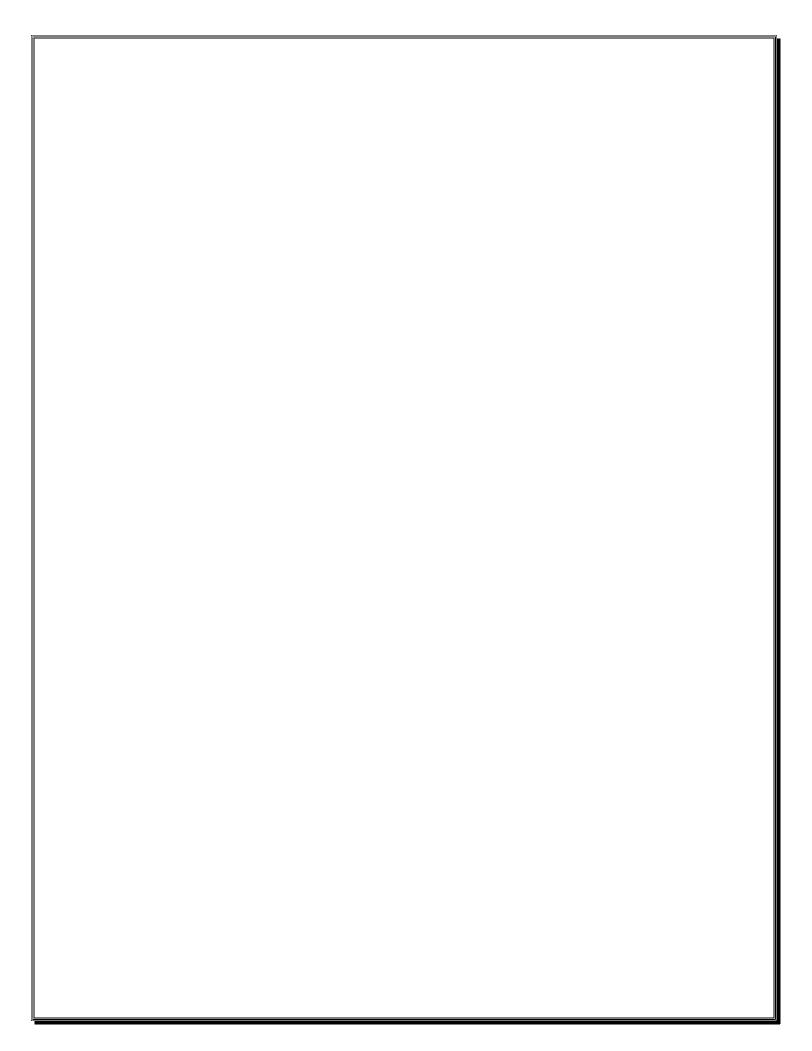
Album for the Young



Printed in Richmond, Virginia — 25 March 2020



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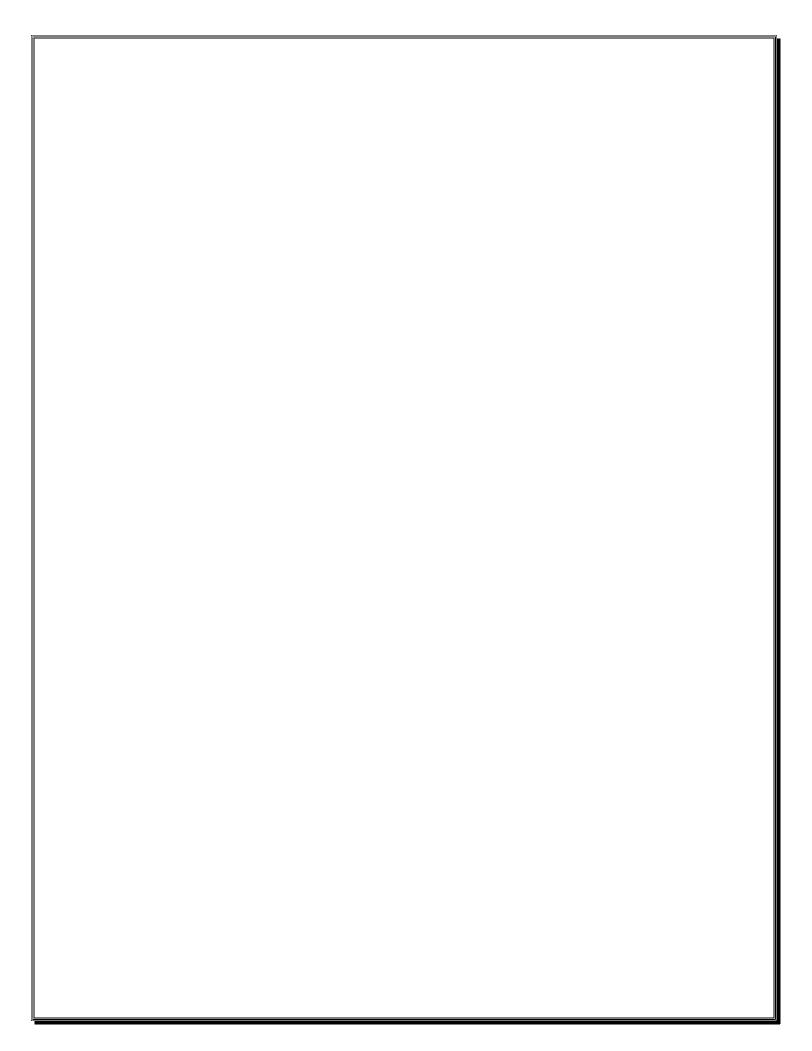
