

# WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 18 February 2025  
7.30pm

Anna Dennis soprano  
Nick Pritchard tenor

David Bates director, harpsichord  
La Nuova Musica

Jane Gordon violin I	Gavin Kibble viola da gamba	Paul Sharp trumpet
Louis Creac'h violin I	Carina Cosgrave double bass	Matthew Wells trumpet
Jane Rogers viola	Yu-Wei Hu flute	Jonatan Bougt theorbo
Joanna Patrick-Taffs viola	Jonathan Slade flute	Inga Maria Klaucke dulcian
Alexander Rolton cello	Leo Duarte oboe, recorder	William Whitehead organ
Kinga Gáborjáni cello	Sarah Humphrys oboe, recorder	Elsa Bradley percussion

*Harpsichord and organ provided and tuned by Robin Jennings*

Voktett Hannover

Esther Tschimpke soprano I	Lea Wolpert alto	Sebastian Knappe bass
Kerstin Dietl soprano I	Ida Barleben alto	Steffen Schulte bass
Franziska Poensgen soprano II	Christian Volkmann tenor	
Johanna Ihrig soprano II	Justus Barleben tenor	

LNM Consort Singers

Amy Wood soprano I	William Wright alto	Simon Wall tenor
Miriam Allan soprano II	Rory McCleery alto	Jimmy Holliday bass

Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643-1704)

Te Deum H146

*Interval*

La descente d'Orphée aux enfers H488 (c. 1686)  
*Premier Acte • Second Acte*

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From the moment of his death in 1704, **Marc-Antoine Charpentier's** music suffered a rapid decline in popularity. It was to be 200 years before two French academics took renewed interest in the composer's manuscripts, and another 50 before French musicologist Carl de Nys stumbled across the instrumental prelude to one of the composer's six *Te Deums* (the one on tonight's programme). This 'Rondeau' was subsequently adopted as the theme for Eurovision broadcasts, and is still in use today. The late 1970s saw Charpentier's name rise through the composer ranks thanks in large part to conductor William Christie who christened his new ensemble Les Arts Florissants after the composer's 1685 opera of the same name.

So how did a seemingly significant composer of more than 550 major works, hailed at his death by Paris' leading academic journal as 'one of the most excellent musicians that France has ever had', fall into obscurity for so long? One possible reason was that none of Charpentier's works were published during his lifetime (his nephew donated the manuscripts to the royal library) and without printed scores, Charpentier's music was simply forgotten. Another is that Lully, composer to the court of Louis XIV, dominated the Paris scene to the exclusion of other, equally fine composers. Although Charpentier was employed to provide music for the Dauphin's private chapel from 1679, he never became a fully-fledged royal composer and enjoyed a dimmer share of the limelight.

Charpentier's employment in the Dauphin's chapel points to his flair for sacred music, which accounted for most of his output. The 'Te Deum H146' is among 470 works he composed for the church. Settings of the *Te Deum*, a prayer of thanksgiving, would largely have been composed for occasions of national celebration such as military victories, the recovery of a monarch or the birth of a royal heir. It's been suggested that Charpentier wrote this 'Te Deum' in the early 1690s to celebrate victory over the Grand Alliance at the Battle of Steenkerque, for performance at Paris' Jesuit Church of St Louis, nicknamed the 'Eglise de l'opéra' for its musical prowess. It's scored for eight soloists, chorus, woodwinds, trumpets, timpani and strings, and is in D major, a key the composer appropriately described as 'bright, and very warlike' (keys were very important to Charpentier in helping to establish mood and timbre).

The celebratory opening 'Prélude', replete with brass and kettledrums, is tempered by the refined elegance of its flowing melody and brief central section where strings and woodwind provide an oasis of stately calm. In fact, the piece is dominated by some of Charpentier's most beautiful devotional writing, including the meltingly expressive 'Te per orbem terrarum' for tenor, bass and *haute-contre*, a French Baroque voice-type somewhere between high tenor and countertenor (as a celebrated *haute-contre* himself, Charpentier may well have sung in the première). Elsewhere, the 'Te ergo quaesumus' for soprano solo is built from ravishing long melodic lines complemented by a pair of languorous flutes and *continuo* accompaniment. The final, declamatory 'In te,

Domine, speravi' is one of Baroque French music's most exciting passages. A gleaming Handelian expression of gratitude, its fanfares and militaristic rhythms are a splendid glorification of French might.

