

# *The Visionaries (Les Visionnaires)*

by Jean Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin,  
translated by Richard Hillman

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Richard HILLMAN

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NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION

In the interest of reproducing, as far as is possible, not only meaning and tone, but also the stage-worthiness that the comedy has proven that it still possesses, the Alexandrines of the original have been replaced by pentameter couplets, which have a lighter effect in English. The division into acts and scenes follows the neo-classical practice of the early texts, in which all the characters participating in a scene are listed at the beginning. Line numbers are continuous throughout and follow those in the text of the Pléiade edition, *Théâtre du XVII<sup>e</sup> siècle II*, ed. Jacques Scherer and Jacques Truchet (Paris: Gallimard, 1986), which has served as the basis for the translation. There are no stage directions in the original, and while the action is generally easy to follow, the entrances and exits usually quite evident, a few basic directions have been added for clarity (in brackets and italics).

The notes to the translation make no attempt to indicate the numerous literary allusions, mainly to contemporary French texts, that have been signalled by modern scholars; for these, interested readers are invited to consult, especially, the ample and learned annotations in the edition of H. Gaston Hall, Société des Textes Français Modernes (Paris: Librairie Marcel Didier, 1963).

## CHARACTERS

ARTABAZE (*miles gloriosus*<sup>1</sup>)

AMIDOR (an extravagant<sup>2</sup> poet)

FILIDAN (in love with the Idea of Beauty<sup>3</sup>)

PHALANTE (rich in his imagination)

MÉLISSE (in love with Alexander the Great)

HESPÉRIE (believes herself beloved by all)

SESTIANE (in love with Comedy<sup>4</sup>)

ALCIDON (father of these three girls)

LYSANDER (kinsman of Alcidon)

1 Desmarest's designation is simply "capitan". The name Artabaze is that of a Persian general who at first resisted Alexander on behalf of Darius Codomannus, then, at the death of that king (336 B.C.E.), entered into the service of the conqueror, from whom he received a satrapy. The purely fantastic character is thereby ready-made to fit into the fantasy-world of the historically obsessed Mélisse (see IV.ii.1290-91).

2 "Poète extravagant": "extravagant" is equivalent here to "visionnaire", in the sense of someone possessed by madness, even if in the mild version stipulated by Desmarest, which English usage tends to relegate to the category of "folly".

3 The Platonic vocabulary is mockingly associated with Filidan throughout.

4 Comedy: used, as often (as in the Comédie Française), to stand for the drama generally, though there is a play on the sense of comic genre later on (V.v.1842).

# ACT I

## SCENE I (ARTABAZE)

ARTABAZE

1 Heaven's darling am I – to wordlings, thunder;  
The terror of peace, a warrior-wonder.  
Bliss I bring the lady, fear to her lord,  
And at my beck and call fell fire and sword.  
5 By Mars on a savage Amazon sired,  
To nurse me a dread lioness was hired.  
Famed as the feats of Hercules may be,  
Two serpents defeated while still a baby,  
Does that match me? My sucking satiated,  
10 My own nurse, on a whim, I suffocated!  
My mother, however, far from me thanking,  
Caught me by a ruse to give me a spanking,  
But craven tricks are my abomination:  
At once I wiped out the Amazon nation.  
15 My father sought to stop me in that course,  
Blocked a few blows, would have imposed his force,  
But fearing my valour, dread in the sight  
Of the gods themselves, to heaven took flight.  
The sun, which sees all, saw with no increase  
20 Of pains I'd tame the sky – and made a peace.  
For me Mars's power he trimmed in girth,  
Made him Mars of heaven, and me of earth.  
Now, to reward this decision so cunning,  
Seeing the sun was incessantly running,  
25 I ended forever his need to roam  
And granted heaven's centre as his home;<sup>5</sup>  
I bade him at rest his light to pour out,  
While the earth and the sky roll round about;  
Thus by my strength, in this adventure strange,

5 This is, of course, according to Ptolemaic cosmography.

30 Did Nature its whole order rearrange;  
My power alone in the firmament  
Gave motion to the densest element.  
(Hence those great dialogues all stem from me –  
And latest theories – in astronomy.<sup>6</sup>)  
35 Since then my wars I've so proliferated  
Mankind at large I'd have annihilated,  
But that, with one sex craving my good will,  
In pity I replace all that I kill.  
Where now are all those mighty conquerors,  
40 Scourges of men and famous warriors?  
Achilles and Hercules, Alexander,  
Cyrus? Those who made Rome's empire grander?  
Whose cold steel so many sent to their death?  
My valour alone deprived them of breath.  
45 Where are the thick walls of that Babylon,  
Nineveh, Athens, and Lacadaemon,  
Argos and Thebes, storied Carthage, great Troy?  
(Examples by millions I could employ.)  
Reduced to dust, those cities of renown:  
50 I took them by storm, then battered them down.  
But nothing more seems to oppose my might,  
No warrior dares come within my sight.  
What then? Idle? Such a sluggard to fight  
That my arm receives the slightest respite?  
55 O gods, let from some dreary cave appear  
Appalling giant or monster of fear!  
If one day my valour rests sedentary,  
I'll make of the world a vast cemetery.

<sup>6</sup> Artabaze not only reshapes the divine creation but inspires the theories of Copernicus and Galileo. The term "dialogues" in l. 33 probably refers to a specific contemporary work (Scherer and Truchet, eds., p. 1365, n. 2 to p. 409).

## SCENE II (AMIDOR, ARTABAZE)

AMIDOR

60 I rise from Mount Parnassus' dark recesses,  
Where great Jove's son (the one with golden tresses),<sup>7</sup>  
In verse-forging spirit spawns dithyramb,  
Epode, antistrophe, tragic iamb.

ARTABAZE

What prodigy is this? What consternation!

AMIDOR

65 Profane one, begone! I feel inspiration.  
*Iach, iach, évoé!*<sup>8</sup>

ARTABAZE

A case of possession!  
Sole remedy – my better part: discretion.      [*Runs away.*]

## SCENE III (AMIDOR)

70 Endless descriptions my brain overspread,  
As the fumes of new wine go to one's head.  
Come, then, let's represent a bacchanal,  
Storm, fair weather, in verse heroical,  
Packed with puffed word and potent epithet.  
All tired expressions let us forget.  
Already I spy all round the brigades  
Of goat-footed gods and mad Maenad maids,  
75 Come orgiastically to celebrate

7 I.e., Apollo, the *sobriquet* which Lysander sardonically accords Amidor at the conclusion (V.vii.1911). The poet's fondness for recondite, if not obscurely learned, allusions and hyperbole (cf. V.vii.1926–32) gives him power, of different kinds, over the gullible Filidan and Artabaze, if not necessarily over Atropos.

8 The traditional cry of the Maenads (or Bacchae) in their frenzied worship of Dionysus/Bacchus. Amidor's "inspiration" leads him to imagine such a scene.

And fête father Bromios in due state.<sup>9</sup>  
 There's the thigh-born one! Good Silenus follows,  
 His gullet reeking of the wine he swallows;  
 His ass among the Mimallons now blends,  
 80 As, thyrsus in hand, through vales the throng wends.  
 But whither strays that troupe? It's seen no more  
 On lap-lapping<sup>10</sup> Nereus' lonely shore.  
 Nothing do I spy but cavernous rocks.  
 A far-off whirling wind my ear now shocks.  
 85 Sacred hosts of heaven, what tempest dread,  
 What veil of darkness be-curtains my head?  
 Aeolus has freed his foaming fast horses,  
 Who ply on the moist sea-furrows their courses.  
 The torch-bearing sky wraps itself in black;  
 90 A lone lightning flash opens it a crack:  
 What swirling fires give us back the day?  
 But the night as swiftly takes it away.  
 The threatening roar of that stormy thunder  
 The world's very frame will soon shake asunder.  
 95 This tumult makes an elemental jumble;  
 Jove will soon cause the universe to tumble;  
 That blow struck Taenarus,<sup>11</sup> splitting the earth,  
 And will move Nature to some monstrous birth.

#### SCENE IV (FILIDAN, AMIDOR)

FILIDAN

Here is my dear friend, that great genius;

9 The point is not merely to depict the orgiastic rites of Dionysus (a common contemporary motif) but to show up Amidor's predilection for far-fetched epithets (Bromios for Dionysus, Mimallons for Maenads, Nereus as metonymic for the sea – especially the Aegean).

10 I.e., “floflotant”, an established onomatopoeic coinage; cf. Randle Cotgrave, *A Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues* (London: Adam Islip, 1611): “Floating, flowing, surging; sounding like waues, or billowes”. Amidor's language here, as elsewhere, is notably old-fashioned: the expression “floflotant Nérée” is taken from Du Bartas (Scherer and Truchets, eds., p. 1366, n. 2 to p. 411).

11 The traditional entrance to the underworld, located in Laconia.



120 Struck me dumb, my senses into confusion;  
A thousand arrows pierced me through and through:  
Her coral eyes, her mouth of azure blue,  
Her gleaming complexion, her silver hair,  
Her teeth of ebony to make one swear  
125 Devotion, her fixed stare with no spark lit,  
Each fair tapered breast tucked under an armpit  
From which a long and spindly arm proceeds;  
Two fleshless thighs, or rather flimsy reeds;  
The large size of her feet, her stunted height,  
130 Within my heart provoked a desperate fight.<sup>14</sup>

FILIDAN

Ah, ye gods! What Beauty! O king of wit,  
All this you saw? Ah, I'm ravished by it.  
Recount me what she did, content my soul,  
Whose secret flame I scarcely can control.

AMIDOR

135 (Now to invent some absolute nonsense.)  
These charms she uttered, fraught with reverence:  
"Apollo's minion, whose ecstatic verve  
Excites the soul along a tingling nerve  
And sparks such vivid visionary pleasure  
140 That noblest desires spread beyond measure,  
Learn to hold in awe this gift of destiny,  
Adorable figure of my modesty."

FILIDAN

O wondrous speech, O words of solemn weight,  
Able to curb the most audacious state.  
145 Gods, how that Beauty charms in every sense;  
I burn for her with zealous vehemence.  
My friend, besides that, what else did she say?

<sup>14</sup> Thanks to Filidan's gullability, the technique of anti-blason can be pushed to an extreme – indeed, thrown into relief self-consciously (cf. below, III.i.742-51).

AMIDOR

She said good-bye, and then she went away.

FILIDAN

150 That Beauty divine enraptures my mind;  
She surely must be of heavenly kind.  
I die, Amidor, with thirst for her sight.  
When shall that joy be mine?

AMIDOR

Perhaps at twilight,  
When by raven-haired Night, her veils outspread,  
In the heavens the stars' great dance is led.

FILIDAN

155 O marvellous effect of her rare beauties!  
Peerless matching of noble qualities!  
Already my soul is bound beyond freeing:  
Wounded by hearing, I will die from seeing.  
Prepare yourself, heart, for a thousand throes.

AMIDOR

160 Farewell – on this theme I will now compose.

FILIDAN

How you will oblige me! Thanks, Amidor.  
Meanwhile, to solace the excess of my furor,  
The heat of my love I will go sigh out  
And move to pity all points round about.

### SCENE V (FILIDAN)

FILIDAN

165 Gods! How by Beauty perfectly recited  
Are passions of love in our souls excited!

And how a poem casts a potent spell  
Our minds to gain, our senses to compel!  
By an order of words stately and pleasant  
170 It renders objects to our eyes so present  
That one seems to know and see them as real,  
And the hardest heart may be moved to feel.  
Strange also that my soul it can inspire  
Spontaneously with amorous fire,  
175 That a mere tale of Beauty without fault  
Can jolt my spirits to a sudden halt.  
But then, I test and probe my every part  
Each morning, and detect a wounded heart  
(Although my torment's cause remains in doubt);  
180 So once I leave the house, the flame breaks out.  
The very first beauty who meets my sight  
And shows herself in an attractive light,  
Will run me through with a touch of her eye,  
And cause a merely bleeding heart to die.  
185 Even if I spy none that suit my taste,  
Let a friend just say, approaching in haste,  
"I have just seen eyes that will be my death",  
At once I perish, get all out of breath  
And run from wherever I am to worship  
190 A stranger's eyes, my soul within their grip.  
But never was I so moved to revere:  
I was bound to his discourse by the ear,  
And my soul, with imbibing such sweet charms,  
Fell innocently into Beauty's arms.  
195 O form of thousand sweetnesses arrayed,  
Which sweetly in my heart a Muse portrayed!  
Work without equal, delightful tableau  
Of the fairest gift Nature could bestow –  
Exquisite copy, whose original  
200 Is sheer gold and azure, ebony, coral,  
With treasures enough my soul to confuse  
Discovered in awe from that learned Muse.

