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

Tape No. 1 - 8975
MOZART 21:06
(1756-1791)

Tape No. 2 - 8976

MOZART 21:06
(1756-1791)

P R O G R A M

Trio in E♭ for Clarinet, Viola and Piano, K. 498
Andante
Minuetto
Rondo

Julie Oester, clarinet

KEITH JOHNSTON 11:26
(b. 1952)

A Composition for Viola and Piano (1977)

INTERMISSION

SUITE HÉBRAÏQUE FOR VIOLA AND PIANO (1951)
Rhapsody
Processional
Affirmation

BLOCH 11:59
(1880-1959)

Not for Know

ZWEI GESÄNGE FOR CONTRALTO, VIOLA AND PIANO,
OP. 91
Gestillte Sehnsucht
Geistliches Wiegenlied

BRAHMS 11:30
(1833-1897)

Not for Know

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, 0 winds, 0 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.