Bergerettes
Romances and Songs of the
Eighteenth Century

Collected and Transcribed with
Accompaniments for the Piano by

J.-B. Wekerlin

With Introduction and English Text by
Frederick H. Martens
Preface

These eighteenth century French songs and romances, compiled by J.-B. Weckerlin, represent the vocal music of their period in its lighter aspect, that gay and charmingly sentimental type of air among whose partisans were Campra, Charpentier, Marais, Destouches, and Jean-Jacques Rousseau; which found its happiest expression in the musical comedies of Monsigny and Grétry; and might be considered the direct antithesis of the pretentious arias of the serious lyric tragedy of the day.

In music, as in other arts, the tendency toward that ingenious development of picturesque and attractive detail, which constitutes the charm of the rococo style, had begun, toward the middle of the eighteenth century, to supplant the ideal of majestic simplicity and the classic sense of proportion which is the keynote of Lully’s operas, Racine’s tragedies, and the architecture of Mansard. This tendency found its happiest expression in the pièce à chansons of the great Parisian fairs, the petits chansons tendres, the pastourelles, romances, and bergerettes.

Though pastoral songs in name, these bergerettes are no folksongs, notwithstanding the fact that often an older popular melody, whose heroine was generally “a shepherdess very sensible or most complaisant,” undoubtedly underlies their more modern development. The simple shepherd air of the Middle Ages had, as early as the fifteenth century, found its way to town and court and there lost its primitive simplicity. From the seventeenth century to the dawn of the Revolution, poets and musicians alike conformed to those dictates of aristocratic good taste which demanded qu’on donne dans la bergerie—that one go in for the pastoral. As a result, these bergerettes are as characteristic of an age when aristocratic privilege determined the standard of taste, and a brilliant and polished society stamped every art with the impress of its own cultured epicureanism, as any of the canvases of Boucher or Fragonard. And this despite the fact that in many cases an earlier folksong origin may be presupposed.

The Climènes, Amintes, and Sylvies of these bergerettes are not the simple shepherd lasses of pastoral France. They are shepherdesses of the noblesse, in hoopskirt
and talons rouge, playing at shepherding with gilded crooks, their songs often breathing a coquetry too sophisticated to be reconciled with the artless simplicity of the barefoot peasant maid of Touraine or La Provence.

Yet they are charming, these petits airs tendres, these rococo romances, the graceful productions of an epoch when "art was never better patronized nor more finely and pleasingly developed." In most cases, however, they have little more in common with the pastoral airs of older provincial France than had the dainty and beribboned figures of Watteau's Embarquement pour Cythère, for instance, the marquis and marquises of Marly and the Trianon, masquerading in silks and laces with the starved and unhappy peasants of the ancien régime. Indeed, the general wretchedness of these last was hardly likely to encourage amatory preoccupation in forest glades, in which, by the way, owing to the vigorous enforcement of the game laws, especially in the capitaineries des chasses in the neighborhood of Paris, herds of deer were far more frequently to be encountered than flocks of sheep.

The time was not far distant when the light and frivolous echo of these melodies of those whom Taine calls the "fanciful villagers of noble birth," was to be drowned in the roar of the Marseillaise and the Ça ira. And yet, if these bergerettes lack the deep fervor which gives the national songs of the French Revolution so convincing an accent of sincerity, they cannot be excelled in appeal of a gracefully sentimental character. If, the products of a cynical age, they seldom strike a note of intense passion, they unite with a certain care-free charm and gaiety a grace and delicacy of musical expression which will not suffer them to be forgotten. To some extent they even justify the absurd contention of Lecerc de la Vieville, who declared gallantry must be considered the only source of inspiration in secular music.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, himself a contemporary of Monsigny and Exaudet, hits off in his Dictionnaire de la Musique, two of the leading characteristics of the bergerette. "Those French airs called pastorales are ordinarily in duple time, and introduce a drone-bass," and the majority of the bergerettes in the collection bear out this contention. Sir Hubert Parry's assertion that "a special type of dainty, dexterously organized song has been characteristic of the French in all times from which musi-
cal examples have been handed down" has no better exemplifier than these melodies which Wckerlin has so appropriately harmonized. A few details concerning the authors of music and text of some of the songs contained in the volume might not come amiss.

The celebrated Menuet d'Exaudet was composed by Antoine Exaudet (1710–1763), a native of Rouen. In his day he had considerable reputation as a composer, and was répétiteur of the ballet, and solo violin at the Paris opera. His other compositions have fallen into oblivion. Charles-Simon Favart (1712–1792), who wrote the verses, was a dramatic author of note in his day.

