

Diane (La Diane)

by Nicolas de Montreux,
English translation by Richard Hillman

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Note on the Translation

As with my previous renditions of early modern French verse plays, I have reproduced the prosodic and rhetorical structures of the original as best I could and translated according to its lineation as faithfully as possible. With the exception of the Choruses, the regular metre of the original is hendecasyllabic, and this makes iambic pentameter a natural choice in English. I have supplied some stage directions, corresponding to those added in the accompanying French text, and indicated scene divisions within acts as seems appropriate. All additions appear within square brackets. In the cause of producing an intelligible, readable and (conceivably) performable English text, I have exercised a free hand in modifying the punctuation of the original.

Diane

by

Nicolas de Montreux

(Ollenix du Mont-Sacré)

Pastoral, or Rustic Fable

M.D.XCIII

[*Characters*

Fauste (a shepherd)

Diane (a shepherdess)

Nymphis (a supposed shepherd)

Julie (a shepherdess)

Frontin (a shepherd, friend to Fauste)

Hector (a knight)

Arbuste (an old countrywoman)

Elymant (a magician)

*The scene: An unlocalised pastoral
setting, with a magician's cave.]*

ARGUMENT

Diane was a beauty who loved and was loved by the shepherd Fauste. She abandons her first love-feelings when she falls in love with another shepherd named Nymphis. Nymphis, in love with the shepherdess Julie, cannot love Diane. Fauste still loves her and approaches the magician Elymant to find a remedy for his love. The old man Elymant gives him a liquid, which, when he washes his face with it, makes him seem to be Nymphis by taking on the latter's appearance. In this guise he deceives Diane, who, mistaking him for Nymphis, pledges him her faith in marriage. Meanwhile, Nymphis arrives and exposes the fraud. Diane is angry with Faust for having deceived her, and the latter, out of remorse, mounts a high cliff with the idea of leaping off and putting an end to his life. But Diane, changing her mind, prevents him from dying and renews her pledge of marriage. Meanwhile, Nymphis combats the knight Hector for the love of Julie, with whom both are in love. Elymant arrives and separates them, explaining to them that they are brothers. Then they vie with each other to give up Julie, the cause of their quarrel. But the magician has them refer the matter to the desire and choice of Julie, who takes Nymphis for her spouse; and the old man gives the knight a certain potion to drink which cures him of his love for Julie, who marries his brother Nymphis.

ACT I

[Scene I]

FAUSTE [*entering*]

1 What flame, what radiance divine, gives birth
2 To colours in the sky, and lights the earth?
3 Whose beams? Whose torches, so that brightness spills
4 To tinge with pallor the brows of the hills?
5 Where does the day procure such gleams again,
6 Which gild with still more gold the front of heaven?
7 Can this be yours, your mortal-burning fire,
8 O sacred Love,¹ of immortals the sire?
9 Are these your lively flames, are these your rays,
10 Your brand that sets our very souls ablaze?
11 Ah no, great God! Your fire divine, once caught,
12 Lends its brilliance only to lovers' thought,
13 And the being who generates its light
14 Only thus far illumines mortal sight.
15 The sacred Delphian's flame, then, we behold,
16 The torches his, his chariot of old,
17 His fair forehead, blond tresses radiant,
18 Spreading themselves throughout the firmament;
19 Those his coursers, which the lily-fair Dawn
20 From their sleep in Thetis' bosom has drawn:
21 Panting, they bring us back beauteous day,
22 Chasing the sky's straying tapers away.
23 O sacred Phoebus, with unflagging pace
24 And a sure compass your circle you trace,
25 Always, thanks to your ardent reverence,
26 Keeping half the world in golden resplendence!

1 Love (“Amour”) is clearly personified at this point in the original, but elsewhere the emotional effect, not its divine cause, is paramount. This may be signalled by the use of lower case “a”, but, as in many other respects, the textual practice is inconsistent. The translation attempts to recuperate the intention of the original in each case.

27 O sacred Phoebus, the light of your burning
28 Shows us both men and gods to pleasure turning,
29 And your beams again make their faces bright,
30 Which drooped with pallor in the lonely night.
31 Through the woods, beneath branches overspread,
32 We see hooped satyrs run with joyful tread;
33 Your return, by the rustic flutes they hold,
34 As happy news to the shepherds is told –
35 To the animals, who, hungry for day,
36 With a thousand cries your coming convey;
37 To laggard herdsmen, to nymph-shepherdesses,
38 Who often prettily wear shortened dresses,
39 The pleated skirt with a jacket tucked in,
40 And, when they go walking, the cheerful buskin.
41 Many a chill rock, when your rays are felt,
42 Is seized with your heat, and sees its ice melt;
43 Many a tree, drying in your warm light,
44 Was dripping with the vapours of the night;
45 One glimpses your face by the little gleams
46 That penetrate the forest's leafy seams
47 Among flowers and foliage, whose sight
48 Appears to us now dappled green and white;
49 The meadows, which were veiled in tones obscure,
50 Newly adorn with white their green coiffure,
51 Display their bosom enamelled with tints
52 A mass of flowers on their banks imprints;
53 The bearded visage of grain-bearing wheat
54 Whitens in the field with the fire's heat,
55 And myriad love-songs mingle their yearning,
56 As the little birds welcome your returning.
57 O sacred Phoebus, you come back, and you
58 With alacrity start your task anew,
59 While wretched I take up again my route,
60 Comfortless in my futile love-pursuit.
61 I return to my painful tally-keeping,
62 To dampening my breast again with weeping;

63 I start to sigh once more, the same words come
64 To say how cruel I find my martyrdom.
65 As one sees, at the fair sun's new caress,
66 The ploughman, although crushed with weariness,
67 Straining at his work, amorous of toil,
68 Begin yet one more time to till the soil;
69 Now bending over, with ruddy forehead,
70 He clutches the ploughshare cutting ahead;
71 Now running up, with the harsh goad makes free
72 And prods the lagging ox impatiently;
73 With feet and hands he labours, and his shout
74 Is sometimes to be heard all round about:
75 So always my anguish renews its cry
76 As daylight advances across the sky.
77 But what have I said? He who never ends,
78 Over whom one sole destiny impends,
79 Whose constant desires no respite give —
80 He cannot be said to begin to live:
81 Thus the ill which has struck me to the heart
82 Since it never ceases, cannot restart;
83 Always alive in my soul it sojourns,
84 Just as there, alive, the ardent flame burns
85 Which the fair eye of Diane set ablaze
86 When my own was enkindled by its rays.
87 Phoebus yields to slumber his normal task,
88 In sea-dwelling Thetis's lap to bask,
89 And his repose brings to every beast
90 The sweet sleep they find when labours are ceased:
91 The wolf rests quiet in his hidden den,
92 The little lamb under his roof again;
93 The ox, late-returning, his yoke withdrawn,
94 Enjoys relief and rest until the dawn;
95 In bushes, thanks to night's obscurity,
96 The lively bird rests in security;
97 Throughout the woods a silence spreads and grows,
98 And then each creature waits for sweet repose.

99 Quiet and calm the sky unveils its brow;
 100 Flore with a black cloak drapes her verdure now,
 101 Within the shadow of the slopes to lie –
 102 And shudder as the passing clouds scud by.²
 103 Thetis, eager for her accustomed sleep,
 104 Commands rebellious winds the peace to keep
 105 Amid her waves, and her vivacious fish
 106 Throughout the night get all the rest they wish.
 107 All feel the power of the timely grace
 108 That darkness offers those of mortal race;
 109 Each feels its pain with slumber pacified
 110 As if, in sleep, its suffering has died –
 111 Except wretched me, who feel ever-burning
 112 All through the night my sorrows in their yearning:
 113 Taking no rest, my pains with new life teem,
 114 My tears pouring forth in many a stream –
 115 Immortal passion, with fresh green endued,
 116 Just as in springtime the earth is renewed.
 117 Whether day's torch in the heavens shines bright,
 118 Or whether they put on the cloak of night,
 119 My heart remains drowning in agonies;
 120 My brief joys with sorrow forever freeze.
 121 Always I find my eyes with tears oppressed,
 122 Thousands of fires burning in my breast,
 123 My body brought down to utter defeat
 124 By griefs that drown with floods, consume with heat.
 125 See what it is to love without return;
 126 See what it is unsatisfied to yearn,
 127 With longing that cannot, to drown distress,
 128 Taste the good whose goodness it would possess.³
 129 Nothing but love could ever have the force
 130 To sway the prudent from their steady course –

2 A precise translation of the original line remains elusive, but it seems necessary to accommodate the negative connotations of “horreur”.

3 Orig. “Gouster le bien que pour bien il desire”: “bien” is Montreux’s standard term for the object of possessive desire, but here he plays on its positive connotation, as the translation attempts to convey.

131 Unless that ill, by all knowledge dismissed,
132 Which baffles law, the wise man can resist.
133 But if his mind endures the gods' constraint,
134 In yielding thus, the sage incurs no taint.
135 This does not put to shame his sober spirit:
136 For who could have a soul of greater merit,
137 Experience, or in knowledge outshine
138 The great gods, who thus show themselves divine?
139 To lapse like them can hardly be disgrace:
140 No viciousness attaints their lofty race.⁴
141 Love's servant I, and seek to do him honour,
142 And his servant I would remain forever,
143 For it is an honour to serve a lord
144 Whom the gods deem their king by full accord.
145 But it is time my little lambs to lead,
146 Bleating as they go, to the fields to feed;
147 I hear their plaintive voices, and I know
148 They wish to be guided along this meadow:
149 There I am certain to find my Diane;
150 I'll try her will to love me, if I can. [Exit.]

[Scene II]

DIANE [*entering*]

151 That which can see and touch itself, sensation
152 Has and feeling, mouth for alimentation,
153 Moves, and, in brief, whose being all depends
154 On the warmth sacred sunlight to us sends —
155 That which above enjoys immortal worth,
156 That which as mortal dwells upon the earth;
157 All that is animate, having the power
158 To nourish itself, to live, and to stir,
159 Is encompassed by a solemn design,

4 This argument will recur, and be rebutted, a number of times subsequently.

160 Marches in order, keeps its place in line.
161 Heaven follows courses anciently known:
162 Phoebus plies his round, Diana her own.⁵
163 The sky at no time mingles with the earth,
164 The haughty sea does not exceed its girth,
165 Pale Winter does not arrive in the splendour
166 Of gay Springtime, nor Autumn in the Summer:
167 These trees, this forest grove, these sprawling meadows
168 By no means wear their verdure when it snows,
169 And those sweet orange fruits which on the tree
170 High up among the branches hang so neatly
171 Hardly grow when the swallow flies away,
172 While Winter reasserts its icy sway.
173 The lamps of heaven, which as stars shine out,
174 Are not confused, all jumbled in a rout,
175 And that great All which bears the appellation
176 Of holy God gives each its proper station,
177 Its course, its order, and without confusion
178 Beneath his hand each follows his conclusion;
179 All goes by order, and order nourishes
180 The harmony high and low that flourishes;
181 All goes by order – only Love excepted,
182 Who never has reason nor right accepted,
183 Who renders confused, as he shoots in play,
184 The world's design, chasing justice away.
185 The child Love: his body a reckless boy's,
186 A soul that no jot of reason employs,
187 One who, to keep his vice from being scolded,
188 Prefers with ignorance to go blindfolded,
189 Wants to be blind, that he may be excused
190 If often, with lack of clear sight abused,
191 In a gulf of faults he goes about thrusting
192 What seem to be virtues to souls too trusting.

5 Diana here obviously stands for the moon, but the contrast with the character's disordered course is pointed.

193 A child he is: the image suits his plan,
194 Lest he be treated as an older man,
195 Who could not, like a foolish child, present
196 The ravages he wreaks as never meant.
197 For those who possess both knowledge and age
198 Incur reproaches when they are not sage;
199 The fault that in a child is tolerated
200 With greater age is often reprobated,
201 For wisdom grows greater with passing time,
202 And the years help judgement upward to climb;
203 It dwells in heads that time, which brings all low,
204 Changes at last to the colour of snow.
205 Those who with time have acquired that good,
206 Whose age assures that all is understood,
207 Are not exempt from trouble or from blame
208 If faults impair maturity's good name:
209 But such as have neither wisdom nor reason,
210 Nor judgement well acquired in due season,
211 When they offend are pardoned in advance,
212 For youth is the mother of ignorance.
213 That is why one always as young portrays
214 Foolish Love, according his deeds and days.
215 O cruel god, who make yourself stand out
216 Above all as lively and gadabout,
217 Whose glory it is to stir up the soul
218 With thoughts vain and fickle beyond control,
219 How many times, slave to your potency,
220 Have I known your nimble inconstancy?
221 How often felt, to do me harm, perverse,
222 Your various blows, your fires diverse?
223 Betrayal of Love's nature in his name
224 Basely on the effects of Love brings shame.
225 For Love, by the joint desire of hearts,
226 Creates a unity out of two parts:
227 But this Love, by the vulgar styled
228 Untrustworthy Venus's sightless child,

229 Is no kind of love, but perverse, a tyrant,
230 Perturbing all, his trouble-making flagrant,
231 Who overturns order, disrupts our lives
232 With diverse desires and diverse drives.
233 As one perceives sunlight licking the clay
234 Till earth's swelling breast is shrivelled away,
235 Then all at once is overwhelmed with rain
236 At the whim of the sky, varied again –
237 Now, too dry from the sun's heat, it is cracked,
238 Now with wetness it pours a cataract,
239 No single day spanning it in one state,
240 As it pleases the sky, which rules its fate –
241 Thus Love shapes effects of different kinds
242 And causes to err the most perfect minds.
243 I have known this in love, unhappy me,
244 Who loved the shepherd Fauste formerly –
245 Fauste, he who was once the only pleasure
246 Of my two eyes and my delicious treasure,
247 The lord of my soul, which did so incline
248 To serve him as his, it scorned to be mine.
249 With what ardour I loved him at that time!
250 His love I thought felicity sublime –
251 Before Love, with a new torch he had lighted
252 At a new fire, my soul reignited.
253 But the very instant the lovely eyes
254 Of lovely Nymphis took mine by surprise –
255 His forehead, his curls, that coral which tips
256 The tender curves of his delicate lips,
257 And when his words with a sugary art,
258 Mingled with smiles, had entranced my heart,
259 And his voice, or rather the harmony
260 Of heaven, had ravished my soul from me –
261 Then with an instant's quickness did I find
262 My lover Fauste quite vanished from my mind.
263 I cared no more about remaining true
264 To a friendship immortal, in his view;

265 His eyes, his face, the way he walked and talked
266 Made me shrink, as if by death I was stalked.
267 What I had loved now so deeply displeased
268 That with guilt for loving it I was seized.
269 O change! Thus all that here below abides
270 Changes in form, and travels with great strides
271 Towards the tomb, where will be sepulchred
272 With our remains the life with which we stirred.
273 Both longing and lover, then, changed for me,
274 But I know not how that change came to be,
275 That new fire, new burning which I felt,
276 Nor who it was that made my promise melt.
277 Before this land of caverns and of trees
278 Had fallen under Love's insane decrees,
279 Before the herdsman, the nymph and the shepherd
280 Whom nature placed here, by these meadows sheltered,
281 Knew of fine ruses, many a deceit,
282 Many a mad love-whim to make them cheat;
283 Before, as in the folly of a town,
284 To break one's word brought honour and renown;
285 Before deceitful sweet words could impart,
286 Served with a smile, the poison of one's heart,
287 Or the value of lying tongues was known,
288 Of false seductive baits, with cunning sown,
289 Or vain discourse, vows, promises, were used,
290 And swearing, by which the gods are abused;
291 Before one's speech had been rendered contrary
292 To one's intent, one's soul the adversary
293 Of speeches that led hearts astray with wrongs
294 So they lost themselves in such siren songs –
295 At that time Love remained constant and true,
296 Without, as now, deluding, ever new,
297 And the loving spirits that lovers held
298 Did not blaze up, by new fire compelled;
299 Sacred was faith, love pure in loyalty,
300 Volition of hearts in equality;

301 True was the faith, and of true lovers' troths
302 The words had living force, holy their oaths.
303 O feigning love! Is it not still your trick
304 To haunt palaces, with gilt painted thick –
305 Within those cities, those arrogant courts,
306 Where treachery every day resorts,
307 The ruse, the faith which, turned to perjury,
308 To the faith of monarchs does injury?
309 Why, error-strayed, in these woods are you found,
310 Entrancing us at your sweet voice's sound?
311 And yet, you traitor Love, we must obey you –
312 Your vice as a virtue account, and pay you.
313 So we must do, and our hearts, in the grip
314 Of your fury, yield to your mastership.

[*Enter Fauste.*]

FAUSTE

315 Fair Diane, O how infinitely harmful
316 Your fairness is, for being variable!
317 How great your eye's responsibility
318 For joining beauty to impiety!
319 In this world nothing does us so much harm
320 As an inconstant and a fickle charm.
321 Of sorrows it is an unfathomed ocean
322 Where floods of lovers drown for their devotion:
323 Those are the cruel Sirens' songs that call
324 Us to the gulf of pains in which we fall;
325 It is Medusa's visage and her eyes,
326 A force that wretched lovers petrifies,
327 Those tempting lures the same as shameless Circe's,
328 Who changed the fellow-sailors of Ulysses;
329 Cruel basilisks' eyes they are, whose sight
330 Alone sends mortals to eternal night;
331 The tears of the crocodile, held divine
332 By blacks, who likes on passers-by to dine;

333 A poison sugared to the utterance,
334 Whose sweetness throws our soul into a trance –
335 In sum, it is the worst of all bad things:
336 For the beauty that draws our inmost beings
337 By extreme longing to exert our powers
338 Of enjoyment, and so to see it ours,
339 The finer its kind, ah, the more unkind⁶
340 To those desires in changing its mind!
341 By beauty first is desire engendered;
342 Then through desire love's pleasure is rendered.
343 What's beautiful is more desired still,
344 The more our eyes find it agreeable.
345 To suffer so much, to love all in vain –
346 Death is the only end of such great pain,
347 As when a mistress with ingratitude
348 Betrays her promise, with her faith imbued.
349 That which faith imposes dwells in us deep;
350 And faith, held in common, is ours to keep,
351 And to immortal honour to advance,
352 That it may rest among us with assurance.
353 Fair Diane, alas, has it slipped your mind
354 That your love and faith to me you assigned,
355 Your heart, your soul? And now you think you can,
356 You traitor, give them to another man?
357 No, you cannot, or rather, if you do,
358 The potent gods, who with vengeance pursue
359 Our crimes, sure punishers of perjury,
360 With countless blows will venge this injury.
361 The hand of the gods, though it takes its time,
362 Holds always in abeyance, for our crime,
363 A naked sword, which in the end shall plunge
364 Down into our blood and our fault expunge.
365 Do not my words with some fear set you quaking,

6 The traduction aims at giving the flavour of an internal rhyme (“belle”/“cruelle”).

366 You, who glory in false vows and faith-breaking?

DIANE

367 Fauste, hold your tongue! Don't try to overbear me
368 With grievances and threats that hardly scare me.
369 For well I know, never do those who love
370 Incur, for perjury, wrath from above.
371 Jupiter laughs at it, nor does he shame,
372 For fear of faith-breaking, to do the same.
373 For the uttermost all lovers can do
374 Comes from false Love, who makes them perjured too.
375 They are forced to live as he has decreed,
376 And as their master to follow his lead.
377 Such guiding he gives as shepherds impose
378 On flocks of little lambs among the meadows.
379 The harm one is forced to deserves full pardon:
380 The author alone is the guilty one,
381 Not he who inflicts it against his will,
382 Since the only person accountable
383 Is one who by choice, not under compulsion,
384 Commits the offence that excites revulsion.
385 Who can take lovers' faithlessness to task –
386 A quality for which they do not ask?
387 In vain do the gods resistance attempt;
388 The strength of mortals Love treats with contempt.
389 He rules over all, and his cruel law
390 Imposes on us that our oaths are straw,
391 Our pledges, our vows, our fidelity –
392 So are we subject to his potency.
393 Those who have done injustice at his urging
394 Have no other means their error of purging
395 Than to plead the fact that Love, whose assault
396 None can resist, is author of the fault.
397 Thus with regard to you I stand excused,
398 Though of faith-breaking guilty as accused.
399 If you yourself cannot check your emotion

400 And cease to love her who scorns your devotion,
401 If endlessly Love drives you to pursue
402 Someone whose life will be the death of you,
403 How can you expect me my soul to tame
404 Before the beauty that sets it aflame?
405 How can you ask me in my heart to hold
406 A brazier red-hot but to think it cold?
407 No, Fauste, and no, the wonders that are sent
408 By vigorous Love from moment to moment
409 Do not obey the laws of equity;
410 His will will not withstand the scrutiny
411 Of reason: Love possesses ample force
412 Reason and justice to turn from their course:
413 Desire by itself, and sheer will only,
414 Give rise to Love, not law and equity –
415 Nor reason either, his force too intense
416 To accept as a bound the rule of prudence.
417 Then don't go round condemning my new flame,
418 But Love, to whom my faith remains the same.

FAUSTE

419 But if Love, whom you claim to be divine,
420 Determined at first that your soul was mine,
421 And I the first to have your loyalty,
422 Can you take a lover other than me?

DIANE

423 Yes, I can, for our souls have ample space
424 A hundred different flames to embrace,
425 And in love the latest fire that catches
426 More ardently burns than the first that hatches.

FAUSTE

427 But wrongly with the name of Love one hides
428 A hollow love in which no faith abides:
429 For what no faith, no loyalty, can claim

430 Has hardly merited Love's sacred name.

DIANE

431 Of all loves those are most venerable
432 Whose effects appear most variable.
433 For the power of a divinity
434 Is recognized through its diversity.

FAUSTE

435 That which varies shows its deficiency,
436 For only sacred is grave constancy,
437 And the great gods count on that reputation
438 To keep their immortal power and station.

DIANE

439 If the heavens' own form is changeable,
440 If Jupiter can make himself a bull,
441 All mortals, on that model from above,
442 May change in ardour, promises, and love.

FAUSTE

443 Pallas, whom one calls the goddess of prudence,
444 Has never changed in nature or in essence.

DIANE

445 Venus, whom one calls the goddess of beauty,
446 Places her changing will above all duty.

FAUSTE

447 But Pallas is known for sagacity,
448 Venus, in turn, notorious for folly.

DIANE

449 But Venus rules over amorous states –
450 It's she alone a lover imitates.

FAUSTE

451 It is wrong to imitate anything
452 One dishonours oneself by following.

DIANE

453 But we must with all spirit imitate
454 Whatever can profit our present state.

FAUSTE

455 Base achievement, passing intoxication,
456 Are not worth the glory of imitation.

DIANE

457 In love no idea of glory holds sway
458 But desire to have one's joy some day.

FAUSTE

459 But that desire cannot be commended,
460 Unless by reason suitably amended.

DIANE

461 Love must be mingled with a dash of furor;
462 Reason just puts a damper on its ardour.

FAUSTE

463 But any love that mortal furor drives
464 Beyond reason's bounds at falseness arrives.

DIANE

465 With treason love can never be infected;
466 Otherwise love's truth is scarcely respected.

FAUSTE

467 But such is yours: thus your promise you scorn
468 And I lose a mistress, of hope forlorn.

DIANE

469 If the pledge I made you was forfeited,
470 Am I not constant to Nymphis instead?
471 Thus Love always lends me fidelity.

FAUSTE

472 It doesn't seem so with regard to me.

DIANE

473 Where there is no love, no faith need be shown.

FAUSTE

474 Who made you take someone else for your own?

DIANE

475 Love's arrow – shot, we say, from heaven's vault.

FAUSTE

476 There's always someone to excuse our fault.

DIANE

477 It is no fault to follow inclination.

FAUSTE

478 No, if one sticks to one's first declaration.

DIANE

479 One has to change just as the heavens vary.

FAUSTE

480 To a virtuous name change is contrary.

DIANE

481 Enough of honour at pleasure's expense!

FAUSTE

482 And of Love when desire gives offence!

DIANE

483 Who can check the desire of our soul?

FAUSTE

484 Just fear of being blamed prescribes control.

DIANE

485 Love spurns at its feet such toys of the mind.

FAUSTE

486 Such love is the arch-foe of humankind.

DIANE

487 One who seeks love has nothing else in view.

FAUSTE

488 But Love is cruel and unstable, too.

DIANE

489 What great peril for lovers lies in wait?

FAUSTE

490 A cruel death is commonly their fate.

DIANE

491 The bliss of lovers is a single blade.

FAUSTE

492 But thus the finish of love's flame is made.

DIANE

493 By no means: Love in holy souls exists,

494 Whose unquenched being after death persists.

FAUSTE

495 But once one has passed oblivion's shore
496 The memory of love remains no more.

DIANE

497 Those who in the delightful fields below
498 Live happy keep the feelings lovers know;
499 Again their fair mistresses there they see
500 Who in this world maintained fidelity.
501 Then they are free without end to discourse,
502 To heart's content, of their loves' living course.
503 There they discover Greece's highest priest,
504 Whose lyre's charming force has not decreased.⁷
505 There they may happen on a thousand brooks
506 In shady forests full of secret nooks,
507 Where sweetly they may harvest faithfully
508 The blissful fruits of perfect amity.
509 For Love resides not only in the skies,
510 But also below his power applies,
511 Where Pluto reigns, where pomp accompanies
512 His triple Hecate, adored in Hades.
513 Love, therefore, is not mortal like our lives,
514 For when bodies are dead their love survives,
515 And death over love can never win out.

FAUSTE

516 Yes – I'm sure my dying can bring about
517 The death of Love, which, though I remonstrate,
518 Enslaves me to a faith-breaker, an ingrate.

DIANE

519 Stop loving me, then, if those names I've earned;
520 Love is displeasing if it's not returned.

7 I.e., undoubtedly, Orpheus.

FAUSTE

521 Love forces me to it, and fans the flame.

DIANE

522 The fire that forces you is the same
523 That forces me to Nymphis; in the way
524 You love me, as you never cease to say,
525 As much as you I'm driven by that force.
526 So don't say that I'm your misery's source;
527 Blame Love, who on everything imposes
528 And haughtily of all our hearts disposes.

FAUSTE

529 O fair Nymph! O Diane with such fair eyes!
530 O sole honour of all beneath the skies!
531 Fair goddess indeed – as perfect, still more,
532 Than Minerva may claim, whom we adore!
533 Holy shepherdess, O sun of my days,
534 From whom I expect some appeasing rays!
535 O shining light of my soul so in pain –
536 For her, alas, whom I've honoured in vain!
537 My all, my life, and my dear moiety,
538 Won't you grace my woes with a touch of pity?
539 As one sees, with a trellis spread above,
540 Fair with green laurels, the chaste turtle-dove
541 Expressing his myriad sweet devotions
542 With tender pecking, a thousand quick motions,
543 For his darling mate a thousand caresses,
544 While springtime to us sweet glances addresses –
545 There is pure sport, fair joys in endless series,
546 Of which their sacred passion never wearies,
547 And the pleasure of their sweet amity
548 Causes all bitterness, all pain to flee –
549 Can you not likewise bring yourself to value
550 Fauste, who only lives that he may love you?
551 His only light the flame that, like a lance,

552 His soul receives within it from your glance?
553 Who admits nothing else, no other laws,
554 But those effects of which you are the cause?
555 Fair Nymph! May your beauty not be allowed,
556 Though faithless and light, to be also proud
557 And so to fall into the evil ways
558 A cruel and haughty beauty displays!
559 Content yourself that I have found your friendship
560 Faithless: no need of adding to the hardship.
561 For of these ills, the least is capable
562 Of choking my living parts, and they, able
563 No more to bear distress so inhumane,
564 Seek death as the remedy for their pain.
565 But if I am unworthy of preserving,
566 Of your feelings of love too undeserving,
567 Your bright face with too great lustre imbued
568 To accept the vows of my servitude,
569 Since so well I bear of fidelity
570 The chaste name, on my anguish take some pity.
571 For cruelty our soul does not dispense,
572 When some good is received, in recompense.
573 The ingrate deserves an equal reward
574 To one who, in possession of a sword
575 Made crimson by another's blood, reveals
576 His homicide and heaven's just arm feels.
577 Then of my love do not make cruel sport
578 From some desire to cut my life short.