Early in his career during the 1660s, Charpentier spent time in Rome where he studied with the oratorio composer Giacomo Carissimi and surrounded himself with opera composers. His immersion in Italian music served Charpentier well back in Paris, where Italian and French composers worked cheek-by-jowl ever since Cardinal Mazarin had sought to Italianise French culture. On his return, Charpentier was appointed composer to Marie de Lorraine, better known as Mademoiselle de Guise. And it's for her that Charpentier conceived his chamber opera *La Descente d'Orphée aux enfers* ('Orpheus's Descent into the Underworld'). It's a matter of debate among scholars as to whether *La Descente* is complete or not. Its happy ending (Orpheus successfully leads Eurydice out of the Underworld) tells only part of the myth, in which Eurydice is condemned to eternity in Hades. On the other hand, in Rome, Charpentier may have encountered Monteverdi's 1607 operatic treatment of the same tale, with its equally upbeat conclusion. And given that Charpentier wrote *La Descente* for a household, not an opera house, the Mademoiselle de Guise may well have welcomed a tragedy-free evening.

The two-act *La Descente d'Orphée aux enfers* begins with a gently swaying overture in what Charpentier describes as the 'pastoral' key of A major (again, keys play a prominent part here). It leads into an opening scene in which a group of nymphs celebrate the wedding of Orpheus and Eurydice. Moments later, in music of Purcellian economy and intensity, Charpentier whisks us from Arcadian paradise to tragedy as Eurydice is bitten by a snake, and dies.

Orpheus grieves to a mournful descending bass, before frantic semi-quavers herald the urgency of the situation. Scene III introduces Apollo who persuades his son not to take his own life, before Orpheus vows to venture to the Underworld in pursuit of his love, set to music of poised melancholy. Act II takes us into the Underworld itself where Orpheus, singing in both B flat major ('magnificent and joyous', according to Charpentier) and F major ('Furious and quick-tempered'), brings inner peace to the tormented souls Ixion, Tantalus and Tityus.

But the opera's emotional heart lies in Scene III of Act II – Orpheus finds himself in front of Pluto, the god of Hades, and pleads with him to 'be moved by my extreme grief'. Pluto relents, encouraged by Proserpina, plus Chorus of Happy Shades, Evildoers and Furies – and Orpheus is permitted to lead Eurydice out of Hades, provided he never looks back at her.

As the Happy Shades, Evildoers and Furies lament Orpheus's departure, Charpentier brings the curtain down with an elegant but brief *sarabande légère* ('gentle sarabande').

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## Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643-1704)

### Te Deum H146

Te Deum laudamus:	You are God: we praise you;
Te Dominum confitemur.	you are the Lord: we acclaim you;
Te aeternum Patrem	you are the eternal Father:
Omnis terra veneratur.	all creation worships you.
Tibi omnes Angeli;	To you all angels,
Tibi cæli et universae potestates.	all the powers of heaven,
Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim Incessabili voce proclamant:	Cherubim and Seraphim, sing in endless praise:
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.	Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of power and might,
Pleni sunt cæli et terra majestatis Gloriæ tuæ.	heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Te gloriosus Apostolorum chorus;	The glorious company of apostles praise you.
Te Prophetarum laudabilis numerus;	The noble fellowship of prophets praise you.
Te Martyrum candidatus Laudat exercitus.	The white-robed army of martyrs praise you.
Te per orbem terrarum Sancta confitetur Ecclesia:	Throughout the world the holy Church acclaims you:
Patrem immensæ majestatis;	Father, of majesty unbounded,
Venerandum tuum verum Et unicum Filium;	your true and only Son, worthy of all worship,
Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum.	and the Holy Spirit, advocate and guide.
Tu Rex gloriæ, Christe.	You, Christ, are the king of glory,
Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius.	the eternal Son of the Father.
Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, Non horruisti Virginis uterum.	When you became man to set us free you did not spurn the Virgin's womb.
Tu, devicto mortis aculeo, Aperuisti credentibus regna cælorum.	You overcame the sting of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.
Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, in gloria Patris.	You are seated at God's right hand in glory.
Judex crederis esse venturus.	We believe that you will come, and be our judge.
Te ergo quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni, Quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.	Come then, Lord, and help your people, bought with the price of your own blood,
Aeterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari.	and bring us with your saints to glory everlasting.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine,	Save your people, Lord,
Et benedic haereditati tuae.	and bless your inheritance
Et rege eos, et extolle illos usque in aeternum.	Govern and uphold them now and always.
Per singulos dies benedicimus te.	Day by day we bless you.
Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum,	We praise your name
Et in saeculum saeculi.	for ever.
Dignare, Domine, Die isto sine peccato nos custodire.	Keep us today, Lord, from all sin.
Miserere nostri, Domine, miserere nostri.	Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy.
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine,	Lord, show us your love and mercy;
Super nos, quemadmodum speravimus in te.	for we put our trust in you.
In te, Domine, speravi:	In you, Lord, is our hope:
Non confundar in aeternum.	and we shall never hope in vain.

