Introduction to La Diane
by Nicolas de Montreux
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Introduction to *La Diane*,
by Nicolas de Montreux

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*La Diane*, like all but one of the compositions of its remarkably prolific author — witness the roughly one hundred notices in the Bibliothèque Nationale de France (hereafter BnF) — has received no edition or translation since the early seventeenth century. Critical attention, too, has been slight and sporadic. His only modern editor (of the tragedy *La Sophonisbe*) finds the neglect of Montreux hard to account for, given the diversity of his work and its significance for French literary history.¹ A brief introduction to an edition and translation is not the place to venture explanations for this neglect, which might have to do as much with Montreux’s narrow provincial base and retrograde politics as with the aggressively ephemeral literary fashions of his time. (Through most of the 1590s he was the

resident man-of-letters in Nantes of the Duke of Mercœur, Governor of Brittany, a
die-hard Holy League hold-out against Henri IV.) What is certainly pertinent con-
text, however, for the English-speaking readers for whom the translation has been
prepared is Montreux’s high profile in his own brief hey-day, which coincided with
that of the late-Elizabethan and early Jacobean theatre.

Especially well known were Montreux’s five volumes of Bergeries, pastoral explo-
rations of amorous themes in a variety of prose and verse forms on the model, prin-
cipally, of the Diana of Jorge de Montemayor, which enjoyed pan-European diffu-
sion and popularity. (There were several editions of French translations, entitled
La Diane, including one published in Tours in 1592.) The Bergeries were published
between 1592 and 1598: the fifth volume received an English translation in 1610 (with-
out acknowledgement of its author, however); all five volumes were translated into
German, together with the plays appended to three of them, including La Diane.
Demonstrably, he had a name (although not necessarily his own, since he wrote
under the anagrammatical nom de plume of Ollenix du Mont-Sacré) and a following
as a dramatist, not just as a producer of pastoral romance, and I have proposed in
several venues that at least his tragedies of Isabelle and Cléopâtra, as well as La Diane,
have a special claim to the attention of Shakespeareans. The claim of La Diane, in my
view, centres on its intertextual relation to A Midsummer Night’s Dream (1595-96).

2 Jorge de Montemayor, La Diane de Georges de Montemaior divisée en trois parties, traduites d’espagnol en
françois, revue et corrigée, etc., trans. Nicolas Collin and Gabriel Chappuys (Tours: Sébastien Moulin and
Matthieu Guilleon, 1592).
3 [Nicolas de Montreux,] Honours Academie. Or the famous pastornall, of the faire Shepheardesse, Iulietta… With
divers comicall and tragicall histories, in prose and verse, of all sorts. Done into English by R[obert] T[ofte]
Gentleman (London: Thomas Creede, 1610); STC 18053.
4 See the Bibliography in Rose-Marie Daele, Nicolas de Montreux, Ollenix du Mont-Sacré. Arbiter of European
Literary Vogues of the Late Renaissance (New York: Moretus Press, 1946). Daele’s work is erratically documented
and conjectural on many points, but it remains the most comprehensive study of the author. I have not
yet been able to see the German volume in question. Especially illuminating on the political implications of
Montreux’s pastoral writing is Laurence Giavarini, “Écrire la vertu du chef ligueur. Les Bergeries de Juliette,
Nicolas de Montreux et le duc de Mercœur (1585-1598)”, in Le Duc de Mercœur. Les armes et les lettres (1558-1602),
5 See Richard Hillman, “L’héroïsme au féminin chez Shakespeare et Nicolas de Montreux”, in Shakespeare,
French Origins of English Tragedy (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2010), pp. 76-77; French Reflections in the
Shakespearean Tragic: Three Case Studies (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2012), pp. 97-105; and “A Midsummer
The text of *La Diane* constitutes an annex to the third book of the *Bergeries*, published in 1594. A single extant copy of this duodecimo volume carries a Parisian imprint, as well as a dedication to the Duke of Mercœur, both on the title page and as prefatory matter, dated August 1593. The other surviving copies were produced in Tours by Jamet Mettayer, official printer to Henri IV, a king who would remain excluded from his capital until 22 March of that year by the troubles of the League. Obviously, Mettayer’s government function did not inhibit him from issuing literary works emanating from the anti-royalist camp (including other productions of Montreux), and his non-political publications show a marked predilection for the pastoral mode, extending as they do to translations of Torquato Tasso’s *Aminta* and Giovanni Battista Guarini’s *Il Pastor Fido*. His edition of the third volume of *Bergeries*, however, is dedicated, not to Mercœur, but to the latter’s political and military adversary, the Duke of Montpensier, Henri IV’s Lieutenant-General for Normandy; the prefatory dedication, undated, is signed by Mettayer himself. Clearly, then, Jean-Paul Barbier-Mueller was correct (even without knowing of the Parisian edition) in supposing that the author would not have dedicated his work to Montpensier – a detail raising the possibility that Mettayer obtained his text by underhanded means; nor, evidently, would Mettayer have maintained the Leaguer’s dedication to Mercœur. Yet the simple explanation that he appropriated a text first printed in Paris while that city was still under League control is baffled by the presence in the Paris edition of the same royal *Privilège* in favour of Mettayer (dated 30 October 1593) that is found in the latter’s own issue. The bibliographical puzzle is compounded by evidence that the Paris printing, like some copies of Mettayer’s own, presents the text in a (slightly) corrected state.

The *Privilège* specifies merely the *Bergeries*, while *La Diane* is introduced by a separate title page bearing the date of 1594 but not identifying the printer or place of publication. Despite the continuous pagination, this might suggest that the play

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6 [Nicolas de Montreux], *Le Troisième livre des Bergeries de Juliette… Ensemble la Diane, Pastourelle ou Fable boscagere. De l’invention d’Ollenix du Mont-sacré à son auguste mécène Monseigneur de [sic] Duc de Mercœur et de Pointeure, etc.* (Paris: Pierre Mesnier, 1594). This copy is held by the Médiathèque, Saumur; the catalogue date of 1593 is contradicted by the title page.

7 Eight copies of this edition apparently exist, including holdings of *La Diane* separate from the volume: seven in France (BnF, four copies; Bibliothèque Municipale de Versailles; Bibliothèque Municipale de Reims; Médiathèque du Grand Troyes) and one in Germany (Universitätsbibliothek Greifswald).


9 See the edition, n. 8.
was first published independently. Certainly, Montreux’s first pastoral drama, *Athlette*, was initially issued separately in 1585 but also appended (albeit in reset form) to a volume combining the first and second *Bergeries* in the same year, as well as to re-editions of the first volume in 1592 and 1593. Likewise, the tragedy *Cléopâtre* was apparently printed separately in 1592, then reissued as an appendix to Montreux’s 1595 pastoral romance, *Œuvre de la Chasteté*. But for *La Diane*’s separate or pre-1594 publication there appears to be no evidence, despite the date of 1592 claimed for the play in the *Dictionnaire des lettres françaises*.

Neither is there evidence of performance. Unquestionably, however, despite a predilection for protracted monologues even more pronounced than in such contemporaries (and models) as Robert Garnier, Montreux wrote with the stage in mind, at least in some cases. One of his pastorals, *Arimène*, was certainly given an elaborate staging at the ducal court in Nantes." The evidence is strong, moreover, that other plays of his, perhaps including *La Diane*, were also staged there, and seemingly in Paris as well." *La Diane* is not always clear about who is onstage when or where (in relation to other characters); there are no stage directions in the original, and the three acts, despite their varied action and shifts in locale, are not divided into scenes. Indeed, the action raises, without answering them, intriguing questions about the stage effects intended at several points. But that such effects were part of the imagi-
native conception seems beyond doubt. The long monologues regularly give way to strenuous, even urgent, exchanges leading to abrupt exits or preparing confrontations. And the confrontation at the heart of the main action is a spectacular one.

Diane, who has rejected her first love, Fauste, in favour of Nymphis (who loves Julie, who till the end rejects all love, thereby serving to maintain the chaîne amoureuse in a state of frustration and confusion), suddenly finds herself facing two identical versions of Nymphis. One has just astounded her by declaring his love: she first accuses him of mocking her, then, persuaded of his sincerity, exchanges marriage vows with him. At this moment, the other Nymphis appears, and the deception is exposed: the first (as the audience has known) was actually Fauste himself, transformed in appearance by the magical powers of the learned old man Elymant. The immediate effect on both Fauste and Diane is to make them seek death, he by hurling himself off a towering rock. But of course she finally, after a change of heart, arrives to save him in the nick of time: the ending is thus a literal cliff-hanger.

Elymant’s magic – at once diabolic, terrifying and benevolent – seems to imply further stage effects. The cavern where Fauste and his loyal friend Frontin seek him out is alive with savage beasts and hissing snakes. He summons spirits of various kinds – literally elemental (from the air, the sea and the earth), as well as from hell – who inspire the two shepherds with abject fright. He gives the latter demonstrations of his powers, causing the rock-face to gush forth streams of wine and water, then drying them up. Such devices point to the sort of elaborate staging, involving special machinery, which we know was employed in the production of Arimène. All in all, it seems probable that Montreux had spectators, not just readers, in mind. This appears all the more evident by contrast with Montreux’s earlier love-pastoral, Athlette, which relies more heavily on narration. Indeed, La Diane’s key visual effect is actually anticipated there discursively, when the disdainful shepherd Menalque tauntingly invites Delfe, the aging magician who loves him, to fulfil her passion by transforming a spirit into his shape.

Athlette, in its subsequent editions, is described on the title page as having been composed “à l’imitation des Italiens”, and it would seem to be the learned and genteel dramatic mode of Torquato Tasso (in Aminta), Giovanni Battista Guarini (in Il Pastor Fido) that most fundamentally conditioned Montreux’s approach. Indeed, Montreux’s status as a transitional figure – an influential one – between these Italian

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15 Nicolas de Montreux [Ollenix du Mont-Sacré], Athlette pastovrelle, ov Fable bocagere (Paris: G. Beys, 1587), fol. 14r.
precursors and subsequent French practitioners of pastoral is widely recognised by literary historians.\textsuperscript{16} With \textit{La Diane}, however, there is a significant swerve towards theatricality of a kind recalling, in some respects, the scenarios of \textit{commedia dell’arte}, with their propensity for extravagant stage business, although there is no question of admitting the buffoonery or improvisation that were their stock-in-trade.

The \textit{commedia dell’arte} was, in this period, thoroughly “naturalized in France”, as Katherine M. Lea puts it.\textsuperscript{17} More to the point here, it existed in a dynamic of cross-fertilisation with the so-called \textit{commedia erudita}, especially within the pastoral genre—a dynamic which sometimes produced full-blown printed plays.\textsuperscript{18} One of these, \textit{La Fiammela}, is a pastoral attributed to the \textit{commedia dell’arte} performer Rossi (stage name Oratio) and published—suggestively—in Paris in 1584. Lea’s summary of the main plot (which was supplemented by a comic one) brings it quite close in outline to \textit{La Diane}:

\begin{quote}
Fiammela, Montano, Ardelia and Titero make a circle of lovers who woo, refuse, and lament to each other, or to an Echo, or to the apparitions of Time, Patience, and Hope sent by the Magician to lead the shepherds to his cave, where, by changing their identities, they are able to deceive and win their nymphs.\textsuperscript{19}
\end{quote}

The exchange with an Echo (a device from Guarini) is adapted by Montreux for Hector.\textsuperscript{20} A figure of liaison with the magician is also furnished in the person of Frontin, who might well be described as a spokesman, if not a stand-in, for time, patience and hope.

The all-but-indispensable magician was frequently the centre of spectacular stage-business in \textit{commedia dell’arte} pastorals,\textsuperscript{21} and it is tempting to suspect the genre’s influence of extending to a mask for Elymant’s costume, given the insistence on his grotesque appearance in Frontin’s protracted description.\textsuperscript{22}


\textsuperscript{18} See Lea, I: 201-12.

\textsuperscript{19} Lea, I: 205.

\textsuperscript{20} See \textit{La Diane}, II. 1570-93.

\textsuperscript{21} See Lea, I: 232-35.

\textsuperscript{22} See \textit{La Diane}, II. 1139 ff.
well also have been employed for Fauste’s identity change — a point to which I will return, since it has significant implications. Finally, the rustic old woman Arbuste (“bush”) has at least one foot of her strangely double character in the *commedia dell’arte*, given her resemblance to the masked “Ruffiana” figure, with whom she is linked by her physical repulsiveness and attempted procuring (on behalf of Hector): both these features, the physical and the moral, become targets of Julie’s indignant vituperation.

To allow for the *commedia delle’arte* inflection of *La Diane* is to help account for its remoteness from the source its title might seem to be announcing — Montemayor’s *Diana*, whose influence pervades the *Bergeries* themselves. Of course, there are common features with the play as well, given the shared stock of love-pastoral conventions, but Montreux’s dramatic arrangement of the conventions does not evoke Montemayor in any sustained fashion. More to the point, the relentless seriousness about amorous behaviour and feelings characteristic of Montemayor is skewed by Montreux, despite the absence of the standard gambits of popular Italian drama, in comic directions.

This is perhaps the aspect of *La Diane* that is most elusive, and potentially most debatable, from a modern standpoint, given the predilection for emotional extravagance, transmitted through rhetorical ornamentation and repetition, that informs French humanist drama generally. But a good case can be made that Montreux punctures such extravagance deliberately, as when the exposure of Fauste’s deception brings him to a pathetic suicidal moment, which the response of the equally suicidal Diane (induced to pledge her faith to a false Nymphis) instantly reduces to bathos:

*Fauste.*

.............
Adieu, my heart! I go to hurl myself
From that fearful towering rocky shelf
Into the sea, whose billows, gently turning,
Will swallow my life with my ardent yearning.

*Diane.*

Die if you like — I don’t care if you do.
For the sad truth is: I want to die too! (ll. 3464-69)

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23 See Lea, I: 15.
24 See *La Diane*, ll. 2662 ff.
This moment is recalled at the conclusion," when Arbuste tries to convince Diane to save Fauste from suicide while there is still time — a sequence introducing protracted debate (interrupted by a return to the Julie-plot) while Fauste waits on the cliff for his fateful cue.

Diane’s very response to the false Nymphis’s declaration of love — a point I have treated as an intertextual “ungrammaticality” evoking Helena in A Midsummer Night’s Dream — makes for a surprise, to say the least: “Ah, O Nymphis, you’re merely mocking me! / You wrong again my loving constancy!” (ll. 3136-37). And there are conspicuous occasions when emotional tension meets with abrupt deflation in the form of contemptuous rejection — or even blank indifference. Thus Fauste’s plaintive supplication is merely ignored by Diane, who makes her own to Nymphis (ll. 579 ff.), who ignore hers to make his to Julie (ll. 631 ff.); the latter then brusquely dismisses him (“Get away, Nymphis, your rude arrogance is / More offensive by far than your advances” [ll. 687-88]), whereupon he does the same to Diane: “Oh get away, Diane, you crazy girl, / Whose speech sets my brain in an angry whirl” [ll. 707-8]). All in all, the chaîne amoureuse is managed with self-conscious and ostentatious irreverence verging on parody.

Indeed, even the resolution appears to display a major loose end not neatly tied up by the changes of heart and the magician’s conventional water of forgetfulness, which is applied to Hector to free him from passion for Julie. There is room here for interpretation in performance: Fauste might conceivably return to his original appearance for his final speech on the cliff. But there is nothing in the text to indicate the undoing of the magical transformation, the doffing of the mask. On the contrary, Diane, in debating with herself as to whether or not to rescue Fauste, arrives somewhat bizarrely at the realisation that she cannot doom someone assuming Nymphis’s shape, however falsely:

... Ah, in my heart
Might deadly rancour bear so great a part
That I, with cruel boldness, could efface
Someone possessing my Nymphis’s face,
Who so resembles him, the same eyes sharing,
The same forehead and the same graceful bearing?
O over-cruel, inhumane Diane! (ll. 4124-30)

25 See La Diane, ll. 4006 ff.
26 Hillman, “A Midsummer Night’s Dream”.
This is surely to problematise, to a point verging on ridicule, the accompanying idea of a return to her heart’s first allegiance:

Where lives your faith, your past love, which began
When for your Fauste you reckoned it as good,
In the days before to this gloomy wood
Nymphis had ever made his way, whose face
Changed your faith, of your feelings left no trace? (ll. 4131-35)

In effect, the magical trick to gain Diane’s love, which seems to have produced nothing but further confusion and antagonism, has proved efficacious after all. It is an effect anticipating that more subtly produced by Shakespeare in leaving Demetrius under the influence of fairy love-juice: the latter’s announcement that his heart has “home return’d” (*MND*, III.ii.172) to Helena, which she takes as mockery, runs straight through to his declaration to Theseus that he has finally “come to my natural taste” (IV.i.174), so that “all the faith, the virtue of my heart, / The object and the pleasure of mine eye / Is only Helena” (169-71). The climactic reconciliation scene is qualified not just by this evidence that, as Helena puts it, Demetrius is “Mine own, and not mine own” (192), but by the lingering impression recorded by Hermia that “every thing seems double” (190).

At the same time, even as the human control of emotions is mockingly exposed in both plays as precarious, subject to deformation, something serious emerges, again in both: the notion of aligning true loving with true seeing. It is typical of Montreux’s double approach that he gives Arbuste a second nearly contrary role as the virtual extension of Elymant’s benevolent impulses and wisdom, which are themselves directly expressed in his own persuading of Julie to yield to love as a literally universal principle. In deterring Diane from death and reconciling her to Fauste, Arbuste uses language that resonates with the presentation elsewhere of faithful conjugal love as a reflection of the divine force which renews the world and sets nature back in order. This is the ideal built into the play’s ethic from the start, but it is at first thwarted by Cupid’s arbitrary operations, which bear a decided resemblance to Puck’s “knavish” (*MND*, III.ii.440) interventions – maddening not just “females” (441) but males as well, and doing so by distorting and deceiving their sight, displacing their very sense of self into the shadowy borderland between waking and dream.

Within that territory, the possibility of generic deviation remains in suspension. The counterpoint to the comic trajectory finally imposed by Elymant (as by Oberon), is the ever-present menace of love-tragedy – the near mutual slaughter of Hector and Nymphis (as of Lysander and Demetris), the near suicides of Fauste and Diane. Such tragedy is inscribed in several classical forms, ironically, on the cup that Faustus will give Frontin for helping him, as he then supposes – and rightly in the long term – to succeed in his love-quest through trickery. They are all familiar models in the period, but they all happen to have preoccupied Shakespeare – Venus and Adonis, for one, but others which are either present within *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* (Dido and Aeneas, and especially Pyramus and Thisbe), or hovering in its dark aftermath (Hippolytus and Phedra). The last model obtrudes all the more insistently on *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* by way of Oberon’s benediction purporting to banish tragedy forever:

> And the issue, there create,  
> Ever shall be fortunate.  
> So shall all the couples three  
> Ever true in loving be. (*MND*, V.i.405–8)

Montreux has likewise sufficiently evoked images of love gone wrong to sap the carrying power beyond the play-world of the corresponding blessing of Arbuste, which, moreover, contains a reminder of the ever-lurking dangers we have just witnessed:

> Now go, then, O you venerable pair  
> Of handsome lovers; pleasure do not spare  
> In having your desire: live in bliss  
> In Hymen’s – the father of joys – blithe service!  
> And never may fires of jealousy  
> Inflame your hearts or heat your fantasy,  
> But happily enrich your lives’ full span  
> With fruit of those chaste loves which here began. (ll. 4482–89)

With regard to *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, there is no point in repeating here the arguments I have ventured to put in circulation elsewhere. More broadly, however, it is worth bringing out the possible status of *La Diane* as a mediating intertext – one readily accessible in its day – between Shakespeare’s theatre and the Italian traditions of both *commedia erudita* and *commedia dell’arte*. Montreux’s is a text which, in its particular amalgam of plot elements, thematic preoccupations and tonal effects, on the one hand sets itself in an oblique relation to those traditions and, on the other, achieves
a synthesis quite distinctive within French pastoral drama as it was to develop. It is a synthesis that dovetails to a surprising degree — despite the obvious broad divergences — with Shakespearean dramatic practice.

The routes by which commedia dell’arte elements came to Shakespeare, as well as the extent of their influence, have long been subjects of debate. Their presence from the beginning to the end of his career has, however, been widely, if indistinctly, detected. Lea offers a lengthy analysis of The Comedy of Errors from this point of view, citing parallel elaborations of Plautus’ Menaechmi by the Italian players. "These extend to the “closing scene of the family reunion which is almost de rigueur in the Commedia dell’arte.” This is already to posit at least a double heritage, given Shakespeare’s long-recognised grafting onto the Menaechmi plot of an episode borrowed from the story of Apollonius of Tyre: the miraculous reunion of husband and wife in the temple — of Diana, naturally — at Ephesis, no doubt as recounted in Book 8 of John Gower’s Confessio Amantis. Given the uncertain dating of both The Comedy of Errors and the first edition of La Diane, it is conceivable that a familiarity with Montreux also inflected the Shakespearean scene — not by contributing a plot element but by colouring its representation. This sort of local dramatic influence within a framework adapted from another source — or sources, presuming that criticism has moved beyond the Myth of the Single Source — is highly characteristic, I would argue, of Shakespeare’s eclectic and synthetic dramaturgy (or less exaltingly, if one prefers, bricolage).

The salient point of contact between The Comedy of Errors and Diane’s reaction to the “twin” Nymphises is the suspicion of magic and the sense of the sight abused:

Adriana.

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke.

One of these men is genius to the other:

And so of these, which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them? (Err., V.i.332-35)

For her part, Diane wonders if she is “still enveloped in error’s mist [d’erreur encor enueloppee]” (l. 3238) — “erreur” being a pervasive and resonant term in Montreux’s play. Accordingly, she says, “I must find out if my eye is deceived [Jl faut sciauoir si mon œil est deceu]” (l. 3272), and
The magic cause of my bewildered state
And know at a stroke, if ever I can,
Which one is Nymphis the natural man.

[. . . trame
La verité de ce magique charme,
Et que je sçache à ce coup, si je puis,
Lequel d’eux est le naturel Nymphis.] (ll. 3266-69).

These are, undeniably, obvious details to find exploited at similar moments of miraculous astonishment, but they happen to agree in transforming *commedia dell’arte* gambits so as to figure something mysterious and profound: the intrusion of the miraculous into natural human life. Such is equally, of course, the preoccupation of *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*.

As for the end of Shakespeare’s career (roughly speaking), even more has been written about *The Tempest* in relation to *commedia dell’arte*, and even less conclusively. Certainly, Lea’s extensive argument for his use of a comprehensive scenario model, acquired by some unknown means, brings out numerous points of contact. Some of these are more convincing than others.\(^{30}\) Frank Kermode, moreover, questions the pertinence of the composite pastoral scenario proposed as a parallel by Lea, on the grounds that its typical features were predetermined by knowledge of Shakespeare’s play.\(^{31}\) In any case, parallels exist with many standard *commedia* elements, including the spirit-commanding magician—a figure who is hardly exclusive to the Italian theatre, however, but a recurrent presence in the pastoral romance tradition. Allowing for Shakespeare’s possible knowledge of *La Diane* serves at least to fold Elymant into his repertoire of precedents for Prospero, and apart from the basic notion of elemental magic devoted to positive ends, even if sometimes employing evil spirits, there are some functional resemblances perhaps not so clearly anticipated elsewhere, at least in combination.

The most important of these is the magician’s promotion of a harmony with universal resonance by aligning inner and outer natures along the axis of reciprocal love—between men and women, but also between brothers. He is a constitutor—and reconstitutor—of families, and families are the future. Elymant’s management of the confrontation of Fauste-as-Nymphis and Diana should be seen in this light,

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\(^{30}\) Lea, II: 443-53.

surely, rather than as mere specious trickery; the mutual pledging of troths that ensues confirms the parallel with the *coup de foudre* that Prospero engineers to bring Miranda and Ferdinand together:

_Miranda._

My husband then?

_Ferdinand._

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e’er of freedom. Here’s my hand.

_Miranda._

And mine, with my heart in’t. (*Tmp.*, III.i.86–89)

Especially if Fauste retains his new appearance to the end of the play, both match-making projects conspicuously inscribe magical transformation within “reality” at large.

In dealing with Hector and Nymphis, moreover, Elymant proves, like Prospero, a reconciler of brothers and a promoter of future generation(s) as a means of renewing the larger universe. (Those brothers, not incidentally, are, if not literally shipwrecked, nevertheless outsiders in the pastoral world, and Hector’s sea-journeys are insistently evoked.) In this beneficent cause, Elymant, too, checks bloodshed, prevents swords from being used for harm and, more profoundly, exposes the vanity of fighting over something beyond one’s grasp – not a kingdom, in this case, but the unattainable Julie:

What point is there in such a jealous stew  
When the object doesn’t belong to you?  
To give each other, in arrogant folly,  
Something well beyond your capacity? (ll. 3880-83)

The reconciliation is founded, it should be noted, not on the mere disclosure of the fraternal relation – in itself a simple plot element – but on moral and emotional grounds: the proofs of love that Hector has shown in searching for his lost brother throughout the universe and through infinite hardships. That is also, of course, the starting point of *The Comedy of Errors*. And so thorough has the reconciliation been that at this point Hector and Nymphis have fallen into what Elymant exposes as a ridiculous rivalry of self-sacrifice, each insistently offering the other his interest in Julie – another deviation of a serious moment in a comic direction.

This one has a closer parallel in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* – Valentine’s offer of Silvia to Proteus (who has just shown himself prepared to rape her): “And that my love may appear plain and free, / All that was mine in Silvia I give thee” (*TGV*, V.iv.82–
There, too, the fallout, thanks to Julia’s timely self-revelation, includes revealing the vanity of rivalry itself, which, even when it appears to be based on something, is always about nothing but itself. And so Proteus, like Demetrius and Fauste, is redeemed from his “error” (111) and induced to see the “face” (114) of his original beloved “with a constant eye” (115). Once more, shape-changing precipitates moral recognition: “It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, / For women to change their shapes than men their minds” (108–9). The outline of this reconciliation directly or indirectly derives, as has long been recognised, from the story of Felix and Felismena in Montemayor’s Diana – an element not taken over in La Diane. It comes complete with penitent recovery of lapsed faith and true sight. But even a cursory comparison suffices to bring the depth and resonance which these commonplace motifs are endowed by Shakespeare into closer alignement with their treatment by Montreux.

To return to the key figure of the magician, it would be untenable, indeed counterproductive in my terms, to propose Elymant as a model for Prospero, much less as the model. Again, to hunt for sources for such elements, and especially to posit a unique one, appears to me essentially false to Shakespeare’s method of adapting “raw” material of diverse kinds and origins. Extending the range of plausible intertexts is another matter, a means of illuminating the playwright’s far-reaching intellectual and artistic engagements in relation to his compositional practices. And in this case, particularly suggested would be the recurrence in Shakespeare’s imagination over a number of years of a collection of motifs, dramatic turns and artifices that just may have made a more lasting impression because he already took them – conceivably, in part, by way of La Diane – to add up to “something rich and strange” (Tmp., I.i.402).

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33 See Montemayor, pp. 240–41.
La Diane
by Nicolas de Montreux,
Edited by Richard Hillman

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La Diane,
by Nicolas de Montreux
Edition of the French Text

Richard Hillman
Centre d’Études Supérieures de la Renaissance, Tours

Note on the Edition

The present edition is based on that issued in Tours by Jamet Mettayer in 1594, specifically on the copy held by the Bibliothèque Nationale de France (BnF), Arsenal, shelf-mark 8-BL-1491 (2), fols. 329r-402r. At several points, the print is so indistinct as to be nearly illegible, and clarification has been assisted by collation both with the Paris edition of Pierre Mesnier (identical as regards La Diane), which survives in a unique copy (Médiathèque de Saumur, shelf-mark P 8), and with the copy of Mettayer’s edition held by the BnF, Tolbiac, shelf-mark Y2-7067.¹

The only extant text of La Diane, whoever first produced it,² is riddled with obvious typographical errors, such as confusion between “f” and long “s” and inversion of “u” and “n”. The

¹ In this copy, sig. II (fols. 37v-82) is misplaced before sig. LL (fols. 395 ff.), but the text is complete.
² See Introduction, p. 3.
overall impression is of a hasty job, with the compositor willing to settle for letters (especially accented ones) that lay within convenient reach. Proofreading can have been perfunctory, at best.

I have chosen to transmit this heterogeneous impression by providing an authentically irregular text, rather than a standardised version, intervening only in the relatively few instances where readings are actually doubtful. Accordingly, the variable (seemingly arbitrary) usage of “i” and “j” has been retained and the distinction preserved between “u” and “v” as originally used, as between “Et” as the first word of a line and the ampersand elsewhere, although other abbreviations, more variably employed, have been expanded. Long “s” and double “s” (“ß”) have been altered to “s” throughout. The spelling, which is abnormally inconsistent, follows the original, as does the capitalisation.

Accents, often used inconsistently (and whose usage was, of course, incompletely codified in this period), have posed a special challenge, and here it has seemed worth imposing some regularity to avoid the distraction of apparent chaos. My rule has been that, where frequent variation exists including the modern practice, that practice will be silently applied: hence, for instance, “voilà” and “hé” will always so appear, as will the final “é” of the masculine participial ending. On the other hand, only very rarely is the feminine ending “ee” accented, and these anomalies have been removed; likewise, the general use of the cedilla in all inflexions of “savoir” mandates adding it in the few instances where it is missing. The text never gives “ès” (the preposition), but either “es” or “és” (and once “ê”); the present edition omits the accent in all cases. “Ou” and “où” are regularly differentiated, with changes noted. As for the diaeresis (tréma), it appears generally to be employed according to dominant practices of the period, which are not the modern ones, and I have followed the original exactly, inconsistencies included.

I have respected the text’s grammar, which, besides the distinctive and/or variable practices of its age, is especially notable for two tendencies: to drop the “s” ending for second-person singular verbs (usually, though not always, where rhyme is affected) and to omit “s” in the first-person singular, as is done almost uniformly (“vais” appears once for “fay”, while both “pren” and “prens”, “sen” and “sens”, are found). As for nouns whose gender was in flux, Montreux’s usage is sometimes consistent (e.g., he always treats “ombre” as masculine), but is variable in other cases (“amour”,

3 See l. 4071.
“erreur”); in one, “poison” seems to be both masculine and feminine within the same line (l. 1225). The occasional treatment of “ame” [sic] as masculine would seem to be something of an idiosyncrasy. These features of La Diane’s language broadly correspond to those noted by Donald Stone, Jr., in La Sophonisbe.

Punctuation is an area calling for special circumspection where dramatic texts of the period are concerned: modern grammatically ordered punctuation serves a different function from the rhetorical pointing found in early texts, especially those meant for performance. On the assumption that this is such a text, I have retained the original punctuation except where it interferes seriously with syntax or sense or where typographical error is apparent. Emendations are recorded in the textual notes.

I have frequently emended to correct faulty letters and other blatant typographical errors, as well as, occasionally, in the interest of meaning; these modifications are also recorded, with explanations where necessary.

The typographical layout has been generally preserved, although without the full stops following speech-headings and with roman type substituted for the italics of the original. Partial verse-lines, moreover, are arranged so as to show how they are completed. As noted in the Introduction, there are no stage-directions in the original, and I have supplied some rudimentary indications, where clarity seems to require them, within square brackets. Finally, I have indicated, again in square brackets, the folio divisions of the original.

4 The two examples of this usage given by Edmond Huguet, *Dictionnaire de la langue française du seizième siècle* (Paris: M. Didier, 1925–67), are taken from Montreux’s *Bergeries*.

La Diane
d’OLLENIX DV
Mont-sacré
Gentil-homme
du Maine.
Pastourelle ou Fable Bosquagere.
M.D.XCIIII
ARGUMENT DE LA PASTOURELLE.  

Diane fut vne Belle Amante & aimee du Pasteur Fauste: Elle quitte ses premières amours pour aimer vn autre Berger nommé Nymphis. Nymphis amoureux de la Bergere Iullie ne peut aimer Diane. Fauste l’aime tousjours qui s’adresse au Magicien Elymant pour tirer le remede de ses amours. Le vieillard Elymant luy donne de l’eau dont se lauant le visage il sembloit estre Nymphis & prenoit la forme d’iceluy. En ceste semblance il abuse Diane, laquelle le prenant pour Nymphis, luy promet la foy de mariage: Pendant Nymphis arriue qui descouvre la fraude. Diane se deult de Fauste, pour l’auoir deceuë, lequel de regret monte sur vn rocher pour se precipiter & finir sa vie. Mais Diane se r’avisant empesche iceluy de mourir & luy confirme de nouueau sa foy de mariage. Pendant Nymphis combat contre le Cheualier Hector pour l’amour de Iullie, de laquelle ils sont tous deux espris. Elymant arriue, qui les separe & leur fait entendre qu’ils sont freres: Lors ils s’entreveulent quitter l’vn à l’autre Iullie, cause de leur debat; Mais [sic] le Magicien les remet sur la volonté & election de la Bergere, laquelle prent Nymphis pour espoux; & le vieillard fait boire certaine boisson au Cheualier qui le guarit de l’amour de Iullie qu’epouse son frere Nymphis.
PASTOVRELLE.

ACTE PREMIER.

Fauste Berger.  Diane Bergere.
Nymphis Pasteur.  Iullye Bergere.
Frontin Berger.

FAVSTE [en entrant]

1 Qvel est ce feu, ceste clarté divine,
2 Qui peint le Ciel, & la terre illumine?
3 A qui ces rais, à qui sont ces flambeaux
4 Qui font blanchir le sourcil des costaux?
5 D’où prent son iour ceste lumiere encore
6 Qui a plus d’or le front des Cieux redore?
7 Est-ce ton feu, qui brusle les mortels,
8 O saint Amour, pere des immortels:
9 Sont-ce tes rais, sont-ce tes viues flammes
10 Ton vif brandon qui consomme noz ames?
11 Ha non, grand Dieu! ton feu diuin épris
12 Ne rend clarté qu’aux amoureux esprits:
13 Et cestuy-ci qui produit sa lumiere,
14 Aux yeux mortels tant seulement esclaire.
15 C’est donc le feu du sacré Delphien,
16 Sont ses flambeaux c’est son char ancien,
17 C’est son beau front, sa tresse claire & blonde
18 Qui s’esparpille autour de ce grand monde,
19 Sont ses coursiers que l’Aurore au beau lis
20 A reueillez du giron de Thetis,
21 Qui halletans le beau iour nous rameinent
22 Chassant les feux, qui au [sic] Cieux se pourmeinent.
23 O saint Phebus, sans jamais estre las
24 Tu fais ton tour d’un asseuré compas,
25 Rendant tousiours de ta flamme honoree
Vne moitié de la terre [doree]!
O saint Phebus, souz l’esclair de tes feux
S’esbatre on voit les hommes & les Dieux,
Et ta clarté, refait leur face claire,
Qui pallissoit en la nuit solitaire:
L’on voit courir parmy les bois branchus
D’un pied gaillard les Satyres fourchus,
Qui dans la main les flustes forestieres,
Ton beau retour annoncent aux Bergeres,
Aux animaux, qui affamez du iour
Par mille cris tesmoignent ton retour
Aux lents Pasteurs, aux Nymphes, qui iolies,
Portent souvent les robbes racourcies,
La cotte courte en rond d’un casaquin,
Et en marchant le gaillard brodequin.
Maint froit rocher au rayons de ta face,
Deuient en feu, & voit fondre sa glace,
Maint arbre seche à ton feu qui le cruit,
Qui degouttoit des vapeurs de la nuit,
L’on voit ton front par petites lumieres,
Luire au trauers ses branches forestieres,
Parmy ses fleurs, ses fueilles dont couuert
On voit leur front & de blanc & de vert;
Les prez voilez d’une obscure teinture,
Parent de blanc leur verte cheuelure,
Monstrent leur sein emaillé de couleurs,
Leur beau riuage orné de mille fleurs:
Le front barbu du froment porte graine,
Blanchit en feu au milieu de la plaine,
Et mille chants entre-meslez d’amour
Des oysillons annoncent ton retour.
O saint Phebus, tu reuiens, tu remarche,
Et d’un pied prompt recommences ta tasche:

Orig. “doreee”.

[fol. 331r]
Et moy chétif recommence le cours,
Vœuf de confort de mes gauches amours:
le recommence à conter mes douleurs,
A remouiller mon sein de moîttes pleurs,
le recommence à souspirer, à dire
Combien cruel i’espreuue mon martyre.
Comme l’on voit au retour caressé
Du beau soleil, le bouvier tout cassé,
Roi de traual, amoureux de la peine,
Recommencer à labourer la plaine,
Ores courbé, le front de rouge peint,
Le soc tranchant sur la terre il estraint,
Ores courant d’un esguillon seure
Le bœuf tardif il pique par cholere,
Des pieds, des mains il travailla, & parfois
On oit hucher aux enuirons sa voix:
Ainsi tousjours mon traual recommence
Comme le jour parmy les cieux s’aduance.
Mais qu’ay-je dit? ce qui n’a point de fin,
Tousjours viuant sous vn mesme destin,
Tousjours egal en vne mesme enuie,
Ne peut auoir commencement de vie:
Aussi le mal dont mon cœur est espoint,
Pour ne finir, ne recommence point:
Tousjours viuant il hostelle en mon ame,
Ainsi que viue y luit l’ardante flamme
Que le bel œil de Diane alluma,
Lors que le mien en ses rais s’enflamma.
Phœbus endort son traual ordinaire
Dans le giron de Thetis mariniere,
Et son repos apporte aux animaux
Le doux sommeil qui trancit leurs travaux,
Le loup repose en son obscur repaire,
Et l’aigelet en son toict ordinaire:
Le bœuf tardif & du ioug desgagé,
Durant la nuit repose soulagé:
Dans les buissons, lors que la nuit est close,
Le viste oyseau en seureté repose,
Parmy les bois vn silence s’espand,
Et lors chacun le doux sommeil attend.
Tranquille & coy le ciel son front descouure
D’vn noir manteau Flore les herbes couure,
Pour reposer en l’ombre des costaux,
Et souz l’horreur des passagers nuaux.
Thetys ardante au repos ordinaire,
Aux vents mutins commande de se taire
Parmy ses flots & ses poissons dispos,
Durant la nuit iouissent du repos.
Tout se resent de la grace opportune
Que tout mortel reçoit de la nuit brune,
Tout sent son mal au sommeil s’accoiser,
Et sa douleur en la nuit trespasser:
Fors moy, chetif, qui sens tousiours ardente
Durant la nuit ma peine languissante,
Sans reposer s’auuient mes douleurs,
Et maint ruisseau qui roule de mes pleurs:
Ma passion reuerdit immortelle,
Comme au printemps la terre renouuelle.
Soit que du iour luise au ciel le flambeau,
Ou que la nuit y tende son manteau,
Tousiours mon cœur en ses douleurs se noye,
Le mal tousiours trancit ma courte ioye,
Tousiours ie trouve à mes yeux mille pleurs,
Mon sein ardant de cent mille chaleurs,
Mon corps esteint de regret qui le pasme,
Noyé de pleurs, & consomme de flamme.
Voilà que c’est qu’aimer & n’estre aimé,
Voilà que c’est qu’vn desir affamé,
Qui ne sçauroit pour noyer son martyr
Gouster le bien que pour bien il desire.
Rien que l’amour ne peut estre assez fort
Pour des prudents changer le iuste sort.

[fol. 332']
Fors qu’à ce mal qui tout sçauoir despite,
Qui vainq la loy, l’homme sage resist,
Mais si des Dieux l’esprit en est contraint,
En lui cedant le sage ne faut point,
Son graue esprit la honte ne martelle:
Car qui pouuoit auoir l’ame plus belle,
L’experience, & plus grand le sçauoir,
Que les grands Dieux qui diuins se font voire?
Failir comme eux n’est point trait d’injustice:
Car leur nature est exempte de vice.
Serf de l’Amour ie cherche à l’honorer,
Et serf tousiours ie luy veux demeurer:
Car c’est honneur que de seruir vn maistre
Que Roy des Dieux aux Dieux se fait cognoistre.
Mais il est temps de conduire beellants
Mes aignelets broutter parmy les champs:
J’enten leur voix, qui m’appelle esploree,
Pour les guider le long de ceste pree:
Là ie pourray ma Diane trouuer,
Et pour m’aimer son vouloir esprouuer.  

DIANE [en entrant]  

Ce qui se voit, ce qui du doigt se touche,
Ce qui se sent, ce qui part’ de la bouche,
Ce qui se meut, & bref tout ce qui prent
Estre du feu, qui le saint iour nous rend,
Ce qui là haut immortel se dispose,
Ce qui mortel en la terre respose,
Tout ce qui vit, ce qui a le pouuoir
De se nourrir, de viure, & se mouuoir,
Est compassé d’vne graue prudence,
Marche par ordre, & l’ordre ne deuance.
Le firmament fait son cours ancien,
Phoebus son tour, & Diane le sien.
Le ciel parmy la terre ne s’enlace,
La mer superbe hors ses bornes ne passe,
Le palle Hyuer ne vient en la bea[u]té
Du gay Printemps, ny l’Automne en Esté:
Ces larges prez, ces arbres, ce bosquage,
Ne portent point leur verdeur en la nage,
[Et] ces doux fruicts qui pendent orangez
Au haut de l’arbre es branches arrangez,
Ne viennent point au vol de l’hirondelle,
O[u] ce pendant que l’Hyuer nous regele:
Les feux du ciel qui luissent estoiez
Ne sont confus l’vn dans l’autre meslez,
Et ce grand tout que Dieu saint on appelle,
Donne à chacun sa place naturelle,
Son tour, son ordre, & sans confusion
Tout sous sa main parfait son action,
Tout va par ordre, & de l’ordre est [nourrie]̣
Des corps du ciel & d’enbas l’harmonie:
Tout va par ordre: amour seul excepté,
Qui ne cognoist raison, ny equité,
Qui rend confus aux traits de sa malice
L’ordre du monde, & chasse la iustice.
Amour enfant, porte un corps de garçon
Nud de prudence, & l’ame de raison,
Et pour couvrir d’ignorance son vice,
Veut qu’vn bandeau envoie la notice,

8 Orig. “beanté”: inversion of “n” and “u” is frequent; a rare (indeed, it would seem, the unique) instance where the Saumur and BnF (Tolbiac) copies show a corrected state of the text.
9 Orig. “En”, which makes little (if any) sense.
10 Orig. “Où”.
11 Orig. “nourrie”.

[fol. 335']
Veut estre aueugle afin d’excuse auoir
Si bien souuent à faute de bien voir
Jl va roulant dans vn gouffre de fautes,
Qui sont vertus aux ames trop peu cautes:
Enfant il est, & veut estre estimé,
Pour n’estre pas comme vn viellard blasmé,
Qui ne sçauoir couurir par ignorance
Son mal commis, comme la fole enfance.
Car ceux qui ont & l’aage & le sçauoir,
N’osent faillir, sans diffamez se voir:
Le mal qui est à l’enfant tolerable,
Est au vieillard souuent vituperable,
Car le sçauoir s’acquiert par vn long temps,
Et le conseil s’accroist avec les ans,
Vit souz ce poil, que le temps qui tout mange,
En teint de neige à la parfin eschange:
Ceux qui ce bien par le temps ont acquis,
Que l’aage vieil en sçauoir rend exquis,
Ne sont exempts de peine ny de blasme,
Si le peché leur vieillesse diffame:
Mais ceux qui n’ont ny sçauoir, ny raison,
Ny le conseil acquis par la saison,
En offensant excusent leur offence,
Car la ienesse est mere d’ignorance.
Voilà pourquoi ieunes on voit tousjours
Du fol amour les actes & les iours.
O cruel Dieu, qui te rends remarquable
Pour estre prompt, & sur tous variable,
Qui fais ton loz d’auoir l’ame agité,
De vains pensers & d’infidélité:
Combien de fois serue souz ta puissance,
Ay ie esproué ta legere inconstance?
Combien de fois ay ie senty peruers
A m’offenser tes traits, tes feux diuers?
D’Amour le nom contraire à sa nature,
A ses effects fait laschement iniure,
Puis que l’Amour par vn vouloir commun
Deux cœurs assemble & n’en fait estre qu’vn:
Mais cet Amour, que le vulgaire appelle
L’aueugle enfant de Venus l’infidele,
Au lieu d’Amour est vn tyran peruers
Qui trouble tout, qui met tout à l’enuers,
Qui gaste l’ordre, & apporte à noz vies
Diuers desirs & diuieres enuies.
Comme l’on voit par le soleil leché
Le sein d’vn champ en vn rien deseché,
Puis tout soudain se noyer tout de pluye,
Selon qu’il plaist au ciel qui se varie.
Ores trop sec par la chaleur il fend,
Ores mouillé v[n]e riuiere il rend,
Sans qu’vn seul iour en mesme estat l’encerne,
Selon qu’il plaist au ciel qui le gouuerne:
Ainsi l’amour rend diuers ses effects,
Et fait errer les esprits plus parfaits.
Je l’ay senty en amour malheureuse,
Du pasteur Fauste autrefois amoureuse,
Fauste qui fut iadis le seul plaisir
De mes deux yeux & mon plus doux desir,
Qui fut seigneur de mon ame qui sienne
Pour le seruir refusoit d’estre mienne.
He que iadis ardente ie l’aimois,
Que son amour bien heurieux i’estimois,
Auant qu’Amour d’vne nouuelle flamme
D’vn nouueau feu eust embrazé mon ame.
Mais tout soudain que j’eus veu les beaux yeux
Du beau Nymphis, son front, ses longs cheueux,
Et ce corail qui doucement se couche
Sur les œillets de sa mignarde bouche,
Que ses propos par vn sucre pipeur,
Mesle de ris eurent charmé mon cœur,
Et que sa voix, ou plustost l’harmonie
Des cieux diuins eust mon ame rauie:
Lors ie perdis en vn prompt mouuement
Le souuenir de Fauste mon amant:
Je n’eus plus soin de luy garder fidele
Mon amitié, qu’il iugeoit immortelle,
Ses yeux, son front, ses deuis & son port
Me furent lors cruels comme la mort:
Ce que i’aimoy me fut desagreable,
D’auoir aimé ie m’estimois coupable.
O changement! Ainsi tout icy bas
Change de forme, & chemine à grands pas
Vers le tombeau, où gist enseuelie
Auc noz corps nostre mortelle vie.
Je changeay donc de vouloir & d’amant,
Mais ie ne sçay d’où vint ce changement,
Ce nouueau feu, ceste flamme nouuelle,
Ne qui rendit ma promesse infidele.
Auparavuant que ces antres & bois
Eussent d’Amour receu les foles loix,
Que les pasteurs, les nymphes, les bergeres,
Qui dans ces prez se trouuent ordinaires,
Eussent cogneu mainte ruse, maint tour,
Maint fol desir de l’inconstant amour,
Et qu’on eust fait comme es villes plus foles
Gloire & [honneur] de trahir ses paroles,
Qu’on eust sucré par vn propos pipeur
Par vn sousris le venin de son cœur,
Qu’on eust vsé de langues mensongeres,
De faux appas à tromper ordinaires,
De vains propos, de promesses, de veux,
Et de serments pour abuser les Dieux,
Qu’on eust rendu sa parole contraire
A son desir, & son ame aduersaire
De ses propos, qui deceuioient les cœurs
Qui se perdoient en leurs chants deceueurs:
L’amour estoit constant & veritable,
Sans, comme il fait, nous tromper variable,
Et des amans les amoureux esprits
D’vn nouueau feu ne s’embracoient épris,
Sainte la foy, l’amour pure loyale,
La volonté entre les cœurs egale,
Vraye la foiy, & des loyaux amans
Vifs les propos, & sacréz les sermens.
O feint amours! hé que n’es-tu encore
Dans ces palais, que maint esmail redore?
Dans ces citez, dans ces superbes cours,
Où la traison se rencontre tousiours,
La ruse feinte, & la foy, qui pariure
Fait à la foy des Monarques iniure,
Sans t’estre mis errant parmy ces bois,
Pour nous trancir au doux son de ta voix?
Mais, traistre amour, il faut qu’on t’obeisse,
Et que vertu l’on estime ton vice.
Il faut le faire, & nostre cœur atteint
De ta fureur, helas y est contraint!

[Entre Fauste.]