The air of O ma tendre musette, though attributed to Monsigny, is in all probability much older, and derived from a folksong. The poem by La Harpe (1739–1803), the dramatic author and rhetorician, is probably one of the most natural and unaffected of his shorter lyric efforts.

Que ne suis-je la fougeré? adapted to a really beautiful air by Pergolese, is a charming bluette, one of the attractive little lyrics with which Riboutte, contrôleur des rentes under Louis XV, amused his leisure, at a time when a financier was often a cultivated man of letters as well.

Maman, dites-moi, is a pastoral romance in the style of Ah! vous dirai-je maman, upon which most clavecinists wrote variations toward the end of the eighteenth century.

Aminte and Trop aimable Sylvie bear the sub-title tambourin, and have, no doubt, been derived from the lively old Provencal village dance so called. The facile elegance of their texts, however, does not suggest a similar origin.

Jeunes fillettes, a charming air, has points of resemblance with the English fa-la-la, heighten by the suggestion of Herrick in the song-poem.

Philis, plus avare que tendre: to this air the French dramatic poet Dufresny, Sieur de la Rivière (1648–1724), who married his washerwoman in discharge of her bill, has set humorously sentimental words.

These little Bergerettes, together with their companion volume of Pastourelles, also compiled by Wckerlin, present the finest efflorescence of the lighter song of the age.
of gold snuff-boxes, court-swords with mother-of-pearl hilt, hoopskirts, powdered wigs, and "bird-nest" coiffures; of elegance and insouciance. Their appeal is still potent.

And the lasting quality of this appeal which they make is, after all, not so difficult to understand, when we consider that they are truly expressive of the spirit of a century in which "the arts, in all that pertained to taste, grace, or elegance, were inimitable;" an epoch of which Talleyrand has said: "Whoever has not lived before 1789 has not known the real joy of living." The choice of an enthusiastic lover of old French song, whose position as librarian of the Paris Conservatory facilitated his selection of material of exceptional value and interest, this anthology has won widespread recognition.

It is pleasant to think that a new edition with English text may bring these little songs within the ken of many to whom they are as yet unknown, and the hope expressed by their compiler anent a work* of greater scope, "that the somewhat old-fashioned grace of these airs will not fail to charm even music-lovers accustomed to the passionate intensity of modern music," may find its fullest realization, for to them it is equally applicable.

Frederick Martens

*Chansons populaires des provinces de la France.
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Bergerettes
BERGERETTES
Romances and Songs of the Eighteenth Century

I
LIZETTE ONE MORN AROSE
(PAR UN MATIN)

English versions by Frederick H. Martens

Arranged by J B WEKERLIN

Moderato

VOICE

1. Lizette one morn arose at break of day,
   And to the woods alone she took her way.

PAR UN MATIN

1. Par un matin Lizette se leva,
   Et dans le bois seul elle s'en alla.

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2. She look'd for bird-nests, ranging far and near, She look'd for
3. As softly she crept near-er his retreat, As softly
4. Twas little Cupid, sitting on the ground, Twas little

2. Elle cherchait des nids de ça de là, Elle cher
3. Tout doucement elle s'en approcha, Tout doucement
4. C'était là amour, là amour, l'attendait là, C'était là
5. Her little heart quite sudden tender grew; Her little heart quite sudden tender grew; She sighed, unhappy, why, she hardly
6. Then straight-way sought her father to complain; Then straight-way sought her father to complain; And to him speaking, lo, she sighed a-
7. Her father Cupid seized, his pinions cut; Her father Cupid seized, his pinions cut; Then in the poultry-yard the rascal

coeur aus-si-tôt s'enflam-ma, El-le gémit et ne sait ce qu'elle
ra se plain-dre a son papa, En lui pourtant, la belle soupir
mOUR, les ai-les lui coupe, Dans la roliere ensuite il l'enfer-


Tra la la, Tra la la déri déra.
II

AH, LOVE IS BUT A CHILD
(L'AMOUR S'ENVOLE)

Andantino con moto

Ah, love is but a child—Don't chide._

L'amour est un enfant—Ti—mi—

Timid, at a harsh word he'll start._

La sévérité lui fait peur._

Freedom 'tis alone that may guide._

C'est la liberté qui le gui—

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him  On the highway of the heart.
dé Pour trouver le chemin d'un cœur.