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### Interval

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# Marc-Antoine Charpentier (1643-1704)

## La descente d'Orphée aux enfers H488

((c. 1686))

### Premier Acte

### Act I

*Ouverture*

*Overture*

### Scène Première

### Scene I

[Euridice, Daphné, Énone,  
Aréthuse, Chœur de  
nymphes chantantes et  
dansantes]

[Eurydice, Daphne,  
Oenone, Arethusa,  
chorus of nymphs  
singing and dancing]

*Daphné*

Inventons mille  
jeux divers,  
Pour célébrer dans ce  
bocage  
De deux parfaits époux le  
charmant assemblage.

*Daphne*

Let us devise a thousand  
different games  
to celebrate the delightful  
union  
of a perfect couple here  
in this grove.

*Chœur de Nymphes*

Inventons mille  
jeux divers,  
Pour célébrer dans ce  
bocage  
De deux parfaits époux le  
charmant assemblage.

*Chorus of nymphs*

Let us devise a thousand  
different games  
to celebrate the delightful  
union  
of a perfect couple here  
in this grove.

*Daphné*

Que nos chansons percent  
les airs  
Et que nos pas légers en  
impriment l'image  
Sur l'herbe de ces tapis  
verts.

*Daphne*

May our songs rend the  
air  
and our buoyant steps  
imprint their image  
on the grass of this green  
carpet.

*Chœur de Nymphes*

Que nos chansons percent  
les airs  
Et que nos pas légers en  
impriment l'image  
Sur l'herbe de ces tapis  
verts.

*Chorus of nymphs*

May our songs rend the  
air  
and our buoyant steps  
imprint their image  
on the grass of this green  
carpet.

[Entrée des nymphes]

[Entrée of nymphs]

*Énone et Aréthuse*

Ruisseau qui dans ce beau  
séjour  
D'un printemps éternel  
entretient la verdure,  
Pour flatter Eurydice et lui  
faire la cour  
Mêle à nos chants ton doux  
murmure.  
Et vous petits oiseaux,

*Oenone and Arethusa*

O stream which, in these  
fair parts  
maintains the verdure of  
eternal  
Spring to delight and  
wood Eurydice,  
add your gentle murmur  
to our singing.  
And you, small birds,

Si vous voulez lui rendre  
hommage,  
Accordez votre doux  
ramage  
Au bruit charmant  
des eaux.

if you'd pay her  
homage,  
tune your gentle  
woodnote  
to the waters' beguiling  
sound.

[La Même Entrée de  
Nymphes se recommence  
comme ci-devant]

[Entrée of nymphs  
again, as right  
before]

*Euridice*

Compagnes fidèles,  
Je vois sous vos pas  
Mourir les appas  
De cent  
fleurs nouvelles.  
Ah! Ménagez mieux  
Ces dons précieux  
Des soupirs de Flore  
Et des pleurs de l'Aurore.  
Épargnez leurs attraits  
naissants:  
Je les prétends offrir au  
héros que j'attends.  
Couchons-nous sur la  
tendre herbe,  
Et mêlons à la violette.  
Le vermeil de la rose et le  
blanc du jasmin.  
Nous en ferons une  
couronne  
Que je lui mettrai de ma  
main:  
Sa constance en est  
digne et l'Hymen me  
l'ordonne.

*Eurydice*

Faithful companions.  
Beneath your steps I see  
the charms  
of a hundred newly-  
opened flowers perish.  
Ah! Take better care  
of these precious gifts  
of Flora's sighs  
and Aurora's tears.  
Spare their burgeoning  
beauty.  
I intend to offer them to  
the hero whom I await.  
Let us rest on the tender  
grass,  
Et mêlons à la violette.  
The rose's red and the  
jasmine's white.  
We shall make a  
crown  
that I'll place on his head  
with my very own hand.  
His constancy deserves  
it, and Hymen wills  
it so.

*Euridice et Chœur de  
nymphes*

Qu'il se croira  
fortune  
Ce héros tendre  
et fidèle,  
De se voir  
couronné  
Par une main fidèle.

*Eurydice and Chorus of  
nymphes*

How favoured he will  
think himself,  
this fond and faithful  
hero,  
when he sees himself  
crowned  
by a faithful hand.

*Euridice*

Ah!

