



LIVE PERFORMANCE

SOMM-BEECHAM 30-2

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DIGITAL AUDIO

## The Beecham Collection ZÉMIRE ET AZOR

A Comic Opera in Four Acts by ANDRÉ MODESTE GRÉTRY (1741-1813)  
Edited & arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham. Libretto by Jean-François Marmontel. Sung in French.

THE BOURNEMOUTH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
(Leader: Hugh Maguire)

Conductor: SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart., C.H.

Sander, a merchant	BERNARD LEFORT	baritone
Ali, his servant	MICHEL HAMEL	tenor
Azor, a fearsome beast	MICHEL SÉNÉCHAL	tenor
Zémire	HUGUETTE BOULANGEOT	soprano
Fatmé	ARDA MANDIKIAN	soprano
Lisbé	CLAIRE DUCHESNEAU	soprano

CD 1 1-13 Act I: Azor's Palace 14-19 Act II: Sander's House **Total time: 47:41**

CD 2 1-16 Act III: Azor's Palace 17-19 Act IV: Sander's House  
20-24 Act IV: Azor's Palace **Total time: 66:43**

Recording taken from live broadcast performance on Monday 16th May 1955 at the Royal Theatre, Bath.  
Source material: MONO 78rpm acetates

Released in collaboration with the Sir Thomas Beecham Trust in support of the Scholarship Fund.  
Detailed Contents and Libretto in French and English, included.

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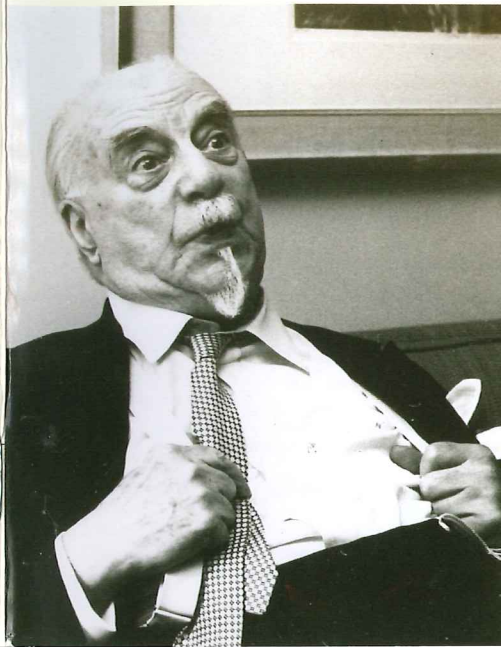


## The Beecham Collection

Somm



Live Recording from  
Theatre Royal, Bath



GRÉTRY  
ZÉMIRE ET AZOR  
Sung in French

Bournemouth Symphony  
Orchestra  
Sir Thomas Beecham,  
Bart., C.H

Bernard Lefort  
Michel Hamel  
Michel Sénéchal  
Huguette Boulangeot *et al*

THE BEECHAM COLLECTION

ZÉMIRE ET AZOR

Opera in Four Acts by ANDRÉ MODESTE GRÉTRY (1741-1813)

The Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra

Conducted by SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, BART., C.H.

Libretto by Jean François Marmontel

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CD 1 - Acts I & II [47:41]

Act I

[1]	Ouverture	5:20
	Overture	
[2]	Scene 1 Dialogue & No.1 Ariette (L'orage va cesser) [Ali]	3:14
	Scène 1 Dialogue & No.1 Ariette (The storm will cease)	
[3]	Dialogue (Que dis-tu? L'orage redouble) [Sander, Ali]	0:16
	Dialogue (What are you saying? The storm is getting worse)	
[4]	No. 2 Air (Le malheur me rend intrépide) [Sander]	2:38
	No. 2 Air (Misfortune has made me fearless)	
[5]	Dialogue (Oh! moi, qui n'eus jamais d'autre bien que ma vie ) [Ali]	1:23
	Dialogue (Eh! Never having anything more than my life to call my own)	

[6]	No. 3 Ariette (Les esprits, dont on nous fait peur)	2:06
	No. 3 Ariette (The ghosts they frighten us with)	
[7]	Dialogue (Ali, pour le coup, est un homme..) [Sander]	0:11
	Dialogue (Ali has certainly proved himself..)	
[8]	No. 4 Duet (Le temps est beau) [Sander, Ali]	3:52
	No. 4 Duet (The weather is lovely)	
[9]	Scene 2 Dialogue (Allons, ma famille m'attend) [Sander, Ali]	1:43
	Scène 2 Dialogue (Let's go; my family are waiting)	
[10]	No. 5 Air (La pauvre enfant ne savait pas) [Sander]	4:16
	No. 5 Air (The poor child did not know)	
[11]	Dialogue (J'ai l'âme assez compatissante) [Azor, Sander]	1:10
	Dialogue (My heart is feeling enough)	
[12]	No. 6 Air ( Ne va pas me tromper) [Azor]	3:47
	No. 6 Air (Don't go deceiving me)	
[13]	No. 7 Final: Symphonie qui exprime le vol du nuage	0:58
	No. 7 Finale: Flight of the cloud	
	<b>Act II</b>	
[14]	Scène 1 No.8 Trio (Veillons mes soeurs) [Zémire, Fatmé, Lisbé]	4:44
	Scene 1 No.8 Trio (Let us wait up my sisters)	
[15]	Scène 2 Dialogue (Ah mon père! Quelle joie) [Zémire, Fatmé, Lisbé]	1:07
	Scene 2 Dialogue (Ah! Father! What joy to have you back)	
[16]	No. 9 Ariette (Rose chérie) [Zémire]	2:51
	No. 9 Ariette (Cherished rose)	
[17]	Scène 3 Dialogue (Vous avez veillé toute la nuit) [Sander, Ali, Zémire]	2:29
	Scene 3 Dialogue (You have stayed awake all night)	

[18]	No. 10 Récitatif (Je vais faire encore un voyage) [Sander] No. 10 Recitative (I'm going to set forth once more)	1:58
[19]	No. 11 Duet (Je veux le voir; je veux lui dire [Zémire, Ali] No. 11 Duet (I want to see him, I want to tell him)	3:38
<b>CD 2 - Acts III &amp; IV [66:43]</b>		
<b>Act III</b>		
[1]	Scène 1 No. 12 Air (Ah! quel tourment d'être sensible) [Azor] Scene 1 No. 12 Air (Ah what a torment it is)	5:20
[2]	Cruelle fée, abrège ou ma vie, ou ma peine [Azor] Cruel fairy, cut short either my life or my punishment Scène 2 Dialogue (Vous voilà; je me sauve: adieu) [Ali, Zémire] Scene 2 Dialogue (Well, here we are; now I'm off: farewell!)	2:28
[3]	No. 13 Duet (Rassure mon père) [Zémire, Ali] No. 13 Duet (Reassure my father)	3:30
[4]	Dialogue (Esclave, éloigne-toi) [Azor, Ali]	0:28
[5]	No. 14 Entrée des génies No. 14 Entrance of the Spirits	3:25
[6]	Allegro (Passepied) Allegro (Passepied)	1:57
[7]	Airs de ballet Airs de ballet	4:29
[8]	Scène 5 Dialogue (Ô ciel!) [Zémire, Azor] Scene 5 Dialogue (Heavens!)	1:01
[9]	No. 15 Air (Du moment qu'on aime) [Azor] No. 15 (The moment one loves)	4:11

[10]	Dialogue (Hélas, je ne puis revenir de mon étonnement) [Zémire, Azor] Dialogue (Alas, I cannot get over my surprise)	1:14
[11]	No. 16 Air (La fauvette, avec ses petits) [Zémire] No. 16 Air (The warbler with its young)	6:53
[12]	Dialogue (Vos chants pour moi sont une plainte) [Azor, Zémire] Dialogue (Your singing is a lament, to be sure.)	0:28
[13]	Scène 6 Dialogue (Hélas! comme il est triste!) [Zémire, Azor] Dialogue (Alas! how sad he looks!) No. 17 Trio (Ah! laissez-moi la pleurer) [Sander, Fatmé, Lisbé] No. 17 Trio (Ah! Let me mourn for her)	3:27
[14]	Scène 7 Dialogue (Ah! cruel!) [Zémire, Azor] Scene 7 Dialogue (Oh! Cruel beast!)	1:39
[15]	(N'oubliez pas celui qui vous attend) [Azor] (Don't forget the soul that is here waiting for you) No. 18 Larghetto No. 18 Larghetto	0:57
[16]	No. 19 Entr'acte No. 19 Entr'acte	2:07
<b>Act IV</b>		
[17]	Scène 1 No. 20 Ariette (J'en suis encor tremblant) [Ali] Scene 1 No. 20 Ariette (I'm still trembling from the sight)	2:19
[18]	Scène 2 Dialogue (Voilà ma sœur) [Fatmé, Lisbé, Sander] Scene 2 Dialogue (Look! Here comes our sister!)	1:24
[19]	No. 21 Quatuor (Ah! je tremble) [Zémire, Sander, Fatmé, Lisbé] No. 21 Quartet (Ah! I'm all a-quiver)	4:30

[20]	Scène 3 No. 22 Air (Le soleil s'est caché dans l'onde) [Azor] Scene 3 No. 22 Air (The sun has disappeared under the sea)	5:22
[21]	No. 23 Air (Azor! Azor! en vain ma voix t'appelle) (Zémire) No. 23 Air (Azor! Azor! In vain I call out to you)	5:24
[22]	Scène 5 Dialogue (Zémire!) [Azor] Scene 5 Dialogue (Zemire!) [Azor] Scène 6 Dialogue (Mon père! Mes sœurs! Félicité suprême) [Zémire, Sander] Scene 6 Dialogue (Father! Sisters! Supreme happiness)	1:11
[23]	No. 24 Chœur final: (Amour, amour) [Tous] No. 24 Final Chorus: (Love, love) [All]	1:15
[24]	Le ballet termine le spectacle. Reprise de Passepied The ballet ends the action. Reprise of Passepied.	1:44

Recording of live performance of *Zémire et Azor* presented by The Bath Festival Society and broadcast on Monday 16th May 1955 from The Theatre Royal, Bath.

The score was edited and arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham.

Libretto: Edited and translated into English by Andrew Parker © 2011

Synopsis: French translation by Baudime Jam © 2011

## BEECHAM AND GRÉTRY'S *ZÉMIRE ET AZOR*

Sir Thomas Beecham's love of French music is well known through his regular performing of the nineteenth century works of Berlioz, Bizet, Chabrier, Debussy, Franck, Gounod, Massenet, Offenbach and Saint-Saëns but the music of French opera from the second half of the eighteenth century held a special interest for him from an early age. When I was first privileged to explore

Sir Thomas's library, I was immediately struck by the presence of valuable first edition scores of operas by Grétry, Méhul and Philidor. His discovery of this music is nowhere better described than by him in his own incomplete autobiography, *A Mingled Chime*, when recalling a six month Continental stay in 1904:

*One evening I went to hear Grétry's Richard Cœur de Lion at the Opéra Comique, and at once attracted by this delicate and delightful music, set out to acquire all I could of the composer's work as well as that of his contemporaries. To my surprise, there was very little of it in print, a mere handful of piano copies in the big music stores and, as for full scores, they were to be found only in curiosity shops. It took me several months to compile a complete set of the operas of Méhul and I never succeeded in collecting more than half a dozen of Dalayrac, Monsigny and Isouiard together. This music is markedly individual in that it owes little or nothing to any ancestry but that of the popular song of old France, which in turn took its character from the idiom and accent of the language. In the case of Grétry there is a lightness, a grace and a melodic invention surpassed only by Mozart, while in that of Méhul there is a vein of simple and chivalric romance to be found in no other composer of the day except Weber. But indeed the whole of the school has a refinement and distinction that never fails to fall fragrantly on the ear and offers to the musical amateur, who may feel at times that the evolution of his art is becoming a little too much for either his understanding or enjoyment, a soothing retreat where he may effectively rally his shattered forces. Having plenty of time on my hands, I spent some of it in the Bibliothèque Nationale, transcribing those works which had gone entirely out of publication, and when I left Paris in the summer for Switzerland I had a small company of young men still working at the job.*

From this period, the music of both Grétry and Méhul was to feature in Beecham's programmes, Grétry (especially incidental music from *Zémire et Azor*) from May 1906 to February 1959 and Méhul (mainly the opera overtures) from June 1905 to September 1953. While, in the opera house, he conducted *Zémire et Azor* in 1955, as early as 1906 he directed a performance of Grétry's one-act opera *Le Tableau Parlant* (1769) in the London home of Mrs. Emile Mond, a pupil of the distinguished French baritone Victor Maurel (1848-1923) who took part, with her teacher in the principal role and a number of singers Sir Thomas had imported from the Paris Opéra Comique. He had also included three songs from Grétry's *Anacréon chez Polycrate*

(1797) in a programme in 1908, the *Romance: Je crains de lui* from *Richard Coeur-de-lion* (1784), *Cet aveu charmant* and *La nuit, dans les bras du sommeil* from *Le tableau parlant* in 1912 and the *Flute Concerto* with René le Roy as soloist in March 1939.

Although opera productions conducted by Sir Thomas took place at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires in the July, August and September of 1958 (Verdi: *Otello*, Bizet: *Carmen*, Saint-Saëns: *Samson and Delilah*, Mozart: *Die Zauberflöte* and Beethoven: *Fidelio*) and others had been planned for Britain, notably Berlioz: *Les Troyens* at Covent Garden and Mozart: *Die Zauberflöte* at Glyndebourne in 1960, declining health meant that the Bath performances of Grétry's *Zémire et Azor* was the last opera he was to conduct in Britain, a musical medium to which he had devoted so much of his time, energy and money since his first venture into the form in 1902 with Gounod's *Faust*. The Bath opera performances were marked also by the orchestra being not his highly esteemed Royal Philharmonic but the regional orchestra from Bournemouth.

