

CASTOR AND POLLUX, By Rameau and Bernard, An Opera

Translated and adapted by Frank J. Morlock

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Etext by Dagny

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1763

C 2003

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CHARACTERS:

POLLUX, son of Jupiter and Leda, King of Sparta

CASTOR, son of Tynadrus and Leda

TELAIRE, daughter of the Sun, sister of Phoebe

PHOEBE, daughter of the Sun, sister of Telaire

JUPITER

MERCURY

CLEONA, Phoebe's confidant

HIGH PRIEST OF JUPITER

TROUPE OF PRIESTS

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TWO SPARTANS

HEBE, dancing character

CELESTIAL PLEASURES AND FOLLOWERS OF PHOEBE

A FEMALE FOLLOWER OF PHOEBE

A TROUPE OF MAGICIANS

A TROUPE OF DEMONS AND MONSTERS

THE FURIES

THE HAPPY SHADES

A HAPPY FEMALE SHADE

THE PEOPLE OF SPARTA

THE GENIES who preside over the Planets and Constellations

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ACT I

The stage represents the Palace of the King of Sparta, prepared to celebrate a marriage.

CLEONA: Marriage crowns your sister, Pollux is marrying Telaire.
This pompous preparation announces his happiness,
But I hear Phoebe, who's sighing.

PHOEBE: My heart isn't envious of such a glorious fate.
Another voice is making itself heard within it.
Ah, how unambitious it is!
Perhaps it would be less tender.
Daughters of the God of Day, with what diverse presents
Heaven marked our share!
I received the ability to evoke Hell,
How much nicer what Telaire received!
She commands hearts where my art can do nothing;
A glance from her makes everything possible.
I can only shock what she makes sensitive.
How much her power exceeds mine!
How the Universe finds her beautiful.
I pardon that to her attractions.
But that the ingrate Castor abandoned me for her,
Now that's what my heart will never forgive him for.

CLEONA: Marriage with the King, which is going to break their chain,

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Must restore hope to you of securing your lover.

PHOEBE: She will have his regrets, I will have only the pain
Of still vainly hoping.
And if the King gives into the tears of his brother,
The object which causes his torment?
You see what I fear; here's what I hope.
Cleona, at this fatal moment,
To avenge my offended passion,
I am keeping a rival for them
And I can dispose of the furors of Lincaeus.
His love which they are outraging is quite ready to burst out.
He wants to carry Telaire away from this palace.
I see her. Her triumph increases my martyrdom.
Let's think of avoiding her.

(Phoebe leaves with Cleona.)

TELAIRE: (entering) Burst out, my just regrets,
In a moment, alas! I'll have to control them.
Henceforth Heaven will part me
From the sweetness that pleases me.
In vain, Glory unites all the attractions it has
For a god who adores me, and forces me to fear him.
Love hurled other features;
These honors that I flee see only the excess
Of a passion I cannot extinguish.
Burst out, my just regrets, etc.

(Enter Castor.)

CASTOR: Ah! I shall die satisfied, I am seeing your allures again.

TELAIRE: Prince, do you still dare to speak to me of tenderness?

CASTOR: Our farewells are permitted.

TELAIRE: Oughtn't you
To spare them my weakness?

CASTOR: When I had for this farewell the admission of your spouse,
When you are going to be ravished from me;
Cruel one, do you reproach me
For the last pleasure of my life?
My brother's seen my tears and, far from hiding them,
I let him see all my passion.
Pity spoke to him, and seemed to touch him,
But love more powerful distracted his soul.
Fulfill his happiness, I will leave these parts
Without complaining of you, without accusing my brother.
Have I complained except to the gods?

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TELAIRE: You're leaving?

CASTOR: I am imposing a necessary exile on myself.

In these eyes, masters of my fate,
I've found life a hundred times.
When hope is ravished from me
I will find death there a hundred times.

TELAIRE: And the King will permit this inhuman flight?

No, his heart is too generous.

CASTOR: Making his happiness softens my pain.

You pity me, he loves me, and I am leaving very happy.