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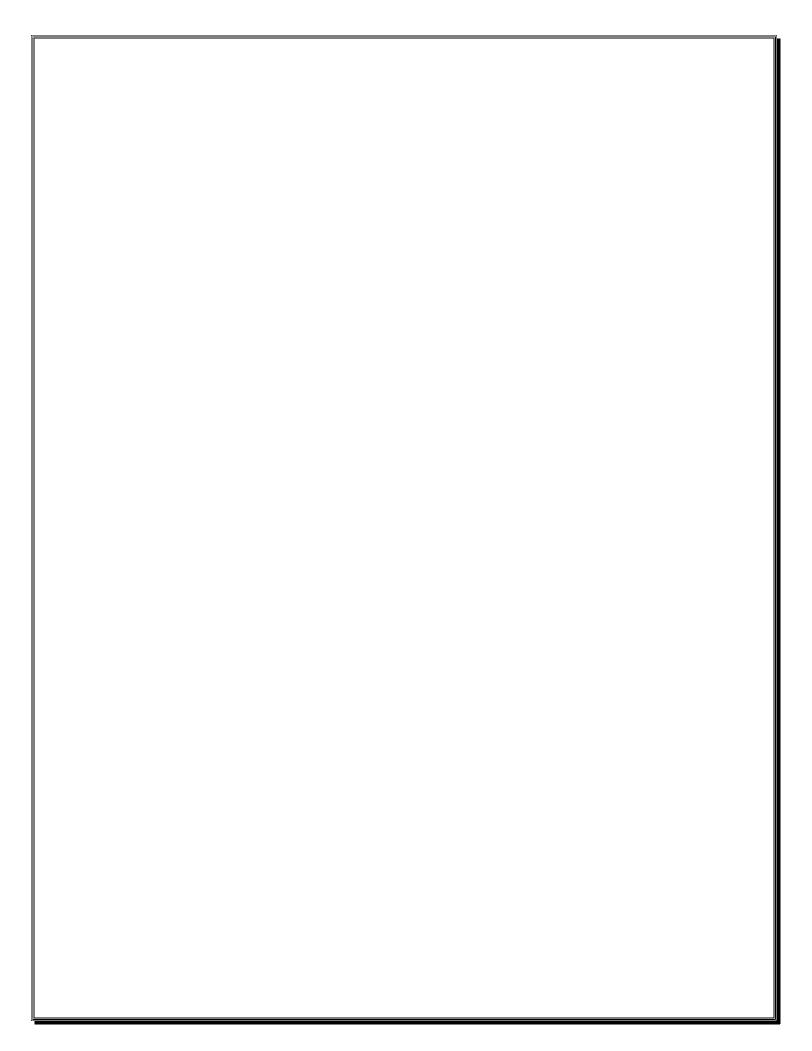
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Cameroon Elegie to PS Hoffman Eleigie for Morricone