Sir Thomas always enjoyed working with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, formerly the Bournemouth Municipal Orchestra. The first occasion was on 1<sup>st</sup> December 1928 in the Winter Gardens, in a programme of Berners, Delius, Gibson, Handel, Handel-Beecham, Mozart and Smetana and in which the soloist was Dora Labbette and at which he made an appeal on behalf of the Imperial League of Opera. On 25<sup>th</sup> March 1935 he conducted the orchestra in The Pavilion in a programme of Beethoven, Delius, Dvořák and Wagner, with Katharine Goodson as soloist in the Delius: *Piano Concerto*. He returned to the Winter Gardens on 19<sup>th</sup> March 1950, conducting Delius, Mendelssohn, Mozart and Sibelius, a concert in which Oscar Lampe was guest leader. On 7<sup>th</sup> October 1954 Sir Thomas conducted the Inaugural Concert of the Western Orchestral Society. After Charles Groves had conducted Brahms: *Symphony No.4*, Beecham took charge of Alwyn: *Prologue*, Mozart: *Symphony No.38*, Delius: *Scenes from Irmelin* and Berlioz: *Overture, Le Corsaire*, the programme (except for the Mozart) being broadcast in the BBC West Region. David Munro, later principal double bass of the Northern Sinfonia, recalled that, after a very presentable Brahms symphony, Sir Thomas took over and transformed the orchestra with magical Mozart and Delius then ending with a stunning performance of the Berlioz that could hold its own with the best of London orchestras.

After the concert on 30<sup>th</sup> May 1948 in the Bournemouth Winter Gardens, at which the orchestra was augmented to 76 players and in which he had conducted Bax: *The Garden of Fand*, Delius: *Paris*, Bantock: *Fifine at the Fair* and Elgar: *Falstaff*, he addressed the audience, saying: *I would have to go a long way before getting better performances than I have had tonight*. The orchestra's permanent conductor, Rudolf Schwarz, played the celeste in the Bax. Sir Thomas's relationship with the orchestra always remained on the warmest of terms and appreciation and this was nowhere demonstrated more than at the 1955 Bath May Festival, for which Sir Thomas was Musical Director and the festival devoted mainly to eighteenth century works. On 20<sup>th</sup> May in the Guildhall he conducted the "Bath Festival Concert" with his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a programme which opened with Mehul: *Overture, Les deux aveugles de Tolède*, followed by Mozart: *Divertimento No.2 in D (KV 121)*, Viotti: *Violin Concerto* (as arranged by Kreisler and with Yehudi Menuhin as soloist), Handel: *Overture, Teseo, Bourrée (Roderigo), Musette (Il Pastor Fido)* and Haydn: *Symphony No.97 in C*, rounding off the evening with one of his favourite lollipops, Massenet: *La Vierge, Last Sleep of the Virgin* as an encore. The first part of this concert was broadcast in the BBC Home Service. The night before he had conducted the last of five performances of Grétry's opera *Zémire et Azor* in the Bath Festival Society's production in the Theatre Royal. Public support for the Festival was not as good as had been expected and Sir Thomas was voluble in his criticism of the citizens of Bath, Kenneth Williams in *The Winter Gardens Society Magazine*, Summer 1955 issue, noted that "At the end of the Festival he discharged a verbal broadside against modern audiences whom he accused of preferring discord to tunes". He went on to say "Sir Thomas challenged Bathonians to keep the Festival going and told them that they could make their city either a place famous for culture or relegate it to a tenth-rate provincial town". However, the performances and production of Grétry's *Zémire et Azor* were considered to be the highlight of the Festival and fully justified Beecham's advocacy of the work.

Felix Aprahamian, music critic and one time assistant to Sir Thomas, recounted in Humphrey Proctor-Gregg's *Sir Thomas Beecham, conductor and impresario* (1971-2), his illuminating involvement with the preparations for the production:

...I personally experienced Sir Thomas's ability to convey his feelings as to how the music should go, although I was not facing him as an orchestral musician. I had been summoned to Hallam

*Street, where the stormy petrel was nesting for a time. There I found a raging Beecham tearing strips off everyone. Ian Hunter, the Director of the Bath Festival, was there, looking crestfallen rather than perky. No soprano acceptable to the conductor had yet been booked for the role of Zémire [in the opera] to be given there in 1955 and Sir Thomas was announcing in no uncertain manner that he would now see to this himself. "Mr. Arahamian will proceed to Paris and there he will stay until he finds the singer I want." I had no option in the matter but when the others present had been dismissed (and for once this included Lady Betty Humby-Beecham) I pointed out to Sir Thomas that he did me a disservice, for my knowledge of Grétry in general and of Zémire et Azor in particular, let alone the kind of voice he wanted, would go on the back of a postage stamp. "Quite simple, quite simple!" was his encouraging remark as I was led to the piano. Sir Thomas sat down at the keyboard and turned to the Air for Zémire, Rose chérie, amiable fleur. "Now, this is how it goes." The vocal sounds he emitted were indescribable, hovering between two adjacent semitones, swelling and fading into a husky mezza voce and supported by a piano accompaniment in which every chord was spread and no two notes in right and left hand parts were ever sounded together. "A charming little ditty", he confided and my briefing was over. A few days later, seated in an empty Salle Gaveau, I heard an interminable succession of Lakmés and Zerbinettas, to whom I proposed Rose chérie as a sight-reading test-piece. No sooner had the ritornello been played and the first phrase sung, that I realised that my briefing had, in a magical way that I am at a loss to explain, been explicit and complete. Sir Thomas had imparted to me exactly how the "charming little ditty" should go and the quality of voice he required to sing it. And what is even more remarkable, the briefing had given me confidence enough to leap on to the platform and demonstrate myself its tempo and the ingenuous manner in which it should be sung and to choose a gentle, flute-like voice rather than a high-powered violin-like coloratura. Since all this was quite different from the actual vocal and instrumental sounds and nuances – if they can be called that – produced by Sir Thomas himself, I realised something of what happened when he conducted an orchestra and how, behind exaggerated gestures, roars and hissings, he succeeded – telepathically perhaps – in communicating an essentially precise musical message.*

The opening night of the opera had been on Wednesday, 11<sup>th</sup> May (with performances also on 13<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup>, 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup>) at which the French Ambassador was present – appropriately since it was a French opera in which nearly all the principal roles were taken by French singers.

His Excellency M. Jean Chauvel was accompanied by Mme Chauvel and *La Marseillaise* was played in their honour before the British National Anthem. John Christie of Glyndebourne was also present. The opera was produced by Anthony Besch and the designer was Oliver Messel, with some practical input from both the Edinburgh Festival Society and Glyndebourne Opera (George Christie was the assistant to the producer) and a fair amount of direction from Sir Thomas himself! The Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra was led by Hugh Maguire and the wind principals were Laurence Beers (flute), Clare Fox (oboe), Raymond Carpenter (clarinet), Edgar Williams (bassoon) and Barry Tuckwell (horn). The third performance, on Monday, 16<sup>th</sup> May, was broadcast in the BBC Third Programme. The performance on 18<sup>th</sup> May was taken over at short notice by Denis Vaughan, Sir Thomas's assistant conductor and chorus master, who was also a member of the double bass section of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. He had conducted the off-stage band and voices in the other performances while, on the night he was in charge, his off-stage duty was taken over by Charles Groves.

The libretto was written by Jean-François Marmontel and based on the fairy-tale of *Beauty and the Beast* by Charles Perrault. Alan Jefferson, in his 1979 biography of Beecham, wrote of the cast:

*Huguette Boulangeot was certainly beautiful; Michel Sénéchal was a timid rather than "fearsome" Beast. However, in this production the action was dominated by Bernard Lefort as Sander, Zémire's father, and by Ali, sung by Michel Hamel and played with great comic facility. Such an opera was ideal for the little Sheridan Theatre Royal and Beecham threw himself into the task with a maximum of enjoyment. The Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra played handsomely for him. He had edited and arranged the score so as to avoid the orchestral banalities of which Grétry is so often accused and the result was delightful and in every respect an artistic success.*

This concurs with my own memories of the performance but I recall Sénéchal's portrayal being full of character. The occasion was certainly one with "a maximum of enjoyment". The programme informed us that the work had been "edited and arranged" by Sir Thomas but all these years later, when I compared this recording of the event with Sir Thomas's conducting score based on the original 1772 full score and with the Jean Joubert Edition vocal score, there are relatively very few cuts and alterations to be found and none which alter the story or flow

of the opera. Indeed, it appears that only one full number was cut – No.10 in Act 2, the Ariette for Ali *Plus de voyage* – other cuts being of comparatively few bars except for No.12 (Act 2 Duo) where a total of 113 bars were cut in two blocks. There are minor cuts and alteration in places to the dialogue and some instrumental numbers are relocated to make for a tighter and more effective performance. However, in his ever busy life and incredible self-imposed workload, he again called on one of his assistants, the composer Leonard Salzedo who was also one of his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra second violins, to assist him in inputting the changes into the scores. Williams wrote “The opera was a wholly delightful work and a cast of French singers performed it with perfect taste. The décor was bewitching and a visit to the Theatre Royal was a most satisfying experience. So tuneful is the music that one is surprised to think that the work is hardly ever performed”. He ended his account with a Beechamesque touch: “It is probably futile to hope for a revival of the opera in view of the well-known lethargy of British taste in matters operatic”. The recording of the occasion preserved here will serve to remind us of the charm and attractive qualities of the score and the magic that Sir Thomas could conjure from its pages.

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## ZÉMIRE ET AZOR

### SYNOPSIS

#### ACT I. Azor's Palace.

Sander, a merchant, accompanied by his servant Ali, after being driven by a storm to take shelter in a thick forest, find their way to a richly decorated but deserted palace. Ali is terrified that the palace may be the home of an evil genie and begs his master to leave at once, but Sander replies that he is no longer afraid of misfortune – his last ship has recently perished at sea and his life now seems of little value. Both are tired and hungry, and when a richly furnished table appears magically before them, Sander eats and drinks, and even Ali's fears are banished by the wine. After drinking deeply, he lies down to sleep and can hardly be persuaded by his master to leave the palace now that the storm is over. As he prepares to leave, Sander catches sight of a

rose-tree and remembers that when he offered to bring home presents to his three daughters, two of them asked for rich gifts, but the youngest, Zémire, asked only for a rose. He picks a rose, but at that moment Azor, a terrifying beast, appears and threatens Sander with death for thus repaying hospitality with theft.

When Sander explains that the rose is for his daughter, Azor agrees to allow Sander to return home to take leave of his family but demands that either he or one of his daughters must return to the palace. Azor summons a chariot of clouds to transport Sander and Ali back to their home; Sander will be greatly rewarded if he agrees to Azor's commands, but any attempt to escape will be punished by death.

#### ACT II. Sander's House.

Zémire, Fatmé and Lisbé have waited through the night for their father's return. Fatmé and Lisbé look forward with pleasure to the rich presents he will bring them and they laugh at Zémire for her simple request.

When Sander returns with the news of his financial disaster, Zémire tries to comfort him by describing the joys of the simple life which they will all be able to share. Sander gives Zémire the rose, but conceals its history from her. She realizes that he is troubled but he will not tell her the reason for his distress. He sends his daughters away to rest, and after writing them a letter of farewell, also retires to rest before setting out once again for the palace.

Zémire succeeds in persuading Ali to tell her what has happened and begs him to conduct her to the palace in place of her father. Ali is terrified at the prospect of venturing again within Azor's power, but at length gives in to her entreaties.

#### Act III. Azor's Palace.

Azor laments his fate – formerly he was handsome and gifted but too great a pride in his good fortune was punished by a jealous fairy, who changed his shape and condemned him to languish

in the guise of a beast, until someone should be found to love him in spite of his appearance. Zémire and Ali approach and he conceals himself.

Having brought Zémire to the palace, Ali tries at once to escape again, but at first finds the doors barred against him. He is full of fear, but Zémire is calm and unafraid. She finds the rooms furnished to receive her, and tells Ali to reassure her father. The doors open again and Azor's voice commands Ali to leave.

A band of genii come and welcome Zémire to the palace, her fears are lulled by their graciousness, but when Azor appears, she faints in terror. He begs her to have no fear and gradually she is calmed by his gentle manner. He asks her to remain in the palace as his guest; he will not impose his presence on her but invites her to enjoy the pleasures which the palace can offer. He asks her to sing to him and she sings of a warbler in the woods, whose fledglings are stolen away by a bird-catcher. He sees that she is melancholy, and asks what he can do to comfort her.

She begs to be allowed to see her father and sisters once more and through Azor's magic she is enabled to see them in a vision. They are grief-stricken at her absence and cry out for her return. She begs to be allowed to visit them once more in order to reassure them. Reluctantly Azor consents and gives her a magic ring. As long as she wears it he has no power over her, but when she casts it away she will be transported back to him. If she does not return before the sun sets, he will know that she has deserted him and will die of grief.

#### ACT IV. Sander's home.

Ali is terrified at the approach towards Sander's house of a flying chariot drawn by winged serpents. Zémire returns to reassure her family that the beast is gentle and will not harm her.

Sander tries to dissuade her from her determination to return and wishes to take Azor's vengeance upon himself, but Zémire is moved both by her love for her father and her loyalty to Azor, and seeing the sun about to set, casts away the ring. As she does so, a vision of Azor appears to her, grief-stricken at her delay in returning. Convinced that she has deserted him, he sinks down to die.

#### Azor's Palace.

Zémire hastens to his aid and finds herself once more in the palace. She searches for Azor but cannot find him. Realizing that she loves him, she calls out to him to return.

The palace is transformed, and Azor appears, no longer hideous, but once more in his own shape. Sander, his daughters and Ali arrive in the palace, and Azor obtains Sander's permission to marry Zémire.