(Pollux, who's been observing them, appears at this moment.)

POLLUX: No, stay, Castor, it's I who order you to.

Love and friendship impose the law on you.
Calm the unease into which your soul's abandoning itself.
To keep you near me,
The hand that owes faith to me
Is the chain that I am giving you.

CASTOR: O blessings that I adore!

TELAIRE: O Grandeur that astonishes me!

POLLUX: I know all that I am losing.

Castor will do justice to my love.
He can better judge the price of sacrifice
By the torments he has suffered.

(The suite of the King and the people enter.)

POLLUX: (to the people) These preparations were destined for me.

I was making them my supreme happiness.
Let their faces be crowned
With these flowers that were to decorate my diadem.
Of two objects that I love
I am making two happy lovers.

CHORUS OF SPARTANS: Let's sing of the burgeoning victory

Of a hero who is subduing Love.
If virtue is triumphing on this fine day,
Love will lose nothing of his glory.

(They dance.)

CASTOR: What happiness reigns in my soul!

Love, have you ever
Hurled such beautiful darts?

ACT I

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With the hands of friendship you are crowning my passion!
Love, have you ever
Hurled such beautiful darts?

(They dance.)

A SPARTAN: (entering) Leave these sports, run to arms!
Lincaeus is attacking this palace.
Jealous Phoebe is guiding his darts.

CHORUS: Let's run to arms.

(As they separate to fight at the two sides of the stage, the noise of the attackers can be heard.)

CHORUS: Let's go to dissipate these alarms.
To arms.

TELAIRE: (to Castor) You are leaving me!
Stop, Castor, stop!

THE DIFFERENT CHORUSES: Let's fight, let's attack, attack, fight.

A LONE VOICE: Let's kidnap Telaire.

TELAIRE: Ah! what furor inspires them!

(After a great uproar of battle, Lincaeus forces down the gates of the palace and appears at the head of his followers. Castor, who has left the stage, returns to fight him; he is rebuffed and falls in the wings under the blows of Lincaeus; during the battle, Telaire, who wants to hurl herself into the melee, is restrained by her women. Suddenly a profound silence.)

A VOICE: Castor, alas! Castor has fallen under his blows!

CHORUS OF SPARTANS: O irreparable loss!
O terrifying misfortune.

TELAIRE: (as she falls into the arms of her servants) I am dying.

CHORUS: Pollux, avenge us!

(The noise of battle recommences; Lincaeus reappears and crosses the stage, attacked by Pollux, who fights him, chases him and pursues him.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

The stage represents the sepulchres of the kings of Sparta; it's a somber forest, where several monuments lit by sepulchral lamps are revealed. In the principal place, a great Mausoleum raised for the funeral of Castor and surrounded by wailing people.

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CHORUS OF SPARTANS: Let all wail,
Let all join,
Let's prepare, let's raise eternal monuments
To the most unlucky of lovers:
Let neither our love nor his name ever perish;
Let all wail.

TELAIRE: (appearing in the greatest mourning; and going to cast herself at the foot of the mausoleum)
Sad preparations, pale torches,
Day more frightful than the night,
Lugubrious stars of tombs,
No, I shall not see anything but your funereal lights.
You who see my heart dismayed,
Father of the day, O Sun! o my Father!
I no longer wish a blessing that Castor has lost,
And I renounce your light.
Sad preparation, etc.

(Phoebe appears.)

TELAIRE: Cruel one, in what places are you coming?
Are you daring to again insult
The Manes of a hero who perished through your blows?

PHOEBE: Leave to the love that's devouring me
The care of punishing a crime that I abhor.
It speaks to me of it more than your wrath.
You are weeping for the most tender love
But his destiny may still depend on the two of us.
With a word you can restore him to life.

TELAIRE: What must be done? Order.

PHOEBE: Sacrifice your love
And my art will force Hell to return him to us.

TELAIRE: Yes, I impose the law on myself.
Let him live, so that for him your passion can reveal itself.

PHOEBE: You wish it.

