



F. Ludwig Diehn School of Music

Graduate Recital
Adam Robles, tuba
Bianca Hall, voice
Stephen Coxe, piano

Diehn Center for the Performing Arts
Chandler Recital Hall

Sunday, April 23, 2023 3:00 pm

Program

Concerto for Bass Tuba

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

- I. Allegro Moderato
- II. Romanza
- III. Finale

Golden Hour

Cait Nishimura (b. 1991)

Three Miniatures for Tuba

Anthony Plog (b.1947)

- I. Allegro Vivace
- II. Freely
- III. Allegro Vivace

Intermission

Elegy for solo tuba

Ron Minor (b.1954)

Suite for Tuba

Rodger Vaughan (1932-2012)

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV. With spirit

The Duck and the Kangaroo

Joseph Kasper (b. 1987)

Galgenlieder

Jan Koetsier (1911-2006)

- I. Das Geburtslied
- II. Das Hemmed
- III. Die zwei Wurzeln
- IV. Die Luft
- V. Fisches Nachtgesang
- VI. Igel and Agel
- VII. Die beiden Esel
- VIII. Das Gebet

Translations (cont.)

VIII. Das Gebet (The Does' Prayer)

The does, as the hour grows late,
med-it-ate;

med-it-nine;

med-it-ten;

med-elevan;

med-twelve;

mednight!

The does, as the hour grows late,
meditate.

They fold their little toesies,
The doesies.

Translated by Max Knight

Adam Robles is a student of Peter DuBeau. This recital is given in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the Master of Music,
Music Education degree.

Translations (cont.)

VI. Igel und Agel (Hedgehog and Agel)

A hedgehog sat on a stone
And blew on a thorn:
Tra la la la la
Tra la la la la!

Then came along this fine sweetheart
Agel And made a mess of his little melody.
Tru lu lu la lu
Tru lu lu la lu!

The animal turned pale-
And his fluted shirt too.
Why do you look so terribly strange?"
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la!

The fine Agel went to her Neighbor.
"Oh, the stream has carried away
The hedgehog to the fish pond."
Tru lu lu lu lu
Tru lu lu lu lu.

Translation by J. Scott Darwin

VII. Die beiden Esel (The Two Donkeys)

A gloomy donkey, tir'd of life
One day addressed his wedded wife:

"I am so dumb, you are so dumb, let's go and
die together, come!"

But as befalls, time and again, They lived on
happily, the twain.

Translated by Max Knight

Translations

Galgenlieder (The Gallows Songs)

I. Das Geburtslied (The Birth Song)

A little child in diapers
Still messes her little diapers today:
And around the house, oh mercy me,
There blows a bad little wind.

A little girl calls her "Little Hede"
And bites her in the little calf:
And around the house, oh mercy me,
There shakes all the little shutters.

A small owl shoves a tiny mouse
Past the little window post.
In calls into the house, "Oh mercy me,
Do you not hear the little old silver horse?"

A little worm flies down in the little storm
From the tiny tower.
It calls out, "Oh mercy, it's raining outside!
So give me a little umbrella."

Oh, tiny child in the wee diaper,
Are you still doing it in the little diaper?
But if you go out in the long gown,
Then you will be a little vagabond.

Translation by J. Scott Darwin

Translations (cont.)

II. Das Hemmed (Song of the Derelict Shirt)

Know ye the derelict shirret?
Fluttera-tah, fluttera-tah.

He's damned who used to wear it!
Fluttera-tah, fluttera-tah.

It's chucked and it's plucked by the gale.
Winduru-deye, winduru-deye.

It whines with a babyish wail. Winduru-deye,
winduru-deye.

That is the derelict
Shirret.

Translated by Max Knight

III. Die zwei Wurzeln (The Two Roots)

A pair of pine roots, old and dark,
Make conversation in the park.

The whispers where the top leaves grow
Are echoed in the roots below.

An aged squirrel sitting there
Is knitting stockings for the pair.

The one says: Squeak. The other: squaw.
That is enough for one day's talk.

Translated by Max Knight

Translations (cont.)

IV. Die Luft (The Air)

The air was once about to die.

It cried, "O help me, Lord on high;
I am distressed and feeling sick,
Am getting sluggish, getting thick;
You always know a way, Pap:
Send me abroad, or to a spa,
Or buttermilk may cure and heal-
Else to the devil I'll appeal!"

The Lord, perturbed by this affair,
Invented "sound massage for air."

Since then the world is full of-noise,
Which thrivingly the air enjoys.

Translated by Max Knight

V. Fisches Nachtgesang (Fish's Night Song)

(Unaccompanied solo tuba playing music notated in a shape to match poet
Christian Morgenstern's diagram of a sleeping fish, pictured below.)

