

Ô ma lyre immortelle

Ô ma lyre immortelle,

Qui dans les tristes jours

A tous mes maux fidèle

Les consolait toujours!

En vain ton doux murmure

Veut m'aider à souffrir,

Non, tu ne peux guérir

Ma dernière blessure;

Ma blessure est au coeur

Seul le trépas peut finir ma douleur.

Adieu, flambeau du monde,

Descends au sein des flots,

Moi, je descends sous l'onde,

Dans l' éternel repos.

Le jour qui doit éclore,

Phaon, luira pour toi,

Mais, sans penser à moi,

Tu reverras l'aurore.

O my immortal lyre,

Who in the sad days

To all my faithful evils (maladies)

Always consoled them!

In vain your sweet whisper

Wants to help ease my suffering,

No, you can't heal

My last injury;

My wound is in the heart

Only death can end my pain.

Farewell, torch of the world,

Descend into the waves,

I go down under the waves,

Into eternal rest

The day that must come,

Phaon--, is beaming for you,

But, without thinking of me,

You will see the dawn again.

Ouvre-toi gouffre amer

Je vais dormir pour toujours dans la mer.

Anaktoria

Οἱ μὲν ἱππῶν στρότον, οἱ δὲ πέσδων,
οἱ δὲ νάων φαῖσ' ἐπὶ γᾶν μέλαιναν
ἔμμεναι κάλλιστον, ἐγὼ δὲ κῆν' ὅτ-
τω τις ἔραται 4

πά]γχυ δ' εὐμαρες σύνετον πόησαι
πά]ντι τ[οῦ]τ'· ἄ γὰρ πολὺ περσκέθοισα
κά]λλος ἀνθρώπων Ἑλένα [τὸ]ν ἄνδρα
τὸν πανάριστον 8

καλλίποισ' ἔβας ἕς Τροίαν πλείοισα
κωὺδὲ παῖδος οὐδὲ φίλων τοκῆων
πάμπαν ἐμνάσθη, ἀλλὰ παράγαγ' αὐταν
οὐκ ἀέκοισαν 12

Κύπρις· εὐκαμπτον γὰρ ἔφν βρότων κῆρ
] κούφως τ . . . ση . . . ν
κάμε νῦν Ἀνακτορίας ὀνέμναι-
σ' οὐ παρεοίσας 16

τᾶς κε βολλοίμαν ἔρατόν τε βᾶμα
κάμάρυγμα λάμπρον ἴδην προσώπω
ἦ τὰ Λύδων ἄρματα κᾶν ὄπλοισι
πεσδομάχεντας. 20

Open yourself bitter chasm

I will sleep forever in the sea.

Some say that an army of horsemen, or
infantry,

Or a fleet of ships is the most beautiful sight

On the face of this dark earth, but I say

It is the one who you love.

Let me make this clear to all:

Helen, the one woman who far surpasses

All others in beauty, left her noblest of
husbands.

And sailed away to Troy.

She gave no thought to her child or her dear
parents.

But let herself be led [by the Goddess of
Love]

To desire....

--which reminds me of Anaktoria, who is far
away

Whose desirable footsteps, and sparkling
complexion

Of her face I would rather see,

Than the chariots of Lydia and armed men
fighting

Mon Coeur s'ouvre à ta voix

Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix
comme s'ouvrent les fleurs
aux baisers de l'aurore!

Mais, ô mon bienaimé,
pour mieux sécher mes pleurs
que ta voix parle encore!

Dis-moi qu'à Dalila
tu reviens pour jamais.
Redis à ma tendresse
les serments d'autrefois,
ces serments que j'aimais!

Ah! réponds à ma tendresse!
Verse-moi, verse-moi l'ivresse!

Ainsi qu'on voit des blés
les épis onduler
sous la brise légère

On dusty battlefields.

[It is not possible to find perfection in the
world so we pursue the lesser things...]

My heart opens to your voice
like the flowers open

To the kisses of the dawn!

But, oh my beloved-

To better dry my tears,

Let your voice speak again!

Tell me, your Dalila

That you are mine forever

Tell me tenderly

The promise of old times

Those promises that I loved---

Ahh....respond....to my....caresses...
Fillme.....with..ecstasy..

Like one sees the blades
of the wheat undulating
In the wind's gentleness
Like this my heart trembles
Ready to be consoled
by your voice, my dear

Ainsi frémit mon coeur,
prêt à se consoler,
à ta voix qui m'est chère!
La flèche est moins rapide
à porter le trépas,
que ne l'est ton amante
à voler dans tes bras!

An excerpt from La mort de Cléopâtre

Du destin qui m'accable est-ce à moi de me plaindre?

Ai-je pour l'accuser, ai-je le droit de la vertu?

Par moi nos Dieux ont fui d'Alexandrie,
D'Isis le culte est détruit.

