

NATIONAL SAWDUST

DIGITAL DISCOVERY FESTIVAL

Masterclass:
Jamie Barton
hosted by Paola Prestini and Elena Park
June 26th, 2020 at 1pm Eastern

Translations

Phidylé
Henri Duparc
Original Text: Leconte de Lisle
English Translation: Columbia Artists

The grass is soft for sleeping under the fresh poplars,
on the slopes by the mossy springs,
which in the flowery meadows arise in a thousand rills,
to be lost under dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! the midday sun on the leaves
is shining and invites you to sleep!
In the clover and the thyme, alone, in full sunlight
the hovering bees are humming;

a warm fragrance haunts the winding paths,
the red poppy of the cornfield droops,
and the birds, skimming the hill on the wing,
seek the shade of the sweet briar.

But when the sun, sinking lower on its resplendent orbit,
finds its fire abated,
let your loveliest smile and your most ardent kiss
reward me for my waiting!

Liebst du um Schönheit
Gustav Mahler
Original Text: Friedrich Rückert

If you love for beauty, O love not me!
Love the sun, she has golden hair!

If you love for youth, O love not me!
Love the spring, who is young each year!

If you love for riches, O love not me!
Love the mermaid, who has many shining pearls!

If you love for love, oh yes, love me!
Love me ever, I shall love you always!

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