



Evening Recital Series

2021–2022 Season

Sarah M. Snell Music Theater

Tuesday, September 28, 8:00 PM

A Soirée of Chamber Music by Franz Lachner and Lester Trimble

Donald George, tenor

Young-Ah Tak, piano

Marie-Élaine Gagnon, cello

Brian Dunbar, flute

Julianne Kirk-Doyle, clarinet

Erica Levenson, harpsichord & narrator

Four Songs for Tenor, Cello and Piano

Franz Lachner

Neuer Frühling (New Spring)

(1803-1890)

Herbst (Autumn)

Verlangen (Desire)

Bewusstsein (Awareness)

Donald George, tenor

Marie-Élaine Gagnon, cello

Young-Ah Tak, piano

Lachner was an important conductor and well-known composer in the early half of the Romantic era. He was born in the small town of Rain, Bavaria. His music is well-crafted and enjoyable and in the style of Schubert and Beethoven (who were friends). He was general director of the Munich Opera and orchestra and built musical life in that city to the most impressive in Germany after Berlin. Due to his raising the Munich Opera and orchestra to a high level, they were able to premiere Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, considered at that time as nearly impossible to perform. Lachner composed in every form of music: songs, choruses, symphonies etc. He composed many chamber works for solo voice and solo instrument with piano including the pieces presented here, featuring two important poets of the time: Heinrich Heine and Ludwig Rellstab.

Fragments from the Canterbury Tales (1967)

Lester Trimble
(1923-1986)

1. Prologe (Prologue)
2. A Knyght (A Knight)
3. A Yong Squier (A Younge Squire)
4. The Wyf of Bathe (The Wife of Bathe)

Donald George, tenor
Erica Levenson, harpsichord
Julianne Kirk-Doyle, clarinet
Brian Dunbar, flute

Lester Trimble was an American born in Bangor, Wisconsin. He studied at Carnegie Mellon University and later in Paris with Nadia Boulanger. He became a critic for the New York Herald Tribune, and others. Leonard Bernstein appointed him composer-in-residence at the New York Philharmonic, and he later joined the faculty of Juilliard. Trimble's numerous compositions include symphonic works, chamber music pieces, choral works, vocal art songs, film scores, solo instrumental works and an opera. *Fragments from the Canterbury Tales* was originally set by Trimble in Chaucer's old English but has been modernized by Donald George. The piece is in a neo-classical style with many witty and charming touches in the instruments echoing and commenting on the text of the pilgrims.

Translations

Four songs of Franz Lachner

The New Spring

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Dedicated to the memory of Lonel Woods

Heart, my heart, oh do not worry!
Bravely bear thy fate.
The new Spring shall restore
What the Winter has taken.

You still have such treasure
O world, how beautiful you are!
And you, my heart, you may have
Everything, everything that you love!

Autumn

Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

The winds are sweeping,
so autumnal and cold;
empty are the fields,
leafless the woodland.
You flowery meadows!
You sunny green forest!
So do the blossoms
of life fade away.

The clouds are drifting,
So gloomy and grey;
Vanished are the stars
From the ethereal blue!
Ah, as the stars
Escape from the sky,
So does the hope
of life recede away.

You days of springtime,
decked with roses,
during which I pressed my beloved
to my heart!
Coldly over the hill,
oh winds, rush in!
So do the roses
Of Love die away.

Desire

Ludwig Rellstab

I know in the green forest
A beautiful rose
So young, so tender
So lovely to look at.

It looks out of green leaves
Like an angel at me
And beckons with a sweet scent
That is irresistible

It drives me to press my heart
On the rose's fresh beauty
But I hold back, with hesitation,
The young love in me.

But would it bend to me
The little rose so wondrous to see;
I would wear it in my heart
Until I should die.

Awareness
Ludwig Rellstab

I sat in the forest
At the clear brook
And gazed dreamily
Following the ripples.
And the flowers looked
So pensively...
How happy to be
Under the waves!

And the sun shone
Through the treetops,
I saw the sky.
The clouds are floating,
They floated so happily
In the sunshine:
How happy to be
up there!
Then she stood in front of me

So beautiful in the morning!
I hardly dare, trembling
To look at her.
Her eyes shone
So deep and pure:
How happy can I be
On the Earth!

Fragments from the Canterbury Tales

Prologue

When April with its sweet-smelling showers
Has pierced the drought of March to the root,
And bathed every vein (of the plants) in such liquid
By which power the flower is created;
When the West Wind also with its sweet breath,
In every wood and field has breathed life into
The tender new leaves,
and the young sun has run half its course
in the sign of Aries,
And small owls make melody,
Those that sleep all the night with open eyes
(So Nature inflames them in their hearts),

It happened that in that season on one day,
In the town of Southwark at the Tabard Inn as I lay
ready to go on my pilgrimage to Canterbury,
with a very devout spirit.

At night had come into that hostelry
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of various sorts of people,
by chance fallen in fellowship,
and they were all pilgrims,
Who intended to ride toward Canterbury.
And in brief, when the sun was (gone) to rest,
I had spoken with every one of them,
That I was of their fellowship straightway,
To tell you all the circumstances
Of each of them, as it seemed to me,

And with a knight then will I first begin.

A Knight

A knight there was,
and that (one was) a worthy man,
Who from the time that he first began
To ride out, he loved chivalry,
Fidelity and good reputation, generosity and courtesy.

He was very worthy in his lord's service
And for that he had ridden, no man farther,
As well in Christendom as in heathen lands,
And (was) ever honored for his worthiness;
And although he was brave, he was prudent,
And of his deportment as meek as is a maid.
He never yet said any rude word
In all his life unto any sort of person.
He was a truly perfect, noble knight.
He wore a tunic of coarse cloth
All stained (with rust) by his coat of mail,
For he was recently come (back) from his expedition,
And went to do his pilgrimage.

A Squire

A young squire
A lover and a lively bachelor,
With locks curled as if they had been laid in a curler.
He was twenty years of age, I guess.
Of his stature he was of moderate height,
And wonderful physique and very strong
He (tunic) was embroidered, as if it were a meadow
All full of fresh flowers, white and red.
Singing he was, or fluting, all the day;
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
His gown was short, with long and wide sleeves.
He well knew how to sit on horse and handsomely ride.
He knew how to compose songs and write poems,
And jousting and also dancing.
He loved so passionately that at nighttime
He slept no more than does a nightingale.

The Wife of Bath

Experience, though no written authority
In this world, is good enough for me
To speak of the woe that is in marriage;
For, gentlefolk, since I was twelve years of age,
Thanked be God.
I have had five husbands at the church door --
And all were worthy men in their way.
But to me it was told, certainly, it is not long ago
That since Christ was never but once wed

That I should be wedded but once.

Beside a well, Jesus, God and man,
Spoke in reproof of the Samaritan:

“Thou hast had five husbands,' he said,
“And that same man that now has thee
Is not thy husband.” thus he said certainly.
But I ask the Samaritan, why the fifth man
Was no husband?

How many might she have in marriage?
God commanded us to grow fruitful and multiply;
That gentle text I can well understand.

Also I know well, he said my husband
Should leave father and mother and take to me.
But he made no mention of number,
Of marrying two, or of marrying eight.

Why should men then speak evil of it?



PEACE & LOVE

The Crane School of Music celebrates the life of Dean Emeritus Dr. Lonel Woods by proclaiming his salutation the 2021-2022 theme. The curator of this program has chosen at least one musical work on this concert that resonates with our community emphasis: "Peace & Love."