TELAIRE: Hasten; I am ceding to my rival
The love with which he is burning for me.

(One hears a warrior symphony and songs of victory.)

CHORUS: (Behind the stage) Triumph, vengeance.

TELAIRE: It's the conquering king who's advancing.

PHOEBE: He has avenged our ill deeds, we must repair them.

ACT II

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(Phoebe leaves.)

(Enter Pollux, with Spartans, athletes, and combatants, bearing trophies and spoils from enemies.)

POLLUX: (to the people) Folks, cease to sigh.
No, it's no longer tears that the Manes demand;
It's blood they are expecting.
And that fatal blood's been shed;
Lincaeus has been sacrificed.

ALL THE CHORUSES: Let Hell applaud
New concerts.
Let a plaintive shade rejoice.
The scream of vengeance is the song of Hell.

POLLUX: (to Telaire) Princess, such a victory
Ought to soften for you the horror of this day.

TELAIRE: Vengeance flatters glory
But doesn't console love.
Prince, a ray of hope is presenting itself to my eyes.
The power of Phoebe can fulfill our hope
And ravish Castor from Hell.

POLLUX: No, it's in vain that she attempts it
And it's still up to me to reunite your fetters.
To the feet of Jupiter I will go to make myself heard.
The god who gave me life
Can return it to my brother.
To the tears of his son that he observes so tenderly,
Can he give his love?

TELAIRE: Ah! Prince! Dare to attempt all:
Reveal to the immortals that your fates are joined.
Jupiter in the Heavens is the God of Thunder
And Pollux on earth
Will be the god of friendship.
Revive the ashes of an unfortunate brother.
Tear him from the tomb, prevent me from descending into it.
Triumph with your passion, be the support of him.
Render him alive to the one he loves.
That will reveal, even to Jupiter,
That you are worthy of him.

POLLUX: (to the people) Resume your songs of victory.
Let my triumph embellish these parts.
Occupy Telaire and charm her beautiful eyes
With the spectacle of my glory.

(Pollux leaves. The stage lights up. the tombs are covered with trophies and spoils of enemies. March of warriors.
Entry and staged fight of athletes and gladiators.)

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AN ATHLETE: Blare proud trumpets;
Make the glory of our heroes
Shine in these abodes.
With songs of victory,
Let's trouble the repose
Of echoes.
Let's sing of nothing but glory.
Blare proud trumpets;
Make the glory of our heroes
Shine in these abodes.

(Spartan women mix in the celebration of the warriors; crowning the conquerors and forming a Diversion of rejoicing to celebrate the victory of Pollux.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

The stage represents the vestibule of the Temple of Jupiter where Pollux must make sacrifices.

POLLUX: (alone) Present of gods, sweet charm of humans,
O divine friendship, come penetrate our souls;
Hearts enlightened by your flames
With pure pleasures have only serene days.
It's in your charming nets that all rejoice.
Time adds yet one more luster to your beauty.
Love bequeaths you constancy
And you would be lusty
If man had his innocence.
Present of gods, etc. (the Temple opens and the priests come out)
But the Temple has opened and the High Priest is coming forward.

(The High Priest of Jupiter enters, followed by his suite and the people.)

HIGH PRIEST: The sovereign of gods
Is going to appear in these abodes
In all the dazzle of his power.
Tremble, respect his presence,
Flee curious mortals.
It's only through flames and the voice of thunder
That he announces himself on earth
And the dazzle of his glorious face
Is seen only by the gods.
Let the mere name of this supreme god
Freeze all hearts with respect and terror.
Flee and tremble
Let's flee and tremble ourselves.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS: Let's flee and tremble ourselves.

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(The people and the priests leave.)

SCENE II

The set changes, Jupiter appears in a dazzling palace seated on a throne, and surrounded by his glory.

POLLUX: (at Jupiter's feet) My voice is raised in trembling up to you,
Powerful master of the world.
With a single glance, dissipate my terror
And calm my profound sorrow.
O my father, hear my prayers.
Henceforth the immortality which enchains me
Is for your son only a terrible torture.
Castor is no more, and my vengeance is vain
If your sovereign voice
Doesn't return him to a happier life.
O my father, hear my prayers.

