

Joseph Bologne, Chevalier de Saint-Georges

L'Amant Anonyme



Haymarket Opera Company

CEDILLE
,

Disc 1

Act 1

1 Overture (7:33)

**2 Air: Depuis longtemps mon
cœur soupire (2:07)**

Valcour

3 Scene 2 dialogue (3:24)

Ophémon, Valcour

4 Duo: Tant de constance (4:55)

Valcour, Ophémon

5 Scene 3 dialogue part 1 (2:43)

Valcour, Léontine, Dorothée

**6 Ariette: Son amour,
sa constance extrême (2:58)**

Léontine

7 Scene 3 dialogue part 2 (4:30)

Léontine, Valcour, Dorothée

**8 Choeur: Chantons, célébrons
notre dame (3:05)**

Jeannette, Colin, Valcour, Ophémon,
Dorothée

9 Ballet (7:54)

**10 Chanson: Jouissez de
l'allégresse (2:49)**

Jeannette, Colin, Valcour, Ophémon,
Dorothée

11 Scene 4 dialogue (0:14)

Léontine

12 Danse (1:02)

13 Scenes 5&6 dialogue (3:44)

Léontine, Dorothée, Valcour

14 Quinqué (3:18)

Léontine, Valcour, Ophémon, Jeannette, Colin

TT: (50:30)

Cast

Léontine..... Nicole Cabell, soprano

Valcour..... Geoffrey Agpalo, tenor

Ophémon.... David Govertsen, bass-baritone

Jeannette..... Erica Schuller, soprano

Colin..... Michael St. Peter, tenor

Dorothée Nathalie Colas, soprano

Haymarket Opera Orchestra / Craig Trompeter, conductor

Disc 2

Act 2

- 1 Récitatif: Enfin une foule importune
... Amour deviens-moi propice (3:51)**

Léontine

- 2 Scene 1 dialogue (1:31)**

Léontine, Ophémon

- 3 Duo: Ah! Finissez de grâce (4:16)**

Léontine, Ophémon

- 4 Scene 2 dialogue part 1 (1:33)**

Léontine, Ophémon

- 5 Air: Aimer sans pouvoir le dire (2:36)**

Ophémon

- 6 Scene 2 dialogue part 2 (3:53)**

Léontine, Ophémon

- 7 Aïrette: Du tendre amour (5:40)**

Léontine

- 8 Scene 3 dialogue (0:36)**

Léontine, Ophémon, Valcour

- 9 Duo Dialogué: Non, non, je ne
puis rien entendre (3:03)**

Léontine, Valcour

- 10 Scene 4 dialogue (4:30)**

Léontine, Valcour

- 11 Trio: Ah! Quel trouble m'agite (3:20)**

Léontine, Valcour, Ophémon

- 12 Scene 5 dialogue (0:18)**

Léontine, Ophémon

- 13 Ballet (1:04)**

- 14 Choeur (0:40)**

- 15 Ballet (2:18)**

- 16 Marche (3:30)**

- 17 Scene 6 dialogue (0:45)**

Jeannette, Dorothée, Colin, Valcour

- 18 Quatuor: Aimons-nous
sans cesse (2:06)**

Léontine, Valcour, Jeannette, Colin

- 19 Contredance Générale (2:39)**

TT: (48:24)

Opera TT: (98:54)



Act I, scene 3: Léontine and Dorothée discuss the Anonymous One's bouquet

Disc 3

Music Only

1 Overture (7:33)

**2 Air: Depuis longtemps mon coeur
souple (2:07)**

Valcour

3 Duo: Tant de constance (4:55)

Valcour, Ophémon

**4 Ariette: Son amour, sa constance
extrême (2:58)**

Léontine

**5 Choeur: Chantons, célébrons
notre dame (3:05)**

Jeannette, Colin, Valcour, Ophémon,
Dorothée

6 Ballet (7:54)

**7 Chanson: Jouissez de l'allégresse
(2:49)**

Jeannette, Colin, Valcour, Ophémon,
Dorothée

8 Danse (1:02)

9 Quinqué (3:18)

Léontine, Valcour, Ophémon, Jeannette,
Colin

**10 Récitatif: Enfin une foule importune
... Amour deviens-moi propice (3:51)**
Léontine

11 Duo: Ah! Finissez de grâce (4:16)
Léontine, Ophémon

12 Air: Aimer sans pouvoir le dire (2:36)
Ophémon

13 Airette: Du tendre amour (5:40)
Léontine

**14 Duo Dialogué: Non, non, je ne puis
rien entendre (3:03)**
Léontine, Valcour

15 Trio: Ah! Quel trouble m'agite (3:20)
Léontine, Valcour, Ophémon

16 Ballet (1:04)

17 Choeur (0:40)

18 Ballet (2:18)

19 Marche (3:30)

**20 Quatuor: Aimons-nous sans
cesse (2:06)**

Léontine, Valcour, Jeannette, Colin

21 Contredance Générale (2:39)

TT: (71:37)

Personal Note

Joseph Bologne was a champion swordsman, virtuosic violinist, and successful composer celebrated throughout the 18th century. His identity as one of a small number of biracial early composers is significant in the history of western music. At Haymarket we delight in discovering “new” things from the 17th and 18th centuries. *L'Amant Anonyme* is the only extant opera of Joseph Bologne and in true Haymarket style, this work has been lovingly restored through the lens of historical performance. A star-studded cast of artists bring the charming characters to life alongside our period orchestra playing rarely heard late 18th-century instruments. A modern score has been carefully prepared especially for this recording taking hints and clues left in the only extant manuscript of the work. Our approach celebrates the fashions and theatrical conventions of 18th-century France in all its beauty, complete with stylish ballets, gorgeous music for the cast and orchestra, and dialogue. From Bologne's heartwarming tale in which love prevails, we believe the themes of patience, empathy, and devotion will resonate with today's audiences and inspire a rich dialogue around issues of equity, diversity, and inclusion in classical music. Despite his prodigious talents and extraordinary accomplishments, racism limited the opportunities available to composer Joseph Bologne in his own time, and precluded his legacy in ours. Through this recording we are thrilled to partner with Grammy Award-winning record label Cedille Records to celebrate the remarkable life and work of Joseph Bologne with this first-ever recording of his opera, *L'Amant Anonyme*.

Chase Hopkins

General Director & Creative Producer
Haymarket Opera Company





Act 1, scene 3: Ballet

Silenced No More: Composer Joseph Bologne and the French Operatic Tradition

notes by Mark Clague

The Composer

The music of the Afro-French composer Joseph Bologne, also known as *Le Chevalier de Saint-Georges*, is today enjoying a well-deserved renaissance. Well over 200 compositions are credited to the composer — including at least six operas, two symphonies, 14 violin concertos, 14 sonatas, and 18 string quartets, plus more than 100 songs. Yet this prolific output only begins to encompass his impact on the Parisian music scene. He was also, for example, an important musical administrator and conductor. He commissioned Joseph Haydn's six Paris Symphonies, leading their premieres in 1786 with his own orchestra, Le Concert de la Loge Olympique. All of this raises the question of why Bologne is so little known, at least until recently?

Calls for cultural justice have finally brought overdue attention to the music of the fashionable Chevalier, but it is the composer's expressive and skillful handling of melody, harmony, and rhythm that have sparked his successful "rediscovery." Often called the "The Black Mozart," this nickname tells us less about Bologne than about the surprise of 21st-century listeners when they discover the quality, charm, passion, inventiveness, and sheer effectiveness of his unjustly neglected music. Nevertheless, a comparison of the two composers can be productive (beyond simply noting that they were musical contemporaries). Both were instrumental virtuosos, both were international celebrities, and both shaped the classical era of Western music. Maybe most intriguing, and despite the reputation of the

classical style for symmetry, both shared a fondness for the enlivening musical phrase of unexpected, odd numbered length, usually three or five bars. Yet Mozart's reputation dominates. As a result, referring to Bologne by the name of another, even as it attempts to celebrate the unknown by comparison, also serves to obscure Bologne's originality, individuality, and influence.

The Chevalier was a unique Parisian celebrity, who combined virtuoso skills as a violinist with his virtuosity as a fencer. According to one of his primary biographers, Gabriel Banat, facts about his life might be few and far between if not for Bologne's undisputed prowess with a sword. While the composer's biographers were prone to elaborate mythologizing, the chroniclers of Saint-Georges the fencing master were more precise. Even so, recent sources have continued to provide important corrections, for example, showing that his family name was long misspelled as "Boulogne." Born, most likely, in 1745 on the Caribbean Island of Guadeloupe, a French colony, the composer adapted his name and title from that of his father. Bologne's father was the wealthy planter and former councilor at the parliament of Metz, Georges de Bologne Saint-Georges. His mother was a teenaged woman named Anne, known as

"Nanon," who was enslaved to his father's wife, Elisabeth Mérican. That enslavers considered the sexual availability of those they enslaved to be no less their "property" was horrifically common.

Little reliable information is known of Bologne's early musical education, but musical study was undoubtedly included in his broad classical training as the son of a European nobleman. In this era, it was not unusual that the male child of an enslaved worker would be accepted as his own by his white European father. According to André Maurois, "It was customary that colons return to France with their sons of semi-African blood, leaving their daughters in the islands."

In 1753, Georges returned to France with his seven-year-old son Joseph to provide for his education. The first solid evidence of the young violinist's musical career dates from 1764, when Antonio Lolli composed two concertos for him. By 1769, he was performing in Paris with composer François-Joseph Gossec's orchestra, *Le Concert des Amateurs*. Based on the dedication of Bologne's trios, Gossec, an important figure in the development of the French symphony, may well have been his composition teacher. In 1771, Bologne became concertmaster and, when

Gossec left *Les Amateurs* to direct the *Concert Spirituel* in 1773, Bologne assumed leadership of the orchestra and dedicated himself to a career in music.

Despite his talents and professional accomplishments, Bologne faced overt racism during his career. Some critics, for example, while acknowledging his achievements as a violinist, conductor, and composer, dismissed the possibility that one descended from Africa could exhibit true artistic originality or "genius." Bologne's musical works were thus sometimes criticized as "imitations," "quite lacking in invention." Most dramatically, in 1776, when Bologne aspired to become director of the *Académie royale de musique*, later known as the *Paris Opéra*, a racist attack derailed his candidacy. As a composer, virtuoso performer, and the director of the most disciplined orchestra in Paris, Bologne was the obvious choice. He lost the position, however, when three of the *Opéra's* leading ladies petitioned Queen Marie Antoinette for his rejection, claiming their honor would be compromised if they had to take orders from a mulatto. Rather than embarrass the queen, Bologne withdrew his name from consideration, and the position remained unfilled as no one else could match Bologne's qualifications.



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Act 1, scene 6: Léontine is surprised

Bologne's first compositions were a set of six string quartets published in 1772. Today he is known almost exclusively as a composer of instrumental music — mainly violin concerti and other orchestral compositions. His eight *symphonie-concertantes* were particularly influential and helped shape this new, distinctively Parisian genre that grew from the Baroque concerto grosso. The concertante combined old and new, featuring one or more instrumental soloists (usually two violins in Bologne's case) in musical conversation with the orchestra. Bologne's own instrumental virtuosity coupled with his skillful knowledge of the orchestra's possibilities seems to have inspired an expressive inventiveness that influenced the genre as a whole, including Mozart's celebrated *Symphonie Concertante* for violin and viola. Given this focus on Bologne's instrumental accomplishments, it may come as a surprise that after 1778, except for a final set of string quartets, the composer dedicated his later career exclusively to opera and song.

It is vital to recognize Bologne's operas for at least two reasons. One is that the composer's vocal writing may present his most vibrant artistic accomplishments. Haymarket Opera Company Director Craig Trompeter has remarked, "I find his writing

for voices and dancers to be even more emotionally compelling and lyrical than his instrumental concert music." To know his operatic music is thus to know Bologne the composer not only more fully but, arguably, at his artistic pinnacle.

The second reason is that opera was the most prestigious musical genre in late 18th-century France. The *Querelle des Bouffons* [Quarrel of the Comic Actors] of 1750s Paris was the turning point. It gave birth to a broad public debate about the musical art and sparked the creation of a theatrical press. Pitched as an aesthetic battle, the *Querelle* pitted French theatre against Italian, as well as composers Jean-Philippe Rameau and Jean-Jacques Rousseau against one another. It also challenged the French operatic tradition of *tragédie lyrique*, first introduced by Jean-Baptiste Lully, to accept more contemporary plots with spoken dialogue and lowborn, everyday characters.

Yet the aesthetics of French opera were inseparable from contemporary social politics. As the *opéra comique* developed, so too did Enlightenment social principles including individual liberty that, in 1789, would usher in the French Revolution. Bologne's operas fully participated in this pre-Revolutionary negotiation of social



Act 2, scene 2: Ophémon gestures to Léontine

ideas through art. Fortunately, following the withdrawal of his candidacy to lead the *Opéra*, Bologne found a home for his operatic ambitions in the circle of Charlotte-Jeanne Béraud de La Hay de de Riou (1738–1806). Known as the Madame de Montesson, she was the mistress and later morganatic wife of Duke Louis Philippe d'Orléans. As a result, she had the financial means to create a private theater company.

The Opera

Bologne's third comic opera, *L'Amant Anonyme* [The Anonymous Lover] premiered on March 8, 1780, likely at Montesson's residential theater. Based on a play of the same title by Madame Stéphanie Félicité de Genlis (1746–1830), it is Bologne's only full operatic score known to have survived. A sometimes-problematic copyist manuscript is held in the *Bibliothèque nationale de France* (cote D-13863). It was edited for this recording by Gregg Sewell.

The opera is set in the rural French countryside, to which the young, noble-born widow Léontine (a soprano) has retreated following the death of her unfaithful husband. The plot involves an improbable love "triangle" between just two characters: Léontine and Valcour (a tenor), who woos his love in secret as the "Anonymous One." Despite the ruse that enables the plot, some comic moments, and the opera's happy ending, this *opéra comique* is not necessarily or exclusively humorous. In fact, the French genre combined the comic and serious and could even be tragic. Associated with the Parisian theater of the same name, the phrase *opéra comique* simply signals that the work

contains spoken dialogue, rather than sung recitative.

The opera's remaining characters include a pair of confidants: the baritone Ophémon, who is both Léontine's aged tutor and Valcour's co-conspirator, and Léontine's friend Dorothée. Featuring spoken dialogue but no aria, duet, etc., the role of Dorothée may originally have been performed by the Madame de Montesson herself. On this recording, however, the role is performed by a soprano who joins the choruses, a decision that enhances both drama and music.