Gods! - how dear you are, and in loving zeal  
Delightful flames consuming me I feel.  
205 But, Beauty to whose Idea I thus succumb,  
To whom I've surrendered my former freedom,  
What happy place on land or in the skies  
Enjoys the fair sight of your darling eyes?  
Lend yourself to pity's solicitation –  
210 Soothe your lover, grant a manifestation.  
Beauty, I will die awaiting your sight;  
How can my pining endure until night?  
I can no more, Beauty whose form I bear;  
My fierce desire will rage in despair.  
215 I faint, I die – O celestial Beauty,  
What pain you cause me in extremity!

#### SCENE VI (HESPÉRIE, FILIDAN)

HESPÉRIE

That lover no sooner saw me than swooned.  
With dread charms the gods my beauty festooned!  
I cannot take a single step outside  
220 But my eyes strike home, and someone has died.  
On my own case, what advice would I give?  
The world is doomed, if I'm allowed to live.  
Gods, what a menace! What beneath the skies  
More fatal to mankind than my two eyes?  
225 Nature, when I was born, good sense eschewing,  
Conceived a masterpiece – and her undoing.  
One might sooner count the leaves on the trees,  
The sands of the ocean, the ears of Ceres,  
The flowers that the spring as garlands wears,  
230 Winter's icicles, the grapes autumn bears,  
The lamps which nightly on the moon attend,  
Than the lovers to whom I've put an end.  
This one will die: shall I his doom repeal?  
I could with one word; some pity I feel.

FILIDAN

235 Fair azure, fair coral, features supreme!

HESPÉRIE

He's not dead yet; my beauties make him dream.  
Shall I rescue him? The whim pleases me,  
But those who saw would die of jealousy.  
How hard is my fate! I do only ill,  
240 For, to do good, a rival I must kill.  
To open my eye causes injury;  
Each step consigns a soul to agony.  
If, fleeing these evils, homeward I turn,  
The fainting servants become my concern.  
245 The fire within they cannot extinguish  
And tremble before me in awe and anguish;  
They can't help adoring when I walk by,  
Nor say a single word without a sigh.  
They lower their lips (their passion is such)  
250 To plant a kiss on whatever I touch.  
Yet my beauty such perfect rapture brings  
That when they serve me they think themselves kings.  
At meals, for dread of love-potions I shrink,  
Or that one will give me his tears to drink;  
255 I fear some lover will give up the ghost  
And have his heart served instead of a roast:  
At this thought I often quake when I eat,  
Lest someone disguise and season my meat,  
And thus within me after death contrive  
260 To place that which he could not when alive.  
Lovers are clever when they've lost their senses,  
Ingenious even at their own expenses.  
They daily set for me a hundred snares.  
My wary father, too, bestows his cares,  
265 Glories in having me, feels like a god,  
Sometimes, enthralled by a wonder so odd,

Asks am I his or did the heavens spawn me?<sup>15</sup>  
At home incessantly all eyes are on me –  
He with awe, my sisters with envy rife,  
270 The rest love-struck: a rare but a sad life!  
Is there good cause such beauty to desire?  
But I spy my father. I must retire.

### SCENE VII (LYSANDER, ALCIDON, FILIDAN)

LYSANDER

Provide for your daughters: it's overdue;  
All three are virtuous, and gentle too,  
275 Of age to marry; then, you've wealth enough.  
To keep them makes no sense; don't put it off.

ALCIDON

No doubt, Lysander, but of sons-in-law  
The choice is so great that I stand in awe.  
Then, it's my humour to be pleased by each.  
280 Not one, as I rate them, can I impeach.  
If old, with wealth his household will be eased.  
If young, my daughter will be better pleased.  
If handsome, "Beauty has no price", I say;  
If ugly, then, "At night all cats are grey".  
285 If merry, that he'll cheer up my old age,  
And, if serious, that he'll make a sage.  
If gracious: "He must come of noble race";  
If arrogant: "He well upholds his place".  
If spirited: "His nature will be doing".  
290 If cautious: "He knows when a storm is brewing".  
If rash: "All may be lost by hesitating".  
If slow: "Success requires meditating".  
If he fears the gods: "They grace those that pray".

<sup>15</sup> Hall, ed., p. lxxviii, points out that this idea is part of the legend of Alexander, hence a point of contact between the universal conqueror of hearts and Mélisse; the latter refers to her hero's divine birth in IV.i.1228. Cf. also below, Liv.529-30.

295                    If he cheats to win: “He’ll make his own way”.  
So, in each suitor occasion has lent me,  
I’ve managed to find something to content me.

LYSANDER

Then, Alcidon, why not make greater haste,  
If everywhere there’s someone to your taste?

ALCIDON

300                    When I choose one, another happens by  
With gifts that drive the former from my eye:  
If then a third one joins the candidates,  
Something in him I find that captivates.

LYSANDER

305                    But to ensure that sound judgement prevails,  
Put two or three together in the scales,  
Those whose worth seems the greatest weight to bear:  
Take their measure objectively, compare.

ALCIDON

I simply can’t – nor pretend otherwise.  
It’s always the last one that takes the prize.

LYSANDER

A strange turn of mind.

FILIDAN

O my life’s dear bane...

ALCIDON

310                    Gods, what’s that?

LYSANDER

Some lover sighing in pain.

ALCIDON

His fast-fading eye scarcely sees the light.

FILIDAN

Friend, is it you, father of my delight?

ALCIDON

Surely one of my girls has gained his love.

FILIDAN

315 Wonder of our times, gleaming star above  
In Beauty's heaven, show yourself to me;  
Do I lack faith or ardour? – look and see!  
Appear to my eyes, come solace my pain.  
Why should you wish to be called inhumane?  
Pity my torment (you cannot not know –  
320 Gods know all), or see my death here below.  
Do you doubt I'm burning? Hear in what fashion –

ALCIDON

Lysander, in truth I'm moved by his passion.  
With pity for his love I'm wholly seized;  
There's nothing like fervour to make one pleased!

LYSANDER

325 [*aside*] He's won!

ALCIDON

The son-in-law of my ideal  
Is one who'll bring his wife such tender zeal,  
Not one who possesses infinite treasure  
And charms of mind and body beyond measure.  
Knowledge and wealth, if the flame isn't there,  
330 Can never make a happy married pair.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup> These lines gain ironically from the fact that there is truth in them, although Filidan's fervour relates to no terrestrial object and Alcidon will soon find more attractive the qualities he devalues here.

FILIDAN

Cease, my dear friends, my misery to flatter,  
Or rather soothe my pain with hopeful matter.

ALCIDON

335 Console yourself, my son, be of good hope.  
To reward devotion of such rare scope  
I undertake to extinguish your burning:  
You'll have today the object of your yearning.

FILIDAN

Can you really offer me such elation?  
Ah, not just my father, but my salvation!

ALCIDON

Trust me, I'll content you this evening.

LYSANDER

340 To the next comer you'll say the same thing.

ALCIDON

Before the day is out, I vow to find  
Suitors who suit me – and not change my mind.

LYSANDER

A full day's work!

FILIDAN

Will you grant me her sight?

ALCIDON

Yes, now take heart. Farewell until tonight.

FILIDAN

345 How waiting to view her heavenly charms  
Will cause me further sighs and tearful harms!

## ACT II

### SCENE I (PHALANTE, MÉLISSE)

PHALANTE

Merciless Mélisse, for whom in suspense  
Waits your proud heart, so quick to take offence?

MÉLISSE

For none in this world, Phalante, that I see.

PHALANTE

350 Will love always prompt your hostility?

MÉLISSE

No, but the best of men would love in vain,  
Could hope for nothing from me but disdain.

PHALANTE

But why that humour?

MÉLISSE

I'll tell you the story.

355 I read of Alexander in his glory,  
Whose godlike valour tamed the universe,  
His feats so many, rapid, and diverse,  
Fair, courtly, generous, prompt, learned, wise,  
No danger greater than his courage in size,  
Who stopped his empire where day begins –  
360 Since then, no lesser man my favour wins.  
It's he keeps my soul in bondage well earned,  
It's for him my amorous flame has burned;  
What wonder if he, that subdued each part  
Of the whole wide world, could subdue my heart?

PHALANTE

365           But your love is founded on a chimera:  
              What good's a lover from a bygone era?

MÉLISSE

              Chimera! So you call a perfect hero?  
              Ye gods! Such effrontery is *de trop!*

PHALANTE

370           Please, dearest Mélisse, don't get in a snit;  
              Just answer me one question: how is it  
              You love one unknown, not perceivable,  
              The thought of whom is scarce conceivable?

MÉLISSE

375           Do you call him unknown when history  
              Records the feats that radiate his glory?  
              Whose renown to every region flies,  
              Covers all the earth, reaches to the skies?  
              Such lack of reason is quite risible.

PHALANTE

              I call unknown what is not visible.

MÉLISSE

380           I know him well enough: every day  
              The homage of my love in words I pay.

PHALANTE

              What! You speak to him?

MÉLISSE

                                  To what takes his place:  
              The perfect image of his charming face.

PHALANTE

No image, to my mind, can charm the view.

MÉLISSE

In images the gods are worshipped, too.

PHALANTE

385           Where did you find it?

MÉLISSE

A volume of Plutarch  
Gave me the portrait of that godlike monarch.<sup>17</sup>  
To cherish it more, it's close to my breast.

PHALANTE

390           Fairest, cease to be so strangely obsessed.  
              This brave Alexander, pleasing Mélisse,  
              Lacks any power to render you service.

MÉLISSE

What, have so great a king at my command,  
Whose law is revered in every land?  
Phalante, he was born to world domination.

PHALANTE

395           You love with a love that's second to none.  
              But you would better be advised to choose  
              A lover whose devotion you could use,  
              A man like me, whose material treasures  
              Can delight your youth with a thousand pleasures.

<sup>17</sup> Contemporary editions of Plutarch's *Lives* in Jacques Amyot's translation – e.g., the 2-volume octavo edition published in Paris by François Gueffier in 1609 (BnF 8-Z R ROLLAND-1284r) – featured an image at the beginning of each Life. Mélisse's later evocation of Alexander's exploits also draws, however, on the biography by Quintus Curtius, and perhaps on the account in Plutarch's *Moralia*: see below, IV.i and n. 60.

MÉLISSE

400 Do you think this charm my mind will suborn?  
Abandon that vain hope: your wealth I scorn.  
Dare you compare some paltry legacy,  
Some wretched field you got as part grantee,  
To that great victor's store splendiferous,  
Who spent the wealth of odoriferous  
405 Persia and India, often to princes  
As trifling presents granting provinces?

PHALANTE

But where are those treasures? Here now to touch?

MÉLISSE

He held them in contempt – I do as much.

PHALANTE

410 [*aside*] I waste my time here. She's preoccupied  
By that mad love her head has got inside.  
Her parents, now, will treat me otherwise;  
My wealth will make me pleasing in their eyes.  
No cure without them would I undertake.  
[*to Mélisse*] Farewell for now – for Alexander's sake.

MÉLISSE

415 Farewell, frail mortal, who presume to vie  
With that brave hero you should glorify.

## SCENE II (HESPÉRIE, MÉLISSE)

HESPÉRIE

Sister, be honest: what did Phalante say?

MÉLISSE

He spoke to me of love.

HESPÉRIE

That's a shrewd way!

420 So he turns to you, choosing to evade me,  
To put on you the duty to persuade me?

MÉLISSE

Don't flatter yourself, sister, in this fashion.  
It's for me that Phalante spoke of his passion,  
That if my hard heart yielded to his pleas,  
His wealth would put me in a state of ease.  
425 But really, sister, judge in all candour  
Whether I could love him, loving Alexander.

HESPÉRIE

That feigning speech is part of your sly art  
The better to implant him in my heart.  
But sister, believe me, you try in vain:  
430 No point in saying I am inhumane  
And should have pity on his sufferings.  
A hundred times a day I hear such things.  
Always a thousand lovers importune:  
Such, by Heaven's decree, is my hard fortune.  
435 Someone informs me: "Lysis<sup>18</sup> gasps for breath;  
With a glance, at least, come save him from death.  
- Eurylas has succumbed to melancholy.  
- The love of Lycidas has turned to folly.  
- Periander plans to take you away.  
440 - Shiploads of lovers have entered the bay.  
- If Corylas lives, he barely will do.  
- A king has sent an embassy for you.  
- At an altar Thyrsis worships your face.

<sup>18</sup> Hespérie's list of names here, like those in Amidor's poems in III.iv, spoofs the common practice of resorting to classical, or classical-sounding, pseudonyms in amatory contexts. See Hall, ed., n. to ll. 435-43.