FAVSTE
Belle Diane, ô combien dommageable
Est ta beauté, pour estre variable?
Combien ton œil de blasme a merité,
Pour estre beau & plein d’impiété?
Rien ne nous fait icy tant de dommage,
Qu’vne beauté inconstante & volage;
C’est de malheurs vne profonde mer
Où maints amants se perdent pour aimer:
Ce sont les voix des cruelles Sirenes,
Qui nous font choir en un gouffre de peines;
C’est de Meduse & le front & les yeux,
Qui transformoient les pauvres amoureux:
Sont les appas de l’impudique Circe,
Qui transformoit les compagnons d’Ulysse:
Ce sont les yeux des basilics cuels,
Qui par leurs traits font mourir les mortels,
Ce sont les pleurs du Crocodil qu’honore
Le peuple noir, qui les passans dévore:
C’est du poison de sucre radoucy,
Dont la douceur rend notre âme trancy,
Bref c’est un mal de tous les maux le pire:
Car la beauté qui noz ames attire
Par un désir extrême d’en avoir
La jouissance, & possesseur s’en voir,
Plus elle est belle, ah plus elle est cruelle
A noz desirs, quand elle est infidele.
De la beauté s’engendre le désir,
Et du désir vient l’amoureux plaisir.
Ce qui est beau se rend plus desireable
Plus il se monstre à noz yeux agréable:
Souffrir beaucoup, aimer, ne l’est pas,
C’est un malheur qui nous traine au trespas,
Mesmes alors qu’une ingratte maistresse,
Fausse sa foy, & brise sa promesse.
Ce que la foy nous oblige est à nous,
Est ceste foy se rend commune à tous.
Pour de tous estre immortelle honoree,
Et pour se voir parmy nous assuree.
Belle Diane, helas! souuienne toy
M’auoir donné ton amour & ta foy,
Ton cœur, ton ame! hé peux-tu bien felonne

14 The speech is continuous, and I delete the full stop placed at the end of this line in the original.
En faire don à vne autre personne?
Non, tu ne peux, ou bien si tu le fais,
Les puissans Dieux vengeurs de noz forfaits,
Qui veulent seuls accabler le parjure,
Par mille traits vengeront ceste iniure.
La main des Dieux souvent lente punir
Notre forfait, ne laisse de tenir
Le glaive nud, qui à la fin s’abysme
Dans notre sang, & punit nostre crime.
En m’escoutant trembles-tu point d’effroy,
Toy qui fais loz de pariurer ta foy?

DIANE

Fauste tay-toy: tes plaintes, ta menace
N’apportent point de frayeur à ma face:
Car ie sçay bien que iamais des amans
On ne punit les pariures sermens:
Juppin s’en rit, & luy-mesme n’estime
Faussant sa foy commettre quelque crime.
Car des amans tout le pouvoir depend
Du faux Amour qui pariures les rend:
Ils sont forcez à son vouloir de viure,
Et comme maistre en tous lieux de le suiure:
Jl les conduit comme les pastoureaux
Parmy les prez conduisent leurs aigneaux.
Le mal qu’on fait par force est excusable,
Et seulement l’auteur en est coupable,
Non pas celuy qui le fait malgré luy,
Puis que tout seul punissable est celuy
Qui de son gré, non par force forcee,
Commet le mal dont sa gloire est blessee.[fol. 336]
Hé qui peut donc reprendre les amans
Si malgré eux ils brisent leurs sermens?
Rien à l’Amour dans le ciel ne resiste,
Et des mortels la puissance il desprie:
Jl force tout, & sa cruelle loy
Nous fait souuent violer nostre foy,
Nostre serment, noz vœux, nostre constance,
Tant son pouuoir a sur nous de puissance:
Ceux qui par luy quelque iniustice ont fait
N’ont autre excuse à lauer leur forfait
Sinon qu’Amour, à qui nul n’a puissance
De resister, est autheur de l’offence.
Ainsi ie suis excusable enuers toy,
T’ayant faussé comme tu dis, ma foy.
Si tu ne peux te contraindre en toy-mesme
De n’aimer point celle-là qui ne t’aime,
Et si l’Amour te force à requerir
Celle qui vit pour te faire mourir,
Comment veux-tu que ie force mon ame
De n’aimer point la beauté qui l’enflamme?
Comment veux-tu que ie porte en mon cœur
Vn chaud brazier, sans en sentir l’ardeur?
Non, Fauste, non, les effects admirables
Du vif amour par le temps variables,
Ne sont sujets aux loix de l’equité,
Et son vouloir n’est iamais disputé
Par la raison: Amour est vne force
Qui la raison & la justice force:
Le seul desir, la seule volonté,
Causent l’Amour, non la loy, l’équité:
Non la raison: car sa viue puissance
Ne reçoit point pour reigle la prudence.
Ne vien donc point blasmer mon nouueau feu,
Mais bien l’Amour qui a retins’ le vœu.

FAVSTE
Mais si l’Amour, que pour Dieu tu reclame,
M’a fait premier possesseur de ton ame,

"Retins" was a possible form of the past participle; see Huguet, s.v. "retenir".
Et le premier receleur de ta foy,
Peux-tu auoir vn autre amant que moy?

DIANE
Ha ie le peux! car capables noz ames
Sont de loger cent differentes flammes,
Et en amour le dernier feu qui prent
Est tousiours plus que le premier ardent.

FAVSTE
Mais sans raison du nom d’Amour on coure
Vn faux amour où la foy ne se trouve:
Car ce qui vit sans foy, sans loyauté
D’vn saint amour n’a le nom merité.

DIANE
De tous amours ceux sont plus venerables
De qui l’on voit les effects variables,
Car le pouuoir d’vne diuinité
Se recognoist par la diuersité.

FAVSTE
Ce qui varie est manque d’excellence,
Car rien n’est saint que la graue constance,
Et les grands Dieux se font estimer tels
Pour maintenir leurs pouuoirs immortels.

DIANE
Si bien souuent le ciel change de forme,
Si Juppiter en taureau se transforme,
Tous les mortels peuuent pareillement
Changer d’ardeur, d’amour, & de serment.

FAVSTE
Pallas qu’on dit Deesse de prudence,
N’a point changé de nature & d’essence.

[fol. 337']
DIANE
Venus qu’on dit Deesse de beauté,
A bien souvent changé de volonté.

FAVSTE
Mais Pallas est pour sage renommée,
Et au rebours Venus folle estimee.

DIANE
Mais Venus est Deesse des amours,
Seule en aimant on l’imite tousiours.

FAVSTE
Mais on ne doit imiter vne chose,
Qui aux suivans le deshonner propose.

DIANE
Mais nous deuons vivement imiter
Ce qui nous peut l’imitant profiter.

FAVSTE
Le bien sans loz, les actes sans memoire,
D’estre imitez ne meritent la gloire.

DIANE
Il n’y a point d’autre gloire en amour
Que le desir de jouir quelque iour.

FAVSTE
Mais ce desir n’est nullement louable,
Si la raison ne le rend raisonnable.

DIANE
Faut que l’amour soit meslé de fureur,
Car la raison en r’amollit l’ardeur.
FAVSTE
Mais toute amour que la fureur mortelle
Rend sans raison, est tousiours infidele.

DIANE
L'amour n'est point de trahison atteint,
Car vray amour autrement il n'est point. [fol. 337v]

FAVSTE
Mais le tien l'est, qui te rend sans promesse,
Moy veuf d'espoir, & priué de maistresse.

DIANE
Si i'ay failly enuers toy de serment,
N'aime-je au lieu Nymphis fidelement?
Ainsi l'Amour tousiours me suit fidele.

FAVSTE
Mais enuers moy elle ne paroist telle.

DIANE
Où n'est l'Amour il n'est requis de foy.

FAVSTE
Mais qui te fait aimer autre que moy?

DIANE
Le trait d'Amour, que diuin on estime.

FAVSTE
Tousiours quelqu'vn excuse nostre crime.

DIANE
Ce n'est forfait qu'aimer selon son vueil.
FAVSTE
478 Non, ne changeant de son premier conseil.

DIANE
479 Il faut changer puis que le ciel se change.

FAVSTE
480 Ah tout change est ennemy de louange!

DIANE
481 Baste d’honneur au prix du doux plaisir.

FAVSTE
482 Baste d’Amour, dont sale est le desir.

DIANE
483 Qui peut brider le desir de nostre ame? [fol. 338’]

FAVSTE
484 La iuste peur d’en receuoir du blasme.

DIANE
485 L’Amour aux pieds foule ces pensers vains[.]

FAVSTE
486 Tel amour est ennemy des humains[.]

DIANE
487 Qui veut aimer rien qu’en l’amour ne pense.

FAVSTE
488 Mais l’Amour est cruel sans asseurance.

DIANE
489 Quel grand peril y a-t’il en aimant?
FAVSTE
Que bien souvent on meurt cruellement.

DIANE
L’heure des amans est vne mesme lame.

FAVSTE
Mais leur amour finit aussi sa flamme.

DIANE
Non fait: Amour [seiourne]” es ames saints,
Qui ne sont point par le trespas esteints.

FAVSTE
Mais en passant le fleuue d’oubliance,
D’aucun amour on n’a plus souuenance.

DIANE
Ceux qui là bas es champs delicieux
Viennent contents es encore amoureux[.]”
Il trouuent là leurs maistresses qui belles
Leur ont esté en ce monde fideles:
Libres alors ils refont le discours
En s’esbatans, de leurs viues amours,
Ils trouuent là le grand prestre de Grece
Qui touche encor sa lyre charmeresse:
[fol. 338’]
Jls trouuent là mille obscures forests,
Mille ruisseaux & mille [antres]” secrets,
Où doucement ils moissonnent fideles
Les fruits heureux de leurs amitiez belles.
Car l’amour vit non seulement es cieux,

16 Orig. “s’eiourne”.
17 No punctuation in the original.
18 Orig. “autres”, which is possible but not nearly as suitable to the context; again, inversion of “u”/”n” is common.
Mais son pouuoir s’estend en ces bas lieux,
Où Pluton regne, où demeure honoree
Sa triple Hecate es enfers adoree.
L’Amour n’est donc mortel comme noz iours,
Car aux corps morts suruiuent les amours
Sans que la mort les puisse onques deffaire.

FAVSTE

Si sçay-ie bien qu’en mourant ie puis faire
Mourir l’Amour, qui me rend malgré moy
Serf d’vne ingrate, & qui manque de foy.

DIANE

Ne m’aime point si tu me cognois telle.
L’Amour desplait qui n’est point mutuelle.

FAVSTE

L’Amour m’y force & me vient enflammer.

DIANE

Le mesme feu qui te force m’aider,
Me force aussi d’aimer Nymphis, de mesme
Que sans repos tu me dis que tu m’aime,
le suis forcee aussi bien comme toy.
De ton malheur ne te pren donc à moy,
Ains à l’Amour qui force toute chose,
Et de nos cœurs superbement dispose.

FAVSTE

O belle Nymphe! ô Diane aux beaux yeux!
O seul honneur de ces terrestres lieux!
Belle deesse, & plus parfaite encore
Que ne fut onc Minerue qu’on adore,
Saincte bergere, ô Soleil de mes iours,
De qui i’atten en mes douleurs secours!
O la clarté de mon ame esploree,

[fol. 339']
Par elle hels, tant de fois honoree!
Mon tout, ma vie, & ma chere moitié,
Auras-tu point de mes douleurs pitié?
Comme l’on voit sous vne treille belle
De lauriers verds, la chaste tourterelle
A mille tours, à mille doux souhaits,
A mille sauts, à cent tires de becs
Faire caresse à sa moitié mignarde,
Quand le printemps doucement nous regarde,
Ce n’est que ieu, que mille beaux esbats,
Leur sainct amour ne se trouue point las,
Et le plaisir de leur amitié douce,
Toute amertume & tout chagrin repousse:
Ne veux-tu point tout de mesme estimer
Fauste, qui vit seulement pour t’aimer?
Qui ne prend iour que de la viue flamme
Que ton bel œil eslance dedans son ame?
Qui ne reçoit autre object, autre loy,
Que celle-là qu’il emprunte de toy?
O belle Nymphe! Hé ne permets trop fiere,
Que ta beauté infidele & legere,
Soit serue aussi du mal qu’a merité
Vne cruelle, & superbe beauté!
Contente toy que ie sente infidele
Ton amitié, sans la rendre cruelle.
Car de ces maux, le moindre peut assez
Pour estouffer mes membres, qui lassez
De supporter la douleur inhumaine,
Cherchent la mort pour remede à leur peine.
Que si ie suis indigne de secours,
Pour n’estre pas digne de tes amours,
Et si trop beau reluit ton clair visage,
Pour receuoir les veux de mon seruage,
Puis que sur tous i’emporte de loyal
Le chaste nom, prens pitié de mon mal.
La cruauté nostre ame ne dispense
572  Du bien receu de rendre recompence.
573  L’ingrat merite vn supplice pareil
574  A celuy-là, qui d’vn estoc, vermeil
575  Du sang d’autruy, homicide se trouue,
576  Et qui du ciel le iuste bras esprouue.
577  Hé ne sois donc cruelle à mes amours
578  Par vn desir, ennemy de mes iours!

[Entrent Nymphis et Jullie.]

DIANE

579  O beau Nymphis, dont la beauté vermeille
580  Ne reçoit point icy bas de pareille;
581  Jngrat pasteur, qui te plais à me voir
582  Trancir d’ennuy & languir sans espoir
583  Quand pres de toy dolente ie souspire,
584  Hé que n’as-tu pitié de mon martyre?
585  Pourquoy n’es-tu aussi courtois que beau?
586  Et que ton œil, mon amoureux flambeau,
587  Des traits piteux ne decoche en mon ame,
588  Comme il en fait qui rallument ma flamme?
589  Cruel Berger, tant de trauaux passez,
590  N’ont ils rendu du tesmoignage assez
591  De mon amour? la tarde experience,
592  Ne te rend elle preuue de ma constance?
593  Comme le chef au combat esprouué,
594  Qui mille fois aux perils s’est trouué,
595  Forçant, pressant, & d’vne audace vite
596  Mettant souuent son aduersaire en fuite,
597  Ores suant, halletant, & poudreux,
598  Ores semé de sang en mille lieux,
599  Braue & gaillard il reuient de la presse
600  Faisant à tous cognoistre sa prouësse.  [fol. 340']
601  Chacun l’estime & chacun pour vainqueur
602  Et genereux le cognoist en son cœur.
603  Ainsi Nymphis ayant ma foy cogneuë,
Et mon amour pour loyale apperceuë,
Aquoï tient-il que ma viue amitié
Dedans ton cœur ne plante la pitié?
O sort cruel! ame ingrate & cruelle!
O belle face indigne d’estre belle!
Le ciel tousiours se montre gracieux
A noz besoins, à noz cris, à noz vœux,
Jl est benin, courtos & secourable,
Hé que ton vœil à son vœil n’est semblable.
Nous sommes faits pour imiter les Dieux;
S’ils sont courtos il faut l’estre comme eux,
Car autrement ils tiennent pour offence
De n’auoir pas imité leur Clemence:
Faute d’auoir leurs actes imitez,
Comme meschans nous sommes reputez,
Et comme tels, faits coupables de peine:
Car des grands Dieux la dextre n’est point vaine.
Garde toy donc de resentir leur main
Pour machiner le trespas inhuman
De celle-là qui te requiert propice,
Et qui son cœur t’immole en sacrifice:
Pren pitié d’elle, & ne te vante pas
D’auoir conduit sa jeunesse au trespas.
Car autrement tu trouueras cruelle,
Comme tu es, la vengeance eternelle
Du sainct amour, qui offence tous ceux
Qui ne font cas, comme toy, de ses feux.

NYMPHIS

Belle Jullie, ô la belle des belles
Que la beauté a fait luire immortelles:
Rare Soleil dont les feux allumez
Ont tant de cœurs ardemment enflammmez:
O belle, où loge & de Pallas la grace,
Et de Venus la belle & saincte face;
L’honneur des bois, la gloire des forests,
Et la beauté de ces rudes deserts,
O Iullye de qui la viue gloire
Et le nom luist au temple de Memoire,
Ne veux-tu point adoucir quelque iour
Les longs travaux de mon fidele amour?
Et d’vne main à mon mal secourable,
Rendre mon cœur heureux de miserable?
O belle Nymphe, aussi belle que toy
Est en t’aimant la beauté de ma foy!
Et pour t’aimer à vne amour trop extreme[,]  
Je me hais, & desprise moy-mesme!
Le fier lion longuement caressé,
A la parfin se rend appriuoisé:
Et l’elephant son amour fait paroistre,
Reconnoissant entre vn chacun son maistre:
L’ours s’adoucist, & sans estre irrité,
Porte l’enfant dessus son col ietté;
Bref tout mollist; l’eau foible de nature,
Tombant souuent caue la roche dure:
La main de l’homme vse le fer trenchant,
Et le Soleil va les eaux dessechant:
Seule tu vis dont la nature estrange
Sa cruauté par les saisons ne change.
Ah ô Iullye! hé faut-il que tousiours
Le desesoir accompagne mes iours,
Pour ne voir point receuoir pour compaigne
A ta beauté, nulle douceur humaine?
Veux-tu te faire aussi cruelle voir,
Que tu fais beaux tes yeux apperceuoir?
Change ce mal en vn bien pitoyable:
Rends toy Iullye à mon mal secourable.
Rien ne nous rend semblables aux grands Dieux
Que la pitié qui regne parmy eux,
Et rien n’est tant au ciel recommandable
Que faire bien au pauvre miserable;
Car pour s’aider, pour s’entre-faire bien,
Les Dieux ont fait les corps mortels de rien.
Qui ceste loy, en faisant mal, offence,
Sent des grands Dieux cruelle la vengeance.
Puis que leur main nous punist de ces maux
Que nous faisons ssentir à noz eaux,
Ne crains-tu point leur fureur inhumaine,
Toy qui te rens si cruelle à ma peine?
Si la pitié dessur toy n’a pouuoir,
Que la frayeur t’ameine à ce deuoir:
Fay bien, de peur d’estre des Dieux punie
Si tu te rens de douceur ennemie;
Et que ie sente adoucir mon mal-heur
Aux rais piteux de ta saincte douceur.

IVLIE
Retire toy, Nymphis, ton arrogance
Plus mille fois que ton amour m’offence;
Et le penser qui abuse ton cœur
D’endommager le front de ton honneur
Me rend plus prompte à punir ton audace,
Que ton amour, qui me froidit en glace.
Chaste tousiours i’honore l’amitié,
Et de celuy ie trancis de pitié,
Que le mal-heur, que le sort lamentable,
Non son forfait, ont rendu miserable:
C’est à ceux-là qu’il faut rendre secours,
Et non à ceux, dont les sales amours
Veulent vn iour heureux se faire croire,
Au detriment de la pudique gloire.

[fol. 34r]
Retire toy, & changeant de propos
Laisse florir mon honneur en repos;
Car autrement j’appelleray contraires
A ton salut tous les Dieux debonnaires:
Car Apollon auant sera sans iour,
Que ie me sente éprise en ton amour.

Sort Jullie.]
NYMPHIS

Va t’en d’icy, ô Diane, qui folé
Me rens fascheux au son de ta parole.
Retire toy, & cherche si tu veux
Vn autre amant qui reçoie tes vœux:
Fole tu es, Diane, si tu pense
Par tes propos esbranler ma constance.
Car sans poissons sera la creuse mer,
Auparauant que ie puisse t’aimer. [Sort Nymphis.]

DIANE

Fauste oste toy, à vne autre donnee
De tes propos ie suis importunee:
Retire toy ne me viens plus parler
De ton amour, ny mon aide appeller:
Car ie ne veux, ny soulager ta peine:
Ny à ton mal estre jamais humaine:
Plustost les prez seront sans nulle fleur,
Que ton amour jamais touche mon cœur. [Sort Diane.]

FAUSTE

Fauste de nom, mais d’effect miserable,
Pauure pasteur que la douleur accable,
Qui vis sans vie, & qui ne reçois iour
Que des brandons de l’infidele Amour,
Que de son feu, qui te donnant lumiere,
Donne aussi iour à ta palle misere!
Pauure pasteur! hé faut-il qu’en viuant
Tu sente amour ton espoir deceuant,
Autant leger, & de serment fragile
Comme l’on voit la fortune mobile?
Douce l’on sent la palle pauureté
Quand pauure on est de nature enfanté,
Et le fardeau que de tout temps on porte
A nostre corps peu de trauail aporte,
Beaucoup celuy qu’on n’a point vsité,
Que nostre dos encores n’a porté:
Estre né pauure est chose tolerable;
Mais deuenir de riche miserable,
Se voir perdu par l’accident du sort,
C’est vn mal-heur plus cruel que la mort.
Aussi la peine aux amans n’est si fiere,
Qui n’ont jamais enduré que misere,
Que cent desdains, que dix mille douleurs,
Qu’elle est à ceux, dont les viues chaleurs
Se sont iadis esteintes en l’eau molle
Des doux baisers dont l’Amour nous console.
Quand l’on est pauure vn regret nous point
D’auoir perdu ce que nous n’auions point;
Mais quand l’on a, & qu’on perd miserable,
Cruelle on sent sa perte deplorable.
O[ù]9 est le temps que ma Diane & moy
Pareils d’ardeur, egaux en mesme foy,
Noz cœurs bruslez de flammes agreables,
Estions vnis de volontez semblables?
Et noz esprits egaux en passion,
Portans alors pareille affection,
Noz ames saincts egaux en pareil aise
Et trancissans en l’amoureuse braise,
Lors que seulets sous les hauts alisiers,
Nous nous perdions en mille doux baisers,
Qui desroboient à tires amoureuses,
A doux haquets noz ames bien-heureuses?
Qui se fondoient en vn si doux plaisir,
Le paradis de leur ardent desir:
Noz leures lors de souhait affolees,
L’vne sur l’autre estoient fermes collees,
Et se pressoient de touchemens si forts,
Que nous n’estions qu’vne bouche & vn corps.

9 Orig. “Ou”.
Le cœur goustant vne si douce proye,
Trancissoit d’aise & trepassoit de ioye,
Les yeux iettoient vn ruisseau de plaisir,
Le front suoit au fourneau du desir,
La langue estoit en mille tours pliee,
Parmy ce bien qui la tenoit liee.
Les nerfs trancis, & le corps transformé
En quelque Dieu d’vne Deesse aimé,
Les mains sans force, & tremblante l’haleine,
Qui se mouroit en si courtoise peine,
L’œil sans clarté que pour voir seulement
L’heureux object de son contentement,
Portant dans luy la ioye & la merueille,
Le front rougy d’vne couleur vermeille,
Les bras d’amour, comme l’ame embrasez,
A mille tours l’un dans l’autre croisez.
Le ciel rioit d’vne amitié si belle,
Son front serain le tesmoignoit fidele,
Il souhaittoit vn passetemps si doux,
Et Cupidon en maigrissoit ialoux:
Aussi a t’il cruellement esteinte
Par trahison, vne amitié si sainte.
Noz lents troupeaux espars tout à l’entour
Particiпоient à nostre sainct amour,
Les fleurs montroient comme nous amoureuses
D’vn mesme bien, leurs faces gracieuses,
S’entortilloient à l’entour de noz bras
Et parfumoient noz seins à demy las.
Les arbres hauts degouttoient sur noz testes [fol. 343’]
A blancs bouquets, mille douces fleurettes:
Et pour esteindre vn peu nostre chaleur
A longs filets mainte douce liqueur[;]n

20 Bearing in mind the often-wayward punctuation of the first printing, I substitute a semi-colon here for the comma in the original, since the structure would otherwise encourage confusion between the sweet liquids dropping from the trees (aromatic gums, presumably) and the water in the brooks.
Les creux ruisseaux entourez de verdure,
Faisoient cesser leur grommelant mumure,
Et se rendoient muets pour escouter
Noz saints amours doucement raconter:
L’herbe dressoit en haut sa pointe belle
Pour voir de pres vn amour si fidele.
Et les oiseaux se ressentoient heureux
Pour en chanter les effects amoureux.
O douce vie, au monde tu merite
Entre tous biens heureuse d’être dite,
Car nul ne scât combien doux est le iour
Qui n’a gousté les doux fruits de l’amour!
Tous autres biens, toutes autres liesses,
Et tous plaisirs, au prix d’eux, sont detresses,
Ce bien tout seul doit estre appellé bien,
Au prix de luy tous les biens ne sont rien,
Ce sont esbats d’une folastre enfance,
Mais ce doux fruit nous donne cognoissance
De l’heur, du bien, que l’on peut souhaitter
Pour au sommet de tous plaisirs monter.
L’or seulement l’œil affamé contente,
L’honneur mondain en ombre se présente,
Pour se passer du iour au lendemain,
Les divers mets remplissent nostre sein,
Le saint amy tant seulement console
Nostre douleur, au bal de sa parole,
Et les grandeurs pour vn temps vont paissant
Noz vains pensers, qui meurent en naissant:
Mais le doux fruit que l’amour nous presente
Nourrist noz cœurs, & noz ames contente,
Le seul penser nous contente plus fort
Que la fortune, & les faueurs du sort.
Ah, ô doux bien seul plaisir de mon ame

Orig. “lon”.
Je t’ay perdu! comme dessous la flamme
Du vif Phœbus sur le sommet d’vn mont
La blanche neige en vn moment se fond,
Pert sa nature, elle change de forme,
Et en torrent orageux se transforme;
Ainsi ie suis en vn autre refait
Auyant perdu vn plaisir si parfait.

FRONTIN [en entrant]
Pourquoy rends-tu, faute d’auoir enuie
De te guarir, si cruelle ta vie?
Pourquoy veux-tu mourir à tout propos,
Faute de rendre à tes iours le repos?
Pourquoy rends-tu ton ame miserable,
Pour ne vouloir luy estre secourable?
Hé, qui te fait mespriser le secours,
Qui peut heureux rendre tes palles jours?
L’homme regit la fortune mauuaise:
Rien, s’il ne veut, ne peut troubler son aise,
Et si l’ennuy le conduit au trespas,
C’est que l’ennuy forcer il ne veut pas:
Car les grands Dieux luy ont donné puissance
Sur toute chose, ayant au monde essence:
L’air luy sousrit, adoucit sa douleur,
Engendre en luy le froid & la chaleur:
La mer cruelle, inhumaine, & sans ame,
A ses propos bien souuent se rend calme,
Se sent par luy en ses flancs sillonner,
Et quelques fois de son cours destourner:
Son vif pouuoir à la terre commande,
Elle permet que souuent il la fende,
La creuse, fouille, & bref à beau loisir
Qu’il la remue au gré de son desir:
Le feu luy sert, il l’esteint perissable,
Et quand il veut l’allume espouuentable:
Les animaux qui plus promts & plus forts
870 Que n’est le sien, portent les roides corps,
871 Qui sont ardens de fureur & de rage,
872 Luy rendent ioug, redoutent son courage,
873 Craignent sa main qui roides morts les rend,
874 Ou finement dans ses filets les prend.
875 L’oiseau leger qui du Soleil approche
876 Quand pour voler ses aises il decoche,
877 Qui pres du Ciel piroüette maint tour
878 Qui suit le char estincellant du iour,
879 Est serf de l’homme, & l’homme a bien la force
880 De le tuer ou le prendre à l’amorce.
881 Les froids poissons, en leur escaille enclos,
882 Qui par troupeaux se cachent dans les flots
883 De l’Ocean & sa monstreuse [sic] bande
884 Sont serfs de l’homme, & l’homme leur commande:
885 Les flots profonds ne peuuent l’empescher,
886 Ny les rochers, de les prendre & pescher,
887 Bref à son gré superbe il en dispose,
888 Comme des fruits, & de toute autre chose.
889 Rien que la mort ne peut auoir l’honneur
890 De tuer l’homme, d’en estre seigneur:
891 A tout malheur prudent il remedie,
892 Sans que d’autruy le secours il mendie.
893 Ne vois-tu point vn petit pastoureau
894 Dedans les prez regir vn grand troupeau
895 De bœufs cornus & genisses lassees,
896 Qui çà & là s’encourent insensees?
897 Le fort toreau, & le bœuf asseruy,
898 N’osent desser les cornes contre luy,
899 Ils tremblent tous à sa voix enfantine,
900 Sa foible main par tout les achemine,
901 Chacun le craint, & ces bestes, qui forts
902 De nature ont eu les robustes corps,
903 N’osent choquer l’enfant qui les menace,
904 Et les regit, tant ils craignent sa face.
905 Ainsi rien n’est impossible aux mortels,
Mis bien souvent au rang des immortels.
Qui se peut donc opposer à ta gloire,
Et t’empescher de gagner la victoire
Dessur le mal du destin ennuyeux,
Puis que tout cede à l’homme vertueux?

**FAVSTE**

Tout cede à l’homme (il faut que ie le die)
Fors Cupidon, qui cruel l’iniurie,
Qui le surmonte, & le rend sans pouvoir
En ses malheurs de bien-heureux se voir.

**FRONTIN**

L’amour n’est rien qu’une folle creance
Que nous avons d’une viue puissance.
Ostez l’envie, & le désir d’auoir,
Vous osterez l’amour & son pouvoir.

**FAVSTE**

Mal il faudroit estre roche insensée,
Pour n’auoir point d’envie ou de pensee:
Faudroit en roc lasche se transformer,
Pour voir vn bien, & point ne l’estimer.

**FRONTIN**

Je sçay que l’homme est de souhait capable,
Mais son souhait doit estre raisonnable,
En souhaitant ce qui peut estre à soy,
Sans violer la raison & la loy.

**FAVSTE**

Amour ne veut ces choses reconnoistre,

---

22 Orig. "ennieux". The second "n" is clearly an erroneously inverted "u"; this still leaves a choice between modern French "ennuyeux" and "envieux", which are both possible readings, but the frequency of the spelling "enuieux" in Middle French, and indeed of the formula, would seem to turn the balance.
Car autrement amour il ne peut estre,
D’autant qu’il faut qu’n amour soit ardent
Et la raison foible & lasche le rend.

FRONTIN
Mais tel amour, que la fureur transporte,
Le plus souuent mille douleurs apporte.

FAVSTE
Vaut mieux souffrir en aimaing nuit & iour,
Qu’estre content & ne cognoistre Amour.

FRONTIN
Mais toute peine est tousiours miserable:
Nulle prison ne peut estre agreable.

FAVSTE
Mais tout plaisir est douleur & tourment,
Au prix du mal, que l’on sent en aimant.

FRONTIN
Les desperez prennent joie à s’esteindre
Mais toutefois leur douleur n’en est moindre.

FAVSTE
Ce qui nous plaist, bien qu’estimé malheur,
Ne peut de nous estre appellé douleur.

FRONTIN
Mais tel plaisir, pour prendre nourriture
En nostre mal, gueres de temps ne dure[.]”

FAVSTE
Jl ne faut pas que le bien de l’amant,
Pour estre vif dure trop longuement:
Faut que le mal doux le face cognoistre.
Mais las! qui peut en mesme saison estre
Triste & content, miserable & heureux?

Ceux que l’amour rend parfaits amoureux.

Comment cela?

D’autant qu’en ceste escole
Vn geste, vn ris, vn pas, vne parole
Peut rendre ou gay, ou langoureux l’amant:
Tant en amour est le contentement
Cher & diuin, & tant on a de crainte
De n’auoir pas vne chose si sainte.

Mal-heureux donc les amans, & leurs iours.

Mais bien-heureux de travailler tousiours.

Est-ce bon heur qu’vn trauail perdurable?

Ouy, alors qu’il nous est agreable.

Celuy d’amour ne peut estre benin.

Si est, car douce en est tousjours la fin.
FRONTIN
Mais maint amant meurt pressé de furie.

FAVSTE
Je meurs heureux quand l’amour l’iniurie.

FRONTIN
Il n’y a donc point de bien en amour.

FAVSTE
Si a, mourant ou ioyssant vn iour.

FRONTIN
La mort n’est donc aux amoureux cruelle.

FAVSTE
Il faut mourir, ou ioir de sa belle.

FRONTIN
Autre milieu ne se trouue en aimant?

FAVSTE
Non, car trop grand est le contentemen`
Qui l’amoureux en iouissant enflamme: [fol. 346]
Et trop cruel le refus de sa Dame.

FRONTIN
Mais qui se peut garder d’en estre attaint?

FAVSTE
C’est estre lourd, & n’auoir esprit saint.

23 Orig. “meurt”.
24 The original places a full stop at the end of this line; the compositor may have been misled by the preceding stichomythia and the end of the page.
L’heure de l’homme est de vivre sans enuie.

Qui n’aime point est indigne de vie.

Mais pour aimer on sent mille malheurs.

L’esprit s’auiue au brazier des douleurs.

Mais tel amour apporte la ruine.

Le bel esprit tout seul d’aimer est digne.

Le bel esprit se perd en ce tourment.

L’on n’a jamais vcu de lourdaut amant,
Car ceste ardeur auiue leur belle ame,
Pour auoir l’heure de complaire à leur Dame.
Quelque douleur qui m’aillle don[c]’ limant
Je veux aimer & mourir en aimant.

Non, ne meur pas. Puis que sans ceste enuie
Tu ne sçauois entretenir ta vie
Et que le mal qu’engendrent tes amours
Tasche à trancher le filet de tes iours,
Je veux t’aider, par le secours d’vn homme,

Orig. "dont".
Qui resteindra le feu qui te consomme,
Il te fera par son rare sçauoir
De ton désir la iouyssance auoir.

FAVSTE
Si en ce mal tu me sers secourable,
Je te seray plus qu’au Ciel redeuable.
Mais nomme moy ceste homme si parfait.

FRONTIN
C’est Elymant qui autrefois a fait
Troubler du iour la lampe radieuse
En la rendant obscure & tenebreuse:
C’est Elymant dont les magiques vers
Font cheminer le Soleil de trauers;
Qui donne aux nuits aussi claire lumiere
Qu’est de Titan la lampe iournaliere:
C’est Elymant, qui au bal de sa voix
Fait que le Ciel esclatte quelquefois,
Tonne, murmure, & lasche sur la teste
Des rocs pointus sa cruelle tempeste:
C’est Elymant, qui rend au cœur d’hyuer
Le sein glacé de la terre couuert
De mille fleurs, pasture des abeilles,
A celles-là du gay Printemps pareilles;
Et qui d’un sort contraire à ce bon heur
Rend en Esté la terre sans verdeur:
C’est Elymant, dont la voix insensee
De viue ardeur rend souuent courouceee
La mer profonde, & enterre ses eaux,
Puis les esleue en superbes costaux,
Et qui d’un sort plus que cet autre vtile,
La rend souuent de cruelle tranquille,
Ses vents il tient dans leur cauerne enclos,
Ses monstres coys, & radoucit ses flots:
C’est Elymant qui d’vne dextre forte
Vn roc d’vn lieu en vn autre transporte:
Qui aux torrens, roullans d’vn roide mont,
Reprendre fait la course contre-mont:
C’est Elymant, qui se rend redoutable
A tout demon de nature effroyable,
Qui se fait craindre aux demons stygieux
Qui sont en bas, ou qui sont souz les Cieux,
Qui sont en terre, ou vagans sans lumiere,
Parmy les flots de Thetis marinier[e];
C’est Elymant, qui fait secher les bois
Ou reuerdir aux souspirs de sa voix:
Qui sçait des bois des puissances diuines,
Celles des fleurs, des herbes, des racines,
Qui les distille, & en tire de l’eau
Qui peut les corps rappeller du tombeau:
C’est Elymant, qui sçait des son enfance
Des feux du Ciel & l’estre & l’influence,
Qui les gouuerne, & de qui le sçauoir,
Seul excellent, en cognoit le pouuoir:
C’est Elymant, qui rend lents & dociles
Par ses doux vers les animaux agiles,
Qui des cruels adoucit la fierté,
Qui des Syluains bride la cruauté:
C’est Elymant que tout suit à la trace,
Ainsi que fut le grand Orphé en Thrace
Par les forests, par les oiseaux, les bois
Lors que sa Lyre adoucissoit sa voix:
C’est Elymant qui guarit toute chose,
Et qui du Ciel à son vouloir dispose.
Il te peut rendre en vn iour bien-heureux,
Rendant esteint ton brazier amoureux.

FAVSTE

J’ay mille fois entendu sa science,
Et toutefois ie n’ay point cognoissance
De son visage: hé Dieu depeins-le moy
Pour le cognoistre vn iour si ie le voy.

FRONTIN

Elymant est d’vne taille Royale,
D’vn corps robuste, ayant la couleur palle,
Cousu de nerfs qui paroissent diuers
Desur sa chair, comme on voit au trauers
Du verre clair qui ferme la fenestre,
Au gay matin le beau Soleil paroistre:
Il est charnu, de cent rides plissé,
Et par endroits de long poil herissé,
Ferme, & dispos, animé de courage,
Bien que ridé l’aît rendu le vieil aage.

Ses cheueux blancs, comme blanc est le front
Durent l’hyuer de quelque esleué mont,
Ou comme blanc on voit le froid visage
D’vn vieil ormeau, despoüillé de feuillage,
Où tous les iours on voit mille corbeaux
En croaçant se percher à troupeaux.

Ses blancs cheueux, deliez comme soye,
Sont separez par mainte creuse raye,
Et sur son front par tresses deuallez,
Semble [sic] qu’ils soient dessur sont front collez,
Leurs flots espoix, & leur couleur de naige,
D’vn grand sçauoir rendent clair tesmoignage,
Et leur blancheur pleine de majesté
Monstre vne haute & sainte grauité
Vn sçauoir vieu, vne ame qui hardie
D’aucun danger ne tremble acoüardie;
Tels furent ceux du prophete Calcas,
Dont fit iadis la Grece si grand cas.
Son front obscur de mainte grosse ride,
Ressemble vn champ par la chaleur aride,
Où mille trous, mainte creuace on voit,
Qui la rosee aide au matin boit.
Jl est fort large, & sa teinture triste
Le vain plaisir des iennes gens despite;
Dure la peau, vne fosse se rend
Au beau milieu, qui de chagrin se fend;
Mais toutefois ce front est venerable,
Au large front du vieil Nestor semblable.
Ses noirs sourcils, de soin, d’ennuy pressez,
Deuers le front se dressent herissez,
Espoix de poudre, & qui portent la mine
Du poil espoix d’vne louue mutine;
Mais ces sourcils ainsi cruels descrits
De leur object font trembler les esprits.
Tel fut celuy de Cyclops plein d’enuie,
Qui fut priué de lumiere & de vie.
Ses yeux sont grands, roüans de tous costez,
De la frayeur fiérement agitez,
Le plus souvent estincellans de rage:
Comme l’on voit flamboyer le visage
Du beau Phœbus au profound d’vn ruisseau,
Quand en tournant il se mire en son eau.
Ils sont enclos dans deux rudes paupieres,
Ridees d’aage, & par le temps seueres,
Jls font pallir les Demons de frayeur,
Les animaux en transcissent de peur,
Ores plombez ils roullent effroyables,
Ores tous blancs, ores espouuentables,
Rouges de feu ils esclattent ardans,
Quand la fureur vient se lancer dedans,
Le doux sommeil que la nuit nous decoche,
Pour les toucher iamais ne s’en approche;
Tousiours veillans, comme veillent les feux
Qui sont la nuit sur la voute des Cieux;

27 Orig. “iennes”.
Leur fier regard aux animaux moleste,
Des fiers Demons la course viue arreste,
Ses yeux sont tels, que ceux-là que Iason
Charma iadis pour rauir la toison.
Son nez est long, gros, cruel, & farouche,[.]
Le bout en vient boire dedans sa bouche,
Bouche de qui le palle & triste teint,
Ressemble vn mort par le poison esteint.
Sa leure est faite en voute d’vne crosse,
Espoisse, laide, outre mesure grosse:
Bien que le poil en cache la grosseur,
On voit pourtant au trauers sa laideur.
Lors que cruel ses leures il remue,
Et que son ame est de fureur esmeue,
Les Cieux ont peur, les demons tremblottans
Courent trancis son arrest redoutans.
Ainsi iadis fiere, ardante, & farouche,
Medee ouuroit sa despiteuse bouche,
En prononçant hors de sens & raison
Cent vœux cruels contre le faux Iason.
Sa ioue est creuse, & de couleur egale
A celle-là de la Parque infernale,
Portant la peau entorse durement,
Et mainte ride espoisse horriblement,
Aupres des yeux elle paroist pointue,
Pres de la bouche elle est creuse & fendue,
Ayant tousiours la frayeur & le port
D’vne Megere, & la couleur d’vn mort.
Sa barbe est longue & sa blanche teinture
Couure son sein jusques à la ceinture,
Elle est espoisse & celle-là du fils
Du blond Phœbus de mesme fut iadis.
Son col est gros, fils d’vne longue année,"

28 No punctuation in the original.
29 "[D]’vne longue année": I understand a reference to a period of good production in the agricul-
Entors de nerfs, de couleur bazanee,
Son sein ouuert comme vn sanglier velu,
Le bras nerueux horriblement pelu,
La main grossiere, & de rides plissee,
Qui n’est iamais en travaillant lassee.
Voilà quel est Elymant, qui te peut
Rendre content, & bien-heureux s’il veut.

FAVSTE
Je le cognois, ô Frontin, à ceste heure,
Mais appren moy la place où il demeure.

FRONTIN
Je le veux bien, & pour te secourir
T’y conduiray si tu veux te guarir.
Dans vn rocher, où n’habite personne
Que le[s]" esprits, cet enchanteur sejourne:
Ce roc est haut, ayant le chef tout blanc
D’antiquité, & creux le palle flanc,
Sur luy le Ciel son tonnerre ne darde,
Car Elymant par son sçauoir l’[en garde],"
Et Iuppiter qui craint de l’offencer,
N’ose son feu sur son chef eslancer:
Ses flans armez d’espines aceree,
Plantent l’effroy aux ames asseurees:
Mille halliers que ne perse le iour,
A rangs espoix sont confus à l’entour:
On voit du roc sonner tomber sur terre
Auec vn bruit mainte pesante pierre:
La creuse mer l’encerne d’vn costé,
De l’autre part vn ruisseau argenté,
Qui va roullant d’vne fontaine claire,

\begin{footnotesize}
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30 Orig. “lec”.
31 Orig. “engarde”.
\end{footnotes}
\end{footnotesize}
Qui sort du pied de ce roc solitaire;
Mais ny la mer, ny les courans ruisseaux,
N’osent chocquer ce rocher de leurs eaux,
Si le vieillard ne leur en fait licence,
Tant vn chacun redoute sa puissance.
Dans ces buissons enlacez d’arbrisseaux,
On voit gesir maints cruels animaux,
L’ours, le lion, la louue furieuse,
Le tigre prompt, & la biche rameuse.
Ces animaux si proches d’Elymant,
Se rendent prompts à son commandement.
Dessur le front de ceste roche dure,
Cent mille oiseaux de noirastre teinture,
Perchent la nuit, les hibous, les corbeaux,
Chauue-souris, vautours tristes oiseaux,
Qui de leur cry encrouaillé resueillent
Les animaux, qui dans les bois sommeillent.
Dessur le front de ce roc enchanté,
Vn palle ormeau, sans verdeur, est planté,
Dont le pied sec & despouillé d’escorce,
Rend mort le [r]este & les branches sans force,
Branches de qui sans feuilles sont les bras,
Secs, blancs, pourris, & tendans au trespas:
Sur cet ormeau la veuue tourterelle
Se perche & pleint sa compagne fidele;
Souz cet ormeau la place est sans verdeur,
Du temps mangee, & fendue d’ardeur:
Le temps ailé, qui toute chose mine,
Le front blanchy tousiours en égratigne,
En fait rouller en fureur des morceaux

32 A word seemingly unknown to the lexicographers but almost certainly an onomatopoeic coinage evoking the cry of the crow (“croââ-croââ”) and perhaps suggesting the overlapping cries of a flock (cf. “encroué”, with reference to trees half-fallen over each other in the forest). “Crouaillet” (“caw”) is well attested; see Huguet, s.v. “croaillet”. I am grateful to my colleagues Jean-Pierre Bordier, Pierre Pasquier and Toshinori Uetani for their insights on the point.
33 Orig. “feste”.
Qui vont crouppir au profond des ruisseaux,
Dont l’eau iallist au heurt de ceste ruine,
Et va mouillant la campagne voisine.
Dedans ce roc Elymant a basty
Vn antre obscur, qui n’a jamais senty
Du blond Soleil la luminere eternelle,
Antre où la peur loge perpetuelle:
Cet antre est creux, chancelant, tort, & vieu
Large aux bouts, est[...]it" par le milieu[.]"
Le roc luy sert de paroy qui superbe
S’arme de mousse, & se tapiisse d’herbe
De qui le iust & mortelle [sic] poison,
Fit trespasser Socrate en la prison.
Du roc hideux la moitte & froide voute,
Le blanc salpestre à long filets degoutte.
Au flanc du roc, de mille trous percé
Gist maint serpent affreux & herissé,
De qui la langue en sifflant nous reiette
Le froid poison, que de la terre il tette.
Le paué froid est cruel au marcher
Comme estant fait du ventre d’vn rocher,
Sur luy l[’]on voit horriblement rempantes
A tours pliez, les couleuures siflantes,
Les roux aspics, les viperes diuers
En leur couleur, serpens les plus peruers.
Mais ces serpens tous sortis de l’Auern
N’osent bouger, alors qu’en sa cauerne
Elymant entre, & sujects à ses loix
Dessouz ses piedz il[s] se couchent par fois.
Au bout de l’antre vn fier dragon esclaire,
Et de qui l’œil rend la seule lumiere
Qui se voit là, le iour diuin n’y luit,
[Ny] les flambeaux de l’ombrageuse nuit.
Il n’y a point de fenestre en cet antre
Par qui dedans le Soleil diuin entre,
Tout est fermé au iour, à la douceur,
Tout est ouuert à la mort, à l’horreur,
Rien ny reluit que les viues prunelles
De maints serpens aux pointures mortelles.
En vn des coins de cet antre inhuman
Maint liure on voit qui souuent en la main*
Elymant porte, & sa verge on aduise
Dont les esprits il appelle & maistrise.
L’on voit aupres mille testes de morts,
Les os blanchis de mille & mille corps,
Qui ont receu des viuans telle iniure
Que n’auoir eu en terre sepulture,
L’vn desur l’autre, à demy ja mangez
Du temps goulu, on les voit arrangez,
Comme arrangez en forme rehaussee,
Estoit iadis mainte pile sechee,
De bois ardent, quand on bruloit les corps,
D’vn soin pieux des sepulcrables morts:
Le fin vieillard souuent les fait resoudre
Ores en eau, ores en froide poudre,
Et bien souuent les mesle en ses fureurs
Auec le suc des herbes & des fleurs,
Afin d’en faire vne poudre secrette,
Dont le cruel rend la terre deserte
En l’espanchant sur son sein qui encor
Jette le bled qui prend la couleur d’or:
De ce vieillard la robbe coustumiere
Est de peaux d’Ours, ou d’vne louue fiere.
Voilà le lieu où demeure Elymant,
Qui peut guérir ton amoureux tourment.

FAVSTE
Allons le voir: je croy que sa science
Peut apporter à mon mal allegance.
Faut tout remede en amour esprouuer,
Car rien trop bon on ne peut y trouuer.  [Sortent Fauste et Frontin.]

LE CHŒUR
Durant la saison [n]ouuelle"
Le roux aspic renouuelle
Sa peau vieille au teint de gris,
Le pré reprend sa verdure:
Mais celuy tousiours endure,
Qui de l’amour est épris.
Le rocher froit & sauuage
Se sent descharger de [naige]",
La glace y fond peu à peu,
La mer n’est tousiours cruelle:
Mais l’Amour sans fin bourrelle
Les cœurs espris de son feu.
Le bœuf à l’espaule forte
Le ioug sans cesse ne porte:
Le bouuier lassé s’endort:
Le nautonnier prent haleine:
Mais des amoureux la peine
Ne finit que par la mort.
Lors que le Soleil esclaire
L’Aurore perd la riuiere
De ses ordinaires pleurs:
Niobé tousiours ne pleure:
Mais l’amant sans fin demeure
Pressé de mille douleurs.

Orig. “ouuelle”.
Orig. “inage”.
Le chien le repos embrasse

Après avoir fait la chasse:

Le loup repose son corps:

Bref toute chose sommeille,

Fors l’amant qu’Amour reueille

De l’horreur de mille morts.
ACTE SECOND. [fol. 351']

Hector Cheualier.  Arbuste vieille.
Elymant Magicien.  Fauste Pasteur.
Diane Bergere.  Iullie Bergere.