There is also a second pair of lovers: the villagers Jeannette and Colin. Also sung by a soprano and tenor, these young lovers parallel Léontine and Valcour to offer a model of true love, devotion, and delight. They further represent the truth and wisdom of the French people, offering a revolutionary example and inspiration to the nobility.

The opera begins with a three-part Italian overture, performed by an orchestra of strings plus basso continuo with pairs of flutes, oboes, bassoons, and horns. In contrast to the two-part French overture, the tripartite Italian variety features brisk outer movements with a slow central episode. As he does throughout the opera, Bologne draws upon characteristic dance

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forms, such as the *courante*, *menuet*, *sarabande*, *gavotte*, *bourée*, and *gigue*, to establish character and emotional affect. The fleet opening section, seemingly in the style of a triple-meter Italian *corrente*, immediately brings the virtuosity and precision of Bologne's symphonic voice to the fore. The slower middle episode in duple time evokes the opera's romantic plot, as the upper strings plus flute converse with the lower strings and bassoon in a flirtatious, if restrained, aristocratic dance. First sounded by the upper instruments, each melodic gesture is immediately echoed below. The third and final section is a vibrant, celebratory dance, featuring the same imitative playfulness and coquettish interplay.

Act One begins with an aria in a noble triple-meter *minuet* rhythm, introducing the aristocratic character of Valcour, *Le Vicomte de Clemengis* (an administrative rather than hereditary title). His very name suggests his "valorous heart." Having hidden his love from Léontine for years, he describes his torment and protests his fear that his devotion will never be reciprocated. Gentle falling melodic gestures depict his sighs. A dialogue with Ophémon ensues in which the tutor encourages Valcour to reveal his passion. Ophémon concludes their subsequent duet, urging "Osez



Act 1, scene 3: Ballet

declarer votre amour / Que vous obtiendrez du retour [Dare to declare your love and you will see it returned]. Having predicated his friendship with Léontine on Platonic constancy, however, Valcour is afraid he can never reveal his secret passion.

Bologne is a sensitive textual interpreter and musical dramatist. His use of melody, harmony, instrumental color, and rhythm combine to communicate each scene's core emotional affect. Melodic interplay often illustrates the drama between the characters, while the gradually rising tension of each scene is propelled by the rising melodic compass and rhythmic intensity of the singers' vocal lines. A scene's narrative peak, for example, typically arrives as the singers reach their highest tessitura, often as a variation within an aria's obligatory da capo repetition. Soprano Nicole Cabell noted in an interview that the "surprising range" of Bologne's vocal writing demands that the vocalist "be able to sing comfortably in the highest register... maintaining a higher-than-expected tessitura."

Scene three introduces Cabell's character, the heroine Léontine, fretting over a bouquet and letter from the mysterious but seductively romantic "Anonymous One." Ironically, Valcour is asked to read his own

ghostwritten letter, which asks Léontine to carry the flowers at the upcoming village wedding as a signal of encouragement. A furious *ariette* ensues in a turbulent C minor. Its driving bass line underlines Léontine's determination to refuse her unknown admirer. She proclaims, "rien ne peut toucher mon coeur" [nothing can touch my heart]. Yet a lilting, contrasting episode in C major follows in which she confesses that these anonymous overtures have intrigued her. The da capo repeat of her opening refusal, however, reaffirms her resolve, the apparent finality of her decision punctuated dramatically by repeated high C's. Valcour, of course, has now witnessed her indecision firsthand and plays to both sides of the question, at once testing Léontine's openness to love and surreptitiously nurturing her passions.

Their flirtatious debate continues with Valcour reversing course and encouraging Léontine to "surrender" to the Anonymous One's request. Seemingly on cue, a lively chorus of villagers enters accompanying the soon-to-be-married Jeannette and Colin. The assembled celebrate the nuptials of the village couple, while singing the praises of their noble mistress Léontine. The episode emphasizes how unusual Léontine is as a feudal lord, even in the fictional imaginations of opera: she is a

landowner and a socially independent 18th-century woman.

In the grand French tradition, an extended ballet ensues to an exclusively orchestral accompaniment, this one in five contrasting sections and styles. Jeannette and Colin then offer thoughts on love to Léontine. Their musical counsel concludes: "Le vrai bonheur de la vie est de savoir bien aimer" [Life's true happiness is knowing how to love well].

In the subsequent dialogue, Valcour "pretends" to be the Anonymous One and throws himself at the feet of Léontine, who collapses into Dorothée's arms in surprise. Still uncertain how Léontine will ultimately react, Valcour passes off his revelation as a joke. Act One concludes with a quintet featuring Léontine, Valcour, Ophémon, Jeannette, and Colin, each processing the event from their own perspective in a delightful ensemble of musical and dramatic counterpoint. This skillful compositional display becomes all the more impressive when one remembers that Bologne wrote *L'Amant Anonyme* ahead of all of Mozart's "major" operas (six years before *Figaro*, for example).

Act Two begins with the turbulent churning of the orchestra to introduce an extended accompanied recitative in which Léontine confesses her despair and confusion, again

in C minor. She finds herself receptive to love, while conflicted by the dual pull of her attraction to the anonymous admirer and her devotion to Valcour, even despite his "cœur froid" [cold heart]. A two-part aria ensues, closing with an insistent and urgent "allegro" in which Léontine demands that "Love, become more favorable toward me" or "stop tearing my heart apart."

Ophémon enters with something to confess to Léontine, providing an excuse for an extended duet in variation form. Léontine insists that Ophémon reveal his news, while Ophémon distracts and delays. He eventually confesses that he has encountered her secret suitor. Unable to describe him in detail, Ophémon says only that he looks a bit like Monsieur Valcour. Léontine wishes that Valcour could love her as truly as the Anonymous One, yet despairs of the impossibility. Ophémon then sings the aria "Aimer sans pouvoir le dire" [To love while unable to declare it], recounting the Anonymous One's expressions of devotion and his fear that only death can bring an end to his unrequited romantic agonies.

The Anonymous One has one remaining hope, however. He has seen Léontine carrying his bouquet and wishes to meet her privately, and at once, to confess his

passion. Léontine fears for her honor and Ophémon proudly reports that he has already dismissed her admirer, claiming that Léontine had only wanted to tease him. Appalled by Ophémon's callous treatment of the Anonymous One, Léontine insists on meeting him, if only to correct this insult to true love.

Torn between her conflicted impulses, Léontine then sings the extended B-flat major *ariette* "Du tendre amour" [Of Tender Love], confessing the widow's growing sensitivity to the arrows of new love and her resulting torment. Soprano Nicole Cabell calls the aria her "favorite" and the opera's "showpiece." It features "a beautiful, long line and declaration of various emotional states." For Cabell, "it is a gorgeous piece of music," and one that "can be a wonderful stand-alone piece." The coloratura melismas of the vocal line suggest the flames of passion that overwhelm Léontine, while Boulogne uses *Sturm und Drang* chromaticism to depict her internal emotional conflict. The da capo form again serves to propel the dramatic result, as the melismas return to reveal the still burning flames of love in Léontine's heart. (Because of its similar characteristics, album producer James Ginsburg dubs "Du tendre amour" this opera's "Dove sono" — again noting that

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Act 1, scene 3: Valcour looks on as Léontine and Dorothée discuss the Anonymous One's bouquet



Mozart wrote his celebrated soprano showpiece six years later.)

Anxiously awaiting the arrival of her anonymous admirer, Léontine is interrupted by none other than Valcour who, having observed her distress, now appears to offer the support of “tendre amitié” [tender friendship]. Fearing an awkward confrontation when the Anonymous One arrives, Léontine attempts to dismiss Valcour, who stubbornly refuses. The conflict propels an extended duet in which Léontine implores him to depart and Valcour insists on staying. Bologne’s music gradually intertwines their relationship more and more deeply.

In the dialogue that follows, Léontine confesses her platonic love for Valcour in the hopes that he will depart. Instead, he again falls at her feet and now kisses her hand. Léontine is both confused by his behavior and anxious about the Anonymous One’s imminent arrival. Knocks at the door are heard, and Léontine collapses. Finally satisfied of Léontine’s devotion, Valcour reveals that he himself is the anonymous lover. In shock about the happy resolution, Léontine and Valcour, joined by Ophémon, sing a trio. Its halting lines are interrupted by rests emphasizing Léontine’s astonishment.

The first to make Joseph Bologne's operatic creativity available on record, this Cedille release helps to redress our understanding of the composer's artistic efforts, balancing the extant recordings almost exclusively of his instrumental compositions.

In the final scene, Dorothée returns, delighted to discover that Valcour is the mysterious and devoted suitor. There will now be a double wedding and a series of dances shift the mood towards increasing celebration and gaiety. The village chorus soon joins the quartet of lovers — Léontine and Valcour, Jeannette and Colin — in a celebration of true love. Running passagework in the strings recalls the burning flames of love's passion, while the flutes interject with bird song, suggesting that nature itself approves of their unions. One particularly elegant musical figure here is the long sustained note sung twice by Jeannette. It appears to represent enduring, unceasing love.

The opera concludes with a rousing, syncopated *contredanse* [country dance] that gives the whole company an excuse to celebrate. Its contrasting minor episode features the oboes and evokes a folk bagpipe. The da capo return of the opening folk melody brings the opera to a close, again emphasizing that the root of all truth and authority lies in the French people. This is not too strong a claim as the *contredanse* was special in that the dancers form an ensemble of equals, avoiding the physical performance of hierarchy so much a part of more typical court dances. To conclude an opera in 1780 with a *contredanse* was to make a powerful social statement.

The first to make Joseph Bologne's operatic creativity available on record, this Cedille release helps to redress our understanding of the composer's artistic efforts, balancing the extant recordings almost exclusively of his instrumental compositions. The first vinyl recording of Bologne's symphonic music dates from 1957. It remained an outlier until the 1970s, when four releases documented a handful of his quartets, concertos, and sonatas. More than 25 years would elapse before Cedille released Rachel Barton Pine's performance of Bologne's A major Violin Concerto Op. 5, No. 2, in 1997.

The question remains, however, why was the music of Joseph Bologne, Chevalier de Saint-Georges, in need of recovery? Once well known, why did his music disappear? His fame during his lifetime led to contemporary biographies and much of his music was published, including his concertos, symphonies, concertantes, and songs. Nevertheless, the name of Joseph Bologne disappeared from music history. The reason, unsurprisingly, is racism.

In the wake of the French Revolution and its calls for "Liberté," France abolished slavery in 1794. In 1802, however, having destroyed the nascent Haitian democracy of Toussaint-Louverture, the future emperor

Napoleon Bonaparte reestablished slavery, making France the only country in history to restore slavery after it was outlawed. (France would not finally abolish slavery until 1848.) This reversal in the concept of human value required a parallel erasure of Black humanity. The accomplishments of Afro-French artists, however, stood in sharp contradiction to French government policy, and thus the story of Joseph Bologne, the inimitable Chevalier de Saint-Georges, was suppressed. Fortunately, history can be recovered, and this recording is one such step. Much work remains to be done, not only to better understand the music of Bologne, but to fully restore the powerful voices of the many other artists of color who have been unjustly silenced.

Mark Clague is Professor of Musicology and Associate Dean at The University of Michigan (Ann Arbor). He serves as editor-in-chief of the George and Ira Gershwin Critical Edition and as Chief Advisor to the RBP Foundation's Music by Black Composers project. His recent publications include O Say Can You Hear?: A Cultural Biography of "The Star-Spangled Banner."



Nicole Cabell | Léontine

Universally acclaimed for her velvety timbre and finely nuanced interpretations, American soprano Nicole Cabell continues to demonstrate her incredible versatility in repertoire ranging from Baroque to contemporary on the world's greatest opera and concert stages as well as on disc. Recent performances include her role debut as Bess (*Porgy and Bess*) for English National Opera; Juliette (*Roméo et Juliette*) for Cincinnati Opera; Mimì (*La bohème*) for Opéra national de Paris, Cincinnati Opera, and Pittsburgh Opera; Donna Elvira (*Don Giovanni*) at Michigan Opera Theatre; Handel's Alcina at Grand Théâtre de Genève; and Violetta (*La traviata*) at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Nicole Cabell was the winner of the 2005 BBC Singer of the World Competition and is a Decca recording artist. Her solo debut album, *Soprano*, was named "Editor's Choice" by *Gramophone* and received the 2007 Georg Solti Orphée d'Or from the French Académie du Disque Lyrique.



Geoffrey Agpalo | Valcour

Geoffrey Agpalo is a native of Chicago and a graduate of Northwestern University. After training in the artist program at Opera Theatre of Saint Louis he went on to perform in the company's productions of *Shalimar the Clown*, *The Grapes of Wrath* (reprised at Michigan Opera Theatre), and *La Traviata*. Other recent role premiers include Nemorino at Sarasota Opera, Tamino with Opera Maine, and Ottavio at Michigan Opera Theatre. He has been an artist at Chautauqua Opera and Central City Opera. In his home town of Chicago he has performed with Chicago Folks Operetta, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and Lyric Opera of Chicago.



David Govertsen | Ophémon

Chicago native David Govertsen has been active as a professional singer for nearly 20 years, portraying a wide variety of opera's low-voiced heroes, villains, and buffoons. Mr. Govertsen has appeared as a soloist with numerous local and regional opera companies, including Lyric Opera of Chicago, Santa Fe Opera, Tulsa Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, and the Haymarket Opera Company. He is a member of the vocal chamber quartet Fourth Coast Ensemble, performing art song in Chicago and throughout the Midwest. He made his Carnegie Hall debut in 2011 as the Herald in *Otello* with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Riccardo Muti.



Erica Schuller | Jeannette

Praised for her "lively personality, abundant charm, and luscious vocalism" (*Chicago Tribune*) and "warm, agile soprano" (*Chicago Classical Review*), soprano Erica Schuller is a versatile performer, bringing committed artistry to a broad musical repertory. She has performed leading and supporting roles with the Boston Early Music Festival, Haymarket Opera Company, Apollo's Fire, Odyssey Opera, Florentine Opera Company, Opera Siam (Bangkok), and Skylight Opera Theatre, among others. Concert engagements include Apollo's Fire, Ars Lyrica Houston, the Lincoln Trio, New Trinity Baroque, Great Lakes Baroque, the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, Elgin Symphony Orchestra, San Francisco Chamber Orchestra, San Francisco Bach Choir, and Second City Musick Baroque Ensemble.



