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## A Recital of Brahms Lieder

Donald Armstrong Baritone  
*Illinois State University*

Margaret Armstrong Soprano

Elizabeth Deckwerth Piano

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ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

presents

A RECITAL OF BRAHMS LIEDER

DONALD ARMSTRONG, Baritone  
MARGARET ARMSTRONG, Soprano  
ELIZABETH DECKWERTH, Piano

8:15 p.m.

April 21, 1968

Centennial Lecture Hall

PROGRAM

VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE, OPUS 121

-BRIEF INTERMISSION-

ZWÖLF DEUTSCHE VOLKSLIEDER

## TRANSLATIONS

### Four Serious Songs, Opus 121

#### 1. Ecclesiastes 3: 19-22

For it is true of Man as of the beasts;  
As they die, so Man dies also;  
And they all have a single breath;  
And Man has no more than the beasts,  
For all else is vanity.  
They all go to a single place;  
They all are made of dust,  
And return to dust.  
Who knows whether the spirit of Man goes upwards  
And that of the beasts downwards under the earth?  
Therefore I perceive that nothing is better  
Than that Man be content in his work,  
For that is his place.  
For who will bring him again here,  
So that he may see what was done by him?

#### 2. Ecclesiastes 4: 1-3

I therefore turned, and looked on everything,  
On all the oppression committed under the sun.  
And behold, there were tears of them who bore the oppression,  
And they had no comforter.  
And they that committed these oppressions had such power,  
That the oppressed could not have comfort.  
Then I praised the dead who have already died  
More than the living who still live;  
But he that is not born yet is better than both,  
For he does not perceive the things done beneath the sun.

#### 3. Ecclesiasticus, or The Wisdom of Jesus Sirach 41: 1-2

O death, how bitter are you, when a man thinks on you,  
A man who has good days and plenty, and lives without care,  
And for whom everything goes well, and always eats fully.  
O death, how kindly you deal with the needy,  
Who are tired and old, who bear every care,  
And who hope for nothing better than to await you.

#### 4. Corinthians 13: 1-3, 12-13

If I could speak in both Man's and Angel's tongues,  
And had not love,  
I would be as sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.  
And if I could speak wisely and know all mysteries,  
And all knowledge, and had all faith, so that I could move  
mountains,  
And had not love, I would be nothing.  
If I gave all I had to the poor,  
And allowed my body to be burned,  
And had not love, I would be worth nothing.  
Now we see as in a mirror, in dark images,  
But then we'll see face to face.  
Now I know partially,  
But then I'll know as I am known.  
But now remain faith, hope, love, these three;  
But love is the greatest among them.

## 1. SAGT MIR, O SCHÖNSTE SCHÄF'RIN MEIN

--Tell, me, my fair shepherd maid,  
apple of every eye!  
May I not come in to you  
and be your herdsman true?  
I have long stood before your door;  
O shepherd maid, open to me  
the door, the door, the door!

--Who's there? Who knocks at my door,  
wanting to come in to me?  
I do not open my little hut  
and never let anyone in;  
even if he were the most handsome,  
he would not make my heart grieve  
in vain, in vain, in vain!

--The dark night has led me astray  
in the forest, beloved child!  
I beg you, banish fear from your thoughts  
and open to me soon;  
always have I borne myself  
as fitting for a true herdsman,  
always, always, always.

--O worthy shepherd! Take shelter  
with me, both here and now;  
so truly I love, I will never turn  
my steps away from you.  
My heart is yours, O worthy shepherd  
until the world has made of love  
an end, an end, an end!

## 2. ERLAUBE MIR, FEIN'S MADCHEN

Allow me, my fine maiden,  
to enter your garden  
that there I may see  
how pretty your roses are.  
Allow me to pluck some  
at the height of their season;  
their beauty, their youth  
has cheered my heart.

O maiden, O maiden,  
poor lonely child,  
whoever did put  
the idea in your head  
that I did not want to see  
the roses in your garden?  
You please my eyes,  
that is all I know.

