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## Faculty Recital: Christopher Hollingsworth, Tenor; November 14, 2002

Christopher Hollingsworth Tenor  
*Illinois State University*

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Illinois State University  
School of Music

Faculty Recital

*Christopher Hollingsworth, Tenor*

*Rosemary Hollingsworth, Soprano*

*Paul Borg, Piano*

Kemp Recital Hall  
Thursday Evening  
November 14, 2002  
8:00 p.m.

This is the Fifty-third program of the 2002-2003 season.

Program

from *Songs of Travel*.....Ralph Vaughan Williams  
The Vagabond (1872-1958)  
Let Beauty Awake  
The Roadside Fire  
Whither Must I Wander  
Bright is the Ring of Words

from *Dichterliebe, Op. 48*.....Robert Schumann  
Im wunderschönen monat Mai (1810-1856)  
Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne  
Wenn ich in deine Augen she'  
Ich will meine Seele tauchen  
Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome  
Ich grolle nicht

\*Intermission\*

from *L'amico Fritz*.....Pietro Mascagni  
Suzel, buon di (1863-1945)

Rosemary Hollingsworth, Soprano

A Chloris.....Reynaldo Hahn  
Quand je fus pris au (1874-1947)  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes  
Cantique  
Le souvenir d'avoir chanté

Aprile.....Francesco Paolo Tosti  
Ideale (1846-1914)  
Non t'amo più  
La mia canzone

Translations

*Dichterliebe*

1. In the marvelous month of May  
when all the buds were bursting,  
then in my heart did love arise.

In the marvelous month of May  
when all the birds were singing,  
then did I reveal to her  
my yearning and longing.

2. From my tears there spring  
up many blossoming flowers.  
And my sighs turn into a choir  
of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,  
I will give you all the flowers,  
and at your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

3. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,  
once, rapt with love, I loved them all.  
I love them no more, I love only  
her who is small, exquisite, chaste, unique.  
She, all loving rapture, herself  
is rose and Lily and dove and sun.

4. When I gaze into your eyes  
all my pain and grief vanishes,  
then when I kiss your mouth  
I am made wholly and completely well.

When I lean on your bosom  
joy as of heaven comes upon me;  
but when you say "I love you",  
I must weep bitterly.

5. I long to sink my soul  
within the cup of the lily;  
the lily would sing in whispers  
a song of my beloved.

The song would tremble and quiver  
like the kiss from her mouth  
that once she gave me  
in an hour of wondrous sweetness.

6. In the Rhine, the holy river,  
there in the waves is reflected  
with its mighty cathedral,  
mighty, holy Cologne.  
In the cathedral there hangs a picture  
painted on golden leather;  
into the wilderness of my life  
it has shed its friendly beams.

Flowers and angels hover there round Our Lady;  
her eyes, her lips, her cheeks are exactly like my  
beloved's.

7. I do not complain, even if my heart is breaking,  
love lost for ever! I do not complain.  
Even though you gleam with the glory of diamonds  
no gleam falls into the night of your heart.

I knew it long ago - I saw you in dreams  
and saw night in the confines of your heart,  
and saw the viper that gnaws at your bosom;  
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.

From *L'amico Fritz*  
*Suzel, buon di*

In this duet, Fritz, a confirmed bachelor, liked and  
admired  
by all his neighbors, one of whom, the shy Suzel,  
has fallen  
in love with him. Early one morning Fritz comes  
down the steps of his farmhouse to find Suzel  
waiting for him with some flowers and another  
offering: she climbs the ladder and starts throwing  
down to him newly ripened cherries. As they join  
in the work, each sings of the rich promise of the  
warm spring morning.

*A Chloris*

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,  
(And I hear that you really do love me.)  
I do not believe that the Kings themselves  
had such happiness as mine.  
I would not wish  
to change my good fortune  
for all the joys of heaven!  
All that is said about ambrosia  
cannot begin to touch my fantasy  
as does the favor of your eyes!

*Quand je fus pris au pavillon*

When I was caught in my gentle, beautiful lady's tent, I burnt myself on the candle like a butterfly. I blushed like vermilion in the brilliance of the flame. When I was caught in my gentle, beautiful lady's tent. If I had been a merlin and had had such ability to fly, I should have protected myself against her who goaded me when I was caught in my lady's tent.

*Si mes vers avaient des ailes*

My verses, gentle and fragile, would fly to your beautiful garden, if my verses had wings of a bird! They would fly, sparkling, to your cherry hearth, if my verses had the wings of the volatile breeze! Pure and faithful, they would fly to you Night and day, If my verses had the wings of love!

*Cantique*

Happy is the one who in wisdom waits for his reward; Who has not put in material wealth the hope for his last days. For him, death will have no surprises in store. And when God wills it, his soul, taking flight, rises swiftly towards the dwelling place where can be found his true riches. With what profound sadness will one day be laden The thoughtless ones of the world who, Lord, live heedlessly. When, by sudden end, they are set right from their vain illusion which passes, never to return, their eyes, at the bottom of the abyss, in front of your sublime throne, will see your shining truth.

