Introduction to *La Diane*

by Nicolas de Montreux
Richard Hillman

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Responsable de la publication
Philippe Vendrix

Responsables scientifiques
Richard Hillman & André Lascombes

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Introduction to *La Diane*, by Nicolas de Montreux

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

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

1 Donald Stone, Jr., ed., *La Sophonisbe*, by Nicolas de Montreux, Textes Littéraires Français, 233 (Geneva: Droz, 1976), pp. 4-5.

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 context, 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 explorations of amorous themes in a variety of prose and verse forms on the model, principally, of the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, which enjoyed pan-European diffusion and popularity. (There were several editions of French translations, entitled *La Diane*, including one published in Tours in 1592.[2]) The *Bergeries* were published between 1592 and 1598: the fifth volume received an English translation in 1610 (without acknowledgement of its author, however);[3] all five volumes were translated into German, together with the plays appended to three of them, including *La Diane*.[4] 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.[5] 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, reveuë et corrigée, etc.*, trans. Nicolas Collin and Gabriel Chappuys (Tours: Sébastien Moulin and Matthieu Guillemot, 1592).

3 [Nicolas de Montreux,] *Honours Academie. Or the famous pastorall, 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 Montreulx, 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 Julliette, Nicolas de Montreux et le duc de Mercœur (1585-1598)", in *Le Duc de Mercœur. Les armes et les lettres (1558-1602)*, ed. Émmanuel Buron and Bruno Méniel (Rennes: Presses Universitaires de Rennes, 2009), pp. 219-36

5 See Richard Hillman, "L'héroïsme au féminin chez Shakespeare et Nicolas de Montreux", in *Shakespeare, les Français, les France*, ed. Ruth Morse, Cahiers Charles-V (Paris: Presses de l'Université Paris VII, 2009), pp. 67-93; *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 Night's Dream* and *La Diane* of Nicolas de Montreux", *Review of English Studies* 61, no. 248 (2010): 34-54.

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.[6] The other surviving copies were produced in Tours by Jamet Mettayer,[7] 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;[8] 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.[9]

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

6 [Nicolas de Montreux], *Le Troisièsme 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 Mercoeur 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).

8 Jean-Paul Barbier-Mueller, *Ma Bibliothèque poétique. Quatrième partie Tome IV: contemporains et successeurs de Ronsard. De Marquets à Pasquier* (Geneva: Droz, 2005), pp. 285, n. 950, and 294.

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,[10] then reissued as an appendix to Montreux's 1595 pastoral romance, *Œuvre de la Chasteté*.[11] 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*.[12]

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.[13] The evidence is strong, moreover, that other plays of his, perhaps including *La Diane*, were also staged there, and seemingly in Paris as well.[14] *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-

10 According to the BnF notice. If this dating is accurate, it confirms other indications of pre-1595 publication and performance, but many details concerning the composition and staging of Montreux's plays remain uncertain. See Hillman, *French Reflections,* p. 142, n. 16. In addition to *La Diane*, the surviving dramatic compositions of Montreux comprise three tragedies (*Isabelle, Cléopâtre, Sophonisbe*), two pastorals (*Athlette* [pub. 1587], *Arimène, ou Berger desespere* [1596]), and one particularly strange hybrid, *Joseph le Chaste* (pub. 1601), a "comédie" which deals with a serious biblical subject yet contains a low-comic subplot including an onstage hanging. The Universal Short Title Catalogue, citing La Croix du Maine, references *Les bergeries de Juliette avec la comedie La Joyeuse* (Poitiers: [éditeur pas donné], 1581), of which there are no known surviving copies (<http://ustc.ac.uk/index.php/record/94900>; accessed 4 October 2014).

11 Nicolas de Montreux [Ollenix du Mont-Sacré], *Œuvre de la Chasteté, qui se remarque par les diverses fortunes, adventures et fidelles amours de Criniton et Lydie. Livre premier, ensemble la tragédie de Cléopâtre, le tout de l'invention d'Ollenix du Mont-Sacré* (Paris: Guillaume Des Rues, 1595). On the possible independent publication of Montreux's "annexed" plays and the practice of detaching them from the volumes in question, see Barbier-Mueller, pp. 259-60, 333, n. 1068.

12 *Dictionnaire des lettres françaises: Le XVIe siècle*, ed. Georges Grente, Michel Simonin, *et al.*, new ed. (Paris: Fayard, 2001), s.v. "Montreux".

13 See T. E. Lawrenson, "La mise en scène dans l'*Arimène* de Nicolas de Montreux", *Bibliothèque d'Humanisme et Renaissance* 18 (1956): 286-90.

14 See Daele, pp. 230-31.

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.[15]

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

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.[16] With *La Diane*, however, there is a significant swerve towards theatricality of a kind recalling, in some respects, the scenarios of *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 *commedia dell'arte* was, in this period, thoroughly "naturalized in France", as Katherine M. Lea puts it.[17] More to the point here, it existed in a dynamic of cross-fertilisation with the so-called *commedia erudita*, especially within the pastoral genre – a dynamic which sometimes produced full-blown printed plays.[18] One of these, *La Fiammela*, is a pastoral attributed to the *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 *La Diane*:

> 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.[19]

The exchange with an Echo (a device from Guarini) is adapted by Montreux for Hector.[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 *commedia dell'arte* pastorals,[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.[22] A mask might

16 Apart from Stone (see above, n. 1), see Jules Marsan, *La pastorale dramatique en France à la fin du XVIe siècle et au commencement du XVIIe siècle* (1905; fac. rpt. Geneva: Slatkine Reprints, 1969), pp. 189-90; Daele, p. 232; Charles Mazouer, *Le théâtre français de la Renaissance* (Paris: H. Champion, 2002), pp. 402-4; and Jean Balsamo, *Les rencontres des muses: italianisme et anti-italianisme dans les lettres françaises de la fin du XVIe siècle*, Bibliothèque Franco Simone, 19 (Geneva: Slatkine, 1992), p. 277.

17 Kathleen M. Lea, *Italian Popular Comedy: A Study in the Commedia dell'Arte, 1560-1620, with Special Reference to the English Stage*, 2 vols. (1934; rpt. New York: Russell and Russell, 1962), I: 229.

18 See Lea, I: 201-12.

19 Lea, I: 205.

20 See *La Diane*, ll. 1570-93.

21 See Lea, I: 232-33.

22 See *La Diane*, ll. 1159 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,[23] 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.[24]

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)

23 See Lea, I: 15.
24 See *La Diane*, ll. 2662 ff.

This moment is recalled at the conclusion,[25] 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*[26] – 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)[27] 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.

27 Quotations from Shakespeare's plays are taken from *The Riverside Shakespeare*, ed. G. Blakemore Evans, J. J. M. Tobin *et al.*, 2nd ed. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997).

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 Demetrus), 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.[28] These extend to the "closing scene of the family reunion which is almost *de rigueur* in the Commedia dell'arte".[29] 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 exaltedly, 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 sçauoir si mon œil est deceu]" (l. 3272), and

28 Lea, II: 434-42.
29 Lea, II: 442.

. . . penetrate
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 ie sçache à ce coup, si ie 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,

30 Lea, II: 443-53.

31 Lea, I: 201-3; Frank Kermode, ed., *The Tempest,* by William Shakespeare, 6th ed., The Arden Shakespeare (2nd ser.) (London: Methuen, 1958), pp. lxvi-lxix.

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-

83). 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*.[32] It comes complete with penitent recovery of lapsed faith and true sight.[33] 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.ii.402).

32 See Jorge de Montemayor, *Diana: A Critical Edition of Yong's Translation of George of Montemayor's Diana and Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana*, ed. Judith M. Kennedy (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), pp. 238-42.

33 See Montemayor, pp. 240-41.

La Diane

by Nicolas de Montreux,
Edited by Richard Hillman

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Responsable de la publication
Philippe Vendrix

Responsables scientifiques
Richard Hillman & André Lascombes

Mentions légales

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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-14591 (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. 371-82) 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 "sçauoir" 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 "ês"); 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 ("fais" appears once for "fay",[3] 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.[4] These features of *La Diane*'s language broadly correspond to those noted by Donald Stone, Jr., in *La Sophonisbe*.[5]

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*.

5 Donald Stone, Jr., ed., *La Sophonisbe*, by Nicolas de Montreux, Textes Littéraires Français, 233 (Geneva: Droz, 1976), pp. 18-21.

La Diane

d'OLLENIX DV

Mont-sacré

Gentil-homme

du Maine.

Pastourelle ou Fable Bosquagere.

M.D.XCIIII

ARGUMENT DE LA PASTOURELLE. [fol. 229v]

Diane fut vne Belle Amante & aimee du Pasteur Fauste: Elle quitte ses premieres amours pour aimer vn autre Berger nommé Nymphis. Nymphis amoureux de la Bergere Iullie ne peut aimer Diane. Fauste l'aime tousiours 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 descouure 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'entre-veulent 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. [fol. 330r]

ACTE PREMIER.

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

FAVSTE [*en entrant*]

Qvel est ce feu, ceste clarté diuine,
Qui peint le Ciel, & la terre illumine?
A qui ces rais, à qui sont ces flambeaux
Qui font blanchir le sourcil des costaux?
D'où prent son iour ceste lumiere encore
Qui a plus d'or le front des Cieux redore?
Est-ce ton feu, qui brusle les mortels,
O saint Amour, pere des immortels:
Sont-ce tes rais, sont-ce tes viues flammes
Ton vif brandon qui consomme noz ames?
Ha non, grand Dieu! ton feu diuin épris
Ne rend clarté qu'aux amoureux esprits:
Et cestuy-ci qui produit sa lumiere,
Aux yeux mortels tant seulement esclaire.
C'est donc le feu du sacré Delphien,
Sont ses flambeaux c'est son char ancien,
C'est son beau front, sa tresse claire & blonde [fol. 330v]
Qui s'esparpille autour de ce grand monde,
Sont ses coursiers que l'Aurore au beau lis
A reueillez du giron de Thetis,
Qui halletans le beau iour nous rameinent
Chassant les feux, qui au [*sic*] Cieux se pourmeinent.
O saint Phebus, sans iamais estre las
Tu fais ton tour d'vn asseuré compas,
Rendant tousiours de ta flamme honoree

26 Vne moitié de la terre [doree][6]!
27 O saint Phebus, souz l'esclair de tes feux
28 S'esbatre on voit les hommes & les Dieux,
29 Et ta clarté, refait leur face claire,
30 Qui pallissoit en la nuit solitaire:
31 L'on voit courir parmy les bois branchus
32 D'vn pied gaillard les Satyres fourchus,
33 Qui dans la main les flustes forestieres,
34 Ton beau retour annoncent aux Bergeres,
35 Aux animaux, qui affamez du iour
36 Par mille cris tesmoignent ton retour
37 Aux lents Pasteurs, aux Nymphes, qui iolies,
38 Portent souuent les robbes racourcies,
39 La cotte courte en rond d'vn casaquin,
40 Et en marchant le gaillard brodequin.
41 Maint froit rocher au rayons de ta face,
42 Deuient en feu, & voit fondre sa glace,
43 Maint arbre seche à ton feu qui le cruit,
44 Qui degouttoit des vapeurs de la nuit,
45 L'on voit ton front par petites lumieres,
46 Luire au trauers ses branches forestieres,
47 Parmy ses fleurs, ses fueilles dont couuert
48 On voit leur front & de blanc & de vert;
49 Les prez voilez d'vne obscure teinture,
50 Parent de blanc leur verte cheuelure,
51 Monstrent leur sein emaillé de couleurs, [fol. 331r]
52 Leur beau riuage orné de mille fleurs:
53 Le front barbu du froment porte graine,
54 Blanchit en feu au milieu de la plaine,
55 Et mille chants entre-meslez d'amour
56 Des oysillons annoncent ton retour.
57 O saint Phebus, tu reuiens, tu remarche,
58 Et d'vn pied prompt recommences ta tasche:

6 Orig. "doreee".

59 Et moy chetif recommence le cours,
60 Vœuf de confort de mes gauches amours:
61 Ie recommence à conter mes douleurs,
62 A remouiller mon sein de moittes pleurs,
63 Ie recommence à souspirer, à dire
64 Combien cruel i'espreuue mon martyre.
65 Comme l'on voit au retour caressé
66 Du beau soleil, le bouuier tout cassé,
67 Roide au trauail, amoureux de la peine,
68 Recommencer à labourer la plaine,
69 Ores courbé, le front de rouge peint,
70 Le soc tranchant sur la terre il estraint,
71 Ores courant d'vn esguillon seuere
72 Le bœuf tardif il pique par cholere,
73 Des pieds, des mains il trauaille, & parfois
74 On oit hucher aux enuirons sa voix:
75 Ainsi tousiours mon trauail recommence
76 Comme le iour parmy les cieux s'aduance.
77 Mais qu'ay-je dit? ce qui n'a point de fin,
78 Tousiours viuant souz vn mesme destin,
79 Tousiours egal en vne mesme enuie,
80 Ne peut auoir commencement de vie:
81 Aussi le mal dont mon cœur est espoint,
82 Pour ne finir, ne recommence point:
83 Tousiours viuant il hostelle en mon ame,
84 Ainsi que viue y luit l'ardante flamme
85 Que le bel œil de Diane alluma, [fol. 331v]
86 Lors que le mien en ses rais s'enflamma.
87 Phœbus endort son trauail ordinaire
88 Dans le giron de Thetis mariniere,
89 Et son repos apporte aux animaux
90 Le doux sommeil qui trancit leurs trauaux,
91 Le loup repose en son obscur repaire,
92 Et l'aignelet en son toict ordinaire:
93 Le bœuf tardif & du ioug desgagé,
94 Durant la nuict repose soulagé:

95 Dans les buissons, lors que la nuit est close,
96 Le viste oyseau en seureté repose,
97 Parmy les bois vn silence s'espand,
98 Et lors chacun le doux sommeil attend.
99 Tranquille & coy le ciel son front descouure
100 D'vn noir manteau Flore les herbes couure,
101 Pour reposer en l'ombre des costaux,
102 Et souz l'horreur des passagers nuaux.
103 Thetys ardante au repos ordinaire,
104 Aux vents mutins commande de se taire
105 Parmy ses flots & ses poissons dispos,
106 Durant la nuit iouissent du repos.
107 Tout se resent de la grace opportune
108 Que tout mortel reçoit de la nuit brune,
109 Tout sent son mal au sommeil s'accoiser,
110 Et sa douleur en la nuit trespasser:
111 Fors moy, chetif, qui sens tousiours ardente
112 Durant la nuit ma peine languissante,
113 Sans reposer s'auiuent mes douleurs,
114 Et maint ruisseau qui roule de mes pleurs:
115 Ma passion reuerdit immortelle,
116 Comme au printemps la terre renouuelle.
117 Soit que du iour luise au ciel le flambeau,
118 Ou que la nuit y tende son manteau,
119 Tousiours mon cœur en ses douleurs se noye, [fol. 332r]
120 Le mal tousiours trancit ma courte ioye,
121 Tousiours ie trouue à mes yeux mille pleurs,
122 Mon sein ardant de cent mille chaleurs,
123 Mon corps esteint de regret qui le pasme,
124 Noyé de pleurs, & consomme de flamme.
125 Voilà que c'est qu'aimer & n'estre aimé,
126 Voilà que c'est qu'vn desir affamé,
127 Qui ne sçauroit pour noyer son martyre
128 Gouster le bien que pour bien il desire.
129 Rien que l'amour ne peut estre assez fort
130 Pour des prudents changer le iuste sort.

131 Fors qu'à ce mal qui tout sçauoir despite,
132 Qui vainq la loy, l'homme sage resiste,
133 Mais si des Dieux l'esprit en est contraint,
134 En luy cedant le sage ne faut point,
135 Son graue esprit la honte ne martelle:
136 Car qui pouuoit auoir l'ame plus belle,
137 L'experience, & plus grand le sçauoir,
138 Que les grands Dieux qui diuins se font voire?
139 Faillir comme eux n'est point trait d'iniustice:
140 Car leur nature est exempte de vice.
141 Serf de l'Amour ie cherche à l'honorer,
142 Et serf tousiours ie luy veux demeurer:
143 Car c'est honneur que de seruir vn maistre
144 Que Roy des Dieux aux Dieux se fait cognoistre.
145 Mais il est temps de conduire beellants
146 Mes aignelets broutter parmy les champs:
147 J'enten leur voix, qui m'appelle esploree,
148 Pour les guider le long de ceste pree:
149 Là ie pourray ma Diane trouuer,
150 Et pour m'aimer son vouloir esprouuer. [*Sort Fauste.*]

DIANE [*en entrant*] [fol. 332v]

151 Ce qui se voit, ce qui du doigt se touche,
152 Ce qui se sent, ce qui part[7] de la bouche,
153 Ce qui se meut, & bref tout ce qui prent
154 Estre du feu, qui le saint iour nous rend,
155 Ce qui là haut immortel se dispose,
156 Ce qui mortel en la terre respose,
157 Tout ce qui vit, ce qui a le pouuoir
158 De se nourrir, de viure, & se mouuoir,

7 The metre is against taking "part" as an error for "parle"; more probable is a survival of the old verb "partir" in the sense of "share", "participate". See A. J. Greimas, *Dictionnaire de l'ancien français*, 2nd ed. (Paris: Larousse, 1992), and *Le Trésor de la langue française informatisé* (<http://atilf.atilf.fr/>, accessed 4 October 2014), s.v. "[B]ouche" here seems metonymic for nourishment, since the context is the basic functions of life; cf. below, l. 158.

159 Est compassé d'vne graue prudence,
160 Marche par ordre, & l'ordre ne deuance.
161 Le firmament fait son cours ancien,
162 Phœbus son tour, & Diane le sien.
163 Le ciel parmy la terre ne s'enlace,
164 La mer superbe hors ses bornes ne passe,
165 Le palle Hyuer ne vient en la bea[u]té[8]
166 Du gay Printemps, ny l'Automne en Esté:
167 Ces larges prez, ces arbres, ce bosquage,
168 Ne portent point leur verdeur en la nage,
169 [Et][9] ces doux fruicts qui pendent orangez
170 Au haut de l'arbre es branches arrangez,
171 Ne viennent point au vol de l'hirondelle,
172 O[u][10] ce pendant que l'Hyuer nous regele:
173 Les feux du ciel qui luisent estoilez
174 Ne sont confus l'vn dans l'autre meslez,
175 Et ce grand tout que Dieu saint on appelle,
176 Donne à chacun sa place naturelle,
177 Son tour, son ordre, & sans confusion
178 Tout sous sa main parfait son action,
179 Tout va par ordre, & de l'ordre est [nourrie][11]
180 Des corps du ciel & d'enbas l'harmonie:
181 Tout va par ordre: amour seul excepté,
182 Qui ne cognoist raison, ny equité,
183 Qui rend confus aux traits de sa malice [fol. 333r]
184 L'ordre du monde, & chasse la iustice.
185 Amour enfant, porte un corps de garçon
186 Nud de prudence, & l'ame de raison,
187 Et pour couurir d'ignorance son vice,
188 Veut qu'vn bandeau en voile 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. "nourrrie".

