

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile:
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdainng to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.
– John Dryden, *Oedipus, A Tragedy* (1678, 1692)

Fire, fire, fire, fire.
Loe here I burne in such desire
That all the teares that I can straine
Out of mine idle empty braine
Cannot allay my scorching paine.
Come Trent, and Humber, and fayre Thames ;
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streames :
 And if you cannot quench my fire,
 O drowne both mee and my desire.

Fire fire, fire, fire.
There is no hell to my desire.
See, all the Riuers backward flye,
And th' Ocean doth his waues deny,
For feare my heate should drinke them dry.
Come, heau'nly showres, then, pouring downe ;
Come you that once the world did drowne :
 Some then you spar'd, but now saue all,
 That else must burne, and with mee fall.

Source:

Campion, Thomas. *Campion's Works*. Percival Vivian, Ed.
Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1909. 128.

I Burn, I burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes,
Each Eye ball too like Lightning Flashes,
Within my Breast, there glows a solid Fire
Which in a Thousand Ages can't expire,
Blow the Winds great Ruler blow,
Bring the Po and the Ganges hither,
'Tis Sultry weather, Pour 'em all on my Soul,
It will hiss like a Coal, But never be the Cooler.'
Twas Pride hot as Hell
That first made me Rebel,
From Loves awfull Throne,
A Curst Angel I fell,
And mourn now the Fate,
Which myself did create,
Fool that consider'd not when I was well.
Adieu, adieu transporting Joys,
Off ye vain Fantastick Toys,
That dress'd this Face and Body to allure,
Bring me Daggers Poyson Fire,
For scorn is turn'd into desire,
All Hell feels not the rage which I poor I endure.

from The Comical History of Don Quixote (1694) by Thomas D'Urfey (1653 - 1723)

Pan et Syrinx

□ Récitatif

Dans la florissante Arcadie
Syrinx brillait par ses appas,
Elle perdait les jours
les plus beaux de sa vie ;
elle était jeune et n'aimait pas.

Syrinx's charms shone brightly
In verdant Arcadia,
But she was wasting
The best days of her life;
She was young but had no lover.

□ Air

La beauté peu durable
languit sans les désirs,
Vénus à l'âge aimable
attache les plaisirs.

Ephemeral beauty
Is wasted without love,
Venus reserves her pleasures
For the appropriate age.

La riante jeunesse
doit hommage aux amours,
Et c'est de la tendresse
que naissent les beaux jours.

La beauté...

□ Récitatif

Syrinx fuit le tendre esclavage,
de la chaste Diane elle embrasse les lois :
La nuit souvent la trouve
 en un réduit sauvage
poursuivant les hôtes des bois.

□ Air. *Lent et mesuré*

Cessez de fatiguer des monstres indomptables,
portez des coups plus doux et plus certains :
Les traits qui partent de vos mains
ne sont pas les plus redoutables.

□ [Symphonie]. *Modéré*

□ Récitatif

L'astre du jour devrait le sommet
 des montagnes,
la Nympe s'arme d'un carquois.
Elle cherche bientôt ses fidèles compagnes
et les anime par sa voix.

The laughter of youth
Pays homage to love,
And it's from tenderness
That our best days are born.

Ephemeral beauty...

Syrinx flees the chains of love,
She embraces the chaste laws of Diana:
At night she is often to be found
 in wild places pursuing
The creatures of the forest.

Cease to pursue untameable monsters,
Strike blows that are more tender and more sure.
The blows inflicted by your hands
Are not the most redoutable.

Dawn already throws its golden
 light on the mountain tops,
The Nymph arms herself with a quiver.
She gathers her faithful companions
And rouses them with her voice.

□ Air. *Gai*

La Déesse nous appelle
le cor sonne, assemblons-nous;
Faisons tomber sous nos coups
le monstre le plus rebelle.

Que la flèche meurtrière
vole et perce au même instant.
Dieux ! que Syrinx sera fière
de ce triomphe éclatant.

La Déesse...