*Eurydice*

Ah!

*Énone*

L'on ne goûte point de  
plaisirs sans douleurs,  
Chère compagne,  
et les plus  
fines  
Ne peuvent éviter la pointe  
des épines  
En se jouant avec les  
fleurs.

*Oenone*

We taste no pleasure but  
it brings us pain,  
my dear companion.  
Even the most  
fastidious  
are bound to be  
pricked  
when they play with  
flowers.

<i>Euridice</i>	<i>Eurydice</i>
Soutiens-moi, chère Cœnone, un serpent m'a blesse, Je n'en puis plus, je tombe, et du venin pressée...	Support me, my dear Oenone, a snake has bitten me, I cannot go on, I am falling, prey to its poison.

**Scène Seconde**

[Orphée, troupe de bergers  
chantants et dansants, et  
les susdits]

*Orphée*  
Qu'ai-je entendu? Que  
vois-je?

*Chœur de nymphes et de  
bergers*  
Ô comble des malheurs!

*Orphée*  
Quoi? Je perds  
Eurydice?

*Euridice*  
Orphée, adieu, je  
meurs.

*Orphée*  
Ah! Bergers, c'en est fait, il  
n'est plus d'Eurydice.  
Ses beaux yeux sont fermés  
pour ne jamais  
s'ouvrir.  
Impitoyables Dieux, vous la  
laissez mourir:  
Quelle rigueur, quelle  
injustice!  
L'infortunée à peine  
entraint dans ses beaux  
jours  
Et vous en terminez  
le cours.

*Chœur de nymphes et de  
bergers*  
Ah! Bergers, c'en est fait, il  
n'est plus d'Eurydice.  
Ses beaux yeux sont  
fermés pour ne jamais  
s'ouvrir.  
Impitoyables Dieux, vous la  
laissez mourir:  
Quelle rigueur, quelle  
injustice!  
L'infortunée à peine  
entraint dans ses beaux  
jours

**Scene II**

[Orpheus, a group of  
shepherds singing and  
dancing, the same]

*Orpheus*  
What did I hear, what do I  
see?

*Chorus of nymphs and  
shepherds*  
Oh, extremity of grief!

*Orpheus*  
What! Must I lose  
Eurydice?

*Eurydice*  
Orpheus, farewell, I am  
dying.

*Orpheus*  
Ah! Shepherds, it is over,  
Eurydice is no more,  
her beautiful eyes are  
closed, never again to  
open.  
Implacable gods, you let  
her die.  
What harshness, what  
injustice!  
The unhappy woman had  
scarcely reached her  
prime  
and already you cut her  
life's thread.

*Chorus of nymphs and  
shepherds*  
Ah! Shepherds, it is over,  
Eurydice is no more,  
her beautiful eyes are  
closed, never again to  
open.  
Implacable gods, you let  
her die.  
What harshness, what  
injustice!  
The unhappy woman had  
scarcely reached her  
prime

Et vous en terminez le cours.	and already you cut her life's thread.
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[Entrée de Nymphes  
et de Bergers  
désespérés]

[Entrée of despairing  
nymphs and  
shepherds]

*Orphée*  
Lâche amant, pourrais-tu  
survivre  
À la nymphe qui t'a  
charmé?  
Non! Tu ne l'as jamais aimée  
Si tu diffères de la  
suivre.  
Mourons! Destin jaloux  
qui rompt de si beaux  
nœuds,  
Malgré toi le tombeau nous  
rejoindra tous deux.

*Orpheus*  
Cowardly lover, could you  
outlive  
the nymph who so  
beguiled you?  
No! You never loved her  
if you hesitated to follow  
her.  
Let me die! Jealous fate  
that rends so fair a  
bond asunder,  
In spite of you, the grave  
will reunite us.

**Scène Troisième**

[Apollon et les susdits]

*Apollon*  
Ne tourne point, mon fils, ce  
fer contre toi-même,  
C'est répandre mon sang  
que de verser le tien.  
J'entre dans ta douleur, ton  
tourment est le mien,  
Suis mes conseils plutôt que  
ta fureur extrême.

*Orphée*  
Hélas! Un malheureux qui  
perd tout ce qu'il aime,  
Après le coup affreux d'un si  
funeste sort  
Doit-il pas se donner la  
mort?

**Scene III**

[Apollo, the same]

*Apollo*  
My son, do not turn this  
sword against yourself:  
to shed your blood would  
be to spill my own.  
I feel your grief, your  
torment is my own.  
Heed my advice, not your  
extremity of passion.