[*Enter Nymphis and Julie.*]

DIANE

579 O fair Nymphis, whose crimson⁸ loveliness
580 On earth is of unequalled worthiness –

8 Diane ironically picks up, with indifference, the “crimson” (“vermeil”) of Fauste’s last image (l. 579), together with other terms of his pleading.

581 Ungrateful shepherd, who relish the sight
582 Of me seized with longing, in hopeless plight,
583 When near you, and my sighs lamenting come,
584 Don't you feel pity for my martyrdom?
585 Why are you not as courteous as fair?
586 Why does your eye, my loving torch, forbear
587 To strike my soul with some sparks of compassion,
588 As it shoots more to rekindle my passion?
589 Cruel shepherd, such signs of my distress –
590 Have they not been for you sufficient witness
591 Of my love? Does not long experience
592 Confirm my constancy with evidence?
593 Just as the captain, well-tested in strife,
594 Who a thousand times must hazard his life,
595 Forcing, pressing, with quick audacity
596 Often putting to flight his adversary,
597 Now panting and dusty, sweating a flood,
598 Now spattered in countless places with blood,
599 Hardy and jaunty returns from the press,
600 So that all are compelled to know his prowess –
601 Each esteems him, grants him the victor's part,
602 Admits his nobility in his heart –
603 Thus, Nymphis, having my faith so observed,
604 How loyally the cause of love I served,
605 Why is it that my fervent amity
606 Implants within your soul no trace of pity?
607 O cruellest of souls, ungrateful too!
608 Fair face unfit to offer such a view!
609 High Heaven always graciously inclined
610 To our needs, our cries, and our vows we find –
611 Courteous, benign, to aid us disposed:
612 O that your will is otherwise composed!
613 To imitate the gods were we created;
614 They are courteous: we must be so rated.
615 For otherwise a grave offence they see,
616 Should we not imitate their clemency.

617 For when their acts we fail to imitate,
618 We find ourselves condemned as reprobate
619 And liable as such to punishment:
620 Not in vain the great gods' right hand is bent!
621 Beware, then, lest it strike you from the skies
622 For bringing about the cruel demise
623 Of her who asks you favour to impart,
624 And offers, as a sacrifice, her heart.
625 Take pity on her, then, instead of pride
626 In saying that, for you, so young she died;
627 If not, you'll find as lacking in remorse
628 As you the infinite avenging force
629 Of sacred Love, who visits with his ire
630 All who, like you, think lightly of his fire.

NYMPHIS

631 Fair Julie, O fairest of all the fair
632 Forever made to shine by Beauty's care –
633 Rare Sun, by means of whose enkindling fires
634 So many hearts are ardent with desires;
635 O fair one, combining Pallas's grace
636 With Venus's beautiful holy face,
637 Glory of the groves, honour of the wood,
638 In these rude deserts all that's fair and good,
639 O Julie, you whose living name and glory
640 Illuminate the shrine of Memory,
641 Please, will you not some day alleviate
642 My love's faithful labours of such long date
643 And, with a hand of succour for my ill,
644 My poor heart's need with happiness fulfil?
645 O lovely Nymph, your full equal in beauty
646 Is the faithfulness of my loving duty,
647 And for loving you with love unrestrained
648 By myself am I detested, disdained!
649 With long caressing the lion, though wild,
650 In the end can be rendered tame and mild;

651 The elephant makes its love evident,
652 Becoming to someone obedient;
653 The gentled bear offers no angry check,
654 Carries the child one places on its neck –
655 In short, all softens. Water cannot shock
656 But by its dripping hollows the hard rock;
657 The hand of man will wear down cutting iron;
658 Rivers and lakes are dried up by the sun:
659 It's you alone whose nature, for some reason,
660 Keeps its cruelty in one constant season.
661 Ah, O Julie! – must it be my lot always
662 To have despair accompany my days,
663 Your beauty refusing, ever alone,
664 Kindness as a companion of its own?
665 Do you wish to take on a cruel guise
666 To equal the appeal you lend your eyes?
667 Change this ill to a benefit humane –
668 Julie, be the solacer of my pain!
669 We resemble the great gods in no fashion
670 But in the exercise of their compassion;
671 Nothing by heaven is so well perceived
672 As giving so a poor wretch is relieved:
673 For to practice good and mutual aid
674 The gods of nothing mortal mankind made.
675 He who offends that law by doing harm
676 Feels the great gods' cruel avenging arm.
677 And since their hand to punish us is strict
678 For woes that on our fellows we inflict,
679 Are you not fearful of their wrathful fury,
680 Being so hardened to my injury?
681 If pity over you can hold no sway,
682 Let terror set you on that righteous way:
683 Do good, for fear of heaven's punishment
684 If you resist the duty to relent –
685 And may the hard lot of my sorrow melt

686 When your sacred pity's soft rays are felt!⁹

JULIE

687 Get away, Nymphis, your rude arrogance is
688 More offensive by far than your advances.
689 And the thought that perverts your heart's intent,
690 Turning it to your honour's detriment,
691 More moves me to chide you for being bold
692 Than does your love, which merely leaves me cold.
693 Forever chaste, I honour amity,
694 And feel myself pierced through and through with pity
695 For one to whom misfortune, woeful fate,
696 Not his own fault, has dealt a wretched state:
697 It is to such that one should render aid,
698 And not to those whose filthy love's a trade,
699 Who seek one day to gain a dream of pleasure
700 At the expense of modesty's true treasure.
701 Get away, your uncivil speech compose,
702 And let my honour flourish in repose;
703 If not, for your destruction I will pray
704 To all the gods who kindly look this way.
705 The light will fail of Apollo above
706 Before I'll melt with the heat of your love. [Exit Julie.]

NYMPHIS

707 Oh get away, Diane, you crazy girl,
708 Whose speech sets my brain in an angry whirl.
709 Go away, and try, if you like, to find
710 A lover who'll repay your vows in kind.
711 But truly, Diane, you are quite deranged
712 If by your words you think I can be changed.
713 There'll be no fish in the bottomless sea
714 Before you will get any love from me. [Exit Nymphis.]

9 Nymphis' peroration involves, in the original, three repetitions of "doux" ("soft") in different forms within three lines.

DIANE

715 Fauste, go away – one more reiteration
716 Of your theme and I'll burst with irritation.
717 Get lost! Don't pester me again with speech
718 About your love, or aid from me beseech.
719 For I wish neither to assuage your pain
720 Nor to your anguish show myself humane.
721 All flowers from the meadows will depart
722 Before your love will ever touch my heart. [Exit Diane.]

FAUSTE

723 Fauste am I called,¹⁰ but in a wretched state,
724 A poor shepherd whom troubles devastate,
725 Who lives without life, and would have no light
726 But that fickle Love's firebrands burn bright –
727 His fire, which, enabling you to see,
728 Shows the face, too, of your pale misery.
729 Poor shepherd! Ah, must you, while you're alive,
730 Feel how your hopes, because of love, can't thrive,
731 As fleeting and weak in fidelity
732 As fortune in its mutability?
733 Stark poverty's a state we lightly bear
734 When nature from our birth has placed us there;
735 The burden that we carry every day
736 Like nothing on our bodies seems to weigh:
737 The one we aren't used to seems much more –
738 That which we haven't had to bear before.
739 To be born poor we can just tolerate,
740 But to fall from rich is a wretched fate,
741 When happenstance has ruined us – and we know:
742 That causes greater hurt than death's harsh blow.
743 Just so, the pain that lovers feel is less
744 If they've known nothing ever but distress

10 “Fauste” – i.e., “happy” (the basis of numerous plays on words).

745 – Infinite pains of rebuff and defeat –
 746 Than that of lovers whose violent heat
 747 Was quenched once by the moist and soft sensation
 748 Of kisses, which are Love's sweet consolation.
 749 When we are poor, our longing makes us sad,
 750 As if we'd lost something we never had,
 751 But when one has it, then, wretch, loses all,
 752 We feel the cruel blow, our thoughts appal.
 753 Where is the time when my Diane and I
 754 With equal ardour, faith a mutual tie,
 755 Our hearts ablaze with pleasurable flame,
 756 Were truly united, our wills the same?
 757 When also our spirits, alike in passion,
 758 Harboured affection in similar fashion,
 759 Our sacred souls joyful in equal parts,
 760 Transfixed in the glow of our ardent hearts;
 761 When, by ourselves in deep service-tree shade,
 762 Soft kisses galore caused our selves to fade,
 763 And, reaping constant swaths of love, thus stole
 764 Away, by sweet cart-loads, each blissful soul,"
 765 To melt in one joy that could reach no higher –
 766 The paradise of their inflamed desire:
 767 Our lips then, maddened with passionate longing,
 768 Those of each one to the other's belonging,
 769 Were with such binding force together laid
 770 That one sole mouth, one body we were made.
 771 The heart, at tasting such delicious prey,
 772 Was pierced with joy, with rapture passed away;
 773 Our eyes forth spouted a delightful jet;
 774 Desire's furnace made our foreheads sweat;
 775 Our tongues with a thousand turnings were found
 776 In a state of pleasure which held them bound;
 777 Our nerves transfixed, our bodies to no less

11 The metaphors, if I have pegged them correctly (“à tires amoureuses” remains a point of uncertainty) are equally forced and mixed in the original.

778 Transformed than a god beloved by some goddess;
779 Hands without strength, breath we could scarce maintain,
780 We all but perished in such gracious pain;
781 Our eyes to all sights dull, except to see
782 The dear object of their felicity,
783 Which in itself all wondrous joy contained;
784 Complexions with high blood vermilion-stained;
785 Each loving arm, enkindled like our souls,
786 The other in a thousand turns enrols.
787 Heaven rejoiced at amity so fair;
788 Its brow bore witness, with its peaceful air,
789 That such sweet pastime gained its approbation –
790 Then Cupid pined with jealous irritation,
791 So carried out a treacherous design
792 Cruelly to crush our friendship divine.
793 Our flocks, which ambled round us here and there,
794 Had, in that sacred love of ours, a share;
795 The flowers, like us, appeared, by their graces,
796 Enamoured of one joy, their lovely faces,
797 As round about our arms they intertwined,
798 Perfumed our breasts, to weariness inclined.
799 The lofty trees upon our heads shed showers,
800 In white bouquets, of tiny pretty flowers,
801 And, a little to dampen down our heat,
802 In lengthy threads, all kinds of liquor sweet;
803 The hollow brooks, with greenery surrounded,
804 Their murmuring complaint no longer sounded,
805 Muting themselves to hear in calm unbroken
806 Our holy loves in gentle language spoken.
807 Each blade of grass raised high its dainty tip
808 To view close up such faithful-loving friendship,
809 And nothing could the birds more greatly please
810 Than to sing of our love's fine qualities.
811 O sweet life! – in this world you should possess,
812 Of all good things, the name of happiness,
813 For how sweet may appear the light of day,

814 None without tasting love's sweet fruits can say.
815 All other goods, all other happiness
816 And joys, compared with those, are mere distress;
817 That good exclusively deserves the name:
818 Compared with it, all goods can make no claim.
819 They are just foolish toys, child's idle play,
820 But such sweet fruit reveals to us the way
821 To that great joy, that good, by which one might
822 Hope to ascend to pleasure's greatest height.
823 Mere gold contents alone the greedy eye;
824 Shadow-like, worldly honour looms, to fly
825 Away from one day to the next, then fade;
826 Our hunger by successive meals is stayed;
827 A holy counsellor consoles our pain
828 No longer than his words with us remain;
829 And shreds of grandeur for a time may nourish
830 Our vainer thoughts, which perish as they flourish.
831 But that sweet fruit which we by love are sent
832 Nurtures our hearts, to our souls gives content:
833 The very thought of it is joy to savour
834 Greater than that of wealth and fortune's favour.
835 O pleasure of my soul uniquely sweet,
836 Ah, I have lost you! As under the heat
837 Of blazing Phoebus on the mountain top
838 The pure-white snow melts in a single drop,
839 Loses its nature – its old form is spent
840 And it takes on that of a raging torrent –
841 So into someone else have I been changed
842 By being from such perfect joy estranged.

FRONTIN [*entering*]

843 Why, when you could be finding remedy,
844 Do you make of your life such misery?
845 Why drone on always about your decease,
846 When you could bring your life a bit of peace?
847 Why burden your soul with such heavy grief,

848 When you could choose to come to its relief?
849 Come on, what leads you to despise the ways
850 Of brightening up your languishing days?
851 Ill fortune we may master as we please:
852 Nothing, against our will, disturbs our ease,
853 And if someone should die of his affliction,
854 It's because his resistance lacks conviction.
855 It pleased the great gods on man to bestow
856 Control of all created here below.
857 The smiling air, to soothe his pain, will greet him,
858 Deploys its properties to cool or heat him;
859 Often the dread unfeeling, heartless ocean,
860 At his mere words, agrees to calm its motion,
861 Perceives its flanks deep-furrowed by his force,
862 And sometimes is compelled to change its course.
863 The earth obeys his vigorous command,
864 Permits him readily to plough the land,
865 To excavate, dig – in sum, at his ease
866 To stir her up however he may please.
867 Fire serves him – now is put out, stays tame,
868 Then at will he kindles a fearful flame.
869 The beasts, with vital force and muscle fraught
870 Beyond his body's scope, their sinews taut,
871 Burning with furor and the rage to kill,
872 Yield to his yoke, fearing his force of will,
873 Dreading his hand, which can deal death to them
874 Or catch them in his nets by stratagem.
875 The soaring bird which takes off to the sun
876 The instant its winged voyage is begun,
877 Which close to heaven turns and whirls its way,
878 Pursuing the chariot of the day,
879 Is slave to man, who, should he choose, is sure
880 To kill it, or to take it by some lure.
881 The frigid fish, within their scales encased,
882 Whose schools in the secret fathoms are placed
883 Of the Ocean, with all its monstrous band,

884 Are slaves to man, and are at his command:
885 They cannot stop him, deep as they may stray,
886 From catching them and making them his prey.
887 He proudly has them at his beck and call,
888 Like the fruits of the earth – indeed, like all.
889 Death can alone lay claim to the renown
890 Of mastering man, by striking him down:
891 Every ill he cures by his own care,
892 Begging no kind of succour from elsewhere.
893 Don't you see how a small shepherd-lad wields
894 Power over a large herd, in the fields,
895 Of males with horns, impatient females, bound
896 On merely dashing aimlessly around?
897 The mighty bull, the ox now tame before him,
898 Would never dare raise up their horns to gore him.
899 At his boyish voice they all quake with fear;
900 His feeble hand can lead them far and near.
901 Each stands in awe, and beasts which, far from weak
902 By nature, gain from her a strong physique,
903 Don't dare to strike the child, who dominates
904 And rules, his visage so intimidates.
905 Therefore, no limits mortal men confine,
906 And they are often counted as divine.
907 Who then can obstruct your triumphant way,
908 Prevent your power from winning the day
909 Against the ill that adverse fortune brings,
910 Since noble manhood¹² vanquishes all things?

FAUSTE

911 Except when – I'm forced to face the fact –
912 By cruel, harmful Cupid one's attacked,
913 Who overcomes a man and makes him helpless
914 To see himself happy in his distress.

12 “[N]oble manhood” attempts to convey the sense of “l’homme vertueux” as being, not merely morally excellent, but (as with Machiavellian “virtù”) endowed with strength of character.

FRONTIN

915 Love is mere crazed delusion, has no power
916 Beyond what we conceive to make us cower.
917 Take away desire, the will to gain –
918 You'll take away love, its power to pain.

FAUSTE

919 But one would have to be unfeeling stone
920 For thought or desire to be unknown –
921 Become a lumpish rock without sensation
922 For a good thing to cause no admiration

FRONTIN

923 I know that man is capable of hope,
924 But his wish must stay within reason's scope,
925 Conformable to what he may possess
926 And neither reason nor the law transgress.

FAUSTE

927 Such precepts Love will never recognise,
928 For Love cannot at all be otherwise:
929 Since necessarily a love is ardent,
930 By reason it's made weak, its force is spent.

FRONTIN

931 But with the sort of love that furor drives,
932 Most often pain of every kind arrives.

FAUSTE

933 Better to suffer loving day and night
934 Than be content and never know Love's sight.

FRONTIN

935 But any pain in wretched anguish sees us:
936 No prison ever can be made to please us.

FAUSTE

937 But suffering suffuses all enjoyment
938 As long as love afflicts us with its torment.

FRONTIN

939 Glad to end their days are those in despair,
940 Yet that by no means puts an end to care.

FAUSTE

941 What pleases us, though ill it may be deemed,
942 Cannot by us as painful be esteemed.

FRONTIN

943 But such pleasure, because it takes its strength
944 From our distress, can't be of any length.

FAUSTE

945 There is no way a lover's joy, so pure
946 And so acute, can overlong endure;
947 His ill as sweetness he must come to see.

FRONTIN

948 But who, alas, can at the same time be
949 Happy and sad, exalted and dejected?

FAUSTE

950 All those whom Love has in their love perfected.

FRONTIN

951 How's that?

FAUSTE

952 Because, as Love's school is arranged,
953 A gesture, smile, or step, or words exchanged,
954 Can give the lover grief or gaiety:

954 So great in love is the felicity,
955 Precious, divine, and we with fear distressed
956 That such a blessing may not be possessed.

FRONTIN

957 So lovers, then, consume their days in woe.

FAUSTE

958 But relish all those trials they undergo.

FRONTIN

959 Is that joy, when your time is sadly spent?

FAUSTE

960 Yes, as long as we find in it content.

FRONTIN

961 The joy of love cannot be free from harm.

FAUSTE

962 But it is, since the end is bound to charm.

FRONTIN

963 Many a lover dies out of his mind.

FAUSTE

964 I'd die content if love were so unkind.¹³

FRONTIN

965 Therefore, there is in love no good at all.

FAUSE

966 Oh yes: enjoyment or a noble fall.

13 "Je meurt [*sic*] heureux quand l'amour l'iniurie". Apart from the grammatical error, the obscurity of the second pronoun reference suggests textual corruption. The gist seem clear, however.

FRONTIN

967 Death, then, is not what a lover abhors.

FAUSTE

968 It's die – or enjoy her whom one adores.

FRONTIN

969 In loving, then, is there no middle ground?

FAUSTE

970 No, for the happiness is too profound
971 That sets the lover in his bliss on fire,
972 And spurning by his lady far too dire.

FRONTIN

973 But what can keep a man from such distress?

FAUSTE

974 A spirit dull, devoid of holiness.

FRONTIN

975 A life without longing – for that we strive.

FAUSTE

976 If you don't love, you shouldn't be alive.

FRONTIN

977 But loving brings on us a thousand woes.

FAUSTE

978 In the brazier of pain the spirit glows.

FRONTIN

979 But of such love mere ruin is the result.

FAUSTE

980 Love is reserved for spirits that exult.

FRONTIN

981 In such pain are exulting spirits drowned.

FAUSTE

982 No sluggish lover ever has been found,
983 For ardeur sets their noble souls alight
984 With joy to yield their lady all delight.
985 Whatever pains, then, come my faith to try,
986 I choose to love, and in loving to die.

FRONTIN

987 No, do not die. Because, without this longing,
988 There is no question of your life's prolonging,
989 And the grief your love brings upon your head
990 Threatens to cut in two your vital thread,
991 I'll help you, with the aid of one empowered
992 To damp the flame by which you are devoured:
993 He will ensure, by using his rare art,
994 That you enjoy the darling of your heart.

FAUSTE

995 If in this trouble you can bring me rescue,
996 More than I owe to Heaven I'll owe you.
997 But say, who has these powers so perfected?

FRONTIN

998 It's Elymant, the man who once effected
999 Change in the day's effulgent source of light,
1000 Imposing darkness and the shades of night;
1001 It's Elymant, whose potent magic verse
1002 Causes the sun obliquely to traverse,
1003 Who lends to nights a brilliance as intense
1004 As the Titan's lamp in daytime presents.

1005 It's Elymant, he whose very voice's dance¹⁴
 1006 May burst the vault of heaven's vast expanse,
 1007 Which thunders, rumbles, casts upon the crest
 1008 Of sharp uprearing rocks its savage tempest.
 1009 It's Elymant, who, when it should be snowing,
 1010 Sets, in winter, the earth's chill bosom growing
 1011 A thousand flowers, a pasture for bees
 1012 Of the kind that the joyous springtime sees,
 1013 And with a spell unlike that happy one,
 1014 Renders earth's summer greenery undone.
 1015 It's Elymant, whose voice, much elevated
 1016 With passion, often renders agitated
 1017 The unplumbed sea, its waters buries deep,
 1018 Then lifts them into lofty hills and steep,¹⁵
 1019 And who, with a spell more useful than that,
 1020 Will turn it from cruel to calm and flat:
 1021 Its winds he keeps confined within their caves;
 1022 Its monsters he soothes, and softens its waves.
 1023 It's Elymant, who with his strong right hand
 1024 Can carry massive boulders overland,
 1025 Who, when a mountain torrent shows its force,
 1026 Makes it run back uphill, reversing course;
 1027 It's Elymant, who makes himself obeyed
 1028 By all the demons of whom we're afraid,
 1029 Who strikes with terror those Stygian sprites
 1030 Who dwell below, and those of airy heights,
 1031 Those who haunt the earth, or in darkness roam
 1032 The floods of Thetis's watery home.¹⁶
 1033 It's Elymant, who makes the woods go dry
 1034 Or turn to green again at his mere sigh,

14 “[W]hose very voice’s dance” translates “au bal de sa voix”: the metaphor seems strained but is obviously important to the author.

15 The “enterre” (“buries”) and “costaux” (“hills”) of the original make for somewhat strange metaphors here.

16 The original (“les flots de Thetis marinier[e]”) makes the divinity metonymic for her dwelling place, as was common.

1035 Whose knowledge spans the forest's sacred powers,
1036 Those of the herbs and roots, and of the flowers,
1037 Who from their distillation draws a juice
1038 Able dead bodies from their tombs to loose.
1039 It's Elymant, who's known from childhood days
1040 What and how each heavenly body sways,
1041 Who knows their power and, thanks to his science
1042 Unexcelled, reduces them to compliance;
1043 It's Elymant, who renders slow and docile
1044 With his sweet verses beasts by nature agile,
1045 Softens cruel ones in their ferocity
1046 And keeps the fauns from all atrocity.
1047 It's Elymant, whose footsteps all things trace,
1048 Just like great Orpheus, followed in Thrace
1049 By moving forests, with their birds and trees,
1050 When his lyre joined with his voice to please.
1051 It's Elymant, who cures every ill,
1052 With heaven's aid, aligns it with his will.
1053 In one day he can bring you happiness,
1054 Extinguishing your burning love's distress.

FAUSTE

1055 I've often heard him praised as erudite,
1056 But until now I haven't had the sight
1057 Of him, not seen his face: for God's sake, say
1058 How to know him if I meet him some day.

FRONTIN

1059 Elymant's well endowed with royal stature,
1060 Body robust, complexion pale in colour,
1061 With sinews in various forms that criss-cross
1062 His flesh, as when, when it appears across
1063 The window's rippled glass¹⁷ at break of day,

17 The image appears to make sense only if the rays of the sun are distorted or refracted, so it is worth bearing in mind that glass in the early modern period was full of flaws (even, presumably, in the pastoral world).

1064 The fair sun shines with a joyful display;
1065 Heavy-set, with a hundred wrinkled folds
1066 In skin that scattered tufts of bristles holds;
1067 Sturdy, prompt to act, filled with lively force,
1068 Though wrinkled by his many years' long course.
1069 His hair as white as is a mountainside
1070 In wintertime, freshly with snow supplied,
1071 Or as white as an elm whose trunk is seen,
1072 Ancient and stark, despoiled of all its green,
1073 Where day by day a thousand crows alight
1074 In flocks, loud-cawing as they rest from flight.
1075 His white locks, dangling down like silken thread,
1076 Are parted by bare lines upon his head,
1077 And on his forehead, where his tresses fall,
1078 Seem to be fixed in place, as on a wall;
1079 Snow-white in hue, in compact wavelets turning,
1080 They speak infallibly of his great learning,
1081 And their white colour, full of majesty,
1082 Shows forth a high and holy gravity,
1083 An ancient wisdom, a brave soul whose power
1084 No danger can deter or cause to cower.
1085 (With such hair was that prophet once endowed,
1086 Calchas, to whom the Greeks such fame allowed.)
1087 His forehead dark, with wrinkles deep replete,
1088 Looks like a field parched arid by the heat,
1089 With a thousand holes, and many a fissure,
1090 Which avidly drink up the morning's moisture.
1091 Broad he is in girth, and his solemn air
1092 Discourages youth's vain pleasures anywhere;
1093 His skin is tough; his middle forehead shows
1094 A crease that from stern melancholy grows.
1095 Yet by that forehead one must be impressed,
1096 As broad as that which old Nestor possessed.
1097 His eyebrows, black, which mark his troubled state,
1098 Bristle upon his forehead, standing straight,
1099 Dense and dust-filled, looking as if thy were

1100 Some wild, ferocious female wolf's thick fur.
 1101 By those cruel eyebrows I have depicted
 1102 Are the spirits gazed at with fear afflicted.
 1103 Such was that man who, moved by appetite,¹⁸
 1104 Deprived the Cyclops of his life and light.
 1105 His eyes are large and roll on every side,
 1106 Their motion with fierce terror magnified,
 1107 Most often glinting with furious ire,
 1108 As one sees bursting into sudden fire
 1109 Fair Phoebus' face from deep within a stream,
 1110 Reflected, turning, in the water's gleam.
 1111 They are by two leathery lids enclosed,
 1112 Wrinkled and stern, so long to time exposed.
 1113 They cause the demons to turn pale with fright;
 1114 Beasts are transfixed with fear at their mere sight.
 1115 Now livid, they roll in frightening fashion,
 1116 Now blankly white, now terrible with passion,
 1117 Fiery red, they burst into a blaze,
 1118 When fury starts to hurtle through his gaze;
 1119 Night's sweet slumber, in which we find repose,
 1120 Never approaches them to make them close,
 1121 But they stay waking, like those points of light
 1122 That strew the vault of heaven in the night.
 1123 By their fierce look the animals are cowed,
 1124 Quick paces of fierce demons disallowed.
 1125 His eyes are like those on which Jason lavished
 1126 His charms, at least until the fleece was ravished.¹⁹
 1127 His nose is long, broad, cruel, savage-looking,
 1128 Its tip as far as to his mouth down-hooking,
 1129 A mouth whose baleful air and pallid hue
 1130 Suggest a corpse, its death to poison due.
 1131 His lip takes the form of a downward curl,

18 “[M]oved by appetite”; orig. “plein d’enuie”: the reference seems to be to the hunger which drove Odysseus to the Cyclops’ cave.