- For you this morning a duel took place.”  
445 Of my portraits, a cornucopia;  
And now – the king of Ethiopia!<sup>19</sup>  
Yesterday three hurt by the merest glance,  
A hundred struck dead when I looked askance.  
I feel, when addressed, that my breath can scorch;  
450 Those who don’t dare speak bear a secret torch.  
Daily new thousands grovel at my feet.  
I sense the air with whirling hearts replete,  
A whistling incessant of sighs and pleas,  
A thousand vows buzzing round me like bees.  
455 Where I stand the ground flows with floods of tears,  
The wails of the dying filling my ears,  
A lament, a languishing voice, a sob,  
A cry of despair at a painful throb.  
Here “I burn with love”, there “I die”, one stammers.  
460 At night I can’t sleep because of the clamours  
Attempting to touch some pitiful nerve.  
See, dear sister, what pity I deserve!

MÉLISSE

It’s not the case, sister. Don’t be deceived.  
That new lover, the one I just received,  
465 Who is determined some girl to endow...

HESPÉRIE

What? Speak to me of Phalante even now?  
How cruel you are!

MÉLISSE

But wait for the rest.  
I’m trying to say, this lover, the latest,...

19 A reference to an Ethiopian prince who lived in France for three years before his death in 1638 and had a connection with Richelieu. See Hall, ed., n. to l. 446, who cites a mocking epitaph by Desmarets on the death of “the self-styled King of Ethiopia” (“qui se disoit Roy d’Ethiopie”), in which, as the playwright does here, he rhymes “Ethiopie” with “copie”.



HESPÉRIE

Ah, sister, what artifice you employ!

MÉLISSE

How could such plain speech be some sort of ploy?

HESPÉRIE

485 You think to trick me by this subtle game,  
Relating his ordeal in your own name.

SCENE III (SESTIANE, MÉLISSE, HESPÉRIE)

SESTIANE

May one be told what your quarrel's about?

MÉLISSE

490 You know that Phalante came and sought me out.  
He spoke of love; my sister, fond believer,  
Says it was for her, and that I deceive her.

HESPÉRIE

What does it serve you the truth to deny,  
For his sake to seek out fashions to lie?

MÉLISSE

Your love's your dream, whatever one may say.

SESTIANE

495 What a good subject for a comic play!  
And if one gave it to the reigning wits,  
I think they'd find the matter neatly fits.  
Often great wits want plots, and need a loan.

MÉLISSE

But could it make a play quite on its own?

SESTIANE

500        Only tack on a bit from some romance,  
          Or from history some fine circumstance;  
          Thus filled up, it would need no supplement  
          To be esteemed a great accomplishment.

MÉLISSE

505        The theatre of France in glory to raise,  
          And with a work that all its rules obeys,<sup>20</sup>  
          Splendid, divine, one could stage nothing grander  
          Than, in one day, the feats of Alexander.

SESTIANE

          Much combat, little love makes a poor rhyme.  
          Myself, I scorn the Unity of Time.

HESPÉRIE

510        My life would make an admirable play  
          If abundant love would carry the day.  
          For you may judge, you readers of romances,  
          If fair Angélique as many entrances.<sup>21</sup>

SESTIANE

          Here's that fine and thrusting wit – just the one  
          To join in our theatrical discussion.

#### SCENE IV (SESTIANE, AMIDOR, MÉLISSE, HESPÉRIE)

SESTIANE

515        I learnt this morning a new compliment  
          Let me reply.

20        The first of a number of references to the contemporary debate about the importance of the (neo-)classical “rules”, especially the Unities, in dramatic composition. See esp. IV.ii.561-628.

21        Angélique (Angelica): the heroine of Ariosto's immensely popular *Orlando Furioso*, for whom the eponymous hero runs mad.

AMIDOR

Let all homage be lent  
To the triple sisters, the three fair Graces.

SESTIANE

At your merit's feet we place our fair faces.

AMIDOR

On what were your verse-loving wits conversing?

SESTIANE

520 Divers subjects just now we were rehearsing.

MÉLISSE

Valiant Alexander's exploits in war.

AMIDOR

525 That great king who kindled a hundred more?  
He who appeared the God of Thunder's child?  
That warlike torrent flowing proud and wild?  
That Mars beyond all storms inspiring dreads?  
That arm which dashed a hundred million heads?

MÉLISSE

I love you, Amidor, so well you've praised!

HESPÉRIE

530 But do you know another theme we raised?  
We spoke of one whose beauty might command her  
Easily more captives than Alexander.

AMIDOR

Then I should call her Cyprian,<sup>22</sup> heart-taming,  
Who, her sharp shaft (but gentle) deftly aiming,

22 A title of Venus, derived from her association with the island of Cyprus.

With the sugared poison of one sweet glance,  
In the onlookers' breasts love-sickness plants.

HESPÉRIE

535 Which one of us is she, would you construe?

AMIDOR

I cannot, for fear of the wrath of two.  
By judging so, the fair shepherd of Troy  
Caused Argive torches his town to destroy.<sup>23</sup>  
Let's pass no judgements on great Deities  
540 (As I may term your celestial beauties).

SESTIANE

Ye gods, what brilliance! But I wish to mention,  
Our talk had a theatrical dimension –  
For that is my passion.

AMIDOR

It's the charm of the age.  
But so few of those who write for the stage  
545 Know how to raise their song to lofty height  
And show the tragic buskin in best light.  
Myself, I am inspired by great themes;  
I leave base wits to deal with comic schemes,  
Those dullards whose Muse is content to feed  
550 The appetites of minds of common breed;  
Then, I perceive that plots perplex the brain:  
True novelty's so rare in that domain,  
Inventing them impossibility,  
Like courting shipwreck on the open sea.  
555 But learned lively minds of bold intent  
At all times love a tragic accident

23 The Judgement of Paris, whose fatal consequence was the Trojan war, was a perennially popular subject in art and literature. Cf. below, ll. 1465-66 and n. 68.

And to the Muse's spring have no recourse –  
Euripides or Sophocles their source.

SESTIANE

Nevertheless, the comic, well designed,  
560 With proper treatment, can ravish the mind.  
Say, do you approve of those critics' rules,  
Which they attribute to the antique schools:  
That unity of time, of place and action?

AMIDOR

Such absolutes amount to mere distraction.  
565 Why be tied to the grotesque fantasies  
Of those whose austere rules preclude their ease?  
Afraid to wait for Phoebus to return,  
All blooms but those that last one day they spurn.  
All must be abandoned; for with a fable,  
570 Or aspects of true stories, is one able  
To present in one day, as this law holds,  
A subject that over a month unfolds?  
How work it so that, in one stage's space,  
Corinth and Athens lie in the same place?  
575 As for the third rule, what a fine invention!  
One act with one action – that's their intention!

SESTIANE

Still, these strictly critical intellects  
Have reasons, too, which should have their effects:  
One must fix the day and place one would choose;  
580 Once interrupted, all pleasure you lose;  
Each change destroys the dream in which you've glided,  
Breaks the slim thread by which your soul is guided.  
If one sees an event exceed one day,  
“The author”, one says, “has led me astray;  
585 He's made me pass whole nights without a rest;  
Excuse the poor man; his mind is hard-pressed;

Our spirit divided – pleasure farewell.”  
If the place is changed, that happens as well.  
One says of the author: “He did me wrong,  
590 Stole me to Carthage – at Rome I belong;  
Sing, then, and draw the curtain if you please;  
You can’t dupe me – I’ve never crossed the seas.”  
They likewise preach that one with firm endeavour  
Should follow the main action, swerving never.  
595 When two ideas are mingled, each takes flight,  
As when two hares pursued flee out of sight.  
These are their reasons, if memory serves;  
Tell me what credence their thesis deserves.

AMIDOR

These laws imposed, the mind can never rise;  
600 Diversity delights us with surprise.  
When into view a hundred charms are brought,  
The mind is made to swarm with varied thought.<sup>24</sup>  
Thus, far out at sea, a girl we discover  
Seized by a rival in sight of her lover;  
605 Her father’s palace resounds with his moan;  
On a bare isle the fair one sighs her own;  
On land again, the lover, in a wood,  
With dying voice makes his grief understood,  
Then arms a hundred ships, sets free his princess,  
610 In triumph leads back both rival and mistress;  
Still, the king dies; he is duly interred:  
On leaving the ship, they get the sad word.  
The realm leaderless, the region unquiet,  
The country’s elite convene in a diet;  
615 Their discord fills the palace, would increase;  
The princess arrives, restores them to peace,  
And, wiping her eyes, as queen she ordains

<sup>24</sup> Amidor and Sestiane make extravagant advocates of tragicomedy, which remained a popular form until the mid-seventeenth century.

That her true love take the crown for his pains.  
Could you conceive that string of great events  
620 Which might employ the fairest ornaments –  
Three voyages at sea, the throes of war,  
A king who dies of grief, buried and mourned for,  
Their sailing home, a tomb in splendour decked,  
Law-makers poised the new king to elect,  
625 The princess in black who causes surprise –  
Reduced to fit one day's, one place's size?  
Would you forgo just one of those rich themes?

SESTIANE

In that case, you'd have few good plots, it seems.  
I feel the wish to give you one now seize me.

AMIDOR

630 Go on, it's mine – if it should chance to please me.

SESTIANE

A child is exposed in a wilderness,  
Sustained, for a time, by milk of a tigress;  
The tigress strays off, is hurt in the chase,  
Bleeds her life away; they follow the trace,  
635 Find her and the child, who's brought to the king:  
Handsome, steady in gaze and fearing nothing.  
The king loves and brings him up, his pride and joy;  
All exercises show a brilliant boy.  
That is the first act. Now, then, in the second,  
640 He flees, and having sailed where the wind beckoned,  
He lands on an island during a war,  
Falls like lightning in the midst of the furor,  
Joins, and heartens, the party hard beset,  
Is called to a king whose crown's in his debt,  
645 Who seeks to share it, such aid to requite:  
His daughter is struck with love at first sight.  
A hideous giant among their foes



## SCENE V (ALCIDON, SESTIANE)

ALCIDON

I've looked high and low, girls – what's this I see?  
Ye gods! Get out of here! What liberty!  
665 You've got no business talking with men.

SESTIANE

Note the spot, at least, where we left off then.

ALCIDON

It's for me to see them and to decide;  
Come, for all three of you I'll soon provide.  
[*The three girls retire; Amidor remains.*]

## SCENE VI (AMIDOR, ALCIDON)

AMIDOR

No choice but to love one of those fair three.

ALCIDON

670 Do you have one in mind particularly?

AMIDOR

That marvellous mount in Sicily found,<sup>25</sup>  
Where Enceladus, wretch, groans underground,  
Vomiting coals from his blazing-hot gorge –  
Empedocles' tomb, which holds Vulcan's forge  
675 (As nimble Brontes, that smoke-breathing demon,  
Aids Steropes and naked Pyracmon) –  
Its sulphurous womb never bore such fires

<sup>25</sup> Amidor draws on the mythology of the volcanic Mount Etna, under which the defeated Titan, Enceladus, was imprisoned and where the Cyclops (here Brontes, Steropes and Pyracmon) forged thunderbolts for the use of Jupiter. With these “fables” the impressionable Alcidon seems to credit him with mixing the “truth” (I.vi.680) that the philosopher Empedocles met his death by leaping into Etna's flames. Amongst other influences, Hall detects that of Christian demonology (Hall, ed., p. lxxv).

As one of those beauties in me inspires.

ALCIDON

680       What classical learning that man displays,  
Mingling fable with truth in clever ways!  
He knows the secrets of philosophy  
And even understands cosmography.  
You are in love? What does love signify?

AMIDOR

685       Engendering God, who shows us the sky,  
Who pierced the welter of the primal storm,  
Caused light to shine and chaos to take form;  
Assigned its dwelling to each element,  
To the blue-tinted stars imparted movement,  
Made all the plants to teem with fertile seed,  
690       The whole world embryonically to breed.<sup>26</sup>

ALCIDON

695       His mind, his learning sweep me off the ground.  
O gods, how subtle, solid and profound!  
Nothing appeals like wondrous erudition –  
Riches above a mere wealthy condition.  
One must defer to such heavenly fire.  
Here – I approve; you shall have your desire.  
My daughter is your own. Come round tonight.  
Some day you'll make my family shine bright.

AMIDOR

700       Farewell, great guardian of three rare beauties.  
May Heaven load you with felicities,

<sup>26</sup> The identification of Love with the divine principle of creation, setting in orderly place and motion the discordant elements, is a commonplace of Christian neo-platonism – hardly the profound insight that Alcidon takes it for. A concise and convenient parallel may be found in John Davies, “Orchestra, or, A Poem on Dancing”, stanzas 17 ff. For contemporaries of Desmarts, there would be a reminiscence of the creation according to Du Bartas (Hall, ed., n. to l. 690).

Clotho with golden silk spin out your years,  
Dread Atropos long tarry with her shears!<sup>27</sup>

### ACT III

#### SCENE I (FILIDAN, ARTABAZE)

FILIDAN

May I see you, Beauty I idolise?  
O when? – in that longing I agonise!