HECTOR [en entrant]

Qvel nouueau feu? quelle nouuelle enuie
Troublent les iours de ma dolente vie?
Quel changement de climat & d’humeur
Brouille mon ame, & attriste mon cœur?
O mille fois inconstantes les choses
Que ce grand ciel tient en son cerne encloses!
Rien d’asseuré ne demeure icy bas
Que la frayeur du pallissant trespas.
Le ciel confus fait eschanger de place
Aux petits feux qui luissent sur sa face,
Les fait mouuoir, quitter leur seiour vieu,
Et bien souuent faire eschange de lieu,
L’air bien serain, & de riant visage,
Change en vn rien sa douceur en orage,
Gronde, foudroye, & en craintiue peur
Tient des mortels & l’esprit & le cœur.
La mer tranquille ayant la face belle
En vn instant deuient fiere & cruelle,
Bondit d’horreur, & iusqu’au front des cieux
Fait rejallir ses flots iniurieux,
Sifle murmure, & maint escailleux monstre
Parmy ses flots sa teste horrible montre.
L’homme qui est de nature parfait,
Et pour regir tous les animaux fait,
D’vn vif esprit, pere d’experience,
Où bien souuent seiourne la prudence,
Fort, braue, fin, de nature dispos,
Dont sages sont les faits & les propos,
Qui participe à toutes les natures
Viues ou non, des autres creatures,
Et bref qui est icy bas comme vn Dieu,
Change souuuent de nature & de lieu,
D’air de pais, & de neuf se gouuerne,
Veu t voir la terre & la mer qui l’encerne:
Mais en changeant son climat frequenté,
Il change aussi souuuent de volonnté.
Bien que de luy l’esprit ne soit muable,
Il suit pourtant nostre corps variable,
Souuuent s’accorde à noz affection,
Suit noz desirs, noz vœux, noz passions.
Comme l’on voit la blanche bergerie
Suivre le bouc qui marche en la prairie,
Estant tousiours à la teste & au front
Du blanc troupeau qui le suit tout du long.
S’il fait vn pas tout le troupeau l’imiter,
S’il fuit pourche chacun se met en fuite,
S’il va beellant le troupeau beelle aussi,
Et s’il s’arreste, il s’arreste trancy:
Ainsi l’esprit qui deust estre conduite
A nostre corps, le plus souuuent l’imiter,
Et l’imitant change ordinairement
Comme le corps sujet au changement.
Ha ie l’espreuue! ayant changé de place,
Je change aussi de nature & de face.
La mer m’ayant en ce desert ietté,
Jette hors de moy la vieille volonté
Qui me guidoit souz la faueur des armes,
Au plus cruel des combats & alarmes:
Mais, las, depuis i’ay de vouloir changé,
Et loin de moy ce desir estrangé!
Ainsi iadis Hercul honneur de Grece
Changea de cœur, d’ardeur & de promesse,
D’habits, de mœurs, de voix, de volonnté,
Pour adorer d’Iole la beauté.
J’en fais de mesme, & ma valeur guerriere
Change en l’amour d’une simple bergere.

Le ne suis plus cet Hector renommé
Qui paroissoit dedans vn camp armé,
De qui le front rougi de viue audace,
Plantoit au coeur de l’ennemy la glace:
Le ne suis plus cet Hector genereux
Qui dans le front de Mars injurieux
Graua iadis par la pointe acere
De son estoc sa memoire honoree:
Le ne suis plus heritier du beau nom
Du grand Hector, ny de son vf renom,
Mais bien plustost ie chemine en la trace
Du mol Paris, veuf de sang & d’audace.
Superbe Amour, maintenant ie coignois
A mon malheur, que souz tes dures loix
Le ciel flechit, que ta grande puissance
Jusqu’es enfers se trouue en reuerence:
La mer te craint, & la terre souz toy
Tremble de peur & halette d’effroy.
Le le cognois, las! mais quoy? ce n’est honte
D’estre vaincu par vn Dieu qui surmonte
Tous les humains, & force glorieux
Le grand Iuppin d’abandonner les cieux
Pour s’en venir en ceste terre basse
Faire l’amour aux Nymphes qu’il pourchass[e]..."
Aimant les yeux, ou plustost deux flambeaux
Du vif Phœbus, de deux beaux pastoureaux:
Si i’aime aussi vne bergere belle,
De qui la face est sainte comme celle
Ou de Pallas, de Iunon, ou Cypris,
Pour cela doy-ie estre en aimant repris?
Non, c’est honneur d’aimer, cherir & suiure
Ce que parfait la nature fait viure.
Toute beauté peut noz cœurs enflammer,
Et peut noz yeux contraindre de l’aimer.
Mais, las! voicy celle qui tient rauie
En son amour la vigueur de ma vie.

IULLIE [en entrant]
O que puissant le celeste pouuoir
De l’immortel à noz yeux se fait voir!
Combien il rend de viue experience
De la hauteur de sa sainte puissance!
Le ciel qui tourne à noz saisons humain,
Fut fait par luy d’vne puissante main:
Vn mot tout seul de sa voix glorieuse
En composita la face lumineuse,
Le separant des flots marins salez,
Et de la terre ensemblement meslez.
Jl luy donna pour sa robbe nociere
Vn bleu[manteau où la claire lumiere
Du beau Soleil superbe se respand
En mille feux, chacun vif & ardent.
Ce ciel basty d’vne main si puissante
Se sent regir par vne autre prudente:
Car en son rang Phœbus on voit tousiours
A pas ailez qui commence son cours,
La nuit le suiure, & les feux en leur place,
Ayant chacun lumineuse la face,

43 A variant spelling of “bleu”; see Huguet, s.v.
Chacun ayant son naturel pouuoir
Sans l’vn sur l’autre ardants se faire voir,
Sans se confondre, & par vn lourd desordre
Entremesler vn si concordant ordre,
Que l’Eternel d’vn pouuoir glorieux
A, les creant, estably parmy eux.
L’œil peut bien voir ceste voute diuine,
L’esprit en peut entendre l’origine,
Mais non sçauoir combien il doit parfait
Durer en estre, & dequoy Dieu l’a fait.
De ce beau [c]iel’vn air courtois distile,
Qui rend la terre à noz labeurs fertile,
Qui nous fait viure, & qui rend à noz corps
Le sang, l’ardeur, & les frequents accordz:
Par le bien fait de ce ciel qu’on admire
Comme diuin le corps mortel respire,
L’arbre fleurit, la terre rend couuert
Souz sa faueur son beat sein tout de vert.
Apres le ciel on voit la terre verte
De mille fleurs, de mille fruits couuerte,
Tous differents de goust & de saueur,
Bien que pareils en nature & grosseur,
Comme pareils sont les hommes d’essence,
De qui les fronts sont pleins de difference.
De ceste terre où l’on marche tousiours,
Que l’on remue & creuse tous les iours,
L’homme ne peut cognoistre la matiere
Dont elle est faite en sa rondeur entiere:
Il cognoist bien son pouuoir, son credit,
Son naturel, sa valeur par son fruit:
Il sçait comment il peut bien de sterile
Par son labeur la faire estre fertile,
Il sçait comment il la faut engraisser,
Becher, semer, & par fois terrasser,
Mais il ne peut en son ame imparfaite
Juger dequoy ceste grand masse est faite:
Dieu seul le sçait qui en est createur,
Et qui se rend de toute chose authur.
Apres aussi on voit la mer feconde
Qui de ses bras ceint ceste terre ronde,
Qui roule autour de ce bas globe enclos
Sans le noyer au milieu de ses flots.
Mer qui nourrit en son ventre pariuere
Mille poissons de diuerse nature,
Qui sont poissons de mesme estre venus,
Et toutefois tous differents cagneus,
Soit en grosseur, soit en goust ou en forme,
L’un est plaisant, l’autre sale & diforme,
Portant le corps de monstres imparfaits,
Que la nature en ses erreurs a faits :
Car la nature en ses effects cornue,
Est bien souvent imparfaite cagneue,
Qui monstre assez que par sus elle vn Dieu
Regit le cours de ce terrestre lieu,
Qu’il est parfait, & parfait luy abonde
L’ordre qu’il tient à gouuerner le monde:
De ceste mer on voit courir souuent,
Bruire & bondir les flots enflez du vent,
Mugir de rage, & blancs d’escume amere:
Comme l’on voit mugir d’aspre cholere
Le fier taureau, bugler, courir, poussé
De la fureur qui le rend insensé,
Ores il passe vn creux estang à nage,
Ores il court dans vn desert sauage,
Ores amont les superbes costaux,
Ores parmy les mugissants troupeaux,
Quand du lion la pate furieuse
Luy a rauy sa genisse amoureuse
Qu’il va cherchant, halletant furieux
Le front, la bouche, & le sein escumeux.
Ainsi les flots de la pariure amie
Du vieil Pelops, sont poussé de furie,
Ceste mer porte vn millier de basteaux,
Et ce pendant nul ne peut de ses eaux
Ny de son cours comprendre l’excellence,
Ny la matiere où elle prit essence:
Son seul autheur à qui rien n’est caché,
De ceterreur ne se trouue empesché.
Voilà combien on rencontre admirable
En tous ses faits ce grand Dieu redoutable,
Qui nourrit tout par vn conseil prudent
Ce qui du iour va le front regardant,
De qui la iuste & sainte prouidence
Rend tout parfait aux rais de sa prudence.
Le ciel benit son nom victorieux,
L’enfer le craint, & ces terrestres lieux
Vont l’honorant: il n’est herbe si vaine,
Ver si petit, qui son loz ne tesmoigne,
Et qui ne rende, armé, nourry, vestu
Par son secours, preuue de sa vertu.
Tout vit souz luy, & les feres superbes
Soulent leur fain du suc pleureux des herbes,
Les oysillons vivent des espics meurs,
Le poisson d’eau & l’auette de fleurs.
Voilà combien immortelle est la cure
De ce grand Dieu, qui d’vne nourriture
Aux animaux de contraire appetit,
[Va donnant] repas jusques au plus petit.
C’est ce grand Dieu que tout seul ie desire
Aimer, seruir, honorer & benire:
Son amour seul tient mon cœur allumé,
Et rien que luy n’est de mon ame aimé:

45 Orig. “Donnant”. This gives at best elliptical grammar, and the addition of “Va” not only suits Montreuex’s idiom (see, e.g., above, ll. 1209, 1261 and 1274) but also arguably gives a better line metrically.
Car tout amour qui tire son essence
Du vain suject d’une basse puissance,
Meurt tout soudain, comme passe leger
Durant l’orage vn esclair passager:
Le suject mort, d’où l’amour prenoit vie,
Faut bien aussi que l’amour soit rauie.
L’amour diuin est seul qui ne meurt point,
Car le suject n’en scauroit estre esteint:
Tousiours en regne immortelle la flamme
Dans nostre coeur, dans noz sens, dans nostre ame:
Et ce sainct feu agreable nous rend
A celuy-là, de qui son estre il prend.
Voilà pourquoi au seul amour j’aspire,
Qui noz esprits à l’Immortel attire,
Et en gardant mes troupeaux par ces bois,
Je veux donner mon flageol & ma voix
A racontter de l’Eternel la gloire,
De qui l’amour seul vit en ma memoire. [Sort Iullie.]

HECTOR
Ha qu’ay je ouy? je suis desesperé!
Ce cœur de glace est vn roc emmuré
De cruauté, de desdain & de rage,
Où ie voy peint l’horreur de mon dommage!
Mais ie m’en vay tout lassé m’approcher
Du pied retors de ce ferme rocher[;].
Puis que l’amour sans repos me martyre, [fol. 355v],
Ne doy je pas mes complaintes redire?
ECHO, dire.
N’est-ce pas toy Echo qui m’as ouy?
ECHO, ouy.
Or sus dy-moy: doit mon espoire reuiure?
ECHO, viure.

No punctuation in the original.
Et quel sera mon mal d’antiquité?
ECHO, quitté.
Puis-je esperer que l’Amour me contente?
ECHO, tente.
Qu’apportera son desdain absenté?
ECHO, santé.
Et le suject dont je brusle d’enuie?
ECHO, vie.
Que doy-je attendre en mon fier desespoir?
ECHO, espoir.
Et en l’amour qui me rend en mesaise?
ECHO, aise.
Et du desir qui me rend mal-heureux?
ECHO, heureux.
Doit donc le ciel mon attente refaire?
ECHO, faire.
Le puis-je voir ma douleur terminer?
ECHO, miner.

O bien-heureux: il faut que ie me chante
Sous la faueur d’vne si douce attente!
Je veux le mal loin de mes iours chasser,
Et l’esperance heureuse rembrasser,
Puis que ce Dieu qui dans ce roc habite,
Daigne seruir à mes iours de conduite.
Il faut d’vn Dieu le presage estimer,
Et son oracle indubitable aimer.

ARBUSTE [en entrant]
O fol amant de croire en la parole
De ce rocher, où sejourne l’eschole
Du songe vain, dont Morphee est seigneur,
Où du sommeil est le lict deceueur!
Hé penses-tu qu’vne roche inhumaime,
Sans sentiment, sans force, sans haleine
Et sans pouuoir, puisse apporter vn iour
Par ses propos remede à ton amour?
Le grand Iuppin, qui seul regit les astres,
Qui peut tout seul terminer noz desastres,
Et qui commande aux immortels esprits,
Ne le peut faire estant d’amour épris,
Estant suject de ceste viue flamme,
Qui, comme au tien, s’allume dans son ame.
Penses-tu donc qu’un rocher insensé,
Du foudre ardant à toute heure blessé,
Qu’un roc espois, sans sentiment, sans vie,
Puisse guarir le mal qui t’injurie?
O pouure fol, si en ce roc tu crois!
Car d’Apollon la fatidique voix
Le plus souvent est mesme tromperesse,
Bien que d’un Dieu tant fameux elle naissse,
Et de lepping, le grand Dieu des humains,
Tousjours ne sont les oracles certains:
Le plus souvent ils deçoiuent les hommes,
Et des esprits souuent trompez nous sommes.
Penses-tu donc que la voix d’un rocher
Puisse ton mal violent estancher?
Tu es deceu, & l’amoureuse peine
N’est si aisee à guarir inhumaine.
Car rien ne peut forcer vne beauté
Que nous aimons, d’auoir la volonté
Deux cœurs en vn, & deux esprits ensemble.
Ny des deuins les charmes deceueurs,
Ny le suc vert de cent diuerses fleurs,
Ny la liqueur des racines superbes,
Ny le iust mol des renaissantes herbes,
Ny les lauriers charmez de mots diuers
Sous l’oreiller arrangez de trauers,
La sierge vierge en eschelle haussee,
Et sous l’oreille en sommeillant posee,

47 I.e., “jus” (attested variant).
48 I.e., “cierge” (attested variant).
Ny tous le vœux que l’on offre sans bruit,  

Lors que le iour dans le ciel ne reluit,  

Les pieds tous nuds, la teste escheuelee,  

Le sein ouuert à la Lune estoilee,  

Ny la douceur d’vn poème emprunté,  

D’vn chaud breuage, ou d’vn os alaitté,  

Ny de mille os, qui n’ont eu sepulture,  

La poudre seche à la blanche teinture,  

Meslee avec mille diuerses eaux,  

Ne rendent sains les amoureux trauaux:  

Et ne sçauroient nous donner esperance,  

D’auoir vn iour heureuse iouissance  

De noz desirs; car tout cela ne sert  

Que de regret du temps que l’on y pert,  

Puis que l’Archer qui les Dieux mesme domte,  

De ces erreurs ne daigne faire conte.

HECTOR

Hé dy moy donc comme ie puis vn iour,  

Cuellir les fruicts de mon cruel amour?  

Dy moy comment on peut l’amour esprendre  

En celle-là qu’on veut pour Dame prendre?

ARBVSTE

L’amour n’est rien qu’vn souhait vif & doux,  

Qui d’vn effort s’allume dedans nous,  

Qui s’y esprend de la chose presente  

Que l’œil fait estre à notre ame plaisante.  

Ce qu’on ne voit digne d’estre estimé,  

Ne peut aussi estre de l’ame aimé.  

L’amour par l’œil (comme par la fenestre  

On voit le iour) entre & se fait coignoistre:  

A noz esprits il vient soudainement,  

Et quelquefois s’allume lentement.  

L’amour soudain d’vne premiere flamme,  

Que iette vn œil s’allume dans nostre ame,
Ou s'y esprend avec le cours des ans;
Et ce dernier y reste plus long temps:
Car la parole, & la longue constance,
Qui rend aux cœurs certaine connoissance,
D'un même veiul, mesmes moeurs, & que tel
Est composé leur commun naturel,
Rend un amour si constant & fidele,
Qu'il ne meurt point que par la mort cruelle;
C'est un désir qui pareil se fait voir
En deux esprits qu'il tient sous son pouvoir:
Et ce désir en maints soucis se change,
Lors que le temps à l'aider ne se range,
Lors qu'il ne peut par le mal-heur contraint,
Estre accompli, & que la peur l'extinct.
Voilà d'où vient l'éternelle misère
Du ferme amant, qui transi desespère,
Et qui ne voit, de cent frayeurs remplies,
De mille maux, son désir accompli.
Car si les cœurs, si les âmes fatales
Ne sont en moeurs & volontés égales,
Et si plaisans, si beaux, si gracieux
En se voyans ne s'estiment les yeux;
Tout l'or du monde, & toute la puissance
Des cieux divins, & toute la prudence
Qui regne icy, ne sçauoient allumer
Aucun amour qui nous force d'aimer.
L'amour divin, & de forme divine,
Ne reçoit point ny raison, ny doctrine;
Il ne peut estre en feuilletant appris,
Como un sçauoir qui peut estre compris;
Il vit en nous, il a sur nous puissance,
Sans que l'on puisse entendre son essence,
D'où il est fait, & qu'elle est de son corps
La forme vive, & les frequens accords:
Nous sentons bien qu'en autre il nous transforme,
Que nostre esprit par luy change de forme
Et de grossier, d’ignorant, d’imparfait,
Brusque & sçauant en vn rien il est fait;
Car tout [amant] que l’Amour illumine,
Porte tousiours vn ame plus divine,
Vn coeur [plus] noble, vn front plus estimé
Que celuy-là qui n’a iamais aimé.
Amour est donc père de gentillesse,
Les plus couards il arme de prouesse,
Les ignorans aux doctes il fait voir
Pleins de prudence, & divins en sçauoir.
Pallas qui eut sur les Titans victoire,
Au prix de luy, est indigné de gloire,
Mars, Apollon, Iunon, Venus, les Sœurs,
Au prix de luy, sont indignes d’honneurs:
Car sans l’Amour, le ciel est sans puissance,
Et la terre est despourvue d’essence;
C’est le lien qui les choses conjoint,
C’est la sainte eau qui le discord estieint:
Par luy les Dieux ont receu l’ame & l’estre,
Et les mortels viuans il fait paroistire,
Sans luy le ciel seroit vuid de Dieux,
Sans luy seroient sans hommes ces bas lieux,
Rien n’auroit vie, & la terre seulette
De tous viuans se trouueroit deserte.
Mais cet Amour recompense icy bas
Tout le meschef qu’apporte le trespas,
Et de la mort il refait le dommage
Multipliant nostre mortal lignage:
Mais ce grand bien à tous biens inegal,
Ne s’acquiert pas sans souffrir bien du mal,
Sans travailler, & sans desesperee
Porter son ame & sa face esplorée [sic].
Cela le fait sentir plus doux encor:

49 Orig. “amant amant”.
50 “Plus” is likewise doubled in the original.
1745 Car plus de mal fait souffrir vn thresor
1746 Pour l’acquerir[,] plus il est d’excellence,
1747 Lors que de luy nous auons iouissance.
1748 Faut donc souffrir presque iusqu’au mourir,
1749 Auant qu’on puisse vn thresor acquerir
1750 Tel que l’amour, qui d’vn trait recompense
1751 Tous noz travaux, & nous donne allegance.
1752 Mais ie pourray rendre quelque secours
1753 A tes douleurs, à tes neuues amours,
1754 Si tu me veux faire cognoistre celle
1755 Que le ciel rend à tes desirs cruelle.

HECTOR
1756 Si tu le fais, ie te veux pour guerdon
1757 De ce ruby excellent faire don:
1758 Et quand i’auray hanté ceste contree,
1759 Conduit, mené des troupeaux en la pree,
1760 Où ie voy celle où repose mon heur,
1761 Pour elle fait de Cheualier, pasteur,
1762 Pour vn tel bien, à ma douleur propice
1763 Je te donray vne grasse genisse,
1764 Deux gras aigneaux, & durant tous mes iours
1765 Content i’iray benissant ton secours.

ARBVSTE
1766 Mais laissons là ceste belle richesse,
1767 Et seulement nomme moy ta maistresse:
1768 Car plus cruel son ame mille fois
1769 Apparoistra que les feres des bois,
1770 Son coeur plus dur qu’vne roche hautaine,
1771 Si mes propos ne la rendent humaine.
1772 Je sçay comment faut ces coeurs adoucir,
1773 Je sçay au bal de ma langue flechir
1774 Les ieunes coeurs, que la saincte nature
1775 Rend de l’amour l’heureuse nourriture.
1776 J’ay des long temps ce mestier commencé,
Et ramolly maint courage offencé.
Je sçay que c’est; le temps & la science
M’en ont donné parfaite cognoissance.

HECTOR
Ha tes propos si remplis de sçauoir
Sage te font ores apperceuoir,
Et les discours que ton esprit enfante,
Te font par tout cognoistre pour sçauante,
Ce qui me fait attendre en mes amours
Beaucoup de bien, de ton sage secours:
Car l’aage vieil, pere d’experience,
Nous rend ornez de parfaite science,
Et les vieillards d’erreur ne sont surpris
En l’art qu’ils ont des leur ieunesse appris.
Cognois tu pas ceste Nymphe iolie,
Dite par tout la superbe Jullie,
Belle, prudente, & de qui la beauté
N’a point d’egale au monde merité?
C’est celle-là qui tient captif mon ame.

ARBVSTE
O que d’amour cruelle t’est la flamme!
O que peruers il est à ton bon-heur!
O qu’il r’esclost de funeste mal-heur!
Car celle-là qu’il te donne pour Dame,
Ne sçait que c’est de l’amoureuse flamme;
Elle est cruelle, & son farouche cœur
Ne sçait que vaut l’amoureuse douceur:
Elle ne veut tant seulement entendre
Ce qui luy peut les loix d’Amour apprendre;
C’est vn rocher qui ne s’esbranle point:
C’est vn esprit que le desir n’espoint,
Bref c’est vn cœur ennemy de soy-mesme,
1807 Qui hait l’Amour que tout [aimant]" aime.
1808 Mais c’est tout vn; ie veux dedans ce iour
1809 L’aller trouuer: car peut-estre qu’Amour
1810 Aura brisé l’orgueil de ceste fille,
1811 Qui ne se veut sous luy rendre seruile.

HECTOR
1812 Je veux auoir esperance en ta foy.

ARBVSTE
1813 Laisse moy faire, & te repose en moy.

HECTOR
1814 Mais tu cognois l’affaire difficile.

ARBVSTE
1815 Amour la peut rendre douce & facile.

HECTOR
1816 Mais si l’Amour n’a pouuoir sur son cœur?

ARBVSTE
1817 De toute chose Amour est le vainqueur.

HECTOR
1818 Mais la raison est quelquefois plus forte.

ARBVSTE
1819 Jl n’y a rien que la saison n’apporte.

HECTOR
1820 Qui peut forcer vn cœur libre, d’aimer?

51 Orig. “animant”, improbable on the grounds of both meaning and metre.
Le même feu qui nous peut enflammer.

Mais, las, d’amour égale n’est la flamme!

Comme fait l’homme, aussi aime la femme.

Mais leur amour est souvent différent.

Non est, alors que soigneux on s’en rend.

L’amour ne peut forcer une chaste âme.

Son feu diuin les immortels enflamme.

Peut-il forcer un esprit généreux?

Il le peut bien, puis qu’il force les Dieux.

Mais il ne peut, dis-tu, rien sur Iullie.

Ce qui n’est pas peut un jour avoir vie.

“[S]oigneux”: probably used in the now-obsolete sense of “soucieux” (see Huguet, s.v. “soigneux”).
HECTOR

Ha, ie n’ay point d’esperance en ce bien!

ARBVSTE

L’heur nous suruient, lors qu’on n’espere rien.

HECTOR

Sur toy ie veux ma fortune remettre,
Fay ton secours à mon besoin cognoistre,
Et me remets l’attente, si tu peux.

ARBVSTE

Je le feray auec l’aide des Dieux. [Sortent Hector et Arbvuste.]

[Entrent Élymant, Fauste and Frontin]¹

ELYMANT

Puis que mon art, qui regne en asseurance
Parmi les Dieux, vous est en reuerence;
Que son secours vous voulez rechercher
Pour au besoin voz mal-heurs estancher,
Que vous auez la creance certaine
Qu’il peut guarir vostre amoureuse peine[;]²
Et par mes vers horriblement charmez,
Pleins de furie, & de rage animez,
Chasser au loin le mal qui [v]ous⁵ bourrelle,
Ou rendre douce a voz vœux ceste belle
Qui mesprisant la puissance des Dieux,
Rit de vous voir pour elle mal-heureux[;]³
Je ne veux pas pour doubler vostre peine

¹ A change of scene must take place.
² Full stop in the original.
³ Orig. “nous”, which would be just possible but is more likely erroneous.
⁴ Again, full stop in the original.
Rendre aujourd’hui vostre esperance vaine,
Vain vostre espoir, & perdu vostre temps
Mais bien vous rendre en voz amours contens,
Vous en verrez tantost l’experience,
Et combien peut la magique science.
Mais ne soyez d’aucune crainte épris
Encor qu’icy accourent les esprits.
Pour appeller les Demons de l’Auerne,
Et ceux du ciel, à l’entour de ce cerne,
Je vux en rendre invincibles les bords,
Par mille mots qui font trancir les morts.
Jcy Phœbus descouure sa lumiere,
Jcy se plonge en sa couche ordinaire,
Septentrion de ce costé ie voy,
Et le Midy de l’autre j’apperçoy.
Mais sus, auant Diane au ciel sacree,
Duine en terr[e], es Enfers adoree,
Lune au haut ciel, Diane en ces forests
Pleines d’esmail, Hecate aux noirs Enfers,
Sus, aide moy à parfaire mes charmes,
Au bruit grondant de mes magiques carmes.
Et vous esprits qui dans l’air demeurez,
Qui bien souuent fiérement murmurez,
Lors que meslez parmy le fier tonnerre,
Vous imprimez la terreur sur la terre.
Ailez esprits, qui çà & là marchez,
Et sous des peaux differentes chachez,
Trompez souuent nostre veüe effrayée
Durant le iour, & la nuict estoillee,
Esprits puissants, comme lors que formez
De l’Eternel vous fustes animez,
Mais plus chetifs, priuez par vostre faute
Du sainct sejour de la deïté haute.

Orig. “terrr”.
Et vous esprits, qui cachez dans la mer
Faites souvent les vaisseaux abysmer,
Quand la tempeste à flots cruels outrage
La creuse mer qui bouillonne de rage;
Parmy l’orage & les vents & les flots
Le plus souvent vous demeurez enclos,
Pour engloutir l’infortuné nauire,
Qui de Thetis fait espreuue de l’ire.
Cruels espr\[i\]ts", accourez, accourez,
Et mes desseins promptement secourez:
Quittez la mer au nautonnier tranquille,
Puis que vostre aide ores ie cherche vtile:
Et me venez prester vostre secours,
Qui par vous peux du ciel changer le cours.
Et vous esprits, qui pour faire la guerre
Aux animaux demeurez sur la terre,
Empoisonnans les herbes & les fleurs,
Et coignoissans des simples les valeurs:
Esprits malins, qui aux palles sorcieres
Auez appris les poudres mortuaires,
Et les venins dont elles font perir
Les fruicts my-meurs, & les hommes mourir,
Dont elles font d’vne rage cruelle
Tarir le laict en la pleine mamelle,
Secher les corps des animaux lassez,
Par ce venin inhumain offencez.
Et vous esprits qui gardez dans la terre
Tous les thresors que sa poitrine enserre,
Qui demeurez es mines des metaux,
Et aux mortels apportez mille maux:
Cruel esprts, affamez d’auarice,
Qui rapportez parmy nous l’injustice,
Et le desir ardent de posseder
Mille thresors, que vous souliez garder.

58  Orig. “esprts”. 
Et vous Demons, que le Dieu de l’Auerne
Le noir Pluton, horriblement gouuerne;
Esprits d’Enfer qui d’un œil de trauers,
Pouuez changer le cours de l’Vniuers.
Esprits ailez, de nature subtile,
A qui rien n’est sous les cieux difficile.
Esprits cruels, qui gesnez es bas lieux
Des condemnez les esprits vicieux
Qui rotissez cruellement les ames
Et les plongez aux infernales flammes[,] 
Je vous invoque, & d’un carme trancy
D’aspre frayeur ie vous appelle icy.
Accourez tous, comme court eschappee
Parmy les bois la genisse frappee
Du feu du ciel, elle tombe de peur,
Et tous ses pas chancellent de frayeur.
Ha ie vous voy, ô troupe criminelle!
O noirs esprits! bande fiere & cruelle!
Je vous saluë, & veux vous consulter.
Ne vous laissez ce pendant emporter
A la frayeur, enfans, dont l’ame atteinte
Est, que ie croy, de pantelante crainte:
Nul n’oseroit vous faire vn mauvais tour,
Sans crainte donc attendez mon retour. [Sort Elymant.]

FAVSTE

Le meurs Frontin, & la peur qui m’affolle
M’a ja trancy la tremblante parole[.]
Je n’en puis plus, & de frayeur épris
le tremble aux pas de ces cruels esprits.

FRONTIN

Mesme frayeur me pallist le visage,
Mais si faut-il que nous ayons courage,
Et trauerser ceste cruelle peur,
Puis que ce fait esteint nostre mal-heur.
FAVSTE

Mais voy comment Elymant, de qui palle
Branle le front, superbement leur parle,
Comme il les tance, il semble qu’ils ont peur,
Au lieu qu’il deust trespasser de frayeur.

FRONTIN

C’est son sçauoir, sa magique science,
Qui desur eux luy rend telle puissance,
Jl les contraint par ses magiques vers,
De le seruir, bien que fiers & pervers.

ELYMANT [en rentrant]

Sus, que chacun en son lieu s’en retourne,
Je n’ay besoin qu’un seul de vous sejourne
Aupres de moy, allez Demons allez,
Et parmy l’air outrageux reuolez,
Dans les Enfers soudainement descend
D’vn pied leger ceste autre noire bande:
Retirez vous, il me plaist, ie le veux,
Et vous pasteurs ardens de ma science,
Et que vostre œil puisse clairement voir
Combien diuin est mon rare sçauoir.
De ceste roche horriblement hautaine,
Je veux qu’il coule vne douce fontaine,
De vin clairet, la touchant seulement,
De ce bois sec, pere d’enchantement;
De ceste verge aux esprits redoutable,
Qui rend par tout ma science honorable:
Et du pied sec de ce ferme costau,
Je veux qu’il sorte vne fontaine d’eau,
Puis d’une voix eprise de furie,
Je veux que l’une & l’autre soit tarie.
Le veux aprés aux souspirs de mes vers
Faire coucher ce lion de trauers,
Cet ours velu & ce tygre sauuage,
Et comme morts leur raurir le courage;
Pour vous montrer que ie commande aux cieux,
Et aux Enfers & aux terrestres lieux;
Que rien ne peut eschapper la puissance
De mon sçauoir, de ma noire science:
Que tout fremit aux accents de ma voix.

Comme l’on voit trembler dans vn grand bois
La fueille [sic] viue, alors que de la terre
Sortent les vents pour luy faire la guerre.
Mais je veux par effect faire voir
Combien vtile est mon diuin sçauoir,
A celle-fin que mon secours tu vantes,
Et que ma gloire aux suruiuans tu chantes.

Celle qui tient les esprits affamez
Du fruict d’Amour, viuement enflammez,
Qui pour se rendre à tes desirs cruelle
A cent desdains fierement te bourrelle,
Aime vn pasteur qui Nymphis est nommé
Et cet amour rend le tien consommé:
Car ie te rens ta Diane ennemie
Pour ne vouloir estre de deux amie.
Croy de certain que pendant que son cœur
Sera bruslé des yeux de ce pasteur,
Et cependant que son ame amoureuse
Sera de luy viuement desireuse,
Que tu ne peux receuoir aucun bien
De ton amour, ny rompre ton lien:
Et que iamais ceste cruelle Dame
N’aura pitié des ardeurs de ton ame,
Car Nymphis seul est son desir plus cher,
Son seul amour elle veut rechercher,
Car on ne vit iamais loger entieres
En vn seul cœur, deux amitiez contraires:
Et l’on ne peut autre suject aimer
Que celuy-là qui peut nous enflammer
D’vn vif désir d’en avoir iouissance,
Car ce désir surpasse l’excellence
De tous desirs, & rien en ces bas lieux
N’est saïnt & doux que le fruict amoureux.
Mais pour guarir le mal qui te bourrelle,
Et pour t’aider en ton amour cruelle,
A celle-fin que tu tiennes tes iours,
Et ton salut de mon alme secours,
Tien, pren ceste eau: elle a telle efficace
Qu’elle te peut faire changer de face,
De teint, de port, & d’vn pouuoir exquis,
Te rendre tel que le pasteur Nymphis.
Ton front sera à son front tout semblable,
Et, comme il est, à Diane agreable:
Tu porteras de Nymphis la beauté,
Ses yeux, son front, sa graue majesté:
Diane alors iettant sur toy le veüe,
Par ce nouueau enchantement deceüe,
Comme Nymphis fidele t’aimera,
Et ton vouloir ardente elle fera.
Ainsi content & riche d’allegeance,
T’aura rendu ma magique science;
Ainsi content & gay en tes amours
T’aura rendu mon celeste secours:
Et d’Elymant la magique science
Aura paru saine à ton allegeance.
Fay donc ain[si]" si tu veux te guarir,
Et par mon art ta douleur secourir:
Pendant, au tour des Demons de l’Auerne
Mes compagnons, ie r’entre en ma cauerne.

59 Orig. “ain”, the sense of which would be doubtful. “Ainsi” recurs throughout this passage, and the typesetter probably neglected to set the second syllable because it was followed by the word “si”.

LA DIANE – RICHARD HILLMAN
Tousjours le Ciel à ton veuil soit dispos,
Et plus divin agrandisse ton los
O bon vieillard! Libistine cruelle
N’empêche point que ne vive immortelle
Ta sainte vie, & qu’à jamais les Cieux
Chantent ton nom des ans victorieux!
Puis que ta main a r’alongé ma vie,
En esteignant ceste amoureuse envie
Qui la tuoit, cent gloires je te rens,
Et à ton los je consacre mes ans,
Mes faits, mes vers, & d’vnne chansonnette
En ton honneur i’enfleray ma musette:
Les rocs, les prez, les bois retentiront
Des vers sacrez que mes cornets diront.
Je reçois donc, ô pere de science,
Le doux remede, & la prompte alleg[en]ce
A ma douleur, de ta divine main,
Et veux tenter le secours dès demain.
Mais trop long temps ta belle ame s’ennuie
De noz discours & de nostre folie:
Adieu, bon pere, où gist tout mon amour.

Adieu enfans, adieu iusqu’au retour.
[Sont Elymant d’un côté, Fauste et Frontin de l’autre.]

Que des Pasteurs agreable est la vie,
Lors que l’amour leur repos n’injurie!
O que leurs ans se coulent bien-heureux,

Orig. “allegence”.
No punctuation in the original.
Quand ils ne sont d’autre bien desireux
Que de celuy que la mere nature
Propice apporte à toute creature!
Vn soin bruslant d’auoir le premier rang,
Aupres des Roys ne leur espoint le flanc,
Et des grandeurs la dessechante enuie,
En leur printemps n’empoisonne leur vie:
L’or affamé ne ronge leur plaisir,
Le vain honneur n’empesche leur desir,
Leur cœur n’est point glacé de ialousie,
Ny de chagrin leur belle ame moisie:
Mille proces ne troublent leur repos,
Et le soucy ne rampe dan’s leurs os,
Pour en lecher d’vne langue cruelle,
A longs sacquets, la tremblante moüelle:
Ils ne sont point citez en iugement,
Pour paruirer leur fidele serment,
Et leur penser asseuré ne se fonde
Sur les sermens des demy-dieux du monde;
La trahison, gasté, perdu n’y rend
Ce que nature heureuse leur apprent.
Rien n’est égal à l’excellence pure,
Que nous tenons en don de la nature:
L’art ne l’a fait qu’ensuiure mollement,
Et le sçauoir l’inuite seulement.
Le peintre peut former vn bel image
Luy faire vn corps, luy donner vn visage
Tel que l’on voit que portent les mortels,
Qui sont guidez d’esprits saints immortels;
Mais non qu’il puisse, ainsi que la nature,
Luy donner voix, mouuement & alleure:

62 Orig. “danc”.
63 I.e., “à longs traits” (see Huguet, s.v. “sacquet”).
64 Comma in the original.
65 Orig. “rende”, which is contraindicated by both grammar and rhyme.
Cet art n’est rien que l’ombre seulement
D’un corps, qui vif chemine promptement.
Ainsi ces biens, & ces grandeurs serviles,
Que l’on rencontre es orgueilleuses villes,
Ces vains honneurs, & ces sermens courtois,
Que deceueurs on trouue mille fois,
Ne sont qu’un ombre, vne morte figure,
Au prix du bien que nous rend la nature.
Tout ce que l’œil souhaitte apperceuoir
Qui luy soit doux peut par les champs se voir,
Car là se trouue & la gaye verdure,
Et les doux fruits que la Dame Nature
Fait pendre au bout des tortillez rameaux,
Par qui branchus on voit les arbrisseaux.
Parmy les champs le Diamant qui preuue
Le froit venin, à toute heure se treuue:
Les mesmes champs se rencontrent semez
De vifs rubis, de grands Roys estimez,
Et l’Emeraude à la verte teinture
S’y treuue aussi, & mainte perle dure:
Là l’or se trouue & là maint diuers fruit
Rare & diuin la nature produit:
Non es enclos des citez inhumaines,
Meres de maux, & nourrices de peines,
Où n’y a rien que fausse trahison,
Où le forfait desbauche la raison.
Voyez ces prez espoissis de verdure,
Qu’un esmail, peint de diuerse teinture,
Rend en couleurs, diuersement diuers:
Voyez ces eaux, qui coulent au trauers,
Claires, qui font vn murmure, qui tendre
Le doux sommeil aux animaux engendre,
Voyez le fond de ces ruisseaux gelans,
[fol. 364’]
Peint de couleurs diuerse, au dedans
D’un beau grauier, semé de mainte pierre,
De mille fleurs, qui sortent de la terre.
L’Ambrosie ny le Nectar des Dieux,
Ne sont si doux, chers, ny delici eux,
Que la claire eaue de ces ruisseaux champestres,
Douce boisson de noz deuots ancestres:
La couleur plaist, le goust en est plaisant,
Et la froideur qui noz corps va glaçant.
Le long du iour le beau Soleil, qui vire
Autour du Ciel, à vifs regards s’y mire,
Il voit dedans son front, qui radieux
Rend flamboyant le visage des Cieux:
Il voit ardans les rayons de sa face:
Sur les rochers il voit fondre la glace,
Il voit la terre au feu de sa clarté,
Qui reuerdist & reprend sa beauté:
Et des costaux despouilles de l’orage
Il voit en feu s’alumer le visage.

DIANE [en entrant]
O beau Nymphis, tout se rend adoucy
A nostre ennuy en ces deserts icy,
Et rien ne porte à noz saisons enuie,
Fors ta rigueur qui me priue de vie!
Ne vois-tu pas cent mille & mille fleurs
Ces larges prez bigarer de couleurs?
Fleurs dont chacun d’vne main larronnesse
Son sein embaume, & les tours de la tresse
De ses cheueux, fleurs produites des Dieux,
Pour plaire au nez, à l’esprit, & aux yeux?
Parmi ces fleurs ne vois-tu mille herbettes
Que vont brouttant noz brebis camusettes,
De qui le suc engraisse leur beau corps,
Et mille maux en dechasse dehors:
Qui rend le lait aux vaches, qui lassees
Sont bien souuent sur ces herbes couchees?
Ne vois-tu point sur ces fleurs se percher
La sage auette, & le suc en lecher,
Pour en parfaire en sa ruche emmuree
Le miel doré & la cire honoree?
Voy mille oiseaux, qui sur ces fleurs juchez,
Se font l’amour, bec à bec accrochez,
A tours frequens, sur les herbes nouvelles,
A mille vols, à mille tires d’aisles.
Voy ces doux fruits, dont la rouge beauté,
Sert de témoin des fauereurs de l’Esté,
Rouges & blancs, & de couleur doree,
Qui font honnour à ceste large pree.
Voy comme ils sont à ces branches pendus,
De la chaleur mignonement fendus,
Sur qui la mouche à toute heure volette,
Que maint oiseau sans relasche becquette.
Que doux en est le goust, qui sauoureux
Est plus cortois, plus net, plus amoureux
Que n’est celui de ces fruits misereus,
Qui des seigneurs courent les longues tables:
Car ou flestris ou non assez meuris,
Ou par dedans ils mollissent pourris.
Mais, ô que doux est le fruit que l’on happé
Dans l’arbre vert & plaisante la grappe
Du blanc raisin, qu’en la vigne l’on prend,
Qui sa douceur naturelle ressent:
Par mille mains sales elle ne passe,
Et sa beauté par le temps ne s’efface.
Voilà pourquoi plus longuets sont les ans
Des laboureurs, & plus heureux leur temps,
Que celui-là des Princes que l’envie,
Et le soucy, priuent d’aise & de vie.
Voilà pourquoi Diane aux blonds cheueux,
Mere d’honneur, quitta les launes Cieux,
Pour demeurer dans les forests superbes,
Parmy ces prez, entre les molles herbes.

Voilà pourquoy Venus vint autrefois
Faire l'amour en l'ombre de ces bois,
Lors que d'Adon ardamment amoureuse,
Elle deuint des hauts Cieux dedaigneuse.

Voilà pourquoy tant de Nymphes on voit
Parmy ces bois, dont chacune reçoit
Plus de plaisir en les lieux solitaires
Que les grands Dieux en leurs Cieux ordinaires.

Voy ie te pry' ces superbes costaux,
Enuironnez de cent mille arbrisseaux,
De mille fleurs, de qui la teste verte
Les fait sembler vne forest secrette:

Voy mille oiseaux, qui font leur nids dedans,
Tous differens de plumage & de chants:
Et voy du pied de ces roches hautaines
A gros bouillons courir mille fontaines,
De qui les eaux froides comme glaçons,
Seruent de vin aux folastres garçons,
Qui halletans & sortis de la luite
Prennent sur eux deuers elles la fuite,
Pour appaiser à traits goulus ardans,
L'ardante soif, qui les brusle au dedans:

Ces mesmes eaux arrousent les campagnes,
Les prez couuerts, & le pied des montaignes,
Et de ces eaux s'engendrent quelque fois
Ces fleuues creux, qui cernent les Palais,
Et les Citez, dont les fronts venerables
Sont siz aux bords des riues agreables.

L'on voit chercher à tous les animaux,
Le cours glacé de ces gelantes eaux,
Pour estancher la soif qui les outrage,
Ou pour lauer leurs mains & leur visage,
L'on voit au soir nostre saoulé trouppeau,
S'en retournant aualler de ceste eau,
Ou bien souuent la Lionne outrageuse
S'y tient auide, ou la Biche rameuse.
[en entrant]

Mais voy ces champs par nos mains laboure,
Qui de fourment iaunissent tous dorez:
Voy le beau grain, voy sa paille arrangee
Qui monte en haut, de couleur orangee.
Voy ces espics, qui barbus font encor
Honte au Soleil plus luisans que fin or.
Voy le beau grain qui grossit par mesure,
Par le bien-fait de la mere nature.
Voy les oiseaux qui n’ayans autre soin
Que de la vie, en rauissent maint grain.
Voy la perdrix qui bien souuent y couuve,
Et ses petis, qui sautelans on trouve
Lors qu’on le couppe & que le fer peruers
Le fait tomber en Iuillet à l’enuers.
O du grand Dieu sainte la prouidence,
Saint le pouuoir, & sainte la clemence,
Qui de cet [sic] herbe & de son iaune fruit,
Les corps humains debonnaire nourrit!
O quel plaisir, quand on fagotte ensemble
Ces beaux espics, & lors qu’on les assemble
En mainte gerbe, où le Soleil ardant
A mille rais se mire cependant,
Rendant cent fois par sa clarté doree
Des moisonneurs la poitrine alteree,
Qui souz vn chesne, ou souz vn verd fouteau,
Boient souuent au fond de leur chappeau,
De l’eau coulante, ou vuident par merueille
En quatre traits la joyeuse bouteille:
Franc de la peur d’vn cruel ennemy,
Maint on en trouue en l’ombrage endormy
Du chaut monceau de ses gerbes meslees,
L’vne dans l’autre estroitement colles,
O[u]ndans le fond d’un raboteux fossé,
Ayant le tour d’espines herissé.

O quel plaisir alors que l’on arrange
Ces beaux espics, souz le toict de la grange,
Et que guindez à secoûans cordeaux,
On les arrange à differens monceaux,
Qui font que l’œil reçoit mainte liesse,
En descouurant vne telle richesse:
Et plus encor quand il repose en grain
Dans le grenier, ou au fond de la main!

Pendant qu’on voit la terre qui glacee
Du froid Hyuer, tient la teste abaissee

[En contre-bas]°, n’apportant nulle fleur,
Nul fruit heureux, nulle verte couleur:
Tous les mortels doucement se reposent,
Et de ce grain de viure se proposent,
Grain qui nourrist, comme les laboureurs,
Les puissans Roys, & les grands Empereurs.
Dans les Citez qui desirent paroistre
Braues à l’œil, ce grain on ne voit croistre,
Ny dans les murs des superbes chasteaux,
Où naist le vice, où croissent les trauaux.
Dedans ces lieux-là, vigne tortueuse
Ses seps branchus ne respand amoureuse,
Là ses bourgeons ne s’alongent laineux,
Là son raisin ne se presse vineaux,
Raisin qui rend vne liqueur si chere,
Que celle au prix des grands Dieux est amere,
Vn jus si doux, si clair, si gracieux,
Que rien au prix n’est le Nectar des Dieux:
Là l’on ne voit la pomme douceresse
Pisser le citre, estrainte souz la presse,
La glan n’y croist, ny des larges fo[u]teaux*
Le fruit, qui doux nourrit maints animaux.

NYMPHIS
Laissons cela, & me dy, ô Iullie,
Pourquoi tu as à contre-cœur ma vie?
Que t’ay ie fait pour enuier mes ans,
Et le plaisir qu’en ce monde i’attens,
Lors que t’ayant rendu ferme assurance
De mon amour, de ma viue constance,
Tu me feras mesme bien, mesme don,
Que fit Venus à l’amoureux Adon?

IVLLIE
Auant sans feu qui tousiours nous esclaire,
Sera du iour la dorante lumiere:
Auant sans ciel seront les puissans Dieux,
Et comme nous hostes de ces bas lieux:
Avant la mer sans les ondes salees
Jra montrant ses arenes sechees,
Et sans blancheur auant sera le lys,
Que Iullie aime ou secoure Nymphis.

NYMPHIS
Auant le feu sans son chaud ordinaire,
Nous fera voir sa rougeaste lumiere:
Auant les bois sans fueillages seront:
Auant les prez sans fleurs desecheront:
Auant sans froid sera d’hyuer la glace,
Et des Syluains belle & douce la face:
Sans noir venin sur la terre rampants
Auant seront les tortillez serpents,
Et des rochers la poitrine polie,
Que Nymphis aime autre que sa Jullie.

70 Orig. “fonteaux”.
IVLLIE

2336 Nymphis auant comme Adon perira.
2337 Jullie auant comme Thisbé mourra,
2338 Comme Daphné ell’ changera de forme,
2339 Qu’amour iamais en autruy la transforme.

NYMPHIS

2340 Iullie auant, rauie dans le cieux
2341 Comme Romule, aura quitté ces lieux,
2342 Et son Nymphis auant sera sans vie,
2343 Que son amour il puisse voir rauie.

IVLLIE

2344 Mais tel amour dont tu ne peux sentir
2345 Le iust fruit ne t’est qu’vn repentir,
2346 Qui tes beaux ans ternit en leur ieune aage,
2347 Car tout amour sans fruit est vray dommage.

NYMPHIS

2348 Mais tel amour me fait viure content,
2349 Car mon esprit de iour en iour attent
2350 La guarison de sa peine insensee,
2351 Et la fureur de ton ame appaisee.

IVLLIE

2352 De tel espoir prompt à te martyrer,
2353 Le fruit heureux tu ne peux esperer:
2354 Et malheureuse est l’ame qui espere,
2355 Et ne reçoit rien qui luy puisse plaire.

NYMPHIS

2356 Puis que rien n’est en ce monde arresté,
2357 Le temps peut bien changer ta volonté:
2358 Puis qu’il meurit le fruit le plus sauage
2359 Il pourra bien adoucir ton courage.
IVLLIE

Le temps peut bien toute chose changer,
Mais il ne peut de mon ame estranger
L’ardent desir, que j’ay de voir mon ame
Veuve d’Amour & deliure du blasme.

NYMPHIS

C’est folle erreur que vouloir estimer
Qu’il y ait blasme à saintement aimer:
Car l’Amour seul à nostre ame fait croire
Que doux on sent le beau fruit de la gloire.

IVLLIE

Ce qui ne peut à l’honneur s’accorder
Ne se doit point comme saint demander:
Car sans l’honneur toute chose est indigne
De voir du iour la lumiere diuine.