Michael St. Peter | Colin

A Chicago native based in New York City, Michael St. Peter is known for his “warm, beautiful and true” singing (*Chicago Classical Review*). His career began as a boy soprano, singing in children’s choruses and small roles with Chicago Opera Theatre and Lyric Opera of Chicago. His career as a classical tenor has led to performances on notable stages including Chicago’s Harris Theatre and Pritzker Pavilion, New York’s Carnegie and Alice Tully Halls, and Wigmore Hall in London. Michael has sung leading roles in productions for Tulsa Opera (*Don Giovanni*) and the Haymarket Opera Company (*The Dragon of Wantley*, *Acis and Galatea*). A former young artist with Opera Theatre of St. Louis, he took part in workshops of two critically acclaimed new operas that debuted there: Tobias Picker’s *Awakenings* and Terrance Blanchard’s *Fire Shut Up in My Bones*. A lover of oratorio, Michael has appeared as a soloist with The Cecilia Chorus of New York (Handel’s *Messiah*), Hawai’i Symphony Orchestra (Mozart’s *Requiem*), and Chicago’s Music of the Baroque (Haydn’s *Creation Mass*).



Nathalie Colas | Dorothée

Hailed for her “floating, silky” “luminous soprano,” and deemed “a standout in acting and voice” and “hypnotic” (*Chicago Classical Review*), soprano Nathalie Colas is a co-founder of and soloist in Chicago’s Third Coast Baroque and new music ensemble Fonema Consort. Nathalie recently appeared as a concert soloist in Mahler 4th Symphony with the Symphony of Oak Park and River Forest and in Bach’s Christmas Oratorio with Chicago Choral

Artists. An avid recitalist, Nathalie studied art song with German baritone Udo Reinemann and regularly performs such repertoire at venues including Chicago's Pianoforte Foundation and Driehaus Museum. A graduate of DePaul University and the Brussels Royal Conservatory, she completed her opera training at the Swiss Opera Studio in Bern. Nathalie was born and raised in Strasbourg, France.



Craig Trompeter | conductor

Craig Trompeter is the founder and Artistic Director of Chicago's acclaimed Haymarket Opera Company. As a cellist and violist da gamba he has performed with Second City Musick, the Chicago Symphony, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Chicago Opera Theater, Music of the Baroque, the Smithsonian Chamber Music Society, and the Oberlin Consort of Viols. He has performed at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Art Institute of Chicago, Glimmerglass Festival, Brooklyn Academy of Music, and Valletta International Baroque Festival in Malta and has appeared as soloist at the Ravinia Festival, the annual conference of the American Bach Society, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and with Music of the Baroque. Trompeter has recorded works of Mozart, Bologne, Biber, Boismortier, Marais, Vivaldi, Handel, Greene, Henry Eccles, and a potpourri of Elizabethan composers on the Harmonia Mundi, Cedille, and Centaur labels. Trompeter conducts the Early Music Ensemble at the University of Chicago and teaches Baroque Performance Practices at Northwestern University.

Haymarket Opera Company

Haymarket Opera Company inspires a culturally vibrant community and diversifies the artistic landscape of Chicago and the Midwest through the presentation of historically informed opera and oratorio from the Age of Enlightenment.

Haymarket Opera Company takes its name from both Chicago's Haymarket Affair of 1886, which gave focus to the world-wide labor movement, and from the King's Theatre in the Haymarket District of London, where Handel produced his Italian operas.

For over ten years, Haymarket Opera Company has enriched the Chicago and Midwest musical community with critically acclaimed performances of 17th- and 18th-century operas and oratorios using period instruments and historically informed staging conventions. It has produced more than 20 operatic productions plus numerous concert performances. The company has received glowing reviews in the *Chicago Tribune*, Italy's *L'Opera*, *Opera News*, *Early Music America*, and more. *The New York Times* praised Haymarket's "finely played, carefully sung, lovingly detailed period performance."

During the recent, COVID-19 pandemic-induced shutdown, Haymarket attracted national attention by offering audiences a complete season of filmed performances that reached more than 800,000 households. *Chicago Classical Review* credited Haymarket with presenting "Chicago's finest operatic event of 2021," while the *Chicago Tribune* listed the company among the "Top 10 of 2021 for Classical Music, Jazz, and Opera." In 2020, Haymarket debuted on the WFMT Radio Network's historic Saturday Opera Radio Broadcast series alongside top opera companies around the world, including the Metropolitan Opera, Royal Opera House Covent Garden, Opéra national de Paris, Glyndebourne, and Santa Fe Opera.



Haymarket Opera Orchestra Craig Trompeter, conductor

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Libretto

Text and translation for *L'Amant Anonyme* by Joseph Bologne, Chevalier de Saint-Georges

Libretto based on a play by Félicité Ducrest, Comtesse de Genlis, adapted as an opera libretto by François Guilleme Desfontaines.

English translation prepared for Haymarket Opera Company by Edward Wheatley and Mary Mackay, edited by Nathalie Colas and James Ginsburg. Unauthorized use or distribution without permission from Haymarket Opera Company and Cedille Records is prohibited.

L'Amant Anonyme

CD 1 Acte 1

1 Overture

2 Air

Valcour:

Depuis longtemps mon coeur soupire
Et brûle du plus tendre amour,
Mais quel tourment, quel martyre
De n'espérer aucun retour.
Je gémis nuit et jour sans l'oser dire,
Ah! Je mourrai de mon amour.

The Anonymous Lover

CD 1 Act 1

1 Overture

2 Aria

Valcour:

For a long time now my heart has sighed
and burned with the most tender love.
But what torment, what suffering
to have no hope of reciprocation.
I groan night and day without daring to admit it.
Ah! I will die of my love.

③ Scène 2 dialogue**Valcour:**

Vous voici donc enfin: eh bien! Pour notre fête,
 Cher Ophémon, tout est-il prêt?
 N'est-il plus rien qui vous arrête?
 Êtes-vous bien sûr du secret?

③ Scene 2 dialogue**Valcour:**

Here you are at last: ah, well! For our
 celebration,
 Dear Ophémon, is everything ready?
 Is there anything else standing in your way?
 Are you absolutely sure it's still a secret?

Ophémon:

Monsieur, ne craignez rien.

Ophémon:

Sir, fear nothing.

Valcour:

Avez-vous fait remettre
 Ces fleurs, ce bouquet, cette lettre?

Valcour:

Have you had the flowers, the bouquet,
 and the letter delivered?

Ophémon:

Oui, oui, soyez tranquille.

Ophémon:

Yes, yes, rest assured.

Valcour:

Bon.
 Avez donné la chanson,
 Et Jeannette la saura-t-elle?

Valcour:

Good.
 Have you shared the song,
 And will Jeannette know it?

Opémon:

Comptez sur sa mémoire, et surtout sur son zèle;
 Avec elle bientôt la noce va venir,
 Et tout se passera selon votre désir.
 Mais de grâce, monsieur, où tendent tant de
 peines?
 Qu'espérez-vous de ces bizarres chaînes?
 Votre rôle en ces lieux m'a diverti d'abord.
 Il est plaisant, j'en demeure d'accord,
 Et vous pouvez passer pour un Sylphe, un
 génie.
 De Léontine en tout satisfaire l'envie,
 Connaître et prévenir les moindres de ses
 vœux,
 L'avoir étant toujours invisible à ses yeux,
 Donner sans cesse ici quelque fête nouvelle,
 Et tout cela, sans être connu d'elle,
 Sans être soupçonné quoique toujours
 présent.
 Ce rôle, j'en conviens, peut-être intéressant;
 Mais pour un amant si sensible,
 Depuis quatre ans qu'il dure, il devient bien
 pénible.

Valcour:

Ah! Si par tant de soins son coeur peut
 s'attendrir,
 Quel bonheur d'avoir su souffrir!
 Quel prix heureux de ma persévérance!

Opémon:

Count on her memory, and above all her
 passion;
 With her the wedding party will soon arrive,
 And everything will happen as you desire.
 But for mercy's sake, sir, where do all these
 troubles lead?
 What are you hoping for from these strange
 connections?
 Your role in this place amused me at first.
 It is pleasant, I still agree with that,
 And you can pass as a Sylph, a genie.
 Satisfying every one of Léontine's desires,
 Knowing and anticipating her every wish,
 yet always remaining invisible to her eyes,
 constantly putting on some new celebration
 here,
 and all of this without her knowing.
 Without being suspected although always
 present.
 This role, I agree, can be entertaining,
 But for such a sensitive lover,
 Now that it has lasted for four years, it is
 becoming very painful.

Valcour:

Ah! If all these attentions can soften her heart,
 what joy to have known such suffering!
 What a happy reward for my perseverance!

Ophéon:

Je crains d'être trahi malgré notre silence:
 Vous n'avez, il est vrai, que moi pour confident,
 Mais placé par vous-même auprès de
 Léontine,
 Quoique toujours discret, prudent,
 Je tremble qu'elle n' imagine....

Ophéon:

I fear being betrayed despite our silence:
 You have, it's true, only me as confidant,
 but placed near Léontine by you,
 although I'm always discreet and prudent,
 I shudder that she might imagine...

Valcour:

Non, rien ne peut lui donner de soupçon:
 Me croire d'amant anonyme,
 Elle! J'ai trop bien su cacher ma passion,
 Sous le voile trompeur du respect, de l'estime.
 Mes affaire d'ailleurs m'ont éloigné souvent,
 Et vous demeurant auprès d'elle,
 N'a-t-elle pas toujours lorsque j'étais absent
 De son anonyme fidèle
 Reçu ici quelque fête nouvelle?
 De retour en ces lieux, n'ai-je pas
 constamment
 Forcé mon amour au silence?
 S'est-il jamais trahi par les moindres
 transports,
 Par la plus légère imprudence?

Valcour:

No, nothing can arouse her suspicions
 to make her believe that I am the anonymous
 lover!
 She! I've known all too well how to hide my
 passion
 under the deceptive veil of respect, of esteem.
 My affairs elsewhere have often distanced me,
 while you remain near her,
 Hasn't she always, while I've been away,
 from her faithful Anonymous One
 received here some new celebration?
 Returning to this place, haven't I constantly
 forced my love into silence?
 Has it ever betrayed itself through the smallest
 raptures,
 through the slightest imprudence?

Ophéon:

Que vous devez souffrir de pénibles efforts
 Pour cacher tant d'amour sous tant
 d'indifférence!

Ophéon:

How you must suffer from these painful efforts
 to hide such love under so much indifference!

Valcour:

C'est avec cet air froid qu'il fallait à ses yeux
 Dérober les transports de mon coeur
 amoureux:
 Par l'époux qu'elle aimait indignement trahie
 Pouvais-je l'engager à former d'autres nœuds?
 On n'aime, je le sens, qu'une fois dans la vie:
 Son coeur contre l'amour justement prévenu
 Ne m'eût jamais aimé s'il m'eût trop tôt connu.

Valcour:

It's with this cold demeanor that I have had to
 conceal from her eyes the transports of my
 loving heart:
 Unworthily betrayed by the spouse she loved,
 can I convince her to form other bonds?
 One loves, I feel, only once in a lifetime:
 Her heart, justly forewarned against love,
 would never love me if I let it be known too
 soon.

Ophémon:

Mais pourquoi ne pas rompre à la fin le
 silence?
 Si vous ne vous flattez au moins de quelque
 espoir,
 Quel prix attendez-vous d'une telle constance?
 Depuis longtemps je crois m'apercevoir
 Qu'elle est loin de haïr les soins de l'Anonyme.
 Daignez en croire enfin le zèle qui m'anime.

Ophémon:

But why not finally break the silence?
 If you don't flatter yourself with at least some
 hope,
 What reward are you expecting for such
 constancy?
 For a long time I think I've seen
 that she's far from hating the attentions of the
 Anonymous One.
 Be willing in the end to believe the passion that
 motivates me.

4 Duo**Ophémon:**

Tant de constance, tant d'amour
 Ont rendu son coeur sensible.

4 Duet**Ophémon:**

So much constancy, so much love
 Have made her heart sensitive.

Valcour:

Non, non, il n'est pas possible
Que je me fasse aimer un jour.

Valcour:

No, no, it's not possible
That I could make myself be loved one day.

Ophémon:

Rien ne lui plaît, ne l'intéresse.
Qui peut causer cette langueur?

Ophémon:

Nothing pleases nor interests him.
What can be causing such languor?

Valcour:

Cessez de flatter ma tendresse.
Puis-je douter de sa froideur?

Valcour:

Stop flattering my fondness.
Can I doubt her coldness?

Ophémon:

Léontine à touché son cœur.
Oui, croyez qu'à la fin il est temps de paraître.

Ophémon:

Léontine has touched his heart.
Yes, believe that in the end it's time to come forward.

Valcour:

Hélas! En me faisant connaître si je n'étais aimé,
Je mourrais de douleur.
Mon cœur se ferme à l'espérance.
Je dois lui cacher mon amour.
Rien ne me donne l'espérance
d'obtenir enfin du retour.

Valcour:

Alas! Upon revealing myself, if I were not loved,
I would die of pain.
My heart is closed to hope.
I must hide my love from her.
Nothing gives me hope
of eventually having it returned.

Ophémon:

Formez une douce espérance,
 Tout me donne ici l'assurance
 Osez déclarer votre amour.
 Que vous obtiendrez du retour.

Ophémon:

Nurture a gentle hopefulness,
 Everything here gives me confidence.
 Dare to declare your love.
 And you will see it returned.

[5] Scène 3 dialogue partie 1**Valcour:**

Il n'est pas temps encore d'un désir curieux.
 Elle sent tout au plus d'impulsion légère:
 Mais la voici: cachons un amour malheureux;
 Que vois-je? Mon bouquet! Ciel! Que va-t-elle
 en faire?

(Ophémon sort. Léontine tient une lettre à la main, et Dorothée un bouquet; elles arrivent précipitamment, et ont l'air de se disputer.)

[5] Scene 3 dialogue part 1**Valcour:**

It's not yet time, for a strange desire.
 She's feeling at most a light impulse:
 But here she is: let's hide this unhappy love;
 What do I see? My bouquet! Heavens! What will
 she do with it?

(Ophémon exits. Léontine holds a letter in her hand and Dorothée a bouquet; they arrive suddenly and appear to be arguing.)

Léontine:

Non, non, ce serait fort mal fait,
 Je dois le refuser.

Léontine:

No, no, that would be a very bad idea,
 I must refuse it.

Dorothée:

Pourquoi vous en défendre?

Dorothée:

Why do you resist?

Léontine:

Vous me pressez en vain, je ne saurais le
 prendre.

Léontine:

You are pressuring me in vain, I cannot take it.

Valcour:

Vous êtes en dispute à ce qu'il me paraît.
Peut-on en savoir le sujet?

Valcour:

You're arguing, it appears to me.
Could I know the subject?

Léontine:

Un heureux hasard vous amène,
Monsieur, pour décider qui de nous deux a
tort.
(à Dorothée)
Le voulez-vous pour juge?