*Orpheus*  
Alas! A wretch who has  
lost all he loves,  
after the terrible blow of  
so baleful a fate,  
should he not take his  
own life?

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

<i>Apollon</i>	<i>Apollo</i>
Mon fils, ne perds point l'espérance.	My son, do not lose hope.
Va, pour ravoïr ta nymphé, implorer la puissance	To see your nymph again, appeal to the power
Du prince ténébreux qui règne chez les morts.	of the prince of darkness who rules the dead.
Va lui faire sentir la douce violence	Let him feel the gentle violence
De ces charmants accords	of the enchanting strains
Où je dressais tes mains dans ta plus tendre enfance.	in which I trained your hands from earliest childhood.
Tes chants adoucïront ce tyran des Enfers.	Your singing will melt the heart of this tyrant of Hell.
Tout barbare qu'il est, touché de ta demande,	Inhuman though he is, he'll be touched by your request.
Ne doute point qu'il ne te rende	Doubt not that he'll give you back
La nymphe que tu perds.	the nymph whom you have lost.

[Apollon poursuit sa carrière]	[Apollo goes on his way]
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<i>Orphée</i>	<i>Orpheus</i>
Que d'un frivole espoir c'est flatter mon supplice!	Why add to my torment with a futile hope!
N'importe, essayons tout pour ravoïr Eurydice.	No matter, there is nothing I would not do to see Eurydice again.

<i>Chœur de nymphes et de bergers</i>	<i>Chorus of nymphs and shepherds</i>
Juste sujet de pleurs, Malheureuse journée.	True cause for tears, unhappy day,
Sont-ce là les douceurs	are these the sweet delights
Que les nœuds d'un saint hyménée	that the bonds of holy wedlock
Promettaient à ces jeunes cœurs?	promised these young hearts?

[Entrée de nymphes et de bergers désespérés]	[Entrée of despairing nymphs and shepherds]
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<b>Fin du Premier Acte</b>	<b>End of Act I</b>
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## Second Acte ((c. 1686))

## Act II

### Scène Première

### Scene I

[Tantale, Ixion, Titye, furies  
chantantes]

[Tantalus, Ixion, Tityus,  
singing furies]

*Ixion, Tantale et Titye*  
Affreux tourments, gênes  
cruelles,  
Qu'en ces lieux nous  
souffrons sans espoir de  
secours,  
Renaissantes douleurs,  
peïnes toujours nouvelles,  
Hélas, durerez-vous  
toujours?

*Ixion, Tantalus and Tityus*  
Terrible torments, cruel  
afflictions  
that we suffer here with  
no hope of  
help,  
redoubled pain, ever-  
fresh agonies,  
alas, will you last for ever?

### Scène Seconde

### Scene II

[Orphée, fantômes dansant  
et les susdits]

[Orpheus, dancing  
shades, the same]

*Orphée*  
Cessez, cessez, fameux  
coupables,  
D'emplir ces tristes  
lieux de cris  
réitérés.  
Les tourments que vous  
endurez  
Aux rigueurs de mon fait ne  
sont point comparables.  
Cessez, cessez, fameux  
coupables,  
D'emplir ces tristes  
lieux de cris  
réitérés.

*Orpheus*  
No more, no more, you ill-  
omened miscreants,  
no longer fill this  
mournful place with  
repeated cries,  
the torments that you  
bear  
cannot be compared with  
the rigours of my fate.  
No more, no more, you ill-  
omened miscreants,  
no longer fill this  
mournful place with  
repeated cries.

*Ixion, Tantale et Titye*  
Quelle touchante voix,  
quelle douce harmonie  
Suspend mon rigoureux  
tourment?

*Ixion, Tantalus and Tityus*  
What a touching voice,  
what dulcet strains  
bring respite to my harsh  
torment?

*Tantale*  
Ni ces fruits, ni ces eaux ne  
me font plus d'envie.

*Tantalus*  
No longer do I desire  
these fruits or waters.

*Ixion*  
Je respire, ma roue arrête en  
ce moment.

*Ixion*  
I breathe more freely, my  
wheel has stopped.

*Titye*  
De mes cruels vautours,  
la faim semble  
assouvie.

*Tityus*  
My savage vultures'  
hunger seems  
assuaged.

*Ixion, Tantale et Titye*  
Mortel, qui que tu  
sois,

*Ixion, Tantalus and Tityus*  
Mortal, whosoever you  
may be,

Si ton cœur est sensible  
à notre long  
martyre,  
Recommence à mêler  
au doux son de  
ta lyre  
Les tendres accents de  
ta voix.

if your heart is touched by  
our endless  
torment,  
strike up again and tune  
your voice's tender  
strains  
to the gentle sounds of  
your lyre.