NYMPHIS

Tout riche honneur qui ne reçoit l’Amour
Pour compagnon, est indigne du iour,
Car sans l’Amour, qui viuement demeure
Auecques luy, il ne peut viure vne heure.

IVLLIE

L’honneur peut bien sans l’Amour estre saint,
Mais sans l’honneur l’amour demeure esteint.
Car tout amour qui n’a le front honneste,
Est aux mortels vne cruelle peste.

NYMPHIS

Si aux grands Dieux remplis de maiesté,
L’Amour iadis en credit a esté:
S’ils l’ont suiui, qui peut commettre offence
De faire ioug souz sa sainte puissance?
IVLLIE

Ce que les dieux couurent de leur grandeur
Nous est icy vne eternelle erreur,
Et leurs forfaits se trouuent excusables,
D’autant qu’ils sont aux mortels profitables.

NYMPHIS

Sans que les Dieux ayent pensé d’aimer,
L’Amour assez se peut faire estimer,
Puis que sans luy ceste terre couuerte
D’animaux vifs seroit toute deserte.

IVLLIE

Mais cet amour qui te rend sans clarté,
N’a ce grand bien que tu dis enfanté:
Ains l’amitié, qui la foy coniugale
Es chastes cœurs fait demeurer loyale.

NYMPHIS

Ceste amitié ne peut prendre son iour
D’autre soleil que du flambeau d’Amour:
Il est autheur de sa diuine essence,
L’Amour donc seul est digne d’excellence.

IVLLIE

Ce traistre Amour, cruel, & sans pitié
Trouble souuent ceste sainte amitié,
Brisant la foy, qui d’vne chaine sainte
La tient serree & viuement estrainte.

NYMPHIS

Qui vit heureux que les contens amans,
De qui Juppin excuse les serments?

IVLLIE

Qui vit au mal plus suiette que l’ame,
Qui sent l’effort de l’amoureuse flamme?

NYMPHIS

Est-il au monde vn plus heureux plaisir,
Que lors qu’on peut iouir de son desir?

IVLLIE

Est il au monde vn fait plus deshonneste
Que ce plaisir, qui est plaisir de beste?

NYMPHIS

Mais pourquoi vit l’homme si longuement,
Que pour chercher icy contentement?

IVLLIE

Mais pourquoi l’ame en noz corps regne-t’elle,
Que pour gagner vne gloire eternelle?

NYMPHIS

De ceste gloire ennemy n’est l’Amour,
Puis qu’il est Dieu, qu’immortel est son iour.

IVLLIE

C’est folle erreur que d’auoir en estime
D’vn Dieu diuin, vn autheur de tout crime.

NYMPHIS

Quel autre nom aura t’il souz les cieux,
Puis que puissant il surmonte des Dieux?

IVLLIE

Jl n’est point Dieu, car il est sans essence,
Noz desirs seuls engendrent sa puissance.

NYMPHIS

Mais ce pendant qui luy peut resister?
IVLLIE
Celuy qui sçait ses desirs surmonter.

NYMPHIS
Qui a vescu sans en sentir la flamme?

IVLLIE
Ceux qui ont eu chaste & pudique l’ame.

NYMPHIS
La raison cede à la sainte grandeur.

IVLLIE
Ce sont deuis d’vn lasche infame cœur.

NYMPHIS
Juppin l’a fait!

IVLLIE
Il n’en reçoit pas gloire.

NYMPHIS
Amour pendant sur luy a eu victoire.

IVLLIE
Il est aisé d’estre vaincu s’on veut.

NYMPHIS
Il le faut bien quand vaincre l’on ne peut.

IVLLIE
L’Amour n’est point de nature inuincible.

NYMPHIS
Hé qui peut vaincre vne chose inuisible?
IVLLIE
2436
L’âme qui pense aux loix de la vertu.

NYMPHIS
2437
Quelle âme vit qu’Amour n’ait combatu?

IVLLIE
2438
Celui gaillard de la brusque Iullie.

NYMPHIS
2439
Celui n’est pas eschappé que l’on lie.

IVLLIE
2440
Hé qui sçauroit lier ma volonté?

NYMPHIS
2441
Ce qui peut bien lier la deité.

IVLLIE
2442
Les Dieux sont saints, mon âme l’est de mesme.

NYMPHIS
2443
Comme les Dieux il faut donques qu’elle aime.

IVLLIE
2444
Faut imiter le bien, non le forfait.

NYMPHIS
2445
Rien de peruers par les Dieux ne se fait.

IVLLIE
2446
Ce n’est à nous d’en cognoistre l’offence.

NYMPHIS
2447
Mais c’est à nous à suiure leur puissance.
IVLLIE

2448 Aussi la suy-ie.

NYMPHIS [fol. 370']

Las aime donc comme eux.

IVLLIE

2449 Je ne doy pas me comparer aux Dieux.

NYMPHIS

2450 Mais comme ils sont tu dois prudente faire.

IVLLIE

2451 Faut faire bien qui leur veut satisfaire.

NYMPHIS

2452 Feras-tu mal en aimant vn pasteur?

IVLLIE

2453 D’aimer ainsi me deffend mon honneur.

NYMPHIS

2454 Mais ce pendant tu viuras sans liesse.

IVLLIE

2455 L’honneur suffit pour parfaite allegresse.

NYMPHIS

2456 Ha que l’honneur n’est encor es palais

2457 Des Rois puissants!

IVLLIE

2458 Jl est bien en ces bois:

2459 Car comme vn grand le petit en a cure.
NYMPHIS
Mais mille ennuis aux amants il procure[.]

IVLLIE
Vn bien si saint ne peut estre fascheux.

NYMPHIS
Je le sens tel.

IVLLIE
Nymphis c’est que tu veux
A ton désir, qui léger [l]e propose
Hors la raison préférer toute chose.
Mais laisse moy parmy ces bois courir,
Car tes propos d’ennuy me font mourir.
[Sortent Jullie et Nymphis séparément]

[Entrent Arbuste, puis Jullie.]

ARBVSTE
Où t’en vas-tu, si belle & si iolie
Ainsi seulette, ô celeste Jullie?
Où court ton pied si gaillard & dispos,
Qui n’a jamais qu’en cheminant repos?
Qu’est-ce qui rend plus vermeille ta face
Que de coutume, & plus rouge ta grace?
Est ce l’Amour qui aux rais de son feu
Va rougissant ton beau front peu à peu:
Ou la trauail que tu prens à la chasse,
Qui ce beau teint en ton visage enchassee:
Ou le desdain qui seul maistre se rend
De ton esprit, où l’amour ne s’esprent?
Dy moy que c’est? lors que sa playe on montre

71 Comma in the original.
72 Orig. “ne”, which seems impossible.
Le plus souuent le remede on rencontre.

IVLIE

Laisse moy seule, & ne t’enqueste point
Du fier despit dont mon cœur est espoint.
I’en sen le mal, Nymphis en sent la honte
Qui son amour à toute heure me conte.

ARBVSTE

Te fait-il tort de rendre à ta beauté
Les vœux sacrez qu’elle a bien merité,
Et de priser vne chose immortelle
Comme ta face, entre les faces belle?
Quoy? penses-tu porter vn front si beau,
Sans estre aimé en son printemps nouueau,
Et que ton œil, dont viues sont les flammes,
N’allume point de souhait dans les ames?
Faudroit Iullie en vn bois te cacher,
Ou dans le sein de quelque froid rocher,
Et parmy nous si belle ne paroistre:
Encor noz yeux desireux de cognoistre
Vn front si beau, t’iroient chercher au fonds
Des antres creux, & des rocs plus profonds.
O belle fille! hé que penses-tu faire
Laissant ainsi par la saison deffaire
Vne beauté qui iamais ne reuient,
Et qui pareille à la rose deuient;
Qui en sa fleur, en sa beauté paree,
Est d’vn chacun ardamment desiree,
Mais fanissant rend ce desir esteint
Pour ne pouuoir reprendre son beau teint?
Faut promptement s’aider de la fortune
Quand elle veut nous seruir opportune,
Puis que son front se change desloyal,
Au lieu de l’heur nous apportant le mal.
A qui veux-tu garder pauure insensee
Ceste beauté qui te rend si prise,
Ces longs cheveux doucement deliez,
Confusement l’un dans l’autre pliez?
Vn iour viendra qu’vene blanche teinture
Fera pallir leur blonde chevelure,
Et que le temps accourcira soudain
Leurs filets longs qui ombragent ton sein.
Et ce beau front que bien souvent mignarde
Dans vn miroir immortel tu regarde,
Si beau, si clair, changera de couleur,
Ridé du temps, halé par la chaleur.
Ces beaux sourcils, qu’à souhait tu contemple,
Auront perdu ceste espoisseur si ample,
Qui les rend beaux comme ceux-là des Dieux,
Rendus si clairs, qu’à peine ils seront veus,
Et ces beaux yeux dont la flamme allumee
Rendit mainte ame autresfois enflammee,
Ces yeux si clairs qui n’ont point de pareils,
(Puis que le ciel ne souffre deux soleils)
Ces yeux si vifs dont la lampe si douce
Paroist my-verte, & doucement my-rousse,
S’esblouiront, ils n’auront plus de feux;
Vn rouge teint, languissant, chassieux,
Tout à l’entour se logeant effroyable,
Rendra cruel leur veuë espouuentable:
Ils feront peur à ceux qui les verront,
Et comme ils [s]ont lumineux ne luiront.
Et ce beau teint qui paroist sur ta ioue,
Où Cupidon mignonnement se ioue,
Ce teint de rose & ce manteau de lis,
Dont amoureux est le triste Nymphis,
Deuendra sec : ceste rondeur grassette
Qui s’arrondit doucement vermeillette,
S’amollira, palle sera son teint,
Flestry, perdu, son gentil en bon-point.
Ce vif corail qui rougit ceste bouche,
A tes amans si fierevent farouche,
Deuiendra noir, & sa viue chaleur
En blanc de mort changera sa couleur.
Tes belles dents blanches & si prisees,
Seront à coup jaunes & my-froissees.
Ce beau menton de rondeur reuestu,
Tout descharné, en bas pendant pointu.
Ton col de lait, ta gorge blanche nee,
Par la chaleur deuiendra basanee,
Par le temps maigre, & mille nerfs retorts
La reduiront au rang des palles morts.
Ton sein poly, dont Nymphis idolatre
Va souhaittant les montelets d’albastre,
Qui blancs & durs emportent le beau prix
Des monts de lait de la belle Cypris,
Deuiendra creux & descharné de mesme
Que le fieureux à la teinture blesme,
Mol, tout ridé, ainsi qu’on voit la peau
Creuse de vers d’vn languissant fouteau.
Ta main si belle, & doucement grassette,
Blanche, polie, & par compas longuette
Deuiendra maigre, & mille nerfs lassez
Seront dessus l’vn sur l’autre enchassez.
Lors tu plaindras seulette dans ton ame
D’auoir esté iadis si belle dame,
Cherie, aimee, auoir eu chacque iour
Cent amoureux qui te faisoient l’Amour,
Et d’estre alors si piteusement laide,
Sans rencontrer à ta laideur remede,
Sans voir personne, ayant soucy de toy
Non plus qu’aucun n’est amoureux de moy:
Ains vn chacun te fuyant imparfaite
Se moquera de ta beauté deffaite:
Car tout vieillit, tout passe en ce bas lieu,
Fors le chagrin qu’apporte l’âge vieu.
Durant noz iours mainte peine nous presse,
Et en mourant mainte douleur nous blesse,
Nous sommes faits pour souffrir mille maux,
Nous sommes faits pour peupler les tombeaux.
Ce petit bien que le ciel nous relaisse
Se trouve en nous durant nostre jeunesse,
Qui ne sent point les chagrins languissans
De l’âge vieul, qui attriste noz ans.
Or ce pendant que ce bien nous demeure,
Faut diligents l’employer de bonne heure,
Qu’auec noz ans il ne puisse finir,
Et qu’on ne puisse apres en refournir:
Car autant cuit en nous le dueil extreme,
Du bien perdu que fait la perte mesme.
Donc, ô Jullie, auant que tes beaux ans
Ayent quitté l’ardeur de ton printemps,
Auparauant que la vieillesse froide
De belle & douce ait fait ta face laide,
Et qu’elle t’ait raui cent mille amans,
Qui cherchent tous tes doux contentemens,
Donne ce temps où le ciel nous fait naistre
Durant noz iours quelque plaisir champestre,
A recueillir le fruit heureux d’Amour,
Pendant qu’il s’offre, & qu’il vient à ton tour.
Heureuse encor tu peux deuenir sage
En ton printemps par mon propre dommage,
Qui plains encor maint iour & mainte nuit,
Que j’ay passez sans l’amoureux deduit.
Il n’y a bien à ce bien comparable,
Au prix de luy tout bien est miserable,
Et qui ne l’a heureusement senty,

74 Full stop in the original.
75 Full stop in the original.
De l’heur du monde est encore apprenty.
Mais tu es trop, ô celeste Iullie,
Pour vn pasteur belle, douce & iolie:
Tu ne dois point ta bel [sic] ame ranger
Pres celle là d’vn rustique berger,
Mais d’vn Heros, d’vn cheualier d’elite
Qui seul Iullie immortelle merite.
Que si tu veux permettre que l’Amour
Face en ton cœur heureusement seiour,
Je te donray vn serviteur fidèle,
Vn cheualier, de qui la face belle,
Vailante & braue, vn grand prince ressent,
Et sa valeur immortelle se rend.
Ne vueille pas refuser ceste chance,
Aime celuy dont viue est la constance:
Puis qu’aussi bien faut que tu sente vn iour
Les doux flambeaux de l’immortel Amour:
Car ta beauté aucques ta ieunesse
Veu que tu serue aux mortels de maistresse.
Quoy que tu face, il faut, & malgré toy
Que tu flechisse à l’amoureuse loy:  [fol. 373']
Car sans aimer ceste ieunesse viue,
Qui tous les iours de cent desirs s’auiue,
Cet aage prompt & vif à s’enflammer,
Ne peut couler sans viuement aimer.
Ce sont erreurs que penser voir exempte
De ce brazier nostre ieunesse ardante,
Car l’Amour ieune, & enfant desireux,
Hante tousiours le ieune aage amoureux.
Penses-tu donc sans ceste ardente enuie
Pouuoir passer ta bien-heureuse vie?
Ce sont erreurs, & tu verras vn iour
Ton cœur contraint de receuoir l’Amour:
Ny cet erreur qui nous veut faire croire
Que pour aimer on perd sa belle gloire,
Ny cette honneur qui pense soucieux
D’vn noir bandeau voiler noz ieunes yeux,
Ny ce soucy de garder immortelle
Sa chasteté à noz souhaits cruelle,
Ne peuuent tous empescher que d’Amour,
Les feux ardents ne nous bruslent vn iour.
C’est vn arrest que le ciel nous anounce,
C’est vn edict que l’Amour nous prononce.
Or donc Iullie à te servir eslis
Non vn pasteur, non vn pauure Nymphis,
Mais cet Hector, dont l’amour est extreme:
Puis qu[']aussi bien faut en fin que tu aime,
Et que tes iours doiuent brusler épris
Des feux ardants de l’enfant de Cypris.

IVLLIE
O fausse vieille horriblement hideuse
Que la frayeur fait pallir despiteuse,
Fausse sorciere, aduersaire du los,
Qui de l’honneur veux trouble le repos.
Vieille edentee, inhumaine Furie,
Maudite fole, es-tu bien si hardie
De me tenir vn propos deceueur,
Que ie cognoy conraire à mon honneur?
Oses-tu bien d’vne harangue telle
Eschaugueter ma chasteté fidele?
Oses tu bien en me iugeot par toy,
Me penser veuue & d’honneur & de foy?
Et que ie sois comme toy adonnee
A tout forfait, au crime abandonee?
Va, vieille, va: ie ne sçay qui me tient
Et qui ma main courageuse retient,
Qu’elle ne bat, froisse, rompe, esgratigne,
Ta face sale, & ta creuse poitrine.

Orig. “quaussi”.
VA T'EN D'ICY, & GARDE, SI TU VEUX
Fuir ma main, de te rendre à mes yeux:
Car par le front de Diane la belle,
Dont la vertu sert de lampe éternelle
A tous mortels, ie te ferois sentir
Le iuste mal d'vn fascheux repentir.
Retire toy, indigne de lumiere
Dans quelque trou hideux & solitaire,
Et tes amans que ie hay aussi fort,
Que nostre corps fait la cruelle mort.
Mais ne pren pas de me poursuivre enuie,
Si tu ne veux que i'esteigne ta vie.   [Sort fullie.]

ARBVSTE
O pauure fille! ô trop folle beauté!
O ieune esprit remply de liberté!
Tu ne sçais pas combien viue est la force
De l'Archerot qui toute chose force.
Tu ne sçais pas combien doux est le fruit
Que sa douceur aux amoureux produit:
Tu ne sçais pas faute d'experience,
Combien son goust toute douceur deuance.   [fol. 374']
Mais puis que fiere on te voit resister
A ce doux bien, qui te peut apporter
Tout le plaisir qui merite en ce monde
Le nom de bien & de douceur feconde,
C'est la raison que sans ce plaisir beau
Ton corps ridé dorme souz le tombeau:
Et viure encor en tel temps ie souhaitte,
Pour t'escouter pleurant ta griefue perte,
Pour te voir laide, où la ieune beauté
Ores te rend pleine de cruauté.
Mais cet amour que tu braue & dedaigne,
Pourra froisser ta fierté si hautaine,
Rendre ton cœur comme vn autre amoureux,
D'vn bien peut estre ardamment desireux,
Qui luy sera refusé, tout de mesme
Que maint amant tu refuses, qui t’aime:
Car bien souuent l’Amour qui ne finit
D’vn mesme mal que nous faisons punit
Nostre ame fiere, & nous rend miserables,
Comme chetifs nous rendons noz semblables.
Vn si grand bien ie verray quelque iour,
Puis que rien n’est impossible à l’Amour.  
[Sort Arbuste.]

LE CHŒVR

Heureux celui qui aime
Alors qu’il l’est de mesme,
C’est vn bien sans ennuy:
Mais malheureux l’ame
Qui brusle, dont la flamme
Ne veut brusler que luy.
Rien si parfait n’accorde
Que la douce concorde,
Noz espris[ts” espurez:
Rien plus fort les bourrelle,
Que la haine cruelle
Qui les rend separez.
De deux contraires fleches,
Cupidon fait ses breches,
Dont nostre cœur atteint:
Celle d’or est bruslante,
Celle de plomb glaçante,
L’vne art & l’autre esteint.
Voila pourquoi contraires,
Mille amours ordinaires,
On voit en ces bas lieux:
L’Amour ainsi nous traitte
Pour montrer que celeste

Orig. “esprirs”.

100 RICHARD HILLMAN– LA DIANE
Est son feu glorieux.

Que loin de ce bosquage
Fust Amour & sa rage,
Loin son feu, ses fiertez!
Libres seroient noz ames,
Où ses ardantes flammes
Ardent noz libertez.

Mais Iuppin n’a peu estre
De cet Archer le maistre,
Ny le Dieu des [Enfers]:"
Qui peut donc le contraindre?
Le plus court c’est d’esteindre
Sa flamme auèc noz jours.

Orig. “Estours”, which yields no satisfactory sense.
ACTE TROISIESME.

Frontin Berger. Fauste Pasteur.
Diane Bergere. Nymphis Pasteur.
Hector Cheualier. Elymant Magicien.
Arbyste vieille. Iullie Bergere.

[Entrent Frontin et Fauste.]

FRONTIN

N’as-tu trouué à ton mal secourable,
O Fauste heureux, mon conseil veritable?
Ne sens-tu pas couler par mes propos
Dedans ton cœur maint espoir de repos?
N’as-tu cognue ma parole certaine,
Ayant receu le remede à ta peine ?
N’as-tu pas veu le sçavoir d’Elymant
Prompt à guarir ton amoureux tourment?
N’as-tu cognue sa parfaite science,
Comme ma voix t’en donnoit assurance?
Et n’as-tu pas dequoy te secourir,
Dequoy ta peine immortelle guarir?
O combien doit estre dite diuine
Entre tous biens ceste rare doctrine,
Qui peut guarir la peine d’vn amant,
Veu que ce mal est sans allegement,
Que rien ne peut luy porter allegance,
Que Juppin n’a mesme sur luy puissance!
De nom d’humain on nomme le sçauoir,
Qui peut guarir par vn commun deuoir,
Par les sirops, par les simples fideles
Dedans noz corps les douleurs naturelles;
Mais le sçauoir qui les ames guarit,
Où le flambeau de l’amour se nourit
Est vray diuin puis que l’ame diuine
D’vn mal diuin guarist par sa doctrine.
Et que le mal d’amour est immortel,
Pour n’estre veu comme vn tourment mortel.

FAVSTE

Ha ie l’aduoûe; & cognois par moy mesme,
Que ce sçauoir, en sçauoir est extreme!
Rien que luy seul n’auoit peu me guarir,
Rien que luy seul ma peine secourir.
De tout ce bien ie te suis redevable,
Qui te monstras à mon mal secourable,
Puis que par toy ie cagneus Elymant,
Qui a rendu allegé mon tourment.
Mais ie te pry faisons experience
De la saincte eau, viue par sa science,
Qui doit mon corps & ma face changer
En celle-là de Nymphis le berger.

FRONTIN

Tu as raison, aussi bien il est heure
Que de ceste eau ta douleur tu secœure.
Allons nous-en tous seulets nous cacher,
Derrier le dos de ce ferme rocher:
Là de ceste eau tu laueras ta face,
Dont nous verrons le pouuoir d’efficace. [Ils sortent.]

DIANE [en entrant]

Bien que le iour qui marche sur les cieux
Mille plaisirs, mille biens amoureux,
Descouure aux yeux de toute ame viuante,
Je ne voy rien qui me rende contente.
Le iour fut fait pour plaire aux immortels,
Pour rendre heuureux les terrestres mortels,
Qui de son feu tiennent en don la vie:
Mais las ce iour miserable m’ennuie!
Du blond Soleil toute vermeille fleur,
Tout fruict meury emprunte sa couleur,
Et tout chacun se plaist en sa lumiere,
Mais ie sens croistre à le voir ma misere!
Son œil diuin descouure au nostre ardent
Maints fruicts nouueaux, qui le rendent content,
Et mille fleurs que le printemps rameine:
Mais las au mien, il ne monstre que peine!
A son retour on entend gazouiller
Mille oisillons, les feres s’esueiller,
Qui vont loüans sa lumiere doree,
Qui seule helas me rend lasse esploree!
L’arbre glacé à ses rais re florist,
Et dans ses bras son beau fruict se meurist[.]
Le pré reprent sa verte cheuelure;
Et ie languis sans changer de nature!
Plus douce, helas, a mon sang demy-cuit
Des feux d’amour, ie sens la noire nuict!
Son front, aux fronts des mortels effroyable,
Bien que hydeux, au mien est agreable:
Car le sommeil qui me va deceuant,
Mon vain penser endort le plus souuent.
Puis ce trompeur, ce fantasque Morphee,
Dont tant de fois mon ame fut trompee,
Deçoit mes yeux, fait trouuer deuant eux
Mon cher Nymphis, qu’il feint m’estre amoureux.
Bien que ce soit vne figure ailee,
Vn ombre vain, si suis-je consolee
De mes trauaux durant tout ce temps coy,
Que mon Nymphis ie pense aupres de moy.
Du songe faux si subtile est la ruse,
Que bien souuent noz ames il abuse,
Et pour vn temps a sur nous le pouuoir,
Qu’à noz deux yeux pour vray se faire voir.
Mais il ressemble à l’arbre de Tantale,
De qui le fruict sur la bouche deuale,
Et qui remonte au mesme temps qu’il croit,
Le pouuoir prendre & le toucher du doigt.
Ha douce nuict! hé que n’es-tu encore
Luisante au lieu de la vermeille Aurore?
Que ton beau front pallissant argenté,
N’espand encor sur le ciel sa clarté?
Morphee encor auroit bien la puissance
En me trompant de tromper ma souffrance,
Et de me rendre en songe seulement
Nymphis propice à guair mon tourment.
Que n’est encor, ô Soleil, ta lumiere
Dans le giron de Tethys mariniere!
Que n’est ton char ô sainct Patarean
Plongé encor dans l’humide Ocean;
Sans rallumer, en dechassant les astres,
Le vif penser de mes cruels desastres?
O Dieu qu’heureux est le coulant repos
A ceux qui ont le soucy dans les os!
Il en endort la cruelle memoire,
Et qui plus est souuent leur fait acroire
Que ce doux bien dont ils auoient soucy,
Et qui rendoit leur courage trancy,
Est arriué! ils le tastent, ce semble,
Ou pour le moins l’ombre qui luy ressemble!
Mais ce qui vient mon esprit tourmenter
C’est que l’on dit qu’il faut interpreter
Tout au rebours les fantosmes & songes,
D’autant que sont mille folles mensonges,
Que l’esprit vient à se representer
Ce que le iour il souloit souhaitter.
Combien de fois ce pendant que la face
Du clair Soleil faisoit fondre la glace,
Qui sur le front des rochers espoissis
S’accropissoit, ay-je ennuié Nymphis?
Combien de fois sa beauté si parfaite,
M’a t’elle fait courir toute seullette
Parmy ces bois afin de le chercher
Et de son front me pouuoir approcher?
Durant le iour, si ceste ardante enuie
Brusloit mon ame en ses beautez rauie,
Et si mon cœur pressé d’un doux lien
Ne souhaittoit tout le jour autre bien,":"C’est chose assez & facile & croyable,
Que ce plaisir, qui m’est tant agreable,
Se represente en dormant à mes yeux,
Puis que mon cœur en est si desireux.
Comme l’on voit l’auare qui ne songe
Qu’en son thresor, dont le penser le ronge,
Qui ne dort point, aussi bien que les iours
Les nuicts il pense à le garder tousiours;
Dedans son cœur il le conte sans cesse,
Et craint tousiours que la main larronnesse
Ne luy rauisse vn bien si precieux,
Dont iour & nuict il se rend soucieux:
Ainsi ie suis nuict & iour amoureuse
De mon Nymphis, & tousiours desireuse
De ses beaux yeux, que sans repos ie voy
Soit en veillant, ou dormant à recoy.
Ah pleust aux Dieux, que Iuppin venerable
Rendist ce iour mon songe veritable,
En rencontrant mon Nymphis, où ie vy!
De ses coraux i’eusse ardente rauy
Mille baisers, i’eusse à ses yeux collee
Cent mille fois ma bouche desolee!
Ah plus que moy heureuse ne fut onc
L’alme Venus, lors que pressant le front,
Et les beaux yeux de son berger folastre,
Elle venoit aupres de luy s’esbatre!
Ny plus heureuse en ses sauvages bois
Ne fut Diane à sa diuine voix,
Lors que la nuict elle quittoit sa couche,
Pour re baiser les beaux yeux & la bouche,
D'Endymion! [Ny plus] heureuse Thetis,
Quand Peleus luy engendra ce fils
Qui fist mourir aux Dolopes vile,
Le braue Hector aux portes de sa [ville].
Mais ie m'en vay par tout cercher* Nymphis,
Et faire vray rencontren si ie puis
Mon songe heureux; faut tenter la fortune,
Qui ne se montre aux couards opportune. [Sort Diane.]

[Entrent Frontin et Fauste.]

FRONTIN

O bien-heureux ton amour & ton sort,
Puis que pareil ton visage & ton port
Est à Nymphis, ton chef porte à ceste heure
A nœuds frizez sa blonde chevelure:
Ton front son teint, tes yeux semblent les siens;
Bref pour Nymphis auzourd'huy ie te tiens.
O sainct sçauoir, qui les mortels transforme
Et qui leur peux faire changer de forme,
De front, de teint, & puissant les refais,
Autres qu'ils n'ont de nature esté faits.
Mais en perdant ta premiere semblance
Garde toy bien de perdre l'asseurance:
Garde toy bien sous ce masque trompeur,
De te tromper, & de perdre le cœur:
Ne pers le sens, & changeant de visage
Ne change pas d'ardeur, & de courage.
Fay bonne mine, & tien ton fait couuert,
Que tu ne sois follement descouuert:
Car contre toy ta Diane offencee,
Auroit raison d’estre plus courroucee
Que si loyal, tu n’eusses iamais pris
Pour la tromper la forme de Nymphis.
Et ce pendant que de ce sort charmee,
Tu la verras du desir enflammee:
Qu’elle croira que tu sois son amant,
Appaise prompt ton amoureux tourment,
En luy donnant la foy de mariage:
Car sans ce noeud tout amour n’est que rage.
De ceste foy ie deuiendray tesmoin,
Et de tes ans à iamais i’auray soin,
A celle-fin que rien ne te suruienne
Qui te remette à ta peine ancienne.

FAVSTE
Allons, Frontin, allons: car ie pretens
De ce doux iour bien employer le temps,
Et si ie puis auoir heureuse chance,
Je te donray, pour ample recompense
De tes labeurs, & de ton sainct amour,
Vn gobelet fait dextrement au tour
De ce grand buis, dont la teste chenue
Par l’aage viel estoit iadis fendue,
Qui au vieil mur de mon four se colloit:
De la racine est ce gobelet fait
Jaune comme or que parfait on renomme,
Haut esleue, & rond comme vn[e]“ pomme,
Creux d’vn grand pied, & d’vn cizeau ioly
Tant par dehors que par dedans poly:
Au haut on voit vne bordure espesse,
De chiffres faite, & de Deltats de Grece,

Orig. “vns”.

108          RICHARD HILLMAN– LA DIANE
De mille nœuds, amoureux enlacez,
Et de cordons estroittement pressez:
Parmy l’on voit mainte larme meslée,
Qui change en fleur son humeur distilee,
Sur qui l’on voit maint oiseau voleter,
Et ceste fleur doucement becqueter.
Sur vn costé, l’on voit viue taillé
L’alme Venus, dolente & desolee,
Aytant le dos contre vn ferme rocher,
Et son Adon, qu’elle tenoit si cher,
Mort estendu, que piteuse elle embrasse
Laissant tomber mille pleurs sur sa face,
Son chef diuin, aux amoureux humain,
Repose las dans le creux de sa main,
Le doux Zephyr de son haleine agile,
Par flots flottans, ses cheueux esparpille;
Autour d’Adon, on voit ses chiens lassez,
Qui de regret mortellement blessez,
Par mille cris en esleuant la teste
Vont regrettant la perte qu’ils ont faite;
Les vns de peine en terre se couchans,
Le sang vermeil de leur maistre leschans:
Les autres fiers en vn troupeau s’amassent,
Et le sanglier aduersaire pourchassent.
Pendant on voit decouler tout autour,
Des yeux diuins de la mere d’Amour
Cent mille pleurs, dont la face sanglante
Du bel Adon est baignee & relante;
Et son espieu, dont il auoit domté
Tant de sangliers, est pres de son costé.
De l’autre part on regarde taillé
A traits subtils la dolente Thisbee,
La bouche ouuerte, & comme regrettant
Son cher Pirame, helas, qu’elle aimoit tant:
On voit ses yeux qui degouttent de larmes,
Et dans sa main les infideles armes
Qui son bon corps, temple saint de l’amour,
D’un fer pointu transpercerent à iour.
Pres d’elle on voit la fatale fontaine,
Qui semble encor se douloir de sa peine,
De qui les eaux, entremelee, las,
De sang cruel, lamentoient leur trespas:
Contre le bort de la fontaine calme,
On voit gisant le fidele Pirame,
De qui le cœur fut d’amour offencé,
Ayant le sein d’outre en outre percé,
Couvert de sang, & la terre deserte
Autour de luy de same sang couuert,
De la fontaine aussi couuerts les bords,
Du sang qui coule encore de son corps:
Le couure-chef que la fere sauuage
Enanglanta, seul [sic] cause du dommage,
De l’autre part couuert de sang gisot
Dessur le pré, qui d’horreur pallissoit.
D’autre costé Didon on voit depeinte,
Le fer au poin, faisant mainte complainte,
Les yeux enflez à force de pleurer,
Et sur la mer au loin se retirer
L’ingrat Enee, on voit la mer mutine,
Ses longs vaisseaux porter sur son eschine:
Pres de Didon on voit Anne sa sœur,
Qui tasche helas d’appaiser sa douleur,
Lasse esplorée, & le mal qui la serre
Luy fit baisser la face contre terre:
Elle a les bras piteusement croisez,
A tours dolens l’vn dans l’autre enlacez:
On voit dolens assemblez autour d’elle,
Les habitans de Cartage la belle,
Qui de leur Royne aucuc cent mille pleurs,
Pleurent le sort, regrettent les malheurs,
Puis de bois sec vne pile est haussee,
Où Didon veut estre morte bruslee.
De l’autre part, on voit chaste peint,
En taille douce, Hippolyte le saint,
Qui dechiré par ses cheuaux superbes,
Mouille de sang le riuage & les herbes:
On voit son char contre vn roc arresté,
De sang vermeil par tout ensanglanté,
Et ses cheuaux, qui harassez de peine
Soufflans suans, prennent vn peu d’haleine:
Auprès du corps d’Hippolyte sans iour,
Phedre l’on voit ardante en vn amour
Qui le souspire, & lamente infidele
Son faux rapport & son amour cruelle,
Qui d’Hippolyte aussi chaste que beau,
Auoit, helas, avancé le tombeau:
Puis l’on la voit preste de se deffaire,
Ayant au poin vn estoc sanguinaire,
Vangeant sur elle Hippolyte qui fut
L’honneur des siens ce pendant qu’il vescut:
On voit apres, vn Dieu qui resuscite
Par mille sucs le pudique Hippolyte,
Qui des forests demeure hoste immortel,
Sans retourner chez son pere cruel.
Du gobelet la patte on voit semee
De mille fleurs, chacune plus aimee.
Syron le fit, qui n’eut pas de pareil,
En son sçauoir sous le tour du Soleil.
Voilà, Frontin, le present que i’ordonne
A ta bonté, & que Fauste te donne.
Mais, ô Frontin, regarde comme moy;
Dedans ce bois, Diane i’apperçoy.
Bon Dieu c’est elle! Amour fay moy la grace
Que i’amollisse à ce coup son audace
Dessouz la peau de Nymphis son amant,
Et que ie puisse auoir contentement
De mes desirs, sans que sa belle veuë
Puisse sçauoir que ie l’aye deceuë!
3084  O saint Amour, si ce bien tu me rends,
3085  Je te promets sur le fruit que j’attens
3086  De noz amours, t’offrir en sacrifice
3087  De mon troupeau la plus grasse genisse!

FRONTIN
3088  Vy, Fauste, vy en ton espoir conceu,
3089  Diane t’a que ie croy apperceu;
3090  Car deuers nous, prompte elle prent sa route
3091  Et pour Nymphis elle te prent sans doute.

DIANE [en entrant]
3092  Des beaux Pasteurs, ô Nymphis le plus beau,
3093  De qui les yeux semblent au vif flambeau
3094  Qui sur le Ciel le beau iour nous rameine,
3095  Qui si matin te rend en ceste plaine?
3096  Las ce n’est pas l’amour qui tient collé
3097  Ton cœur au mien, qui t’ait vif esueillé
3098  De si bonne heure: en mon ardante flamme,
3099  O beau Nymphis, ne pense ta belle ame,
3100  Car tu n’as poi[n]t de Diane soucy,
3101  Qui porte l’ame en ton amour trancy.
3102  Mais, ô cruel, tu te plais en sa rage,
3103  Et ne prens soin de son proche dammage.

FAVSTE
3104  Belle Diane, encore ne crois-tu:
3105  Rien n’est si fier, que la sainte vertu,
3106  Le long amour, & la ferme constance
3107  Ne rende doux, & douce sa puissance.
3108  Jl faut cognostre au parauant qu’aimer,
3109  Faut voir la chose auant que l’estimer,
Le vif amour & qui longuement dure,
N’arrive pas d’une prompte aventure,
Ny si soudain, ains son celeste feu
Pour bien durer s’allume peu à peu.
Hé que sçais-tu si ton amour ardante,
Si tes travaux, & ta peine constante
Ont ce rocher de glace en moy brisé,
Par qui tu vis ton amour mesprisé?
Hé que sçais-tu si la flèche doree
Du Paphien a mon ame nauree,
Comme son trait, d’un pesant plomb glacé,
Avoit iadis mon tendre cœur blessé?
Le temps aîlé qui de noz ans dispose,
Ameine tout, & meurit toute chose;
Ce qui ne peut en vn iour estre fait
Le lendemain se rencontrent parfait:
Il ne faut pas des Dieux iustes mesdire
Si tout soudain l’on a ce qu’on desire.
Tu serois bien confuse, que je croy,
Si ie disois que seulement pour toy
Je suis venu en ceste plaine belle
Pour rechercher ton amitié fidele.
Voy comme i’ay changé de volonté,
Plus amoureux de ta belle beauté
Que tu fus [d]e la mienne petite
Quand tu portois pour moy la face triste.

Diane

Ah, ô Nymphis, tu te moques de moy!
Tu gausse encor mon immortelle foy!
Las! non content du mal qui me martyre,
Veux-tu encor de mon angoisse rire?

88 Orig. “pafait”.
89 Full stop at the end of this line in the original.
90 Orig.: “ne”.
Contente toy des douleurs que ie sens,
Sans te moquer de mes maux languissans:
Car ie sçay bien qu’au pris de moy Jullie
Est trop parfaite, & trop belle & iolie
Pour la quitter, qui l’aimas plus que toy,
Pour si à coup estre amoureux de moy:
Tu ne sçauois cela me faire acroire.

FAVSTE

Je jure Amour, dont diuine est la gloire,
Et le pouuoir plus puissant que les Cieux,
Qu’ores ardant ie n’aime que tes yeux;
Que i’ay quitté mon amour ancienne
Pour seulement honorer ma Diane.
Je te le jure & t’en promets ma foy.

DIANE

O cher Nymphis à ce coup ie te croy!
O Dieux du Ciel ie vous rends mainte grace,
D’auoir molly le courage & la glace
De mon Nymphis, & d’vn effort soudain,
L’auoir rendu à mes douleurs humain!
O saint Amour, dont la sainte puissance
Ne peut iamais tomber en decadence
Je veux vn bœuf saintement t’immoler[,]a
Vn Dieu sans pair, en tous lieux t’appeller!
Mais, ô Nymphis, afin que ie m’asseure
Sans en douter, que tu m’aime à ceste heure,
Je te supply de me donner la foy,
De m’estre espoux & de n’aimer que moy.

FAVSTE

Vn plus grand heur vivant ie ne desire,

No punctuation in the original.
A plus grand bien, icy bas ie n’aspire,
C’est mon souhait, car ie vy seulement
En ce désir, en ce doux pensement.
Diane donc, puis que l’Amour l’ordonne,
Ma foi, mon cœur, Eternel ie te donne,
Je te promets, & iure par la loy
Du saint Hymen qu’immortelle ma foi
le veux garder à la tienne liée,
De la mort seule en mourant desliée.
Baille-moy donc ta belle & blanche main,
Prêns cet anneau, & que rien d’inhumain
Ne puisse plus trauerser nostre ioye,
Que ie sois tien, & que Diane t’aye,
Frontin sera tesmoin de notre foy,
Hymen, Amour, que conten[t]’iapperçoy[.]

FRONTIN [en s’avancant]
Tesmoin vraiment oculaire & fidele
Frontin sera d’vne amitié si belle;
Il en aura le reste de ses iours,
Vn saint penser, qui durera tousiours.
Mais à quoi tient, Nymphis, que tu ne touche
Ces yeux, ce front, & ceste belle bouche,
Puis qu’ils sont tiens, à ton vueil destinez,
Et par la foy à ton ame donnez?
Baise Diane, & d’vne douce haleine
Tire son cœur & son ame à la tienne.
Baise la donc, & que ce doux baiser,
Puisse adoucir l’ardeur de ce brasier,
Qui consomma la beauté de ton ame,
Au feux diuin d’vne si belle Dame.

92 Orig.: fol. misnumbered “38r”.
93 Orig. “contens”.
94 No punctuation in the original.
FAVSTE

Frontin ie n’ose, & crains que ce baiser
Puisse l’esprit de Diane offencer,
Mais si faut-il en sonder son courage.

DIANE

Puis que la foy du sacré mariage,
A peu noz cœurs en vn seul composer,
Je te permets [le]” pudique baiser.

FAVSTE

Je le prens donc, avec ferme assurance
D’auoir tousjours ce iour en reuERENCE,
Et de garder immortelle la foy,
Que tu as, belle, ores receu de moy.

NYMPHIS [en entrant]

Puis que du iour la lumiere polie
Reluit au Ciel, ie vay chercher Iullye,
Jullye fiere, & qui se plaist de voir
Mourir Nymphis dessouz son fier pouuoir,
Le veux sçauoir si Arbuste fidele
L[‘]a” point changee & faite moins cruelle:
Car quelques fois ces vieilles qui ont sçeu
Que c’est qu’aimer, & mainte ame deceu,
Peuuent au bal de leurs langues dociles,
Mollir les cœurs des plus cruelles filles.
Cela s’est veu arriuer mille fois,
Car plus doux n’est des filles d’Achelois
Le chant pipeur, ny leur langue pareille
A celle-là de quelque fine vieille,
Qui a passé ioyeusement son temps,
Et qui conseille vn mesme passe-temps

95  “le”: doubled in the original.
96  Orig. “La”.
3222  A quelque fille, encore si peu duitte
3223  Qu’à son conseil point ou peu ne resiste.
3224  Or ie vay donc tout le long en sçauoir.
3225  Mais, ô mon œil! hé que viens-tu de voir?
3226  N’est-ce Diane, à demy furieuse,
3227  Qui sans repos m’importune amoureuse?
3228  Mauuais rencontre! ô sort iniurieux!
3229  J’auois fuy à mon pouuoir ses yeux,
3230  Et le malheur qui chemine à l’encontre
3231  De mon desir veut que ie les rencontre.
3232  O grand meschef! ô iour infortuné!
3233  Je m’attens d’estre à coup importuné;
3234  Mais c’est en vain j’eliray plustost qu’elle,
3235  Pour me tuer vne mort eternelle.

DIANE

3236  Dieux qu’est-cecy! Est-ce Phoebus qui luit
3237  Au haut du Ciel, ou la relante nuit?
3238  Suis-je d’erreur encor enueloppee,
3239  Par les appasts du deceueur Morpheé?
3240  Suis-ie endormie ou si loin de mes yeux,
3241  S’en est fuy le sommeil ocieux?
3242  Dieux qu’est-cecy? ie hallette, ie treemple,
3243  Que voy-ie helas! deux Nymphis ce me semble!
3244  Deux fronts pareils, & deux semblables corps,
3245  Pareille voix, & conformes accords!
3246  Nature a-t’elle à ma douleur humaine
3247  Fait deux Nymphis pour soulager ma peine?
3248  Ils sont egaux de forme, de beauté,
3249  Mais differents, d’amour, de volonté.
3250  Ha qu’est-cecy? es-tu point abusee
3251  Pauure Diane, en amour insensee,
3252  En cet amour qui te nuit d’vn costé,
Et qui parfait d’autre ta volonté?
Quoy? sont-ce icy les regards de Meduse?
Est-ce vn Merlin qui de charmes m’abuse?
Sont-ce les traits magiques [de] Circé;
Ou les effets de l’esprit courroucé
D’vne Medee, ardemment enragee
Au parauant qu’elle se vist vengee?
Ha qu’est-cecy? en ces objects diuers
Je me consomme & ruine & me perds.
Ces deux Pasteurs ores se font coignoistre
Pour mon Nymphis, qui deux ne vçauoit estre;
Et tous les deux ne vçauoient estre aussi
Mon cher Nymphis, qui cause mon soucy.
Ha qu’est-cecy? Si faut-il que ie trame
La verité de ce magique charme,
Et que ie sçache à ce coup, si ie puis,
Lequel d’eux est le naturel Nymphis.
le ne vçauois estre plus abusee,
Ny follement par l’amour insensee:
Il faut sçauoir si mon œil est deceu,
Ou si le vray il auroit apperceu.
Es-tu Nymphis, toy qui m’as fait promesse
De me seruir comme seule maistresse
De tes desirs, & m’as donné ta foy,
Et l’as receue egalement de moy?
Ha ie ne puis croire que ton visage
Soit celuy-là de Nymphis, qui sauage
A tant de fois mesprise mes amours:
Veu que si prompt tu es à mon secours,
Et qu’en vn rien, en vn matinée,
l’ay veu soudain ta volonté changee.
Mais ne me tien si long temps en esmoy!

98 “[D]e” is missing in the original.
FAVSTE

3285 Je suis Nymphis.

NYMPHIS

3286 Non Diane c’est moy
3287 Et ce Pasteur te trompe souz ma face
3288 Pour s’enrichir, peut estre, de ta grace:
3289 Sçachant assez que tes abusez yeux
3290 Sont ardemment de mon front amoureux.
3291 Je ne suis pas marry que mon visage,
3292 Ait amolly ton endurcy courage
3293 Vers ce Pasteur, ie ferois comme luy,
3294 Si ie pensois appaiser mon ennuy:
3295 Car en amours il n’est point de remede
3296 Qui soit cruel, ni de guarison laide.
3297 Tu feras bien, en le prenant pour moy,
3298 De luy donner ton amour & ta foy;
3299 Car de Nymphis il ne faut que tu pense
3300 Rien esperer qu’vne longue souffrance,
3301 Qu’vn fier dédain, qu’vne amere langueur,
3302 Puis qu’à Jullye il a donné son cœur. 
3303 [fol. 385]
3304 Je suis marry qu’il faut que manifeste
3305 Vienne par moy, ta deception secrette,
3306 Pauure Pasteur! car ie cherche à guarir
3307 Ceux que l’amour comme moy fait mourir.
3308 Mais ie ne puis la verité desdire
3309 Qui me contraint deuant toy de la dire,
3310 Ny me changer dextrement, comme toy,
3311 Par vn bel art en vn autre que moy. 
3312 [Sort Nymphis.]

DIANE

3313 Ah qu’est-cecy! faut-il donc que ma veuë
3314 Soit à tous coups si laschement deceue?
3315 Deuois-je donc, pauure abusee, voir
3316 Mon ame helas, par l’amour decevoir?
3317 Et suis-ie donc à souffrir ordonnee
Tous les courroux de nostre destinee?
Ah! ô malheur! hé qu’vn triste tombeau
Ne seruit-il à mon corps de berceau
Soudain que j’euz aduisé la lumiere,
Qui sur le Ciel se promeine ordinaire?
C’est trop sentir icy bas de douleur!
C’est trop seruir de butin au mal-heur!
C’est trop souffrir sans qu’aucune esperance
De guarison à mon secours s’auance!
Non, non, Diane, il faut mal-gré l’amour
Pour nous guarir mourir dedans ce jour!
Il faut tenter de la mort le remede,
Puis que le Ciel nous refuse son aide.
Mourons, Diane, & rendons par la mort
Mort du mal-heur le langoureux effort.
Mourons, Diane, & cherchons allegeance,
En trespassant, au mal qui nos offence.
De deux Bergers, aimez de tout mon cœur,
L’vn m’est cruel, & l’autre deceuer:
De l’vn jamais mon amitié fidele
N’a peu mollir l’arrogance cruelle;
L’autre peruers a mon ame deceu,
Et sans auoir sa malice apperceu:
Tant j’aime, helas, celuy dont agreable
Jl empruntoit la face venerable,
Au desir lors de mon cœur affronté:
Et maintenant contre ma volonté,
Luy ai promis la foy de mariage,
Et de l’aimer tous les iours de mon aage.
Mais qu’ay-ie dit? le naturel deuoir
N’oblige aucun outre que son pouuoir.
Je ne sçauois, quelque vœu que ie face,
Quoy qui m’arriue, aimer vne autre face
Que celle-là de mon aimé Nymphis:
En vain i’ay donc mon amitié promis!
Puis, ce qu’on fait par force ou tromperie,
N’est point tenable, & le los n’iniurie,
Ce n’est forfait si nous le mesprisons,
Et si de luy sages nous abusons.
Jl faut pour vray que libre, & non forcee
Soit nostre foy, pour n’estre point faussee:
Jl faut que franc & sans desguisement,
Soit pour tenir nostre libre serment.
Je ne suis donc à personne engagee,
Puis que l’on m’a laschement outragee;
Et que par dol on a tiré de moy
Souz faux semblant promesse de ma foy.
Mais cependant voilà ma foy promise;
Qui ne sçauoit m’estre jamais remise:
I’ay fait serment, qui seul doit icy bas
Viure asseuré iusqu’à nostre trespass.
Celuy qui voit n’a raison qui merite
De l’excuser, si faute de conduite
Il est tombé dans vn gouffre estranger:
Car il pouuoit euiter le danger.
Rien ne me peut estre donc excusabe,
Ma foy y va, faut qu’elle soit tenable
Iusqu’à ma mort, qui me peut acquiter,
Et de l’effect de ma foy exempter,
Qui ma promesse immortelle engagee
En me tuant peut rendre desgagée.
Faut donc mourir, car la mortelle loy
Peut desgager mon amour & ma foy.