*Le souvenir d'avoir chanté*

The memory of having sung to the sun, under the celestial blue sky, is the infinite treasure which remains with the crickets at the end of summer. What is it, stooped old gypsy, that sustains you when everything persecutes you? The memory of having sung to the sun, under the celestial blue sky! When another has your beauty, little bird, and your laugh and your gestures, my heart, in its darkest place, will cherish, as a beacon, the memory of having sung!

*Aprile*

Can you not smell upon the air the sweet scent of early spring? Can you not hear within your heart some strange new voices calling?

It's April! It's the season made for love! Come along with me, my darling girl, into the fields so full of flowers! It's April!

You'll be walking through the violets, with roses and cornflowers on your breast, while the butterflies, as white as snow, are fluttering around your own dark head.

*Ideale*

I followed you like a dove of peace along the paths of heaven; I followed you like a friendly light through the veil of darkness.

And I felt you in the light and in the air, in the perfume of the flowers, and your presence filled my lonely room with its bright splendor.

Ravished by your call, the sound of your voice, I lingered in my dream; and every memory of earthly pain and burden was in that dream erased.

Return, my cherished ideal, return a moment and smile at me once more. Then will the light of your image shine again upon me like a new dawn.

*Non t'amo più*

Do you still remember the day we met? Do you still remember your promises? Mad with love I followed you, we were in love and at your side I dreamed, mad with love.

Happily, I dreamed of caresses and kisses melting into the bliss of heaven; but your words were false, because your heart is made of ice.

Do you still remember? Now my trust, my great desire, my dream of love is no longer you; I do not seek your kisses, I do not think of you, I dream of another ideal, I love you no more!

In the precious days we spent together I strewed your path with flowers; you were the sole hope of my heart, you were the only thought in my mind. You have seen me beseech you, turn pale, you have seen me weep before you. Just to gratify your slightest desire I would have given my blood and my faith.

Do you still remember, etc...

*La mia canzone*

My song is a sweet murmur that to you, in the cold air, strengthens And, if it still speaks to you of my love Dear young girl, I do not wish you harm Wandering on your pure pillow She wants to tell you her last wish On your white virginal forehead My song is the kiss of farewell

My sighing song dies lightly in the air on your window But, defying the cold and darkness It brings my soul's agitated desire And you wish to awaken every more pleasant anxiety every soothed affection within your Heart Now that you are alone, sleep My song is the shiver of love!

## Biographies

### **Christopher Hollingsworth – Tenor**

Mr. Hollingsworth has appeared with various regional opera companies in the United States such as Tri-Cities Opera, Opera Theatre of Connecticut, Natchez Opera Festival, and Illinois Opera Theatre. His operatic credits include leading and featured roles in *Don Giovanni*, *Così fan tutte*, *The Magic Flute*, *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Kismet*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Romeo et Juliette*, *Carmen*, *La traviata*, *Les contes d'Hoffman*, *Die Fledermaus*, *Street Scene*, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*.

Musical theatre credits include leading roles in *Joseph*, *Showboat*, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, and *Big River*. Mr. Hollingsworth has also appeared with several regional orchestras as Tenor soloist in the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Christmas Oratorio*, and the *Saint Nicholas Cantata*, *Mozart's Mass in C*. He has also appeared as the Tenor soloist in Brahms' *Neue Liebeslieder Walzer* and *Zigeunerlieder*. He holds a B.M. in Performance from DePauw University, an M.Mus in Opera/Voice from Binghamton University, and is currently finishing his D.M.A. in Performance and Literature at University of Illinois. Mr. Hollingsworth has served on the faculty at Syracuse University as Adjunct Professor of Voice and Opera and at Lycoming College as an Adjunct Lecturer in Voice. He joins the faculty as a full-time Lecturer in Voice and Co-director of the Opera Practicum.

### **Rosemary Hollingsworth – Soprano**

Ms. Hollingsworth has appeared with several regional opera companies across the United States. Her credits include such roles as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, Pamina in *The Magic Flute*, Fiordiligi in *Così fan tutte*, Juliette in *Roméo et Juliette*, Adele/Rosalinda in *Die Fledermaus*, Monica in *The Medium*, Marsinah in *Kismet*. She has appeared as Soprano soloist with several symphonies in works such as Handel's *Messiah*, Mozart's *Mass in C*, Rutter *Requiem*, Saint-Saëns *Christmas Oratorio*. Ms. Hollingsworth received her Master's in Opera/Voice from Binghamton University and her Bachelor of Music in Voice from DePauw University. She has served as an Adjunct lecturer in Voice at Lycoming College and has taught voice privately for over eight years.

### **Paul Borg – Piano**

Dr. Borg is a Professor of Music at Illinois State University and has taught here since 1981. His teaching assignments have included music history and literature, music theory, piano accompanying, early music ensemble and two of the School of Music General Education offerings: Experiencing Music and Arts and Society. He earned his Ph.D. in Musicology from Indiana University in 1985. He remains active as a pianist, both soloist and as an accompanist, and has participated on recital series at Illinois State University, as well as such places as Indiana University, the University of Georgia, Bradley University, Western Illinois University and Butler University. His research interests include Spanish Renaissance Music, Music in the Spanish New World and Guatemalan music.