19 I.e., those of Medea, as will become explicit.

1132 A thick and grossly ugly fleshy whorl;
1133 The size of it the hairs around it hide,
1134 Yet one spies its ugliness from the side.
1135 When cruelly his lips begin to stir,
1136 His soul aroused by angry passion's spur,
1137 The heavens quail, the demons, trembling, flee,
1138 Stricken with fear of hearing his decree.
1139 Thus ardent, fierce and wild, once long ago,
1140 Medea used her bitter mouth to bellow,
1141 Proclaiming well beyond all sense and reason
1142 Dread curses by hundreds on Jason's treason.
1143 His cheek is gaunt; its tint makes it resemble
1144 The face of Death, ascended out of hell,
1145 With skin severely twisted out of shape,
1146 In which deep and horrible wrinkles gape.
1147 It draws to ragged points around his eyes;
1148 Near his mouth all hollow and split it lies,
1149 But always with the aspect fell and dread
1150 A Fury has, and colour of the dead.
1151 His beard is of great length, and its white hue
1152 Hides, even to the waist, his front from view;
1153 Of dense consistency, just like the one
1154 Possessed in old days by blond Phoebus' son.²⁰
1155 His neck is thick, with threads of long growth spanned,
1156 Knotted with sinews, and thoroughly tanned.
1157 His chest, exposed, shows fur like a wild boar,
1158 His muscled arm horrid with hair galore,
1159 His hand rough, rude and wrinkled with deep creases,
1160 Unwearying: from work it never ceases.
1161 So that is Elymant, whose aid can bring
1162 You joy and happiness, if he is willing.

20 Presumably an allusion to Aesculapius, whose association with quasi-magical healing powers would be to the point.

FAUSTE

1163 From this time forth I know him, Frontin, well;
1164 But do inform me now, where does he dwell?

FRONTIN

1165 In order to help you, I'll tell you where,
1166 And if you wish a cure, I'll guide you there.
1167 In a rock-bound cave, where no one abides
1168 But spirits, that wielder of spells resides.
1169 The rock is of great height, its summit bleached
1170 With age, concave its side, of colour leech'd;
1171 No thunder-bolts upon it heaven casts,
1172 For Elymant by art averts such blasts,
1173 And Jupiter, who holds his wrath in dread,
1174 Dares not hurl lightning down upon its head.
1175 Its lofty flanks, which sharp thorns strongly arm,
1176 Inspire the boldest with fear of harm;
1177 A thousand thickets keeping daylight out
1178 In dense and tangled shapes grow round about.
1179 One glimpses and hears from that height come falling
1180 Heavy stones galore with a crash appalling.
1181 The deep sea swells against it on one side;
1182 On the other, a stream is seen to glide,
1183 With silver gleams flowing from a clear spring
1184 At the base of that lonely rock beginning.
1185 But neither the sea, nor stream in its course,
1186 Dares to dash that rock with its water's force,
1187 Unless the old man that freedom allows,
1188 So greatly both of them his power crows.
1189 Amidst those bushes mingled with small trees,
1190 Many a savage beast stretched out one sees:
1191 The lion, bear, the she-wolf that strikes fear,
1192 Agile tiger, doe of the antlered deer –
1193 Those beasts, so close to Elymant, are all
1194 Prepared to respond at his beck and call.
1195 Upon the front face of that rugged rock,

1196 A hundred thousand birds, dark-coloured, flock
1197 To perch when night falls, such as owls and crows,
1198 Bats, vultures – birds all redolent of woes,
1199 Who, with their raucous cawing,²¹ cause to wake
1200 The animals asleep within the brake.
1201 Upon the front-face of that rock enchanted,
1202 A pallid elm, devoid of green, is planted,
1203 Whose base, dried out and denuded of bark,
1204 Kills off the rest, the branches sapless, stark,
1205 The withered arms without their leaves extending,
1206 Blanched, with rot tainted, to extinction tending.
1207 Upon that elm the widowed turtle-dove
1208 Is perched, and mourns there for its faithful love;
1209 Beneath the elm, the ground of green is bare,
1210 Gnawed by time's tooth, fissured by torrid air.
1211 Winged time, which weakens all at its own pace,
1212 Is ever scratching at the pale rock-face
1213 And makes debris roll violently below,
1214 To clog the depths of streams and choke their flow;
1215 Their waters up against that ruin rebound
1216 And spread to flood the countryside around.
1217 Within that rock has Elymant arranged
1218 A cavern dark, eternally estranged
1219 From the golden-haired sun's eternal light,
1220 A cavern made the dwelling-place of fright.
1221 It's deep-set, twisted, perilous, age-old,
1222 With spacious ends, a narrow middle fold.
1223 Its wall, high-towering, of adamant
1224 Is thick with moss and covered with that plant
1225 Whose most infallible and deadly poison
1226 Procured the death of Socrates in prison.
1227 Down from the rude rock's clammy ceiling-seams
1228 Saltpetre oozes, dripping in long streams;

21 See textual note.

1229 The rocky walls contain a thousand nooks,
1230 Where serpents bristling lie with horrid looks,
1231 Whose tongues, in their hissing, spew all around
1232 Cold venom they have sucked up from the ground.
1233 It hurts to walk upon the frigid floor
1234 Raggedly formed in the rock's hollow core.
1235 Across it slither – a horrible sight –
1236 Hissing grass-snakes in heaps, coiled loose or tight,
1237 And reddish-tinged adders, vipers diverse
1238 In colour, of serpents the most perverse.
1239 But none of these Avernus-issued serpents
1240 Dares stir when in his cavern-residence
1241 Elymant arrives: bound his laws to keep,
1242 They even at his feet will go to sleep.
1243 At the cave's end, a fierce dragon gives light,
1244 Whose eye emits the sole glimmer that sight
1245 Can there discern; neither daylight divine
1246 Nor the torches of shady night there shine.
1247 No window has that cave of any kind
1248 By which the holy sun can entrance find:
1249 To daylight, to sweetness, all is foreclosed;
1250 To death, to bleak horror, all is disposed.
1251 No gleaming but the vibrant pupils' spark
1252 Of mortal-biting snakes relieves the dark.
1253 One may, in one of that cruel cavern's nooks,
1254 Catch a glimpse of Elymant's many books,
1255 Which often he holds, and the rod he uses
1256 To make spirits come and do as he chooses.
1257 Nearby a thousand dead men's skulls one sees,
1258 And bleached bones of innumerable bodies,
1259 Which living men abusively²² have found
1260 Unfit to be entombed within the ground:
1261 One on another, consumed half already

22 The "iniure" of the original is likewise ambiguous: their treatment may be justified or not.

1262 By gluttonous time, stacked up, one may see,
1263 In the same kind of pattern, straight and steep,
1264 As in former times was many a heap
1265 Of wood for burning, when bodies were burned,
1266 With pious care, before they were inurned.
1267 These the shrewd old man will often transform
1268 Either to liquid or to powder form,
1269 Then mix, putting to angry use his powers,
1270 With the sap of herbs and the juice of flowers,
1271 And thus a secret powder fabricate
1272 To make the earth a desert by his hate,
1273 Scattering this upon a fertile field
1274 Attempting still its golden wheat to yield.
1275 The clothing that old man most often wears
1276 Comes from a fierce she-wolf, or skins of bears.
1277 That, then, is the place where Elymant dwells,
1278 Who can cure your love-torment with his spells.

FAUSTE

1279 Let's go see him: his science, I believe,
1280 Can in some sort my suffering relieve.
1281 In love, all means must be put to the test;
1282 There's nothing too good: it deserves the best. [Exeunt Fauste and Frontin.]

CHORUS

1283 When springtime comes newly in,
1284 The red adder renews its skin
1285 Shedding the old of greyish cast;
1286 The meadow gains back its verdure.
1287 But he forever must endure
1288 Whom love's iron grip holds fast.
1289 The rock, however wild and cold,
1290 Is freed at least from the snow's hold –
1291 The ice must melt and so retire;
1292 The sea from time to time relents.
1293 But Love eternally torments

1294 Those hearts enkindled by its fire.
1295 The ox with its shoulder so strong
1296 Does not bear the yoke overlong;
1297 The drowsy herdsman slacks his tending.
1298 Sailors after storms repose.
1299 But those hard pangs a lover knows
1300 Only with death at last have ending.
1301 When the bright sun bestows its beams
1302 Aurora holds back from the streams
1303 The tears that frequently she rains;
1304 Niobe weeps not constantly.
1305 The lover, though, is endlessly
1306 Afflicted by a thousand pains.
1307 The dog embraces its repose
1308 When the hunting comes to a close;
1309 The wolf enjoys its body's rest:
1310 In sum, all things their sleep may take
1311 But those who, roused by Love, awake
1312 With pain of many deaths oppressed.

ACT II

[Scene I]

HECTOR [*entering*]

1313 What sudden surge of longing, what new blaze
1314 Now troubles the course of my mournful days?
1315 What change of climate and of attitude
1316 Confuses my soul and saddens my mood?
1317 O, how greatly inconstant are all things
1318 That vast heaven within its circle brings!
1319 There's nothing in this world below that's sure
1320 But death's pale horror, which we must endure.
1321 The sky, disordered, causes to change place
1322 The little lights that gleam upon its face,
1323 Making them move and leave their former stations,
1324 Exchanging very often their locations.
1325 The air, though laughing, as it seems, and mild,
1326 In an instant changes from tame to wild,
1327 Thunders, growls, and in utter terror binds
1328 Poor mortals, gripping both their hearts and minds.
1329 The sea, which looks as if no harm it meant,
1330 Turns, the next moment, fierce and violent,
1331 Leaps horribly, and up to heaven's front
1332 Flings high its furious watery brunt,
1333 While scaly monsters, as the loud winds blow,
1334 Amid the waves their fearsome heads will show.
1335 Mankind, in whom nature has been perfected,
1336 And he to rule all animals elected,
1337 Lively of mind (fount²³ of experience,
1338 Where prudence often takes up residence),
1339 Strong, valiant, subtle, by nature alert,
1340 Whose deeds and whose words his wisdom assert,

23 Orig. "pere", but "father" would not make for natural English. As punctuated, the original allows for greater ambiguity: "pere" might be in apposition with either "esprit" ("mind") or "[l]'homme" ("[m]ankind").

1341 Who takes part in the natures, as his lot,
1342 Of all other creatures, living or not,²⁴
1343 In sum, who is like a god here below,
1344 Change of nature and place must often know,
1345 Changes countries, behaves then differently,
1346 Longs to view the world and encircling sea.
1347 But changing the climate where he resides
1348 Often brings changes to his will besides.
1349 Although his mind is not subject to change,
1350 Yet it follows our body, which can range,
1351 Often adapts itself to our affections,
1352 Pursues our passions and our predilections.
1353 As sheep are seen, in one white flock, to go
1354 Wherever the ram leads them in the meadow,
1355 Himself in front and always at the head
1356 Of the white troop, which follows as it's led:
1357 If he takes a step, all step at the sight;
1358 If he flees in fear, the whole flock takes flight;
1359 If he starts to bleat, so the others do;
1360 If he stops, all the troop stands transfixed, too.
1361 Likewise the mind, which ideally dictates
1362 Our body's course, most often imitates,
1363 And frequently swerves in such imitation,
1364 Subjected, like the body, to mutation.
1365 Ah, that is what I feel! A change of place
1366 Alters also my nature and my face.
1367 The sea, in casting me on this bare shore,
1368 Casts out of me the will I had before,
1369 Which guided me, using my skillful arms,
1370 To the cruellest combats and alarms.
1371 But, alas, since then my will I have changed
1372 And from that desire am far estranged!
1373 Thus once did Hercules, honour of Greece,

24 The translation is literal but I find the meaning elusive.

1374 His heart-felt ties and solemn bonds release,
1375 Change wishes, customs, voice, and what he wore,
1376 The beauty of Iole to adore.
1377 I do the same, and my warrior's prowess
1378 Change for love of a simple shepherdess.
1379 I'm no longer that famed Hector who went
1380 Audaciously into an armed encampment,
1381 Whose forehead, with fierce boldness flushing red,
1382 Struck the enemies' hearts with icy dread.
1383 I'm no longer that Hector, nobly born,
1384 Who faced the front of bloody Mars with scorn,
1385 Engraved there, with his sword's steel point, a sign
1386 His memory in honour to enshrine.
1387 I'm no longer fit heir to the fair name
1388 Of Hector the great, nor his living fame,
1389 But rather I follow the traces left
1390 By tender Paris, of vigour bereft.
1391 Haughty Love, now I knowingly can say,
1392 To my great cost, that under your hard sway
1393 Even heaven yields, and your influence
1394 As far as hell is held in reverence.
1395 The sea fears you, and the earth at your tread
1396 Trembles with fear and lies panting with dread.
1397 I know it, alas! What, then? There's no shame
1398 In yielding to a power that can claim
1399 Dominion over men, whose glory forces
1400 Mighty Jove from heaven to bend his courses
1401 Towards this base world, since he cannot choose
1402 But come to court the nymphs that he pursues.
1403 If that mighty god, forever thundering,
1404 Finds himself by Love divine sent blundering,
1405 If he accepts at Love's hands such defeat,
1406 Should I not count it a glorious feat
1407 Of such a conqueror to be the conquest,
1408 One who the great gods' potency can best?
1409 Venus has loved; Diana of the woodlands

1410 Fell into that sweet adversary's hands,
1411 When the eyes – or, rather, Phoebus-born fires –
1412 Of two fair shepherds²⁵ wakened her desires.
1413 If I love likewise a fair shepherdess
1414 Whose face appears as full of holiness
1415 As those of Pallas, Cypris,²⁶ or of Juno,
1416 Do I deserve reproach for loving so?
1417 No, it's honour to cherish, love, pursue
1418 Whatever nature gives perfection to.
1419 Beauty can set our hearts in conflagration,
1420 And can compel our eyes to adoration.
1421 But alas! She's here, who's ravished from me,
1422 Through love of her, my vital energy.

JULIE [*entering*]

1423 O with what force does the heavenly power
1424 Of the immortal show itself each hour!
1425 By what experience intense it teaches
1426 How highly its holy potency reaches!
1427 The sky, kind cause of seasons for the land,
1428 Was created by his almighty hand.
1429 His glorious voice spoke a single word
1430 Which formed that lustrous vault as it was uttered,
1431 And from the sea's salt floods made separation,
1432 And from the land, out of agglomeration.
1433 His bounty bestowed, as a wedding garment,
1434 The azure mantle of the firmament,
1435 Where the fair sun sheds his resplendent light
1436 In a thousand fires, each burning bright.
1437 That sky, produced by one hand of great force,
1438 Feels another, prudent, govern its course:
1439 For Phoebus is always seen in his place,

25 Endymion is clearly one; the most likely candidate for the other, according to some versions of the moon-goddess's love affairs, would seem to be Orion.

26 I.e., Venus.

1440 Beginning his journey with wingèd pace,
 1441 The night coming after, its lights arrayed,
 1442 None with a face that is liable to fade,
 1443 Each having by nature its proper power,
 1444 No fire seen another to devour,²⁷
 1445 Without confusion, and out of gross disorder
 1446 Combining to fashion such well-tuned order
 1447 As the Eternal, giving each its station,
 1448 With mighty glory fixed in his creation.
 1449 That vault divine the eye may well perceive,
 1450 Its origin the mind likewise conceive,
 1451 But not know for how long its perfect state
 1452 Will last, or from what God did it create.
 1453 From that fair heaven flows a pleasant air
 1454 Which renders fertile the field to the ploughshare,
 1455 Which makes us live, and renders to our bodies
 1456 Blood, vital warmth, and frequent harmonies.²⁸
 1457 Thanks to that gracious sky, which one admires
 1458 As divine, our mortal body respire,
 1459 The tree abounds in growth, the earth, serene,
 1460 So favoured spreads its bosom all with green.
 1461 After the sky one sees the verdant earth
 1462 To a thousand flowers and fruits give birth,
 1463 All in their taste and savour varying,
 1464 Though in their nature and their size agreeing,
 1465 As men are all identical in essence,
 1466 Whereas their faces show great difference.
 1467 Of that earth on which our feet make their way,
 1468 Which one stirs up and digs in every day,
 1469 Man cannot know in his profundity
 1470 The substance forming its rotundity.

27 This translation is conjectural; the original might also mean that none of the heavenly bodies appears to shine more brightly than another, but this is, after all, manifestly untrue.

28 On the assumption that the “ardeur” Julie evokes is a positive life-force, not passion, I add “vital”; otherwise, the translation is literal, but I find that the sense of “harmonies” (“accords”) remains cryptic.

1471 He knows its strength and value of its fields,
 1472 Its nature and worth, by the fruit it yields;
 1473 He knows how he can readily, from sterile,
 1474 Transform it, by his labour, into fertile;
 1475 He knows with fertiliser how to feed it,
 1476 Till it, enrich it when he must, and seed it,
 1477 But he cannot, in his imperfect soul,
 1478 Judge what it is made of, this massive whole.
 1479 God alone knows that, being its creator,
 1480 Who makes himself of all the instigator.
 1481 And then one also sees the teeming sea
 1482 Embrace this globe with its fecundity,
 1483 Enclosing, rolling round this lowly sphere,
 1484 Yet with its waves respecting that frontier:
 1485 That sea with its inconstant²⁹ womb, which nurtures
 1486 Infinite fish of greatly diverse natures,
 1487 From one sole being³⁰ tracing their descent
 1488 And yet all recognised as different,
 1489 Whether in taste, or in their shape or size –
 1490 Some are pleasing; others offend the eyes,
 1491 Their bodies deformed by monstrous defects
 1492 Which Nature with her erring hand effects;
 1493 For Nature, bolting in bizarre directions,
 1494 Conspicuously shows her imperfections,
 1495 Proving that over Nature's work God stands
 1496 And holds the rule of this world in his hands:
 1497 He being perfect, perfect in abundance
 1498 The order that obeys His governance.
 1499 One often sees the waves of this sea race
 1500 And leap up, roaring, with the wind in chase,
 1501 Bellow enraged, all white with bitter spume.

29 In view of the description that follows, “inconstant” seems the most appropriate epithet to render the original, “pariure”, whose literal meaning (“perjured”) would be incongruous.

30 Orig. “de mesme estre”. It seems likely that a neo-platonic notion of an originating form is meant here, rather than a literal single specimen; the translation preserves the ambiguity.

1502 So one sees bellow and with fury fume
1503 The fierce bull, roaring, galloping, when goaded
1504 By rage that makes his senses overloaded:
1505 Now through the hollow of a swamp he barges;
1506 Now across a savage desert he charges,
1507 Now against hillsides sloping steeply upwards,
1508 Now in the thick of the bellowing herds,
1509 For the lion's furious paw has now
1510 Stolen away from him his dearest cow,
1511 Which he goes searching for, panting with wrath,
1512 His face, his mouth, his chest all white with froth.
1513 Thus the waves of the false one who befriended
1514 Pelops of old are seen by rage distended.³¹
1515 On this sea many a proud vessel rides,
1516 And yet despite this, no one of its tides
1517 Or waters understands the excellence,
1518 Nor from what matter it derives its essence:
1519 Only its author, since he is omniscient,
1520 Is not forestalled by that impediment.
1521 See how we find, wondrous in all his deeds,
1522 That awe-striking God who in might exceeds,
1523 Who by sage counsel guides all on its way,
1524 Whose eye regards the forehead of the day,
1525 Whose righteous and all-hallowed providence
1526 All things perfects in the rays of his prudence.
1527 Heaven blesses his name victorious,
1528 Hell fears it, and it stands as glorious
1529 Here in earthly regions: no herb too slight
1530 Or worm too small his praises to recite,
1531 For in them all – fed, covered and protected,
1532 Thanks to his care – his virtue is reflected.
1533 All lives by him, and wild beasts in their pride

31 Obscure lines, because of the feminine gender (“la pariure amie”), but the allusion is presumably to Poseidon as metonymic of the (feminine) sea (“mer”), which is “false” (“pariure”) by nature; Poseidon was the lover of the youthful Pelops.

1534 With tear-like sap of plants are satisfied;
1535 Small birds are sustained by ripe ears of grain,
1536 Fish by water; flowers the bees sustain.
1537 Behold how everlasting is the care
1538 Of that great God, who, out of diverse fare
1539 To suit the appetite of every beast,
1540 Provides a repast even for the least.
1541 It is that mighty God alone I wish
1542 To love, serve, honour and with blessing cherish;
1543 The love of him alone inflames my heart,
1544 And in no love but his my soul takes part.
1545 For any love whose essence has its source
1546 In some vain object having lesser force
1547 Dies suddenly, just as, in stormy skies,
1548 The fitful lightning fades before our eyes:
1549 The object dead, from which the love proceeded,
1550 The love itself must likewise have receded.
1551 Divine love only never has an end,
1552 Because its source it never may expend:
1553 Always its flame undying reigns intense
1554 Within our heart, our soul, and in our sense;
1555 And that pleasing sacred fire must bring
1556 Us to the One from whom it takes its being.
1557 Thus I seek none but spiritual love,
1558 Which draws us to the Immortal above,
1559 And, as my flocks within these woods I tend,
1560 Wholeheartedly my pipe and voice I lend
1561 To testify to the Eternal's glory,
1562 Whose love alone lives in my memory. [Exit Julie.]

HECTOR

1563 Ah, what's that I hear? I despair of all!
1564 That icy heart's a stone behind a wall
1565 Of cruelty, of anger and disdain,
1566 Painted with the stark horror of my pain!
1567 Yet I'll make my way, with a weary pace,

1568 Towards that solid rock's misshapen base.
 1569 Because love torments me without respite,
 1570 Should I not my complaints again recite?
 1571 ECHO *cite*
 1572 Is that you, Echo, who have overheard me?
 1573 ECHO *me*
 1574 Come, then, tell me: my hope should I renew?
 1575 ECHO *new*
 1576 What of the pain that makes me woe-begone?
 1577 ECHO *gone*
 1578 May I hope that Love his grace will attest?
 1579 ECHO *test*
 1580 What will my profit be from his scorn's absence?
 1581 ECHO *sense*
 1582 And she for whom my flame mars my well-being?
 1583 ECHO *being*
 1584 Must I always endure a state quite hopeless?
 1585 ECHO *less*
 1586 What expect from the love that brings disease?
 1587 ECHO *ease*
 1588 And from desire that makes me unhappy?
 1589 ECHO *happy*
 1590 Must heaven, then, my plaguing doubts resolve?
 1591 ECHO *solve*
 1592 May I see by heaven my anguish ended?
 1593 ECHO *dead*
 1594 O happy man! I feel such exaltation
 1595 Flow from the grace of such sweet expectation!
 1596 Now in my life shall torment have no place,
 1597 And blissful hope instead I will embrace,
 1598 Because that god who dwells within this rock
 1599 Has deigned for me his counsels to unlock.
 1600 A god's foretelling must be given weight;
 1601 His true oracle must we venerate.

ARBUSTE [*entering*]

1602 Lover, if you believe, you are a fool,
 1603 Trusting that rock, in which is lodged the school
 1604 Of futile dreams, with Morpheus as lord,
 1605 Where the deceiving bed of sleep is stored.³²
 1606 Ah, do you think that some inhuman stone,
 1607 To which strength, breath and passion are unknown,
 1608 And lacking all power, could one day be,
 1609 By something spoken, your love's remedy?
 1610 Great Jupiter, who sole exerts his sway
 1611 Upon the stars and can disasters stay,
 1612 Who has immortal sprites at his command,
 1613 Can none of this when Love takes him in hand
 1614 And he obeys the heat of that fierce flame
 1615 Lit in his soul, his case as yours the same.
 1616 Do you suppose, then, that a rock insensate,
 1617 To be struck by lightning its constant fate,
 1618 That solid stone, without feeling or life,
 1619 Might heal the harm caused by your inner strife?
 1620 O you poor fool, if that rock's voice you follow,
 1621 For even the prophecies of Apollo
 1622 Are nothing, for the most part, but deception,
 1623 Despite the high godhead of their conception;
 1624 And Jove, great god of all humanity,
 1625 Can have oracles lacking certainty:
 1626 Most often they lead men into confusion,
 1627 And we are often subject to delusion.
 1628 The voice of a mere rock, then, you believe,
 1629 Your misery is able to relieve?
 1630 You are deluded, and love's cruel pain
 1631 Is not so easy to set right again.
 1632 For nothing in a beauty can instill,
 1633 However much we love her, equal will

32 Orig. "Où du sommeil est le lict deceueur". The adjective "deceueur" ("deceiving") would also agree with "sommeil" ("sleep") and give more straightforward sense, but the word order associates it strongly with "lict" ("bed"), producing a transferred epithet (hypallage).

1634 To care for us, but Love, whose force unites
1635 Two hearts in one, two minds together plights.
1636 Neither diviners' charms' pretended powers,
1637 Nor green juice of a hundred diverse flowers,
1638 Nor liquid from haughty tree-roots reduced,
1639 Nor moisture from new-sprouting herbs produced,
1640 Nor, after spells are cast, charmed leaves of bays,
1641 Beneath the nightly pillow placed cross-ways,
1642 Nor virgin candle from a ladder steep
1643 Taken to set beneath the ear for sleep,
1644 Nor all the silent vows that upward fly
1645 When day no more illuminates the sky
1646 And one stands barefoot, with dishevelled hair
1647 And bosom to the star-framed moon all bare,
1648 Nor poem's sweet expression set in motion
1649 By some steaming brew, or simmered-bone potion,³³
1650 Nor, from piles of bones without sepulchre,
1651 Dry powder produced, of a whitish colour,
1652 Mixed with many a different liqueur –
1653 None of these the torments of love can cure;
1654 Nor can they offer us the slightest hope
1655 Of any day enjoying the full scope
1656 Of our desires, for, in the end, they
1657 Make us regret the time we've thrown away,
1658 Since that Archer who can the gods surmount
1659 Deigns not of such follies to take account.

HECTOR

1660 Ah, then, tell me, so in pain, in what fashion
1661 Someday to pluck the sweet fruits of my passion.
1662 By what means, tell me, may one love arouse
1663 In a women one wishes to espouse.

33 This translation of ll. 1648-49 remains frankly conjectural, depending as it does on figurative (though attested) senses of “emprunté” (lit. “borrowed”) and “alaité” (lit. “given milk”, “suckled”). It would help to be familiar with the magical relation envisaged between the poem and the potion.

ARBUSTE

1664 Love is merely longing, vibrant and soft,
1665 Which shoots within us its bright flame aloft,
1666 Catching fire inside from something present
1667 Which to our soul the eye has rendered pleasant.
1668 That which appears unworthy to our eyes
1669 The soul – the seat of love – can hardly prize.
1670 For through the eye (as daylight is received
1671 Through windows) love comes in and is perceived,
1672 With suddenness presented to our minds,
1673 But sometimes lengthy kindling there it finds.
1674 The sudden flame that love at first will raise,
1675 Sparked by the eye, may set our soul ablaze,
1676 Or, taking hold, with passing years burn stronger,
1677 And in such cases it remains there longer.
1678 For conversation and long constancy,
1679 Which give two hearts familiarity –
1680 Their will and principles identical,
1681 Common to them as something natural –
1682 Endow a love with such firm loyalty
1683 It dies from nothing but mortality.
1684 It is desire which appears the same
1685 In both those spirits who yield to its claim.
1686 From that desire many cares are made,
1687 When kind occasion fails to lend its aid,
1688 When longing cannot, by ill-chance oppressed,
1689 Achieve its end, and is by fear repressed.
1690 From this, then, stem the never-ending cares
1691 Of the true lover, who, pierced through, despairs,
1692 And never sees – with painful *frissons* filled,
1693 A thousand sorrows – desire fulfilled.
1694 For if the hearts, and if the destined minds
1695 Do not share thoughts and wills of equal kinds,
1696 And if fair and gracious, rich in delight,
1697 They do not appear in each other's sight,
1698 All the world's gold, and all the privilege

1699 Of the heavens divine, and all the knowledge
1700 Which here prevails could enkindle no fire
1701 Of love which might compel us to desire.
1702 For love, divine in nature and in form,
1703 To reason or doctrine will not conform;
1704 It cannot be learnt by leafing through pages,
1705 Like knowledge comprehensible by sages.
1706 It lives in us, and over us holds sway,
1707 Though what its essence is we cannot say,
1708 Whence it comes, or what, of its substance, lends
1709 It lively form, and hearts together blends:³⁴
1710 Rather, we feel a total alteration,
1711 Our spirit undergoing quick dilation,
1712 So that, from gross, imperfect, ignorant,
1713 It is made prompt and knowing in an instant.
1714 For a lover on whom Love's bright rays shine
1715 Forever carries a soul more divine,
1716 A heart more exalted, a forehead higher,
1717 Than someone who has never felt love's fire.
1718 Love is, then, father of nobility:
1719 He arms with courage the most cowardly,
1720 Makes the unlettered to the learned seem
1721 With wisdom and knowledge divine to teem.
1722 Pallas, over Titans victorious,
1723 Compared to him, is scarcely glorious;
1724 Mars, Apollo, Juno, Venus, the Sisters –
1725 Compared to him, the honour of none glisters.
1726 For without love can heaven bear no sway,
1727 And the earth's very essence melts away;
1728 It is the bond that joins things in accord,
1729 The sacred liquor that can put out discord:
1730 From him the gods took soul and being, too;
1731 That mortals are alive to him is due;

34 “[H]earts together blends”: the original remains cryptic, but such an idea of uniting must lie behind “frequens accords”.

