



Scène
Européenne

Traductions
introuvables

The Shepherds' Court (La Cour bergère)

by André Mareschal

Translated, with Introduction and Notes,
by Richard Hillman

Référence électronique

The Shepherds' Court, or the Arcadie of Sir Philip Sidney: Tragicomedy

by André Mareschal

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Translation

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The Shepherds' Court

or

the Arcadie

of Sir Philip Sidney:

Tragicomedy

[*Dedicatory Epistle*]

To the very illustrious lord Sir Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, Viscount De L'Isle, Baron of Penshurst,² etc., Councillor in the Privy Council and Ambassador Extraordinary of the King of Great Britain to the Most Christian King.

My Lord,

This play so rightfully belongs to Your Excellency, because it bears that illustrious and glorious name of Sidney, and is even of your house, that if I dedicated it to someone else, I should think myself to be paying him with what is yours and enriching him with your property, and I should believe that I had to make restitution to you for a robbery. Besides that reason so strong and particular, I have still others, my lord, which are scarcely less compelling, although somewhat more general, to show that the protection of this book is properly your affair. Indeed, anyone who knows that the divine subject of this tragicomedy is that famous romance, the *Arcadie*, of Sir Philip Sidney, that masterpiece which is accounted the English Heliodorus,³ can be in no doubt that the honour belongs to you—and the universal admiration of the great minds of Europe—or that I had to consecrate this work to you alone. I know in what esteem, or rather veneration, such a celebrated author is held by Your Excellency, and I wish to add nothing to his praise, and to the honour which all England still renders to his memory, except by making it known to France that you are his nephew, and worthy of him. Like you, my lord, he saw himself honoured and entrusted with the most important affairs of the realm; like you, he rendered himself indispensable to his king [*sic*] and his country; and finally, like you—full of intelligence, courage and fidelity—he hit upon the art, in his embassies, of making a pleasing impression on foreign princes. I dare add, moreover, to the credit of his life, which was so short and so glorious, that he began it and you are completing it—that you continue his life in making your actions correspond to his, that you march triumphantly in the footsteps of a hero, and that you succeed to his glory and his virtues, even as you do to his name and titles. Might it please God, my lord, that you could know to what degree I revere the uncle and the nephew, how dear to me is the memory of such a great spirit, and how much I respect in the person of Your Excellency that forceful genius and those splendid qualities which seem to be a legitimate inheritance of your house. You would at least know that no flattery enters into my words, that those words are the veritable children of my heart, and that they are nevertheless merely weak expressions of my sentiments, or at most slight tokens of that adoration which I feel for both of you. You would learn, moreover, that I have not fashioned this tragicomedy except to bring one of them back to life in his writings and on our stages, and to gain access to the other by providing him with pleasant diversion when he reads the poem I present to him. I will not at all discuss its merit: the reports that the French theatre has made of it are sufficient, and the applause it has received serves as a witness, independent of me, of its worth and justifies the hope I have that it will by no means disappoint Your Excellency. I have tried at least not at all to shame my author, and not to be shamed by him either: I have followed him quite closely in the most appealing details, and I have not departed from him except as constrained by the decorum and strictures of the theatre. You will be its judge and its patron—you, my lord, who have the learning and the enlightenment to be discerning in the matter, and also enough good will to excuse some defects, when you come across them, considering the honest desire I have to please you and to show everyone how greatly I esteem the

² The original erroneously reads “Lens-Hurst”.

³ That is, the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus. The comparison is revealing with regard to Mareschal’s approach to the *Arcadia*; see Introduction, pp. 10-12.

fair relics of a divine mind, and one so closely connected with you. Since it is from him that I expect the little reputation that this work may gain me, so it is only thanks to him that I hope to enter into your good graces. His portrait seems to have been placed at the beginning of this letter⁴ only to make you see that he considers that welcome that you will accord us, and to tempt you gently by that object, whose slightest drawing is so precious to you, to receive and acknowledge my vows and my passion, and to permit me the honour to style myself, my lord, Your Excellency's most humble and very devoted servant,

A. Mareschal.

4 The concrete language here might suggest that an actual image is meant, but there is none in the several copies that I have seen (Bibliothèque Nationale de France; Bibliothèque Municipale, Angers) of the 1640 Paris printing, the only early edition known; unless there was a change of plan, therefore, Mareschal must be referring to his own verbal portrait.

The Characters (speaking roles)

Bazyle		King of Arcadie
Gynécie		The Queen
Pamèle		Elder daughter of the King
Phyloclée		Second daughter of the King
Pyrocle,	or	Zelmane

Princes and Cousins

Lyzidor,	or	Lycas
Damétas		Chief herdsman
Calander		An Arcadian Lord
Amphyale		Prince of Arcadie
Cécropie		Mother of Amphyale
Troop of soldiers		
Messenger		

Scene: Arcadie

Act I

Scene i

Calander, Lyzidor, Pyrocle

*[In a private room, where Pyrocle stops to contemplate the portrait of Phyloclée.]*⁵

CALANDER

1 No longer speak of evils past, my friends:
 2 Your feats of glory amply make amends.⁶
 3 Accuse not Heaven, hostile winds or fortune,
 4 Now heaping honours, once inopportune.
 5 Thus for your trials are you well requited—
 6 Parted by Fate, by virtue reunited;
 7 Ah, I alone owe thanks to Heaven's grace
 8 For making you the saviours of my race!
 9 On this shore you were cast up by the sea
 10 To set my son from death and fetters free.
 11 That shipwreck caused me greater joy to know,
 12 In that your loss redeemed me from my woe.
 13 I had a stake when dangers threatened you,
 14 And you were lost so you might bring me rescue:
 15 How strange! I find, now storms have ceased to roar,
 16 As authors of my good, shipwreck and war.

LYZIDOR

17 War and shipwreck⁷ to help us have combined:

5 The original stage directions, which are abundant, are given in italics. I occasionally provide supplements in roman type, but not where the action or persons addressed seem quite clear. I have clarified Mareschal's speech-headings where this seemed helpful.

6 Mareschal begins, as the original does, *in medias res*, but here as elsewhere he evidently counts on the audience's knowledge to fill in the background, which is never explained. In the *Arcadia*, it is a battle against the Helots, rebelling peasants in neighbouring Laconia, which gives the valiant Musidorus (then known as Palladius) and Pyrocles (in the guise of Daiphantus) the occasion to rescue Kalander and his son Clitophon, as well as to be reunited themselves, for they had been separated since the wreck of their ship. See Philip Sidney, *Arcadia*, ed. Maurice Evans (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1977), pp. 93-101 (bk. I, chap. 6). References to the *Arcadia* are taken from this edition.

7 The original likewise inverts Calander's terms in repeating them, according to the figure of chiasmus.

18 Our gain in being known to you we find.⁸

CALANDER

19 Had not that fateful meeting such good done,
20 My son would lack a father, I a son.
21 Both in your action together you served;
22 By one deed of succour, two you preserved:
23 To grant your virtues some due recognition—
24 Heaven, you may! It exceeds our condition.

LYZIDOR

25 On wings of pure glory our spirits soared:
26 That action for us was its own reward.

CALANDER

27 For that great benefit, all I can do,
28 Dear guests, is offer my son, myself too;
29 That offer hardly far enough extends:
30 You gave him life, and mine on his depends.

LYZIDOR

31 Another on our part must match that offer:
32 Ourselves in exchange we are pleased to proffer.

PYROCLE [*aside*]

33 What present of me do you think to make him?
34 Alas! Give someone whose self will forsake him?
 [*Regarding the portrait of Phyloclée.*]
35 Fair portrait, whose brilliance enslaves my soul,
36 Could anyone but you my life control?
37 Sweet raptures! Dull reason that will not roam!

CALANDER

38 I here embrace two gods within my home!

LYZIDOR

39 Finish now, dear cousin—

8 Orig.: "Nous en auons le bien d'estre connus de vous".

PYROCLE
Stung by love's furies!⁹

LYZIDOR
40 – Just our compliments, not your reveries.

PYROCLE
41 Forgive my eyes, ravished by what they see.

CALANDER
42 At least you dream of something wholly worthy.

PYROCLE
43 Divine Phyloclée!

CALANDER
And by far more fair
44 Than anything a brush can picture there:
45 As good judge her charms by those painting wrought her
46 As seek the sun by its image in water.

PYROCLE
47 The painter has Nature surpassed, and art.

CALANDER
48 So does the subject her feigned counterpart:
49 Thus those painters who press their daring far
50 The gods may depict, but not as they are.

PYROCLE
51 What goddess could ever with her compare?

CALANDER
52 Her sister, no less adorably fair.

9 The original, “Amoureuses furies” (sig. Aii^r), is more enigmatic, if no less violent linguistically; the translation attempts to render more clearly the effect of the *coup de foudre*. That effect is virtually mandated by dramatic necessity; in the original, the reaction of the princes to the portraits is not immediately described; see Sidney, p. 76 (bk. I, chap. 3).

53 See. [*Revealing the portrait of Pamèle.*]

PYROCLE

Ah! They would greatly dispute the prize.

CALANDER

54 Between them, majesty with sweetness vies.

LYZIDOR

55 That very face would be assumed by Virtue;
56 Here Honour has placed all its traits on view.
57 Her eyes both her heart and her spirit bear—
58 Though serious, she has a smiling air.

CALANDER

59 Her temperament and her beauties show.

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

60 Which strike to my heart a palpable blow.

PYROCLE

61 Phyloclée, I judge, more love would excite.

LYZIDOR

62 Her sister's charms could sooner mine ignite.

CALANDER

63 Their diverse beauties splendidly agree:
64 In these two pictures, equal grace we see.

PYROCLE

65 Sweetness has features apt to subjugate.

LYZIDOR

66 Pride has attractions that one cannot hate.

CALANDER

67 Phyloclée is the younger of the two;
68 To Pamèle, then, one day the crown is due.

69 The King, whose only care these offspring are,
 70 Keeps them humbly, from crowds and gossip far,
 71 And, fearing an evil threatened by fate,
 72 Foresees the tempest, seeks out a calm state.
 73 He has dissolved his court, and to be free,
 74 From monarch to shepherd is changed by worry.
 75 Reason, which fear for his family blinds,
 76 Himself, his wife and both his daughters binds;
 77 Shut off in the rooms where he makes his stay,
 78 Fearing for life, he lets life slip away;
 79 To keep a realm, leaves it, himself deprives,
 80 And suffers his ill before it arrives.

LYZIDOR

81 What does he fear besides?

CALANDER

A captive state,
 82 Which to avoid, he's bound to imitate;
 83 For his sceptre's sake, the sheep-hook he bears,
 84 And for the future of his crown despairs.
 85 Such is the threat of the Heavens' decree:
 86 But hear the Oracle, and you will see.
 87 It's this. [reads]

THE ORACLE

*Your fruitful Arcadie, great king,
 88 Unless a timely remedy you bring,
 89 Will splash with blood all the flowers it grows—
 90 Your House, all in flames, beweeeping its woes,
 91 Your heir on no throne but a scaffold seen,
 92 Your son-in-law burning you and the Queen;
 93 A Prince triumphant will count you his gains:
 94 Father, Mother and the child who remains.*

LYZIDOR

95 That Oracle is cruel.

CALANDER

– And feeding his anguish,
 96 Causes him in doubtful dread to languish.
 97 Not knowing what to fear, he shrinks from all:
 98 Honours and pleasures to him taste of gall;
 99 Doubts about courtiers' dark thoughts afflict him;
 100 His realm seems an altar, he the doomed victim;
 101 His royal state brings him nothing but care;
 102 He loves his crown, to don it does not dare;
 103 He has rid himself of all but his fear:
 104 Two towers—or tombs—mark his meagre cheer,
 105 Where, as if dead, he now lives quite shut off,
 106 And access to his dwelling has cut off.

PYROCLE [*aside*]

107 Misery! What now?

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

Despair has seized me!

PYROCLE

108 Do his daughters lead the same life as he?

CALANDER

109 Many innocent sports their cares relieve,
 110 And shepherds now and then they may receive.

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

111 Those words breathe life again—I was expiring.
 112 But let me hide those schemes my flame's inspiring.

CALANDER

113 Thus, unable to visit King or court,
 114 It's with me, dear guests, you must make your sport.
 115 Whatever the weather, or moods that seize you,
 116 I suppose that hunting is bound to please you.
 117 Let's go, then: my son waits to start the chase.

LYZIDOR

118 Let's go. [*aside*] Hunting? When mine's a mortal case?
 [*Exeunt Calander and Lyzidor.*]

PYROCLE [*alone*]

119 From the sweetest pleasure my love recoils.
 120 Shall I go hunting when my soul's in toils?
 121 Yet I must feign and, that bond kept unknown,
 122 Deceive their minds by the force of my own,
 123 Seek out the best way my love to advance
 124 And profit from some timely circumstance. [*Exit.*]

Scene ii

Bazyle, Damétas, Pamèle

BAZYLE [*as a shepherd*]

125 You so wish it, Fates, and harshly impose
 126 That in doubt I drag out my life and woes;
 127 My dishonoured state—so low have you set it,
 128 Taken my greatness, and made me forget it.
 129 You who possess me—suspicions, fears, fright—
 130 All brilliance lost, am I a royal sight?
 131 Since only my power, Fates, you resent,
 132 Naked, I yield me: spare the innocent!
 133 The force of your cruel darts to deter,
 134 Innocent hands I show that hold no sceptre:
 135 On these grey hairs must a storm be hurled down?
 136 Destroy the crowned head, but preserve the crown:
 137 Daughter, when Fate and its harsh blows I rue,
 138 I speak of myself but fear just for you.

