

Text Translations

The Voice's Charm Bernier

Recitative: Florize, whose voice gives Cupid a weapon that can vanquish even the gods, displayed the charms of her enchanting tones with this melodious song:

Air gai: "Although it is thought that I'm tender when I form these amorous tones, it is but an artful inflection; for I'm tender-hearted only in song. I can just as skillfully depict the water's murmur, thunder, wind, a storm, or the flight and the song of birds!"

Recitative: The faithful shepherd, bound by her chains, is pierced anew by countless arrows: trembling, he follows the urge that leads him on, longing to speak, not daring to begin. Confused, overcome with sorrow, his love inspired him to sing; and, hoping to soften her cruel heart, he spoke to the neighboring echoes.

Air: "When lovely Florize sings, no one can help but love her! The divine Cananta never could charm so well. Even when she sings of autumn, all Cytherea pursues her; the praise of Latona's god aids the triumph of love."

Recitative: These flattering words, enhanced by his sweet voice, pleased the girl; and deep within her heart she felt those arrows which are so hard to avoid. The lover appears, approaches, tells her of his desire; she blushes, falters, almost flees from such sweet snares. But a secret spell which renders her helpless adds to her charming plight, and the clever shepherd profits. So, exulting in his glorious success, he sings to the woodland birds.

Air gai: "Gather beneath these tender boughs, little birds! Tune your warbling to the murmuring brook; sing praises of the one I love, enhance my desire, and make heaven itself envious of my delight. Come out from your retreats, hasten your woodland gods; tune your pipes to the sweet sound of her voice!"

Du dieu des coeurs on adore l'empire

....Bordet

We worship the dominion of the king of hearts; he alone enchains with flowers all living creatures. When the king of the gods descends to earth, he unleashes his thunder from the high heavens.

Un roi qui veut etre heureuxRameau

A king who would be happy must grant our desires; then true happiness will be his crown. Throughout the land his gentle laws are cherished; he enjoys the gifts of the gods as he dispenses them. At his voice the Virtues are reborn; caressed by laughter, he holds court with love and glory. He is loved for himself alone, not for his favors; he wins all hearts. Sing yet again, sweet-voiced musette: A king who would be happy must grant our desires; then true happiness will be his crown.

Cantata: "Phyllis und Thirsis"....C.P.E. Bach

Air: Thirsis, if you wish to please me, sing me only mournful songs. Listen to the nightingales: "Itys, Itys." Don't you hear their cries that charm the ear?

Recitative:

Thirsis: Oh Phyllis, let me be merry.

Phyllis: I've told you only laments
delight me.

Thirsis: Then suffering gives you
pleasure?

Phyllis: Yes, for then a long forgotten
sorrow fills my heart.

Thirsis: These birds of yours bring no
memories of past grief.

Phyllis: What do they sing of, if not
of sorrow?

Thirsis: The birds say to each other
what I've often said to you.

Air: Unceasingly the woodland bird calls to his mate, "Oh love, Oh love." His sweet-heart hears the song; she replies with yearning coos, "I love, I love."