
How many might she have, then, in marriage?...\nGod bade us to increase and multiply;  
That worthy text can I well understand.\nAnd well I know he said, too, my husband\nShould 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 Liede

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 geweinet,  
O Glück!  
Dann wirst du heiss meine Hände fassen,  
Und wirst mir deine Seelen lassen,  
Lässt unsrem Kindem 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!

Freed  
You will not weep, softly, softly,  
You will smile and, as if before a journey,  
I will respond with a glance and a kiss.  
Our lovely four walls, you gave them life,  
I have made them for you into a whole world,  
Oh, happiness!\nThen you will warmly clasp my hand,  
And surrender to me your soul,  
Will leave me with our children.  
You gave me all your life,  
I will give it back to them,  
Oh, happiness!\nIt will be very soon, we both know it;  
We have freed each other from pain,  
And so I give you back to the world.  
Henceforth, you will come to me only in dreams,  
to bless me, and to cry with me,  
Oh, happiness!
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 driicke,
Und wenn man’s sieht, mir ist es einerlei;
Gib mir nur einen deiner sii sen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.
Es bliht 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 weissst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quâle,
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 agow 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,
Once a year is All Soul’s Day,
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 excorcised 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.