## ZÉMIRE ET AZOR

### SYNOPSIS

#### ACTE I. Le palais d'Azor.

Après avoir été poussé par un orage à trouver refuge dans une profonde forêt, Sander, un marchand accompagné de son domestique, Ali, se retrouvent dans un somptueux palais inhabité. Ali est terrifié à l'idée que ce lieu puisse abriter un esprit maléfique et supplie son maître de s'en aller, mais Sander lui répond qu'il ne craint plus l'infortune car sa vie n'a plus guère de valeur depuis que son dernier navire a sombré en mer. Tous deux sont épuisés et affamés, et lorsqu'une table richement dressée apparaît par magie sous leurs yeux, Sander assouvie sa faim et étanche sa soif, tandis qu'Ali, oubliant ses peurs, fait honneur au vin. Après avoir bien bu, il s'étend, prêt à s'assoupir, et se montre réticent à suivre son maître qui veut quitter le palais, maintenant que l'orage s'est dissipé. Alors qu'il s'appête à sortir, Sander aperçoit un rosier et se souvient qu'en offrant à ses trois filles de leur rapporter des présents à son retour, deux d'entre elles lui avaient demandé des trésors, tandis que la plus jeune, Zémire, ne lui avait demandé qu'une simple rose. Il cueille une rose, mais à cet instant précis, Azor, une créature terrifiante, surgit et menace d'ôter la vie à Sander pour avoir payé l'hospitalité des lieux par un vol.

Lorsque Sander explique que la rose est destinée à sa fille, Azor accepte de le laisser rentrer chez lui pour prendre congé de sa famille à la condition que lui-même ou une de ses filles revienne au palais. Azor mande un attelage de nuages afin de reconduire chez eux Sander et Ali ; une grande récompense est promise à Sander s'il se conforme aux ordres d'Azor, mais toute tentative pour s'y soustraire sera punie de mort.



### **ACTE II. La demeure de Sander.**

Zémire, Fatmé et Lisbé ont attendu toute la nuit le retour de leur père. Fatmé et Lisbé sont impatientes de découvrir avec bonheur les riches présents qu'il leur rapportera, et se raillent de la modeste requête de Zémire.

Lorsque Sander, revenu parmi les siens, annonce sa faillite financière, Zémire s'efforce de le reconforter en lui dépeignant les joies de l'existence simple qui les attend désormais. Sander lui donne la rose, mais ne lui révèle pas les circonstances dans lesquelles il l'a trouvée. Zémire devine son inquiétude mais il ne lui dira pas la raison de son désarroi. Il congédie ses filles et, après leur avoir écrit une lettre d'adieu, se retire lui aussi pour prendre du repos avant de repartir pour le palais.

Zémire parvient à persuader Ali de lui raconter ce qui s'est passé et le supplie de la conduire au palais en remplacement de son père. Ali est terrifié à l'idée de s'aventurer à nouveau dans l'antre d'Azor, mais finit par céder à ses instances.

### **ACTE III. Le palais d'Azor.**

Azor se lamente sur son sort : autrefois, il était un bel homme plein de talent, mais la fierté que lui valait sa bonne fortune fut punie par une sorcière jalouse qui lui jeta un sort le condamnant à errer sous les traits d'une bête, jusqu'à ce que quelqu'un tombe amoureux de lui en dépit de son apparence. Voyant Zémire et Ali s'approcher, il se dissimule.

Ayant rempli sa mission, Ali tente tout d'abord de s'échapper à nouveau, mais il se heurte aux portes qui se referment devant lui. Alors qu'il est terrorisé, Zémire est calme et sereine. Le palais déploie ses fastes pour Zémire qui demande alors à Ali d'aller rassurer son père. Les portes s'ouvrent à nouveau et la voix d'Azor ordonne à Ali de partir.

Zémire est accueillie par de bons génies et ses craintes s'évanouissent devant tant de bonté ; mais lorsqu'Azor apparaît, elle s'évanouit de frayeur. Il la supplie de ne pas avoir peur et, peu à peu, l'apaise par la douceur de ses manières. Il lui demande d'être son invitée au palais : il ne lui

imposera pas sa présence, mais elle pourra jouir des plaisirs que prodigue le palais. Il lui exprime son souhait de l'entendre chanter, et la chanson qu'elle choisit parle d'une fauvette vivant dans les bois et dont les oisillons sont dérobés par un oiseleur. Azor voit la mélancolie de Zémire et lui demande ce qu'il peut faire pour la consoler.

Elle le supplie de pouvoir revoir son père et ses sœurs, et grâce à la magie d'Azor, il lui est donnée de les revoir en une vision. Ils sont accablés de chagrin par son absence et se lamentent en attendant son retour. Elle sollicite alors l'autorisation de leur rendre visite une dernière fois afin de les rassurer. À contre cœur, Azor y consent et lui confie un anneau magique. Tant qu'elle le portera, son pouvoir n'aura plus d'emprise sur elle, mais dès qu'elle le retirera, elle se retrouvera auprès de lui. Si elle ne revient pas avant le coucher du soleil, il considérera qu'elle a déserté et il en mourra de désespoir.

### **ACTE IV. La demeure de Sander.**

Ali est terrifié à la vue d'un chariot volant tiré par des serpents ailés qui s'approche de la maison de Sander. Zémire revient dans sa famille pour rassurer ses proches : la bête est attentionnée et ne lui fera pas de mal.

Sander tente de la faire renoncer à sa détermination de retourner au palais, et souhaite assumer lui-même la vengeance d'Azor, mais Zémire est mue tout autant par son amour pour son père que par sa loyauté envers Azor, et, voyant le soleil sur le point de se coucher, elle retire l'anneau. À cet instant précis, une vision d'Azor lui apparaît : tourmenté par l'inquiétude de ne la voir pas revenir, il est convaincu qu'elle l'a abandonnée et il a résolu de renoncer à la vie.

### **Le palais d'Azor.**

Zémire se précipite pour lui porter secours et se retrouve à nouveau au palais. Elle cherche Azor mais ne peut le trouver. Elle réalise alors qu'elle l'aime et elle implore son retour.

Le palais se transforme et Azor apparaît alors, non plus sous les traits d'une bête hideuse, mais tel qu'il était auparavant. Sander, ses filles et Ali arrivent au palais, et Azor obtient de Sander la permission d'épouser Zémire.

## ZÉMIRE ET AZOR

Comédie-ballet Grétry, Livret de Marmontel

### Personnages

**AZOR**, jeune prince persan sous une forme effrayante, mais non pas hideuse: de noirs sourcils, une barbe touffue, une épaisse crinière, les bras et les jambes nus et couverts d'une peau tigrée, mais le reste du corps vêtu d'une veste et d'un dolman avec une riche ceinture: dans l'attitude et dans l'action toute la noblesse possible  
**SANDER**, négociant d'Ormus. **ALI**, esclave de Sander.  
**ZÉMIRE**, **FATMÉ**, **LISBÉ**, filles de Sander

La scène se passe en Perse.

### CD1

1 Ouverture

### ACTE I

Le théâtre représente un salon richement décoré à la manière orientale. Des vases de fleurs entre les croisées.

### Scène 1

**SANDER**, **ALI**.

2 **SANDER**. Quelle étrange aventure! Un palais éclairé, Meublé, richement décoré,

Où je ne rencontre personne!

**ALI** (avec frayeur). Monsieur, délogeons prudemment.

Il n'y fait pas bon: je soupçonne ...

**SANDER**. Quoi donc?

**ALI**. Que tout ceci n'est qu'un enchantement.

**SANDER**. Un enchantement, soit. Au milieu d'un orage,

La nuit, dans un bois ténébreux,

Nous sommes encor trop heureux

De trouver cet asile.

**ALI**. Auriez-vous le courage

D'y passer la nuit?

**SANDER**. Pourquoi non?

**ALI**. Monsieur, prenez-y garde.

## ZÉMIRE ET AZOR

Comedy-ballet Grétry, Libretto by Marmontel

### Characters

**AZOR**, a young Persian prince of frightening appearance, but not hideous: black eyebrows, thick facial hair, a lion-like mane, arms and legs covered with animal fur, but the rest of the body clothed in a jacket and dolman with an ornate belt; in his bearing and manner he shows every sign of nobility  
**SANDER**, a merchant from Ormus. **ALI**, Sander's servant.  
**ZÉMIRE**, **FATMÉ**, **LISBÉ**, Sander's daughters

The action takes place in Persia.

### CD1

1 Overture

### ACT 1

The stage represents a drawing room luxuriously decorated in the Oriental style. Vases of flowers between the windows.

### Scene 1

**SANDER**, **ALI**.

2 **SANDER**. What a strange adventure! A lit palace, furnished, opulently decorated, yet no one is here!

**ALI** (afraid). Monsieur, let's be prudent and clear out of here.

Something's not right: I imagine ...

**SANDER**. What?

**ALI**. There is magic going on.

**SANDER**. Magic, so be it ... in the middle of a storm,

at night, in a dark wood,

we are lucky indeed

to find a shelter such as this.

**ALI**. Would you have the courage

to spend the night here?

**SANDER**. Why not?

**ALI**. Monsieur please don't speak lightly.

**SANDER**. Bon! Qu'as-tu peur?

si quelqu'un dans ce palais habite,  
Il nous y reçoit bien.

**ALI**. Et si c'est un génie?

**SANDER**. Eh bien?

**ALI**. Croyez-moi, partons au plus vite.

### No. 1 Air

**ALI**. L'orage va cesser,  
Déjà les vents s'apaisent;

Les voilà qui se taisent;

Partons sans balancer.

Ce n'est plus rien, rien qu'un nuage,

Dont le ciel se dégage ...

Cela ne peut durer;

Le temps va s'éclaircir.

Oui, oui les vents s'apaisent;

Les voilà qui se taisent;

Partons sans balancer.

Vos filles vont passer

La nuit à vous attendre;

La frayeur va les prendre;

Pourquoi les délaisser?

Ah! Je crois les entendre;

Vous les aimez d'amour si tendre.

L'orage va cesser, etc.

3 **SANDER**. Que dis-tu? l'orage redouble.

**ALI** (à part). Il a raison.

**SANDER**. Comment retrouver mon chemin?

**ALI** (vivement). Je vous mènerai par la main.

**SANDER**. Nous sommes bien: passons ici la nuit sans trouble.

**ALI** (avec frayeur). Sans trouble!

**SANDER**. Au point du jour nous partirons demain.

4 No. 2 Air

**SANDER**. Le malheur me rend intrépide.

J'ai tout perdu; je ne crains rien.

**SANDER**. As you say. But what's there to be afraid of?

If someone's living in this palace  
he's certainly receiving us well enough.

**ALI**. And if it's a spirit?

**SANDER**. So what?

**ALI**. Believe me, we should be out of here double-quick.

### No. 1 Air

**ALI**. The storm will cease,  
already the wind is abating;

feel how the air has stilled.

Let's leave without further ado ...

It's nothing now – nothing but a cloud

that the sky is shedding ...

It cannot last,

the sky will brighten.

Yes, yes, the wind is abating;

feel how the air has stilled.

Let's leave without further ado ...

Your daughters will spend

the night waiting for you ...

Fear will grip them;

why leave them like that?

Ah! I can hear them now ...

You love them so tenderly.

The storm will cease etc.

3 **SANDER**. What are you saying? The storm is getting worse.

**ALI** (aside). He's right.

**SANDER**. How can I find my way again?

**ALI** (animatedly). I'll lead you by the hand.

**SANDER**. We're fine here: let's just stay here and not worry.

**ALI** (afraid). Not worry!

**SANDER**. We'll leave at daybreak tomorrow.

4 No. 2 Air

**SANDER**. Misfortune has made me fearless.

I've lost everything, I fear nothing.

Et pourquoi serais-je timide?  
La vie pour moi est-elle un bien?  
Je suis tombé de l'opulence  
Dans la misère et dans l'oubli.  
Un vaisseau, ma seule espérance,  
Dans les flots est enseveli.  
Le malheur, etc.

[5] **ALI.** Oh! moi, qui n'èus jamais d'autre bien que la vie,  
Je n'aime point à l'exposer.

**SANDER.** Allons, laisse-moi reposer;  
Et dors, si tu le peux.

**ALI.** Je n'en ai nulle envie.

*Dormir chez des esprits! et sans avoir soupé! ...*

*(Une table servie paraît au milieu du salon)*

Ô ciel!

**SANDER.** Qu'est-ce?

**ALI.** Monsieur! une table servie!

**SANDER.** Tu vois: de nos besoins quelqu'un s'est occupé.

**ALI** (tremblant). Ah! Oui, quelqu'un! Vous allez manger?

**SANDER.** Sans doute. Notre hôte est magnifique; il ne ménage rien.

**ALI** (en élevant la voix). A ce seigneur-là rien ne coûte.

*(Plus bas) Il faut que j'en dise du bien;*

*Car il est là qui nous écoute.*

*(Ils se mettent à table)*

**SANDER.** Voilà des mets fort délicats.

**ALI.** Ah! si je l'osais, quel repas!

**SANDER.** Ose, crois-moi.

**ALI.** Voyons... [il mange].

**SANDER.** Quoi! du vin!

**ALI** (avec joie). Du vin!

**SANDER.** Goûte. Ta main tremble?

**ALI.** Ah! Pour celui-ci, je n'y tiens guère;

monsieur, cette liqueur vermeille

N'est peut-être qu'un poison lent.

Mais n'importe. (Il boit.) Il est excellent;

Et dussé-je en mourir, j'en boirai ma bouteille.

**SANDER.** Eh bien? comment te sens-tu?

And why should I be shy?  
Life is to be lived, I think.  
I have fallen from wealth  
into poverty and oblivion.  
A boat, my only hope,  
was lost on the waves.  
Misfortune etc.

[5] **ALI.** Eh! Never having anything more than my life to call my own,  
I'm not keen to put it at risk.

**SANDER.** Enough of that, let me be;  
and get some sleep yourself if you can.

**ALI.** I don't have the slightest desire to.

Sleep with ghosts around! And on an empty stomach! ...

