

Music in Midtown

**THE
GRADUATE
CENTER**
CITY UNIVERSITY
OF NEW YORK

Elebash Recital Hall
The Graduate Center
365 Fifth Avenue (at 34th Street), NYC
Thursdays 1:00–2:00 PM



Thursday, October 19, 2023
1:00 p.m.

Christopher Pfund, tenor
Hsiang Tu, Piano
Michael David Axtell, Narrator

Program

Romanzen aus Ludwig Tieck's *Magelone*, Op. 33

Johannes Brahms
(1833-97)

Performed with narration.

1. *Keinen hat es noch gereut*
2. *Traum! Bogen und Pfeil*
3. *Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden*
4. *Liebe Kam aus fernen Landen*
5. *So willst du des Armen*
6. *Wie soll ich die Freude*
7. *War es dir, dem dem diese Lippen bebten*
8. *Wir müssen und trennen, geliebtes Seitenspiel*
9. *Ruhe, Süßliebchen*
10. *Verzweiflung*
11. *Wie schnell verschindet*
12. *Muß es eine Trennung geben*
13. *Sulima*
14. *Wie froh und Frisch mein Sinn sich hebt*
15. *Treue Liebe dauert lange*

Music in Midtown is a series of lunchtime concerts spotlighting the highly regarded musical performance program at the CUNY Graduate Center. Presented in the warm, intimate, acoustically rich Elebash Recital Hall, these performances feature the music program's renowned faculty, alumni, outstanding performers selected from students in the DMA program and noted guest artists. Some concerts are followed by a master class, which the public is invited to observe. Norman Carey is Director and John Musto is Assistant Director.

About the Program

A beautiful Italian princess? A handsome and noble young knight? Nervous parents of a young man stepping out to "find himself?" A frightening and stormy sea? Do these sound like literary threads that could be woven together on Brahms's contrapuntal loom? Actually yes, and in his Magelone *Romanzen*, Brahms casts a charming group of French characters who speak through the voice of Ludwig Tieck – a Romantic German literary creator whose inspiration was more Italian pastoral fairy tale than turbulent *sturm und drang*.

Ludwig Tieck (1773-1853) retells the thirteenth-century Occitan fairy tale, *Pierre de Provence et la belle Maguelone*, as *Liebesgeschichte der schönen Magelone und des Grafen Peter von Provence*. Tieck's tale is significant, and includes 18 poems within the elaborate narrative. His story tells the tale of youthful exploration, chivalry, new love, loss, and reconciliation. The protagonist, Peter, sings through most of the poems, but there are characters who also sing including Magelone, Peter's love, and Sulima, his...temporary love, who helps him escape from a kind and admiring Sultan.

Brahms chose fifteen of the poems to anchor the weaving narration. In addition to beautiful counterpoint is Brahms's use of differing song structures and phrase lengths to tell his side of the story. Some of the songs such as *Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden* (Are These Sorrows, are These Joys?) are multi-sectioned epic melodramas complete with sudden emotional shifts. Others, such as *So willst du des Armen* (So Kindly Pity a Poor Man) are brief, starting quickly and galloping right to the end. Brahms also used the Magelone songs to sharpen up his lullaby pencil. The ninth song, *Ruhe Süßliebchen* (Rest, My Sweetheart) is a drop-dead gorgeous lullaby that often finds its way onto recitals as a stand-alone *Lied*.

The song of Magelone's lament *Wie schnell verwindet* (How Soon They Vanish) pulls at the heartstrings as Brahms spins her simple voice of loss over a thick and low *Ach ich fühls*-like heartbeat in the piano, never allowing hope – only faint life. Sulima, on the other hand, sings her quasi-strophic *leggero* melody joyfully against Brahms's Zither-like accompaniment. What's the big surprise at the end? *Treue Liebe dauert lange* – True love abides. Certainly more Magic Kingdom than Schubert, but who says *Lieder* cycles always have to end on an unhappy note? Beethoven, the stormiest of the stormy, did allow a happy ending to *An die ferne Geliebte*, and his massive *Lebewohl* piano sonata (Op. 81, E-flat) also reunites everyone in a beautiful "Wiedersehen" – with lots of happy scales and trills.

For Brahms, strophic is never strophic. There's always some extra measure of music, a variation in the melody, or a transition to an entirely new section. These tricky surprises are likely why the cycle is seldom featured in student performances. Nevertheless, the composition of Magelone is quite grand and deserves a place with Schubert's and Schumann's epic song masterpieces – even if it ends on a happy note.