At Parting

for Angela Harris





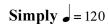


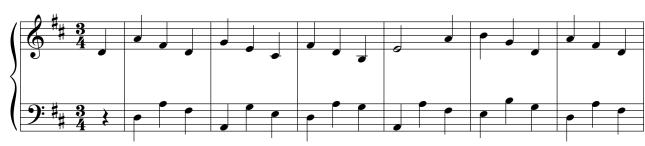




Little Valse

for Rachel











Walking

for Rachel







One Valse



Nocturne in A

for Allie

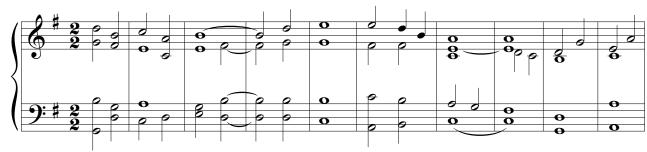


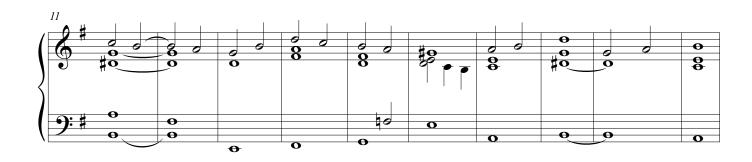
Last Piece

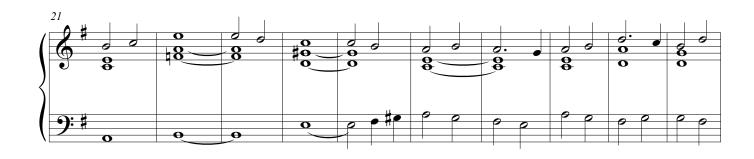
for Allie

George T. Harris







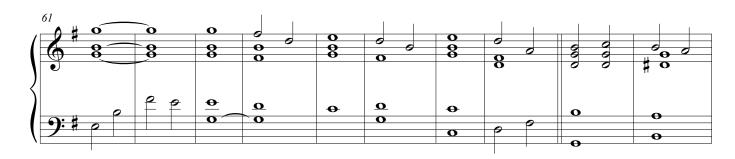




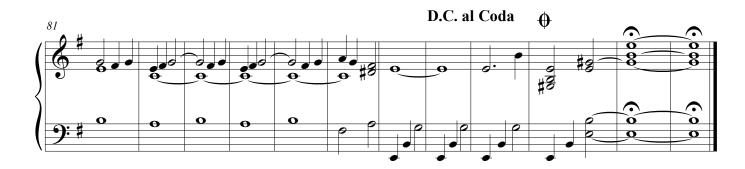
2 Last Piece











Little Boy's Trains

for Russell William Woods

George Harris
Janet A. Harris, transcription









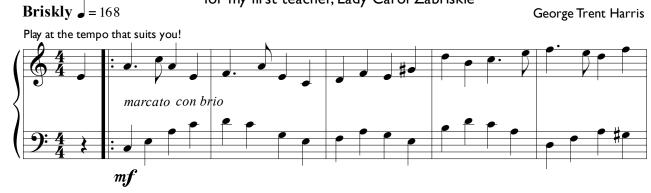
While playing the piano one evening, Russell, then just 3 years old, came into the living room. He lay at my feet and slowly moved a little Thomas Train back and forth. Thomas was his comfort and joy. I recorded this piece as I played and watched the pure delight this little, intense boy had in "Thomas the Train". Janet transcribed the audio file for a music class in 2010.



March

for my first teacher, Lady Carol Zabriskie

George Trent Harris









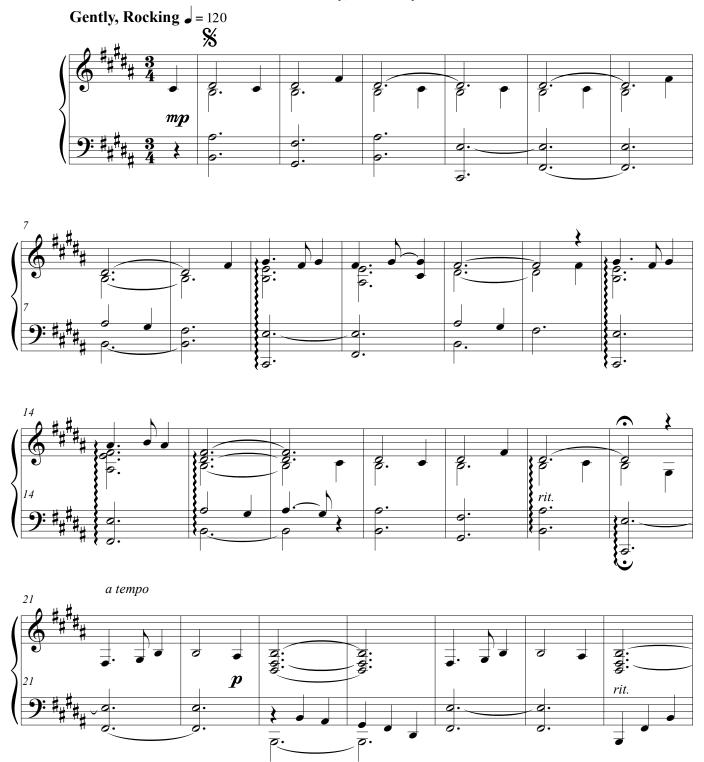
Sometime in my sister Carol's 12th year my father came to her and said he could only afford piano lessons for one person. Because she was then receiving lessons she was to give piano lessons to her three brothers: Phil(14), myself(10), and Nelson(9). Accordingly, Carol gave us good instructions from a small book containing simplified folk melodies. She kept a record of each lesson and recorded our progress with the assignments given. We three brothers competed most evenings by attempting to play as far as we had been taught to that point in the book, without a mistake. One evening I played through the entire book without an error. It was as if I had won a battle of wills and strengths. I don't recall that Phil or Nelson ever played the piano again. Consequently, my only competition for the piano was my teacher. When I turned 14 my parents gave the lessons to me. I have forever been indebted to Carol for her patient teaching and training. I was not an easy student. My father made some cabinets for the piano teacher, Arloa Woodard, and Carol ironed clothes for Mrs. Woodard so that I could have lessons. Carol is my mentor and creditor. I never accomplished the facility at the piano that she acquired. However, she instilled in me a lifelong aspiration for music creation. Thus, all the music I create is in part because of her early insistent, careful prodding to do well. Carol and I played many piano 4 hand duets and piano-organ duets. Carol's beginnnings as a piano teacher in 1963 continued till her retirement from teaching in 2019. She has been an incredible source of inspiration to over a half century of students who have been carefully taught the standards of good, classical music production.