JUPITER: My son, how his return would have charms for me,
How sweet it would be for me to think of it,
But Hell has laws that I cannot force
And fate forbids me to respond to your tears.

POLLUX: Ah! leave me alone to pierce right up to the somberest shores.
Under my feet I will open the caverns of the earth.
I will go brave Pluto; I will go seek the dead.
To the light of your thunder
I will enchain Cerberus, and more worthy of the heavens,
I will again see Castor, and my father, and the gods.

JUPITER: I wanted to hide from you the fate that threatens you.
You can break the fetters of an unfortunate brother
If you descend into Hell.
But it is ordered that the reward for your audacity
Is that you must take his place.
Your eternal life, your beautiful life,
Are very worthy of envy.

POLLUX: No, I can't bear life,
If Castor doesn't share the course of it with me.
I will see my brother again; he will see Telaire!
Each instant that I am breathing here
Is a blessing that I am stealing from his amorous heart.

JUPITER: Before giving in to the zeal which inspires you
Behold what you are losing in the heavens.
Pleasures, charms of my empire,
Pleasures, you make the gods
Triumph over a god who sighs.

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(The Celestial Pleasures led by Hebe enter dancing, they surround Pollux. Jupiter withdraws. Hebe and the Celestial Pleasures hold garlands of flowers with which they want to enchain Pollux.)

CHORUS OF CELESTIAL PLEASURES: (dancing around Pollux)

Young immortal, where are you off to?
Ah! Can you not know us?
Can a god be without us?
Can a god cease to be?

POLLUX: All the dazzle of Olympia is revived in vain.

Heaven and supreme happiness
Are in places where one loves,
Are in places where one is loved.

SMALL CHORUS: Let Hebe, with ever fresh flowers,
Forge your eternal chains.

(They dance.)

A SERVING GIRL OF HEBE: Here's the pleasant

Asylum of the gods.
Experience Heaven's
Durable peace.
More pleasures
Than desires,
Chains
Without pains,
And beautiful life
Counted out forever
With our loves.
If one sighs,
It's without martyrdom.
Is one charmed?
All please alike.
They say they're in love,
They're loved in return.

SMALL CHORUS: Let Hebe, with ever fresh flowers,
Forge your eternal chains.

POLLUX: Ah! But for the trouble in which I see myself,

I would be faithful to you charming pleasures.
But in the excess of my mortal sorrow,
What do pleasures want from me?

(Hebe's dance.)

A SERVANT OF HEBE: Let our sports

Fulfill your wishes.
Follow Hebe, so that your youth
Ceaselessly

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Is reborn
To be forever happy.
The most brilliant grandeur
Is not the attraction that tempts us.
Come, see, experience
Celestial sensuality.
We love, even Jupiter
Is only happy when he's in love.
Love, surrender, follow
The blessings that are reserved for you.

(The dancing recommences; the Celestial Pleasures make new efforts to stop Pollux.)

POLLUX: If I am breaking your pleasant chains,
I am sparing the gods my shame and my sighs.
I am descending into Hell to forget my pains,
And Castor, reborn, will taste your pleasures.

(Pollux breaks the garlands of flowers with which he is enchained, and steals away from the pleasures who follow him.)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

The stage represents the entrance to Hell whose passage is guarded by monsters, Specters and Demons; it's a cavern that ceaselessly vomits flames.

PHOEBE: (alone) Spirits, support my power.
Come, fly, fulfill my hope,
Descend to the somber shore.
It's necessary to ravish a shade.

(Spirits and Magic Powers appear at Phoebe's call, she performs enchantments.)

PHOEBE: Assemble, second my passion,
Combat the fury of monsters from Hell.

CHORUS: Let's combat the fury of monsters from Hell.

PHOEBE: Increase your charms,
Penetrate this retreat
Impenetrable to light,
Increase your charms,
Borrow the features of love
To have stronger arms.

CHORUS: Increase our charms.