*(A table, fully laid up, appears in the middle of the drawing room.)*

Oh! Heavens above!

**SANDER.** What is it?

**ALI.** Monsieur! A table fully laid up!

**SANDER.** You see, someone's taking care of our needs.

**ALI** (trembling). Yes, someone! Are you going to eat?

**SANDER.** I think so. Our host is magnificent: no expense is spared.

**ALI** (raising his voice). Nothing is too much for that gentleman.

*(Aside.) I must say good of him*

*as he is here listening.*

*(They sit down at the table.)*

**SANDER.** What delicacies these are.

**ALI.** With all respect, what a meal!

**SANDER.** Feel free – speak out!

**ALI.** Let's see now ... [He eats.]

**SANDER.** What's this! Wine!

**ALI** (joyously). Wine!

**SANDER.** Try it! Your hand is trembling.

**ALI.** Yes. Ah! I'm not at all sure I want to,

Monsieur, perhaps this red liquor

is a slow poison.

Well, no matter. (He drinks.) It is excellent;

and were I to die as a result, I would gladly empty the bottle.

**SANDER.** Well? What do you think?

**ALI.** De cet élixir la vertu  
Petit à petit me soulage.  
De fatigue et d'effroi j'étais presque abattu;  
Mais je sens revenir ma force et mon courage.  
Encore un petit coup. (Il boit.)  
Ah! le charmant breuvage.

[6] No. 3 Ariette

**ALI.** Les esprits, dont on nous fait peur,

Sont les meilleures gens du monde;

Voyez comme ici tout abonde.

Quel bon souper! quelle liqueur!

Ah! quelle liqueur! On n'en parle que par envie;

Moquons-nous de ces contes vains.

Pour moi, j'en ai l'âme ravie:

Je ne veux pas d'autres voisins.

Avec eux je passe ma vie,

S'ils ont toujours d'aussi bons vins.

Les esprits, etc.

[7] **SANDER.** Ali, pour le coup, est un homme.

Il ne craint plus rien.

**ALI.** Oh! Rien du tout. A présent je vais faire un somme.

*(Il se jette sur un siège.)*

**SANDER.** Allons voir le temps qu'il fait.

**ALI** (s'endormant). J'aurais dormi debout.

[8] No. 4 Duo

**SANDER.** Le temps est beau.

**ALI.** J'en suis bien aise.

**SANDER.** Ali!

**ALI.** Je dors.

**SANDER.** Il faut partir.

**ALI.** Quand j'ai bien bu, ne vous déplaie,

Je veux dormir.

**SANDER.** Tu dormiras plus à ton aise

Quand nous serons rendus chez moi.

**ALI.** On dort si bien sur une chaise!

**ALI.** The virtue of this elixir  
brings welcome relief.  
Fatigue and fear had done me in almost entirely,  
but I feel my strength and spirit returning to me.  
A drop more please. (He drinks.)  
Ah! What a delightful libation!

[6] No. 3 Ariette

**ALI.** The ghosts they frighten us with

are the best people in the world;

see how abundant everything is here.

What a meal! What wine!

They are only spoken of out of envy;

what care I for these false tales –

personally speaking I feel only delight!

I want no other neighbours than these,

gladly I'd spend my life with them

if they always have such good wines.

The ghosts they frighten us with etc.

[7] **SANDER.** Ali has certainly proved himself with this;

he no longer knows the meaning of fear.

**ALI.** Oh – you're right there. And now, I'm going to have a nap.

*(He throws himself on a chair.)*

**SANDER.** Let's go and see what the weather's like.

**ALI** (dropping off to sleep). I could have slept on my feet.

[8] No. 4 Duo

**SANDER.** The weather is lovely.

**ALI.** What a sense of well-being ...

**SANDER.** Ali!

**ALI.** I'm sleeping.

**SANDER.** We must leave.

**ALI.** When I've drunk a few glasses, not wishing to offend,

I want to sleep.

**SANDER.** You'll sleep more comfortably

when we get back to the house.

**ALI.** You can sleep so soundly on a chair;

*On est ici comme chez soi.*

**SANDER.** Le jour se lève.

**ALI.** Qu'il se couche.

**SANDER.** Ali, sans toi je partirai.

*Partez sans moi! (Il s'endort tout à fait.)*

*Partez sans moi, je vous suivrai ...*

**SANDER.** Et si quelque bête farouche

Vient t'attaquer?

**ALI.** Je n'ai pas peur.

**SANDER.** Le vin t'a donné du cœur.

**ALI.** Je n'ai pas peur. Ce bon vin m'a donné du cœur.

*On dort si bien sur une chaise etc. (En bâillant.)*

**SANDER.** Tu dormiras plus à ton aise

Quand nous serons rendus chez moi,

Tu dormiras plus à ton aise

Quand tu seras rendu chez moi ...

9 **SANDER.** Allons, ma famille m'attend.

*Lève-toi, et partons à l'instant.*

**ALI.** Ah! laissez-m'en du moins prendre encor une dose. (Il boit.)

**SANDER.** Je veux, en quittant ce beau lieu

Avoir de ce prodige un témoin qui dépose.

Ma petite Zémire, en me disant adieu,

Ne m'a demandé qu'une rose;

Je vais de ce rosier en cueillir une.

*(Il approche d'un rosier, qui est sur une console, et il en cueille une rose.)*

Scène 2

**AZOR, ALI, SANDER.**

**AZOR** (sous une forme effrayante). Holà!

**ALI** (tremblant). Ciel!

**SANDER.** Que vois-je?

**AZOR.** Que fais-tu là? Et pourquoi me prendre mes roses?

**SANDER.** Pardon. Je ne voyais aucun mal à cela;

Et libéral en toutes choses,

Je ne te croyais point jaloux de ces fleurs-là.

**AZOR.** Téméraire, ingrat, je te donne

L'asile, un bon souper, le meilleur vin que j'ai;

I feel completely relaxed here.

**SANDER.** Day is breaking

**ALI.** Let night fall!

**SANDER.** Ali, I'm going without you.

*Go on without me! (Falling asleep completely.)*

*Go on without me! I'll follow you, I'll follow you ...*

**SANDER.** And what if some wild animal

attacks you?

**ALI.** I'm not afraid.

**SANDER.** The wine has given you courage.

**ALI.** I'm not afraid; that good wine has given me courage.

You can sleep so soundly on a chair! etc. (Yawning.)

**SANDER.** You'll sleep more comfortably

when we get back to the house.

You'll sleep much more comfortably

when we get back.

9 **SANDER.** Let's go; my family are waiting.

Get up and let's be on our way this instant.

**ALI.** Ah! Let me at least have one for the road. (He drinks.)

**SANDER.** I want to take from this lovely place

some keepsake to speak forever of its wonder.

My dear Zémire, on saying goodbye,

asked me for a rose;

I'm going to pick one from this rosebush here.

*(He approaches a rosebush, which is on a console table, and picks a rose.)*

Scene 2

**AZOR, ALI, SANDER.**

**AZOR** (in terrifying form). Holà!

**ALI** (trembling). Heavens!

**SANDER.** What's this I see?

**AZOR.** What are you doing there? And why are you taking my roses?

**SANDER.** Please forgive me. I saw no harm in doing so;

and, giving freely in other ways,

I didn't think you would miss one of your flowers.

**AZOR.** Ah! The effrontery! The ingratitude! I give you

shelter, a good feast, the best wine I have,

*Et tu veux que je te pardonne*

*De me voler mes fleurs!*

*Non, je serai vengé.*

*Tu vas mourir.*

**SANDER.** Tu peux disposer de ma vie:

*Je ne la plains, ni ne défends*

*Des jours si peu dignes d'envie.*

*Je n'ai regret qu'à mes enfants.*

**AZOR.** De trois filles, dit-on, le destin t'a fait père?

**SANDER.** Hélas! ce qui me désespère,

*C'est de les laisser sans appui.*

**ALI.** Ah! vous auriez pitié de lui,

*Si vous saviez combien ses trois filles sont belles.*

**SANDER.** Je viens d'Ormus.

*J'allais y savoir des nouvelles*

*D'un vaisseau, mon dernier espoir.*

*Mes filles croyant me revoir*

*Dans l'opulence, l'une d'elles,*

*À mon départ, me demanda*

*Des rubans, l'autre des dentelles;*

10 *Mais la plus jeune leur céda*

*Toutes ces riches bagatelles;*

*Et d'un air tendre et caressant,*

*Elle me dit, en m'embrassant:*

*« Je ne veux qu'une rose: elle me sera chère*

*Plus que le don le plus précieux;*

*Et je dirai, c'est à moi que mon père*

*Daignait penser en la cueillant.»*

No. 5 Air

**SANDER.** La pauvre enfant ne savait pas

Qu'elle demandait mon trépas.

Cachez-lui bien que cette rose

Est la cause

De mon malheur.

Sa tendresse

Qui me presse

and you want me to forgive you

for stealing my flowers!

No, I shall be avenged.

You shall die.

**SANDER.** Tu can dispose of my life as you will,

I will neither plead for nor defend

an existence so impossible to envy,

and only feel regret where my children are concerned.

**AZOR.** Has not destiny made you the father of three daughters?

**SANDER.** Alas! What makes me despair

is to leave them to fend for themselves.

**ALI.** Ah! You would have pity on him

if you knew how lovely they were.

**SANDER.** I'm on my way back from Ormus.

I was hoping to hear news

of an incoming ship, my last hope.

My daughters, thinking

they would see me a rich man,

asked me to bring back:

ribbons for one and lace for the other.

10 But the youngest happily conceded

all these luxury fancies,

and with a tender and affectionate air

said as she kissed me goodbye:

"I only want a rose: it will be dearer to me

than the rarest gift;

and I will say that my father

thought of me as he picked it."

No. 5 Air

**SANDER.** The poor child did not know

that she was asking for my death.

Hide from her that this rose

is the cause

of my misfortune.

Her affection

that spurs me onwards

De revenir dans ses bras,  
Me rappelle ma promesse.  
Ah! pauvre enfant, tu ne sais pas  
Que tu demandes mon trépas.  
Ah! pour elle quelle douleur etc.

**11** AZOR. J'ai l'âme assez compatissante  
Pour me laisser fléchir.

Mais il faut que, pour toi,  
L'une de tes filles consente  
A venir se donner à moi.

SANDER. Moi! te livrer ma fille!

AZOR. Il faut me le promettre,  
Ou sur l'heure! ...

ALI. Il est le plus fort;

Et c'est à nous de nous soumettre.

SANDER. Malgré le sort qui nous menace,  
J'en donne ma parole, et je te la tiendrai.

AZOR. Eh bien?

SANDER. Une d'elles prendra ma place,  
Ou moi-même je reviendrai.

AZOR. Voilà qui nous réconcilie.  
Reprends cette fleur.

Reprends-la, je le veux;

Et qu'elle soit pour tous deux

Le garant mutuel de la foi qui nous lie,

Allons, suis-moi: Je vais t'abrégier le voyage;

Et dans l'instant même, un nuage

Va te porter d'ici chez toi.

ALI (tremblant). Un nuage! Ah! Permettez ...

AZOR. Quoi?

ALI. Que je m'en aille à pied.

AZOR. Pourquoi donc?

ALI. Mon usage N'est pas d'aller sur un nuage.

AZOR. Eh bien, aimerais-tu mieux un dragon?

ALI (avec une frayeur plus vive). Ah! non. Pour aller de la sorte,

Je n'ai pas la tête assez forte.

AZOR. Tu peux attendre ici ton maître.

back to her tender embrace  
reminds me of my promise.

Ah poor child, you don't know

that you're asking for my death.

Ah what suffering it would cause her etc.

**11** AZOR. My heart is feeling enough  
to allow me to relent.

But in return

one of your daughters must consent  
to come and be mine.

SANDER. You ask me to give you my daughter?

AZOR. You must promise

or before the hour is out! ...

ALI. He is the stronger  
and we must submit.

SANDER. In spite of the fate that now threatens us,

I give you my word, and I'll honour it:

AZOR. Well?

SANDER. ...one of them will take my place,  
or I'll come back myself.

AZOR. That effects our reconciliation.

Take this flower now.

Take it! I want you to —

and let it be a symbol  
of our agreement hereby sealed.

Now come, follow me. I'll make your voyage instantaneous:

in a blink a cloud

will carry you back home.

ALI (trembling). A cloud! Ah! For pity's sake ...

AZOR. What?

ALI. Allow me to go on foot.

AZOR. Why on earth ...

ALI. My custom is not to be borne on a cloud.

AZOR. Would you prefer a dragon?

ALI (more alarmed than ever). Oh no! I certainly don't have  
a head for that.

AZOR. Well in that case you can wait for your master here.

ALI. Non! Le nuage d'abord m'a fait peur; mais n'importe:  
Puisque mon maître y va, j'y puis aller aussi.

AZOR. Viens donc.

ALI. Allons, que le diable m'emporte,  
Pourvu que ce soit loin d'ici.

**12** No. 6 Air

AZOR. Ne va pas me tromper.

Ne crois pas m'échapper.

Sur la terre et sur l'onde

Ma puissance s'étend;

Et jusqu'au bout du monde

Ma vengeance t'attend.

Espérons mes largesses,

Si tu me satisfais;

Sois sûr que mes bienfaits

Passeront mes promesses,

Que pour toi mes richesses

Ne tariront jamais;

Mais ne va pas me tromper, etc

**13** No. 7 Final

Symphonie qui exprime le vol du nuage

## ACTE II

Le théâtre représente l'intérieur de la maison de Sander.

### Scène 1

**14** No. 8 Trio

ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ. Veillons mes soeurs,

Veillons encore,

La nuit s'enfuit devant l'aurore.

FATMÉ. Mes soeurs, voilà bientôt le jour.

ENSEMBLE. Jour prospère

Rends un père,

Rends un père à mon amour.

