

# **THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA**

By VOLTAIRE Translated and adapted by Frank J. Morlock



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# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

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**By VOLTAIRE Translated and adapted by Frank J. Morlock**

- ACT I
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Etext by Dagny

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CHARACTERS

SINGING CHARACTERS in all the choruses

On the side of the King:

Eight women and sixteen men

On the side of the Queen:

Eight women and sixteen men

Bagpipes, oboes, bassoons

# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

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SINGING CHARACTERS IN ACT I

ENVY

APOLLO

The Nine Muses

DEMONS in the entourage of ENVY

DEMI-GODS and HEROES in the entourage of APOLLO

DANCING CHARACTERS IN ACT I

Eight demons

Seven heroes

The Nine Muses

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SINGING CHARACTERS IN ACT II

# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

LIDIA

ARSINE (her confidant)

Shepherds and Shepherdesses

A SHEPHERDESS

A SHEPHERD

ANOTHER SHEPHERD

BELUS

Captive Kings and Soldiers in the train of Belus

APOLLO

The Nine Muses

DANCING CHARACTERS IN ACT II

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES

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SINGING CHARACTERS IN ACT III

THE HIGH PRIEST OF GLORY

A PRIESTESS

# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

CHORUS of PRIESTS AND PRIESTESSES OF GLORY

A WARRIOR follower of BACCHUS

A BACCHANTE

BACCHUS

ERIGONE

Warriors, Egyptians, Bacchantes and Satyrs in the entourage of

BACCHUS

DANCING CHARACTERS IN ACT III

FIRST BALLET:

FIVE PRIESTESSES OF GLORY

FOUR HEROES

SECOND BALLET:

NINE BACCHANTES

SIX EGYPTIANS

EIGHT SATYRS

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# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

## SINGING CHARACTERS IN ACT IV

PLAUTINA

JUNIA

Confidants of Plautina

FANIA

PRIESTS OF MARS AND PRIESTESSES OF VENUS

TRAJAN

Warriors in Trajan's entourage

SIX CONQUERED KINGS in Trajan's train

MALE AND FEMALE ROMANS

GLORY

FOLLOWERS of GLORY

## DANCING CHARACTERS IN ACT IV

FIRST BALLET:

FOUR PRIESTS OF MARS

A PRIESTESS OF VENUS

SECOND BALLET:

FOLLOWERS OF GLORY, five men and four women

# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

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SINGING CHARACTERS IN ACT V

A ROMAN GIRL

A SHEPHERDESS

SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES

A ROMAN

YOUNG ROMANS OF BOTH SEXES

ALL THE CHARACTERS OF THE FOURTH ACT

DANCING CHARACTERS IN ACT V

ROMANS OF DIFFERENT CONDITIONS

FIRST QUADRILLE:

Three men and two women

SECOND QUADRILLE:

Three men and two women

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

THIRD QUADRILLE :

Three women and two men

FOURTH QUADRILLE :

Three women and two men

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# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

## ACT I

**The stage represents the Cave of Envy.** Through the opening of the cave can be seen a portion of the Temple of Glory, which is in the background, and the cradles of the Muses which are in the wings.

(ENVY enters followed by servants, torch in hand.)

**ENVY:** Deep abyss of Tenare  
Frightful night, eternal night  
Gods of forgetfulness, gods of Tartarus,  
Eclipse the day that shines on me  
Demons, bring me your barbarous aid  
Against the God who is pursuing me.  
The Muses and Glory have erected their temple  
In these peaceable parts;  
With what horror do I contemplate them.  
How their dazzle hurts my eyes.  
Deep abyss of Tenare  
Frightful night, eternal night  
Eclipse the day that shines on me.  
Demons, bring me your barbarous aid  
Against the god who pursues me.

**ENVY'S ENTOURAGE:** Our glory is to destroy.  
Our fate is to injure.  
We are going to overthrow these frightful monuments.  
Our redoubtable blows  
Are more inevitable  
Than the features of death and the power of time.

**ENVY:** Hasten to avenge my outrage.  
Muses that I hate encircle the grove.  
Destroy under these foundations  
Both Glory and her temple and her happy children  
That I hate yet more.  
Demons, enemies of the living

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

Present this spectacle to my fury.

(The followers of Envy dance and form a ballet figure; a hero comes into the midst of these furies, astonished at his approach, he sees himself interrupted by these followers of Envy, who try vainly to terrify him. Apollo enters followed by the Muses and demi-gods and heroes.)

**APOLLO:** Halt, furious monsters  
Flee my features, fear my flames, implacable fury.

**ENVY:** No, neither mortals nor the gods, can disarm Envy.

**APOLLO:** Do you still dare to follow on my heels?  
Do you dare to sustain the dazzle of my light?

**ENVY:** I will trouble other regions  
That don't see you in your orbit.

**APOLLO:** Muses and demi-gods, avenge me, avenge yourselves.

(The heroes and the demi-gods seize Envy.)