Léontine:

A happy chance has brought you here,
Sir, to decide which of us two is wrong.
(To Dorothée)
Do you want him as judge?

Dorothée:

Oh! J'y souscris sans peine.

Dorothée:

Oh! I readily agree.

Valcour:

Il est aisé, je crois de vous mettre d'accord:
(*apart*)
Cachons bien mon amour pour elle.

Valcour:

It's easy, I believe I'll make you agree.
(*Aside*) I must hide well my love for her.

Léontine

C'est l'inconnu qui cause la querelle,
J'ignore toujours le moyen
Dont il se sert.

Léontine:

It's the Unknown One who is causing the
quarrel,
I'm still unaware of the means he's using.

Valcour: (*apart*)

Je le crois bien.

Valcour: (*aside*)

That I truly believe!

Léontine:

Mais dans ma chambre il a fait mettre
Ce bouquet avec cette lettre;
Lisez et vous verrez bientôt
D'où naît mon embarras.
(*Valcour prend la lettre et lit tout bas.*)

Léontine:

But in my bedroom he had had placed
this bouquet with this letter
read and you'll soon see
the origin of my discomfort.
(*Valcour takes the letter and reads it silently.*)

Dorothée:

Mais lisez donc tout haut.

Dorothée:

Come on! Read it aloud!



Act 1, scene 6: Quintet

Valcour: (*lisant*)

"On célèbre une noce aujourd'hui: vous y
 Devez paraître; si vous daignez porter
 Le bouquet que j'ose vous offrir, sans me
 flatter
 Que mes soins vous soient agréables, je
 penserai
 Du moins qu'ils ne vous sont pas odieux.
 Si vous ne le portez pas, je prendrai ce
 Dédain cruel pour une marque assurée de
 Mépris, de haine, et c'en est fait, je m'exile
 A jamais, je m'impose un silence éternel.
 Songez madame, que la faveur que
 J'implore, telle précieuse qu'elle puisse être
 N'est après tout qu'un témoignage
 d'indifférence.
 Voilà cependant où se bornent tous les vœux
 De l'amant le plus fidèle, le plus soumis, et
 Le plus passionné."
 Cette lettre en effet est très embarrassante,
 Elle est en même temps positive et pressante;
 Refuser le bouquet, c'est faire un malheureux,
 Mais le porter aussi c'est combler tous ses
 vœux.

Dorothée:

Oh! Vous traitez la chose avec trop
 d'importance,
 Recevoir un bouquet n'est pas une faveur
 Où l'on puisse attacher, je crois, tant de valeur.

Valcour: (*reading*)

"A marriage will be celebrated today;
 you must appear at it; if you deign to carry
 the bouquet that I have dared to offer you,
 without flattering myself
 that my attentions are agreeable to you, I will
 at least think they aren't odious to you.
 If you don't carry it, I will take this
 cruel disdain as a sure sign of
 scorn, of hatred, and that will be the end of it,
 I will exile myself forever
 and impose on myself eternal silence.
 Consider, madame, that the favor
 I beg, as precious as it might be,
 Is after all only the testimony of indifference.
 These though are the limits of all the wishes
 of the most faithful, most submissive
 and most passionate lover."
 This letter is indeed very embarrassing,
 It is at the same time positive and yet
 foreboding;
 To refuse the bouquet is to make someone
 unhappy,
 But, at the same time, to carry it is to fulfill all
 his wishes.

Dorothée:

Oh! You're treating this thing with too much
 importance,
 To receive a bouquet is not a favor on
 which I believe one can attach such value.

Valcour:

Non, mais c'est lui donner une grande
 espérance,
 Eh d'oser davantage il sera bien tenté...
 De ses soins importuns puisque vous êtes
 lasse,
 Que son bouquet soit rejeté,
 Ce moyen pour jamais de lui vous débarrasse.

Valcour:

No, but it's giving him great hope
 And he will be strongly tempted to dare
 something more...
 Because you're weary of his unwelcome
 attentions,
 Let his bouquet be rejected:
 It's the way to rid yourself of him forever.

Léontine: (*avec embarras*)

Je crois en effet le devoir,
 Mais... songez que cela le mette au désespoir.

Léontine: (*with embarrassment*):

Indeed, I believe I should do that,
 But... think of how that will bring him to despair.

⑥ Ariette**Léontine:**

Son amour, sa constance extrême
 N'ont point changé ma rigueur.
 Mon indifférence est la même,
 Non, rien ne peut toucher mon coeur.
 De mille façons différentes il fait éclater son
 amour.
 Les fêtes les plus charmantes
 Se succèdent tour à tour.
 Bon goût, esprit, grâce, noblesse
 y brillent sans cesse.
 Content sensible et généreux,
 En lui tout plaît, tout m'intéresse.
 Mais malgré tant de dons heureux...
 Son amour, sa constance extrême
 N'ont point changé ma rigueur...

⑥ Arietta**Léontine:**

His love, his extreme constancy
 Haven't changed my severity.
 My indifference remains the same,
 no, nothing can touch my heart.
 In a thousand different ways he makes his love
 shine forth.
 The most charming celebrations
 take place one after another.
 Good taste, spirit, graciousness, nobility
 sparkle there unceasingly.
 Content, sensitive, and generous,
 Everything about him pleases and interests me.
 But in spite of so many happy gifts ...
 His love, his extreme constancy
 haven't changed my severity...

7 Scène 3 dialogue partie 2**Léontine:**

Ses soins assurément ne me font nul plaisir:
 Mais pour ne pas l'aimer faut-il donc le haïr!
 À Lui du mépris, de la haine!
 Que ce serait injustement:
 L'indifférence est le seul sentiment
 Qu'il doive m'inspirer: Valcour, que vous en
 semble?

7 Scene 3 dialogue part 2**Léontine:**

His attentions definitely give me no pleasure:
 But in order not to love him is it necessary to
 hate him?
 Contempt and hatred for him!
 How unjust that would be:
 Indifference is the only sentiment
 that he should inspire in me. Valcour, what do
 you think?

Valcour:

Nous sommes sur ce point fort peu d'accord
 ensemble
 Et s'il faut vous parler avec sincérité
 Ses écrits, sa conduite, en lui tout me présente
 Une témérité tout à fait révoltante.

Valcour:

On this point we strongly disagree with one
 another.
 And if I must speak to you sincerely,
 what he writes, his conduct, everything about
 him suggests to me
 a completely outrageous temerity.

Léontine: (vivement)

Voici du neuf: de la témérité!
 Oh! Par exemple, en vérité
 Il est plaisant qu'on l'en accuse.

Léontine: (sharply)

Here's something new: temerity!
 Oh! That's rich! Truly,
 It's amusing to accuse him of that.

Valcour:

Je ne m'en dédis point, non rien ne l'en excuse:
Malgré tout ce respect; cette soumission
Qu'il fait valoir avec adresse,
Manque-t-il une occasion
De faire éclater sa tendresse!
Il suit partout vos pas, vous obsède sans
cesse;
Près de vous quand il veut il sait être introduit;
Sur tout il étend son empire,
Vous ne pouvez rien faire, ni rien dire:
Qu'aussitôt il n'en soit instruit.
Que dis-je? D'une audace extrême
Peut-être dans ce moment même
Il vous examine en secret:
Il attend le moment où la noce s'assemble,
Et se flatte d'y voir figurer son bouquet.

Valcour:

I won't retract that statement, no, nothing can
excuse him for it:
in spite of the respect he displays; with this
submission
that he skillfully makes seem valuable,
he has missed an opportunity
to let his tenderness burst forth!
He follows your footsteps everywhere,
obsesses over you endlessly;
is near you when he wants and knows how to
be admitted;
he extends his empire over everything,
you can neither do nor say anything
about which he won't be told right away.
What am I saying? With extreme audacity
perhaps even at this very moment
he is watching you in secret:
he awaits the moment when the wedding is
assembled
and flatters himself that he will see his bouquet
on display there.

Léontine:

Bon! Vous croyez qu'il est dans ce bosquet?

Léontine:

Well! You think he's in this grove?

Valcour:

Mais sa lettre le dit clairement, ce me semble.

Valcour:

It seems to me his letter clearly says so.

Dorothée:

J'aime à croire en effet que de notre entretien
 Il ne perd pas une seule parole,
 Qu'il est fort près... aih! (*faisant un cri*)

Dorothée:

Indeed, I would like to believe that of our
 conversation
 he isn't missing a single word,
 that he is very near... Ah! (*she cries out*)

Léontine: (avec frayeur)

Qu'est-ce?

Léontine: (frightened)

What is it?

Dorothée:

Ce n'est rien,
 (*riant*) Mais j'ai cru...

Dorothée:

It's nothing.
 (*laughing*) But I thought...

Léontine:

Que vous êtes folle
 (*apart*)
 Remettons-nous.

Léontine:

You're crazy!
 (*aside*)
 Let's pull ourselves together.

Dorothée:

(*continuant de rire*)
 J'ai cru lorsque j'ai fait ce cri
 Entendre tout à coup marcher sous ce
 feuillage.

Dorothée:

(*still laughing*)
 When I cried out I thought
 I suddenly heard someone walking through the
 foliage.

Valcour: (d'un air empressé)

Voyons, c'est lui peut-être.

Valcour: (looking urgently)

Let's look; perhaps it's him.

Léontine: (*l'arrêtant*)

Oh! Non! Il est trop sage
Et trop adroit pour se risquer ainsi.

Léontine: (*stopping him*)

Oh, no! He's too wise
and too crafty to risk himself like that.

Valcour:

Qu'en savez-vous? Peut-être est-ce un franc
étourdi!

Valcour:

What do you know about it? Maybe he's just a
total fool!

Léontine:

Étourdi! Lui! Bon! Vous riez je pense:
Ce n'est pas le défaut dont on peut l'accuser.

Léontine:

A fool! Him! Please! You're joking, I think:
Of that flaw he cannot be accused.

Valcour:

Mais vous ne pouvez pas au moins me refuser
Que c'est un fou.

Valcour:

But at least to me you can't deny
that he's a madman.

Léontine:

Pourquoi?

Léontine:

Why?

Valcour:

Comment sans espérance
Depuis un temps si long se piquer de
constance
Aimer...

Valcour:

How, without hope
for such a long time to pride himself
on his constancy
Loving...

Léontine: (*l'interrompant*)

Ah! Vous allez disserter sur l'amour!
Sur ce chapitre là tenez, mon cher Valcour,
Gardez, croyez-moi, le silence.
Vous n'y comprenez rien, rien du tout...

Léontine: (*interrupting him*)

Ah! You're going to hold forth about love!
On that subject stop right there, my dear
Valcour,
Believe me, keep your silence.
You understand nothing about it, nothing at all...

Dorothée:

En effet votre raison monsieur vous trompe et
vous égare,
Un homme si constant est un homme si rare,
Que j'aime à le croire parfait.

Dorothée:

Indeed, sir, your reason deceives you and leads
you astray,
a man so constant is a man so rare
that I like to think him perfect.

Valcour:

Eh bien! Soit: j'y consens: cet homme
inestimable
Est vertueux, sensible, et de plus très aimable:
Mais cependant si son état:
Si sa naissance était obscure et basse?

Valcour:

Oh well, so be it: I agree: this priceless man
Is virtuous, sensitive, and, what's more, very
amiable.
But nevertheless, what about his rank:
What if his birth were obscure and lowly?

Dorothée:

Je ne puis le penser.

Dorothée:

I cannot think that.

Léontine:

Ni moi: l'esprit, la grâce
Dans tout ce qu'il a fait brille avec trop d'éclat.

Léontine:

Nor I: Intelligence and gracefulness shine too
brightly in everything he has done.

Valcour: (*Très gaiement*)

C'est peut-être un vieillard... ou peut-être
Une femme?

Valcour: (*very happily*)

Maybe he's an old man... or maybe
A woman?

Léontine:

Non: du plus tendre amour il faut sentir la
flamme
Pour l'exprimer avec tant de chaleur.
L'esprit ne parle point le langage du cœur.

Léontine:

No; he must feel the flame of the most tender
love
to express it with such warmth.
The mind doesn't speak at all the language of
the heart.

Valcour: (*apart*)

Quelle lueur d'espoir vient pénétrer mon âme!

Valcour: (*aside*)

What a glimmer of hope is penetrating my soul!

Dorothée:

Mais nous nous égarons. Revenons au
bouquet.

Dorothée:

But we're leading ourselves astray. Let's return
to the bouquet.

Léontine: (*avec l'air distrait*)

À propos... eh bien, donc? Que faut-il que je
fasse?

Léontine: (*with a distracted air*)

About that... ah well, so? What should I do?

Dorothée:

Il faut vous en parler.

Dorothée:

You should speak about it.

Léontine:

Mais songez donc de grâce...

Léontine:

But please consider what you're saying...

Dorothée:

À l'instant même, s'il vous plaît.

Dorothée:

At this very moment, if you please.

Valcour: (*apart avec inquiétude*)

Que fera-t-elle?

Valcour: (*aside, anxiously*)

What will she do?

Dorothée:

L'Anonyme en termes clairs dans sa lettre
s'exprime:
Il est, ou va venir à l'instant dans ces lieux,
S'il vous voit sans bouquet il se croit odieux,
Et loin de vous alors pour jamais il s'exile;
Il nous amuse tant! Le pourriez-vous bannir?
Allons il faut le retenir
Puisque la chose est si facile.

Dorothée:

The Anonymous One expresses himself in clear
terms in his letter:
he is in or will come soon to these parts,
If he sees you without the bouquet he will
believe you find him odious,
And will therefore exile himself far from you
forever;
He amuses us so much! Could you banish him?
Let's agree, we must keep him here
Since the thing is so easy.

Valcour: (*apart*)

J'ai su pénétrer son désir.
À Dorothée enfin je dois me réunir.
(*haut*)

Oui, vous avez raison, madame, il faut se
rendre.

Valcour: (*aside*)

I've managed to break through her desire.
Finally I must align myself with Dorothée.
(*aloud*)
Yes, you're right, madame; surrender is called
for.

Léontine:

Y pensez-vous, Valcour? J'ai peine à vous
comprendre.
Vous disiez dans l'instant...

Léontine:

Do you think that, Valcour? I have difficulty
understanding you.
You were saying just now...

Valcour:

Oui, mais en vérité,
 Quand son bouquet par vous sera porté,
 Pourra-t-il en tirer la moindre conséquence?

Valcour:

Yes, but in truth,
 When by you his bouquet is carried,
 Will he be able to draw the slightest conclusion
 from that?

Dorothée:

Sans doute, et s'il conçoit de là
 quelqu'espérance,
 À tort il se sera flatté.

