

MUSIC AT NOON

PROGRAM

FEBRUARY 11, 2025
University Recital Hall
Nick Sullivan, bass trombone
Deanna Oye, piano

Elegy (2018)

David R. Gillingham
(b. 1947)

Vier ernste Gesänge (Four Serious Songs), Op. 121 (1896)

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Ich wandte mich

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelszungen redete

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Tetra Ergon (1975)

For Van

In Memory of "The Boss"

In Memory of "The Chief"

In Memory of "Dottie"

Donald H. White
(1921 - 2016)

Ordner Seg (It'll Be Alright) (2010)

Øystein Baadsvik
(b. 1966)



UNIVERSITY OF
FINE ARTS

Piiksinaasin

UNIVERSITY OF LETHBRIDGE
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Vier ernste Gesänge

Text: Martin Luther (1483 – 1598)

Translations: Richard Stokes

Denn es gehet dem Menschen

Denn es gehet dem Menschen wie dem Vieh;
wie dies stirbt, so stirbt er auch;
und haben alle einerlei Odem;
und der Mensch hat nichts mehr denn das Vieh:
denn es ist alles eitel.

Es fährt alles an einen Ort;
es ist alles von Staub gemacht, und wird wieder zu Staub.
Wer weiß, ob der Geist des Menschen aufwärts fahre,
und der Odem des Viehes unterwärts unter die
Erde fahre?

Darum sahe ich, daß nichts bessers ist,
denn daß der Mensch fröhlich sei in seiner Arbeit,
denn das ist sein Teil.
Denn wer will ihn dahin bringen, daß er sehe, was nach
ihm geschehen wird?

Ich wandte mich

Ich wandte mich und sahe an alle,
die Unrecht leiden unter der Sonne;
Und siehe, da waren Tränen derer,
Die Unrecht litten und hatten keinen Tröster,
Und die ihnen Unrecht taten, waren zu mächtig,
Daß sie keinen Tröster haben konnten.

Da lobte ich die Toten, die schon gestorben waren
Mehr als die Lebendigen, die noch das Leben hatten; Und
der noch nicht ist, ist besser, als alle beide,
Und des Bösen nicht inne wird, das unter der
Sonne geschieht.

For that which befalleth the sons of men

For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts;
as the one dieth, so dieth the other;
yea, they have all one breath;
so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast;
for all is vanity.

All go unto one place;
all are of dust, and all turn to dust again.
Who knoweth the spirit of man [...] goeth upward
and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the
earth?

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better,
than that a man should rejoice in his own works,
for that is his portion.
For who shall bring him to see what shall happen after
him?

So I returned

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions
that are done under the sun;
and behold the tears of such as were
oppressed, and they had no comforter;
and on the side of their oppressors there was power;
but they had no comforter.

Wherefore I praised the dead which are already
dead more than the living which are yet alive.
Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been,
who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the
sun.

O Tod, wie bitter bist du

O Tod, wie bitter bist du,
Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch,
Der gute Tage und genug hat
Und ohne Sorge lebet;
Und dem es wohl geht in allen Dingen
Und noch wohl essen mag!

O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen,
Der da schwach und alt ist,
Der in allen Sorgen steckt,
Und nichts Bessers zu hoffen,
Noch zu erwarten hat!

Wenn ich mit Menschen und mit Engelszungen redete

Wenn ich mit Menschen - und mit Engelszungen redete, und
hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wär ich ein tönend Erz, oder eine klingende Schelle.

Und wenn ich weissagen könnte und wüßte alle
Geheimnisse und alle Erkenntnis,
und hätte allen Glauben,
also, daß ich Berge versetzte, und hätte der Liebe
nicht, so wäre ich nichts.

Und wenn ich alle meine Habe den Armen gäbe,
und ließe meinen Leib brennen
und hätte der Liebe nicht,
so wäre mir's nichts nütze.

Wir sehen jetzt durch einen Spiegel in einem dunklen Wort,
dann aber von Angesicht zu Angesichte.
Jetzt erkenne ich's stückweise;
dann aber werde ichs erkennen,
gleichwie ich erkannt bin.

Nun aber bleibet Glaube, Hoffnung, Liebe, diese drei;
aber die Liebe ist die größte unter ihnen.

O death

O death, how bitter is the
remembrance of thee to a man
that liveth at rest in his possessions,
unto the man that hath nothing to vex him,
and that hath prosperity in all things;
yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat!

O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the
needy and unto him whose strength faileth,
that is now in the last age,
and is vexed with all things,
and to him that despaireth,
and hath lost patience!

Though I speak with the tongues of men

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
and have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand
all mysteries,
and all knowledge;
and though I have all faith, so that I could remove
mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,
it profiteth me nothing...

For now we see through glass, darkly;
but then face to face:
now I know in part, but then shall I know even as
also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three;
but the greatest of these is charity.

Tetra Ergon

Four Pieces for Bass Trombone and Piano

Early in 1972, Mr. Van Haney approached Professor Donald White (born in Narbeth, Pennsylvania in 1921, who was at the time on the faculty of DePauw University) about writing a multi-movement work for bass trombone and piano in memory of three renowned low-brass virtuoso performers. Tetra Ergon is the product of that idea and includes as its first movement a dedicatory piece for Mr. Van Haney. Memorial movements follow:

William Bell: Affectionately known as "The Boss", a beloved teacher and performer, Bill Bell was one of those rare instrumentalists who genuinely influenced the acceptance and artistic standards of his instrument. He played principal tuba with the Sousa Band, the Cincinnati Symphony, the Goldman Band, the NBC Symphony, and the New York Philharmonic. Mr. Bell joined the faculty of the Indiana University School of Music in 1961.

Emory Remington: To his former students, Mr. Remington will always be "The Chief". A revered member of the Eastman School of Music faculty for 49 years, Emory Remington was a self-taught, but inspired trombonist and teacher. To put into words what he meant to his former students is difficult to express. Howard Hanson, Director Emeritus of the Eastman School, has the following to say about "The Chief":

I have always been fascinated by attempts to analyze the attributes which make a great teacher, and have come, regretfully, to the conclusion that there is no formula. A short time ago, I was talking with one of The Chief's most famous pupils, himself the solo trombone of one of the country's great symphony orchestras. I asked him the direct question, "What makes Emory Remington a great teacher?" His answer was equally direct: "I don't know. If I knew, I would write the definitive book on education!"

I don't know either, but I can make some guesses. It is professional knowledge without pedantry, perfection without sadism, enthusiasm mixed with dedication, and above all, a belief in the supreme importance of the individual and the development of his ability.

The Chief does not "teach trombone." He teaches people. There is a world of difference.

Dorothy Ziegler: Miss Ziegler, a brilliant performer on both trombone and piano, was also a pupil of "The Chief" at the Eastman School of Music. Miss Ziegler performed as trombonist with the National Symphony, Stokowski's All-American Youth Orchestra, and as principal trombonist with the Hollywood Bowl and St. Louis Symphonies, this last position being held for 14 years. She was also active professionally as an orchestral pianist, conductor, opera coach, music therapist, and as a member of the faculty of the University of Miami, Florida, a position she held until her death.