PHOEBE: But, what do I see?

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(She notices Mercury descending; Pollux appears at the same time.)

MERCURY: Phoebe, you are making vain efforts,
See the useless effect of your enchantments.
The son of Jupiter alone will have the advantage
Of penetrating somber shores.

PHOEBE: Ah! Prince, where are you rushing to?

POLLUX: I am flying to Victory,
Who must crown my labors.
The path to Hell, beneath the steps of a hero,
Becomes the path of glory.

PHOEBE: Let me anticipate your steps;
Let me brave all obstacles;
The miracle of triumphing over death
Is owed to Love.

POLLUX: Let's go, Mercury, to where you are taking me.
The passion I'm experiencing on this day
Loans more rapid wings to my friendship
Than those of love.

(Pollux intends to enter the cavern; all the monsters and demons leave Hell to defend the passage.)

MERCURY, POLLUX, AND PHOEBE:
Fall, return to slavery,
Halt, furious demons.

POLLUX: Open to me this frightful passage.

PHOEBE AND MERCURY: Open to him this frightful passage.

POLLUX: And respect the son of the most powerful of gods.

PHOEBE AND MERCURY: And respect the son of the most powerful of gods.

CHORUS OF DEMONS: Let's leave slavery,
Let's shut this frightful passage.

(Dance of Demons trying to terrify Pollux.)

CHORUS OF DEMONS: Let's break all our fetters,
Let's shake the earth,
Let's torch the air,
Against the fire of thunder
Let the fires of Hell
Declare war.
Let's break all our fetters.
Jupiter himself

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Ought to be subdued
To the supreme power
Of united Hell.
This bold god,
Does he want his son
To dethrone his brother?
Let's break all our fetters, etc.

(The demons continue their dance and increase their efforts to ward off Pollux. The Furies come out of Hell armed with torches and serpents. Pollux battles the Demons. Mercury strikes them with his Caduceus and sinks with Pollux into the Cavern. Phoebe, who is unable to follow them gives in to despair.)

SCENE II

The stage represents the Elysian Fields. One sees the River Lethe which snakes through this delightful abode. Some happy shades appear to wander in the distance and come to meet Castor.

CASTOR: Abode of ep; **PHOEBE:** (alone) Spirits, support my power.

Come, fly, fulfill my hope,
Descend to the somber shore.
It's necessary to ravish a shade.

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Of penetrating somber shores.

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Who must crown my labors.
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Becomes the path of glory.

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Let me brave all obstacles;
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The passion I'm experiencing on this day

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PHOEBE AND MERCURY: Open to him this frightful passage.

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Let the fires of Hell
Declare war.

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To the supreme power

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SCENE II

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CASTOR: Abode of eternal peace,
Won't you calm my impatient soul?
Love pursues me with its darts even in these parts.
Castor sees only his lover
And you are wasting all your attractions.
Abode, etc.

How sweet that murmur is! How fresh that shade is!
With these touching harmonies sensuality enchants me,
Everything laughs, everything foresees my desire,
And yet I still conceive hopes.
Abode, etc.

CHORUS OF HAPPY SHADES: (enter dancing)

Let him be happy like us.
The blessings we experience on these happy shores
Are hearts are not jealous.
He sees them, let him share them,
Let him be happy like us.

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(Various Quadrilles of Shades approach Castor.)

A FEMALE SHADE: Over fugitive shades

Love still casts his flames,

But on these shores

He only makes happy lovers.

(With carefree dances the shades express their differing characters.)

A FEMALE SHADE: (alternatively with the Chorus)

In these sweet asylums

Your wishes will be crowned.

Come,

These charming climes

Are destined to peaceful pleasures.

This enchanted stream,

Happy Lethe

Flows here amongst the flowers

Where one sees neither sorrows

Nor cares, nor longings

Nor tears.

Forgetfulness brings with it

Neither cares nor boredom.

This god leaves us

Without ending

The memory

Of pleasure.

(The Shades resume their dances; suddenly they are interrupted.)