Program notes by Christopher Pfund

About the Artists

American tenor **Christopher Pfund** has performed to critical acclaim with countless major orchestras and oratorio festivals throughout North America including the Cleveland Orchestra, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Houston Symphony, the Detroit Symphony, the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, the Bach Festival Society of Winter Park, the New York Oratorio Society, and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. International engagements have included performances in the Czech Republic, Germany, Canada, Mexico, Costa Rica, and Brazil. Critics have praised his "rounded vocal beauty" and The New York Times called his voice an "attractive tenor [that] helps define a sympathetic character."

Universally recognized for his irreverent portrayals of the roasting swan in Orff's *Carmina Burana*, Pfund has made the role a pillar of his career with over 150 performances on three continents. His wide repertoire includes not only the standard Baroque masterpieces such as Bach's *Mass in B minor* and Handel's *Messiah* but also much of the 20th century canon of concert repertoire including Britten's *War Requiem* and the Klaus-Narr from Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*.

In addition to his oratorio work with orchestra, Pfund has also enjoyed success on the opera stage, including engagements with Glimmerglass Opera, New York City Opera, Florentine Opera, Santa Fe Opera, and the Orchestra of St. Luke's. A consummate recitalist, Pfund regularly presents performances of the song cycles of Schubert, Schumann, Britten, and Brahms as well as other celebrated composers of the classical song literature. Recordings include the title role in Britten's *Albert Herring* on the Vox label, *Distant Playing Fields: Vocal Music of Amy Beach and William Mayer* on Newport Classics, and *Carmina Burana* with Fabio Mechetti and the Jacksonville Symphony.

Pfund holds degrees from the University of Northern Colorado, Manhattan School of Music, and The City University of New York Graduate Center. In addition, he was a 20th Century song recitalist at the Banff Centre in Banff, Canada. Awards include the Richard F. Gold Career Grant from the Shoshana Foundation. Pfund is currently Associate Professor of Music at the University of Florida teaching voice and serving as voice area coordinator. Before joining UF, he was an Associate Professor of Voice and Opera the University of Idaho. He has also taught at both Hartwick and Manhattanville Colleges.

Praised by *The New York Times* for his "eloquent sensitivity," *The Boston Intelligencer* for his "impeccable technique," and *Fanfare* for his "Chameleon-like ability to move between composers," pianist **Hsiang Tu** has graced the audience with his wide range of repertoire and creative programming. Current projects include *The Ivory Menagerie* – a full-length recital featuring music inspired by animals that *The Utah Review* called "ingeniously crafted" – and the complete cycles of piano solo works by Claude Debussy and Maurice Ravel.

During the 2021-2022 season, he performed over a dozen solo recitals across universities in six states and a high-profile recital for the Gina Bachauer Concert Series in Salt Lake City, Utah. In the following season, he completed a four-recital tour in Taiwan and was invited as a guest artist at the Peabody Conservatory Preparatory Division. For the current season, Dr. Tu is scheduled to appear as a concerto soloist at the University of Florida, the University of New Hampshire, and Snow College.

Born in Taipei, Taiwan, he debuted in New York at Alice Tully Hall in Lincoln Center as the winner of The Juilliard School Concerto Competition. A prizewinner at the New Orleans International Piano Competition, the Iowa International Piano Competition, and the American Paderewski Piano Competition, Dr. Tu has appeared with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra, Sioux City Symphony Orchestra, and the World Civic Orchestra, among others.

Before being appointed as an Assistant Professor of Piano at the University of Florida, Dr. Tu taught at Virginia Tech, the University of New Hampshire, Utah Valley University, and Snow College. He studied with Hung-Kuan Chen, Jerome Lowenthal, and HaeSun Paik, and holds a B.M. in Piano Performance from the University of Calgary and an M.M. and D.M.A. in Piano Performance from The Juilliard School. His debut solo album, *Bestiary on Ivory*, is on Bridge Records, and an upcoming album featuring the music of Chopin will be released in March 2024. For more info, please visit hsiangtu.com.

An actor, singer, pianist and music director, **Michael David Axtell** is a multi-faceted performing artist. A former member of the Grammy award winning ensemble, Chanticleer, Michael appears on four of their live concert recordings and two of their studio albums. He is an accomplished voice actor with well over 100 audiobooks, several podcasts and at least 100 articles for Apple News+ to his name. In live performance, Michael narrated Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat* with the Enigma Ensemble in San Francisco, Aaron Jay Kernis' *Seasons of Italian Futurist Cuisine* at the Mannes Sounds Festival and Michael Grossman's *Work in Progress* at the James Joyce Society. Favorite stage roles include Henry VI in *Henry VI Part 3*, Brutus in *Julius Caesar*, Herr Schultz in *Cabaret*, Sammy "Mammy" Wurlitzer in *Happy End*, Mr. Ford in *Nicolai's Merry Wives of Windsor* and Martin in *Candide*. He holds a Bachelor of Music in Voice and Bachelor of Arts in Theatre from Lawrence University and a Master of Fine Arts in Acting from the New School College of Performing Arts in New York City.