ARTABAZE

705        Poor man, I hear your constant sighs of pain:  
              You do nothing but despair and complain.  
              I am the terror of the fiercest foe,  
              But know I am the hope of those brought low.<sup>28</sup>  
              Is there some tyrant you must hold in awe,  
710        Who keeps you oppressed with his unjust law?  
              Great Jove can keep his thunderbolts unhurled –  
              I tame those brutes and purge them from the world.  
              Are your possessions purloined by some thief?  
              Wherever he hides, he'll find no relief:  
715        I climb all mountains, explore each abyss,  
              My punishment no criminals can miss.

FILIDAN

That's not at all my woe.

<sup>27</sup> Clotho and Atropos: two of the three Fates, or Parcae. It is perhaps a comic twist that Amidor's lavish benediction leaves out Lachesis, who, as the one who measures the thread of life, is actually determinant.

<sup>28</sup> Such generosity is a hallmark of romance heroes – see Hall, ed., note to ll. 707–16.

ARTABAZE

Some sad event  
Has caused you to be doomed to banishment?  
I'll see that you regain your prince's grace,  
720 Or my just wrath will devastate the place!

FILIDAN

That's far from it – mine's a worse situation.

ARTABAZE

Are you mourning a close and dear relation?  
If that's why life feels like the rack to you,  
I'll go to Hell, and bring him back to you.

FILIDAN

725 Great hero, my pain's something quite apart.

ARTABAZE

A malady?

FILIDAN

Yes, one close to my heart.

ARTABAZE

Ah, then it's been caught,<sup>29</sup> if it's a disease!  
I wipe out ills with my weapon's mere breeze;  
But in special forms it must be applied –  
730 The feint of a thrust or a blow broadside,  
To suit the case.

FILIDAN

A power to astound!

29 The translation preserves what certainly looks like a pun, although the application of “attracter” to catching illness does not seem to be attested before 1694.

ARTABAZE

So what is your ill?

FILIDAN

It comes from a compound:  
Ebony, gold, silver, coral and azure.<sup>30</sup>

ARTABAZE

735 That mixture would bring illness, not a cure!  
Didn't they put a dash of root-juice in it?  
(Such powder will choke you unless you thin it.)

FILIDAN

King of conquerors, you don't comprehend.

ARTABAZE

That's a nice title.

FILIDAN

I'm nearing my end,  
Thanks to a love potion drunk through the ear.

ARTABAZE

740 Really, you recount something strange to hear –  
A potion through the ear?

FILIDAN

For God's sake, listen!  
This tale charmed me: eyes that like coral glisten,  
The azure of a mouth...

<sup>30</sup> The parody of Petrarchism is mingled with contemporary pharmaceutical practice, which included the use of coral in powder form (Hall, ed., n. to ll. 732-34).

ARTABAZE

Ye gods, I'll burst!  
You meant azure eyes – you've got it reversed –  
745 A mouth's fair coral.

FILIDAN

Could I have misquoted?  
It's one or the other.

ARTABAZE

So you're devoted  
To azure eyes, an ivory complexion?

FILIDAN

No ivory there, to my recollection.  
But it was such a medley of perfect beauties,  
750 Of infinite treasures, rare qualities,  
That to see them fierce desire implores me.

ARTABAZE

He must have in mind the nymph who adores me.

FILIDAN

What, you know her?

ARTABAZE

Know her? Ah, understand  
She worships me, and is at my command.

FILIDAN

755 What pain has seized my soul with piercing throes!  
Must jealousy be added to my woes?  
Wasn't it hard enough to lack her sight?

ARTABAZE

I can draw others to me with my might.  
I promised I would find a way to ease you;  
760 I rue your plight – take her, if that will please you.

FILIDAN

O prince generous, gracious, liberal,  
Shall I gain through you that azure, that coral?  
Heaven give you glory, bliss that endures!  
Let me embrace your feet.

ARTABAZE

Come now, she's yours.

## SCENE II (ARTABAZE, FILIDAN, AMIDOR)

ARTABAZE

765 That man is mad, let's get away from here.

FILIDAN

How comes it that he fills you with such fear?

ARTABAZE

When I saw him before he threw a fit.

FILIDAN

The gentlest kind of reverie's more like it.

ARTABAZE

770 Well, out of the depth of his lungs he spat  
Epode, Antistrophe, demons like that.

FILIDAN

Banish that fear from your imagination;  
His furor comes from poetic creation.

ARTABAZE

It's my sole fault; I fear the furious.

FILIDAN

Fear? With that arm ever victorious?

ARTABAZE

775 I'm fleeing.

FILIDAN

No, stay here.

ARTABAZE

You see him brood.

FILIDAN

What scares you, then?

ARTABAZE

His rage may be renewed.

FILIDAN

Be reassured, he's meditating verse  
To spread your name throughout the universe.  
[addressing Amidor] Leave, Amidor, those Muses you  
adore;

780 Come pay homage to this wonder of war.

ARTABAZE

You're sure he's safe?

FILIDAN

The hero of our time.

AMIDOR

All praises, vessel of terror sublime,  
Who move a hundred kings to jealousy.



ARTABAZE

One day from on high two armies I spied  
Fighting with equal heat on either side.  
805 For a while I found this display amusing  
And waited to join the force that was losing.  
Yet still the victory remained in doubt:  
My valour felt shamed, my patience wore out;  
Frustrated ardour drove me to descend,  
810 Like an eagle on swans that fear their end.  
On all sides, I split heads, arms, legs and thighs,  
My great blows appal like bolts from the skies.  
Countless missiles are aimed to strike me down;  
Those that come nearest I foil with a frown.<sup>33</sup>  
815 So, in the end (as is hard to believe),  
Two victories in one did I achieve.

AMIDOR

A mammoth exploit, truly marvellous!

ARTABAZE

Could you depict that fight so perilous?

AMIDOR

Polymni', Erato, Terpsichore<sup>34</sup> . . .

ARTABAZE

820 That furor will seize him again – let's flee!

33 “Mais d'un de mes regards j'abats les plus osés”: the referent of “osés [daring]” is ambiguous. It makes more obvious sense to take it as referring to enemy soldiers, but there is no such specific antecedent within easy range, and the idea of knocking down missiles with a glance is scarcely alien to someone whose sword-strokes can defeat diseases (III.i.728-31) or who rearranged the cosmos to suit himself (I.i.23-32). There is a parallel with Hespérie's death-dealing glances (IV.vi.1484-94). At the same time, several characters on the receiving end of “foolish” thoughts and words give credence to their quasi-material power: witness Filidan, Alcidon, even (over Phalant's chateau) Lysander.

34 Polymnia (also Polyhymnia), Erato, Terpsichore: usually considered as the Muses, respectively, of sacred poetry and mimetic art, lyric poetry and dance.



ARTABAZE

Then farewell, poor lover. Heaven relieve you!

### SCENE III (AMIDOR, ARTABAZE)

AMIDOR

Warrior, no champion need you dread:  
I see that you march with majestic tread;  
And from your eye such warlike looks are hurled  
840 As Mars would show if he lived in this world;  
Your way of speaking is grave, sharp, resounding,  
As if with Jupiter's thunder abounding.

ARTABAZE

Quite true.

AMIDOR

I have produced a prodigy,  
A bold surge of spirit, a tragedy  
845 To put poets galore in jealous mind.  
My great need is that a man of your kind  
(To set this fine work off to best advantage)  
Agree to play the central personage.

ARTABAZE

Yes, if he is worthy of me, I'm willing.

AMIDOR

850 It's great Alexander.<sup>35</sup>

ARTABAZE

Yes – that great king,  
When Asia he reduced to slavery,

35 Confirmation that Alexander is a point of convergence for several of the “visionaries”.

Had some slight notion of my bravery.

AMIDOR

The role's in my pocket, with fury grim –  
For I make him kill those dearest to him.<sup>36</sup>

ARTABAZE

855 Then it's a demon, some terrible beast –  
Ah, don't take it out!

AMIDOR

Why, not in the least.  
It's just writing.

ARTABAZE

You deal death when you write?  
So you're a sorcerer?

AMIDOR

Don't take such fright.

ARTABAZE

860 Oh gods, I'm lost! Neither valour nor my arms,  
I regret to say, are proof against charms.

AMIDOR

They're only verses.

ARTABAZE

That's what frightens me.

AMIDOR

The script, you mean? I'll speak from memory.

<sup>36</sup> Alexander's killing, in drunken anger, of Cleitus, who had saved his life, was a standard moral *exemplum*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry V*, IV.vii.34–39 (Evans and Tobin, gen. eds.).

Let's see if you are a quick understander.

ARTABAZE

All right.

AMIDOR

Repeat, "I am that Alexander" –

ARTABAZE

865 "I am that Alexander" –

AMIDOR

"Terror of the universe".

ARTABAZE

That's my title!

AMIDOR

Ye gods, just speak the verse.

ARTABAZE

I'm not such a fool as to say the rest;  
To use that language goes against my interest.

AMIDOR

Bizarre!

ARTABAZE

870 My lofty title, by that ruse,  
Would be impossible for me to use.  
I'd give it away and be left a bystander:  
I shall just say, "I am that Alexander".

AMIDOR

Who'll say the other part?



PHALANTE

885 Friend, I need your skill (I've looked high and low)  
To conquer a beauty who's seized my heart:  
Love-spells are the sphere of adepts in art;  
There's nothing can daunt a resistant strain  
Like a poem painting amorous pain.

AMIDOR

890 If that fair one has a fondness for verse,  
I've lots ready-made on subjects diverse:<sup>37</sup>  
Some on a rebuff, on absence's pain,  
Some on ill-speaking, as well as disdain,  
On eyes, a fit of temper, laughter too;  
There's Silvie's Return, Cloris's Adieu,  
895 One dream of Bérénice, one woeful plea  
To – Cassandra (you choose the name you fancy).

PHALANTE

That plea to Cassandra would do the trick.

AMIDOR

It's erudite with lofty rhetoric.

PHALANTE

That's what I want.

AMIDOR

900 They're stanzas, too, presenting  
Profusion of rich terms, of grave lamenting.

PHALANTE

As rich as the style will I seem to be.

37 The subjects were indeed commonplace; see Hall, ed., n. to ll. 891-95.

AMIDOR

Would I have the luck to have them with me?

PHALANTE

There?

AMIDOR

No.

PHALANTE

What's that, then?

AMIDOR

A Pindaric ode.

PHALANTE

And that?

AMIDOR

Verse to match some musical mode.

PHALANTE

905 Perhaps this one here?

AMIDOR

The Adieu for Cloris.<sup>38</sup>

PHALANTE

Or here?

AMIDOR

The shepherdess weeping (she's Iris).

PHALANTE

There?

38 Desmarests had actually composed an "Adieu pour Cloris" (Hall, ed., n. to l. 905).

AMIDOR

Anagram half-lines, switched round about.

PHALANTE

This?

AMIDOR

Acrostic sonnet, the sense spelt out.  
No, this one's a wish for Phyllis – correction.

PHALANTE

910 Not this, I guess?

AMIDOR

On a lily complexion.

PHALANTE

Then is this it?

AMIDOR

A hymn.

PHALANTE

Or here?

AMIDOR

An eclogue.

PHALANTE

Here?

AMIDOR

It's an epitaph.

PHALANTE

Well, here?

AMIDOR

A prologue.

PHALANTE

Oh, what wretched luck!

AMIDOR

Wait, I think it's there.

PHALANTE

The gods be praised!

AMIDOR

But no, that's on a care.

PHALANTE

915           Then that's...?

AMIDOR

An epigram – of wit the sum!

PHALANTE

So it's there.

AMIDOR

An epithalamium.

PHALANTE

It will be the last.

AMIDOR

Finally, I see it.

PHALANTE

Gods!

AMIDOR

“Plea to Cassandra”.

PHALANTE

Friend, give me it!

I love reading verses. I’m just ecstatic!

AMIDOR

920 Your style won’t be sufficiently emphatic.

[reads *THE STANZAS*<sup>39</sup>]

So, cruel Cassandra,<sup>40</sup> the lashes

Of your eyes, at once tame and savage,

With glancing blows that ravage,

Will surely smash me into ashes.

925 And yet, among my ardour’s thrills,

Your varied countervailing chills

Provoke an antiperistasis:<sup>41</sup>

Thus ’twixt life and death my place is;

My ravished sense affords slim basis

930 For even knowing what my case is.

My heart was seized with trepidation

When first your beauty struck my eye;

Your Scythian<sup>42</sup> cruelty is why

My fainting soul needs medication.

39 The translation of Amidor's Stanzas preserves line length and rhyme scheme, but does not always follow the sense (such as it is) line-by-line.

