

LOUIS-NICOLAS CLÉRAMBAULT

Le Soleil, vainqueur des nuages
Cantate allégorique sur le rétablissement de la santé du Roi.

Symphonie et Récitatif

Les Persans, assemblés dans leurs vastes campagnes
Au lever du Soleil qui dorait les montagnes,
Se promettaient le plus beau jour:
Leurs yeux goûtaient déjà les fruits de sa présence,
Sans cesse ils bénissaient l'instant de sa naissance,
Et leurs coeurs par ces chants exprimaient leur amour.

Air

Poursuis ta brillante carrière,
Règne, divin Soleil, règne sur les mortels,
Les biens que répand ta lumière
Dans tous les coeurs t'élèvent des autels.

C'est peu que d'éclairer le monde,
Ton cours utile et glorieux
Devient une source féconde
De mille trésors précieux.

Récitatif

Mais le jour s'obscurit, dieux! quels nuages sombres
Dérobent tout à coup la splendeur qui nous luit!
Le plus noir aiglon que la Thrace ait produit
Répand partout d'épaisses ombres,
Et fait céder le jour aux horreurs de la nuit.

Symphonie [et Air]

Arrête, destin redoutable,
Suspends la rigueur de tes coups,
Rends-nous cet objet adorable,
Qui seul fait nos biens les plus beaux doux.

Veux-tu nous punir de nos crimes?
Que ces monts renversés sur nous
De la terre ouvrent les abîmes,
Frappe, nous t'offrons tes victimes,
Epuise sur nous ton courroux!

Récitatif

Nos vœux sont exaucés. Goûtons-en les présages
Par l'éclat lumineux qui brille dans les airs.
Des traits de feu dissipent les nuages,
Et ses rayons partout s'ouvrent mille passages
Vont le rendre plus pur aux yeux de l'univers.

Au for gay - Fanfare

Préparons d'éclatantes fêtes,
Formons les plus aimables jeux,
De festons couronnons nos têtes,
Chantons, chantons ce jour heureux,
Il rend le Soleil à nos vœux.

Il fait le destin de la terre,
De lui dépendent nos beaux jours,
Que rien ne trouble plus son cours,
Qu'aux monstres déclarent la guerre
Il règne, il triomphe toujours.

The Sun, Conqueror of the Clouds
Allegorical cantata on the recovery of the King's health.

Symphony and Recitative

The Persians, assembled in their vast plains,
At the rising of the sun, which was gilding the mountains,
Were looking forward to a glorious day:
Their eyes were already enjoying the fruits of its presence;
Ceaselessly, they blessed the moment of its birth,
And their hearts expressed their love by these chants.

Air

Pursue thy brilliant course;
Reign, divine Sun, reign over mortals;
The boons spread by thy light
Raise altars to thee in all hearts.

It is but little to illuminate the world;
Thy beneficial, glorious course
Becomes an abundant source
Of a thousand precious treasures.

Recitative

But the day grows dark. Ye Gods! What gloomy clouds
Suddenly cover the splendour shining on us!
The blackest blast that Thrace has produces
Spreads thick darkness everywhere
And makes day yield to the horrors of night.

Symphony [and Air]

Halt, dreadful destiny,
Stay the rigour of your blows,
Restore to us this revered object
Which alone produces our sweetest assests.

Would you punish us for our crimes?
Let these mountains overturned on us;
Open the abysses of the earth;
Strike, we offer you your victims;
Vent your wrath on us!

Recitative

Our prayers are granted. Let us savour the portents
By the luminous radiance sparkling in the air.
Shafts of fire dispel the clouds,
And their rays, everywhere opening up a thousand paths,
Will restore it purer to the eyes of the universe

Vigorous and lively Air - Fanfare

Let us prepare brilliant festivities,
From the most pleasing games,
Crown our heads with garlands,
Let us sing and hail this happy day,
Which restores the Sun to our prayers.

It shapes the earth's destiny,
On it our fine days depend.
May nothing further trouble its course,
And, declaring war on monsters,
Let it reign forever triumphant.

MICHEL PIGNOLET DE MONTÉCLAIR

La morte di Lucretia

Récitatif

Ferma, Tarquinio, il passo!
E già che a Collatino al gran consorte,
O lascivo togliesti il proprio onore,
A Lucretia infelice, hor da la morte,
E fa ch'il crudo acciar la renda esangue,
Servendo alla sua colpa di condegno color.
Ahi! Lassa! Il sangue.

Air

Dove vai, crudo spietato?
Riedi e tornami l'honor.
Tu t'en fuggi, Ahi! Fiero fato,
E mi lasci il duol al cor.

Récitatif

Ma folle! E che vaneggi?
E non t'avvedi che il traditor non t'ode?
Anzi, te sola hor prende a scherno,
Trionfando il felon della sua frode.
E tu infelice, hor spargi al vento le doglie,
Le querele, et il tormento.
Torna dunque in te stessa,
E ti rammenta, che già sei resa infame,
Onde mostrar tu devi a Roma, e al mondo,
Che chi non ha piu honor deve morire.
Svenati dunque, e in tanto apri la mano,
Cio che non sa temer core Romano.

Air

Coraggio miei spirti,
La morte incontrate se perso e l'honor.
Circondino i mirti,
Le membra violate da un perfido amor.

Récitatif

Di mortale sudor già tinto e il volto,
E per l'ampia ferita
Cerca ormai di sortir e spirito e vita.

Air

Assistetemi, O Dei!
E a un infelice, additate la strade a' campi Elisi.
Io manco, O cieli! Io manco,
E già massale, della morte fatale, il colpo rio.
O Patria! O Collatino!
Io moro, addio.

Récitatif

Così morì Lucretia, e mostro al Tebro nove strade al trionfo,
Ed ad onta de' Tarquinii e del orgoglio,
Trionfo, benché morta, in Campidoglio.

The death of Lucretia

Recitative

Arrest your steps, Tarquinius!
Already Collatinus, the mighty consort
Whose very honour you robbed though your lascivity,
Is now slaying unfortunate Lucretia
And is causing the harsh blade to drain her blood
Whose colour is appropriate to her guilt.
Ah! Let the blood flow.

Air

Where are you going, cruel, heartless one?
Return and give me back my honour.
You flee away, Ah! Arrogant spirit,
And leave pain in my heart.

Recitative

But, foolish one! Why do you rave on?
Can you not perceive that the traitor does not hear you?
On the contrary, it is you alone whom he now scorns:
The felon triumphs in his fraud,
And you, unfortunate one, now scatter to the winds
Your plaints and your torments.
Look to yourself, therefore,
And recall that you have now become infamous;
Whence you must show Rome and the world
That one who no longer has honour must die.
Bleed yourself then, and extend your hand
To that which the Roman heart does not fear.

Air

Have courage, my soul,
Meet your death since honour is lost.
Let myrtle leaves encircle
The raped body of a perfidious love.

Recitative

Her face is already beaded with mortal perspiration,
And because of the gaping wound,
Her soul and life now seek to depart.

Air

Assist me, oh Gods!
Point the way to the Elysian fields for this unfortunate one.
I faint, oh heavens! I faint,
And the cruel blow of mortal death already assails me.
O my country! O Collatinus!
I die, adieu.

Recitative

Thus died Lucretia, and displayed to Rome a new means of triumph:
For in spite of the Tarquinii and their pride,
She triumphed, although dead, over the Campidoglio.