1732 But for him, no gods would dwell in the sky;
1733 But for him, this world without men would lie,
1734 All without life, and the earth all alone,
1735 As a barren desert would then be shown.
1736 But this Love redeems, for us here below,
1737 All losses from humanity's death-blow,
1738 Undoes the damage of mortality
1739 By multiplying our posterity.
1740 But this great good, exceeding other gain,
1741 Is not achieved without substantial pain,
1742 Without much anguish, and without despair
1743 In our souls and a weeping face to bear.
1744 That makes it to our senses still more sweet:
1745 The more ill something precious makes us meet
1746 In gaining it, the more its excellence
1747 When its enjoyment we experience.
1748 Woe to the verge of death is thus required
1749 Before a precious thing may be acquired,
1750 Such as love is, which with one stroke rewards
1751 All our distress and remedy affords.
1752 But I can offer you some sort of rescue
1753 From pain, these love-throes that have come upon you,
1754 If you will make the person known to me,
1755 Whom heaven makes to your love-suit contrary.

HECTOR

1756 If you do this, then please, as recompense,
1757 Accept this ruby of great excellence;
1758 And when in this country I've spent my stay,
1759 To the field taking herds, leading the way
1760 To where she's seen, the hope of my delight –
1761 Turned shepherd for her sake, when once a knight –
1762 For such a service, apt to cure my woe,
1763 A fat heifer I shall on you bestow,
1764 As well as two fat lambs, and all my days,
1765 In my happy state, your succour I'll praise.

ARBUSTE

1766 But let us leave off talk of such great wealth:
1767 Just tell me who she is that saps your health.
1768 For her soul a thousand times more unkind
1769 Shall seem than beasts that in the woods we find,
1770 Harder than a rock-face soaring aloft
1771 Her heart, if my words do not turn it soft.
1772 I know how such hearts must be mollified;
1773 I know how, with dexterous tongue, to guide
1774 Young hearts, which are fashioned by sacred nature
1775 Love with euphoric sustenance to nurture.
1776 For years in these practices I've engaged
1777 And many offended spirits assuaged.
1778 I know what works: experience and art
1779 Have rendered me quite perfect in the part.

HECTOR

1780 Ah, your very words, which abound in learning,
1781 Already mark you out as all-discerning,
1782 And the speeches to which your mind gives birth
1783 Spread renown for knowledge throughout the earth.
1784 This makes me expect that, by love dismayed,
1785 I may receive much good from your wise aid,
1786 For old age, father of experience,
1787 Adorns our years with perfect sapience;
1788 Old people do not stumble from the truth
1789 In arts which they have mastered since their youth.
1790 Do you not know that Nymph who is so fair,
1791 Famous as “proud Jullie” everywhere,
1792 Beautiful, wise, and whose great loveliness
1793 Means that every other counts for less?³⁵
1794 She is the one who holds my soul in thrall.

35 The gist seems clear enough, despite the cryptic expression of the original.

ARBUSTE

1795 Oh, Love has not been kind to you at all!
1796 Oh, how he is contrary to your welfare!
1797 Oh, what a store he has for you of care!
1798 For she he makes your object of desire
1799 Knows nothing at all of amorous fire;
1800 Cruel she is, and her adamant heart
1801 Does not know what love's sweetness may impart;
1802 She'll not so much as listen to a speech
1803 About the laws of love, or what they teach;
1804 She is immovable, a solid rock,
1805 A spirit no stroke of passion can shock:
1806 In brief, it's a heart that seeks its own harm,
1807 Hating Love for what lovers find his charm.
1808 But that doesn't matter: this very day
1809 I'll go in search of her, for who can say
1810 But that Love may have broken that girl's pride,
1811 Who does not wish herself to his rule tied.

HECTOR

1812 I wish your confidence could give me hope.

ARBUSTE

1813 Just put your trust in me – and let me cope.

HECTOR

1814 But you know the challenge that this case poses.

ARBUSTE

1815 Love can transform it to a bed of roses.

HECTOR

1816 But if upon her heart Love has no sway?

ARBUSTE

1817 With all things Love can boast a winning way.³⁶

HECTOR

1818 Yet sometimes it must lack the strength of reason.

ARBUSTE

1819 There's nothing does not come in its due season.

HECTOR

1820 What can force Love on an unfettered heart?

ARBUSTE

1821 The flame lit in us by his blazing dart.

HECTOR

1822 But yet, alas, unequal is love's flame!

ARBUSTE

1823 Just as men love, so women do the same.

HECTOR

1824 But their love may be of different kinds.

ARBUSTE

1825 Not so, when once it has disturbed their minds.³⁷

HECTOR

1826 A chaste soul Love can never hope to tame.

36 Orig. "De toute chose Amour est le vainqueur": an evocation of the famous precept "omnia vincit Amor" (Virgil, *Ecloques*, 10.69).

37 A more ambiguous line in the original, since "soigneux" might refer to the curative measures to be undertaken by Arbuste. The translation, however, takes the word in the obsolete sense of "soucieux" ("full of care"). See Edmond Huguet, *Dictionnaire de la langue française du seizième siècle* (Paris: M. Didier, 1925-67), s.v. "soigneux".

ARBUSTE

1827 His fire divine sets the gods aflame.

HECTOR

1828 Can he bring noble spirits to their knees?

ARBUSTE

1829 He can, since he compels divinities.

HECTOR

1830 But he can do nothing, you say, with Julie.

ARBUSTE

1831 What is not now can someday come to be.

HECTOR

1832 Ah, I despair of that happy effect!

ARBUSTE

1833 Our happiness comes when we least expect.

HECTOR

1834 My fortunes into your hands I commit:

1835 Adapt your rescue to my need of it;

1836 Ensure, if you can, that it's not delayed.

ARBUSTE

1837 I'll do it, provided the gods will aid. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene II]

[Enter Elymant, Fauste and Frontin.]

ELYMANT

1838 Because my art, which reigns with confidence

1839 Among the gods, you hold in reverence;

1840 Because you come its succour to request

1841 To staunch your woes, in your poor plight oppressed,
1842 And you are guided by the firm belief
1843 That it may assuage your amorous grief,
1844 And by my magic incantations dire,
1845 Filled full of fury, and imbued with ire,
1846 Drive far from you your soul-tormenting evil,
1847 Or please you with that beauty rendered gentle,
1848 Who so the power of the gods disdains
1849 She laughs to see you feel, for her, these pains,
1850 I've no wish to double your tribulation
1851 By making vain today your expectation,
1852 Vain your hope, your coming a waste of time,
1853 But wish your happiness in love sublime.
1854 You will soon see by your experience
1855 How potent is the art of magic science.
1856 But do not be taken by any fear,
1857 Although spirits galore come running here.
1858 Out of Avernus the demons to call,
1859 And those of the sky, I will put a wall
1860 Impregnable round this circle, erected
1861 By countless words that can transfix the dead.
1862 Here Phoebus at first discloses his light;
1863 Here he bids in his course the world goodnight;
1864 The north to be on this side I conceive,
1865 And the south on the other I perceive.
1866 But come now, before Diana, revered
1867 In heaven, divine on earth, her rule feared
1868 In hell: moon high above; in these woods bright,
1869 Diana; Hecate in realms of night –
1870 Come now, and help me to perfect my spells,
1871 As the growl of my incantation swells.
1872 And you spirits who dwell within the air,
1873 Who often set up a commotion there,
1874 When, together with crashing thunder whirled,
1875 Stark terror you impose upon the world;
1876 Winged spirits, you who here and there can range

1877 And, hidden in various guises strange,
1878 Astray lead often our astonished sight,
1879 By day, as well as in the starry night;
1880 You potent spirits – strong, since, when created,
1881 By the Eternal you were animated,
1882 But weaker now, for your offence evicted
1883 From the sacred home of the high god-head;
1884 And you spirits who, in the sea concealed,
1885 Often make vessels to rough waters yield,
1886 When the storm's savage waves stir up to wrath
1887 The sea-surge till it boils with raging froth;
1888 Amid the storm and the winds and the waves,
1889 You lurk below in watery enclaves
1890 And wait that hapless ship to swallow down
1891 Which has attracted Thetis' angry frown –
1892 Cruel spirits, come running, run to me,
1893 And effect my designs with alacrity:
1894 Leave the sea to the sailor's calm enjoyment,
1895 Since now I have for you other employment,
1896 And come prepared to lend me all your force,
1897 For by you I can change the heavens' course;
1898 And you spirits who, as the enemies
1899 Of animals, upon earth spread disease,
1900 Tainting with poison both the herbs and flowers,
1901 And mastering of simples all the powers –
1902 Spirits of evil, who to witches pale
1903 Give lessons about powders that work bale,
1904 And poisons with whose aid they cause to dry
1905 Half-ripened fruit, and human beings to die,
1906 With which they make, with cruel rage possessed,
1907 The mother's milk dry up in the full breast
1908 And weary beasts' bodies their vigour lose
1909 By the inhuman poison they infuse;
1910 And you spirits who, deep in the earth, rest
1911 Guardians of all treasures in her breast,
1912 Who have your dwellings in each metal-mine,

1913 From which great ills to mortals you consign –
 1914 Cruel spirits, starved, famishing with greed,
 1915 Whose nature is injustice here to breed,
 1916 And in us ardent yearning to acquire
 1917 All those treasures of whose keeping you tire;
 1918 You demons whom Avernus' deity,
 1919 Dark Pluto, rules with dread severity,
 1920 Spirits of hell, who, with an eye askance
 1921 Can put the universe to variance;
 1922 You winged spirits, by nature delicate,
 1923 Who nothing find on earth too intricate;
 1924 You cruel spirits who below torment
 1925 The vicious souls condemned to punishment,
 1926 Who torture those souls with cruelty dire
 1927 By plunging them into infernal fire –
 1928 You I invoke, from deep within my spell
 1929 Of dreadful rage, to come here out of hell.
 1930 Come running all – as when, just having bolted
 1931 Into the woods, the heifer newly jolted
 1932 By lightning tumbles to the ground with fear,
 1933 Then stumbles terrified in wild career.
 1934 Ha! I spy you, O you criminal troop!
 1935 O darkling spirits! Fierce and cruel group!
 1936 I greet you – and I seek a consultation.
 1937 But do not, children, let your trepidation
 1938 Get the upper hand, for, if I am right,
 1939 Your souls are trembling in the grip of fright.
 1940 To do you harm not one of them would dare:
 1941 Await my return, therefore, free from care. [Exit.]

FAUSTE

1942 I die, Frontin; the fear that maddens me
 1943 Makes of my speech a trembling mockery.
 1944 I can stand it no more, and seized by fright
 1945 As these goblins pass, I quake at the sight.

FRONTIN

1946 Such terror likewise makes my face turn pale:
1947 We must not allow our courage to fail,
1948 But get ourselves through this cruel distress,
1949 Since on the other side lies happiness.

FAUSTE

1950 Yet do you see how Elymant alone,
1951 His pale brow shaking, takes a haughty tone,
1952 Rebuking them? They tremble at his sight,
1953 It seems, when they should make him die of fright.

FRONTIN

1954 It is by his learning, his magic science,
1955 That he succeeds in forcing their compliance.
1956 He obliges them, by his magic verse,
1957 To serve him, though they are fierce and perverse.

ELYMANT [*re-entering*]

1958 Go back, each one of you, where you belong;
1959 I have need of only one of this throng
1960 To stay here with me; go, demons, repair
1961 In haughty flight to your homes in mid-air;
1962 You other dark band, descend where you dwell,
1963 With lively steps, to the regions of hell.
1964 Be gone: it is my will, the wish is mine,
1965 My order confirmed by power divine.
1966 And shepherds, you who seek with zeal my science,
1967 I freely give you the experience
1968 And render it manifest to your sight,
1969 My rare art attaining a god-like height.
1970 From this towering rock-face I'll make flow
1971 A sweet spring running to us here below
1972 Of claret wine, by giving just one stroke
1973 With this dry wood, which magic can provoke –

1974 This rod, which is by all the spirits feared
1975 And makes my science everywhere revered.
1976 And from the dry base of this solid hill
1977 I wish water to surge forth in a rill.
1978 Next, my voice raised in a furious cry,
1979 I order both of these streams to run dry.
1980 Then, as my verses sigh into the air,
1981 I'll make that lion lie down over there,
1982 That furry bear, that savage tiger dread,
1983 Their vital spirits stolen as if dead,
1984 To show that my rule reaches to the skies,
1985 To hell below, and on the earth applies;
1986 That there is nothing can oppose defence
1987 Against my learning's power, my dark science;
1988 That all things tremble to hear my behest,
1989 As one may see trembling in a great forest
1990 The lively leaf when, surging from the earth
1991 To combat it, the winds are given birth.
1992 But I wish you by its effects to witness
1993 My sacred knowledge's practical fitness,
1994 So that you may proclaim in song the story
1995 Of your redemption to my timeless glory.
1996 She who keeps spirits in a state of yearning
1997 To taste the fruit of love, in keen flames burning,
1998 She who, so cruel in disdain your plight,
1999 Proudly torments you with slight after slight,
2000 Loves another shepherd – Nymphis is he –
2001 And that dooms your love to futility.
2002 But I'll bestow on you your foe Diane,
2003 Who will not be friend to a second man.
2004 Count it certain that as long as her heart
2005 Takes that shepherd's eyes for a flaming dart,
2006 And just as long as her amorous soul
2007 Remains warmly subject to his control,
2008 You can neither expect to satisfy
2009 Your love, nor break off your own loving tie,

2010 Or that your cruel lady ever will
2011 Pity those ardours that your bosom thrill:
2012 Nymphis alone is goal of her desires;
2013 His love is everything that she requires.
2014 For never does one witness, wholly placed
2015 Within one heart, two rival loves embraced,
2016 And the object one loves can only be
2017 That which can kindle the highest degree
2018 Of desire for having its enjoyment,
2019 For that desire is more excellent
2020 Than all, and no good this world may impute
2021 Is holy and sweet, compared with love's fruit.
2022 But to give your tormenting ill a cure
2023 And help you in that hard love you endure,
2024 So that from danger you may be conveyed
2025 To safety thanks to my nurturing aid,
2026 Here, take his potion: it has such effects
2027 That change throughout your body it projects –
2028 To face, complexion, bearing: by its might
2029 You'll be the shepherd Nymphis to the sight.
2030 Your looks will be to his identical
2031 And to Diane, like him, agreeable:
2032 You will then have Nymphis's handsomeness,
2033 His forehead, eyes, his solemn stateliness,
2034 And when you are by Diane next perceived,
2035 She, by this novel enchantment deceived,
2036 As Nymphis will faithfully love you
2037 And ardently your bidding strive to do.
2038 Thus happy and solaced with rich contents
2039 You will be rendered by my magic science;
2040 Thus happy, and free, in your love, from tension
2041 You will be made by god-like intervention,
2042 And then of Elymant the magic science
2043 Will show with your health its soothing alliance.
2044 Do this, then, if you wish to find a cure,
2045 And solace by my art what you endure.

2046 Meanwhile, where the hellish demons are found,
2047 My companions, I'll return underground.

FAUSTE

2048 May Heaven incline to your wishes always,
2049 To greater god-like heights increase your praise,
2050 O good old man! May Libitina³⁸ never
2051 From your holy life you cruelly sever,
2052 But live immortal, and heavens proclaim,
2053 Victorious above the years, your name!
2054 Because by your hand my life's been extended
2055 By having that amorous longing ended
2056 Which sapped it, endlessly I'll glorify you,
2057 Use all my years ahead to magnify you –
2058 My deeds, my verse – and a song shall be found
2059 In your honour to make my bagpipe sound.
2060 The rocks, the meadows, the forests shall ring
2061 With sacred verses my instruments sing.
2062 I therefore receive, O father of learning,
2063 The sweet remedy and swift overturning,
2064 At your hand divine, of my aching sorrow,
2065 And will put that cure to the proof tomorrow.
2066 But too long have we vexed your lofty mind
2067 With our discourses of a foolish kind.
2068 Good father, keeper of my love, farewell.

ELYMANT

2069 Children, until we meet again, farewell.
 [*Exeunt Elymant on one side, Fauste and Fronton on the other.*]

38 The Roman goddess associated with funeral ceremonies, here simply metonymic for death.

[Scene III]
[Enter Nymphis.]

NYMPHIS

2070 The life of shepherds well deserves all praise,
2071 When love does not distress their peaceful days!
2072 O how their years flow by in happiness
2073 When they desire nothing to possess
2074 Except those benefits nature, our mother,
2075 Delivers readily to every other!
2076 A burning care to have the foremost rank
2077 In royal circles does not goad their flank,
2078 So that ambitious envy's shrivelling
2079 Does not poison them in their time of spring;
2080 Nor is their joy gnawed by ravenous treasure,
2081 Nor does vain honour keep them from their pleasure;
2082 Their hearts are free from any jealous chill;
2083 No blight of heartache does their fair souls ill;
2084 Unending lawsuits do not spoil their rest,
2085 And worry does not creep within their breast,
2086 Where with the cruel tongue that it has grown,
2087 It sucks the tender marrow from the bone.
2088 They are not called to court to testify
2089 And taint their faithful oath with some base lie,
2090 Nor is their independent thought outweighed
2091 By vows that this world's demi-gods have made.
2092 Treachery does not render null and void
2093 The lessons happy nature has deployed.
2094 Nothing can match the perfect excellence
2095 That Nature as a gift to us presents:
2096 Art is nothing but its limp imitation;
2097 Learning merely its vain solicitation.
2098 The painter can form a lovely design,
2099 A body make for it, a face assign
2100 Such as we may perceive those mortals bear
2101 For whom immortal holy spirits care,

2102 But he can't perform what Nature can do –
2103 Give it voice and movement, liveliness too:
2104 Such art can only the shadows contrive
2105 Of bodies which walk briskly when alive.
2106 So those rich goods, those grand servilities,
2107 Which one encounters in pride-swollen cities,
2108 Those vain honours, the oaths of gentlemen
2109 (Which one finds broken again and again),
2110 Are nothing but shadows dead forms compose,
2111 Compared with the good that nature bestows.
2112 For all that to the eye its yearnings yields –
2113 That which it finds sweet – is seen in the fields:
2114 It is there we find both the cheerful verdure
2115 And the delicious fruits with which Dame Nature
2116 Charges the curving branches at each end,
2117 The bush made dense with all the boughs that bend.
2118 Of diamonds in the fields there is great foison
2119 (Those stones that are a match for chilling poison);³⁹
2120 Those fields, as we encounter them, are sown
2121 With shining rubis, such as great kings own,
2122 And emeralds of green colour there are found
2123 As well, and likewise stone-hard pearls abound.⁴⁰
2124 There gold beckons, and nature's fruits one finds,
2125 Rare and divine, in all their divers kinds –
2126 Not within cities, which cruelty fills,
2127 Nurses of suffering, mothers of ills,
2128 Where nothing flourishes but lying treason,
2129 Where criminality corrupts the reason.
2130 Look at these meadows thick with greenery,
2131 Enamelled as to paint the scenery

39 The reference must be to Pliny's claim that diamonds (or adamants) counteract poison (*Natural History*, bk. 37, chap. 15), although this requires taking "preuue" (from "prouer") in an unusual sense.

40 The origin of pearls was common knowledge from ancient times, and it is unclear why Montreux imagines them as found in the fields ("les mesmes champs") along with diamonds and other precious stones, unless the fields are meant to evoke nature generally.

2132 In divers colours, varied hue by hue;
2133 Look at these brooks, whose flow divides our view,
2134 Clear-running and with a murmur so tender
2135 That gentle sleep in beasts it can engender.
2136 Look at the bottom of those cooling streams,
2137 Where a medley of vibrant colours gleams,
2138 Led between pretty pebbled banks, each verge
2139 With flowers dense which from the earth emerge.
2140 Neither ambrosia nor nectar divine
2141 Is so luscious, precious, so sweetly fine
2142 As that clear water a country brook bears,
2143 Sweet beverage of our pious forbears,
2144 With its colour, likewise its taste that please,
2145 And bringing to our bodies cooling ease.
2146 All day the gorgeous sun, as he directs
2147 His course above, views keenly his effects:
2148 He sees reflected there his radiance,
2149 As Heaven's features are suffused with brilliance;
2150 He sees the burning rays of his face felt
2151 Upon the rocks, as he sees their ice melt;
2152 He sees by his own light the earthly scene
2153 Regain its loveliness, return to green;
2154 And of the hills, once cleared of passing storms,
2155 Outlined by his fire, he sees the forms.

DIANE [*entering*]

2156 O fair Nymphis, all things are mollified
2157 To counter hardship in this countryside,
2158 And nothing to us shows hostility
2159 Except your harshness, which is killing me.
2160 Don't you see those flowers, a multitude
2161 That make these sprawling meadows many-hued –
2162 Flowers with which all, with pilfering hands,
2163 Perfume their bosoms, and their braided strands
2164 Of hair, those flowers by the gods designed
2165 For pleasure of the nose, the eyes, the mind?

2166 Among these flowers blades of grass one views
 2167 By thousands – no? – that feed our snub-nosed ewes,
 2168 With juice that makes their lovely bodies grow
 2169 And chases far from them all sorts of woe,
 2170 Yields milk to cows, which, tired when they've fed,
 2171 Often lie down upon that grassy bed.
 2172 Don't you see how on those flowers alights
 2173 The clever bee, to lick their juice delights,
 2174 From which in his walled hive he can create
 2175 Golden honey, and wax we venerate⁴¹ –
 2176 Flowers with birds by thousands perched above,
 2177 Exchanging beak to beak their signs of love
 2178 Again and again, where the new grass springs,
 2179 And thousands in flight, all beating their wings.
 2180 See these sweet fruits, whose red-ripe loveliness
 2181 The bounty born of summer serves to witness –
 2182 Not only red, but white and gold in colour,
 2183 Which to this sprawling meadow do such honour.
 2184 See those branches, with hanging fruit replete,
 2185 Fruit charmingly split open by the heat,
 2186 On which the flies are constantly alighting,
 2187 In which the pecking birds are all delighting –
 2188 How sweet their taste, which, in its potent savour,
 2189 Has more courteous, clean and loving flavour
 2190 Than those wretched fruits that cover the boards,
 2191 As long as they may be, of certain lords:
 2192 For those are either under-ripe, or dried,
 2193 Or they grow soggy, rotting from inside.
 2194 But O how sweet when from a tree that's green
 2195 The fruit is plucked, or white grapes one may glean
 2196 In bunches when upon the vine they hang
 2197 And feel within its natural sweet tang.
 2198 They don't endure a thousand dirty hands,

41 Orig. "la cire honoree". The reference is presumably to the use of beeswax for candles in religious ceremonies.

2199 And their fresh beauty time's effects withstands.
2200 Hence, greater is the span of life's extent
2201 For ploughmen, and their lives of more content
2202 Than those of Princes, on whom envy preys,
2203 And care, to spoil their ease, cut short their days.
2204 That's why Diana, with her blond hair streaming,
2205 Mother of honour, left the heavens' gleaming
2206 To dwell in the rich forests here below,
2207 Amidst these meadows, where soft grasses grow.
2208 That's why Venus, too, in former times, came
2209 To fan, in these woods' shade, her loving flame,
2210 When, on Adonis fixing ardent eyes,
2211 She grew disdainful of the lofty skies.
2212 Hence, the numerous nymphs that one perceives
2213 Within these woods, each one of whom receives
2214 More pleasure in these solitary places
2215 Than the great gods in their heavenly spaces.
2216 Regard, if you please, those glorious hills,
2217 Whose slopes a wealth of vegetation fills,
2218 And flowers, with many a verdant crest
2219 That causes them to seem a secret forest.
2220 See all those birds that there for nesting throng,
2221 All different in plumage and in song;
2222 And see, from the base of these rocks that tower,
2223 Springs by thousands surging with great power,
2224 Whose waters, so cold that like ice they freeze,
2225 Seem wine to those frolicking boys they please,
2226 When, panting, they come from the wrestling place
2227 And take the stream's flow fully in the face,
2228 Gulp eagerly the liquor that assuages
2229 The parching thirst that in their bodies rages.
2230 Those very rivulets their waters yield
2231 To mountain foothill and forested field,
2232 And from those water-courses sometimes grow
2233 Deep rivers, which round palaces then flow,
2234 And cities, with their fronts, most nobly walled,

2235 On the edges of pleasant banks installed.
2236 See how all animals, with one consent,
2237 Seek out those freezing waters' icy current,
2238 To slake tormenting thirst direct their paces
2239 There, or sometimes to wash their hands and faces.⁴²
2240 One sees our tired herd at close of day
2241 To drink more of that water make their way,
2242 Where often the lioness, source of fear,
2243 Is avidly posed, or the antlered deer.

JULLIE [*entering*]

2244 Behold, though, those fields, to our ploughs beholden,
2245 With their yellowing wheat become all golden;
2246 Behold the fair grain, see its straw piled high,
2247 Orange in colour, mounting toward the sky;
2248 See those ears, still bearded, which put to shame,
2249 More brilliant than fine gold, the sun's own flame;
2250 Behold the fair grain, which steadily grows
2251 By the goodness Mother Nature bestows.
2252 See the birds, which, feeling no other need
2253 But merely to live, steal many a seed;
2254 See the partridge, nesting amidst the crop,
2255 And its young chicks, as at our feet they hop,
2256 When in July with harmful blade we mow,
2257 And cause it to fall backwards at each blow.
2258 O, how holy the great God's potency,
2259 Holy his providence, his clemency,
2260 Which with this grass and golden fruit contrives
2261 To nourish generously human lives!
2262 O, what pleasure, when we together bind
2263 Those lovely ears of wheat, and when we wind
2264 Them in many a sheaf, where the fierce sun
2265 Sees, with its thousand rays, its own reflection,

⁴² Orig. "lauer leurs mains & leur visage" – notably humanising language, avoiding, e.g., the more usual "pattes" ("paws").