**mf a tempo**

While his liberty enjoying, Laughter gay and gladness.
Tandis qu'il n'a rien à craindre, Les ris et les jeux suivent.

swell his train; If coercion you're employing,
tent ses pas, Mais dès qu'on le veut contraindre

Off he'll fly, nor return again,
Il s'en va légé ne revient pas.
nor return again. Ah, Love is but a child, don't
et ne revient pas. L'amour est un enfant ti-
chide him! Timid, at a harsh word he'll
mi de. La sévérité lui fait
start. Freedom 'tis alone that may
peur. C'est la liberté qui le
guide him. On the highway of the heart.
guide de. Pour trouver le chemin d'un coeur.
III
EXAUDET'S MINUET
(MENUET D'EXAUDET)

Words by Favart

Allegretto non troppo

Voice
Placid see
Cet é-tang

Piano

On the lea
Yon pool shining, Mirror in its waters
Qui s'étend
Dans la plaine, Repète, au sein de ses

clear The verdant elm-trees near, 'Round which the vines are twining.
Eaux, Les verdoy ants ormeaux Où le pampre s'en châîse.

Cloudless, view
Skies of blue, Wave reflected;
Un ciel pur, Un azur Sans nuages;
Love-ly, leaf-y branch-es thro' In ten-der az-ure true Pro-ject-ed.
Vi-ve-ment s'y ré-flé-chit, Le tab-leau s'en-ri-chit Di-ma-ges.

Yet, while we're its charm at-test-ing, Mir-ror'd skies in clear pool
Mai-s tan-dis que l'on ad-mi-re Cet-te onde où le ciel se

rest-ing, Comes a breeze Thro' the trees, Rip-ples tra-cing:
mi-re, Un sé-phyr Vi-ent ter-nir Sa sur-fa-ce.

With its va-grant breath of air The love-ly pic-ture there Ef-fa-cing.
D'un'souf-fle il con-fond les traits, L'é-clat de tant d'ob-jets S'ef-fa-ce.
Placid see, On the lea Yon pool shining, Mirror in its waters
Cet étang Qui s'étend Dans la plaine Rêve, au sein de ses
clear The verdant elm-trees near, Round which the vines are twining...
eaux, Les verdoyants ormeaux Où le pampre s'enchaîne-

Cloudless view Skies of blue, Waved reflected, Lovey, leafy branches
Un ciel pur, Un azzur Sans nuages Viement s'y reflète-
thro' In tender azure true Projected,
chit, Le tableau s'enrichit D'impressions.
IV

RUSTIC FLUTE, ECHO, SIGHING
(O MA TENDRE MUSETTE)

Words by La Harpe

Music by MONSIGNY

Andante

PIANO

1. Rustic flute, echoing, sighing,
   Loves I may ne'er forget

2. E'er in her clear eyes showing,
   Love's very flame did

3. Rustic flute, softly sighing,
   So lace my tender

1. O ma tendre musette,
   musette mes amis

2. C'est l'amour, c'est sa flamme
   Qui brille dans ses

3. O ma tendre musette,
   Conso late ma douce

p molto leggero
(très légèrement)

get...
dwell...
pain...
mours...
yeux!
leur;

Days of delight undying,
All her soul I thought glowing
Breathe in your cadence dy ing,
Toi qui chantais Lisette,
Je croyais que son à me
Parle-moi de Lisette,
Gone with their queen, Li-zette! Hope, in de-cipa-
For me with love as well. Sweet as the breath of
Thoughts of Li-zette again. Her image, fresh, un-
Li-zette et les beaux jours. D'une rume es-
Brûlait des mêmes feux. Li-zette à son au-
Ce nom fait mon bonheur. Je la re-vois plus

con-stant, No more shall flat-
ter me.
dawn-ing, 'Round her a charm did weave,
fad-ing, Ris-es more fair than day.
ran-ce, Tu m'a-vais trop flat-té.
ro-re, Res-pi-rait le plai-sir:
bel-le Plus bel-le tous les jours.

Sing-ing Li-zette in-con-
stant, I'll sing my con-
stan-cy.
Young, and so fair, I'm mourn-ing She should so soon
de-ceive!
Tho' Li-zette e'er up-braid-ing, I'll love Li-
zette al-
way.
Chan-le son in-con-
stan-ce Et ma fi-
dè-li-
Hé-los! si jeune en-
co-re, Sait-on dé-
jà tra-
Je me plais toujours dé-
le Et je l'ai-
tou-
jours!
WOULD I WERE THE FERN
(QUE NE SUIS-JE LA FOUGÈRE)