Dorothée:

Without a doubt! And if he draws some hope
 from that,
 He will mistakenly be flattering himself.

Léontine: (*à Valcour*)

Vous le croyez?... en vous j'ai tant de
 confiance
 Que votre avis toujours est sûr d'être écouté.
 (*en prenant le bouquet*)
 Je cède donc... par complaisance.

Léontine: (*to Valcour*)

Do you believe that?... I have such trust in you
 that your opinion is always certain to be heard.
 (*taking the bouquet*)
 I therefore give in... to be agreeable.

Valcour: (*apart*)

De mon bonheur ah! Je suis transporté.
 (*On entend une musique très douce.*)

Valcour: (*aside*)

By my happiness, ah! I am transported.
 (*Very sweet music is heard.*)

Léontine:

Qu'entends-je?

Léontine:

What do I hear?

Dorothée:

C'est sans doute encore un nouveau
 Tour de votre Anonyme fidèle.

Dorothée:

Without a doubt it's another new
 trick of your faithful Anonymous One.

Valcour:

Il ne peut plus laisser passer un jour
Sans vous donner quelque fête nouvelle.

*(La musique continue. Arrivée de villageois
et de villageoises ayant Jeannette et Colin à
leur tête.)*

Valcour:

He can no longer let a day go by
Without giving you some new celebration.

*(The music continues. Male and female villagers
arrive with Jeannette and Colin in the lead.)*

[8] Choeur**Choeur:**

Chantons, célébrons notre dame.
Aimer est un plaisir bien doux.
Qu'elle lise au fond de notre âme
Combien nous la chérissons tous.

[8] Chorus**Chorus:**

Let's sing and celebrate our lady.
To love is a very sweet pleasure.
May she see, from the bottom of our souls,
How much we all cherish her.

Jeannette:

J'aimais Colin,

Jeannette:

I have loved Colin,

Colin:

Et moi Jeannette,

Colin:

And I Jeannette,

Jeannette:

mais trop peu riche.

Jeannette:

But too poor.

Colin:

et moi sans bien.

Colin:

And me without wealth.

Les deux:

Sans une bonté si parfaite,
 Notre amour n'eût servi de rien.
 Ce mariage est votre ouvrage,
 Il fait tout notre bonheur.
 Que notre hommage
 soit l'heureux gage
 De notre sincère ardeur.

Both:

Without such perfect goodness,
 Our love would be useless.
 This marriage is your work,
 It makes all our happiness.
 May our homage
 Be the happy measure
 Of our sincere ardor.

9 Ballet**9 Ballet****10 Chanson****Jeannette:**

Jouissez de l'allégresse
 que vous voyez parmi nous.
 C'est l'effet de la tendresse
 que nous ressentons pour vous.
 L'amour pour être chérie
 a pris soin de vous former
 le vrai bonheur de la vie
 est de savoir bien aimer.

10 Song**Jeannette:**

Delight in the joy
 that you see among us.
 It's the effect of the tenderness
 that we feel for you.
 Love, in order to be cherished
 has taken care to make you understand
 Life's true happiness
 Is knowing how to love well.

Choeur:

Le vrai bonheur de la vie
 est de savoir bien aimer.

Chorus:

Life's true happiness
 Is knowing how to love well.

Jeannette:

Depuis longtemps en silence
pour vous on brûle d'amour.
Tant de soins, tant de constance
n'auront-ils aucun retour.

Faite pour être chérie,
Ne peut-on vous enflammer!
Le vrai bonheur de la vie
est de savoir bien aimer.

Choeur:

Le vrai bonheur de la vie
est de savoir bien aimer.

Jeannette:

Enfin ma joie est parfaite;
Je suis unie à Colin.

Colin:

La mort seule, ma Jeannette,
À notre amour mettra fin.

Les deux:

Par notre exemple attendrie,
Ah! Laissez-vous enflammer.
Le vrai bonheur de la vie
est de savoir bien aimer.

Jeannette:

For a long time in silence
someone has burned with love for you.
So much attention, so much constancy
Will they never be reciprocated?

Made to be cherished,
Can no-one make you burn with love
True happiness in life
Is to know how to love well.

Chorus:

Life's true happiness
Is knowing how to love well.

Jeannette:

Finally my joy is complete;
I am united with Colin.

Colin:

Only death, my Jeannette,
will put an end to our love.

Both:

Through our tender example,
Ah! Let your passions be aroused.
Life's true happiness
Is knowing how to love well.

Choeur:

Le vrai bonheur de la vie
est de savoir bien aimer.

Choir:

Life's true happiness
Is knowing how to love well.

[11] Scène 4 dialogue**Léontine:**

C'est assez; ma joie est extrême
En vous voyant si contents, si joyeux;
Retournez au château; j'irai bientôt moi-même
Vous voir danser, me mêler à vos jeux.
Mon bonheur le plus grand est de vous voir
heureux.

[11] Scene 4 dialogue**Léontine:**

That's enough; my joy is great
In seeing you so happy, so joyous;
Return to the castle; I will soon go myself
To see you dance, to take part in your games.
My greatest happiness is to see you happy.

[12] Dance**[12] Dance****[13] Scènes 5&6 dialogue**

Léontine: (*rappelant Jeannette et Colin qui
s'en vont*)
Jeannette, un mot.

[13] Scenes 5&6 dialogue

Léontine: (*calling back Jeannette and Colin
who are going away*)
Jeannette, a word.

Dorothée:

Que voulez-vous leur dire?
Croyez-vous qu'ils vont vous instruire?

Dorothée:

What do you want to say to them?
Do you think they're going to inform you?

Valcour:

Elle a raison, et l'inconnu
Pour n'être pas trahi sans doute aura tout prévu.

Valcour:

She's right, and the Unknown One,
In order not to be betrayed, no doubt will have
foreseen everything.

Léontine:

Oui, dans un autre instant j'en saurai
davantage.

Approchez, mes Enfants: votre sincère
hommage

M'a fait goûter le plaisir le plus doux.

Léontine:

Yes, in just one moment I will know more
about that.

Approach, my children: your sincere homage
Has given me a taste of the sweetest pleasure.

Jeannette:

On nous a prêté le langage
Mais les sentiments sont à nous.

Jeannette:

The words were supplied to us,
But the sentiments are our own.

Valcour:

Qu'elle est douce!

Valcour:

How sweet she is!

Dorothée:

Qu'elle est charmante!

Dorothée:

How charming she is!

Léontine:

Elle est vraiment intéressante,
Je l'aime aussi de tout mon coeur:
Également sensible et sage,
Elle est l'exemple du village
Pour sa bonté, pour sa douceur.

Léontine:

She is truly engaging,
I also love her with all my heart;
Equally sensitive and wise,
She sets the example for the village
Because of her goodness, her sweetness.

Jeannette:

Quel mérite peut-on m'en faire?
Ne sais-je pas que pour vous plaire
Il n'est pas de plus sûr moyen?

Jeannette:

What merit can anyone accord me for that?
Don't I know that in order to please you
There is no more certain way?

Léontine:

Croyez aussi que vous m'êtes bien chère;
Mais vous ne dites mot, Colin?

Léontine:

Believe also that you are very dear to me;
But you don't say a word, Colin?

Colin:

Moi d'ordinaire
Je parle peu, mais je sens bien.

Colin:

Me, usually
I say little, but I feel deeply.

Léontine:

Je connais votre coeur et celui de Jeannette,
En vous unissant tous les deux.
Je suis bien sûre aussi de faire deux heureux.

Léontine:

I know your heart and that of Jeannette.
In uniting the two of you.
I'm very sure also that I'm making two people
happy.

Jeannette:

D'une félicité parfaite
Oui, croyez, qu'à jamais nous sentirons le prix;
L'un et l'autre brûlant d'une égale tendresse,
Nous nous rappellerons sans cesse
Que nous tenons de vous le bonheur
d'être unis.
*(Jeannette baise la main de Léontine, prend
Colin par le bras, et sort avec lui.)*

Jeannette:

Of this perfect happiness
Yes, we assure you, we will forever feel the
reward.
Both of us burning with equal tenderness,
We will always remember
That it's thanks to you that we have the
happiness of being united.
*(Jeannette kisses Léontine's hand, takes Colin
by the arm, and leaves with him.)*

Valcour:

L'Anonyme a choisi deux charmants
interprètes.

Il doit être content s'il a tout entendu.

Valcour:

The Anonymous One has chosen two charming
interpreters.

He should be happy if he has indeed heard
everything.

Dorothée:

N'en doutez pas, il a tout vu.

De mille manières secrètes

Il s'introduit quand il veut près de vous.

Dorothée:

Don't doubt it; he witnessed everything.

In a thousand secret ways

He places himself near you whenever he wants.

Valcour:

Il a peine à quitter les endroits où vous êtes.

Peut-être est-il encore très près de nous.

Valcour:

It saddens him to leave the places where
you are.

Perhaps he's still very close to us.

Léontine:

Bon, quelle idée!

Léontine:

Well, what an idea!

Valcour:

Allons sur sa charmante fête.

Il faut lui dire ici quelque chose d'honnête.

Valcour:

Let's go to his charming celebration.

Here he must be told something honest.

Dorothée:

Il a raison.

Dorothée:

He's right.

Léontine:

Mais vous n'y pensez pas, en vérité...

Léontine:

But surely you jest, in truth...

Valcour:

Je vois un gros arbre là-bas.
Peut-être est-il caché derrière.

Valcour:

I see a large tree over there.
Perhaps he's hidden behind it.

Léontine:

Vous êtes fou...(*apart*) quel embarras

Léontine:

You're mad... (*aside*) what confusion!

Dorothée:

Oh! Cette folie en tout cas
Me divertit et doit vous plaire.

Dorothée:

Oh! Anyway that madness
amuses me and must please you.

Valcour:

Rendez-vous à notre prière.

Valcour:

Please accept our invitation.

Dorothée:

Allons, le tour est plaisant.

Dorothée:

Come on, the trick is quite fun!

Léontine:

Mais que faut-il lui dire? (*apart*) Ils sont
insupportables.

Léontine:

But what should I say to him? (*aside*) They're
unbearable!

Valcour:

Que ses soins vous sont agréables,
Et qu'il peut en ces lieux se montrer à présent.

Valcour:

That his attentions are agreeable to you,
And he can now reveal himself in this place.

Léontine:

Il faut céder, mais quelle extravagance.

(à demi tournée vers l'arbre)

Eh bien! Oui.

(ce retour fait brusquement voir Valcour)

C'est assez, je crois, de complaisance.

Léontine:

I must concede, but what an extravagant idea.

(half-turning toward the tree)

Oh, well! Yes.

(this turning around allows a quick sight of Valcour)

That's enough, I think, of being friendly.

Valcour:

Pour cela, non: il faut lui parler autrement.

Vous retourner en face, et lui dire vous-même...

Valcour:

For this, no; you must speak differently to him.

Turn around to face him, and tell him yourself...

Léontine: (à Valcour)

Vous êtes aujourd'hui d'une folie extrême.

Tout à fait aimable, charmant.

Léontine: (to Valcour)

Your folly is extreme today,

Entirely amiable, charming.

Valcour:

Vous croyez par un compliment

Vous tirer d'affaire peut-être:

Vous vous trompez: vous n'y gagnerez rien;

Allons, retournez-vous!

Valcour:

You think that with a compliment

Perhaps you can get out of this:

You're deceiving yourself; you'll win nothing by it.

Go on, turn back around.

Léontine:

Comme cela?

Léontine:

Like this?

Valcour:

Fort bien.

*(Valcour se glisse tout doucement sans être aperçu, et va se cacher derrière l'arbre.)***Valcour:**

Very good.

*(Valcour slips away quietly without being noticed and goes to hide behind the tree.)***Léontine:** *(apart)*

Le cœur me bat...

(elle se tourne tout à fait vers l'arbre)

Je voudrais vous connaître

Et de ma curiosité...

Léontine: *(aside)*

My heart is pounding...

(she turns completely toward the tree)

I would like to know you,

And out of curiosity...

Dorothée:

Que vois-je?

Dorothée:

What do I see?

Léontine:

Ô ciel!

Léontine:

Oh, heavens!

Dorothée:

L'arbre remue.

Dorothée:

The tree is moving.

Valcour:

(Sortant de l'arbre avec précipitation, et courant se jeter aux pieds de Léontine, qui dans le premier moment de surprise tombe entre les bras de Dorothée. Jeannette et Colin accourent à elle.)

Oui, l'Anonyme enfin s'expose à votre vue,
Par le plus tendre amour trop longtemps
tourmenté...

Valcour:

(Coming out from behind the tree with haste and running to throw himself at the feet of Léontine, who in the first moment of surprise falls into Dorothée's arms. Jeannette and Colin rush to her.)

Yes, the Anonymous One finally reveals himself
to your sight,
tormented for too long by the tenderest love...

Dorothée:

(riant aux éclats)

C'est Valcour!

Dorothée:

(laughing uproariously)

It's Valcour!

Léontine: *(se remettant un peu)*

Je renaiss.

Léontine: *(pulling herself back together a bit)*

I'm reviving.

Dorothée:

Le tour en vérité est excellent!

La plaisante méprise.

Comme il avait l'air transporté!

(à Léontine)

Revenez de votre surprise.

Riez-en donc.

Dorothée:

The trick is truly excellent!

The amusing misunderstanding.

How enraptured he looked!

(to Léontine)

Get over your surprise.

Come on now, laugh about it!

Léontine: *(apart)*

Quel trouble est dans mon cœur!

Léontine: *(aside)*

What turmoil is in my heart!

Valcour: (à Léontine)

M'avez-vous trouvé l'air bien amoureux, bien tendre?

Valcour: (to Léontine)

Did you think I looked really in love, very tender?

Dorothée:

Oh! Cela ne peut se comprendre.
L'Anonyme n'eût pas témoigné plus d'ardeur;
D'honneur, c'était la chose même.

Dorothée:

Oh! It's beyond compare.
The Anonymous One himself could not have
shown more ardor;
I swear: it was as though it was him.

Léontine: (encore très troublée par Valcour)

Vous m'avez fait une frayeur extrême.

Léontine: (still very troubled by Valcour)

You gave me a terrible scare!

Dorothée: (vivement)

Elle pâlit.

Dorothée: (sharply)

She's turning pale.

Valcour: (à Léontine)

Ô ciel! Asseyez-vous.
Colin, Jeannette, Ophémon, venez tous!

Valcour:

Oh, heavens! Sit down.
Colin, Jeannette, Ophémon, come, all of you!

[14] Quinqué**Léontine:**

Que de maux mon coeur ressent!

[14] Quintet**Léontine:**

What pains my heart feels!

Valcour:

Quel heureux moment.

