

Translation - Duparc

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L'invitation au voyage An invitation to travel

My child, my sister,
Think how sweet
To journey there and live together!
To love as we please,
To love and die
In the land that is like you!
The watery suns
Of those hazy skies
Hold for my spirit
The same mysterious charms
As your treacherous eyes
Shining through their tears.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

See on those canals
Those vessels sleeping,
Vessels with a restless soul;
To satisfy
Your slightest desire
They come from the ends of the earth.
The setting suns
Clothe the fields,
Canals and all the town
With hyacinth and gold;
The world falls asleep
In a warm light.

There - nothing but order and beauty dwell,
Abundance, calm, and sensuous delight.

La vie antérieure The Former Life

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,
Made them look, at evening, like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
Solemnly and mystically interwove
The mighty chords of their mellow music
With the colors of sunset reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous rests,
With blue sky about me and brightness and waves
And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,
And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

Le manoir de Rosemonde The manor of Rosamonde

With sudden and ravenous tooth,
Love like a dog has bitten me.
By following the blood I've shed -
Come, you'll be able to follow my trail.

Take a horse of fine breeding,
Set out, and follow my arduous course
By quagmire or by hidden path,
If the chase does not weary you.

Passing by where I have passed,
You will see that, solitary and wounded,
I have traversed this sorry world,

And that thus I went off to die
Far, far away, without ever finding
The blue manor of Rosamonde.
Like the sun's last ray.

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Phidyle

The grass is soft for sleep beneath the cool
poplars
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows from a thousand
sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidyle! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone, in the bright
sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about the winding
paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds, skimming the hillside with their
wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

But when the sun, low on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile and finest kiss
Reward me to for my waiting!