## 3. ACH, ENGLISCHE SCHÄFERIN

--Ah, English shepherd maid,  
give ear to my plea,  
and let me go into  
(1) your little green hut!  
I have stayed too long  
hunting in the wood,  
and the night, I fear,  
is terrible and cold!

--Ah yes, my dear huntsman,  
then what do you here?  
Have you in the green  
(2) of the forest no shelter?  
For you to stay here,  
that just cannot be;  
my door is barred,  
and I let no one in!

--Ah, English shepherd maid,  
most honorable child,  
your charming features  
(3) have bewitched me quite;  
if I could refresh myself  
and ease my pain,  
I would abandon the forest  
and be only a shepherd!

--Ah, beloved huntsman,  
so late in the night,  
it is love alone  
(4) that nails you to your cross!  
If I am to look with favor  
and ease your pain,  
and be your shepherd maid,  
then come back by day.

--Ah, English shepherd maid,  
why then so proud?  
Your little bed  
(5) is only made of wood!  
If I were to lie there  
it would be nothing to me;  
as God wills, shepherd maid,  
I must go on my way.

--Ah, my dear huntsman,  
why do I delay you?  
You came to me by night,  
(6) and so I am pleased:  
You may love another  
and I wish you success;  
come no more to me  
at my shepherd's hut.

## 4. MARIA GING AUS WANDERN

Mary went a-wandering  
(1) into a foreign land  
until she found God the Lord.

She found him there  
(2) in front of Herod's house,  
looking so sorrowful.

He had to bear the cross  
(3) outside Jerusalem's walls  
where he would martyred be.

What did he wear upon his head?  
(4) A sharp crown of thorns,  
as he carried the cross.

Thus should all men remember,  
(5) be they young or old,  
even Heaven suffers God's rule.

DA UNTEN IM TALE

-Down in the valley  
the water runs muddy,  
and I cannot tell you  
how much I love you.

(3)

--If I say ten times over  
that I do love you,  
you will not understand  
and I must go on my way.

-If you speak ever of love  
and speak ever of faith,  
a little falsehood  
is sure to be there!

(4)

--For the time that you loved me  
I give you fair thanks,  
and I hope that you will fare  
better elsewhere.

GUTEN ABEND, GUTEN ABEND, MEIN TAUSIGER SCHATZ

-Good evening, good evening, sweet treasure,  
I bid you good evening;  
will you come to me or I go to you,  
give me an answer, my angel!

-I go to you, you come to me?  
That were no honor to me;  
you will go from me to another maiden,  
that I sense very well, my angel!

-Farewell, my treasure, for I have heard  
that you love another more;  
so I shall go upon my way,  
and God take care of you, my angel!

-Oh no, I do not love any other,  
I trust not godless men;  
come to me, or I will come to you  
and we will be true, my angel!

ES WAR EINE SCHÖNE JÜDIN

There was a fair Jewess,  
a wondrous fair woman,  
with a pretty daughter  
whose hair was all in braids  
as if for a dance.

(4)

--"If you will be baptized,  
you shall be my wife."  
--"Before I am baptized  
I would rather be drowned  
in the deep, deep sea.

-"Ah Mother, dearest Mother,  
my heart pains me so;  
let me for a little while  
troll through the green fields  
until I feel well."

(5)

Good night, Father and Mother,  
and my proud Brother too;  
you will never see me more!  
The sun is gone down  
into the deep, deep sea."

-When the mother turned aside,  
her daughter ran to the street  
where the clerks were found.  
-"Ah, dearest clerk of mine,  
my heart grieves me so."

8. ACH GOTT, WIE WEH TUT SCHEIDEN

Ah God, how painful is parting,  
for it has wounded my heart,  
that I wander over the fields  
and moan all through the day.  
The day is so long,  
for my heart bears secret sorrow,  
though I was wont to be merry.

