

The Department of Music
of
The University of Alberta

presents

A TRIBUTE TO JOHANNES BRAHMS (1833-1897)

featuring

HELMUT BRAUSS, piano
KUNIKO FURUHATA, mezzo-soprano
LAWRENCE FISHER, violin
MICHAEL BOWIE, viola
DAVID HOYT, horn

Sunday, March 13, 1983 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Sonata in F-sharp Minor for Piano Solo, Op. 2
Allegro non troppo ma energico
Andante con espressione
SCHERZO - Allegro
FINALE: INTRODUZIONE - Sostenuto
Allegro non troppo e rubato

erased

2 Songs for Voice, Viola and Piano, Op. 91
Gestillte Sehnsucht (Rückert)
Geistliches Wiegenlied (Geibel)

6 Selected Songs
O wüsst'ich doch den Weg zurück (Groth), Op. 63, 8
Regenlied (Groth), Op. posth.
Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (Lingg), Op. 105, 2
Bei dir sind meine Gedanken (Halm), Op. 95, 2
Eine gute, gute Nacht (Daumer), Op. 59, 6
Blinde Kuh (Kopisch), Op. 58, 1

Reel I

INTERMISSION

Trio in E-flat Major for Piano, Violin and Horn, Op. 40
Andante (2/4)
SCHERZO - Allegro
Adagio mesto
FINALE - Allegro con brio

Reel II

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TWO SONGS FOR ALTO VOICE WITH VIOLA AND
PIANO, OP. 91
Published 1884

GESTILLTE SEHNSUCHT (Satisfied Longing; text by
Rückert)

Dipped in golden evening glow, how solemnly the
forests stand! Mingled with the soft voices of the little
birds is the soft breath of the evening wind. What are
the winds and the little birds whispering? They are
whispering the world into slumber, into slumber. You de-
sires of mine, always stirring in my heart without letup!
You longing of mine that makes my breast heave, when
will you rest, when will you slumber? To the whispering
of the winds and little birds, you longing desires, when
will you fall asleep, fall asleep? Ah, when my spirit no
longer hastens toward golden faraway places on the wings
of dreams, when my eyes no longer gaze at eternally
distant stars with longing looks; then the winds and little
birds will whisper my life away together with my longing.

GEISTLICHES WIEGENLIED (Religious Lullaby; text after
Lope de Vega by Geibel)

[Text of the "old song":] Joseph, my dear Joseph, help
me rock my lovely baby; in Heaven you will be rewarded
by God, the Son of the Virgin, Mary, Mary.

[Main text:] You that hover about these palms in night
and wind, you holy angels, silence the treetops! My child
is slumbering, my child is slumbering. You palms of
Bethlehem in the roar of the wind, how can you rustle
so angrily today? Do not make so much noise! Be quiet,
bow down softly and mildly; silence the treetops, silence
the treetops! My child is slumbering, my child is slum-
bering. The heavenly infant is suffering hardships; oh,
how he has been wearied by the earth's sorrow, oh, how
he has been wearied, been wearied by the sorrow, the
earth's sorrow. Ah, now softly soothed in sleep, his dis-
tress fades away. Silence the treetops, silence the tree-
tops! My child is slumbering, my child is slumbering!
Cruel coldness whirs down; whatever can I use to cover
the child's limbs? O all you angels that wander winged
in the wind, silence the treetops, silence the treetops! My
child is slumbering, my child is slumbering.

O wüsst' ich doch den Weg zurück

Homesickness (II)

O might I find the way again,

The way to childhood's happy land!

Why sought I fortune, all in vain,

And left my mother's hand?

O how I long for peace and rest

Nor wake to struggle day by day;

To close my eyes on mother's breast

And safe be tucked away.

No longer strive nor yearn nor sigh,

But dream sweet dreams, serene and
mild;

And let the changing world slip by,

Again a little child,

O might I find the way again,

The way to childhood's happy land!

I sought the rainbow all in vain,

In vain to barren strand, barren strand.

Eine gute, gute Nacht

Good Night

When you say "Good night, good night"

Say it ah, so sweetly,

All my hope is put to flight,

Put to flight completely.

Starve not so my soul's delight,

Nor thus cruel taunt me,

When such rapture here tonight,

Freely you may grant me.

Regenlied

Memories

From the branches, falling raindrops
Gently wet the soft green lawn.
From my eyes the scalding teardrops
Mourn the young days past and gone.
When the sun again is shining,
Then the grass is doubly green;
Faster yet my tears are falling,
When I think what might have been,
Think of all that might have been.

Immer leider wird mein Schlummer

IMMER LEISER WIRD MEIN SCHLUMMER (My Slumber
Grows More and More Peaceful; text by Lingg)

My slumber grows more and more peaceful; my
anxiety lies tremblingly over me, over me merely like a
thin veil. Often in my dreams I hear you calling outside
my door; no one is awake to let you in; I wake up and
weep bitterly, weep bitterly. Yes, I shall have to die; you
will kiss another woman when I am pallid and cold,
pallid and cold, before the May breezes blow, before the
thrush sings in the forest. If you want to see me once
more, come, oh, come quickly, come, oh, come quickly!

Bei dir sind meine Gedanken

My Thoughts are There
With You

My thoughts are there with you always,
They flutter and flutter around you near;
They tell you that they are homesick
And are unhappy here.
My thoughts are there with you always
From you they never fly away;
They tell you, they say they know not
Another place so fair.
Your radiant beauty enchants them;
These fluttering fragile things,
Be careful, fly not too near her
Or you will singe your wings.

Blinde Kuh

Blind Man's Buff

In darkness, slipping, sliding,
I seek you to and fro;
My dear, where are you hiding?
Why do you plague me so?
In darkness, slipping sliding,
I seek you high and low,
With ev'ry thing colliding,
Round and around I go.
I love you so, o hark to my plea,
Sweetheart, have pity, and come to me!
Yes, come to me, to me, come to me!