

Psyche, Act III, Scene I

But here Pan begins to play his flute again...

It seems that Night has untied

Her belt and that, by spreading her veils,

She has let all the stars fall to play

on the earth...

Oh! how, in the solemn fields of silence,

Melodiously they blossom!

If you knew...

Be quiet, contain your joy, listen.

If you knew what strange delirium

Enfolds me, penetrates me completely!

If you knew... I cannot tell you

What I feel. The

Voluptuous sweetness scattered throughout this night drives me mad...

To dance, yes I would like, like your sisters,

To dance... to stamp my bare feet on the ground

In cadence and, like them, effortlessly,

With harmonious poses,

Desperately surrender my body

To the undulating and rhythmic force of things!

This one resembles, at the edge of the calm waters

Where it is reflected, a large bird

Impatient for the light ...

And this other one close by who, lascivious, without feint,

Rolls on this bed of red hyacinths ...

Through the flesh of them all flows a divine fire

And with the love of Pan all are ablaze ...

And me, the same ardor insinuates itself into my veins;

O Pan, the sounds of your syrinx, like a wine

Too fragrant and too sweet, have intoxicated me;

O Pan, I am no longer afraid of you, I belong to you! ...