2266 And by the great force of its golden fires
2267 Fierce thirst in the harvesters' breasts inspires,
2268 Who under an oak or in beech-tree shade
2269 Drink, using cups that from their hats are made,
2270 From the swift current, or, by miracle,
2271 Empty in just four gulps the joyous bottle.
2272 Free from the fear of cruel enemies,
2273 Many are found sleeping at their ease
2274 In the shade of the gathered sheaves' warm mound,
2275 Where each sheaf with others is tightly bound,
2276 Or in the hollow of a ragged pit
2277 Bristling with bramble-bushes all around it.
2278 Then, oh, what delight when great store appears,
2279 Beneath the barn roof, of those lovely ears,
2280 When, having been with straining cords raised high,
2281 They're formed into the piles where they will lie,
2282 To see them overwhelms the eye with pleasure
2283 When it encounters such abundant treasure.
2284 Still lovelier they seem when they, as grain,
2285 In the attic – or in our hand – remain,
2286 While the earth, in the icy grip held fast
2287 Of frigid Winter, holds its head downcast,
2288 Its profile low, so no flower is seen,
2289 No fruit to give us joy, no glint of green.
2290 Mortals rest softly, wait for spring's arrival,
2291 And on that grain depend for their survival –
2292 That grain which to ploughmen nourishment brings,
2293 As to great emperors and mighty kings.
2294 In cities which pride themselves on showing
2295 Gaudily, no such grain can be seen growing,
2296 Nor within proud castle walls is it found,
2297 Birth-place of vice and hardship's breeding-ground.
2298 In places such as those, no curving vine
2299 With loving branches traces its design;
2300 No woolly buds along its length are dressed,
2301 Nor is its grape, which gives us wine, there pressed –

2302 That grape yielding liquor of such rare value
2303 The gods, compared with it, drink bitter brew
2304 (A juice so sweet, so clear, so nobly fine
2305 It puts quite to shame the Nectar divine).
2306 There are no apples, teeming with sweetness,
2307 To spurt forth cidre, crushed beneath the press;
2308 No acorns abound, nor beeches wide-spreading,
2309 Whose fruit so many beasts find nourishing.

NYMPHIS

2310 Let's leave all this, and tell me, Julie, why,
2311 With all your heart, you wish me to die.
2312 What have I done that you seek to deprive
2313 Me of years, and joy in this world alive,
2314 When, having received my firm guarantee
2315 Of love, and of unflagging constancy,
2316 You'll deal me the very same gift and gain
2317 Venus gave Adonis for his love-pain?⁴³

JULIE

2318 Sooner without fire, which lends us light,
2319 Shall be the golden beams that end the night;
2320 The great gods shall sooner heaven forego
2321 And be, like us, sojourners here below;
2322 Sooner the sea without salt waves will lie,
2323 Its vast expanse of sands become bone-dry,
2324 And lacking whiteness the lily shall be
2325 Before Nymphis is loved or saved by Julie.

NYMPHIS

2326 Sooner shall fire its own heat resign,

⁴³ The essence of the myth (as retailed notably by Ovid in the *Metamorphoses*) was that Venus doted on Adonis and warned him against savage beasts, one of which killed him and precipitated her intense grief. Montreux must be deliberately having Nymphis skew the myth in a self-pitying direction, and this then rates as one of the measures of the absurd excess of the play's love-rhetoric.

2327 Yet with ruddy light continue to shine;
2328 Sooner the forests shall lose all their green,
2329 The meadows dry and flower-less be seen;
2330 Sooner shall winter have ice without freezing,
2331 And faces of satyrs be fair and pleasing;
2332 Sooner without their black venom shall glide
2333 The serpents that wriggle from side to side;
2334 And polished the rough-looming rocks shall be,
2335 Before Nymphis loves any but his Julie.

JULIE

2336 Nymphis shall sooner share Adonis' fate;
2337 Julie shall sooner Thisbe imitate;
2338 She shall be changed in outward form, like Daphne,
2339 Before love alters her identity.

NYMPHIS

2340 Sooner Julie, turned to heavenly kind,
2341 Like Romulus, shall leave these parts behind,
2342 And her Nymphis without his life be left,
2343 Before he could be of his love bereft.

JULIE

2344 But such a love, of which you cannot get
2345 The fruit deserved, means nothing but regret,
2346 Which to your tender years must prove a bane,
2347 For fruitless love can only cause you pain.

NYMPHIS

2348 But such love puts me in a happy state,
2349 For I, in thought, from day to day await
2350 The cure of its maddening agony,
2351 When your fierce soul shall find tranquillity.

JULIE

2352 Such hope, which will only increase your care,

2353 You can expect no happy fruit to bear,
2354 And wretched is the soul that hopes for ease
2355 And in return gains nothing that may please.

NYMPHIS

2356 Since nothing in this world is permanent,
2357 Time has power to alter your intent;
2358 It brings roughest fruit to maturity:
2359 It may well soften your hard heart toward me.

JULIE

2360 Time may have such power all things to change,
2361 But none at all from my soul to estrange
2362 My ardent desire to see that soul
2363 Exempt from blame, detached from Love's control.

NYMPHIS

2364 It's a foolish error to try to say
2365 There's blame in loving in a holy way:
2366 For love alone gives our soul the sensation
2367 Of tasting the sweet fruit of exaltation.

JULIE

2368 Whatever cannot with honour agree
2369 Must lay no claim at all to sanctity,
2370 For without honour nothing has the right
2371 To enjoy the view of divine daylight.

NYMPHIS

2372 No rich honour that shuns Love's company
2373 Deserves the right the light of day to see,
2374 For unless Love enables them to thrive
2375 Together, it can hardly stay alive.

JULIE

2376 Without Love honour keeps its sacred name,

2377 But without honour love can have no flame,
2378 For any love that lacks an honest face
2379 Is a cruel plague to the mortal race.

NYMPHIS

2380 If by the great gods, full of majesty,
2381 Love was esteemed and valued formerly,
2382 If they observed him, how could someone stray
2383 By bearing the yoke of his sacred sway?

JULIE

2384 That which the gods may cover with their glory
2385 For us makes an eternal shameful story,
2386 And their faults one may to a point excuse
2387 By benefits they bring, which mortals use.

NYMPHIS

2388 Leaving aside the gods' exalted view,
2389 Love has his own claim to worthiness, too,
2390 Since without him this earth would cease to teem
2391 With living things, and merely desert seem.

JULIE

2392 But that love which has come to cloud your mind,
2393 Has not engendered this great good you find;
2394 No, it is friendship, in hearts that are chaste,
2395 Which conjugal loyalty there has placed.

NYMPHIS

2396 Love's torch alone it is that can ignite
2397 Such friendship, be its sun and source of light:
2398 He is the author of its sacred essence;
2399 Love only, then, may claim true excellence.

JULIE

2400 That traitor Love, cruel and pitiless,

2401 Often brings sacred friendship to distress,
2402 Breaking the faith which fixes it in place,
2403 By a holy chain, in its close embrace.

NYMPHIS

2404 Who knows joy but lovers in their contents,
2405 Whom Jupiter may well from vows dispense?

JULIE

2406 Who knows more misery than that poor soul
2407 Whom the flame of love has in its control?

NYMPHIS

2408 What pleasure in this world can we rate higher
2409 Than when we can possess what we desire?

JULIE

2410 Of honest pleasures in this world, the least
2411 Is that – nothing but pleasure of a beast.

NYMPHIS

2412 But why do humans live so long a span,
2413 Except to seek out here what joy they can?

JULIE

2414 But why does the soul in our bodies reign,
2415 Unless for everlasting glory's gain?

NYMPHIS

2416 Of that glory Love is hardly the foe,
2417 Since no end, as a god, his days can know.

JULIE

2418 It is a foolish error that exalts
2419 As a god an author of grievous faults.

NYMPHIS

2420 What name in this world do you think he bears,
2421 Who surmounts the gods, his strength beyond theirs?

JULIE

2422 He has no essence – no god can he be!
2423 From our desires come his potency.

NYMPHIS

2424 But still, can anyone resist him? Who?

JULIE

2425 One who knows how his passions to subdue.

NYMPHIS

2426 Who has lived and has never felt his flame?

JULIE

2427 All those whose souls chaste modesty can claim.

NYMPHIS

2428 One's reason gives way to greatness so sainted.

JULIE

2429 Words of a coward heart shamefully tainted.

NYMPHIS

2430 Jupiter did so!

JULIE

Hardly to his glory.

NYMPHIS

2431 In any case, Love gained the victory.

JULIE
2432 It's easy to be conquered when you wish.

NYMPHIS
2433 There's no other choice when you cannot vanquish.

JULIE
2434 Love cannot claim invincibility.

NYMPHIS
2435 Ah, who can tame invisibility?

JULIE
2436 The soul that keeps virtue's precepts in sight.

NYMPHIS
2437 What soul alive with whom Love's had no fight?

JULIE
2438 For instance, lively Julie's carefree spirit.

NYMPHIS
2439 Which does not lack a force to domineer it.

JULIE
2440 Who, then, could hold in check my will's free-rein?

NYMPHIS
2441 That which may well divinity constrain.

JULIE
2442 My soul is sacred, like the gods above.

NYMPHIS
2443 It must do as the gods do, then, and love.

JULIE
2444 One copies better actions, and not worse.

NYMPHIS
2445 Nothing the gods may do can be perverse.

JULIE
2446 It's not our right to recognise their wrong.

NYMPHIS
2447 Our weak must simply yield before their strong.

JULIE
2448 Mine does so.

NYMPHIS
Oh, then feel a love like theirs!

JULIE
2449 I mustn't say my life with gods compares.

NYMPHIS
2450 But reason bids you follow, not defy, them.

JULIE
2451 One must do good things who would satisfy them.

NYMPHIS
2452 Would you do ill if you should love a shepherd?

JULIE
2453 From such love I am by honour deterred.

NYMPHIS
2454 And yet, if that's the case, you will live joyless.

JULIE

2455 Honour can bring us perfect happiness.

NYMPHIS

2456 Ah, does not honour in palaces dwell
2457 Of potent kings?

JULIE

2458 And in these woods as well,
Cared for in lowly as in lofty station.

NYMPHIS

2459 But causing lovers infinite vexation.

JULIE

2460 No good so holy can our joy diminish.

NYMPHIS

2461 That's how I feel it.

JULIE

2462 Nymphis, what you wish
2463 Is that whatever your desire brings,
2464 Regardless of reason, should rule all things.
2465 But let me in these woods go running free,
For your annoying talk is killing me. [Exeunt separately.]

[Scene IV]

[Enter Arbuste, then Julie.]

ARBUSTE

2466 Where are you going, so fair and so pretty,
2467 Thus all alone, O celestial Julie?
2468 Where runs that foot of yours carefree and gay,
2469 Which only finds rest in making its way?
2470 What has added vermilion to your face

2471 Beyond the common, tinged with red your grace?
2472 Is it Love which, with his fiery rays,
2473 Colours your forehead so worthy of praise,
2474 Or your effort in hunting without stint
2475 Which fixes in your face that lovely tint –
2476 Or disdain, which alone can dominate
2477 Your mind, where love-thoughts never penetrate?
2478 Tell me: what is it? When one's wound is shown,
2479 More often than not the treatment is known.

JULIE

2480 Leave me alone, and do not seek to know
2481 What sharp irritation chafes my heart so.
2482 I feel its ill, but Nymphis feels its shame,
2483 Who must every hour his love proclaim.

ARBUSTE

2484 Has he done wrong your beauty to have served
2485 With the sacred vows it has well deserved,
2486 Electing a thing immortal to prize:
2487 Your face – fairer than those that meet our eyes?
2488 What, do you suppose that so fair a brow
2489 Would not be loved, when its springtime is now,
2490 And that your eye, which sparkles with bright fires,
2491 Fails to kindle in souls the least desires?
2492 You must, Julie, hide in a wood that face,
2493 Or in the midst of some cold rocky place,
2494 And not show yourself among us so fair:
2495 And still our eyes, moved with longing to stare
2496 On features so lovely, would search the hollows
2497 Of caves, the deepest rock your presence swallows.
2498 O beautiful girl! Ah, where is your reason,
2499 Allowing thus to pass, with changing season,
2500 A beauty that no recovery knows,
2501 And which therefore becomes just like the rose,
2502 Which, when it flowers, its beauty displayed,

2503 Receives all attention, ardently paid,
2504 But in fading puts an end to such yearning,
2505 Never to its lovely colour returning?
2506 One must profit promptly from Fortune's offer,
2507 If she some opportunity should proffer,
2508 Since her forehead varies with fickleness,
2509 Bringing us ill instead of happiness.
2510 For whom, you poor fool, would you see maintained
2511 This beauty that such great esteem has gained,
2512 These long hairs of yours so sweetly unbound,
2513 Some with others confusedly enwound?
2514 The day will arrive when a whitish tinge
2515 With pallor on that blond hair will impinge,
2516 And time will shorten, with a sudden blade,
2517 Its dangling strands, which serve your breast to shade.
2518 And that fair brow which often, with coy eye,
2519 In a mirror immortal you espy,
2520 So clear, so bright, will its colour deplete,
2521 Wrinkled by time and stretched out by the heat.
2522 Those lovely eyebrows, which by their allure
2523 Entrance you, will have lost their rich texture –
2524 By which as handsome as the gods' they've been –
2525 And turned so sparse they will be scarcely seen.
2526 And those lovely eyes whose enkindling sight
2527 In their day set many a soul alight,
2528 Those eyes, so bright beyond comparison
2529 (Since heaven will admit no second sun),
2530 Those eyes so lively, which with such soft glow,
2531 Half-green and pleasingly half-reddish show,
2532 Will burn themselves out, their fire succumb,
2533 And a dull crimson shadow, smeared with gum
2534 And spreading all around them horribly,
2535 Will render them a fearful sight to see.
2536 They will transfix with fright all lookers-on:
2537 They shine bright now; their lustre will be gone.
2538 And that fair hue which blooms upon your cheek,

2539 Where Cupid comes his charming sports to seek,
2540 That rosy bed, that cloak of lilies pale,
2541 Which prove love-stricken Nymphis's sad bale,
2542 Will dry out, and that plump flesh, firm and round,
2543 Which rises in a sweet and ruddy mound,
2544 Will soften, its bright tint to pale diminished,
2545 Faded, and with its shapeliness quite finished.
2546 The coral-red with which that mouth is dyed,
2547 Discharging on your lovers such fierce pride,
2548 Will turn to blackness, and its lively heat
2549 Into death's pallid stupor will retreat.
2550 Those fair white teeth, the theme of such renown,
2551 Will all at once be yellow and worn down;
2552 That lovely chin, which roundness renders fresh,
2553 Will hang down to a point, lacking in flesh.
2554 Your milky neck, your throat of new-born white,
2555 The heat will damage with a tawny blight;
2556 Time will wear it thin, and its twisted sinews
2557 Make it seem a mere corpse that we peruse.
2558 Your burnished breast, which to blind worship thrills
2559 Nymphis with its charms, craving those firm hills,
2560 As alabaster white, so all-complete
2561 Fair Cypris' milky mounds cannot compete,
2562 Hollow and fleshless will become, resembling
2563 In its paleness someone with fever trembling —
2564 Soft, all wrinkled, like the bark one may see,
2565 By worms hollowed out, of a sickly beech-tree.
2566 Your hand, whose full and lovely shape gives pleasure,
2567 White, smooth and long, as if by compass measure,
2568 Will grow thin, and many a sinew slack
2569 Will lace in criss-cross knots upon its back.
2570 Then your soul will grieve, in lonely distress,
2571 That you had once enjoyed such loveliness,
2572 Cherished, loved, and that day by day pursued you
2573 A hundred suitors who ardently wooed you,
2574 While you are then with ugliness abject,

2575 For which you may no remedy expect,
 2576 And no one caring for you will you see –
 2577 No more than any is in love with me –
 2578 But each, in fleeing from your state forlorn,
 2579 Your beauty disfigured will laugh to scorn.
 2580 For all grows old, all passes here below,
 2581 Except the pain of old age with its sorrow.
 2582 Many an anguish, while we live, assails us,
 2583 And in dying many a torment ails us.
 2584 We were made to suffer infinite ill;
 2585 We were made the spaces of tombs to fill.
 2586 The little good that heaven will bestow
 2587 On us is that which in our youth we know,
 2588 When we don't feel in any way the anguish
 2589 Of old age, bound to make our sad years languish.
 2590 Now while that little good with us remains,
 2591 One must take care to bring forth timely gains,
 2592 So that with passing years it cannot cease,
 2593 When we can hope no more for new increase:⁴⁴
 2594 For no less do we feel the inward cost
 2595 Of losing something than of what is lost.
 2596 Then, O Julie, before your lovely years
 2597 Lose the ardour which in your spring appears,
 2598 And before old age's frigid embrace
 2599 From fair and sweet to ugly turns your face,
 2600 And from you those numberless lovers tears
 2601 Who all to give you pleasure bend their cares,
 2602 Bestow this time, when heaven grants the sight,
 2603 For once in our lives, of rustic delight,
 2604 On plucking that blessed fruit which Love procures
 2605 While it is offered, and the turn is yours.
 2606 How fortunate, you! – who may become wise

44 Orig. “Qu'auec noz ans il ne puisse finir, / Et qu'on ne puisse apres en refournir”. The syntax is tricky, since, despite the parallel structure, “que” seems to shift its function; the following lines help to clarify the meaning and have guided my translation.

2607 In your youth, your sad fate by mine surmise,
2608 Who lament the many a day and night
2609 That I have seen pass without love's delight.
2610 No good thing with that good may be compared;
2611 To it, they are mere trials which may be spared,
2612 And he who has not come to feel its bliss
2613 In worldly joys is still but an apprentice.
2614 But you are too good, O heavenly Julie,
2615 For any shepherd, too fair, sweet and pretty:
2616 You must not let your lofty soul stoop down
2617 To mingle with that of a country clown,
2618 But that of a hero, a noble knight,
2619 No other, is immortal Julie's right.
2620 But if your will to Love's request consents
2621 To give him in your heart blithe residence,
2622 I'll plead to you a faithful servant's case,
2623 That of a knight, and one whose handsome face,
2624 Bold and brave, shows a princely quality
2625 And renders him immortal dignity.
2626 Do not refuse at fortune's hands this present;
2627 Return his love, whose constancy is fervent,
2628 Since you as well must one day feel the scorches
2629 Of Love immortal with his gentle torches;
2630 For as beauty and youth together meet
2631 In you, mortals must worship at your feet.
2632 Whatever you think, whatever you do,
2633 The law of Love is bound to master you.
2634 For without love that sprightly time of life,
2635 Which with desires is every day more rife,
2636 That age when sparks are prompt and quick to catch,
2637 Cannot pass by without a fierce love-match.
2638 What a fond error ever to have dared
2639 To think ardent youth such flames could be spared,
2640 For Love, that young desire-driven child,
2641 Forever haunts young age with passions wild.
2642 Do you think, then, that you, from such flames free,

2643 Can spend your life in blithe impunity?
2644 Well, you are wrong, and you will see one day
2645 Your heart will be forced to admit Love's sway:
2646 The wrong idea that would have us suppose
2647 That when Love comes, our claim to glory goes,
2648 Or that anxious sense of honour which tries
2649 To cover with a blindfold our young eyes,
2650 Or that concern to keep eternally
2651 (Cruel foe to our wishes!) one's chastity –
2652 None of these the power can take away
2653 Of Love's fierce fires to burn us one day:
2654 It is heaven's decree announced to us,
2655 The edict that Love has pronounced to us.
2656 Now, Julie, choose, as your lover preferred,
2657 Not a poor Nymphis, a mere lowly shepherd,
2658 But Hector, who loves to extremity:
2659 Since for you, too, love is necessity,
2660 And finally you must consign your days
2661 To Cypris' young offspring's consuming blaze.

JULIE

2662 O false old hag, so ugly that the sight
2663 Makes one turn pale with loathing and with fright,
2664 False witch, who, as the foe of a good name,
2665 Would shake the solid basis of my fame;
2666 Inhuman Fury, hag toothless and old,
2667 Cursed and crazy, are you really so bold
2668 As to try to use a treacherous speech
2669 – I know your game! – my honour to impeach?
2670 Do you then dare, deploying such discourse,
2671 Outflank my chastity in its firm course?
2672 Do you dare then think me, judging by you,
2673 Bereft of both honour and faithful virtue,
2674 Therefore that, no differently from you, I'm
2675 Given to all vice, abandoned to crime?
2676 Away, crone! I don't know what holds me back,

2677 Keeps my bold hand from giving you a smack,
2678 From smashing, pounding, tearing without rest
2679 That filthy face of yours, that shrivelled chest.
2680 Get out of here, and if you wish to shun
2681 My hand, then keep from catching my attention!
2682 For I swear by lovely Diana's forehead,
2683 She by whose lamp of virtue we are led –
2684 All we mortals – I'd make you feel a sentence
2685 Of blistering but well-earned penitence.
2686 Go hide away, unworthy of the light,
2687 In some hideous hole well out of sight –
2688 And take your lovers, whom I hate as much
2689 As our bodies abhor death's fearful touch!
2690 But drop any thought of following me,
2691 Or you'll learn just how lethal I can be. [Exit Julie.]

ARBUSTE

2692 Oh you poor girl! What madness in your beauty!
2693 Youthful high spirits filled with liberty!
2694 You do not know how lively the strength springs
2695 Of the little Archer who sways all things.
2696 You do not know how sweet that fruit can taste
2697 With which his sweetness lovers' joys has graced.
2698 Lacking experience, you cannot tell
2699 How far its savours all sweetness excel.
2700 But since we see you, wilful-proud, refuse
2701 That so-sweet benefit, which can suffuse
2702 You with all earthly pleasures that may claim
2703 Of profit and of fecund joy the name –
2704 That's why, failing that fair pleasure to reap,
2705 Your wrinkled corpse within its tomb shall sleep;
2706 And I wish to live sufficiently long
2707 To hear you weeping for your grievous wrong,
2708 To see you ugly, where your youthful beauty
2709 Now renders you replete with cruelty.
2710 But this love by you disdained and defied

2711 Has the power to crush your haughty pride,
2712 Your heart into a lover's state to bring,
2713 Ardently yearning, perhaps, to gain something
2714 That will be refused it, in just such fashion
2715 As you refuse all those who show you passion:
2716 For often Love, who ever furnishes
2717 The pain that we give others, punishes
2718 Our haughty soul and renders us like woes
2719 To those we wretches render to our fellows.
2720 I shall see some day this promise fulfil,
2721 Since nothing can stand out against Love's will. [Exit.]

CHORUS

2722 Happy is a lover's state
2723 If in love he's fortunate:
2724 The purest good that one may know;
2725 But that soul remains in woe
2726 Who burns, when his own fire
2727 Burns no other with desire.
2728 No truer union can one find
2729 Than in sweet concord hearts combined,
2730 Our spirits purified:
2731 No torment do they feel so great
2732 As the strokes of cruel hate
2733 That cause them to divide.
2734 Two contrary arrows brings
2735 Cupid to make the openings
2736 By which our heart he sways.
2737 That of gold inflames with burning,
2738 That of lead inhibits yearning:
2739 One lights and one puts out the blaze.
2740 That is why one sees contrary
2741 A thousand loves quite ordinary
2742 Ranging through this world below:
2743 Love bends us to this course,
2744 Wishing the celestial source

2745 Of his glorious flame to show.
2746 Far off from these forests deep
2747 May Love and his madness keep –
2748 Far his fire, his scornful power!
2749 Free then our souls, which now he tames,
2750 As his ferocious flames
2751 Our liberties devour.
2752 But Jupiter was doomed to fail
2753 Over that Archer to prevail;
2754 The god of hell earned no more praise.
2755 Who, therefore, his strength can flout?
2756 The shortest course is to put out
2757 His flame by finishing our days.

ACT III

[Scene I]

[Enter Frontin and Fauste.]

FRONTIN

2758 Haven't you found a means to make you well,
2759 O happy Fauste, in my trustworthy counsel?
2760 Don't you feel that, thanks to my words, there flows
2761 Within your heart a great hope of repose?
2762 Haven't you found my speech is proven true,
2763 Since the cure for your pain's been given you?
2764 Haven't you seen how Elymant's high art
2765 Is prompt to heal the torment of your heart?
2766 Haven't you come to know his science perfect,
2767 In keeping with my claims to that effect?
2768 And have you not obtained the remedy
2769 For healing your incessant agony?
2770 O how it deserves to be termed divine,
2771 That knowledge rare, amongst all we count fine –
2772 Able to cure a lover's misery,
2773 When ease for such suffering cannot be,
2774 And nothing is effective to console it,
2775 And Jupiter lacks power to control it!
2776 Human knowledge is our denomination
2777 For what can cure by common operation,
2778 By sirops, and by simples tried and true,
2779 Natural pains which to bodies accrue.
2780 Knowledge, however, by which souls are cured
2781 In that part where the torch of love is nurtured
2782 Is truly divine, since a divine soul
2783 And ailment match that doctrine's healing role,
2784 And love's pain with immortal anguish sears,
2785 For like no mortal torment it appears.

FAUSTE

2786 Ah, I confess it, and myself have found
2787 How thoroughly that knowledge is profound.
2788 Nothing but that could have brought me relief;
2789 Nothing but that could have succoured my grief.
2790 All that great benefit to you I owe,
2791 Who were willing to help me in my woe,
2792 Since through you I made Elymant's acquaintance,
2793 Who has assuaged my tortured sufferance.
2794 But let us, I beg you, pursue the end
2795 Of the sacred water his art has quickened,
2796 By which shall be changed my body and face
2797 To those that give the shepherd Nymphis grace.

FRONTIN

2798 Well spoken: for now is indeed the moment
2799 For you with that water to aid your torment.
2800 Let's go hide ourselves in some lonely place
2801 Behind this rock's impenetrable base:
2802 There with this water your face you will cover,
2803 And its effective power we'll discover. [Exeunt.]

DIANE [entering]

2804 Though dawn, as its heavenly course it measures,
2805 A thousand loving joys, a thousand pleasures,
2806 Brings to the eyes of every living being,
2807 Nothing to make me happy am I seeing.
2808 Daylight was created the gods to please,
2809 To offer terrestrial mortals ease,
2810 Who live by its warm generosity –
2811 But oh, this wretched daylight wearies me!
2812 From the golden sun every crimson flower,
2813 Each fruit, takes its colour in its ripe hour,
2814 And there is none but profits from its light,
2815 But my pain I feel growing at its sight!
2816 Its eye divine reveals to our keen view

2817 A pleasing sight – fruits many and new,
2818 Flowers galore the spring makes grow again –
2819 But oh, to mine it shows me only pain!
2820 At its return one hears the music-making
2821 Of a thousand little birds, wild beasts waking
2822 To pay their homage to his golden glow,
2823 Which leaves me, alas, alone in my woe.
2824 Its rays cause to flower the frozen tree,
2825 Nurture the fair fruit to maturity;
2826 The meadow resumes its covering verdure:
2827 I languish, though, without a change in nature!
2828 More gently, alas, with my blood so heated
2829 In flames of love, by black night I feel treated!
2830 Its visage, though to mortal faces fearful,
2831 Fraught with horror, to mine is merciful:
2832 For sleep, which subjects me to its deceptions,
2833 Will often put to rest my vain conceptions;
2834 Then that fantastic trickster, Morpheus,
2835 So often by my soul found devious,
2836 Cheats my eyes, and before them seems to be
2837 My Nymphis dear, pretending to love me.
2838 Though it's a mere image bound to take wing,
2839 A shadow vain, yet in my suffering
2840 I am consoled throughout that tranquil moment
2841 That I think my Nymphis with me has spent.
2842 Of false dreaming so subtle are the ruses
2843 That oftentimes our souls it quite abuses,
2844 May for a time such power exercise
2845 That truthful it appears to our two eyes –
2846 Like the tree of Tantalus in this way,
2847 Whose fruit towards his mouth would downward sway
2848 And rise again when he had the impression
2849 His fingers could reach it and take possession.
2850 Ah, gentle night! Is it not still your glow,
2851 Not crimson Aurora, I seem to know?
2852 Does your fair face, with its silvery whiteness,

2853 Not still spread out across the sky its brightness?
 2854 Morpheus would again be able, surely,
 2855 By fooling me to fool my misery,
 2856 And render me – though in a dream, not real –
 2857 Nymphis agreeing my torment to heal.
 2858 It's not yet - surely not - O sun, your light
 2859 (In briny Tethys'⁴⁵ lap enfolded tight!),
 2860 Nor, god of Patara,⁴⁶ your chariot
 2861 (Which the ocean's deep waters still have got),
 2862 That would light again, as the stars you chase,
 2863 Painful thoughts of my cruel star-crossed case?
 2864 O God, how welcome is soothing repose
 2865 To anyone who such deep sorrow knows!
 2866 It puts to sleep their cruel memory
 2867 And often leads their mind's eye, too, to see
 2868 The dear object for which they pine and languish,
 2869 And which transfixes heart and soul with anguish,
 2870 As present! Able to touch it they seem –
 2871 Or at the least its likeness in a dream!
 2872 But what comes newly my mind to upset
 2873 Is the thought that one must, they say, interpret
 2874 Dreams and apparitions contrary-wise,
 2875 In that they are a heap of brainsick lies,
 2876 And the mind is just to itself reflecting
 2877 That which its daytime wishes were projecting.
 2878 How often, at a moment when the face
 2879 Of the bright sun the icy carapace
 2880 Was melting that thick rocks accumulate,
 2881 To Nymphis have I been importunate?⁴⁷
 2882 How often have his beauty's sheer perfections

⁴⁵ Tethys: the sea-goddess with whom Apollo spent his nights.