40 The best-known Cassandra in recent literary history was Cassandra Salviata, the addressee of a sequence of love poems by Pierre de Ronsard. The allusion helps to direct the parody of the Stanzas toward the outmoded style, and especially the vocabulary, of the poets of the previous century (notably including Ronsard and Du Bartas). See Hall, ed., n. to l. 922 and, for a more general assessment of Amidor, pp. lvii-lxvi. Cf. Truchet, Notice, p. 1362.

41 Antiperistasis (orig. “antipéristase”): a learned philosophical term for a counter-reaction.

42 Scythia was conventionally metonymic for extreme barbarity.

935           When in love's Euripos<sup>43</sup> I strive,  
               I seem the most wretched man alive  
               Dragging beneath the lunar sphere;<sup>44</sup>  
               But then I find my joys transporting  
               Spirit and mind to spaces clear  
 940           Of all but pleasure's blithe cavorting.  
               Your book of love apocryphal  
               Inscribes you for our century  
               As, of diseased inconstancy,  
               The symbol hieroglyphical.  
 945           The cankered manifestations  
               Of my unhinged hallucinations  
               On you erect their whole condition,  
               And caught in my calamities,  
               I pray that you may feel contrition  
 950           For all your cold neutralities.

              If not, the metamorphosis  
               Of my content into such woes  
               Leaves me no hope amidst my throes  
               But that of metempsychosis.  
 955           A lover's catastrophic fall  
               Meets with no sentiment at all  
               Within your paralytic soul.  
               Must you, then, wayward, fickle beauty,  
               Yourself make the antarctic pole  
 960           To amorous humanity?

              So, sing to me a palinode,<sup>45</sup>  
               Dear paradox of my sensations,  
               And range my symptoms' perturbations

43     I.e., in the straits of Euripos (in the Aegean sea, between the island of Euboea and Boeotia on the Greek mainland), notorious for strong tidal (hence reversing) currents. Aristotle is popularly supposed to have drowned there, in despair at not being able to explain the phenomenon.

44     Beneath the lunar sphere: i.e., subject to mutability and mortality.

45     Orig.: "Chante donc la palinodie" – i.e., issue a poetical retraction.

Orderly in measured mode.  
965 So may the stars in heaven gleaming  
Pour a thousand blessings streaming  
In perpendicularity  
Directly down upon your head,  
And Sol relume, before you're dead,  
970 A hundred times his clarity.

PHALANTE

Ah, I'm ravished – muse marvellous and rare!

AMIDOR

You like the style?

PHALANTE

Simply beyond compare!  
But what astounds me most is the profusion  
Of wayward humour, whim and mere delusion  
975 Filling those verses, so that all the more  
They seem designed for her whom I adore.

AMIDOR

She's prey to fancies, then?

PHALANTE

Her reason's blurred  
By love for Alexander.

AMIDOR

That's absurd!  
980 The great Alexander? On dreams she's feeding.  
That's just what comes of historical reading  
In young minds, and of romances, which seize  
The heart with strong but empty fantasies





PHALANTE

It might be called the dwelling-place of pleasures,  
Where nature and art show beauteous treasures.  
A long avenue, as one is approaching,  
1020 Boasts four rows of trees on the clouds encroaching;  
A meadow on each side with flowers teems  
And with a hundred vivid colours gleams,  
While many a softly murmuring brook  
Enhances the verdure's radiant look.

ALCIDON

1025 How pleasant the approach!

Lysander

One may divine  
From this the house itself is very fine.

PHALANTE

A grand portal looms from far down the road,  
Closer, shows Tuscan order, rustic mode.<sup>48</sup>  
That portal opens on a spacious court,  
1030 Young elms all round, a stream that runs athwart;  
Proud peacocks, pretty pigeons, fill the place,  
Thousands crossing the lawns with stately pace;  
A central fountain's jet is seen to rise  
Where, sprawling on his back, a Triton lies,  
1035 From whose curved horn the water heaven seeks,  
Then falls upon his nose and bathes his cheeks.  
Two base-courts<sup>49</sup> from the main court's sides extend,  
On which the chateau's food supplies depend:

48 Orig.: "l'ordre est toscan, et l'ouvrage rustique": the terms, referring to Renaissance classical architecture, in keeping with the Cardinal's Italianate tastes, evoke, respectively, a simple standard form ("order") of columns and the technique of "rustication" by which stone surfaces were given a textured appearance.

49 Base-court: English borrows this technical term from French "basse-cour", now especially associated with poultry raising and egg production; see *OED*.

Stables, with all required, on one hand;  
1040 Then, what serves to raise sheep and plough the land.  
Behind the court that dwelling is located  
Where Armida might have incarcerated  
Her Rinaldo, glad to repose his arms,  
With no need to rely upon her charms.<sup>50</sup>  
1045 Beneath a terrace, pristine waters flow,  
Deep in a ditch, fish-filled, round the chateau,  
Sufficient any climbers to dissuade,  
The height encircled by a balustrade.

ALCIDON

A handsome entrance!

PHALANTE

Next, the drawbridge down  
1050 Displays a sight deserving of renown:  
Three gates with jasper rich, and porphyry,  
Worthy a trophied arch of victory.  
One finds a court two hundred paces wide,  
Where that art which compass and rule provide  
1055 (I mean refined and noble architecture)  
Seems on every side to outdo nature:  
The living quarters raised, the wings less high;  
Four structures which at the four corners lie;  
The ground floor Doric columns<sup>51</sup> decorate,  
1060 Which with a hundred statues alternate.

ALCIDON

Ye gods!

<sup>50</sup> In *Jerusalem Delivered*, the late-sixteenth century romantic epic by Torquato Tasso, the Saracen sorceress, Armida, who is charged with thwarting Rinaldo's mission as a crusader, becomes amorous and keeps him bound by love-spells within a garden. The story was immensely popular, the motif is commonplace, but in the context it may not be far-fetched to detect a sly suggestion of opposition between the Cardinal's palace of pleasures and Christian duty.

<sup>51</sup> The simplest of the classical orders, even more so than the Tuscan mentioned above; see above, n. 48.

PHALANTE

In the midst of the court you see  
Arethusa portrayed; she seems to flee,  
With god-like courage and vigour lending aid;  
Her amorous pursuer gains; afraid,  
1065 Diana she invokes; then, by Fate's rule,  
There wells up at her feet a crystal pool  
In which her mortal body must be drowned,  
Whose wet touch shocks her as it spreads around.<sup>52</sup>  
Each building holds a cluster of apartments  
1070 Offering, in due season, residence,  
As summer, winter, spring, and fall dispose,  
According as warm weather comes and goes.  
The ornate floors and wooden panelling  
Gleam preciously with gold enamelling;  
1075 At the building's far end two galleries  
To show the painter's learned reveries;  
Rich furnishings so dazzling and diverse  
It looks as if through all the universe  
The costliest creations had been sought  
1080 And to that happy place in homage brought.

ALCIDON

What a fairy palace your fine words draw!

LYSANDER

Listen!

PHALANTE

The gardens strike you next with awe.  
First, one perceives a vast extent of ground

52 The sculptor's realisation of the transformation of the Nymph, Arethusa, into a fountain (located in Ortygia, near Syracuse), in attempting to escape the river-god Alpheus, is modelled on the vivid account in Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, V.572 ff.



1115 Diane stands in the midst, with air irate,  
As Niobe takes on her stony state.<sup>53</sup>  
The queen, for tears, pours forth great streams of  
water,  
Embraced with dying arms by her young daughter.  
Her other children's wounds, in life-like show,  
1120 Not with their blood, but with fountains flow.  
Draining those channels in its vast extent,  
The marsh seems ever to sound their lament.

ALCIDON

That round pond delights me.

PHALANTE

Each wall possesses  
A hundred Naiads<sup>54</sup> in hollow recesses,  
1125 Each from a marble vase casting high up  
Water that arches towards a broad cup:  
Admirers of those lovely humid spaces  
Beneath such liquid vaults direct their paces.

ALCIDON

Bliss, ye gods!

PHALANTE

Far off, a garden whose scent  
1130 Announces it before the eyes assent.<sup>55</sup>  
A thousand tall orange trees, row by row,  
With fruit and flower in abundance grow;  
They seem proud to show the treasure they hold:  
Blossoms of silver, oranges of gold.

53 Niobe, turned to stone but eternally weeping for her slain children in the form of a spring on Mount Sipylus, was punished by the gods for boasting about her progeny. She was often figured in painting and sculpture.

54 Naiads: the nymphs associated with fountains, wells and water-courses.

55 The orangery is one of the only buildings still standing on the site of the chateau of Richelieu; its modest proportions seem out of keeping with the grandeur of Phalante's description.

1135           And each tree sports, to make itself less plain,  
                  Myrtle of Venus or jasmine of Spain.

ALCIDON

                  How these fine gardens with their charms entrance!

PHALANTE

                  Beyond that there appears a vast expanse:  
                  The sides with twenty moist grottoes are lined;  
1140           Between them, the Danaides' lake we find;<sup>56</sup>  
                  Small boats, enclosed by a balustrade, dance  
                  On wavelets their azure and white enhance:  
                  There sometimes, free from fear of fatal harms,  
                  Are witnessed innocent exploits of arms.  
1145           Where, in the midst, great rocky masses jut,  
                  The fifty sisters, in white marble cut,  
                  Are justly for their crime forever pained,  
                  When with their husbands' blood their hands they  
                                  stained,  
                  And, tortured by toil that can know no end,  
1150           Seem to and fro incessantly to wend.  
                  Above, three sisters, each with a jar upended,  
                  Pour floods into a leaky tub, unmended;  
                  The water, through its holes, is dissipated,  
                  The rock beneath on all sides inundated.  
1155           Below, one fills her jar with head down-bent;  
                  One shows hers fallen, begins to lament.  
                  One climbing is helped, her load hard to bear,  
                  By one going down the slippery stair;  
                  One starts to pour, one stays for breath awhile.  
1160           The eye that sees them shares in their trial;  
                  The water, pained by such futility,

56       Danaides: in Greek myth, the fifty daughters of Danaus, who married the fifty sons of his brother Aegyptus, King of Egypt, and, as ordered by their father, killed their husbands on their wedding night. The Danaides were condemned in the underworld to some version of the ordeal described in the following lines.

Seems to accuse the gods' unjust decree,  
Repeating, as it streams down with a groan,  
"Why must I thus purge a fault not my own?"  
1165 That sound, that travail, your spirits so capture  
That memory fails and gives way to rapture.

ALCIDON

O gods, say no more, with marvels I'm sated;  
By the ears I feel myself captivated.

LYSANDER

All day long I could hear him discourse so.

ALCIDON

1170 I'm strolling still in that splendid chateau.  
Truly, wealth stands out as the best of things:  
All joys dwell in the happiness it brings.  
A poor man's but a fool. Here – you're just right!  
See you come round and visit me tonight.  
1175 My daughter's yours; I hope her love is, too;  
This union of yours is a dream come true!

PHALANTE

Some quirks in her heart require correction,  
If she is to respond to my affection.

ALCIDON

1180 Could such stupendous error seize Mélisse?  
Enough, Phalante – you have my word in this.

LYSANDER

At least, when I visit that pleasure-dome,  
You'll lodge me?<sup>57</sup>

PHALANTE

You can make yourself at home!

57 The question is a clear signal that even Lysander has been seduced by Phalante's imaginary wealth.

## ACT IV

### SCENE I (MÉLISSE)

You tireless warrior, who won the East,  
No conqueror your rival in the least;  
1185 A thunderbolt to blast all enemies,  
The subject of a hundred eulogies,  
Whose thousand combats gained you an empire –  
You're all my adoration and desire.  
Whether I contemplate the younger you,<sup>58</sup>  
1190 When in the astonished courtiers' view,  
With deftness unequalled, the furious  
Bounding you tamed of wild Bucephalus;  
Or when first your warrior's hands you tried  
On Athens' forces and the Thebans' pride;  
1195 Or when your youthful boldness dared outface  
Illyria, the frozen Danube, Thrace –  
I said, when your early exploits I saw  
As far as Germany impose your law,  
“What will this torrent do in its full course,  
1200 If it bursts through its banks so near the source?”  
And putting Hellespont behind it now,  
I see in little time your noble brow  
Adorned with timeless palms of victory:  
Granicus, Issus – Arbela makes three.  
1205 And when I see the captive satraps streaming  
After your chariot, and the bright gleaming  
Of camels charged with gold, rich furnishings –

<sup>58</sup> The account of Alexander's first exploits draws on Plutarch, *Life of Alexander* – see *Lives*, trans. Bernadotte Perrin, Loeb Classical Library, vol. 7 (London: Heinemann; Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1919), esp. 6 (pp. 237-39), 11 (pp. 253-55), 16 (pp. 263-69), 24 (p. 291), 37.4, 7 (pp. 335-37), although Plutarch here states that “the great battle against Dareius was not fought at Arbela, as most writers state, but at Gaugamela” (31.6 [p. 317]); but cf. Plutarch, *Moralia*, “On the Fortune or Virtue of Alexander”, trans. Frank Cole Babbitt, Loeb Classical Library, vol. 4 (London: Heinemann; Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1936), pp. 379-487, 2.13 (pp. 453, 465).