□ Récitatif

Déjà Syrinx parcourait l'Erimanthe,
Pan la voit, l'aime, et la poursuit.
D'un fleuve impétueux bientôt l'onde écumante
Arrête la Nymphé qui fuit.
Ses cris percent les airs,
« Secourez-moi, dit-elle,
Chastes divinités des eaux. »

Ô Ciel ! quel prodige nouveaux !
Le Dieu croit vainement embrasser la cruelle,
il n'embrasse que des roseaux.
Il gémit, il se plaint ;
Ces roseaux lui répondent ;
Il les enfle de ses soupirs,
Dieux ! Avec ses soupirs
quels regrets se confondent !
On dirait que Syrinx veut flatter
ses désirs.

The Goddess calls you
The horn sounds, let us muster
And bring down even
The most rebellious monster.

Let the deadly arrow fly
And pierce at the same time.
Gods! Let Syrinx be proud of
This great triumph.

The Goddess...

Syrinx roamed through Erymanthus,
Pan glimpses her, desires and pursues her.
The foaming waves of an impetuous river
Soon stop the fleeing Nymph in her tracks.
Her cries pierce the air
'Help me', she shouts,
'Chaste Gods of the waters.'

Heavens! what a miracle!
Pan thinks he is about to embrace his cruel prey,
But he only grasps some reeds.
He groans and laments;
And the reeds give him an answer;
He blows his sighs into them –
Gods, with his sighs,
what regrets are mingled!
One would say that Syrinx wants
to indulge his desires.

□ Air. *Lentement et tendrement*

Restes plaintifs de l'objet que j'adore,
échos infortunés de mes cris impuissantes,
c'est par vous que Syrinx peut me parler encore ;
Conservez à jamais de si tendres accents.

Que les aimables sons que vous ferez entendre
fassent naître les plus beaux feux.
Rendez la bergère plus tendre,
rendez le berger plus heureux.

Restes plaintifs...

□ Air. *Gai*

Amour, tu n'as que des charmes,
trop heureux qui suit tes lois ;
Syrinx te prête des armes,
tu triomphes dans nos bois.

Tu n'y causes point de peines,
tu préviens tous les désirs,
et l'amant n'y prend des chaînes,
que de la main des plaisirs.

Amour, tu n'as...

Pathetic remnants of my beloved
Hapless echos of my impotent cries,
It is through you that Syrinx can still talk to me.
Conserve for ever these tender sounds.

Let the amiable tones which you produce
Give rise to love's best flames.
Let the shepherdess become more tender
And the shepherd more contented.

Pathetic remnants...

Love, you possess only charms
He is happy who follows your laws.
Syrinx will give you weapons,
You will triumph in the forests.

There you cause no pain,
You awaken all desires,
And the lover only accepts her chains
From the hand of pleasure herself.

Love, you possess...

English translations: Charles Medlam

Psalm 111 and Doxology

<p>Confitebor tibi Domine, In toto corde meo; In consilio justorum, Et congregatione. Magna opera Domini, Exquisita in omnes voluntates ejus. Confessio et magnificentia opus ejus; Et justitia ejus manet In saeculum saeculi. Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, Misericors et miserator Dominus. Escam dedit timentibus se. Memor erit in saeculum Testamenti sui. Virtutem operum suorum Annuntiabit populo suo. Ut det illis Hereditatem gentium; Opera manuum ejus Veritas et iudicium. Fidelia omnia mandata ejus, Confirmata in saeculum saeculi, Facta in veritate et aequitate. Redemptionem misit Dominus Populo suo; Mandavit in aeternum testamentum suum. Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus: Initium sapientiae timor Domini; Intellectus bonus omnibus Facientibus eum. Laudatio ejus manet In saeculum saeculi. Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper. Et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.</p>	<p>I acknowledge you, o Lord, With my whole heart; In the council of the just And in the congregation. Great are the works of the Lord, Chosen by all His desires. I acknowledge as well the magnificence of His deeds; And His justice endures From generation to generation. He has made memorials of His miracles, A merciful and compassionate Lord. He gives food to those that fear Him. He will remember forever His covenant. The power of His works Will be announced to His people. So that He may give them The inheritance of the nations; The works of His hands Are truth and justice. All His commandments are faithful, Confirmed from generation to generation, Made in truth and fairness. The Lord has sent salvation To His people; He has given His covenant for eternity. Holy and awesome is His name; The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; All who practice it Have a good understanding. His praise endures From generation to generation. Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit, as it was in the beginning, is now, and forever, and for generations of generations, Amen.</p>
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