FAVSTE
Diane, arreste, arreste ceste enuie
De terminer pour mon crime ta vie.
Si ton esprit n’est coulpable du mal
Que Fauste, helas, à commis desloyal,

99 Orig. “ma”.
100 Question mark at the end of this line in the original.
Et si ton ame en est faite innocente,
Pourquoy veux-tu trespasser languissante?
La loy punit le peruers, qui a fait
Durant ses iours quelque inique forfait.
C’est la raison qu’on corrige le crime,
Et que le bien honorable on estime,
Mais ce n’est pas vn acte d’equité,
Que celuy-là qui n’a point merité
Aucun tourment pour n’auoir commis vice,
Pour le peché du coulpable perisse.
Puis que le Ciel me rend injurieux,
Desagreable à tes pudiques yeux,
Et qu’à mon heur importun il resiste,
Que le sçauoir de rien ne me profite,
L’art, le moyen d’adoucir ta fierté,
Et de me rendre aimé de ta beauté,
Je veux mourir pour rendre desgagee
Ta foy, qui m’est saintement obligee:
Auec mon corps mourra pareillement
Le nœud, qui tient immortel ton serment.
Et par ma mort, ô ma chere Deesse,
Tu te verras quitte de ta promesse.
Tu n’auras rien qui t’oblige vers moy,
Et tu seras libre alors de ta foy,
Que tu pourras sans scrupule en ton ame,
Rendre à quelque autre en te prenant pour femme.
Voilà comment nous serons satisfaits,
Et noz desirs heureusement parfaits,
Toy recouurant ta promesse engagée,
Et moy mourant, pour te rendre vengee,
Et pour tuer le mal, qui sans secours,
Sans me tuer, me rend mort tous les iours.
Belle Diane, encor que ie merite
Plustost la mort, qu’vne faueur petite
De ta bonté, ayant, d’amour pressé,
Blessé ton aise, & ton ame offencé,
Je veux pourtant te prier, ô ma belle,
De ne penser en ma faute mortelle,
De l’oublier, & croire en ce doux iour,
Que rien ne peut resister à l’Amour:
Et que celuy qui vit sous sa puissance,
Fait ce qu’il peut pour avoir allegeance!
Hé, pourroit-on blasmer avec raison
Le patient, qui cherche guarison?
A-t-il, helas, mérité quelque peine,
Voulant guarir sa douleur inhumaine?
Et celuy-là peut-il estre blasmé,
Qui se voyant en prison enfermé
Fait ce qu’il peut pour deliuré en estre,
Et pour se voir en liberté remettre?
Ainsi, Diane, ainsi, belle, ie fis,
Prenant le front de ton aimé Nymphis,
Pour essayer souz ce fardé visage,
De rendre doux enuers moy ton courage. [fol. 385]
Tu l’eusses fait si les Dieux, trop peruers
A mon bon heur, n’eussent point descouuerts [sic]
Ny mes desseins, ny ma fainte, qui cause
Qu’au lieu du bien, la mort ie me propose.
Pour tout cela & pour tout mon mal-heur,
Tu n’as Diane offencé ton honneur.
Je n’ay receu, qu’vn baiser, que pudique
Dessur ta foy tu me donnas vnique.
Ce que le Ciel rend descouuert aux yeux,
Comme la bouche, & le front gracieux,
Pour estre, helas, touchez en reuerence,
Ne sçouroient faire à l’honneur violence;
Et mesmement alors que ny consent
L’ame, qui chaste aucun bien n’en resent,
Et que la foy sainte de mariage,
Peut conserver l’honneur de tout dommage.
Tu n’as donc point, ô Diane, offencé,
Et ton honneur ne se trouue oppressé,
Si me prenant pour ton Nymphis aimable,
Apres auoir receu pour venerable
Ma sainte foy, & que i’euz ton serment,
Tu me donnas vn baiser seulement.
Rien ne peut donc d’vn chaud desir t’éprendre
De trepasser, si ce n’est pour reprendre
Ta foy, que, las, tu voulus me donner:
Mais je mouray pour te la redonner.
Je m’y en vay: Adieu, belle Diane!
Adieu! adieu nostre amour ancienne!
Adieu mon cœur! Je m’en vay trespicher
Du front hideux de ce pointu rocher,
Dedans la mer, de qui les ondes calmes
Submergeront & ma vie & mes flammes[.]"

DIANE

Meur si tu veux, je n’en ay point soucy,
Puis que je veux, helas, mourir aussi,
A celle-fin que mon sang venerable
Puiss ce lauer mon forfait lamentable.
[Sortent Fauste et Diane séparément.]

NYMPHIS [en entrant]

Je suis lassé d’entourner ces forests,
Ces prez, ces champs, & ces fascheux deserts,
Pour rencontrer ma cruelle Iullye:
La force m’est, helas presque faillie.
Je n’estois point si las au temps passé,
Quand je prenois le sanglier herissé,
Que je courois d’vn course gaillarde
Apres le Cerf, ou la Biche fuyarde:
Car le plaisir que j’auois en chassant
Mon long trauail alloit adoucissant:

No punctuation in the original.
3482  Et l'on ne peut le mal appeler peine
3483  Que le plaisir doucement nous ameine.
3484  Mais cet Amour qui me force chercher
3485  Parmy les bois, & par maint haut rocher,
3486  Parmy les prez, & maint antre sauauge
3487  Jullye, helas, qui me tient en seruage,
3488  En me lassant l'esprit de tant de maux,
3489  Lasse mon corps de maints aspres trauaux.
3490  Le mal du corps, ne peut comme luy rendre
3491  L'ame debile, & de son mal l'esprendre,
3492  Mais au rebours l'ame malade peut
3493  Rendre le corps malade quand ell' veut.
3494  L'amour en est vn tesmoin veritable,
3495  Car en rendant nostre ame miserable,
3496  Dolente, triste & pleine de soucy
3497  Rend nostre corps plein de trauaux aussi.
3498  Ha ie le sens, & le mal que j'espreuue
3499  Fait que mes dits veritables ie treuue!
3500  J'aime Jullye, & pour l’aimer trop fort
3501  le sens mon corps abayer à la mort,
3502  Tant la douleur de mon ame l’oppressëau
3503  Qui dans mon corps s’estouffe de tristesse!
3504  O le grand mal, quand au milieu des flots
3505  Le marinier voit son nauire enclos,
3506  A la mercy des vents impitoyables,
3507  A la fureur des ondes implacables,
3508  A la mercy de l’orage des Cieux,
3509  Et que parmy ces hazards furieux,
3510  Il ne retient vn seul brin d’esperance,
3511  Et ne peut voir aucun port d’asseurance!
3512  Car le malheur où l’espoir ne defaut,
3513  Nommer malheur par raison il ne faut:
3514  Mais bien malheur, la passion l’on nomme

102  Full stop at the end of this line in the original.
Qui sans espoir de finir nous consomme,
Bien que l’Amour à cent maux plus cuisans
Que le trespas, rende suïects mes ans,
Et que ie brusle en ceste viue flamme,
Qui a seché la vigueur de mon ame:
Je ne voudrois mon mal, mal appeller,
Si quelque espoir me venoit consoler:
Mais ie languy sans espoir, sans attente
Que ma Iullye vn iour douce contente
Mon cœur, qui brusle au rais de sa beauté,
Et qui ne vit que par sa volonte.
O trop cruelle, inhumaine Iullye!
Le fier vainqueur son prisonnier deslie,
Et bien souvent le remet sur sa foy,
Mais tu ne veux auoir pitié de moy,
Ny deslier mon ame, qui dolente
En tes liens trespasse languissante.
Plus on arrouse, & plus on lance d’eau
Dans le brazier qui craquette au fourneau,
Plus il s’esprent, & plus viue & bruslante
Deçà, delà, court sa flamme inconstante.
De mesme, helas! plus cruelle ie voy
Ta cruauté à mes ans, à ma foy,
Belle Iullie, & plus tu me diffames,
Plus tu accrois en ton amour mes flammes:
Plus ie t’honore, & plus i’aime tes yeux,
Yeux plus ardans que le iour radieux,
Yeux que ie veux aimer toute ma vie,
Sans que iamais ceste amoureuse enuie
Puisset passer, sans que passent mes iours
Plustost mortels que mes chastes amours.
Tu seras donc, ô ma chere Iullie,
Tousiours maistresse, & de ma triste vie,
Et de mon ame: & Nymphis te sera
Tousiours amant, & ton serf il mourra.
HECTOR [en entrant]

Change, ô pasteur, change si tu es sage
De passion, d’amour, & de langage,
Change d’ardeur, de cœur, de pensement,
Car tu n’es pas digne tant seulement
De regarder la celeste Iullie,
Qui tous les Dieux en son amour relie.
De celuy-là perilleux est le saut,
Que le désir a fait monter trop haut,
Et perilleux fut le tomber d’Icare,
Pour estre ensemble orgueilleux & ignare:
Garde toye bien de tomber comme luy,
Car ie t’appren qu’on ne pleure celuy
Qui pour avoir enflé de vaine gloire,
Voulu des Dieux desrober la victoire,
Tombé d’enhaut, & puny iustement
Perd & ses iours, & vie & sentiment.
Car il ne faut que personne s’efforce
De faire plus que ne permet sa force,
Ains que chacun, selon qu’il peut avoir
Du bien du ciel, mesure son pouuoir.
Ne sois donc pas si plein d’outrecuidance
D’aimer Iullie, & iamais ne t’auance
De l’appeller dame de tes amours,
Et moins encor d’en esperer secours.
Elle est pour toye trop celeste & diuine;
Et son amour est ta proche ruine.
Car nul ne peut l’aimer sans ressentir
De sa folie vn cruel repentir,
Puis que ie veux aueques ceste lame
Contre vn chacun l’acquerir pour madame,
Puis que ie l’aime, & permettre ne veux
Qu’autre que moy en deuienne amoureux.

103 The accent in “enflé” appears to have been crossed out by hand but surely belongs. The Saumur and BnF (Tolbiac) copies clearly read “enflé”.

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NYMPHIS

Il faudroit donc que ton outrecuidance,
Et ton orgueil, eussent plus de puissance
Que les grands Dieux, de qui la deïté
N’empesche pas d’aimer vne beauté,
Qui à nostre œil se descouure agreable,
Et que leur main a faite venerable:
Car rien ne peut que la mort empescher
Nostre desir, & l’amour estancher.

HECTOR

Aussi faut-il, pasteur, que tu t’asseures
De trespasser, si outre tu demeures
En ton erreur, & que tu vueille aimer
Jullie encor, & son serf te nommer:
Car ie veux seul son serf immuable estre
Et par mon fer tel me faire paroistre.

NYMPHIS

Vn seul desdain, vn seul aigre propos
De ma Jullie, enchasse dans mes os
Plus de frayeur, & plus de froide glace,
Que ton orgueil, & ta fiere menace:
Car des couards, l’Amour braue & vainqueur
Est fort assez pour auiuer le cœur:
Et peut le rendre inauincu, franc de blasme,
Mesmement lors qu’il combat pour sa dame.
Ne pense donc m’apporter quelque effroy
Ny que ie laisse à l’honorer pour toy:
Car quand luppin voudroit parler de mesme
Jl ne scàuoir faire que ie ne l’aime.

104  No apostrophe in the original.
HECTOR

Que n’es-tu digne, & d’entrer au combat
Encontre moy, & vuider ce debat
La lame au poing, estant né pour combatre,
Non pour ton droit par paroles debatre?
Et que n’es-tu cheualier comme moy?
OU que ne peut me permettre la loy,
Sans offencer ma guerriere vaillance,
De chastier ta superbe arrogance ?
Car i’esteindrois par vne mesme main,
Tes iours, ta vie, & ton desir hautin:
Et d’vn pasteur dont l’ame est forcee
Ne seroit plus lullie importunee.
Garde pourtant l’aimer passe ce iour:
Car ie ne sçay si le puissant Amour,
Qui toute chose a sa volonté force,
Me ferroit point vser de quelque force
En ton endroit, me faisant mettre en bas
Le saint respect que ie porte aux combats,
Puis que l’Amour d’estre doux nous dispense
A celuy là qui son pouuoir offence,
Et qu’on ne craint d’offencer l’équité
Pour maintenir sa saincte deité.

NYMPHIS [fol. 388v]

O cheualier, ceste robbe sauuage
Ne rauit pas aux pasteurs le courage.
Souz cet habit, qui te va deceuant,
Vn corps nerueux se rencontre souuent,
Qui loge un cœur où la masle vaillance
Fait bien souuent sa brusque demeurance.
Si les pasteurs accourcissent les iours
Des fiers lions, des sangliers, & des ours,
Et si le loup trebouche souz leur lame,
Jls pourront bien combattre pour leur dame
Vn cheualier, qui est homme comme eux,
Et de leur bien follement enuieux.
Bien que l’habit d’un pastoureau ie porte,
Et que ie sois habillé de la sorte
De ces bergeres [sic], qui meinent leurs aigneaux
Brouetter l’herbette aux riuages des eaux,
Je suis pourtant sorty de gens d’elite,
Et comme toy cheualier de merite:
Mais cet habit i’ay pris pour librement
Seruir Jullie, & estre son amant.
Que cela donc nostre combat ne tarde:
Bien-heureux est l’amant qui se hazarde
Au lit d’honneur, & voir son iour esteint
Pour soutenir son amour estre saint.

HECTOR

Puis qu’ainsi est que l’espee hazardeuse
A ton costé a pendu valeureuse,
Et si tu dis la sainete verité
Que cheualier autre fois as esté,
Je suis content de combatre à ceste heure,
Si tu ne veux que tout seul ie demeure
Serf de Jullie, & si pour ton repos
Tu ne veux pas m’en quitter le beau loz:
Et le quittant faut que tu me promette
De n’aimer plus sa beauté si parfaite.

NYMPHIS

Auant Nymphis sentira mille morts
Ramper autour des veines de son corps;
Auant sa main accourcira sa vie,
Qu’ontc il delaisse à rechercher Iullie.
Mais si tu veux toy-mesmes euiter
Le dur combat, promets moy de quitter
L’amour ardant que tu porte à Iullie,
Afin que seul son amant ie me die.
Si tu ne veux commbattons sans seiour,
Et que le fer assure nostre amour.

HECTOR

Veux-tu encore que ta surpreme audace
Me face peur, & ma valeur menace?
Sus, sus, auant: viuement combatons,
Et par l’acier noz amours disputons.

ELYMANT [en entrant]

Demeurez-là. Par ma noire science,
Qui des esprits arrete l’arrogance,
Par mon sçauoir qui fait trembler les cieux,
Et qui de peur rend estonnez les Dieux,
Je vous commande, & outre vous conjure
Que chacun cesse à s’entrefaire iniure.
Demeurez-là: il me plaist: ie le veux:
Laissez le fer, & vous rendez tous deux
Aupres de moy, qui sage vous veux dire
Vostre fortune, & voz erreurs predire.
Toy qui combats encontre ce pasteur,
Qui ne te cede en prouesse & valeur,
N’as pas pensé auoir pour adversaire
En ce combat ton braue vnique frere.
Et toy pasteur, trompé, tu ne crois pas
Que cestui-cy que vaillant tu combats,
Soit ton Hector, ton frere, a qui l’enuie
De te trouver a hazardé la vie:
Car mille mers ardant il a passé,
Mille deserts incogneus trauersé,
Couru cent fois de fortune la rage,
Senty du ciel maint choleré visage,
Pour te chercher, pour te voir, te trouver;
Et pour encor ton amour esprouuer
De son trauail, de sa ferme constance,
En ton amour. Maigre la recompense
Tu luy ferois, si au lieu de secours
A sa douleur, tu trancisois ses iours.
Et toy Hector, apres tant de miserès,
Tant de trauaux, tant de peines ameres,
Et tant de mal enduré pour chercher
Ton frere aimé, & que tu tiens si cher,
Ores qu’heureux tu es par sa presence,
Veux-tu sur luy esprouuer ta vaillance?
Et le meurdrir t’ayant fait esprouuer
Tant de labeurs, afin de le trouuer?
Tous deux enfans d’vne mesme portee,
Fut vostre mere en vn iour contentee:
Tous deux enfans de ce Duc, qui puissant
Maintenant va les Celtes regissant,
De qui le nom fut le diuin Ebore,
Et celuy là de vostre mere Flore.
Tu fus nommé du nom du braue Hector
(Car ton clair sang du sien decoule encor)
Toy Sarpedon, noms des preux dont la Grece,
Braue esprouua la gaillarde prouesse.
Mais en traçant les accidents diuers
Que tous Heros cherchent par l’vniuers,
Taschant à rendre immortelle ta gloire,
Par ta valeur, dont viue est la memoire
Par tout le monde, en ce desert tu vins
Et amoureux de Iullye deuins
Tout aussi tost que sur sa face belle,
Ton œil ietta sa lumiere iumelle.
Pour la seruir, & l’aimer librement,
D’vn pastoureau tu pris l’habillement,
Que sur ton corps ore encore tu porte,
Et pour vn temps quittas ta valeur forte,
Et ton habit de guerrier de renom,
Ton fier harnois, tes armes, & ton nom,
Pour te nommer Nymphis, de qui la gloire
En ce pais a planté ta memoire.
Voilà comment l’vn & l’autre deceu,
Vous n’auiez point vostre erreur apperceu,
Sans mon sçauoir, qui comprent toute chose
Qui vit au ciel, & en terre repose.
Et vostre main, sans mon heurieux secours,
En sa fureur eust terminé voz iours,
Mais sus, auant: de cruels aduersaires
Redeuenez amis, germains, & freres.
Embrassez vous, pendant que dans ce iour,
Nous donnerons remede à vostre amour.
Rendant du tout l’ame viue agitee
De passions, heureuse & contentee.
Reposez vous sur mon diuin sçauoir,
Qui sur Iullie aura ce iour pouuoir,
Pour amollir le roc de son courage
Et l’vn de vous aimer en mariage.

HECTOR
O frere aimé, qui par tout i’ay cherché,
Et d’amour saint viuement recherché,
Car pour iouir de ta chere presence,
J’ay mille fois esprouué l’inconstance
Du sort cruel, souffert mille trauaux,
Ployé cent fois souz dix mille fardeaux.
Mais, ô grands Dieux, ie ne repute peine
Ny mes labeurs, ny ma course inhumaine,
Puis que ie tiens mon cher frere embrassé,
Encor qu’il soit de mon fer offencé.
Pardonne moy, mon frere: en recompense
De mon forfait, pour en noyer l’offence,
le veux lullie à iamais te quitter:
Car aussi bien tu la peux meriter
Trop mieux que moy, puis que long temps fidele
Ton amitié a commencé vers elle:
Et ie ne sens qu’encore depuis vn iour
S’esprendre en moy le feu de son amour.
Pren la pour toy, rien ie n’y veux pretendre
A l’aduenir, sinon pour te la rendre,
Si dessus elle Amour & son vouloir,
M’auoient donné par cy deuant pouuoir.
Et toy vieillard, dont la force esprouuee
Nous as la vie heureusement sauuee,
Pere courtois qui as refait noz ans,
Prests de passer souz noz glaiues trenchans,
Qui de nouueau nous as donné la vie,
Cent fois ta grace ores ie remercie,
Et te supply que tu prennes tousiours
Soin de noz ans, & cure de noz iours.

NYMPHIS
Ah, ô cher frere! ah, as-tu souuenance
De Sarpedon, qui laschement t’offence?
Qui te vouloit enuoyer aux enfers,
Pour le loyer de tant de maux souffers
A le chercher? pour tant de longues peines
Qui ont esté à tes ans inhumaines?
Ah ie me plains que mon impieté
Tant de tourment parjure ait merité?
Mais, ô mon frere, en ton ame fidele
Si l’amitié reste encor mutuelle,
Et si encor tu daignes estimer
Mon sainct amour, & mon repos aimer,
Je te supply’ par ceste amitié saincte
Que mon injure à iamais soit esteinte:
Vueilles ma faute inhumaine oublier,
Et d’vn nouueau deuoir me relier,
En receuant Jullie pour ta femme:
Tu merites vne si digne Dame:
Je te la quitte, & te la rens, helas!
Car la raison ne consentira pas,
Qu’ayant souffert pour moy mainte misere,
Le t’oste encor ce qui t’est necessaire,
Que tu merite, & qu’obligé ie doy
Aux longs travaux que tu as pris pour moy.
Reçoyn-là donc, pour digne recompense
de tes labeurs, & de ta patience.

HECTOR
Non non, cher frere, il ne faut desloyal
Que ma presence apporte tant de mal
A ta santé, que raur infidele
Ce qui la peut faire viure eternelle!
Trop de mal-heur tu sentirois pour moy,
Qui n’aime rien [a]u” monde au prix de toy.
Je ne suis pas venu en ceste terre
Pour faire vn iour à ton repos la guerre,
Ny te troubler: trop chere de moitié
T’auroit esté ma cruelle amitié.
Trop chere aussi t’auroit esté la veüe
De mon visage, & chere ma venüe.
Je vien à toy afin de te seruir,
Non pour ton bien cruellement raur.
Reçoyn-là donc: car pour moy ie te iure
Que ie n’ay plus de la bergere cure.

NYMPHIS
Non non, mon frere, ah c’est trop outrager
Mon amitié, que vouloir m’obliger
Par tant de fois, sans auoir esperance
D’vn iour t’en faire heureuse recompense.
Contente toy qu’obligeé ie te sois
D’auoir passé la mer par tant de fois,
Pour me trouuer, auec mainte disgrace,
Dont à tous coups le destin nous menace,
D’auoir voulu mon peché pardonner:
Sans me vouloir encores redonner

Orig. “ou”.
Ce qui est tien par le droit equitable,
Et qui se rend à tes yeux agréable.
Ah, pren là donc, & pren pitié de moy
Sans m’obliger tant de fois enuers toy!
Ce me fera vne gloire immortelle
En te voyant espoux de ceste belle,
Qui peut tes ans couronner de repos,
Et le plaisir enchasser dans tes os.

HECTOR

C’est violer le droit & la iustice,
Porter vne ame hostesse de malice,
Et rendre infame & son nom & son los,
Que desrober le fruict & le repos
Du long travaail à celuy qui sans cesse
A travailler exercise sa ieunesse.
Pour emporter Jullie, & son amour,
En long travaail tu as passé maint iour,
Souffert, paty, souspiré mille carmes,
Et respendu mille ruisseaux de larmes:
De ton labeur, si vif, si ancien
N’est-ce raison que le doux fruict soit tien?
Et que le fruict bien-heureux te demeure
Du large champ que sans fin tu laboure?
Qui ce doux bien oseroit t’enleuer,
Doit de la loy la rigueur esprouuer.
Or pren-le donc, & ne vueille me faire,
Me le quittant, de la loy aduersaire.

NYMPHIS

Mais si la loy mesme rigueur estend
Dessur l’ingrat, que celuy qui respand
De son prochain, espris d’ardente rage,
Le iuste sang, accourcissant son aage:
Pourquoyn veux-tu que ceste mesme loy
Perde mon los pour estre ingrat vers toy?
Et refusant de ma main miserable
Le sainct loyer, dont ie suis redeuable
A ton trauail, à ton iuste labeur,
Veux-tu me rendre à iamais sans honneur:
Et que mon ame, où la gloire est entee,
Soit d’vn chacun ingrate reputee?
Ne me fay pas, ô mon frere, ce tort:
Mais pren Jullie, afin que l’heureux sort
Me donne gloire & loüange eternelle,
Pour n’estre ingrat à ton amour fidele.

ELYMANT
Que vous sert il de vous rendre ialous
D’vn bien qui n’est aucunement à vous?
De vous donner d’vne fole arrogance,
Ce qui ne peut estre en vostre puissance?
C’est partager par voz ieunes discours
Le bien d’autruy, ou bien la peau de l’ours.
Jullie n’est à l’amour adonnee,
Elle deteste, & les loix d’Hymenee,
Et les baisers fideles d’vn espoux,
Pour estre libre, & gaye parmy nous,
Pour viure braue, & portant le courage
Libre des loix d’vn pesant mariage.
Attendez donc que puissiez esmouvoir
Son chaste cœur, que vous ayez pouvoir
Sur son desir, auant qu’auoir la force
D’en disposer comme chacun s’efforce.
Mais pour vous rendre à iamais bien-heureux,
Pour vous tirer de seruage, ie veux,
S’il m’est possible, adoucir son courage,
Et l’animer au nœud de mariage,
En luy faisant espouser l’vn de vous
Qu’elle voudra eslire pour espoux;
En rendant l’autre à iamais libre & sage,
Par mon sçauoir, de l’amoureuse rage.
Voulez-vous pas remettre à son vouloir
Vostre dispute, & d'elle receuoir
La iuste loy, puis qu'outre son courage
Vous ne pouuez l'auoir en mariage?

HECTOR

Je le veux bien.

NYMPHIS

Je le veux donc aussi.

ELYMANT

Or sus courage, attendez moy icy,
le vay trouver ceste superbe Dame,
Pour adoucir, si ie puis, sa fiere ame.

NYMPHIS

Facent les Dieux prosperer tes beaux iours,
O pere sainct, nostre diuin secours.

[Entrent Arbuste et Diane.]

ARBUSTE

Et bien, Diane, & bien, pauure insensee,
Veux-tu tousiours que ton ame, offencee
Par tes fureurs se lamente de toy,
Qui ne reçois que ton vouloir pour loy?
Que veux-tu faire? & quoy? que veux-tu dire?
Estimes-tu que ton aspre martyre,
Tes pleurs, tes cris, ayent l'authorité
Que d'effacer ce qui fait a esté?
La pierre en haut d'vn bras roide transmise
Estre ne peut de nostre main reprise,
Faut malgré nous, piroüettant au tour,
De l’air sifflant, qu’elle face son tour:
Aussi Diane, ah trop dure & rebelle,
Jl n’y a rien dont la force soit telle,
Qu’elle ait pouuoit de faire par ses loix
Que ce qui fut n’ait esté quelque fois.
C’est auoir l’ame & lourde & indiscrete,
Que resister à la chose ja faite:
Et de penser rendre mort & deffait
Par noz labeur, ce que le ciel a fait.
Cela n’est point en la puissance humaine
Mais l’on peut bien auec beaucoup de peine,
Du mal commis & du forfait aussi,
Rendre par fois le penser adoucy.
Quoy penses-tu estre bien outragee,
D’auoir ta foy enuers Fauste obligée?
Estimes-tu que le ciel soit marry
Que l’ayes pris pour fidele mary?
Vrayement tu as bien raison de te plaindre,
De t’affliger & vouloir te contraindre.
Que pouuoit-tu en ton aage nouveau,
De plus parfait, de plus fidele & beau,
Choisir que luy? qui le rend incapable,
De te seruir, & de t’estre agreable?
Quoy? que dis-tu? vrayement tu as raison,
De refuser la douce guarison,
Que Fauste peut apporter à ta rage,
Dessous l’honneur d’un chaste mariage.
Que veux-tu faire? hé, ses travaux passez
N’ont ils rendu de l’assurance assez
De son amour, de sa saincte constance? [fol. 393]
Hé n’as-tu pas de sa foy cognoissance?
Que veux-tu donc! que peux-tu souhaiter

106 Orig. “pouuoit”.
107 Orig. “labeur”.
108 Full stop at the end of this line in the original.
Qui puisse mieux tes desirs contenter
Que ce pasteur? n’a-t’il la face belle,
Le corps parfait, l’ame chaste & fidele?
Non non, Diane, il ne faut que ton coeur
Soit repentant d’auroir pris ce pasteur
Pour son sovy-mesme; il t’a long temps aimee,
Et son amour merite estre estimee.
N’est-il sorty de parens vertueux?
N’a-t’il le coeur gaillard & genereux,
L’ame superbe, & de los alteree?
Le front hardy & la main assurée?
Mille lions, mille feroce ours,
Mille sangliers en feront foy tousjours,
Qu’il a tuez, & dont les peaux veluës,
Sur ses paroirs se voyent estendueës.
Qui te peut donc de l’aimer t’empescher?
Et qui te rend lente à le rechercher?
Es-tu si fole & si pauurement sage
Que d’esperer auoir en mariage
Le beau Nymphis? hé ne vois-tu pas bien
Qu’il te desdaigne, & ne t’estime rien?
Qu’il rit de toy, & qu’il aime Iullie,
Qui viuement en ses doux rets le lie?
Qui viuement en ses doux rets le lie?
N’espere point receuoir de plaisir,
D’vn cœur, qui est contraire à ton desir.
Car pour gouster ces plaisirs desirables
Il faut qu’amour rende noz coeurs semblables,
Egaux noz vœux, egales noz ardeurs,
Pareils noz ans, & semblables noz mœurs:
Mais de Nymphis le superbe courage
Contraire au tien, respire ton dommage,
Il prent plaisir de rendre son vouloir
Contraire au tien, pour te faire douloir:
Et ton ennuy est sa ioye plus grande,
Rien que ta fin cruel il ne demande.
Laisse le donc: ô cent fois mal-heureux
L'esprit qui est d'aucun bien desireux,
Qui ne se peut nourrir en esperance
D'en obtenir quelque iour iouissance!
Il meurt cent fois, & pendant sans mourir
On l’apperçoit cruellement perir!
Dur est le mal que la chose esperee
Qui point n’arriue apporte desploree
Mesme l’espoir de son bien differé
Afflige l’ame & le rend esploré.
Quitte donc là ce qui tien ne peut estre;
D’vn vain souhait plus outre ne t’empestre:
Quitte Nymphis, que tu ne peux auoir,
Et Fauste pren, qui vit en ton pouuoir.
Mais fay soudain, car pressé de martyre,
Deuers la mort dolent il se retire;
Il veut mourir, puis que tu ne veux pas
Que pour t’aimer il reuiue icy bas.

DIANE
Meure s’il veut; car ie ne porte enuie
Ny a sa mort, ny à sa longue vie:
Viee s’il veut, nul soucy ne me mord
Ny de ses iours, ny de sa prompte mort:
Mais ie sçay bien que pour m’auoir deceuë,
L’auray tousiours à contre-cœur sa veuë.

ARBVSTE
Ha que dis-tu? peut-il te deceuoir,
Luy qui ne vit qu’au gré de ton pouuoir?
Qui seulement ton service respire,
Et qui ton bien seul au monde desire?
N’estime point vn tel peché de luy,
Excuse-le: car Diane celuy
Qui sent d’Amour la deuorante flamme,
Fait ce qu’il peut pour secourir son ame.
Mais ce pendant sous cet affrontement,  
Jl tient ma foy, & mon chaste serment.

Si tu luy as ta foy chaste donnee,  
Qui te rend serue aux loix de l'Hymenee,  
Si pour espoux les Dieux te l’ont donne,  
Et si pour toy Amour l’[a]” destiné,  
Pourquoy veux-tu qu’il meure miserable,  
Pour n’estre pas à son mal secourable?  
La foy, la loy, & le iuste serment,  
Doiuent sur nous auoir commandement:  
Faut que la loy nostre desir regisse,  
Et que nostre ame au serment obeisse.  
Car sans la foy nous ne meritons pas  
D’estre honorez, ny de viure icy bas.

Mais toute foy, que l’on promet forcee  
Ne peut iamais obliger la pensee,  
Qui reste libre encor qu’on ait promis.  

Tout au rebours; car mesme aux ennemis  
Il faut garder sa promesse asseuree.  
Bien que par force ils nous l’ayent tiree.

Le franc vouloir nous oblige, & non pas  
La caute ruze, ou l’effroy du trespas.  

L’homme constant la loyauté ne force.
Plustost il meurt que s’obliger par force;
Et le trespas nous peut deliurer sanct
De la promesse, & du serment contraint.

Mais qui se peut garder de la finesse?
La tromperie en amour est sagesse.

Pendant noz sens s’en plaignent offencez.

Son fruit heureux nous recompense assez.

Mais qui ce fruit trop injuste refuse.

Celuy trop fol en son erreur s’abuse.

Où la ruse est, le doux plaisir n’est point.

Le mal s’oublie, & le plaisir l’esteint.

Le mal qui est eternel ne se passe.

Le doux amour à la parfin l’efface.

Ah nul amour peut effacer le mien!
Non, si tu veux en aimer le lien.

Pourrois-je aimer celuy qui m’a deceuë?

Sa tromperie à ton bien est conceuë.

C’est à mon mal: car il retient ma foy.

Aime le donc, puis qu’il est tout à toy.

Contre mon gré il faut donc que ie l’aime.

L’amour rend doux le fiel le plus extreme.

L’amour n’est point avec le desir chaut
De se venger.

L’on dit tousiours qu’il faut
De deux mal-heurs en eslire le moindre.

Je fais ainsi, voulant mon iour esteindre.

Quel profit vient de mourir en esmoy?
DIANE

De me remettre en ma premiere foy.

ARBVSTE

Mais ren's plusost ceste force accomplie.

DIANE

Auant ie veux cent fois perdre la vie.

ARBVSTE

Mais ton serment est tousiours obligé.

DIANE

La mort peut bien le rendre desgagé.

ARBVSTE

Fole Diane, à tes iours ennemie,
A ta beauté, à ta santé & vie,
Oste ce vueil, ce desir qui te point
De te meurtrir, & ne t'offence point!
Bien que ton corps soit couuert d'vre lame,
Que dans le ciel repose ta belle ame,
Tu ne sçauois faire que tu ne sois
Tousiers sujecte à ses diuines loix,
Qui rendent vif le diuin Hymenee
De ceux qui ont leur promesse donnee.
Ta foy y est: bien que morte, on dira
Diane vn iour de sa foy asseura
Lepasteur Fauste, & par apres volage
Elle trompa leur sacré mariage.
Voilà le blasme & le mal qui tousiours
Apres ta mort suruiuroient à tes iours.

DIANE

Que doy-je faire? ah, pauurette insensee
Que ne suis-je ja desia trespassée?
Que fay-je plus veue de tout confort
Puis que la vie est ma cruelle mort?
Seray-je donc par vne ruze feinte
D’espouser Fauste injustement contrainte?
Jouira-t’il en despit malgré moy,
De mon amour, & de ma saincte foy?
Seray je donc eternellement femme
De celuy-là que ie hay dans mon ame?
Non, ie ne puis! i’aime trop mieux mourir,
Et par ma mort mon angoisse guarir!
Ma volonté ne peut estre forcee.
L’iniuste foy n’oblige la pensee:
Le l’ay promis; mais mon penser deceu
A par apres son erreur apperceu.
Et l’ayant veu, il a eu repentance
De son forfait, en a fait penitence.
Je ne suis donc sujecte par la loy.
Si ie le suis, pour degager ma foy
J’aime trop mieux mourir qu’estre forcee
D’aimer celuy dont ie suis abusee,
Et d’estimer celuy-là pour amy
Que mon honneur retient pour ennemy.
Faut que ie meure, & d’vne mesme enuie
Luy faire aussi soudain perdre la vie:
Car ie sçay bien que ma cruelle mort
Sera la sienne, & la fin de son sort:
Et qu’il moura, sçachant bien que rauie
Pour son suject sera ma palle vie.
Mais qu’ay-je dit? ah puis-je auoir le cœur
Assez remply de mortelle rancœur,
Pour estouffer d’vne cruelle audace,
Celuy qui a de mon Nymphis la face?
Qui luy ressemble, ayant pareils les yeux,
Pareil le front, & le port gracieux?
O trop cruelle inhumaine Diane!
Où vit ta foy, ton amour ancienne,
Que tu rendois à ton Fauste autrefois,
Auparauant qu’en ces funestes bois
Fust arriué Nymphis, dont le visage
Changea ta foy, & mua ton courage?
O pauure Fauste! ô que mal tu te voy
Recompensé de ta fidele foy,
De ton ardeur, de ton amour loyale,
M’ayant aimé en mes veux desloyale,
Ayant ma foy, & ton amour quité,
Pour de Nymphis adorer la beauté!
Mais ie te veux donner la recompence
De ton amour, de ta masle constance,
Je veux t’aimer, & n’aimer plus Nymphis.
Hé que sçais-tu, Diane que tu dis?
Quitter Nymphis, pour aimer despourueuë
Fauste qui t’a cruellement deceuë?
C’est chose helas qui iamais ne sera!
Auant la mort ma vigueur trancira!
Mais pourquoi non? n’ay-je pas bien mal caute
Subitement quitté l’amour de Fauste,
Pour le donner à Nymphis, qui vengeur
De mon forfait tient mon mal en vigueur?
Hé qui me peut empescher tout de mesme
De quitter là Nymphis, qui point ne m’aime,
Pour rechercher de Fauste l’amitié,
Qui fut iadis seul ma chere moitié?
Je le puis [bien. Mais] qui est d’aumentage
Ne tient-il pas ma foy de mariage?
Il a de moy pris le sacré serment,
Que ie n’auoirs autre espoux, autre amant

111 Orig. “Nymphis”.
112 Orig. “bien.mais”.
Que luy, qui ferme en sa longue poursuite,
Mon amitié seul au monde merite.
Je ne veux, donc faute de secourir
Sa passion, le laisser là mourir,
Ny plus long temps de son bien ennemie,
Entretenir languissante sa vie.
Or sus, Arbuste, allons donc le chercher,
Et sa douleur doucement estancher.

ARBUSTE

Allons, Diane, ô bien-heureuse chance!
O Fauste heureux! ie ressens l’esperance
Venir à toy, qui te permet sortir
De ta douleur, & te faire sentir
Le bien heureux, que tout amant fidele,
Apres ses maux trouue aupres de sa belle!
Allons, Diane, en benissant ce iour,
Qui rend heureux les fruits de ton amour,
Et qui r’alonge à ton pasteur la vie,
Que la douleur auoit demy rauie.
Or allons donc: puissent les benins Dieux,
Ramener sain Fauste deuant noz yeux! [Sortent Diane et Arbuste.]

[Entrent Jullie et Elymant, Nymphis et Hector (cachés).]

ELYMANT

Où court ainsi tousjours libre & iolie
Par ces deserts la diuine Jullie?
Seule où vas-tu? pourquoi enuies-tu
Le los qu’on rend à ta belle vertu?
Trop longuement ton esprit tu abuses,
Et ta beauté prodigueusement tu vses:
Faut vn mary fidele te trouuer,
Qui ton repos puisse entier conserver.
IVLIE
O sainct vieillard, il faut auoir creance
A ceux qui sont sages d’expérience
Et de sçauoir, comme ie te cognois,
Pour t’auoir veu bien faire tant de fois.
Mais ie ne puis à ton vueil satisfaire,
Ny les effects de ton aduis parfaire,
Pour ne trouuer d’estre esclaue plaisir
A d’autres loix qu’à mon propre desir.

ELYMANT
O que dis-tu? hé penses-tu, pauurette,
Te mariant à d’autre estre sujette
Qu’à ton vouloir? hé penses-tu n’auoir
Assez d’honneur, de beauté, de pouuoir,
Et de vertu pour commander prudente
A ton mary qui te rendra contente?
La loy d’Hymen n’est point loy de rigueur,
Ains vne loy qui coule la douceur,
Et le repos dans noz douces moüelles,
Et saincte, rend noz gloires eternelles.

IVLIE
Jl n’y a point de si courtoise loy,
Qui n’ait tousiours quelque rigueur en soi;
Car toute loy oblige à quelque chose,
Et l’obligé, libre ne se repose.
Mais qui me peut maintenant obliger,
Que mon vouloir? qui me peut engager
Au vueil d’autruy, puis que rien n’a puissance,
Que mon desir, sur mon adolescence?

ELYMANT
Mais penses-tu pouuoir passer tes ans,
Et la verdeur de ton chaste printemps,
Sans que d’Hymen la puissance tu sente,
[fol. 398’]
Puis que chacun vivant l’expérience?
Certes chacun par la loy des grands Dieux,
Est obligé, vivant en ces bas lieux,
De donner vie, essence, & nourriture
A des enfants; de peur que la nature
Vienne à faillir, & ce monde à perir,
Qui sans Hymen seroit prest de mourir:
C’est vne loy dont obligez nous sommes
Aux Dieux puissans, puis que nous sommes hommes.

IVLLIE
Libre les Dieux nous laissent le désir,
Nul n’est contraint de quitter son plaisir,
Et son vouloir, pour servile s’astrainer
Aux loix d’Hymen, qui ne peut nous contraindre.
Le mariage, & le pouvoir d’Hymen,
Bien que puissans, sont vn libre lien,
Qui ne sçauoit contraindre nostre envie,
Lier nos cœurs, & forcer nostre vie.

ELYMANT
Mais le grand bien, & le contentement,
Que ce lien rend ordinairement,
L’honneur, le los, que saïnt il nous peut rendre,
Nous fait souuent l’honorer & le prendre.

IVLLIE
Et quel grand bien peut Hymen apporter?
Quel saïnt honneur, qui face souhaiter
De voir pour luy sa liberté perduë,
Et d’un mary servue esclaue renduë?

ELYMANT
Hymen te peut apporter de beaux ans,
Doux, sauoureux, te donner des enfants,
Qui te seront support en ta vieillesse,
Lesquels le ciel ornera de sagesse,
Qui te feront, malgré l’injuste sort
Du temps goulu, reuiure aprés ta mort;
Et qui rendront eternelle ta gloire,
Sacré ton nom, & viue ta memoire.
Tout l’Vniuers attenu t’en sera,
Puisque par toy des Heros il aura,
Qui luy seront sainctement venerables,
A son besoin amplement secourables.
Ton nom par eux se verra conserué,
De tes ayeuls le trespas releué,
Et ta maison eternelle renduë,
Par le tombeau ne sera point perduë.
Je voy sortir une race de toy,
Qui doit donner à l’Vniuers la loy,
Cent beaux enfans, dont la masle vaillance
Aux Dieux rendra leurs noms en reuerence,
Braues, vaillants, dont les actes diuers
Seront l’honneur de ce grand Vniuers,
Qui benira cent mille fois la mere,
Qui tels enfans aura mis en lumiere.
C’est vn conseil par les Dieux arresté;
Veux-tu forcer leur saincte volonté?
Faut malgré toy, qu’vn sacré mariage
Guide tes ans & benisse ton aage.

IVLLIE

Puis que ces biens que tu m’as racontez,
Et ces honneurs, sont d’Hymen enfantez,
Et que c’est chose aux grands Dieux agreable
Que sous Hymen ie viue perdurable,
Que tu le veux, ie m’y consens aussi:
Mais quel espoux veux-tu que j’aye icy?
ELYMANT [en montrant Nymphis et Hector] [fol. 399’]

Tu vois ces deux, dont l’un porte l’audace
De Mars cruel, & d’un guerrier la face,
L’autre l’habit & le nom de pasteur,
Mais qui ne cede à l’autre de valeur,
Tous deux vaillans, enfans d’un pere mesme,
Tous deux bruslez en ton amour extreme,
Tous deux ardans de rendre à ta beauté
Les saints honneurs qu’elle a bien merité,
Tous deux enfans d’un Prince redoutable,
Que sa vertu rend aux cieux venerable,
L’un appelé Hector, l’autre Nymphis,
Que seruiteur de tes beaux yeux tu fis:
Esly des deux pour espoux perdurable
Celuy qui t’est ores plus agreable.

HECTOR
Tu le peux faire, ô divine beauté,
Sans qu’un de nous force ta volonté.

NYPHIS
Esly, Jullie, entre toutes parfaite,
Et qu’à iamais ta volonté soit faite.

IVLLIE
Puis que le choix de vous deux m’est remis,
Et qu’il ne doit vous en rendre ennemis,
Je pren Nymphis, dont ie tiens honoree
La sainte foy, & l’amour assuree,
Qui m’a tousjours aime parfaitement,
Et que i’auois esleu pour mon amant
En mon esprit, ayant en mon courage
De l’accepter vn iour en mariage,

153 Beginning with this folio, the compositor becomes notably more regular in indenting the first line of new speeches.
Bien que l'honneur me deffendist tousiours
De faire cas de ses chastes amours.
Mais puis qu'il faut que ie sois destinee,
Comme vn chacun, à la loy d'Hymenee,
Et que le ciel, qui peut tout dessur nous,
Rendre me veut sujette d'un espoux,
Pour tel ie veux Nymphis fidele escrire,
Et pour mary chaste ie le desire,
Croyant qu'entier son amour florira,
Et que sa foy point ne variera.

HECTOR

Tu ne pouuois mieux choizir, ô Jullie,
Le m'y consens, & par sermens me lie
De t'honorer comme ma chere sore,
Bien que ton oeil ait embrazé mon coeur.
Telle ie veux t'honorer, dauantage
Que si i'eusse eu ta foy en mariage.

NYMPHIS

Cent mille honneurs, Jullie, ie te ren,
Et pour espouse immortelle te pren,
Puis qu'il te plait[.]" que mon fidele frere,
Mon seul sauueur, me commande ainsi faire,
A qui i'eusse eu agreable cent fois,
Le mesme bien que par toy ie reçois.
Mais puis que telle est ta chaste pensee,
Qui ne scauoir jamais estre forcee,
Et que ce fait elle a ferme arresté,
Le veux en tout faire ta vonté.

ELYMANT

C'est la raison. Pour t'oster la memoire

No comma in the original; without it, syntax and sense become ambiguous, indeed elusive.
De ton amour, ie te veux faire boire,
O cheualier, ceste douce boisson,
Qui peut tirer ton ame de prison.
Tien, boy-la donc. Ne sens-tu pas deliure
Ton coeur d’amour? ton ame saine & libre
Des traits desquels Jullie le perçoit,
Lors que son œil tes desirs attiroit?

HECTOR
Tel ie me sens, dont ie te remercie.

ELYMANT
Heureuse soit à iamais vostre vie,
O beaux amans! viuez chastes, viuez,
Et tous les Dieux propices esprouuez!
Que de vous deux il descende vne race
Qui des Heros le souuenir efface,
Pour viure seule autour de l’vniuers,
De Pallas digne, & de ses lauriers vers.
Allez reuoir vostre douce patrie,
Et là contens consommez vostre vie. [Ils sortent tous.]

FAVSTE [en entrant]
O iour diuin où ie verray ioyeux
Mourir mon mal au despart de tes feux!
O sacré iour, où s’en ira mon ame
Droit dans le ciel, où luit ta belle flamme![11]
Iour fortuné, où mes gauches amours
En finissant verront finir mes iours!
O iour heureux, qui seul en tant d’annees
Heureuses rends mes tristes destinees!
Ha ie t’adore! & avec mille vœux
Je te reçooy, je te pren, ie te veux!