189 Veut estre aueugle afin d'excuse auoir
190 Si bien souuent à faute de bien voir
191 Jl va roulant dans vn gouffre de fautes,
192 Qui sont vertus aux ames trop peu cautes:
193 Enfant il est, & veut estre estimé,
194 Pour n'estre pas comme vn viellard blasmé,
195 Qui ne sçauroit couurir par ignorance
196 Son mal commis, comme la fole enfance.
197 Car ceux qui ont & l'aage & le sçauoir,
198 N'osent faillir, sans diffamez se voir:
199 Le mal qui est à l'enfant tolerable,
200 Est au vieillard souuent vituperable,
201 Car le sçauoir s'acquiert par vn long temps,
202 Et le conseil s'accroist auec les ans,
203 Vit souz ce poil, que le temps qui tout mange,
204 En teint de neige à la parfin eschange:
205 Ceux qui ce bien par le temps ont acquis,
206 Que l'aage vieil en sçauoir rend exquis,
207 Ne sont exempts de peine ny de blasme,
208 Si le peché leur vieillesse diffame:
209 Mais ceux qui n'ont ny sçauoir, ny raison,
210 Ny le conseil acquis par la saison,
211 En offençant excusent leur offence,
212 Car la ieunesse est mere d'ignorance.
213 Voilà pourquoy ieunes on voit tousiours
214 Du fol amour les actes & les iours.
215 O cruel Dieu, qui te rends remarquable
216 Pour estre prompt, & sur tous variable,
217 Qui fais ton loz d'auoir l'ame agité, [fol. 333v]
218 De vains pensers & d'infidelité:
219 Combien de fois serue souz ta puissance,
220 Ay ie esprouué ta legere inconstance?
221 Combien de fois ay ie senty peruers
222 A m'offenser tes traits, tes feux diuers?
223 D'Amour le nom contraire à sa nature,
224 A ses effects fait laschement iniure,

225 Puis que l'Amour par vn vouloir commun
226 Deux cœurs assemble & n'en fait estre qu'vn:
227 Mais cet Amour, que le vulgaire appelle
228 L'aueugle enfant de Venus l'infidele,
229 Au lieu d'Amour est vn tyran peruers
230 Qui trouble tout, qui met tout à l'enuers,
231 Qui gaste l'ordre, & apporte à noz vies
232 Diuers desirs & diuerses enuies.
233 Comme l'on voit par le soleil leché
234 Le sein d'vn champ en vn rien deseché,
235 Puis tout soudain se noyer tout de pluye,
236 Selon qu'il plaist au ciel qui se varie.
237 Ores trop sec par la chaleur il fend,
238 Ores mouillé v[n]e[12] riuiere il rend,
239 Sans qu'vn seul iour en mesme estat l'encerne,
240 Selon qu'il plaist au ciel qui le gouuerne:
241 Ainsi l'amour rend diuers ses effects,
242 Et fait errer les esprits plus parfaits.
243 Je l'ay senty en amour malheureuse,
244 Du pasteur Fauste autresfois amoureuse,
245 Fauste qui fut iadis le seul plaisir
246 De mes deux yeux & mon plus doux desir,
247 Qui fut seigneur de mon ame qui sienne
248 Pour le seruir refusoit d'estre mienne.
249 He que iadis ardente ie l'aimois,
250 Que son amour bien heureux i'estimois,
251 Auant qu'Amour d'vne nouuelle flamme [fol. 334r]
252 D'vn nouueau feu eust embrazé mon ame.
253 Mais tout soudain que i'eus veu les beaux yeux
254 Du beau Nymphis, son front, ses longs cheueux,
255 Et ce corail qui doucement se couche
256 Sur les œillets de sa mignarde bouche,
257 Que ses propos par vn sucre pipeur,

12 Orig. "vue".

258 Mesle de ris eurent charmé mon cœur,
259 Et que sa voix, ou plustost l'harmonie
260 Des cieux diuins eust mon ame rauie:
261 Lors ie perdis en vn prompt mouuement
262 Le souuenir de Fauste mon amant:
263 Je n'eus plus soin de luy garder fidele
264 Mon amitié, qu'il iugeoit immortelle,
265 Ses yeux, son front, ses deuis & son port
266 Me furent lors cruels comme la mort:
267 Ce que i'aimoy me fut desagreable,
268 D'auoir aimé ie m'estimois coulpable.
269 O changement! Ainsi tout icy bas
270 Change de forme, & chemine à grands pas
271 Vers le tombeau, où gist enseuelie
272 Auec noz corps nostre mortelle vie.
273 Je changeay donc de vouloir & d'amant,
274 Mais ie ne sçay d'où vint ce changement,
275 Ce nouueau feu, ceste flamme nouuelle,
276 Ne qui rendit ma promesse infidele.
277 Auparavuant que ces antres & bois
278 Eussent d'Amour receu les foles loix,
279 Que les pasteurs, les nymphes, les bergeres,
280 Qui dans ces prez se trouuent ordinaires,
281 Eussent cogneu mainte ruse, maint tour,
282 Maint fol desir de l'inconstant amour,
283 Et qu'on eust fait comme es villes plus foles
284 Gloire & [honneur][13] de trahir ses paroles,
285 Qu'on eust sucré par vn propos pipeur [fol. 334v]
286 Par vn sousris le venin de son cœur,
287 Qu'on eust vsé de langues mensongeres,
288 De faux appas à tromper ordinaires,
289 De vains propos, de promesses, de veux,
290 Et de serments pour abuser les Dieux,

13 Orig. "honnneuu".

291 Qu'on eust rendu sa parole contraire
292 A son desir, & son ame aduersaire
293 De ses propos, qui deceuoient les cœurs
294 Qui se perdoient en leurs chants deceueurs:
295 L'amour estoit constant & veritable,
296 Sans, comme il fait, nous tromper variable,
297 Et des amans les amoureux esprits
298 D'vn nouueau feu ne s'embrazoient épris,
299 Sainte la foy, l'amour pure loyale,
300 La volonté entre les cœurs egale,
301 Vraye la foiy, & des loyaux amans
302 Vifs les propos, & sacrez les sermens.
303 O feint amours! hé que n'es-tu encore
304 Dans ces palais, que maint esmail redore?
305 Dans ces citez, dans ces superbes cours,
306 Où la traison se rencontre tousiours,
307 La ruse feinte, & la foy, qui pariure
308 Fait à la foy des Monarques iniure,
309 Sans t'estre mis errant parmy ces bois,
310 Pour nous trancir au doux son de ta voix?
311 Mais, traistre amour, il faut qu'on t'obeisse,
312 Et que vertu l'on estime ton vice.
313 Il faut le faire, & nostre cœur atteint
314 De ta fureur, helas y est contraint!

[*Entre Fauste.*]

FAVSTE

315 Belle Diane, ô combien dommageable
316 Est ta beauté, pour estre variable?
317 Combien ton œil de blasme a merité, [fol. 335r]
318 Pour estre beau & plein d'impieté?
319 Rien ne nous fait icy tant de dommage,
320 Qu'vne beauté inconstante & volage;
321 C'est de malheurs vne profonde mer
322 Où maints amants se perdent pour aimer:

323 Ce sont les voix des cruelles Sirenes,
324 Qui nous font choir en vn gouffre de peines;
325 C'est de Meduse & le front & les yeux,
326 Qui transformoient les pauures amoureux:
327 Sont les appas de l'impudique Circe,
328 Qui transformoit les compagnons d'Vlysse:
329 Ce sont les yeux des basilics cuels,
330 Qui par leurs traits font mourir les mortels,
331 Ce sont les pleurs du Crocodil qu'honore
332 Le peuple noir, qui les passans deuore:
333 C'est du poison de sucre radoucy,
334 Dont la douceur rend nostre ame trancy,
335 Bref c'est vn mal de tous les maux le pire:
336 Car la beauté qui noz ames attire
337 Par vn desir extreme d'en auoir
338 La iouissance, & possesseur s'en voir,
339 Plus elle est belle, ah plus elle est cruelle
340 A noz desirs, quand elle est infidele.
341 De la beauté s'engendre le desir,
342 Et du desir vient l'amoureux plaisir.
343 Ce qui est beau se rend plus desirable
344 Plus il se monstre à noz yeux agreable:
345 Souffrir beaucoup, aimer, ne l'estre pas,
346 C'est vn malheur qui nous traine au trespas,
347 Mesmes alors qu'vne ingratte maistresse,
348 Fausse sa foy, & brise sa promesse.
349 Ce que la foy nous oblige est à nous,
350 Est ceste foy se rend commune à tous[14]
351 Pour de tous estre immortelle honoree, [fol. 335v]
352 Et pour se voir parmy nous asseuree.
353 Belle Diane, helas! souuienne toy
354 M'auoir donné ton amour & ta foy,
355 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.

356 En faire don à vne autre personne?
357 Non, tu ne peux, ou bien si tu le fais,
358 Les puissans Dieux vengeurs de noz forfaits,
359 Qui veulent seuls accabler le pariure,
360 Par mille traits vengeront ceste iniure.
361 La main des Dieux souuent lente punir
362 Notre forfait, ne laisse de tenir
363 Le glaiue nud, qui à la fin s'abysme
364 Dans notre sang, & punit nostre crime.
365 En m'escoutant trembles-tu point d'effroy,
366 Toy qui fais loz de pariurer ta foy?

DIANE

367 Fauste tay-toy: tes plaintes, ta menace
368 N'apportent point de frayeur à ma face:
369 Car ie sçay bien que iamais des amans
370 On ne punit les pariures sermens:
371 Juppin s'en rit, & luy-mesme n'estime
372 Faussant sa foy commettre quelque crime.
373 Car des amans tout le pouuoir depend
374 Du faux Amour qui pariures les rend:
375 Ils sont forcez à son vouloir de viure,
376 Et comme maistre en tous lieux de le suiure:
377 Jl les conduit comme les pastoureaux
378 Parmy les prez conduisent leurs aigneaux.
379 Le mal qu'on fait par force est excusable,
380 Et seulement l'autheur en est coulpable,
381 Non pas celuy qui le fait malgré luy,
382 Puis que tout seul punissable est celuy
383 Qui de son gré, non par force forcee, [fol. 336r]
384 Commet le mal dont sa gloire est blessee.
385 Hé qui peut donc reprendre les amans
386 Si malgré eux ils brisent leurs sermens?
387 Rien à l'Amour dans le ciel ne resiste,
388 Et des mortels la puissance il despite:
389 Jl force tout, & sa cruelle loy

390 Nous fait souuent violer nostre foy,
391 Nostre serment, noz vœux, nostre constance,
392 Tant son pouuoir a sur nous de puissance:
393 Ceux qui par luy quelque iniustice ont fait
394 N'ont autre excuse à lauer leur forfait
395 Sinon qu'Amour, à qui nul n'a puissance
396 De resister, est autheur de l'offence.
397 Ainsi ie suis excusable enuers toy,
398 T'ayant faussé comme tu dis, ma foy.
399 Si tu ne peux te contraindre en toy-mesme
400 De n'aimer point celle-là qui ne t'aime,
401 Et si l'Amour te force à requerir
402 Celle qui vit pour te faire mourir,
403 Comment veux-tu que ie force mon ame
404 De n'aimer point la beauté qui l'enflamme?
405 Comment veux-tu que ie porte en mon cœur
406 Vn chaud brazier, sans en sentir l'ardeur?
407 Non, Fauste, non, les effects admirables
408 Du vif amour par le temps variables,
409 Ne sont sujets aux loix de l'equité,
410 Et son vouloir n'est iamais disputé
411 Par la raison: Amour est vne force
412 Qui la raison & la iustice force:
413 Le seul desir, la seule volonté,
414 Causent l'Amour, non la loy, l'equité:
415 Non la raison: car sa viue puissance
416 Ne reçoit point pour reigle la prudence.
417 Ne vien donc point blasmer mon nouueau feu, [fol. 336v]
418 Mais bien l'Amour qui a retins[15] le vœu.

FAVSTE

419 Mais si l'Amour, que pour Dieu tu reclame,
420 M'a fait premier possesseur de ton ame,

15 "Retins" was a possible form of the past participle; see Huguet, s.v. "retenir".

421 Et le premier receleur de ta foy,
422 Peux-tu auoir vn autre amant que moy?

DIANE

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

FAVSTE

427 Mais sans raison du nom d'Amour on couure
428 Vn faux amour où la foy ne se trouue:
429 Car ce qui vit sans foy, sans loyauté
430 D'vn saint amour n'a le nom merité.

DIANE

431 De tous amours ceux sont plus venerables
432 De qui l'on voit les effects variables,
433 Car le pouuoir d'vne diuinité
434 Se recognoist par la diuersité.

FAVSTE

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

DIANE

439 Si bien souuent le ciel change de forme,
440 Si Juppiter en taureau se transforme,
441 Tous les mortels peuuent pareillement
442 Changer d'ardeur, d'amour, & de serment.

FAVSTE

443 Pallas qu'on dit Deesse de prudence, [fol. 337r]
444 N'a point changé de nature & d'essence.

DIANE

445 Venus qu'on dit Deesse de beauté,
446 A bien souuent changé de volonté.

FAVSTE

447 Mais Pallas est pour sage renommee,
448 Et au rebours Venus folle estimee.

DIANE

449 Mais Venus est Deesse des amours,
450 Seule en aimant on l'imite tousiours.

FAVSTE

451 Mais on ne doit imiter vne chose,
452 Qui aux suiuans le deshonneur propose.

DIANE

453 Mais nous deuons viuement imiter
454 Ce qui nous peut l'imitant profiter.

FAVSTE

455 Le bien sans loz, les actes sans memoire,
456 D'estre imitez ne meritent la gloire.

DIANE

457 Il n'y a point d'autre gloire en amour
458 Que le desir de iouir quelque iour.

FAVSTE

459 Mais ce desir n'est nullement louable,
460 Si la raison ne le rend raisonnable.

DIANE

461 Faut que l'amour soit meslé de fureur,
462 Car la raison en r'amollit l'ardeur.

FAVSTE

463 Mais toute amour que la fureur mortelle
464 Rend sans raison, est tousiours infidele.

DIANE

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

FAVSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAVSTE

472 Mais enuers moy elle ne paroist telle.

DIANE

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

FAVSTE

474 Mais qui te fait aimer autre que moy?

DIANE

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

FAVSTE

476 Tousiours quelqu'vn excuse nostre crime.

DIANE

477 Ce n'est forfait qu'aimer selon son vueil.

FAVSTE

478 Non, ne changeant de son premier conseil.

DIANE

479 Jl 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. 338r]

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

490 Que bien souuent on meurt cruellement.

DIANE

491 L'heur des amans est vne mesme lame.

FAVSTE

492 Mais leur amour finit aussi sa flamme.

DIANE

493 Non fait: Amour [seiourne][16] es ames saints,
494 Qui ne sont point par le trespas esteints.

FAVSTE

495 Mais en passant le fleuue d'oubliance,
496 D'aucun amour on n'a plus souuenance.

DIANE

497 Ceux qui là bas es champs delicieux
498 Viuent contents sont encore amoureux[.][17]
499 Il trouuent là leurs maistresses qui belles
500 Leur ont esté en ce monde fideles:
501 Libres alors ils refont le discours
502 En s'esbatans, de leurs viues amours,
503 Ils trouuent là le grand prestre de Grece
504 Qui touche encor sa lyre charmeresse: [fol. 338v]
505 Jls trouuent là mille obscures forests,
506 Mille ruisseaux & mille [antres][18] secrets,
507 Où doucement ils moissonnent fideles
508 Les fruits heureux de leurs amitiez belles.
509 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.

510 Mais son pouuoir s'estend en ces bas lieux,
511 Où Pluton regne, où demeure honoree
512 Sa triple Hecate es enfers adoree.
513 L'Amour n'est donc mortel comme noz iours,
514 Car aux corps morts suruiuent les amours
515 Sans que la mort les puisse onques deffaire.

FAVSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAVSTE

521 L'Amour m'y force & me vient enflammer.

DIANE

522 Le mesme feu qui te force m'aimer,
523 Me force aussi d'aimer Nymphis, de mesme
524 Que sans repos tu me dis que tu m'aime,
525 Ie suis forcee aussi bien comme toy.
526 De ton malheur ne te pren donc à moy,
527 Ains à l'Amour qui force toute chose,
528 Et de nos cœurs superbement dispose.

FAVSTE

529 O belle Nymphe! ô Diane aux beaux yeux!
530 O seul honneur de ces terrestres lieux!
531 Belle deesse, & plus parfaite encore
532 Que ne fut onc Minerue qu'on adore,
533 Saincte bergere, ô Soleil de mes iours, [fol. 339r]
534 De qui i'atten en mes douleurs secours!
535 O la clarté de mon ame esploree,

536 Par elle helas, tant de fois honoree!
537 Mon tout, ma vie, & ma chere moitié,
538 Auras-tu point de mes douleurs pitié?
539 Comme l'on voit sous vne treille belle
540 De lauriers verds, la chaste tourterelle
541 A mille tours, à mille doux souhaits,
542 A mille sauts, à cent tires de becs
543 Faire caresse à sa moitié mignarde,
544 Quand le printemps doucement nous regarde,
545 Ce n'est que ieu, que mille beaux esbats,
546 Leur sainct amour ne se trouue point las,
547 Et le plaisir de leur amitié douce,
548 Toute amertume & tout chagrin repousse:
549 Ne veux-tu point tout de mesme estimer
550 Fauste, qui vit seulement pour t'aimer?
551 Qui ne prend iour que de la viue flamme
552 Que ton bel œil eslance dedans son ame?
553 Qui ne reçoit autre object, autre loy,
554 Que celle-là qu'il emprunte de toy?
555 O belle Nymphe! Hé ne permets trop fiere,
556 Que ta beauté infidele & legere,
557 Soit serue aussi du mal qu'a merité
558 Vne cruelle, & superbe beauté!
559 Contente toy que ie sente infidele
560 Ton amitié, sans la rendre cruelle.
561 Car de ces maux, le moindre peut assez
562 Pour estouffer mes membres, qui lassez
563 De supporter la douleur inhumaine,
564 Cherchent la mort pour remede à leur peine.
565 Que si ie suis indigne de secours,
566 Pour n'estre pas digne de tes amours,
567 Et si trop beau reluit ton clair visage, [fol. 339v]
568 Pour receuoir les veux de mon seruage,
569 Puis que sur tous i'emporte de loyal
570 Le chaste nom, prens pitié de mon mal.
571 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 proüesse. [fol. 340r]
601 Chacun l'estime & chacun pour vainqueur
602 Et genereux le cognoist en son cœur.
603 Ainsi Nymphis ayant ma foy cogneuë,

604 Et mon amour pour loyale apperceuë,
605 Aquoy tient-il que ma viue amitié
606 Dedans ton cœur ne plante la pitié?
607 O sort cruel! ame ingrate & cruelle!
608 O belle face indigne d'estre belle!
609 Le ciel tousiours se montre gracieux
610 A noz besoins, à noz cris, à noz vœux,
611 Jl est benin, courtois & secourable,
612 Hé que ton vueil à son vueil n'est semblable.
613 Nous sommes faits pour imiter les Dieux;
614 S'ils sont courtois il faut l'estre comme eux,
615 Car autrement ils tiennent pour offence
616 De n'auoir pas imité leur clemence:
617 Faute d'auoir leurs actes imitez,
618 Comme meschans nous sommes reputez,
619 Et comme tels, faits coupables de peine:
620 Car des grands Dieux la dextre n'est point vaine.
621 Garde toy donc de resentir leur main
622 Pour machiner le trespas inhumain
623 De celle-là qui te requiert propice,
624 Et qui son cœur t'immole en sacrifice:
625 Pren pitié d'elle, & ne te vante pas
626 D'auoir conduit sa ieunesse au trespas.
627 Car autrement tu trouueras cruelle,
628 Comme tu es, la vengeance eternelle
629 Du sainct amour, qui offence tous ceux
630 Qui ne font cas, comme toy, de ses feux.