*Orphée*  
Je ne refuse point ce  
secours à vos larmes,  
Heureux si ces tristes  
accents  
Sur vos maux si puissants  
Pour attendrir Pluton,  
avaient les mêmes  
charmes.  
Heureux si  
ces tendres  
accents  
Le portaient à  
finir les peines que  
je sens.

*Orpheus*  
I'll not deny you this  
solace in your grief,  
happy if these mournful  
strains  
could melt Pluto's heart  
and cast the  
self-same spell on  
him  
as they do on your great  
hardships, happy if  
these tender strains  
might move him to end  
the torments that I  
suffer.

*Chœur des Furies et de  
criminels*  
Il n'est rien aux Enfers qui se  
puisse défendre  
De leurs charmes  
vainqueurs.  
Juges-en par les pleurs  
Que tu nous vois répandre.  
Attendris nos barbares  
cœurs.  
Calme nos cuisantes  
douleurs.  
C'est ce qu'il n'appartient  
qu'à toi seul  
d'entreprendre.  
Que tes chants ont  
d'appas,  
Qu'ils sont pleins de  
douceurs!

*Chorus of furies and  
criminals*  
There is none in Hell can  
resist  
their all-conquering  
spell.  
Judge by the tears  
that you see us shed.  
Melt our inhuman  
hearts,  
calm our quickening  
pain.  
It is you alone  
that can do  
so.  
How delightful your  
singing,  
how full of  
sweetness!

[Entrée de Fantômes]

[Entrée of shades]

### Scène Troisième

### Scene III

[Pluton, Proserpine, ombres  
heureuses chantates et  
dansantes, et les susdits]

[Pluto, Proserpina,  
blessed spirits singing  
and dancing, the same]

*Pluton*  
Que cherche en mon palais  
ce mortel  
téméraire?  
Ose-t-il en troubler le  
silence éternel?

*Pluto*  
What is this foolhardy  
mortal seeking in my  
palace?  
How dare he disturb its  
eternal silence?

Prévoit-il ce qui suit  
son dessein  
criminel?  
Connait-il le danger  
qu'on court à me  
déplaire?

Can't he see what will  
follow his criminal  
plan?  
Does he know the danger  
he runs in displeasing  
me?

*Orphée*  
Je ne viens point ici,  
Monarque des Enfers,  
Pour faire aucune violence  
Aux lieux soumis à ta  
puissance,  
Ni poussé du désir  
d'apprendre à l'univers  
Qu'Orphée a mis  
Cerbère aux  
fers.

*Orpheus*  
I have not come,  
O Prince of Hell,  
to lay violent hand  
on this place, which is in  
your power,  
nor am I driven by the  
wish to tell the world  
that Cerberus lies  
shackled by Orpheus's  
hand.

L'unique et cher objet  
pour qui mon cœur  
souponne,  
Eurydice... à ce nom je sens  
manquer ma voix,  
Ma lyre, en cet instant,  
muette sous mes doigts,  
Ne peut plus exprimer mon  
rigoureux martyre.  
Soupirs, ardents soupirs,  
c'est à vous à les dire.

The sole and cherished  
object for which my  
soul repines,  
Eurydice... at this name I  
feel my voice fail me,  
my lyre falls mute,  
beneath my fingers  
it can no longer express  
my bitter torment.  
Sighs, ardent sighs, it is  
you that must speak.

*Proserpine*  
Pauvre amant, quel cœur de  
rocher  
Ne se laisserait pas toucher  
Aux tendres accents de ta  
plainte?

*Proserpina*  
Poor lover, what heart of  
stone  
would not be moved  
by the tender strains of  
your plaint?

*Chœur d'ombres heureuses*  
Pauvre amant, quel cœur de  
rocher  
Ne se laisserait pas toucher  
Aux tendres accents de ta  
plainte?

*Chorus of blessed spirits*  
Poor lover, what heart of  
stone  
would not be moved  
by the tender strains of  
your plaint?

*Proserpine*  
Donne relâche à tes soupirs,  
Raconte tes malheurs sans  
crainte,  
Je partage tes déplaisirs.

*Proserpina*  
Cease your sighing,  
fearlessly tell me about  
your misfortunes,  
I share your distress.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

*Chœur d'ombres heureuses, de coupables et de furies*  
Donne relâche à tes soupirs,  
Raconte tes malheurs sans crainte,  
Je partage tes déplaisirs.