Translations

1. Keinen hat es noch gereut

Keinen hat es noch gereut,
Der das Roß bestiegen,
Um in frischer Jugendzeit
Durch die Welt zu fliegen.

Berge und Auen,
Einsamer Wald,
Mädchen und Frauen
Prächtig im Kleide,
Golden Geschmeide,
Alles erfreut ihn mit schöner Gestalt.

Wunderlich fliehen
Gestalten dahin,
Schwärmerisch glühen
Wünsche in jugendlich trunkenem Sinn.

Ruhm streut ihm Rosen
Schnell in die Bahn,
Lieben und Kosen,
Lorbeer und Rosen
Führen ihn höher und höher hinan.

Rund um ihn Freuden,
Feinde beneiden,
Erliegend, den Held -
Dann wählt er bescheiden
Das Fräulein, das ihm nur vor allen gefällt.

Und Berge und Felder
Und einsame Wälder
Mißt er zurück.
Die Eltern in Tränen,
Ach, alle ihr Sehnen -
Sie alle verreinigt das lieblichste Glück.

Sind Jahre verschwunden,
Erzählt er dem Sohn
In traulichen Stunden,
Und zeigt seine Wunden,
Der Tapferkeit Lohn.
So bleibt das Alter selbst noch jung,
Ein Lichtstrahl in der Dämmerung.

2. Traun! Bogen und Pfeil

Traun! Bogen und Pfeil
Sind gut für den Feind,
Hülflos alleweil
Der Elende weint;
Dem Edlen blüht Heil,
Wo Sonne nur scheint,
Die Felsen sind steil,
Doch Glück ist sein Freund.

1. No Man Yet Has Rued

No man yet has rued
Mounting his steed
In the first flush of youth
To fly through the world.

Mountains and meadows,
Lonely forest,
Maidens and ladies
Resplendent in robes,
Golden jewellery,
All that is beautiful charms him.

Strange visions
Flit past,
Passionate desire
Burns in the heady emotions of youth.

Fame strews roses
Swiftly in his path,
Love and caresses,
Laurel and roses
Lead him higher and ever higher.

Joys surround him,
Enemies envy the hero,
Even as they fall,
Then he modestly chooses
The maiden who pleases him most.

And back he rides,
Leaving mountains and fields
And lonely forests behind.
His parents weep,
Their longing, ah! no ended -
Dearest delight unites them all.

When years have passed,
He recounts all to his son
As they sit close together,
And shows his scars,
The reward of valour.
Thus old age itself stays young,
A ray of sunshine in the twilight.

2. In Truth! Bow and Arrow

In truth! bow and arrow
Are fit for the foe,
Helplessly
The wretched will always weep;
A noble soul will flourish
Wherever the sun shines,
The cliffs are steep,
But fortune is his friend.

3. Sind es Schmerzen

Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden,
Die durch meinen Busen ziehn?
Alle alten Wünsche scheiden,
Tausend neue Blumen blühn.

Durch die Dämmerung der Tränen
Seh ich ferne Sonnen stehn—
Welches Schmachten! Welches Sehnen!
Wag ich's? Soll ich näher gehn?

Ach, und fällt die Träne nieder,
Ist es dunkel um mich her;
Dennoch kömmt kein Wunsch mir wieder,
Zukunft ist von Hoffnung leer.

So schlage denn, strebendes Herz,
So fließet denn, Tränen, herab,
Ach, Lust ist nur tieferer Schmerz,
Leben ist dunkles Grab.—

Ohne Verschulden
Soll ich erdulden?
Wie ist's, daß mir im Traum
Alle Gedanken
Auf und nieder schwanken!
Ich kenne mich noch kaum.

O hört mich, ihr gütigen Sterne,
O höre mich, grünende Flur,
Du, Liebe, den heiligen Schwur;
Bleib ich ihr ferne,
Sterb ich gerne.
Ach! nur im Licht von ihrem Blick
Wohnt Leben und Hoffnung und Glück!

4. Liebe kam aus fernen Landen

Liebe kam aus fernen Landen
Und kein Wesen folgte ihr,
Und die Göttin winkte mir,
Schlang mich ein mit süßen Banden.

Da begann ich Schmerz zu fühlen,
Tränen dämmerten den Blick:
"Ach! was ist der Liebe Glück"
Klagt' ich, "wozu dieses Spielen?"

