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Die Winterreise, February 9, 1969

Donald Armstrong Baritone
Illinois State University

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ILLINOIS STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

PRESENTS

DIE WINTERREISE (THE WINTER'S JOURNEY)

OPUS 89

FRANZ SCHUBERT

DONALD ARMSTRONG, BARITONE

DON L. PETERSON, PIANIST

8:15 P.M.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1969

CENTENNIAL LECTURE HALL

Both song cycles by Franz Schubert, Die schöne Müllerin and Die Winterreise, are concerned with death brought on by unrequited love. Whereas the earlier cycle about the miller maid and miller boy (composed in 1823) presents a declension of human feelings from happiness through love to despair and finally suicide, Die Winterreise begins and ends with despair, progressing through loneliness, lost hope, desire for death, and madness. The winter journey is primarily constructed of introspective preoccupations of a forlorn person, with few objective incidents or characters entering the scene. It is completely within the mind and soul of the singer that the journey takes its toll. Any literalistic interpretation of the cycle will present only part of the artistic whole.

Die Winterreise was composed during the year of 1827, the year of the death of Beethoven and the year before Schubert's own death. Although the composer was suffering greatly from various illnesses, and although many have tried to make Die Winterreise into something far more than an artistic outpouring by a melodic genius, 1827 saw the composition of much music that had no gloom about it at all. It is no doubt true that Schubert saw in the poem cycle by Wilhelm Müller some sentiment and "sound" which struck a responsive note in his own mind. Schubert felt that Die Winterreise was his finest vocal work, and in both technical and emotional terms, few would disagree.

The performance of a song cycle is a whole. The audience must enter into the artistic recreation with the singer and pianist if anything approaching full understanding is to result. Only through following the song texts will the dramatic progression be witnessed, and the full power of the composer's work be felt. It is requested that applause be withheld until after the eleventh song, when a ten-minute intermission will occur, and after the final song. It is further requested that page turning of the program be carefully done, and only after the music has stopped at the end of each page. These two requests will aid in achieving the true chamber spirit sought in such a performance.

I. Good Night

As a stranger I came,
As a stranger I depart.
The month of May favored me
With many bouquets.

The maiden spoke of love,
Her mother even of marriage;
Now the world is dreary,
The path covered with snow.

For my journey
I cannot choose the time;
I must find my own way
In this darkness.

My shadow cast by the moon
Goes with me as a companion,
And on the white fields
I seek the tracks of deer.

Why should I wait longer
So someone can drive me out?
Let your hounds howl
Before her father's house!

Love loves to wander—
God has made it so—
From one to another.
Dear sweetheart, good night!

I will not disturb your dreams;
That would spoil your rest.
You shall not hear my footsteps.
Soft, soft, I shut the door.

I write, in departing,
On your door: good night.
So you might see
I thought of you.

II. The Weather Vane

The wind plays with the weather vane
On my lovely sweetheart's house.
I thought, in my madness,
It hissed at the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed before
That sign standing on the house.
Then he would never have sought
In the house the image of a true woman.

wind plays with hearts in there
c does on the roof, though not so loud.
should they inquire of my grief?
r child is a rich bride!

Frozen Tears

ten droplets fall
n from my cheeks;
it escaped me then
I have been weeping?

now tears, my tears,
are you so lukewarm
you freeze to ice
the cool dew of morning!

yet you burst out of the well
ny breast so fiercely hot
F you would melt
of winter's ice!

Numbness

k in the snow in vain
her foot prints,
he she, in my arms,
used the green fields.

I kiss the ground
cing through ice and snow
my scalding tears
I see the earth.

re will I find a blossom,
re will I find green grass?
blossoms have died away,
grass looks so bleak.

ere then no souvenir
I can take from here?
n my grief is silent,
will speak to me of her?

heart seems frozen,
image is cold and stiff within;
y heart ever thaws again,
image will flit away.

The Lime Tree

he well before the door
e stands a lime tree.
amed in its shade
many sweet dreams.

I carved in its bark
So many love words.
In joy and sorrow
I was always drawn to it.