*de Chorus of blessed spirits, guilty souls and furies*  
Cease your sighing,  
fearlessly tell us about your misfortunes,  
we share your distress.

*Orphée*  
Eurydice n'est plus, et mon fue dure encore.  
Cette naissante fleur ne faisait que d'éclorre.  
Hélas! Dans son plus beau printemps  
Un serpent a finis a triste destinée,  
Sur le point qu'elle allait, par un doux hyménée  
Récompenser mes feux constants.  
Ah! Laisse-toi toucher à ma douleur extrême,  
Rends-moi, Dieu des Enfers, cette rare beauté,  
Le jour m'est odieux sans la nymphe que j'aime,  
Redonne-lui la vie, ou m'ôte la clarté.

*Orpheus*  
Eurydice is no more, and yet my passion lives on.  
This burgeoning flower was only just opening.  
Alas! In the springtime of youth  
a serpent ended her mournful destiny  
just as she was about to reward my constant passion  
with the tender ties of marriage.  
Ah! Be moved by the extremity of my anguish,  
give me back this rare beauty, O God of Hell,  
without the nymph that I love the very day is hateful to me.  
Restore her to life, or shroud me in darkness.

*Pluton*  
Le destin est contraire à ce que tu souhaites.  
Epoux infortune, finis tes vains regrets!  
Les ombres qui me sont sujettes  
De l'empire des morts ne retournent jamais.

*Pluto*  
Fate is opposed to all that you wish,  
unfortunate husband,  
end these vain regrets,  
the shades that obey my will  
can never return from the halls of death.

*Proserpine*  
Ah! Puisqu'avant le temps la rigueur de la Parque  
A tranché le fil de ses jours,  
Permet qu'elle revive, ô souverain monarque,  
Et qu'elle en achève le cours.

*Proserpina*  
Ah! Since the harsh hand of Fate  
cut her life's thread before her time,  
restore her to life, O sovereign king,  
and let that life run its course.

*Chœur d'ombres heureuses*  
Permet qu'elle revive, ô souverain monarque,  
Et qu'elle en achève le cours.

*Chorus of blessed spirits*  
Restore her to life, O sovereign king,  
and let that life run its course.

*Orphée*  
Tu ne la perdras point, hélas, pour me la rendre.

*Orpheus*  
You'll not lose her, alas, in restoring her to me.

Tout mortel est soumis à la loi du trépas,  
Et ma chère Eurydice aura beau s'en défendre,  
Il faut que tôt ou tard elle rentre-ici-bas.  
Ah! Laisse-toi toucher à ma douleur extrême,  
Rends-moi, Dieu des Enfers, cette rare beauté,  
Le jour m'est odieux sans la nymphe que j'aime,  
Redonne-lui la vie, ou m'ôte la clarté.

Every mortal is subject to death's decree.  
And my dear Eurydice will resist it in vain.  
Sooner or later she'll have to return here.  
Ah! Be moved by the extremity of my anguish,  
give me back this rare beauty, O God of Hell,  
without the nymph that I love the very day is hateful to me.  
Restore her to life, or shroud me in darkness.

*Pluton*  
Quel charme impérieux m'incite à la tendresse  
Et me fait plaindre son tourment?  
Pluton, aurais-tu la faiblesse  
De te laisser toucher aux regrets d'un amant?

*Pluto*  
What imperious spell bids me show tenderness  
and makes me pity his torment?  
Pluto, would you be so weak  
as to be moved by a lover's regrets?

*Proserpine*  
Courage, Orphée, étale ici les plus grands charmes  
De tes accents mélodieux.  
Le plus inflexible des dieux  
Ne reticent qu'à peine ses larmes.

*Proserpina*  
Take heart, Orpheus, display your melodious accents' greatest charms.  
The most unyielding of gods  
can scarcely hold back his tears.

*Chœur d'ombres heureuses, de coupables et de furies*  
Courage, Orphée, étale ici les plus grands charmes  
De tes accents mélodieux.  
Le plus inflexible des dieux  
Ne reticent qu'à peine ses larmes

*Chorus of blessed spirits, guilty souls and furies*  
Take heart, Orpheus, display your melodious accents' greatest charms.  
The most unyielding of gods  
can scarcely hold back his tears.

*Orphée*  
Souviens-toi du larcin que tu fis à Cérès,  
Souviens-toi qu l'Amour, Dans les yeux pleins d'attrait  
De ton Épouse incomparable,  
Choisit le plus beau de ses traits  
Dont le coup su percer ton cœur impenetrable.