"Keinen hab' ich weit gefunden,"
Sagte lieblich die Gestalt,
"Fühle du nun die Gewalt,
Die die Herzen sonst gebunden."

Alle meine Wünsche flogen
In der Lüfte blauen Raum,
Ruhm schien mir ein Morgentraum,
Nur ein Klang der Meereswogen.

3. Are These Sorrows

Are these sorrows, are these joys
That steal through my heart?
All my old desires depart,
A thousand new flowers blossom.

Through the twilight of my tears
I can see distant suns—
What yearning! What longing!
Dare I? Shall I draw near?

Ah! and when my tears fall,
There is darkness all around me;
Yet if no desires return,
The future is void of hope.

So beat then, ambitious heart,
So flow then, tears, down my cheek,
Ah! pleasure is but deeper pain,
Life a dark grave.—

Must I suffer
Without deserving?
How is it that in my dreams
All my thoughts
Drift up and down!
I hardly recognize myself.

Oh hear me, kindly stars,
Oh hear me, greening meadow,
Hear, O Love, my sacred vow;
If I remain far from her,
I shall gladly die.
Ah! only in the light of her eyes
Dwell life and hope and happiness!

4. Love Came from Far-Off Lands

Love came from far-off lands
And no one followed her,
And the goddess beckoned me,
Binding me in sweet bonds.

Then I began to feel pain,
Tears dimmed my eyes:
'Ah! what is love's happiness',
'I lamented, why this dallying?'

'Far and wide no man I've found,'
Said the vision lovingly,
'Now you shall feel the force
That once bound heart to heart.'

All my desires flew
Into the blue realm of breezes,
Fame seemed but a morning dream,
The sound of ocean waves.

Ach! wer löst nun meine Ketten?
Denn gefesselt ist der Arm,
Mich umfleucht der Sorgen Schwarm;
Keiner, keiner will mich retten?

Darf ich in den Spiegel schauen,
Den die Hoffnung vor mir hält?
Ach, wie trügend ist die Welt!
Nein, ich kann ihr nicht vertrauen.

O, und dennoch laß nicht wanken,
Was dir nur noch Stärke gibt,
Wenn die Einzige dich nicht liebt,
Bleib nur bitterer Tod dem Kranken.

5. So willst du des Armen

So willst du des Armen
Dich gnädig erbarmen?
So ist es kein Traum?
Wie rieseln die Quellen,
Wie tönen die Wellen,
Wie rauschet der Baum!

Tief lag ich in bängen
Gemäuern gefangen,
Nun grüßt mich das Licht;
Wie spielen die Strahlen!
Sie blenden und malen
Mein schüchtern Gesicht.

Und soll ich es glauben?
Wird keiner mir rauben
Den köstlichen Wahn?
Doch Träume entschweben,
Nur lieben heißt leben:
Willkommene Bahn!

Wie frei und wie heiter!
Nicht eile nun weiter,
Den Pilgerstab fort!
Du hast überwunden,
Du hast ihn gefunden,
Den seligsten Ort!

6. Wie soll ich die Freude

Wie soll ich die Freude,
Die Wonne denn tragen?
Daß unter dem Schlagen
Des Herzens die Seele nicht scheidet?

Und wenn nun die Stunden
Der Liebe verschwunden,
Wozu das Gelüste,
In trauriger Wüste
Noch weiter ein lustleeres Leben zu ziehn,
Wenn nirgend dem Ufer mehr Blumen erblühn?

Ah! who shall now loosen my chains?
For my arms are fettered,
Sorrows swarm all around me;
Will no one, no one rescue me?

Dare I look into the mirror
That hope holds up before me?
Ah! how deceptive is the world!
No, I cannot trust it.

And yet, do not allow
Your sole source of strength to falter,
If your only love does not love you,
For the sick only bitter death remains.

5. So You Will Kindly Pity a Poor Man

So you'll kindly pity
A poor man?
Is it, then, no dream?
How the streams ripple,
How the waves resound,
How the tree rustles!

I lay imprisoned
Deep within fearful walls,
Now daylight greets me;
How the sunbeams flicker!
They dazzle and color
My timid face.

And shall I believe it?
Will no one rob me
Of this precious illusion?
Yet dreams disappear,
Only loving is living:
A welcome path!

How free, how serene!
Hasten now, no further,
Discard your pilgrim's staff!
You have conquered,
You have found
The most blissful place of all!

6. How Then Shall I Bear the Joy

How then shall I bear the joy
And how the bliss?
So that, beneath the pulsing
Of my heart, my soul will not escape?