DAMÉTAS

139 For my part, I fear for both, though I'm sure
 140 My fortune one day will make you secure,
 141 Your evil, in its harshness, turned aside

142 By awe of the iron¹⁰ worn at my side.
 143 Destiny yields to me, dares not displease me.
 144 If I were angry, you'd see how it flees me.
 145 To Pamèle the stars have shown themselves kind
 146 Since her young years to my charge were assigned;
 147 How quickly she's gained in beauty and height;
 148 My heifer, after all, is not more white;
 149 She has all her teeth, I've counted her hairs;
 150 To fatten her up I bestow all my cares.
 151 More than sixteen - not a wrinkle at that!
 152 The cattle I care for, are they not fat?
 153 Your oxen and she have had the same tending,
 154 Since I've been charged with their superintending.
 155 Harm threatened her a slight to me entails:
 156 I suffer loss if she just bites her nails!
 157 So fear no more, but good fortune expect
 158 For a daughter such a one can protect.
 159 Do I seem, like you, a man that fear bows?
 160 Faint heart! Back inside! I'll go count my cows.

BAZYLE

161 Leave her with me for a moment, no more.

DAMÉTAS

162 Yes, but don't forget I'm her governor. [*Exit.*]

PAMÈLE

163 A scarcely credible and shameful fact,
 164 Which shocks my eyes, from your state must detract;
 165 Not just my body, sire, is confined,
 166 Walled in, but this cowherd detains my mind.¹¹
 167 On all sides a captive, of all forlorn,
 168 I can claim nothing but to have been born.

10 Orig. "fer"—normally a sword, but a marginal note specifies that Demétas' weapon is an axe.

11 Again, Mareschal seems to rely on his public's knowledge of the *Arcadia*, where the background to the King's absurd advancement of Damétas to a position of authority is supplied; see Introduction, p. 4, n. 6.

BAZYLE

169 If, to endow you, we take away all,
 170 On love, not cruelty, the blame must fall,
 171 And whatever name you think it deserves,
 172 That prison seems mild which a crown preserves.
 173 This place protects you and your liberty;
 174 It's prudent to prefer captivity.
 175 When blows of misfortune he thus prevents,
 176 The wise man bears with inconvenience.
 177 You have my example, whose care appears
 178 In choosing that state where one has least fears:
 179 If no other cheer lights my solitude,
 180 Time and custom will have made it less rude.¹²
 181 For one made of flowers I've changed my crown;
 182 My head has less anguish, if less renown;
 183 The gold one tempts ruin, so much does it weigh;
 184 From this my hands have plucked the thorns away—
 185 Or if one remains, despite all I've tried,
 186 I wear it out of doors, princes inside.¹³
 187 I'm placed, by this choice, in my enterprise,
 188 Less under Fortune's, more in Nature's eyes;
 189 I do not feel, in this state, such distress:
 190 The sceptre in a shepherd's hand weighs less.

PAMÈLE

191 As it weighs less, it carries less assurance.

BAZYLE

192 A king's security is mere appearance.
 193 Such dazzling pomp gives the envious shade:
 194 There Fortune gets eyes and her wings are made.
 195 But the hands of Innocence lend repose:
 196 So full enjoyment of oneself one knows.
 197 This gentle life, true and good to the core,
 198 Shows I have all, and had nothing before.

12 "T'auray pris de la voir la temps & l'habitude": the expression is elliptical, but the general sense of getting used to solitude and privation is clear enough.

13 With the double sense of inward vexation.

199 Kings in mountain-like palaces enskied
 200 Rule a small room—I rule a countryside.
 201 The air that they breathe high status infects;
 202 My own, the perfume of the rose perfects.
 203 Strong winds blow round them, sighs of misery:
 204 The Zephyr is the only wind for me.
 205 That's the fruit of the change—all in my favour –
 206 Which I serve up for your judgement to savour;
 207 And while these woods, which my view confine,
 208 Court the sun's promise the day will be fine,¹⁴
 209 To share with more enjoyment in its grace,
 210 Go bring the Queen; follow the steps I trace.

PAMÈLE

211 O hapless steps I take as my tears fall:
 212 Me alone, fair fields, you don't charm at all! [*Exit.*]

Scene iii

PYROCLE [*disguised as an Amazon*]

213 At last I've baffled their cunning and their sight
 214 To come unknown to this place of delight.
 215 They've started the deer; I, silent, alone,
 216 In my flight have likewise such swiftness shown.
 217 By this costume I took and kept concealed
 218 To cover my fault, to me it's revealed.
 219 Lyzidor, cousin, true, I do offence:
 220 You trust my vows—that should prove your defence;
 221 But the equal respect I have for you,
 222 For fear of offending, hides my care, too.
 223 I know how far from friendship I am swerving,
 224 That virtue whole and pure is your deserving;
 225 That in any glorious enterprise

14 Orig.: “Demandant au Soleil vn belle iournée”; there seems to be an elliptical suggestion that the day already appears likely to be fair, and I translate accordingly.

226 Pyrocle, that ingrate, should please your eyes.
 227 But Love is blind, and when reason opposes
 228 His marvellous deeds, his ears that god closes.
 229 Thus on both sides, I feel equal distress:
 230 Too loyal a lover, a friend who's faithless.
 231 Then, dear Lyzidor, cease so to reproach me
 232 That echoes here among these rocks approach me;
 233 In leaving your presence and your affection,
 234 See how my fault inflicts its own correction.
 235 Or if you still can't be propitiated,
 236 See how I abhor it, see how it's hated.
 237 My shameful spirit, spurning all that's fine,
 238 Takes a false sex, seems unworthy of mine;
 239 My friendship, however, flames as of old:
 240 Pyrocle is yours; this *she's* in Love's hold.¹⁵
 241 All these false trappings, which belie my heart,
 242 Haven't yet made its strength and force depart;
 243 Alcides, his soul with the same cares taken,
 244 The distaff plied: my sword I've not forsaken;
 245 Pallas in this garb... But see how I'm blind—
 246 My virtue to my garments I've consigned!
 247 Of all Alcides' flames, one gains renown,
 248 Made a mortal a god: mine casts my manhood down.
 249 Alas! I know my fault, and cannot leave it;
 250 Torment I feel, yet seek not to relieve it.
 251 I worship the poison, the hands that kill;
 252 I love you, Phyloclée, though unseen still.
 253 I'm hurt, my heart snatched, by your painted face:
 254 Gods! What will come of your eyes, beauty, grace?
 255 To deal lawful death in these parts I stray,
 256 And I've decked myself out to be your prey.
 [*Damétas appears, singing.*]
 257 But who, in these far woods, impertinent,

15 Orig.: “Tu tiens le vray Pyrocle, & l'Amour cette Femme”. The point, according to the familiar idea of conflict between friendship and love, is that the baser sentiment has taken possession of the “false” part of him that is drawn to Phyloclée. (Almost inevitably evoked is the effeminising submission of Alcides, i.e. Hercules, to Omphale.) As it happens, no such conflict exists: both lovers are conveniently in love with different women, and their amorous project proves a joint one.

258 Dares to mingle his voice with my lament?
 259 He's stopping; let's see—a shepherd, no doubt.

Scene iv
 Demétas, Pyrocle

DAMÉTAS

260 Yes, I'm Damétas.

PYROCLE

I'll go round about.

DAMÉTAS

261 There is no other in all Arcadie!
 262 But that fantastic sight has frightened me.
 263 I'll chase her as she flees—she's back! I'm scared;
 264 Whether woman, boy, or both sexes shared,
 265 Stop making me afraid: hide yourself, go!
 266 The Prince commands it, and I wish it so.

PYROCLE

267 Gods! These woods hold forms of outlandish kind.
 268 I seek there my sun—a satyr I find.

DAMÉTAS

269 That dryade¹⁶ is mad, and thinks me a sun.
 270 And well, in some sort, I really am one.
 271 In that very guise her love I'll allow.
 272 Apollo herded cows, as I do now;
 273 Admetus was a great king¹⁷—ours is too.

16 The encounter is thus between a dryade (or nymph of the woods) and a satyr. Damétas has a smattering of learning.

17 Apollo (god of the sun), while doing penance, served as herdsman to Admetus, King of Pherae (in Thessaly). Damétas instantly projects himself into the divine role—hence Pyrocle's repudiation of his "vile talk".

PYROCLE

274 Enough! That vile talk you shall not pursue!

DAMÉTAS

275 That thing a woman? Any cow would match it!
276 She'll fear, here alone, mere sight of this hatchet.

PYROCLE

277 What? You bark, gross dog, and defy my blows?
278 But, gods—how he runs! This clown's one of those
279 Whose fool's feet prove as flighty as their head:
280 I'll pursue some more worthy prey instead.

DAMÉTAS [*hidden among the trees*]

281 Help, quickly! They're mortal, these blows I bear!

PYROCLE

282 That beast, as he flees, will die in his lair.

Scene v

Bazyle, Pyrocle, Damétas

BAZYLE

283 What fearful cry from that dark thicket's heart
284 Disturbs the peaceful shade, makes the birds start?
285 What's happened here that I don't see defer
286 To me, as usual, the slightest Zephyr?
287 Each leaf is set trembling, silence awakes,
288 And still the plaintive echo my ear shakes.

PYROCLE

289 By looks and voice, too, I know it's the King.

DAMÉTAS [*rising and addressing the King*]

290 The sight of you is somewhat comforting.

PYROCLE

291 What frightens Demetas?

DAMÉTAS

A demon-ess—
292 But she's there! My fear again leaves me lifeless. [*He flees.*]

BAZYLE

293 How dazzling she is! Say rather a goddess!
294 But can I accost her without rude boldness?

PYROCLE [*aside*]

295 Here is my longed-for opportunity!

BAZYLE

296 Honour of heaven, who bring here your beauty,
297 What incense on this earth might do you pleasure,
298 Quitting the skies to lend to it such treasure?
299 Your mystic voice, O Destinies, I hear,
300 See in this far wood Diana appear:
301 Sacred wood, happy prince, who such grace sees:
302 May it be lawful to embrace her knees!

PYROCLE

303 Withdraw your mind, great King, from such confusion;
304 Here's no divinity, just sweet illusion.

BAZYLE

305 Then let me keep that dream, extend it far.

PYROCLE

306 Subject to death, as mortal as you are,
307 I would profane the name of great Diane:
308 I am a woman, Amazon—Zelmane.
309 Ruling that land where I began my days,

310 I have left Strymon, Thrace¹⁸ and courtly ways;
 311 My spirit, borne beyond the bounds of Thrace,
 312 Longs to enhance the grandeur of my race,
 313 And in pursuing virtue and renown,
 314 My brow has often gained a laurel crown.
 315 But we're surprised...

BAZYLE [*aside*]

What charms! (The Queen's here—stay!)
 316 How that splendid speech took my breath away!

PYROCLE [*aside*]

[*Seeing his mistress in the Queen's train.*]

317 O eyes, to that surpassing sight compare
 318 Her pictured grace, which in my heart I bear:
 319 It's she, Phyloclée—a marvel to make
 320 My senses doubt whether I sleep or wake.

Scene vi

Gynécie, Bazyle, Damétas, Pyrocle, Pamèle, Phyloclée

GYNÉCIE

321 Forward, Dametas, and show us that place
 322 Where a god appears with a human face.

BAZYLE

323 Prepare to wonder, Madam: turn your eyes
 324 And view Love itself in a woman's guise;
 325 How grace and valour in one form, in turn,
 326 Show forth both love and war you may discern.

18 The Strymon river (in present-day Bulgaria and Greece) is considered one of the boundaries of ancient Thrace, whose frontiers were variable (see *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*, s.v. Thrace) and which was generally thought of as a warlike and barbarous region. The geography here is, of course, as fanciful as the myth of the Amazons.

DAMÉTAS

327 More talking now of valour and of war?
 328 That plunges me deeper than the earth's core.
 329 Ah, should the smallest fly her wrath inspire,
 330 Your so-called god would deal blows like hell-fire,
 331 And that was nearly what happened to me.

PHYLOCLÉE

332 From such mistrust her looks should set you free.

DAMÉTAS

333 Whoever likes, advance—I'll watch from here;
 334 And I'll use my feet should the need appear.

BASYLE

335 Star of the universe, fair dame divine,
 336 Whose soul's traits even your features outshine,
 337 Alike your virtues and beauties to serve
 338 Is to yield you far less than you deserve:
 339 A prince who his royal family presents—
 340 Is that price high enough to gain your presence?
 341 To grant that gift, our prayers fulfilled to see,
 342 By honouring us with your company,
 343 Think of the gods, marvel we worship so,
 344 When they sojourned for pleasure here below.
 345 With mortals they pursued their love delights,
 346 Prizing their hearts above their holy rites.

GYNÉCIE

347 For such place only such a god is fit.

PAMÈLE

348 Your sweet words promise us that benefit.

GYNÉCIE

349 Due pains for your pleasure we'll so apply
 350 That you shall be here as those in the sky.

BAZYLE

351 With like power, ever in adoration.

PYROCLE

352 I'm far from seeking such a lofty station.
 353 These offers, with such hope as you express,
 354 Would make me take more, but for their excess.
 355 My sex permits a little flattery,
 356 But speak to my face with idolatry?...¹⁹

PHYLOCLÉE

357 To swear your virtues deserving of incense,
 358 Our minds moved for you in all innocence,
 359 Is not the consequence of wayward licence,
 360 Nor something to be punished by your absence.²⁰

PYROCLE

361 Nature's master-piece, Beauty to revere,
 362 The final triumph of your force is clear:
 363 I grant your wishes, before such charms
 364 [*kneeling*] For the first time tremble, lay down my arms.
 365 Do not, Princesses, view me with surprise:
 366 All-conquering once—now her captive prize;²¹
 367 I worship Beauty in her form most pure,
 368 Adore a fair sun which no clouds obscure.