NYMPHIS

631 Belle Jullie, ô la belle des belles
632 Que la beauté a fait luire immortelles:
633 Rare Soleil dont les feux allumez [fol. 240v]
634 Ont tant de cœurs ardemment enflammez:
635 O belle, où loge & de Pallas la grace,
636 Et de Venus la belle & saincte face;
637 L'honneur des bois, la gloire des forests,

638 Et la beauté de ces rudes deserts,
639 O Iullye de qui la viue gloire
640 Et le nom luist au temple de Memoire,
641 Ne veux-tu point adoucir quelque iour
642 Les longs trauaux de mon fidele amour?
643 Et d'vne main à mon mal secourable,
644 Rendre mon cœur heureux de miserable?
645 O belle Nymphe, aussi belle que toy
646 Est en t'aimant la beauté de ma foy!
647 Et pour t'aimer à vne amour trop extreme[,]
648 Ie me hais, & desprise moy-mesme!
649 Le fier lion longuement caressé,
650 A la parfin se rend appriuoisé:
651 Et l'elephant son amour fait paroistre,
652 Recognoissant entre vn chacun son maistre:
653 L'ours s'adoucist, & sans estre irrité,
654 Porte l'enfant dessus son col ietté;
655 Bref tout mollist; l'eau foible de nature,
656 Tombant souuent caue la roche dure:
657 La main de l'homme vse le fer trenchant,
658 Et le Soleil va les eaux dessechant:
659 Seule tu vis dont la nature estrange
660 Sa cruauté par les saisons ne change.
661 Ah ô Iullye! hé faut-il que tousiours
662 Le desesoir accompagne mes iours,
663 Pour ne voir point receuoir pour compaigne
664 A ta beauté, nulle douceur humaine?
665 Veux-tu te faire aussi cruelle voir,
666 Que tu fais beaux tes yeux apperceuoir?
667 Change ce mal en vn bien pitoyable: [fol. 341r]
668 Rends toy Iullye à mon mal secourable.
669 Rien ne nous rend semblables aux grands Dieux
670 Que la pitié qui regne parmy eux,
671 Et rien n'est tant au ciel recommandable
672 Que faire bien au pauure miserable;
673 Car pour s'aider, pour s'entre-faire bien,

674 Les Dieux ont fait les corps mortels de rien.
675 Qui ceste loy, en faisant mal, offence,
676 Sent des grands Dieux cruelle la vengeance.
677 Puis que leur main nous punist de ces maux
678 Que nous faisons ssentir à noz eqaux,
679 Ne crains-tu point leur fureur inhumaine,
680 Toy qui te rens si cruelle à ma peine?
681 Si la pitié dessur toy n'a pouuoir,
682 Que la frayeur t'ameine à ce deuoir:
683 Fay bien, de peur d'estre des Dieux punie
684 Si tu te rens de douceur ennemie;
685 Et que ie sente adoucir mon mal-heur
686 Aux rais piteux de ta saincte douceur.

IVLLIE

687 Retire toy, Nymphis, ton arrogance
688 Plus mille fois que ton amour m'offence;
689 Et le penser qui abuse ton cœur
690 D'endommager le front de ton honneur
691 Me rend plus prompte à punir ton audace,
692 Que ton amour, qui me froidit en glace.
693 Chaste tousiours i'honore l'amitié,
694 Et de celuy ie trancis de pitié,
695 Que le mal-heur, que le sort lamentable,
696 Non son forfait, ont rendu miserable:
697 C'est à ceux-là qu'il faut rendre secours,
698 Et non à ceux, dont les sales amours
699 Veulent vn iour heureux se faire croire,
700 Au detriment de la pudique gloire. [fol. 341v]
701 Retire toy, & changeant de propos
702 Laisse florir mon honneur en repos;
703 Car autrement i'appelleray contraires
704 A ton salut tous les Dieux debonnaires:
705 Car Apollon auant sera sans iour,
706 Que ie me sente éprise en ton amour. [*Sort Jullie.*]

NYMPHIS

707 Va t'en d'icy, ô Diane, qui fole
708 Me rens fascheux au son de ta parole.
709 Retire toy, & cherche si tu veux
710 Vn autre amant qui reçoiue tes vœux:
711 Fole tu es, Diane, si tu pense
712 Par tes propos esbranler ma constance.
713 Car sans poissons sera la creuse mer,
714 Auparauant que ie puisse t'aimer. [*Sort Nymphis.*]

DIANE

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

FAVSTE

723 Fauste de nom, mais d'effect miserable,
724 Pauure pasteur que la douleur accable,
725 Qui vis sans vie, & qui ne reçois iour
726 Que des brandons de l'infidele Amour,
727 Que de son feu, qui te donnant lumiere,
728 Donne aussi iour à ta palle misere!
729 Pauure pasteur! hé faut-il qu'en viuant
730 Tu sente amour ton espoir deceuant,
731 Autant leger, & de serment fragile [fol. 342r]
732 Comme l'on voit la fortune mobile?
733 Douce l'on sent la palle pauureté
734 Quand pauure on est de nature enfanté,
735 Et le fardeau que de tout temps on porte
736 A nostre corps peu de trauail apporte,
737 Beaucoup celuy qu'on n'a point vsité,

738 Que nostre dos encores n'a porté:
739 Estre né pauure est chose tolerable;
740 Mais deuenir de riche miserable,
741 Se voir perdu par l'accident du sort,
742 C'est vn mal-heur plus cruel que la mort.
743 Aussi la peine aux amans n'est si fiere,
744 Qui n'ont iamais enduré que misere,
745 Que cent desdains, que dix mille douleurs,
746 Qu'elle est à ceux, dont les viues chaleurs
747 Se sont iadis esteintes en l'eau molle
748 Des doux baisers dont l'Amour nous console.
749 Quand l'on est pauure vn regret nous point
750 D'auoir perdu ce que nous n'auions point;
751 Mais quand l'on a, & qu'on perd miserable,
752 Cruelle on sent sa perte deplorable.
753 O[ù][19] est le temps que ma Diane & moy
754 Pareils d'ardeur, egaux en mesme foy,
755 Noz cœurs bruslez de flammes agreables,
756 Estions vnis de volontez semblables?
757 Et noz esprits egaux en passion,
758 Portans alors pareille affection,
759 Noz ames saincts egaux en pareil aise
760 Et trancissans en l'amoureuse braise,
761 Lors que seulets sous les hauts alisiers,
762 Nous nous perdions en mille doux baisers,
763 Qui desroboient à tires amoureuses,
764 A doux haquets noz ames bien-heureuses?
765 Qui se fondoient en vn si doux plaisir, [fol. 342v]
766 Le paradis de leur ardent desir:
767 Noz leures lors de souhait affolees,
768 L'vne sur l'autre estoient fermes collees,
769 Et se pressoient de touchemens si forts,
770 Que nous n'estions qu'vne bouche & vn corps.

19 Orig. "Ou".

771 Le cœur goustant vne si douce proye,
772 Trancissoit d'aise & trepassoit de ioye,
773 Les yeux iettoient vn ruisseau de plaisir,
774 Le front suoit au fourneau du desir,
775 La langue estoit en mille tours pliee,
776 Parmy ce bien qui la tenoit liee.
777 Les nerfs trancis, & le corps transformé
778 En quelque Dieu d'vne Deesse aimé,
779 Les mains sans force, & tremblante l'haleine,
780 Qui se mouroit en si courtoise peine,
781 L'œil sans clarté que pour voir seulement
782 L'heureux object de son contentement,
783 Portant dans luy la ioye & la merueille,
784 Le front rougy d'vne couleur vermeille,
785 Les bras d'amour, comme l'ame embrasez,
786 A mille tours l'vn dans l'autre croisez.
787 Le ciel rioit d'vne amitié si belle,
788 Son front serain le tesmoignoit fidele,
789 Il souhaittoit vn passetemps si doux,
790 Et Coupidon en maigrissoit ialoux:
791 Aussi a t'il cruellement esteinte
792 Par trahison, vne amitié si sainte.
793 Noz lents troupeaux espars tout à l'entour
794 Participoient à nostre sainct amour,
795 Les fleurs montroient comme nous amoureuses
796 D'vn mesme bien, leurs faces gracieuses,
797 S'entortilloient à l'entour de noz bras
798 Et parfumoient noz seins à demy las.
799 Les arbres hauts degouttoient sur noz testes [fol. 343r]
800 A blancs bouquets, mille douces fleurettes:
801 Et pour esteindre vn peu nostre chaleur
802 A longs filets mainte douce liqueur[;][20]

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.

803 Les creux ruisseaux entourez de verdure,
804 Faisoient cesser leur grommelant mumure,
805 Et se rendoient muets pour escouter
806 Noz saints amours doucement raconter:
807 L'herbe dressoit en haut sa pointe belle
808 Pour voir de pres vn amour si fidele.
809 Et les oiseaux se ressentoient heureux
810 Pour en chanter les effects amoureux.
811 O douce vie, au monde tu merite
812 Entre tous biens heureuse d'être dite,
813 Car nul ne sçait combien doux est le iour
814 Qui n'a gousté les doux fruits de l'amour!
815 Tous autres biens, toutes autres liesses,
816 Et tous plaisirs, au prix d'eux, sont detresses,
817 Ce bien tout seul doit estre appellé bien,
818 Au prix de luy tous les biens ne sont rien,
819 Ce sont esbats d'vne folastre enfance,
820 Mais ce doux fruit nous donne cognoissance
821 De l'heur, du bien, que l['']on[21] peut souhaitter
822 Pour au sommet de tous plaisirs monter.
823 L'or seulement l'œil affamé contente,
824 L'honneur mondain en ombre se présente,
825 Pour se passer du iour au lendemain,
826 Les diuers mets remplissent nostre sein,
827 Le saint amy tant seulement console
828 Nostre douleur, au bal de sa parole,
829 Et les grandeurs pour vn temps vont paissant
830 Noz vains pensers, qui meurent en naissant:
831 Mais le doux fruit que l'amour nous presente
832 Nourrist noz cœurs, & noz ames contente,
833 Le seul penser nous contente plus fort [fol. 343v]
834 Que la fortune, & les faueurs du sort.
835 Ah, ô doux bien seul plaisir de mon ame

21 Orig. "lon".

836 Je t'ay perdu! comme dessouz la flamme
837 Du vif Phœbus sur le sommet d'vn mont
838 La blanche neige en vn moment se fond,
839 Pert sa nature, elle change de forme,
840 Et en torrent orageux se transforme;
841 Ainsi ie suis en vn autre refait
842 Ayant perdu vn plaisir si parfait.

FRONTIN [*en entrant*]

843 Pourquoy rends-tu, faute d'auoir enuie
844 De te guarir, si cruelle ta vie?
845 Pourquoy veux-tu mourir à tout propos,
846 Faute de rendre à tes iours le repos?
847 Pourquoy rends-tu ton ame miserable,
848 Pour ne vouloir luy estre secourable?
849 Hé, qui te fait mespriser le secours,
850 Qui peut heureux rendre tes palles jours?
851 L'homme regit la fortune mauuaise:
852 Rien, s'il ne veut, ne peut troubler son aise,
853 Et si l'ennuy le conduit au trespas,
854 C'est que l'ennuy forcer il ne veut pas:
855 Car les grands Dieux luy ont donné puissance
856 Sur toute chose, ayant au monde essence:
857 L'air luy sousrit, adoucit sa douleur,
858 Engendre en luy le froid & la chaleur:
859 La mer cruelle, inhumaine, & sans ame,
860 A ses propos bien souuent se rend calme,
861 Se sent par luy en ses flancs sillonner,
862 Et quelques fois de son cours destourner:
863 Son vif pouuoir à la terre commande,
864 Elle permet que souuent il la fende,
865 La creuse, fouille, & bref à beau loisir [fol. 344r]
866 Qu'il la remue au gré de son desir:
867 Le feu luy sert, il l'esteint perissable,
868 Et quand il veut l'allume espouuentable:
869 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 aisles 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 trouppeaux 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 trouppeau
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 Jls tremblent tous à sa voix enfantine, [fol. 344v]
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,

906 Mis bien souuent au rang des immortels.
907 Qui se peut donc opposer à ta gloire,
908 Et t'empescher de gaigner la victoire
909 Dessur le mal du destin en[u]ieux,[22]
910 Puis que tout cede à l'homme vertueux?

FAVSTE

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

FRONTIN

915 L'amour n'est rien qu'vne folle creance
916 Que nous auons d'une viue puissance.
917 Ostez l'enuie, & le desir d'auoir,
918 Vous osterez l'amour & son pouuoir.

FAVSTE

919 Mail il faudroit estre roche insensee,
920 Pour n'auoir point d'enuie ou de pensee:
921 Faudroit en roc lasche se transformer,
922 Pour voir vn bien, & point ne l'estimer.

FRONTIN

923 Je sçay que l'homme est de souhait capable,
924 Mais son souhait doit estre raisonnable,
925 En souhaittant ce qui peut estre à soy,
926 Sans violer la raison & la loy.

FAVSTE

927 Amour ne veut ces choses recognoistre,

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.

928 Car autrement amour il ne peut estre, [fol. 345r]
929 D'autant qu'il faut qu'vn amour soit ardent
930 Et la raison foible & lasche le rend.

FRONTIN

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

FAVSTE

933 Vaut mieux souffrir en aimant nuit & iour,
934 Qu'estre content & ne cognoistre Amour.

FRONTIN

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

FAVSTE

937 Mais tout plaisir est douleur & tourment,
938 Au prix du mal, que l'on sent en aimant.

FRONTIN

939 Les desperez prennent ioye à s'esteindre
940 Mais toutefois leur douleur n'en est moindre.

FAVSTE

941 Ce qui nous plaist, bien qu'estimé malheur,
942 Ne peut de nous estre appellé douleur.

FRONTIN

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

FAVSTE

945 Jl ne faut pas que le bien de l'amant,
946 Pour estre vif dure trop longuement:
947 Faut que le mal doux le face cognoistre.

FRONTIN

948 Mais las! qui peut en mesme saison estre
949 Triste & content, miserable & heureux?

FAVSTE

950 Ceux que l'amour rend parfaits amoureux.

FRONTIN

951 Comment cela?

FAVSTE

D'autant qu'en ceste eschole [fol. 345v]
952 Vn geste, vn ris, vn pas, vne parole
953 Peut rendre ou gay, ou langoureux l'amant:
954 Tant en amour est le contentement
955 Cher & diuin, & tant on a de crainte
956 De n'auoir pas vne chose si sainte.

FRONTIN

957 Mal-heureux donc les amans, & leurs iours.

FAVSTE

958 Mais bien-heureux de trauailler tousiours.

FRONTIN

959 Est-ce bon heur qu'vn trauail perdurable?

FAVSTE

960 Ouy, alors qu'il nous est agreable.

FRONTIN

961 Celuy d'amour ne peut estre benin.

FAVSTE

962 Si est, car douce en est tousiours la fin.

FRONTIN

963 Mais maint amant meurt pressé de furie.

FAVSTE

964 Je meur[s][23] heureux quand l'amour l'iniurie.

FRONTIN

965 Il n'y a donc point de bien en amour.

FAVSTE

966 Si a, mourant ou iouyssant vn iour.

FRONTIN

967 La mort n'est donc aux amoureux cruelle.

FAVSTE

968 Jl faut mourir, ou iouir de sa belle.

FRONTIN

969 Autre milieu ne se trouue en aimant?

FAVSTE

970 Non, car trop grand est le contentement[24]
971 Qui l'amoureux en iouissant enflamme: [fol. 346r]
972 Et trop cruel le refus de sa Dame.

FRONTIN

973 Mais qui se peut garder d'en estre attaint?

FAVSTE

974 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.

FRONTIN

975 L'heur de l'homme est de viure sans enuie.

FAVSTE

976 Qui n'aime point est indigne de vie.

FRONTIN

977 Mais pour aimer on sent mille malheurs.

FAVSTE

978 L'esprit s'auiue au brazier des douleurs.

FRONTIN

979 Mais tel amour apporte la ruine.

FAVSTE

980 Le bel esprit tout seul d'aimer est digne.

FRONTIN

981 Le bel esprit se perd en ce tourment.

FAVSTE

982 L'on n'a iamais veu de lourdaut amant,
983 Car ceste ardeur auiue leur belle ame,
984 Pour auoir l'heur de complaire à leur Dame.
985 Quelque douleur qui m'aille don[c][25] limant
986 Je veux aimer & mourir en aimant.

FRONTIN

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

25 Orig. "dont".

992 Qui resteindra le feu qui te consomme,
993 Jl te fera par son rare sçauoir
994 De ton desir la iouyssance auoir.

FAVSTE

995 Si en ce mal tu me sers secourable, [fol. 346v]
996 Je te seray plus qu'au Ciel redeuable.
997 Mais nomme moy ceste homme si parfait.