⁴⁶ Patara: in Lycia (present-day Turkey), closely associated with Apollo.

⁴⁷ Orig. "ay-je ennuié Nymphis". Given the variable orthography and typography, the verb intended might be modern "envier", but the possible sense of "desire" does not seem to be attested so early, and Diane's aggressive pursuit of Nymphis is clearly at issue – he will complain about it at ll. 3226-3233 – so modern "ennuyer" is more likely.

2883 Made me run by myself in all directions,
 2884 Searching for him throughout these forests here,
 2885 In hopes that to his face I might draw near?
 2886 During the day, if such ardent desire
 2887 Set my soul, by his beauties charmed, on fire,
 2888 And if my heart, by a sweet bond constrained,
 2889 No other wish, the whole day long, sustained,
 2890 It's only normal and quite credible
 2891 That pleasure I find so agreeable
 2892 Presents itself in sleeping to my eyes,
 2893 Because my heart so strongly for it sighs.
 2894 As one sees the miser, whose only thought
 2895 Is of his hoard, becoming overwrought,
 2896 Who gets no sleep, since just as in the days,
 2897 He thinks at night of keeping it always;
 2898 To count it in his heart brings no relief;
 2899 He ever fears the fingers of some thief
 2900 Will steal from him so precious a possession,
 2901 So day and night he dwells with his obsession:
 2902 Thus I am amorous both night and day
 2903 Of my Nymphis, always to longing prey
 2904 For his fair eyes, whose sight I can't erase,
 2905 Awake or sleeping in some hidden place.⁴⁸
 2906 Ah, might the gods agree that venerable
 2907 Jupiter this day should make veritable
 2908 My dream, a meeting grant with Nymphis, all
 2909 In all to me! I'd from his lips of coral
 2910 Ravish a thousand kisses, to each eye
 2911 Still oftener my thirsting mouth apply!
 2912 No happier than I, oh, in that case,
 2913 Was fruitful Venus, when, pressing the face
 2914 And fair eyes of her shepherd as he played,

48 Orig. "à recoy" – a survival (regional?) of an Old French expression; see A. J. Greimas, *Dictionnaire de l'ancien français* (Paris: Larousse-Bordas, 1999), s.v. "recoi".

2915 To join him in amorous sport she strayed!⁴⁹
 2916 Nor happier in her rude wilderness
 2917 Diana, she whose voice declared her goddess,⁵⁰
 2918 When, stealing from her bed in the night air,
 2919 She kissed again the eyes and mouth of fair
 2920 Endymion! Nor Thetis happier,
 2921 When Peleus that son begot upon her
 2922 Who served the Dolopes by striking down
 2923 Brave Hector outside the gates of his town.⁵¹
 2924 But I'll go seek Nymphis by every way
 2925 And cause to come true, if ever I may,
 2926 My happy dream: one must take risks with Fortune,
 2927 Who never proves to cowards opportune. [Exit Diane.]

[Enter Frontin and Fauste.]

FRONTIN

2928 O blessed with happiness your love and fate,
 2929 For you're the same in features and in gait
 2930 As Nymphis: on your head, the very hairs
 2931 Are like the blond and curly locks he bears;
 2932 Your forehead of his colour, eyes the same –
 2933 In short, today I'd give you Nymphis' name!
 2934 O sacred Art, who transform mortal men
 2935 And make them take another shape again,

49 The reference can only be to Venus' liaison with Adonis, which will shortly feature on the sculpted goblet, but despite the latter's fatal predilection for hunting, to make him a shepherd is a distortion on Diane's part.

50 The goddess Diana does not seem to have been known for her voice. One suspects that "sa diuine voix" served mainly to furnish Montreux with a rhyme for "bois".

51 The son of Peleus and Thetis was Achilles; the reference to the Dolopes, one of the more obscure Greek peoples participating in the Trojan war, suggests Virgilian influence: see Walter Moskalew, "Myrmidons, Dolopes, and Danaans: Wordplays in *Aeneid* 2", *The Classical Quarterly* 40.1 (1990): 275–79. The wedding of Peleus and the sea-goddess Thetis was a favourite classical theme, and for a suggestion that the account by Catullus serves as an intertext for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, see Richard Hillman, "Des Champs Faÿz de Claude de Taillemont au Labyrinthe du *Songe* shakespearien, en passant par *Le proumenoir de Monsieur de Montaigne*", *Studi Francesi* 48.1 (2004): 3–18.

2936 Able to alter complexion and feature,
2937 And forge from nature's work a different creature!
2938 But in losing your previous appearance,
2939 See to it that you don't lose your assurance,
2940 And under this mask, which deceives by art,
2941 You don't deceive yourself and lose all heart.
2942 Don't lose your senses, and, changing your face,
2943 Change in ardour: keep your courage in place.
2944 Put on a good show, keep your deed concealed,
2945 That you may not be foolishly revealed:
2946 For against you your offended Diane
2947 Would have greater cause her anger to fan
2948 Than if you had not taken, with a wile,
2949 The form of Nymphis her love to beguile.
2950 And when you perceive her charmed by the spell,
2951 So that the flames of her desire swell,
2952 And as her lover you've gained her belief,
2953 Give quickly your amorous pain relief
2954 By pledging her marriage in proper fashion,
2955 For otherwise all love is mere mad passion.
2956 As witness of that faithful pledge I'll serve
2957 And your well-being, all your years, preserve,
2958 To see to it that nothing will occur
2959 To cause you, as in former times, to suffer.

FAUSTE

2960 Let's go, Frontin, let's go: for I intend
2961 To use the time well this sweet day will send,
2962 And if good fortune I should be accorded,
2963 I'll give you, so that you'll be well rewarded
2964 For your sacred friendship, your constant aid,
2965 A goblet skilfully, by turning, made
2966 From that lofty boxwood, its whitened crest
2967 Split off long ago, by old age oppressed,
2968 Which grew against my oven's ancient wall;
2969 This goblet comes from the root of that windfall —

2970 Yellow as gold whose perfection is praised,
 2971 Round like an apple, but with sides upraised,
 2972 Hollow a foot wide, and with chisel fine⁵²
 2973 As much outside as inside made to shine.
 2974 At the top is visible a broad rim
 2975 With ciphers and deltas of Greece⁵³ as trim;
 2976 By a thousand knots are lovers enlaced,
 2977 And tightly with small cords together placed:
 2978 Many a tear amongst them we find formed,
 2979 Which, as they fall, to flowers are transformed;
 2980 Above these flutter many birds that seek,
 2981 Each one, to peck them gently with its beak.
 2982 On one side is seen carved in lively fashion
 2983 Fruitful Venus grieving in woeful passion,
 2984 Her back against a rock-face hard and sheer,
 2985 While her Adonis, whom she held so dear,
 2986 Lies dead within her piteous embrace,
 2987 And floods of tears she sheds upon his face;
 2988 His head, divine to lovers, now unmanned,⁵⁴
 2989 Rests passive in the hollow of her hand;
 2990 The gentle Zephyr of her lively breath,
 2991 In wide waves wafting,⁵⁵ fans his hair in death.
 2992 Near Adonis his hounds, their forces spent,
 2993 Who, mortally wounded in their bereavement,

52 Orig. “d’un cizeau joly”: I take the adjective to refer to the effect of the chisel rather than the instrument itself; cf. William Shakespeare, *The Winter’s Tale*, *The Riverside Shakespeare*, 2nd ed., ed. G. Blakemore Evans, J. J. M. Tobin *et al.* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997), V.iii.78–79: “What fine chisel / Could ever yet cut breath?”

53 Clearly, the Greek letter used as a mystic spiritual or religious symbol.

54 Orig. “Son chef diuin, aux amoureux humain”: a difficult line, especially because of the punctuation; I translate as if it were punctuated “Son chef, diuin aux amoureux, humain” and take the sense of “humain” as here pointedly including the mortal state.

55 Orig. “Par flots flottant”. “Floflottant” was an established onomatopoeic coinage; see Randle Cotgrave, *A Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues* (London: Adam Islip, 1611), s.v.: “Floating, flowing, surging; sounding like waues, or billowes”. It had become notably old-fashioned by the 1630s, when Jean Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin put it in the mouth of a ridiculously affected poet; see my translation of *The Visionaries* (*Les visionnaires*), l. 82, n. 10 (<http://umr6576.cesr.univ-tours.fr/publications/Visionaries/fichiers/pdf/visionnaires_trans.pdf>; accessed 5 November 2014).

2994 With myriad cries, heads raised in the air,
 2995 Lament the loss in which they had a share,⁵⁶
 2996 Some lying on the ground in grief and pain,
 2997 The red blood licking of their master slain;
 2998 Others proudly rallying in a pack,
 2999 Run to pay the boar, their enemy, back.
 3000 Meanwhile out-pouring all around one spies,
 3001 From the Mother of Love's most sacred eyes,
 3002 Such torrents of tears that the bloody face
 3003 Of fair Adonis is drenched and made base;⁵⁷
 3004 And his spear, with which he had dashed the pride
 3005 Of so many boars, is close by his side.
 3006 Elsewhere the form depicted one may see,
 3007 Carved with subtle strokes, of lamenting Thisbe,
 3008 Her mouth agape, as if expressing woe
 3009 For her dear Pyramus, whom she loved so:
 3010 With eyes dropping tears she is seen to stand,
 3011 Holding the treacherous arm⁵⁸ in her hand
 3012 Which his fine body – love's worship its due –
 3013 With its point of iron pierced through and through.
 3014 One may near her espy the fatal fountain,
 3015 Which still appears to suffer from its pain,
 3016 Just as its waters – alas, intermingling
 3017 With cruel blood – deplored their perishing.
 3018 Lying against the tranquil fountain's side,
 3019 One sees faithful Pyramus as he died
 3020 (Whose heart was hurtfully by love hard-pressed),
 3021 When he had completely transfixed his breast,

56 Orig. "la perte qu'ils ont faite": literally, "the loss which they caused", but I allow for their exaggerated sense of responsibility.

57 Orig. "est baignee & relante": the sense is difficult but must include the evocation of blighted beauty from the mingling of tears and blood. The Old French adjective "relent" is attested as late as 1718, according to *Le Trésor de la langue française informatisé* (<<http://atilf.atilf.fr/>; accessed 4 October 2014): see s.v. *relent* (subst. masc.). The term is invariably negative in connotation; I can find no alternative reading.

58 Orig. "armes": the plural seems very loosely used, probably for the sake of a rhyme (with "larmes"). It was well-known (thanks to Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, bk. 4) that Thisbe would kill herself with the sword Pyramus had used on himself; I translate accordingly.

3022 Was covered in blood, and the desert ground
3023 With that same blood was covered all around;
3024 The sides of the fountain, too, were imbrued
3025 With the blood that out of his corpse still issued.
3026 The head-scarf which the wild and savage beast
3027 Had bloodied – only cause these two deceased –
3028 Lay close at hand, another bloody sight,
3029 Upon the field, which with horror turned white.
3030 On still another side is Dido shown,
3031 Gripping the sword, making many a moan,
3032 Her eyes all swollen with weeping and wailing,
3033 And on the sea, into the distance sailing,
3034 Ingrate Aeneas, the mutinous ocean
3035 Making his great ships conform to its motion.
3036 Near Dido her sister Anna one sees,
3037 Who tries, alas, her dolour to appease,
3038 Weary with weeping, and her pain profound
3039 Makes her lower her face upon the ground;
3040 Her arms are crossed, in abject fashion placed,
3041 One with the other plaintively enlaced.
3042 One sees assembled round her in their pity
3043 The citizens of Carthage, that fair city,
3044 Who, with infinite tears in painful throes,
3045 Lament their queen's sad fate, deplore her woes;
3046 Then with dry wood there is raised up a pyre
3047 Where Dido's corpse will be consumed by fire.
3048 Next one sees, in chastity rigorous,
3049 Finely sculpted, saintly Hippolytus,
3050 Who, by spirited horses lacerated,
3051 The shore and grass with blood has inundated.
3052 His chariot, by a boulder restrained,
3053 Appears with crimson blood all over stained,
3054 And his horses, with their effort distressed,
3055 Panting and sweating, can now take some rest.
3056 Close by Hippolytus inanimate
3057 Phaedra is seen in her amorous state,

3058 Which she regrets, laments that, faithlessly,
 3059 False to her place and loving cruelly,
 3060 She drove Hippolytus, as chaste as handsome,
 3061 To death, alas, before his time had come.
 3062 Then one sees her ready herself to kill,
 3063 With dread sword in hand that aim to fulfil,
 3064 Avenging on herself Hippolytus,
 3065 Amongst all of his time illustrious.
 3066 Then one sees a god who back to life wins
 3067 Modest Hippolytus with medicines,
 3068 And he remains immortally the guest,
 3069 Far from his cruel father, of the forest.
 3070 The goblet's textured base presents the eye
 3071 With flowers galore, that in beauty vie:
 3072 Syron⁵⁹ the maker, equalled by no one
 3073 In learned artistry beneath the sun.
 3074 There, Fronton: that's the present I ordain
 3075 For your goodness, which from Fauste you'll obtain.
 3076 But, O Fronton – look where I'm looking, man!
 3077 Here within this wood I perceive Diane.
 3078 Good God, it is she! Love do me the grace
 3079 That this time I may soften her bold face,
 3080 Assuming her exalted Nymphis' guise,
 3081 And that our meeting fully satisfies
 3082 My longings, and without her lovely glances
 3083 Learning they've been subjected to my trances!
 3084 O holy Love, if you grant this effect,
 3085 I promise, on the love-fruit I expect
 3086 To reap, in sacrifice you shall be offered
 3087 The fattest heifer found within my herd.

59 Orig. "Syron": Syro (or Siro) was the Epicurean philosopher said to have been the teacher of Virgil; Montreux was likely aware of the tradition of commentary identifying him with Silenus in *Eclogue 6*, who recites to the shepherds an Epicurean account of the Creation. See *P. Vergili Maronis Bucolica et Georgica*, ed. T. E. Page (London: Macmillan, 1968), pp. 142–43, n. 31. The learning of Virgil's Silenus matches the mythological knowledge displayed on the goblet.

FRONTIN

3088 Live, Fauste, live in the hope that you've conceived,
3089 By Diane, I think you've now been perceived;
3090 For there she is now, hastening our way,
3091 Sure that it's Nymphis, not a part you play.

DIANE

3092 Of fair shepherds, Nymphis, fairest of all,
3093 Whose eyes seem that sparkling torch to recall
3094 Which in the sky the fair dawn daily yields,
3095 What brings you up so early to these fields?
3096 Alas, it's not the love that firmly ties
3097 Your heart to mine could cause you now to rise
3098 With such alacrity. In my hot yearning
3099 Don't fear, O fair Nymphis, your fair soul's burning,
3100 For Diane means nothing at all to you,
3101 Whose soul by your love is pierced through and through,
3102 But cruelly you smile at the storms that blast her
3103 And take no heed of her looming disaster.

FAUSTE

3104 Fair Diane, don't believe it any longer:
3105 Nothing's so harsh but that qualities stronger –
3106 Hallowed virtue, long love, firm constancy –
3107 Will soften it, and prove its pliancy.
3108 Acquaintance must come before love can grow;
3109 The thing must be seen, its value to know.
3110 A vibrant and long-lasting love-relation
3111 Cannot be forged by rash precipitation,
3112 Sudden impulse; instead, its heavenly fire,
3113 To well endure, by slow stages burns higher.
3114 Ah, how do you know if ardent emotion,
3115 Your sufferings and your painful devotion,
3116 Have dashed that icy rock my breast contained,
3117 By which you saw your passion so disdained?
3118 Ah, how do you know if the golden arrow

3119 The Paphian shoots has laid my soul low,
3120 As the chilling weight of his leaden dart
3121 Had formerly wounded my tender heart?
3122 Winged Time, who controls our finite condition,
3123 Brings all along with him, and to fruition;
3124 That which a single day cannot effect
3125 Tomorrow has the power to perfect.
3126 We must not blame the just divinities
3127 For not at once according all we please.
3128 You'd be confused indeed, or I mistake,
3129 If I said now that only for your sake
3130 Have I made my way to this lovely plain,
3131 In hope your faithful friendship to obtain.
3132 See the great alteration in my will,
3133 Of your fair beauty more amorous still
3134 Than you were of mine, slight as it may be,
3135 When you carried your face downcast for me.

DIANE

3136 Ah, O Nymphis, you're merely mocking me!
3137 You wrong again my loving constancy!
3138 Not content, alas, with seeing me languish,
3139 Do you wish further to laugh at my anguish?
3140 Content yourself with the pains that I'm feeling
3141 Without mocking injuries never-healing:
3142 For I well know that, compared with me, Julie
3143 Is too perfect, too alluring and pretty
3144 To leave her, whom you loved above your being,
3145 So suddenly in love with me agreeing.
3146 You never will make me swallow that line.

FAUSTE

3147 I swear by Love, whose glory is divine,
3148 His power more compelling than the skies,
3149 That I'm now burning only for your eyes –
3150 That my former love has finished its span,

3151 And I honour no one but my Diane.
3152 I swear it to you – let my oath be heard!

DIANE

3153 O dear Nymphis, I take you at your word!
3154 Gods of heaven, my endless gratitude
3155 Is yours for having the cold heart subdued
3156 Of my Nymphis, and with such suddenness
3157 Made him humanely yield to my distress!
3158 O hallowed Love, to you whose sacred power
3159 Can never suffer a faltering hour,
3160 With reverence I'll sacrifice a steer,
3161 Far and wide proclaim you god without peer.
3162 Yet to have, O Nymphis, some certain sign,
3163 Beyond all doubt, that your love is now mine,
3164 I beg you to promise your faith to me,
3165 To be my spouse and love exclusively.

FAUSTE

3166 No greater joy alive do I desire,
3167 Here below to no greater good aspire.
3168 It's my wish, for my life's whole occupation
3169 Is this desire, this sweet contemplation.
3170 Then, Diane, I give, since Love so commands,
3171 Faith and heart eternal into your hands;
3172 I promise you, and lawfully take oath
3173 By holy Hymen, my immortal troth
3174 To yours I'll bind, not swerving in the least,
3175 By death alone, when I shall die, released.
3176 Give me your hand, therefore, lovely and white;
3177 This ring put on, and that no cruel spite
3178 May ever thwart again our happiness –
3179 That I am yours, that Diane I possess –
3180 Frontin (whom even now I'm pleased to spy)
3181 To our faith, Hymen, Love shall testify.

FRONTIN [*coming forward*]

3182 An eye-witness indeed, a faithful one,
3183 He'll be of such fair amity begun.
3184 Of this for his remaining days he'll cherish
3185 A blest remembrance, which will never perish.
3186 But how comes it, Nymphis, that you do not touch
3187 Those eyes, forehead, and mouth that tempt so much?
3188 Since they are yours, ordained to match your will,
3189 And sworn the need of your soul to fulfil?
3190 Kiss Diane, and with breath of savour sweet
3191 Draw her heart and her soul your own to meet.
3192 Kiss her, therefore, and may that sweet sensation
3193 Dampen the ardour of the conflagration
3194 In which your noble soul has burned and pined,
3195 To such a beauty's sacred flame consigned.

FAUSTE

3196 Frontin, I don't dare, and fear such a kiss
3197 To the mind of Diane might seem amiss.
3198 However, I must find out how she feels.

DIANE

3199 Since holy matrimony's vow now seals
3200 Our hearts together in one entity,
3201 I'll let you take the kiss in chastity.

FAUSTE

3202 I take it, therefore, with the certain sense
3203 That this day I'll cherish with reverence
3204 Forever, keeping eternal the vow
3205 That you, fair one, received from me just now.

NYMPHIS [*entering*]

3206 Since gleaming dawn once more imparts its glow
3207 To heaven, in search of Julie I'll go –
3208 Proud Julie, who takes pleasure in the sight

3209 Of Nymphis dying under her proud might.
 3210 I wonder if trusty Arbuste has swayed
 3211 Her at all, and her cruelty allayed:
 3212 For sometimes these old women who have known
 3213 What it is to love, and heartache have sown,
 3214 May with the wagging of a coaxing tongue
 3215 Mollify the cruellest of the young.
 3216 We see it every day, a common thing;
 3217 Achelous' daughters⁶⁰ no more sweetly sing
 3218 Their guileful song, nor can their tongues compete
 3219 With an old woman's, one with ruse replete,
 3220 Who has passed the days of her youth in pleasure,
 3221 And who counsels now the same use of leisure
 3222 To some girl whose sense of the world's so small⁶¹
 3223 That she scarcely resists, or not at all.
 3224 Now that knowledge I seek I'll surely glean.
 3225 But, O my eyes! What is it you've just seen?
 3226 Isn't it Diane in her half-crazed state,
 3227 Who haunts me with her love early and late?
 3228 Unhappy meeting! Spiteful destiny!
 3229 I had tried to avoid her sight of me,
 3230 But evil chance that counters my desire
 3231 Would have me meet her when I seek to fly her.
 3232 O great mischance! O day ill-starred by fortune!
 3233 I'm sure she'll start at once to importune;
 3234 But it's in vain; rather than make her mine,
 3235 My life to death eternal I'll consign.

DIANE

3236 Gods, what is this? Is it Phoebus whose light
 3237 Shines in the sky, or the languishing night?
 3238 Am I still enveloped in error's mist
 3239 By Morpheus' deceptions, which persist?

60 I.e., the Sirens.

61 Orig. "si peu duitte", i.e., "experienced", from "duire" in the sense of "instruct".

3240 Do I remain beneath my slumber's sway,
3241 Or has sleep's idleness fled far away?
3242 Gods, what is this? I'm short of breath, I tremble:
3243 Two Nymphises there seem, who each resemble
3244 The other, alas – voices, bodies, faces
3245 Both alike, with all in the same places!
3246 Has Nature, when I suffered, proved humane,
3247 Made me two Nymphises to ease my pain?
3248 Equal in shape they are, and in attraction;
3249 But different in love and will to action.
3250 Ah, what's this? Are you hopelessly abused,
3251 Wretched Diane, your mind with love confused,
3252 That love which, on the one hand, seems so dire,
3253 But, on the other, surfeits your desire.
3254 Astonishing! Are these Medusa's glances?
3255 Is there some Merlin who my sight entrances?
3256 The magic spells of Circe do I find,
3257 Or the workings of the furious mind
3258 Of some Medea once to rage incited,
3259 Who's burned to see her injury requited?
3260 Ah, what is this? The double things I see
3261 Mean the total ruin and loss of me.
3262 Now these two shepherds appear in my view
3263 As my own Nymphis, who could not be two;
3264 Neither could both the identity share
3265 Of my dear Nymphis, the source of my care.
3266 Ah, what is this? Well, I must penetrate
3267 The magic cause of my bewildered state
3268 And know at a stroke, if ever I can,
3269 Which one is Nymphis the natural man.
3270 I cannot stand to be further abused,
3271 Or by my love to be madly confused.
3272 I must find out if my eye is deceived,
3273 Or whether true things are being perceived.
3274 Are you that Nymphis who have promised me
3275 That you would do me service as the only

3276 Mistress of your desires, sworn an oath
3277 And took mine too, a bond to tie us both?
3278 Ah, I can't believe that this face belongs
3279 To Nymphis, who's done me such savage wrongs,
3280 Treating my love so often with disdain,
3281 Since you're so ready to relieve my pain,
3282 And in no time, a single morning's space,
3283 I see your will has done an about-face.
3284 But don't keep me so long in agony!

FAUSTE

3285 I am Nymphis.

NYMPHIS

No, Diane, it is me,
3286 And this shepherd tricks you, using my face,
3287 To gain his way, perhaps, into your grace,
3288 Well knowing that your eyes, in their deception,
3289 Will grant a warmly amorous reception.
3290 I am not angry that my mere outside
3291 Your hardened heart and mind has mollified
3292 Towards this shepherd; I would do as he,
3293 If from distress I hoped to set me free:
3294 For in love no remedy's deemed unkind,
3295 Nor unbecoming cure repels the mind.
3296 You will do well, in taking him for me,
3297 To yield him love with all fidelity;
3298 For Nymphis you cannot at all suppose
3299 From your long suffering will grant repose –
3300 Just proud disdain to foster bitter weeping,
3301 Since he has placed his heart in Julie's keeping.
3302 I'm sorry that by chance the fault is mine
3303 Of bringing to light your secret design –
3304 Poor shepherd! – for I seek instead to cure
3305 Those whom Love sends the dying I endure.
3306 But I can't deny the truth of the case,

3307 Which forces me to state it to your face,⁶²
3308 Nor, unlike you, provide myself handily,
3309 By subtle art, another identity. [Exit *Nymphis*.]

DIANE

3310 Ah, what's this? Must it be, then, that my sight
3311 Is utterly tricked by so base a sleight?
3312 Must I then see, poor object of abuse,
3313 Love with my poor soul playing fast-and-loose?
3314 And am I then ordained to tolerate
3315 All harms our destiny can perpetrate?
3316 Ah, O misery that some gloomy pit
3317 Had not served my body to cradle it
3318 That very moment when I came to spy
3319 The light that journeys daily in the sky!
3320 This is to feel too much pain here below,
3321 To fall an abject prey to fortune's blow,
3322 To suffer to excess, without a prayer
3323 Of remedy to lighten my despair!
3324 No, no, Diane, in spite of love, no way
3325 To cure ourselves but die this very day!
3326 The remedy of death must be essayed
3327 Since Heaven has refused to grant its aid.
3328 Let's die, Diane, and by death cause to perish
3329 The desperate effect of drawn-out anguish;
3330 Let's die, Diane, and look for our relief
3331 In dying from the ill that brings us grief.
3332 Of two shepherds, one, loved with all my heart,
3333 Proves cruel, the other treacherous by art.
3334 Of one, never my faithful amity
3335 May soften the arrogant cruelty;
3336 The other, perverse, has deceived my soul,
3337 And without my grasping his cunning role –

62 The play on words, offering an actor the possibility of ironically stressing “your”, is not present in the original.

3338 So much, alas, do I love him whose place
3339 He smarmily filched with his godlike face,
3340 Coming face-to-face with my heart-felt longing.
3341 And now, my very own desire wronging,
3342 I have accorded him a marriage vow,
3343 And sworn to love him always – starting now!
3344 But wait. Nature compels us to obey
3345 Our solemn pledges only when we may.
3346 Oath or no oath, I could, in any case,
3347 Whatever happens, love no other face
3348 Than that of the Nymphis whom I adore.
3349 I've pledged loving friendship in vain, therefore!
3350 Then, what is by force or deceit induced
3351 Can hardly be held to, nor we traduced
3352 Or faulted if we treat it with contempt
3353 And in our wisdom hold ourselves exempt.
3354 It's necessary, sure, that free, not forced,
3355 Our faith must be, if it's to be endorsed:
3356 Frank, of necessity, and undisguised
3357 Free oaths must be in order to be prized.
3358 To no one, then, have I myself engaged,
3359 Since by a coward's trick I've been outraged,
3360 And there was drawn from me, with baffled senses,
3361 A promise of my faith on false pretences.
3362 Yet still and all, my faith's indeed been granted,
3363 Which can by no means be by me recanted:
3364 I've made an oath, which of all earthly things
3365 Must be preserved until our death-knell rings;
3366 No person who has eyes can be deserving
3367 Of excuse, if he, by unheedful swerving,
3368 Has tumbled into some unknown abyss,
3369 For he was able not to go amiss.
3370 Nothing, therefore, can be excused in me.
3371 My faith is planted there – held it must be
3372 Until my death, which can assign release
3373 And grant me, from my vow's effect, surcease,

3374 Can render the endless bond I have sworn,
3375 By ending my existence, void and torn.
3376 So I must die, for stark mortality
3377 Can disengage my love and loyalty.