2 March

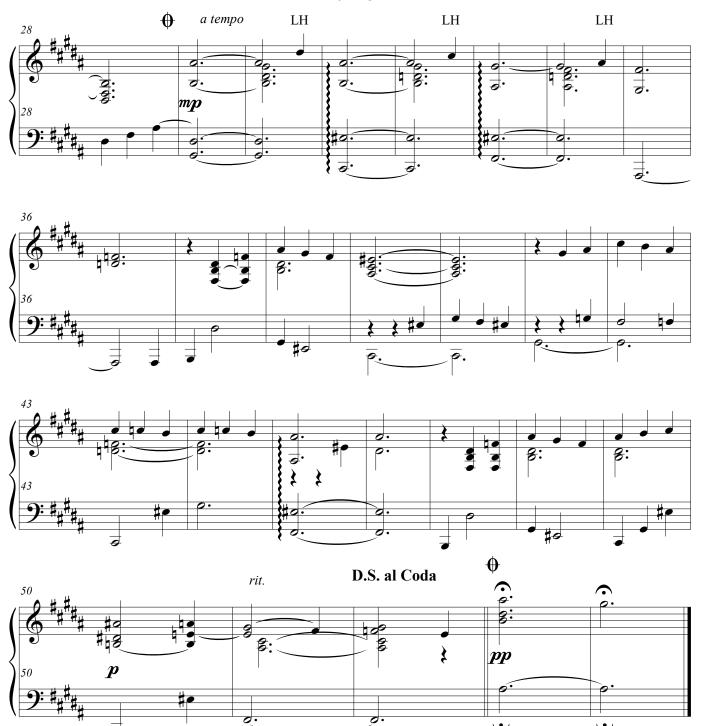


Spring!

