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Translation

Les Berceaux (The Cradle)

Along the quay, the great ships, that ride the swell in silence.
No worries about the cradles, that the hands of the woman rock.

But the day of farewells will come, when the woman must weep,
And curious men are tempted, towards the horizons that lure them.

And the day the great ships, Sailing away from the diminishing port,
Feel their bulk held back, by the spirits of the distant cradles.

Mondnacht (Moonlit Night)

It was like Heaven's glimmer, had touched the Earth's skin,
that in her blossoms' shimmer, she had to think of him.

The breeze was gently walking, through wheat fields near and far;
the woods were softly talking, so bright shone every star.

And thus my soul extended, its wings through skies to roam,
O'er quiet lands suspended, my soul was flying home.

Widmung (Dedication)

You are my soul, you are my heart, you are my bliss, you are my pain.
You are the world in which I live. You are my heaven, in which I float.
You are my grave, into which I eternally cast my grief.

You are the rest, you are the peace, you are the heaven upon me bestowed.
Your love makes my life worthy. Your gaze transfigures me.
You raise me lovingly above myself, my good spirit, my better self.

from *Bajazet, Sposa son disprezzata* (I am a scorned wife)

I am a scorned wife, faithful, yet insulted.
Heavens, what did I do? And yet he is my heart, my husband, my love, my hope.

I love him, but he is unfaithful, I hope, but he is cruel.
Will he let me die? O God, valor is missing, valor and constancy.

from *Un ballo in maschera, Saper vorreste* (If you would like to know)

If you would like to know what he is dressing, Oscar knows, but he won't tell
Even though I am full of love and my heart throbs, I will still keep the secret discreetly.

from *La Bohème*, *Donde lieta uscì* (From there she happily left)

Once again I will return to my own scentless flowers, lonely as once before, to live with all my memories through solitary hours, where lonely never ends! Good bye, no regret.

One thing I ask you! Gather together the few keepsakes I treasure. There in a box is my locket and the little cross, together with my prayer book. Collect the other things I own and I will send someone to get them tomorrow.

Listen, under the pillow, I left my little bonnet. If you want, it's yours. A souvenir of love you will always recall. Good-bye, good-bye, no regret!

from *La Wally*, *Ebben, n'andro lontana* (I will go far away)

I will go far away, as far as the echo from the church bell. There, amid the white snow. There, amid the golden clouds. There where hope is, and sorrow and regret.

O, Wally is going far away. Far from her mother's joyous home.
Maybe she'll never return to you. You will never see her again.

I will go alone and far away. As far as the echo from the church bell. There, amid the white snow. I will go, I will go alone and far away. And amid the golden clouds.

The wishes of a flower

The rose, the rose blossoms beautifully under the blue rail.

I hope the jealous and heartless wind and rain not to destroy me.

I hope the tourists who love me not to pluck me.

I hope my beautiful petals never wither and fall, so that I can keep my best times

The most beautiful flower

The most beautiful flower, the most beautiful flower,

Please tell me. Where are you?

I love it never wither. I love it always fragrant. I love it always beautiful.

I hear the flower tell me secretly:

I don't grow in the Rocky Mountain. I don't grow in the Grand Canyon,

I only bloom in your heart, the hometown you miss through the day and night.

The most beautiful flower.