

BENNINGTON COLLEGE MUSIC DIVISION

Presents

A CONCERT OF CHAMBER WORKS BY JOHANNES BRAHMS

Wednesday
April 29, 1987

8:15 p.m.
Greenwall Music Workshop

Sonata Opus #120 No. 1 in F minor for Clarinet and Piano

Allegro appassionato
Andante un poco adagio
Allegretto grazioso
Vivace

Claudia Friedlander, clarinet
Polly van der Linde, piano

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91

Gestillte Sehnsucht Op. 91, No. 1

Geistliches Wiegenlied Op. 91, No. 2

Janet Gillespie, soprano
Jacob Glick, viola
Edwin Lawrence, piano

Sonata Opus #120 No. 2 in E^b Major for Clarinet and Piano

Allegro canabile
Allegro appassionato
Andante con moto/allegro

Claudia Friedlander, clarinet
Reinhold van der Linde, piano

- INTERMISSION -

Trio Opus #114 in A minor for Piano, Cello, and Clarinet

Allegro
Adagio
Andantino grazioso
Allegro

Claudia Friedlander, clarinet
Michael Severens, cello
Polly van der Linde, piano

BRAHMS - ZWEI GESANGE, OP. 91

Gestillte Sehnsucht Op. 91, No. 1
Yearning Appeased

FRIEDRICH RUCKERT
English Trans. by
William Mann

Tinged in the golden glow of evening
how stately the forests stand!
Into birds' soft voices sighs
the soft breath of evening wind.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

You, desires, that always stir
in my heart without stop or stay,
you, longing, that knocks at my heart,
when will you rest, when will you sleep?
When the winds, the birds, whisper,
you yearning desires, when will you slumber?

Ah, when no longer into golden distance
my spirit hastes on wings of dreams,
no longer on stars forever distant
my eyes dwell with yearning glances,
then the winds, the birds will whisper
my longing and my life to sleep.

Geistliches Wiegenlied Op. 91, No. 2
You Who Float (Lullaby)

LOPE DE VEGA
German Trans by Geibel
Eng. trans. by
William Mann

You who float
about these palm-trees
in the wind at night,
you holy angels,
hush the treetops!
My child is asleep.

You palms of Bethlehem,
in the rushing wind
how can you today
swish so angrily?
O do not rustle like that!
Be quiet, lean
down softly and gently;
hush your treetops!
My child is asleep.

The heavenly boy
has to endure hardship;
ah! how weary he was
with the sorrow of the earth.
Ah, now in sleep he
is gently consoled,
his pain dissolves.
Hush those treetops.
My child is asleep.

Grim cold
blows upon us;
with what shall I cover
the baby's limbs?
O all you angels
who on your wings
wander in the wind,
hush the treetops!
My child is asleep.