Andante

V

VOICE

1. Would I
2. Would I
3. Would I
1. Que ne
2. Que ne
3. Que ne

PIANO

were the fern whose pleasure Is, when twilight falls a-
were the brook-let flowing, Hap-py when she laves her
might, of her e'er dreaming, Win her heart, now closed to
suis-je la fou-gère, Où, sur la fin d'un beau
suis-je l'onde pu-re Qui la reçoit dans son
puis-je par un son-ge, Te-nir son cœur en chan-

pace, For my shep-herd-ess' sweet leisure To pro-
face. Would I were her ker-chief, know-ing Where it
me. Would I might pass from the seem-ing To the
jour, Se re-pose sa her ge-re, Sous la
sein? Que ne suis-je la pa-ru-re, Qui la
té! Que ne puis-je du men-son-ge Pas-ser

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vide a rest-ing-place. Would I were the zeph-yr
finds a rest-ing-place. Would I were her glass, re-
dear re-al-i-ty. Ah, the gods who gave me
gar-de de l'amour. Que ne suis-je le se-
couvre a-pres le bain? Que ne suis-je cet-te
a la vé-ri-te? Les dieux qui m'ont don-ne

wreath-ing Cool-ness round her beau-ty-led; Would I
flect-ing All her charm- ing airs and wiles; Show-ing
be-ling, Set too high am-bi-tion's prize; Since I'd
phy-re Qui raf-frai-chit ses ap-pas. L'air que
glace, Où son mi-nois ré-pé-té Offre à
l'é-tre Mont fait trop am-bi-ti-eux. Car en-

were the air she's breath-ing, Or the flow'r, born heath her tread.
graces past ex-pect-ing, Beaut-y an-swering beau-ty's smiles.
be, I'm clear-ly see-ing, All that pleas-es in her eyes.
sa bou-che res-pi-re, La fleur qui nait sous ses pas?
nos yeux u-ne grâ-ce. Qui sour-rit à la beau-té.
fin je vou-drais ê-tre. Tout ce qui plait à ses yeux!
I SING OF THE LOVE OF JEAN
(CHANTONS LES AMOURS DE JEAN)

Con moto

1. I sing, I sing of the love of Jeanne! I
chantons, chantons les amours de Jeanne, Chan-

sing, I sing of the love of Jean! Maid
ons, chantons les amours de Jean. Rien
n'est si charmant que Jeanne,

Lads half so kind as Jean! Jean he loves Jeanne,
Rien plus aimable que Jean. Jean aime Jeanne,

Jeanne loves Jean! Jean he loves Jeanne, She loves her hand-some Jean!
Jeanne aime Jean, Jean aime Jeanne, Jeanne aime joli Jean.
2. A cottage simple their love can hold. As
3. Thou so great Jean's love it be, Jean

2. Dans une simple ca-ba-ne, Comme en
3. Si l'amour de Jeanne est grand,

well as palace built of gold. Jean
loves her in no less degree. Ne'er to an guest one makes,
un palais tout d'or brillant, Jean
Non moins grande est la mie de Jean; Ce qu'on des deux demande,

There her love for Jean is told. Jean he loves Jeanne,
E'er the other exception takes. Jean he loves Jeanne,
Et Jeanne ce lui de Jean. Jean aime Jeanne,
L'autre aux si toly consent. Jean aime Jeanne,

Jeanne loves Jean! Jean he loves Jeanne, She loves her handsome Jean!
Jeanne loves Jean! Jean he loves Jeanne, She loves her handsome Jean!
VII

OH, SHEPHERDESS FICKLE
(BERGÈRE LÉGÈRE)

Un poco allegretto

Oh shep - herd - ess fick - le, I
Ber - gé - re Lé - gé - re, Je

fear your bright
eyes; Your soul may be
crains tes ap - pas; Ton â - me Sén - flam - me, Mais

poco rit

love you do - spise. Tho' your charm - ing fea - tures
tu n'ai - mes pas... Ta mi - ne Mu - li - ne

poco rit

mf a tempo

mf a tempo
Un moved none may view, You evade, disdainful, Those
Préveni et séduit; Mais rai ne, Haute - ne, Tu

who'd follow you, Those who'd follow you. Ch,
Fuis qui te suit, Tu fuis qui te suit. Ber

shepherdess fickle, I fear your bright eyes; Your
Gêre Lége re, Je crains tes appas; Ton

soul may be tender, Yet love you despise.
Ame Senflame, Mais tu n'aimes pas.
Tho' you sing love's praises, 'Tis with regret I find, Spite of empty phrases, You've self but in mind, You've self but in mind. Oh, shepherdess fickle, I fear your bright eyes, Your soul may be tender, Yet love you despise.
VIII
FAIR AMINTA
(AMINTE)

Poco moderato

Viens dans ce bois, belle Aminta, sans concert

p a tempo

Fair Aminta, seek with me the grove, Where naught the fond vows of lovers may molest, Oh, fair Aminta, seek with me the train-

poco rit

Viens, viens dans ce bois, belle Aminta, Il est fait pour les plaisirs et les jeux.

p a tempo

Fine.
Twitting of woodland bird, The brooklet's murmur
Le ramage des oiseaux, Le murmure des

heard, To us are saying: "Here, within this verdant
eaux, Tout nous engage A choisir ce beau sé-

grove, The homage due to love You should be paying:"
jour, Pour offrir à l'amour Un tendre hommage;

Here, where arching branches green Our tender secrets
À l'ombre de ses forets, Goûtons les biens se-
screen, We'll exchange fond vows at leisure;

We are young, and love is youth's own pleasure.