to Libby, a Lullabye



2 Spring!

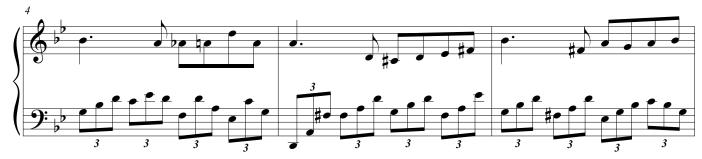


Bagatelle

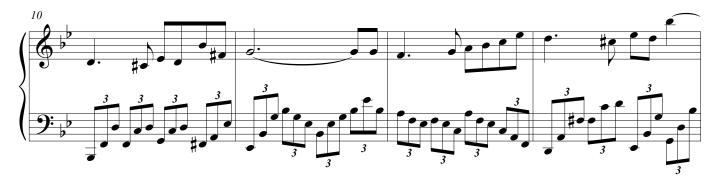
for Allie











2 Bagatelle



Summer's Eve





for Kiana



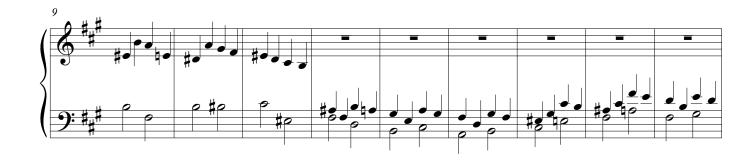


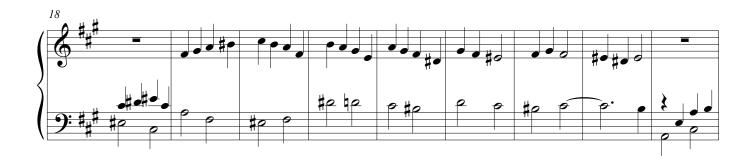




for Kalen









for Kylee











for Kiari





To Coda







K.Nelson Harris









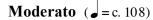








for Dr.William E. Purdy











for Theodore F. Harris











for Jay C. Harris

George Trent Harris











for Jess Hughes

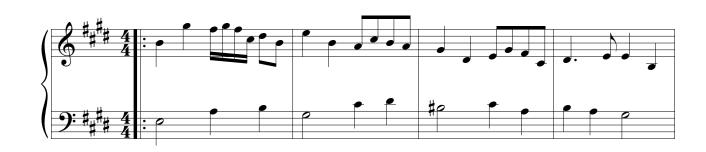




for Judith Brown

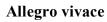


for Allie





for G.Ted Harris









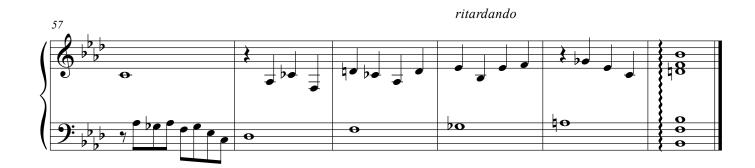












for Philip L. Harris



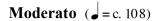








for Janet Booton













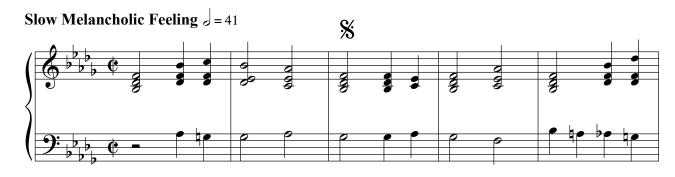
for Mariann Pike





Maybe Next Time

for Allie











Nocturne

for Elizabeth and Dayle Harris



2 Nocturne

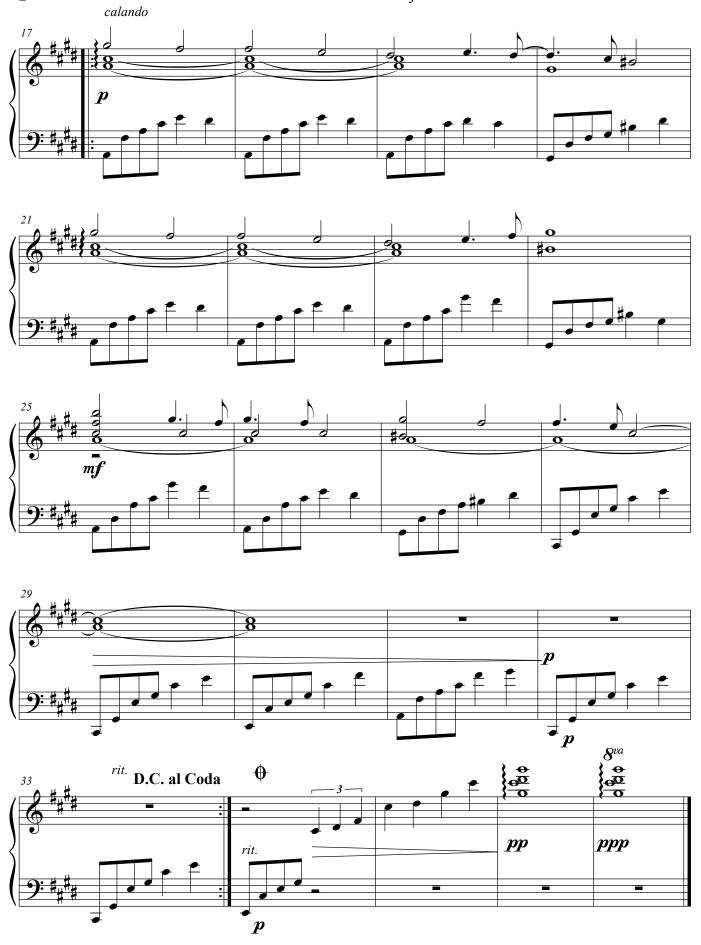


Reflections in E Major

for Sarallyn







Reverie at Twilight

for Sarallyn

George Trent Harris

Play a liberal rubato at will = every chance you feel it.







Reverie on the Sea





Waltz #1 in E minor

In memory of Arthur Rubenstein 28 January 1887 - 29 December 1982

George Trent Harris



Notes: In measures 12, 18, 19, 25, 79, & 85 the A in the bass line is natural, though the eight note in the treble is sharped.





Waltz #2 in A-flat

for Pearl Jarvis "PJ" Farr 1896-1983

George Trent Harris



My grandmother, Pearl Jarvis "PJ" Farr, took me to the piano when I was just 4. It was our old upright grand by Cable-Nelson. She did not teach me, however, she instilled in me a love of the piano. I saw and heard her play the organ and piano for children at services every week. She was a loving and inventive personality. I wrote this for her before she passed away as a tribute to her tender instruction, constant care, and example. She was complimentary as always and gracious in accepting the gift. Music was in her every thought and action. How she lived, and interacted with others was a musical expression.