CHORUS: (Off stage) Flee, flee, flighty shades,

Our sports are being profaned by bold eyes.

(Pollux appears and the astonished shades flee before him.)

POLLUX: Relax, fortunate dwellers

In this favorable asylum far away from trouble.

I'm coming to experience the peace that you give.

It's here that heroes dwell in tranquility.

Dear Shade appear—

CASTOR: (noticing Pollux) O my brother! Is it you?

O moments of tenderness!

TOGETHER: O most sweet moments!

O my brother! Is this you?

POLLUX: It's I, coming to break the chain that binds you;

It's I, who avenged you on an odious rival.

CASTOR: I will see the light of the Heavens?

POLLUX: It's very little to give you back life.

Fate is raising you to the rank of the gods.

CASTOR: What do I hear? What happiness! I will leave these climes.

And Heaven will permit me to live near you?

POLLUX: No, you will enjoy alone a sweet portion,

And jealous destiny

Is going to impose on me

The fetters from which my hand is delivering you.

CASTOR: I shall purchase life through your death, o Heaven!

POLLUX: The entire universe demands your return,

Reign over a faithful people.

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CASTOR: The son of Jupiter must rule.

POLLUX: See in the Heavens the glory that's calling you.

CASTOR: I am sacrificing all immortal grandeur
To the sole pleasure which approaches me from you.

POLLUX: Telaire is awaiting you.

CASTOR: Spare me, cruel one;
She herself would look with terror at this price,
The criminal plot to renew my life.

POLLUX: Castor, we will ruin the two of us.
If you keep delaying you will cost her her life.
Hasten, go, Heaven orders you to be happy,
And it's your rival that begs you.

CASTOR: Yes, in the end I am giving in to your prayers.
I will go to save the life of a faithful lover,
I will be born again for her;
But since, at last, I am reaching the rank of the Immortals
I swear by the Styx that a second dawn
Will not find me in the abode of mortals.
I only want to see her and adore her again,
And then I will return you to life, your throne, and your altars.

POLLUX: (to Mercury) His life's going to begin.

Fly, Mercury, obey,
Take an Immortal to the abode of thunder,
A hero to earth.

Fly, Mercury, obey.

CHORUS OF SHADES: Return, return to somber shores,
Both of you, dwell amongst us.
And we will make the gods jealous
Of the happiness of Shades.

(Mercury carries off Castor in a cloud; Pollux extends his arm to him and withdraws with the happy Shades.)

CURTAIN

ACT V

The stage represents an agreeable view in the environs of Sparta.

TELAIRE: Heaven is then touched by the most tender loves;

Your voice recalls me to life that I was leaving.

You will live, to be faithful to me,

And you will live forever.

CASTOR: Alas!

TELAIRE: But why these alarms?

You love me, I see you—

CASTOR: Telaire, live.

TELAIRE: What am I hearing? What speech?

CASTOR: Telaire?

TELAIRE: Get to the point;

Is the most beautiful day of our life made for tears?

CASTOR: We must prepare for eternal farewells.

TELAIRE: What are you saying? O Heaven!

CASTOR: We must separate,

I am returning to somber shores.

TELAIRE: Castor! and you will abandon me!

CASTOR: My brother and my oaths are awaiting me at the home of Shades.

TELAIRE: My eyes are condemned to weep for you again!

Hardly do I see you! Hardly do I breathe!

Castor! and you will abandon me!

CASTOR: The fatal moment is approaching,

It hurries me, it is expiring.

What moment of horrors and attraction this is!

TELAIRE: Alas! can I believe you?

Ingrate, you are glorying in such a perjury to Love

To be faithful to death. (songs of rejoicing are heard)

But I hear shouts of joy.

(A troupe of Spartans enters and comes before Castor.)

CHORUS: Live, happy spouses.

TELAIRE: All these people are rushing before your steps.

Do you intend to trouble their sports? They were prepared for us.

CASTOR: (to the people)

Alas! you are unaware that your expectation is vain.

TELAIRE AND CHORUS: Why do you rob us of such sweet distractions?

CASTOR: Folks, distance yourselves.