[11] The question mark in the original suggests that the compositor was misled by the repeated “où”; the rhetorical pattern confirms that “où” in “où s’en ira mon ame” is used in the temporal sense.
Fauste qui fut languissant miserable,
Pendant le cours de son dueil lamentable,
A qui maints iours passerent malheureux,
En ce doux iour doit se voir bien-heureux,
Puis que ce iour le trespas luy ameine,
Qui peut tout seul guarir sa longue peine!
Fauste qui fut in[faust] & sans support,
Sera ce iour fauste en despit du sort.
Ce iour diuin bien-heureux le va rendre,
Il va son nom grauer, escrire, appendre,
Au temple saint de l’Amour estimé,
Pour estre mort pour auoir bien aimé.
O saint trespas! ô que la mort est belle
A celui-là qui esprouue cruelle
La longue vie, & qui sent mille morts
Sans le tuer faire mourir son corps!
Comme plus doux est le haure de Grace
Au nautonnier, que l’orage menace
D’enseuelir au profond de ses flots,
Que lors qu’il sent le ciel doux & dispos
A son desir, qu’il nauig[ue] sans crainte
De voir sa vie es flots cruels esteinte:
Car le danger ia demy deploré,
Fait trouver doux le bien non esperé:
De mesme douce est la mort inhumaine
A ceux desquels immortelle est la peine,
Et qui n’ont point autre espoir de guarir,
Qu’en se faisant heureusement mourir.
O douce mort, haure des miserables,
Lors que les Dieux leurs sont impitoyables.
Sacré trespas en esteignant noz iours,
Noz maux, & pleurs tu esteins pour tousiours.
N’est donc la mort aux mortels necessaire,
Puis qu'elle peut terminer la misère,
Et qu'ils sont nés pour souffrir seulement,
Non pour goûter quelque contentement?
Le patient le remède mendie
Qui peut chasser sa longue maladie,
De qui l'effort qui le vient martyrer,
Luy fait plus fort ce salut désirer.
Que peut aussi le misérable attendre,
Que par la mort heureux content se rendre?
Puis qu'on ne peut en la vie esprouuer
Aucun secours ny remede trouuer,
Au prix des maux de qui se voit suiuie
A pas cruels nostre chetiue vie,
La mort on doit estimer vn bon-heur,
Non, comme on fait, vne estrange douleur.
O belle mort! à toy ie me retire!
Las ie t'embrasse, ardant ie te desire!
Je te semons, ie t'appelle, & te suis,
Puis que sans toy durer plus ie ne puis!
Infauste fut ma vie criminelle,
Mais fauste au lieu sera ma mort fidele.
Fauste qui fut infauste en ce bas lieux,
Fauste sera dans la voute des cieux.
La mort ioindra d'vne main secourable
L'effect heureux à son nom agreable,
Que luy rauit la vie iniustement,
Pendant qu'il eut icy du sentiment.
Fauste de nom & d'effect il doit estre,
Puis que la mort de ses maux le depestre.
Mais roule donc du haut de ce rocher
O pauure Fauste, & t'en va rechercher
Aux champs heureux la gloire qui rend belle
L'ame qui meurt pour estre trop fidele!
Sus il est temps! ah ie n'ay que trop veu
Le front du iour qui cruel m'a deceu!
Qui m'a trompé, deffaat mon esperance,
Et pris plaisir en ma longue suffrance!
Or mourons donc! ô Diane! ô beaux yeux,
De qui iadis les folastres cheueux,
Mon cœur vaincu lierent perdurables,
Pour les tenir tousiours pour venerables,
Plus inportun [sic] Fauste ne te sera,
Et plus son front le tien n’abusera!
Il va mourir, puis que sa mort heureuse
T’est agreable, & sa vie ennuyeuse!
Il va mourir vengeant l’iniuste tort
Qu’il t’a commis, par sa cruelle mort!
Il va mourir pour souller ton courage,
Toy qui ne veux qu’il viue dauantage!
Il va mourir, rendant ton coeur content,
Qui son trespas cruel souhaitte tant!
Adieu Diane! vn seul regret offence
En trespassant ma diuine constance,
C’est que sans toy aprés mon doux trespas
Sans toy, sans toy, l’on me verra là bas!
C’est qu’il me faut en perdant la lumiere
Te perdre aussi, que j’eus iadis si chere!
Car j’alongois mes iours tant seulement
Pour apporter aux tiens contentement:
Les mesmes iours ores ie perds fidele,
Puis que tu es à leur vigueur cruelle.
Adieu, Diane! Adieu belle beauté,
De qui ie sens iuste la cruauté,
Ayant voulu souz vn autre visage
Tromper tes yeux, & et changer ton courage!
Aussi joyeux ie meurs par ton vouloir,
Sans qu’en mourant ie puisse me douloir,
Puis que ma mort est de toy ordonnee,
Et qu’elle rend morte ma destinee
Cruelle & fiere. Or sus donques mourons,
Et chez Pluton legerement courons!
[Entrent Diane et Arbuste.]

DIANE
4462
Non, Fauste, non! Diane, qui dispose
4463
De ton vouloir, à ton trespas s’oppose:
4464
Pour s’en seruir elle veut maintenir
4465
Tes iours heureux, & siens les retenir.
4466
N’est-elle pas ton espouse asseuree,
4467
T’ayant sa foy & promise & iuree?
4468
La mesme foy elle veut te garder,
4469
Et pour espoux au ciel te demander:
4470
La mesme foy elle te donne encore,
Et son erreur languissante elle plore
D’auoir passé tant de beaux iours sans toy,
Qui seul au monde as merité sa foy.
Mais repren coeur, & refay ton courage
Pour acheuer nostre saint mariage.

FAVSTE
4476
Je vous rens grace ô Dieux, ô benins Dieux,
De qui ie sens le secours gracieux!
4477
Et toy, Diane, ô ma diuine dame!
4478
O mon seul bien! ô l’honneur de mon ame!
4479
O mon repos! ô mon heureux espoir!
4480
Je suis tout prest de faire ton vouloir.

ARBVSTE
4482
Or allez donc ô couple venerable
4483
De beaux amans, accomplir agreable
4484
Vostre desir: viuez heurusement
4485
Dessous Hymen, pere d’esbateyment:
4486
Et que iamais l’ardante ialousie,
4487
N’arde voz cœurs ny vostre fantasie:
4488
Ains bien-heureux accomplissez voz iours,
4489
Cueillans le fruit de voz chastes amours.

FIN
Diane (La Diane)
by Nicolas de Montreux,
English translation by Richard Hillman

coll. « Scène Européenne : traductions introuvables », 2014,
mis en ligne le 19-12-2014,
URL stable <https://sceneeuropeenne.univ-tours.fr/traductions/diane>
Note on the Translation

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

by

Nicolas de Montreux

(Ollenix du Mont-Sacré)

Pastoral, or Rustic Fable

M.D.XCIII

[Characters

Fauste (a shepherd)
Diane (a shepherdess)
Nymphis (a supposed shepherd)
Julie (a shepherdess)
Frontin (a shepherd, friend to Fauste)
Hector (a knight)
Arbuste (an old countrywoman)
Elymant (a magician)

The scene: An unlocalised pastoral setting, with a magician’s cave.]
ARGUMENT

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

[Scene I]

FAUSTE [entering]

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

Love (“Amour”) is clearly personified at this point in the original, but elsewhere the emotional effect, not its divine cause, is paramount. This may be signalled by the use of lower case “a”, but, as in many other respects, the textual practice is inconsistent. The translation attempts to recuperate the intention of the original in each case.
O sacred Phoebus, the light of your burning
Shows us both men and gods to pleasure turning,
And your beams again make their faces bright,
Which drooped with pallor in the lonely night.
Through the woods, beneath branches overspread,
We see hoofed satyrs run with joyful tread;
Your return, by the rustic flutes they hold,
As happy news to the shepherds is told—
To the animals, who, hungry for day,
With a thousand cries your coming convey;
To laggard herdsmen, to nymph-shepherdesses,
Who often prettily wear shortened dresses,
The pleated skirt with a jacket tucked in,
And, when they go walking, the cheerful buskin.
Many a chill rock, when your rays are felt,
Is seized with your heat, and sees its ice melt;
Many a tree, drying in your warm light,
Was dripping with the vapours of the night;
One glimpses your face by the little gleams
That penetrate the forest’s leafy seams
Among flowers and foliage, whose sight
Appears to us now dappled green and white;
The meadows, which were veiled in tones obscure,
Newly adorn with white their green coiffure,
Display their bosom enamelled with tints
A mass of flowers on their banks imprints;
The bearded visage of grain-bearing wheat
Whitens in the field with the fire’s heat,
And myriad love-songs mingle their yearning,
As the little birds welcome your returning.
O sacred Phoebus, you come back, and you
With alacrity start your task anew,
While wretched I take up again my route,
Comfortless in my futile love-pursuit.
I return to my painful tally-keeping,
To dampening my breast again with weeping;
I start to sigh once more, the same words come
to say how cruel I find my martyrdom.
As one sees, at the fair sun’s new caress,
The ploughman, although crushed with weariness,
Straining at his work, amorous of toil,
Begin yet one more time to till the soil;
Now bending over, with ruddy forehead,
He clutches the ploughshare cutting ahead;
Now running up, with the harsh goad makes free
And prods the lagging ox impatiently;
With feet and hands he labours, and his shout
Is sometimes to be heard all round about:
So always my anguish renews its cry
As daylight advances across the sky.
But what have I said? He who never ends,
Over whom one sole destiny impends,
Whose constant desires no respite give—
He cannot be said to begin to live:
Thus the ill which has struck me to the heart
Since it never ceases, cannot restart;
Always alive in my soul it sojourns,
Just as there, alive, the ardent flame burns
Which the fair eye of Diane set ablaze
When my own was enkindled by its rays.
Phoebus yields to slumber his normal task,
In sea-dwelling Thetis’s lap to bask,
And his repose brings to every beast
The sweet sleep they find when labours are ceased:
The wolf rests quiet in his hidden den,
The little lamb under his roof again;
The ox, late-returning, his yoke withdrawn,
Enjoys relief and rest until the dawn;
In bushes, thanks to night’s obscurity,
The lively bird rests in security;
Throughout the woods a silence spreads and grows,
And then each creature waits for sweet repose.
Quiet and calm the sky unveils its brow;
Flore with a black cloak drapes her verdure now,
Within the shadow of the slopes to lie—
And shudder as the passing clouds scud by.  
Thesis, eager for her accustomed sleep,
Commands rebellious winds the peace to keep
Amid her waves, and her vivacious fish
Throughout the night get all the rest they wish.
All feel the power of the timely grace
That darkness offers those of mortal race;
Each feels its pain with slumber pacified
As if, in sleep, its suffering has died—
Except wretched me, who feel ever-burning
All through the night my sorrows in their yearning:
Taking no rest, my pains with new life teem,
My tears pouring forth in many a stream—
Immortal passion, with fresh green endued,
Just as in springtime the earth is renewed.
Whether day’s torch in the heavens shines bright,
Or whether they put on the cloak of night,
My heart remains drowning in agonies;
My brief joys with sorrow forever freeze.
Always I find my eyes with tears oppressed,
Thousands of fires burning in my breast,
My body brought down to utter defeat
By griefs that drown with floods, consume with heat.
See what it is to love without return;
See what it is unsatisfied to yearn,
With longing that cannot, to drown distress,
Taste the good whose goodness it would possess.  
Nothing but love could ever have the force
To sway the prudent from their steady course—

2 A precise translation of the original line remains elusive, but it seems necessary to accommodate the negative connotations of “horreur”.
3 Orig. “Gouster le bien que pour bien il desire”: “bien” is Montreux’s standard term for the object of possessive desire, but here he plays on its positive connotation, as the translation attempts to convey.
Unless that ill, by all knowledge dismissed,
Which baffles law, the wise man can resist.
But if his mind endures the gods’ constraint,
In yielding thus, the sage incurs no taint.
This does not put to shame his sober spirit:
For who could have a soul of greater merit,
Experience, or in knowledge outshine
The great gods, who thus show themselves divine?
To lapse like them can hardly be disgrace:
No viciousness attains their lofty race.¹
Love’s servant I, and seek to do him honour,
And his servant I would remain forever,
For it is an honour to serve a lord
Whom the gods deem their king by full accord.
But it is time my little lambs to lead,
Bleating as they go, to the fields to feed;
I hear their plaintive voices, and I know
They wish to be guided along this meadow:
There I am certain to find my Diane;
I’ll try her will to love me, if I can.  

Exit.

[Scene II]

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

¹ This argument will recur, and be rebutted, a number of times subsequently.
Marches in order, keeps its place in line.

Heaven follows courses anciently known:

Phoebus plies his round, Diana her own.³

The sky at no time mingles with the earth,

The haughty sea does not exceed its girth,

Pale Winter does not arrive in the splendour

Of gay Springtime, nor Autumn in the Summer:

These trees, this forest grove, these sprawling meadows

By no means wear their verdure when it snows,

And those sweet orange fruits which on the tree

High up among the branches hang so neatly

Hardly grow when the swallow flies away,

While Winter reasserts its icy sway.

The lamps of heaven, which as stars shine out,

Are not confused, all jumbled in a rout,

And that great All which bears the appellation

Of holy God gives each its proper station,

Its course, its order, and without confusion

Beneath his hand each follows his conclusion;

All goes by order, and order nourishes

The harmony high and low that flourishes;

All goes by order – only Love excepted,

Who never has reason nor right accepted,

Who renders confused, as he shoots in play,

The world’s design, chasing justice away.

The child Love: his body a reckless boy’s,

A soul that no jot of reason employs,

One who, to keep his vice from being scolded,

Prefers with ignorance to go blindfolded,

Wants to be blind, that he may be excused

If often, with lack of clear sight abused,

In a gulf of faults he goes about thrusting

What seem to be virtues to souls too trusting.

Diana here obviously stands for the moon, but the contrast with the character’s disordered course is pointed.
A child he is: the image suits his plan,
Lest he be treated as an older man,
Who could not, like a foolish child, present
The ravages he wreaks as never meant.
For those who possess both knowledge and age
Incur reproaches when they are not sage;
The fault that in a child is tolerated
With greater age is often reprobated,
For wisdom grows greater with passing time,
And the years help judgement upward to climb;
It dwells in heads that time, which brings all low,
Changes at last to the colour of snow.
Those who with time have acquired that good,
Whose age assurses that all is understood,
Are not exempt from trouble or from blame
If faults impair maturity’s good name:
But such as have neither wisdom nor reason,
Nor judgement well acquired in due season,
When they offend are pardoned in advance,
For youth is the mother of ignorance.
That is why one always as young portrays
Foolish Love, according his deeds and days.
O cruel god, who make yourself stand out
Above all as lively and gadabout,
Whose glory it is to stir up the soul
With thoughts vain and fickle beyond control,
How many times, slave to your potency,
Have I known your nimble inconstancy?
How often felt, to do me harm, perverse,
Your various blows, your fires diverse?
Betrayal of Love’s nature in his name
Basely on the effects of Love brings shame.
For Love, by the joint desire of hearts,
Creates a unity out of two parts:
But this Love, by the vulgar styled
Untrustworthy Venus’s sightless child,
Is no kind of love, but perverse, a tyrant,
Perturbing all, his trouble-making flagrant,
Who overturns order, disrupts our lives
With diverse desires and diverse drives.
As one perceives sunlight licking the clay
Till earth’s swelling breast is shrivelled away,
Then all at once is overwhelmed with rain
At the whim of the sky, varied again—
Now, too dry from the sun’s heat, it is cracked,
Now with wetness it pours a cataract,
No single day spanning it in one state,
As it pleases the sky, which rules its fate—
Thus Love shapes effects of different kinds
And causes to err the most perfect minds.
I have known this in love, unhappy me,
Who loved the shepherd Fauste formerly—
Fauste, he who was once the only pleasure
Of my two eyes and my delicious treasure,
The lord of my soul, which did so incline
To serve him as his, it scorned to be mine.
With what ardour I loved him at that time!
His love I thought felicity sublime—
Before Love, with a new torch he had lighted
At a new fire, my soul reigned it.
But the very instant the lovely eyes
Of lovely Nymphis took mine by surprise—
His forehead, his curls, that coral which tips
The tender curves of his delicate lips,
And when his words with a sugary art,
Mingled with smiles, had entranced my heart,
And his voice, or rather the harmony
Of heaven, had ravished my soul from me—
Then with an instant’s quickness did I find
My lover Fauste quite vanished from my mind.
I cared no more about remaining true
To a friendship immortal, in his view;
His eyes, his face, the way he walked and talked
Made me shrink, as if by death I was stalked.
What I had loved now so deeply displeased
That with guilt for loving it I was seized.
O change! Thus all that here below abides
Changes in form, and travels with great strides
Towards the tomb, where will be sepulchred
With our remains the life with which we stirred.
Both longing and lover, then, changed for me,
But I know not how that change came to be,
That new fire, new burning which I felt,
Nor who it was that made my promise melt.
Before this land of caverns and of trees
Had fallen under Love’s insane decrees,
Before the herdsman, the nymph and the shepherd
Whom nature placed here, by these meadows sheltered,
Knew of fine ruses, many a deceit,
Many a mad love-whim to make them cheat;
Before, as in the folly of a town,
To break one’s word brought honour and renown;
Before deceitful sweet words could impart,
Served with a smile, the poison of one’s heart,
Or the value of lying tongues was known,
Of false seductive baits, with cunning sown,
Or vain discourse, vows, promises, were used,
And swearing, by which the gods are abused;
Before one’s speech had been rendered contrary
To one’s intent, one’s soul the adversary
Of speeches that led hearts astray with wrongs
So they lost themselves in such siren songs —
At that time Love remained constant and true,
Without, as now, deluding, ever new,
And the loving spirits that lovers held
Did not blaze up, by new fire compelled;
Sacred was faith, love pure in loyalty,
Volition of hearts in equality;
True was the faith, and of true lovers’ troths
The words had living force, holy their oaths.
O feigning love! Is it not still your trick
To haunt palaces, with gilt painted thick –
Within those cities, those arrogant courts,
Where treachery every day resorts,
The ruse, the faith which, turned to perjury,
To the faith of monarchs does injury?
Why, error-strayed, in these woods are you found,
Entrancing us at your sweet voice’s sound?
And yet, you traitor Love, we must obey you –
Your vice as a virtue account, and pay you.
So we must do, and our hearts, in the grip
Of your fury, yield to your mastership.

[Enter Faust.]
A poison sugared to the utterance,
Whose sweetness throws our soul into a trance—
In sum, it is the worst of all bad things:
For the beauty that draws our inmost beings
By extreme longing to exert our powers
Of enjoyment, and so to see it ours,
The finer its kind, ah, the more unkind!
To those desires in changing its mind!
By beauty first is desire engendered;
Then through desire love’s pleasure is rendered.
What’s beautiful is more desired still,
The more our eyes find it agreeable.
To suffer so much, to love all in vain—
Death is the only end of such great pain,
As when a mistress with ingratitude
Betrayed her promise, with her faith imbued.
That which faith imposes dwells in us deep;
And faith, held in common, is ours to keep,
And to immortal honour to advance,
That it may rest among us with assurance.
Fair Diane, alas, has it slipped your mind
That your love and faith to me you assigned,
Your heart, your soul? And now you think you can,
You traitor, give them to another man?
No, you cannot, or rather, if you do,
The potent gods, who with vengeance pursue
Our crimes, sure punishers of perjury,
With countless blows will venge this injury.
The hand of the gods, though it takes its time,
Holds always in abeyance, for our crime,
A naked sword, which in the end shall plunge
Down into our blood and our fault expunge.
Do not my words with some fear set you quaking,

The traduction aims at giving the flavour of an internal rhyme (“belle”/“cruelle”).
You, who glory in false vows and faith-breaking?

DIANE

Fauste, hold your tongue! Don’t try to overbear me
With grievances and threats that hardly scare me.
For well I know, never do those who love
Incur, for perjury, wrath from above.
Jupiter laughs at it, nor does he shame,
For fear of faith-breaking, to do the same.
For the uttermost all lovers can do
Comes from false Love, who makes them perjured too.
They are forced to live as he has decreed,
And as their master to follow his lead.
Such guiding he gives as shepherds impose
On flocks of little lambs among the meadows.
The harm one is forced to deserves full pardon:
The author alone is the guilty one,
Not he who inflicts it against his will,
Since the only person accountable
Is one who by choice, not under compulsion,
Commits the offence that excites revulsion.
Who can take lovers’ faithlessness to task —
A quality for which they do not ask?
In vain do the gods resistance attempt;
The strength of mortals Love treats with contempt.
He rules over all, and his cruel law
Imposes on us that our oaths are straw,
Our pledges, our vows, our fidelity —
So are we subject to his potency.
Those who have done injustice at his urging
Have no other means their error of purging
Than to plead the fact that Love, whose assault
None can resist, is author of the fault.
Thus with regard to you I stand excused,
Though of faith-breaking guilty as accused.
If you yourself cannot check your emotion
And cease to love her who scorns your devotion,
If endlessly Love drives you to pursue
Someone whose life will be the death of you,
How can you expect me my soul to tame
Before the beauty that sets it aflame?
How can you ask me in my heart to hold
A brazier red-hot but to think it cold?
No, Fausté, and no, the wonders that are sent
By vigorous Love from moment to moment
Do not obey the laws of equity;
His will will not withstand the scrutiny
Of reason: Love possesses ample force
Reason and justice to turn from their course:
Desire by itself, and sheer will only,
Give rise to Love, not law and equity –
Nor reason either, his force too intense
To accept as a bound the rule of prudence.
Then don’t go round condemning my new flame,
But Love, to whom my faith remains the same.

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

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

FAUSTÉ
But wrongly with the name of Love one hides
A hollow love in which no faith abides:
For what no faith, no loyalty, can claim
Has hardly merited Love’s sacred name.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DIANE
But Venus rules over amorous states—
It’s she alone a lover imitates.
FAUSTE
451 It is wrong to imitate anything
452 One dishonours oneself by following.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FAUSTE
467 But such is yours: thus your promise you scorn
468 And I lose a mistress, of hope forlorn.
DIANE
If the pledge I made you was forfeited,
Am I not constant to Nymphis instead?
Thus Love always lends me fidelity.

FAUSTE
It doesn’t seem so with regard to me.

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

FAUSTE
Who made you take someone else for your own?

DIANE
Love’s arrow – shot, we say, from heaven’s vault.

FAUSTE
There’s always someone to excuse our fault.

DIANE
It is no fault to follow inclination.

FAUSTE
No, if one sticks to one’s first declaration.

DIANE
One has to change just as the heavens vary.

FAUSTE
To a virtuous name change is contrary.

DIANE
Enough of honour at pleasure’s expense!
FAUSTE
482 And of Love when desire gives offence!

DIANE
483 Who can check the desire of our soul?

FAUSTE
484 Just fear of being blamed prescribes control.

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

FAUSTE
486 Such love is the arch-foe of humankind.

DIANE
487 One who seeks love has nothing else in view.

FAUSTE
488 But Love is cruel and unstable, too.

DIANE
489 What great peril for lovers lies in wait?

FAUSTE
490 A cruel death is commonly their fate.

DIANE
491 The bliss of lovers is a single blade.

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

DIANE
493 By no means: Love in holy souls exists,
494 Whose unquenched being after death persists.
FAUSTE
But once one has passed oblivion’s shore
The memory of love remains no more.

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

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

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

I.e., undoubtedly, Orpheus.
Diane

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

Diane

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

Fauste

529
O fair Nymph! O Diane with such fair eyes!
530
O sole honour of all beneath the skies!
531
Fair goddess indeed — as perfect, still more,
532
Than Minerva may claim, whom we adore!
533
Holy shepherdess, O sun of my days,
534
From whom I expect some appeasing rays!
535
O shining light of my soul so in pain —
536
For her, alas, whom I’ve honoured in vain!
537
My all, my life, and my dear moiety,
538
Won’t you grace my woes with a touch of pity?
539
As one sees, with a trellis spread above,
540
Fair with green laurels, the chaste turtle-dove
541
Expressing his myriad sweet devotions
542
With tender pecking, a thousand quick motions,
543
For his darling mate a thousand caresses,
544
While springtime to us sweet glances addresses —
545
There is pure sport, fair joys in endless series,
546
Of which their sacred passion never wearies,
547
And the pleasure of their sweet amity
548
Causes all bitterness, all pain to flee —
549
Can you not likewise bring yourself to value
550
Fauste, who only lives that he may love you?
551
His only light the flame that, like a lance,
His soul receives within it from your glance?
Who admits nothing else, no other laws,
But those effects of which you are the cause?
Fair Nymph! May your beauty not be allowed,
Though faithless and light, to be also proud
And so to fall into the evil ways
A cruel and haughty beauty displays!
Content yourself that I have found your friendship
Faithless: no need of adding to the hardship.
For of these ills, the least is capable
Of choking my living parts, and they, able
No more to bear distress so inhumane,
Seek death as the remedy for their pain.
But if I am unworthy of preserving,
Of your feelings of love too undeserving,
Your bright face with too great lustre imbued
To accept the vows of my servitude,
Since so well I bear of fidelity
The chaste name, on my anguish take some pity.
For cruelty our soul does not dispense,
When some good is received, in recompense.
The ingrate deserves an equal reward
To one who, in possession of a sword
Made crimson by another’s blood, reveals
His homicide and heaven’s just arm feels.
Then of my love do not make cruel sport
From some desire to cut my life short.

[Enter Nymphis and Julie.]

DIANE
O fair Nymphis, whose crimson’ loveliness
On earth is of unequalled worthiness –

8 Diane ironically picks up, with indifference, the “crimson” (“vermeil”) of Faust’s last image (l. 179), together with other terms of his pleading.
Ungrateful shepherd, who relish the sight
Of me seized with longing, in hopeless plight,
When near you, and my sighs lamenting come,
Don’t you feel pity for my martyrdom?
Why are you not as courteous as fair?
Why does your eye, my loving torch, forbear
To strike my soul with some sparks of compassion,
As it shoots more to rekindle my passion?
Cruel shepherd, such signs of my distress—
Have they not been for you sufficient witness
Of my love? Does not long experience
Confirm my constancy with evidence?
Just as the captain, well-tested in strife,
Who a thousand times must hazard his life,
Forcing, pressing, with quick audacity
Often putting to flight his adversary,
Now panting and dusty, sweating a flood,
Now spattered in countless places with blood,
Hardy and jaunty returns from the press,
So that all are compelled to know his prowess—
Each esteems him, grants him the victor’s part,
Admits his nobility in his heart—
Thus, Nymphis, having my faith so observed,
How loyally the cause of love I served,
Why is it that my fervent amity
Implants within your soul no trace of pity?
O cruellest of souls, ungrateful too!
Fair face unfit to offer such a view!
High Heaven always graciously inclined
To our needs, our cries, and our vows we find—
Courteous, benign, to aid us disposed:
O that your will is otherwise composed!
To imitate the gods were we created;
They are courteous: we must be so rated.
For otherwise a grave offence they see,
Should we not imitate their clemency.
For when their acts we fail to imitate,
We find ourselves condemned as reprobate
And liable as such to punishment:
Not in vain the great gods' right hand is bent!
Beware, then, lest it strike you from the skies
For bringing about the cruel demise
Of her who asks you favour to impart,
And offers, as a sacrifice, her heart.
Take pity on her, then, instead of pride
In saying that, for you, so young she died;
If not, you'll find as lacking in remorse
As you the infinite avenging force
Of sacred Love, who visits with his ire
All who, like you, think lightly of his fire.

NYMPHIS

Fair Julie, O fairest of all the fair
Forever made to shine by Beauty's care—
Rare Sun, by means of whose enkindling fires
So many hearts are ardent with desires;
O fair one, combining Pallas’s grace
With Venus's beautiful holy face,
Glory of the groves, honour of the wood,
In these rude deserts all that's fair and good,
O Julie, you whose living name and glory
Illuminate the shrine of Memory,
Please, will you not some day alleviate
My love's faithful labours of such long date
And, with a hand of succour for my ill,
My poor heart's need with happiness fulfil?
O lovely Nymph, your full equal in beauty
Is the faithfulness of my loving duty,
And for loving you with love unrestrained
By myself am I detested, disdained!
With long caressing the lion, though wild,
In the end can be rendered tame and mild;
The elephant makes its love evident, 651
Becoming to someone obedient; 652
The gentled bear offers no angry check, 653
Carries the child one places on its neck — 654
In short, all softens. Water cannot shock 655
But by its dripping hollows the hard rock; 656
The hand of man will wear down cutting iron; 657
Rivers and lakes are dried up by the sun: 658
It’s you alone whose nature, for some reason, 659
Keeps its cruelty in one constant season. 660
Ah, O Julie! — must it be my lot always 661
To have despair accompany my days, 662
Your beauty refusing, ever alone, 663
Kindness as a companion of its own? 664
Do you wish to take on a cruel guise 665
To equal the appeal you lend your eyes? 666
Change this ill to a benefit humane — 667
Julie, be the solacer of my pain! 668
We resemble the great gods in no fashion 669
But in the exercise of their compassion; 670
Nothing by heaven is so well perceived 671
As giving so a poor wretch is relieved: 672
For to practice good and mutual aid 673
The gods of nothing mortal mankind made. 674
He who offends that law by doing harm 675
Feels the great gods’ cruel avenging arm. 676
And since their hand to punish us is strict 677
For woes that on our fellows we inflict, 678
Are you not fearful of their wrathful fury, 679
Being so hardened to my injury? 680
If pity over you can hold no sway, 681
Let terror set you on that righteous way: 682
Do good, for fear of heaven’s punishment 683
If you resist the duty to relent — 684
And may the hard lot of my sorrow melt 685
When your sacred pity’s soft rays are felt!

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

Nymphis’ peroration involves, in the original, three repetitions of “doux” (“soft”) in different forms within three lines.
DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

10 “Fauste” – i.e., "happy" (the basis of numerous plays on words).
— Infinite pains of rebuff and defeat —
Than that of lovers whose violent heat
Was quenched once by the moist and soft sensation
Of kisses, which are Love’s sweet consolation.
When we are poor, our longing makes us sad,
As if we’d lost something we never had,
But when one has it, then, wretch, loses all,
We feel the cruel blow, our thoughts appal.
Where is the time when my Diane and I
With equal ardour, faith a mutual tie,
Our hearts ablaze with pleasurable flame,
Were truly united, our wills the same?
When also our spirits, alike in passion,
Harboured affection in similar fashion,
Our sacred souls joyful in equal parts,
Transfixed in the glow of our ardent hearts;
When, by ourselves in deep service-tree shade,
Soft kisses galore caused our selves to fade,
And, reaping constant swaths of love, thus stole
Away, by sweet cart-loads, each blissful soul,*
To melt in one joy that could reach no higher —
The paradise of their inflamed desire:
Our lips then, maddened with passionate longing,
Those of each one to the other’s belonging,
Were with such binding force together laid
That one sole mouth, one body we were made.
The heart, at tasting such delicious prey,
Was pierced with joy, with rapture passed away;
Our eyes forth spouted a delightful jet;
Desire’s furnace made our foreheads sweat;
Our tongues with a thousand turnings were found
In a state of pleasure which held them bound;
Our nerves transfixed, our bodies to no less

* The metaphors, if I have pegged them correctly (‘à tires amoureuses” remains a point of uncertainty) are equally forced and mixed in the original.
Transformed than a god beloved by some goddess;
Hands without strength, breath we could scarce maintain,
We all but perished in such gracious pain;
Our eyes to all sights dull, except to see
The dear object of their felicity,
Which in itself all wondrous joy contained;
Complexions with high blood vermilion-stained;
Each loving arm, enkindled like our souls,
The other in a thousand turns enrols.
Heaven rejoiced at amity so fair;
Its brow bore witness, with its peaceful air,
That such sweet pastime gained its approbation —
Then Cupid pined with jealous irritation,
So carried out a treacherous design
Cruelly to crush our friendship divine.
Our flocks, which ambled round us here and there,
Had, in that sacred love of ours, a share;
The flowers, like us, appeared, by their graces,
Enamoured of one joy, their lovely faces,
As round about our arms they intertwined,
Perfumed our breasts, to weariness inclined.
The lofty trees upon our heads shed showers,
In white bouquets, of tiny pretty flowers,
And, a little to dampen down our heat,
In lengthy threads, all kinds of liquor sweet;
The hollow brooks, with greeneroy surrounded,
Their murmuring complaint no longer sounded,
Muting themselves to hear in calm unbroken
Our holy loves in gentle language spoken.
Each blade of grass raised high its dainty tip
To view close up such faithful-loving friendship,
And nothing could the birds more greatly please
Than to sing of our love’s fine qualities.
O sweet life! — in this world you should possess,
Of all good things, the name of happiness,
For how sweet may appear the light of day,
None without tasting love's sweet fruits can say.
All other goods, all other happiness
And joys, compared with those, are mere distress;
That good exclusively deserves the name:
Compared with it, all goods can make no claim.
They are just foolish toys, child’s idle play,
But such sweet fruit reveals to us the way
To that great joy, that good, by which one might
Hope to ascend to pleasure’s greatest height.
Mere gold contents alone the greedy eye;
Shadow-like, worldly honour looms, to fly
Away from one day to the next, then fade;
Our hunger by successive meals is stayed;
A holy counsellor consoles our pain
No longer than his words with us remain;
And shreds of grandeur for a time may nourish
Our vainer thoughts, which perish as they flourish.
But that sweet fruit which we by love are sent
Nurtures our hearts, to our souls gives content:
The very thought of it is joy to savour
Greater than that of wealth and fortune’s favour.
O pleasure of my soul uniquely sweet,
Ah, I have lost you! As under the heat
Of blazing Phoebus on the mountain top
The pure-white snow melts in a single drop,
Loses its nature – its old form is spent
And it takes on that of a raging torrent –
So into someone else have I been changed
By being from such perfect joy estranged.

FRONTIN [entering]

Why, when you could be finding remedy,
Do you make of your life such misery?
Why drone on always about your decease,
When you could bring your life a bit of peace?
Why burden your soul with such heavy grief,
When you could choose to come to its relief?
Come on, what leads you to despise the ways
Of brightening up your languishing days?
Ill fortune we may master as we please:
Nothing, against our will, disturbs our ease,
And if someone should die of his affliction,
It’s because his resistance lacks conviction.
It pleased the great gods on man to bestow
Control of all created here below.
The smiling air, to soothe his pain, will greet him,
Deploys its properties to cool or heat him;
Often the dread unfeeling, heartless ocean,
At his mere words, agrees to calm its motion,
Perceives its flanks deep-furrowed by his force,
And sometimes is compelled to change its course.
The earth obeys his vigorous command,
Permits him readily to plough the land,
To excavate, dig – in sum, at his ease
To stir her up however he may please.
Fire serves him – now is put out, stays tame,
Then at will he kindles a fearful flame.
The beasts, with vital force and muscle fraught
Beyond his body’s scope, their sinews taut,
Burning with furor and the rage to kill,
Yield to his yoke, fearing his force of will,
Dreading his hand, which can deal death to them
Or catch them in his nets by stratagem.
The soaring bird which takes off to the sun
The instant its winged voyage is begun,
Which close to heaven turns and whirls its way,
Pursuing the chariot of the day,
Is slave to man, who, should he choose, is sure
To kill it, or to take it by some lure.
The frigid fish, within their scales encased,
Whose schools in the secret fathoms are placed
Of the Ocean, with all its monstrous band,
Are slaves to man, and are at his command:
They cannot stop him, deep as they may stray,
From catching them and making them his prey.
He proudly has them at his beck and call,
Like the fruits of the earth – indeed, like all.
Death can alone lay claim to the renown
Of mastering man, by striking him down:
Every ill he cures by his own care,
Begging no kind of succour from elsewhere.
Don’t you see how a small shepherd-lad wields
Power over a large herd, in the fields,
Of males with horns, impatient females, bound
On merely dashing aimlessly around?
The mighty bull, the ox now tame before him,
Would never dare raise up their horns to gore him.
At his boyish voice they all quake with fear;
His feeble hand can lead them far and near.
Each stands in awe, and beasts which, far from weak
By nature, gain from her a strong physique,
Don’t dare to strike the child, who dominates
And rules, his visage so intimidates.
Therefore, no limits mortal men confine,
And they are often counted as divine.
Who then can obstruct your triumphant way,
Prevent your power from winning the day
Against the ill that adverse fortune brings,
Since noble manhood\(^\text{12}\) vanquishes all things?

**FAUSTE**

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

\(^{12}\) “N|oble manhood” attempts to convey the sense of “l’homme vertueux” as being, not merely morally excellent, but (as with Machiavellian “virtù”) endowed with strength of character.
FRONTIN
Love is mere crazed delusion, has no power
Beyond what we conceive to make us cower.
Take away desire, the will to gain —
You’ll take away love, its power to pain.

FAUSTE
But one would have to be unfeeling stone
For thought or desire to be unknown —
Become a lumpish rock without sensation
For a good thing to cause no admiration

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

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

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

FAUSTE
Better to suffer loving day and night
Than be content and never know Love’s sight.

FRONTIN
But any pain in wretched anguish sees us:
No prison ever can be made to please us.
But suffering suffuses all enjoyment
As long as love afflicts us with its torment.

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

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

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

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

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

All those whom Love has in their love perfected.

How’s that?

Because, as Love’s school is arranged,
A gesture, smile, or step, or words exchanged,
Can give the lover grief or gaiety:
So great in love is the felicity,
Precious, divine, and we with fear distressed
That such a blessing may not be possessed.

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

FAUSTE
But relish all those trials they undergo.

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

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

FRONTIN
The joy of love cannot be free from harm.

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

FRONTIN
Many a lover dies out of his mind.

FAUSTE
I'd die content if love were so unkind."

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

FAUSE
Oh yes: enjoyment or a noble fall.

13 "Je meurt [sic] heureux quand l’amour l’iniurie”. Apart from the grammatical error, the obscurity of the second pronoun reference suggests textual corruption. The gist seem clear, however.
FRONTIN
Death, then, is not what a lover abhors.

FAUSTE
It’s die – or enjoy her whom one adores.

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

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

FRONTIN
But what can keep a man from such distress?

FAUSTE
A spirit dull, devoid of holiness.

FRONTIN
A life without longing – for that we strive.

FAUSTE
If you don’t love, you shouldn’t be alive.

FRONTIN
But loving brings on us a thousand woes.

FAUSTE
In the brazier of pain the spirit glows.

FRONTIN
But of such love mere ruin is the result.
FAUSTE
Love is reserved for spirits that exult.

FRONTIN
In such pain are exulting spirits drowned.

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

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

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

FRONTIN
It’s Elymant, the man who once effected
Change in the day’s effulgent source of light,
Imposing darkness and the shades of night;
It’s Elymant, whose potent magic verse
Causes the sun obliquely to traverse,
Who lends to nights a brilliance as intense
As the Titan’s lamp in daytime presents.
It’s Elymant, he whose very voice’s dance\(^4\)
May burst the vault of heaven’s vast expanse,
Which thunders, rumbles, casts upon the crest
Of sharp uprearing rocks its savage tempest.
It’s Elymant, who, when it should be snowing,
Sets, in winter, the earth’s chill bosom growing
A thousand flowers, a pasture for bees
Of the kind that the joyous springtime sees,
And with a spell unlike that happy one,
Renders earth’s summer greenery undone.
It’s Elymant, whose voice, much elevated
With passion, often renders agitated
The unplumbed sea, its waters buries deep,
Then lifts them into lofty hills and steep,\(^5\)
And who, with a spell more useful than that,
Will turn it from cruel to calm and flat:
Its winds he keeps confined within their caves;
Its monsters he soothes, and softens its waves.
It’s Elymant, who with his strong right hand
Can carry massive boulders overland,
Who, when a mountain torrent shows its force,
Makes it run back uphill, reversing course;
It’s Elymant, who makes himself obeyed
By all the demons of whom we’re afraid,
Who strikes with terror those Stygian sprites
Who dwell below, and those of airy heights,
Those who haunt the earth, or in darkness roam
The floods of Thetis’s watery home.\(^6\)
It’s Elymant, who makes the woods go dry
Or turn to green again at his mere sigh,

\(^4\) “[W]hose very voice’s dance” translates “au bal de sa voix”: the metaphor seems strained but is obviously important to the author.

\(^5\) The “enterre” (“buries”) and “costaux” (“hills”) of the original make for somewhat strange metaphors here.

\(^6\) The original (“les flots de Thetis marinier[e]”) makes the divinity metonymic for her dwelling place, as was common.
Whose knowledge spans the forest’s sacred powers,
Those of the herbs and roots, and of the flowers,
Who from their distillation draws a juice
Able dead bodies from their tombs to loose.
It’s Elymant, who’s known from childhood days
What and how each heavenly body sways,
Who knows their power and, thanks to his science
Unexcelled, reduces them to compliance;
It’s Elymant, who renders slow and docile
With his sweet verses beasts by nature agile,
Softens cruel ones in their ferocity
And keeps the fauns from all atrocity.
It’s Elymant, whose footsteps all things trace,
Just like great Orpheus, followed in Thrace
By moving forests, with their birds and trees,
When his lyre joined with his voice to please.
It’s Elymant, who cures every ill,
With heaven’s aid, aligns it with his will.
In one day he can bring you happiness,
Extinguishing your burning love’s distress.

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

FRONTIN
Elymant’s well endowed with royal stature,
Body robust, complexion pale in colour,
With sinews in various forms that criss-cross
His flesh, as when, when it appears across
The window’s rippled glass at break of day,

The image appears to make sense only if the rays of the sun are distorted or refracted, so it is worth bearing in mind that glass in the early modern period was full of flaws (even, presumably, in the pastoral world).
The fair sun shines with a joyful display;
Heavy-set, with a hundred wrinkled folds
In skin that scattered tufts of bristles holds;
Sturdy, prompt to act, filled with lively force,
Though wrinkled by his many years' long course.
His hair as white as is a mountainside
In wintertime, freshly with snow supplied,
Or as white as an elm whose trunk is seen,
Ancient and stark, despoiled of all its green,
Where day by day a thousand crows alight
In flocks, loud-cawing as they rest from flight.
His white locks, dangling down like silken thread,
Are parted by bare lines upon his head,
And on his forehead, where his tresses fall,
Seem to be fixed in place, as on a wall;
Snow-white in hue, in compact wavelets turning,
They speak infallibly of his great learning,
And their white colour, full of majesty,
Shows forth a high and holy gravity,
An ancient wisdom, a brave soul whose power
No danger can deter or cause to cower.
(With such hair was that prophet once endowed,
Calchas, to whom the Greeks such fame allowed.)
His forehead dark, with wrinkles deep replete,
Looks like a field parched arid by the heat,
With a thousand holes, and many a fissure,
Which avidly drink up the morning’s moisture.
Broad he is in girth, and his solemn air
Discourages youth’s vain pleasures anywhere;
His skin is tough; his middle forehead shows
A crease that from stern melancholy grows.
Yet by that forehead one must be impressed,
As broad as that which old Nestor possessed.
His eyebrows, black, which mark his troubled state,
Bristle upon his forehead, standing straight,
Dense and dust-filled, looking as if thy were
Some wild, ferocious female wolf’s thick fur.

By those cruel eyebrows I have depicted
Are the spirits gazed at with fear afflicted.

Such was that man who, moved by appetite,”
Deprived the Cyclops of his life and light.

His eyes are large and roll on every side,
Their motion with fierce terror magnified,
Most often glinting with furious ire,
As one sees bursting into sudden fire

Fair Phoebus’ face from deep within a stream,
Reflected, turning, in the water’s gleam.

They are by two leathery lids enclosed,
Wrinkled and stern, so long to time exposed.

They cause the demons to turn pale with fright;
Beasts are transfixed with fear at their mere sight.

Now livid, they roll in frightening fashion,
Now blankly white, now terrible with passion,
Fiery red, they burst into a blaze,
When fury starts to hurtle through his gaze;

Night’s sweet slumber, in which we find repose,
Never approaches them to make them close,
But they stay waking, like those points of light
That strew the vault of heaven in the night.

By their fierce look the animals are cowed,
Quick paces of fierce demons disallowed.

His eyes are like those on which Jason lavished
His charms, at least until the fleece was ravished.”

His nose is long, broad, cruel, savage-looking,
Its tip as far as to his mouth down-hooking,
A mouth whose baleful air and pallid hue
Suggest a corpse, its death to poison due.

His lip takes the form of a downward curl,

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

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

Presumably an allusion to Aesculapius, whose association with quasi-magical healing powers would be to the point.
From this time forth I know him, Frontin, well;
But do inform me now, where does he dwell?

In order to help you, I'll tell you where,
And if you wish a cure, I'll guide you there.
In a rock-bound cave, where no one abides
But spirits, that wielder of spells resides.
The rock is of great height, its summit bleached
With age, concave its side, of colour leech'd;
No thunder-bolts upon it heaven casts,
For Elymant by art averts such blasts,
And Jupiter, who holds his wrath in dread,
Dares not hurl lightning down upon its head.
Its lofty flanks, which sharp thorns strongly arm,
Inspire the boldest with fear of harm;
A thousand thickets keeping daylight out
In dense and tangled shapes grow round about.
One glimpses and hears from that height come falling
Heavy stones galore with a crash appalling.
The deep sea swells against it on one side;
On the other, a stream is seen to glide,
With silver gleams flowing from a clear spring
At the base of that lonely rock beginning.
But neither the sea, nor stream in its course,
Dares to dash that rock with its water's force,
Unless the old man that freedom allows,
So greatly both of them his power cows.
Amidst those bushes mingled with small trees,
Many a savage beast stretched out one sees:
The lion, bear, the she-wolf that strikes fear,
Agile tiger, doe of the antlered deer —
Those beasts, so close to Elymant, are all
Prepared to respond at his beck and call.
Upon the front face of that rugged rock,
A hundred thousand birds, dark-coloured, flock
To perch when night falls, such as owls and crows,
Bats, vultures — birds all redolent of woes,
Who, with their raucous cawing, cause to wake
The animals asleep within the brake.

Upon the front-face of that rock enchanted,
A pallid elm, devoid of green, is planted,
Whose base, dried out and denuded of bark,
Kills off the rest, the branches sapless, stark,
The withered arms without their leaves extending,
Blanched, with rot tainted, to extinction tending.

Upon that elm the widowed turtle-dove
Is perched, and mourns there for its faithful love;
Beneath the elm, the ground of green is bare,
Gnawed by time’s tooth, fissured by torrid air.
Winged time, which weakens all at its own pace,
Is ever scratching at the pale rock-face
And makes debris roll violently below,
To clog the depths of streams and choke their flow;
Their waters up against that ruin rebound
And spread to flood the countryside around.

Within that rock has Elymant arranged
A cavern dark, eternally estranged
From the golden-haired sun’s eternal light,
A cavern made the dwelling-place of fright.
It’s deep-set, twisted, perilous, age-old,
With spacious ends, a narrow middle fold.
Its wall, high-towering, of adamant
Is thick with moss and covered with that plant
Whose most infallible and deadly poison
Procured the death of Socrates in prison.

Down from the rude rock’s clammy ceiling-seams
Saltpetre oozes, dripping in long streams;

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

22 The “iniure” of the original is likewise ambiguous: their treatment may be justified or not.
By gluttonous time, stacked up, one may see,
In the same kind of pattern, straight and steep,
As in former times was many a heap
Of wood for burning, when bodies were burned,
With pious care, before they were inurned.
These the shrewd old man will often transform
Either to liquid or to powder form,
Then mix, putting to angry use his powers,
With the sap of herbs and the juice of flowers,
And thus a secret powder fabricate
To make the earth a desert by his hate,
Scattering this upon a fertile field
Attempting still its golden wheat to yield.
The clothing that old man most often wears
Comes from a fierce she-wolf, or skins of bears.
That, then, is the place where Elymant dwells,
Who can cure your love-torment with his spells.

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

CHORUS
When springtime comes newly in,
The red adder renews its skin
Shedding the old of greyish cast;
The meadow gains back its verdure.
But he forever must endure
Whom love’s iron grip holds fast.
The rock, however wild and cold,
Is freed at least from the snow’s hold —
The ice must melt and so retire;
The sea from time to time relents.
But Love eternally torments
Those hearts enkindled by its fire.

The ox with its shoulder so strong
Does not bear the yoke overlong;
The drowsy herdsman slacks his tending.
Sailors after storms repose.
But those hard pangs a lover knows
Only with death at last have ending.

When the bright sun bestows its beams
Aurora holds back from the streams
The tears that frequently she rains;
Niobe weeps not constantly.
The lover, though, is endlessly
Afflicted by a thousand pains.

The dog embraces its repose
When the hunting comes to a close;
The wolf enjoys its body’s rest:
In sum, all things their sleep may take
But those who, roused by Love, awake
With pain of many deaths oppressed.
ACT II

[Scene I]

HECTOR [entering]

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

 Orig. “pere”, but “father” would not make for natural English. As punctuated, the original allows for greater ambiguity: “pere” might be in apposition with either “esprit” (“mind”) or “[l]’homme” (“mankind”).
Who takes part in the natures, as his lot,
Of all other creatures, living or not,“
In sum, who is like a god here below,
Change of nature and place must often know,
Changes countries, behaves then differently,
Longs to view the world and encircling sea.
But changing the climate where he resides
Often brings changes to his will besides.
Although his mind is not subject to change,
Yet it follows our body, which can range,
Often adapts itself to our affections,
Pursues our passions and our predilections.
As sheep are seen, in one white flock, to go
Wherever the ram leads them in the meadow,
Himself in front and always at the head
Of the white troop, which follows as it’s led:
If he takes a step, all step at the sight;
If he flees in fear, the whole flock takes flight;
If he starts to bleat, so the others do;
If he stops, all the troop stands transfixed, too.
Likewise the mind, which ideally dictates
Our body’s course, most often imitates,
And frequently swerves in such imitation,
Subjected, like the body, to mutation.
Ah, that is what I feel! A change of place
Alters also my nature and my face.
The sea, in casting me on this bare shore,
Casts out of me the will I had before,
Which guided me, using my skillful arms,
To the cruelest combats and alarms.
But, alas, since then my will I have changed
And from that desire am far estranged!
Thus once did Hercules, honour of Greece,

The translation is literal but I find the meaning elusive.
His heart-felt ties and solemn bonds release,
Change wishes, customs, voice, and what he wore,
The beauty of Iole to adore.
I do the same, and my warrior’s prowess
Change for love of a simple shepherdess.
I’m no longer that famed Hector who went
Audaciously into an armed encampment,
Whose forehead, with fierce boldness flushing red,
Struck the enemies’ hearts with icy dread.
I’m no longer that Hector, nobly born,
Who faced the front of bloody Mars with scorn,
Engraved there, with his sword’s steel point, a sign
His memory in honour to enshrine.
I’m no longer fit heir to the fair name
Of Hector the great, nor his living fame,
But rather I follow the traces left
By tender Paris, of vigour bereft.
Haughty Love, now I knowingly can say,
To my great cost, that under your hard sway
Even heaven yields, and your influence
As far as hell is held in reverence.
The sea fears you, and the earth at your tread
Trembles with fear and lies panting with dread.
I know it, alas! What, then? There’s no shame
In yielding to a power that can claim
Dominion over men, whose glory forces
Mighty Jove from heaven to bend his courses
Towards this base world, since he cannot choose
But come to court the nymphs that he pursues.
If that mighty god, forever thundering,
Finds himself by Love divine sent blundering,
If he accepts at Love’s hands such defeat,
Should I not count it a glorious feat
Of such a conqueror to be the conquest,
One who the great gods’ potency can best?
Venus has loved; Diana of the woodlands
1410 Fell into that sweet adversary’s hands,
1411 When the eyes — or, rather, Phoebus-born fires —
1412 Of two fair shepherds25 wakened her desires.
1413 If I love likewise a fair shepherdess
1414 Whose face appears as full of holiness
1415 As those of Pallas, Cypris,“ or of Juno,
1416 Do I deserve reproach for loving so?
1417 No, it’s honour to cherish, love, pursue
1418 Whatever nature gives perfection to.
1419 Beauty can set our hearts in conflagration,
1420 And can compel our eyes to adoration.
1421 But alas! She’s here, who’s ravished from me,
1422 Through love of her, my vital energy.