Valcour:

What a happy moment!

Léontine:

Quel tourment, quel martyre.

Léontine:

What torment, what agony!

Valcour:

Ce n'était que pour rire.

Valcour:

It was only for a laugh.

Jeannette:

Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Quel maux son coeur ressent!

Jeannette:

Ah, ah, ah, ah! What pains her heart feels!

Colin:

Quels maux mon coeur ressent!

Colin:

What pains my heart feels!

Valcour:

Calmez vous, ce n'est que pour rire.

Valcour:

Calm yourselves, it was only for a laugh.

Ophémon:

Calmez vous, ce n'est que pour rire.

Ophémon:

Calm yourselves, it was only for a laugh.

Léontine:

Je suis mieux à présent.

Léontine:

I'm better now.

Valcour:Ah! J'espère à présent en secret son cœur
souponner.

Mais tout ceci n'est qu'un jeu.

Valcour:Ah! I hope her heart is now sighing in secret.
Yet all of this is but a game.

Léontine: (*apart*)

Je ne sais que leur dire.

Léontine: (*aside*)

I don't know what to say to them.

Ophémon:

Comme il peignait son martyre.

Ophémon:

How he acted out his agony!

Léontine:C'est une frayeur passagère
Elle m'a saisie.**Léontine:**It's a passing fright
that seized me.**Jeannette:** (*à Colin*)

Son état me désespère.

Jeannette: (*to Colin*)

Her state drives me to despair.

Valcour:

Votre état me désespère.

Valcour:

Your state drives me to despair.

Colin:

Ton état me désespère.

Colin:

Your state drives me to despair.

Ophémon: (*apart*)Ou je me trompe ou ce jeu ne nuit pas à notre
affaire.**Ophémon:** (*aside*)Either I'm mistaken or this game is not harming
our affair.**Jeannette et Colin:**C'est une frayeur passagère elle l'a saisie.
Oui, dans peu il n'y paraîtra plus guère.**Jeannette and Colin:**It's a passing fright that seized her.
Yes, shortly it will scarcely show.

Léontine:

Oui, dans peu il n'y paraîtra plus guère,
Je sens que ce n'est plus rien,
Je suis bien, je suis très bien.

Léontine:

Yes, shortly it will scarcely show.
I feel that I'm already over it.
I am well, I am very well.

Les autres:

Elle est bien, elle est très bien.

The others:

She's well, she's very well.

Léontine:

Je sens augmenter mon trouble.

Léontine:

I feel my distress increasing.

Jeannette:

Mais je vois augmenter son trouble,
Hi! Hi! Ma peine redouble.

Jeannette:

But I see her distress increasing.
Ah, ah! My trouble is intensifying.

Valcour:

Mais sa peine redouble.

Valcour:

But her trouble is intensifying.

Léontine:

Malgré moi, mon mal redouble.

Léontine:

In spite of myself, my trouble is intensifying.

Valcour:

Ciel! Quel bonheur pour moi.

Valcour:

Heavens! What happiness for me!

Colin:

Mais je vois augmenter son trouble.

Colin:

But I see her distress increasing.

Ophémon:

Mais sa peine redouble.

Ophémon:

But her trouble is intensifying.

Léontine:

Je suis toute hors de moi,
Mais, cachons lui mon effroi.

Léontine:

I'm entirely beside myself,
But I must hide my fright from him.

Colin:

Tu me mets tout hors de moi.

Colin:

You make me feel entirely beside myself.

Valcour: (*à Léontine*)

Revenez de votre effroi.

Valcour: (*to Léontine*)

Recover from your fright.

Colin et Ophémon: (*à Léontine*)

Revenez de votre effroi.

Colin and Ophémon: (*to Léontine*)

Recover from your fright.

Colin: (*à Jeannette*)

Tu me mets tout hors de moi.

Colin: (*to Jeannette*)

You make me feel entirely beside myself.

Ophémon:

Pour lui quel heureux effroi.

Ophémon:

What a happy fright for him!

Léontine:

Je suis bien. Je suis très bien.

Léontine:

I'm well; I'm very well.

Les autres:

Elle est bien. Elle est très bien.

The others:

She's well; she's very well.

(spoken)

Valcour: *(apart à Ophémon)*

Ophémon, suivez moi.

(spoken)

Valcour: *(aside to Ophémon)*

Ophémon, follow me.

Ophémon: *(apart)*

L'affaire est bon train. J'espère que bientôt nous en verrons la fin.

Ophémon: *(aside)*

The affair is well underway. I hope that soon we will see the end of it.

(Tous les acteurs sortent. Léontine qui se trouve mieux prend le bras de Dorothée.)

(All the actors exit. Léontine, who finds herself feeling better, takes Dorothée's arm.)

FIN DU PREMIER ACTE

END OF ACT ONE

CD 2 Acte 2

1 Récitatif**Léontine:**

Enfin une foule importune me laisse en paix.
 Quel état est le mien...

Il ne me manque donc plus rien à ma cruelle
 infortune.

Je n'ose pénétrer jusqu'au fond de mon cœur.

Je crains d'approfondir un secret si funeste.

Hélas! Sans mon affreux malheur, plus de
 repos pour moi...

Nul espoir ne me reste.

Ah! Du moins si l'amitié accordait à mes maux
 une tendre pitié,

La peine partagée en devient plus légère,

Mais mon âme à Valcour refuse de s'ouvrir.

Valcour, dont l'amitié me fût toujours si chère,

Son cœur froid, son humeur austère,

Aux tourments de l'amour ne peuvent
 compatir.

Amour devient moi propice,

Ou suspens du moins ta rigueur.

Par le plus cruel supplice

Cesse de déchirer mon cœur.

*(Elle tombe assise dans un fauteuil, et reste
 quelques instants comme absorbée dans la
 douleur.)*

CD 2 Act 2

1 Recitative**Léontine:**

Finally the tiresome crowd is leaving me in peace.
 What a state I am in...

So my cruel misfortune is complete.
 I dare not plumb the depths of my heart.

I fear going further into such a dreadful secret.

Alas! Without my frightful unhappiness, no
 more rest for me...

No hope remains for me.

Ah! At least if friendship granted to my troubles
 a tender pity,

Shared suffering is lighter.

But my soul refuses to open itself to Valcour.

Valcour, whose friendship has always been
 so dear,

his cold heart, his stern mood,
 cannot sympathize with the torments of love.

Love, become more favorable toward me

Or at least suspend your rigor.

With the cruelest torment

Stop tearing my heart apart.

*(She falls into an armchair and remains for some
 moments as if absorbed in pain.)*

[2] Scène 1 dialogue**Léontine:**

Que me veut Ophémon? Et qu'a-t-il à me dire?

Mais j'y pense à présent... son air
mystérieux...

Peut-être l'inconnu l'a-t-il vu dans ces lieux...

Peut-être est-ce pour m'en instruire
Qu'il me demande un secret entretien...

Quel égarement est le mien!

D'une espérance trop flatteuse,
Qu'on s'abuse aisément hélas! Dans le malheur!

Cet Ophémon si froid, ce grave précepteur,
Devenir confident d'une intrigue amoureuse!

Lui qui d'insensibilité

M'accuse sûrement, et connaît ma fierté:

Quelle extravagance!

[2] Scene 1 dialogue**Léontine:**

What does Ophémon want with me? And what
does he have to say to me?

But as I think about it now... his mysterious air...
Maybe he has seen the Unknown One in this
area...

Maybe it's to tell me about this
that he asks for a secret conversation...

How distracted I am!

With a too flattering hope

One is easily mistaken, alas! What misfortune!

This very cold Ophémon, this serious tutor
Is the confidant for an amorous intrigue!

He who surely accuses me of insensitivity
and knows my pride.

What extravagant behavior!

Ophémon: *(d'un air embarrassé)*

J'hésite...

Je ne sais si je puis entrer en ce moment.

Je crains d'être importun.

Ophémon: *(with an embarrassed look)*

I hesitate...

I don't know if I may enter at this moment.

I fear being inopportune.

Léontine: *(avec un peu d'humeur)*

Je souffre horriblement,

Mais n'importe, parlez, allons, finissez vite.

Léontine: *(with some feeling)*

I'm suffering horribly,

But that doesn't matter; speak, come on, finish
quickly.

Ophémon:

Si madame à présent ne peut pas m'écouter
Dans un autre moment...

Ophémon:

If madame cannot listen to me now,
Some other time...

Léontine:

Non, parlez tout de suite:
(*apart*)

Puis qu'il est là j'en serai plutôt quitte.

Léontine:

No, speak right now
(*aside*)

Since he's here I'll be rid of him sooner.

Ophémon:

Je me garderai bien, madame, de rester.
Je venais vous conter une petite histoire...

Ophémon:

I'll be careful, madame, not to overstay.
I've come to tell you a little story...

Léontine: (avec humeur plus marquée)

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

Léontine: (with more pronounced feeling)

What is it?

Ophémon:

Ah! Rien: c'est toujours l'inconnu.

Ophémon:

Oh, nothing, it's still the Unknown One.

Léontine: (très vivement)

Comment? Expliquez-vous.

Léontine: (very sharply)

What? Explain yourself.

Ophémon:

Oui, c'est que je l'ai vu,
Mais autant que je puisse le croire.
Le moment est peu propre à parler de cela.
Je vous dirai demain ces bagatelles là.

Ophémon:

Yes, it's that I saw him,
For all that I can believe it.
But now's not the right time to talk about it.
I'll tell you these trifles tomorrow.

[3] Duo**Léontine:**

Ah! Finissez de grâce.
 Voulez-vous m'impatienter?
 De tout ce verbiage à la fin je suis lasse,
 Cessez de me résister.

[3] Duet**Léontine:**

Oh! Finish, for mercy's sake.
 Do you want to annoy me?
 I'm weary of all of this verbiage in the end.
 Stop resisting me.

Ophémon:

Cessez de me presser de grâce.
 Vous ne pourriez pas m'écouter.
 De tous ces contes là vous seriez bientôt lasse.
 Oui je dois vous résister.

Ophémon:

Stop pressuring me, for mercy's sake.
 You wouldn't be able to listen to me.
 You would soon be weary of all of these stories.
 Yes, I must resist you.

Léontine:

Rompez ce vain mystère,
 Je veux le savoir aujourd'hui.
 À quoi sert ce vain mystère, parlerez-vous à la fin.
(apart) Son sang-froid me désespère
(haut) Parlez-vous à la fin.

Léontine:

Crack open this vain mystery,
 I want to know it today.
 Whatever purpose this mystery serves, you'll finally speak.
(aside) His callousness makes me despair.
(aloud) You'll speak of it once and for all.

Ophémon:

Souffrez que je diffère,
 Ce serait pour vous trop d'ennuis.
 Ce n'est point un vain mystère,
 Je vous dirai celà demain.
(apart) Je ris de sa colère.
(haut) Non, je vous dirai celà demain.

Ophémon:

Allow me to disagree,
 This is obviously too much trouble for you.
 It's not at all a vain mystery,
 I will tell it to you tomorrow.
(aside) I'm laughing at her anger.
(aloud) No, I'll tell you this tomorrow.

[4] Scène 2 dialogue partie 1**Léontine:** *(avec un sang-froid forcé)*

La chose ne m'importe guère,
 Mais lorsque je vous presse, il est bien étonnant
 Que vous vous obstinez si longtemps à vous
 taire.

Vous l'avez vu! Quand donc?
 Dans quel endroit? Comment?

[4] Scene 2 dialogue part 1**Léontine:** *(with forced indifference)*

This thing matters little to me,
 But when I press you, it's quite surprising
 That you would persist so long in keeping it
 to yourself.

You've seen him! So when?
 In what place? How?

Ophémon: *(apart)*

Quel feu! *(haut)* Je vais vous satisfaire.
 J'étais à table; on est venu tout bas
 Me dire que quelqu'un qu'on ne connais pas
 Voulait m'entretenir d'une affaire pressée,
 D'abord ma première pensée...

Ophémon: *(aside)*

What fire! *(aloud)* I'm going to satisfy you.
 I was at table; someone came to tell me very
 quietly
 that someone whom no one knew
 wanted to speak with me about a pressing
 matter.
 Right away my first thought...

Léontine: *(l'interrompant)*

Au fait vous l'avez vu, fort bien; quel est son
 nom?

Léontine: *(interrupting him)*

In fact you have seen him, very well; what's his
 name?

Ophémon:

C'est un secret qu'à vous seule il veut dire.

Ophémon:

It's a secret he wants to tell you alone.

Léontine:

À moi seule!

Léontine:

To me alone?

Ophémon:

D'abord j'ai voulu m'en instruire,
Mais j'ai toujours fait en vain la question.

Ophémon:

At first I wanted to find it out,
But I always asked the question in vain.

Léontine:

Avez-vous pu du moins distinguer sa figure?

Léontine:

Could you at least make out his face?

Ophémon:

Non, la nuit était trop obscure.

Ophémon:

No, the night was too dark.

Léontine:

Vous n'avez pas reconnu sa voix?

Léontine:

Didn't you recognize his voice?

Ophémon:

Non.

Ophémon:

No.

Léontine:

Est-il grand?

Léontine:

Is he tall?

Ophémon:

Sur cela je puis mieux vous instruire:
Il est... eh mais comment vous dire?
Comme monsieur Valcour, de la même
grandeur,
On jurerait que c'est lui-même.

Ophémon:

About that I can inform you better:
He is... oh, but how to tell you?
Like M. Valcour, the same height,
One would swear that it was he himself.

Léontine: (*apart*)

Qu'il est différent par le cœur!

Ah! Si Valcour m'aimait comme l'inconnu
m'aime!

N'y pensons plus: (*haut*) A-t-il parlé de moi?

Léontine: (*aside*)

How different he is at heart!

Ah! If Valcour loved me as the Anonymous One
loves me!

Let's not think about it any longer. (*aloud*) Did
he talk about me?

Ophémon:

S'il m'a parlé de vous! Ma foi,

Sur ce chapitre là sa folie est extrême,

Écoutez ce qu'il dit, et jugez en vous-même.

Ophémon:

Did he speak to me about you? Well,

On that subject his madness is extreme.

Listen to what he said and judge for yourself.

[5] Air**Ophémon:**

Aimer sans pouvoir le dire,

Depuis longtemps voilà mon sort.

Amour pour finir mon martyre.

Ah! Donne moi plutôt la mort.

Léontine fût sensible,

Et n'obtient pas du retour.

Sa haine contre l'amour,

Doit être invincible.

Non, il n'est pas possible

Que je m'en fasse aimer un jour.

[5] Aria**Ophémon:**

To love while unable to declare it

For a long time, that's been my lot!

Love, in order to end my agony,

Ah! Give me death instead.