PHYLOCLÉE

369 One cannot be such except by your rays:
 370 That which we see in you, in me you praise.

GYNÉCIE

371 And what we see beyond belief astounds.

19 I retain the suspension points of the original as a guide to performance.

20 Ll. 357-60 likewise rhyme on the same sound in the original.

21 With the help of the ambiguous “her”, the passage conveys the notion that the ideal of Beauty for him is now incarnate in Phyloclée.

PYROCLE

372 And these flattering speeches pass all bounds;
 373 Such praise to further occasions consign—
 374 To her eyes I yield all that you grant mine.

BAZYLE

375 Not that dazzling flash, whose pleasing force
 376 Strikes hearts, of awe and appetite the source;
 377 Not that sweet pride, that amorous disdain,
 378 Which threatens and flatters, brings joy and pain.

PYROCLE

379 Discourse so strong mere feeble breath exceeds.

BAZYLE

380 [*aside*] I'm filled with flame!—oh, on my soul it feeds.
 381 To the castle, then, to seal this affair—
 382 Which yearns for you, and seems to me more fair.

PYROCLE

383 So many offers urge, I must obey.

DAMÉTAS [*alone*]

384 There they go, that woman under their sway.
 385 If my wife were like that, all night in vain
 386 She could weep alone, sad, and bootless complain;
 387 I'd not go near her, were she in the nude!
 388 I'd limit love-making to what I viewed.

Act II

Scene i

LYZIDOR [*as a shepherd*]

389 Complete this work, this plan guide for the best,
 390 Which your flames, Love, inspire in my breast.
 391 In that fierce fight where strong Reason took part
 392 Against your efforts to enter my heart,
 393 You know that to support your harmless blows,
 394 I brought my senses Reason to oppose,
 395 That its resistance your glory engraved,
 396 That my resolve by all means I depraved,
 397 And so you might a victor's name possess,
 398 I lent you darts that caused my heart distress.
 399 Flush with your triumph, imperious, bold,
 400 At your feet that rebellious slave you hold;
 401 To second you, Pamèle, instead of chains,
 402 With a beam from her eyes his force restrains.
 403 I seem to hear her voice cry victory:
 404 "Your heart, Lyzidor, is my prize, my glory".
 405 Already my senses, with strange joy thrilling,
 406 Promise my ardent longings their fulfilling,
 407 And that sweet rapture which gives my thought scope
 408 Puts fear into the past, gives birth to hope.
 409 And the very source of my gnawing care—
 410 Pyrocle—helps me by not being there.
 411 But that castle blocks me, my hope's dispelled:
 412 In a castle of bronze my Love is held.
 413 Thanks to the wit that God deigns to provide,
 414 I will easily find my way inside...
 415 Gods! Who looms now from the depth of this wood?
 416 He speaks—I'll hide, till he is understood.

Scene ii

Pyrocle as Zelmane, Lyzidor

ZELMANE

417 Dear mute witnesses of my love-lorn state –

LYZIDOR

418 Pyrocle himself!—O marvel of Fate!

STANZAS IN DIALOGUE²²

ZELMANE

419 *Fair trees within this pleasant glade,*
 420 *Who turn our daylight into shade*
 421 *Only a richer beauty to enable,*
 422 *Slight Zephyrs that play here,*
 423 *Did you ever know, in the age of fable,*
 424 *A stranger love-story, sighs more sincere?*

LYZIDOR [*replies to him*]

425 *Of shadow and of peace the friends,*
 426 *Who, where your verdure lush extends,*
 427 *Refresh the ardour of my sacred flame,*
 428 *And all you little birds—*
 429 *Silence, propitious to my subtle game,*
 430 *Echo, the winds, leaves, waters, your own words.*

ZELMANE

431 What voice enraptures my ears and my mind,
 432 Conjoined with my sighs, complains in like kind?
 433 It truly depicts my own inward fires,
 434 Matches what I feel, speaks of my desires.
 435 The Genius of my love—can it be he?

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

436 Our hearts in tune produce this harmony.

²² So introduced in the original and presented with a change in type-face. It seems likely that the stanzas were sung—witness “harmony” (l. 436).

ZELMANE [*continuing*]

437 *In this original disguise,*
 438 *Which my pain soothes and amplifies,*
 439 *My true sex—my self—all but cedes,*
 440 *To me invisible;*
 441 *My hopes confused because my ruse succeeds:*
 442 *Others I fool, to myself am risible.*

LYZIDOR [*responding*]

443 *In this my unaccustomed case,*
 444 *Where Love today ordains my place,*
 445 *My shame makes me confront my own remembrance,*
 446 *Which spurns the sight of me,*
 447 *Denying my reason the least compliance*
 448 *With what I am, or what I used to be.*

ZELMANE

449 Alas, what's that? Does it not all proclaim,
 450 And figure to the life my pain and shame?
 451 That sightless Demon whose laws I obey
 452 Lends me his voice, but took my sense away:
 453 Love!...

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

454 You little know the care in my heart;
 More dolour is there than my words impart.

ZELMANE [*continuing*]

455 *You, who my desires can read,*
 456 *Who know my pain, my pleasure's need,*
 457 *Awake in Phyloclée a burst of flame,*
 458 *So when she shall discover*
 459 *Woman's apparel but Pyroclé's name*
 460 *The Prince she'll rate less highly than the lover.*

LYZIDOR [*responding*]

461 *O author of my tears and witness,*
 462 *Who know my joy and my distress,*

463 *Make Pamèle, Love, to my vows amenable;*
 464 *Shoot from your golden store*
 465 *A shaft to show, with my state deplorable,*
 466 *At once the name and love of Lyzidor.*

ZELMANE

467 Lyzidor? At that name my blood runs cold.

LYZIDOR [*showing himself*]

468 I see him, and death has me in its hold.

ZELMANE

469 Do I see him? Gods, it's himself, it's he:
 470 In what state we're now joined by Destiny!

LYZIDOR

471 Pyrocle!

ZELMANE

Lyzidor!

LYZIDOR

Sweet hope!

ZELMANE

Life of me!

472 Alas, in your arms shall mine cease to be?²³
 473 No need to blame me for wrongly leaving you;
 474 These clothes alone mean there's no deceiving you
 475 And to your eyes still further wrong present.

LYZIDOR

476 Was ever seen a stranger accident?
 477 A secret of Love, to which we were blind:
 478 Our parting, now our meeting, he designed.
 479 Your love made you leave; mine found you again:

23 Four rhymes on the same sound, as in the original.

480 That I love, ah, dear cousin, this garb makes plain.
 481 You trees, tell the rest—or blush—in my place;
 482 I love as much, to state it to your face.
 483 My guilt by this first torment is distressed—
 484 That you see my fault, and hear it expressed.

ZELMANE

485 If that fault, alas, procures such regrets,
 486 A thousand deaths in me your sight begets.
 487 This mark of shame wounds me, offends your eyes:
 488 Pardon my pain, and my weakness chastise.

LYZIDOR

489 I wince the more at each submissive word:
 490 You treat me as a Prince, but I'm a shepherd.
 491 To dress my mettle thus shames my birth-right;
 492 "Pardon" and "chastise" pay homage to might.

ZELMANE

493 For the might you possess those words seem tame.

LYZIDOR

494 One who can't rule himself no sway can claim.
 495 But this twists the knife when the wound won't heal;
 496 As much as the sin,²⁴ the dolour is real.
 497 Let's get back to love, and try to ensure
 498 We stifle both our woes, or find a cure.

ZELMANE

499 Those gentle words at last restore me;
 500 You've now confessed, so all's allowed for me.
 501 Know then, in brief, I'm placed, by happy fate,
 502 No less in the castle than in great state—
 503 If so I term the welcome and caresses
 504 Of the King, Gynécie and our two mistresses:
 505 Their spirits drawn and subject to my will,

24 The word seems strong but matches the original ("peché").

506 They're in my eye, on my voice hanging still;
 507 Deceived by my dress, the King I so please,
 508 Of his heart and castle I keep the keys.
 509 And even Damétras...

LYZIDOR

The cow-herd? Wait—

510 He's key to the designs I contemplate,
 511 And you could greatly aid the enterprise
 512 I'll try, thus dressed, love dazzling my eyes.
 513 Gods, I dare not my base intent disclose;
 514 I stake on it my glory and repose.
 515 Just show me the flame that burns like the sun's—
 516 My soul's Pamèle's, my body anyone's.

ZELMANE

517 A prince speaks? What plan?

LYZIDOR

A lover's recourse.

518 He adds to my pain who impedes my course.
 519 Grant that my love, whose like was never known,
 520 Makes a high shrine of this heart overthrown.

ZELMANE

521 Serve? And Demétras? You whose bravery...

LYZIDOR

522 Must merely taste this pleasant misery.

ZELMANE

523 One who could make the world his empire?

LYZIDOR

524 It could not match my goal, which is far higher.
 525 But Love at last must idle words abhor:
 526 If you love me, help me; if not, no more!

ZELMANE

527 See and suffer it? O gods! What constraint!
 528 Well, then, my help marks the end of complaint.
 529 To follow-up on my diligent care,
 530 More cash than words for that herdsman prepare.²⁵
 531 His rude mind with flattery can be baited;
 532 He's worthless, but deigns to be supplicated.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene iii

Amphyale

533 Poor Amphyale, where are you being carried
 534 By Fate, no end in sight and ever harried?
 535 You once defeated the monsters of Greece:
 536 Can you not make a tyrant's power cease?²⁶
 537 Regard that victor, whose proud insolence,
 538 As he views your throes, breeds new violence.
 539 He flaunts before you the dart your blood stains—
 540 Blood which still of a deadly wound complains,
 541 Blood which still steams and shows a deeper red
 542 By cowardice, and not by nature, bred.
 543 Yes, my love extreme, fierce beyond control,
 544 Obscured my renown and blinded my soul.
 545 Care to feed in my breast that viper's offspring

25 This seems at odds with the following lines, but I translate literally: “Portez à ce Bouvier moins de mots que d’argent”.

26 The tyrannical image of Bazyle presented here is hardly borne out by our view of him. Nor does it derive from the *Arcadia*, where even Cecropia characterises Basilius as a “doting fool” (Sidney, p. 444 [bk. III, chap. 2]) when she describes what she considers his usurpation—in fact, his belated marriage and fathering of heirs, whereas Amphialus, her son by his deceased younger brother, would otherwise have inherited. It appears that Amphyale's rhetorical exaggeration, like his resentment of Bazyle's suspicions of his ambition, is calculated to strengthen the analogy with the factionalism of Gaston d'Orléans and Marie de' Medici, whose propaganda included accusations of tyranny against Richelieu. See Pierre Gatulle, *Gaston D'Orléans: Entre mécénat et impatience du Pouvoir*, Epoques (Seysse: Champ Vallon, 2012), pp. 115-22, and Robert J. Knecht, *Richelieu, Profiles in Power* (London: Longman, 1991), pp. 54, 178-79.

546 Keeps my sword sheathed, holds my arm in a sling.
 547 The groaning earth is by monsters disgraced,
 548 And I, who should purge them, have one embraced.
 549 But what am I saying? Madman! Term thus
 550 A love so complete, a burden so precious?
 551 My rank with my intent keeps perfect time:
 552 To adore Phyloclée—is that a crime?
 553 Yes, since jealous men and gods, to my grief,
 554 Pose obstacles to my longed-for relief.
 555 The King shuns me because of his suspicions;
 556 The Oracle still more his fear conditions.
 557 His sceptre in my hand his mind's eye views,
 558 Thinks what's his today, tomorrow he'll lose.
 559 I am that conqueror who burns to see
 560 A trophy made of his whole family;
 561 He's threatened, he supposes, by my arm;
 562 It's I who'll bring his lofty brow to harm.
 563 Thus from his person a rock-wall of fear
 564 Divides me more than my rank brings me near;
 565 Thus he blames me, as doom he contemplates;
 566 Thus those whom blood has joined blood separates.
 567 Greatness his crime, the King's nephew's denied
 568 All hope of making the daughter his bride.²⁷
 569 Then shall I not adopt that high design
 570 My mother, insistent, seeks to make mine—
 571 She who shames by her courage my frailty,
 572 Binds to my cause the chief nobility,
 573 And who's lit the torch of Discord to send
 574 Me to the throne—and Bazyle to his end?
 575 What wild words am I speaking? Chase that thought
 576 From your mind, by offended love distraught!
 577 By the father's loss shall I win the daughter?
 578 Shall the joy I hoped for be gained by slaughter?
 579 If my desire so dreams, it's criminal;
 580 I'd chose instead to suffer pain eternal.

27 Again, the background is never explained in the play, which seems to depend on knowledge of the source.

581 Wait constantly, and, Destiny, relent:
 582 My good yields, Phyloclée, to your content!
[Exit.]

Scene iv

Gynécie, Pamèle, Phyloclée

GYNÉCIE

583 His virtue through his slightest speech shines out.

PAMÈLE

584 Thinking of him, my heart's long stood in doubt,
 585 And noting each rare marvel that appears,
 586 Wondered if he charmed more one's eyes or ears.

