

“Je suis seul...Ah, fuyez, douce image” (I’m alone...Ah, begone!, sweetest dream...) MANON, Act III; music by Jules Massenet, libretto by Henri Meilhac and Philippe Gille, 1884; based on the novel by the Abbé Prévost, *l’Histoire de Manon Lescaut et du chevalier des Grieux*.

SYNOPSIS: Des Grieux and Manon were deeply in love and living together but she left him for a richer admirer. Although he has sought refuge and forgetfulness in the seminary and is about to take orders, des Grieux cannot rid himself of the memory of his love for Manon.

DES GRIEUX

Je suis seul!
Seul enfin!
C'est le moment suprême!
Il n'est plus rien que j'aime
Que le repos sacré
que m'apporte la foi!
Oui, j'ai voulu mettre
Dieu même
Entre le monde et moi!

I'm alone!
Alone at last!
It's the moment I longed for!
There's nothing more that I love
but the sacred repose
that my faith can bestow!
Yes, I have tried to place
God himself
between the world and me!

Ah! fuyez, douce image,
à mon âme trop chère;
Respectez un repos
cruellement gagné,
Et songez, si j'ai bu
dans une coupe amère,
Que mon coeur l'emplit
de ce qu'il a saigné!
Ah! fuyez! fuyez! loin de moi!
Ah! fuyez!

Ah, begone, sweetest dream,
still too dear to my mem'ry!
Have respect for a calm,
earned with the cruelest pain.
And believe, if I've drunk
from such a bitter vessel,
that my heart would make it full
with all the blood it shed!
Ah, begone! Begone, far from me!
Ah, begone!

Que m'importe la vie
et ce semblant de gloire?
Je ne veux que chasser
du fond de ma mémoire...
Un nom maudit! ce nom...
qui m'obsède et pourquoi?

What do I care for life
and this semblance of glory?
All I wish is to chase
from the depths of my soul
a name that's damned... a name
that torments me, and why?

LE PORTIER DU SÉMINAIRE
C'est l'office!

THE SEMINARY PORTER
It's the service!

DES GRIEUX
J'y vais!

DES GRIEUX
Coming...

Mon Dieu!
De votre flamme
purifiez mon âme...
Et dissipez à sa lueur
l'ombre qui passe encor
dans le fond de mon coeur!

Dear Lord,
with holy fire,
purify my soul...
and melt away with its light
that shadow which remains
in the depths of my heart...

Ah! fuyez, douce image,
à mon âme trop chère!
Ah! fuyez! fuyez! loin de moi!
Ah! fuyez! loin de moi!
loin de moi!

Ah, begone, sweetest dream,
still too dear to my mem'ry!
Ah, begone! Begone! Far from me!
Ah, begone! Far from me,
far from me!

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