**ENVY:** No, it's in vain that they stop me.

**APOLLO:** Choke those serpents that hiss over her head.

**ENVY:** They will be reborn a hundred times to serve my wrath.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**APOLLO:** Heaven will not allow this monster to perish:  
It's immortal like us.  
Let him suffer an eternal torture  
That by the goodness of the world he may be ill-fated  
Let him whine after Glory  
Let him be enchained to her throne.

(The cave of Envy is opened and reveals The Temple of Glory. They enchain him to the throne of this goddess.)

**CHORUS OF MUSES AND DEMI-GODS:** This ever terrible monster  
Will always be beaten.  
The Arts, Glory, and Virtue  
Will nourish his inflexible rage.

**APOLLO:** (to The Muses) You, between his horrible cave  
And this temple where Glory summons great hearts,  
Sing, daughters of the gods, on this peaceable hillock  
Glory and the Muses are sisters.

(The cave of Envy ends by vanishing. Two hillocks are seen, cradles decorated with garlands of flowers are halfway up the hill, and the back of the stage is composed of three arcades of greenery through which can be seen the Temple of Glory in the distance.)

**APOLLO:** Invest humans with your divine flames  
Charm, instruct the universe.  
Reign, spread into souls.  
The sweetness of your concerts,  
Invest humans with your divine flames,  
Charm, instruct the universe.

(Dance of Heroes and Muses.)

**CHORUS OF MUSES:** We are calming the terrors,  
We are singing, we are bringing peace,  
But all hearts are not made

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

To feel the worth of our charms.

**A MUSE:** May our laws be forever tractable  
In our fields our tender shepherds,  
Always simple, always calm  
Seek no other honors  
Then that, sometimes, far from grandeurs,  
Kings shall come into our sanctuaries.

**CHORUS OF MUSES:** We are calming the terrors.  
We are singing, we are bringing peace,  
But all hearts are not made  
To feel the worth of our charms.

**CURTAIN**

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

### ACT II

**The stage represents the grove of the Muses.** The two sides of the stage are formed by two hills of Parnassus; bowers interlaced with laurels and flowers reign on the inclines of the hills: above them are grottoes pierced by light, decorated with bowers in which are shepherds and shepherdesses. The back is composed of three large bowers.

**LIDIA:** Yes, among these shepherds consecrated to the muses  
Far from a proud tyrant and flighty lover,  
I will find peace, I will calm the storm  
Which troubles my frayed emotions.

**ARSINE:** In these peaceful retreats  
The Muses must calm  
Pure hearts, sensitive hearts,  
That the court can oppress.  
Yet you are weeping; vainly your eye contemplates  
These woods, these nymphs, these herdsmen:  
Follow the happy example of their tranquility.

**LIDIA:** Glory has erected its temple. In these parts,  
Shame dwells in our hearts.  
Glory, this very day, to the greatest monarch in the world  
Must place in his hands an immortal laurel.  
Belus is going to obtain it.

**ARSINE:** Your profound sorrow  
Increases at such a cruel name.

**LIDIA:** Belus is going to triumph over enchained Asia  
My heart and my estates are in the ranks of the conquered.  
The ingrate promised me a brilliant marriage.  
He deceived me: at least he won't deceive me any more.



## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

He is leaving me. I am dying and dying abandoned.

**ARSINE:** He betrayed twenty kings; he is betraying your attractions  
All he understands is blind power.

**LIDIA:** But towards Glory he addresses his steps.  
Will he be able to endure my presence without blushing?

**ARSINE:** Tyrants don't blush.

**LIDIA:** What! So much barbarism with so much valor!  
O Muses! be my support,  
Help me against myself.  
Don't allow me to love a king who only loves himself.

(The shepherds and shepherdesses consecrated to the Muses emerge from the caves of Parnassus with their rustic instruments.)

**LIDIA:** (to shepherds) Come, tender shepherds, you who pity my tears,  
Happy mortals inspired by the Muses,  
Into my agitated heart pour all the charms  
Of Peace that you are celebrating.

**CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** Do we dare to sing on our weak bagpipes  
When horrible trumpets  
Have dismayed the echoes?

**A SHEPHERDESS:** What do all these heroes want?  
Why are they disturbing our retreats?

**LIDIA:** They are seeking fortune from the Temple of Glory.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**SHEPHERDS:** It's in these parts where you are.  
It's in the depth of our heart.

**A SHEPHERD:** Towards this Temple where Memory  
Consecrates famous names  
We no longer raise our eyes.  
Shepherds are happy enough  
To see, at least, that Glory  
Isn't made for them.

(The noise of fifes and trumpets are heard.)

**CHORUS OF WARRIORS:** Bloody War,  
Death, dismay  
Describe our fury.  
We make a passage for ourselves  
Through carnage  
To deeds of grandeur.

**SMALL CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** What terrifying sounds, what savage uproar!  
O Muses! protect our fortunate regions.