FATMÉ. Il m'a promis des dentelles

ALI. No! It's true, the cloud scared me at first; but what of it:  
since my master is game to ride, I am too.

AZOR. Come then.

ALI. Let us away, may the devil take me,  
as long as it's far from here.

**12** No. 6 Air

AZOR. Don't go deceiving me,  
don't think you can escape me.

Over land and water  
my powers extend,  
and my vengeance will pursue you  
to the ends of the earth.

Let's hope I'll be benevolent  
if you please me;

you can be sure that my kindness  
will outstrip my promises,

that for you my riches

will never dry up,

but don't go trying to deceive me, etc.

**13** No. 7 Finale

Flight of the cloud

## ACT II

The interior of Sander's house.

### Scene 1

**14** No. 8 Trio

ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ. Let us wait up my sisters,

Let us wait up longer

as night cedes to the dawn.

FATMÉ. Sisters, day is breaking.

ALL. Prosperous day,

return a father,

return a father to our love.

FATMÉ. He promised me lace

LISBÉ. A moi des rubans nouveaux  
FATMÉ. ... les dentelles les plus belles.  
LISBÉ. ... les rubans, les plus beaux rubans.  
ZÉMIRE. Il m'a promis une rose C'est la fleur que je chéris.  
FATMÉ. Une rose? c'est peu de chose.  
ZÉMIRE. De sa main elle est sans prix.  
ENSEMBLE. Veillons, mes sœurs, etc.

Scène 2

SANDER, ALI, ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ.

[15] ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ. Ah mon père!

ZÉMIRE. Quelle joie

Nous cause votre heureux retour!

FATMÉ. Le ciel vous rend à notre amour.

SANDER. Il permet que je vous revois.

ALI (à part). Me voilà, j'en suis étourdi,

Les vents sont un fier attelage!

Et je le donne au plus hardi.

ZÉMIRE (à Sander). Avez-vous fait un bon voyage?

FATMÉ. Revendez-vous bien riche?

SANDER. Hélas! Tout a péri!

LISBÉ, FATMÉ. Tout a péri!

SANDER. Dans la misère Nous voilà retombés.

ZÉMIRE. Mon père, Vous n'en serez que plus chéri.

SANDER. (à Fatmé et à Lisbé). Mes enfants, vous pleurez!

(A Zémire). Et toi, tu me consoles.

ZÉMIRE. Vous-même, vous comptiez si peu

Sur des espérances frivoles!

Nous en avons encore assez, de votre aveu.

N'est-il pas vrai, mes sœurs, qu'un père qui nous aime

Nous tient lieu de richesse, et suffit à nos vœux?

LISBÉ. Oui, ma sœur.

FATMÉ. Hélas, oui!

ZÉMIRE. Nous pensons tout de même;

Ne soyez donc plus malheureux.

SANDER. La pauvre enfant! qu'elle est touchante!

Sa bonté, sa raison, sa tendresse m'enchantent.

Je me suis souvenu de toi. (A Fatmé et à Lisbé.)

LISBÉ. For me, ribbons  
FATMÉ. ... the loveliest lace.  
LISBÉ. ... the prettiest ribbons.  
ZÉMIRE. He promised me a rose, my favourite flower.  
FATMÉ. A rose is not very much.  
ZÉMIRE. Coming from him it is beyond price.  
ALL. Let us wait up longer etc.

Scène 2

SANDER, ALI, ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ

[15] ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ. Ah! Father!

ZÉMIRE. What joy

to have you back!

FATMÉ. Heaven has returned you to our love.

SANDER. It has allowed me to see you again.

ALI (aside). All I can say is: I'm completely numbed.

The wind is like a thousand horses!

I'd wish anyone luck harnessed to that ...

ZÉMIRE (to Sander). Have you had a good trip?

FATMÉ. Have you come back very rich?

SANDER. Alas! Everything's perished!

LISBÉ, FATMÉ. Everything perished!

SANDER. It's back to the hard times, I'm afraid.

ZÉMIRE. Father, you will be all the more cherished.

SANDER (to Fatmé and Lisbé). My children, you are crying!

(To Zémire.) And you console me.

ZÉMIRE. You set such little store

by frivolous hopes,

and it's enough for us just having you here, whatever you say.

Isn't it true, sisters, that a father who loves us

is worth far more than riches, and is all we would ever wish for?

LISBÉ. Yes, sister.

FATMÉ. Alas, yes!

ZÉMIRE. We all think the same:

don't be sad any longer.

SANDER. My poor child! How touching she is!

Her kindness, her reason and her tenderness enchant me.

I remembered your wish. (To Fatmé and Lisbé.)

Pour vous, je n'ai pu ... vous en savez la cause ...

Toi, Zémire, tu n'as demandé qu'une rose. La voici.

ZÉMIRE. Vous me ravissez.

SANDER. Oui, qu'elle te soit chère.

[A part.] Elle me coûte assez.

[16] No. 9 Air

ZÉMIRE. Rose chérie,

Aimable fleur,

Viens sur mon cœur.

Qu'elle est fleurie!

Voyez ma sœur!

Rose chérie etc.

Viens du moins mourir sur mon cœur.

[17] SANDER. Vous avez, mes enfants, veillé toute la nuit;

Venez, embrassez-moi.

J'ai besoin de repos moi-même.

(À part.) Ciel, où m'as-tu réduit!

(Fatmé et Lisbé se retirent. Zémire reste observant son père

qui se jette sur un siège accablé de douleur.)

Scène 3

SANDER, ALI, ZÉMIRE.

ZÉMIRE (à part). Comme il est affligé!

SANDER (l'apercevant). Va, Zémire ...

ZÉMIRE. Non, je vous aime

Plus que ma vie; et je ne puis ...

SANDER. Va! Dans l'état où je suis ... Laisse-moi.

ZÉMIRE. D'où vient cette douleur extrême?

SANDER. (à part). Que lui dirais-je? Va, ce n'est rien.

ZÉMIRE. Ce n'est rien!

Non, votre cœur ne peut se dérober au mien.

Avant que d'avoir l'espérance

Que ce vaisseau vous fût rendu,

Vous étiez consolé de le croire perdu.

Est-ce à votre pauvre petite,

Qui vous aime si tendrement,

I'm sorry to disappoint you ... but you know the reason.

You, Zémire, asked only for a rose. Here it is!

ZÉMIRE. Oh how beautiful!

SANDER. Yes, may you treasure it.

(Aside.) It'll cost me dearly.

[16] No. 9 Air

ZÉMIRE. Cherished rose,

dear flower,

rest on my heart.

How blooming it is!

You see, sister?

Cherished rose etc.

At least let my heart be your tomb.

[17] SANDER. You have stayed awake all night, children;

come and embrace me

so that I may rest.

(Aside.) Heavens, look what I am reduced to!

(Fatmé and Lisbé withdraw, Zémire stays, observing her father

who throws himself onto a chair in a distraught state.)

Scène 3

SANDER, ALI, ZÉMIRE.

ZÉMIRE (aside). How he suffers!

SANDER (noticing her). Zémire, go now ...

ZÉMIRE. No, I love you

more than my life; I can't ...

SANDER. Go! In the state I'm in ... leave me.

ZÉMIRE. What is the cause of this extreme grief?

SANDER (aside). What should I say to her? Go, it's nothing.

ZÉMIRE. Nothing?

No, your heart cannot hide its feelings from mine.

Before you ever hoped

to see that ship again

you were resigned to its loss.

Is it from your devoted daughter

who loves you so tenderly

Que ce cœur devrait un moment  
Cacher le trouble qui l'agite?

**SANDER.** Laisse-moi ... Je l'afflige; il faut la consoler.

Viens, embrasse ton père avant de t'en aller.

**ZÉMIRE.** Mon père!

**SANDER.** Va! Va reposer, te dis-je. (Il sort.)

**ZÉMIRE** (à part). Non, je le suis.

Je veux savoir ce qui l'afflige.

Son silence me fait trembler.

#### Scène 4

**SANDER, ALI, ZÉMIRE.**

**ZÉMIRE.** Ali, mon cher Ali, dis-moi ce qu'a mon père.

Son silence me désespère. Il mêle à ses embrassements

Des soupirs, des gémissements,

Qui remplissent mon cœur des plus vives alarmes.

**ALI** (à part). Allons-nous-en.

**ZÉMIRE.** Quoi! tu me fuis!

**ALI.** Eh! moi, je ne sais pas résister à des larmes. (À part.)

L'aimable enfant! quel dommage

D'être mangée à son âge!

Il n'en ferait qu'un repas.

**ZÉMIRE.** Que dis-tu là?

**ALI** (à part). Non, je gage

Qu'il ne la mangerait pas. Écoutez.

Il est sûr que, sans votre assistance,

Votre malheureux père est un homme perdu.

**ZÉMIRE.** Mon père?

**ALI.** Il m'a bien défendu

De vous en faire confidence.

Mais il ne s'agit pas ici de reculer,

Ni de vous rien dissimuler.

Cette nuit dans un palais ...

**SANDER** (sans se montrer). Ali!

**ALI.** Je crois l'entendre,

Oui, c'est lui-même. Allez m'attendre.

**ZÉMIRE.** Ah! Tu m'en as trop dit, pour ne pas achever.

**ALI.** Allez m'attendre. Je vais vous retrouver.

that your heart should momentarily

hide the source of its trouble?

**SANDER.** Leave me ... (Aside). I'm causing her pain where I should console her.

(Aloud). Come, embrace your father before saying goodnight.

**ZÉMIRE.** Father!

**SANDER.** Go! Go and rest, I tell you. (He goes out.)

**ZÉMIRE** (aside). No, I'll follow him.

I want to know what pains him.

His silence makes me tremble.

#### Scene 4

**SANDER, ALI, ZÉMIRE.**

**ZÉMIRE.** Ali, dear Ali, tell me what's wrong with my father.

His silence worries me extremely. His affection alternates

with sighs and groans,

filling my heart with the greatest agitation.

**ALI** (aside). Let's get away.

**ZÉMIRE.** What! You're running away from me!

**ALI.** Eh? I'm useless in the face of tears. (Aside.)

What a sweet girl! What a pity

to be eaten alive at her age!

And she'd only do for one meal.

**ZÉMIRE.** What's that you're saying?

**ALI** (aside). No, I wouldn't mind betting

he won't eat her. Listen,

it's a dead cert that without your help

your unhappy father is a lost cause.

**ZÉMIRE.** My father?

**ALI.** He forbade me

to tell you about it,

but there's no use holding back now,

or hiding anything.

Tonight, in a palace ...

**SANDER** (without showing himself). Ali!

**ALI.** I think I hear him.

Yes, here he comes. Go and wait for me.

**ZÉMIRE.** Ah! You've told me too much now not to say it all.

**ALI.** Go. I'll come and find you.

#### Scène 5

**SANDER, ALI.**

**SANDER** (à part). Plus de repos pour moi ...

(À Ali.) Ali, une table, je veux écrire.

Je te défends,

Encore une fois, de leur dire

Où je vais, ni quel est le malheur qui m'attend.

**ALI.** Quoi! vous allez! ...

**SANDER.** Ce soir.

**ALI.** Cela presse-t-il tant?

**SANDER.** Laisse-moi.

#### Scène 6

**SANDER** (seul). Je suis tellement affligé!...

Du poids de ma douleur je me sens accablé.

#### 18 No. 10 Récitatif

**SANDER** (il écrit). Je vais faire encore un voyage,

Bien long, peut-être!...

Ô vous que je laisse au milieu

Des périls de votre âge,

Veille sur vous le ciel!...

Jouissez en ce lieu

Du bonheur d'une vie honnête, obscure et sage!...

Aimez-vous, aimez-moi.

Je vous embrasse. Adieu.

#### 19 No. 11 Duo

**ZÉMIRE, ALI.**

**ZÉMIRE.** Je veux le voir; je veux lui dire

Que c'est à moi De m'offrir au trépas ...

**ALI.** Ah! Zémire,

Parlez plus bas,

Il veut partir

Sans vous le dire.

**ZÉMIRE.** Sans me le dire,

Non, non, je n'y puis consentir,

**ALI.** Il vous entend, parlez plus bas.

#### Scene 5

**SANDER, ALI.**

**SANDER** (aside). There'll be no peace of mind for me ever again;  
(to Ali) Ali, bring me a table, I've got something to write.

And I forbid you,

once again, to tell them  
where I am going or what fate awaits me.

**ALI.** What! You're not going ...

**SANDER.** This very evening.

**ALI.** Is it really that urgent?

**SANDER.** Leave me now.

#### Scene 6

**SANDER** (alone). My affliction is such,  
I feel stricken by the weight of my suffering.

#### 18 No. 10 Recitative

**SANDER** (writes). I'm going to set forth once more,  
for a long time perhaps.

O you who I leave amid  
the perils of your youth,  
may heaven watch over you.

Enjoy in this place

the private joys of a life well-lived.

Love one another, and my memory;  
your loving father bids you farewell.

#### 19 No. 11 Duo

**ZÉMIRE, ALI.**

**ZÉMIRE.** I want to see him, I want to tell him  
that it is I who should offer my life ...

**ALI.** Ah! Zémire,  
speak in a whisper;

he wants to leave  
without your knowing.

**ZÉMIRE.** Without my knowing ...

No, no, I can't agree to that.