PHYLOCLÉE

587 With all of us he's shared his lively mind....

GYNÉCIE

588 To you alone, though, daughter, it's consigned.
 589 Wait—here “she”²⁸ comes, with Damétas in front.

Scene v

Damétas, Gynécie, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Lyzidor as Lycas, Phyloclée, Pamèle

DAMÉTAS

590 They're there with the Queen, the quarry we hunt.

28 In the original, there is a change in pronoun from “il” (“he”) in ll. 586 and 588 to “la” (“she”) in l. 589, which must indicate that the women have already seen through the disguise and revert to playing along in public. My quotation marks are meant to signal this, along with the possibility of knowing irony in performance.

GYNÉCIE

591 Are two such enemies so soon forgiving?

PHYLOCLÉE

592 Have you touched his shadow yet are still living?

ZELMANE

593 He's found a follower for his defence:
594 His valet fills his hopes with confidence.

DAMÉTAS

595 Yes, Lycas will assure my reputation.

ZELMANE

596 I'm asked to charge his name with trepidation.

GYNÉCIE

597 In qualities indeed he must excel
598 Who's to guard the guardian of Pamèle.

DAMÉTAS

599 Welcome him, fair one, with his flowing wit;
600 You won't say much, unless you're caught by it.²⁹
601 Greet with awe his fine bearing, genteel stance,
602 Which don't belie his blood's inheritance.

ZELMANE [*aside*]

603 He doesn't suppose that's really the case.

LYCAS [*aside*]

604 Feigning—and not—I show fear at each pace.

PHYLOCLÉE

605 He comes to make you some handsome discourse.

29 A difficult line. “Unless you're caught by it” translates “s'il ne vous prend sans verd”. “Prendre sans ver[t]”=“to surprise, take unawares”, but as in the following lines, the language and sense seem forced. The intention is probably to ridicule Damétas' attempt at courtly speech.

PAMÈLE

606 If fear leaves his tongue (if not feet) the force.

LYCAS [*kneeling*]

607 Princess—my master, heaven, make me yours.

DAMÉTAS

608 Courage! What fine words, which your voice assures!

GYNÉCIE

609 That's where his judgement shows a solid base...

PHYLOCLÉE

610 His master first, the gods in second place.

LYCAS

611 You, whose virtue in all its winning parts
612 We read on your brow, inscribe in our hearts,
613 Of Arcadie the foremost, fairest flower.

DAMÉTAS

614 Gods! Of praise could one wish a finer shower?
615 That rustic shepherd's touch betrays his race.³⁰

PAMÈLE

616 His actions show signs of a hidden grace.

LYCAS

617 Let me place—so honour faithful ambition—
618 My service, my life, at your disposition,
619 Pleased to display devotion in your eye.

DAMÉTAS

620 Wait for me, Lycas—you're flying too high!³¹

30 Orig.: "Ce terme de Berger sent son extraction". Damétas refers, I take it, to the homely pastoral image in Lycas's compliment. He is, of course, too stupid to appreciate (as the others do) the supposed shepherd's "hidden grace", but he will soon sense that he is outclassed.

31 Damétas, in contrast with the members of the court, contemptuously uses the familiar "tu" in addressing his servant.

PHYLOCEE

621 You're his idol, sister—what do you say?
 622 Have you no single word to send his way?

PAMÈLE

623 With love his discourse seems filled to the brim.

ZELMANE

624 Then this shepherd needs you to succour him.

PHYLOCLÉE

625 His eyes address you, his sighs eloquent.

GYNÉCIE

626 Such gay exchanges promise us amusement!

PAMÈLE

627 Rise, my shepherd.

ZELMANE

628 And what bliss you've now known
 By the grace of her who calls you her own!

LYCAS

629 Her own! No crown could equal such a word!

ZELMANE

630 But what wild din within this wood is heard?

GYNÉCIE

631 It's a fierce lion, charging in full fury.

PHYLOCLÉE

632 My senses thrill with horror; gods, let's flee!

ZELMANE

633 Go and take shelter, while I with this blade...

[*Zelmane pursues the lion.*]

LYCAS [*to Pamèle, as a cry is heard*]

634 Which now a bloody wound has bravely made.³²
 635 Be assured, Madam; from your fears desist:
 636 The danger will pass like a feeble mist.
 637 Let the lion be chased across the plains;
 638 Look, Damétas breathless—pulseless—remains,
 639 Who, with eyes closed, his senseless bulk extended,
 640 Thinks he's to the tomb alive descended!

PAMÈLE

641 That sight nearly as great a fear procures.

LYCAS

642 O Master, what terror could equal yours?
 643 Open your eyes, speak, let reason hold sway!

DAMÉTAS

644 I don't dare—carry me home just this way.

PAMÈLE

645 Lycas... and has he less courage or brains?
 646 But, O gods, what new object fear constrains?

LYCAS [*seeing a bear coming towards him*³³]

647 Madam, don't be frightened, stay under cover.
 648 The road to glory, Lycas, you discover!

32 “Sa valeur en son sang l’aura déjà trempée”: an ambiguous line in itself and difficult in the context. Grammatically, the “blood” in which Zelmane’s “valour” has already “tempered” his sword might be his own, that is, his valiant heritage (Amazon and otherwise). This gives a strained abstract meaning, however, and the idea of tempering one’s sword in an enemy’s blood was current. (See *Le Trésor de la langue française informatisé* s.v. “trempier”, citing Robert Garnier: “trempier son épée dans le sang de quelqu’un” [<http://atilf.atilf.fr/>], accessed 8 July 2016.) The difficulty is the greater because l. 637 indicates that the animal is not dead. Hence, I propose “wound” and posit that a cry has been heard (not signalled by a stage direction, but neither is the “wild din” heard at l. 630).

33 The initial onstage appearance of the bear is strongly supported by the fact that the animal would otherwise not be identified for the audience until after the combat (l. 652); the latter, however, must take place out of the audience’s view, to judge more from the narrative indications of Pamèle (ll. 651-52, 655) than from the cutting-off of the paw, which no doubt could have been simulated. See Introduction, p. 6.

664 By the force of your eyes I won this fight.
 665 That wild beast's rage, transformed to deference,
 666 Found their blows, more than my courage, intense.
 667 Accept its paw, and in the act of giving,
 668 For my temerity I seek forgiving—
 669 The gift unworthy, as if with my hand
 670 I proffered to the sun foul mud and sand,
 671 He by whose force gold and diamonds are made,
 672 And fairest ornaments—in you—displayed.

DAMÉTAS

673 You string us along with a pretty tale;
 674 Your rude airs, Lycas, go beyond the pale,
 675 As if such honour stooped to your degree!
 676 Doesn't that weapon, churl, belong to me?

LYCAS

677 Yes, like my service, my blood and life, too.

DAMÉTAS

678 Then what, insolence, might you wish to do?

LYCAS

679 Nothing but follow you.

DAMÉTAS

That's what suits me.

LYCAS [*looking at Pamèle*]

680 And please the source of my vows' constancy.

PAMÈLE

681 Whatever rule he retains over you,
 682 I take this gift from the means of my rescue;
 683 To spurn it would hurt you, me misbecome—
 684 But here both Amazon and sister come.

Scene vi

Bazyle, Gynécie, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Phyloclée, Damétas, Pamèle, Lyzidor as Lycas

BAZYLE [*to Phyloclée, to whom Zelmane presents the lion's head*]

685 Daughter, take this gift.

GYNÉCIE

Thus always you'll know

686 That finally our lives to her³⁷ we owe.

ZELMANE

687 Such praise, and so little to praise me for!

688 I'd expect reproach for not doing more.

PHYLOCLÉE

689 No praise can equal now what you did then.

ZELMANE

690 I'll take it just to render it again.

PHYLOCLÉE

691 Render it to whom?

ZELMANE

To your potent charms,

692 Which roused my senses, gave force to my arms—

DAMÉTAS

693 And after left you seeing, to your shame,

694 How Damétas your prowess overcame.

695 Behold this bear, which in its blood lies drowned.³⁸

37 The gender of the pronoun (“luy”) is ambiguous, but the women pretend to be fooled by the disguise, which Bazyle, moreover, will not see through until the truth is forced on him. Cf. above, l. 589 and n. 28.

38 He must gesture towards the carcass offstage, of which the paw is the onstage token.

BAZYLE

696 Whose work is this? That beast in these woods found!

DAMÉTAS

697 My weapon felled that beast so horrible.

PAMÈLE [*indicating Lycas*]

698 But that arm wielded it.

DAMÉTAS

Impossible!

PAMÈLE

699 While Damétas hid—pale, trembling with fright—

700 Dared not dart a glance at that bloody fight.

701 Lycas alone gave me life and defence.

DAMÉTAS

702 His honour I begrudge, and take offence.

703 But what of that? Since I'm his master, I'll reap

704 However much glory on him they heap.

ZELMANE

705 This shepherd has shown exemplary worth.

BAZYLE

706 I judge him, after you, a god on earth.³⁹

ZELMANE

707 No—I cannot come up to his mastery:⁴⁰

708 His courage, not his rank, impresses me.

DAMÉTAS

709 But why not his master, as Reason dictates?

39 Orig. “*dieu tuteur*”: Bazyle thereby accentuates Lycas’s role in protecting them and his association with the locale.

40 Orig. “*dextérité*”, but English “*dexterity*” would have a trivialising effect.

LYCAS

710 On this occasion that heaven creates,
 711 A poor shepherd, sire, staggers with bliss
 712 And offers you most honourable service.

DAMÉTAS

713 There goes my valet at a single word;
 714 He breaks his cage, takes flight—and farewell, bird!
 715 Too high, Lycas, on feeble wings you soar!

BAZYLE

716 The hand that takes, Damétras, will restore.
 717 How can I ever pay the debt I owe?

LYCAS

718 I'm doubly paid if I may serve you so.

PAMÈLE

719 His base condition, sister, suits him not.

PHYLOCLÉE

720 This rare shepherd merits a better lot.

ZELMANE

721 And I, as in my loving flame I burn,
 722 How well would his suit me! For that I yearn.
 723 Ah, were I Lycas—

PHYLOCLÉE

Him you'd emulate?

ZELMANE

724 To put my love into its perfect state.
 725 His sex, with my constancy, might finally bestow
 726 What mine begrudges, means I cannot know.

PHYLOCLÉE

727 What, Madam?

ZELMANE

A fate I should not bemoan:

728 That you might be mine, as I am your own.

GYNÉCIE [*aside*]

729 I partly hear, and my fierce jealousy
730 His soul's most secret desires can see.
731 I've recognised his sex, and his intent.

BASYLE

732 Such dangers past, how is my mind content!
733 I kiss without stint this hand held by mine,
734 Which saved us. But I see the sun decline.
735 Madam, until its face once more is seen,
736 Of this day's ills let sleep wipe the slate clean. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III

Scene i

Phyloclée, Pamèle

PHYLOCLÉE

737 Such a lovely tale, and such sadness after?
 738 Love, sister, finds your shame a theme for laughter.
 739 That's how with good reason you would have suffered,
 740 If Lycas didn't love—or were a shepherd;
 741 But he's Lyzidor, Prince of Thessaly!
 742 Complain of such a windfall? It's sheer folly!
 743 His loving heart prescribes that garb he wears:
 744 You should be filled with joys, and not with cares.

PAMÈLE

745 If I love him as a shepherd, that draws disdain;
 746 To love him as a prince is no sure gain.
 747 I cannot avoid either fear or shame.

PHYLOCLÉE

748 Then Pyrocle's deception is the same.
 749 Though I loved Zelmane's person and her grace,
 750 An Amazon must have a lesser place.
 751 Their passion, thus disguised, let us admire;
 752 More perfect lovers we could not desire.
 753 Should some dark plot in their feigning be sought?
 754 Their countenances banish such a thought.
 755 Both have with equal care their love concealed;
 756 Both saved our lives from dangers in the field.
 757 And what ingratitude would we now show
 758 If hearts we refused where our lives we owe?

PAMÈLE

759 That, sister, is in my power no longer;
 760 Duteous bounds I've passed—my love is stronger!
 761 Like weakness did Lyzidor recognise
 762 When he disclosed his soul, and his disguise.
 763 His heart, with its words of love and respect,

764 Surprised my own with a sudden effect.
 765 I concealed that thrill, but in its violence
 766 My sighing and my looks betrayed my silence.
 767 In sum...

PHYLOCLÉE

Now out with it! Your heart was set.

PAMÈLE

768 And instantly filled also with regret.

PHYLOCLÉE

769 You do well, sister, not to stay tongue-tied.
 770 My martyrdom I have no wish to hide.
 771 Pyrocle changed must more weight with me carry:
 772 A woman loved became the man I'd marry!
 773 My pity, touched as he poured forth his woe,
 774 Was a certain means my passion to know.
 775 I blushed when he begged pardon for his fault—
 776 With shame, I meant, but Love made an assault.
 777 Under duress, with my senses confused,
 778 My mouth both sought to complain, and refused;
 779 My eyes disavowed its every phrase:
 780 It blamed Pyrocle; my heart lavished praise.
 781 Grace shone forth when he performed any action;
 782 To his very boldness I felt attraction.
 783 If he spoke out, his ardour I esteemed;
 784 When quiet, his silence respect I deemed.
 785 What's more to say?—but he comes by surprise;
 786 The rest you will quickly learn from his eyes.