And should the hours
Of love now vanish,
Why crave
In a dreary desert
To prolong a life devoid of pleasure,
When flowers no longer bloom on the shore?

Wie geht mit bleibehangnen Füßen
Die Zeit bedächtig Schritt vor Schritt!
Und wenn ich werde scheiden müssen,
Wie federleicht fliegt dann ihr Tritt!

Schlage, sehnsüchtige Gewalt,
In tiefer treuer Brust!
Wie Lautenton vorüberhallt,
Entflieht des Lebens schönste Lust.
Ach, wie bald
Bin ich der Wonne mir kaum noch bewußt.

Rausche, rausche weiter fort,
Tiefer Strom der Zeit,
Wandelst bald aus Morgen Heut,
Gehst von Ort zu Ort;
Hast du mich bisher getragen,
Lustig bald, dann still,
Will es nun auch weiter wagen,
Wie es werden will.

Darf mich doch nicht elend achten,
Da die Einzge winkt,
Liebe läßt mich nicht verschmachten,
Bis dies Leben sinkt!
Nein, der Strom wird immer breiter,
Himmel bleibt mir immer heiter,
Fröhlichen Ruderschlags fahr ich hinab,
Bring Liebe und Leben zugleich an das Grab.

7. War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten

War es dir, dem diese Lippen bebten,
Dir der dargebotne süße Kuß?
Gibt ein irdisch Leben so Genuß?
Ha! wie Licht und Glanz vor meinen Augen
schwebten,
Alle Sinne nach den Lippen strebten!

In den klaren Augen blinkte
Sehnsucht, die mir zärtlich winkte,
Alles klang im Herzen wieder,
Meine Blicke sanken nieder,
Und die Lüfte tönnten Liebeslieder!

Wie ein Sternenpaar
Glänzten die Augen, die Wangen
Wiegten das goldene Haar,
Blick und Lächeln schwangen
Flügel, und die süßen Worte gar
Weckten das tiefste Verlangen:
O Kuß! wie war dein Mund so brennend rot!
Da starb ich, fand ein Leben erst im schönsten
Tod.

How time passes on leaden feet,
Step by deliberate step!
And when I must leave,
How feather-light its tread then flits!

Beat, O powerful longing,
Deep in my faithful heart!
Like the lute's dying strains,
The sweetest pleasures of life fade.
Ah, how soon
Till I'm scarcely aware of such bliss.

Flow onward, ever onward,
Deep river of time,
You soon turn tomorrow into today,
You move from place to place;
Since you have carried me thus far,
Now cheerful, now silent,
I shall venture further,
Come what may.

For I must not count myself wretched,
Since my beloved beckons me,
Love shall never let me languish,
Until this life is done!
No, the river grows ever broader,
The sky for me stays ever clear,
With happy strokes I row on down,
Bring love and life together to the grave.

7. Was it for you these lips quivered

Was it for you these lips quivered,
For you, that sweetly proffered kiss?
Can earthly life give such joy?
Ah! how light and radiance floated before my
eyes,
All my senses yearned for those lips!

In those clear eyes gleamed
A longing that tenderly beckoned me,
Everything echoed in my heart,
I lowered my gaze,
And the breezes resounded with songs of love!

Like twin stars
Her eyes shone, her cheeks
Cradled her golden hair,
Her looks and smiles took
Wing, and her sweet words
Awoke deepest longing:
O kiss, how your red lips burned!
There I died, and first found life in sweetest death.

8. Wir müssen uns trennen

Wir müssen uns trennen,
Geliebtes Saitenspiel,
Zeit ist es, zu rennen
Nach dem fernen, erwünschten Ziel.

Ich ziehe zum Streite,
Zum Raube hinaus,
Und hab ich die Beute,
Dann flieg ich nach Haus.

Im rötlichen Glanze
Entflieh ich mit ihr,
Es schützt uns die Lanze,
Der Stahlharnisch hier.

Kommt, liebe Waffenstücke,
Zum Scherz oft angetan,
Beschirmet jetzt mein Glück
Auf dieser neuen Bahn!

Ich werfe mich rasch in die Wogen,
Ich grüße den herrlichen Lauf,
Schon mancher ward niedergezogen,
Der tapfere Schwimmer bleibt oben auf.

Ha! Lust zu vergeuden
Das edele Blut!
Zu schützen die Freude,
Mein köstliches Gut!
Nicht Hohn zu erleiden,
Wem fehlt es an Mut?

Senke die Zügel,
Glückliche Nacht!
Spanne die Flügel,
Daß über ferne Hügel
Uns schon der Morgen lacht!