**ALI.** He'll hear if you speak above a whisper.

ZÉMIRE. *Je veux le voir, ne tardons pas.*

ALI. *Vous l'allez voir au désespoir.*

ZÉMIRE. *Je veux le voir;*

*C'est mon devoir etc.*

*Hé bien! Sois mon guide toi-même,*

*Vers ce palais conduis mes pas.*

ALI. *Qui? moi! vous mener au trépas*

*Trahir un père qui vous aime! Non, non, je n'irai pas.*

ZÉMIRE. *Cruel! Ne vois-tu pas*

*Que je le dérobe au trépas?*

ALI. *Non, non, je n'irai pas etc.*

ZÉMIRE. *À tes genoux que j'embrasse ...*

ALI. *Ah! de grâce! Levez-vous.*

ZÉMIRE. *À mes pleurs il faut te rendre.*

ALI. *Ah! de grâce! Ma faiblesse va me prendre.*

*Je m'attendris; je suis rendu.*

ZÉMIRE. *Si nous tardons, il est perdu.*

ALI. *Je m'attendris etc.*

## CD2

### ACTE III

*Le théâtre change et représente le salon du palais d'Azor.*

#### Scène 1

[1] No. 12 Air

AZOR (seul). *Ah! quel tourment d'être sensible,*

*D'avoir un cœur fait pour l'amour,*

*Sans que jamais il soit possible*

*De se voir aimer à son tour!*

*Je porte avec moi l'épouvante,*

*Et je n'inspire que l'effroi.*

*La beauté timide et tremblante*

*S'alarme et fuit devant moi...*

[2] *Cruelle fée, abrège ou ma vie, ou ma peine.*

*Tu m'avais donné la beauté:*

*De ce don je fus trop flatté;*

ZÉMIRE. *I want to see him, let us not delay.*

ALI. *But you'll find him in despair.*

ZÉMIRE. *But I want to see him,*

*it's my duty etc.*

*If it's as you say, act as my guide yourself;*

*lead me to this palace.*

ALI. *Who, me? Lead you to your death*  
*and betray your father who loves you? No, no I won't.*

ZÉMIRE. *Don't be cruel to me, can't you see*

*I'd be protecting his life?*

ALI. *No, no, I won't go! etc.*

ZÉMIRE. *At your knees which I embrace ...*

ALI. *Ah! For pity's sake get up.*

ZÉMIRE. *My tears must move your heart.*

ALI. *Ah! For pity's sake; my weakness will get the better of me.*

*I'm weakening, I'm giving in.*

ZÉMIRE. *If we delay he'll be lost.*

ALI. *I'm weakening etc.*

## CD2

### ACT III

*The set changes to a drawing room in Azor's palace.*

#### Scene 1

[1] No. 12 Air

AZOR. (alone). *Ah what a torment it is*

*to have a feeling heart beating in one's breast,*

*without ever being able*

*to hope to be loved in return ...*

*I scare people off*

*and inspire only fear.*

*Beauty, timid and trembling,*

*is alarmed and runs from the sight of me ...*

[2] *Cruel fairy, cut short either my life or my punishment.*

*You had given me good looks,*

*a gift I made too much of;*

*Mais, hélas! est-ce un crime à mériter ta haine?*

*Sous ces traits tu veux que l'on m'aime;*

*Et le charme est détruit, si, malgré ma laideur,*

*Je puis toucher un jeune cœur.*

*Ce bon père, à qui je commande*

*De me livrer sa fille, aura-t-il la rigueur*

*De m'obéir? Pour moi c'est un nouveau malheur,*

*S'il fait ce que je lui demande.*

*Que vois-je? une jeune personne*

*Qui s'avance vers le palais.*

*(Vivement.) Je reconnais son guide: oui, c'est lui.*

*Si j'allais Au-devant d'elle? Non ...*

*Je brûle et je frissonne.*

*Cachons-nous; tâchons de savoir*

*À quels plaisirs elle est sensible;*

*Et que son cœur, s'il est possible,*

*Se rassure avant de me voir. (Il sort.)*

#### Scène 2

ALI, ZÉMIRE.

ALI. *Vous voilà; je me sauve: adieu.*

ZÉMIRE. *Quoi!*

ALI (trouvant les portes fermées). *Misérable!*

*C'est fait de moi, tout est fermé.*

ZÉMIRE. *Ali, je te vois alarmé!*

ALI (à haute voix). *Allons, rendons-nous favorable*

*L'hôte charmant qui nous reçoit;*

*Avec plaisir, sans doute, chez lui il me reçoit,*

*Puisqu'il a la bonté de vouloir que j'y reste.*

*(Bas.) Pourquoi suis-je venu? complaisance funeste!*

ZÉMIRE. *C'est donc bien hideux, bien effroyable?*

ALI. *Non!*

ZÉMIRE. *Tu me l'as dit.*

ALI. *Moi! Dieu m'en garde!*

*On le croirait d'abord; mais plus on le regarde ...*

*Il a l'air noble; il est bien fait, dans sa façon.*

*Je n'ai pas trop vu son visage;*

*Mais il est jeune, il est galant:*

but alas! Is that a crime worthy of your hate?

Looking as I do you want someone to love me;

and the spell will be broken if, in spite of my ugliness,

I can touch a young heart.

This good father whom I have ordered

to hand over his daughter – will he go through with it

and obey my command? For me it will only bring further misery

if he does what I ask.

But what's this I see? A young person

coming towards the palace.

(Excitedly.) I recognize her guide – yes, that's him.

What if I went to meet her? No ...

I'm burning, I can't stop shaking.

Better to hide and find out

what may please her,

and try and win over her heart, if possible,

before she sees me. (Exits.)

#### Scene 2

ALI, ZÉMIRE.

ALI. *Well, here we are; now I'm off: farewell!*

ZÉMIRE. *What!*

ALI (finding the doors closed). *The blackguard!*

*I'm done for, we're locked in.*

ZÉMIRE. *Ali, you seem alarmed!*

ALI (aloud). *Come, let us win*

*the favour of our charming host;*

*he is doubtless pleased to see me again since he has shown me*

*the kindness of wanting me to stay.*

*(Aside.) Why did I come? Oh ill-fated obedience!*

ZÉMIRE. *Is it truly hideous, then, really frightening?*

ALI. *No!*

ZÉMIRE. *But you told me it was.*

ALI. *Me! Heaven preserve me!*

*One might think so first off; but the more you look at him ...*

*He actually looks noble, he's a fine figure of a man, in his way.*

*I didn't get a proper look at his face,*

*but he is young and as gallant as you could wish for;*



On a toujours assez de quoi plaire à son âge.

Du reste, il est riche, opulent;

Il aime le bon vin: c'est d'un heureux présage,

Car toujours un buveur a le cœur excellent.

ZÉMIRE. Sera-t-il longtemps invisible?

ALI. Oh! non.

ZÉMIRE. Dans son palais tout me semble paisible.

Que vois-je?

Ali, tiens, tu sais lire; Vois: Appartement de Zémire.

(Ces mots sont écrits sur une porte.)

C'est donc là qu'il veut me loger? Entre.

ALI (avec frayeur). Moi!

c'est chez vous, madame; entrez vous-même.

ZÉMIRE (ouvrant). Quel éclat! cher Ali, quelle richesse extrême!

ALI. Il ne veut pas vous égorgé.

3 No. 13 Duo

ZÉMIRE. Rassure mon père;

Dis-lui qu'on n'a pas résolu mon trépas...

ALI. Oui, mais comment faire;

On arrête mes pas Ne le voyez-vous pas?

ZÉMIRE. Console mon père;

Dis-lui que j'espère

Me revoir dans ses bras.

ALI. J'avais bien affaire de tomber dans ces lacs.

Dans notre humble asile,

J'étais si tranquille, J'étais sans effroi.

ZÉMIRE. Si dans son asile

Je le sais tranquille

Je suis sans effroi.

Je dis en moi-même:

Il respire, il m'aime;

C'est assez pour moi.

ALI. Mais celui qui vous aime

Ne peut-il de même

Vous aimer sans moi?

Que veut-il de moi?

ZÉMIRE. Rassure mon père; Dis-lui etc.

one always has charm a-plenty at his age.

Besides he is rich, and bears every sign of opulence.

He likes fine wines, which is a good sign,

because a drinker always has a generous heart.

ZÉMIRE. Will he appear soon?

ALI. Oh, no!

ZÉMIRE. It's very peaceful in his palace.

What's this I see?

Ali, have a look, you can read: Zémire's Suite.

(These words are written on a door.)

So this is where I'm to sleep. Go in!

ALI (afraid). Me?

But it's your suite, Madame, you should go first.

ZÉMIRE (going in). What radiance, Ali dear, what divine luxury!

ALI. He doesn't want to murder you!

3 No. 13 Duo

ZÉMIRE. Reassure my father;

tell him that I am not condemned to die ...

ALI. Yes, but how can I,

holed up here with you, can't you see?

ZÉMIRE. Console my father

and tell him that I hope

once again to be in his embrace.

ALI. It was certainly a wrong move for me to get caught up in

these shenanigans. In our humble abode

I was so happy, living without fear.

ZÉMIRE. If I know

he's happily at home

I have no fear;

I can say to myself

that he breathes easily, he loves me,

and that's enough for me.

ALI. But can he who loves you

not likewise love you

without my being here?

What does he want me for?

ZÉMIRE. Reassure my father; tell him etc.

ALI. Mais comment faire,

On retient mes pas etc.

4 AZOR (sans se montrer). Esclave, éloigne-toi.

Laisse-la dans ces lieux. (Les portes s'ouvrent.)

ALI (s'enfuyant). Ah! je ne demande pas mieux. (Il sort.)

Scène 3

ZÉMIRE (seule). Me voilà seule ... Allons.

Il va venir. Qu'il vienne ...

Le cœur me bat ... Eh bien! quelle peur est la mienne?

Mon père n'est plus en danger:

Je ne crains plus que pour moi-même..

Le ciel protégera l'innocence qu'il aime.

J'ai rempli mon devoir; et mon sort peut changer.

5 No. 14 Entrée des Génies

Scène 4

ZÉMIRE, TROUPE DE GÉNIES.

Un trône de fleurs s'élève au milieu du salon; et les Génies,

en dansant, rendent hommage à Zémire.

ZÉMIRE. Mais quelle cour brillante autour de moi s'empresse?

Est-ce à moi que cela s'adresse?

Sur ce trône de fleurs voudrait-on m'élever?

En vérité je crois rêver.

6 Allegro

7 Airs de ballet

Scène 5

ZÉMIRE, AZOR, TROUPE DE GÉNIES.

8 ZÉMIRE (tombant évanouie dans les bras des Génies). Ô ciel!

AZOR. Zémire! ah! revenez de ce mortel effroi.

Je parais à vos yeux un monstre épouvantable;

D'un pouvoir ennemi telle est l'injuste loi;

Mais, hélas! sous ces traits, s'il vous était possible

De lire en mon cœur! il est tendre et sensible.

ALI. But how can I,

I can't get out etc.

4 AZOR (without showing himself). Servant, away with you.

Leave her here alone! (The doors open.)

ALI (rushing off). Ah! My wish come true! (Exits.)

Scene 3

ZÉMIRE. (Alone). Now I'm all by myself ... I must get a grip.

He's going to appear; let him appear then ...

My heart is racing ... Why, what am I afraid of?

My father is out of danger:

I only fear for myself.

Heaven will protect the innocence he loves.

I've done what I had to, and my fate can change.

5 No. 14 Entrance of the Spirits

Scene 4

ZÉMIRE, A BAND OF SPIRITS.

A throne of flowers rises up in the middle of the room, and the Spirits,

dancing, pay homage to Zémire.

ZÉMIRE. What a dazzling throng has formed around me.

Is all this done for me?

Am I to be seated on this throne of flowers?

In truth I'm sure I'm dreaming.

6 Allegro

7 Airs de ballet

Scene 5

ZÉMIRE, AZOR, BAND OF SPIRITS.

8 ZÉMIRE (falling in a faint in the arms of the Spirits). Heavens!

AZOR. Zémire! Ah! Come back from this mortal fear.

I seem in your eyes to be a terrible monster;

by an enemy power such is the price exacted.

But alas! If only, behind these features, you could

look me in the heart! You would find tenderness and a sensitive

Ne me regardez pas, Zémire; écoutez-moi.

(Il fait signe aux Génies et aux fées de s'éloigner.)

**ZÉMIRE.** Tous mes sens sont glacés, à peine je respire.

**AZOR** (à ses genoux). Et quelle frayeur vous inspire

Le déplorable Azor, tout tremblant devant vous?

**ZÉMIRE** (le regardant) Ah!... je me meurs.

Éloignez-vous,

Si vous ne voulez que j'expire.

**AZOR** (se relevant). Non! Vivez. C'est à moi d'expirer,

Si vous refusez de m'entendre.

**ZÉMIRE** (à part). Comme il a l'air craintif!

quelle voix douce et tendre!

(D'un air timide.) N'allez-vous pas me dévorer?

**AZOR.** Qui? moi! je veux passer ma vie

À vous plaire, à vous adorer.

De vous faire aucun mal je n'eus jamais l'envie.

9 No. 15 Air

**AZOR.** Du moment qu'on aime,

L'on devient si doux!

Et je suis moi-même

Plus tremblant que vous.

Hé quoi! vous craignez

L'esclave timide A

Sur qui vous rénez!

N'ayez plus de peur:

La haine homicide

Est loin de mon cœur.

Du moment qu'on aime etc.

10 **ZÉMIRE** (à part). Hélas, je ne puis revenir de mon étonnement.

Quelle figure horrible! et quel charmant langage!

Non, cette voix-là sûrement

N'annonce pas un cœur sauvage;

Et sa laideur sans doute est un enchantement.

**AZOR.** Je suis donc bien épouvantable?

**ZÉMIRE.** Mais... vous n'êtes pas beau.

**AZOR.** Vous me haïssez?

soul. Zémire, do not look at me, only listen.

(He makes a sign to the Spirits that they should leave.)

**ZÉMIRE.** All my senses are numbed with fear; I can barely breathe.

**AZOR** (at her knees). And what fear

does the dreadful Azor inspire, trembling as I am before you?

**ZÉMIRE** (looking at him). Ah ... I feel my life slipping away.

Please leave me

unless you want me to draw my last breath.

**AZOR** (getting up). No! Live! It is for me to die

if you refuse to listen to me.

**ZÉMIRE** (aside). How fearful he seems!

What a gentle, tender voice!

