No. 52
Gary

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

*Present*

DONALD MAURICE, *viola*

*accompanied by*

Kevin Aanerud, *piano*

*in a*

GRADUATE RECITAL

Friday, May 5, 1978 — Music Auditorium, 8:00 PM

P R O G R A M

Tape No.1 - 8975

MOZART 21:06 (1756-1791) Not for Know

Trio in $E^b$ for Clarinet, Viola and Piano, K. 498
*Andante*
*Minuetto*
*Rondo*

Julie Oster, *clarinet*

KEITH JOHNSTON 11:26 (b. 1952)

A Composition for Viola and Piano (1977) CH 6-25-78

Tape No.2 - 8976

INTERMISSION

BLOCH 11:59 (1880-1959) Not for Know

Suite Hébraïque for Viola and Piano (1951)
*Rhapsody*
*Processional*
*Affirmation*

BRAHMS 11:30 (1833-1897) Not for Know

Zwei Gesänge for Contralto, Viola and Piano, Op. 91
*Gestillte Sehnsucht*
*Geistliches Wiegenlied*

Constance Koschmann, *contralto*

ENESCO 7:45 (1881-1955)

Concertpiece for Viola and Piano (1906)

Donald Maurice is a student of Donald McInnes.

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Music.

A Composition for Viola and Piano is a serially conceived piece using the structural principles inherent in the first order all combinatorial hexachord, type (012345). From this hexachordal chromatic set is derived the tetrachord type (0345). The viola in the opening measure expresses this tetrachord in the pitch class ordering of (5403) and this ordering is upheld throughout the piece and is audibly transposed by various cyclic permutations.

The work was written in May of 1977 and is dedicated to Donald Maurice and Kevin Aanerud who premiered it on March 8th, 1978.

Johannes Brahms - Zwei Gesänge (English Translation)

Longing at Rest

In evening's golden twilight wreathed,
How grandly stand the woods aglow!
In softest voices birdlings are breathed
Of evening winds that lightly blow.
What whisper the winds, the birds tonight?
They whisper the world to slumber light.

Ye wishes strong forever raging,
Ye in my restless heart so deep!
Thou longing soul that naught assuageth,
When wilt thou sleep, when wilt thou sleep?
In whispering winds, to birdling bright,
Say, when longing wishes wilt slumber.

Ah, when no more afar in dreaming,
My soul on dreamwings lightly speeds,
No more the farthest starlets gleaming,
With longing, with longing glances heeds,
Then whisper, O winds, O birdling, pray,
With all my longing my life away.

Cradle Song of the Virgin

Ye who o'er these palms are hov'ring,
In night wind wild,
Ye holy angels, still their rocking,
He sleeps, he sleeps my child.

Ye high palms of Bethlehem in wild winds dashing
Why are ye, tell me, so rudely clashing!
O rock thee quiet, silent, bending the light and mild,
Still your rocking, he sleeps my child.

This heavenly boy hath borne pain and anguish;
Ah, so weary in earth's toil to languish.
O give him sleep all gentle and soothing, his grief is run,
Still their rocking, he sleeps my son.

Bitterest winds here, round us are hov'ring,
With which I deck him, His only cov'ring,
O all ye angels, all ye abroad in night wind so mild,
Still, their rocking, he sleeps my child.