9. Ruhe Süßliebchen

Ruhe, Süßliebchen, im Schatten
Der grünen, dämmernden Nacht;
Es säuselt das Gras auf den Matten,
Es fächelt und kühlt dich der Schatten
Und treue Liebe wacht.
Schlafe, schlaf ein,
Leiser rauscht der Hain—
Ewig bin ich dein.

Schweigt, ihr versteckten Gesänge,
Und stört nicht die süßeste Ruh!
Es lauscht der Vögel Gedränge,
Es ruhen die lauten Gesänge,
Schließ, Liebchen, dein Auge zu.
Schlafe, schlaf ein,
Im dämmernden Schein,

8. We Must Part

We must part,
Beloved lute,
It is time to race
Toward the distant, longed-for-goal.

I set out for battle,
For spoils,
And with my booty,
I'll speed back home.

In the reddish glow
I'll escape with her,
This lance shall protect us,
And this steel armour.

Come, dear weapons,
Often donned in sport,
Protect now my happiness
On this new path!

I'll hurl myself into the waves,
I'll welcome their glorious surge,
Many have been dragged under,
The bold swimmer remains on the surface.

Ha! What pleasure
To shed noble blood!
To protect joy,
My treasured possession!
To suffer no scorn,
Who lack courage for that?

Slacken your reins,
Happy night!
Spread your wings,
So that over distant hills
Dawn shall soon smile on us!

9. Rest Sweetheart

Rest, my sweetheart, in the shadow
Of this green, fading night;
The grass rustles on the meadows,
The shadow fans and cools you,
And faithful love keeps watch.
Sleep, go to sleep,
The grove rustles more gently now,
I am yours for evermore.

Hush, you hidden songsters,
And do not disturb her sweetest rest!
The thronging birds listen,
The noisy songs are stilled,
Close your eyes, my love.
Sleep, go to sleep,
In the fading light

Ich will dein Wächter sein.

Murmelt fort, ihr Melodien,
Rausche nur, du stiller Bach.
Schöne Liebesphantasien
Sprechen in den Melodien,
Zarte Träume schwimmen nach.
Durch den flüsternden Hain
Schwärmen goldene Bienelein
Und summen zum Schlummer dich ein.

10. Verzweiflung

So tönet denn, schäumende Wellen,
Und windet euch rund um mich her!
Mag Unglück doch laut um mich bellen,
Erbost sein das grausame Meer!

Ich lache den stürmenden Wettern,
Verachte den Zorngrimm der Flut,
O mögen mich Felsen zerschmettern!
Denn nimmer wird es gut.

Nicht klag ich, und mag ich nun scheitern,
In wäßrigen Tiefen vergehn!
Mein Blick wird sich nie mehr erheitern,
Den Stern meiner Liebe zu sehn.

So wälzt euch bergab mit Gewittern,
Und raset, ihr Stürme, mich an,
Daß Felsen an Felsen zersplittern!
Ich bin ein verlorener Mann.

11. Wie schnell verschwindet

Wie schnell verschwindet
So Licht als Glanz,
Der Morgen findet
Verwelkt den Kranz,

Der gestern glühte
In aller Pracht,
Denn er verblühte
In dunkler Nacht.

Es schwimmt die Welle
Des Lebens hin,
Und färbt sich helle,
Hat's nicht Gewinn;

Die Sonne neiget,
Die Röte flieht,
Der Schatten steigt
Und Dunkel zieht:

So schwimmt die Liebe
Zu Wüsten ab,
Ach, daß sie bliebe
Bis an das Grab!

I shall watch over you.

Murmur on, you melodies,
Babble on, quiet brook,
Fair fantasies of love
Speak in those melodies,
Tender dreams float after them.
Through the whispering grove
Golden bees are swarming
And humming you to sleep.

10. Despair

Resound, then, foaming waves,
And coil yourselves around me!
Let misfortune rage loud around me,
And let the cruel sea roar!

I scoff at the raging gales,
Scorn the fury of the flood,
If only rocks would dash me to pieces!
For I shall never thrive.

I shall not complain, though I now founder,
And perish in watery depths!
Nevermore shall my gaze be cheered
By the sight of my love's star.

So thunder down the mountainside,
And rage at me, you storms,
So that rock shatters on rock!
I am a lost man.

11. How Soon They Vanish

How soon they vanish,
Radiance and light,
Morning finds
The garland withered

That yesterday glowed
In such splendour,
For its flowers faded
In dark night.

The wave of life
Rolls onwards,
Though bright its hue,
It profits nothing.

The sun sets,
The red glow departs,
The shadows rise
And darkness draws on:

So love drifts away
Into deserts,
Ah! would it endure
Until the grave!

