

"Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila*

My heart opens to your voice,
like the flowers open
To the kisses of the dawn!
But, o my beloved,
To dry my tears the best,
Let your voice speak again!
Tell me that to Dalila
You will return forever.
Repeat to my tenderness,
The oaths of other times,
the oaths that I loved!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Pour out to me the drunkenness!

Like one sees the wheat
the blades undulate,
Under the light breeze,
So trembles my hear,
ready to be consoled,
by your voice which is dear to me!
The arrow is less quick
to carry death,
Than is your love
to fly into my arms!
Ah! respond to my tenderness!
Pour out to me the drunkenness!