**A SHEPHERD:** O Glory, whose name alone has so much attraction  
Will this be your language?

(Belus appears under the arbors surrounded by warriors, he is on a throne carried by eight enchained kings.)

**BELUS:** Kings, who bear my throne, crowned slaves,  
That I have deigned to choose to adorn my victory  
Go, go, open for me the Temple of Glory:  
Prepare the honors that are destined for me  
(he gets down and continues)  
I want your pride to second  
The cares of my grandeur.  
Glory, by elevating me to the first rank in the world

ACT II

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

Honors your misfortune sufficiently.  
(his suite leaves) (sweet music is heard)  
But what tones, filled with softness,  
Offend my ear and revolt my heart?

**LIDIA:** Great gods, is Humanity a weakness?  
Perjured lover, cruel conqueror,  
My cries will pursue you without cease.

**BELUS:** Your complaints and your cries cannot stop me.  
Glory calls me far away from you.  
If I were able to listen to you  
I would be unworthy of her.

**LIDIA:** No, Glory is not barbarous and pitiless.  
No, you are making yourself, the gods seem like you.  
To their altars you have sacrificed,  
Only the tears and blood of miserable mortals.

**BELUS:** Don't condemn my exploits.  
When one intends to make oneself master,  
One is, sometimes, despite oneself,  
More cruel than one wishes to be.

**LIDIA:** How I hate your lucky exploits.  
How fate has changed you, how grandeur has distracted you.  
Perhaps you were born generous;  
Your good fortune has rendered you barbarous.

**BELUS:** I was born to master, to change the universe.  
The weak bird in a grove  
Makes its sweet concerts heard.  
The eagle which flies on high  
Brings thunderbolts and devastation.  
Stop trying to stop me with your useless murmurs  
And let me fulfill my august destiny.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

(Belus leaves to go into the temple.)

**LIDIA:** O Muses, powerful goddesses!  
Bend the pride of this ambitious man,  
Aid me against his cruelty,  
Or at least against my weaknesses.

(Apollo and his Muses descend in a chariot which rests its two ends on the two hills of Parnassus.)

**APOLLO AND THE MUSES:** (singing in chorus) We will soften  
With our likeable arts  
Pitiless hearts;  
Or we will punish them.

**APOLLO:** Shepherds, who in these groves  
Learned our divine songs,  
You calm savage monsters,  
Bend cruel humans.

(The shepherds dance,)

**APOLLO:** Fly, Love, god of gods, embellish my empire,  
Disarm war in its fury,  
With a look, with a smile, with a word,  
You calm disorder and horror,  
You can change a heart;  
I can only instruct it.  
Fly, Love, god of gods, embellish my empire  
Disarm war in its fury.

**BELUS:** (returning followed by warriors)  
What! This temple doesn't yet open for me!  
What! This glory that I adore,  
Nearby these parts prepared my altars,  
And I only see weak mortals  
And weak gods I never knew of.

ACT II

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** You've made yourself feared enough.  
Now make yourself cherished.  
Ah! how a great heart is to be pitied  
When nothing can soften it.

**A SHEPHERDESS:** You betrayed the attractions  
Of a tender and submissive beauty.  
Cruel conqueror, don't hope  
That Glory will favor you.

**A SHEPHERD:** What! he directs his steps toward Glory  
And his heart is unfaithful?  
Ah! among us the torture of ingrates  
Is an eternal shame.

**BELUS:** What do I hear? There's a crowd of people who offend me!  
Whose is the weak voice that murmurs in these parts  
When earth trembles in silence?  
Soldiers, deliver me from these odious people.

**CHORUS OF MUSES:** Stop! respect the gods  
Who protect innocence.

**BELUS:** Gods! Do they dare suspend my vengeance?

**APOLLO AND THE MUSES:** Heaven, cover yourself with fire, thunders burst  
Tremble, flee the irritated gods.

(Thunder and lightning emerge from the Chariot of Apollo and the  
Muses.)

**APOLLO:** Far from the Temple of Glory

ACT II

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

Run to the Temple of Fury.  
There they will guard your eternal memory  
With an eternal horror.

**CHORUS OF APOLLO AND THE MUSES.** Implacable heart  
Learn to tremble.  
Death pursues you, death must immolate you.  
This guilty fortunate  
Implacable heart  
Learn to tremble.

**BELUS:** I never tremble; I brave thunder.  
I scorn this temple, and I hate humans  
With my powerful hands I will set ablaze  
The sad remains of earth.

**CHORUS:** Implacable heart  
Learn to tremble.  
Death pursues you, death must immolate  
This guilty fortunate.  
Implacable heart  
Learn to tremble.

**APOLLO AND THE MUSES:** (to Lidia)  
You who tremble for a deplorable lover  
Extinguish your fires, break his bonds.  
Taste through our blessings  
An unalterable calm.

(The shepherds and shepherdesses lead Lidia away.)