FRONTIN

998 C'est Elymant qui autrefois a fait
999 Troubler du iour la lampe radieuse
1000 En la rendant obscure & tenebreuse:
1001 C'est Elymant dont les magiques vers
1002 Font cheminer le Soleil de trauers;
1003 Qui donne aux nuits aussi claire lumiere
1004 Qu'est de Titan la lampe iournaliere:
1005 C'est Elymant, qui au bal de sa voix
1006 Fait que le Ciel esclatte quelquefois,
1007 Tonne, murmure, & lasche sur la teste
1008 Des rocs pointus sa cruelle tempeste:
1009 C'est Elymant, qui rend au cœur d'hyuer
1010 Le sein glacé de la terre couuert
1011 De mille fleurs, pasture des abeilles,
1012 A celles-là du gay Printemps pareilles;
1013 Et qui d'vn sort contraire à ce bon heur
1014 Rend en Esté la terre sans verdeur:
1015 C'est Elymant, dont la voix insensee
1016 De viue ardeur rend souuent couroucee
1017 La mer profonde, & enterre ses eaux,
1018 Puis les esleue en superbes costaux,
1019 Et qui d'vn sort plus que cet autre vtile,
1020 La rend souuent de cruelle tranquille,
1021 Ses vents il tient dans leur cauerne enclos,
1022 Ses monstres coys, & radoucit ses flots:
1023 C'est Elymant qui d'vne dextre forte

1024 Vn roc d'vn lieu en vn autre transporte:
1025 Qui aux torrens, roullans d'vn roide mont,
1026 Reprendre fait la course contre-mont: [fol. 347r]
1027 C'est Elymant, qui se rend redoutable
1028 A tout demon de nature effroyable,
1029 Qui se fait craindre aux demons stygieux
1030 Qui sont en bas, ou qui sont souz les Cieux,
1031 Qui sont en terre, ou vagans sans lumiere,
1032 Parmy les flots de Thetis marinier[e]:[26]
1033 C'est Elymant, qui fait secher les bois
1034 Ou reuerdir aux souspirs de sa voix:
1035 Qui sçait des bois des puissances diuines,
1036 Celles des fleurs, des herbes, des racines,
1037 Qui les distille, & en tire de l'eau
1038 Qui peut les corps rappeller du tombeau:
1039 C'est Elymant, qui sçait des son enfance
1040 Des feux du Ciel & l'estre & l'influence,
1041 Qui les gouuerne, & de qui le sçauoir,
1042 Seul excellent, en cognoit le pouuoir:
1043 C'est Elymant, qui rend lents & dociles
1044 Par ses doux vers les animaux agiles,
1045 Qui des cruels adoucit la fierté,
1046 Qui des Syluains bride la cruauté:
1047 C'est Elymant que tout suit à la trace,
1048 Ainsi que fut le grand Orphé en Thrace
1049 Par les forests, par les oiseaux, les bois
1050 Lors que sa Lyre adoucissoit sa voix:
1051 C'est Elymant qui guarit toute chose,
1052 Et qui du Ciel à son vouloir dispose.
1053 Il te peut rendre en vn iour bien-heureux,
1054 Rendant esteint ton brazier amoureux.

FAVSTE

1055 J'ay mille fois entendu sa science,

26 Orig. "marinier".

1056 Et toutefois ie n'ay point cognoissance
1057 De son visage: hé Dieu depeins-le moy
1058 Pour le cognoistre vn iour si ie le voy.

FRONTIN

1059 Elymant est d'vne taille Royale, [fol. 347v]
1060 D'vn corps robuste, ayant la couleur palle,
1061 Cousu de nerfs qui paroissent diuers
1062 Desur sa chair, comme on voit au trauers
1063 Du verre clair qui ferme la fenestre,
1064 Au gay matin le beau Soleil paroistre:
1065 Jl est charnu, de cent rides plissé,
1066 Et par endroits de long poil herissé,
1067 Ferme, & dispos, animé de courage,
1068 Bien que ridé l'ait rendu le vieil aage.
1069 Ses cheueux blancs, comme blanc est le front
1070 Durent l'hyuer de quelque esleué mont,
1071 Ou comme blanc on voit le froid visage
1072 D'vn vieil ormeau, despoüillé de feuillage,
1073 Où tous les iours on voit mille corbeaux
1074 En croaçant se percher à trouppeaux.
1075 Ses blancs cheueux, deliez comme soye,
1076 Sont separez par mainte creuse raye,
1077 Et sur son front par tresses deualez,
1078 Semble [*sic*] qu'ils soient dessur sont front collez,
1079 Leurs flots espoix, & leur couleur de naige,
1080 D'vn grand sçauoir rendent clair tesmoignage,
1081 Et leur blancheur pleine de majesté
1082 Monstre vne haute & sainte grauité
1083 Vn scauoir vieu, vne ame qui hardie
1084 D'aucun danger ne tremble acoüardie;
1085 Tels furent ceux du prophete Calcas,
1086 Dont fit iadis la Grece si grand cas.
1087 Son front obscur de mainte grosse ride,
1088 Ressemble vn champ par la chaleur aride,
1089 Où mille trous, mainte creuace on voit,

1090 Qui la rosee auide au matin boit.
1091 Jl est fort large, & sa teinture triste [fol. 348r]
1092 Le vain plaisir des ie[u]nes[27] gens despite;
1093 Dure la peau, vne fosse se rend
1094 Au beau milieu, qui de chagrin se fend;
1095 Mais toutefois ce front est venerable,
1096 Au large front du vieil Nestor semblable.
1097 Ses noirs sourcils, de soin, d'ennuy pressez,
1098 Deuers le front se dressent herissez,
1099 Espoix de poudre, & qui portent la mine
1100 Du poil espoix d'vne louue mutine;
1101 Mais ces sourcils ainsi cruels descrits
1102 De leur object font trembler les esprits.
1103 Tel fut celuy de Cyclops plein d'enuie,
1104 Qui fut priué de lumiere & de vie.
1105 Ses yeux sont grands, roüans de tous costez,
1106 De la frayeur fierement agitez,
1107 Le plus souuent estincellans de rage:
1108 Comme l'on voit flamboyer le visage
1109 Du beau Phœbus au profound d'vn ruisseau,
1110 Quand en tournant il se mire en son eau.
1111 Ils sont enclos dans deux rudes paupieres,
1112 Ridees d'aage, & par le temps seueres,
1113 Jls font pallir les Demons de frayeur,
1114 Les animaux en transcissent de peur,
1115 Ores plombez ils roullent effroyables,
1116 Ores tous blancs, ores espouuentables,
1117 Rouges de feu ils esclattent ardans,
1118 Quand la fureur vient se lancer dedans,
1119 Le doux sommeil que la nuit nous decoche,
1120 Pour les toucher iamais ne s'en approche;
1121 Tousiours veillans, comme veillent les feux
1122 Qui sont la nuit sur la voute des Cieux;

27 Orig. "iennes".

1123 Leur fier regard aux animaux moleste,
1124 Des fiers Demons la course viue arreste,
1125 Ses yeux sont tels, que ceux-là que Iason [fol. 348v]
1126 Charma iadis pour rauir la toison.
1127 Son nez est long, gros, cruel, & farouche[,][28]
1128 Le bout en vient boire dedans sa bouche,
1129 Bouche de qui le palle & triste teint,
1130 Ressemble vn mort par le poison esteint.
1131 Sa leure est faite en voute d'vne crosse,
1132 Espoisse, laide, outre mesure grosse:
1133 Bien que le poil en cache la grosseur,
1134 On voit pourtant au trauers sa laideur.
1135 Lors que cruel ses leures il remue,
1136 Et que son ame est de fureur esmeue,
1137 Les Cieux ont peur, les demons tremblottans
1138 Courent trancis son arrest redoutans.
1139 Ainsi iadis fiere, ardante, & farouche,
1140 Medee ouuroit sa despiteuse bouche,
1141 En prononçant hors de sens & raison
1142 Cent vœux cruels contre le faux Iason.
1143 Sa ioue est creuse, & de couleur egale
1144 A celle-là de la Parque infernale,
1145 Portant la peau entorse durement,
1146 Et mainte ride espoisse horriblement,
1147 Aupres des yeux elle paroist pointue,
1148 Pres de la bouche elle est creuse & fendue,
1149 Ayant tousiours la frayeur & le port
1150 D'vne Megere, & la couleur d'vn mort.
1151 Sa barbe est longue & sa blanche teinture
1152 Couure son sein jusques à la ceinture,
1153 Elle est espoisse & celle-là du fils
1154 Du blond Phœbus de mesme fut iadis.
1155 Son col est gros, fils d'vne longue annee,[29]

28 No punctuation in the original.
29 " [D]'vne longue annee": I understand a reference to a period of good production in the agricul-

1156 Entors de nerfs, de couleur bazanee.
1157 Son sein ouuert comme vn sanglier velu,
1158 Le bras nerueux horriblement pelu,
1159 La main grossiere, & de rides plissee, [fol. 349r]
1160 Qui n'est iamais en trauaillant lassee.
1161 Voilà quel est Elymant, qui te peut
1162 Rendre content, & bien-heureux s'il veut.

FAVSTE

1163 Je le cognois, ô Frontin, à ceste heure,
1164 Mais appren moy la place où il demeure.

FRONTIN

1165 Je le veux bien, & pour te secourir
1166 T'y conduiray si tu veux te guarir.
1167 Dans vn rocher, où n'habite personne
1168 Que le[s][30] esprits, cet enchanteur seiourne:
1169 Ce roc est haut, ayant le chef tout blanc
1170 D'antiquité, & creux le palle flanc,
1171 Sur luy le Ciel son tonnerre ne darde,
1172 Car Elymant par son sçauoir l'[en garde],[31]
1173 Et Iuppiter qui craint de l'offencer,
1174 N'ose son feu sur son chef eslancer:
1175 Ses flancs armez d'espines acerees,
1176 Plantent l'effroy aux ames asseurees:
1177 Mille halliers que ne perse le iour,
1178 A rangs espoix sont confus à l'entour:
1179 On voit du roc sonner tomber sur terre
1180 Auec vn bruit mainte pesante pierre:
1181 La creuse mer l'encerne d'vn costé,
1182 De l'autre part vn ruisseau argenté,
1183 Qui va roullant d'vne fontaine claire,

tural sense (v. *Le Trésor de la langue française*); "de couleur bazanee" in the next line is likewise a rustic image.

30 Orig. "lec".

31 Orig. "engarde".

1184 Qui sort du pied de ce roc solitaire;
1185 Mais ny la mer, ny les courans ruisseaux,
1186 N'osent chocquer ce rocher de leurs eaux,
1187 Si le vieillard ne leur en fait licence,
1188 Tant vn chacun redoute sa puissance.
1189 Dans ces buissons enlacez d'arbrisseaux,
1190 On voit gesir maints cruels animaux,
1191 L'ours, le lion, la louue furieuse, [fol. 349v]
1192 Le tigre prompt, & la biche rameuse.
1193 Ces animaux si proches d'Elymant,
1194 Se rendent prompts à son commandement.
1195 Dessur le front de ceste roche dure,
1196 Cent mille oiseaux de noirastre teinture,
1197 Perchent la nuit, les hibous, les corbeaux,
1198 Chauue-souris, vautours tristes oiseaux,
1199 Qui de leur cry encroüaillé[32] resueillent
1200 Les animaux, qui dans les bois sommeillent.
1201 Dessur le front de ce roc enchanté,
1202 Vn palle ormeau, sans verdeur, est planté,
1203 Dont le pied sec & despouillé d'escorce,
1204 Rend mort le [r]este[33] & les branches sans force,
1205 Branches de qui sans feuilles sont les bras,
1206 Secs, blancs, pourris, & tendans au trespas:
1207 Sur cet ormeau la veuue tourterelle
1208 Se perche & pleint sa compagne fidele;
1209 Souz cet ormeau la place est sans verdeur,
1210 Du temps mangee, & fendue d'ardeur:
1211 Le temps ailé, qui toute chose mine,
1212 Le front blanchy tousiours en égratigne,
1213 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). "Crouailler" ("caw") is well attested; see Huguet, s.v. "croailler". I am grateful to my colleagues Jean-Pierre Bordier, Pierre Pasquier and Toshinori Uetani for their insights on the point.

33 Orig. "feste".

1214 Qui vont crouppir au profond des ruisseaux,
1215 Dont l'eau iallist au heurt de ceste ruine,
1216 Et va mouillant la campagne voisine.
1217 Dedans ce roc Elymant a basty
1218 Vn antre obscur, qui n'a iamais senty
1219 Du blond Soleil la lumiere eternelle,
1220 Antre où la peur loge perpetuelle:
1221 Cet antre est creux, chancelant, tort, & vieu
1222 Large aux bouts, est[r]oit[34] par le milieu[.][35]
1223 Le roc luy sert de paroy qui superbe
1224 S'arme de mousse, & se tapisse d'herbe
1225 De qui le iust & mortelle [*sic*] poison, [fol. 350r]
1226 Fit trespasser Socrate en la prison.
1227 Du roc hideux la moitte & froide voute,
1228 Le blanc salpestre à long filets degoutte.
1229 Au flanc du roc, de mille trous percé
1230 Gist maint serpent affreux & herissé,
1231 De qui la langue en sifflant nous reiette
1232 Le froid poison, que de la terre il tette.
1233 Le paué froid est cruel au marcher
1234 Comme estant fait du ventre d'vn rocher,
1235 Sur luy l['']on[36] voit horriblement rempantes
1236 A tours pliez, les couleuures siflantes,
1237 Les roux aspics, les viperes diuers
1238 En leur couleur, serpens les plus peruers.
1239 Mais ces serpens tous sortis de l'Auerne
1240 N'osent bouger, alors qu'en sa cauerne
1241 Elymant entre, & suiects à ses loix
1242 Dessouz ses piedz il[s][37] se couchent par fois.
1243 Au bout de l'antre vn fier dragon esclaire,
1244 Et de qui l'œil rend la seule lumiere

34 Orig. "estoit".
35 No punctuation in the original.
36 Orig. "lon".
37 Orig. "il".

1245 Qui se voit là, le iour diuin n'y luit,
1246 [Ny][38] les flambeaux de l'ombrageuse nuit.
1247 Jl n'y a point de fenestre en cet antre
1248 Par qui dedans le Soleil diuin entre,
1249 Tout est fermé au iour, à la douceur,
1250 Tout est ouuert à la mort, à l'horreur,
1251 Rien ny reluit que les viues prunelles
1252 De maints serpens aux pointures mortelles.
1253 En vn des coins de cet antre inhumain
1254 Maint liure on voit qui souuent en la main[39]
1255 Elymant porte, & sa verge on aduise
1256 Dont les esprits il appelle & maistrise.
1257 L'on voit aupres mille testes de morts,
1258 Les os blanchis de mille & mille corps,
1259 Qui ont receu des viuans telle iniure [fol. 350v]
1260 Que n'auoir eu en terre sepulture,
1261 L'vn desur l'autre, à demy ja mangez
1262 Du temps goulu, on les voit arrangez,
1263 Comme arrangez en forme rehaussee,
1264 Estoit iadis mainte pile sechee,
1265 De bois ardent, quand on bruloit les corps,
1266 D'vn soin pieux des sepulcrables morts:
1267 Le fin vieillard souuent les fait resoudre
1268 Ores en eau, ores en froide poudre,
1269 Et bien souuent les mesle en ses fureurs
1270 Auec le suc des herbes & des fleurs,
1271 Afin d'en faire vne poudre secrette,
1272 Dont le cruel rend la terre deserte
1273 En l'espanchant sur son sein qui encor
1274 Jette le bled qui prend la couleur d'or:
1275 De ce vieillard la robbe coustumiere
1276 Est de peaux d'Ours, ou d'vne louue fiere.
1277 Voilà le lieu où demeure Elymant,

38 Orig. "N'y".
39 The "n" in "main" stands out as a displaced or deformed character in the three copies collated.

1278 Qui peut guarir ton amoureux tourment.

FAVSTE

1279 Allons le voir: ie croy que sa science
1280 Peut apporter à mon mal allegeance.
1281 Faut tout remede en amour esprouuer,
1282 Car rien trop bon on ne peut y trouuer. [*Sortent Fauste et Frontin.*]

LE CHŒUR

1283 Durant la saison [n]ouuelle[40]
1284 Le roux aspic renouuelle
1285 Sa peau vieille au teint de gris,
1286 Le pré reprend sa verdure:
1287 Mais celuy tousiours endure,
1288 Qui de l'amour est épris.
1289 Le rocher froit & sauuage [fol. 351r]
1290 Se sent descharger de [naige][41],
1291 La glace y fond peu à peu,
1292 La mer n'est tousiours cruelle:
1293 Mais l'Amour sans fin bourrelle
1294 Les cœurs espris de son feu.
1295 Le bœuf à l'espaule forte
1296 Le ioug sans cesse ne porte:
1297 Le bouuier lassé s'endort:
1298 Le nautonnier prent haleine:
1299 Mais des amoureux la peine
1300 Ne finit que par la mort.
1301 Lors que le Soleil esclaire
1302 L'Aurore perd la riuiere
1303 De ses ordinaires pleurs:
1304 Niobé tousiours ne pleure:
1305 Mais l'amant sans fin demeure
1306 Pressé de mille douleurs.

40 Orig. "uouuelle".
41 Orig. "inage".

1307 Le chien le repos embrasse
1308 Apres auoir fait la chasse:
1309 Le loup repose son corps:
1310 Bref toute chose sommeille,
1311 Fors l'amant qu'Amour reueille
1312 De l'horreur de mille morts.