FAUSTE

3378 Diane, cease, cease in this manner to long
3379 To finish your life because of my wrong.
3380 If your mind bears no guilt for the trespass
3381 That treacherous Fauste committed, alas,
3382 And your soul has been rendered innocent,
3383 Why are you looking to perish in torment?
3384 The law chastises the author of crime,
3385 Who has done egregious ill in his time;
3386 That is the reason one punishes faults
3387 And doing well as praise-worthy exalts.
3388 By contrast, justice is hardly well served
3389 When someone who has not at all deserved
3390 To suffer, having committed no vice,
3391 Must pay the guilty perpetrator's price.
3392 Since Heaven makes me someone who gives pain,
3393 To your sensitive eyes a blot and stain,
3394 And stubbornly resists my happiness;
3395 Since knowledge has afforded no success –
3396 Art as a means of softening your spite
3397 And gaining love's grace in your lovely sight –
3398 I wish to die to set at liberty
3399 Your faith, which is sacredly bound to me.
3400 My body's death will likewise mean untying
3401 The knot that keeps the oath you gave undying,
3402 And by my death, O my dear goddess, trust
3403 To see your promise crumble into dust;
3404 You'll have no obligation towards me,
3405 And then your faith again will be quite free,
3406 Which you'll be able, conscience free from strife,
3407 To give someone else who makes you his wife.

3408 That is how we shall both be satisfied,
3409 And our desires richly gratified:
3410 Yourself getting back the promise you gave,
3411 I dying to yield the vengeance you crave
3412 And kill the suffering which, without stay,
3413 Kills me not, but puts me to death each day.
3414 Fair Diane, even if what I deserve
3415 Is death, not the least gift from the reserve
3416 Of your goodness, since, at love's instigation,
3417 I shocked your soul and caused you agitation,
3418 Yet still I wish to beg you, O my beauty,
3419 Not to think of my mortal lapse of duty;
3420 Forget it, and believe, in this blest hour,
3421 That nothing can prevail against Love's power;
3422 And that someone subject to his command,
3423 Seeks any relief from his heavy hand!
3424 Could one with a shred of reason condemn
3425 The patient who tries his torment to stem?
3426 Should he, alas, some punishment endure
3427 Because he seeks, for cruel pain, a cure?
3428 And someone else – can he be held at fault,
3429 If, finding himself in a prison vault,
3430 He does his uttermost to be set free
3431 And see himself restored to liberty?
3432 This, Diane, this, O fair one, was my case,
3433 In taking your beloved Nymphis' face
3434 To try, beneath that visage changed by art,
3435 To soften in my favour your hard heart.
3436 You would have done so, if the gods, opposed
3437 Perversely to my joy, had not disclosed
3438 My plotting and ruse, which brings it about
3439 That, thwarted of good, my death I'll seek out.
3440 For all my pains both suffered and expended,
3441 You have not, Diane, your honour offended.
3442 One kiss I received, which in modesty,
3443 You granted me to seal fidelity.

3444 That which Heaven renders open to view,
3445 Such as the mouth, the gracious features, too,
3446 To be touched, alas, with all reverence,
3447 To honour can never do violence,
3448 And likewise when the soul is not consenting,
3449 Its chastity all baser sense preventing,
3450 And the sacred bond of marriage is meant
3451 To keep one's honour from all detriment.
3452 You have not, then, at all, O Diane, erred;
3453 Your honour can dwell on no fault incurred,
3454 If, taking me for the Nymphis you prize,
3455 And accepting as worthy in your eyes
3456 My holy faith, and when I had your promise,
3457 You gave me nothing but a single kiss.
3458 Nothing, then, can make you burn with desire
3459 To die, unless you seek to have expire
3460 Your troth, which, alas, you plighted to me.
3461 But I shall meet my death to set you free.
3462 I'll go do it now. Fair Diane, adieu!
3463 Adieu, our love of time long past, adieu!
3464 Adieu, my heart! I go to hurl myself
3465 From that fearful towering rocky shelf
3466 Into the sea, whose billows, gently turning,
3467 Will swallow my life with my ardent yearning.

DIANE

3468 Die if you like – I don't care if you do.
3469 For the sad truth is: I want to die too!
3470 So my blood, made worthy of veneration,
3471 May cleanse my lamented abomination.

[Exeunt Fauste and Diane separately.]

[Scene II]

[Enter Nymphis.]

NYMPHIS

3472 Of ranging in these forests I grow weary,

3473 In these meadows, fields and deserts so dreary;
3474 To meet my Julie in her cruelty,
3475 My strength, alas, is close to failing me.
3476 I scarcely was so weary when, before,
3477 My object was to take the bristled boar,
3478 When, vigorous, I ran in blithe career,
3479 Pursuing the stag or the skittish deer.
3480 For the pleasure I took then in the chase
3481 Sweetened the labour of the longest race,
3482 And one cannot complain of lack of force
3483 As long as pleasant pastime is the source.
3484 But this Love, which makes me direct my sight
3485 Though forests, by many a rocky height,
3486 Through meadows and by many a rude cave
3487 For Julie, alas, to whom I'm a slave,
3488 As it fatigues my mind with so much ill,
3489 Its harsh tasks with fatigue my body fill.
3490 The body cannot thus by its own ailing
3491 Weaken the soul, impose its proper failing;
3492 Contrary-wise, at will a sickly soul
3493 Can bring the body under its control.
3494 In love is this most faithfully reflected,
3495 For even as it makes our soul dejected,
3496 Complaining, sorrowful, laden with care,
3497 It gives our body travails hard to bear.
3498 Ah, I feel it: the painful price I pay
3499 Makes clear to me the truth of what I say!
3500 Julie I love: I feel, by love's excess,
3501 My body hounded to mortal distress,⁶³
3502 Oppressed as it now is by my soul's pain,
3503 More sorrow than my body can sustain.
3504 What anguish when, on the high seas exposed,
3505 The mariner perceives his ship enclosed,

63 Orig. "Je sens mon corps abbayer à la mort": literally, "I feel my body howling beyond control"; it seems worth keeping the canine and the mortal associations of the expression.

3506 At the mercy of winds without compassion,
3507 Ruthless waves that rage in furious fashion,
3508 At the rude mercy of the heavens' storming!
3509 Amidst these dangers furiously swarming,
3510 Not to a shred of hope can he resort,
3511 Nor dream his safe arrival in some port.
3512 While suffering espies a hopeful flame,
3513 Such suffering does not deserve the name;
3514 But truly we name suffering desire
3515 That hopelessly consumes us in its fire.
3516 Though Love, with death-exceeding evils rife,
3517 Holds helplessly in thrall my time of life,
3518 And that ardent heat has taken its toll
3519 By drying up the vigour of my soul,
3520 I wouldn't call suffering suffering,
3521 If hope appeared and lent its buffering;
3522 But languishing, no spark of hope I spy
3523 That my Julie will sweetly gratify
3524 My heart, which burns in her beauteous rays
3525 And only by her will prolongs its days.
3526 O Julie too cruel, inhumane Julie,
3527 The fierce vanquisher sets his captive free,
3528 Often lets him go when he gives his word,
3529 But no compassion in you have I stirred,
3530 Nor have you freed my soul, which groans its anguish,
3531 Condemned in your bonds unto death to languish.
3532 The more that sprinkled water flies to meet
3533 Coals that crackle in the furnace's heat,
3534 The more they catch, and, burning bright and clear,
3535 The flame, inconstant, darts now there, now here.
3536 Just so, alas, your cruelty appears
3537 Still crueller to my faith, to my young years,
3538 Fair Julie, and the more you slight my name,
3539 The more with love for you you stoke my flame,
3540 The more I honour you – and love your eyes,
3541 Eyes that burn brighter than radiant skies,

3542 Eyes that I wish to love my whole life through;
3543 And never of my love may there ensue
3544 An end, until my days themselves expire,
3545 More mortal than my strong but chaste desire.
3546 And so, my dear Julie, you shall remain
3547 Mistress both of the life I lead in pain
3548 And of Nymphis's soul, which you might save:
3549 Loving you always, he will die your slave.

HECTOR [*entering*]

3550 Change, O shepherd, now change, if you are wise,
3551 Your passion, your love, and your speech likewise;
3552 Change your ardour, your heart, your state of mind.
3553 For you are quite unworthy, as I find,
3554 Even to gaze at celestial Julie,
3555 Who moves all the gods to idolatry.
3556 He risks a deadly fall from a great height
3557 Whose longing inspires too lofty flight;
3558 And Icarus took such a plunge and died,
3559 Destroyed at once by ignorance and pride.
3560 Beware of taking the same fall as he,
3561 For I tell you he gains no sympathy
3562 Who, having a head puffed up with vainglory,
3563 And coveting the gods' supremacy,
3564 As his just punishment goes downward reeling,
3565 Forfeiting thus his youth, all life and feeling.
3566 For no one it in any way befits
3567 To undertake more than his strength permits;
3568 But let each man, according to his share
3569 Of heaven's gifts, decide what he may dare.
3570 Then do not be so full of arrogance
3571 As to love Julie, nor yourself advance
3572 So far that lady of your loves you term her;
3573 Still less allow your vain hope to grow firmer.
3574 For you she's too celestial, divine:
3575 Your love and your ruin in one combine;

3576 For no one can love her without receiving,
3577 For his mad boldness, brutal undeceiving,
3578 Since I'll, against all rivals, wield this blade
3579 To make prevail my will to gain the maid –
3580 Since I love her, and I won't tolerate
3581 That someone else should be in the same state.

NYMPHIS

3582 Well, then, that pride which you parade at length,
3583 And haughty arrogance, would have more strength
3584 Than the great gods themselves, whose deity
3585 Does not prevent in them a love of beauty
3586 Such as seizes our eyesight in its grip
3587 And which their handiwork has made us worship.
3588 For nothing can stop, but a mortal blow,
3589 Our desire, or hope to stem love's flow.

HECTOR

3590 It follows, then, shepherd, that you are doomed
3591 To die, if in your pride you've so presumed
3592 Outrageously, and if the right you crave
3593 To love Julie, and call yourself her slave:
3594 I wish to be her constant slave alone,
3595 And by my sword as such I will be shown.

NYMPHIS

3596 The least disdain, the slightest bitter word
3597 From my Julie, and in my bones is stirred
3598 More trepidation and more icy cold
3599 Than by your pride and threat, however bold.
3600 For even to cowards does Love impart,
3601 That valiant conqueror, fresh strength of heart,
3602 Can render him⁶⁴ unvanquished, free from blame,

64 The original thus shifts from the plural (“couards”) to the singular pronoun (“le”), and while the latter might refer to “heart” (“cœur”), this is difficult to square with the repetition of the pronoun in the

3603 The more so fighting in his lady's name.
3604 Don't think, then, I'll be daunted with some fear
3605 Or cease to honour her because you're here.
3606 For Jupiter himself, should he speak so,
3607 Could not forbid my love for her to flow.

HECTOR

3608 Why are you not of high enough estate
3609 To combat me and settle this debate
3610 With sword in hand, since I am born to fight,
3611 Not to debate in words about your right?
3612 Why are you not a knight of my condition?
3613 Or why will not the law grant me permission,
3614 Without a lapse of bravery decried,
3615 To punish the presumption of your pride?
3616 For at one stroke of my hand would expire
3617 Your youth, your life and your haughty desire,
3618 And then by no shepherd, his soul imbued
3619 With mad ideas, would Julie be pursued.
3620 Therefore, stop loving her this very day,
3621 For I don't know if Love, who bears great sway,
3622 Who bends all things according to his course,
3623 Will not compel my recourse to some force
3624 Against you, and induce in me the slighting
3625 Of that respect which I revere in fighting,
3626 Since Love from mild restraint makes us exempt
3627 Towards all who hold his power in contempt,
3628 And no one shrinks from scanting equity
3629 In homage to his sacred deity.

NYMPHIS

3630 O knight, this rustic and uncouth attire
3631 Does not keep shepherds' courage from rising higher.

next line: "il combat".

3632 Beneath these clothes, by which you are misled,
3633 Is often found a body strongly bred
3634 And lodging a heart where valorous passion
3635 Quite often presides in vigorous fashion.
3636 To cut short the days, if a shepherd dares,
3637 Of savage lions, of boars and of bears,
3638 And if wolves at his strokes their lives must yield,
3639 He'll surely for his lady take the field
3640 Against a knight, who is a man likewise
3641 And madly seeks to rob him of a prize.
3642 Though I appear in a countryman's costume
3643 And the selfsame manner of dress assume
3644 As those shepherds who to the water lead
3645 Their lambs, where on the grassy banks they feed,
3646 Yet know I am of superior birth,
3647 And with a knight like you I rank my worth.
3648 But by these clothes I gained the liberty
3649 To pledge the service of my love to Julie.
3650 Let not that cause, then, our combat defer.
3651 A lover gladly, on the field of honour,
3652 Hazards himself, and sees his life expire
3653 To prove the sanctity of his desire.

HECTOR

3654 Since it appears the sword by which is tried
3655 Life-risking valour has hung by your side,
3656 And if it is the holy truth you cite
3657 In claiming you were formerly a knight,
3658 I am content to fight with you right now,
3659 Unless my exclusive right you allow
3660 To be Julie's slave and, if you want quiet,
3661 By granting me that splendid glory, buy it.
3662 And if you yield me that, you must agree
3663 Never again to love her perfect beauty.

NYMPHIS

3664 Nymphis will feel a thousand mortal pains
3665 Entwine themselves about his body's veins,
3666 Sooner his hand will cut short his own life,
3667 Than he'll stop seeking Julie for his wife.⁶⁵
3668 But if you wish, before it starts, to stop
3669 An arduous combat, promise to drop
3670 The ardent love that you profess for Julie,
3671 So I may call myself her one and only.
3672 If you will not, to arms without respite –
3673 And let the sword assure a lover's right!

HECTOR

3674 Will you still try, with your bold arrogance,
3675 To frighten me from my resolute stance?
3676 Come on, now, come on – let push come to shove,
3677 And with cold steel let us dispute our love.

ELYMANT [*entering*]

3678 Stay where you are! By force of my black art,
3679 Which quells the surge of an arrogant heart,
3680 By my knowledge, which makes the heavens shake
3681 And so awes the gods that with fear they quake,
3682 I give you the commandment – more, I conjure –
3683 That each should forbear the other to injure.
3684 Stay where you are: I wish it – do you hear?
3685 Put down your swords, and both of you draw near
3686 To me, who will tell you, as I am wise,
3687 Your fortunes, to errors open your eyes.⁶⁶
3688 You who against this shepherd seek to fight –
3689 No less than you in valour and in might –

65 Orig. “à rechercher Iullie”: for this specialised meaning of “rechercher”, see *Le Grand Robert*, 2nd augmented ed., ed. Alain Rey and Danièle Morvan (Paris: Dictionnaires Le Robert, 2001), s.v., def. 5.

66 Orig. “vos erreurs predire”: “predire” (literally “foretell”) suits Elymant's powers but is used loosely in this context.

3690 You have not dreamt your enemy no other,
3691 In this combat, than your brave only brother.
3692 And you, mistaken shepherd, do not know
3693 That this man you valiantly combat so
3694 Is your Hector, your brother, who has yearned
3695 To find you, and to all perils has turned:
3696 On a thousand seas, in his ardour, tossed,
3697 A thousand unknown deserts has he crossed,
3698 A hundred times encountered Fortune's blows,
3699 Felt often the fierce frowns that heaven shows –
3700 To seek, find, see you, whom he does this for,
3701 And to experience your love once more
3702 For his travails, his constant diligence
3703 In loving you. A slender recompense
3704 You'd pay him if, when you should ease his heart
3705 Of all its pain, you pierced him with death's dart.
3706 And you, Hector, after such great distress,
3707 Such bitter pangs, such proofs of hardiness,
3708 And so much trouble met with in your quest
3709 To find your dear brother, him you love best –
3710 Now that you have the solace of his presence,
3711 Would you try your valour at his expense?
3712 And do him deadly harm despite your giving
3713 So much time and effort to find him living?
3714 One womb at once held you two baby boys;
3715 One day was the crown of your mother's joys –
3716 Both children of that duke whose mighty sway
3717 At the present hour the Celts obey,
3718 Who goes by the name of godlike Ebor,⁶⁷
3719 While as for your mother, her name is Flore.
3720 You got your own name from the valiant Hector,
3721 For your lustrous blood from his line you bore;⁶⁸

67 Apart from suggesting “ivory” (as the ablative of the Latin noun “ebur”), the name seems to have been invented for the sake of euphony, if not for the rhyme.

68 These four lines also rhyme on “or” in the original.

3722 Yours Sarpedon – names of heroes who made
3723 Bold Greece feel the gallantry they displayed.
3724 But by the course of adventures diverse,
3725 Such as heroes seek, through the universe,
3726 Striving to render immortal your glory
3727 By valiant deeds, now the subject of story
3728 Everywhere, you came to this wild country,
3729 And here it was you fell in love with Julie,
3730 The very moment when her lovely face
3731 Enticed your twin eye-beams to an embrace.
3732 To serve her and to love her unconstrained,
3733 To don a country-dweller's clothes you deigned,
3734 Which on your person even now are seen,
3735 And for a time put off your valour keen,
3736 With your garb of a hero of great fame,
3737 Your arms, your rugged armour, and your name,
3738 To figure yourself as Nymphis, whose glory
3739 Has planted in these parts your memory.⁶⁹
3740 So that is why, with both of you deceived,
3741 Your error never would have been perceived
3742 Without my knowledge, whose vast sphere encloses
3743 All that lives in heaven, on earth reposes.
3744 And your own hands, without my happy rescue,
3745 In rage would have ended your lives for you.
3746 But come on, now: from fearsome foes at war
3747 Be made siblings and brothers, friends once more.
3748 Embrace each other; meanwhile, this same day
3749 Full solace for your love we'll send your way,
3750 And make the agitated soul, confused

69 It is not clear what sort of glory (“gloire”) is to be understood here, unless it is simply that imparted to his assumed identity by Sarpedon’s impersonation. As a name Nymphis is extremely rare. The only prominent classical figure to carry it seems to have been a native of Heraclea Pontica in Bithynia (fl. c. 250 B.C.E.), an historian and biographer of Alexander mentioned by Suidas; Nymphis is cited by Plutarch in *Mulierum Virtutes* (*Moralia* 242E-263C), where Montreux might well have encountered the name. It may have attracted him by evoking the Latin dative of “nymphae” and thereby suggesting someone who has devoted himself to “nymphs” – i.e., a lover.

3751 By passions, all with happy calm suffused.
3752 You may put your faith in my godlike knowledge,
3753 Which will on Julie work its privilege:
3754 Her heart of stone shall now be mollified;
3755 She'll make, for one of you, a loving bride.

HECTOR

3756 O brother dear, whom I've sought everywhere,
3757 By sacred love impelled to take such care –
3758 For, to enjoy your precious company,
3759 I've many times felt the inconstancy
3760 Of cruel fate, consigned to endless woe,
3761 Beneath ten thousand burdens bending low.
3762 But, O great gods, I rate at little value
3763 My labours and the hardships I've gone through,
3764 Since my dear brother's here within my arms,
3765 Despite my sword's attempt to do him harms.
3766 Forgive me, brother mine: in recompense
3767 For this my fault, to wipe out the offence,
3768 I give up Julie forever to you,
3769 For you as well deserve her as your due –
3770 Better far than I, because long ago
3771 Your devotion to her began to grow,
3772 While I have yet felt only for a day
3773 The fire of her love in me hold sway.
3774 Take her; I yield all claims – my sole concern
3775 Henceforth to render her to you, in turn,
3776 If Love and her own will so far have told
3777 On her that I've been given any hold.
3778 And you, old man, whose well-attested power
3779 Thankfully saved us from a fatal hour,
3780 Gracious father, by whom our youth's restored,
3781 When we might well have put it to the sword,
3782 Who have yielded our lives anew to us,
3783 Take endless thanks for aid so generous
3784 And grant my earnest prayer to take care always

3785 Of our passing years and nurture our days.

NYMPHIS

3786 Ah, brother dear, can you still have in mind
3787 The dastard Sarpedon, to you unkind,
3788 Who sought to send you to the shades below
3789 As recompense for all your trials and woe
3790 In seeking him – such sufferings, so long,
3791 Which have done your youth the cruellest wrong?
3792 Can I complain if my impiety
3793 Earns me a traitor's grievous misery?
3794 But, brother, if, within your faithful soul,
3795 Our bond of amity remains yet whole,
3796 And if you deign of value still to find
3797 My sacred love, and wish my peace of mind,
3798 I beg you by this sacred amity
3799 To put my harm quite out of memory:
3800 The fault of my unkindness please forget,
3801 And bind me to you by a further debt
3802 By taking Julie from me as your spouse:
3803 You merit her as lady of your house.
3804 To you I yield and render her, alas!
3805 For reason will by no means let it pass
3806 That, when you've borne so many pains for me,
3807 I should rob you of a necessity,
3808 Which you deserve, and which, constrained, I owe
3809 For all you chose for me to undergo.
3810 Accept her, then, as worthy recompense
3811 For your exertions, also for your patience.

HECTOR

3812 No, no, dear brother, by such treachery
3813 My presence can't do so great injury
3814 To your well-being, as falsely to sever
3815 From it that which may make it thrive forever.
3816 More misery you'd feel than I could bear,

3817 For you're, in all the world, my greatest care.
3818 I did not make my way here to these shores
3819 To trouble your repose, one day, with wars,
3820 Or to distress you: much too dearly bought
3821 Would be the love that such affliction wrought;
3822 Too costly for you, too, would prove the sight
3823 Of this my face, my coming a mere blight.
3824 I'm here at your side wholly for your sake,
3825 Not so your profit⁷⁰ I may roughly take.
3826 Accept her, then, for I swear, for my part,
3827 That shepherdess has gone out of my heart.

NYMPHIS

3828 No, no, dear brother, there you violate
3829 My friendship, seeking thus to obligate
3830 Me yet again, who cannot hope to pay
3831 You back with equal happiness one day.
3832 Content yourself that I'm obliged to you
3833 For those sea-voyages, more than a few,
3834 To find me, all those obstacles you met
3835 (For such is destiny's relentless threat),
3836 Then for agreeing to pardon my sin,
3837 And wishing to yield me – who could imagine? –
3838 That which is yours by equitable right
3839 And which appears so lovely in your sight.
3840 Ah, take her, then, and further kindness spare me,
3841 Or else too many debts to you ensnare me.
3842 I'd live in glory for eternity
3843 To see you as the husband of that beauty,
3844 Who with the crown of peace your years can seal
3845 And cause your bones the deepest joy to feel.

HECTOR

3846 It goes against all justice and all right,

70 “[P]rofit”: the original’s “bien”, in this context, has the same materialist shading.

3847 Bears witness to a soul that harbours spite
3848 And turns to infamy our good repute
3849 To snatch away the peace-conferring fruit
3850 Of long travail from one who without cease
3851 Has spent his youth to labour for increase.
3852 To win Julie's hand, and her heart obtain,
3853 Many a long day have you spent in pain,
3854 Suffered and pined, sighed out a thousand rhymes,
3855 And poured forth streams of tears a thousand times.
3856 Your labour so ardent, of such long season,
3857 Should yield you its sweet fruit – is that not reason?
3858 And that the happy fruit remain yours still
3859 Of that broad field which endlessly you till?
3860 One who dared rob you of that sweet possession
3861 The law would punish with severe repression.
3862 So take her now – and do not make me guilty
3863 Of that offence by leaving her to me!

NYMPHIS

3864 But if the law as harshly ought to treat
3865 The ingrate as one who, in rage's heat,
3866 Sheds the guiltless blood of his fellow man,
3867 Curtailing his life of its proper span,
3868 Why do you wish that law to taint my fame,
3869 And make ingratitude to you my shame?
3870 And, by not letting my poor hand bestow
3871 The sacred payment which to you I owe
3872 For all your righteous effort, your endeavour,
3873 Would you deprive me of honour forever,
3874 And cause my soul, where glory is ingrained,
3875 By all as ungrateful to be disdained?
3876 In that way, O my brother, wrong me not,
3877 But take Julie, so that my happy lot
3878 Perpetual glory and praise may be
3879 For not spurning your love ungratefully.

ELYMANT

3880 What point is there in such a jealous stew
3881 When the object doesn't belong to you?
3882 To give each other, in arrogant folly,
3883 Something well beyond your capacity?
3884 Thus your youthful bluster presumes to share
3885 Another's prize – or skin of the live bear!⁷¹
3886 Julie is not devoted to love's cause:
3887 She has a strong distaste for Hymen's laws,
3888 As well as for a spouse's chaste embraces;
3889 Wants freedom to pursue her carefree paces
3890 With us, her life and heart in simple state,
3891 Kept free from marriage's constraining weight.
3892 Wait, then, till you are able to impress
3893 Her frosty heart, till power you possess
3894 On her desire; then you may pretend
3895 To share her out for whom you both contend.
3896 I wish, though, to content you both forever,
3897 Your painful bonds of servitude to sever –
3898 If possible, her spirit mollify
3899 And stir her to accept the marriage tie,
3900 Inducing her to wed the one of you
3901 Whom as a spouse her wishes draw her to;
3902 The other, lasting freedom and discretion
3903 My skill will grant, released from love's obsession.
3904 To her will are you willing to refer
3905 Your quarrel, and thereby receive from her
3906 A valid judgement, since on her volition
3907 Her match depends as its foremost condition?

HECTOR

3908 I am quite willing.

71 Allusion to a common saying (“Don't sell the skin till you have caught the bear!”) dating from at least the 1490s, when it appeared in an collection of Aesop's fables augmented by Lorenzo Astemio (Laurentius Abstemius); see *The Oxford Dictionary of Proverbs*, ed. John Simpson and Jennifer Speake, 5th ed. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008).

NYMPHIS

Then I too agree.

ELYMANT

3909 Come on, then – take courage! Wait here for me.
3910 I'll go and find that lofty shepherdess⁷²
3911 And soften, if I can, her haughtiness.

NYMPHIS

3912 The gods send you prosperous days and fine,
3913 O holy father, our succour divine! [Exeunt *Elymant* on one
side, Hector and Nymphis on the other.]