Doch wir erwachen
Zu tiefer Qual:

Es bricht der Nachen,
Es löscht der Strahl,

Vom schönen Lande
Weit weggebracht
Zum öden Strande
Wo um uns Nacht.

12. Muß es eine Trennung geben

Muss es eine Trennung geben,
Die das treue Herz zerbricht?
Nein, dies nenne ich nicht leben,
Sterben ist so bitter nicht.

Hör ich eines Schäfers Flöte,
Härme ich mich inniglich,
Seh ich in die Abendröte,
Denk ich brünstiglich an dich.

Gibt es denn kein wahres Lieben?
Muss denn Schmerz und Trennung sein?
Wär ich ungeliebt geblieben,
Hätt ich doch noch Hoffnungsschein.

Aber so muss ich nun klagen:
Wo ist Hoffnung, als das Grab?
Fern muss ich mein Elend tragen,
Heimlich bricht das Herz mir ab.

13. Sulima

Geliebter, wo zaudert
Dein irrender Fuß?
Die Nachtigall plaudert
Von Sehnsucht und Kuß.

Es flüstern die Bäume
Im goldenen Schein,
Es schlüpfen mir Träume
Zum Fenster herein.

Ach! kennst du das Schmachten
Der klopfenden Brust?
Dies Sinnen und Trachten
Voll Qual und voll Lust?

Beflügle die Eile
Und rette mich dir,
Bei nächtlicher Weile
Entfliehn wir von hier.

Die Segel, sie schwellen,
Die Furcht ist nur Tand:
Dort, jenseit den Wellen
Ist väterlich Land.

But we awake
To deep torment:

The boat is wrecked,
The light extinguished,

We are borne far away
From our beautiful land
To a desolate shore,
Surrounded by night.

12. Must There Be a Parting?

Must there be a parting
That breaks the faithful heart?
No, I cannot call this living,
Dying is not so bitter.

When I hear a shepherd's pipe,
I suffer endless anguish,
When I see the setting sun,
I think ardently of you.

Does true love then not exist?
Must there be pain and parting?
Had I remained unloved,
I should still have a gleam of hope.

But this must now be my lament:
Where is hope but in the grave?
I must bear my grief far away,
Secretly my heart is breaking.

13. Sulima

Where, my love, do you tarry
And stray?
The nightingale tells
Of longing and kisses.

The trees whisper
In golden light,
Dreams steal in
Through my window.

Ah! do you know the yearning
Of a pounding heart?
This musing and striving
Full of torment and joy?

Give wings to your haste
And rescue me,
Under cover of night
We'll steal away.

The sails are swelling,
Your fear is but vain:
There beyond the waves
Is your fatherland.

Die Heimat entfliehet,
So fahre sie hin!
Die Liebe, sie ziehet
Gewaltig den Sinn.

Horch! wollüstig klingen
Die Wellen im Meer,
Sie hüpfen und springen
Mutwillig einher,

Und sollten sie klagen?
Sie rufen nach dir!
Sie wissen, sie tragen
Die Liebe von hier.

14. Wie froh und Frisch

Wie froh und frisch mein Sinn sich hebt,
Zurück bleibt alles Bangen,
Die Brust mit neuem Mute strebt,
Erwacht ein neu Verlangen.

Die Sterne spiegeln sich im Meer,
Und golden glänzt die Flut.—
Ich rannte taumelnd hin und her,
Und war nicht schlimm, nicht gut.

Doch niedergezogen
Sind Zweifel und wankender Sinn,
O tragt mich, ihr schaukelnden Wogen,
Zur längst ersehnten Heimat hin.

In lieber, dämmernder Ferne,
Dort rufen heimische Lieder,
Aus jeglichem Sterne
Blickt sie mit sanftem Auge nieder.

Ebne dich, du treue Welle,
Führe mich auf fernen Wegen
Zu der vielgeliebten Schwelle,
Endlich meinem Glück entgegen!

15. Treue Liebe dauert lange

Treue Liebe dauert lange,
Überlebet manche Stund,
Und kein Zweifel macht sie bange,
Immer bleibt ihr Mut gesund.

Dräuen gleich in dichten Scharen,
Fordern gleich zum Wankelmut
Sturm und Tod, setzt den Gefahren
Lieb entgegen, treues Blut.

Und wie Nebel stürzt zurücke,
Was den Sinn gefangen hält,
Und dem heitern Frühlingsblicke

My homeland recedes,
So let it go!
The power of love
Draws me on.

Listen! How seductively
The waves ring out,
They bound and leap
Playfully around us,

And why should they grieve?
They are summoning you!
They know they are taking
Love from here.