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

25 Endymion is clearly one; the most likely candidate for the other, according to some versions of the moon-goddess’s love affairs, would seem to be Orion.
26 I.e., Venus.
Beginning his journey with wingèd pace,
The night coming after, its lights arrayed,
None with a face that is liable to fade,
Each having by nature its proper power,
No fire seen another to devour,"
Without confusion, and out of gross disorder
Combining to fashion such well-tuned order
As the Eternal, giving each its station,
With mighty glory fixed in his creation.
That vault divine the eye may well perceive,
Its origin the mind likewise conceive,
But not know for how long its perfect state
Will last, or from what God did it create.
From that fair heaven flows a pleasant air
Which renders fertile the field to the ploughshare,
Which makes us live, and renders to our bodies
Blood, vital warmth, and frequent harmonies."
Thanks to that gracious sky, which one admires
As divine, our mortal body respires,
The tree abounds in growth, the earth, serene,
So favoured spreads its bosom all with green.
After the sky one sees the verdant earth
To a thousand flowers and fruits give birth,
All in their taste and savour varying,
Though in their nature and their size agreeing,
As men are all identical in essence,
Whereas their faces show great difference.
Of that earth on which our feet make their way,
Which one stirs up and digs in every day,
Man cannot know in his profundity
The substance forming its rotundity.

27 This translation is conjectural; the original might also mean that none of the heavenly bodies appears to shine more brightly than another, but this is, after all, manifestly untrue.
28 On the assumption that the “ardeur” Julie evokes is a positive life-force, not passion, I add “vital”; otherwise, the translation in literal, but I find that the sense of “harmonies” (“accords”) remains cryptic.
He knows its strength and value of its fields,
Its nature and worth, by the fruit it yields;
He knows how he can readily, from sterile,
Transform it, by his labour, into fertile;
He knows with fertiliser how to feed it,
Till it, enrich it when he must, and seed it,
But he cannot, in his imperfect soul,
Judge what it is made of, this massive whole.
God alone knows that, being its creator,
Who makes himself of all the instigator.
And then one also sees the teeming sea
Embrace this globe with its fecundity,
Enclosing, rolling round this lowly sphere,
Yet with its waves respecting that frontier:
That sea with its inconstant\textsuperscript{w} womb, which nurtures
Infinite fish of greatly diverse natures,
From one sole being\textsuperscript{w} tracing their descent
And yet all recognised as different,
Whether in taste, or in their shape or size —
Some are pleasing; others offend the eyes,
Their bodies deformed by monstrous defects
Which Nature with her erring hand effects;
For Nature, bolting in bizarre directions,
Conspicuously shows her imperfections,
Proving that over Nature's work God stands
And holds the rule of this world in his hands:
He being perfect, perfect in abundance
The order that obeys His governance.
One often sees the waves of this sea race
And leap up, roaring, with the wind in chase,
Bellow enraged, all white with bitter spume.

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

\textsuperscript{30} Orig. “de mesme estre”. It seems likely that a neo-platonic notion of an originating form is meant here, rather than a literal single specimen; the translation preserves the ambiguity.
So one sees bellow and with fury fume
The fierce bull, roaring, galloping, when goaded
By rage that makes his senses overloaded:
Now through the hollow of a swamp he barges;
Now across a savage desert he charges,
Now against hillsides sloping steeply upwards,
Now in the thick of the bellowing herds,
For the lion’s furious paw has now
Stolen away from him his dearest cow,
Which he goes searching for, panting with wrath,
His face, his mouth, his chest all white with froth.
Thus the waves of the false one who befriended
Pelops of old are seen by rage distended."
On this sea many a proud vessel rides,
And yet despite this, no one of its tides
Or waters understands the excellence,
Nor from what matter it derives its essence:
Only its author, since he is omniscient,
Is not forestalled by that impediment.
See how we find, wondrous in all his deeds,
That awe-striking God who in might exceeds,
Who by sage counsel guides all on its way,
Whose eye regards the forehead of the day,
Whose righteous and all-hallowed providence
All things perfects in the rays of his prudence.
Heaven blesses his name victorious,
Hell fears it, and it stands as glorious
Here in earthly regions: no herb too slight
Or worm too small his praises to recite,
For in them all – fed, covered and protected,
Thanks to his care – his virtue is reflected.
All lives by him, and wild beasts in their pride

Obscure lines, because of the feminine gender (“la pariure amie”), but the allusion is presumably to Poseidon as metonymic of the (feminine) sea (“mer”), which is “false” (“pariure”) by nature; Poseidon was the lover of the youthful Pelops.
With tear-like sap of plants are satisfied;
Small birds are sustained by ripe ears of grain,
Fish by water; flowers the bees sustain.
Behold how everlasting is the care
Of that great God, who, out of diverse fare
To suit the appetite of every beast,
Provides a repast even for the least.
It is that mighty God alone I wish
To love, serve, honour and with blessing cherish;
The love of him alone inflames my heart,
And in no love but his my soul takes part.
For any love whose essence has its source
In some vain object having lesser force
Dies suddenly, just as, in stormy skies,
The fitful lightning fades before our eyes:
The object dead, from which the love proceeded,
The love itself must likewise have receded.
Divine love only never has an end,
Because its source it never may expend:
Always its flame undying reigns intense
Within our heart, our soul, and in our sense;
And that pleasing sacred fire must bring
Us to the One from whom it takes its being.
Thus I seek none but spiritual love,
Which draws us to the Immortal above,
And, as my flocks within these woods I tend,
Wholeheartedly my pipe and voice I lend
To testify to the Eternal’s glory,
Whose love alone lives in my memory.  
[Exit Julie.]

HECTOR

Ah, what’s that I hear? I despair of all!
That icy heart’s a stone behind a wall
Of cruelty, of anger and disdain,
Painted with the stark horror of my pain!
Yet I’ll make my way, with a weary pace,
Towards that solid rock’s misshapen base.
Because love torments me without respite,
Should I not my complaints again recite?

ECHO cite
Is that you, Echo, who have overheard me?
ECHO me
Come, then, tell me: my hope should I renew?
ECHO new
What of the pain that makes me woe-begone?
ECHO gone
May I hope that Love his grace will attest?
ECHO test
What will my profit be from his scorn’s absence?
ECHO sense
And she for whom my flame mars my well-being?
ECHO being
Must I always endure a state quite hopeless?
ECHO less
What expect from the love that brings disease?
ECHO ease
And from desire that makes me unhappy?
ECHO happy
Must heaven, then, my plaguing doubts resolve?
ECHO solve
May I see by heaven my anguish ended?
ECHO dead

O happy man! I feel such exaltation
Flow from the grace of such sweet expectation!
Now in my life shall torment have no place,
And blissful hope instead I will embrace,
Because that god who dwells within this rock
Has deigned for me his counsels to unlock.
A god’s foretelling must be given weight;
His true oracle must we venerate.
ARBUSTE [entering]
Lover, if you believe, you are a fool,
Trusting that rock, in which is lodged the school
Of futile dreams, with Morpheus as lord,
Where the deceiving bed of sleep is stored."
Ah, do you think that some inhuman stone,
To which strength, breath and passion are unknown,
And lacking all power, could one day be,
By something spoken, your love’s remedy?
Great Jupiter, who sole exerts his sway
Upon the stars and can disasters stay,
Who has immortal sprites at his command,
Can none of this when Love takes him in hand
And he obeys the heat of that fierce flame
Lit in his soul, his case as yours the same.
Do you suppose, then, that a rock insensate,
To be struck by lightning its constant fate,
That solid stone, without feeling or life,
Might heal the harm caused by your inner strife?
O you poor fool, if that rock’s voice you follow,
For even the prophecies of Apollo
Are nothing, for the most part, but deception,
Despite the high godhead of their conception;
And Jove, great god of all humanity,
Can have oracles lacking certainty:
Most often they lead men into confusion,
And we are often subject to delusion.
The voice of a mere rock, then, you believe,
Your misery is able to relieve?
You are deluded, and love’s cruel pain
Is not so easy to set right again.
For nothing in a beauty can instill,
However much we love her, equal will

[Footnote: Orig. “Où du sommeil est le lict deceueur”. The adjective “deceuëur” (“deceiving”) would also agree with “sommeil” (“sleep”) and give more straightforward sense, but the word order associates it strongly with “lict” (“bed”), producing a transferred epithet (hypallage).]
To care for us, but Love, whose force unites
Two hearts in one, two minds together plights.
Neither diviners' charms' pretended powers,
Nor green juice of a hundred diverse flowers,
Nor liquid from haughty tree-roots reduced,
Nor moisture from new-sprouting herbs produced,
Nor, after spells are cast, charmed leaves of bays,
Beneath the nightly pillow placed cross-ways,
Nor virgin candle from a ladder steep
Taken to set beneath the ear for sleep,
Nor all the silent vows that upward fly
When day no more illuminates the sky
And one stands barefoot, with dishevelled hair
And bosom to the star-framed moon all bare,
Nor poem's sweet expression set in motion
By some steaming brew, or simmered-bone potion,"
Nor, from piles of bones without sepulchre,
Dry powder produced, of a whitish colour,
Mixed with many a different liqueur—
None of these the torments of love can cure;
Nor can they offer us the slightest hope
Of any day enjoying the full scope
Of our desires, for, in the end, they
Make us regret the time we've thrown away,
Since that Archer who can the gods surmount
Deigns not of such follies to take account.

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

This translation of ll. 1648-49 remains frankly conjectural, depending as it does on figurative (though attested) senses of “emprunté” (lit. “borrowed”) and “alaité” (lit. “given milk”, “suckled”). It would help to be familiar with the magical relation envisaged between the poem and the potion.
Love is merely longing, vibrant and soft,
Which shoots within us its bright flame aloft,
Catching fire inside from something present
Which to our soul the eye has rendered pleasant.
That which appears unworthy to our eyes
The soul — the seat of love — can hardly prize.
For through the eye (as daylight is received
Through windows) love comes in and is perceived,
With suddenness presented to our minds,
But sometimes lengthy kindling there it finds.
The sudden flame that love at first will raise,
Sparked by the eye, may set our soul ablaze,
Or, taking hold, with passing years burn stronger,
And in such cases it remains there longer.
For conversation and long constancy,
Which give two hearts familiarity —
Their will and principles identical,
Common to them as something natural —
Endow a love with such firm loyalty
It dies from nothing but mortality.
It is desire which appears the same
In both those spirits who yield to its claim.
From that desire many cares are made,
When kind occasion fails to lend its aid,
When longing cannot, by ill-chance oppressed,
Achieve its end, and is by fear repressed.
From this, then, stem the never-ending cares
Of the true lover, who, pierced through, despairs,
And never sees — with painful frissons filled,
A thousand sorrows — desire fulfilled.
For if the hearts, and if the destined minds
Do not share thoughts and wills of equal kinds,
And if fair and gracious, rich in delight,
They do not appear in each other’s sight,
All the world’s gold, and all the privilege
Of the heavens divine, and all the knowledge
Which here prevails could enkindle no fire
Of love which might compel us to desire.
For love, divine in nature and in form,
To reason or doctrine will not conform;
It cannot be learnt by leafing through pages,
Like knowledge comprehensible by sages.
It lives in us, and over us holds sway,
Though what its essence is we cannot say,
Whence it comes, or what, of its substance, lends
It lively form, and hearts together blends:"
Rather, we feel a total alteration,
Our spirit undergoing quick dilation,
So that, from gross, imperfect, ignorant,
It is made prompt and knowing in an instant.
For a lover on whom Love's bright rays shine
Forever carries a soul more divine,
A heart more exalted, a forehead higher,
Than someone who has never felt love's fire.
Love is, then, father of nobility:
He arms with courage the most cowardly,
Makes the unlettered to the learned seem
With wisdom and knowledge divine to teem.
Pallas, over Titans victorious,
Compared to him, is scarcely glorious;
Mars, Apollo, Juno, Venus, the Sisters—
Compared to him, the honour of none glisters.
For without love can heaven bear no sway,
And the earth's very essence melts away;
It is the bond that joins things in accord,
The sacred liquor that can put out discord:
From him the gods took soul and being, too;
That mortals are alive to him is due;

34 "Hearts together blends": the original remains cryptic, but such an idea of uniting must lie behind "frequens accords".
But for him, no gods would dwell in the sky;
But for him, this world without men would lie,
All without life, and the earth all alone,
As a barren desert would then be shown.
But this Love redeems, for us here below,
All losses from humanity’s death-blow,
Undoing the damage of mortality
By multiplying our posterity.
But this great good, exceeding other gain,
Is not achieved without substantial pain,
Without much anguish, and without despair
In our souls and a weeping face to bear.
That makes it to our senses still more sweet:
The more ill something precious makes us meet
In gaining it, the more its excellence
When its enjoyment we experience.
Woe to the verge of death is thus required
Before a precious thing may be acquired,
Such as love is, which with one stroke rewards
All our distress and remedy affords.
But I can offer you some sort of rescue
From pain, these love-throes that have come upon you,
If you will make the person known to me,
Whom heaven makes to your love-suit contrary.

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

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

HECTOR

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

The gist seems clear enough, despite the cryptic expression of the original.
ARBUSTE
Oh, Love has not been kind to you at all!
Oh, how he is contrary to your welfare!
Oh, what a store he has for you of care!
For she he makes your object of desire
Knows nothing at all of amorous fire;
Cruel she is, and her adamant heart
Does not know what love’s sweetness may impart;
She’ll not so much as listen to a speech
About the laws of love, or what they teach;
She is immovable, a solid rock,
A spirit no stroke of passion can shock:
In brief, it’s a heart that seeks its own harm,
Hating Love for what lovers find his charm.
But that doesn’t matter: this very day
I’ll go in search of her, for who can say
But that Love may have broken that girl’s pride,
Who does not wish herself to his rule tied.

HECTOR
I wish your confidence could give me hope.

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

HECTOR
But you know the challenge that this case poses.

ARBUSTE
Love can transform it to a bed of roses.

HECTOR
But if upon her heart Love has no sway?
With all things Love can boast a winning way."

Yet sometimes it must lack the strength of reason.

There’s nothing does not come in its due season.

What can force Love on an unfettered heart?

The flame lit in us by his blazing dart.

But yet, alas, unequal is love’s flame!

Just as men love, so women do the same.

But their love may be of different kinds.

Not so, when once it has disturbed their minds."

A chaste soul Love can never hope to tame.

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

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

HECTOR
Can he bring noble spirits to their knees?

ARBUSTE
He can, since he compels divinities.

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

ARBUSTE
What is not now can someday come to be.

HECTOR
Ah, I despair of that happy effect!

ARBUSTE
Our happiness comes when we least expect.

HECTOR
My fortunes into your hands I commit:
Adapt your rescue to my need of it;
Ensure, if you can, that it’s not delayed.

ARBUSTE
I’ll do it, provided the gods will aid. [Exeunt.]

[Scene II]
[Enter Elymant, Fauste and Frontin.]

ELYMANT
Because my art, which reigns with confidence
Among the gods, you hold in reverence;
Because you come its succour to request
To staunch your woes, in your poor plight oppressed,
And you are guided by the firm belief
That it may assuage your amorous grief,
And by my magic incantations dire,
Filled full of fury, and imbued with ire,
Drive far from you your soul-tormenting evil,
Or please you with that beauty rendered gentle,
Who so the power of the gods disdains
She laughs to see you feel, for her, these pains,
I've no wish to double your tribulation
By making vain today your expectation,
Vain your hope, your coming a waste of time,
But wish your happiness in love sublime.
You will soon see by your experience
How potent is the art of magic science.
But do not be taken by any fear,
Although spirits galore come running here.
Out of Avernus the demons to call,
And those of the sky, I will put a wall
Impregnable round this circle, erected
By countless words that can transfix the dead.
Here Phoebus at first discloses his light;
Here he bids in his course the world goodnight;
The north to be on this side I conceive,
And the south on the other I perceive.
But come now, before Diana, revered
In heaven, divine on earth, her rule feared
In hell: moon high above; in these woods bright,
Diana; Hecate in realms of night –
Come now, and help me to perfect my spells,
As the growl of my incantation swells.
And you spirits who dwell within the air,
Who often set up a commotion there,
When, together with crashing thunder whirled,
Stark terror you impose upon the world;
Winged spirits, you who here and there can range
And, hidden in various guises strange,
Astray lead often our astonished sight,
By day, as well as in the starry night;
You potent spirits – strong, since, when created,
By the Eternal you were animated,
But weaker now, for your offence evicted
From the sacred home of the high god-head;
And you spirits who, in the sea concealed,
Often make vessels to rough waters yield,
When the storm’s savage waves stir up to wrath
The sea-surge till it boils with raging froth;
Amid the storm and the winds and the waves,
You lurk below in watery enclaves
And wait that hapless ship to swallow down
Which has attracted Thetis’ angry frown –
Cruel spirits, come running, run to me,
And effect my designs with alacrity:
Leave the sea to the sailor’s calm enjoyment,
Since now I have for you other employment,
And come prepared to lend me all your force,
For by you I can change the heavens’ course;
And you spirits who, as the enemies
Of animals, upon earth spread disease,
Tainting with poison both the herbs and flowers,
And mastering of simples all the powers –
Spirits of evil, who to witches pale
Give lessons about powders that work bale,
And poisons with whose aid they cause to dry
Half-ripened fruit, and human beings to die,
With which they make, with cruel rage possessed,
The mother’s milk dry up in the full breast
And weary beasts’ bodies their vigour lose
By the inhuman poison they infuse;
And you spirits who, deep in the earth, rest
Guardians of all treasures in her breast,
Who have your dwellings in each metal-mine,
From which great ills to mortals you consign —
Cruel spirits, starved, famishing with greed,
Whose nature is injustice here to breed,
And in us ardent yearning to acquire
All those treasures of whose keeping you tire;
You demons whom Avernus’ deity,
Dark Pluto, rules with dread severity,
Spirits of hell, who, with an eye askance
Can put the universe to variance;
You winged spirits, by nature delicate,
Who nothing find on earth too intricate;
You cruel spirits who below torment
The vicious souls condemned to punishment,
Who torture those souls with cruelty dire
By plunging them into infernal fire —
You I invoke, from deep within my spell
Of dreadful rage, to come here out of hell.
Come running all — as when, just having bolted
Into the woods, the heifer newly jolted
By lightning tumbles to the ground with fear,
Then stumbles terrified in wild career.
Ha! I spy you, O you criminal troop!
O darkling spirits! Fierce and cruel group!
I greet you — and I seek a consultation.
But do not, children, let your trepidation
Get the upper hand, for, if I am right,
Your souls are trembling in the grip of fright.
To do you harm not one of them would dare:
Await my return, therefore, free from care.  

[Exit.]

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

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

ELYMANT [re-entering]

Go back, each one of you, where you belong;
I have need of only one of this throng
To stay here with me; go, demons, repair
In haughty flight to your homes in mid-air;
You other dark band, descend where you dwell,
With lively steps, to the regions of hell.
Be gone: it is my will, the wish is mine,
My order confirmed by power divine.
And shepherds, you who seek with zeal my science,
I freely give you the experience
And render it manifest to your sight,
My rare art attaining a god-like height.
From this towering rock-face I'll make flow
A sweet spring running to us here below
Of claret wine, by giving just one stroke
With this dry wood, which magic can provoke —
This rod, which is by all the spirits feared
And makes my science everywhere revered.
And from the dry base of this solid hill
I wish water to surge forth in a rill.
Next, my voice raised in a furious cry,
I order both of these streams to run dry.
Then, as my verses sigh into the air,
I'll make that lion lie down over there,
That furry bear, that savage tiger dread,
Their vital spirits stolen as if dead,
To show that my rule reaches to the skies,
To hell below, and on the earth applies;
That there is nothing can oppose defence
Against my learning's power, my dark science;
That all things tremble to hear my behest,
As one may see trembling in a great forest
The lively leaf when, surging from the earth
To combat it, the winds are given birth.
But I wish you by its effects to witness
My sacred knowledge's practical fitness,
So that you may proclaim in song the story
Of your redemption to my timeless glory.
She who keeps spirits in a state of yearning
To taste the fruit of love, in keen flames burning,
She who, so cruel in disdaining your plight,
Proudly torments you with slight after slight,
Loves another shepherd – Nymphis is he –
And that dooms your love to futility.
But I'll bestow on you your foe Diane,
Who will not be friend to a second man.
Count it certain that as long as her heart
Takes that shepherd's eyes for a flaming dart,
And just as long as her amorous soul
Remains warmly subject to his control,
You can neither expect to satisfy
Your love, nor break off your own loving tie,
Or that your cruel lady ever will
Pity those ardours that your bosom thrill:
Nymphis alone is goal of her desires;
His love is everything that she requires.
For never does one witness, wholly placed
Within one heart, two rival loves embraced,
And the object one loves can only be
That which can kindle the highest degree
Of desire for having its enjoyment,
For that desire is more excellent
Than all, and no good this world may impute
Is holy and sweet, compared with love’s fruit.
But to give your tormenting ill a cure
And help you in that hard love you endure,
So that from danger you may be conveyed
To safety thanks to my nurturing aid,
Here, take his potion: it has such effects
That change throughout your body it projects –
To face, complexion, bearing: by its might
You’ll be the shepherd Nymphis to the sight.
Your looks will be to his identical
And to Diane, like him, agreeable:
You will then have Nymphis’s handsomeness,
His forehead, eyes, his solemn stateliness,
And when you are by Diane next perceived,
She, by this novel enchantment deceived,
As Nymphis will faithfully love you
And ardently your bidding strive to do.
Thus happy and solaced with rich contents
You will be rendered by my magic science;
Thus happy, and free, in your love, from tension
You will be made by god-like intervention,
And then of Elymant the magic science
Will show with your health its soothing alliance.
Do this, then, if you wish to find a cure,
And solace by my art what you endure.
Meanwhile, where the hellish demons are found,
My companions, I’ll return underground.

FAUSTE

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

ELYMANT

Children, until we meet again, farewell.

[Exeunt Elymant on one side, Fauste and Fronton on the other.]

38 The Roman goddess associated with funeral ceremonies, here simply metonymic for death.
[Scene III]

[Enter Nymphis.]

NYMPHIS

The life of shepherds well deserves all praise,
When love does not distress their peaceful days!
O how their years flow by in happiness
When they desire nothing to possess
Except those benefits nature, our mother,
Delivers readily to every other!
A burning care to have the foremost rank
In royal circles does not goad their flank,
So that ambitious envy’s shrivelling
Does not poison them in their time of spring;
Nor is their joy gnawed by ravenous treasure,
Nor does vain honour keep them from their pleasure;
Their hearts are free from any jealous chill;
No blight of heartache does their fair souls ill;
Unending lawsuits do not spoil their rest,
And worry does not creep within their breast,
Where with the cruel tongue that it has grown,
It sucks the tender marrow from the bone.
They are not called to court to testify
And taint their faithful oath with some base lie,
Nor is their independent thought outweighed
By vows that this world’s demi-gods have made.
Treachery does not render null and void
The lessons happy nature has deployed.
Nothing can match the perfect excellence
That Nature as a gift to us presents:
Art is nothing but its limp imitation;
Learning merely its vain solicitation.
The painter can form a lovely design,
A body make for it, a face assign
Such as we may perceive those mortals bear
For whom immortal holy spirits care,
But he can’t perform what Nature can do —
Give it voice and movement, liveliness too:
Such art can only the shadows contrive
Of bodies which walk briskly when alive.
So those rich goods, those grand servilities,
Which one encounters in pride-swollen cities,
Those vain honours, the oaths of gentlemen
(Which one finds broken again and again),
Are nothing but shadows dead forms compose,
Compared with the good that nature bestows.
For all that to the eye its yearnings yields —
That which it finds sweet — is seen in the fields:
It is there we find both the cheerful verdure
And the delicious fruits with which Dame Nature
Charges the curving branches at each end,
The bush made dense with all the boughs that bend.
Of diamonds in the fields there is great foison
(Those stones that are a match for chilling poison);"
Those fields, as we encounter them, are sown
With shining rubis, such as great kings own,
And emeralds of green colour there are found
As well, and likewise stone-hard pearls abound."
There gold beckons, and nature’s fruits one finds,
Rare and divine, in all their divers kinds —
Not within cities, which cruelty fills,
Nurses of suffering, mothers of ills,
Where nothing flourishes but lying treason,
Where criminality corrupts the reason.
Look at these meadows thick with greenery,
Enamelled as to paint the scenery

39 The reference must be to Pliny’s claim that diamonds (or adamants) counteract poison (Natural History, bk. 37, chap. 15), although this requires taking “preuue” (from “prouuer”) in an unusual sense.
40 The origin of pearls was common knowledge from ancient times, and it is unclear why Montreux imagines them as found in the fields (“les mesmes champs”) along with diamonds and other precious stones, unless the fields are meant to evoke nature generally.
In divers colours, varied hue by hue;
Look at these brooks, whose flow divides our view,
Clear-running and with a murmur so tender
That gentle sleep in beasts it can engender.
Look at the bottom of those cooling streams,
Where a medley of vibrant colours gleams,
Led between pretty pebbled banks, each verge
With flowers dense which from the earth emerge.
Neither ambrosia nor nectar divine
Is so luscious, precious, so sweetly fine
As that clear water a country brook bears,
Sweet beverage of our pious forbears,
With its colour, likewise its taste that please,
And bringing to our bodies cooling ease.
All day the gorgeous sun, as he directs
His course above, views keenly his effects:
He sees reflected there his radiance,
As Heaven’s features are suffused with brilliance;
He sees the burning rays of his face felt
Upon the rocks, as he sees their ice melt;
He sees by his own light the earthly scene
Regain its loveliness, return to green;
And of the hills, once cleared of passing storms,
Outlined by his fire, he sees the forms.

DIANE [entering]
O fair Nymphis, all things are mollified
To counter hardship in this countryside,
And nothing to us shows hostility
Except your harshness, which is killing me.
Don’t you see those flowers, a multitude
That make these sprawling meadows many-hued—
Flowers with which all, with pilfering hands,
Perfume their bosoms, and their braided strands
Of hair, those flowers by the gods designed
For pleasure of the nose, the eyes, the mind?
Among these flowers blades of grass one views  
By thousands — no? — that feed our snub-nosed ewes,  
With juice that makes their lovely bodies grow  
And chases far from them all sorts of woe,  
Yields milk to cows, which, tired when they’ve fed,  
Often lie down upon that grassy bed.  
Don’t you see how on those flowers alights  
The clever bee, to lick their juice delights,  
From which in his walled hive he can create  
Golden honey, and wax we venerate—  
Flowers with birds by thousands perched above,  
Exchanging beak to beak their signs of love  
Again and again, where the new grass springs,  
And thousands in flight, all beating their wings.  
See these sweet fruits, whose red-ripe loveliness  
The bounty born of summer serves to witness—  
Not only red, but white and gold in colour,  
Which to this sprawling meadow do such honour.  
See those branches, with hanging fruit replete,  
Fruit charmingly split open by the heat,  
On which the flies are constantly alighting,  
In which the pecking birds are all delighting—  
How sweet their taste, which, in its potent savour,  
Has more courteous, clean and loving flavour  
Than those wretched fruits that cover the boards,  
As long as they may be, of certain lords:  
For those are either under-ripe, or dried,  
Or they grow soggy, rotting from inside.  
But O how sweet when from a tree that’s green  
The fruit is plucked, or white grapes one may glean  
In bunches when upon the vine they hang  
And feel within its natural sweet tang.  
They don’t endure a thousand dirty hands,

Orig. “la cire honoree”. The reference is presumably to the use of beeswax for candles in religious ceremonies.
And their fresh beauty time’s effects withstands.
Hence, greater is the span of life’s extent
For ploughmen, and their lives of more content
Than those of Princes, on whom envy preys,
And care, to spoil their ease, cut short their days.
That’s why Diana, with her blond hair streaming,
Mother of honour, left the heavens’ gleaming
To dwell in the rich forests here below,
Amidst these meadows, where soft grasses grow.
That’s why Venus, too, in former times, came
To fan, in these woods’ shade, her loving flame,
When, on Adonis fixing ardent eyes,
She grew disdainful of the lofty skies.
Hence, the numerous nymphs that one perceives
Within these woods, each one of whom receives
More pleasure in these solitary places
Than the great gods in their heavenly spaces.
Regard, if you please, those glorious hills,
Whose slopes a wealth of vegetation fills,
And flowers, with many a verdant crest
That causes them to seem a secret forest.
See all those birds that there for nesting throng,
All different in plumage and in song;
And see, from the base of these rocks that tower,
Springs by thousands surging with great power,
Whose waters, so cold that like ice they freeze,
Seem wine to those frolicking boys they please,
When, panting, they come from the wrestling place
And take the stream’s flow fully in the face,
Gulp eagerly the liquor that assuages
The parching thirst that in their bodies rages.
Those very rivulets their waters yield
To mountain foothill and forested field,
And from those water-courses sometimes grow
Deep rivers, which round palaces then flow,
And cities, with their fronts, most nobly walled,
On the edges of pleasant banks installed.
See how all animals, with one consent,
Seek out those freezing waters’ icy current,
To slake tormenting thirst direct their paces
There, or sometimes to wash their hands and faces."
One sees our tired herd at close of day
To drink more of that water make their way,
Where often the lioness, source of fear,
Is avidly posed, or the antlered deer.

JULLIE [entering]
Behold, though, those fields, to our ploughs beholden,
With their yellowing wheat become all golden;
Behold the fair grain, see its straw piled high,
Orange in colour, mounting toward the sky;
See those ears, still bearded, which put to shame,
More brilliant than fine gold, the sun’s own flame;
Behold the fair grain, which steadily grows
By the goodness Mother Nature bestows.
See the birds, which, feeling no other need
But merely to live, steal many a seed;
See the partridge, nesting amidst the crop,
And its young chicks, as at our feet they hop,
When in July with harmful blade we mow,
And cause it to fall backwards at each blow.
O, how holy the great God’s potency,
Holy his providence, his clemency,
Which with this grass and golden fruit contrives
To nourish generously human lives!
O, what pleasure, when we together bind
Those lovely ears of wheat, and when we wind
Them in many a sheaf, where the fierce sun
Sees, with its thousand rays, its own reflection,
And by the great force of its golden fires
Fierce thirst in the harvesters’ breasts inspires,
Who under an oak or in beech-tree shade
Drink, using cups that from their hats are made,
From the swift current, or, by miracle,
Empty in just four gulps the joyous bottle.
Free from the fear of cruel enemies,
Many are found sleeping at their ease
In the shade of the gathered sheaves’ warm mound,
Where each sheaf with others is tightly bound,
Or in the hollow of a ragged pit
Bristling with bramble-bushes all around it.
Then, oh, what delight when great store appears,
Beneath the barn roof, of those lovely ears,
When, having been with straining cords raised high,
They’re formed into the piles where they will lie,
To see them overwhels the eye with pleasure
When it encounters such abundant treasure.
Still lovelier they seem when they, as grain,
In the attic – or in our hand – remain,
While the earth, in the icy grip held fast
Of frigid Winter, holds its head downcast,
Its profile low, so no flower is seen,
No fruit to give us joy, no glint of green.
Mortals rest softly, wait for spring’s arrival,
And on that grain depend for their survival –
That grain which to ploughmen nourishment brings,
As to great emperors and mighty kings.
In cities which pride themselves on showing
Gaudily, no such grain can be seen growing,
Nor within proud castle walls is it found,
Birth-place of vice and hardship’s breeding-ground.
In places such as those, no curving vine
With loving branches traces its design;
No woolly buds along its length are dressed,
Nor is its grape, which gives us wine, there pressed –
That grape yielding liquor of such rare value
The gods, compared with it, drink bitter brew
(A juice so sweet, so clear, so nobly fine
It puts quite to shame the Nectar divine).
There are no apples, teeming with sweetness,
To spurt forth cidre, crushed beneath the press;
No acorns abound, nor beeches wide-spreading,
Whose fruit so many beasts find nourishing.

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

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

NYMPHIS
Sooner shall fire its own heat resign,

The essence of the myth (as retailed notably by Ovid in the *Metamorphoses*) was that Venus doted on Adonis and warned him against savage beasts, one of which killed him and precipitated her intense grief. Montreux must be deliberately having Nymphis skew the myth in a self-pitying direction, and this then rates as one of the measures of the absurd excess of the play’s love-rhetoric.
Yet with ruddy light continue to shine;
Sooner the forests shall lose all their green,
The meadows dry and flower-less be seen;
Sooner shall winter have ice without freezing,
And faces of satyrs be fair and pleasing;
Sooner without their black venom shall glide
The serpents that wriggle from side to side;
And polished the rough-looming rocks shall be,
Before Nymphis loves any but his Julie.

**JULIE**
Nymphis shall sooner share Adonis’ fate;
Julie shall sooner Thisbe imitate;
She shall be changed in outward form, like Daphne,
Before love alters her identity.

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

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

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

**JULIE**
Such hope, which will only increase your care,
You can expect no happy fruit to bear,
And wretched is the soul that hopes for ease
And in return gains nothing that may please.

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

**JULIE**
Time may have such power all things to change,
But none at all from my soul to estrange
My ardent desire to see that soul
Exempt from blame, detached from Love’s control.

**NYMPHIS**
It’s a foolish error to try to say
There’s blame in loving in a holy way:
For love alone gives our soul the sensation
Of tasting the sweet fruit of exaltation.

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

**NYMPHIS**
No rich honour that shuns Love’s company
Deserves the right the light of day to see,
For unless Love enables them to thrive
Together, it can hardly stay alive.

**JULIE**
Without Love honour keeps its sacred name,
But without honour love can have no flame,
For any love that lacks an honest face
Is a cruel plague to the mortal race.

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

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

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

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

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

JULIE
That traitor Love, cruel and pitiless,
Often brings sacred friendship to distress,
Breaking the faith which fixes it in place,
By a holy chain, in its close embrace.

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

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

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

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

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

JULIE
But why does the soul in our bodies reign,
Unless for everlasting glory’s gain?

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

JULIE
It is a foolish error that exalts
As a god an author of grievous faults.
NYMPHIS
What name in this world do you think he bears,
Who surmounts the gods, his strength beyond theirs?

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

NYMPHIS
But still, can anyone resist him? Who?

JULIE
One who knows how his passions to subdue.

NYMPHIS
Who has lived and has never felt his flame?

JULIE
All those whose souls chaste modesty can claim.

NYMPHIS
One’s reason gives way to greatness so sainted.

JULIE
Words of a coward heart shamefully tainted.

NYMPHIS
Jupiter did so!

JULIE
Hardly to his glory.

NYMPHIS
In any case, Love gained the victory.
JULIE
It’s easy to be conquered when you wish.

NYMPHIS
There’s no other choice when you cannot vanquish.

JULIE
Love cannot claim invincibility.

NYMPHIS
Ah, who can tame invisibility?

JULIE
The soul that keeps virtue’s precepts in sight.

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

JULIE
For instance, lively Julie’s carefree spirit.

NYMPHIS
Which does not lack a force to domineer it.

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

NYMPHIS
That which may well divinity constrain.

JULIE
My soul is sacred, like the gods above.

NYMPHIS
It must do as the gods do, then, and love.
JULIE
One copies better actions, and not worse.

NYMPHIS
Nothing the gods may do can be perverse.

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

NYMPHIS
Our weak must simply yield before their strong.

JULIE
Mine does so.

NYMPHIS
Oh, then feel a love like theirs!

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

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

JULIE
One must do good things who would satisfy them.

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

JULIE
From such love I am by honour deterred.

NYMPHIS
And yet, if that's the case, you will live joyless.
JULIE
Honour can bring us perfect happiness.

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

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

NYMPHIS
But causing lovers infinite vexation.

JULIE
No good so holy can our joy diminish.

NYMPHIS
That’s how I feel it.

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

[Scene IV]
[Enter Arbuste, then Julie.]

ARBUSTE
Where are you going, so fair and so pretty,
Thus all alone, O celestial Julie?
Where runs that foot of yours carefree and gay,
Which only finds rest in making its way?
What has added vermilion to your face
Beyond the common, tinged with red your grace?
Is it Love which, with his fiery rays,
Colours your forehead so worthy of praise,
Or your effort in hunting without stint
Which fixes in your face that lovely tint—
Or disdain, which alone can dominate
Your mind, where love-thoughts never penetrate?
Tell me: what is it? When one's wound is shown,
More often than not the treatment is known.

JULIE

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

ARBUSTE

Has he done wrong your beauty to have served
With the sacred vows it has well deserved,
E lecting a thing immortal to prize:
Your face—fairer than those that meet our eyes?
What, do you suppose that so fair a brow
Would not be loved, when its springtime is now,
And that your eye, which sparkles with bright fires,
Fails to kindle in souls the least desires?
You must, Julie, hide in a wood that face,
Or in the midst of some cold rocky place,
And not show yourself among us so fair:
And still our eyes, moved with longing to stare
On features so lovely, would search the hollows
Of caves, the deepest rock your presence swallows.
O beautiful girl! Ah, where is your reason,
Allowing thus to pass, with changing season,
A beauty that no recovery knows,
And which therefore becomes just like the rose,
Which, when it flowers, its beauty displayed,
Receives all attention, ardently paid,
But in fading puts an end to such yearning,
Never to its lovely colour returning?
One must profit promptly from Fortune’s offer,
If she some opportunity should proffer,
Since her forehead varies with fickleness,
Bringing us ill instead of happiness.
For whom, you poor fool, would you see maintained
This beauty that such great esteem has gained,
These long hairs of yours so sweetly unbound,
Some with others confusedly enwound?
The day will arrive when a whitish tinge
With pallor on that blond hair will impinge,
And time will shorten, with a sudden blade,
Its dangling strands, which serve your breast to shade.
And that fair brow which often, with coy eye,
In a mirror immortal you espy,
So clear, so bright, will its colour deplete,
Wrinkled by time and stretched out by the heat.
Those lovely eyebrows, which by their allure
Entrance you, will have lost their rich texture—
By which as handsome as the gods’ they’ve been—
And turned so sparse they will be scarcely seen.
And those lovely eyes whose enkindling sight
In their day set many a soul alight,
Those eyes, so bright beyond comparison
(Since heaven will admit no second sun),
Those eyes so lively, which with such soft glow,
Half-green and pleasingly half-reddish show,
Will burn themselves out, their fire succumb,
And a dull crimson shadow, smeared with gum
And spreading all around them horribly,
Will render them a fearful sight to see.
They will transfix with fright all lookers-on:
They shine bright now; their lustre will be gone.
And that fair hue which blooms upon your cheek,
Where Cupid comes his charming sports to seek,
That rosy bed, that cloak of lilies pale,
Which prove love-stricken Nymphis’s sad bale,
Will dry out, and that plump flesh, firm and round,
Which rises in a sweet and ruddy mound,
Will soften, its bright tint to pale diminished,
Faded, and with its shapeliness quite finished.
The coral-red with which that mouth is dyed,
Discharging on your lovers such fierce pride,
Will turn to blackness, and its lively heat
Into death’s pallid stupor will retreat.
Those fair white teeth, the theme of such renown,
Will all at once be yellow and worn down;
That lovely chin, which roundness renders fresh,
Will hang down to a point, lacking in flesh.
Your milky neck, your throat of new-born white,
The heat will damage with a tawny blight;
Time will wear it thin, and its twisted sinews
Make it seem a mere corpse that we peruse.
Your burnished breast, which to blind worship thrills
Nymphis with its charms, craving those firm hills,
As alabaster white, so all-complete
Fair Cypris’ milky mounds cannot compete,
Hollow and fleshless will become, resembling
In its paleness someone with fever trembling—
Soft, all wrinkled, like the bark one may see,
By worms hollowed out, of a sickly beech-tree.
Your hand, whose full and lovely shape gives pleasure,
White, smooth and long, as if by compass measure,
Will grow thin, and many a sinew slack
Will lace in criss-cross knots upon its back.
Then your soul will grieve, in lonely distress,
That you had once enjoyed such loveliness,
Cherished, loved, and that day by day pursued you
A hundred suitors who ardently wooed you,
While you are then with ugliness abject,
For which you may no remedy expect,
And no one caring for you will you see—
No more than any is in love with me—
But each, in fleeing from your state forlorn,
Your beauty disfigured will laugh to scorn.
For all grows old, all passes here below,
Except the pain of old age with its sorrow.
Many an anguish, while we live, assails us,
And in dying many a torment ails us.
We were made to suffer infinite ill;
We were made the spaces of tombs to fill.
The little good that heaven will bestow
On us is that which in our youth we know,
When we don’t feel in any way the anguish
Of old age, bound to make our sad years languish.
Now while that little good with us remains,
One must take care to bring forth timely gains,
So that with passing years it cannot cease,
When we can hope no more for new increase:
For no less do we feel the inward cost
Of losing something than of what is lost.
Then, O Julie, before your lovely years
Lose the ardour which in your spring appears,
And before old age’s frigid embrace
From fair and sweet to ugly turns your face,
And from you those numberless lovers tears
Who all to give you pleasure bend their cares,
Bestow this time, when heaven grants the sight,
For once in our lives, of rustic delight,
On plucking that blessed fruit which Love procures
While it is offered, and the turn is yours.
How fortunate, you!—who may become wise

Orig. “Qu’auec noz ans il ne puisse finir, / Et qu’on ne puisse apres en refournir”. The syntaxe is tricky, since, despite the parallel structure, “que” seems to shift its function; the following lines help to clarify the meaning and have guided my translation.
In your youth, your sad fate by mine surmise,
Who lament the many a day and night
That I have seen pass without love’s delight.
No good thing with that good may be compared;
To it, they are mere trials which may be spared,
And he who has not come to feel its bliss
In worldly joys is still but an apprentice.
But you are too good, O heavenly Julie,
For any shepherd, too fair, sweet and pretty:
You must not let your lofty soul stoop down
To mingle with that of a country clown,
But that of a hero, a noble knight,
No other, is immortal Julie’s right.
But if your will to Love’s request consents
To give him in your heart blithe residence,
I’ll plead to you a faithful servant’s case,
That of a knight, and one whose handsome face,
Bold and brave, shows a princely quality
And renders him immortal dignity.
Do not refuse at fortune’s hands this present;
Return his love, whose constancy is fervent,
Since you as well must one day feel the scorches
Of Love immortal with his gentle torches;
For as beauty and youth together meet
In you, mortals must worship at your feet.
Whatever you think, whatever you do,
The law of Love is bound to master you.
For without love that sprightly time of life,
Which with desires is every day more rife,
That age when sparks are prompt and quick to catch,
Cannot pass by without a fierce love-match.
What a fond error ever to have dared
To think ardent youth such flames could be spared,
For Love, that young desire-driven child,
Forever haunts young age with passions wild.
Do you think, then, that you, from such flames free,
Can spend your life in blithe impunity?
Well, you are wrong, and you will see one day
Your heart will be forced to admit Love's sway:
The wrong idea that would have us suppose
That when Love comes, our claim to glory goes,
Or that anxious sense of honour which tries
To cover with a blindfold our young eyes,
Or that concern to keep eternally
(Cruel foe to our wishes!) one's chastity —
None of these the power can take away
Of Love's fierce fires to burn us one day:
It is heaven's decree announced to us,
The edict that Love has pronounced to us.
Now, Julie, choose, as your lover preferred,
Not a poor Nymphis, a mere lowly shepherd,
But Hector, who loves to extremity:
Since for you, too, love is necessity,
And finally you must consign your days
To Cypris' young offspring's consuming blaze.

JULIE

O false old hag, so ugly that the sight
Makes one turn pale with loathing and with fright,
False witch, who, as the foe of a good name,
Would shake the solid basis of my fame;
Inhuman Fury, hag toothless and old,
Cursed and crazy, are you really so bold
As to try to use a treacherous speech
— I know your game! — my honour to impeach?
Do you then dare, deploying such discourse,
Outflank my chastity in its firm course?
Do you dare then think me, judging by you,
Bereft of both honour and faithful virtue,
Therefore that, no differently from you, I'm
Given to all vice, abandoned to crime?
Away, crone! I don't know what holds me back,
Keeps my bold hand from giving you a smack,
From smashing, pounding, tearing without rest
That filthy face of yours, that shrivelled chest.
Get out of here, and if you wish to shun
My hand, then keep from catching my attention!
For I swear by lovely Diana’s forehead,
She by whose lamp of virtue we are led —
All we mortals — I’d make you feel a sentence
Of blistering but well-earned penitence.
Go hide away, unworthy of the light,
In some hideous hole well out of sight —
And take your lovers, whom I hate as much
As our bodies abhor death’s fearful touch!
But drop any thought of following me,
Or you’ll learn just how lethal I can be.  [Exit Julie.]

ARBUSTE

Oh you poor girl! What madness in your beauty!
Youthful high spirits filled with liberty!
You do not know how lively the strength springs
Of the little Archer who sways all things.
You do not know how sweet that fruit can taste
With which his sweetness lovers’ joys has graced.
Lacking experience, you cannot tell
How far its savours all sweetness excel.
But since we see you, wilful-proud, refuse
That so-sweet benefit, which can suffuse
You with all earthly pleasures that may claim
Of profit and of fecund joy the name —
That’s why, failing that fair pleasure to reap,
Your wrinkled corpse within its tomb shall sleep;
And I wish to live sufficiently long
To hear you weeping for your grievous wrong,
To see you ugly, where your youthful beauty
Now renders you replete with cruelty.
But this love by you disdained and defied
Has the power to crush your haughty pride,
Your heart into a lover’s state to bring,
Ardently yearning, perhaps, to gain something
That will be refused it, in just such fashion
As you refuse all those who show you passion:
For often Love, who ever furnishes
The pain that we give others, punishes
Our haughty soul and renders us like woes
To those we wretches render to our fellows.
I shall see some day this promise fulfil,
Since nothing can stand out against Love’s will.

[Exit.]

CHORUS

Happy is a lover’s state
If in love he’s fortunate:
The purest good that one may know;
But that soul remains in woe
Who burns, when his own fire
Burns no other with desire.

No truer union can one find
Than in sweet concord hearts combined,
Our spirits purified:
No torment do they feel so great
As the strokes of cruel hate
That cause them to divide.

Two contrary arrows brings
Cupid to make the openings
By which our heart he sways.
That of gold inflames with burning,
That of lead inhibits yearning:
One lights and one puts out the blaze.

That is why one sees contrary
A thousand loves quite ordinary
Ranging through this world below:
Love bends us to this course,
Wishing the celestial source
Of his glorious flame to show.

Far off from these forests deep

May Love and his madness keep—

Far his fire, his scornful power!

Free then our souls, which now he tames,

As his ferocious flames

Our liberties devour.

But Jupiter was doomed to fail

Over that Archer to prevail;

The god of hell earned no more praise.

Who, therefore, his strength can flout?

The shortest course is to put out

His flame by finishing our days.
FRONTIN

Haven’t you found a means to make you well,
O happy Fauste, in my trustworthy counsel?
Don’t you feel that, thanks to my words, there flows
Within your heart a great hope of repose?
Haven’t you found my speech is proven true,
Since the cure for your pain’s been given you?
Haven’t you seen how Elymant’s high art
Is prompt to heal the torment of your heart?
Haven’t you come to know his science perfect,
In keeping with my claims to that effect?
And have you not obtained the remedy
For healing your incessant agony?
O how it deserves to be termed divine,
That knowledge rare, amongst all we count fine —
Able to cure a lover’s misery,
When ease for such suffering cannot be,
And nothing is effective to console it,
And Jupiter lacks power to control it!
Human knowledge is our denomination
For what can cure by common operation,
By sirops, and by simples tried and true,
Natural pains which to bodies accrue.
Knowledge, however, by which souls are cured
In that part where the torch of love is nurtured
Is truly divine, since a divine soul
And ailment match that doctrine’s healing role,
And love’s pain with immortal anguish sears,
For like no mortal torment it appears.
Ah, I confess it, and myself have found
How thoroughly that knowledge is profound.
Nothing but that could have brought me relief;
Nothing but that could have succoured my grief.
All that great benefit to you I owe,
Who were willing to help me in my woe,
Since through you I made Elymant’s acquaintance,
Who has assuaged my tortured sufferance.
But let us, I beg you, pursue the end
Of the sacred water his art has quickened,
By which shall be changed my body and face
To those that give the shepherd Nymphis grace.

