



Grimm sings Grimm & Lang sings Lang

ANNE GRIMM SOPRANO
JENNIFER LANG MEZZO-SOPRANO
HARALD KREBS PIANO

PROGRAM

Mignons Klage, Op. 10, No. 2
Abschied, Op. 10, No. 6
Die Schwalben, Op. 10, No. 3
O sehntest du dich so nach mir, Op. 14, No. 1
Und wieder ist ein Tag dahin, WoO
Ach, ich denke, WoO

Josephine Lang
(1815–1880)

Jennifer Lang, mezzo-soprano
Harald Krebs, piano

Sechs Lieder und Gesänge, Op. 18
Es kommen die Tage
Ständchen
Dämmerung senkte sich von oben
Jetzt ist er hinaus in die weite Welt
Frühlingsgedränge
Der Traum

Julius Otto Grimm
(1827–1903)

Sechs Lieder, Op. 1
In der Mondnacht
Ach, es sitzt mein Lieb und weint
Am See

Anne Grimm, soprano
Harald Krebs, piano

Vögelein, Op. 14, No. 5
Auf dem See in tausend Sterne, Op. 14, No. 6
Ob ich manchmal dein gedenke, Op. 27, No. 3
Mein Stern, Op. 34, No. 1
Das Paradies, Op. 25, No. 6
Die Wolken, Op. 25, No. 5

Josephine Lang

Jennifer Lang, mezzo-soprano
Harald Krebs, piano

We acknowledge and respect the Lekwungen peoples on whose traditional territory the university stands and the Songhees, Esquimalt and W̱SÁNEĆ 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?

OTTO JULIUS GRIMM (1827–1903)

Sechs Lieder und Gesänge, Op. 18

No. 1: *Es kommen die Tage* (The days come)

The days come, the nights pass,
The sun shines, the stars as well;
I lean at my window night and day
And gaze after the wandering clouds
Into the broad, endless distance.

Down below along the streets
Many industrious, happy people are walking;
With rejoicing jests and loud singing
And with the shrill sound of violins
A wedding party came by today.

What did I care about the friendly greeting
That many a comrade sent me?
With sweet force my eye is drawn
To where I saw your fleeing, beautiful form
For the last time.

To be sure, the sun shines; so brightly blink
The stars on the vault of heaven:
How I once loved them and was fond of them,
But ah! no bright star shines for me
Since you departed for faraway places!

No. 2: *Ständchen* (Serenade)

Roses, which with crimson bouquets
Twine yourselves around the quiet house,
Breathe ye the sweet
Scent into
Her little window,
Weave dreams for her, beautiful and pure,
For her, who is herself like a rose!

Silvery moon, only you alone
Gaze into the chaste little chamber
Where she sleeps, the sweet one;
Unrecognized
Upon the wall
With your hand of light write
Many greetings of my heart to her!

Rosebush and moonlight,
Do you wish to do what I've asked?
Do me that favour!
Greet her for me,
Tell her
That she is dear and valuable to me,
My one and only among all others!

No. 3: *Dämmerung senkte sich von oben* (Twilight descended from on high)

Twilight descended from on high,
All nearness is already far;
But first to be lifted up
With its lovely light is the evening star!
Everything sways into uncertainty,
Mists creep aloft;
Reflecting deep black darkness,
The lake rests.

Now along the eastern realm
I discern moonlight and glowing,
The hair-like twigs of slender willows
Jest upon the nearby waters.
Through the moving play of shadows
Trembles the magical radiance of the moon,
And through my eyes coolness passes
Comfortingly into my heart.

No. 4: *Jetzt ist er hinaus in die weite Welt* (Now he has gone off into the wide world)

Now he has gone off into the wide world,
Took no farewell,
You lively musician in forest and field,
You sun that brightens my day,
When shall you return to me?

I had hardly looked properly into his eyes
When the dream was already ended.
Oh Love, why do you bring people together,
Oh Love, why do you fan the sweet flame,
When things change so quickly and sadly?

No. 5: *Frühlingsgedränge* (Tumult of Springtime)

Children of spring in a colourful tumult,
Fluttering blossoms, scented breezes,
Languishing, rejoicing love songs
Dash themselves at my heart from out of every bush.
Children of spring swarm about my heart,
Whisper into [it] with flattering words,
Call into [it] with intoxicated clamouring,
Rattle at long-locked gates.
Children of spring, encircling my heart,
What do you seek so urgently therein?
Did I recently disclose it to you in a dream,
While slumbering under the blossoming tree?
Did the morning winds bring you the tidings
That I have enshrined in my heart
Your lovely playmate,
That I secretly and blissfully carry her image there?

No. 6: *Der Traum* (The Dream)

In the most beautiful of gardens there wandered
Two lovers hand in hand,
Two pale, sick figures,
They sat in the flowery landscape.

They kissed each other's cheeks,
They kissed each other's lips,
They held each other tightly,
They became young and healthy.

Two little bells rang out brightly,
The dream vanished immediately;
She lay in the cell of a nunnery,
He far away in a deep dungeon.

Sechs Lieder, Op. 1

No. 1: *In der Mondnacht* (In the moonlit night)

In the moonlit night, in the moonlit night in springtime,
Angels walk about on quiet feet;
Blond angels, devout and stealthy,
They kiss the most beautiful flowers.

The sweet beloved of my heart, the most beautiful flower,
Knows well whence the splendour comes,
Which flames upon your face today:
You are still lost in the dream of night.

You are thinking of the angels who through the open window
Descended to you upon moonbeams
To breathe quiet kisses upon your lips and cheeks
In the moonlit night, in the moonlit night in springtime.

No. 2: *Ach, es sitzt mein Lieb und weint* (Ah, my beloved sits and weeps)

Ah, my beloved sits and weeps
Upon the rock by the lonely house,
Do not weep, my love, I am coming,
And all your sorrow shall be ended.

I have seen foreign lands,
Foreign girls, foreign fortune:
But it was your eyes that showed me
The way back to my homeland.

No. 3: *Am See* (At the Lake)

A solitary willow stands
At the damp edge of the shore,
With a quiet surging, the blue wave
Beats against the shore;
It toys with the willow's trunk,
It bedews its root.
In greeting, the willow inclines its green branches
Toward the trifling wave,
And kisses the reflecting water,
And sees there its own image,
And the wave yearningly swells
Toward the friendly greeting.

And particularly when there is a sighing in the leaves,
So quiet and melancholy,
The wave hearkens in devout empathy
To the laments of its friend;
And when the babbling wave
Moves against the shore,
The willow tree leans its listening leaves
Close upon the water,
And listens to the chatter of the wave,
And to what it secretly entrusts to the tree --
Listens devoutly, as if it were
The words of a tender bride.

JOSEPHINE LANG

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 gedanke (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!