Ties of love shall draw us ever nearer. Ar-dors keen the hours make dear er, E'er more sweet As their happy moments fleet!

D.S. at Fine.
IX
MAIDENS, REMEMBER
(JEUNES FILLETES)

Con moto

PIANO

1. Maidens, remember, Time is on the wing!
Vi - o - lets may be Pluck'd but in the spring;
La vi - o - let - te Se cueillette au prin -

2. Jeune fillette, Pro - fi - tes du temps.
La la la ri - ret - te, La ri lon - lah.

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Maidens, remember, Time is on the wing!
Jeanne fillette, Profitez du temps.

Violets may be Pluck'd but in the spring.
La violette Se cueille au printemps.

La la la retirte, La rilon lanla,

La la la retirte, La rilon lanla.
MOTHER, TELL ME, DO
(MAMAN, DITES-MOI)

1. Mother, tell me, do, what this love is a-
2. 'Mid the vil-lage lads the first place e'er se-

1. Ma-man, di-tes-moi ce qu'on sent quand on
2. C'est le ber-ger le plus par-fait du vil-

kin to, Is it a joy or tor-ment, pray?
Since I love, what

cur-ing, There's naught he does, and naught he says,
That seems naught but

ai-me, Est-ce plai-sir, est-ce tour-
Je suis tout le

la-ge, Tout ce qu'il dit, tout ce qu'il fait
Est si sé-dui-

suf-f'ring ev'-ry day I've been thro!
And yet the night makes

right he can be so al-lur-
He has such charm, such

jour dans u-ne peine ex-trè-me.
Et la nuit je ne

sont, que sans peine on s'en-ga-
Tant il a de char-
Well, He said he swears; And my answer sought;

Yet I said naught,
But I said naught. Now, should this
Je ne dis rien,
Mais s'il re-

Shepherd led his pleas renewed, Mama, what shall I
Svent en cor m'en dire autant, Que faire a lors, ma-

Do? Mama, what shall I do?

Man? Que faire a lors, ma-man?
XI

NAY, I'LL TO THE WOODS NO MORE
(NON, JE N'IRAI PLUS AU BOIS)

Nay, I'll to the woods no more! Nay, there alone no more I'm
Non, je n'irai plus au bois, Non, non, je n'irai plus sen-

Yet a moment, when I went before,
Un seul moment l'autre fois, Un ins-

Dear my stroll I had been paying: Nay, I'll to the woods no more! Nay,
tant que devenait Lisette. Non, je n'irai plus au bois, Non,
there a-lone no more I'm stray-ing! All too well I know the snares Love spreads there for
non, je n'i-rai plus seu-let-te, Je con-nais trop le dan-ger Ou l'amour pour-

me, un-a-wares! Yester-day, be-neath an elm, A
rait men-ga-ger. L'autre jour, sous un or-meau, Je

shep-herd lad with ar-dent plead-ing, My poor heart sought to o-ver-whelm: When I said I'd
vis près de moi, sur l'er-bet-e, Un jeu-ne ber-ger du ha-meat; Prête à l'é-vi-

flee, Said he'd fol-low me. Nay, I'll to the woods no more! Nay,
ter, Il veut m'ai-tra-per. Non, je n'i-rai plus au bois, non,
there alone no more I'm straying! All too well I know the
snares Love spreads there for me, unawares. Since words would not
serve him, My Thyrsis grew bold And his love seem'd to
nerve him, Me to enfold, In his fond arms to hold. And a
kiss he'd have surely stole, Heed-less of my tear; When Cli-
tié pour ma pei-ne, Il me prit dans ses bras. Quand nous

a tempo

mene by did stroll, Else he'd had it, I fear.
vi-mes Cli-mé-ne Sans elle, hé-las!

rail poco a poco al Fine
(Lento rallent. jusqu'à la fin.)

Nay, I'll to the woods no more! Nay, there a-lone no more I'm stray-ing!
Non, je n'-rai plus au bois, Non, non, je n'-rai plus seul-let-te.