ACTE SECOND. [fol. 351v]

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

HECTOR [*en entrant*]

1313 Qvel nouueau feu? quelle nouuelle enuie
1314 Troublent les iours de ma dolente vie?
1315 Quel changement de climat & d'humeur
1316 Brouille mon ame, & attriste mon cœur?
1317 O mille fois inconstantes les choses
1318 Que ce grand ciel tient en son cerne encloses!
1319 Rien d'asseuré ne demeure icy bas
1320 Que la frayeur du pallissant trespas.
1321 Le ciel confus fait eschanger de place
1322 Aux petits feux qui luisent sur sa face,
1323 Les fait mouuoir, quitter leur seiour vieu,
1324 Et bien souuent faire eschange de lieu,
1325 L'air bien serain, & de riant visage,
1326 Change en vn rien sa douceur en orage,
1327 Gronde, foudroye, & en craintiue peur
1328 Tient des mortels & l'esprit & le cœur.
1329 La mer tranquille ayant la face belle
1330 En vn instant deuient fiere & cruelle,
1331 Bondit d'horreur, & iusqu'au front des cieux
1332 Fait rejallir ses flots iniurieux,
1333 Siffle murmure, & maint escailleux monstre [fol. 352r]
1334 Parmy ses flots sa teste horrible montre.
1335 L'homme qui est de nature parfait,
1336 Et pour regir tous les animaux fait,
1337 D'vn vif esprit, pere d'experience,
1338 Où bien souuent seiourne la prudence,
1339 Fort, braue, fin, de nature dispos,
1340 Dont sages sont les faits & les propos,
1341 Qui participe à toutes les natures

1342 Viues ou non, des autres creatures,
1343 Et bref qui est icy bas comme vn Dieu,
1344 Change souuent de nature & de lieu,
1345 D'air de pais, & de neuf se gouuerne,
1346 Veut voir la terre & la mer qui l'encerne:
1347 Mais en changeant son climat frequenté,
1348 Il change aussi souuent de volonté.
1349 Bien que de luy l'esprit ne soit muable,
1350 Il suit pourtant nostre corps variable,
1351 Souuent s'accorde à noz affections,
1352 Suit noz desirs, noz vœux, noz passions.
1353 Comme l'on voit la blanche bergerie
1354 Suiure le bouc qui marche en la prairie,
1355 Estant tousiours à la teste & au front
1356 Du blanc troupeau qui le suit tout du long.
1357 S'il fait vn pas tout le troupeau l'imite,
1358 S'il fuit poureux chacun se met en fuite,
1359 S'il va beellant le troupeau beelle aussi,
1360 Et s'il s'arreste, il s'arreste trancy:
1361 Ainsi l'esprit qui deust estre conduite
1362 A nostre corps, le plus souuent l'imite,
1363 Et l'imitant change ordinairement
1364 Comme le corps sujet au changement.
1365 Ha ie l'espreuue! ayant changé de place,
1366 Je change aussi de nature & de face.
1367 La mer m'ayant en ce desert ietté, [fol. 352v]
1368 Jette hors de moy la vieille volonté
1369 Qui me guidoit souz la faueur des armes,
1370 Au plus cruel des combats & alarmes:
1371 Mais, las, depuis i'ay de vouloir changé,
1372 Et loin de moy ce desir estrangé!
1373 Ainsi iadis Hercul honneur de Grece
1374 Changea de cœur, d'ardeur & de promesse,
1375 D'habits, de mœurs, de voix, de volonté,
1376 Pour adorer d'Iole la beauté.
1377 J'en fais de mesme, & ma valeur guerriere

1378 Change en l'amour d'vne simple bergere.
1379 Ie ne suis plus cet Hector renommé
1380 Qui paroissoit dedans vn camp armé,
1381 De qui le front rougi de viue audace,
1382 Plantoit au cœur de l'ennemy la glace:
1383 Ie ne suis plus cet Hector genereux
1384 Qui dans le front de Mars iniurieux
1385 Graua iadis par la pointe aceree
1386 De son estoc sa memoire honoree:
1387 Ie ne suis plus heritier du beau nom
1388 Du grand Hector, ny de son vif renom,
1389 Mais bien plustost ie chemine en la trace
1390 Du mol Paris, veuf de sang & d'audace.
1391 Superbe Amour, maintenant ie coignois
1392 A mon malheur, que souz tes dures loix
1393 Le ciel flechit, que ta grande puissance
1394 Jusqu'es enfers se trouue en reuerence:
1395 La mer te craint, & la terre souz toy
1396 Tremble de peur & halette d'effroy.
1397 Ie le cognois, las! mais quoy? ce n'est honte
1398 D'estre vaincu par vn Dieu qui surmonte
1399 Tous les humains, & force glorieux
1400 Le grand Iuppin d'abandonner les cieux
1401 Pour s'en venir en ceste terre basse [fol. 353r]
1402 Faire l'amour aux Nymphes qu'il pourchass[e].[42]
1403 Si ce grand Dieu lance-foudre sans fin
1404 Se sent forcer par cet Amour diuin,
1405 S'il luy permet d'auoir sur luy victoire,
1406 Ne doy-ie pas reputer à grand gloire
1407 D'estre vaincu d'vn vainqueur si parfait,
1408 Qui des grands Dieu la puissance deffait?
1409 Venus aima, Diane forestiere
1410 Serue se vit de ce doux aduersaire,

42 Orig.: "e" inverted.

1411 Aimant les yeux, ou plustost deux flambeaux
1412 Du vif Phœbus, de deux beaux pastoureaux:
1413 Si i'aime aussi vne bergere belle,
1414 De qui la face est sainte comme celle
1415 Ou de Pallas, de Iunon, ou Cypris,
1416 Pour cela doy-ie estre en aimant repris?
1417 Non, c'est honneur d'aimer, cherir & suiure
1418 Ce que parfait la nature fait viure.
1419 Toute beauté peut noz cœurs enflammer,
1420 Et peut noz yeux contraindre de l'aimer.
1421 Mais, las! voicy celle qui tient rauie
1422 En son amour la vigueur de ma vie.

IULLIE [*en entrant*]

1423 O que puissant le celeste pouuoir
1424 De l'immortel à noz yeux se fait voir!
1425 Combien il rend de viue experience
1426 De la hauteur de sa sainte puissance!
1427 Le ciel qui tourne à noz saisons humain,
1428 Fut fait par luy d'vne puissante main:
1429 Vn mot tout seul de sa voix glorieuse
1430 En composa la face lumineuse,
1431 Le separant des flots marins salez,
1432 Et de la terre ensemblement meslez.
1433 Jl luy donna pour sa robbe nociere
1434 Vn bleu[f][43] manteau où la claire lumiere [fol. 353v]
1435 Du beau Soleil superbe se respand
1436 En mille feux, chacun vif & ardent.
1437 Ce ciel basty d'vne main si puissante
1438 Se sent regir par vne autre prudente:
1439 Car en son rang Phœbus on voit tousiours
1440 A pas ailez qui commence son cours,
1441 La nuit le suiure, & les feux en leur place,
1442 Ayant chacun lumineuse la face,

43 A variant spelling of "bleu"; see Huguet, s.v.

1443 Chacun ayant son naturel pouuoir
1444 Sans l'vn sur l'autre ardants se faire voir,
1445 Sans se confondre, & par vn lourd desordre
1446 Entremesler vn si concordant ordre,
1447 Que l'Eternel d'vn pouuoir glorieux
1448 A, les creant, estably parmy eux.
1449 L'œil peut bien voir ceste voute diuine,
1450 L'esprit en peut entendre l'origine,
1451 Mais non sçauoir combien il doit parfait
1452 Durer en estre, & dequoy Dieu l'a fait.
1453 De ce beau [c]iel[44] vn air courtois distile,
1454 Qui rend la terre à noz labeurs fertile,
1455 Qui nous fait viure, & qui rend à noz corps
1456 Le sang, l'ardeur, & les frequents accords:
1457 Par le bien fait de ce ciel qu'on admire
1458 Comme diuin le corps mortel respire,
1459 L'arbre fleurit, la terre rend couuert
1460 Souz sa faueur son beat sein tout de vert.
1461 Apres le ciel on voit la terre verte
1462 De mille fleurs, de mille fruits couuerte,
1463 Tous differents de goust & de saueur,
1464 Bien que pareils en nature & grosseur,
1465 Comme pareils sont les hommes d'essence,
1466 De qui les fronts sont pleins de difference.
1467 De ceste terre où l'on marche tousiours,
1468 Que l'on remue & creuse tous les iours, [fol. 354r]
1469 L'homme ne peut cognoistre la matiere
1470 Dont elle est faite en sa rondeur entiere:
1471 Jl cognoist bien son pouuoir, son credit,
1472 Son naturel, sa valeur par son fruit:
1473 Il sçait comment il peut bien de sterile
1474 Par son labeur la faire estre fertile,
1475 Il sçait comment il la faut engraisser,

44 First letter barely legible: "s"?

1476 Becher, semer, & par fois terrasser,
1477 Mais il ne peut en son ame imparfaite
1478 Iuger dequoy ceste grand masse est faite:
1479 Dieu seul le sçait qui en est createur,
1480 Et qui se rend de toute chose autheur.
1481 Apres aussi on voit la mer feconde
1482 Qui de ses bras ceint ceste terre ronde,
1483 Qui roule autour de ce bas globe enclos
1484 Sans le noyer au milieu de ses flots.
1485 Mer qui nourrit en son ventre pariure
1486 Mille poissons de diuerse nature,
1487 Qui sont poissons de mesme estre venus,
1488 Et toutefois tous differents cogneus,
1489 Soit en grosseur, soit en goust ou en forme,
1490 L'vn est plaisant, l'autre sale & difforme,
1491 Portant le corps de monstres imparfaits,
1492 Que la nature en ses erreurs a faits :
1493 Car la nature en ses effects cornue,
1494 Est bien souuent imparfaite cogneue,
1495 Qui monstre assez que par sus elle vn Dieu
1496 Regit le cours de ce terrestre lieu,
1497 Qu'il est parfait, & parfait luy abonde
1498 L'ordre qu'il tient à gouuerner le monde:
1499 De ceste mer on voit courir souuent,
1500 Bruire & bondir les flots enflez du vent,
1501 Mugir de rage, & blancs d'escume amere:
1502 Comme l'on voit mugir d'aspre cholere [fol. 354v]
1503 Le fier taureau, bugler, courir, poussé
1504 De la fureur qui le rend insensé,
1505 Ores il passe vn creux estang à nage,
1506 Ores il court dans vn desert sauuage,
1507 Ores amont les superbes costaux,
1508 Ores parmy les mugissants troupeaux,
1509 Quand du lion la pate furieuse
1510 Luy a rauy sa genisse amoureuse
1511 Qu'il va cherchant, halletant furieux

1512 Le front, la bouche, & le sein escumeux.
1513 Ainsi les flots de la pariure amie
1514 Du vieil Pelops, sont poussez de furie,
1515 Ceste mer porte vn millier de basteaux,
1516 Et ce pendant nul ne peut de ses eaux
1517 Ny de son cours comprendre l'excellence,
1518 Ny la matiere où elle prit esssence:
1519 Son seul autheur à qui rien n'est caché,
1520 De cet erreur ne se trouue empesché.
1521 Voilà combien on rencontre admirable
1522 En tous ses faits ce grand Dieu redoutable,
1523 Qui nourrit tout par vn conseil prudent
1524 Ce qui du iour va le front regardant,
1525 De qui la iuste & sainte prouidence
1526 Rend tout parfait aux rais de sa prudence.
1527 Le ciel benit son nom victorieux,
1528 L'enfer le craint, & ces terrestres lieux
1529 Vont l'honorant: il n'est herbe si vaine,
1530 Ver si petit, qui son loz ne tesmoigne,
1531 Et qui ne rende, armé, nourry, vestu
1532 Par son secours, preuue de sa vertu.
1533 Tout vit souz luy, & les feres superbes
1534 Soulent leur fain du suc pleureux des herbes,
1535 Les oysillons viuent des espics meurs,
1536 Le poisson d'eau & l'auette de fleurs. [fol. 355r]
1537 Voilà combien immortelle est la cure
1538 De ce grand Dieu, qui d'vne nourriture
1539 Aux animaux de contraire appetit,
1540 [Va donnant][45] repas jusques au plus petit.
1541 C'est ce grand Dieu que tout seul ie desire
1542 Aimer, seruir, honorer & benire:
1543 Son amour seul tient mon cœur allumé,
1544 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 Montreux's idiom (see, e.g., above, ll. 1209, 1261 and 1274) but also arguably gives a better line metrically.

1545 Car tout amour qui tire son essence
1546 Du vain suject d'vne basse puissance,
1547 Meurt tout soudain, comme passe leger
1548 Durant l'orage vn esclair passager:
1549 Le suject mort, d'où l'amour prenoit vie,
1550 Faut bien aussi que l'amour soit rauie.
1551 L'amour diuin est seul qui ne meurt point,
1552 Car le suject n'en sçauroit estre esteint:
1553 Tousiours en regne immortelle la flamme
1554 Dans nostre cœur, dans noz sens, dans nostre ame:
1555 Et ce sainct feu agreable nous rend
1556 A celuy-là, de qui son estre il prend.
1557 Voilà pourquoy au seul amour i'aspire,
1558 Qui noz esprits à l'Immortel attire,
1559 Et en gardant mes troupeaux par ces bois,
1560 Je veux donner mon flageol & ma voix
1561 A racomter [*sic*] de l'Eternel la gloire,
1562 De qui l'amour seul vit en ma memoire. [*Sort Iullie.*]

HECTOR

1563 Ha qu'ay je ouy? ie suis desesperé!
1564 Ce cœur de glace est vn roc emmuré
1565 De cruauté, de desdain & de rage,
1566 Où ie voy peint l'horreur de mon dommage!
1567 Mais ie m'en vay tout lassé m'approcher
1568 Du pied retors de ce ferme rocher[:][46]
1569 Puis que l'amour sans repos me martyre, [fol. 355v],
1570 Ne doy je pas mes complaintes redire?
1571 ECHO, *dire.*
1572 N'est-ce pas toy Echo qui m'as ouy?
1573 ECHO, *ouy.*
1574 Or sus dy-moy: doit mon espoire reuiure?
1575 ECHO, *viure.*

46 No punctuation in the original.

1576 Et quel sera mon mal d'antiquité?
1577 ECHO, *quitté.*
1578 Puis-je esperer que l'Amour me contente?
1579 ECHO, *tente.*
1580 Qu'apportera son desdain absenté?
1581 ECHO, *santé.*
1582 Et le suject dont je brusle d'enuie?
1583 ECHO, *vie.*
1584 Que doy-je attendre en mon fier desespoir?
1585 ECHO, *espoir.*
1586 Et en l'amour qui me rend en mesaise?
1587 ECHO, *aise.*
1588 Et du desir qui me rend mal-heureux?
1589 ECHO, *heureux.*
1590 Doit donc le ciel mon attente refaire?
1591 ECHO, *faire.*
1592 Le puis-je voir ma douleur terminer?
1593 ECHO, *miner.*
1594 O bien-heureux: il faut que ie me chante
1595 Sous la faueur d'vne si douce attente!
1596 Ie veux le mal loin de mes iours chasser,
1597 Et l'esperance heureuse rembrasser,
1598 Puis que ce Dieu qui dans ce roc habite,
1599 Daigne seruir à mes iours de conduite.
1600 Il faut d'vn Dieu le presage estimer,
1601 Et son oracle indubitable aimer.

ARBUSTE [*en entrant*]

1602 O fol amant de croire en la parole [fol. 356r]
1603 De ce rocher, où sejourne l'eschole
1604 Du songe vain, dont Morphee est seigneur,
1605 Où du sommeil est le lict deceueur!
1606 Hé penses-tu qu'vne roche inhumaine,
1607 Sans sentiment, sans force, sans haleine
1608 Et sans pouuoir, puisse apporter vn iour
1609 Par ses propos remede à ton amour?
1610 Le grand Iuppin, qui seul regit les astres,

1611 Qui peut tout seul terminer noz desastres,
1612 Et qui commande aux immortels esprits,
1613 Ne le peut faire estant d'amour épris,
1614 Estant suject de ceste viue flamme,
1615 Qui, comme au tien, s'allume dans son ame.
1616 Penses-tu donc qu'vn rocher insensé,
1617 Du foudre ardant à toute heure blessé,
1618 Qu'vn roc espois, sans sentiment, sans vie,
1619 Puisse guarir le mal qui t'iniurie?
1620 O pouure fol, si en ce roc tu crois!
1621 Car d'Apollon la fatidique voix
1622 Le plus souuent est mesme tromperesse,
1623 Bien que d'vn Dieu tant fameux elle naisse,
1624 Et de Iuppin, le grand Dieu des humains,
1625 Tousiours ne sont les oracles certains:
1626 Le plus souuent ils deçoiuent les hommes,
1627 Et des esprits souuent trompez nous sommes.
1628 Penses-tu donc que la voix d'vn rocher
1629 Puisse ton mal violent estancher?
1630 Tu es deceu, & l'amoureuse peine
1631 N'est si aisee à guarir inhumaine.
1632 Car rien ne peut forcer vne beauté
1633 Que nous aimons, d'auoir la volonté
1634 De nous cherir, fors Amour, qui assemble
1635 Deux cœurs en vn, & deux esprits ensemble. [fol. 356v]
1636 Ny des deuins les charmes deceueurs,
1637 Ny le suc vert de cent diuerses fleurs,
1638 Ny la liqueur des racines superbes,
1639 Ny le iust[47] mol des renaissantes herbes,
1640 Ny les lauriers charmez de mots diuers
1641 Sous l'oreiller arrangez de trauers,
1642 La sierge[48] vierge en eschelle haussee,
1643 Et sous l'oreille en sommeillant posee,

47 I.e., "jus" (attested variant).
48 I.e., "cierge" (attested variant).

1644 Ny tous le vœux que l'on offre sans bruit,
1645 Lors que le iour dans le ciel ne reluit,
1646 Les pieds tous nuds, la teste escheuelee,
1647 Le sein ouuert à la Lune estoilee,
1648 Ny la douceur d'vn poème emprunté,
1649 D'vn chaud breuage, ou d'vn os alaitté,
1650 Ny de mille os, qui n'ont eu sepulture,
1651 La poudre seche à la blanche teinture,
1652 Meslee auec mille diuerses eaux,
1653 Ne rendent sains les amoureux trauaux:
1654 Et ne sçauroient nous donner esperance,
1655 D'auoir vn iour heureuse iouissance
1656 De noz desirs; car tout cela ne sert
1657 Que de regret du temps que l'on y pert,
1658 Puis que l'Archer qui les Dieux mesme domte,
1659 De ces erreurs ne daigne faire conte.

HECTOR

1660 Hé dy moy donc comme ie puis vn iour,
1661 Cueillir les fruicts de mon cruel amour?
1662 Dy moy comment on peut l'amour esprendre
1663 En celle-là qu'on veut pour Dame prendre?