Léontine was sensitive

And didn't obtain love in return.

Her hatred against love

Must be invincible.

No, it's not possible

That I might make her love me one day.

[6] Scène 2 dialogue partie 2**Léontine:**

Qu'il est touchant! Son sort malgré moi
m'intéresse.

[6] Scene 2 dialogue part 2**Léontine:**

How touching he is! His fate interests me in
spite of myself.

Ophéon:

C'est un amour, une tendresse
Comme il n'en fût jamais. Mais ce n'est pas
le tout.
Cet entretien qu'après la fête...

Ophéon:

It's a love, a tenderness
like there has never been. But that's not all.
That conversation, which after the celebration...

Léontine:

Eh bien?

Léontine:

Well?

Ophéon:

Il l'a....

Ophéon:

He...

Léontine:

Comment!

Léontine:

What?

Ophéon:

...entendu jusqu'au bout.
C'est ce qui lui tourne la tête:
Il était près de vous caché dans le bosquet,
Quand il vous a vu avec son bouquet.
Le pauvre homme! Il m'a dit dans un transport
extrême
Que depuis huit ans qu'il vous aime,
C'est là le seul plaisir qu'il ait encore goûté.

Ophéon:

...heard it to the end.
It's what has gone to his head:
He was near you, hidden in the grove,
when he saw you with his bouquet.
The poor man! he told me with extreme emotion
that for these eight years that he has loved you
it's the only pleasure that he had ever tasted.

Léontine:

Que je le plains! Que son état me touche!

Léontine:

How I pity him! How his condition touches me!

Ophémon:

Ce qui l'a surtout transporté,
 C'est quand de votre propre bouche
 Vous avez témoigné le désir de le voir;
 De vous être soumis il se fait un devoir.
 Il m'a donc chargé de vous dire
 Que si vous permettez, ici de l'introduire.

Ophémon:

What moved him above all in this,
 Was when from your very own mouth
 you expressed the desire to see him.
 He makes it his duty to submit to you.
 So he charged me to tell you
 That, if you permit it, he will come here.

Léontine:

Comment, à l'instant même?

Léontine:

What, at this very instant?

Ophémon:

Il attend mon retour.

Ophémon:

He awaits my return.

Léontine:

Le recevoir ainsi! Seul! À la fin du jour!

Léontine:

To receive him like this! Alone! At the end of
 the day!

Ophémon:

Je l'ai pensé de même.
 Aussi pour le guérir de sa folie extrême,
 J'ai pris grand soin de répéter
 Que vous aviez voulu seulement plaisanter,
 Que si vous n'aviez craint d'être trop
 malhonnête,
 Il ne vous eût jamais donné plus d'une fête,
 Que pour peu qu'il craignit encore votre
 courroux...

Ophémon:

I thought the same thing.
 Also to cure him of his extreme madness
 I took great care to relay
 that you had only wanted to tease,
 that if you hadn't feared being too dishonest,
 he would never have given you more than one
 celebration,
 that for so little he still feared your wrath...

Léontine: (*avec impatience*)

Mais de grâce, monsieur, de quoi vous mêlez-vous?

À quoi bon tout ce verbiage?

Vous l'aurez convaincu: voyez le bel ouvrage!

Lui dire qu'il m'est odieux,

Désespérer un malheureux,

Dont l'état est si fort à plaindre.

En vérité, j'ai peine à me contraindre.

Léontine: (*impatiently*)

But for mercy's sake, sir, why are you interfering in all this?

What good is all this verbiage?

You will have convinced him: what a piece of good work.

To tell him he is odious to me,

To drive an unhappy man to despair

Whose state is so greatly to be pitied.

Truly, it's difficult for me to restrain myself.

Ophémon:

Je n'ai rien fait que pour le mieux.

Ophémon:

I've only done it for the best.

Léontine: (*haut*)

Tous vos propos sont d'une impolitesse

Qui me force en quelque façon

À réparer vos torts et votre maladresse.

Croyez-vous que l'opinion

Qu'il a de moi puisse être fort honnête?

D'après tous vos discours sans doute

qu'aujourd'hui

Il se sera mis dans la tête

Que je ne fais que rire et me moquer de lui,

Que je le hais, ou que je le méprise.

Léontine: (*aloud*)

All your words are so impolite

As to force me in some way

To right your wrongs and your blunders.

Do you believe that the opinion

That he holds of me could be truly honest?

After all of your speeches, without a doubt today

He will have gotten it into his head

That I do nothing but laugh at and mock him,

That I hate him, or that I scorn him.

Ophémon:

Quelque chose, il est vrai, qu'à présent
je lui dise.

Si vous ne voulez pas ici le recevoir
Je crains que dans son désespoir...

Ophémon:

Something, it's true, that I've been saying to
him now.

If you don't want to receive him here,
I fear that in his despair...

Léontine:

En me peignant à lui plus juste et moins
ingrate,
Vous m'auriez épargné ce cruel embarras.
Si ceci fait du bruit, si l'aventure éclate
Sur ma conduite alors que ne dira-t-on pas?
Mais pour le mieux guérir de son amour
extrême,
Peut-être aussi qu'à l'instant même.
Vous aurez assuré qu'un autre avait mon cœur.

Léontine:

In representing me to him as more just and less
ungrateful,
You would have spared me this cruel
embarrassment.
If this causes rumors, if the affair erupts,
What won't people say about my behavior?
But to cure him better of his extreme love,
Maybe also at that very moment.
You could have assured him that another has
my heart.

Ophémon:

J'aurais trop craint l'excès de sa douleur,
Mais par quelques soupçons dans son âme
agitée,
J'ai tâché seulement...

Ophémon:

I would have been too afraid of his excessive
sadness.
But by providing a few suspicions to his
agitated soul,
I tried only...

Léontine:

Je m'en étais doutée,
 Allez, monsieur, allez, qu'il vienne
 promptement.
 L'intérêt de ma gloire exige en ce moment
 De son injuste erreur, que je le désabuse...
 Cette démarche là me coûte infiniment...
 Mais vous m'y contraignez, et voilà mon excuse.

Léontine:

I was afraid of that,
 Go, sir, go, let him come quickly.
 Concern for my reputation requires at this
 moment
 that I disabuse him of this unjust mistake...
 This step is costing me dearly...
 But you are constraining me, and that is
 my excuse.

Ophémon:

Je cours le chercher.

Ophémon:

I'll go right away to get him.

Léontine:

Écoutez:
 Gardez sur tout ceci le plus profond silence.

Léontine:

Listen:
 Keep the deepest silence about all of this.

Ophémon:

Je suis bien maladroit: mais pour la prudence,
 De la discrétion...

Ophémon:

I'm very clumsy, but for prudence,
 From discretion...

Léontine:

Cela suffit, partez
 Et songez bien à ma décence.

Léontine:

That's enough, leave,
 And think carefully about my honor.

Ophémon: (apart)

Je suis donc à la fin certain de son amour.
 Quelle heureuse nouvelle à porter à Valcour!

Ophémon: (aside)

I'm now finally sure of her love.
 What happy news to take to Valcour!

Léontine: (*seule*)

C'en est donc fait, il va paraître:
 Je vais le voir et le connaître!
 Et c'est moi-même enfin qui l'attire en ces lieux!
 Un rendez-vous dans l'ombre du mystère!
 Et dans quel lieu! À qui? Ciel! Que viens-je de faire?
 Pourrais-je sans rougir me montrer à ses yeux?

Léontine: (*alone*)

It's done now, he's going to appear:
 I'm going to see him and recognize him!
 And in the end it's me myself inviting him here!
 A rendez-vous in the shadow of a mystery!
 And in such a place! To whom? Heavens! What have I just done?
 Can I show myself before his eyes without blushing?

7 Ariette**Léontine:**

Du tendre amour
 Telle est donc la puissance.
 En vain on s'arme de rigueur
 Aux traits qu'il nous lance.
 Rien n'a pû dérober mon cœur.
 Je croyais que sur mon âme
 Il perdrait tout son pouvoir.
 Mais hélas! Vain espoir,
 Plus que jamais il m'enflamme.
 Funeste moment!
 Ciel, est-il possible?
 Malgré mon serment,
 Je deviens sensible,
 Eh quoi!
 Mon cœur, d'un tendre sentiment,
 Éprouve encore le tourment.

7 Ariette**Léontine:**

Of tender love
 Such is now the power.
 In vain one arms oneself strongly
 Against the arrows he fires at us.
 Nothing has been able to steal my heart.
 I believed that over my soul
 He would lose all of his power.
 But alas! Vain hope,
 He inflames me more than ever.
 Fateful moment!
 Heavens, is it possible?
 In spite of my oath
 I am becoming sensitive.
 Ah, what?
 My heart with tender feeling
 Once again endures the torment.

[8] Scène 3 dialogue**Léontine:**

J'entends quelqu'un... mon trouble augmente.

(à part, avec beaucoup d'humeur)

Ciel! C'est Valcour: quel fâcheux contretemps!

*(Léontine se retourne avec un air d'humeur;**Ophéon paraît dans le fond du théâtre.)***[8] Scene 3 dialogue****Léontine:**

I hear someone... my distress is increasing.

(aside, with great emotion)

Heavens! It's Valcour! What an unfortunate turn of events!

*(Léontine turns back with an emotional look;**Ophéon appears at the back of the stage.)***Ophéon:** *(à Valcour après avoir eût l'air de lui parler tout bas.)*

Oui, oui, je frapperai lorsqu'il en sera temps.

*(Ophéon sort précipitamment, comme ayant peur d'être aperçu de Léontine.)***Ophéon:** *(aside to Valcour after having appeared to speak to him very softly)*

Yes. Yes, I will knock when the time is right.

*(Ophéon leaves hurriedly as if afraid of being seen by Léontine.)***Valcour:**Vous avez tout le jour été triste et souffrante,
Je viens auprès de vous passer quelques instants.La solitude porte à la mélancolie,
Et je veux vous tenir fidèle compagnie.**Valcour:**All day long you have been sad and suffering.
I'm coming to spend a few moments beside you.
Solitude leads to melancholy,
And I want to keep you faithful company.**Léontine:**Non, laissez-moi: de grâce, par pitié,
Laissez-moi seule, je vous prie.**Léontine:**No, leave me: please, for mercy's sake, for pity,
Leave me alone, I beg you.**Valcour:**

Daignez souffrir les soins de la tendre amitié.

Valcour:

Deign to allow the attentions of tender friendship.

9 Duo Dialogué**Léontine:**

Non, non, je ne puis rien entendre,
Laissez-moi seule ici.
J'ai besoin de repos.

9 Sung Dialogue**Léontine:**

No, I can hear no more,
Leave me alone here.
I need some peace.

Valcour:

Souffrez que l'ami le plus tendre
Vous témoigne son zèle
Et partage vos maux.

Valcour:

Allow this most tender friend
To show his zeal for you
And share your pains.

Léontine:

Je connais votre complaisance
Je crains d'en abuser.

Léontine:

I know your kindness;
I fear taking advantage of it.

Valcour:

Ah! Comblez mon espérance!
Pourriez-vous me refuser?

Valcour:

Oh! Fulfill my hopes!
Could you refuse me?

Léontine:

Le calme de la solitude
M'est nécessaire en ce moment.

Léontine:

The calmness of solitude
Is necessary for me at the moment.

Valcour:

Dissipez mon inquiétude,
Vous souffrez.

Valcour:

Dispel my anxiety.
You are suffering.

Léontine:

Je n'ai rien.

Léontine:

There's nothing wrong.

Valcour:

Quel trouble!

Souffrez les soins d'un tendre ami.

Valcour:

What distress!

Allow the attentions of a tender friend.

Léontine:

Quel tourment!

Peut-il me tourmenter ainsi?

Laissez-moi, je vous en conjure.

Léontine:

What torment!

Can he torment me so?

Leave me, I implore you.

Valcour:

Permettez, je vous en conjure.

Valcour:

Let me stay, I implore you.

Léontine:

Je veux être seule ici.

Léontine:

I want to be alone here.

Valcour:

Souffrez que je reste ici.

Valcour:

Allow me to stay here.

Léontine:

Que de maux mon coeur endure!

Léontine:

What pains my heart endures!

Valcour:

Que de maux son coeur endure!

Valcour:

What pains her heart endures!

[10] Scène 4 dialogue**Léontine:** (*apart*)

Dans quel embarras je me trouve!

Valcour:

Vous n'imaginez pas la peine que j'éprouve
En vous voyant souffrir ainsi.
Depuis longtemps rêveuse, agitée, inquiète,
Vous paraissez avoir quelque peine secrète
Que vous cachez à votre ami.

Léontine:

Je n'ai rien: laissez-moi, de grâce, seule ici.
Je souffre trop, je ne puis rien entendre.

Valcour:

Ah! S'il était ainsi, votre ami le plus tendre,
Serait traité par vous avec plus de bonté.

[10] Scene 4 dialogue**Léontine:** (*aside*)

What embarrassment I find myself in!

Valcour:

You can't imagine the sorrow that I feel
In seeing you suffer so.
For a long time, distracted, agitated, worried,
You appear to have some secret sadness
That you hide from your friend.

Léontine:

There's nothing wrong; leave me alone here,
please,
I'm suffering too much, I cannot hear any more.

Valcour:

Ah! If that were true, your most tender friend
Would be treated with more kindness by you.

Léontine: *(avec beaucoup d'humeur)*

Laissez-moi: j'ai peine à comprendre
Cet excès d'importunité.

(ici Valcour paraît fâché)

Mais qu'ai-je dit? Calmez cette douleur
extrême,

Pardonnez ma vivacité.

(très vivement et avec sensibilité)

Écoutez: vous savez, Valcour, si je vous aime,
Ne me jugez donc pas avec tant de rigueur.

J'ai des caprices, de l'humeur,

Mais mon cœur est toujours le même:

Votre tendre amitié fait toujours mon bonheur,
Elle a pour moi les mêmes charmes.

Léontine: *(with strong feeling)*

Leave me: I have difficulty understanding
this excessive insistence.

(here Valcour appears angry)

But what have I said to you? Calm this
extreme distress,

Forgive my sharpness.

(very lively and with sensitivity)

Listen: you know, Valcour, that I love you,
So don't judge me with so much harshness.

I have caprices, moods,

But my heart is always the same.

Your tender friendship always makes me happy,
It keeps its same charm for me.

Valcour:

Que vois-je? Vous versez des larmes!

Ah! C'en est trop; je tombe à vos genoux.

Valcour:

What do I see? You're shedding tears!

Ah! That's too much: I fall at your feet.

Léontine: *(tendrement)*

Votre soupçon me désespère;

Quelque soit mon dépit, mon humeur, ma colère,

Ah! Croyez que mon cœur ne peut changer
pour vous.