Grands Pharaons, nobles Lagides,
Vous me fuiriez avec horreur.

Non, j'ai d'un époux déshonoré la vie.
Sa cendre est sous mes yeux,
son ombre me poursuit.

C'est par moi qu'aux Romains l'Egypte est asservie.

Par moi nos Dieux ont fui
les murs d'Alexandrie,
Et d'Isis le culte est détruit.

The arrow is not as fast
To bring me death
Than your lover is
To fly into your arms!

Have I the right to complain of my
overwhelming fate?

Have I, to accuse my lot, the privilege of
virtue? Because of me our gods fled from
Alexandria. And the cult of Isis is destroyed.

Mighty Pharaohs, noble Lagides,

You would fly from me in horror.

No, I was the dishonor of my spouse.

His ashes are before my gaze, his shade
(ghost) pursues me.

It is because of me that Egypt is enslaved by
Rome. Because of me that our gods have
deserted the walls of Alexandria, and the cult of
Isis is destroyed.

Osiris banished my reign. To Typhon* I give
up my life!

In the face of the horror which hems me in, A
vile reptile is my resort.

*Serpentine monster of Greek origin

Osiris proscrit ma couronne. A Typhon je
livre mes jours!
Contre l'horreur qui m'environne,
Un vil reptile est mon recours.

Čury mury fuk,
bílá pára vstává z luk!
Kapka krve dračí,
deset kapek žluče,
teplé srdce ptačí,
pokud ještě tluče.
Skoč, můj mourku, skoč a skoč,
varem v kotli pozatoč!

Čury mury fuk,
nelekej se větších muk!
Toť tvé lidské věno,
a to musíš pítí,
tím co uvařeno,
jazyk zdřevění ti.
Skoč můj mourku, hola hej,
v hrdlo jí tu šťávu vlej!
Čury mury fuk,
ale teď už ani muk!

I am not

Abracadabra,
white mist is rising from the meadows!
A drop of dragon's blood,
ten drops of bile,
the warm heart of a bird,
already the kettle is hissing.
Jump, my tomcat, jump,
stir the brew in the kettle!

Abracadabra,
don't be afraid of greater torments!
This is your human dowry,
and you must drink it.
This brew
will make your tongue go wooden.
Jump, my tomcat, come on, hey,
poor this juice down her throat!
Abracadabra,
but now not a word!

(Mr. Harthon) Bishop what doe you say you
here stand charged with sundry acts of
witchcraft by you done or committed upon the
bodies of mercy Lews and An Putnam and
others.

based off the real transcript of Bridget
Bishop: Transcript is copied exactly from
original and uses older English spellings

(Bishop) I am innocent I know nothing of it I
have done no witchcraft

(Har) Looke upon this woman and see if this
be the woman that you have seen hurting you.
Mercy Lewes and An Putnam and others doe
[doe] now charge her to her face with hurting
of them.

(Har) What doe you say now you see they
charge you to your face

(B) I never did hurt them in my life I did
never see these persons before I am as
innocent as the child unborn

(Har) good Bishop what contract have you
made with the devill

(B) I have made no contract with the devill I
never saw him in my life. An Putnam sayeth
that shee calls the devill her God

(Har) what say you to all this that you are
charged with can you not find in your heart to
tell the truth

(B) I doe tell the truth I never hurt these
persons in my life I never saw them before.

(Mercy Lewes) oh goode Bishop did you not
come to our house the Last night and did you
not tell me that your master made you tell mor
than you were willing to tell

(Mr Har) tell us the truth in this matter how
comes these persons to be thus tormented and
to charge you with doing

(B) I am not come here to say I am a witch to
take away my life

(Har) who is that that doth it if you doe not
they say it is your likenes that comes and
torments them and tempts them to write in the

booke what Booke is that you tempt them with.

(B) I know nothing of it I am innocent.

(Har) doe you not see how they are tormented you are acting witchcraft before us what doe you say to ths why have you not an heart to confese the truth

(B) I am innocent I know nothing of it I am no witch I know not what a witch is.

(Har) have you not given consent that some evill spirit should doe this in your likeness.

(B) no I am innocent of being a witch I know no man woman or child here

(Har) what doe you say to these murders you are charged with

(B) I am innocent I know nothing of it now she lifts up her eyes and they are greatly tormented again

(Har) what doe you say to these things here horrible acts of witch craft

(B) I know nothing of it I doe not know whither be any witches or no

(Har) no have you not heard that some have confessed.

(B) no I did not

Re dell'abisso

Re dell'Abisso, affrettati,
Precipita per l'etra,
Senza librar la folgore
Il tetto mio penètra.
Omai tre volte l'upupa
Dall'alto sospirò;
La salamandra ignivora
Tre volte sibilò...

King of the Abyss, hasten to me!

Plummet from the heavens,

Without flying the lightning

penetrates my roof.