*Orpheus*  
Recall how you stole Proserpina from Ceres,  
recall how Cupid once chose his finest dart from your matchless spouse's attractive eyes  
to pierce your invulnerable heart.



C'est par ce coup heureux dont ton cœur fut blessé,	By this happy blow, by which your heart was wounded.
C'est par ces yeux charmants d'où ce trait fut lancé	By these charming eyes, from which this dart was fired.
Que le fidèle Orphée à tes pieds te conjure	Faithful Orpheus begs you at your feet
De soulager l'excès des peines qu'il endure.	to lighten the burden of the torments he suffers.
N'ont-ils plus les appas dont tu fus enchanté?	Do they no longer have the attractions by which you were beguiled?
Ah! Laisse-toi toucher à ma douleur extreme,	Ah! Be moved by the extremity of my anguish.
Rends-moi, Dieu des Enfers, cette rare beauté,	Give me back this rare beauty, O God of Hell,
Le jour m'est odieux sans la nymphe que j'aime,	without the nymph that I love the very day is hateful to me.
Redonne-lui la vie, ou m'ôte la clarté.	Restore her to life, or shroud me in darkness.
<i>Pluton</i>	<i>Pluto</i>
Je cède, je me rends, amiable Proserpine,	I yield, I give in, O lovely Proserpina.
Conjuré par vos yeux je n'ai plus de rigueur.	Entreated by your eyes, I no longer feel any harshness.
Voyez ce que peut sur mon cœur	You see the effect on my heart
Votre beauté divine.	of your celestial beauty.
Retourne à la clarté du jour,	Return to the brightness of day,
Orphée amoureux et fidèle,	Loving faithful Orpheus.
Je vais tirer des mains de la Parque cruelle	I shall draw from the cruel Fate's hands
L'objet de ton amour.	the object of your love.
Sors triomphant de l'empire des ombres,	Leave this spirit world triumphant,
Eurydice suivra tes pas.	Eurydice will follow you.
Mais pour la regarder ne te retourne pas,	But do not turn around to look at her
Que tu ne sois sorti de ces demeures sombre.	until you have quit this sombre realm,
Sinon je la reprends par un second trépas.	or else I'll reclaim her for a second death.
[Proserpine et Pluton disparaissent]	[Proserpina and Pluto disappear]
<i>Orphée</i>	<i>Orpheus</i>
Amour, brûlant Amour, pourras-tu te contraindre?	Love, fiery Love, how can I constrain you?
Ah! Que le tendre Orphée à lui-même est à craindre.	Ah! How tender Orpheus must fear himself!
[Il sort]	[He leaves]

#### Scène Quatrième

[Ombres heureuses,  
coupables, furies  
et fantômes  
dansant]

*Chœur d'ombres  
heureuses, de coupables  
et de furies*

Vous partez donc,  
Orphée?

Ah! Regrets superflus!  
Soulagement trop court,  
Plaisirs trop peu durables,  
Hélas, vous êtes disparus  
Comme des songes  
agréables.

Demeurez toujours avec  
nous,

Charmante impression de  
cette voix touchante

Qui nous ravit, qui nous  
enchante.

*Ixion, Tantale et Titye*

Tant que nous garderons un  
souvenir si doux

Le Bonheur des enfers  
rendra le Ciel jaloux.

*Chœur d'ombres heureuses,  
de coupables et de furies*

Demeurez toujours avec  
nous,

Charmante impression de  
cette voix touchante

Qui nous ravit, qui nous  
enchante.

Tant que nous garderons un  
souvenir si doux

Le Bonheur des enfers  
rendra le Ciel jaloux.

[Entrée des fantômes]

#### Fin du Second Acte

*Translation of text of Te Deum by © Louise Riley-Smith*

#### Scene IV

[Chorus of blessed spirits,  
evil spirits, furies  
and dancing  
shades]

*Chorus of blessed spirits,  
guilty souls  
and furies*

You are leaving then,  
Orpheus.

Ah! Futile regrets,  
relief all too brief,  
pleasures to fleeting,  
alas, you have parted  
like pleasant  
dreams.

Stay with us for  
ever,

beguiling impression of  
this touching voice

that ravishes and  
enchants us.

*Ixion, Tantalus and Tityus*

As long as we retain so  
sweet a memory,

Heaven will surely envy  
Hades's joy.

*Chorus of blessed spirits,  
guilty souls and furies*

Remain with us for  
ever,

beguiling impression of  
this touching voice

that ravishes and  
enchants us.

As long as we retain so  
sweet a memory,

Heaven will surely envy  
Hades's joy.

[Entrée of shades]

#### End of Act Two