Waltz #3 in A-Flat

for Zechariah Farr 9 August 1894 - 11 February 1993

George Trent Harris



My maternal grandfther, Zechariah Farr was a particular musician. He was known for his acute ear, clear trumpet expression, and was demanding as a choir leader. In his younger years he was an accomplished band leader. When I expressed a slight musical ability he began to give me instruction and demanded perfection, posture, presence, and performance. I never acquired grandfather's ear. However, he is frequently in my thoughts as I compose and improvise. His musicality and interest in expression will never leave me. He is in everything that I play and write.





Winter for Zechariah

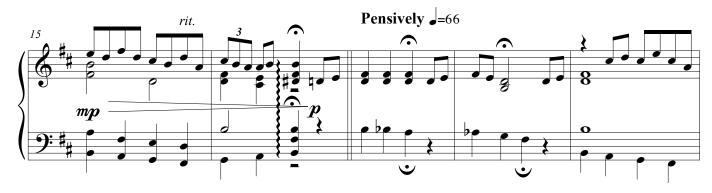
for Zechariah Farr on the ocassion of losing his driving license at 91 yrs of age

George Trent Harris









In November 1985 my parents left Safford, Arizona to spend time with their children in other parts of Arizona and in Utah before giving a year of service to our church in Marshall, Missouri. Mom's brother, Phil Farr was to look in on their father, Zechariah Farr, each day. Grandad was a 91 year old widower who still drove and basically cared for himself. Sunday, the 22nd of December, we drove Grandad home to spend the week of Christmas with us at Fort Grant, Arizona. Monday morning I received an anxious call from my uncle, Phil Farr, telling me I had to take Grandad's license from him. Phil explained that Grandad had forced a family off the road into an irrigation ditch on his way to church. These good people called the church authorities and told them what had occurred. Phil was called and now he told me, "Take his license!" I took grandad aside and told him of the incident. He looked at his old hands for a moment, then stood, removed his wallet and handed me his license. That day he lost his freedom and thereafter relied on family for everything. I wrote this song that week to commemorate this new stage of his life.

2 Winter

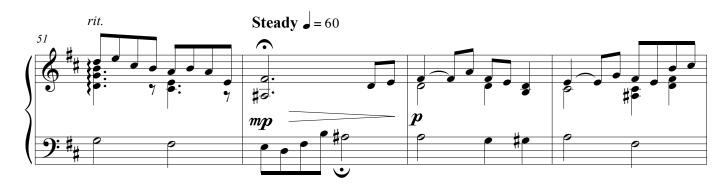


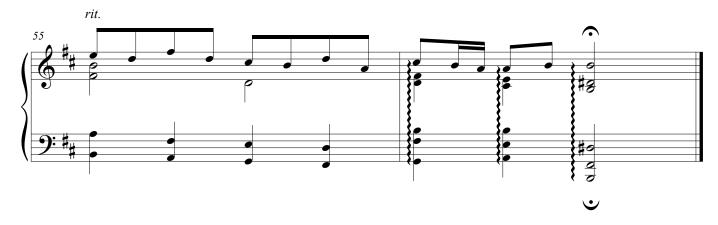


Winter 3









CAMEROON

21 AUGUST 1986

In MEMORIAM of the 1700+ lives lost in the deadly carbon-dioxide explosion from Lake Nyos.

Gas cloud kills Cameroon villagers

21 August 1986

An eruption of lethal gas from Lake Nyos in Cameroon kills nearly 2,000 people and wipes out four villages on this day in 1986. Carbon dioxide, though ubiquitous in Earth's atmosphere, can be deadly in large quantities, as was evident in this disaster.

Lake Nyos and Lake Monoun are both crater lakes about a mile square located in remote mountain areas of northwest Cameroon, dominated by rock cliffs and lush vegetation. In August 1984, 37 people near Lake Monoun died suddenly, but the incident was largely covered up by the government. Since there is no electricity or telephone service in the area, it was not difficult to keep the incident secret and the 5,000 people who lived in villages near Lake Nyos were unaware of the potential danger of their own lake. At about 9:30 p.m. on August 21, a rumbling noise emanated from the lake for 15 to 20 seconds, followed by a cloud of carbon-dioxide and a blast of smelly air. The cloud quickly moved north toward the village of Lower Nyos. Some people tried to run away from the cloud; they were later found dead on the paths leading away from town. A woman and child were the only two survivors of Lower Nyos.

The deadly cloud of gas then moved on to Cha Subum and Fang, where another 500 people lost their lives. The carbon dioxide killed every type of animal—including small insects—in its path, but left buildings and plants unaffected. Reportedly, even survivors experienced coughing fits and vomited blood.

Outsiders learned of the disaster when they approached the villages and found animal and human bodies on the ground. The best estimate is that 1,700 people and thousands of cattle died. A subsequent investigation of the lake showed the water level to be four feet lower than what it had previously been. Apparently, carbon dioxide had been accumulating from underground springs and was being held down by the water in the lake. When the billion cubic yards of gas finally burst out, it traveled low to the ground–it is heavier than air–until it dispersed. Lake Nyos must now be constantly monitored for carbon-dioxide accumulation.