ARBVSTE

1664 L'amour n'est rien qu'vn souhait vif & doux,
1665 Qui d'vn effort s'allume dedans nous,
1666 Qui s'y esprent de la chose presente
1667 Que l'œil fait estre à notre ame plaisante. [fol. 357r]
1668 Ce qu'on ne voit digne d'estre estimé,
1669 Ne peut aussi estre de l'ame aimé.
1670 L'amour par l'œil (comme par la fenestre
1671 On voit le iour) entre & se fait cognoistre:
1672 A noz esprits il vient soudainement,
1673 Et quelquefois s'allume lentement.
1674 L'amour soudain d'vne premiere flamme,
1675 Que iette vn œil s'allume dans nostre ame,

1676 Ou s'y esprend auec le cours des ans;
1677 Et ce dernier y reste plus long temps:
1678 Car la parole, & la longue constance,
1679 Qui rend aux cœurs certaine cognoissance,
1680 D'vn mesme vueil, mesmes mœurs, & que tel
1681 Est composé leur commun naturel,
1682 Rend vn amour si constant & fidele,
1683 Qu'il ne meurt point que par la mort cruelle;
1684 C'est vn desir qui pareil se fait voir
1685 En deux esprits qu'il tient sous son pouuoir:
1686 Et ce desir en maints soucis se change,
1687 Lors que le temps à l'aider ne se range,
1688 Lors qu'il ne peut par le mal-heur contraint,
1689 Estre accomply, & que la peur l'esteint.
1690 Voilà d'où vient l'eternelle misere
1691 Du ferme amant, qui transi desespere,
1692 Et qui ne voit, de cent frayeurs remply,
1693 De mille maux, son desir accomply.
1694 Car si les cœurs, si les ames fatales
1695 Ne sont en mœurs & volontez egales,
1696 Et si plaisans, si beaux, si gracieux
1697 En se voyans ne s'estiment les yeux;
1698 Tout l'or du monde, & toute la puissance
1699 Des cieux deuins, & toute la prudence
1700 Qui regne icy, ne sçauroient allumer
1701 Aucun amour qui nous force d'aimer. [fol. 357v]
1702 L'amour diuin, & de forme diuine,
1703 Ne reçoit point ny raison, ny doctrine;
1704 Il ne peut estre en fueilletant appris,
1705 Comme vn sçauoir qui peut estre compris;
1706 Il vit en nous, il a sur nous puissance,
1707 Sans que l'on puisse entendre son essence,
1708 D'où il est fait, & qu'elle est de son corps
1709 La forme viue, & les frequens accords:
1710 Nous sentons bien qu'en autre il nous transforme,
1711 Que nostre esprit par luy change de forme

1712 Et de grossier, d'ignorant, d'imparfait,
1713 Brusque & sçauant en vn rien il est fait;
1714 Car tout [amant][49] que l'Amour illumine,
1715 Porte tousiours vne ame plus diuine,
1716 Vn cœur [plus][50] noble, vn front plus estimé
1717 Que celuy-là qui n'a iamais aimé.
1718 Amour est donc pere de gentillesse,
1719 Les plus couards il arme de prouesse,
1720 Les ignorans aux doctes il fait voir
1721 Pleins de prudence, & diuins en sçauoir.
1722 Pallas qui eut sur les Titans victoire,
1723 Au prix de luy, est indigne de gloire,
1724 Mars, Apollon, Iunon, Venus, les Sœurs,
1725 Au prix de luy, sont indignes d'honneurs:
1726 Car sans l'Amour, le ciel est sans puissance,
1727 Et la terre est despourueüe d'essence;
1728 C'est le lien qui les choses conjoint,
1729 C'est la saincte eau qui le discord esteint:
1730 Par luy les Dieux ont receu l'ame & l'estre,
1731 Et les mortels viuans il fait paroistre,
1732 Sans luy le ciel seroit vuide des Dieux,
1733 Sans luy seroient sans hommes ces bas lieux,
1734 Rien n'auroit vie,& la terre seulette
1735 De tous viuans se trouueroit deserte. [fol. 358r]
1736 Mais cet Amour recompense icy bas
1737 Tout le meschef qu'apporte le trespas,
1738 Et de la mort il refait le dommage
1739 Multipliant nostre mortel lignage:
1740 Mais ce grand bien à tous biens inegal,
1741 Ne s'acquiert pas sans souffrir bien du mal,
1742 Sans trauailler, & sans desesperee
1743 Porter son ame & sa face esploree [*sic*].
1744 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 trauaux, & nous donne allegeance.
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: [fol. 358v]
1768 Car plus cruel son ame mille fois
1769 Apparoistra que les feres des bois,
1770 Son cœur plus dur qu'vne roche hautaine,
1771 Si mes propos ne la rendent humaine.
1772 Je sçay comment faut ces cœurs adoucir,
1773 Ie sçay au bal de ma langue flechir
1774 Les ieunes cœurs, que la saincte nature
1775 Rend de l'amour l'heureuse nourriture.
1776 J'ay des long temps ce mestier commencé,

1777 Et ramolly maint courage offencé.
1778 Je sçay que c'est; le temps & la science
1779 M'en ont donné parfaite cognoissance.

HECTOR

1780 Ha tes propos si remplis de sçauoir
1781 Sage te font ores apperceuoir,
1782 Et les discours que ton esprit enfante,
1783 Te font par tout cognoistre pour sçauante,
1784 Ce qui me fait attendre en mes amours
1785 Beaucoup de bien, de ton sage secours:
1786 Car l'aage vieil, pere d'experience,
1787 Nous rend ornez de parfaite science,
1788 Et les vieillards d'erreur ne sont surpris
1789 En l'art qu'ils ont des leur ieunesse appris.
1790 Cognois tu pas ceste Nymphe iolie,
1791 Dite par tout la superbe Jullie,
1792 Belle, prudente, & de qui la beauté
1793 N'a point d'egale au monde merité?
1794 C'est celle-là qui tient captif mon ame.

ARBVSTE

1795 O que d'amour cruelle t'est la flamme!
1796 O que peruers il est à ton bon-heur!
1797 O qu'il r'esclost de funeste mal-heur!
1798 Car celle-là qu'il te donne pour Dame,
1799 Ne sçait que c'est de l'amoureuse flamme; [fol. 359r]
1800 Elle est cruelle, & son farouche cœur
1801 Ne sçait que vaut l'amoureuse douceur:
1802 Elle ne veut tant seulement entendre
1803 Ce qui luy peut les loix d'Amour apprendre;
1804 C'est vn rocher qui ne s'esbranle point:
1805 C'est vn esprit que le desir n'espoint,
1806 Bref c'est vn cœur ennemy de soy-mesme,

1807 Qui hait l'Amour que tout [aimant][51] 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.

ARBVSTE

1821 Le mesme feu qui nous peut enflammer.

HECTOR

1822 Mais, las, d'amour egale n'est la flamme ! [fol. 359v]

ARBVSTE

1823 Comme fait l'homme, aussi aime la femme.

HECTOR

1824 Mais leur amour est souuent different.

ARBVSTE

1825 Non est, alors que soigneux[52] on s'en rend.

HECTOR

1826 L'amour ne peut forcer vne chaste ame.

ARBVSTE

1827 Son feu diuin les immortels enflamme.

HECTOR

1828 Peut-il forcer vn esprit genereux?

ARBVSTE

1829 Jl le peut bien, puis qu'il force les Dieux.

HECTOR

1830 Mais il ne peut, dis-tu, rien sur Iullie.

ARBVSTE

1831 Ce qui n'est pas peut vn iour auoir vie.

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

HECTOR

1832 Ha, ie n'ay point d'esperance en ce bien!

ARBVSTE

1833 L'heur nous suruient, lors qu'on n'espere rien.

HECTOR

1834 Sur toy ie veux ma fortune remettre,
1835 Fay ton secours à mon besoin cognoistre,
1836 Et me remets l'attente, si tu peux.

ARBVSTE

1837 Je le feray auec l'aide des Dieux. [*Sortent Hector et Arbvuste.*]

[*Entrent Élymant, Fauste and Frontin*][53]

ELYMANT

1838 Puis que mon art, qui regne en asseurance
1839 Parmi les Dieux, vous est en reuerence;
1840 Que son secours vous voulez rechercher [fol. 360r]
1841 Pour au besoin voz mal-heurs estancher,
1842 Que vous auez la creance certaine
1843 Qu'il peut guarir vostre amoureuse peine[;][54]
1844 Et par mes vers horriblement charmez,
1845 Pleins de furie, & de rage animez,
1846 Chasser au loin le mal qui [v]ous[55] bourrelle,
1847 Ou rendre douce à voz vœux ceste belle
1848 Qui mesprisant la puissance des Dieux,
1849 Rit de vous voir pour elle mal-heureux[;][56]
1850 Je ne veux pas pour doubler vostre peine

53 A change of scene must take place.
54 Full stop in the original.
55 Orig. "nous", which would be just possible but is more likely erroneous.
56 Again, full stop in the original.

1851 Rendre aujourd'huy vostre esperance vaine,
1852 Vain vostre espoir, & perdu vostre temps
1853 Mais bien vous rendre en voz amours contens,
1854 Vous en verrez tantost l'experience,
1855 Et combien peut la magique science.
1856 Mais ne soyez d'aucune crainte épris
1857 Encor qu'icy accourent les esprits.
1858 Pour appeller les Demons de l'Auerne,
1859 Et ceux du ciel, à l'entour de ce cerne,
1860 Ie veux en rendre inuincibles les bords,
1861 Par mille mots qui font trancir les morts.
1862 Jcy Phœbus descouure sa lumiere,
1863 Jcy se plonge en sa couche ordinaire,
1864 Septentrion de ce costé ie voy,
1865 Et le Midy de l'autre i'apperçoy.
1866 Mais sus, auant Diane au ciel sacree,
1867 Diuine en terr[e][57], es Enfers adoree,
1868 Lune au haut ciel, Diane en ces forests
1869 Pleines d'esmail, Hecate aux noirs Enfers,
1870 Sus, aide moy à parfaire mes charmes,
1871 Au bruit grondant de mes magiques carmes.
1872 Et vous esprits qui dans l'air demeurez,
1873 Qui bien souuent fierement murmurez,
1874 Lors que meslez parmy le fier tonnerre, [fol. 360v]
1875 Vous imprimez la terreur sur la terre.
1876 Ailez esprits, qui çà & là marchez,
1877 Et sous des peaux differentes chachez,
1878 Trompez souuent nostre veüe effrayee
1879 Durant le iour, & la nuict estoillee,
1880 Esprits puissants, comme lors que formez
1881 De l'Eternel vous fustes animez,
1882 Mais plus chetifs, priuez par vostre faute
1883 Du sainct sejour de la deïté haute.

57 Orig. "terrr".

1884 Et vous esprits, qui cachez dans la mer
1885 Faites souuent les vaisseaux abysmer,
1886 Quand la tempeste à flots cruels outrage
1887 La creuse mer qui bouillonne de rage;
1888 Parmy l'orage & les vents & les flots
1889 Le plus souuent vous demeurez enclos,
1890 Pour engloutir l'infortuné nauire,
1891 Qui de Thetis fait espreuue de l'ire.
1892 Cruels espr[i]ts[58], accourez, accourez,
1893 Et mes desseins promptement secourez:
1894 Quittez la mer au nautonnier tranquille,
1895 Puis que vostre aide ores ie cherche vtile:
1896 Et me venez prester vostre secours,
1897 Qui par vous peux du ciel changer le cours.
1898 Et vous esprits, qui pour faire la guerre
1899 Aux animaux demeurez sur la terre,
1900 Empoisonnans les herbes & les fleurs,
1901 Et cognoissans des simples les valeurs:
1902 Esprits malins, qui aux palles sorcieres
1903 Auez appris les poudres mortuaires,
1904 Et les venins dont elles font perir
1905 Les fruicts my-meurs, & les hommes mourir,
1906 Dont elles font d'vne rage cruelle
1907 Tarir le laict en la pleine mamelle,
1908 Secher les corps des animaux lassez, [fol. 361r]
1909 Par ce venin inhumain offencez.
1910 Et vous esprits qui gardez dans la terre
1911 Tous les thresors que sa poitrine enserre,
1912 Qui demeurez es mines des metaux,
1913 Et aux mortels apportez mille maux:
1914 Cruel esprits, affamez d'auarice,
1915 Qui rapportez parmy nous l'injustice,
1916 Et le desir ardent de posseder
1917 Mille thresors, que vous souliez garder.

58 Orig. "esprtts".

1918 Et vous Demons, que le Dieu de l'Auerne
1919 Le noir Pluton, horriblement gouuerne;
1920 Esprits d'Enfer qui d'vn œil de trauers,
1921 Pouuez changer le cours de l'Vniuers.
1922 Esprits ailez, de nature subtile,
1923 A qui rien n'est sous les cieux difficile.
1924 Esprits cruels, qui gesnez es bas lieux
1925 Des condemnez les esprits vicieux
1926 Qui rotissez cruellement les ames
1927 Et les plongez aux infernales flammes[,]
1928 Je vous inuoque, & d'vn carme trancy
1929 D'aspre frayeur ie vous appelle icy.
1930 Accourez tous, comme court eschappee
1931 Parmy les bois la genisse frappee
1932 Du feu du ciel, elle tombe de peur,
1933 Et tous ses pas chancellent de frayeur.
1934 Ha ie vous voy, ô troupe criminelle!
1935 O noirs esprits! bande fiere & cruelle!
1936 Je vous saluë, & veux vous consulter.
1937 Ne vous laissez ce pendant emporter
1938 A la frayeur, enfans, dont l'ame atteinte
1939 Est, que ie croy, de pantelante crainte:
1940 Nul n'oseroit vous faire vn mauuais tour,
1941 Sans crainte donc attendez mon retour. [*Sort Elymant.*]

FAVSTE [fol. 361v]

1942 Ie meurs Frontin, & la peur qui m'affolle
1943 M'a ja trancy la tremblante parole[.]
1944 Ie n'en puis plus, & de frayeur épris
1945 Ie tremble aux pas de ces cruels esprits.

FRONTIN

1946 Mesme frayeur me pallist le visage,
1947 Mais si faut-il que nous ayons courage,
1948 Et trauerser ceste cruelle peur,
1949 Puis que ce fait esteint nostre mal-heur.

FAVSTE

1950 Mais voy comment Elymant, de qui palle
1951 Branle le front, superbement leur parle,
1952 Comme il les tance, il semble qu'ils ont peur,
1953 Au lieu qu'il deust trespasser de frayeur.

FRONTIN

1954 C'est son sçauoir, sa magique science,
1955 Qui desur eux luy rend telle puissance,
1956 Jl les contraint par ses magiques vers,
1957 De le seruir, bien que fiers & pervers.

ELYMANT [*en rentrant*]

1958 Sus, que chacun en son lieu s'en retourne,
1959 Je n'ay besoin qu'vn seul de vous sejourne
1960 Aupres de moy, allez Demons allez,
1961 Et parmy l'air outrageux reuolez,
1962 Dans les Enfers soudainement descende
1963 D'vn pied leger ceste autre noire bande:
1964 Retirez vous, il me plaist, ie le veux,
1965 Ie vous l'enjoins par le pouuoir des Dieux.
1966 Et vous pasteurs ardens de ma science,
1967 Je vous en veux donner experience,
1968 Et que vostre œil puisse clairement voir
1969 Combien diuin est mon rare sçauoir.
1970 De ceste roche horriblement hautaine,
1971 Je veux qu'il coule vne douce fontaine, [fol. 362r]
1972 De vin clairet, la touchant seulement,
1973 De ce bois sec, pere d'enchantement;
1974 De ceste verge aux esprits redoutable,
1975 Qui rend par tout ma science honorable:
1976 Et du pied sec de ce ferme costau,
1977 Je veux qu'il sorte vne fontaine d'eau,
1978 Puis d'vne voix eprise de furie,
1979 Ie veux que l'vne & l'autre soit tarie.
1980 Ie veux apres aux souspirs de mes vers

1981 Faire coucher ce lion de trauers,
1982 Cet ours velu & ce tygre sauuage,
1983 Et comme morts leur rauir le courage;
1984 Pour vous montrer que ie commande aux cieux,
1985 Et aux Enfers & aux terrestres lieux;
1986 Que rien ne peut eschapper la puissance
1987 De mon sçauoir, de ma noire science:
1988 Que tout fremit aux accents de ma voix.
1989 Comme l'on voit trembler dans vn grand bois
1990 La fueille [*sic*] viue, alors que de la terre
1991 Sortent les vents pour luy faire la guerre.
1992 Mais je veux par effect faire voir
1993 Combien vtile est mon diuin sçauoir,
1994 A celle-fin que mon secours tu vantes,
1995 Et que ma gloire aux suruiuans tu chantes.
1996 Celle qui tient les esprits affamez
1997 Du fruict d'Amour, viuement enflammez,
1998 Qui pour se rendre à tes desirs cruelle
1999 A cent desdains fierement te bourrelle,
2000 Aime vn pasteur qui Nymphis est nommé
2001 Et cet amour rend le tien consommé:
2002 Car ie te rens ta Diane ennemie
2003 Pour ne vouloir estre de deux amie.
2004 Croy de certain que pendant que son cœur
2005 Sera bruslé des yeux de ce pasteur, [fol. 362v]
2006 Et cependant que son ame amoureuse
2007 Sera de luy viuement desireuse,
2008 Que tu ne peux receuoir aucun bien
2009 De ton amour, ny rompre ton lien:
2010 Et que iamais ceste cruelle Dame
2011 N'aura pitié des ardeurs de ton ame,
2012 Car Nymphis seul est son desir plus cher,
2013 Son seul amour elle veut rechercher,
2014 Car on ne vit iamais loger entieres
2015 En vn seul cœur, deux amitiez contraires:
2016 Et l'on ne peut autre suject aimer

2017 Que celuy-là qui peut nous enflammer
2018 D'vn vif desir d'en auoir iouissance,
2019 Car ce desir surpasse l'excellence
2020 De tous desirs, & rien en ces bas lieux
2021 N'est sainct & doux que le fruict amoureux.
2022 Mais pour guarir le mal qui te bourrelle,
2023 Et pour t'aider en ton amour cruelle,
2024 A celle-fin que tu tiennes tes iours,
2025 Et ton salut de mon alme secours,
2026 Tien, pren ceste eau: elle a telle efficace
2027 Qu'elle te peut faire changer de face,
2028 De teint, de port, & d'vn pouuoir exquis,
2029 Te rendre tel que le pasteur Nymphis.
2030 Ton front sera à son front tout semblable,
2031 Et, comme il est, à Diane agreable:
2032 Tu porteras de Nymphis la beauté,
2033 Ses yeux, son front, sa graue majesté:
2034 Diane alors iettant sur toy le veüe,
2035 Par ce nouueau enchantement deceüe,
2036 Comme Nymphis fidele t'aimera,
2037 Et ton vouloir ardente elle fera.
2038 Ainsi content & riche d'allegeance,
2039 T'aura rendu ma magique science; [fol. 363r]
2040 Ainsi content & gay en tes amours
2041 T'aura rendu mon celeste secours:
2042 Et d'Elymant la magique science
2043 Aura paru saine à ton allegeance.
2044 Fay donc ain[si][59] si tu veux te guarir,
2045 Et par mon art ta douleur secourir:
2046 Pendant, au tour des Demons de l'Auerne
2047 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".

FAVSTE

2048 Tousiours le Ciel à ton vueil soit dispos,
2049 Et plus diuin agrandisse ton los
2050 O bon vieillard! Libitine cruelle
2051 N'empesche point que ne viue immortelle
2052 Ta sainte vie, & qu'à iamais les Cieux
2053 Chantent ton nom des ans victorieux!
2054 Puis que ta main a r'alongé ma vie,
2055 En esteignant ceste amoureuse enuie
2056 Qui la tuoit, cent gloires ie te rens,
2057 Et à ton los ie consacre mes ans,
2058 Mes faits, mes vers, & d'vne chansonnette
2059 En ton honneur i'enfleray ma musette:
2060 Les rocs, les prez, les bois retentiront
2061 Des vers sacrez que mes cornets diront.
2062 Je reçoy donc, ô pere de science,
2063 Le doux remede, & la prompte alleg[e]ance[60]
2064 A ma douleur, de ta diuine main,
2065 Et veux tenter le secours dès demain.
2066 Mais trop long temps ta belle ame s'ennuie
2067 De noz discours & de nostre folie[:][61]
2068 Adieu, bon pere, où gist tout mon amour.

