

Alessandro Stradella: *La Susanna*

Ancor' io d'amor fui colto
a la rete in fredda età.
E se benne tra catene
io sono involto,
Non dispero libertà.

Voi donzelle che studiate
in parer leggiadre e belle,
meco siate, meco siate
a specchiarvi dentr'un viso
che fu riso e gioia d'amor
che fu abbozzo de Paradiso,
hor fatto tritratto è dolor.
above.

Da chi sperò aita, o Cieli,
se crudeli mi son gli amanti?
I miei pianti no, non trovan fede,
se con nuova crudeltà
mi convince d'error
la mia beltà.
Ohime, lassa e perchè tremo
di che temo, s'io son pur casta?
Ciò non basta, no, per liberarmi,
se con nuova crudeltà
mi condanna a morir
la mia beltà.

Così va, turbe insane, così va.
Quando cieca passione
turba l'uso a la ragione,
la giustizia va sbandita,
va la legge prevertia,
e sol regge l'empietà.

Ma costanza, miei fidi pensieri;
che si spera mi dice il mio cor.
La nube che tal hor

I myself was caught
Into the net of love in feeble age.
And although chains of Eros
no! do enslave me, yes!
I adore this tender cage!

All you women who keep studying how to
make yourselves up to look ravishing,
take a look with me, take a look with me
at this face that once was a beauty:
she who smiled and was so full of love,
who was basking in heavenly splendor
now lies here dejected, cast out from
above.

O God, whom can I turn to for mercy,
if my lovers are those who harm me?
All my weeping, no, no, inspires no pity
since in my conscience I know full well
it's my beauty that damns me,
that damns me to hell.
Alas, coward, now why do I tremble?
Who can harm me if I remain chaste?
But my virtue, no, no, can't liberate me,
since in my conscience I hear this cry:
it's my beauty condemns me,
condemns me to die.

Insane mob, this is how it goes.
When a mob uses blind passion
in place of reason,
it abandons justice,
the law is perverted,
and impiety alone reigns.

But constant, my faithful thoughts,
which tell my heart to hope.
The cloud that at times proclaims

parve di piogge banditrice altera,
fu nutia di seren;
e nata dal suo sen,
l'iri d'amor foriera nel colorito velo,
stampò la pace e spoglio d'ire il cielo.

a bit of rain changes,
and heralds serenity;
and born from its breast
the rays of love with colored shimmer
install peace and diffuse the rage of heaven.

Jean-Philippe Rameau: *Hippolyte et Aricie*

Scene. *Aricie*

Temple sacré, séjour tranquille,
où Diane aujourd'hui va recevoir mes vœux,
à mon cœur agité
daigne servir d'asyle contre un amour
trop malheureux.

Sacred temple, tranquil dwelling place,
Where today, Diana will receive my vows,
From my agitated heart
deign to serve as an asylum from an all too-
unfortunate love.

Et toi, dont malgré moi
je rappelle l'image,
cher Prince, si mes vœux
ne te sont pas offerts,
du moins, j'en apporte l'hommage
à la Déesse que tu sers.

And you, which, in spite of myself,
I recall your image,
Dear Prince, if I cannot offer
my vows to you,
At least, I bring my vows
to the Goddess that you serve.

Scene II. *Hippolyte and Aricie*

Hippolyte: **Princesse, quels apprêts**
me frappent dans ce Temple!

Princess, what preparations
strike me here in this temple?

Aricie: Diane preside en ces lieux;
lui consacrer mes jours,
c'est suivre votre exemple.

Diana presides in this place,
to devote my days here,
is to follow your example.

H: Non, vous les immolez,
ces jours si précieux.

No, you immolate them,
these days that are so precious.

A: J'exécute du Roi la volonté suprême;
à Thésée, à son Fils,
ces jours sont odieux.

I carry out the King's supreme will;
To Theseus, to his son,
these days are detestable.

H: Moi, vous haïr! quelle injustice extrême!

You hate me! What extreme injustice!

A: Je ne suis point l'objet de votre inimitié?

Am I not the object of your hatred?

H: Je sens pour vous une pitié aussi tendre
que l'amour même.

I feel for you a pity as tender
as love itself.

A: Quoi? le fier Hippolyte...

What? The proud Hippolyte...

H: Hélas! Je n'en si que trop dit;
je ne m'en repens pas,
si vous avez daigné m'entendre:
mon trouble, mes soupirs,
vos malheurs, vos appas,
tout vous annonce un coeur trop sensible
et trop tendre.

Alas, I have said too much;
I do not regret it,
if you have deigned to hear me;
my trouble, my sighs,
your misfortunes, your charms,
They all announce to you a too-sensible,
too-tender heart.

A: Ah! que venez-vous de m'apprendre!
C'en est fait; pour jamais mon repos est perdu.
Peut-être votre indifférence
tôt ou tard me l'auroit rendu;
mais votre amour m'en ôte l'espérance.
C'en est fait; pour jamais mon repos est perdu.

Ah! What have I just learned from you?
It is done, forever my peace is lost.
Perhaps your indifference,
sooner or later would have returned to me;
But your love robs me of hope.
It is done, forever my peace is lost.

H: Qu'entends-je!
Quel transport de mon ame s'empare!
Oubliez-vous qu'on nous sépare!
Quel temple redoutable,
et quel affreux lien!

What do I hear?
What bursting grabs at my soul?
Do you forget that we are separated?
What a formidable temple,
and what an awful link!