I made myself a garden  
with violets and clover;  
it froze early in the year  
and wounded my heart.  
It froze while the sun shone,  
that flower that never  
will I ever forget.

The flower that I mean  
is of a noble shape,  
and pure in virtue  
with a delicate mouth;  
and her beautiful eyes,  
when I think of them,  
how gladly would I see them again!

9. FEINSLIEBCHEN, DU SOLLST MIR NICHT BARFUSS  
GEH'N

--"Dear sweetheart, you should not go barefoot;  
you will tear your pretty little feet."

--"How could I not go barefoot,  
for I have no shoes to put on?"

--"Dear sweetheart, if you will be mine,  
I will buy you a fine pair of shoes!"

--"How could I ever be yours,  
for I am a poor serving maid?"

--"Be you ever so poor, I will take you,  
for you still have your honor and faith."

--"My honor and faith no one has taken;  
I am as my mother bore me."

--"And honor and faith are better than gold;  
I shall take the wife who pleases me."

What did he draw from his satchel fine?  
My heart! A golden ring!

ES GING EIN MAIDLEIN ZARTE

A gentle maiden went out  
early in the morning hour  
into her flower garden,  
fresh, hale and hearty;  
she wanted to pluck many a flower  
to make a pretty garland  
of silver and of gold.

(3)

Up to her came stealing  
a truly terrible man;  
his color was all pale  
and he had no garment on.  
He had no flesh, no blood, no hair,  
for his flesh and sinews  
were all fallen away.

(4)

SCHWESTERLEIN, WANN GEH'N WIR NACH HAUS?

--Sister dear, sister dear,  
when will we go home?  
--Tomorrow when the cocks crow  
we will go home again,  
brother dear, brother dear,  
then we will go home.

--Sister dear, sister dear,  
when will we go home?  
--Tomorrow when day breaks,  
before the celebration ends,  
brother dear, brother dear,  
the merry uproar.

--Sister dear, sister dear,  
it is surely time.  
--My lover is dancing with me;  
if I go, he will dance with her,  
brother dear, brother dear,  
leave me, and now.

--Sister dear, sister dear,  
why are you so pale?  
--That is the morning light  
shining on my cheek,  
brother dear, brother dear,  
wet with the dew.

--Sister dear, sister dear,  
why do you fall so weakly?  
--Go find the chamber door,  
find my own little bed;  
brother dear, how sweet it will be  
under the sod.

"O Death, let me live,  
and take all the servants!  
My father will give them to you  
if he finds me living;  
I am his only daughter,  
and he would not give me up  
for a thousand good guilders."

He took her away with him  
for she was the weaker;  
all her pleading availed not,  
and he laid her in the grass  
and calmed her youthful heart;  
there lies the gentle maiden,  
full of bitter grief and pain.

12. JUNGFRÄULEIN, SOLL ICH MIT EUCH GEH'N

--Young maiden, would I might go with you  
into your rose garden,  
there where the red roses grow,  
so delicate and fine,  
and where a tree grows too,  
bending its leafy branches,  
and a cool fountain  
flowing there beneath it.

--Into my garden you may not go  
on this early morning;  
you will never find the garden key,  
for it is hidden here.  
It is so well closed up,  
so well kept under guard,  
that a lad would need fine training  
before he entered my garden.

--In my sweetheart's garden  
there grows many a flower;  
if God will it, I shall serve her well,  
for that is my mind and will;  
to pluck the red roses,  
for they are at full bloom,  
is what I hope to gain  
from her who guides my heart.

--Good fellow, what you ask of me,  
that can and may not be;  
you would crush under foot  
the dearest of my flowers.  
So turn your steps away  
and go where you belong;  
you mean to dishonor me,  
and that really would not be right.

--There high up on the mountain  
there stands a miller's wheel  
that grinds out nothing but love  
all night and into day.  
When the mill is broken  
love comes to a stop;  
so God bless you, my gentle love,  
I go off to my misery.