Treasures amassed by countless Persian kings –  
 Or see you on that dazzling throne installed,  
 1210 Which held the eyes of all the Greeks enthralled,  
 And savouring the fruits of victory,  
 “What victor”, I say then, “can match such glory”?  
 But when I see excessive courage press  
 You to risk your life at the Malli fortress<sup>59</sup>  
 1215 (That wretched place presuming it could mark  
 Your tomb, unworthy such a worthy monarch),  
 I tremble, seeing you mount first of all:  
 The ladders break, you’re left upon the wall  
 Alone to strike with your sword, as your shield  
 1220 Blocks all shafts those barbarous bows can yield.  
 But terror grips me, thrilling to the bone,  
 When you hurtle into their midst alone,  
 Sole to sustain the hard-hitting attacks  
 Launched by the most desperate Oxydrachs.  
 1225 It’s there, since help was late to reach your side,  
 That, if your frame were mortal, you’d have died.  
 Your essence, then, was far from mortal earth;  
 The mightiest of gods contrived your birth.  
 Never did mortal deeds so glorious,  
 1230 Or bore so far his arm victorious.  
 More truly divine than Hercules, Bacchus –  
 Might you be dead? The thought’s ridiculous!  
 The precious scent your holy limbs gave out

59 Hall, ed., nn. to ll. 1217–20 and 1222–24, privileges Quintus Curtius’ *Life of Alexander* as a source for this episode. But one should perhaps not neglect Plutarch, *Moralia*, trans. Babbitt, 2.13 (pp. 479–81), where Alexander’s impetuous single-handed attack on the Oxydrachae (another name for the Malli or Mallians) is described, with appropriate emotions evoked; the point is made that the Mallians came close to killing him, hence to having his tomb, of which they were unworthy; cf. also Plutarch’s *Life* 63.3 (trans. Perrin, p. 403). While Desmarests could certainly have read Quintus Curtius in the original – I have found no trace of a French translation prior to that of Vaugelas in 1646 – it seems possible that his audience might have expected Méliſse to rely on accounts available in French, as both works of Plutarch certainly were.

Puts your celestial standing beyond doubt.<sup>60</sup>  
 1235 No, you're in the sky (for by some strange case  
 Another in your tomb fills up your place).  
 But I dream you whisked by some magic hand  
 To a charming palace in fairyland,  
 Where the courage, beauty, strength of your prime  
 1240 Remain in safe shelter from death and time;  
 And what is the hope of my loving heart? –  
 That one day from that fair place you'll depart:  
 Both land and sea you'll overspread with fear,  
 Pursuing your world-conquering career.  
 1245 Oh, it would be rapture second to none  
 To look on you before my days are done!  
 Already I seem forced by love's duress  
 To seek you out in this Amazon dress.<sup>61</sup>  
 O hope of my love, my dear Alexander,  
 1250 A few days at my side won't you meander,  
 To make a baby of valorous breed  
 (For loving you makes me feel brave indeed)?

## SCENE II (MÉLISSE, ARTABAZE)

MÉLISSE

When, O my heart, may I taste such delight,  
Alexander?

ARTABAZE

Who ravishes my sight  
1255 And names Alexander in that bold way?

<sup>60</sup> This detail is taken from Plutarch's *Life*, 4.4 (trans. Perrin, p. 233).

<sup>61</sup> She is, then, wearing such a costume here – seemingly for the first time, as her allusion would suggest, so as to mark the progression of her fantasy. Her warrior-dress is implicitly part of her attraction for Artabaze, as is ironically hinted at (perhaps along with Alcidon's embarrassment) in IV.vii.1641-43. Indeed, at least for the audience, it recalls his mother: see his account of his heritage and first feats of heroism (I.i.5-14).

Now, then, I have it: it must be that play  
The weird fellow spoke of; that was a verse.

MÉLISSE

I'll seek him, yea, through all the universe.  
But what dashing hero is this bystander?

ARTABAZE

1260           One must reply, "I am that Alexander..."

MÉLISSE

1265           Are you Alexander? O happy eyes,  
                  You have my heart's desire as your prize!  
                  Your feet I embrace, great prince I adore;  
                  Pain, my heart, will consume you no more.  
                  I see him – great king, hero without peer,  
                  Under the sun the greatest to appear.  
                  Scion of Jupiter, fearless and mighty.

ARTABAZE

That girl has got her role down to a "t"!

MÉLISSE

1270           You are Alexander? No more to say?  
                  Speak further.

ARTABAZE

I wasn't born yesterday!

MÉLISSE

Then speak, dear one, who hold my soul in thrall.

ARTABAZE

"I am that Alexander". That is all.

MÉLISSE

True, all I need is the joy of your sight.  
To make you speak, I hardly have the right,

1275                   Terror of the universe – that’s too much.

ARTABAZE

Do you call me or Alexander such?

MÉLISSE

Now I don’t follow you.

ARTABAZE

  If you mean me,  
I claim that title as my property.  
I say it’s false, if it’s for Alexander.

MÉLISSE

1280                   Strange words! Make me a better understander.  
                          You are Alexander, but then you’re not?

ARTABAZE

To kill that Alexander was my lot.<sup>62</sup>

MÉLISSE

1285                   So you are and aren’t? Then Alexander –  
                          To call him ash-born Phoenix is no slander,  
                          For he lives again, but he’s no more he ...?  
                          I scarcely grasp such ambiguity.  
                          O dear Alexander, my princely flame –

ARTABAZE

Let’s drop the play – Artabaze is my name,  
More feared than the winds, than thunder and lightning.

MÉLISSE

1290                   Artabaze was Darius’ underling,  
                          Then yours,<sup>63</sup> for heaven’s sake, don’t take a blander  
                          For that resplendent name of Alexander!

62     So he claimed in I.i.39-43, without providing any more details than he does here.

63     Mélisse has studied her history thoroughly; see above, n. 1.

ARTABAZE

As Artabaze that great hero's renowned  
Whose brow with myriad laurels is crowned.

MÉLISSE

1295 Help me to see: does metamorphosis  
Make you Alexander? Metempsychosis?

ARTABAZE

What? You speak that sorcerer's language also?  
The tragedy-maker?

MÉLISSE

1300 Mightiest hero,  
We thought you dead from charm or malady,  
But a sorcerer made that tragedy?

ARTABAZE

It is true that from fear I thought I'd die:  
Have you heard what terror made me so fly?

MÉLISSE

He frightened you, O valour without peer?

ARTABAZE

From all men's sight he made me disappear.

MÉLISSE

1305 A potent charm made you disappear, then?

ARTABAZE

With words that could frighten a hundred men,  
And with some demon his pocket conceals.

MÉLISSE

Gods!

ARTABAZE

Never did death so dog a man's heels.

MÉLISSE

After that happened, what fighting occurred!

ARTABAZE

1310           There has been fighting?

MÉLISSE

But haven't you heard?

ARTABAZE

Fight without me? I'm wild, I'll lose my head.

MÉLISSE

That was after your chiefs distributed  
All those great countries you'd won by your pains.

ARTABAZE

1315           I'll have them all hanged now: where are those villains?  
They're sharing my gains?

MÉLISSE

Since they breathed their last,  
Two thousand years, or thereabouts, have passed.

ARTABAZE

The gods, who saw my righteous indignation,  
Have granted that space for their preservation.

MÉLISSE

Why run now?

ARTABAZE

My spell-casting countermander!

MÉLISSE

1320 I'll go where you go, my dear Alexander!

SCENE III (FILIDAN, AMIDOR)

FILIDAN

[*glimpsing Mélisse*] I see her, that Beauty, still now I  
do!

Cruel, heartless, where are you running to?  
Naughty as she is, nonetheless I spied her,  
But the ingrate scampered at once to hide her,  
1325 Depriving my sight of such divine pleasure  
To make my desire mount beyond measure.  
Amidor, I saw her.

AMIDOR

What, with your eye?

FILIDAN

Like lightning her cruel beauty flashed by.  
But didn't you see? Of what were you dreaming?

AMIDOR

1330 Of how worthy men are doomed to misdeeming –  
That in this era of scant erudition  
Great authors lack esteem and recognition.

FILIDAN

1335 Thus it is that sometimes in obscure places  
Human eyes can glimpse celestial graces.  
One sees and sees them not, deathless and fair,  
Filled with both cruelty and gentle care.



My potent verses, like the Deity,  
Can underwrite their immortality.

FILIDAN  
1355 Ah, but she's hard on one for her so burning!

AMIDOR  
Ah, times are hard for devotees of learning!

FILIDAN  
Fair one, if you knew how my heart-ache hurts!

AMIDOR  
Age, if you knew how great are my deserts!

FILIDAN  
In your love I'd have a genuine share!

AMIDOR  
1360 I'd have a statue in the public square!

HESPÉRIE  
I pity their lamenting symmetry:  
One bemoans the times, the other my beauty.

SESTIANE  
No, it's dialogue: Amidor must mean  
To work it up into some comic scene.

HESPÉRIE  
1365 Ah, don't think it. Those two, respectively,  
Are discontent with the times and with me;  
You see their reveries; the cause we'll find:  
[to *Filidan*] So you complain of a mistress unkind?

FILIDAN  
If any pity stirring in your marrow,

1370            Seeing me stricken, asks me by what arrow,  
                 Know from an eye my soul adores, it came.

HESPÉRIE

                 You see he's deft in showing me his flame.  
                 Who is the beauty, then, that brings you torment?

FILIDAN

                 She whom I just beheld this very moment.

HESPÉRIE

1375            Then it's my sister for whom your heart sighs?<sup>65</sup>

FILIDAN

                 No.

HESPÉRIE

                 Sister, how to say in shrewder wise  
                 It's me he loves, since it's one of the two?  
                 Respectful lover, your vows are repaid you.  
                 She you revere from me gives you assurance  
1380            That she pities your anguished heart's endurance  
                 In selfless worship of her qualities.

FILIDAN

                 Solace how sweet for a soul on its knees!  
                 Let me kiss your hands for the joyful tiding  
                 My goddess sends one in love's faith abiding.

HESPÉRIE

1385            [*to Amidor*] But you, whose mind by so much noble verse  
                 With that nymph's fame has filled the universe,  
                 Leave your displeasures, for in recognition  
                 Know that she awards you ample commission.

<sup>65</sup> Hespérie obviously means Sestiane, who is with her, and is not thinking of Mélisse, whom Filidan briefly caught sight of; see below, l. 1377.

FILIDAN

Indeed, by him my passion was awoken.

AMIDOR

1390 Of such greatness, what makes a worthy token?

HESPÉRIE

You will become the world's most wealthy man.

AMIDOR

Alas, such hope's a mere flash in the pan!

HESPÉRIE

1395 Untold thousands of lovers she can count  
Who suffer, in thralldom, a huge amount.  
She'll make it known that, to relieve their pain,  
It's enough to give poems in your vein.  
You'll see flooding in, from climates diverse,  
Poor languishing souls who, to have your verse,  
Will proffer presents of infinite worth:  
1400 One month, and you'll be the richest on earth!

AMIDOR

Ye gods! Voyagers to India's shores  
Have never amassed such fabulous stores!  
With what triumphant chants, what panegyrics,  
Will I reward her financial heroics!

FILIDAN

1405 Gods, what largesse she shows, and how that Beauty  
Puts to good use her liberality!

SESTIANE

I'm fond of Amidor, but I foretell  
That once grown rich, he'll bid the stage farewell.

1410 For he'll no longer give his brain the care  
Of more than an epigram or an air.

AMIDOR

Far from it, Sestiane – I'll have more leisure;  
I'll do it for my glory and my pleasure.  
But if I'm to enjoy such affluence,  
I'll have to rent a spacious residence.  
1415 For my room is minuscule, scarcely able  
To hold within it a bed, bench and table.

SESTIANE

Before those vast riches are yours to use,  
I'd like to beg a favour of your Muse.

AMIDOR

Just say the word.

SESTIANE

1420 Then, would she please compose  
On the theme that I began to propose?

AMIDOR

Yes, it's a promise! The subject delights  
And needs a mind that can rise to its heights.  
A lovely premise, fine development –  
I die with longing to know the event.  
1425 We'd reached the point of those little twin creatures  
That Cloris was raising.

SESTIANE

Both had fair features,  
But most amazing was their close resemblance.  
Cloris's father was in ignorance,  
For they were nurtured in strict isolation.  
1430 Now grown, they're bathed in female adulation.