PAMÈLE

787 Rather, let us learn our fierce flame to hide—
 788 Show a visage of ice, and burn inside.

Scene ii

Lyzidor as Lycas, Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Pamèle

LYCAS

789 May Love, without breaking the rules of prudence,
790 Venture to interrupt this confidence?

ZELMANE

791 See, we'll try a hazardous match with you,
792 Without advantage and two against two.⁴¹

PHYLOCLÉE

793 Why combat when one is victorious?

LYCAS

794 Call us vanquished; we'll be too glorious.

PHYLOCLÉE

795 The game is suspect when the stronger cedes.

PAMÈLE

796 Shepherd and knight! Your advantage exceeds.
797 Attacked on two fronts? I quake more and more;
798 Can I best both Lycas and Lyzidor?

LYCAS

799 Not one of your blows can fail of success;
800 They have just one heart, and that you possess:
801 It's where Love himself has engraved your image,
802 Where I must render you eternal homage.
803 Dressed thus—prince or shepherd, that's as may be—
804 A slave, a virtuous lover you see.
805 Blame Lyzidor for being overbold,
806 But Lycas praise as virtuously cold.

41 The amorous language here plays, in a familiar way, on that of a game, either the *jeu de paume* or, more probably, given “hazardous” (“hazardeux”), tennis, to the old form of which the “hazard” was specific.

807 One shows you my fault, the other my respect;
 808 I am at once too rash and circumspect,
 809 And if equal justice you will dispense,
 810 One craves pardon, the other recompense.

ZELMANE

811 And I...

PHYLOCLÉE

Say no more. I see in your eyes
 812 That Zelmane and Pyrocle think likewise.
 813 Your voice and Pamèle's anticipate mine;
 814 Our interests, like our feelings, intertwine.
 815 I know that, more severe and firm than I,
 816 With stricter terms she'd have made you comply.
 817 Princes, both perfect, as happy as we
 818 Your amorous flames known and fed to see,
 819 Some fate that holds our hearts in governance
 820 Has, more than you, prevailed on our resistance;
 821 Lest pure joy in that conquest you conceive,
 822 Consider what it cost you to achieve:
 823 To earn that prize you find so marvellous,
 824 Love has rendered you unworthy of us;
 825 Your glory was in shameful states conferred—
 826 Behold in triumph a woman, a shepherd!
 827 After much care taken, many trials passed,
 828 Let not the promised fruit be lost at last;
 829 May your designs by prudence be sustained:
 830 That virtue will keep what another gained.
 831 You could well lose us for lack of respect:
 832 Know what you risk in your state incorrect.

ZELMANE

833 Our hearts will inscribe your glorious law
 834 To keep us in hope, as well as in awe.

LYCAS

835 That amorous respect by which we're bound...

PAMÈLE

836 Will render your brows with fair myrtle crowned.
 [Exeunt the two women with Lyzidor.]

Scene iii

Gynécie, Pyrocle as Zelmane

GYNÉCIE [*lying in the shade in the wood*]

837 Zelmane!

ZELMANE

838 The Queen! My will I must constrain—
 And then? Love, should I praise you or complain?
 839 I'm served and harmed here by your potent sway;
 840 Your grace attends me, and it flies away.
 841 That the Queen should love me—O strange obsession!
 842 So, tyrant, are our minds in your possession?
 843 Phyloclée has my heart, and cares accrue,
 844 For Bazyle would have it, Gynécie too.
 845 How these clothes procure me both joy and pain:
 846 They draw the King; the Queen they can't restrain.

GYNÉCIE

847 Ah, Zelmane, death...

ZELMANE

848 That plaintive note appals!
 Away! That is the second time she calls.

GYNÉCIE

849 What savage humour keeps you from my sight?
 850 Why will you not lend an ear to my plight?
 851 But you know it too well—my eyes have spoken;
 852 Of what the heart conceals they are the token.
 853 You flee, I complain; you laugh while I'm crying.
 854 Do I love you? Hear that, then say I'm dying!

855 If you witnessed here my wretched condition...

ZELMANE

856 That I'm so close by she has no suspicion.
857 Her vows in my presence express her thought.
858 I'll fly—but too late! She looks up; I'm caught.

GYNÉCIE

859 What Demon beneficent brought you here?
860 You know my plight now? Did you overhear?
861 Well, then, give your order: what must I do?
862 Hasten my death or for your mercy sue?

ZELMANE

863 What death, mercy? What's the point of your speech?

GYNÉCIE

864 Your love, your grace, which kneeling I beseech.
865 Pity I seek—but from no Amazon.

ZELMANE

866 Her words shock me. My safe disguise is gone!

GYNÉCIE

867 But rather that succour (to speak my sin)
868 Your garments, thanks to Nature, hide within.

ZELMANE

869 Unhappy both! Her vanquished constancy
870 Imploring my pity is death to me.

GYNÉCIE

871 Your sighs for Phyloclée begot my sighs;
872 Love opened my—or lent me his own—eyes.
873 Let fall the masks: the truth must now appear.
874 What hope have I?

ZELMANE

What have I not to fear?

Scene iv

Bazyle, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Gynecie

BAZYLE

875 At last I'll find...

ZELMANE

More than you're looking for.

GYNÉCIE

876 On my plans his arrival shuts the door.

BAZYLE

877 Madam, I must possess now in my turn
878 Something⁴² you've seized.

GYNÉCIE

And with regret return.

BAZYLE

879 Regret!—you hear her? Your charms so intense
880 Touch, as much as mine, her mind and her sense.
881 We are not, however, subject to jealousy;⁴³
882 With all my heart I grant her fantasy.
883 Her I accuse to hold myself excused,
884 By her abuse to show myself abused.
885 Do you decry the passion in me seen?
886 Condemn Phyloclée, and condemn the Queen!
887 Each, for loving you, is your enemy;
888 Do you blame one for what's done by all three?

ZELMANE

889 No, such virtuous thought to thanks constrains me.
890 Your friendship...

42 Orig. "un bien".

43 Bazyle uses the royal "we", as my choice of "subject" is intended to highlight (orig.: "Nous n'en aurons pourtant aucune ialousie").

BAZYLE

That term excuses and pains me.

891 Call it my love.

ZELMANE

Ha, old man that's absurd!

892 Know how my heart takes offence at that word.

893 To think of a weak old body's embrace,

894 With love on his lips and death in his face!

BAZYLE

895 The coldness is outside, my heart all fire.

ZELMANE

896 Let him talk thus? No fear do I inspire?

897 Does my courage sleep?

BAZYLE

Gods, I will enrage him!

ZELMANE

898 [*aside*] He quakes—enough! I'll flatter and assuage him.

899 Forgive this excess of my righteous passion,

900 Offending yours in still more wrongful fashion.

901 The respect owed you my spirit accuses.

BAZYLE

902 And our love for you this outburst excuses.

ZELMANE

903 Ah, sire, don't use that repugnant name;

904 At least recognise my modesty's claim.

BAZYLE

905 Well then, Madam, if not love, let's cite still:

906 Longing, faith, passion, flame, chain, prison, will –

ZELMANE

907 Terms I find somewhat more appropriate.
908 Those, from another mouth, I'd tolerate.

BAZYLE

909 Yes—now, if Phyloclée, taking my place,
910 Spoke them to you...

ZELMANE

They'd gain a certain grace.

BAZYLE

911 Refuse me the right my pain to impart,
912 Employ another's mouth to speak my heart—
913 Hard woman! Still, it's well beyond the merit
914 Of age consumed by love-flames bit by bit.
915 Beware lest Phyloclée, my strength all spent,
916 Recount not my love but my testament.
917 I'll go at once to beg her influence.

ZELMANE

918 I'll laugh at my ruse—and your innocence!

Scene v

Cecropie, Amphyale

CÉCROPIE

919 What, son, can you oppose to my persuasion?

AMPHYALE

920 Attacking prisons? Honour's my dissuasion!
921 Leave Bazyle in his fearful state of mind;
922 He's punished enough, by himself confined.

CÉCROPIE

923 Release him by death from prison and chain;

924 Since he flies his kingdom, it seems your gain.

AMPHYALE

925 I don't wish fortune gained and virtue lost:
 926 I wouldn't buy the whole world at that cost!
 927 I disdain a sceptre procured by wrong.

CÉCROPIE

928 One wrongly held goes not unchallenged long.

AMPHYALE

929 Challenge his possession?

CÉCROPIE

To your birth due,
 930 Which you see another withhold from you:
 931 Have you any spirit?

AMPHYALE

It is so great
 932 Another's pain impairs my happy state.
 933 It might well cause a father's puzzled frown,
 934 But I seek his daughter, and not his crown.

CÉCROPIE

935 If otherwise your wooing cannot please her,
 936 Together with the realm you'll have to seize her.

AMPHYALE

937 Possess her thus? Where's the reason or rhyme?
 938 I wish to gain her by love, not by crime.

CÉCROPIE

939 Do you call a crime a merciful deed,
 940 My staunch friendship serving the country's need?
 941 My son, the whole kingdom urges you to it,
 942 And its consent foresees your wish to do it.

AMPHYALE

943 It may foresee, and yet justice be lacking.

CÉCROPIE

944 Justice depends on success and strong backing.
 945 In matters of state, all justice is fooled:
 946 Might prevails, and right by the sword is ruled.

AMPHYALE

947 And I, whatever forces may assail me,
 948 Will trust Love and Virtue never to fail me:
 949 Madam, your vain obsession must abate.

CÉCROPIE

950 Great love you have!

AMPHYALE

Or harbour little hate!
 951 Once and for all, grant these words are in vain.

CÉCROPIE

952 Just like your sighs.

AMPHYALE

Ah, don't tempt me again!
 953 Leave me to hopeless sighing and complaining—
 954 And never hope I'll yield to your constraining. [*Exit.*]

CÉCROPIE [*alone*]

955 I hope to mollify his stubborn mind
 956 And bring him to the throne, as I've designed.
 957 How sweet to find, though Reason may frown,
 958 A wife in one's bed, on one's head a crown!
 959 That *coup*⁴⁴ the least ambitious would permit,
 960 Not balking at a wrongful benefit.
 961 Though even mild force makes him hesitate,

44 Orig. "effort"; I attempt to sharpen the meaning.

962 I know that my son has taken the bait.
 963 We'll try a new pill,⁴⁵ have his passion used
 964 To gain what to ambition he's refused.
 965 We'll seize both sisters: victory's at hand—
 966 My ardent will finds all at its command!
 967 He must, once he's holding his mistress tight,
 968 Out of love and honour, defend his right;
 969 Joy at having her, fear she may be lost,
 970 Will make what daunted him seem a small cost.
 971 I'll lend his rebellion a guise to wear,
 972 Avenge the death of the lion and bear:
 973 Yes, those two beasts, whose savagery served me,
 974 But failed, could not match my tenacity;
 975 In vain I had counted on their brute force,
 976 When to my cunning I must have recourse
 977 For that stroke whose prize for my son shall be
 978 His Phyloclée—and all of Arcadie!

Scene vi

Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane

PHYLOCLÉE

979 So, the Queen loves you? And her new flame's light
 980 Discovered Love, despite his lack of sight?
 981 Both his veil and yours she could penetrate?
 982 She's described her—and our—ardent state?
 983 And the King by the same harsh cares undone?
 984 In this labyrinth, gods, what thread?

ZELMANE

This one:

985 The Queen's flame Bazyle starts to recognise
 986 And mocks her pain because of my disguise.

45 Literal translation (orig.: "Changeons luy la pillule").

987 As for her, who knows me better than he,
 988 She sees, allows, and feels no jealousy.
 989 But to see us together is best sport—
 990 Their love promotes our own, which it should thwart.
 991 That aged lover, thanks to my tuition,
 992 Now counts on you for his passion's fruition.
 993 And in this flawed design is Gynécie,
 994 Who trusts my vows and cannot clearly see.
 995 So while this error holds them in suspense,
 996 We'll live our love, and laugh at their expense.

PHYLOCLÉE

997 Indeed, I can't, though lively fears compete,
 998 But laugh somewhat at Love—and your deceit.
 999 How clever you are!—in such subtle wise
 1000 To baffle the King's judgement, and his eyes!
 1001 "Daughter", he said to me, "I'm at death's door –
 1002 Seek Zelmane; mercy on my plight implore.
 1003 Of love and pity use every motion
 1004 To make him accept my constant devotion.
 1005 Tell her her charms have overwhelming force".
 1006 And all the while he wept a watercourse.
 1007 I, who contained myself, hearing him sighing,
 1008 Supposed I would laugh, and found myself crying,
 1009 Then almost, swept away, mistook your self
 1010 And sent you secret prayers for him myself.

ZELMANE

1011 Such that my love can induce you today
 1012 To grant me that for which he made you pray.

PHYLOCLÉE

1013 Is that a joke? To what can you lay claim?

ZELMANE

1014 Let me finish, bad girl, before you blame:
 1015 It's pity!... But what?

PHYLOCLÉE
Pamèle's come to find—

Scene vii

Pamèle, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Soldiers, Phyloclée

PAMÈLE

1016 How now? What laziness keeps you behind?
1017 Eight nymphs have come into the woods already,
1018 Where they are now awaiting us all three.
1019 Don't you want, Zelmane, to witness their sport?

ZELMANE⁴⁶

1020 I was just bringing her...

PAMÈLE

Come, time is short!

SOLDIERS

1021 At last they're heading for the ambush laid—
1022 Courage, comrades!

PHYLOCLÉE

Such fear to be delayed!

1023 Now wait for us, sister, please...

PAMÈLE

Just a moment.

