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 Biske 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

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 that April, with his shoures soote
The drouht of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flor;
When Zephirus eek with his sweete breath
Inspired hath in every holt and heath
The tendre cropynges, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale fowles maken melodey,
That sleepe an the nyght with open eye-
(So priketh hem Nature in hir corages);
Bifil 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 corage,
At nyght was come into that hostelrye
Of sondre folk, by aventure yfalle
In felawe shipe, and pilgrymes were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
And shortly, when the sonne was to reste
So hadde I spoken with hem everichon
That I was of hir felawe shipe anon…
But… Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinkest it acordaunt to resoun
To telle yow a the condicioun
Of ech of hem.
And at a knyght than wol I first bigynne.

A Knyght
A knyght thor was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To rideo ut, he loved chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, freddom and curteisie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes were,
And therto hadde he rideo, no man ferre,
As wel in cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoureth for his wortheynesse…
And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
And of his port as mecke as is a mayde.
He nevere yet no vileynye ne sayde
In al his lyf unto no maner wight.
He was a verray, parfit gentil knyght…
Of fustian he wered a gypyon
Al bismotered with his habergeoun,
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

A Yong Squier
… A yong squier,
A lovyere and a lusty bacheler;With lokkes crulle, as they were lyeid in pr esse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of eveyne lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere, and of greet strengthe…
Embrouded was he, as it were a meede,
Al ful of fresche flores, whyte and reede;
Syngynge he was, or flotynge, al the day,
He was as fresh as is the monythe of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleeves lenge and wynde.
We koude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
He koude songes make, and wei endite,
Juste, and eek daunce...
So hoote he lovede, that by nyghtertale
He slepte namoore than dooth a nyghtungale.

The Wyf 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 twelfyeer was of age,
Thanks be to God...
Of houesbondes at chirche dore I have had fyve...
And alle were worthy men in hir degree.
But me was toold, nat longe agoon is,
That sith that Crist ne wente nevere but onis...
That I ne sholde wedded be but onis...
Beside a welle Jhesus, God and Man,
Spak in reprove of the Samaritan.
"For thou hast had five houesbondes," quod he,
"And this man that which that hath now thee
Is noght thy houesbond;" thus seyde he certeyn...
But that I axe, why that the fiftie man
Was noon houesbond to the Samaritan?
How manye myghte she have in mariage?
God bade us to increase and multiply;
That gentil text kan I weel understonde.
And well I kowt he seyde, myn housbond
Sholde Jete fader and mooder, and take to me;
But of no nombre mencion made he,
Of bigamye, or of octogamye;
Why sholde men speke of it vileynye?
Translations from http://www.librarius.com/canttranlwftltrfs.htm

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

Befreit (Richard Dehmel)
Du wirst nicht weinen, leine, leise,
Wirst du lächeln, und wie zur Reise,
Geb' ich dir Blick und Kuss zurück,
Unsere 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 unseren Kindern mich zurück,
Du schenket mir dein ganzes Leben,
Ich will es ihnen wedergeben,
O Glück!
Es wird sehr bald sein, wir wissen's Beide,
Wir haben einzandet 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!
Then 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!
It 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 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.

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.

Zueignung (Hermann von Gilm)

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
Dass ich fern von dir mich quäl,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank!

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank!

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig, ans Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

Translations by Waldo Lyman and Kathleen Maunsbach

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 excorced 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.