



Faculty Concert Series  
Presents

James Harr, tenor  
Marcie Richardson, piano  
Sarah Harr, narrator

Sunday  
August 28, 2011

Hardie Auditorium  
3:30 P.M.

**Die Schöne Magelone, Op. 33**

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)  
based on texts by Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853)

*Part One:*

Keinen hat es noch gereut  
Traun! Bogen und Pfeil sind gut für den Feind  
Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden  
Liebe kam aus fernen Landen  
So willst du des Armen dich gnädig erbarmen?  
Wie soll ich die Freude, die Wonne denn tragen?  
War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten?  
Wir müssen uns trennen

**Intermission**

*Part Two:*

Ruhe, Süßliebchen  
Verzweiflung  
Wie schnell verschwindet so Licht als Glanz  
Muss es eine Trennung geben  
Sulima  
Wie froh und Frisch mein Sinn sich hebt  
Treue Liebe dauert lange

## *Translations*

In addition to the music of Brahms, a connecting narrative by John Daverio (*Journal of Musicology*, Vol. VII, No. 3, Summer 1989) will also be presented in order to give the listener a more complete understanding of the story of Peter and Magelone.

### **No one has yet regretted**

No one has yet regretted, having mounted a steed  
To fly through the world in the fresh time of youth.  
Mountains and meadows, a lonely forest,  
Maidens and women in splendid clothes, golden jewelry,  
Everything will delight him with its beautiful form.  
Wondrous shapes fleet by,  
Wishes glow rapturously in a mind intoxicated with  
youthful zest.  
Fame will scatter roses before his path very soon;  
Loving and making love, laurels and roses will lead him  
higher and higher upwards.  
Joy will surround him; foes, surrendering, will envy the  
hero.  
Then he will modestly choose the young lady, the only  
one whom he likes above all others,  
And will retrace his steps back through mountains and  
fields and lonely woods.  
His parents in tears- ah, all their longing! – the loveliest  
happiness will unite them all.  
When years have passed by, he will tell his stories to his  
son in intimate hours,  
And will show his wounds, the wages of valor.  
Thus old age itself remains still young, a ray of light in  
the twilight.

### **Indeed! Bow and arrow are good to use against an enemy**

Indeed! Bow and arrow are good to use against an  
enemy!  
A wretched man is always helplessly weeping;  
The noble man will prosper wherever the sun shines;  
The cliffs are steep, but good fortune is his friend.

### **Are these sorrows, are they joys?**

Are these sorrows, are they joys, these feelings that pass  
through my bosom?  
All old wishes depart, a thousand new flowers bloom.

Through a twilight of tears I can see distant suns shining.  
What languishing! What longing! Do I dare? Shall I go  
nearer?  
Ah, and when my tears are flowing everything appears  
dark all around me;  
Nevertheless, if no wish would come true for me again,  
my future would be empty of all hope.  
So beat then, my striving heart; so flow then, my tears;  
Ah, pleasure is only deeper pain, and life is a dark grave.  
Without being guilty must I suffer?  
Why is it that in my dream all my thoughts vacillate up  
and down?  
I hardly know myself anymore.  
O hear me, you kindly stars, hear me, meadow turning  
green,  
And you, love, hear my sacred vow: if I must remain far  
from her, I will gladly die.  
Ah! Only in the light of her gaze do life and hope and  
happiness dwell!

### **Love came from distant lands**

Love came from distant lands and no being followed her,  
and the goddess beckoned to me,  
Tied me with sweet fetters. Then I started to feel pain,  
Tears clouded my sight:  
'Ah, what is love's joy' I cried; 'what is the point of this  
game?'  
'Far and wide none have I found' said the vision kindly.  
'Now you shall feel the force which once united hearts.'  
All my hopes have flown aloft into the blue firmament,  
Fame seemed but a waking dream, or the sound of ocean  
waves.  
Ah! who will undo my fetters? For my arm is firmly  
bound,  
Pressing cares swarm round about me; is there no one  
who will save me?  
Dare I look into the mirror which hope holds before my  
eyes?

Ah, how deceptive is the world! No, I cannot put my trust therein.

Oh, but do not let that falter which alone can give you strength,

If the one and only does not love you, for the sufferer nought's left but death.

### **So will you have pity?**

So will you have pity on me in my sadness? Is this no dream?

How trickle the fountains, how ripple the waves, how rustles the tree!

I lay deep in fear, imprisoned by walls, now the light greets me;

How the rays flicker! They dazzle and color my bashful face.

Can I then believe it? Will no one deprive me of precious illusions?

But dreams will soon vanish, love alone can bring life;

How welcome the path! How free and how joyfull!

Then hurry no longer, away, pilgrim's staff!

Now you have triumphed, for you have found it,

The most blessed spot!

### **How shall I bear it?**

How shall I bear it, the joy and the rapture?

Will my soul not escape from my beating heart?

What if the hours of love have departed?

Wherefore should I long in desolate deserts

To drag out a lackluster life when nowhere flowers bloom by the shore?

How slowly does time on leaden feet move with a measured tread!

But when it's time for me to leave how feather-light is its step!

Beat, yearning power, deep in my faithful breast!

As the sound of the lute soon fades, so vanish the sweetest joys of life.

Ah, how soon shall I scarcely be aware of this bliss.

Murmur, murmur ever onward, mighty stream of time,

Changing tomorrow to today, passing on from place to place;

Having borne me until now, sometimes gay and sometimes sad,

I will dare to face the future, come what may.

Yet I am not without value. Since the one and only beckons,

Love will not let me pine until life has passed;

No, the stream grows ever wider, the sky stays ever clear for me,

Happily I wield my oar, bringing life and love together to the grave.