PHYLOCLÉE

1024 Close to your lover you'd be more content.
1025 If we were waiting to be joined by Lycas,

46 The text indicates no change of speaker for this half-line (which in the original mentions the name of Phyloclée). It is followed, however, by a speech-heading assigning the second half-line to Pamèle, so a printer's error is clearly responsible.

1026 You'd count all your steps and each blade of grass;
 1027 On thoughts of sweeter sport your mind would feast:
 1028 Don't play the innocent! She laughs, at least.

PAMÈLE

1029 How your good humour puts my bad to shame!

PHYLOCLÉE

1030 My gallant's here—for you it's not the same.
 1031 Your eye betrays a touch of jealousy.

SOLDIERS

1032 Let's grab the Amazon—the rest is easy!

ZELMANE

1033 Traitors!

PAMÈLE

Ah, sister!

PHYLOCLÉE

Zelmane, they have seized me!

ZELMANE

1034 Ravishers, thugs! Death would have better pleased me!
 1035 Must my valour's check appear in full sight?
 1036 They compel, I yield—and without a fight!

Act IV

Scene i

Cécropie, Amphyale

CÉCROPIE

1037 Why don't you make the most of what's in hand?
 1038 Your pointless anguish I don't understand.
 1039 Phyloclée is yours.

AMPHYALE

Ah, less than before.

CÉCROPIE

1040 Don't worry—peace between you we'll restore.

AMPHYALE

1041 My offered service her anger refuses.
 1042 She's in the right: nothing my fault excuses.
 1043 When I speak, I tremble, I'm pale with dread.

CÉCROPIE

1044 It seems I'll have to put her in your bed.
 1045 It's because you're timid that you're defied;
 1046 Her harshness by your shame is justified.
 1047 For her favours, not pardon, you should sue:
 1048 Use force, if she won't offer them to you.

AMPHYALE

1049 Fine, but my force no other arms will wield
 1050 But deference and vows with my tears sealed.
 1051 Her plaints voice my wounds, her sighs are my own;
 1052 I can show my flame in weeping alone.
 1053 Each time Love carries me into her presence
 1054 Her lovely eyes to mine make fresh laments.
 1055 By pressing my love, I fear to give pain;
 1056 Should I plead, I'm sure her outrage I'd gain.
 1057 I'll even forget, to see her so racked,
 1058 In my torment the reason for my act.

1059 But my shows of respect don't touch her heart:
1060 They anger her, to me new grief impart.

CÉCROPIE

1061 Confess it, then—they forfeit what's been won.
1062 Show her her duty and your domination.

AMPHYALE

1063 Her highest duty would be punishment
1064 Of you and me for her imprisonment.
1065 My strength fights in vain the fate that's denied
1066 Me my dear prey—

CÉCROPIE

Which it did not provide!

1067 It's I who took her and who'll keep her still,
1068 Who'll make the Destinies dance to my will.
1069 Fear that idle king, a siege by his host?
1070 The state is mine to change—that is my boast!
1071 And that, despite you, I'll get you the crown:
1072 Gods, Fates, King, my son—I'll put you all down!

AMPHYALE

1073 Let the surging crest of your proud ambition
1074 Reach higher still—to Phyloclée's submission:
1075 If you blunt that thorn for me, ease my chains,
1076 My valour for you the universe gains.
1077 You can offer her, if her heart agrees,
1078 The world's crown with my love, if you so please.
1079 While other conquests await my strong arm,
1080 Go vanquish those feelings that do me harm.

CÉCROPIE

1081 Act! Don't fear that I won't with her prevail.

AMPHYALE

1082 Nor you that, risking all, my hope will fail. [*Exit.*]

CÉCROPIE [*alone*]

1083 Courage! His mind is now resolved, he's won!
 1084 We'll achieve the end of all I've begun.
 1085 Cowards, who to a mother's name defer!⁴⁷
 1086 His honour to his life I far prefer.
 1087 To toughen him with work, see him in fights,
 1088 Would pain all others: they are my delights.
 1089 And when his spirit is not in revolt,
 1090 Impelled by glory, he's a thunderbolt!
 1091 Just one defect in his nature I find:
 1092 To virtue, for my taste, he's too inclined.
 1093 Excessive good faith grand schemes can traduce—
 1094 But here's Phyloclée, whom I must reduce.

Scene ii

Cécropie, Phyloclée

CÉCROPIE

1095 No end of tears your sorrow to express,
 1096 Forever feeding my pain, your distress?
 1097 Daughter, what savage humour makes you shun
 1098 The prospect of a husband's fond attention?

PHYLOCLÉE

1099 You promise me sweet fruit with harshest spite,
 1100 The sun summon up in the darkest night.
 1101 With a bond you would break my servitude
 1102 And free me from chains with fetters more rude.

CÉCROPIE

1103 How? Enchained by the power absolute
 1104 Over my son, this house, that we'd impute?

47 On the uncanny resemblance in ll. 1085-88 to the mother of Coriolanus in Shakespeare's tragedy, see Introduction, p. 15.

PHYLOCLÉE

1105 What would you call a ruthless grotesque course
 1106 That sees my freedom constrained by your force?
 1107 What is this but abduction and confinement?

CÉCROPIE

1108 A high road that will lead to your content.

PHYLOCLÉE

1109 All Arcadie in flames and on its knees?

CÉCROPIE

1110 To render it healthy.

PHYLOCLÉE

By a disease?

1111 In arms against the King?

CÉCROPIE

To save the state.

PHYLOCLÉE

1112 Seize his children—is that not reprobate?

CÉCROPIE

1113 He gave them no such care as we will lend them.

PHYLOCLÉE

1114 By keeping them in prison?

CÉCROPIE

To defend them.

PHYLOCLÉE

1115 Against my will to force a husband on me?

CÉCROPIE

1116 His merits and yours uniquely agree.

PHYLOCLÉE

1117 To what but long sighs may I here aspire?

CÉCROPIE

1118 To rightful command of this whole empire.

PHYLOCLÉE

1119 Then let my right in this command appear:

1120 Bring me to my father; take us from here.

CÉCROPIE

1121 That's my wish, and you'll see it will come true

1122 After my son's happy marriage to you.

PHYLOCLÉE

1123 Prison's not where one says yes to somebody.

CÉCROPIE

1124 You hold his heart captive.

PHYLOCLÉE

And he my body.

CÉCROPIE

1125 Let each help the other, sever a chain.

PHYLOCLÉE

1126 Mine is too unjust, and his is too vain.

1127 Prison outweighs bargains with shame replete,

1128 I'll now return to mine, and deem it sweet. [Exit.]

CÉCROPIE

1129 Return, then—ingrate, arrogant and crafty:

1130 Seek there the pity you refused to me!

1131 Dying there would teach that swelled head a lesson,

1132 But such a cruel act would touch my son.

1133 I can't any more suspend my intents;

1134 She'll have to be subdued by violence.

1135 Courage! May wit—furor, rather—inspire
 1136 In me, to gain my ends, means dread and dire.
 1137 I have her, see her now in wild alarms
 1138 To my desire yield, give up her arms.
 1139 Weep, groan and sigh, because this is the hour
 1140 When your pride must break and you'll know my power.

Scene iii

LYZIDOR [*in armour*]

1141 What, carry my pain wherever I go,
 1142 Drag hopeless past high walls, kept here below;
 1143 Wait till the castle's won, a long siege ended;
 1144 Weep, so that water, not blood, is expended;
 1145 Resort to mere vows, when I should have at length
 1146 Been putting to use my sword and my strength?
 1147 That's weak and vain, Lycas; to shun despair
 1148 Must Lyzidor be brave, himself declare.
 1149 Weary of bearing my life and disguise,
 1150 Of importuning cravenly the skies,
 1151 I'll count on myself, by my hand obtain
 1152 The rescue my cries begged from them in vain;
 1153 This arm must bring a fierce war to its close
 1154 By drowning in Amphyale's blood our woes.
 1155 The castle's keys in your blood I'll locate—
 1156 Traitor, come forth, I've had too long a wait!
 1157 One blow of this blade will breach, to your dole,
 1158 Both Pamèle's prison and that of your soul.
 1159 Your hand has killed many, but victory
 1160 Veers its course, prepares your laurels for me.
 1161 Of this fierce siege's thousand combats fought,
 1162 You shall lose one, and your fall shall be wrought.
 1163 Must I wait much longer? But no, it's you!

AMPHYALE

[*Seeing the soldiers who had concealed themselves run against Lyzidor.*]

1181 Rebels, what do you want?

SOLDIERS

1182 That killer's killing,
Who denies earth Hercules, us a king.

AMPHYALE

1183 Stop, traitors! Ah, painful extremity! [*He gets up, then falls.*]
1184 You owe your life to my infirmity.
1185 Rage, as much as weakness, my faint provokes;
1186 Their conduct wounds me worse than do your strokes.
1187 Finish me, kill me, knight, and do not blame
1188 One nobly dying for their act of shame.
1189 Complete your conquest.

LYZIDOR

1190 I wish one more great;
That, on some other day, shall be my fate.

AMPHYALE

1191 Honour and faith I pledge for such a day;
1192 Go in peace. [*to the soldiers*] And you—carry me away.

Scene v

Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane

PHYLOCLÉE [*in a prison*]

1193 No, Zelmane, we'll die; to death I am bound.
1194 I prefer it to that course you propound:
1195 Feign to love another?

ZELMANE

For a time, yes.

1196 It offers our plans a chance of success.
 1197 To free you from this dangerous position,
 1198 Grant Lyzidor and me this brief remission.

PHYLOCLÉE

1199 How costly it would be, time purchased so!
 1200 Would Pyrocle bring me to stoop so low?
 1201 Could this speech be heard from my mouth to issue:
 1202 That I love and care for any but you,
 1203 Or that Amphyale rates a single glance?
 1204 Gods, if you see it, my torment enhance!
 1205 Add either death or torture to my chains;
 1206 Let this prison be the least of my pains!

ZELMANE

1207 You take away my pleas, my mind confuse.
 1208 What strength! I am compelled when you refuse.
 1209 What can I do as my own obstacle?

Scene vi

Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Pamèle, Provost

[Pamèle appears, her hands tied, her eyes blindfolded, her throat exposed, and an executioner behind her, who holds a sword in his hand, and then two men who lead that princess to the place of execution, which shall be a raised locale in the rear of the theatre, to be revealed when the tapestry is lifted.]

PHYLOCLÉE

[seeing Pamèle in this condition]

1210 Oh, Zelmane, I die!

ZELMANE

Bizarre spectacle!

PHYLOCLÉE

1211 So, then, they lead my sister to her death!
 1212 Shall I live?

ZELMANE

Calm, my Princess, catch your breath.

PHYLOCLÉE

1213 Headsman, your thirst for blood in full to slake,
 1214 Half of her life in me now come and take!
 1215 Know that you but half-kill her without me:
 1216 For without her, daylight's my enemy.

PAMÈLE [*about to be killed*]

1217 Alas!

PROVOST

Cease your cries—make your soul your care!
 1218 Strike, headsman!
 [*The executioner having his arm raised to deliver the blow,
 the tapestry is dropped, and Phyloclée faints.*]

PHYLOCLÉE

It's my flesh that blow must tear!
 1219 I die—adieu—my heart split in two parts.
 1220 My spirit now to be with hers departs.

ZELMANE

1221 She faints away—O dire accident!
 1222 No pulse, no movement, her vital force spent.
 1223 And I weep, I cry, and still life maintain?
 1224 No, cut off with a blow this tragic pain:
 1225 Tear out with your hands both heart and entrails;
 1226 Beat at these walls, when nothing else avails;
 1227 Let sheer fury, sole means of your relief,
 1228 Make arms of all things to make your end brief;
 1229 Attack yourself, in this catastrophe:
 1230 Your strength turn against you, your bravery!
 1231 Rouse to that purpose both your hand and head;
 1232 Break yourself with blows!—Are you still not dead?
 1233 I fall, and in collapsing, doubly strive

1234 To seal my death, make her again alive.⁴⁸
 [*He falls on Phyloclée, and that impact causes her to srecover from her faint.*]

PHYLOCLÉE

1235 What horrors do I hear and see anew?
 1236 What? Kill yourself? Cruel!

ZELMANE

I follow you.

PHYLOCLÉE

1237 To follow me what mad course are you taking?
 1238 Instead of dying, follow my awaking!
 1239 If such great power dead I might possess,
 1240 How much have I living? Must I have less?

ZELMANE

1241 Return, my spirits, for my furor wanes:
 1242 Revive my heart; my princess so ordains.

PHYLOCLÉE

1243 As I only live so that you may do,
 1244 Preserve yourself and you preserve me too.
 1245 Yes, though the light of day brings me no ease,
 1246 I dare not hate it, lest that you displease.
 1247 Harsher to make the law of Destiny,
 1248 I'll face living death—in her, you and me.

ZELMANE

1249 Since your death on my own would be contingent,
 1250 I'll add the pain of living to my torment.

PHYLOCLÉE

1251 You'll live to please me, and I'll live to sigh
 1252 For a loss which weeping should dignify.

48 The action and sentiments in the following sequence obviously rely on dramatic conventions of the heroic and pathetic to avoid appearing burlesque.