ELYMANT

2069 Adieu enfans, adieu iusqu'au retour.
[*Sortent Elymant d'un côté, Fauste et Frontin de l'autre.*]

[*Entre Nymphis.*]

NYMPHIS [fol. 363v]

2070 Que des Pasteurs agreable est la vie,
2071 Lors que l'amour leur repos n'iniurie!
2072 O que leurs ans se coulent bien-heureux,

60 Orig. "allegance".
61 No punctuation in the original.

2073 Quand ils ne sont d'autre bien desireux
2074 Que de celuy que la mere nature
2075 Propice apporte à toute creature!
2076 Vn soin bruslant d'auoir le premier rang,
2077 Aupres des Roys ne leur espoint le flanc,
2078 Et des grandeurs la dessechante enuie,
2079 En leur printemps n'empoisonne leur vie:
2080 L'or affamé ne ronge leur plaisir,
2081 Le vain honneur n'empesche leur desir,
2082 Leur cœur n'est point glacé de ialousie,
2083 Ny de chagrin leur belle ame moisie:
2084 Mille proces ne troublent leur repos,
2085 Et le soucy ne rampe dan[s][62] leurs os,
2086 Pour en lecher d'vne langue cruelle,
2087 A longs sacquets,[63] la tremblante moüelle:
2088 Ils ne sont point citez en iugement,
2089 Pour pariurer leur fidele serment,
2090 Et leur penser asseuré ne se fonde
2091 Sur les sermens des demy-dieux du monde[;][64]
2092 La trahison, gasté, perdu n'y [rend][65]
2093 Ce que nature heureuse leur apprent.
2094 Rien n'est égal à l'excellence pure,
2095 Que nous tenons en don de la nature:
2096 L'art ne l'a fait qu'ensuiure mollement,
2097 Et le sçauoir l'inuite seulement.
2098 Le peintre peut former vn bel image
2099 Luy faire vn corps, luy donner vn visage
2100 Tel que l'on voit que portent les mortels,
2101 Qui sont guidez d'esprits saints immortels;
2102 Mais non qu'il puisse, ainsi que la nature, [fol. 364r]
2103 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.

2104 Cet art n'est rien que l'ombre seulement
2105 D'vn corps, qui vif chemine promptement.
2106 Ainsi ces biens, & ces grandeurs seruiles,
2107 Que l'on rencontre es orgueilleuses villes,
2108 Ces vains honneurs, & ces sermens courtois,
2109 Que deceueurs on trouue mille fois,
2110 Ne sont qu'vn ombre, vne morte figure,
2111 Au prix du bien que nous rend la nature.
2112 Tout ce que l'œil souhaitte apperceuoir
2113 Qui luy soit doux peut par les champs se voir,
2114 Car là se trouue & la gaye verdure,
2115 Et les doux fruits que la Dame Nature
2116 Fait pendre au bout des tortillez rameaux,
2117 Par qui branchus on voit les arbrisseaux.
2118 Parmy les champs le Diamant qui preuue
2119 Le froit venin, à toute heure se treuue:
2120 Les mesmes champs se rencontrent semez
2121 De vifs rubis, de grands Roys estimez,
2122 Et l'Emeraude à la verte teinture
2123 S'y treuue aussi, & mainte perle dure:
2124 Là l'or se trouue & là maint diuers fruit
2125 Rare & diuin la nature produit:
2126 Non es enclos des citez inhumaines,
2127 Meres de maux, & nourrices de peines,
2128 Où n'y a rien que fausse trahison,
2129 Où le forfait desbauche la raison.
2130 Voyez ces prez espoissis de verdure,
2131 Qu'vn esmail, peint de diuerse teinture,
2132 Rend en couleurs, diuersement diuers:
2133 Voyez ces eaux, qui coulent au trauers,
2134 Claires, qui font vn murmure, qui tendre
2135 Le doux sommeil aux animaux engendre,
2136 Voyez le fond de ces ruisseaux gelans, [fol. 364v]
2137 Peint de couleurs diuerses, au dedans
2138 D'vn beau grauier, semé de mainte pierre,
2139 De mille fleurs, qui sortent de la terre.

2140 L'Ambrosie ny le Nectar des Dieux,
2141 Ne sont si doux, chers, ny delicieux,
2142 Que la claire eaue de ces ruisseaux champestres,
2143 Douce boisson de noz deuots ancestres:
2144 La couleur plaist, le goust en est plaisant,
2145 Et la froideur qui noz corps va glaçant.
2146 Le long du iour le beau Soleil, qui vire
2147 Autour du Ciel, à vifs regards s'y mire,
2148 Il voit dedans son front, qui radieux
2149 Rend flamboyant le visage des Cieux:
2150 Il voit ardans les rayons de sa face:
2151 Sur les rochers il voit fondre la glace,
2152 Il voit la terre au feu de sa clarté,
2153 Qui reuerdist & reprend sa beauté:
2154 Et des costaux despouilles de l'orage
2155 Jl voit en feu s'alumer le visage.

DIANE [*en entrant*]

2156 O beau Nymphis, tout se rend adoucy
2157 A nostre ennuy en ces deserts icy,
2158 Et rien ne porte à noz saisons enuie,
2159 Fors ta rigueur qui me priue de vie!
2160 Ne vois-tu pas cent mille & mille fleurs
2161 Ces larges prez bigarer de couleurs?
2162 Fleurs dont chacun d'vne main larronnesse
2163 Son sein embaume, & les tours de la tresse
2164 De ses cheueux, fleurs produites des Dieux,
2165 Pour plaire au nez, à l'esprit, & aux yeux?
2166 Parmi ces fleurs ne vois-tu mille herbettes
2167 Que vont brouttant noz brebis camusettes,
2168 De qui le suc engraisse leur beau corps, [fol. 365r]
2169 Et mille maux en dechasse dehors:
2170 Qui rend le lait aux vaches, qui lassees
2171 Sont bien souuent sur ces herbes couchees?
2172 Ne vois-tu point sur ces fleurs se percher
2173 La sage auette, & le suc en lecher,

2174 Pour en parfaire en sa ruche emmuree
2175 Le miel doré & la cire honoree?
2176 Voy mille oiseaux, qui sur ces fleurs juchez,
2177 Se font l'amour, bec à bec accrochez,
2178 A tours frequens, sur les herbes nouuelles,
2179 A mille vols, à mille tires d'aisles.
2180 Voy ces doux fruits, dont la rouge beauté,
2181 Sert de tesmoin des faueurs de l'Esté,
2182 Rouges & blancs, & de couleur doree,
2183 Qui font ho[n]neur[66] à ceste large pree.
2184 Voy comme ils sont à ces branches pendus,
2185 De la chaleur mignonnement fendus,
2186 Sur qui la mouche à toute heure volette,
2187 Que maint oiseau sans relasche becquette.
2188 Que doux en est le goust, qui sauoureux
2189 Est plus courtois, plus net, plus amoureux
2190 Que n'est celuy de ces fruits miserables,
2191 Qui des seigneurs couurent les longues tables:
2192 Car ou flestris ou non assez meuris,
2193 Ou par dedans ils mollissent pourris.
2194 Mais, ô que doux est le fruit que l[']on[67] happe
2195 Dans l'arbre vert & plaisante la grappe
2196 Du blanc raisin, qu'en la vigne l'on prend,
2197 Qui sa douceur naturelle ressent:
2198 Par mille mains sales elle ne passe,
2199 Et sa beauté par le temps ne s'efface.
2200 Voilà pourquoy plus longuets sont les ans
2201 Des laboureurs, & plus heureux leur temps,
2202 Que celuy-là des Princes que l'enuie, [fol. 365v]
2203 Et le soucy, priuent d'aise & de vie.
2204 Voilà pourquoy Diane aux blonds cheueux,
2205 Mere d'honneur, quitta les iaunes Cieux,
2206 Pour demeurer dans les forests superbes,

66 Orig. "houneur".
67 Orig. "lon".

2207 Parmy ces prez, entre les molles herbes.
2208 Voilà pourquoy Venus vint autrefois
2209 Faire l'amour en l'ombre de ces bois,
2210 Lors que d'Adon ardamment amoureuse,
2211 Elle deuint des hauts Cieux dedaigneuse.
2212 Voilà pourquoy tant de Nymphes on voit
2213 Parmy ces bois, dont chacune reçoit
2214 Plus de plaisir en les lieux solitaires
2215 Que les grands Dieux en leurs Cieux ordinaires.
2216 Voy ie te pry' ces superbes costaux,
2217 Enuironnez de cent mille arbrisseaux,
2218 De mille fleurs, de qui la teste verte
2219 Les fait sembler vne forest secrette:
2220 Voy mille oiseaux, qui font leur nids dedans,
2221 Tous differens de plumage & de chants:
2222 Et voy du pied de ces roches hautaines
2223 A gros bouillons courir mille fontaines,
2224 De qui les eaux froides comme glaçons,
2225 Seruent de vin aux folastres garçons,
2226 Qui halletans & sortis de la luite
2227 Prennent sur eux deuers elles la fuite,
2228 Pour appaiser à traits goulus ardans,
2229 L'ardante soif, qui les brusle au dedans:
2230 Ces mesmes eaux arrousent les campagnes,
2231 Les prez couuerts, & le pied des montaignes,
2232 Et de ces eaux s'engendrent quelque fois
2233 Ces fleuues creux, qui cernent les Palais,
2234 Et les Citez, dont les fronts venerables
2235 Sont siz aux bords des riues agreables.
2236 L'on voit chercher à tous les animaux, [fol. 366r]
2237 Le cours glacé de ces gelantes eaux,
2238 Pour estancher la soif qui les outrage,
2239 Ou pour lauer leurs mains & leur visage.
2240 L'on voit au soir nostre saoulé trouppeau,
2241 S'en retournant aualler de ceste eau,
2242 Ou bien souuent la Lionne outrageuse
2243 S'y tient auide, ou la Biche rameuse.

IVLLIE [*en entrant*]

2244 Mais voy ces champs par nos mains labourez,
2245 Qui de fourment iaunissent tous dorez:
2246 Voy le beau grain, voy sa paille arrangee
2247 Qui monte en haut, de coulour orangee.
2248 Voy ces espics, qui barbus font encor
2249 Honte au Soleil plus luisans que fin or.
2250 Voy le beau grain qui grossit par mesure,
2251 Par le bien-fait de la mere nature.
2252 Voy les oiseaux qui n'ayans autre soin
2253 Que de la vie, en rauissent maint grain.
2254 Voy la perdrix qui bien souuent y couuve,
2255 Et ses petis, qui sautelans on trouue
2256 Lors qu'on le couppe & que le fer peruers
2257 Le fait tomber en Iuillet à l'enuers.
2258 O du grand Dieu sainte la prouidence,
2259 Saint le pouuoir, & sainte la clemence,
2260 Qui de cet [*sic*] herbe & de son iaune fruit,
2261 Les corps humains debonnaire nourrit!
2262 O quel plaisir, quand on fagotte ensemble
2263 Ces beaux espics, & lors qu'on les assemble
2264 En mainte gerbe, où le Soleil ardant
2265 A mille rais se mire cependant,
2266 Rendant cent fois par sa clarté doree
2267 Des moisonneurs la poitrine alteree,
2268 Qui souz vn chesne, ou souz vn verd fouteau, [fol. 366v]
2269 Boiuent souuent au fond de leur chappeau,
2270 De l'eau coulante, ou vuident par merueille
2271 En quatre traits la ioyeuse bouteille:
2272 Franc de la peur d'vn cruel ennemy,
2273 Maint on en trouue en l'ombrage endormy
2274 Du chaut monceau de ses gerbes meslees,
2275 L'vne dans l'autre estroitement collees,

2276 O[u][68] dans le fond d'vn raboteux fossé,
2277 Ayant le tour d'espines herissé.
2278 O quel plaisir alors que l'on arrange
2279 Ces beaux espics, souz le toict de la grange,
2280 Et que guindez à secoüans cordeaux,
2281 On les arrange à differens monceaux,
2282 Qui font que l'œil reçoit mainte liesse,
2283 En descouurant vne telle richesse:
2284 Et plus encor quand il repose en grain
2285 Dans le grenier, ou au fond de la main!
2286 Pendant qu'on voit la terre qui glacee
2287 Du froid Hyuer, tient la teste abbaissee
2288 [En contre-bas][69], n'apportant nulle fleur,
2289 Nul fruit heureux, nulle verte couleur:
2290 Tous les mortels doucement se reposent,
2291 Et de ce grain de viure se proposent,
2292 Grain qui nourrist, comme les laboureurs,
2293 Les puissans Roys, & les grands Empereurs.
2294 Dans les Citez qui desirent paroistre
2295 Braues à l'œil, ce grain on ne voit croistre,
2296 Ny dans les murs des superbes chasteaux,
2297 Où naist le vice, où croissent les trauaux.
2298 Dedans ces lieux-là, vigne tortueuse
2299 Ses seps branchus ne respand amoureuse,
2300 Là ses bourgeons ne s'alongent laineux,
2301 Là son raisin ne se presse vineaux,
2302 Raisin qui rend vne liqueur si chere, [fol. 367r]
2303 Que celle au prix des grands Dieux est amere,
2304 Vn jus si doux, si clair, si gracieux,
2305 Que rien au prix n'est le Nectar des Dieux:
2306 Là l'on ne voit la pomme douceresse
2307 Pisser le citre, estrainte souz la presse,

68 Orig. "Où".
69 Orig. "Encontre bas".

2308 La glan n'y croist, ny des larges fo[u]teaux[70]
2309 Le fruit, qui doux nourrit maints animaux.

NYMPHIS

2310 Laissons cela, & me dy, ô Iullie,
2311 Pourquoy tu as à contre-cœur ma vie?
2312 Que t'ay ie fait pour enuier mes ans,
2313 Et le plaisir qu'en ce monde i'attens,
2314 Lors que t'ayant rendu ferme asseurance
2315 De mon amour, de ma viue constance,
2316 Tu me feras mesme bien, mesme don,
2317 Que fit Venus à l'amoureux Adon?

IVLLIE

2318 Auant sans feu qui tousiours nous esclaire,
2319 Sera du iour la dorante lumiere:
2320 Auant sans ciel seront les puissans Dieux,
2321 Et comme nous hostes de ces bas lieux:
2322 Avant la mer sans les ondes salees
2323 Jra montrant ses arenes sechees,
2324 Et sans blancheur auant sera le lys,
2325 Que Iullie aime ou secoure Nymphis.

NYMPHIS

2326 Auant le feu sans son chaud ordinaire,
2327 Nous fera voir sa rougeastre lumiere:
2328 Auant les bois sans fueillages seront:
2329 Auant les prez sans fleurs desecheront:
2330 Auant sans froid sera d'hyuer la glace,
2331 Et des Syluains belle & douce la face:
2332 Sans noir venin sur la terre rampants
2333 Auant seront les tortillez serpents, [fol. 367v]
2334 Et des rochers la poitrine polie,
2335 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 iuste 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 sauuage
2359 Jl pourra bien adoucir ton courage.

IVLLIE [fol. 368r]

2360 Le temps peut bien toute chose changer,
2361 Mais il ne peut de mon ame estranger
2362 L'ardent desir, que j'ay de voir mon ame
2363 Veuue d'Amour & deliure du blasme.

NYMPHIS

2364 C'est folle erreur que vouloir estimer
2365 Qu'il y ait blasme à saintement aimer:
2366 Car l'Amour seul à nostre ame fait croire
2367 Que doux on sent le beau fruit de la gloire.

IVLLIE

2368 Ce qui ne peut à l'honneur s'accorder
2369 Ne se doit point comme saint demander:
2370 Car sans l'honneur toute chose est indigne
2371 De voir du iour la lumiere diuine.

NYMPHIS

2372 Tout riche honneur qui ne reçoit l'Amour
2373 Pour compagnon, est indigne du iour,
2374 Car sans l'Amour, qui viuement demeure
2375 Auecques luy, il ne peut viure vne heure.

IVLLIE

2376 L'honneur peut bien sans l'Amour estre saint,
2377 Mais sans l'honneur l'amour demeure esteint.
2378 Car tout amour qui n'a le front honneste,
2379 Est aux mortels vne cruelle peste.

NYMPHIS

2380 Si aux grands Dieux remplis de maiesté,
2381 L'Amour iadis en credit a esté:
2382 S'ils l'ont suiui, qui peut commettre offence
2383 De faire ioug souz sa sainte puissance?

IVLLIE

2384 Ce que les dieux couurent de leur grandeur
2385 Nous est icy vne eternelle erreur,
2386 Et leurs forfaits se trouuent excusables,
2387 D'autant qu'ils sont aux mortels profitables.

NYMPHIS [fol. 368v]

2388 Sans que les Dieux ayent pensé d'aimer,
2389 L'Amour assez se peut faire estimer,
2390 Puis que sans luy ceste terre couuerte
2391 D'animaux vifs seroit toute deserte.

IVLLIE

2392 Mais cet amour qui te rend sans clarté,
2393 N'a ce grand bien que tu dis enfanté:
2394 Ains l'amitié, qui la foy coniugale
2395 Es chastes cœurs fait demeurer loyale.

NYMPHIS

2396 Ceste amitié ne peut prendre son iour
2397 D'autre soleil que du flambeau d'Amour:
2398 Jl est autheur de sa diuine essence,
2399 L'Amour donc seul est digne d'excellence.

IVLLIE

2400 Ce traistre Amour, cruel, & sans pitié
2401 Trouble souuent ceste sainte amitié,
2402 Brisant la foy, qui d'vne chaine sainte
2403 La tient serree & viuement estrainte.

NYMPHIS

2404 Qui vit heureux que les contens amans,
2405 De qui Juppin excuse les serments?

IVLLIE

2406 Qui vit au mal plus suiette que l'ame,

2407 Qui sent l'effort de l'amoureuse flamme?

NYMPHIS

2408 Est-il au monde vn plus heureux plaisir,
2409 Que lors qu'on peut iouir de son desir?

IVLLIE

2410 Est il au monde vn fait plus deshonneste
2411 Que ce plaisir, qui est plaisir de beste?

NYMPHIS

2412 Mais pourquoy vit l'homme si longuement,
2413 Que pour chercher icy contentement? [fol. 369r]

IVLLIE

2414 Mais pourquoy l'ame en noz corps regne-t'elle,
2415 Que pour gagner vne gloire eternelle?

NYMPHIS

2416 De ceste gloire ennemy n'est l'Amour,
2417 Puis qu'il est Dieu, qu'immortel est son iour.

IVLLIE

2418 C'est fole erreur que d'auoir en estime
2419 D'vn Dieu diuin, vn autheur de tout crime.

NYMPHIS

2420 Quel autre nom aura t'il souz les cieux,
2421 Puis que puissant il surmonte des Dieux?

IVLLIE

2422 Jl n'est point Dieu, car il est sans essence,
2423 Noz desirs seuls engendrent sa puissance.

NYMPHIS

2424 Mais ce pendant qui luy peut resister?

IVLLIE

2425 Celuy qui sçait ses desirs surmonter.

NYMPHIS

2426 Qui a vescu sans en sentir la flamme?

IVLLIE

2427 Ceux qui ont eu chaste & pudique l'ame.

NYMPHIS

2428 La raison cede à la sainte grandeur.

IVLLIE

2429 Ce sont deuis d'vn lasche infame cœur.

NYMPHIS

2430 Juppin l'a fait!

IVLLIE

Il n'en reçoit pas gloire.