14. How Briskly and Brightly

How briskly and brightly my spirits soar,
All fear is left behind,
My heart strives with fresh courage,
Fresh longing awakes.

The stars are mirrored in the sea,
And the waves gleam with gold.
I ran reeling this way and that,
And was neither bad nor good.

But doubts and misgivings
Are now laid low;
Oh, carry me, you pitching waves,
To the homeland I've long desired.

In the dear, darkening distance
The songs of home are calling,
From every star
She gazes gently down.

Be calmed, O trusty waves,
Lead me along distant paths
To the much-loved threshold,
To happiness at last!

15. True Love Abides

True love abides,
Outlives many an hour,
And no doubts can make it fearful,
Its courage is always steadfast and sound.

Though death and disaster threaten,
Encouraging inconstancy
As they throng together—Love pits
Loyal blood against such perils.

And whatever held the spirit captive
Then recedes like mist,
And the wide world opens its doors

Öffnet sich die weite Welt.

To the cheerful gaze of spring.

Errungen,
Bezwungen
Von Lieb ist das Glück,
Verschwunden
Die Stunden,
Sie fliehen zurück:
Und selige Lust,
Sie stillet
Erfüllet
Die trunkene, wonneklopfende Brust;
Sie scheide
Von Leide
Auf immer,
Und nimmer
Entschwinde die liebliche, selige, himmlische
Lust!

Happiness
Is achieved,
Is compelled by love,
Vanished
Those hours,
They fly away;
And blissful delight
Stills,
Fulfils
The ecstatic breast that throbs with delight,
May it part
From sorrow
For ever,
And never
Fade, this lovely, blissful, heavenly delight!

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

MUSIC IN MIDTOWN
Fall 2023 Season

Music in Midtown is a series of free lunchtime concerts spotlighting the highly regarded musical performance program at the CUNY Graduate Center. Presented in the warm, intimate, acoustically rich Elebash Recital Hall, these performances feature the music program's renowned faculty, alumni, outstanding performers selected from students in the DMA program and noted guest artists. Some concerts are followed by a master class, which the public is invited to observe. Norman Carey is Director and John Musto is Assistant Director.

THURSDAYS at 1:00pm Elebash Hall

• **S E P T E M B E R**

09.21.23 Rolf Schulte, Violin and Joseph Liccardo, Piano

Renowned violinist and Graduate Center faculty, Rolf Schulte, opens Music In Midtown's fall season with a presentation of Mozart's Sonata in E-flat Major, K. 380, Janáček's Violin Sonata, and Sonata Op.120, No. 2 by Brahms. Schulte will be joined by Queens College faculty member, Joseph Liccardo.

• **O C T O B E R**

10.19.23 Christopher Pfund, Tenor and Hsiang Tu, Piano

Graduate Center DMA alum, Christopher Pfund returns to Elebash Hall with a performance of *Romanzen* aus Ludwig Tieck's Magelone, Op. 33 by Johannes Brahms. Pianist Hsiang Tu, praised by *The New York Times* for his "eloquent sensitivity," joins Pfund in this dramatic and richly romantic song cycle presentation.

• **N O V E M B E R**

11.02.23 Peter Vinograde, Piano

Long-time friend of the Music In Midtown concert series, Peter Vinograde presents a program including J.S. Bach's Fantasy in C Minor, BWV 906, Bach's Fantasy and Fugue in A Minor, BWV 944, Sonata No. 4 by George Walker and Sonata No. 2 in F-sharp Minor, Op. 2, by Johannes Brahms.

11.16.23 Chamber Music on Fifth I

Music In Midtown presents a chamber music concert featuring a stellar group of musicians from the DMA performance. Performers may include Lora Al-Ahmad, Samuel Andonian, Claire Bourg, Ethan Brown, Robert Carlson, Tiffany Chang, Amber Evans, Meera Gudipadi, Abigail Hong, Nenad Ivovic, Ryan Jung, Ellen Kim, Allen Liang, Joseph Staten, Sean Statser, Sophia Stoyanovich, Aaron Wolff, and Mizuho Yoshimune.
Program TBA.

11.30.23 Chamber Music on Fifth II

Music In Midtown ends the fall semester with a program of chamber works performed by our extraordinary artists in the DMA program in music performance. Performers may include Lora Al-Ahmad, Samuel Andonian, Claire Bourg, Ethan Brown, Robert Carlson, Tiffany Chang, Amber Evans, Meera Gudipadi, Abigail Hong, Nenad Ivovic, Ryan Jung, Ellen Kim, Allen Liang, Joseph Staten, Sean Statser, Sophia Stoyanovich, Aaron Wolff, and Mizuho Yoshimune. Program TBA.

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