1276 You plead to her—your blows give him applause.
 1277 Learn then today, know well that he's the one
 1278 Who has her heart and baffles your affection.
 1279 What hope have I after such rank disgrace?
 1280 Could I address her, look her in the face?
 1281 No, no, I must die, for my shame demands it;
 1282 Her justice requires, my fate commands it.
 1283 I blame my bad faith, approve her disdain;
 1284 What good is my heart when my hands are vain?
 1285 My disgrace must bring my days to an end:
 1286 Unfit for love, life itself I offend.
 1287 Now, die—let my arm strike a noble blow!
 1288 But the coward flees me, it trembles so.
 1289 This sword solicits it in vain to end me;
 1290 It dares not attack—and could not defend me.
 1291 Better to open, more quickly to die,
 1292 These wounds made by someone stronger than I.
 1293 Let me below traverse the fateful flood;
 1294 Until death comes to me: flow, flow, my blood.
 1295 Take it, Phyloclée; see it spout again:
 1296 My courage swells to see my spirits wane!

Scene viii

Cécropie, Amphyale

[While he is lying on the ground, Cécropie appears on the ramparts of the castle.]

CÉCROPIE

1297 To think Pamèle's false death, which she believed,
 1298 My frightful ruse, and her vision deceived—
 1299 That she's not subdued by such cruelty:
 1300 Can you, Cécropie, show such frailty?
 1301 That bloody theatre was my staged illusion,
 1302 Her stubbornness to throw into confusion.
 1303 But the worst false horror I could prepare—
 1304 And which I would have feared—her eyes could bear.
 1305 Rather than yield, to your aid shall be called
 1306 Crimes to make hell, if it heard them, appalled.
 1307 Be a Medea in dire inventions—

1308 Exceed her in realising your intentions.⁴⁹
 1309 Bring up from hell its dread barbarities;
 1310 Swell with your furor the number of furies.
 1311 Fire, plague and poison shall all be less
 1312 Than what breaks her down—and crowns your success.

AMPHYALE

1313 Ah!

CÉCROPIE

What plaintive cry in my ear arrives?

AMPHYALE [*seeing her on the ramparts*]

1314 It's your voice, wretch, that my senses revives?
 1315 See to what state by your schemes I'm reduced,
 1316 The vile fruit your ambition has produced.

[*now raising himself*]

1317 But, death deferred, I feel my furor thrive:
 1318 I'll take my sword in hand, which I will drive...
 [*He takes his sword and runs toward the place
 where his mother is so as to kill himself in front of her.*]

CÉCROPIE

1319 What does he mean? Perhaps into my side?
 1320 Approach, madman, see—the way's open wide!
 1321 Let your furor be on my breast relieved;
 1322 Come, carry death here where life you received.
 1323 He's here, roused to act by his wrathful state.

AMPHYALE

1324 Appease by one blow Phyloclée and Fate!

CÉCROPIE

1325 Cruel, what will you do?

49 Cécropie's virtual invocation of the archetypal sorceress not only reinforces the supernatural quality of her evil but involves ironic foreshadowing, since she too effectively destroys her own child, though unintentionally.

AMPHYALE

You'll find out, tigress:

- 1326 I'll expiate your crimes against my mistress;
 1327 The evil blood you gave me I'll expel.
*[He kills himself, and Cécropie, going backward in fear,
 tumbles down from the platform onto the stage.]*

CÉCROPIE

- 1328 Oh, I fall! My body is seized by hell!

AMPHYALE

- 1329 Avenged, then, Phyoclée and I—and well!

CÉCROPIE [*dying*]

- 1330 Heaven I hate! Dying, with rage I swell.⁵⁰

AMPHYALE

- 1331 The gods for this chastisement I adore.
 1332 In peace to expire—I ask no more.

Scene ix

LYZIDOR

[Pursuing soldiers after the taking of the castle.]

- 1333 So, cowards, you fly and leave me the field!
 1334 What? All hot before, now you coldly yield,
 1335 Unworthy of my effort, of my blows.
 1336 Make Amphyale at last himself disclose!
 1337 This whole day's fight bespeaks his laziness:
 1338 Let his loss arouse him, his honour press.
 1339 The castle seized, yet he does not appear!
 1340 What remains for him but to meet me here,
 1341 Take death from one by whom his life was rendered?
 1342 So, more than lost, his glory is surrendered!

50 Ll. 1327-30 in the original produce an effect of crescendo building to climax with the help of repeated imperfect rhymes: "donné", "entraîné", "vangée", "enragée".

1343 Here, Amphyale!

Scene x

Pyrocle as Zelmane, Lyzidor, Phyloclée, Pamèle

ZELMANE [*leading in the two princesses*]

1344 He, Cécropie as well,
Where there is no returning here now dwell:
1345 All's death.⁵¹

LYZIDOR

What end had fate for them reserved?

ZELMANE

1346 One that they dealt each other—and deserved.

LYZIDOR

1347 Let us go to the camp, inform the King.

ZELMANE

1348 Courage, my princess! Now you need fear nothing.

PHYLOCLÉE

1349 With all that's happened, and that false scene played,
1350 I still feel more bewildered than afraid.
1351 So, after all, Pamèle's not dead?

PAMÈLE

1352 Unless
I die right now of love and happiness!
1353 My death was merely feigned; my head, exposed
1354 To fool you, near another's corpse was posed.
1355 I, more abused, beneath his sword bent low
1356 Felt a mere basin, not the headsman's blow.⁵²

51 The original, "Tout est mort", implicitly extends the reach of death beyond the two victims.

52 The translation cannot quite match the unintentional bathos of the original, which stems from a (rare) unfortunate rhyme: "Moy bien plus, qui soûmise au fer de l'Assassin / Au lieu du coup mortel ne sentis qu'un bassin".

PHYLOCLÉE

1357 So I see my sister—to hold, embrace?

ZELMANE

1358 Then Lyzidor must grant a little space.

PHYLOCLÉE

1359 Such payment for his labour's not amiss:

1360 If you want my view, he merits a kiss.

ZELMANE

1361 What justice you'd show if you paid likewise.

LYZIDOR [*after kissing her*]

1362 All my blood is not worthy that great prize.

PAMÈLE

1363 You spend it freely; I value it more.

1364 Lycas shall pay the loss of Lyzidor.

LYZIDOR

1365 I'll leave you, named as one who flees alarms,

1366 And dress as I did in taking up arms.

1367 Let not these events to the King be shown,

1368 Wrought, if he asks, by a fighter unknown,

1369 Whose name, purpose, rank—all his history –

1370 Remain, like his fleeing, a mystery,

1371 Of whom you know just that he got you out.

1372 Go on, while I take this way roundabout;

1373 To return the sooner, let me depart:

1374 I'll bring back Lycas.

ZELMANE

Good. Quick—take your part.

Act V

Scene i

Pyrocle as Zelmane, Gynécie

ZELMANE

1375 Long I've kept you in suspense. I relent
1376 And for my former rigour now repent:
1377 I am a man.

GYNÉCIE

Good news—if rather late.

ZELMANE

1378 The most wretched alive, a rank ingrate,
1379 Not grateful for your desires, who lies
1380 Oppressed beneath his vow and this disguise;
1381 I grant my love for Phyloclée, it's true—
1382 Another ingrate—got me in this stew;
1383 But I'm weary of such long cruelty,
1384 Of chasing after what you offer me.
1385 My heart has suffered so, it needs repose:
1386 I'll leave the thorn behind and choose the rose;
1387 Let favours take the place of cold disdain.

GYNÉCIE

1388 Sweet rapture my spirits cannot contain!
1389 My senses are all yours; my soul takes flight;
1390 My speech is stopped by excess of delight,
1391 Pleasure my heart's unable to construe:
1392 Read in my face the homage rendered you!

ZELMANE

1393 I see modesty in its blush intense,
1394 And the strength to resist a sweet offence.
1395 My rank can warrant that, which nobly veils
1396 My flame with worth and your excuse entails.
1397 I hope to be Macedonia's king,
1398 If only sons may hope for any thing:
1399 My father Euarchus, Pyrocle I.

GYNÉCIE

1400 Pyrocle? Great day! Words that gratify!
 1401 And so this prize was ours without knowing!
 1402 As I hear this, I feel my passion growing.
 1403 How truly did my love its object measure!
 1404 To die for one worthy—what sweet pleasure!⁵³
 1405 I find I respond to your hand and touch,
 1406 With tears regret with fear I wept so much.

ZELMANE

1407 O bliss! Let's rather fill with tears our eyes,
 1408 Chafing till time our longing satisfies.

GYNÉCIE

1409 To reach the point where our desires tend,
 1410 We need a time and place to suit our end.

ZELMANE

1411 The cave in the park where I spend the night
 1412 Can lodge our pleasures unheard, out of sight.
 1413 Tonight alone in bed, without delay,
 1414 The debt I owe you, Madam, there I'll pay.

GYNÉCIE

1415 And I'll come to terms with my shame and care;
 1416 On time, unseen and boldly, I'll be there.

ZELMANE [*alone*]

1417 Unseen? That is, except by Bazyle's eyes.
 1418 How happy my invention is, how wise!
 1419 That old man, who's in like amorous case,
 1420 Awaits me already in the same place.
 1421 This ruse the spirit of my love now finds
 1422 To drive the love-sick frenzy from their minds.

53 Gynécie's frank sexual language here (dying, of course, refers to "la petite mort") and elsewhere is part of the comic deflation of her royal dignity; Bazyle is similarly ridiculed. See Introduction, pp. 5, 6-7.

1423 Too long in our errors have we been flattered:
 1424 Let false charm abate, illusion be shattered.
 1425 Their love vexes; mine presses more and more.
 1426 To exit our ills, I open this door:
 1427 The Queen taught duty, the King void of passion
 1428 Will yield me Phyloclée in ready fashion;
 1429 Lyzidor, dazzling by his noble birth,
 1430 Will obtain Pamèle, once they know his worth;
 1431 And Bazyle will see dawn that happy day
 1432 Which restores the honour he gave away.

Scene ii

BAZYLE⁵⁴

1433 Night, much wished-for night, which my purpose suits,
 1434 When of my long labours I'll pluck the fruits—
 1435 Have you ever lent a more joyful lover
 1436 Your bosom and veils his intent to cover?
 1437 You stars, who follow heaven's second light,
 1438 Who stay awake to bid the world good-night—
 1439 It's enough that Love lends me his torch to hold:
 1440 To hide yourselves now borrow his blindfold.
 1441 A passage so starlit I count suspicious;
 1442 Night's darkest cloak alone appears auspicious.
 1443 I balk at my shadow, fear it has eyes;
 1444 I fly those on earth, but heaven sends spies:
 1445 Each star is the eye of a god on guard;
 1446 I'm sure each fixes me in his regard,
 1447 And in my joy, which their envy excites,
 1448 To earth they'll descend, and I'll reach their heights;
 1449 Yet I'll leave them within their heaven's girth:
 1450 Zelmane promises a fairer on earth,

54 Sidney's Basilius likewise delivers an effusive apostrophe to night outside the cave, then evokes Gynecia's jealousy, but this comes after his blissful encounter with, as he supposes, Zelmane, and his wife overhears him; see Sidney, pp. 724-25 (bk. IV, chap. 2). Mareschal flattens and broadens the irony.

1451 And the other thus turns on us its eyes,
 1452 So, mirrored in hers, it may brighter prize;
 1453 Grant, then, the greater brilliance of that flame;
 1454 Hide yourselves—from respect, if not from shame.
 1455 Go, petty torches, dive into the sea;
 1456 Accept that fairer stars tonight we see!
 1457 The world has too much light when Zelmane wakes:
 1458 Go tell the Ocean what marvel that makes!
 1459 Speak to the Dawn—by a moment or two
 1460 Prolong this night and my happiness too;
 1461 Tell her that Zelmane lays claim to that right:
 1462 Glorify her beauties, boast of her might.
 1463 May tonight, on his own Dawn's lovely breast,
 1464 A Tithonus of fresh youth be possessed!⁵⁵
 1465 May her eyes a secret virtue bestow
 1466 To make my vigour, as she wishes, grow!
 1467 To see us *she*⁵⁶ must, as daylight appears,
 1468 Mix jealous weeping with her loving tears.
 1469 So, then, I spy the end of all our fights:
 1470 One weeps to heaven, one on earth delights.
 1471 The longer my pleasure, the more her torment:
 1472 I'll enter; night flies—let's not waste a moment!

Scene iii

PHYLOCLÉE⁵⁷

1473 Cease, my sighs, and you tears—too vain, I know—

55 A transparently futile wish on Bazyle's part, since the lover of Aurora was irrevocably cursed with eternal aging.

56 I italicise to signal the shift of referent. The lines make sense only if Bazyle is now thinking of Gynécie's reaction, although nothing except the context indicates this.

57 The following typically romantic sequence, turning on Phyloclée's mistaken jealousy, derives from the *Arcadia* but makes less sense in view of Pyrocle's previous explanation of his intention to dupe both Bazyle and Gynécie (see esp. III.vi.973-74). In the narrative work, Pyrocles is stated to have initiated his scheme "without acquainting Philoclea with his purpose" (Sidney, p. 689 [bk. III, chap. 42]). Pyrocle's teasing of Phyloclée in the following scene is Mareschal's invention and part of the farcical spin put on the assignation.