[Scene III]

[Enter *Arbuste and Diane.*]

ARBUSTE

3914 Well, well, Diane – well, well, you poor mad girl,
3915 Would you still have your soul, set in a whirl
3916 By your wild excesses, groan in distress,
3917 While you obey only your willfulness?
3918 What do you wish to do, and why? Or say?
3919 Do you think that this bitter price you pay,
3920 Your weeping and your cries, have any power
3921 To erase things done in a former hour?
3922 The stone once by a rigid arm thrown high,
3923 Our hand can hardly make it cease to fly:
3924 It must in spite of us, spinning with force,
3925 Across the whistling air, pursue its course.
3926 So Diane, ah, too stubborn and unruly,
3927 There's nothing of such potency that truly
3928 Its influence may cause it to be seen
3929 That something which was once has never been!

72 “[L]ofty shepherdess” attempts to capture the irony of the original’s “superbe dame”.

3930 It shows a leaden and a foolish soul
3931 To balk at something done, beyond control,
3932 And think that any means by us employed
3933 Might make the work of heaven null and void.
3934 Such power far exceeds humanity,
3935 But one may well, as hard as it may be,
3936 Of things ill-done, and of a guilty state,
3937 The mental torment sometimes moderate.
3938 Why should you think an outrage has been done
3939 Because Fauste the pledge of your faith has won?
3940 Can you imagine heaven's favour lost
3941 Because of an honest marriage with Fauste?
3942 Really, you have good reason to complain,
3943 Contort yourself, and give yourself such pain!
3944 In your very prime of life, what could you
3945 Choose that would be more perfect, handsome, true
3946 Than he? What is it renders him unable
3947 To please you well, and to be serviceable?
3948 Well, what do you say? You're right, to be sure,
3949 To treat with scorn the sweet and tender cure
3950 That Fauste can well apply to your wild longings,
3951 With all the honour that chaste marriage brings!
3952 What do you want? Come, those trials he's endured –
3953 Haven't they amply rendered you assured
3954 Of his love, of his holy constancy?
3955 Haven't you knowledge of his loyalty?
3956 What do you want, then? What can you hope for
3957 That might fulfil your heart's desires more
3958 Than that shepherd can? Is he not fair-faced,
3959 His body perfect, true his soul – and chaste?
3960 No, no, Diane, you cannot let your heart
3961 Repine because it took that shepherd's part
3962 And found its match; his love is of long date,
3963 And merits to be held at higher rate.
3964 Is not the stock he springs from virtuous?
3965 His heart of sprightly force and generous?

3966 His soul exalted and on honour bent?
3967 His forehead bold, his striking confident?
3968 A thousand lions, thousand fearsome bears,
3969 Wild boars a thousand – their slaying declares
3970 The truth of this forever, by each skin
3971 With fur seen hanging on his walls within.
3972 What reason, then, that love you can't bestow?
3973 In seeking him, what is it makes you slow?
3974 Are you so mad, with such a tiny brain,
3975 As to hope that in marriage you might gain
3976 Fair Nymphis? Isn't it glaringly true
3977 That he disdains and thinks nothing of you,
3978 An object of laughter, while he loves Julie,
3979 Who binds him in her gentle toils so firmly?
3980 Give up all hope of obtaining delight
3981 From a heart that treats your longing with spite.
3982 For us to taste that much-sought-after pleasure,
3983 Love must impose on hearts a common measure,
3984 Make thoughts alike, our passions equalise,
3985 Our ages, too, and values harmonise.
3986 But the spirit of Nymphis, in his pride,
3987 Opposed to yours, your good would override;
3988 It gives him pleasure to oppose his will
3989 Against your own, only to do you ill.
3990 And your distress is made his joyful boast,
3991 Cruel man: your end is what he wishes most.
3992 So give him up: oh, buried deep in pain
3993 Is the mind obsessed with something to gain
3994 That cannot hope to better its condition
3995 By some day bringing longing to fruition!
3996 A hundred deaths it dies, though without dying;
3997 In cruel agony we see it lying!
3998 High is the cost which the sought-after thing
3999 That never comes imposes in lamenting;
4000 The very thwarted hope of its possession
4001 Afflicts the soul with sorrowful oppression.

4002 So give up what cannot belong to you;
4003 The plague of vain hope no further pursue.
4004 Leave Nymphis, whom you can't have anyway,
4005 And take up Fauste, who lives beneath your sway.
4006 But do it soon, for, in his painful throes,
4007 Bereft, as death draws on, backward he goes:
4008 He wants to die, since it doesn't suit you
4009 That his earthly life – and his love – continue.

DIANE

4010 Let him die if he likes; I've no desire
4011 For his long life – or to see him expire.
4012 Let him live if he likes; I just don't care:
4013 Live, or die promptly, I've no thought to spare.
4014 But I know well that, for deceiving me,
4015 He's the last man I'd ever wish to see.

ARBUSTE

4016 You claim that guilty of deceit he stands,
4017 When his life lies wholly within your hands?
4018 He only breathes to be by you employed,
4019 Seeks only good by you to be enjoyed.
4020 Let not his lapse damn him in your opinion.
4021 Forgive him, Diane, because anyone
4022 Who feels Love's passion blaze beyond control
4023 Does what he can to deliver his soul.

DIANE

4024 But still by that unseemly confrontation
4025 He holds my sacred pledge, my obligation.

ARBUSTE

4026 If you have given him your sacred word,
4027 And servitude to Hymen's laws incurred,
4028 If as a spouse the gods have lent him you,
4029 And Love has destined him to be yours, too,

4030 Why would you have him die in wretchedness
4031 Because you will not succour his distress?
4032 Oaths that are duly sworn, with faith and law,
4033 Are needful means to keep us all in awe.
4034 By law our desire needs to be checked;
4035 Our soul to an oath must always be subject.
4036 If we break faith we can assert no claim
4037 To earthly life, much less to a good name.

DIANE

4038 But no oath we may be compelled to make
4039 Can ever tell our thoughts what course to take:
4040 No oath can ever curb their liberty.

ARBUSTE

4041 Dead wrong! For even to an enemy,
4042 A promise given is to be maintained,
4043 Although by force we may have been constrained.

DIANE

4044 Only free will binds us; we owe no debt
4045 To any crafty ruse or deadly threat.

ARBUSTE

4046 The constant man would willingly comply.

DIANE

4047 Rather than force himself, he'd choose to die.
4048 And death can offer holy liberation
4049 From any oath compelled or obligation.

ARBUSTE

4050 But who can keep himself from subtlety?
4051 It's wise in love to practise trickery.

DIANE

4052 And yet our senses balk at the offence.

ARBUSTE

4053 Its happy fruit is ample recompense.

DIANE

4054 But if one spurns such unjust fruit as bad?

ARBUSTE

4055 Thus to deceive oneself is simply mad.

DIANE

4056 Where tricks are used, sweet pleasure hides its face.

ARBUSTE

4057 The pain will fade and pleasure take its place.

DIANE

4058 The pain which so endures is never-ending.

ARBUSTE

4059 At last, though, it will yield to sweet love's mending.

DIANE

4060 Ah, no love can mend what I'm going through!

ARBUSTE

4061 Not so, if you'll love him it binds you to.

DIANE

4062 Could I love him who tricked me with his falsehood?

ARBUSTE

4063 His trickery was meant to do you good.

DIANE

4064 That he retains my pledge compounds my wrongs.

ARBUSTE

4065 Love him, then – to you only he belongs.

DIANE

4066 So to one I loathe my heart I must enthrall?

ARBUSTE

4067 Love turns to sweetness the bitterest gall.

DIANE

4068 Love takes flight when fierce desire holds sway
4069 For vengeance.

ARBUSTE

4070 One must always, though, they say,
Between two evils choose the lesser one.

DIANE

4071 In seeking my death, that's just what I've done.

ARBUSTE

4072 What's to be gained by dying in distress?

DIANE

4073 Recovery of my pure state, no less.⁷³

ARBUSTE

4074 Yet give him freely what he forced on you.

73 Orig. "De me remettre en ma premiere foy": a literal translation risks loss of clarity because "first faith" in English does not readily convey the character's sense of quasi-sexual honour and innocence. The original more strongly evokes irony at her expense, however, since in fact her original faith was pledged to Fauste; it seems strange that Arbuste does not use this argument.

DIANE

4075 I'll die first – that's the last thing I would do!

ARBUSTE

4076 You're bound by your word, and always will be.

DIANE

4077 From that bond my demise can set me free.

ARBUSTE

4078 Mad Diane! – of your youth the enemy,
4079 Of your health, of your life and of your beauty,
4080 Give up that desire, that stubborn will
4081 To harm yourself, and do yourself no ill.
4082 Though your corpse were wrapped in a leaden sheet,
4083 And your fair soul with heaven's peace replete,
4084 You never could make yourself otherwise
4085 Than ruled by sacred edicts from the skies,
4086 Which lend their vigour to the sacred marriage
4087 Of those who have conferred their solemn pledge.
4088 Your faith is pawned: living or dead, they'll say
4089 That Diane of her faith assured, one day,
4090 The shepherd Fauste, and after, on a whim,
4091 Proved false to holy wedlock, and to him.
4092 You see the blame and harm that will survive
4093 Forever when you've ceased to be alive.

DIANE

4094 What must I do? I'm quite out of my head,
4095 Poor girl! Why am I not already dead?
4096 Why carry on, with no comfort to ease me,
4097 And life come like the cruellest death to seize me?
4098 Shall I unjustly, therefore, be constrained
4099 To marry Fauste by the ruse that he feigned?
4100 Against my will shall he enjoy possession
4101 Of my love, and my holy faith's profession?

4102 Does that, then, loom as my eternal fate:
4103 The wife of the object of my soul's hate?
4104 No, I cannot! I far prefer to perish,
4105 And by my death to put an end to anguish!
4106 My will cannot be placed in such a bind;
4107 An unjust oath does not oblige the mind.
4108 I promised him; but then my mind, deceived,
4109 Belatedly its gross mistake perceived.
4110 That insight gained, repentance was begun
4111 For its egregious fault, and penance done.⁷⁴
4112 I am not subject, then, to obligation –
4113 But if I am, for my faith's liberation,
4114 Death I far prefer to being coerced
4115 To love someone who cheated me at first,
4116 And to receive him as a friend to me
4117 Whom my honour conceives my enemy.
4118 I have to die, and must with the same wish
4119 Induce him also suddenly to perish.
4120 For well do I know it: my cruel death
4121 Will be his own, depriving him of breath;
4122 And he will die in the knowledge that, ravished
4123 Because of him, my pallid life has vanished.
4124 But what have I just said? Ah, in my heart
4125 Might deadly rancour bear so great a part
4126 That I, with cruel boldness, could efface
4127 Someone possessing my Nymphis's face,
4128 Who so resembles him, the same eyes sharing,
4129 The same forehead and the same graceful bearing?
4130 O over-cruel, inhumane Diane!
4131 Where lives your faith, your past love, which began
4132 When for your Fauste you reckoned it as good,
4133 In the days before to this gloomy wood
4134 Nymphis had ever made his way, whose face

74 The language of the original is likewise religious, alluding to forgiveness for sin.

4135 Changed your faith, of your feelings left no trace?
4136 O wretched Fauste! O you can see how poor
4137 Your payment is for your true faith and sure,
4138 For your passion, for your love's steadfastness,
4139 In spite of my desire's fickleness,
4140 Since I spurned your love, as well as my duty,
4141 In adoration of Nymphis's beauty!
4142 But now I wish with my heart to accord
4143 Your love and manly constancy reward:
4144 I will love you, from Nymphis turn away.
4145 Ah, what a thought, Diane! What's that you say?
4146 Leave Nymphis and succumb to love's fierce fever
4147 For Fauste, no less than your cruel deceiver?
4148 That's something, alas, that can never be!
4149 Sooner shall death freeze my vitality!
4150 But why not? What of my own crafty part
4151 When suddenly from Fauste I took my heart
4152 And gave it to Nymphis, for which offence
4153 As vengeance he maintains my pain intense?
4154 Well, in the end, what says that I cannot
4155 Let Nymphis go, who loves me not a jot,
4156 And seek out Fauste to be again my lover,
4157 My second self of time past re-discover?
4158 I surely can, with this addition now:
4159 Is it not he who holds my marriage vow?
4160 He has received from me the sacred pledge
4161 To love no other man, take none in marriage
4162 But him – and him, for his long persevering,
4163 I find alone deserving and endearing.
4164 I do not wish, then, that, for want of cure
4165 For passion, present death he should endure,
4166 Or, since I seek no more to see him wronged,
4167 His life in languishing should be prolonged.
4168 Now then let's go, Arbuste, and when we find him,
4169 With sweetness from his longing pain unbind him.

ARBUSTE

4170 Let's go, Diane, O fortune's happy turn!
4171 O happy Fauste! I feel for you return
4172 Of hope, the promise of leaving behind
4173 Your pain, and of enabling you to find
4174 What faithful lovers earn: true happiness
4175 With their fair ladies, ending their distress.
4176 Let's go, Diane, and blessings on this day
4177 That sends the happy fruits of love your way,
4178 And will ensure your shepherd life's extended,
4179 Which suffering love's pangs had nearly ended!
4180 Come on, then! May the kind gods show their might
4181 By bringing Fauste in safety to our sight. [Exeunt Diane and Arbuste.]

[Scene IV]

[Enter Elymant and Julie, Nymphis and Hector (concealed?).]

ELYMANT

4182 Where runs, as always free and pretty,
4183 In these desert places, the divine Julie?
4184 Still straying alone? Why is it you spurn
4185 The praise that your fair virtues justly earn?
4186 Too long you have been trifling with your mind
4187 And worn your beauty out, left far behind;
4188 You need to find a husband, tried and true,
4189 Who can remove all restless care from you.

JULIE

4190 O holy aged man, one must give credence
4191 To those made wise by their experience
4192 And learning, as I know is true of you
4193 From seeing all the good works that you do.
4194 But I can never satisfy your will
4195 Nor your advice in deeds of mine fulfil,
4196 For I'd find no pleasure in being slave

4197 To any law but having what I crave.

ELYMANT

4198 What's that you say? Poor girl, do you suppose
4199 That marriage would the least constraint impose
4200 Upon your will? Now, don't you, in your view,
4201 Possess sufficient honour, beauty, virtue,
4202 Strength to command – provided you are prudent –
4203 A husband who will render you content?
4204 The laws of Hymen do not bind and force;
4205 They rather cause sweet gentleness to course,
4206 And peace, throughout our softest inmost core
4207 And, holy, lend us glory evermore.

JULIE

4208 There is not any law, however mild,
4209 That wholly without rigour may be styled;
4210 For every law entails some obligation,
4211 And one obliged will long for liberation.
4212 But as the matter stands, what can restrain me
4213 Other than my volition? What can chain me
4214 To someone else's wishes, since no higher
4215 Power governs my youth than my desire?

ELYMANT

4216 But do you think that you can spend your years,
4217 When your chaste springtime all in green appears,
4218 And not have Hymen's force touch you at length,
4219 Since everyone alive must feel his strength?
4220 The great gods surely by their laws compel
4221 All those who in these lower regions dwell
4222 To give life, with being⁷⁵ and nourishment,
4223 To children, out of fear that nature, spent,

75 “[B]eing” seems the most accessible modern equivalent of the original's Aristotelian “essence”.

4224 Should fail, this world succumb without supplying,
4225 Which, but for Hymen, would be close to dying.
4226 It is a law which cannot fail to bind
4227 Us to the potent gods as humankind.

JULIE

4228 The gods grant our desire liberty;
4229 No one to quit his pleasure need agree,
4230 His will renounce, in bondage to keep well
4231 The laws of Hymen, who cannot compel.
4232 The bonds of marriage, Hymen's power, strong
4233 Though they may be, to our free choice belong
4234 And cannot dictate how desire thrives,
4235 Hamper our hearts, or obligate our lives.

ELYMANT

4236 The great good, though, the profit and content
4237 Which by that bond our lives are daily lent,
4238 The praise and honour due its sacred state,
4239 Acceptance and respect may motivate.

JULIE

4240 And what great good can Hymen ever furnish,
4241 What holy honour, that could make one wish
4242 To see, for him, one's freedom in a grave
4243 And to be made a husband's lowly slave?

ELYMANT

4244 Years full of happiness can Hymen bring,
4245 Soft and satisfying, giving you offspring
4246 Who will sustain you in your latter days,
4247 Whom heaven will adorn with wisdom's ways,
4248 Who will revive you, from the unjust fate
4249 Of time's devouring, to immortal state;
4250 And everlasting they will make your fame,
4251 Vibrant your memory, sacred your name.

4252 All the universe to your race will cleave
4253 Because behind you heroes you will leave
4254 Whom it will hold in holy reverence,
4255 So prompt in time of need for its defence.
4256 Your name by them will see itself maintained,
4257 By your ancestors' fault no longer stained;⁷⁶
4258 Your house, thus sure eternity to find,
4259 Shall never to the dark tomb be consigned.
4260 I see there will spring forth from you a race
4261 To set the universe's law in place,
4262 A hundred handsome sons, with virile daring –
4263 Their names with the gods in reverence sharing –
4264 Courageous, intrepid, whose deeds diverse
4265 Shall gild with honour this vast universe,
4266 Which untold blessings on her shall bestow
4267 Who bore such children in this world below.
4268 This plan the gods determined to fulfil:
4269 Will you use force against their sacred will?
4270 Wedlock's sacred bond, which your wish outweighs,
4271 Must guide your years and bless your latter days.

JULIE

4272 Since those benefits whose praises you sing,
4273 Those honours as well, are Hymen's offspring,
4274 And since the great gods would have me a wife,
4275 By Hyman's dictates to live out my life,
4276 And since you wish it, I will not refuse:
4277 But what husband here would you have me choose?

ELYMANT [*revealing Nymphis and Hector*]

4278 You see these two – one who shows forth the daring
4279 Of cruel Mars, with warlike face and bearing,
4280 The other with a shepherd's clothes and name,

76 Original sin is evoked in the pagan context for the sake, it seems, of suggesting the miracle of purging it; cf. Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, ed. cit., I.ii.74-75: "the imposition clear'd / Hereditary ours".

4281 But no less worthy is he, all the same:
4282 Both valiant, scions of a single sire;
4283 Both caught in the flames of your love's fierce fire;
4284 Both burning to see your beauty is served
4285 With those holy honours it has deserved;
4286 Both of them sons of a prince to be feared,
4287 Whose virtue makes him in heaven revered;
4288 One called Hector, the other Nymphis named,
4289 Whom your fair eyes to servitude have tamed.
4290 As your husband forever, of the two,
4291 Choose him who is now more pleasing to you.

HECTOR

4292 Freely, beauty divine, give us your voice,
4293 With neither of us to constrain your choice.

NYMPHIS

4294 Now make your choice, Julie, most perfect one;
4295 Once and forever let your will be done.

JULIE

4296 Because the choice between you falls to me,
4297 And won't make one the other's enemy,
4298 I take Nymphis, whose sacred loyalty
4299 I honour, and his constant love for me:
4300 Who always loved with consummate affection,
4301 And of whose passion I had made election
4302 In my soul, and in the back of my mind
4303 To marry him some day was I inclined,
4304 Though honour always stepped in to prevent
4305 Too warm a welcome to his chaste intent.
4306 But since it is appointed as my lot
4307 To yield to Hymen's law – as who cannot? –
4308 And heaven, which over us all holds sway,
4309 Wills that I have a husband to obey,
4310 Nymphis I choose, of known fidelity,

4311 And wish to make my spouse in chastity,
4312 Believing his true love will richly grow,
4313 And that his faith no change at all will show.

HECTOR

4314 Your choice, O Julie, could not be more sound:
4315 I give my consent and swear myself bound
4316 To honour you as a dear sister claims,
4317 Although your eye has left my heart in flames.
4318 So with more honour I will you endow
4319 Than if I had your faithful marriage vow.

NYMPHIS

4320 Honour a thousand-fold I give you, Julie,
4321 And take you for my spouse immortally,
4322 Since you are pleased and my true brother would –
4323 As my sole saviour – so decree my good,
4324 Whom I would have been vastly pleased to see
4325 Receive the gift you have bestowed on me.
4326 But since the thought proceeds from your chaste mind,
4327 Which no coercive force could ever bind,
4328 And it has firmly settled this affair,
4329 Fully to do your will shall be my care.

ELYMANT

4330 So reason requires. But now to banish
4331 Remembrance of your love, sir knight, I wish
4332 To have you drink this sweet and gentle potion,
4333 To free you from your prison of emotion.
4334 Here, then, drink it. Do you not feel heart-whole,
4335 Relieved of love, restored to health in soul,
4336 Freed from the piercing darts which Julie cast
4337 When her fair eye held your desires fast?

HECTOR

4338 So I feel, and offer you thanks for this.

ELYMANT

4339 May your life be led forever in bliss,
4340 O fair lovers! Live in chastity, live,
4341 And all the gods their blessings freely give!
4342 May you two prove the founders of a race
4343 That former heroes' glories will efface
4344 To spread through all the universe renown,
4345 Of Pallas worthy and her laurel crown.
4346 Go see again your gentle native country,
4347 And there complete your years contentedly. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene V]

[*Enter Fauste.*]

FAUSTE

4348 O blessed day, when I with joy shall see,
4349 As your light fades, the end of misery!
4350 O sacred day, when my spirit shall fly
4351 Where your fair fire glows up in the sky!
4352 Fortunate day, when my crude love pursuits
4353 With my life's end will yield their barren fruits!
4354 O happy day, alone in all these years,
4355 Which will redeem my destiny from tears –
4356 Ah, I praise you and, with vow upon vow,
4357 I welcome you, seize you, wish for you now!
4358 Fauste, that poor wretch who used in woe to languish,
4359 Dragging through his pitiful mournful anguish,
4360 For whom so many days have passed in grief,
4361 On this resplendent day shall find relief,
4362 Because this day his final end shall bring,
4363 The only cure for his long suffering.
4364 “Happy” Fauste – unhappy, held by no stay –
4365 In spite of fate shall be happy today!⁷⁷

77 The play on “happy”/“unhappy” conveys that on “fauste”/“infauste”.

4366 This sacred day true happiness shall send,
 4367 His name it⁷⁸ shall engrave, inscribe, suspend
 4368 Within all-hallowed Love's most sacred temple,
 4369 For having died because he loved so well.
 4370 O holy death! How sweet it is to die,
 4371 When one finds only cruelty to lie
 4372 In lengthy life, and frequent death-blows feels,
 4373 From which one never dies but never heals!
 4374 As the Harbour of Grace⁷⁹ has sweeter lustre
 4375 For the mariner whom the tempest's bluster
 4376 Threatens to bury deep beneath the seas,
 4377 Than when he finds calm sky, disposed to please
 4378 His wishes, and he sails on without fear
 4379 Of being consigned to an ocean bier –
 4380 For danger we already half deplore
 4381 Makes sweet the benefit we hoped not for –
 4382 Likewise is brutal death a precious gain
 4383 For those who must endure immortal pain
 4384 And who can hope to find no form of cure
 4385 Unless a happy death they may procure.
 4386 O gentle death, harbour of those in woe,
 4387 When the gods no pity to them will show.
 4388 O sacred death, when you finish our days,
 4389 You finish our pains, our tearful sighs, always.
 4390 For mortals, then, does not death fill a need,
 4391 Since thus from misery they may be freed,
 4392 When they are born for nothing but distress
 4393 And not allowed a taste of happiness?
 4394 The patient begs to have the remedy
 4395 To drive away his drawn-out malady,
 4396 Whose violence, as it inflicts his torments,
 4397 Makes longing for such rescue more intense.

78 Orig. "il" might equally refer to Fauste himself, but the rhetoric stresses the agency of the day.

79 The metaphorical sense is clearly primary here, but Montreux may also be alluding to the full name of Le Havre, founded in 1517 by François I near a chapel dedicated to Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.

4398 Likewise, what hope can the wretched man cherish
4399 But by a gratifying death to perish?
4400 Because in life one never can obtain
4401 The slightest succour or surcease from pain,
4402 Compared with the ills which accompany
4403 Our poor existence here relentlessly,
4404 Death we must value as a happiness,
4405 Not, as we think, some strange unpleasantness.
4406 O lovely death! To you I have recourse!
4407 Alas, I embrace you with ardent force!
4408 I summon you, call you, you I'll pursue,
4409 Since I can last no longer without you!
4410 Unhappy^{so} my life, tainted by offence;
4411 Happy my faithful death in recompense!
4412 Fauste, who was all unhappy here on earth,
4413 Shall know in heaven a happy re-birth.
4414 Death will reach a rescuing hand to claim
4415 That outcome suited to his happy name,
4416 Which life unjustly snatched from him away,
4417 While his emotions here below held sway.
4418 Happy in name and in fact must he be,
4419 Since death from his afflictions sets him free.
4420 But tumble down, then, from that rocky peak,
4421 O wretched Fauste, and make your way to seek
4422 In fields of bliss the grace that beautifies
4423 The soul of one who, over-faithful, dies!
4424 High time! Ah, I've too often had to see
4425 The forefront of a day that thwarted me,
4426 That so deceived me, ruined all expectation,
4427 Took pleasure in my endless tribulation.
4428 So let us die, O Diane, fair-eyed one,
4429 Whose hair long ago, so playfully wanton,
4430 Bound fast in lasting bonds my conquered heart,

80 Again, "infauste".

4431 Left adoration as my only part,
4432 Fauste will come to importune you no longer;
4433 No more will his face be of yours the wronger!
4434 He will perish, because his happy dying
4435 Is welcome to you, his life merely trying.
4436 He will die avenging the injury,
4437 By his cruel death, that he did you wrongly.
4438 He will perish, and so your wish fulfil,
4439 Since he remains alive against your will.
4440 He will die and render your heart content
4441 Which so on his cruel demise is bent.
4442 Adieu, Diane! One sole regret offends
4443 My sacred constancy as my life ends:
4444 It is that, after my sweet fatal blow,
4445 Without, without you I'll be seen below;
4446 It is that I must, in losing the light,
4447 Lose you also, who once were my delight.
4448 I stretched out my days for one thing alone –
4449 Only to bring happiness to your own.
4450 Now those same days I lose, despite my truth,
4451 Since you are hostile to them – and my youth.
4452 Adieu, Diane! Adieu alluring beauty:
4453 I cannot quarrel with your cruelty,
4454 Since I have sought, beneath a borrowed guise,
4455 To change your heart, and to deceive your eyes!
4456 With joy I die, fulfilling your intent,
4457 And find, in dying, nothing to lament,
4458 Because my death is sealed by your decree,
4459 And it consigns to death my destiny
4460 Bitter and harsh. Come, then – to death let's go,
4461 And quickly run to Pluto's realm below!

[*Enter Diane and Arbuste.*]

DIANE

4462 No, Fauste, no! Diane, who possesses sway
4463 Over your will, bids you not take that way!
4464 To profit fully from them, she prefers
4465 To save your happy days, and make them hers.
4466 Is she not your wife, the bond sure and true,
4467 Having promised and sworn her faith to you?
4468 It's that same faith to you she seeks to honour,
4469 Begs heaven bestow you as spouse upon her.
4470 It's that same faith she pledges once again
4471 And her error laments, with tears of pain,
4472 Of lacking you for so many fair days,
4473 Though your claim to faith all others' outweighs.
4474 But take heart now, your courage bring back to life
4475 For our sacred union as man and wife.

FAUSTE

4476 O take my thanks, you gods, O gods benign,
4477 Whose life-saving favour I now feel mine!
4478 And you, Diane, O you, my lady-goddess,
4479 O my soul's pride, my only good and goodness,
4480 O my delightful hope, O my repose,
4481 I long to grant the wish you now disclose.

ARBUSTE

4482 Now go, then, O you venerable pair
4483 Of handsome lovers; pleasure do not spare
4484 In having your desire: live in bliss
4485 In Hymen's – the father of joys – blithe service!
4486 And never may fires of jealousy
4487 Inflame your hearts or heat your fantasy,
4488 But happily enrich your lives' full span
4489 With fruit of those chaste loves which here began.

END