### **Was it for you that these lips trembled?**

Was it for you that these lips trembled,

To you was given that sweet kiss?

Does life on earth offer such joy?

Ah, what light and radiance did shine before my eyes,

How did all my senses yearn for those lips!

Longing shone in those radiant eyes

That tenderly beckoned to me,

All was echoed in my heart,

My eyes were lowered,

And love songs wafted on the air!

Like twin stars

Shone her eyes, her cheeks

Cradled her golden hair,

Looks and smiles took wings

And sweet words wakened

The deepest longing:

Oh kiss! How fiery red was your mouth!

I died and only found life in sweetest death.

### **We have to part**

We have to part, beloved lute,

It is time to hasten, to attain the distant, hoped-for goal.

I am off to do battle, away to get plunder,

And when I've my booty, I'll hurry back home.

In dawn's rosy light I'll carry her off,

My lance and my armour will defend us both.

Come, trusty weapons, oft carried in sport,

Protect my good fortune on this new path.

I hurl myself into the waves, I welcome the action ahead,

Many are dragged to the bottom, bold swimmers stay ever afloat.

Ha! What joy in spilling the noblest of blood!

To defend my delight, my dearest possession!

Who lacks the courage to take issue with scorn?

Drop the reins, blissful night!

Spread your wings, so that beyond distant hills

Morning may smile upon us.

### **Rest, my sweet, in the shade**

Rest, my sweet, in the shade of the green darkling night;  
The grass in the meadows rustles, the shade fans and  
cools you,  
And true love keeps watch.

Sleep, fall asleep, softly murmurs the grove-  
I am yours for evermore.  
Be silent, songs that are hidden, disturb not her sweetest  
rest!  
Throngs of birds are listening, The loud songs are stilled,  
Close your eyes, beloved,  
Sleep, fall asleep in the glow of twilight- I will watch  
over you.  
Murmur on, you melodies, flow along, you gentle brook,  
Fairest dreams of love speak in those melodies,  
Loving dreams follow, floating through the whispering  
grove  
Golden bees are swarming and buzz to send you to  
sleep.

### **Resound, you foaming waves**

Resound, you foaming waves and twine yourselves  
about me!  
Let disaster roar around me, and the cruel sea rage.  
I defy tempestuous storms and scorn the furious flood;  
The rocks may dash me to pieces, since happiness can  
never be mine.  
I do not complain, though I founder and die in the  
watery deep!  
Never again will my eyes be cheered by the sight of the  
star of my love.  
Then, storms, let your thunders roll down and vent all  
your fury on me,  
So that rock upon rock may be shattered, for I am a  
desperate man.

### **How quickly the light and radiance vanish**

How quickly the light and radiance vanish,  
The morning sees that the garland has faded  
Which yesterday glowed in all its glory,  
For it withered in the darkness of night.  
The wave of life flows onward;  
For all its brightness to no avail.  
The sun is setting, the red hue departs,  
Shadows appear and darkness draws in.  
Thus love floats away, away to the deserts,  
Ah! Might it but stay until the grave!

But we are awakened to deepest pain;  
The boat is shattered, the light is quenched,  
Carried far distant from the beautiful land  
To the desolate shore where night enfolds it.

### **Must there be a parting?**

Must there be a parting, which breaks the faithful heart?  
No, that's not what I call living, death is not so harsh as  
that.  
When I hear a shepherd's pipe, I am filled with inward  
grief;  
When I behold the evening sky my deepest thoughts are  
of you.  
Is there really no true love? Must we suffer pain and  
parting?  
If I never had been loved I'd still have a ray of hope.  
Now I must sing my lament: Where is hope, save in the  
tomb?  
Far away I must bear my sorrow, secretly my heart is  
breaking.

### **Beloved, where tarries your uncertain step?**

Beloved, where tarries your uncertain step?  
The nightingale warbles of yearning and kisses.  
The trees are rustling in the lustre of gold.  
Dreams are creeping in by the window.  
Ah! Know you the longing Of my beating heart?  
The thinking and striving full of grief and joy?  
Hasten hither on wings and save me for yourself,  
While night still remains let us flee far from here.  
The sails, they are filling, fear carries no weight;  
There over the waters is your native land.  
My homeland is fading; give it no heed!  
Love draws our thoughts powerfully on.  
Hear how blissfully sound the wave,  
They leap and they bound waywardly along.  
Why should they lament? They are calling to you!  
They know they are bearing love away from here.

### **How happy and fresh is my mind**

How happy and fresh is my mind,  
All fears are now far in the past,  
My heart is filled with new courage,  
And new yearning awakes within me.  
The stars are mirrored in the sea,  
And golden glow the waves.  
I ran giddily here and there,

And was neither bad nor good.  
But cast down into the deep  
Are doubt and uncertain mind;  
Carry me, you tossing waves,  
To the homeland for which I long.  
In the dear twilight distance  
Are calling the songs of my home,  
From every star  
It looks down with gentle eyes.  
Calm yourself, you trusty wave,  
Lead me along distant paths  
To the treasured threshold,  
Towards the joy that is mine at last.

### **True love never falters**

True love never falters, endures after many an hour,  
No doubts can make it afraid, its courage remains ever  
    sound.  
Though serried ranks of storm and death threaten and  
    tempt to fickleness,  
Love will counter these perils with everlasting  
    constancy.  
Suddenly there recedes like mist what the senses captive  
    held,  
And the wide world opens up to the joyful sight of  
    spring.  
Won, Mastered, by love is bliss.  
Vanished the hours that swiftly take wing.  
And blessed delight stills and fills the intoxicated heart,  
    pounding for joy.  
Let it be freed from sorrow for ever  
And never may this lovely, blessed, heavenly delight  
    fade away.

**Text: Gery Bramall**

