

Lydia

Text by *Charles-Marie-René Leconte de Lisle* (1818-1894)

Set by *Gabriel Fauré* (1845-1924), op. 4, #2

Lydia **sur** **tes** **roses** **joues,**
[li.di.a syr tɛ rɔ.zə ʒu.ə]
Lydia, on your pink cheeks,

Et **sur** **ton** **col** **frais** **et** **si** **blanc,**
[e syr tɔ̃ kɔl frɛ. ze si blɑ̃]
and on your neck fresh and so white,
(and on your neck so fresh and white,)

Roule **étincelant**¹
[ru. le.tɛ̃.sə.lɑ̃]
rolls sparkling

L'or **fluide** **que** **tu** **dénoues.**
[lɔr fly.i.də kə ty de.nu.ə]
the-gold liquid that you untie.
(the liquid gold that you untie.)

Le **jour** **qui** **lui** **est** **le** **meilleur;**
[lə ʒur ki lɥi ɛ lə mɛ.jœr]
The day that shines is the best;

Oublions **l'éternelle** **tombe.**
[u.bli.ɔ̃ le.tɛr.nɛ.lə tɔ̃.bə]
let-us-forget the-eternal tomb.

Laisse **tes** **baisers** **de** **colombe**
[lɛ.sə te be.zə də kɔ.lɔ̃.bə]
let your kisses of-a dove,
(let your dovelike kisses)

Chanter **sur** **ta** **lèvre** **en** **fleur.**²
[ʃɑ̃.te syr ta lɛ. vrɑ̃ flœr]
sing on your lip that blossoms.
(sing on your flowering lips.)

¹ Lisle: *Que le lait, coule étincelant* [kə lə lɛ ku. le.tɛ̃.sə.lɑ̃] like the milk, runs sparklingly

² Lisle: *Chanter sur tes lèvres en fleur* [ʃɑ̃.te syr ta lɛ.vrə. zɑ̃ flœr] sing on your lips that blossom

Un lys caché répand sans cesse
 [œ lis ka.ʃe re.pɑ̃ sɑ̃ sɛ.sə]
 A lily hidden disperses without end
(A hidden lily unceasingly disperses)

Une odeur divine en ton sein:
 [y. no.dœr di.vi. nɑ̃ tɔ̃ sɛ̃]
 a fragrance divine from your breast:
(a divine fragrance from within your breast:)

Les délices comme un essaim,
 [le de.li.sə ko. mœ̃. nɛ.sɛ̃]
 the delights like a swarm,
(delights without number)

Sortent de toi, jeune déesse!
 [sɔr.tə də twa ʒœ.nə de.ɛ.sə]
 come from you, young goddess!
(emanate from you, young goddess!)

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!
 [ʒə tɛ. me mœr o mɛ. za.mur]
 I you-love and die, oh my love!
(I love you and die, oh my love!)

Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.
 [mɔ̃ na. mɑ̃ be.ze mɛ ra.vi.ə]
 my soul in kisses myself-is stolen-away.
(your kisses have stolen my soul!)

O Lydia, rends-moi la vie,
 [o li.di.a rɑ̃.mwa la vi.ə]
 Oh Lydia, give-back-to-me (my) life,

Que je puisse mourir, mourir toujours!
 [kə ʒə pɥi.sə mu.rir mu.rir tu.ʒur]
 that I may die, die always!
(that I may die again and again!)

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