All too well I know the snares Love spreads there for me, un-a-wares!
Je con-nais trop le dan-ger Ou l'u-mour pour-rait men-ga-ger.
XII

PHYLLIS, GRASPING, NE’ER WOULD PHILANDER
(PHILIS PLUS AVARE QUE TENDRE)

Words by Dufresny

Andantino con moto

Phyllis, grasping, ne’er would philander, Ever a-
Philis, plus a-va-re que ten-dre, Ne gagnant

p

lert no gain to miss, She from that amorous
rien à re-fuser, Un jour, exigea

swain, Sylvander, Got thirty sheep, price of one kiss.
de Sylvander Trente moutons pour un baiser.
Yet the next

Yet the next day far less she gain'd. The profit was small

Phyllis did reap. From her Sylvan der soon ob-

tain'd a full thirty kisses for one small sheep.

gére Tres-te bais-sers pour un mou-lon.
Then, some days

Later Phyllis, more tender, Worried lest she

Anger her swain, Did as Sylvander's love sur-

Render Thirty fat sheep, one kiss to gain.
While the day
Le lendemain,
Phyllis fretful, Thought all her flock
main, Phyllis, peu sage, Au rait donné

little to pay One kiss to gain of those, for
moutons et chien Pour un baiser que le vo-

getful, He to Lizette was giving away.
la ge A---- Lizette donnait pour rien.
NAY, I CAN'T BELIEVE
NON, JE NE CROIS PAS

Un poco allegretto

Nay, I can't believe the things That Colin murmurs,
Non, je ne crois pas ce que Colin m'a dit tout

soft and low, Nay, I can't believe Love's charms So
tout bas, Non, je ne crois pas que l'amour

great, for all his saying so.
puisse avoir tant d'ap...
1. Were love a thing so perfect, say, Would thro' the village
2. So when I look at Colin here, Tho' all his ways are
1. Si c'était un plaisir parfait, Au village est-ce
2. Moi-même quand je vois Colin, Quoi qu'il soit charmant

every day Young Philène goes sighing To Clémène com-
kind and dear, I my thoughts dissemb l 'Tis confus ing,
qu'on verrait Le beau Philène Sans cesse a Clémène
et ba-din, je me trouve toute in ter-

plain ing, His love met no replying?
very All my heart with doubt s at trem ble.
mène Se pl ain dre de sa peine?
dite. En se cret mon cœur pul pi te.
XIV

SYLVIA, THOU ART MY DEAREST
(TROP AIMABLE SYLVIE)

Allegretto moderato

Syl- via, thou art my dear- est, I'd
Trop ai- ma- ble Syl- vi- e, Plus
rather thou did rule o'er me, Than mon- arch, with- out
con- tent d'é- tre sous ta loi Que si j'é- tais sans
thee Be! Thoughts of you are my near- est, Each
toi Roi! Rien ne me fait en- vi- e, Char-
place I prize, Look'd on by your tender eyes, For in them all my Para-
me des lieux Où je vois briller tes yeux, Je crois qu'en n'est pas dans les
disc Lies. Naught is like the torture, night past bearing,
cieux Mieux. Not rien n'est égal à la souffrance,

When I'm at your absence despairing. One short day to me seems
Que me cause la moindre absence. Un jour est un siècle à

all eternity. Yet I'm fain, When I
mon impatience. Mais hélas? Aussi-

see you, with beauty crown'd again, To think the happy hours too swift Drift!
ob que je re-vois tes ap- pas, Oh! Dieux! que je trou-ve les jours Courts!
XV
OH, HASTEN, FAIR SPRINGTIME
(VENEZ, AGRÉABLE PRINTEMPS)

Voice: Allegretto

Piano: mf

Oh, hast-en, fair spring-time, once
Ve-nez, a-gré-a-ble prin-
more To new life all na-ture in-vit-ing, With beau-ty of ver-dure de-
temps, Ra-nim-er tou-te la na-tu-re, De la plus bril-lan-te ver-
ligh-ti-ng The mead-ows and fields as a-fore, Gar-
dure Or-nes et nos prés et nos cham-pas, Les jar-
dins se
turn-ing to green, The ros-es de-lay but their blow-ing, 'Til-
pa-rent de fleurs, Les ro-ses sont pré-tes d'é-clo-re, Bi-en-tôt

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dawn's clear rose ten - der sheen Op - ning pet - als ar - dent are
sont bril - ler leurs cou - leurs Sous les tend - res feux de l'a -

...dim. rit p a tempo...

glow - ing. In leaf-bow - er'd cov - erts a - bove Are
ro - re. Mil - le ros - si - gnols a - mou - reux Chan - tent

...dim. rit p a tempo...

am - o - rous night - ing - ales sing - ing Their fond de - cla - ra - tion out - ring - ing:
dé - jà dans nos bo - ca - ges; ils nous di - sent, dans leurs lan - ga - ges,

"He knows no joy - who knows not love! He knows no joy - who knows not love!"
Qu'il faut ai - mer pour être heu - reux!