**CURTAIN**

# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

### ACT III

**The stage represents the avenue leading to the front of the Temple of Glory.** The throne prepared for the one who must be named the greatest of mankind is seen at the back of the stage. It is supported by Virtues, and is reached by several steps.

(THE HIGH-PRIEST OF GLORY, crowned with laurels, a palm in hand, surrounded by priests and priestesses of Glory.)

**A PRIESTESS:** Glory, the enchantress,  
Superb mistress  
Of kings and conquerors,  
Of ardent youth  
And frosty age,  
They seek your favors.

**CHORUS:** Glory, the enchantress, etc.

**PRIESTESS:** The pretended philosopher  
Believes he's broken free  
Of your noble slavery.  
He's abused.  
He's a scorned lover.  
His scorn is homage.

**THE HIGH PRIEST:** Goddess of heroes, of true philosophers, and of kings  
Noble and fruitful source  
Of virtues and of exploits,  
O noble Glory! It's here that your powerful voice  
Must designate by an exact choice  
The first of masters of the world.  
Come, fly, run,  
Arbitress of peace, and thunderbolt of war,  
You who subdue, you who calm the earth,



## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

We are going to crown the worthiest of you.

(Dance of heroes with priestesses of Glory.)

(The followers of Bacchus arrive with some bacchantes and maenads crowned with ivy, thyrsus in hand.)

**A WARRIOR** (following Bacchus)  
Bacchus is in all places our invincible guide.  
This proud and beneficent hero  
Is always friendly and terrible .  
Prepare the prize which awaits him.

**A BACCHANTE AND THE CHORUS:** The god of pleasures is going to appear.  
We are announcing our master;  
His sweet furies devour our hearts.

(During this chorus the priests of Glory renter the temple whose doors are then shut.)

**THE WARRIOR:** Enchained tigers are escorting to earth  
Bacchus and Erigone:  
The victorious, the vanquished,  
All the gods of pleasures, all the gods of war  
Are marching together confounded.

(Bacchus and Erigone appear together on a chariot drawn by tigers, surrounded by warriors, bacchantes, Egyptians and satyrs.)

**BACCHUS:** Erigone, object full of charms,  
Object of my burning ardor,  
I didn't invent, in the horror of struggles,  
This nectar of humans, necessary to happiness,  
To console the earth and wipe away tears.  
Rather it was to enflame your heart.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

Let's banish reason from our brilliant celebrations.  
No, I never know it  
In my pleasures, in my conquests  
No, I adore you, and I hate it.  
Let's banish reason from our brilliant celebrations.

**ERIGONE:** Rather conserve it to augment your flames,  
Banish only uproar and havoc.  
If through you the world is happy,  
I will love you more.

**BACCHUS:** Weak feelings offend my love,  
I want only eternal intoxication.  
Glory, grandeur, pleasure, tenderness,  
Reign over my senses in turn.

**ERIGONE:** You alarm my heart; it trembles with surrender.  
By your passions it is dismayed,  
It would be more distracted,  
If yours was more tender.

**BACCHUS:** Share my divine transports  
On my victorious chariot, in the breast of tenderness  
Make heaven jealous: enchain humanity.  
A god more powerful than I, drags us and hurries us.  
Let the thyrsus reign forever  
In pleasures and in war  
Let it reign instead of thunder  
And with arrows of love.

**CHORUS:** Let the thyrsus reign forever  
In pleasures and in war.  
Let it reign instead of thunder  
And with arrows of love.

**ERIGONE:** What god seizes my soul!  
What impetuous disorder!  
He troubles my heart, he distracts it.  
Love alone makes for greater happiness.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**BACCHUS:** But what is this solitary temple doing in these parts.  
To what gods is it consecrated?  
I am conqueror, I knew how to please you.  
If Bacchus is known, Bacchus is adored.

**ONE OF THE FOLLOWERS OF BACCHUS:**

In these parts Glory is the only God they adore.  
Today she must place on her altars  
The most august of mortals,  
The beneficent conqueror of nations, at dawn  
Shall have these solemn honors.

**ERIGONE:** Such a brilliant homage  
Cannot be refused;  
Love alone guided me to this happy shore.  
But one can divert one's steps  
When Glory is in the way.

**TOGETHER:** Glory is a vain error,  
But with you it's supreme happiness.  
It's you that I love.  
It's you that fill my heart.

**BACCHUS:** The Temple's opening.  
Glory's revealing herself.  
The object of my ardor will be crowned.  
Follow me.

(The Temple of Glory seems open.)

**HIGH PRIEST OF GLORY:** Bold one, stop.  
This laurel will be profaned  
If it crowns your head.  
Bacchus, that they celebrate in these parts,  
Finds no preference here.  
There is a vast distance

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

Between name recognition and names that are glorious.