(Shyly.) Are you not going to devour me?

**AZOR.** Who? Me? I want to spend my life

pleasing you, adoring you;

I never had the slightest desire to do you harm.

9 No. 15 Air

**AZOR.** The moment one loves

one becomes so gentle!

And I myself

am trembling more than you.

What are you afraid of –

surely not the timid slave

over whom your power is complete?

Fear not –

murderous hatred

could not be further from my heart.

The moment one loves etc.

10 **ZÉMIRE** (aside). Alas, I cannot get over my surprise.

What an ugly face! And what beguiling words!

No, that voice surely

cannot go with a savage heart,

and his ugliness is no doubt the result of a spell.

**AZOR.** So I am truly frightful!

**ZÉMIRE.** Well, you're not handsome.

**AZOR.** Do you hate me?

**ZÉMIRE.** Non: Quand on n'est pas méchant, on n'est pas haïssable.

**AZOR.** Et si j'ai, sous ces traits,

un cœur sensible et bon?

**ZÉMIRE.** Je vous plaindrai.

**AZOR.** Ah! Zémire, il est trop véritable.

Plaignez-moi: l'on ne peut avoir

Sous des traits plus hideux un naturel plus tendre.

**ZÉMIRE.** Hélas! j'oublie à vous entendre

La peur que j'avais à vous voir.

**AZOR.** Oui, Zémire, vous êtes reine

De ce palais et de mon cœur.

Parlez, commandez en vainqueur.

Ici tout reconnaît votre loi souveraine.

**ZÉMIRE.** À vous voir j'accoutume mes yeux.

**AZOR.** Eh bien!

Commencez donc à vous plaire en ces lieux.

Vous chantez, je le sais, vous chantez à merveille;

En parlant, votre voix touche, émeut tous mes sens.

Ah! Quel charme pour mon oreille,

D'entendre éclater vos accents!

**ZÉMIRE.** Si vous désirez que je chante, Je chanterai.

**AZOR.** Quelle bonté touchante!

11 No. 16 Air

**ZÉMIRE.** La fauvette, avec ses petits,

Se croit la reine du bocage.

De leur réveil, par son ramage,

Tous les échos sont avertis.

Sa naissante famille

Autour d'elle sautille,

Voltige et prend l'essor;

Rassemblés sous son aile,

De leur amour pour elle

Son cœur jouit encore.

Mais par malheur

Vient l'oiseleur

Qui lui ravit son espérance.

La pauvre mère! elle ne pense

**ZÉMIRE.** No; if one isn't mean in spirit one can't be hateful.

**AZOR.** And what if, behind these features,

there hides a gentle and good heart?

**ZÉMIRE.** I would pity you.

**AZOR.** Ah! Zémire, it's all too true.

Pity me; one cannot have,

behind more hideous features, a more loving nature.

**ZÉMIRE.** Alas! But as I listen to you I forget

the fear I felt on seeing you.

**AZOR.** Yes, Zémire, you are queen

of this palace and of my heart.

Speak, command as one who has conquered,

for here everything obeys your sovereign law.

**ZÉMIRE.** My eyes are becoming accustomed to seeing you.

**AZOR.** Well,

in that case perhaps you will be able to take pleasure in being here.

I know that you sing wonderfully;

your voice touches, moves all my senses.

Ah! What music it is to my ears

just to hear you speak!

**ZÉMIRE.** If you want me to sing, I shall ...

**AZOR.** Ah! What touching kindness!

11 No. 16 Air

**ZÉMIRE.** The warbler with its young

thinks it is the queen of the copse.

From the moment they wake up they sense

every echo in her song.

Her fledgling family

hops, flutters about

and now tentatively flies up around her,

now huddles under her wing.

She still delights

in their love

but as misfortune would have it,

along comes the bird-catcher

who snatches away her hope.

The poor mother thinks only

Qu'à son malheur.  
Tout retentit de sa douleur.  
La fauvette, avec ses petits, etc.

[12] **AZOR.** Vos chants pour moi sont une plainte.  
Hélas! je ne puis réussir  
À calmer les regrets dont votre âme est atteinte;  
Ne puis-je au moins les adoucir?  
**ZÉMIRE.** Vous le pouvez ...  
**AZOR.** Comment? parlez: que fant-il faire?  
**ZÉMIRE.** Me laisser voir encore et mes sœurs et mon père.  
**AZOR.** Autant que je le puis, je vais vous obéir;  
Et vous m'en punirai peut-être.  
Dans un tableau magique ils vont ici paraître;  
Mais, si vous approchez, tout va s'évanouir.

#### Scène 6

**AZOR, ZÉMIRE** (sur le théâtre).  
**SANDER, FATMÉ, LISBÉ** (dans le tableau).

[13] **ZÉMIRE.** Mon père! Mes sœurs!...  
Hélas! comme il est triste!  
Il pleure. Sa douleur résiste  
Au soin que leur amour prend de le consoler.  
Il me cherche des yeux.  
Il semble me parler.  
Ses bras vers moi semblent s'étendre.  
Ah! si je pouvais y voler!  
Et si du moins il pouvait m'entendre!  
**AZOR.** Cela n'est pas possible.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Et moi, ne puis-je pas  
L'entendre lui-même?  
**AZOR.** Ah! Zémire! Que me demandez-vous?  
**ZÉMIRE.** À ce que je désire  
Vous vous refusez?  
**AZOR.** Non. Mais je suis sûr, hélas!  
Qu'en vous obéissant je me trahis moi-même.  
Mais vous le voulez: je vous aime;  
Vous allez entendre leur voix.

of her unhappiness,  
everything speaks of her suffering, alas!  
The warbler with its young etc.

[12] **AZOR.** Your singing is a lament, to be sure.  
Alas! If I cannot cancel out  
the regrets that beset your heart,  
can I do nothing to assuage them?  
**ZÉMIRE.** You can!  
**AZOR.** How? Speak; what must I do?  
**ZÉMIRE.** Let me see my sisters and my father.  
**AZOR.** As far as I can I will obey you,  
and you will punish me perhaps.  
In a magic mirror they will appear here;  
but if you approach the picture will vanish.

#### Scene 6

**AZOR, ZÉMIRE** (on the stage).  
**SANDER, FATMÉ, LISBÉ** (in the mirror).

[13] **ZÉMIRE.** My father! My sisters!  
Alas! How sad he looks!  
He is crying. His pain resists  
the loving attention with which they try to console him.  
He's searching for me with his eyes.  
He seems to be talking to me.  
His arms seem to be reaching out towards me.  
Ah! If only I could go to him!  
If only he could hear me.  
**AZOR.** That is not possible.  
**ZÉMIRE.** And for me  
to hear him speak?  
**AZOR.** Ah Zémire! What are you asking of me?  
**ZÉMIRE.** For my heart's desire.  
Are you saying no, then?  
**AZOR.** No, but I'm sure – alas! –  
that by obeying you I shall be betraying myself.  
But it's what you want. I love you;  
you shall hear their voices.

#### No. 17

**SANDER** (assis et appuyé tristement sur une table).  
Ah! laissez-moi, laissez-moi la pleurer;  
À mes regrets laissez-moi me livrer.  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Hélas mon père, cessez de pleurer;  
**SANDER.** Qui m'aimera jamais comme elle?  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Ce sera moi; ce sera moi.  
**SANDER.** Qui me rendra ce tendre zèle?  
**FATMÉ.** Nous vous aimons.  
**SANDER.** Je le sais bien.  
**LISBÉ.** Croyez la voir.  
**SANDER.** Oui je la vois, je crois l'entendre  
Qui m'appelle ...  
Ah! Ma Zémire  
Sans toi j'expire;  
Reviens, reviens  
Ah! Reviens ...  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Reviens, reviens!  
**LISBÉ.** Ah! Mon père!  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Reviens!  
**SANDER.** Reviens!  
**ZÉMIRE** (se précipitant vers le tableau). Mon père! (Tout disparaît.)  
Reviens!

#### Scène 7

**ZÉMIRE, AZOR**

[14] **ZÉMIRE** (à Azor). Ah! cruel!  
**AZOR.** Je vous l'avais prédit:  
Vous-même avez rompu le charme.  
**ZÉMIRE.** L'état de mon père m'alarme.  
Laissez-moi l'aller voir.  
**AZOR.** Qu'ai-je fait!  
**ZÉMIRE.** Il s'afflige, il languit, il se désespère.  
Oh! laissez-vous toucher par les larmes d'un père.  
**AZOR.** Non, cessez, Zémire, cessez.  
Je vous aime; et je meurs si vous m'êtes ravie.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Pour rassurer mon père et lui rendre la vie,  
Une heure, un moment, c'est assez.

#### No. 17

**SANDER** (sitting with his elbows leaning on the table in a resigned posture).  
Ah! Let me mourn for her.  
Let me feel the full weight of my regrets.  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Alas! Father, dry your tears.  
**SANDER.** Who will ever love me like she did?  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** I shall, I shall!  
**SANDER.** Who will show me that tender zeal?  
**FATMÉ.** We love you.  
**SANDER.** I know you do.  
**LISBÉ.** See her in your heart.  
**SANDER.** Yes ... I can see her, it feels as if I can hear her ...  
Who's that calling?  
Ah! My Zémire,  
I'm dying without you,  
come back, come back,  
ah! Come back!  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Come back, come back!  
**LISBÉ.** Ah! Father!  
**FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Come back!  
**SANDER.** Come back!  
**ZÉMIRE** (rushing to the mirror). Ah! Father! (... which then disappears.)  
Come back!

#### Scene 7

**ZÉMIRE, AZOR**

[14] **ZÉMIRE** (to Azor). Oh! Cruel beast!  
**AZOR.** This is what I foresaw:  
you broke the spell yourself.  
**ZÉMIRE.** My father's health worries me.  
Please let me go and see him.  
**AZOR.** What have I done?  
**ZÉMIRE.** He is torturing himself, he languishes in a state of despair.  
Ah! Let yourself be moved by a father's tears.  
**AZOR.** No – stop this, Zémire, stop it!  
I love you and will die if you're taken from me.  
**ZÉMIRE.** To reassure my father and restore him to life,  
one hour, even one moment would suffice.

**AZOR.** Allez, allez le voir, ce père tant aimé.  
Regardez le soleil près d'achever son tour;  
Si je le vois coucher avant votre retour,  
Dès ce moment je désespère.  
Et vous direz à votre père:

Il n'est plus, j'ai causé sa mort.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Moi! Causer votre mort! J'en serais bien fâchée.

**AZOR.** Il dépendra de vous d'en réparer l'injure;  
Je vous remets ma vie et ma félicité.

Allez. Si vous êtes parjure,  
Je ne punirai point votre infidélité.  
Cet anneau vous rend libre.

En le portant Zémire  
Vous n'êtes plus en mon pouvoir;  
Et je vous le confie.

**ZÉMIRE.** Ô bonté que j'admire!  
**AZOR.** Mais si vous voulez me revoir,  
Quittez-le et dans l'instant vous me serez rendue.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Cette confiance m'est due;  
Et je mériterai ce gage en le quittant.

Adieu.  
[15] **AZOR.** N'oubliez pas celui qui vous attend.

No. 18 Larghetto

[16] No. 19 Entr'acte  
Le théâtre change et représente la maison de Sander.

#### ACTE IV

Scène 1  
No. 20 Ariette  
[17] **ALI.** J'en suis encore tremblant;  
C'est comme un char volant,  
Ou bien c'est un nuage.  
Non, c'est comme un char brûlant,  
Volant sur un nuage.  
Je l'ai bien vu; j'en suis transi;

**AZOR.** Go on then, go and see the father you love so dearly.  
You see the sun nearing the horizon?  
If I see it set before you return  
I shall start to despair of ever seeing you again.  
I shall put an end to my cursed life  
and you will say to your father:  
he is no more, I have caused his death.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Me! Cause your death! I would be grievously upset.

**AZOR.** It will depend on you to forestall it.  
My life and happiness are in your hands.

Go! If you are acting falsely  
there will be no recriminations:  
this ring grants your freedom.

By wearing it, Zémire,  
you are no longer in my power.  
Here, I entrust you with it.

**ZÉMIRE.** Oh what goodness of heart!  
**AZOR.** But if you want to see me again,  
take it off and you will find yourself back here instantly.

**ZÉMIRE.** This trust is due to me, I think;  
and I will prove myself worthy by duly removing it as you say.  
Farewell.

[15] **AZOR.** Don't forget the soul that is here waiting for you.

No. 18 Larghetto

[16] No. 19 Entr'acte  
The scene changes to Sander's house.

#### ACT IV

Scene 1  
No. 20 Ariette  
[17] **ALI.** I'm still trembling from the sight:  
it looks like a flying chariot,  
or it's a cloud,  
no no no ... It looks like a burning chariot  
flying on a cloud;  
I saw it with my own eyes, I'm scared stiff.

J'ai peur qu'il ne descende ici ...  
À l'équipage sont attelés  
Deux beaux serpents ailés ...  
J'en suis encor etremblant etc  
C'est comme un char brûlant, oui, c'est un char brûlant  
Ou bien c'est un nuage, oui c'est un nuage  
Ou bien peut-être ce n'est rien.  
Quand on a peur, on n'y voit pas si bien.

#### Scène 2

**ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ, SANDER, ALI**

[18] **FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Voilà ma soeur.

**ZÉMIRE.** Mon père!

**SANDER.** Zémire, est-ce toi? Est-ce bien toi que je revois?

**ZÉMIRE.** C'est Azor, c'est lui qui m'envoie;

Il permet que je vous revoie.

**SANDER.** Quoi!

**ZÉMIRE.** Si je restais, je causerais sa mort.

Ne vous affligez plus, mon père, sur mon sort.

Je suis heureuse. Adieu.

**SANDER.** Cruelle enfant! tu veux abandonner ton père!

Tu ne sais pas les maux que tu m'as fait souffrir.