...rit p a tempo...
XVI

THERE'S A SHEPHERD, FEW MORE DISCREET
(JE CONNAIS UN BERGER DISCRET)

Un poco andantino

There's a shepherd, few more discreet,
Je connais un berger discret,

You alone his sighs compel;
Secret worship, his, as is meet,
Since his passion he
Qui se plaint et soupir;
C'est vous qu'il adore en secret,
Sans oser vous le

dare not tell. It would call for as much of wit,
To describe what his fond heart feels
dire. Pour bien peindre ses sentiments
Et ses larmes,
a tempo

And his yearning, aye, every bit,
As your own beauty charms reveals.
Il faudrait autant de talents
Que vous avez de charmes.
2. I have suf - fer'd since you be - came
3. Love, per - chance, Li - zette, you've not known,
2. Des maux que l'a - mour fait souf - frir
3. Li - zette, i - gno - rée - vous l'a - mour,

My sole joy, love's ev - 'ry ill... See you, love you, both were the same In - stant you all my
Th' the im-age be of you; Yet he's not the kind, you will own, Who'd shrank fear - ful, lest
En lui tout... est l'i - ma - ge. Vosvoir, vous ai - mer, le sens - it, D'un ins - tant fut l'ou.
Quand vous le faites naître? Le dieu n'est pas jus; qu'à ce jour Sans s'é - tres fait con-

soul did fill. Tell me, Li-zette, these tim - id vows, Will you re - ceive with high dis - dain?
folk him knew. Charm-ing like you, as sweet and mild, He is all... one could wish to see.
"ra - ge. Li - set - te, ces ti - mi - des vœux Pouvaient-il... vous dé - plaî - re?
nai - tre. Il vous ressemble, il est char - man - d. Il est fait... pour vous plai - re.

E'en the gods un - bent frown - ing brows, When in - cense made mahn hom - age plain.
Don't de - ny so bright a... child, One whose own mothe - er... you might be.
Ja - mais l'encens qu'on of - fie aux dieux N'exas - ci - ta leur co - lère.
N'a - bandon - nes pas... un... en - fant Dost yous é - tes la né -ère.
1. A far from sweet Nanette,
2. His plaint, kind Echo

1. Éloigné de Nanette,
2. Les échos du rire

The shepherd Thyrsis blew An air on his music
So touch'd her that she sent O'er wood and stream re
net-te, Le beau berger Tir-cis Chan-tait sur sa mu-
va-ge, Tou-chés de son en-nui, Par tout le voi-si-

Poco cresc.

Then sang these words there-to: Love makes me lan, lan, lan,
This his sad lament: L'amour me fait, lan la,
Au pied d'un hêtre, as-sis: L'amour me fait, lan la,
Nage Ré-pêtaient après lui: L'amour me fait, lan la,

poco cresc.

Poco cresc.

lan-guish, Of love I'll die in an, an, an-guish.
lan-guir, L'amour me fait, lan la, me fait mourir.
3. His dog, extended
4. While round his crook as
3. Son chien sur la fou-
4. As pied de sa hou-
lying, Up on the grass, at length, To help his mas-
sembled, The sheep ceased pastur-
ing, And with emotion
gère, Cou-
ché non-
chalam-
ment, Du mieux qu'il pou-
let-
te Tous ses moun-
tons ran-
gés, Ne puis-
soient plus l'her-
try-
ing, Barked with all his strength: Love makes me lan, lan, lan,
trem-
bled, As they heard him sing: Love makes me lan, lan, lan,
fai-
re, Dis-
suit, le re-
gardant: L'amour me fait, lan la,
bet-
te Et l'é-
con-
taient chan-
ter: L'amour me fait, lan la,

poco cresc.

lan-
guish, Of love I'll die in an, an, an-
guish.
lar-
guir, L'amour me fait, lan la, me fait mour-

rit.
XVIII
THERE'S A TIME FOR ALL THINGS
(CHAQUE CHOSE A SON TEMPS)

Andantino quasi allegretto

PIANO

There's a time for all things, O maid'ens, There's a time for all things, When winter is nigh

Then we sigh For joys of the vanished springs. There's a time for all things, O maid'ens, With hopes of the spring's return.