Léontine: *(tenderly)*

Your suspicion drives me to despair;

Whatever my wrath, my mood, my anger may be,

Ah, believe that my heart is constant for you.

Valcour:

*(toujours à genoux, et lui prenant la main qu'il
baise avec transport.)*

Oui, tout est effacé: d'une ardeur éternelle
Souffrez....

Valcour:

*(still on his knees, taking her hand which he
kisses with delight)*

Yes, all is forgotten: with eternal ardor
Allow...

Léontine:

Que faites-vous, Valcour?

Léontine:

What are you doing, Valcour?

Valcour: (*se remettant un peu*)

À l'amitié la plus fidèle

Permettez une fois les transports de l'amour.

Valcour: (*recovering himself a bit*)

To the most faithful friendship

Permit once the delights of love.

Léontine: (*apart*)

Quel trouble est dans mon coeur! Je me sens
attendrie.

(*haut*)

Relevez-vous, je vous en prie,

(*apart*) Mais quels transports paraissent
l'animer

Léontine: (*aside*)

What turmoil is in my heart! I feel myself
softening.

(*aloud*)

Get up, I beg you.

(*aside*) But what delights appear to animate
him!

Valcour:

Je ne puis trop vous exprimer

L'excès de ma reconnaissance.

Valcour:

I can't express enough to you

The excess of my gratitude.

Léontine:

Si quelqu'un vient, que voulez-vous qu'il pense

En vous trouvant à mes genoux?

Ah! De grâce relevez-vous.

Léontine:

If anyone came here, what would you want
them to think,

Finding you at my feet?

Ah! Please, get up.

Valcour: (*en se relevant*)

J'obéis. (*apart*) Il faut me contraindre.

Valcour: (*getting up*)

I am obeying. (*aside*) I must constrain myself.

Léontine: (*apart*)

J'ai peine à revenir de mon saisissement.

Léontine: (*aside*)

I'm having trouble getting over my shock.

Valcour:

Tout le monde dans ce moment
 Est à la noce: ainsi vous n'avez rien à craindre.
 Personne ne peut nous troubler.
 D'un secret important je viens pour vous
 parler;
 La conversation sera longue: peut-être,
 Asseyons nous.
 (*Valcour va prendre une chaise et la place à
 côté de celle de Léontine comme s'asseoir.*)

Valcour:

Everyone at this moment
 Is at the wedding; thus you have nothing to fear.
 No one can bother us.
 I have come to tell you an important secret;
 The conversation will be long; perhaps
 We should sit down.
 (*Valcour goes to get a chair and places it beside
 Léontine's, as if to sit down.*)

Léontine: (*apart*)

Qu'entends-je! Ô ciel! Quel embarras!

Léontine: (*aside*)

What am I hearing? Oh, heavens! How
 awkward!

Valcour: (*apart*)

Son trouble augmente, bon!
 (*haut*)
 Vous devez me connaître,
 Il faut... mais qu'avez vous?
 Je ne vous conçois pas.

Valcour: (*aside*)

Her distress is increasing, indeed!
 (*aloud*)
 You ought to know me,
 You must... but what is wrong?
 I don't recognize you!

Léontine: (*apart*)

Ô rendez-vous funeste! Hélas! Que dois-je
 faire?

Léontine: (*aside*)

Oh, disastrous meeting! Alas! What should I do?

Valcour:

Qui peut donc ainsi vous troubler?

Valcour:

What can upset you like this?

Léontine: (*apart*)

Le temps est précieux, je ne puis plus me taire.

Léontine: (*aside*)

Time is precious, I can't remain silent any longer.

Valcour: (*apart*)

Elle balance.

Valcour: (*aside*)

She is torn.

Léontine: (*apart*)

Allons... il faut tout révéler...

(*avec un extrême embarras*)

Si vous voulez ici rompre enfin le silence,

Je n'ai pas un secret d'une moindre

importance.

Léontine: (*aside*)

Let's forge ahead... all must be revealed...

(*with extreme embarrassment*)

If you finally want to break the silence here,

The secret I have is not of the least importance.

Valcour: (*vivement*)

Achevez, ah! Suivez ce premier mouvement.

Valcour: (*energetically*)

Get to the end, oh! Follow this first impetus.

Léontine:

Je vous dois, je le sais, toute ma confiance...

Mais je ne puis parler en ce moment.

Je me sens trop peu d'assurance:

De grâce, sortez, laissez-moi...

(*apart*)

S'il venait! Je tremble d'effroi.

Léontine:

I owe you, I know, all my trust...

But I can't speak at the moment

I have too little confidence. For mercy's sake, go

away, leave me...

(*aside*)

If he were to come! I'm trembling with terror.

Valcour:

Je n'insisterai plus. Je ne sais trop vous comprendre.
 Cette douce amitié, ce sentiment si tendre,
 Pour votre coeur peut n'avoir plus d'attraits.
 Mais croyez que le mien ne changera jamais,
 Oui, je pars...

Valcour:

I won't insist any longer. I know too well how to understand you.
 This sweet friendship, this feeling so tender,
 For your heart can have no more attraction.
 But believe that mine will never change,
 Yes, I'm leaving...

Léontine:

Que viens-je d'entendre?

Léontine:

What have I just heard?

Valcour:

Je vais en m'exilant combler tous vos souhaits.

Valcour:

By exiling myself I'm going to fulfill all your wishes.

Léontine:

Arrêtez... Homme injuste!
(vivement)
 À mon désordre extrême,
 Mes craintes, mon humeur, à ma colère même,
 Comment pouvez-vous ne pas voir
 Combien Léontine vous aime?
(on frappe plusieurs coups à la porte)
 Qu'entends-je? Le voici... quel terrible moment!
(Elle tombe dans un fauteuil.)

Léontine:

Stop... unjust man!
(animatedly)
 From my extreme discomposure, my fears, my mood, even from my anger,
 How can you not see
 How much Léontine loves you?
(Someone knocks several times on the door.)
 What do I hear? He's here!... what a terrible moment!
(She falls into an armchair.)

Valcour:

Ah! C'est trop prolonger un si cruel tourment.
(Il tombe aux genoux de Léontine.)

Mon cœur est satisfait.

Une amitié si tendre

Ne peut-elle à la fin se changer en amour?

Valcour:

Ah! It's too much to prolong such cruel torment.
(He falls at Léontine's feet.)

My heart is satisfied.

Can't so tender a friendship

Change to love in the end?

Léontine: *(revenant à elle)*

Que dites-vous?

Léontine: *(coming back to herself)*

What are you saying?

Valcour:

Vous devez me comprendre.

Oui, l'Anonyme...

Valcour:

You must understand me.

Yes, the Anonymous One...

Léontine:

Et bien?

Léontine:

Well?

Valcour:

...n'est autre que Valcour.

Valcour:

...is none other than Valcour.

(Ophémon entre.)

(Ophémon enters.)

[1] Trio**Léontine:**

Ah! Quel trouble m'agite.

Quel trouble je sens.

Mon cœur palpite

et mes pas sont tremblants.

[1] Trio**Léontine:**

Ah! What trouble perturbs me?

What trouble I feel.

My heart beats fast

And my steps are unsteady.

Valcour:

Ah! Quel trouble m'agite.
 Quel trouble je sens.
 Mon cœur palpite
 et mes pas sont tremblants.

Valcour:

Ah! What trouble perturbs me?
 What trouble I feel.
 My heart beats fast
 And my steps are unsteady.

Ophémon:

Ah! Quel trouble les agite.
 Quel trouble est dans leurs sens.
 Et mes pas sont tremblants.

Ophémon:

Ah! What trouble stirs them?
 What trouble are they feeling?
 And my steps are unsteady.

Léontine:

Mon bonheur est extrême.

Léontine:

My happiness is extreme.

Valcour:

Quoi, Léontine m'aime?

Valcour:

What? Léontine loves me?

Léontine:

Je vous engage ma foi,
 Oui, l'amour me fait la loi.

Léontine:

I plight my troth to you.
 Yes, love now rules me.

Valcour:

L'amour enfin vous fait la loi.

Valcour:

Love finally rules you.

Léontine:

Oui, mon bonheur est extrême.
 Le tendre amour nous soumet à sa loi.
 Le tendre amour me soumet à sa loi.

Léontine:

Yes, my happiness is extreme.
 Tender love subjects us to its law.
 Tender love subjects me to its law.

Valcour:

Oui, mon bonheur est extrême.
Le tendre amour nous soumet à sa loi.
Le tendre amour me soumet à sa loi.

Valcour:

Yes, my happiness is extreme.
Tender love subjects us to its law.
Tender love subjects me to its law.

Ophémon:

Oui, leur bonheur est extrême.
Le tendre amour les soumet à sa loi.

Ophémon:

Yes, their happiness is extreme.
Tender love subjects them to its law.

Léontine et Valcour:

Ma tendresse sera sans cesse,
Le prix d'un si fidèle amour.

Léontine and Valcour:

My tenderness will be endless,
The prize of such a faithful love.

Léontine:

Plus de larmes.

Léontine:

No more tears.

Valcour:

Plus de larmes.

Valcour:

No more tears.

Léontine:

Mon cœur est à vous sans retour.

Léontine:

My heart is unalterably yours.

Valcour:

Quoi! Votre cœur est à moi sans retour.

Valcour:

What? Your heart is unalterably mine.

Léontine:

Oui, mon coeur est à vous sans retour.
 Bonheur suprême,
 Valcour m'aime.
 L'amour le soumet à sa loi.

Léontine:

Yes, my heart is unalterably yours.
 Supreme happiness,
 Valcour loves me.
 Love subjects him to its law.

Valcour:

Bonheur suprême,
 Léontine m'aime.
 L'amour la soumet à sa loi.

Valcour:

Supreme happiness,
 Léontine loves me.
 Love subjects her to its law.

Ophémon:

Bonheur suprême,
 Léontine l'aime.
 L'amour les soumet à sa loi.

Ophémon:

Supreme happiness,
 Léontine loves him.
 Love subjects them to its law.

Léontine:

Recevez ma foi.

Léontine:

Receive my oath.

Valcour:

Recevez ma foi.

Valcour:

Receive my oath.

Ophémon:

Il reçoit sa foi.

Ophémon:

He receives her oath.

12 Scène 5 dialogue**Léontine:**

Courons à Dorothée annoncer mon bonheur.
Sa joie en l'apprenant sera vive et sincère.

12 Scene 5 dialogue**Léontine:**

Let us run to Dorothée to announce my
happiness.
Her joy on learning of it will be lively and
sincere.

Ophémon:

Moi j'ai fait rester le notaire.
Dans les bosquets encore on danse de
bon cœur.
Allons par un double hyménée,
Couronner de plaisirs cette heureuse journée.
(Ils sortent.)

Ophémon:

As for me, I made the notary public stay.
In the grove everyone is still dancing with
all their hearts.
Let's go for a double wedding
To crown this happy day with pleasures.
(They exit.)

*(Le théâtre change de décoration, et représente
un bosquet, dans le fond duquel on voit
plusieurs groupes de danse.)*

*(The stage set changes and represents a grove
at the rear of which several dancing groups are
seen.)*

13 Ballet**13 Ballet****14 Choeur****14 Danced "Chorus"****15 Ballet****15 Ballet****16 Marche****16 March**

17 Scène 6 dialogue**Jeannette:**

De quel bonheur nous allons tous jouir!
 On vient enfin de découvrir
 Cet amant invisible amoureux de madame.

Dorothée:

Comment?

Colin:

De la plus tendre flamme
 Il a vu couronner ses feux.

Jeannette:

Il aime.

Colin:

Il est aimé.

Ensemble:

Quel bonheur pour tous deux!

Dorothée:

Quoi! C'est vous, cher Valcour! Vous êtes
 l'Anonyme?

17 Scene 6 dialogue**Jeannette:**

What happiness we are all going to enjoy!
 We have finally just discovered
 The invisible lover in love with madame.

Dorothée:

What?

Colin:

With the most tender flame
 He saw his passion crowned.

Jeannette:

He loves her.

Colin:

He is loved.

Together:

What happiness for them both!

Dorothée:

What? It's you, dear Valcour? You're the
 Anonymous One?

Valcour:

Eh, pouvez-vous douter du transport qui
m'anime?

Valcour:

Oh, can you doubt it from the rapture that
animates me?

Dorothée: (*Riant*)

La fête du tantôt... la lettre... le bouquet...
L'entretien charmant du bosquet...

Dorothée: (*Laughing*)

The celebration earlier... the letter... the
bouquet...
The charming conversation in the grove...

Valcour:

Tout cela vient de moi.

Valcour:

All of that came from me.

Dorothée:

La charmante aventure!
J'en rirai longtemps, je vous jure.
(*Elle rit aux éclats.*)

Dorothée:

The charming affair!
I will laugh about it for a long time, I swear!
(*She bursts into laughter.*)

18 Quatuor

Léontine, Jeannette, Valcour, Colin:

Aimons-nous sans cesse,
Que rien n'altère notre amour.
Si je perdais sa tendresse,
Ah! Je perdrais bientôt le jour.

18 Quartet

Léontine, Jeannette, Valcour, Colin:

Let us love each other ceaselessly,
May nothing alter our love.
If I lost its tenderness,
Ah! I would soon lose the day.

Léontine: (*à Valcour*)

Une si constante flamme
 Devrait enfin toucher mon cœur.
 Rien ne pourra de mon âme
 Effacer la sincère ardeur.

Léontine: (*to Valcour*)

So constant a flame
 Was destined finally to touch my heart.
 Nothing will be able to erase
 the sincere ardor from my soul.

Jeannette: (*à Colin*)

Tu me seras toujours fidèle.
 Colin, tu me donnes ta foi.

Jeannette: (*to Colin*)

You will always be faithful to me.
 Colin, you give me your oath.

Colin: (*à Jeannette*)

Oui, d'une flamme éternelle
 Je brûlerai toujours pour toi.

Colin: (*to Jeannette*)

Yes, with an eternal flame
 I will always burn for you.

Léontine, Jeannette, Valcour, Colin:

Ah! Quel bonheur l'amour nous soumet
 à sa loi.

Aimons-nous sans cesse,
 Que rien n'altère notre amour.
 Si je perdais sa tendresse,
 Ah! Je perdrais bientôt le jour.

Léontine, Jeannette, Valcour, Colin:

Ah! What happiness that love has subjected
 us to its law.

Let us love each other ceaselessly,
 May nothing alter our love.
 If I lost its tenderness,
 Ah! I would soon lose the day.

[19] Contredanse Générale**[19] Group Contredanse****Fin de l'opéra****The End**

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