**ERIGONE:** Eh, what! with her gifts is Glory avaricious  
For his more brilliant favors?

**BACCHUS:** I've poured blessings on a submissive universe.  
For whom are these laurels that your hand is preparing?

**THE HIGH PRIEST:** For virtues of the highest price.  
Bacchus, content yourself with reigning in your celebrations  
And drowning all the ills that your furors have caused.  
Let us crown more beautiful conquests  
And greater blessings.

**BACCHUS:** Vain people, proud people, children of sorrow  
You don't deserve gifts so precious  
Bacchus abandons you to frigid wisdom  
He knows no better way to punish you.  
Fly, follow me, lovable troupe,  
Come embellish other parts.  
With the hand of pleasures, Cupids and games,  
Pour this delectable nectar,  
Conqueror of mortals and of gods.  
Fly, follow me, lovable troupe,  
Come embellish other parts.

**BACCHUS AND ERIGONE:** Let's course the earth  
At the whim of our desires.  
From the temple of Glory  
To the Temple of Pleasures.

(They dance.)

**A BACCHANTE:** (with the chorus)  
Bacchus, soft and proud conqueror,  
Lead my steps, reign in my heart.  
Glory promises happiness,

ACT III

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

Yet it's Bacchus who gives it to us.  
Reason, you are only an error  
And pain surrounds you.  
Pleasure, you are not a deceiver,  
My soul abandons itself to you.  
Bacchus, soft and proud conqueror, etc.

**CURTAIN**

# THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

## ACT IV

**The stage represents the villa of Atraxate, half ruined in the midst of which is a public square decorated with a triumphal arch, hung with trophies.**

**PLAUTINA:** Come back, divine Trajan, sweet and terrible conqueror.  
The world is my rival; all hearts are yours.  
But is there a heart more tender  
That adores you more than I?  
The Parthians have fallen beneath your thundering hand;  
You punish, you avenge kings.  
Rome is happy and triumphant  
Your good deeds surpass your exploits.  
Come back, divine Trajan, sweet and terrible conqueror.  
The world is my rival, all hearts are yours.  
But is there a heart more tender  
That adores you more than I?

**FANIA:** In this barbarous region, in the breast of Armenia  
Do you dare confront the horrors of combat?

**PLAUTINA:** We were protected by his powerful genius.  
And love guided my steps.

**JUNIA:** Europe will again see its avenger and master;  
They say he's going to appear under these triumphal arches.

**PLAUTINA:** They were erected by my hands,  
What sweet pleasure succeeds my profound sorrow.  
In the master of the world we are going to behold  
The most lovable of humans.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**JUNIA:** Our triumphant soldiers, enriched, full of glory,  
Are flying his name to the heavens.

**FANIA:** He's stealing their songs of victory;  
Alone, without pomp, or followers,  
He's coming to ornament these parts.

**PLAUTINA:** Pomp and the dazzle of honors  
Are necessary to vulgar heroes.  
For vain grandeurs  
These supports are necessary.  
Trajan alone is followed by his immortal glory.  
One imagines one is seeing the universe near him at its knees.  
And it's for me he's coming! This hero is faithful to me!  
Great Gods. You dwell in his beautiful soul  
And I share it with you.

(Trajan enters and Plautina runs to greet him.)

**PLAUTINA:** At last I see you again,  
The charm of my life  
Is returned to me forever.

**TRAJAN:** Heaven sells me these blessings dearly.  
I return one moment to tear myself from you,  
To animate myself with a new virtue,  
To deserve, when Mars calls me,  
To be Emperor of Rome and to be your spouse.

**PLAUTINA:** What are you saying? What a funereal word!  
One moment, you, o heaven! A single moment remains to me.  
When my life depends on always seeing you again.

**TRAJAN:** Heaven has at all times granted me its aid.  
Soon it will return me to the charms I adore.  
It's for you my heart was made.  
I have seen you, and I will be conqueror.

ACT IV

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**PLAUTINA:** What! Aren't you already a conqueror?  
What! is there yet  
A king your hand has not disarmed?  
From dawn to sunset hasn't everything submitted to you?  
Isn't the universe calm?

**TRAJAN:** They are daring to betray me.

**PLAUTINA:** No, I cannot believe you.  
They can't make you break your word.

**TRAJAN:** With defeated Parthians the inexorable king,  
Irritated by his fall, braves my victory.  
Five kings that he seduced are armed against me.  
They've joined trickery to excess of rage,  
They are at the foot of these ramparts.  
But on my side, I have the gods, the Romans,  
My courage and my love and your glances.

**PLAUTINA:** My glances will follow you,  
I intend that on my head  
Heaven wear out its wrath.  
I won't leave you; I will brave their blows,  
I will decoy the death they are readying for you.  
At least, I will die near you.

**TRAJAN:** Ah! don't overwhelm me to this degree,  
My heart is too sensitive.  
Ah! allow me to deserve you.  
You love me, it suffices: nothing is impossible to me.  
Nothing can resist me.

**PLAUTINA:** Cruel, can you stop me?  
Already, I hear the shouts of the perfidious enemy.



## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**TRAJAN:** I hear the voice of duty which guides me.  
I fly: stay here: victory is following me.  
I fly: await all of my intrepid people  
And love which leads me.