Your wishes increase my pain.

(The people leave.)

TELAIRE: Eh! What! all these objects cannot soften you?

CASTOR: Do you want me to abandon my brother to Hell?

TELAIRE: The gods will return him to us; Jupiter is his father.

CASTOR: Live and let me die.

TELAIRE: You die!

Then for whom do you expect that I will continue to breathe?

CASTOR: Reign! my brother is immortal;

My brother adores you.

CASTOR AND POLLUX, By Rameau and Bernard, An Opera

TELAIRE: No, I will not await such a cruel destiny.
I will shall call the gods to witness the death that I implore.

CASTOR: Stop, beware the charm of your tears.
If I dared to hesitate, it is because of vengeful gods,
They perhaps will punish my passion on you and on me.

TELAIRE: With what new horror are you coming to strike my soul?

CASTOR: I would antagonize Jupiter, his son has my oaths.

TELAIRE: They've loved, these gods, they will pity lovers. (the sound of several thunderbolts is heard)
What did I hear! what uproar! what flashes of lightning!
Alas! It's I who ruined you.

CASTOR: I hear the air quiver! I feel the earth tremble!
It's all over! I've waited too long.

TOGETHER: Halt, vengeful god, halt.
(The uproar increases.)

CASTOR: Hell is opening beneath my feet!
Thunder growls over my head! (Telaire falls fainting from terror)
Heaven! O Heaven! Telaire's expiring in my arms!
Halt, vengeful god, halt! (a melodious symphony succeeds the thunderous uproar)
But the roaring is stopping—open your eyes,
Nature is sensitive to out torments
And these harmonious concerts
Are announcing a more peaceable god.
(Jupiter descends from Heaven on his eagle.)

JUPITER: The Fates are satisfied.: your fate is halted;
I free you forever from the oath which entangled you.
You will no longer see the shore
That your brother has already left.
He lives, and Jupiter permits you to share
In immortality.
(Pollux appears.)

CASTOR: My brother! O Heaven!

POLLUX: Gods! I find together
All the objects of my love!

CASTOR: I was going to deliver you from those dark climes
When Heaven, at last, rejoined us.

CASTOR AND TELAIRE: Gods, who are creating for us
A fate so full of attraction,
O gods! don't separate us.

POLLUX: Hell shall have only one victim.
I saw Phoebe descend to the shores of death,
An unfortunate love precipitated her steps,
And love made her entire crime.

JUPITER: Palace of my grandeur, where I dictate my laws,
Vast empire of gods, open to my voice.

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The Heavens open and reveal on all sides of the stage the pavilions which serve the principal celestial divinities, born by clouds. In the rear is the palace of Jupiter, formed by a transparent colonnade through which is visible in the distance a part of the Zodiac with the sign of the Twins where they are installed. The sun is on its chariot, pursuing its course. All the heavenly divinities are gathered, as well as the Genies who preside over the planets.

(All the gods of Olympus, the Celestial Genies, the Hours, etc. appear.)

CASTOR AND POLLUX, By Rameau and Bernard, An Opera

JUPITER: (to Castor and Pollux) So many virtues must pretend
To a share of our altars.
Let's offer to the universe immortal signs
Of a friendship so pure and a love so tender.

ALL THE CHORUSES: Let the heavens, the earth and the oceans
Shine with a thousand diverse flames.
It's the order of the master of the world,
It's the fest of the universe.

(Ballets showing the Hours and the Planets.)

CASTOR: How sweet it is to wear your chains!
Tender love, your pleasures make your sorrows forgotten.
I've made your flames shine in a hundred different climes
To show the entire Universe
How sweet it is to wear your chains.
They all told me in Hell
That it's sweet to bear your chains,
And when the heavens opened for me
I heard echo in the air
That it's sweet to wear your chains.

(The Chorus blends its voice with Castor's and repeats the last verse.)

CHORUS: Let the heavens, the earth and the ocean
Shine with a thousand diverse flames.
It's the order of the master of the world,
It's the fest of the universe.

CURTAIN