And today I had to wander
By it in the deep night,
And even in the dark
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
As if calling to me:
'Come here to me, friend,
Here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
Straight into my face,
The hat flew from my head-
But I did not turn around.

Now I am many hours
Away from that place,
And I still always hear the rustling:
'You would have found rest there!'

VI. Flood

Many tears from my eyes
Have fallen in the snow.
Its cold flakes drink in
Thirstily the hot pain.

When the grass is ready to grow,
A warm wind blows there.
And the ice breaks into fragments,
And the soft snow melts.

Snow, you know of my longing-
Tell me, where is your course?
Just follow my tears
And soon the brook will take you in.

With him you will course through the town
In and out of merry streets.
When you feel my tears glowing,
There is my sweetheart's house!

VII. On the River

You that rushed so gaily,
You clear, wild river-
How still you have become,
And give me no farewell.

With a hard, stiff crust
You have covered yourself,
And you lie cold and motionless
Stretched out in the sand.

Into your crust I carve
With a sharp stone
The name of my sweetheart,
And an hour and a day:

The day of our first greeting,
And the day I went away.
Around name and numbers winds
A broken ring.

My heart, in this brook
Do you recognize your own image?!
Perhaps beneath its crust
There is also a violent surging?

VIII. Backward Glance

The soles of both feet burn
Even though I tread on ice and snow.
I do not want to draw breath again
Until I can no longer see the towers.

Upon every stone I fell,
I hurried out of the town so.
The ravens threw snowballs and hail
At my hat from every house.

How differently you welcomed me,
You unfaithful town!
In your bright windows sang
Larks and nightingales in rivalry.

The round lime trees blossomed,
The canals rushed clear and bright.
And oh, two maiden eyes glistened!
Then you were done for, friend!

When that day comes into my thoughts,
I want to look back once again;
I long to totter back again,
To stand quietly before her house.

IX. Will-o'-the-Wisp

Into the deepest rocky valleys
A will-o'-the-wisp lured me.
How I'm going to find a way out
Doesn't bother me much.

I am used to going astray.
Every way leads certainly to the goal.
Our joys, our sorrows,
All a will-o'-the-wisp's game!

Through the mountain stream's dry cut
I wind my way calmly down.
Every stream will reach the sea,
Every sorrow also its grave.

X. Rest

Now I notice how tired I am
Since I lie down to rest.
My wandering kept me merry
Upon the unmerciful road.

My feet asked for no rest-
It was too cold to stand still.
My back felt no burden-
The storm helped drive me on.

In a charcoal-burner's narrow hut
I have found shelter.
Yet my joints do not rest
Their wounds burn so.

And you, my heart in battle and storm,
So wild and so bold,
Feel in the stillness, for the first time,
your serpent
With its hot sting stirring!

XI. Spring Dream

I dreamed of colorful blooms,
As they blossom so much in May;
I dreamed of green fields,
Of merry bird-calls.

And when the cocks crowed,
My eyes were awakened.
It was cold and dark there;
The ravens screeched from the roof.

But upon the window panes,
Who painted the leaves there?!
You laugh indeed at the dreamer
Who saw blooms in winter?

I dreamed of love for love,
Of one lovely maid,
Of embracing and kissing,
Of joy and happiness.

And when the cocks crowed,
My heart was awakened.
Now I sit here alone
And think of my dream.

I close my eyes again;
Yet my heart beats so hot.
When will you be green, leaves on the
windows?
When will I hold my sweetheart in my
arms?

Loneliness

sombre cloud
through clear skies
in the fir tree tops,
gentle breeze wafts-

take up my journey
with slow foot,
though clear, happy life,
and without greeting.

that the air is so calm!
that the world is so bright!
the storms still raged
not so wretched as this.

The Post

The road here a posthorn sounds.
is it, that you leap so high,
heart?

post brings no letter for you.
when do you insist so strangely,
heart?

yes, the post comes out of the town
e I had a lovely sweetheart,
heart!

and you perhaps look back there once
ask how all is going,
heart?!

