

Bois épais

(Woods So Dense)
[God of Love]

French Text by Philippe Quinault
English Texts by Clifton Ware

Jean Baptiste Lully (1632–1687)
Ed. by C.W. and B.W.



Moderato (♩ = 80–82) *mp*

Bois é - pais, re -
Woods so dense, re -
God of Love, the

6

dou - ble ton om - bre: Tu ne sau - rais être as - sez
dou - ble thy sha - dow: thou would'st not know so much of
Ground of all Be - ing, We seek thy true way with our

10

som - bre, Tu ne peux trop ca - cher mon mal - heu - reux a -
sor - row, Thou canst not hide too much love's sad un - hap - py
see - ing, Il - lu - mi - nate our minds and guide us t'ward the

1. 2. *mf*

mour. Bois é mour. Je sens un dés - es - poir dont l'hor -
 way. Woods so way I feel a great des - pair, an ex -
 Right. God of Right. We strug - gle with des - pair, with life's

mp

reur est ex - tre - me; Je ne dois plus voir ce que
 treme hor - ror's quak - ing; I shall ne - ver see love's a -
 hor - rors as - sail - ing; Yet we long to know Love's pre -

f allargando 1. 2.

j'ai - me, Je ne veux plus souf - frir le jour. Je jour.
 wak - ing, I will not suf - fer more the day. I day.
 vail - ing, Lead us to Thy e - ter - nal Light. We Light.