**ZÉMIRE.** Pour vous sauver j'ai dû m'offrir;

Mais, au lieu d'un maître sévère,

Je trouve un ami généreux.

Non, il n'est pas méchant; il n'est que malheureux.

**SANDER.** Doux et timide en apparence,

Dans le piège il veut t'engager;

Et tu ne vois pas le danger.

**ZÉMIRE.** Vous l'outragez, mon père.

**SANDER.** Malheureuse! achève.

Par ses enchantemens il t'aura su toucher!

**ZÉMIRE.** Oui, son coeur m'attendrit: je ne puis le cacher.

**SANDER.** Quoi, ce monstre!

**ZÉMIRE.** Daignez m'entendre, et soyez juge.

Il me rend libre; il veut

Que de moi-même ici dépende mon destin.

Il mourra si je l'abandonne;

I'm afraid it may land here ...

At the front are harnessed

two handsome winged serpents.

I'm still trembling from the sight etc.

It's like a burning chariot, yes, it's a burning chariot,

or else it's a cloud, yes it's a cloud

or perhaps it's nothing at all.

When you're afraid you don't see things so clearly.

#### Scene 2

**ZÉMIRE, FATMÉ, LISBÉ, SANDER, ALI.**

[18] **FATMÉ, LISBÉ.** Look! Here comes our sister!

**ZÉMIRE.** Father!

**SANDER.** Zémire! Is it you? Is it really you I see before me?

**ZÉMIRE.** It's Azor who has sent me;

he has allowed me to come back and see you.

**SANDER.** What?

**ZÉMIRE.** If I stayed away I would cause his death.

Don't torment yourself any more, dear father, over my fate.

I am happy ... farewell.

**SANDER.** Cruel child! You would abandon your father!

You don't know what sufferings you have brought upon me.

**ZÉMIRE.** To save you I had to offer myself;

but instead of being a severe master

he has proved to be a generous friend.

No, he is not unkind, he's just unhappy.

**SANDER.** He may appear gentle and shy,

but he's luring you into a trap

and you don't see the danger.

**ZÉMIRE.** You're doing him a grave injustice, father, I assure you!

**SANDER.** Unhappy girl! Go and run back to him.

He will have succeeded in putting you under his spell.

**ZÉMIRE.** Yes, his heart has touched me, I cannot deny it.

**SANDER.** What, this monster!

**ZÉMIRE.** Please hear my defence and then judge for yourself.

He has set me free; he wants me

to decide my own destiny.

He will die if I abandon him,

Et j'en ai le pouvoir: c'est lui qui me le donne.  
En voilà le gage certain. (Elle lui montre l'anneau.)  
SANDER. Cet anneau?

ZÉMIRE. Cet anneau me rend indépendante.

SANDER. Du pouvoir du génie?

ZÉMIRE. Et de sa volonté.

SANDER. Ah! Je respire. Garde-toi de quitter cet anneau.

ZÉMIRE. Quoi! mon père, Vous voulez!...

SANDER. Garde-toi de le quitter jamais.

ZÉMIRE. Et celui qui m'attend,

ce malheureux qui m'aime,

Je l'aurai donc trahi, j'aurai fait son malheur?

Pour vous, en l'offensant, que n'ai-je pas à craindre,

Mon père?

et de vos bras s'il venait m'enlever!

SANDER. Qu'il vienne.

ZÉMIRE. Laissez-moi, laissez-moi vous sauver.

[19] No. 21 Quatuor

ZÉMIRE. Ah! je tremble. Quelles armes

Opposer à son pouvoir?

SANDER. Mes cris, mes pleurs sont les armes

Que j'oppose à son pouvoir.

ZÉMIRE. Non, vous n'avez plus d'espoir,

Plus d'espoir que dans mes larmes.

SANDER. La nature au désespoir

S'expose à tout sans alarmes.

ZÉMIRE. Ah! je tremble. Quelles armes etc. Ah! Mon père!

SANDER. Je suis père...

ZÉMIRE. Si jamais je vous fus chère,

Laissez-moi fuir ce séjour.

SANDER. ... Et ma fille m'est plus chère

Que la lumière du jour.

FATMÉ, LISBÉ... Que ne puis-je à sa colère

Pour vous m'offrir à mon tour!

SANDER. Ma fille m'est plus chère que le jour.

ZÉMIRE. Lui-même en ces lieux peut-être

Va paraître. Ah quel effroi!

but it is in my hands, and he has willingly made it so.  
Here is the guarantee of my word. (She shows him the ring.)

SANDER. This ring?

ZÉMIRE. This ring gives me my freedom.

SANDER. From his power?

ZÉMIRE. Yes, and from his will.

SANDER. Ah! I can breathe again. Make sure you never take it off.

ZÉMIRE. What! Father, do you want me to ...

SANDER. You must never take it off.

ZÉMIRE. And betray him when he awaits only my return,

this unhappy creature who loves me,

and add to his unhappiness?

And if it be otherwise, by offending him what terrible

consequence may I be bringing on you?

Or he could easily come and take me captive again!

SANDER. Just let him try!

ZÉMIRE. No, no, you must let me save you.

[19] No. 21 Quartet

ZÉMIRE. Ah! I'm all a-quiver. What arms

could I use to oppose his power?

SANDER. My cries, my tears are all I have

to oppose his power.

ZÉMIRE. No – your only hope

is in my tears.

SANDER. Nature allows us to face things without hope

when we've reached rock bottom.

ZÉMIRE. Ah! I'm all a-quiver. What arms etc. Ah father!

SANDER. I am a father ...

ZÉMIRE. If ever I was dear to you

please let me go back.

SANDER. ... and my daughter is dearer to me

than the light of day.

FATMÉ, LISBÉ. If only I could offer myself instead

to assuage his anger?

SANDER. My daughter is dearer to me than daylight itself.

ZÉMIRE. He might turn up here himself ...

Ah! What a dreadful thought!

FATMÉ, LISBÉ... Ah quel effroi!

SANDER. Qu'il paraisse.

Ma tendresse

Ne me laisse

Aucun effroi.

ZÉMIRE. Ma craintive obéissance

Peut désarmer sa rigueur.

SANDER. J'obtiens par ma constance,

Qu'il te rende à ma douleur;

FATMÉ, LISBÉ. La jeunesse et l'innocence

Ont bien des droits sur un cœur.

SANDER. Et si ma douleur l'offense,

Qu'il me déchire le cœur.

ZÉMIRE. Ah! je tremble. Si jamais je vous fus chère,

Laissez-moi fuir ce séjour.

Ma craintive obéissance etc.

FATMÉ, LISBÉ... La craintive obéissance

Peut désarmer sa rigueur.

SANDER. Mes cris, mes pleurs etc.

Le théâtre change, et représente une partie des jardins d'Azor.

C'est un endroit sauvage, où est une grotte.

Scène 3

[20] No. 22 Air

AZOR (seul). Le soleil s'est caché dans l'onde;

Et Zémire ne revient pas.

J'ai tout perdu! que fais-je au monde?

Zémire m'abandonne; elle veut mon trépas.

Toi, Zémire, que j'adore,

Tu m'as donc manqué de foi.

Et pourquoi vivrais-je encore?

Je n'inspire que l'effroi;

Toi, Zémire, que j'adore

Ah! dans mon désespoir extrême,

Si je voulais me venger ...

Qui? moi! punir ce que j'aime!

C'est un crime d'y songer ...

FATMÉ, LISBÉ. Ah! What a dreadful thought!

SANDER. Let him appear!

My love

conquers

all fear.

ZÉMIRE. My fearful obedience

can perhaps overcome his will.

SANDER. I will obtain by whatever loyalty requires

that he should give you back to your grieving father.

FATMÉ, LISBÉ. Youth and innocence s

hould have some influence over his heart.

SANDER. And if my grief offends him

let him take my life.

ZÉMIRE. Ah! I'm all a-quiver. If ever I was dear to you

please let me go back.

My fearful obedience etc.

FATMÉ, LISBÉ. Fearful obedience

can perhaps overcome his will.

SANDER. My cries, my tears etc.

The scene changes to a place in Azor's grounds.

It is overgrown with a grotto.

Scène 3

[20] No. 22 Air

AZOR. (Alone). The sun has disappeared under the sea

and Zémire is not coming back.

I've lost everything. What am I doing on this Earth?

Zémire has abandoned me, she wants my death.

You, Zémire, whom I adore,

you have betrayed me.

Why would I go on living,

inspiring only dread;

you, Zémire, whom I adore

ah! In my extreme despair

if I had thoughts of revenge ...

how could I possibly punish what I love so? I

t's a crime even to think of it ...

Mon sort s'accomplit. Je succombe.  
Cette grotte sera ma tombe:  
C'est trop souffrir; il faut mourir.  
(Il tombe dans la grotte.)

[21] No. 23 Air  
**ZÉMIRE** (seule). Azor! Azor! en vain ma voix t'appelle.  
L'écho des bois répond seul à ma voix.  
Revois Zémire, elle est fidèle.  
Elle consent à vivre sous tes lois ...  
Hélas! plus que moi-même,  
Je sens que je t'aimais;  
Et dans ce moment même,  
Plus que jamais,  
Azor, Azor, je t'aime ...  
**AZOR.** Ah!  
(Le théâtre change, et représente un palais enchanté.  
Azor y paraît sur un trône.)

Scène 5  
**ZÉMIRE, AZOR, TROUPE DE GÉNIES**  
autour du trône où Azor est assis.  
[22] **AZOR** (s'élançant du trône). Zémire!  
**ZÉMIRE** (dans tout l'éclat de sa beauté). Azor! ...  
Ô ciel! où suis-je?  
**AZOR.** Aux vœux d'Azor Le ciel vous rend plus belle encore.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Qui? vous, Azor! est-il croyable!  
**AZOR.** Oui, je suis ce monstre effroyable,  
Que, malgré sa laideur, vous n'avez point haï.  
Mais vous rompez le charme: il est évanoui.  
C'est vous qui me rendez à mon peuple, à moi-même:  
Le trône où je remonte est un de vos bienfaits.  
Venez y prendre place; et que le diadème  
Soit pour vous le moins cher des dons que je vous fais.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Ô bonheur! Ô prodige!  
et c'est moi qui l'opère!  
**AZOR.** Par vous la fée, en sa colère,  
Se laisse à la fin désarmer.

My fate is accomplished, I give in.  
This cave will be my tomb.  
My suffering is too great; I must die.  
(He falls into the grotto.)

[21] No. 23 Air  
**ZÉMIRE** (alone). Azor! Azor! In vain I call out to you;  
the echo from the trees alone answers my voice.  
See Zémire again, she is faithful still.  
She agrees to live under your laws ...  
Alas! More than myself  
I feel I loved you,  
and at this moment,  
more than ever ...  
Azor! Azor! I love you ...  
**AZOR.** Ah!  
(The scene changes to an enchanted palace  
where Azor is seated on a throne.)

Scene 5  
**ZÉMIRE, AZOR, BAND OF SPIRITS**  
around the throne on which Azor is seated.  
[22] **AZOR** (getting up quickly). Zémire!  
**ZÉMIRE** (resplendent in her beauty). Azor!  
Heavens! Where am I?  
**AZOR.** At the wish of Azor heaven has made you lovelier than ever.  
**ZÉMIRE.** Who ... Azor ... can it ... is it possible?  
**AZOR.** Yes, I am that frightful monster  
whom, in spite of his ugliness, you didn't hate.  
But you have broken the spell, it has vanished into thin air.  
It is you who have given me back to my people, to myself.  
The throne on which once again I am seated is consequent upon your goodness.  
Come and take your place there too, and may this crown  
be the least of my gifts to you.  
**ZÉMIRE.** O happiness! O prodigy of nature!  
And to think I brought this about!  
**AZOR.** It is by you that the fairy  
has finally been disarmed.

Scène 6  
**ZÉMIRE, AZOR, SANDER, FATMÉ, LISBÉ, ALI, CHOEUR DE GÉNIES.**  
**ZÉMIRE.** Mon père! Mes sœurs! Félicité suprême  
Je réunis tous ceux que j'aime;  
**SANDER.** Ma chère fille ...  
**AZOR** (à Sander). Tu me vois,  
Comme elle, soumis à tes lois.  
Pardonne.  
Hélas! sois généreux,  
Et plus heureux, s'il est possible,  
Que tu n'as été malheureux.  
Oui, de toi-même il faut que je l'obtienne.  
Ta fille t'est rendue, et de ta volonté  
Dépendra ma félicité;  
Je n'ose dire encor, la sienne.

[23] No. 24 Choeur final  
**ZÉMIRE, AZOR, SANDER, FATMÉ, LISBÉ.**  
Amour, amour quand ta rigueur met à l'épreuve un jeune coeur à  
quelles peines à quelles peines tu les exposes;  
Qui mieux qu'Azor saura jamais  
Quels sont les maux que tu nous causes  
Quels sont les biens que tu nous fais?

[24] Le ballet termine le spectacle.  
**FIN**

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Scene 6  
**ZÉMIRE, AZOR, SANDER, FATMÉ, LISBÉ, ALI, CHOIR OF SPIRITS.**  
**ZÉMIRE.** Father! Sisters! Supreme happiness!  
I am seeing together all those I love.  
**SANDER.** My dear daughter.  
**AZOR** (to Sander). You see me,  
like her, subject to your command.  
Forgive me!  
Alas! Be generous  
and may your happiness if possible  
outweigh the unhappiness I have caused you.  
Yes, it is through you that I may obtain her hand.  
Your daughter is returned to you, and my happiness  
now depends on your will;  
I hardly dare hope, hers also ...

[23] No. 24 Final chorus  
**ZÉMIRE, AZOR, SANDER, FATMÉ, LISBÉ.**  
Love, when your rigour puts a young heart to the test  
what suffering you bring upon them;  
who better than Azor  
will ever know the sufferings caused,  
or the blessings granted, by love?

[24] The ballet ends the action.  
**END**

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