**TOGETHER:** I am going to punish a barbarian.  
Go punish a barbarian,  
Grind them under my feet,  
Grind them under your feet,  
The enemy that separates us,  
That snatches me for a moment from you.

**PLAUTINA:** He abandons me to my mortal sorrow.  
Dear lover, stop. Ah! turn your eyes,  
See mine once again.

**TRAJAN:** (at the back of the stage)  
O Gods, O just gods  
Watch over the empire and over her!

**PLAUTINA:** He's already far from these parts.  
Duty, are you satisfied? I am dying and I admire him.  
Ministers of the god of war,  
Priestesses of Venus who watch over the empire,  
Pierce heaven with shouts, accompany my steps,  
Second the love which inspires me.

**CHORUS OF PRIESTS OF MARS:** Proud god of alarms,  
Protect our arms,  
Lead our standards.

**CHORUS OF PRIESTESS OF VENUS:** Goddess of graces,  
Fly on our tracks,  
Enchain the god Mars.

(They Dance.)

ACT IV

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**CHORUS OF PRIESTESSES:** Mother of Rome and peaceful loves,  
Come arrange everything under your charming law.  
Come crown our invincible Romans.  
They are all born for love and for you.

**PLAUTINA:** Powerful gods, protect your living image!  
Once you were mortals like him.  
It's for having reigned as he reigns today  
That heaven is your share.

(They Dance.)

(A chorus of Romans can be heard advancing slowly onto the stage .)

**Charming heroes, who could believe  
In exploits so prompt and so great?  
In the least of time you make  
The most enduring memory.**

**JUNIA:** Do you hear those shouts and those songs of victory?

**FANIA:** Trajan is returning conqueror.

**PLAUTINA:** Could you have doubted it?  
I see these captive kings, ornaments of his glory.  
He's just fought them; he's just subdued them.

**JUNIA:** Before punishing them under his legitimate laws,  
Before striking his victims,  
At your knees he wants to present them.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

(Trajan appears surrounded by roman eagles and fasces; the conquered kings are in his train.)

**TRAJAN:** Kings, who dread my vengeance,  
Who fear the affronts destined for the vanquished,  
Be henceforth enchained  
Solely by gratitude.  
Plautina is hereabouts, in her presence  
There must be no unfortunates.

**THE KINGS:** (rising, singing with the chorus)  
O grandeur! O clemency!  
Conqueror equal to the gods,  
You have their power,  
Like them, you pardon.

**PLAUTINA:** Your virtues surpass even my hope;  
My heart is more touched than those of these kings.

**TRAJAN:** Ah! if there are virtues in this heart that loves you,  
You know to whom I owe them.  
I wanted humans to deserve the suffrage,  
To subdue kings, to break their fetters,  
And to bring you my homage  
With the vows of the universe.  
Heavens! what do I see around here?

(Glory descends in headlong flight, a crown of laurel in hand.)

**GLORY:** You see your reward.  
The prize of your exploits, especially your clemency.  
My throne is at your feet; you reign with me.

(The scene changes and represents the Temple of Glory.)

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**GLORY:** (continuing) More than one hero,  
More than one great king,  
Vainly jealous of his memory,  
Flew always towards Glory  
And Glory flies after you.

(The followers of Glory mix with the Romans and form dances.)

**A ROMAN:** Reign in peace after so many storms,  
Triumph in our contented hearts.  
Fate presides over battles, over devastation,  
Glory is in the blessings.  
Thunder, spare our happy shores,  
Peaceful calm ,return forever,  
Reign in peace, etc.

**CHORUS:** Heaven seconds us,  
Let's celebrate its choice,  
Examples for kings,  
Delight of the world,  
Let's live under your laws.

**JUNIA:** Tender Venus, to whom Rome has submitted,  
To our exploits join your tender attractions,  
Order Mars, enchanted in your arms  
That for Trajan his favor be perpetuated.

**CHORUS:** Heaven seconds us,  
Let's celebrate its choice,  
Example for kings,  
Delight of the world,  
Let's live under your laws.

**TRAJAN:** Honors so brilliant are too much for my share.  
Gods, whose favor I experience,  
Gods of my people, complete your work,  
Change this august temple into one of happiness;  
Let it serve forever to celebrate

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

Fortunate humans;  
Let it last as long as the conquests  
And the glory of Romans.

**GLORY:** The Gods refuse nothing  
To heroes who resemble them.  
Fly Pleasures that his virtue resembles  
The Temple of happiness will always be mine.

**CURTAIN**

THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**ACT V**

**The stage represents the Temple of Happiness; it is formed with a pavilion by a light construction, with peristyles, gardens, fountains, etc.; this delightful place is filled by Romans of all conditions.**

**CHORUS:** Let's sing on this solemn day  
And may the earth reply to us.  
A mortal, a single mortal  
Has made the world's happiness.