E delle tombe il gemito
Tre volte a me parlò.

È lui, è lui! ne' palpiti
Come risento adesso
La voluttà riardere
Del suo tremendo amplesso!
La face del futuro
Nella sinistra egli ha...
M'arise al mio scongiuro,
Rifolgorar la fa:
Nulla, più nulla ascondersi
Al guardo mio potrà!

Ich habe keine gute Nächte

Klytämnestra

Ich habe keine guten Nächte. Weisst du
kein Mittel gegen Träume?

Elektra (not voiced in excerpt)

Träumst du, Mutter?

Klytämnestra

Wer älter wird, der träumt.
Allein es lässt sich vertreiben.
Es gibt Bräuche.
Es muss für alles richtige Bräuche geben.

Now, for three times, the hoopoe *(bird)

Has sighed from the heights,

The fiery salamander

Three times has hissed.

And the moaning from the graves three times
have spoken to me.

It's him! It's him! In my heartbeat

How I feel it now!

The intense pleasure being rekindled

By his tremendous embrace!

The face of the future

He holds in his left hand

He has arisen from my conjuring

Shining he does!

Nothing, nothing more, can hide

From my penetrating gaze.

Klytämnestra

I have no good nights. Do you know any
remedy for dreams?

Elektra: you dream, mother?

Darum bin ich so behängt mit Steinen.
Denn es wohnt in jedem ganz sicher eine
Kraft.
Man muss nur wissen, wie man sie nützen
kann.
Wenn du nur wolltest, du könntest etwas
sagen, was mir nützt.

Elektra

Ich, Mutter, ich?

Klytämnestra

Ja, du! denn du bist klug.
In deinem Kopf ist alles stark.
Du könntest vieles sagen, was mir nützt.
Wenn auch ein Wort nichts weiter ist! Was
ist denn ein Hauch!

und doch kriecht zwischen Tag und Nacht,
wenn ich mit offenen Augen lieg', ein Etwas
hin über mich.

Es ist kein Wort, es ist kein Schmerz, es
drückt mich nicht, es würgt mich nicht,
nichts ist es, nicht einmal ein Alp, und
dennoch es ist so fürchterlich, dass meine
Seele sich wünscht, erhängt zu sein, und jedes
Glied in mir schreit nach dem Tod, und dabei
leb' ich! und bin nicht einmal krank; du siehst
mich doch: seh' ich wie eine Kranke?

Kann man den vergehn, lebend, wie ein faules
Aas?

kann man zerfallen, wenn man garnicht krank
ist?

zerfallen wachen Sinnes, wie ein Kleid,
zefressen von den Motten?

Und dann schlaf' ich und träume, träume! dass
sich mir das Mark in den Knochen löst, und
taumle wieder auf, und nicht der zehnte Teil
der Wasseruhr ist abgelaufen, und was
unter'm Vorhang hereinginst, ist noch nicht
der fahle Morgen,

Klytämnestra:

When you get older, you dream.
Alone it can be done to drive them out.
There are customs (rituals).
There must be rituals for everything.

That is why I am so hung with jewels.
Because it lives certainly a power in each one.

You just have to know how to use them.
If you only wished you could say something
useful to me.

Elektra

Me, mother? Me?

Klytämnestra

Yes you! Because you are smart. Everything
is strong in your head.

You could say many things that will benefit
me. Even if just a word and nothing more!
What is a breath?

And yet it crawls between day and night,

When I lie with eyes wide open,

Something stands over me.

It's not a word, it's not a pain...

It doesn't push me it doesn't choke me,

It's nothing, not even a nightmare, and yet

it is so dreadful that my soul wishes it were
hanged, and every limb within me cries out
for death, and yet I live!

nein, immer noch die Fackel vor der Tür, die grässlich zuckt wie ein Lebendiges und meinen Schlaf belauert.

Diese Träume müssen ein Ende haben.
Wer sie immer schickt ein jeder Dämon lässt von uns, sobald das rechte Blut geflossen ist.

Nel Profondo Cieco Mondo

Nel profondo cieco mondo

si precipiti la sorte

già spietata a questo cor !

Vincerà l'amor più forte

con l'aita del valor.

and am not even sick; you see me: do I see like a sick person?

Can one die while alive, like a rotten corpse?

Can you fall apart if you are not sick at all?
falling apart like a dress, eaten by moths?

And then I sleep and dream, dream! that the marrow in my bones loosens, and stagger up again, and not a drop of the water-clock has expired, and what grins in from under the curtain is not yet the pale morning

no, always still the torch in front of the door, twitching horribly like something alive and stalking my sleep.

These dreams must end. Whoever sends them, every demon leaves us as soon as the right blood has flowed.

In the profound blindness of the world,

	<p>Fate mercilessly dashes my hopes for love!</p> <p>The strongest love will win with the help of valor</p>
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