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## Hollingsworth Translations, March 29, 2010

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**Mailed, Op. 52, No. 4**

How Nature shines for me! How the sun gleams!  
 How the meadow laughs! Blossoms burst forth  
 from every branch and a thousand voices  
 from the bushes! And joy and bliss  
 from every breast; O earth, O sun,  
 O happiness, o joy!

O love, o darling! So golden fair,  
 as morning clouds on yonder heights!  
 You bless marvelously the fresh field,  
 in a mist of blossoms, the full world.  
 O maiden, maiden, how I love you!  
 O how you gaze at me, O how you love me!

The lark loves song and breeze,  
 and morning flowers, the dew of heaven,  
 as I love you with blood on fire,  
 you who give me youth and joy and cheer  
 for new songs and new dances  
 be forever happy in loving me so!

**Der Kuß, Op. 128**

I was alone with Chloe, and wanted to kiss her;  
 But she said that she would scream -  
 it would be a futile attempt.

Yet I dared, and kissed her despite her resistance.  
 And did she not scream? Oh yes, she did;  
 But not until long afterward.

**Adelaïde, Op. 46**

Alone does your friend wander in the spring garden,  
 mildly encircled by magic light that quivers through swaying,  
 blossoming boughs, Adelaide!

In the mirroring stream, in the snow of the Alps,  
 in the dying day's golden clouds,  
 In the fields of stars, your image shines,  
 Adelaide!

Evening breezes whisper in the tender leaves,  
 silvery lilies-of-the-valley rustle in the grass,  
 waves murmur and nightingales pipe:  
 Adelaide!

One day, o wonder! Upon my grave will bloom  
 a flower from the ashes of my heart;  
 And clearly on every purple leaf will gleam:  
 Adelaide!

**Soupir**

Never to see her or hear her,  
 never to speak her name aloud,  
 but, faithful, always to wait for her,  
 always to love her. To open one's arms, and,  
 weary of waiting, to close them upon emptiness,  
 but still, forever to hold them out to her,  
 always to love her.

Ah, to be able to do nothing but hold them out to her,  
 and to waste away in weeping, but always to shed those tears, always  
 to love her.

Never to see her or hear her,  
 never to speak her name aloud,  
 but, with a love always more tender,  
 always to love her, Always!

**Phidylé**

The grass is soft for slumber beneath the fresh poplars,  
 on the slopes by the mossy springs,  
 which, in the meadows flowering with a thousand plants, lose  
 themselves under dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! the midday sun shines on the foliage  
 and invites you to sleep!  
 Among clover and thyme, alone, in full sunlight  
 hum the fickle honeybees.

A warm fragrance circulates about the turning paths,  
 the red cornflower tilts,  
 and the birds, skimming the hill with their wings,  
 search for shade among the wild roses.

The coppices are mute; the deer in the clearing,  
 cornered by the pack  
 no longer leaps; Diana, seated in the depths of the woods,  
 polishes her fatal arrows.

Sleep in peace, beautiful child with the ingenuous smile, so  
 similar to the rustic nymphs!  
 From your honey-touched lips I will wave away the bee; I will  
 guard your bare feet.

On the divine form of your shoulder,  
 Like gold both liquid and light,  
 Let my loving breath run and flutter  
 The thickness of your fine hair!

Without disturbing your sleep, on your clear brow,  
 Free of supple ribbons,  
 I will chain hyacinth with pale violets,  
 And the rose with scented myrtle.

As beautiful as Erycine in the gardens of Sicily,  
 And more dear to my jealous heart,  
 Sleep! And I shall fill with my softest breath  
 A flute of my flexible lips.

I shall charm the woods, o white Phidylé,  
 With your intimate praise;  
 And the nymphs, at the threshold of their caves of ivy,  
 Will blanch, hearts troubled.

But when the sun, turning in its resplendent orbit,  
 Finds its heat abating,  
 Let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss  
 Recompense me for waiting!

**Extase**

On your pale breast my heart is sleeping  
 In a slumber sweet like death  
 Exquisite death, death perfumed  
 By the breath of my beloved  
 On your pale breast my heart is sleeping  
 In a slumber sweet like death

### Chanson triste

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,  
a gentle summer moonlight,  
and to escape the cares of life  
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,  
my sweet, when you cradle  
my sad heart and my thoughts  
in the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,  
Ah! sometimes on your lap,  
and recite to it a ballad  
that will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,  
from your eyes I shall then drink  
so many kisses and so much love  
that perhaps I shall be healed.

### Le Manoir de Rosamonde

Love, like a dog, has bitten me  
with its sudden, voracious teeth...  
Come, the trail of spilt blood  
will enable you to follow my tracks.

Take a horse of good pedigree  
and set off on the arduous route I took,  
through swamps and overgrown paths,  
if that's not too exhausting a ride for you!

As you pass where I passed,  
you will see that I travelled  
alone and wounded through this sad world,  
and thus went off to my death  
far, far away, without ever finding  
Rosemonde's blue manor-house.

### Aprile

Do you not smell on the air  
the wafting perfume of Spring?  
Do you not hear in your soul  
the tunes of a new coaxing voice?  
It is April -- the season of love:  
Come! Come, my love, to blooming fields...

Your paths are strewn with violets,  
you will dress with roses and bluebells,  
and pure white butterflies  
will dance lightly around your hair.  
It is April! It's the season of love!  
Come! O my love, into the blooming fields!

### Non t'amo più

Do you still remember the day we met?  
Do you still remember the promises you made...?  
Love-insane I followed you... We loved each other  
And next to you I dreamt, love-insane.

I dreamt of a lustful chain of caresses  
And kisses fading into the sky;  
But your words weren't truthful,  
because your heart is as cold as ice.

Do you still remember that?  
Do you still remember that?

Now you aren't my only faith any more,  
my immense desire nor my dream of love:  
I don't long for your kisses, and don't think about you anymore: I  
dream other dreams:  
I don't love you anymore.

### Sogno (Dream)

I've dreamed of you on your knees  
like a saint who prays to the Lord,  
you gazed at me and in your eyes,  
your glance of love sparkled.

You spoke and your soft voice...  
asked me sweetly for mercy...  
only a glance that is promised...  
did you implore bended at my foot.

I was silent and with my strong soul  
struggled to resist temptation,  
I have felt martyrdom and death,  
yet you conquered me and said no.

But your lips touched my face...  
and the force of your heart betrayed me.  
You closed your eyes, you stretched out your arms,  
but I was dreaming and the beautiful dream vanished.

### Malia (The Charm)

What was there in the flower that you gave me?  
Maybe a potion, a mysterious power!  
In touching it, my heart trembled,  
The perfume has disturbed my thoughts!  
In the ethereal movement that you have,  
perhaps an enchantment comes with you?  
The air through which you go vibrates,  
a flower blooms where your foot passes!

I ask not what blessed place  
was your home until now!  
I ask you not if you are a nymph, a fairy,  
If a pale spirit.  
But what is there in your fatal glance?  
What do you have in your magic voice?  
If you look at me, intoxication assails me,  
If you speak to me, I feel myself die!

### 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, asleep, my song is the  
shiver of love