SCENE V (ARTABAZE, MÉLISSE, FILIDAN, HESPÉRIE)

[Enter Artabaze, followed by Mélisse.]

ARTABAZE

O save me, ye gods, from female attraction!  
I cannot give all of them satisfaction!

MÉLISSE

Dear Alexander, from me now a flier?  
Alexand... Artabaze, appease your ire!

ARTABAZE

I450 I've too much love elsewhere. (I just can't stand her!)

MÉLISSE

I'll follow everywhere, dear Alexander. [Exeunt Artabaze  
and Mélisse.]

FILIDAN

That beauteous lightning flashed over there.  
Stay, cruel one; stay, O source of my care! [Exit.]

SCENE VI (ALCIDON, HESPÉRIE)

ALCIDON

What noise did I hear?

HESPÉRIE

Oh, my misery!

ALCIDON

I455 What have you got to cry for?

HESPÉRIE

Ah, so guilty!

ALCIDON

What, then? I'm confused. She says she's done wrong.  
I put off her marriage a little too long;  
I knew that she'd prove hard to supervise.  
What have you done?

HESPÉRIE

O beauty I despise!

ALCIDON

1460 [aside] The wicked girl has doubtless lost her honour.  
I'll strangle the cad who prevailed upon her!  
[to Hespérie] What is your fault?

HESPÉRIE

Can you believe the story?  
I thought I'd crown your life with joy and glory,  
But I'm your shame, the fatal brand employed  
1465 To see your whole house by fire destroyed!<sup>68</sup>

ALCIDON

My body teeters with horror and dread!

HESPÉRIE

Woe unto you that such beauty you bred!

ALCIDON

Render, at least, my unhappiness clear!

HESPÉRIE

1470 What a spectacle, gods, I've witnessed here!  
O my criminal eyes, let your tears stream  
On these beauties and charms that coldly gleam.  
It's you, my dear treasures, who cause these woes!

68 She compares herself with Helen of Troy, as is noted by Hall, ed., n. to ll. 1464-66.

ALCIDON

At least, to speak to me, abate these throes.

HESPÉRIE

If you insist. I'm ashamed, I confess:  
1475 I must praise myself to tell our distress.  
When first I opened my eyes to the light,  
I opened them, too, men's love to excite.  
All doted who saw me in infancy –  
At least, held my charms in expectancy.  
1480 In my youthful pastimes each claimed his due,  
Their passion growing as my beauty grew.  
Grown up at last, as the world I explore,  
My eyes to all hearts sound a call to war:  
One says, "I'm wounded", another, "I'm gone";  
1485 One thinks, at first, a bold front to put on;  
By a livelier glance my first is doubled:  
Then the complexion pales, the eye is troubled.  
The fame of my beauty spreads round about –  
All dwell on those dread blows my eyes deal out;  
1490 Report to their fair flames new lovers brings  
By thousands, doomed like moths to singe their wings.  
All over I meet with features turned pale,  
Eyes proffering vows to their lovely bale;  
Trailed like a wonder on every side,  
1495 By Envy itself I can't be denied.  
Finally, all lovers beneath the skies  
Fall victim to the power of my eyes.  
Such then is our glory (I should say our shame!):  
While other beauties are allowed no fame,  
1500 All suitors turn to me: not one defaulter  
Offers his incense on another altar.  
Thus my poor sisters... ! Ah, I die of grief,  
Speech fails...

ALCIDON

Please, daughter, finish and be brief.

HESPÉRIE

1505        So my poor sisters see themselves rejected,  
              Their welcoming glances in vain effected;  
              At last, they stoop to tricks debasing them:  
              Instead of tempting men, they're chasing them!  
              One, who an interest in verses professes,  
              Pursues a poet, and in dark recesses  
1510        Concealed from my eyes, angles for his soul.  
              The other's reduced to the shameful role  
              Of some captain's baggage, dragged any place,  
              Any time, in full view.

ALCIDON

God, what disgrace!

HESPÉRIE

1515        She calls him her heart, her dear Alexander.  
              What hope awaits them, her sister *and* her?  
              It's only for me one writes so much verse,  
              While the other has crossed the universe,  
              Compelled a hundred by land and by sea  
              To recognise the world's fairest as me.  
1520        Judge if I have cause to let my tears flow,  
              To blame my beauty, the source of our woe,  
              Which brings, instead of glory, shame enduring.  
              Father, why did you make me so alluring?

ALCIDON

1525        Do they dare, good gods, give ardour free rein?  
              Has their decency gone right down the drain?  
              But isn't it self-love, too, on your part,  
              To dream sometimes that you've conquered a heart?  
              It's news to me that you've many a wooer.

HESPÉRIE

We'd be much happier if I had fewer!

ALCIDON

1530 But are your sisters really so inclined?

HESPÉRIE

Here comes the captain – make up your own mind.

ALCIDON

I wish to talk with him; leave us alone.

I shall have the fact of the matter known. [*Exit  
Hespérie*]

### SCENE VII (ARTABAZE, ALCIDON)

ARTABAZE

Good fellow, approach; come pay me due homage.

ALCIDON

1535 Valorous son of Mars, his living image,  
Your far-famed grandeur I humbly adore,  
Dazzled by your resplendent deeds of war.

ARTABAZE

1540 He's winning my heart – his humility charms me:  
That's what turns me gentle; that's what disarms me.  
You've a daughter?

ALCIDON

Three, great hero, not one.

ARTABAZE

Marriage might make me many a king's son.  
I'll crown you with bliss, for that's my fancy.  
A hundred kings would die of jealousy.

ALCIDON

1545           Of two girls of mine, if reports are true,  
                  You pursue one, another pursues you.

ARTABAZE

                  What? *I* pursue? A dream of the first water!

ALCIDON

                  You're not in love with Hespérie, my daughter?

ARTABAZE

1550           Who is that Hespérie? Gods, can that belle  
                  So far allow her vanity to swell?  
                  Brazen conceit worthy torture and pain,  
                  Which I'd scarce let an empress entertain! –  
                  I for whom a thousand beauties compete,  
                  Who have them always trailing at my feet,  
                  Who need only nod, when one takes my eye,  
1555           To say, "Come on, it's you I'll satisfy".  
                  Here, now, the ardent assiduity  
                  Of one who dotes on me would move your pity:  
                  She calls me her all – and dear Alexander.

ALCIDON

                  My daughter!

ARTABAZE

1560                               So rumour's breeze has fanned her.  
                  Now, while she's second to none in these parts,  
                  And may well deserve some glance my eye darts,  
                  Judge with what deep delusion she's imbued:  
                  Having learnt what countries my sword subdued,  
                  And heard some my feats of glory rehearse,  
1565           Which made me master of the universe,  
                  Her poor brain from all better knowledge banned her,

And she took me for a new Alexander.  
That title rankled as a paltry thing,  
Because, though he was valiant, a great king,  
1570 One quarter of the world contained his war,  
While, as for me, I overcame all four.

ALCIDON

Really! Your story I've not read about.  
Can I buy the book?

ARTABAZE

It never came out.  
The author along on that famous trek,  
1575 Perished, with all his writings, in a shipwreck.  
I disabused your girl – the task was long –  
Said I'm called Artabaze and she was wrong  
When she supposed that I was Alexander:  
It was quite a hard truth with which to land her,  
1580 So muddled was her mind's capacity;  
But she showed sudden perspicacity:  
To gain my love by exercise of wit,  
She feigned at once to have an angry fit.  
She even dared to speak disdainfully;  
1585 Her ruse paid off: I felt love painfully.  
The noble frankness of my heart was hers,  
For scorners I love and flee my pursuers.  
No higher ambition could one assume  
Than to dare to exceed what I presume –  
1590 A high stroke bringing boldness to the fore;  
And so for that trait I love her the more.  
One day will surely find her by me bearing  
One of the greatest fighters and most daring,  
One who shall appear by land and by sea  
1595 Fit to hold the world's empire from me.

ALCIDON  
An emperor?

ARTABAZE  
I've the power to be.

ALCIDON  
Respect, then, must be shown to your degree.

ARTABAZE  
Be covered, these forms are mere tyrannies,  
I take no pleasure in such ceremonies.

ALCIDON  
1600 No doubt you're followed by a goodly train  
In that capacity.

ARTABAZE  
That would be vain.  
To my entourage my states I confide,  
Served – it's enough – by the sword at my side.

ALCIDON  
1605 Please do me a favour and let me know  
Where all of those now are that you've laid low.  
Are they dead or captive, those kings and princes?

ARTABAZE  
No, I pardoned them: they're in their provinces.  
Only they've fallen somewhat in their honours:  
They are no longer kings, but governors.

ALCIDON  
1610 How long did conquest of the earth take you?

ARTABAZE

In roughly a month, the fighting was through.  
Four days for Europe, in my memory;  
Maintaining, then, the thrust of victory,  
For Asia I sailed, through Bosphorus went,  
1615 In six days tamed those of the Orient.  
Two more saw me back from those distant lands:  
I passed the Red Sea and the burning sands;  
All Africa took less than eight to seize;  
From there, I traversed the Atlantic seas,  
1620 Made myself master of each new-found clime –  
And all the universe in one month's time.

ALCIDON

Ye gods, but valour is a splendid thing!  
What virtue could ever such glory bring?  
Terror and death it carries in its course,  
1625 All bends to its laws, all yields to its force;  
Both wealth and life it gives or takes away  
And places everything beneath its sway.

ARTABAZE

It's true, of virtues valour is the crown:  
Nothing's so great that it cannot strike down.

ALCIDON

1630 From it comes peace, and prosperity flows;  
From it comes grandeur, and nobleness grows:  
Bright gem of great houses, the country's mainstay,  
So profitable in every way.  
I'm honoured – thrilled – you'll be my son-in-law;  
1635 Of glory like yours I've just stood in awe.

ARTABAZE

I'll make you happy.

ALCIDON

Oh, excess of bounty  
Sprung from the greatness of Your Majesty!

ARTABAZE

His Greatness is well pleased.

ALCIDON

My house lies there.  
Come round – give us an hour to prepare.  
1640 I'll go and see my daughter, so she knows  
To deck herself out in her finest clothes.

ARTABAZE

Even her normal dress gives me content.  
But the shock of a fierce temperament –  
A man of horror, of murder, of bloodshed,  
1645 Whose merciless glances inspire dread . . .

ALCIDON

Just let a little touch of softness show.

ARTABAZE

All right. Farewell, good fellow.

ALCIDON

Farewell, hero.

## ACT V

### SCENE I (ALCIDON)

ALCIDON

Riches, passion, valour, intelligence;  
Passion, learning, bravery, opulence.  
1650 I need only three – they seem to be four.  
I must count up on my fingers once more...  
Loving friendship, courage, possessions, knowledge:  
Good gods! To all four I've given a pledge!  
I've just three daughters (if I count *them* right<sup>69</sup>),  
1655 But four sons-in-law are coming tonight.  
Whom must I turn away, whom satisfy?  
Which of four do I dare *not* gratify?  
I'll make an enemy, I have no illusion:  
Gods! What a kettle of fish, what confusion!  
1660 Let's see which of the four I could say no to;  
Let's choose the easiest to be a foe to.  
The one who manifests excessive passion  
Appeals to me by stirring my compassion;  
It makes, too, for the rarest delectation  
1665 When love has honesty as its foundation.  
Still, I could wish my heart were hard enough  
To see that poor lover meet a rebuff.  
Of weeping and wailing he'd have his fill,  
While we'd endure countless speakers of ill:  
1670 "For that poor wretch", they'll say, "my pity's strong,  
But in leading him on the girl did wrong:  
It seems that without favour in high places  
His hope could have rested on little basis".  
I couldn't bear that version of events –  
1675 Or to frustrate such tender sentiments.  
But – refuse him whose learning seems to shine

69 I deliberately add the expression in parentheses.

Like a brilliant beam of wisdom divine?  
I've always held scholars in reverence,  
And if I disdain him, he'll take offence;  
1680 Stories aimed dead against me he'll compose,  
Some vast compendium of hostile prose.  
The anger of the erudite strikes terror:  
To court such misery would be gross error.  
Yet, can mine be the hand that rudely pitches  
1685 *You* out of doors, O venerable riches,  
Nurse of humanity – dear, potent saviour?  
I'd merit forever by such behaviour  
Torment to think that at my feet awaits  
The horrid precipice of dire straits.  
1690 Then, disappoint that man of influence –  
His wealth could serve to baffle innocence:  
A rich accuser leaves one little say;  
He could avenge himself in some strange way,  
Impute to me some crime, forge testimony,  
1695 Strip me at least of honour, patrimony,  
And, if the death sentence is not mandated,  
By hired thugs have me assassinated.  
Gods! I have not yet so shrunken a brain  
As to show so rich a lover disdain.  
1700 But yet – do I dare scorn the valiant urge  
Wretches to succour, their wrongers to scourge?  
If he ever knew I'd ventured to doubt  
Whether to give consent or rule him out,  
A mere single glance, as when lightning flashes,  
1705 Would have the force to reduce me to ashes.  
Doubtless he might, with some right on his side,  
Despoil my house, if cruelly denied.  
What a sad pass – each thought's my reprimander  
And charmer! Which to trust? But here's Lysander.

