

VIRGINIA S. THOMAS
Trombone

JUNIOR RECITAL

Assisted by
Lynn Griebeling, Piano
David Chavez, Viola

Friday, October 26, 1990
6:00 p.m. in the
Shepherd School Recital Hall

RICE UNIVERSITY

the
Shepherd
School
of Music

PROGRAM

Concertino d'Hiver (1953)

Animé
Trés Modéré
Animé

Darius Milhaud
(1892-1974)

Sonata in G Minor

Adagio
Allegro
Largo
Allegro

Benedetto Marcello
(1686-1739)

INTERMISSION

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91

Gestillte Sehnsucht (Rückert)
Geistliches Weigenlied
(nach Lope de Vega von Geibel)

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Sonate (1941)

Allegro moderato maestoso
Allegretto grazioso
Lied des Raufbolds (Swashbuckler's Song)
Allegro moderato maestoso

Paul Hindemith
(1895-1963)

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

Miss Thomas is a student of David Waters.

Gestikkte Sehnsucht (Rückert)

(Appeased Yearning)

*In the golden glow of dusk
the forests stand so solemnly!
The birds' soft voices echo faintly
the gentle breeze of evening winds.
What are they humming, the birds, the wind?
They're humming the world to slumber.*

*O wishes that are always stirring
in my heart without rest nor peace!
O yearning that moves my breast,
when will you slumber, when will you rest?
In the soft humming of birds and wind,
o yearning wishes, when will you sleep?*

*O, when no more to golden aims
my spirit hastens on wings of dream,
when no more on remotest stars
my eye dwells with a yearning look;
then with the humming of birds and wind
with my yearning my life will sleep.*

Geistliches Wiegenlied

(Sacred Lullaby)

*You who are flying among the palm trees
in night and wind, you holy angels,
appease the leaves, my child is asleep.*

*You palm trees of Bethlehem
in the roar of the wind
how can you rustle so wildly tonight?
do not roar thus, be silent and still,
bend softly and gently,
appease the leaves, my child is asleep.*

*The Child of Heaven, he suffers much grief,
how tired he is for the sorrow on earth!
Now in his sleep softly and soothing
the pain melts away.
Appease the leaves, my child is asleep.*

*Grim cold is now falling down from the sky,
with what shall I cover the limbs of my child?
Oh, all ye angels with mighty wings
walking in wind
appease the leaves, my child is asleep.*



RICE