



Lang sings Lang

JENNIFER LANG MEZZO-SOPRANO
HARALD KREBS PIANO

PROGRAM

Josephine Lang (1815–1880)

Mignons Klage, Op. 10, No. 2

Abschied, Op. 10, No. 6

Die Schwalben, Op. 10, No. 3

O sehnstest du dich so nach mir, Op. 14, No. 1

Und wieder ist ein Tag dahin, WoO

Ach, ich denke, WoO

Vögelein, Op. 14, No. 5

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We acknowledge and respect the Lekwungen peoples on whose traditional territory the university stands and the Songhees, Esquimalt and WSÁNEĆ peoples whose historical relationships with the land continue to this day.

TRANSLATIONS

By Sharon and Harald Krebs

JOSEPHINE LANG (1815–1880)

***Mignons Klage* (Mignon's Lament), Op. 10, No. 2**

Only those familiar with yearning
Know what I suffer!
Alone and separated
From all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
Toward every side.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
Is far away.
I am growing dizzy,
My innards are on fire.
Only those familiar with yearning
Know what I suffer!

***Abschied* (Farewell), Op. 10, No. 6**

I loved you, and ah, I must renounce [you].
I do not rage at you, I rage at fate.
If you shall ever ask me about my tears,
You may just give yourself the answer back.

I loved you, I do not wish to conceal it,
Even if pain was the only end of the long yearning.
Is love not the lot of beautiful souls,
And is feeling not rewarded with feeling?

I love you, and I cannot forget you;
Yet I shall remain silent with restrained pain,
I shall press all my grief into a single tear,
Into a single sigh my crushed heart.

As my ideal you shall now hover before me:
What I thought and felt I shall dedicate to you.
You shall fan the embers of my imagination,
You shall be my song and my muse.

Leave me the joy of worshipping you in spirit,
Of embracing your image in sweet dreams,
Leave me the comfort of the quiet tears of melancholy,
The wondrously sweet delusion of nearness of spirits!

So fare thee well! never shall your image desert me,
Even if your heart soon forgets mine;
I have forgiven you and fate,
And I am gladdened, if only you are happy.

***Die Schwalben* (The Swallows), Op. 10, No. 3**

The snow is gone, has flowed away
Into the great, vast ocean.
The swallows have returned,
They came back, I know not whence.
I only know that they found each other again,
Because love does not abandon love,
And they are setting up house here,
For love builds a nest for love.
Often when they had flown away,
And the time of flowers approached,
Then they came flying back again;
They came, what concern was it of mine?
I was happiest when I saw them leave
For a warmer clime far away.
I could not stand their chatter,
Of which I as yet understood nothing.

***O sehntest du dich so nach mir* (Oh, if you yearned for me),
Op. 14, No. 1**

Oh, if you yearned for me
As I yearn for you,
You would come to me.

My eye is nothing but a beam [of light] seeking you,
Full of sweet torture.
Oh come to me just once!

In my ear, everywhere,
Constantly echoes
Your dear word!

If you yearned for me
As I for you,
You would already be here!

***Und wieder ist ein Tag dahin* (And again a day has passed),
WoO**

And again a day has passed,
And still no word from you --
I know not how I crept about
All day until evening!

I know not how I stood and walked,
What my eye did and my ear,
For oh, before my soul there hung
A black shroud.

I know not what I thought in my pain,
For whatever I wanted to think,
It was as if a hammer struck my heart,
As if it was about to burst!

***Ach, ich denke* (Oh, I think), WoO**

Oh, I think of,
Oh I lose myself,
In her image day and night!
And no greeting
From the sweet one, --
Oh, I would never have thought [that this could happen]!

Oh, I gaze
Deep into the blue heavens
Until my eye is filled with tears.
Oh, I listen to discover
If there is a swishing of her garments
Even though she is far from me.

To the birds, the breezes,
Clouds, scents,
I impart the most profoundly meaningful messages,
But heedlessly
You permit them
To roam and ramble past you.

Thus you miss,
Thus you dream away
The only thing that gives me peace?
You feel no pain
In your heart?
You have ceased to love so soon?

***Vögelein* (Little Bird), Op. 14, No. 5**

A little bird
Flies above the Rhine
And waves its wings
In the sunshine.
It sees vineyards
And green water.
How enjoyable it is
To be up so high
In the morning breeze!
If only I, too, could be
Up there with the little bird!

***Auf dem See in tausend Sterne* (Upon the Lake into a Thousand Stars), Op. 14, No. 6**

On the lake the sun has fragmented itself
Into a thousand stars,
Such that, far and wide, the lake
Quivers like a sea of fire.

Thus into the waves of my life
Your dear image sank down,
And from a thousand wellsprings of joy
New songs constantly burst forth.

Fair sailor-maiden, do you dare
To enter into this shimmering sea?
Come, oh come! And let it always
Glowingly crash about you!

***Ob ich manchmal dein gedenke* (Do I sometimes think of you), Op. 27, No. 3**

Do I sometimes think of you?
If you only knew how often!
Draw unto yourself even the shadows
Of my dreaming thoughts!

Day and night, and at all hours,
Oh, all those words do not express it;
You alone, since we found each other,
Are the substance of my utterances.

I see everything else wafting
About me like dreams and illusions!
To think of you is my very life!
To love you is my existence.

***Mein Stern* (My Star), Op. 34, No. 1**

Why should I hanker after the stars
Up above so far from me?
My star shines here,
Not in the remote distance!

You are my star; close to me,
The constant star – that is you,
The star about which I always revolve,
The star to which I belong.

But just as never
Star unites with star,
I am, alas, so near
And yet so far from your shimmering light.

***Das Paradies* (Paradise), Op. 25, No. 6**

In paradise there must flow
A river of eternal love!
And every tear of longing
Must be a pearl within it.

In paradise there must waft
A zephyr that stills pain!
And every sorrow, and yours as well,
Must dissolve and disappear in it!

There stands the cool tree of peace,
Planted in green spaces,
And under that tree it must be possible to dream
A quiet dream of rest and happiness.

***Die Wolken* (The Clouds), Op. 25, No. 5**

Quickly as arrows they go by.
Oh, if you but knew how far and whereto!
You would be so glad to fly from here!
Lightly as birds in the airy expanse,
You would fly there at the edge of the clouds,
To attain light and life!