## SCENE II (ALCIDON, LYSANDER)

ALCIDON

1710 To what may one your merriment impute?

LYSANDER

I've just resolved an amusing dispute.  
Running from all directions came a crowd  
To the next street, the quarrel was so loud;  
A great poet and soldier made the fray:  
1715 The soldier calls "sorcerer", flees away,  
The poet on his heels, in full recital,  
Declaims "captain of cowards" as his title.  
"Come on", I told them, "I'll fix what's amiss".  
I said, then, to the soldier, "Tell me this:  
1720 All those who march to the beat of your drum,  
Are they not merely cowards, craven scum,  
If they are measured by your excellence?  
You are the chief of cowards in that sense.  
That's how he meant it". "All right", he replied.  
1725 "Apollo's darling, you are glorified  
When for your verses "sorcerer" you're called:  
They ravish us, spell-bound, our sense enthralled;  
That's why he declares that you deal in charms".  
The Muses shook hands with the Man of Arms.

ALCIDON

1730 Would that you could so well relieve my cares  
And ease the torment caused by my affairs.

LYSANDER

Torment?

ALCIDON

Listen: it's a fix worse than any –  
I've found myself one son-in-law too many.

LYSANDER

Really? How did you get them on your hook?

ALCIDON

1735 I wanted only three, but I mistook.  
Now four have my promise, as good as signed;  
There's the torment that afflicts my mind.  
They're all on their way; soon they'll arrive.

LYSANDER

Who?

ALCIDON

1740 You know, that lover barely alive,  
And the one of whose vast riches we heard,  
To whom, in front of you, I gave my word.  
An hour before his grand disquisition,  
I had engaged myself for erudition;  
1745 Since then, because of the rumours that ran,  
I couldn't refuse the world's bravest man.  
There they all are, then, the four that I've taken,  
Soon to be enemies, if they're forsaken.  
Each seems to me an equally good catch;  
For none, if he's spurned, would I be a match.

LYSANDER

1750 O well, this trouble comes as no surprise.

ALCIDON

How does it look, Lysander, to your eyes?  
For my part, I'm bewildered.

LYSANDER

You poor soul!  
In contracts one can always find a hole.  
One man may be refused yet not made angry.





ALCIDON  
1785                   No, he just told me – I can't have it wrong.

LYSANDER  
                          Gods, you're mad too: you swallow what he utters?

MÉLISSE  
                          Not Artabaze?

ALCIDON  
  Yes.

MÉLISSE  
  The non-pareil of nutters!  
                          Could one ever meet a more craven mind?  
                          Father, what use is more talk of this kind?  
1790                   For me these wedding tales can have no sequel  
                          But Alexander, or at least his equal.<sup>70</sup>

ALCIDON  
                          Ye gods!

LYSANDER  
  What can we do? She's quite obsessed.  
                          Let's not lose time. Call Hespérie – that's best.  
                          She'll be more sensible.

ALCIDON  
  Alas, what pain!  
1795                   Her madness yields me yet another bane.

<sup>70</sup> As is confirmed by the list of characters heading each scene, the daughters retire, one by one, after their interviews but remain visible, to be joined successively by their "suitors", beginning with Filidan, who finally has a good look at them all at V.vi.1896-97.

SCENE IV (LYSANDER, HESPÉRIE, ALCIDON, MÉLISSE)

LYSANDER

Well now, Hespérie, your most loving parent  
Makes your match today. Thoughts obedient  
He hopes for in return. You must decide.

HESPÉRIE

1800 Alas, too well I know; I'm sorely tried!  
In truth, among thousands I might well choose,  
But woeful bounty, to gain and to lose!  
To make choice of one's a barbarous part:  
I'd stab all the others right to the heart!

LYSANDER

You're too inclined to think yourself adored.

HESPÉRIE

1805 Ah, what blindness! What proof must one afford?  
Would you publish the news that I'll decide,  
To measure my lovers' mass suicide?  
Ah, father, such a proof would devastate!  
Would you place on me such criminal weight?  
1810 When they saw the happy choice of my eyes,  
That blessed lover favoured by the skies,  
The others, now doomed to grief, in despair,  
With horrible howling would fill the air.  
Some would find water to drown their lost hope,  
1815 Others go seek their solace in a rope,  
Still others hurl themselves from some great height;  
Bloody sacrifices would greet my sight  
Of others whose hands put an end to anguish,  
And the rest to death would simply languish.  
1820 What lavish cruelty my soul would spread  
To render, for one man, all others dead!



I'll choose it for you, to do you a favour;  
I know a new one that you're bound to savour.

LYSANDER

1840 For my part, if nothing's done, I foresee  
These weddings ending in a comedy.<sup>71</sup>

ALCIDON

But I wish tonight to make your match also.

SESTIANE

On my case you need no such care bestow.  
The last thing I would want to do is marry.  
1845 I'd find a household's cares too much to carry.  
Then, I'd surely be plagued by some strange humour,  
Which through the house would cause to spread a rumour,  
When I felt like seeing some comedy.  
I hate it when someone says no to me.  
1850 When he forbade it, I'd tell him, "I want to" –  
And if he gave a blow I'd give back two!  
Should one in certain gatherings partake,  
At once the heads of husbands start to ache.  
They think it's there a gallant comes in view,  
1855 Looks are exchanged, and melting billets-doux.  
And on those luscious evenings, what is played,  
With love the only theme, makes them afraid.  
"Do you think", they say, "we grant you the right  
To sleep all day and gad about at night?"  
1860 What bothers them most is easy to know:  
Their heads in such places they dare not show.  
One says at once, "Such jealousy is foul.  
He trails her everywhere", and like some owl,<sup>72</sup>  
Hateful to gentle birds, feared by the weak,

71 A metadramatic joke, which depends on the convention that comedies end in weddings.

72 The term was applied, according to Hall, ed., n. to l. 1864, to antisocial persons.



LYSANDER

Which do you love?

FILIDAN

She's never met my sight.  
I don't know which she is.

LYSANDER

I can't believe my ears!  
Is this the love that causes all those tears?

FILIDAN

1890 Just show me that Beauty of rarest kind  
Whose picture in words enchanted my mind.  
You promised, and I can't wait any more.  
Reveal to me the Beauty I adore!  
You put me off till the end of today.

ALCIDON

1895 Look at them, then: which do you love? Now say.

FILIDAN

The jewel I worship – isn't there, in fact.

HESPÉRIE

Not dare to name me? What exquisite tact!

SCENE VII (FILIDAN, AMIDOR, ALCIDON, LYSANDER, MÉLISSE, HESPÉRIE, SESTIANE)

FILIDAN

I *have* to see – you mock me for your pleasure! –  
Gold, azure, coral – that alluring treasure.

AMIDOR

1900 An Idea speaks from his imagination  
With nothing but my words as its foundation.  
A mere fantastic product of my muse

In vain that poor lover seeks and pursues.

FILIDAN

1905 Well, I don't care: my soul is in its power.  
I'll love you, fair Idea, till my last hour.

ALCIDON

What madness, gods!

LYSANDER

He's content with his lot.  
See, that's already one less that you've got!<sup>73</sup>

ALCIDON

The scholar's here!

LYSANDER

1910 My poet, after all!  
I'll deal with him: he's headed for a fall.  
How now, great Apollo, what brings you here?

AMIDOR

1915 I've come, Alcidon, to make matters clear.  
A while ago, when taken by surprise,  
I claimed one of these beauties as my prize  
In reckless speech, before I could recover.  
Then, a poet must feign to be a lover.  
But, truth to tell, not one amorous dart  
Since I was born has enkindled my heart,  
My only love exalted Helicon,  
Its *off-spring* when the winged horse trod thereon.<sup>74</sup>

<sup>73</sup> Again, the prospective husbands “collect” in the visible interior of the house, where they can be (literally) enumerated at the end.

<sup>74</sup> I attempt to capture Amidor's self-consciously recondite poeticism: “l'eau fille du pied de l'emplumé cheval”. The reference is to the fountain of Hippocrene, which sprang forth at the touch of the hoof of Pegasus, considered as the horse of the Muses.

1920 I love the woods, the meadows, the dark cave;  
Poesy I love, tropes learned and grave.  
At first blush, in the April of my days,  
Rich Metaphor reaped all my loving praise;  
I loved Antithesis, my school-days past.  
1925 Now for Hyperbole I sigh my last:  
The lofty ornament of soaring verse,  
Able with ease to span the universe.  
To heaven, even now, I see her bound  
Filling the mind with thought, the mouth with sound.  
1930 Hyperbole, Hyperbole *chérie*,  
O'er Atropos you'll bring me victory!

### SCENE VIII

(LYSANDRE, ALCIDON, PHALANTE, FILIDAN, AMIDOR, MÉLISSE, HESPÉRIE, SESTIANE)

LYSANDER

To see you happy is all that we want.  
But here comes another.

ALCIDON

Gods, it's Phalante,

Whose fabulous wealth is second to none.  
1935 By his beautiful home my heart was won.  
Mélisse would flout her own felicity  
If she disdains this opportunity.

LYSANDER

I'll have him enumerate his possessions:  
That might just give Mélisse some new impressions.  
1940 [*to Phalante*] For a marriage contract to be conceded,  
A meeting with your father will be needed.

PHALANTE

He's dead, my mother too.

LYSANDER

Heavens! What joy!

Then all that property you now enjoy?

PHALANTE

I've almost none. My uncles pay my rent.

LYSANDER

1945        So those who own that property at present  
              Are childless, meaning it will go to you?

PHALANTE

1950        Children? In fact, they've all got quite a few,  
              But all unhealthy: they won't get far;  
              Weak lungs will kill them, dropsy or catarrh –  
              At least, they look as if they're so inclined.  
              And then, what other ills afflict mankind?  
              It needs only plague, war – one act of God –  
              To put those relatives beneath the sod.  
1955        I'll truly be rich then – and you well know  
              How quickly many heads may be laid low.

LYSANDER

So that treasure abounds – in your orations?

ALCIDON

Your hope lies in the death of your relations?

PHALANTE

We might well see it happen any minute.

LYSANDER

1960        That house! And I'd promised myself within it  
              Lodgings of such luxury, just for fun!  
              But who's the owner?

PHALANTE

There are four, not one.

LYSANDER

No heirs in prospect?

PHALANTE

Children on all sides.

LYSANDER

1965 Fair house, grand arches – away it all glides!  
Adieu, court and fore-court, broad avenue,  
You fountains mounting to the clouds, adieu;  
Adieu, gilt panels, lavish furnishings,  
Apartments to suit what each season brings!  
Adieu, Doric columns in formal row;<sup>75</sup>  
Adieu, antique figures in stately show;  
1970 Adieu, wide canals, fair gardens that enrapture;  
Adieu, rich park, all our senses to capture.  
Adieu, fair Niobe, watery vaults,  
Orange trees, Danaides who purge your faults!  
O lovely spot, whose hope was our delight,  
1975 Your marvels suddenly have taken flight.

ALCIDON

Great thanks, O truly self-made millionaire,  
For the *thoughtful* honour you seek to share.

PHALANTE

The wealth I hope for shields me from all grief.

LYSANDER

What's more, you'll never need to fear a thief.

<sup>75</sup> As observed by Hall, ed., n. to l. 1964, echoed here are the successive “adieux” conventional in contemporary pastorals.



LYSANDER

Far from distressed, great hero, if you're pleased,  
I see none here that isn't likewise eased.  
Few, then, set sail for marriage as their mark:  
2005 You're not so mad – it's folly to embark.  
There, Alcidon, you see, your mind's relieved,  
They all take their own leaves, most *un*-aggrieved.  
My pretty girls, I trust you're all light-hearted.  
Children, pursue your follies as you started.  
2010 Maintain your humours, happier by far  
Than this world's wise men, kings or princes are.  
Let one girl dote on her brave Alexander,  
Another reign as every heart's commander.  
This one will laugh at life's harshest exaction,  
2015 For she loves her Comedy to distraction.  
Let suitor ONE<sup>76</sup> chase Ideas out of reach;  
TWO make mad love to a figure of speech;  
THREE ever *dwell* on his kindred's decease;  
And – in bliss unknown to spoilers of peace –  
2020 Let FOUR with valour make full his own heart,  
In love with himself, till death do him part.

END

<sup>76</sup> So designating them numerically is the translator's enhancement, in keeping with the recurrent counting motif; the original simply repeats the structure ("one", "another" . . .) just used for the daughters.