21 August 1986: Lower Nyos, Cha Subum and Fang



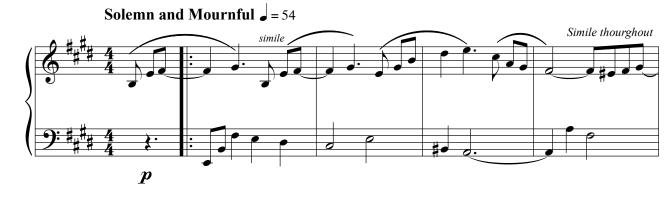


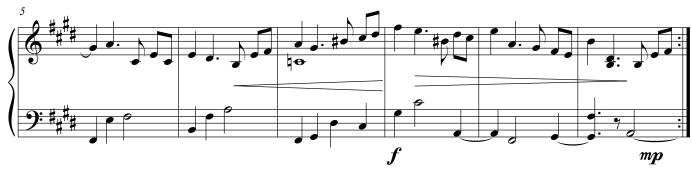


Elegie

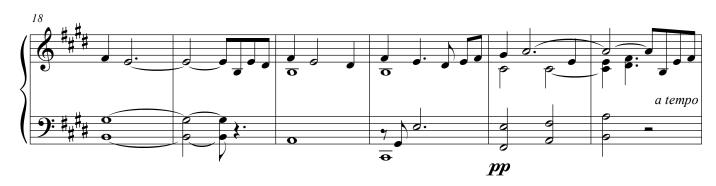
for Ennio Morricone (10 November 1928 - 6 July 2020)

George Trent Harris









Ennio Morricone wrote the music for over 400 films. His melodies were moving and memorable. Think of the Italian western, The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly. Morricone. Great melody. His harmonies were sparse and light, not heavy. When he passed away, and I heard the news, I immediately sat at the piano and penned this piece in memory of Ennio. I have loved his melodies and great orchestral works. There will be no more written, and that is our loss.

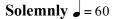
2 Elegie

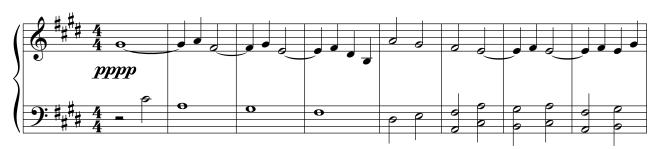


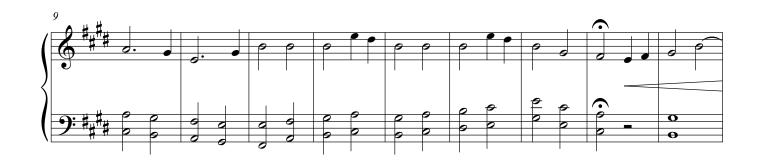
Elegie for P. S. Hoffman

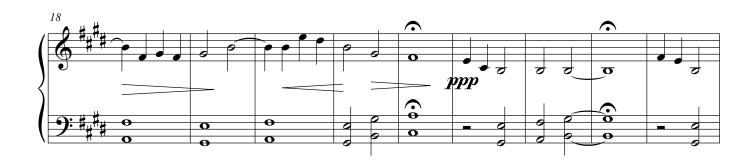
in memory of Philip Seymour Hoffman (23 July 1967 - 2 February 2014)

