

Facebook Live Concert Series  
Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church

October 20, 2020

Jeffrey Brillhart, piano  
Yoshihiko Nakano, viola  
Misoon Ghim, mezzo-soprano

Von ewiger Liebe, Op. 43, No. 1 ("Eternal Love")  
Misoon Ghim, mezzo-soprano  
Jeffrey Brillhart, piano

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

*Dark, how dark in forest and field!  
Evening already, and the world is silent.  
Nowhere a light and nowhere smoke,  
And even the lark is silent now too.  
Out of the village there comes a lad,  
Escorting his sweetheart home,  
He leads her past the willow-copse,  
Talking so much and of so many things:  
'If you suffer sorrow and suffer shame,  
Shame for what others think of me,  
Then let our love be severed as swiftly,*

*As swiftly as once we two were plighted.  
Let us depart in rain and depart in wind,  
As swiftly as once we two were plighted.'  
The girl speaks, the girl says:  
'Our love cannot be severed!  
Steel is strong, and so is iron,  
Our love is even stronger still:  
Iron and steel can both be reforged,  
But our love, who shall change it?  
Iron and steel can be melted down,  
Our love must endure for ever!'*

-Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Sonata for solo Viola, Op. 25 No. 1  
Yoshihiko Nakano, viola

Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

- I. Breit Viertel
- II. Sehr frisch und straff
- III. Sehr Langsam
- IV. Rasendes Zeitmaß. Wild. Tonschönheit ist Nebensache

Zwei Gesänge, Op. 91

Yoshihiko Nakano, viola

Misoon Ghim, mezzo-soprano

Jeffrey Brillhart, piano

Johannes Brahms

I. Gestillte Sehnsucht

II. Geistliches Wiegenlied

*I. Bathed in golden evening light,  
How solemnly the forests stand!  
The evening winds mingle softly  
With the soft voices of the birds.  
What do the winds, the birds whisper?  
They whisper the world to sleep.  
But you, my desires, ever stirring  
In my heart without respite!  
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –  
When will you rest, when will you sleep?  
The winds and the birds whisper,  
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?  
Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens  
On wings of dreams into golden distances,  
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly  
On eternally remote stars;  
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper  
My life – and my longing – to sleep.*

*II. You who hover  
Around these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.  
You palms of Bethlehem  
In the raging wind,  
Why do you bluster  
So angrily today!  
O roar not so!  
Be still, lean  
Calmly and gently over us;  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.  
The heavenly babe  
Suffers distress,  
Oh, how weary He has grown  
With the sorrows of this world.  
Ah, now that in sleep  
His pains  
Are gently eased,  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.  
Fierce cold  
Blows down on us,  
With what shall I cover  
My little child's limbs?  
O all you angels,  
Who wing your way  
On the winds,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.*