

## **La belle Isabeau**

Conte pendant l'orage, H. 94, 1843  
Poem by Alexandre Dumas père (1802-1870)

### **La belle Isabeau**

Conte pendant l'orage

1. Dans la montagne noire,  
Au pied du vieux château,  
J'ai ouï conter l'histoire  
De la jeune Isabeau.  
Elle était de votre âge,  
Cheveux noirs et l'œil bleu.

*Refrain:* Enfants, voici l'orage!  
À genoux! priez Dieu!

2. La belle jeune fille  
Aimait un chevalier.  
Son père sous la grille  
La tint comme geôlier.  
Le chevalier volage  
L'avait vue au saint lieu.  
Un soir, dans sa cellule  
Isabeau vit soudain,  
Sans crainte et sans scrupule,  
Entrer le paladin.  
L'ouragan faisait rage,  
Le ciel était en feu.

*Refrain*

3. De frayeur Isabelle  
Se sentit le cœur plein:  
«Où donc est, disait-elle  
Le sire chapelain?»  
--Il est, suivant l'usage,  
À prier au saint lieu.  
Venez! avant l'aurore  
Nous serons de retour.  
Hélas! son père encore  
L'attend depuis ce jour.

*Refrain*

### **The Fair Isabeau**

Tale during a storm

1. On the black mountain  
at the foot of an old castle  
I heard them tell the story  
of the young Isabeau.  
She was your age,  
with black hair and blue eyes.

*Refrain:* Children, here comes the storm!  
On your knees! Pray to God!

2. The fair young maiden  
loved a knight.  
Her father kept her  
prisoner behind bars.  
The fickle knight  
had seen her in church.  
One evening Isabeau  
suddenly saw the paladin  
enter her prison cell  
without fear or scruple.  
The storm raged;  
the heavens were on fire.

*Refrain*

3. Isabeau's heart  
was full of fear:  
“But where,” she said,  
“is the chaplain?”  
“He is, as is his custom,  
in church at his prayers.  
Come! We shall be back  
before dawn.”  
Alas, her father has been waiting  
for her from that day forth.

*Refrain*

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