

*Separate scores accompany this thesis
- housed in lib. coll.*

GRADUATE COMPOSITION RECITAL

By

WOLFGANG JOSEPH EHEBALD

B.Mus., The U.B.C. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1988

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF MUSIC

in

THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES
(SCHOOL OF MUSIC)

We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

April 1990

Wolfgang Joseph Ehebald, 1990

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Department of Music

The University of British Columbia
Vancouver, Canada

Date April 30/90

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Recital Hall
Sunday, April 8, 1990
8:00 p.m.

GRADUATE RECITAL*

WOLFGANG EHEBALD, COMPOSITION

Rememberance - Sonance III

Jennifer Sokowin, solo trumpet

Astral Contour

Chris Sandvoss, viola
Ron Sat, piano

Woodwind Quartet No.1

Andante
Scherzo
Largo
Rondo

Klaus Liebetanz, flute
Glee Devereaux, oboe
Stephen Robb, clarinet
Isaac Bull, bassoon

- INTERMISSION -

To Those in Love - 5 Erotic Love Songs

Wild Nights
The Enjoyment
Quietly
To His Mistresses
Good God, What A Night That Was

Andrew Hillhouse, tenor
Grace Quaglio, piano

Volition - Sonance IV

Klaus Liebetanz, amplified flute

Ich Leben Mein Leben
text by Rilke

U.B.C. Choral Union
Steven Morgan, director
Graeme Fullerton, piano
Ken Morrison, percussion

* In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Masters of Music
Degree with a major in composition.

Reception to follow in faculty lounge.

Wild Nights! Wild Nights
Were I with thee
Wild Nights, Should be our Luxury.
Futile the Winds to a heart in port
Done with a compass, Done with a chart
Rowing in Eden Ah! the sea
Might I but Moor
Tonight in thee.

THE ENJOYMENT

Text Anon

Ye Gods! Ye Gods!
the raptures of that night
Ye Gods, Ye Gods
How in each others Arms involved
Bodies mingling, sexes blending
Tost by a Tempest of Desire
Flaming kisses, Boundless blisses
We lay confounded and dissolved
Down at once,
Down into heaven.

QUIETLY

Text by Kenneth Rexroth

Lying here quietly
beside you.
My cheek quietly against your
firm quiet thighs
Washing over us, the calm
music of Boccherini
in the quiet times and
the penances of Love,
Brains curled in their shells
Dormant our hearts slow, reliable, the pulse
in their interlocked rhythms,
in your thigh carressing
My cheek quietly,
Lying Here.

Special thanks to: Paul Steenhuisen, Doug Smith, Jose Buonacorso,
Cortland Hultberg, and my great photocopyist,
Tony.

TO HIS MISTRESSES

3

Text by Robert Herrick

Help me! Help me! Now I call
To my pretty witchcrafts all.
Old I am and cannot do the things
I was accustomed to. Bring your
magics spells and charms to enflesh
my thighs and arms.
Find that medicine if you can for
your dry decrepit man who would
fain his strength renew, none it
but to pleasure you.

GOOD GOD, WHAT A NIGHT THAT WAS

Text by Petronius Arbiter

Translated from the Greek by Kenneth Rexroth

Good God, What a Night that was
Good God, What a Night that was
and how we clung, the bed was
so soft, burning together this way and that!
Our uncontrolled passions flowing through our
mouths, if only I could die this way,
I'd say good-bye to the business of living.

ICH LEBE MEIN LEBEN IN WACHSENDEN RINGEN (I LIVE MY LIFE)

Text by Rainer Marie Rilke

Translated by Robert Bly

I live my life in growing orbits
Which move out over the things of the world
Perhaps I can never achieve the last
but that will be my attempt.

I am circling around God, around the ancient tower,
and I have been circling for a thousand years,
and I still don't know if I am a falcon, or a storm,
or a great song.

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