(They dance.)

**A ROMAN GIRL:** All ranks, all sexes, all ages  
Must aspire to happiness.

**CHORUS:** All ranks, all sexes, all ages  
Must aspire to happiness.

**THE ROMAN GIRL:** Capricious Spring,  
Summer full of passion,  
Autumn wiser,  
Reason, banter  
Isolation, grandeur  
All ranks, all sexes, all ages  
Must aspire to happiness.

**CHORUS:** All ranks, all sexes, all ages  
Must aspire to happiness.

(Some shepherds and shepherdesses enter and dance.)

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**A SHEPHERDESS:** Here the most brilliant flowers  
Do not efface the violets.  
Standards and shepherds crooks  
Are decorated with the same colors.  
The songs of our tender shepherds  
Mingle with the uproar of trumpets.  
Love revives in these retreats  
All glances and all hearts.  
Here the most brilliant flowers  
Do not efface the violets.  
Standards and shepherds crooks  
Are decorated with the same colors.

(Romans join in dancing with the shepherds and shepherdesses.)

**A ROMAN:** On a day so fine  
There are no alarms,  
Mars is without arms,  
Cupid without blindfold.

**CHORUS:** On a day so fine  
There are no alarms,  
Mars is without arms,  
Cupid without blindfold.

**ROMAN:** Glory and Cupid hereabouts have no wings  
Except to fly into our arms.  
Glory to her enemies presents our soldiers,  
And Cupid presents them our beauties.

**CHORUS:** On a day so fine  
There are no alarms,  
Mars is without arms,  
Cupid without blindfold.

(They dance.)

ACT V

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

(TRAJAN appears with Plautina and all the Romans form up around him .)

**CHORUS:** You that Victory  
Crowns on this day,  
Your most beautiful glory  
Comes from tender Cupid.

**TRAJAN:** O nation of heroes who love me, and that I love,  
You make my splendor.  
I intend to reign in your hearts  
(pointing to Plautina)  
On so much attraction, and on myself,  
Rise to high heaven, incense that I receive  
Return towards the gods, homage that I attract.  
Gods, always protect this formidable empire  
Always inspire all its kings.  
Rise to high heaven, incense that I receive  
Return to the gods, homage that I attract.

(All the different troupes resume their dancing around Trajan and  
Plautina and end the celebration in a general ballet.)

**CURTAIN**

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THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**VARIANT ACT I**

THE TEMPLE OF GLORY

By

VOLTAIRE

Translated and adapted by

Frank J. Morlock

C 2002

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**LIDIA:** Muses, daughters of heaven,  
Peace reigns in your celebrations,  
You suspend mortals' sorrows;  
In the hearts of humans you calm storms,  
Serene days are born from your favors.  
Love, leave my heart; Love break my chain  
Belus is abandoning me today;  
Vengeful scorn, too just hate  
Be, if possible, my support.  
Love, leave my heart; Love break my chain,  
Don't be a tyrant like him.

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**ARSINE:** The Muses sometimes calm a sensitive heart.  
And to implore them you are leaving your court.  
But fear being sought out by this invincible warrior.  
To the Temple of Glory he flies in broad day  
He will be more inflexible.

**LIDIA:** No, I want in his heart to carry repentance.  
Here he's seeking glory; and that name reassures me.  
Glory cannot choose  
An unjust and perjured conqueror.  
Alas! I thought him virtuous.  
How fate has changed him! How his grandeur distracts him!  
I thought him beneficent, sensitive, generous!  
His good fortune has rendered him barbaric.

**ARSINE:** He insults the kings that have succumbed to his valor,  
Vengeance marches before him.  
Pride, Pomp, Terror  
And Love flees from his presence.

**LIDIA:** What crimes, O heaven! with how much valor!  
Goddesses of these parts, support innocence.  
Console my alarmed heart,  
Help me against myself.  
And don't allow me to love  
A hero intoxicated with his supreme splendor,  
Who is no longer worthy of being loved.

(The shepherds and shepherdesses enter and dance to the sound of bagpipes.)

**LIDIA:** Come, tender shepherds, you who pity my tears,  
Happy mortals, by muses inspired,  
In my agitated heart spread the charms  
Of the peace that you celebrate

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

**CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** Dare we sing with our weak bagpipes,  
When horrible trumpets have terrified the echoes?

**A SHEPHERDESS:** We are fleeing before this hero  
Who is coming to trouble our retreats.

**LIDIA:** Don't flee Belus; employ the art of gods  
To make this proud heart bow before virtue.  
The Muses in their groves  
Inspire your divine songs;  
You calm savage monsters,  
Enchant cruel humans.

**CHORUS:** Let's enchant cruel humans.

(They resume their dances.)

**A SHEPHERDESS:** The god of fine arts can alone instruct us  
But only Love can change hearts  
To soften them he must seduce them  
Only the features of the god of Love are conquerors.

(They dance.)