1474 Which from my eyes as from two fountains flow,
 1475 You who merely my grief and pain express,
 1476 And my fond hopes dashed in shameful distress;
 1477 In vain your reproach that with my firm heart
 1478 I am too true for Pyrocle's false part,
 1479 That, cruel, he betrayed me, proved ingrate:
 1480 I know his perfidy, yet cannot hate.
 1481 My mother bears blame for his perjury;
 1482 Instead of good, she does me injury:
 1483 Their indiscrete transports my sight don't spare—
 1484 Always together, almost everywhere.
 1485 Nature and Love impose, with equal wrong,
 1486 Care for hate, honour where jealous thoughts throng;
 1487 And my feelings so strongly are constrained
 1488 That when I see them, blindness must be feigned.
 1489 Yet outraged pain my inmost self assails,
 1490 Though love, in spite of everything, prevails;
 1491 I bear myself too well in such distress—
 1492 A coward in my constancy's excess.
 1493 This night, which I spend weeping and detest,
 1494 For these lovers' wishes may prove the best.
 1495 And now I perceive Aurora's reproach:
 1496 The world wakes up; my bed I should approach;
 1497 But what could my bed bring me but more grief?
 1498 Instead, I'll roam the fields to seek relief.
 1499 No matter if this pain, which cuts so deep
 1500 It must take my life, deprives me of sleep.

Scene iv

Pyrocle, Phyloclée

PYROCLE [*as a man*]

1501 With my new clothes, now put on a new face:
 1502 Of the old I scarcely recall a trace.

PHYLOCLÉE

1503 It's your old vows that you scarcely recall.

1504 Traitor! How comes it such changes befall?

PYROCLE

1505 Love!

PHYLOCLÉE

That betrays me?

PYROCLE

Madam, mine for you.

PHYLOCLÉE

1506 Your outside has changed as your soul has too.

PYROCLE

1507 Not at all—it's just Love's ruse for today

1508 To grant our wishes, keep envy at bay.

PHYLOCLÉE

1509 Your wishes' success will shortly be seen.

1510 Am I wrong? You're dressed to meet with the Queen.

PYROCLE

1511 Add, of my heart— Ah, it's so sweet, I find,

1512 To hear these jealous thoughts that seize your mind!

PHYLOCLÉE

1513 You speak to feed them, slay me, faithless sir!

1514 I'd rather hear what scheme draws you to her.

PYROCLE

1515 What, hide the joy that in my eyes is read?

1516 I go to find the Queen—yes, in my bed.

1517 But let's cease at last all these false alarms;

1518 Do you doubt my faith, or question your charms?

1519 Of my blind senses what strange aberration

1520 Would make me take a star, and spurn a sun?

1521 Leave Phyloclée? And you believed that story?

1522 Ah, that blow hurts me, and robs you of glory.

PHYLOCLÉE

1523 For what then employ, unless to betray me,
1524 Attentions to her that you used to pay me?

PYROCLE [*laughing*]

1525 To put her in my bed.

PHYLOCLÉE

That says it all!

1526 Your frankness, should it amuse or appal?

PYROCLE

1527 Your gay and laughing eyes no tears can bear:
1528 Your humour dispels them, drives away care.
1529 Let's go spy in the cave, my new-found cell,
1530 Gynécie...

PHYLOCLÉE

What's that noise?

PYROCLE

Bazyle as well:

1531 That's where the vain hope that draws them to me
1532 Reunites them—in infidelity.
1533 Their shameful passion, when both see the light,
1534 Will free our own to arrive at its height.
1535 We must reveal our vows, obey the clock:
1536 See how Occasion proffers her forelock.⁵⁸
1537 Courage, come on: in matters of such import,
1538 Your eyes can see more than my tongue report.

PHYLOCLÉE

1539 What end, Pyrocle, to your audacity?

58 A commonplace emblem.

PHYLOCLÉE

1540 Pamèle and Lyzidor will do as we.

Scene v

Gynécie, Bazyle

GYNÉCIE [*coming out of the cave*]⁵⁹

1541 On one point let the truth be clearly seen:
1542 Did you think last night you slept with the Queen?

BAZYLE

1543 As much as you thought you slept with the King.
1544 On whose side, yours or mine, was more mistaking?

GYNÉCIE

1545 Mine, sir? My quicker brain more cunning lends!
1546 That whole design was but to serve my ends.⁶⁰

BAZYLE

1547 You seemed to like the sport enough, it's true.

GYNÉCIE

1548 [*aside*] Much more I would have, Pyrocle, with you!
1549 But the deed's done; I must veil my surprise.
1550 [*to the King*] Your soul inflamed did not escape my eyes;
1551 To give more honest bias to your passion,
1552 I moved Zelmane to trick you in this fashion.
1553 Your amorous heat is worthy of laughter:
1554 For that you scorn me, and her you run after?
1555 You kept for her what vigour you retain,
1556 And offered me nothing but cold disdain?
1557 Can your kisses, so icy in my bed,

59 The staging thus matches the action in the *Arcadia*; see above, n. 54.

60 The translator assumes responsibility for the sexually suggestive phrasing here, encouraged by the immediately following dialogue.

1558 Take fire bestowed on her mouth instead?
 1559 I've never met with such happy profusion,
 1560 Nor anything so real as your illusion.
 1561 Your flames would lay on me great obligation
 1562 If neglect always brought such recreation.
 1563 My joy is the greater for being lost;
 1564 The gain of the object was its own cost.

BAZYLE

1565 But him you gained wasn't worth waiting for.

GYNÉCIE

1566 That which we least expect contents us more.

BAZYLE

1567 Zelmane—our minds with jealousy askew—
 1568 Would gloat: she laughed at me to mock at you.
 1569 Our common interest is to shun reproaches.
 1570 But away from these rocks—someone approaches.

GYNÉCIE

1571 It's Zelmane herself.

BAZYLE

O gods! In what state?

Scene vi

Bazyle, Pyrocle, Lyzidor, Gynécie

BAZYLE

1572 Your ruses here today have met their fate.

PYROCLE [*kneeling*]

1573 This day by Fate to end a fraud is sent
 1574 Which mercy craves, or merits punishment.
 1575 Grant pardon, great King, after much ado

1576 Occasioned by my old self, to this new.

BAZYLE

1577 A pardon?

PYROCLE

1578 I'd say, if it might convince,
That Zelmane is a man, Lycas a prince.

BAZYLE

1579 O gods! What's this I hear?

PYROCLE

1580 Pure verity,
Which shows his fault and my temerity –
1581 If, in our honest and rightful pretence,
1582 Our love is guilty of any offence.

BAZYLE

1583 Love! Gross impudence! Your words out of line
1584 Betoken your certain ruin—and mine!
1585 The honour of my house is dazed and reeling!
1586 But why are Phyloclée and Pamèle kneeling?

Scene vii

Pamèle, Phyloclée, Bazyle, Lyzidor, Calander
Messenger, Gynécie, Pyrocle

PAMÈLE

1587 Two cherished children your kindness beseech—

PHYLOCLÉE

1588 Request at your hands a husband for each.

BAZYLE

1589 I see and hear the Oracle spoke true:

1590 My miseries pour forth, and flow from you!
 1591 Disorder reigns here, unknown men now stray—

LYZIDOR

1592 Borne on the wings of Love they made their way,
 1593 Deliberately unknown—but not by birth:
 1594 This Messenger can tell you our true worth.

CALANDER

[Presenting to the King both the Messenger and his packets.]

1595 Sire, these two packets, to you addressed,
 1596 Will clearly—here, take them—the facts attest.

BAZYLE *[reading the inscription]*

1597 *Euarchus to Bazyle.* That honoured name
 1598 Recalls to mind our ancient friendship's claim.

MESSENGER

[Addressing the Queen, as the King reads.]

1599 A queen today commends with warm report,
 1600 Madam, a son who was her chief support.

CALANDER

1601 He is Lyzidor, Prince of Thessaly,
 1602 Whose virtue is known universally.

GYNÉCIE

1603 Lyzidor?

LYZIDOR

1604 Yes, whom true love caused to take
 On him a shepherd's guise.

PAMÈLE

All for my sake.

GYNÉCIE

1605 A prince! This day its wonders multiplies!

BAZYLE

1606 As after long sleep, this opens my eyes.
 1607 So Pyrocle the clothes of Zelmane wore?
 1608 Then under what name should I love you more?
 1609 Ah, my son!

PYROCLE

To that name my wishes draw—
 1610 An Amazon by Love made son-in-law.

BAZYLE

1611 Granted with all my heart! The gods, I know,
 1612 Through you decree my glory here below.
 1613 Spurn an alliance so noble, so dear,
 1614 And not to your father's wishes adhere?
 1615 No, I honour him and judge his plan right
 1616 With Macedonia us to unite.

PYROCLE

1617 My people, to be placed beneath your sway,
 1618 Will learn their duty because I obey.
 1619 By my mouth you have their hearts.

GYNÉCIE

And here see
 1620 Lyzidor, who brings with him Thessaly.

BAZYLE

1621 That hero?

LYZIDOR

That lover, whom Pamèle's portrait
 1622 Drew towards her, assuming Lycas' state.

PAMÈLE

1623 Him I told you of, that wandering knight
 1624 Who saved me since from a perilous plight,
 1625 Made, like my sacrifice, Amphyale bleed,
 1626 And us at last from our dread prison freed.

BAZYLE

1627 Gods! The thought astounds me, sweeps me away.
 1628 Lyzidor? But what does his mother say? [*Reads.*]

PHYLOCLÉE

1629 Your destiny, sister, is in that letter:
 1630 What does your heart foretell—worse or better?
 1631 If in your eyes one may read your sensations,
 1632 Your pulse is racing at these agitations.

PAMÈLE

1633 In port, one laughs at shipwrecks without cost:
 1634 You'd see without qualms your friends tempest-tossed.

PHYLOCLÉE

1635 No such danger—will your strength now depart?
 1636 I hold you by the hand, he by the heart.

BAZYLE [*having read*]⁶¹

1637 Generous love in your letter is seen;
 1638 Your just desire pleases me, fair Queen:
 1639 These two great princes in my arms to hold,
 1640 Who will be my support as I grow old.
 1641 [*embracing them*] Pyrocle! Lyzidor! Lycas!—Zelmane!
 1642 Name too divine for breath of mortal man!
 1643 O fair name, which my heart has often sounded –
 1644 Name for which I burn, and my love abounded,
 1645 Which of these miracles grants me the sight
 1646 That bring the Oracle's meanings to light.
 1647 This prince triumphant I take in my arms,
 1648 Who's won father, mother, child with his charms.
 1649 How your laws, Fates, firm and sacred appear:
 1650 This day gives me life, and dispels my fear.
 1651 May Arcadie always this day adore,

61 The original text places this stage direction after the speech heading "Pamèle" introducing l. 1633, but it obviously belongs here. Bazyle is the one who reads the letter; Pamèle and Phyloclée have been waiting for him to disclose its contents.

1652 Whose glory is the sun's—but Love's much more!
 1653 Although it made me flee the multitude,
 1654 The Oracle's fulfilled in solitude –
 1655 Solitude, where Fate my desire blinds,
 1656 Which begins in sorrow and pleasure finds.
 1657 The news of my joy proclaim—go, hurry!
 1658 But here comes Damétras, all full of worry.

Final Scene [Scene vii]

Damétras, Pamèle, Gynécie, Bazyle, Lyzidor, Pyrocle, Calander, Phyloclée, Messenger

DAMÉTRAS

1659 Where have they all come from, these folk I see?
 1660 What, hold a meeting here, and without me?
 1661 You are still laughing? The naughty girl flees me!
 1662 Do you really think that's how to appease me?
 1663 Give me the slip? Desert me, gad about,
 1664 Here, and alone, before our cows are out?
 1665 Back to your lodgings! May obedience
 1666 Induce me to forget your great offence!

PAMÈLE

1667 Ask Lycas...

DAMÉTRAS

So perhaps if he agrees?
 1668 He rules you?

GYNÉCIE

No, it's as this prince decrees.

BAZYLE

1669 On him, by these solemn vows, I confer
 1670 My daughter, and my power over her.

LYZIDOR

1671 I take that honour on condition only
1672 That it please...

PHYLOCLÉE

Damétas.

LYZIDOR

Your majesty.

DAMÉTAS

1673 Usurp my place? Traitor! His master flout?
1674 (He's not the first who's forced his master out.)⁶²

LYZIDOR

1675 You see, it's my turn the master to play;
1676 But this loss will bring you profit one day.

GYNÉCIE

1677 Two princes at once grace your cabin, man!

LYZIDOR

1678 Lyzidor-Lychas.

PYROCLE

Pyrocle-Zelmane.

DAMÉTAS

1679 What force could change—or eyes of change convince—
1680 That woman to this man, shepherd to prince?

BAZYLE

1681 Love, who directs the course of human lives,
1682 And wedded bliss twice in one day contrives.

62 This line would, I take it, have brought a laugh from an audience attuned to the social implications. “Forced out” is intended to convey what seems to be the double sense of “débusquer” here—at once “expose” and “dislodge”. The term, fittingly for Damétas, most literally refers to flushing out game in the hunt.

CALANDER

1683 But to ensure their grandeur has its due,
 1684 Grant those ambassadors some time with you
 1685 Whom this messenger precedes: thus you'll know
 1686 The full brilliance their countenances show.
 1687 My son comes with them: he knew them before
 1688 In my house, the princes, just come ashore;
 1689 He served them well in this happy affair...

BAZYLE

1690 Which would in any case have been my care.⁶³
 1691 But we'll give them audience for form's sake.
 1692 Come. [Exeunt all but Damétas.]

DAMÉTAS

I feel my mind to new worlds awake.
 1693 Some province seems to bow beneath my sway:
 1694 I must be king, with a prince as valet!

END

63 Orig.: "Qu'on n'aurait pas laissé sans cela de parfaire". Bazyle is shown comically on the defensive here, as he tries to regain a royal dignity that has suffered from his failure to control the situation, not least his lingering feelings for Zelmane (cf. ll. 1642-44). His recognition of Love's omnipotence (ll. 1681-82) should surely show a tinge of rueful irony.