A: Hippolyte amoureux
m'occupera sans cesse;
même aux Autels de la Déesse,
je sentirai mon coeur s'élancer vers le sien.
Diane et l'univers
pour moi ne sont plus rien.
Hippolyte amoureux
m'occupera sans cesse,
je vivrai pour pleurer son malheur et le mien.

Enamored Hippolyte,
who constantly occupies my thoughts.
Even at the altars of the Goddess,
I will feel my heart leap towards his.
Diana and the universe,
for me, mean nothing.
Enamored Hippolyte,
who constantly occupies my thoughts,
I will live for crying his woes and mine.

H: Je vous affranchirai d'une loi si cruelle.

I will set you free from such a cruel law.

A: Phédre sur sa captive
a des droits absolus;
que sert de nous aimer?
Nous ne nous verrons plus.

Phaedre has absolute rights
over her captive
What does it serve for us to love?
We will never see each other again.

H: O Diane! Protége une flamme si belle.

O Diana! Protect a flame so beautiful.

A: Nous brûlons des plus pures flammes,
H: L'Amour n'offre à nos cœurs
que d'innocens appas,
Both: Tu ne le defends pas
quand c'est par la vertu
qu'il regne sur nos ames.

We burn some of the purest flames.
Cupid does not offer to our hearts
innocent charms,
You do not defend it
when it is by virtue
that he reigns over our souls.

Scene. Diana

Dieu d'Amour, pour nos asyles,
tes tourmens ne sont pas faits.
Tous les cœurs y sont tranquilles,
tes efforts sont inutiles;
Tu n'en peux troubler la paix.

God of Love, in our retreat,
your torments do not happen.
All of the hearts here are peaceful,
your efforts are useless.
You cannot disturb the peace.

Tes allarmes ont des charmes
pour qui manque de raison;
mais nos ames de tes flammes
reconnoissent le poison:

Your alarms have some charms
for those who lack reason;
but of your flames, our souls
recognize the poison.

va, fuis, pers l'esperance:
va, fuis loin de nos cœurs:
Contre notre indifférence,
tu n'as point de traits vainqueurs.

Go, flee, lose hope:
Go, flee, far from our hearts:
Against our indifference,
You have no winning traits.

Scene. A Sailor

L'Amour, comme Neptune,
invite à s'embarquer;
pour tenter la fortune,
on ose tout risquer.

Cupid, like Neptune,
invites us to embark,
to try fortune,
we dare take the risk.

Malgré tant de naufrages,
tous les cœurs sont matelots;
on quitte le repos:
on vole sur les flots;
on affronte les orages;
l'Amour ne dort que dans le port.

Despite so many shipwrecks,
all hearts are sailors;
we leave peaceful rest:
we fly on the waves;
we face the thunderstorms,
Cupid arrives safely to port!

Scene. Hippolyte and a Huntress

Hippolyte: Ah! Faut-il en un jour,
perdre tout ce que j'aime!
Mon Pere pour jamais
me bannit de ces lieux;
si cheris de Diane même,
je ne verrai plus les beaux yeux
qui faisoient mon bonheur supreme.

Ah! Faut-il en un jour,
perdre tout ce que j'aime!

Huntress: Amans, quelle est votre foiblesse?
Voyez! L'Amour sans vous allarmer;
ces mêmes traits don't il vous blesse,
contre nos coeurs
n'osent plus s'armer.

Malgré ses charmes les plus doux,
bravez ses armes, faites comme nous;
osez, sans allarmes, attendre ses coups;
si vous combattez, la victoire est à vous.

Vous vous plaignez qu'il a des rigueurs,
et vous aimez tous les traits qu'il vous lance!
C'est vous qui les rendez vainqueurs;
pourquoi sans défense
livrer vos coeurs?

Scene. Diana

Plaisirs, doux Vainqueurs,
à qui tout rend les Armes,
enchaînez les coeurs;
Plaisirs, doux Vainqueurs,
rassemblez tous vos charmes;
enchantez tous les coeurs.

Que l'Amour a d'appas; regnez,
ne cessez pas de voler sur ces pas.

Ah! Should I, in one day,
lose everything I love?
My father banishes me
from this place forever;
so dear to Diana herself,
I will never again see the beautiful eyes
that made my supreme happiness.

Ah! Should I, in one day,
lose everything I love?

Lovers, what is your weakness?
Look! Cupid, without alarming you;
These same traits with which he hurts you,
against our hearts,
no longer dare to arm themselves.

Despite his most sweet charms,
take up arms, do as we do;
Dare, without arms, attend his blows;
if you fight, the victory is yours.

You complain that he has rigor,
and you love everything he throws at you!
If you make them victorious;
Why, without defenses,
would you surrender your hearts?

Pleasures, sweet conquerors,
to whom all surrender their weapons,
Enchain the hearts;
Pleasures, sweet conquerors,
gather up all your hearts,
Enchant all of the hearts.

As Cupid has charms, reign
without end, to fly on these steps.

Plaisirs, doux Vainqueurs,
rassemblez tous vos charmes;
enchantez tous les coeurs.

C'est aux Ris, c'est au Jeux
d'embellir son Empire;
qu'aussitôt qu'on soupier, l'on y soit heureux.

Pleasures, sweet conquerors,
gather up all your hearts,
Enchant all of the hearts.

It is with laughter, it is with games
that he establishes his empire;
That as soon as we sign, we will be happy.