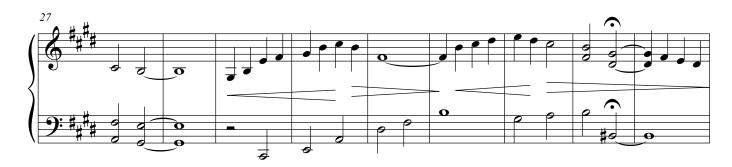
George Trent Harris









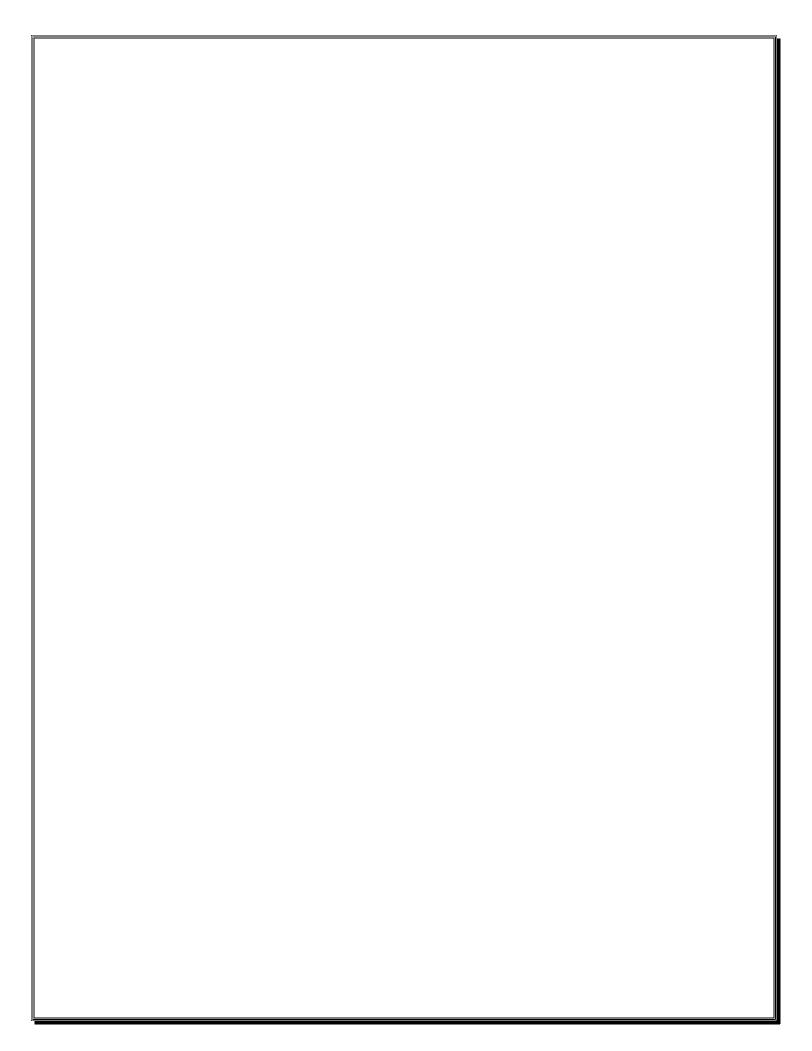


Philip Seymour Hoffman's last movie was released in July 2014 after his death on February 2nd of that year from a heroin overdose. Towards the end of the movie, A Most Dangerous Man, Hoffman returns to his apartment, sits at a studio piano and plays a simple, haunting chordal hymn, almost requiem. After watching the movie, I went to the piano and wrote this piece in reflection on the life of a great artist who, like all of us, is challenged with the inexorable ironies of life: Choices and their consequences.



pppp





Biography —

George Trent Harris was born to George Theodore and Mary Farr Harris 17 January 1953 in Farmington, New Mexico. He is the 4^{th} son and 5^{th} child of 10. There were 6 boys and 4 girls.

George's sister Carol was primarily responsible for his interest in piano. She started teaching him when she was 12 and George was 10. They frequently played piano and organ duets for family and friends.

His teachers were Arloa Woodard in Farmington, New Mexico who inspired him when she took him as a "star pupil" to see Ivan Davis in concert. Davis's playing of the Abegg Variation's was a stirring experience. Opal Moody and Charlene Prince of Safford, Arizona were instrumental in stimulating and encouraging his creativity and broader musical interests.

Reginald Stanley Brain, a church organist and composer was also a critical instructor, mentor, and friend. Stanley's wide world experience and training began at the Salt Lake Mormon Tabernacle Organ under the tutelage of Joseph J. Daynes. He continued his training as a musician attending the Boston Conservatory of Music and played professionally in New York. Stanley offered insights not readily available in rural Arizona.

Dr. William "Bill" E. Purdy was a significant mentor and friend who taught Theory and Practice for the local community college. His encouragement and instruction in composition were critical in directing the focus and interest in composition for the piano. When Bill passed away in 2010 at 95 years of age George was asked to give a tribute at his funeral, referring to Bill as a mighty tree, under whose shade, knowledge and understanding were an unstoppable flood.

He worked for Arizona State Government and Graham County Arizona for 40 years. When he retired, in 2016, he and Allie moved to the Richmond Virginia area to be closer to a son, a daughter, and several grandchildren. He occasionally plays for the local morning show on CBS TV, at senior care facilities, and has begun playing with a great group who play Traditional & Dixieland Jazz. Always improvising and never coming to a conclusion. There will always be time to write, play, and record another piece.

George never played professionally. Accompanying his wife Allie, who had a wonderful coloratura soprano voice, in local community events was the most public exposure. He has played for family and friends whenever they would sit long enough for him to try their patience.

Opportunities to play with musical groups began in 2020. A Dixieland Trad Jazz group was started in August. Then George formed a quartet in November with Don Gobble on Sax and Clarinet, Ken Carlson on Bass, and Mark Swearengen on Drums. The Trad Jazz group and quartet have played numerous venues and have enjoyed some local success. Neighbor and TV producer, Torri Strickland, has invited George to play on the CBS6 Virginia This Morning Variety show several times. Those videos are available online at WTVR.com.