Dans l'hi-ver des ans L'on re-gret-te Les fa-veurs

Les mas-ques a la dan-sée L'on se guitte Les an-es

Van-ished springs. There's a time for all things, O maid'ens, Chaque chose a son temps, Fil-let-te,

x
x

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There's a time for all things, O maidens, There's a time for all things. Vi-o-lets blue Soon fade from view, For such is the change time brings... There's a time for all things, O maidens, There's a time for all things. Mar-ry, for temps, Fil-let-te, Cha-que chose a son temps. Ma-ri-es-

sooth, While you've your youth, While love in your young heart sings... There's a time for all things, O maidens, There's a time for all things. Cha-que chose a son temps, Fil-let-te, Cha-que chose a son temps.
XIX
LISETTE

Con moto

1. Leading my heart
2. She has a star
3. Tender the tears

1. En menant
2. Sur son
3. Ses regards

flock, on pasture bent,
skin that's lily fair,
fire that lights her glance,
paintre mon trou-pleau
	
	

We pass'd a grove, where
Cheeks that are like the heart "
Je vis dans un bois
On voit fleur vir les
Qui sou-dain nous en

ly-ing, There did a shepherd boy la-
ros-es, Dimples in smiles selves de-
flam-ing, Into her eyes Love crept, per-
ca-ge Un berger de no-tre ka-
ro-ses, Les grâces, les jeux et les
flam-ment, L'amour s'est niché dans ses
ment. 'Twas thus he spoke, a sighing:
clare When she her lips un - clos - es.
chance, Our souls the eas - i - er claim - ing.
meau, Qui te - nais ce lan - ga - ge:
ris Surt sa - bou - che re po - sent.
yeux, Pour sou - met - tre nos â - mes.

Only to charm Lizette was born, Vain - ly my
Lizette est tai - te pour char - mer, Mais en vain

sighs be - tray - it. Ah, I must
je sou - pi - re. Ah! qu'on est

ever mourn. To her I dare not say it!
mal - heur - eux, Quand on no - se le di - re!
MOTHER BONTEMPS
(LA MÈRE BONTEMPS)

Allegretto

1. Mother Bon temps'
2. When sixteen or
3. Laughter reigned and

1. La mère Bou -
2. À vingt ans mon
3. Les jeux et les

way Was to all the young girls she knew to say: Oh, dance, girls,
so, Love to me seemed a charming god, I know. Deceitful,
play When I married, upon my wedding-day! But soon I
temps Sen al - lait dis - ant aux fil - let - res: Dan - ses, mes en -
cœur Crow - Luke - mour un dieu plein de charmes; Ce pe - tit trom -
ris Dan - se - rent à mon ma - ri - a - ge. Mais bien - tôt j'ai -

dance, While you're young, and you have the chance, For gai - e - ty should
sly, Of - en since he has made me cry. He makes demands on
know Household du - ties there were to do. My hus - band growl'd and
fants, Tan - çis que vous è - les jeu - nel - tes; La fleur de gai -
peur M'a fait ré - pen dre bien des lar - mes. Il est ex - i -
pris Qu'il est d'autres soins en mé - na - ge. Mon ma - ri - cron -
flow'r,

In youth's hap - py hour! Born in

you,
He's in - con - stant, too. All poor

sigh'd,
And the chil - dren cried; There was ne'er a chance, girls, I

té Ne croit point li - tr; Née au prin - temps, com - me la

gnant, Bou - deur et chan - gent, Fil - le qu'il tient sous son em -
dail, Mon en - fant cri - ait; Moi ne sa - chant au - quel en -

rose, 'Tis best to
cull - it be - fore it goes;

own They flee from oth - ers, to sigh a - lone. So tempt not

ween To run and dance on the vil - lage green.

ro - se, Cueil - les - la dés qu'il est é - clo - se. Dan - ses

pi - re, Fuit le mon dr. rêve et sou - pi re.}

ten - dre, Sous l'or - meau sou - rais - je me ren - dre?


dance while you're young, ere 'tis too late.

à quinze ans. Plus tard il n'est plus temps.

rall.
4. Oh, the years sped fast Till a
4. Le temps arri-vait Où ma
grand-mother I became at last, And when one's old Love of dancing begins to
fil-le me fit grand'mère: Quand on en est là Danser n'intéresse plus

lose its hold. With coughs you speak, And your legs are
guère: On tousse en parlant, On marche en trem-

weak; The ga-votte no longer you tread, But in an arm-chair you nod in
blant: Au lieu de danser la ga-roette. Dans un grand fauteuil on ra-

stead; So tempt not fate, Dance while you're young, ere 'tis too late.
do-te. Dan-ses à quinze ans, Plus tard il n'est plus temps.