**A SHEPHERDESS:** Descend, charming god, come show your harp,  
Come form the sound of the god of the nine sisters,  
Lend to virtue your voice, your smile,  
Your features, your torch, your chains of flowers.

(They dance.)

**A SHEPHERD:** Towards this temple where Memory  
Consecrates famous names,

VARIANT ACT I

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

We are not raising our eyes.  
The shepherds are happy enough  
To see at least Glory  
Isn't made for them.

(A noise of trumpets and kettle drums is heard.)

**CHORUS OF WARRIORS:** (entering) Bloody war  
Death, terror,  
Signal our furors  
Making a passage for us  
Through carnage  
To acts of grandeur.

**CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** What horrifying sounds, what savage uproar !  
O Muses, shelter our fortunate regions!

**A SHEPHERD:** O Glory, whose name seems to have so much appeal.  
Will this be your language?

**CHORUS OF WARRIORS:** Lightning embraces the heavens,  
Thunder threatens the earth.  
Do you declare, great gods,  
With your thunderous voice  
That Belus is arriving in these parts?

(ENTER Belus.)

**BELUS:** Where am I? What have I seen?  
No, I cannot believe it.  
This temple which is owed me,  
This haven of Glory,  
Is closed to me?  
My soldiers have gone pale with fright,  
Thunder has devoured the bloody spoils  
That I was going to consecrate to Mars.  
My standards are broken

VARIANT ACT I

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

In my triumphant hands.

**Implacable gods, jealous gods,  
What have I done that outrages you?  
I've made the universe tremble under my blows,  
I've put kings at my feet,  
And their subjects in slavery,  
I am avenged like you,  
What more are you asking?**

**CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** One doesn't imitate the gods  
By means of the horrors of war.  
To be loved by them  
One must make oneself loved on earth.

**A SHEPHERDESS:** A king that nothing will soften,  
Is of kings, the most to be pitied.  
Soon he'll make himself shiver  
When he keeps frightening others.

**CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** A king that nothing will soften,  
Is of kings, the most to be pitied.  
Soon he'll make himself shiver  
When he keeps frightening others.

**BELUS:** What! In these parts they brave my fury  
When at my feet the world is silent in terror?  
(the sound of bagpipes is heard)  
An unknown pleasure surprises and enchants me,  
Even in the breast of horror.  
(the bagpipes continue)  
From the innocent candor of these simple shepherds  
Its sweetness makes itself felt in my astonished heart.

**A SHEPHERDESS:** A king, if he wants to be happy  
Must fulfill our vows;  
True happiness crowns him  
When he gives it.  
In palaces, in forests,

VARIANT ACT I

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

They cherish his sweet laws.  
He tastes, he pours in all parts  
The beneficence of the gods.  
At his voice virtues are reborn.  
Smiles, Games caress him,  
Glory and Love  
Share his court.  
In his supreme blood,  
It's he alone that is loved.  
It's he more than his favors  
That charms hearts.  
A king if he wants to be happy,  
Is of kings, the most to be pitied.  
Soon he'll make himself shiver  
When he keeps frightening others.

**CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS:** A king whom nothing softens  
Is of kings the most to be pitied  
Soon he'll make himself shiver  
As he makes himself feared.

**THE SHEPHERDESS:** Listen to the god in our fields who inspires us.  
Make all hearts satisfied,  
Soften the empire of your strict laws,  
Glory is in beneficence.

**CHORUS:** A king that nothing can soften,  
Is of kings, the most to be pitied.  
Soon he'll make himself shiver  
When he keeps frightening others.

**BELUS:** The more I listen to their songs,  
The more sensitive I am becoming.  
Gods! have you led me into this peaceable domain  
To enlighten a new day for me?  
Flatterers were blinding me; they were leading their master astray.  
And shepherds are making me know  
What I was unaware of in my court.

**LIDIA:** Learn even more: see all my flame.  
I followed you into these parts.

VARIANT ACT I

## THE TEMPLE OF GLORY AN OPERA

For you I asked the gods  
To soften, to touch your soul.  
Your virtues once knew how to enflame me  
You left everything for the horror of war.  
Ah! I would like to see you adored on earth  
Even though you loved me no more.

**BELUS:** That's too much, I give in to the charm which attracts me.  
Perhaps I would have braved the empire of the gods.  
But they borrow your voice,  
They have guided your steps, their bounty inspires you;  
I am disarmed, I sigh.  
I dare hope that one day I will obtain, under your laws,  
The immortal glory to which I aspire.  
These gods, grantors of my vows,  
Will appease their wrath  
And by deserving to please you  
I will render mortals happy.

**LIDIA AND BELUS:** Descend from the heavens, hurl your flames,  
Triumph, Love, god of great hearts,  
Animate virtues and noble ardors  
Which must reign in our souls.

**CHORUS:** Between Glory and Cupids,  
In a profound peace,  
Go you both to the world to give  
Just laws and beautiful days.

**CURTAIN**