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

Though dawn, as its heavenly course it measures,
A thousand loving joys, a thousand pleasures,
Brings to the eyes of every living being,
Nothing to make me happy am I seeing.
Daylight was created the gods to please,
To offer terrestrial mortals ease,
Who live by its warm generosity –
But oh, this wretched daylight wearies me!
From the golden sun every crimson flower,
Each fruit, takes its colour in its ripe hour,
And there is none but profits from its light,
But my pain I feel growing at its sight!
Its eye divine reveals to our keen view
A pleasing sight – fruits many and new,
Flowers galore the spring makes grow again –
But oh, to mine it shows me only pain!
At its return one hears the music-making
Of a thousand little birds, wild beasts waking
To pay their homage to his golden glow,
Which leaves me, alas, alone in my woe.
Its rays cause to flower the frozen tree,
Nurture the fair fruit to maturity;
The meadow resumes its covering verdure:
I languish, though, without a change in nature!
More gently, alas, with my blood so heated
In flames of love, by black night I feel treated!
Its visage, though to mortal faces fearful,
Fraught with horror, to mine is merciful:
For sleep, which subjects me to its deceptions,
Will often put to rest my vain conceptions;
Then that fantastic trickster, Morpheus,
So often by my soul found devious,
Cheats my eyes, and before them seems to be
My Nymphis dear, pretending to love me.
Though it’s a mere image bound to take wing,
A shadow vain, yet in my suffering
I am consoled throughout that tranquil moment
That I think my Nymphis with me has spent.
Of false dreaming so subtle are the ruses
That oftentimes our souls it quite abuses,
May for a time such power exercise
That truthful it appears to our two eyes –
Like the tree of Tantalus in this way,
Whose fruit towards his mouth would downward sway
And rise again when he had the impression
His fingers could reach it and take possession.
Ah, gentle night! Is it not still your glow,
Not crimson Aurora, I seem to know?
Does your fair face, with its silvery whiteness,
Not still spread out across the sky its brightness?  
Morpheus would again be able, surely,  
By fooling me to fool my misery,  
And render me — though in a dream, not real —  
Nymphis agreeing my torment to heal.

It’s not yet - surely not - O sun, your light  
(In briny Tethys’s lap enfolded tight!),

Nor, god of Patara, your chariot  
(Which the ocean’s deep waters still have got),

That would light again, as the stars you chase,  
Painful thoughts of my cruel star-crossed case?

O God, how welcome is soothing repose  
To anyone who such deep sorrow knows!

It puts to sleep their cruel memory  
And often leads their mind’s eye, too, to see  
The dear object for which they pine and languish,  
And which transfixes heart and soul with anguish,

As present! Able to touch it they seem —  
Or at the least its likeness in a dream!  
But what comes newly my mind to upset  
Is the thought that one must, they say, interpret  
Dreams and apparitions contrary-wise,

In that they are a heap of brainsick lies,  
And the mind is just to itself reflecting  
That which its daytime wishes were projecting.

How often, at a moment when the face  
Of the bright sun the icy carapace  
Was melting that thick rocks accumulate,  
To Nymphis have I been importunate?

How often have his beauty’s sheer perfections

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45 Tethys: the sea-goddess with whom Apollo spent his nights.  
46 Patara: in Lycia (present-day Turkey), closely associated with Apollo.  
47 Orig. “ay-je ennuié Nymphis”. Given the variable orthography and typography, the verb intended might be modern “envier”, but the possible sense of “desire” does not seem to be attested so early, and Diane’s aggressive pursuit of Nymphis is clearly at issue – he will complain about it at ll. 3226-3233 — so modern “ennuyer” is more likely.
Made me run by myself in all directions,
Searching for him throughout these forests here,
In hopes that to his face I might draw near?
During the day, if such ardent desire
Set my soul, by his beauties charmed, on fire,
And if my heart, by a sweet bond constrained,
No other wish, the whole day long, sustained,
It’s only normal and quite credible
That pleasure I find so agreeable
Presents itself in sleeping to my eyes,
Because my heart so strongly for it sighs.
As one sees the miser, whose only thought
Is of his hoard, becoming overwrought,
Who gets no sleep, since just as in the days,
He thinks at night of keeping it always;
To count it in his heart brings no relief;
He ever fears the fingers of some thief
Will steal from him so precious a possession,
So day and night he dwells with his obsession:
Thus I am amorous both night and day
Of my Nymphis, always to longing prey
For his fair eyes, whose sight I can’t erase,
Awake or sleeping in some hidden place.

Ah, might the gods agree that venerable
Jupiter this day should make veritable
My dream, a meeting grant with Nymphis, all
In all to me! I’d from his lips of coral
Ravish a thousand kisses, to each eye
Still oftener my thirsting mouth apply!
No happier than I, oh, in that case,
Was fruitful Venus, when, pressing the face
And fair eyes of her shepherd as he played,
To join him in amorous sport she strayed! a
Nor happier in her rude wilderness
Diana, she whose voice declared her goddess, a
When, stealing from her bed in the night air,
She kissed again the eyes and mouth of fair
Endymion! Nor Thetis happier,
When Peleus that son begot upon her
Who served the Dolopes by striking down
Brave Hector outside the gates of his town. a
But I'll go seek Nymphis by every way
And cause to come true, if ever I may,
My happy dream: one must take risks with Fortune,
Who never proves to cowards opportune. [Exit Diane.]

Frontin

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

a The reference can only be to Venus' liaison with Adonis, which will shortly feature on the sculpted goblet, but despite the latter's fatal predilection for hunting, to make him a shepherd is a distortion on Diane's part.
b The goddess Diana does not seem to have been known for her voice. One suspects that 'sa divine voix' served mainly to furnish Montreux with a rhyme for 'bois'.
c The son of Peleus and Thetis was Achilles; the reference to the Dolopes, one of the more obscure Greek peoples participating in the Trojan war, suggests Virgilian influence: see Walter Moskalew, "Myrmidons, Dolopes, and Danaans: Wordplays in Aeneid 2", The Classical Quarterly 40.1 (1990): 275-79. The wedding of Peleus and the sea-goddess Thetis was a favourite classical theme, and for a suggestion that the account by Catullus serves as an intertext for A Midsummer Night's Dream, see Richard Hillman, "Des Champs Faïè de Claude de Taillemont au Labyrinthe du Songe shakespeareen, en passant par Le proumenoir de Monsieur de Montaigne", Studi Francesi 48.1 (2004): 3-18.
Able to alter complexion and feature,
And forge from nature’s work a different creature!
But in losing your previous appearance,
See to it that you don’t lose your assurance,
And under this mask, which deceives by art,
You don’t deceive yourself and lose all heart.
Don’t lose your senses, and, changing your face,
Change in ardour: keep your courage in place.
Put on a good show, keep your deed concealed,
That you may not be foolishly revealed:
For against you your offended Diane
Would have greater cause her anger to fan
Than if you had not taken, with a wile,
The form of Nymphis her love to beguile.
And when you perceive her charmed by the spell,
So that the flames of her desire swell,
And as her lover you’ve gained her belief,
Give quickly your amorous pain relief
By pledging her marriage in proper fashion,
For otherwise all love is mere mad passion.
As witness of that faithful pledge I’ll serve
And your well-being, all your years, preserve,
To see to it that nothing will occur
To cause you, as in former times, to suffer.

FAUSTE
Let’s go, Frontin, let’s go: for I intend
To use the time well this sweet day will send,
And if good fortune I should be accorded,
I’ll give you, so that you’ll be well rewarded
For your sacred friendship, your constant aid,
A goblet skilfully, by turning, made
From that lofty boxwood, its whitened crest
Split off long ago, by old age oppressed,
Which grew against my oven’s ancient wall;
This goblet comes from the root of that windfall –
Yellow as gold whose perfection is praised,
Round like an apple, but with sides upraised,
Hollow a foot wide, and with chisel fine\(^5\)
As much outside as inside made to shine.
At the top is visible a broad rim
With ciphers and deltas of Greece\(^5\) as trim;
By a thousand knots are lovers enlaced,
And tightly with small cords together placed:
Many a tear amongst them we find formed,
Which, as they fall, to flowers are transformed;
Above these flutter many birds that seek,
Each one, to peck them gently with its beak.
On one side is seen carved in lively fashion
Fruitful Venus grieving in woeful passion,
Her back against a rock-face hard and sheer,
While her Adonis, whom she held so dear,
Lies dead within her piteous embrace,
And floods of tears she sheds upon his face;
His head, divine to lovers, now unmanned,\(^4\)
Rests passive in the hollow of her hand;
The gentle Zephyr of her lively breath,
In wide waves wafting,\(^5\) fans his hair in death.
Near Adonis his hounds, their forces spent,
Who, mortally wounded in their bereavement,


\(^{53}\) Clearly, the Greek letter used as a mystic spiritual or religious symbol.

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

\(^{55}\) Orig. “Par flots flottant”. “Floflotant” was an established onomatopoetic coinage; see Randle Cotgrave, *A Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues* (London: Adam Islip, 1611), s.v.: “Floating, flowing, surging; sounding like waves, or billowes”. It had become notably old-fashioned by the 1630s, when Jean Desmarests de Saint-Sorlin put it in the mouth of a ridiculously affected poet; see my translation of *The Visionaries (Les visionnaires)*, l. 82, n. 10 (<http://umr6576.cesr.univ-tours.fr/publications/Visionaries/fichiers/pdf/visionnaires_trans.pdf>); accessed 5 November 2014.
With myriad cries, heads raised in the air,
Lament the loss in which they had a share;"
Some lying on the ground in grief and pain,
The red blood licking of their master slain;
Others proudly rallying in a pack,
Run to pay the boar, their enemy, back.
Meanwhile out-pouring all around one spies,
From the Mother of Love’s most sacred eyes,
Such torrents of tears that the bloody face
Of fair Adonis is drenched and made base;’’
And his spear, with which he had dashed the pride
Of so many boars, is close by his side.
Elsewhere the form depicted one may see,
Carved with subtle strokes, of lamenting Thisbe,
Her mouth agape, as if expressing woe
For her dear Pyramus, whom she loved so:
With eyes dropping tears she is seen to stand,
Holding the treacherous arm” in her hand
Which his fine body – love’s worship its due –
With its point of iron pierced through and through.
One may near her espy the fatal fountain,
Which still appears to suffer from its pain,
Just as its waters – alas, intermingling
With cruel blood – deplored their perishing.
Lying against the tranquil fountain’s side,
One sees faithful Pyramus as he died
(Whose heart was hurtfully by love hard-pressed),
When he had completely transfixed his breast,

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

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

Orig. “armes”: the plural seems very loosely used, probably for the sake of a rhyme (with “larmes”). It was well-known (thanks to Ovid, Metamorphoses, bk. 4) that Thisbe would kill herself with the sword Pyramus had used on himself; I translate accordingly.
Was covered in blood, and the desert ground
With that same blood was covered all around;
The sides of the fountain, too, were imbrued
With the blood that out of his corpse still issued.
The head-scarf which the wild and savage beast
Had bloodied – only cause these two deceased –
Lay close at hand, another bloody sight,
Upon the field, which with horror turned white.
On still another side is Dido shown,
Gripping the sword, making many a moan,
Her eyes all swollen with weeping and wailing,
And on the sea, into the distance sailing,
Ingrate Aeneas, the mutinous ocean
Making his great ships conform to its motion.
Near Dido her sister Anna one sees,
Who tries, alas, her dolour to appease,
Weary with weeping, and her pain profound
Makes her lower her face upon the ground;
Her arms are crossed, in abject fashion placed,
One with the other plaintively enlaced.
One sees assembled round her in their pity
The citizens of Carthage, that fair city,
Who, with infinite tears in painful throes,
Lament their queen’s sad fate, deplore her woes;
Then with dry wood there is raised up a pyre
Where Dido’s corpse will be consumed by fire.
Next one sees, in chastity rigorous,
Finely sculpted, saintly Hippolytus,
Who, by spirited horses lacerated,
The shore and grass with blood has inundated.
His chariot, by a boulder restrained,
Appears with crimson blood all over stained,
And his horses, with their effort distressed,
Panting and sweating, can now take some rest.
Close by Hippolytus inanimate
Phaedra is seen in her amorous state,
Which she regrets, laments that, faithlessly,
False to her place and loving cruelly,
She drove Hippolytus, as chaste as handsome,
To death, alas, before his time had come.
Then one sees her ready herself to kill,
With dread sword in hand that aim to fulfil,
Avenging on herself Hippolytus,
Amongst all of his time illustrious.
Then one sees a god who back to life wins
Modest Hippolytus with medicines,
And he remains immortally the guest,
Far from his cruel father, of the forest.
The goblet’s textured base presents the eye
With flowers galore, that in beauty vie:
Syron the maker, equalled by no one
In learned artistry beneath the sun.
There, Fronton: that’s the present I ordain
For your goodness, which from Fauste you’ll obtain.
But, O Fronton – look where I’m looking, man!
Here within this wood I perceive Diane.
Good God, it is she! Love do me the grace
That this time I may soften her bold face,
Assuming her exalted Nymphis’ guise,
And that our meeting fully satisfies
My longings, and without her lovely glances
Learning they’ve been subjected to my trances!
O holy Love, if you grant this effect,
I promise, on the love-fruit I expect
To reap, in sacrifice you shall be offered
The fattest heifer found within my herd.

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

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

3104 Fair Diane, don’t believe it any longer:
3105 Nothing’s so harsh but that qualities stronger –
3106 Hallowed virtue, long love, firm constancy –
3107 Will soften it, and prove its pliancy.
3108 Acquaintance must come before love can grow;
3109 The thing must be seen, its value to know.
3110 A vibrant and long-lasting love-relation
3111 Cannot be forged by rash precipitation,
3112 Sudden impulse; instead, its heavenly fire,
3113 To well endure, by slow stages burns higher.
3114 Ah, how do you know if ardent emotion,
3115 Your sufferings and your painful devotion,
3116 Have dashed that icy rock my breast contained,
3117 By which you saw your passion so disdained?
3118 Ah, how do you know if the golden arrow
The Paphian shoots has laid my soul low,
As the chilling weight of his leaden dart
Had formerly wounded my tender heart?
Winged Time, who controls our finite condition,
Brings all along with him, and to fruition;
That which a single day cannot effect
Tomorrow has the power to perfect.
We must not blame the just divinities
For not at once according all we please.
You’d be confused indeed, or I mistake,
If I said now that only for your sake
Have I made my way to this lovely plain,
In hope your faithful friendship to obtain.
See the great alteration in my will,
Of your fair beauty more amorous still
Than you were of mine, slight as it may be,
When you carried your face downcast for me.

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

FAUSTE
I swear by Love, whose glory is divine,
His power more compelling than the skies,
That I’m now burning only for your eyes –
That my former love has finished its span,
And I honour no one but my Diane.
I swear it to you — let my oath be heard!

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

FAUSTE
No greater joy alive do I desire,
Here below to no greater good aspire.
It’s my wish, for my life’s whole occupation
Is this desire, this sweet contemplation.
Then, Diane, I give, since Love so commands,
Faith and heart eternal into your hands;
I promise you, and lawfully take oath
By holy Hymen, my immortal troth
To yours I’ll bind, not swerving in the least,
By death alone, when I shall die, released.
Give me your hand, therefore, lovely and white;
This ring put on, and that no cruel spite
May ever thwart again our happiness —
That I am yours, that Diane I possess —
Frontin (whom even now I’m pleased to spy)
To our faith, Hymen, Love shall testify.
FRONTIN [coming forward]

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

NYMPHIS [entering]

Since gleaming dawn once more imparts its glow
To heaven, in search of Julie I’ll go –
Proud Julie, who takes pleasure in the sight
Of Nymphis dying under her proud might.
I wonder if trusty Arbuste has swayed
Her at all, and her cruelty allayed:
For sometimes these old women who have known
What it is to love, and heartache have sown,
May with the wagging of a coaxing tongue
Mollify the cruellest of the young.
We see it every day, a common thing;
Achelous’ daughters’ no more sweetly sing
Their guileful song, nor can their tongues compete
With an old woman’s, one with ruse replete,
Who has passed the days of her youth in pleasure,
And who counsels now the same use of leisure
To some girl whose sense of the world’s so small
That she scarcely resists, or not at all.
Now that knowledge I seek I’ll surely glean.
But, O my eyes! What is it you’ve just seen?
Isn’t it Diane in her half-crazed state,
Who haunts me with her love early and late?
Unhappy meeting! Spiteful destiny!
I had tried to avoid her sight of me,
But evil chance that counters my desire
Would have me meet her when I seek to fly her.
O great mischance! O day ill-starred by fortune!
I’m sure she’ll start at once to importune;
But it’s in vain; rather than make her mine,
My life to death eternal I’ll consign.

DIANE

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

I.e., the Sirens.
Orig. “si peu duitte”, i.e., “experienced”, from “duire” in the sense of “instruct”.
Do I remain beneath my slumber’s sway,
Or has sleep’s idleness fled far away?
Gods, what is this? I’m short of breath, I tremble:
Two Nymphises there seem, who each resemble
The other, alas — voices, bodies, faces
Both alike, with all in the same places!
Has Nature, when I suffered, proved humane,
Made me two Nymphises to ease my pain?
Equal in shape they are, and in attraction;
But different in love and will to action.
Ah, what’s this? Are you hopelessly abused,
Wretched Diane, your mind with love confused,
That love which, on the one hand, seems so dire,
But, on the other, surfeits your desire.
Astonishing! Are these Medusa’s glances?
Is there some Merlin who my sight entrances?
The magic spells of Circe do I find,
Or the workings of the furious mind
Of some Medea once to rage incited,
Who’s burned to see her injury requited?
Ah, what is this? The double things I see
Mean the total ruin and loss of me.
Now these two shepherds appear in my view
As my own Nymphis, who could not be two;
Neither could both the identity share
Of my dear Nymphis, the source of my care.
Ah, what is this? Well, I must penetrate
The magic cause of my bewildered state
And know at a stroke, if ever I can,
Which one is Nymphis the natural man.
I cannot stand to be further abused,
Or by my love to be madly confused.
I must find out if my eye is deceived,
Or whether true things are being perceived.
Are you that Nymphis who have promised me
That you would do me service as the only
Mistress of your desires, sworn an oath
And took mine too, a bond to tie us both?
Ah, I can’t believe that this face belongs
To Nymphis, who’s done me such savage wrongs,
Treating my love so often with disdain,
Since you’re so ready to relieve my pain,
And in no time, a single morning’s space,
I see your will has done an about-face.
But don’t keep me so long in agony!

FAUSTE
I am Nymphis.

NYMPHIS
No, Diane, it is me,
And this shepherd tricks you, using my face,
To gain his way, perhaps, into your grace,
Well knowing that your eyes, in their deception,
Will grant a warmly amorous reception.
I am not angry that my mere outside
Your hardened heart and mind has mollified
Towards this shepherd; I would do as he,
If from distress I hoped to set me free:
For in love no remedy’s deemed unkind,
Nor unbecoming cure repels the mind.
You will do well, in taking him for me,
To yield him love with all fidelity;
For Nymphis you cannot at all suppose
From your long suffering will grant repose—
Just proud disdain to foster bitter weeping,
Since he has placed his heart in Julie’s keeping.
I’m sorry that by chance the fault is mine
Of bringing to light your secret design—
Poor shepherd!—for I seek instead to cure
Those whom Love sends the dying I endure.
But I can’t deny the truth of the case,
Which forces me to state it to your face,“
Nor, unlike you, provide myself handily,
By subtle art, another identity. 

[Exit Nymphis.]

DIANE

Ah, what’s this? Must it be, then, that my sight
Is utterly tricked by so base a sleight?
Must I then see, poor object of abuse,
Love with my poor soul playing fast-and-loose?
And am I then ordained to tolerate
All harms our destiny can perpetrate?
Ah, O misery that some gloomy pit
Had not served my body to cradle it
That very moment when I came to spy
The light that journeys daily in the sky!
This is to feel too much pain here below,
To fall an abject prey to fortune’s blow,
To suffer to excess, without a prayer
Of remedy to lighten my despair!
No, no, Diane, in spite of love, no way
To cure ourselves but die this very day!
The remedy of death must be essayed
Since Heaven has refused to grant its aid.
Let’s die, Diane, and by death cause to perish
The desperate effect of drawn-out anguish;
Let’s die, Diane, and look for our relief
In dying from the ill that brings us grief.
Of two shepherds, one, loved with all my heart,
Proves cruel, the other treacherous by art.
Of one, never my faithful amity
May soften the arrogant cruelty;
The other, perverse, has deceived my soul,
And without my grasping his cunning role –
So much, alas, do I love him whose place
He smarmily filched with his godlike face,
Coming face-to-face with my heart-felt longing.
And now, my very own desire wronging,
I have accorded him a marriage vow,
And sworn to love him always – starting now!
But wait. Nature compels us to obey
Our solemn pledges only when we may.
Oath or no oath, I could, in any case,
Whatever happens, love no other face
Than that of the Nymphis whom I adore.
I’ve pledged loving friendship in vain, therefore!
Then, what is by force or deceit induced
Can hardly be held to, nor we traduced
Or faulted if we treat it with contempt
And in our wisdom hold ourselves exempt.
It’s necessary, sure, that free, not forced,
Our faith must be, if it’s to be endorsed:
Frank, of necessity, and undisguised
Free oaths must be in order to be prized.
To no one, then, have I myself engaged,
Since by a coward’s trick I’ve been outraged,
And there was drawn from me, with baffled senses,
A promise of my faith on false pretences.
Yet still and all, my faith’s indeed been granted,
Which can by no means be by me recanted:
I’ve made an oath, which of all earthly things
Must be preserved until our death-knell rings;
No person who has eyes can be deserving
Of excuse, if he, by unheedful swerving,
Has tumbled into some unknown abyss,
For he was able not to go amiss.
Nothing, therefore, can be excused in me.
My faith is planted there – held it must be
Until my death, which can assign release
And grant me, from my vow’s effect, surcease,
Can render the endless bond I have sworn,
By ending my existence, void and torn.
So I must die, for stark mortality
Can disengage my love and loyalty.

FAUSTE

Diane, cease, cease in this manner to long
To finish your life because of my wrong.
If your mind bears no guilt for the trespass
That treacherous Fauste committed, alas,
And your soul has been rendered innocent,
Why are you looking to perish in torment?
The law chastises the author of crime,
Who has done egregious ill in his time;
That is the reason one punishes faults
And doing well as praise-worthy exalts.
By contrast, justice is hardly well served
When someone who has not at all deserved
To suffer, having committed no vice,
Must pay the guilty perpetrator’s price.
Since Heaven makes me someone who gives pain,
To your sensitive eyes a blot and stain,
And stubbornly resists my happiness;
Since knowledge has afforded no success –
Art as a means of softening your spite
And gaining love’s grace in your lovely sight –
I wish to die to set at liberty
Your faith, which is sacredly bound to me.
My body’s death will likewise mean untying
The knot that keeps the oath you gave undying,
And by my death, O my dear goddess, trust
To see your promise crumble into dust;
You’ll have no obligation towards me,
And then your faith again will be quite free,
Which you’ll be able, conscience free from strife,
To give someone else who makes you his wife.
That is how we shall both be satisfied,
And our desires richly gratified:
Yourself getting back the promise you gave,
I dying to yield the vengeance you crave
And kill the suffering which, without stay,
Kills me not, but puts me to death each day.
Fair Diane, even if what I deserve
Is death, not the least gift from the reserve
Of your goodness, since, at love’s instigation,
I shocked your soul and caused you agitation,
Yet still I wish to beg you, O my beauty,
Not to think of my mortal lapse of duty;
Forget it, and believe, in this blest hour,
That nothing can prevail against Love’s power;
And that someone subject to his command,
Seeks any relief from his heavy hand!
Could one with a shred of reason condemn
The patient who tries his torment to stem?
Should he, alas, some punishment endure
Because he seeks, for cruel pain, a cure?
And someone else – can he be held at fault,
If, finding himself in a prison vault,
He does his uttermost to be set free
And see himself restored to liberty?
This, Diane, this, O fair one, was my case,
In taking your beloved Nymphis’ face
To try, beneath that visage changed by art,
To soften in my favour your hard heart.
You would have done so, if the gods, opposed
Perversely to my joy, had not disclosed
My plotting and ruse, which brings it about
That, thwarted of good, my death I’ll seek out.
For all my pains both suffered and expended,
You have not, Diane, your honour offended.
One kiss I received, which in modesty,
You granted me to seal fidelity.
That which Heaven renders open to view,
Such as the mouth, the gracious features, too,
To be touched, alas, with all reverence,
To honour can never do violence,
And likewise when the soul is not consenting,
Its chastity all baser sense preventing,
And the sacred bond of marriage is meant
To keep one’s honour from all detriment.
You have not, then, at all, O Diane, erred;
Your honour can dwell on no fault incurred,
If, taking me for the Nymphis you prize,
And accepting as worthy in your eyes
My holy faith, and when I had your promise,
You gave me nothing but a single kiss.
Nothing, then, can make you burn with desire
To die, unless you seek to have expire
Your troth, which, alas, you plighted to me.
But I shall meet my death to set you free.
I’ll go do it now. Fair Diane, adieu!
Adieu, our love of time long past, adieu!
Adieu, my heart! I go to hurl myself
From that fearful towering rocky shelf
Into the sea, whose billows, gently turning,
Will swallow my life with my ardent yearning.

DIANE
Die if you like — I don’t care if you do.
For the sad truth is: I want to die too!
So my blood, made worthy of veneration,
May cleanse my lamented abomination.

[Exeunt Fauste and Diane separately.]

[Scene II]
[Enter Nymphis.]

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

Orig. “Je sens mon corps abbayer à la mort”: literally, “I feel my body howling beyond control”; it seems worth keeping the canine and the mortal associations of the expression.
At the mercy of winds without compassion,
Ruthless waves that rage in furious fashion,
At the rude mercy of the heavens’ storming!
Amidst these dangers furiously swarming,
Not to a shred of hope can he resort,
Nor dream his safe arrival in some port.
While suffering espies a hopeful flame,
Such suffering does not deserve the name;
But truly we name suffering desire
That hopelessly consumes us in its fire.
Though Love, with death-exceeding evils rife,
Holds helplessly in thrall my time of life,
And that ardent heat has taken its toll
By drying up the vigour of my soul,
I wouldn’t call suffering suffering,
If hope appeared and lent its buffering;
But languishing, no spark of hope I spy
That my Julie will sweetly gratify
My heart, which burns in her beauteous rays
And only by her will prolongs its days.
O Julie too cruel, inhumane Julie,
The fierce vanquisher sets his captive free,
Often lets him go when he gives his word,
But no compassion in you have I stirred,
Nor have you freed my soul, which groans its anguish,
Condemned in your bonds unto death to languish.
The more that sprinkled water flies to meet
Coals that crackle in the furnace’s heat,
The more they catch, and, burning bright and clear,
The flame, inconstant, darts now there, now here.
Just so, alas, your cruelty appears
Still crueller to my faith, to my young years,
Fair Julie, and the more you slight my name,
The more with love for you you stoke my flame,
The more I honour you – and love your eyes,
Eyes that burn brighter than radiant skies,
Eyes that I wish to love my whole life through;
And never of my love may there ensue
An end, until my days themselves expire,
More mortal than my strong but chaste desire.
And so, my dear Julie, you shall remain
Mistress both of the life I lead in pain
And of Nymphis's soul, which you might save:
Loving you always, he will die your slave.

HECTOR [entering]

Change, O shepherd, now change, if you are wise,
Your passion, your love, and your speech likewise;
Change your ardour, your heart, your state of mind.
For you are quite unworthy, as I find,
Even to gaze at celestial Julie,
Who moves all the gods to idolatry.
He risks a deadly fall from a great height
Whose longing inspires too lofty flight;
And Icarus took such a plunge and died,
Destroyed at once by ignorance and pride.
Beware of taking the same fall as he,
For I tell you he gains no sympathy
Who, having a head puffed up with vainglory,
And coveting the gods' supremacy,
As his just punishment goes downward reeling,
Forfeiting thus his youth, all life and feeling.
For no one it in any way befits
To undertake more than his strength permits;
But let each man, according to his share
Of heaven's gifts, decide what he may dare.
Then do not be so full of arrogance
As to love Julie, nor yourself advance
So far that lady of your loves you term her;
Still less allow your vain hope to grow firmer.
For you she's too celestial, divine:
Your love and your ruin in one combine;
For no one can love her without receiving,
For his mad boldness, brutal undeceiving,
Since I'll, against all rivals, wield this blade
To make prevail my will to gain the maid—
Since I love her, and I won’t tolerate
That someone else should be in the same state.

NYMPHIS

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

HECTOR

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

NYMPHIS

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

The original thus shifts from the plural (“couards”) to the singular pronoun (“le”), and while the latter might refer to “heart” (“cœur”), this is difficult to square with the repetition of the pronoun in the
The more so fighting in his lady's name.
Don't think, then, I'll be daunted with some fear
Or cease to honour her because you're here.
For Jupiter himself, should he speak so,
Could not forbid my love for her to flow.

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

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

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

HECTOR

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

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

HECTOR

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

ELYMANT [entering]

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

66  Orig. “vos erreurs predire”: “predire” (literally “foretell”) suits Elymant’s powers but is used loosely in this context.
You have not dreamt your enemy no other,
In this combat, than your brave only brother.
And you, mistaken shepherd, do not know
That this man you valiantly combat so
Is your Hector, your brother, who has yearned
To find you, and to all perils has turned:
On a thousand seas, in his ardour, tossed,
A thousand unknown deserts has he crossed,
A hundred times encountered Fortune’s blows,
Felt often the fierce frowns that heaven shows —
To seek, find, see you, whom he does this for,
And to experience your love once more
For his travails, his constant diligence
In loving you. A slender recompense
You’d pay him if, when you should ease his heart
Of all its pain, you pierced him with death’s dart.
And you, Hector, after such great distress,
Such bitter pangs, such proofs of hardiness,
And so much trouble met with in your quest
To find your dear brother, him you love best —
Now that you have the solace of his presence,
Would you try your valour at his expense?
And do him deadly harm despite your giving
So much time and effort to find him living?
One womb at once held you two baby boys;
One day was the crown of your mother’s joys —
Both children of that duke whose mighty sway
At the present hour the Celts obey,
Who goes by the name of godlike Ebore,"
While as for your mother, her name is Flore.
You got your own name from the valiant Hector,
For your lustrous blood from his line you bore;"

67 Apart from suggesting “ivory” (as the ablative of the Latin noun “ebur”), the name seems to have been invented for the sake of euphony, if not for the rhyme.
68 These four lines also rhyme on “or” in the original.
Yours Sarpedon – names of heroes who made
Bold Greece feel the gallantry they displayed.
But by the course of adventures diverse,
Such as heroes seek, through the universe,
Striving to render immortal your glory
By valiant deeds, now the subject of story
Everywhere, you came to this wild country,
And here it was you fell in love with Julie,
The very moment when her lovely face
Enticed your twin eye-beams to an embrace.
To serve her and to love her unconstrained,
To don a country-dweller’s clothes you deigned,
Which on your person even now are seen,
And for a time put off your valour keen,
With your garb of a hero of great fame,
Your arms, your rugged armour, and your name,
To figure yourself as Nymphis, whose glory
Has planted in these parts your memory.
So that is why, with both of you deceived,
Your error never would have been perceived
Without my knowledge, whose vast sphere encloses
All that lives in heaven, on earth repose.
And your own hands, without my happy rescue,
In rage would have ended your lives for you.
But come on, now: from fearsome foes at war
Be made siblings and brothers, friends once more.
Embrace each other; meanwhile, this same day
Full solace for your love we’ll send your way,
And make the agitated soul, confused

69 It is not clear what sort of glory (“gloire”) is to be understood here, unless it is simply that imparted to his assumed identity by Sarpedon’s impersonation. As a name Nymphis is extremely rare. The only prominent classical figure to carry it seems to have been a native of Heraclea Pontica in Bithynia (fl. c. 250 B.C.E.), an historian and biographer of Alexander mentioned by Suidas; Nymphis is cited by Plutarch in Mulierum Virtutes (Moralia 242E-263C), where Montreux might well have encountered the name. It may have attracted him by evoking the Latin dative of “nymphae” and thereby suggesting someone who has devoted himself to “nymphs” – i.e., a lover.
By passions, all with happy calm suffused.
You may put your faith in my godlike knowledge,
Which will on Julie work its privilege;
Her heart of stone shall now be mollified;
She’ll make, for one of you, a loving bride.

HECTOR

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

NYMPHIS

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

HECTOR

No, no, dear brother, by such treachery
My presence can’t do so great injury
To your well-being, as falsely to sever
From it that which may make it thrive forever.
More misery you’d feel than I could bear,
For you’re, in all the world, my greatest care.
I did not make my way here to these shores
To trouble your repose, one day, with wars,
Or to distress you: much too dearly bought
Would be the love that such affliction wrought;
Too costly for you, too, would prove the sight
Of this my face, my coming a mere blight.
I’m here at your side wholly for your sake,
Not so your profit” I may roughly take.
Accept her, then, for I swear, for my part,
That shepherdess has gone out of my heart.

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

HECTOR
It goes against all justice and all right,

“[P]rofit”: the original’s “bien”, in this context, has the same materialist shading.
Bears witness to a soul that harbours spite
And turns to infamy our good repute
To snatch away the peace-conferring fruit
Of long travail from one who without cease
Has spent his youth to labour for increase.
To win Julie's hand, and her heart obtain,
Many a long day have you spent in pain,
Suffered and pined, sighed out a thousand rhymes,
And poured forth streams of tears a thousand times.
Your labour so ardent, of such long season,
Should yield you its sweet fruit – is that not reason?
And that the happy fruit remain yours still
Of that broad field which endlessly you till?
One who dared rob you of that sweet possession
The law would punish with severe repression.
So take her now – and do not make me guilty
Of that offence by leaving her to me!

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

What point is there in such a jealous stew
When the object doesn’t belong to you?
To give each other, in arrogant folly,
Something well beyond your capacity?
Thus your youthful bluster presumes to share
Another’s prize – or skin of the live bear! a

Julie is not devoted to love’s cause:
She has a strong distaste for Hymen’s laws,
As well as for a spouse’s chaste embraces;
Wants freedom to pursue her carefree paces
With us, her life and heart in simple state,
Kept free from marriage’s constraining weight.

Wait, then, till you are able to impress
Her frosty heart, till power you possess
On her desire; then you may pretend
To share her out for whom you both contend.
I wish, though, to content you both forever,
Your painful bonds of servitude to sever –
If possible, her spirit mollify
And stir her to accept the marriage tie,
Inducing her to wed the one of you
Whom as a spouse her wishes draw her to;
The other, lasting freedom and discretion
My skill will grant, released from love’s obsession.

To her will are you willing to refer
Your quarrel, and thereby receive from her
A valid judgement, since on her volition
Her match depends as its foremost condition?

HECTOR

I am quite willing.

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

ELYMANT

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

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

[Scene III]
[Enter Arbuste and Diane.]

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

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

136 RICHARD HILLMAN– DIANE
It shows a leaden and a foolish soul
To balk at something done, beyond control,
And think that any means by us employed
Might make the work of heaven null and void.
Such power far exceeds humanity,
But one may well, as hard as it may be,
Of things ill-done, and of a guilty state,
The mental torment sometimes moderate.
Why should you think an outrage has been done
Because Fauste the pledge of your faith has won?
Can you imagine heaven’s favour lost
Because of an honest marriage with Fauste?
Really, you have good reason to complain,
Contort yourself, and give yourself such pain!
In your very prime of life, what could you
Choose that would be more perfect, handsome, true
Than he? What is it renders him unable
To please you well, and to be serviceable?
Well, what do you say? You’re right, to be sure,
To treat with scorn the sweet and tender cure
That Fauste can well apply to your wild longings,
With all the honour that chaste marriage brings!
What do you want? Come, those trials he’s endured –
Haven’t they amply rendered you assured
Of his love, of his holy constancy?
Haven’t you knowledge of his loyalty?
What do you want, then? What can you hope for
That might fulfil your heart’s desires more
Than that shepherd can? Is he not fair-faced,
His body perfect, true his soul – and chaste?
No, no, Diane, you cannot let your heart
Repine because it took that shepherd’s part
And found its match; his love is of long date,
And merits to be held at higher rate.
Is not the stock he springs from virtuous?
His heart of sprightly force and generous?
His soul exalted and on honour bent?
His forehead bold, his striking confident?
A thousand lions, thousand fearsome bears,
Wild boars a thousand – their slaying declares
The truth of this forever, by each skin
With fur seen hanging on his walls within.
What reason, then, that love you can’t bestow?
In seeking him, what is it makes you slow?
Are you so mad, with such a tiny brain,
As to hope that in marriage you might gain
Fair Nymphis? Isn’t it glaringly true
That he disdains and thinks nothing of you,
An object of laughter, while he loves Julie,
Who binds him in her gentle toils so firmly?
Give up all hope of obtaining delight
From a heart that treats your longing with spite.
For us to taste that much-sought-after pleasure,
Love must impose on hearts a common measure,
Make thoughts alike, our passions equalise,
Our ages, too, and values harmonise.
But the spirit of Nymphis, in his pride,
Opposed to yours, your good would override;
It gives him pleasure to oppose his will
Against your own, only to do you ill.
And your distress is made his joyful boast,
Cruel man: your end is what he wishes most.
So give him up: oh, buried deep in pain
Is the mind obsessed with something to gain
That cannot hope to better its condition
By some day bringing longing to fruition!
A hundred deaths it dies, though without dying;
In cruel agony we see it lying!
High is the cost which the sought-after thing
That never comes imposes in lamenting;
The very thwarted hope of its possession
Afflicts the soul with sorrowful oppression.
So give up what cannot belong to you;
The plague of vain hope no further pursue.
Leave Nymphis, whom you can’t have anyway.
And take up Fauste, who lives beneath your sway.
But do it soon, for, in his painful throes,
Bereft, as death draws on, backward he goes:
He wants to die, since it doesn’t suit you
That his earthly life – and his love – continue.

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

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

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

ARBUSTE
If you have given him your sacred word,
And servitude to Hymen’s laws incurred,
If as a spouse the gods have lent him you,
And Love has destined him to be yours, too,
Why would you have him die in wretchedness
Because you will not succour his distress?
Oaths that are duly sworn, with faith and law,
Are needful means to keep us all in awe.
By law our desire needs to be checked;
Our soul to an oath must always be subject.
If we break faith we can assert no claim
To earthly life, much less to a good name.

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

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

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

ARBUSTE
The constant man would willingly comply.

DIANE
Rather than force himself, he’d choose to die.
And death can offer holy liberation
From any oath compelled or obligation.

ARBUSTE
But who can keep himself from subtlety?
It’s wise in love to practise trickery.
DIANE
And yet our senses balk at the offence.

ARBUSTE
Its happy fruit is ample recompense.

DIANE
But if one spurns such unjust fruit as bad?

ARBUSTE
Thus to deceive oneself is simply mad.

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

ARBUSTE
The pain will fade and pleasure take its place.

DIANE
The pain which so endures is never-ending.

ARBUSTE
At last, though, it will yield to sweet love’s mending.

DIANE
Ah, no love can mend what I’m going through!

ARBUSTE
Not so, if you’ll love him it binds you to.

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

ARBUSTE
His trickery was meant to do you good.
That he retains my pledge compounds my wrongs.

Love him, then — to you only he belongs.

So to one I loathe my heart I must enthrall?

Love turns to sweetness the bitterest gall.

Love takes flight when fierce desire holds sway
For vengeance.

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

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

What’s to be gained by dying in distress?

Recovery of my pure state, no less.\(^3\)

Yet give him freely what he forced on you.

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\(^3\) Orig. “De me remettre en ma premiere foy”: a literal translation risks loss of clarity because “first faith” in English does not readily convey the character’s sense of quasi-sexual honour and innocence. The original more strongly evokes irony at her expense, however, since in fact her original faith was pledged to Fauste; it seems strange that Arbuste does not use this argument.
DIANE
I'll die first — that's the last thing I would do!

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

DIANE
From that bond my demise can set me free.

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

DIANE
What must I do? I'm quite out of my head,
Poor girl! Why am I not already dead?
Why carry on, with no comfort to ease me,
And life come like the cruellest death to seize me?
Shall I unjustly, therefore, be constrained
To marry Fauste by the ruse that he feigned?
Against my will shall he enjoy possession
Of my love, and my holy faith's profession?
Does that, then, loom as my eternal fate:
The wife of the object of my soul’s hate?
No, I cannot! I far prefer to perish,
And by my death to put an end to anguish!
My will cannot be placed in such a bind;
An unjust oath does not oblige the mind.
I promised him; but then my mind, deceived,
Belatedly its gross mistake perceived.
That insight gained, repentance was begun
For its egregious fault, and penance done. 
I promised him; but then my mind, deceived,
Belatedly its gross mistake perceived.
That insight gained, repentance was begun
For its egregious fault, and penance done. 
I am not subject, then, to obligation —
But if I am, for my faith’s liberation,
Death I far prefer to being coerced
To love someone who cheated me at first,
And to receive him as a friend to me
Whom my honour conceives my enemy.
I have to die, and must with the same wish
Induce him also suddenly to perish.
For well do I know it: my cruel death
Will be his own, depriving him of breath;
And he will die in the knowledge that, ravished
Because of him, my pallid life has vanished.
But what have I just said? Ah, in my heart
Might deadly rancour bear so great a part
That I, with cruel boldness, could efface
Someone possessing my Nymphis’s face,
Who so resembles him, the same eyes sharing,
The same forehead and the same graceful bearing?
O over-cruel, inhumane Diane!
Where lives your faith, your past love, which began
When for your Fauste you reckoned it as good,
In the days before to this gloomy wood
Nymphis had ever made his way, whose face

The language of the original is likewise religious, alluding to forgiveness for sin.
Changed your faith, of your feelings left no trace?
O wretched Fauste! O you can see how poor
Your payment is for your true faith and sure,
For your passion, for your love’s steadfastness,
In spite of my desire’s fickleness,
Since I spurned your love, as well as my duty,
In adoration of Nymphis’s beauty!
But now I wish with my heart to accord
Your love and manly constancy reward:
I will love you, from Nymphis turn away.
Ah, what a thought, Diane! What’s that you say?
Leave Nymphis and succumb to love’s fierce fever
For Fauste, no less than your cruel deceiver?
That’s something, alas, that can never be!
Sooner shall death freeze my vitality!
But why not? What of my own crafty part
When suddenly from Fauste I took my heart
And gave it to Nymphis, for which offence
As vengeance he maintains my pain intense?
Well, in the end, what says that I cannot
Let Nymphis go, who loves me not a jot,
And seek out Fauste to be again my lover,
My second self of time past re-discover?
I surely can, with this addition now:
Is it not he who holds my marriage vow?
He has received from me the sacred pledge
To love no other man, take none in marriage
But him — and him, for his long persevering,
I find alone deserving and endearing.
I do not wish, then, that, for want of cure
For passion, present death he should endure,
Or, since I seek no more to see him wronged,
His life in languishing should be prolonged.
Now then let’s go, Arbuste, and when we find him,
With sweetness from his longing pain unbind him.
ARBUSTE

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

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

ELYMANT

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

JULIE

O holy aged man, one must give credence
To those made wise by their experience
And learning, as I know is true of you
From seeing all the good works that you do.
But I can never satisfy your will
Nor your advice in deeds of mine fulfil,
For I’d find no pleasure in being slave
To any law but having what I crave.

ELYMANT

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

JULIE

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

ELYMANT

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

*“Being” seems the most accessible modern equivalent of the original’s Aristotelian “essence”.
Should fail, this world succumb without supplying,
Which, but for Hymen, would be close to dying.
It is a law which cannot fail to bind
Us to the potent gods as humankind.

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

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

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

ELYMANT
Years full of happiness can Hymen bring,
Soft and satisfying, giving you offspring
Who will sustain you in your latter days,
Whom heaven will adorn with wisdom’s ways,
Who will revive you, from the unjust fate
Of time’s devouring, to immortal state;
And everlasting they will make your fame,
Vibrant your memory, sacred your name.
All the universe to your race will cleave
Because behind you heroes you will leave
Whom it will hold in holy reverence,
So prompt in time of need for its defence.
Your name by them will see itself maintained,
By your ancestors’ fault no longer stained;*
Your house, thus sure eternity to find,
Shall never to the dark tomb be consigned.
I see there will spring forth from you a race
To set the universe’s law in place,
A hundred handsome sons, with virile daring—
Their names with the gods in reverence sharing—
Courageous, intrepid, whose deeds diverse
Shall gild with honour this vast universe,
Which untold blessings on her shall bestow
Who bore such children in this world below.
This plan the gods determined to fulfil:
Will you use force against their sacred will?
Wedlock’s sacred bond, which your wish outweights,
Must guide your years and bless your latter days.

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

ELYMANT [revealing Nymphis and Hector]
You see these two – one who shows forth the daring
Of cruel Mars, with warlike face and bearing,
The other with a shepherd’s clothes and name,

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

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

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

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

JULIE
Because the choice between you falls to me,
And won’t make one the other’s enemy,
I take Nymphis, whose sacred loyalty
I honour, and his constant love for me:
Who always loved with consummate affection,
And of whose passion I had made election
In my soul, and in the back of my mind
To marry him some day was I inclined,
Though honour always stepped in to prevent
Too warm a welcome to his chaste intent.
But since it is appointed as my lot
To yield to Hymen’s law – as who cannot? –
And heaven, which over us all holds sway,
Wills that I have a husband to obey,
Nymphis I choose, of known fidelity,
And wish to make my spouse in chastity,
Believing his true love will richly grow,
And that his faith no change at all will show.

HECTOR

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

NYMPHIS

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

ELYMANT

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

HECTOR

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

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

[Scene V]
[Enter Fauste.]

FAUSTE

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

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

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

78 Orig. “il” might equally refer to Fauste himself, but the rhetoric stresses the agency of the day.
79 The metaphorical sense is clearly primary here, but Montreux may also be alluding to the full name of Le Havre, founded in 1517 by François I near a chapel dedicated to Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.
Likewise, what hope can the wretched man cherish
But by a gratifying death to perish?
Because in life one never can obtain
The slightest succour or surcease from pain,
Compared with the ills which accompany
Our poor existence here relentlessly,
Death we must value as a happiness,
Not, as we think, some strange unpleasantness.
O lovely death! To you I have recourse!
Alas, I embrace you with ardent force!
I summon you, call you, you I’ll pursue,
Since I can last no longer without you!
Unhappy™ my life, tainted by offence;
Happy my faithful death in recompense!
Fauste, who was all unhappy here on earth,
Shall know in heaven a happy re-birth.
Death will reach a rescuing hand to claim
That outcome suited to his happy name,
Which life unjustly snatched from him away,
While his emotions here below held sway.
Happy in name and in fact must he be,
Since death from his afflictions sets him free.
But tumble down, then, from that rocky peak,
O wretched Fauste, and make your way to seek
In fields of bliss the grace that beautifies
The soul of one who, over-faithful, dies!
High time! Ah, I’ve too often had to see
The forefront of a day that thwarted me,
That so deceived me, ruined all expectation,
Took pleasure in my endless tribulation.
So let us die, O Diane, fair-eyed one,
Whose hair long ago, so playfully wanton,
Bound fast in lasting bonds my conquered heart,
Left adoration as my only part,
Fauste will come to importune you no longer;
No more will his face be of yours the wronger!
He will perish, because his happy dying
Is welcome to you, his life merely trying.
He will die avenging the injury,
By his cruel death, that he did you wrongly.
He will perish, and so your wish fulfil,
Since he remains alive against your will.
He will die and render your heart content
Which so on his cruel demise is bent.
Adieu, Diane! One sole regret offends
My sacred constancy as my life ends:
It is that, after my sweet fatal blow,
Without, without you I’ll be seen below;
It is that I must, in losing the light,
Lose you also, who once were my delight.
I stretched out my days for one thing alone –
Only to bring happiness to your own.
Now those same days I lose, despite my truth,
Since you are hostile to them – and my youth.
Adieu, Diane! Adieu alluring beauty:
I cannot quarrel with your cruelty,
Since I have sought, beneath a borrowed guise,
To change your heart, and to deceive your eyes!
With joy I die, fulfilling your intent,
And find, in dying, nothing to lament,
Because my death is sealed by your decree,
And it consigns to death my destiny
Bitter and harsh. Come, then – to death let’s go,
And quickly run to Pluto’s realm below!

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

FAUSTE

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

ARBUSTE

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