The Gray Head

frost, a white sheen,
strewed upon my hair.
I believed myself to be already old,
rejoiced greatly.

soon it melted away;
in have black hair,
at I dread my youth,
far still to the coffin!

in evening to morning
heads will become gray.
d believe it? mine has not
this entire journey.

The Crow

ow went with me
f the town.
still today, round and round,
g above my head.

Crow, you strange creature,
Will you not leave me?
Do you think that, soon, as victim,
You'll claim my body?

Well, there is not much further to go
Upon my walking stick.
Crow, let me at last find my way
Truly to the grave!

XVI. Final Hope

Here and there upon the trees
Is still to be seen a colorful leaf,
And I stand before the trees
Often in thought.

I gaze upon that one leaf,
I hang my hope upon it.
When the wind plays with my leaf,
I tremble as hard as I can.

Oh, and the leaf falls to the ground!
Falls down with it my hope!
I too fall to the ground
To weep upon my hope's grave!

XVII. In the Village

The hounds bark, they rattle their chains.
The people sleep in their beds.
They dream many dreams of what
they have not,
They refresh themselves with good and bad.

And in the morning, everything dissolves.
Oh well, they have enjoyed their share,
And hope that, what is left over,
They'll find again upon their pillows.

Bark me away, you watching hounds,
Let me not rest in the hour of slumber!
I am at the end of all my dreams.
Why should I hesitate among the sleepers?

XVIII. Stormy Morning

How the storm has ripped
The gray garment of the heaven!
The wisps of clouds flutter
Around up there in tired contest.

And red flames
Flash there between them:
This I call a morning
Just right according to my mind!

My heart sees in the heaven
Its own image painted-
It is nothing but the winter,
The winter cold and wild!

XIX. Delusion

A light danced gaily before me here.
I follow it back and forth.
I follow it gladly, and watch it,
For it tempts the wanderer.

Oh, whoever is wretched as I
Gives himself gladly to a colorful trick
That, beyond ice and night and horror,
Shows him a bright, warm house
And a lovely life within.
Only delusion is the prize for me!

XX. The Signpost

Why then do I avoid the roads
Where the other wanderers go,
And seek for me hidden paths
Through snow bound rocky heights?

I have certainly committed no error
That I should shun men,
Which foolish longing
Drives me into the wilderness?

Signposts stand upon the roads
Pointing toward the towns.
And I wander (without possessions)
Without rest, and seeking rest.

One signpost I see standing
Immovably before my gaze.
One road must I go on,
From which none has yet returned.

XXI. The Inn

To a graveyard
Has my way brought me.
Right here will I turn in,
I thought to myself.

XXIV. The Organ Grinder Man

Over there beyond the village stands an organ grinder man,
And with numb fingers he cranks as well as he can.
Barefoot upon the ice he totters here and there,
And his little tray remains ever empty.
No one wants to hear him, no one sees him,
And the hounds growl around the old man.
But he lets everything go as it will,
He cranks, and his organ grinder is never quiet.
Strange old one, shall I go with you?
Will you crank out my songs on your organ grinder?

You green funeral wreaths
Could well be the signs
That invite tired wanderers
Into the cool inn.

In this house, then,
Are all the rooms taken?
I am tired enough to sink down,
I am sorely wounded to death.

Oh, unpitying inn keeper,
Will you then turn me out?
Then further, always further,
My loyal walking stick!

XXII. Courage

If the snow flies into my face,
I shake it off.
When my heart speaks in my breast,
I sing brightly and merrily;

I hear not what it says to me,
I have no ears;
I feel not what it wails to me,
Wailing is for fools.

Gaily on into the world,
Against wind and weather!
If there is no God on earth,
We ourselves are gods!

XXIII. The Mock Suns

Three suns I saw standing in the heaven.
I have looked long and steadily at them.
And they also stand there so firmly
As if they would not leave me.
Oh, you are not my suns!
Look then into others' faces!
Oh yes, recently I had three indeed:
Now the two best are down.
If only the third would go down there!
In the dark I would be so much better.