NYMPHIS

2431 Amour pendant sur luy a eu victoire.

IVLLIE [fol. 369v]

2432 Jl est aisé d'estre vaincu s'on veut.

NYMPHIS

2433 Il le faut bien quand vaincre l'on ne peut.

IVLLIE

2434 L'Amour n'est point de nature inuincible.

NYMPHIS

2435 Hé qui peut vaincre vne chose inuisible?

IVLLIE

2436 L'ame qui pense aux loix de la vertu.

NYMPHIS

2437 Quelle ame vit qu'Amour n'ait combatu?

IVLLIE

2438 Celuy gaillard de la brusque Iullie.

NYMPHIS

2439 Celuy 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 ame 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. 370r]

Las aime donc comme eux.

IVLLIE

2449 Ie ne doy pas me comparer aux Dieux.

NYMPHIS

2450 Mais comme ils sont tu dois prudente faire.

IVLLLIE

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

Jl est bien en ces bois:
2458 Car comme vn grand le petit en a cure.

NYMPHIS

2459 Mais mille ennuis aux amants il procure[.][71]

IVLLIE

2460 Vn bien si saint ne peut estre fascheux.

NYMPHIS

2461 Ie le sens tel.

IVLLIE

Nymphis c'est que tu veux
2462 A ton desir, qui leger [l]e[72] propose
2463 Hors la raison preferer toute chose.
2464 Mais laisse moy parmy ces bois courir,
2465 Car tes propos d'ennuy me font mourir.
[*Sortent Jullie et Nymphis séparément*]

[*Entrent Arbuste, puis Jullie.*]

ARBVSTE [fol. 370v]

2466 Où t'en vas-tu, si belle & si iolie
2467 Ainsi seulette, ô celeste Iullie?
2468 Où court ton pied si gaillard & dispos,
2469 Qui n'a iamais qu'en cheminant repos?
2470 Qu'est-ce qui rend plus vermeille ta face
2471 Que de coustume, & plus rouge ta grace?
2472 Est ce l'Amour qui aux rais de son feu
2473 Va rougissant ton beau front peu à peu:
2474 Ou la trauail que tu prens à la chasse,
2475 Qui ce beau teint en ton visage enchasse:
2476 Ou le desdain qui seul maistre se rend
2477 De ton esprit, où l'amour ne s'esprent?
2478 Dy moy que c'est? lors que sa playe on montre

71 Comma in the original.
72 Orig. "ne", which seems impossible.

2479 Le plus souuent le remede on rencontre.

IVLLIE

2480 Laisse moy seule, & ne t'enqueste point
2481 Du fier despit dont mon cœur est espoint.
2482 I'en sen le mal, Nymphis en sent la honte
2483 Qui son amour à toute heure me conte.

ARBVSTE

2484 Te fait-il tort de rendre à ta beauté
2485 Les vœux sacrez qu'elle a bien merité,
2486 Et de priser vne chose immortelle
2487 Comme ta face, entre les faces belle?
2488 Quoy? penses-tu porter vn front si beau,
2489 Sans estre aimé en son printemps nouueau,
2490 Et que ton œil, dont viues sont les flammes,
2491 N'allume point de souhait dans les ames?
2492 Faudroit Iullie en vn bois te cacher,
2493 Ou dans le sein de quelque froid rocher,
2494 Et parmy nous si belle ne paroistre:
2495 Encor noz yeux desireux de cognoistre
2496 Vn front si beau, t'iroient chercher au fonds
2497 Des antres creux, & des rocs plus profonds. [fol. 371r]
2498 O belle fille! hé que penses-tu faire
2499 Laissant ainsi par la saison deffaire
2500 Vne beauté qui iamais ne reuient,
2501 Et qui pareille à la rose deuient;
2502 Qui en sa fleur, en sa beauté paree,
2503 Est d'vn chacun ardamment desiree,
2504 Mais fanissant rend ce desir esteint
2505 Pour ne pouuoir reprendre son beau teint?
2506 Faut promptement s'aider de la fortune
2507 Quand elle veut nous seruir opportune,
2508 Puis que son front se change desloyal,
2509 Au lieu de l'heur nous apportant le mal.
2510 A qui veux-tu garder pauure insensee

2511 Ceste beauté qui te rend si prisee,
2512 Ces longs cheueux doucement deliez,
2513 Confusement l'vn dans l'autre pliez?
2514 Vn iour viendra qu'vne blanche teinture
2515 Fera pallir leur blonde cheuelure,
2516 Et que le temps accourcira soudain
2517 Leurs filets longs qui ombragent ton sein.
2518 Et ce beau front que bien souuent mignarde
2519 Dans vn miroir immortel tu regarde,
2520 Si beau, si clair, changera de couleur,
2521 Ridé du temps, halé par la chaleur.
2522 Ces beaux sourcils, qu'à souhait tu contemple,
2523 Auront perdu ceste espoisseur si ample,
2524 Qui les rend beaux comme ceux-là des Dieux,
2525 Rendus si clairs, qu'à peine ils seront veus,
2526 Et ces beaux yeux dont la flamme allumee
2527 Rendit mainte ame autresfois enflammee,
2528 Ces yeux si clairs qui n'ont point de pareils,
2529 (Puis que le ciel ne souffre deux soleils)
2530 Ces yeux si vifs dont la lampe si douce
2531 Paroist my-verte, & doucement my-rousse, [fol. 371v]
2532 S'esblouiront, ils n'auront plus de feux;
2533 Vn rouge teint, languissant, chassieux,
2534 Tout à l'entour se logeant effroyable,
2535 Rendra cruel leur veuë espouuentable:
2536 Jls feront peur à ceux qui les verront,
2537 Et comme ils [s]ont[73] lumineux ne luiront.
2538 Et ce beau teint qui paroist sur ta ioue,
2539 Où Cupidon mignonnement se ioue,
2540 Ce teint de rose & ce manteau de lis,
2541 Dont amoureux est le triste Nymphis,
2542 Deuiendra sec : ceste rondeur grassette
2543 Qui s'arrondit doucement vermeillette,

73 Orig. "font", an apparent long-"s" error.

2544 S'amollira, palle sera son teint,
2545 Flestry, perdu, son gentil en bon-point.
2546 Ce vif corail qui rougit ceste bouche,
2547 A tes amans si fierement farouche,
2548 Deuiendra noir, & sa viue chaleur
2549 En blanc de mort changera sa couleur.
2550 Tes belles dents blanches & si prisees,
2551 Seront à coup iaunes & my-froissees.
2552 Ce beau menton de rondeur reuestu,
2553 Tout descharné, en bas pendant pointu.
2554 Ton col de lait, ta gorge blanche nee,
2555 Par la chaleur deuiendra basanee,
2556 Par le temps maigre, & mille nerfs retorts
2557 La reduiront au rang des palles morts.
2558 Ton sein poly, dont Nymphis idolatre
2559 Va souhaittant les montelets d'albastre,
2560 Qui blancs & durs emportent le beau prix
2561 Des monts de lait de la belle Cypris,
2562 Deuiendra creux & descharné de mesme
2563 Que le fieureux à la teinture blesme,
2564 Mol, tout ridé, ainsi qu'on voit la peau
2565 Creuse de vers d'vn languissant fouteau. [fol. 372r]
2566 Ta main si belle, & doucement grassette,
2567 Blanche, polie, & par compas longuette
2568 Deuiendra maigre, & mille nerfs lassez
2569 Seront dessus l'vn sur l'autre enchassez.
2570 Lors tu plaindras seulette dans ton ame
2571 D'auoir esté iadis si belle dame,
2572 Cherie, aimee, auoir eu chasque iour
2573 Cent amoureux qui te faisoient l'Amour,
2574 Et d'estre alors si piteusement laide,
2575 Sans rencontrer à ta laideur remede,
2576 Sans voir personne, ayant soucy de toy
2577 Non plus qu'aucun n'est amoureux de moy:
2578 Ains vn chacun te fuyant imparfaite
2579 Se moquera de ta beauté deffaite:

2580 Car tout vieillit, tout passe en ce bas lieu,
2581 Fors le chagrin qu'apporte l'aage vieu.
2582 Durant noz iours mainte peine nous presse,
2583 Et en mourant mainte douleur nous blesse,
2584 Nous sommes faits pour souffrir mille maux,
2585 Nous sommes faits pour peupler les tombeaux.
2586 Ce petit bien que le ciel nous relaisse
2587 Se trouue en nous durant nostre ieunesse,
2588 Qui ne sent point les chagrins languissans
2589 De l'aage vieil, qui attriste noz ans.
2590 Or ce pendant que ce bien nous demeure,
2591 Faut diligents l'employer de bonne heure,
2592 Qu'auec noz ans il ne puisse finir,
2593 Et qu'on ne puisse apres en refournir:
2594 Car autant cuit en nous le dueil extreme,
2595 Du bien perdu que fait la perte mesme.
2596 Donc, ô Jullie, auant que tes beaux ans
2597 Ayent quitté l'ardeur de ton printemps,
2598 Auparauant que la vieillesse froide
2599 De belle & douce ait fait ta face laide[,][74] [fol. 372v]
2600 Et qu'elle t'ait rauy cent mille amans,
2601 Qui cherchent tous tes doux contentemens[,][75]
2602 Donne ce temps où le ciel nous fait naistre
2603 Durant noz iours quelque plaisir champestre,
2604 A recueillir le fruit heureux d'Amour,
2605 Pendant qu'il s'offre, & qu'il vient à ton tour.
2606 Heureuse encor tu peux deuenir sage
2607 En ton printemps par mon propre dommage,
2608 Qui plains encor maint iour & mainte nuit,
2609 Que j'ay passez sans l'amoureux deduit.
2610 Il n'y a bien à ce bien comparable,
2611 Au prix de luy tout bien est miserable,
2612 Et qui ne l'a heureusement senty,

74 Full stop in the original.
75 Full stop in the original.

2613 De l'heur du monde est encore apprenty.
2614 Mais tu es trop, ô celeste Iullie,
2615 Pour vn pasteur belle, douce & iolie:
2616 Tu ne dois point ta bel [*sic*] ame ranger
2617 Pres celle là d'vn rustique berger,
2618 Mais d'vn Heros, d'vn cheualier d'elite
2619 Qui seul Iullie immortelle merite.
2620 Que si tu veux permettre que l'Amour
2621 Face en ton cœur heureusement seiour,
2622 Je te donray vn serviteur fidele,
2623 Vn cheualier, de qui la face belle,
2624 Vaillante & braue, vn grand prince ressent,
2625 Et sa valeur immortelle se rend.
2626 Ne vueille pas refuser ceste chance,
2627 Aime celuy dont viue est la constance:
2628 Puis qu'aussi bien faut que tu sente vn iour
2629 Les doux flambeaux de l'immortel Amour:
2630 Car ta beauté auecques ta ieunesse
2631 Veut que tu serue aux mortels de maistresse.
2632 Quoy que tu face, il faut, & malgré toy
2633 Que tu flechisse à l'amoureuse loy: [fol. 373r]
2634 Car sans aimer ceste ieunesse viue,
2635 Qui tous les iours de cent desirs s'auiue,
2636 Cet aage prompt & vif à s'enflammer,
2637 Ne peut couler sans viuement aimer.
2638 Ce sont erreurs que penser voir exempte
2639 De ce brazier nostre ieunesse ardante,
2640 Car l'Amour ieune, & enfant desireux,
2641 Hante tousiours le ieune aage amoureux.
2642 Penses-tu donc sans ceste ardente enuie
2643 Pouuoir passer ta bien-heureuse vie?
2644 Ce sont erreurs, & tu verras vn iour
2645 Ton cœur contraint de receuoir l'Amour:
2646 Ny cet erreur qui nous veut faire croire
2647 Que pour aimer on perd sa belle gloire,
2648 Ny cette honneur qui pense soucieux

2649 D'vn noir bandeau voiler noz ieunes yeux,
2650 Ny ce soucy de garder immortelle
2651 Sa chasteté à noz souhaits cruelle,
2652 Ne peuuent tous empescher que d'Amour,
2653 Les feux ardents ne nous bruslent vn iour.
2654 C'est vn arrest que le ciel nous anounce,
2655 C'est vn edict que l'Amour nous prononce.
2656 Or donc Iullie à te servir eslis
2657 Non vn pasteur, non vn pauure Nymphis,
2658 Mais cet Hector, dont l'amour est extreme:
2659 Puis qu[']aussi[76] bien faut en fin que tu aime,
2660 Et que tes iours doiuent brusler épris
2661 Des feux ardants de l'enfant de Cypris.

IVLLIE

2662 O fausse vieille horriblement hideuse
2663 Que la frayeur fait pallir despiteuse,
2664 Fausse sorciere, aduersaire du los,
2665 Qui de l'honneur veux trouble le repos.
2666 Vieille edentee, inhumaine Furie, [fol. 373v]
2667 Maudite fole, es-tu bien si hardie
2668 De me tenir vn propos deceueur,
2669 Que ie cognoy contraire à mon honneur?
2670 Oses-tu bien d'vne harangue telle
2671 Eschaugueter ma chasteté fidele?
2672 Oses tu bien en me iugeant par toy,
2673 Me penser veuue & d'honneur & de foy?
2674 Et que ie sois comme toy adonnee
2675 A tout forfait, au crime abandonee?
2676 Va, vieille, va: ie ne sçay qui me tient
2677 Et qui ma main courageuse retient,
2678 Qu'elle ne bat, froisse, rompe, esgratigne,
2679 Ta face sale, & ta creuse poitrine.

76 Orig. "quaussi".

2680 Va t'en d'icy, & garde, si tu veux
2681 Fuir ma main, de te rendre à mes yeux:
2682 Car par le front de Diane la belle,
2683 Dont la vertu sert de lampe eternelle
2684 A tous mortels, ie te ferois sentir
2685 Le iuste mal d'vn fascheux repentir.
2686 Retire toy, indigne de lumiere
2687 Dans quelque trou hideux & solitaire,
2688 Et tes amans que ie hay aussi fort,
2689 Que nostre corps fait la cruelle mort.
2690 Mais ne pren pas de me poursuiure enuie,
2691 Si tu ne veux que i'esteigne ta vie. [*Sort Jullie.*]

ARBVSTE

2692 O pauure fille! ô trop folle beauté!
2693 O ieune esprit remply de liberté!
2694 Tu ne sçais pas combien viue est la force
2695 De l'Archerot qui toute chose force.
2696 Tu ne sçais pas combien doux est le fruit
2697 Que sa douceur aux amoureux produit:
2698 Tu ne sçais pas faute d'experience,
2699 Combien son goust toute douceur deuance. [fol. 374r]
2700 Mais puis que fiere on te voit resister
2701 A ce doux bien, qui te peut apporter
2702 Tout le plaisir qui merite en ce monde
2703 Le nom de bien & de douceur feconde,
2704 C'est la raison que sans ce plaisir beau
2705 Ton corps ridé dorme souz le tombeau:
2706 Et viure encor en tel temps ie souhaitte,
2707 Pour t'escouter pleurant ta griefue perte,
2708 Pour te voir laide, où la ieune beauté
2709 Ores te rend pleine de cruauté.
2710 Mais cet amour que tu braue & dedaigne,
2711 Pourra froisser ta fierté si hautaine,
2712 Rendre ton cœur comme vn autre amoureux,
2713 D'vn bien peut estre ardamment desireux,

2714 Qui luy sera refusé, tout de mesme
2715 Que maint amant tu refuses, qui t'aime:
2716 Car bien souuent l'Amour qui ne finit
2717 D'vn mesme mal que nous faisons punit
2718 Nostre ame fiere, & nous rend miserables,
2719 Comme chetifs nous rendons noz semblables.
2720 Vn si grand bien ie verray quelque iour,
2721 Puis que rien n'est impossible à l'Amour. [*Sort Arbuste.*]

LE CHŒVR

2722 Heureux celui qui aime
2723 Alors qu'il l'est de mesme,
2724 C'est vn bien sans ennuy:
2725 Mais malheureux l'ame
2726 Qui brusle, dont la flamme
2727 Ne veut brusler que luy.
2728 Rien si parfait n'accorde
2729 Que la douce concorde,
2730 Noz espri[t]s[77] espurez: [fol. 374v]
2731 Rien plus fort les bourrelle,
2732 Que la haine cruelle
2733 Qui les rend separez.
2734 De deux contraires fleches,
2735 Cupidon fait ses breches,
2736 Dont nostre cœur atteint:
2737 Celle d'or est bruslante,
2738 Celle de plomb glaçante,
2739 L'vne art & l'autre esteint.
2740 Voila pourquoy contraires,
2741 Mille amours ordinaires,
2742 On voit en ces bas lieux:
2743 L'Amour ainsi nous traitte
2744 Pour monstrer que celeste

77 Orig. "esprirs".

2745 Est son feu glorieux.
2746 Que loin de ce bosquage
2747 Fust Amour & sa rage,
2748 Loin son feu, ses fiertez!
2749 Libres seroient noz ames,
2750 Où ses ardantes flammes
2751 Ardent noz libertez.
2752 Mais Iuppin n'a peu estre
2753 De cet Archer le maistre,
2754 Ny le Dieu des [Enfers]:[78]
2755 Qui peut donc le contraindre?
2756 Le plus court c'est d'esteindre
2757 Sa flamme auec noz jours.

78 Orig. "Estours", which yields no satisfactory sense.

ACTE TROISIESME. [fol. 375r]

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

[*Entrent Frontin et Fauste.*]

FRONTIN

2758 N'as-tu trouué à ton mal secourable,
2759 O Fauste heureux, mon conseil veritable?
2760 Ne sens-tu pas couler par mes propos
2761 Dedans ton cœur maint espoir de repos?
2762 N'as-tu cogneu ma parole certaine,
2763 Ayant receu le remede à ta peine ?
2764 N'as-tu pas veu le sçavoir d'Elymant
2765 Prompt à guarir ton amoureux tourment?
2766 N'as-tu cogneu sa parfaite science,
2767 Comme ma voix t'en donnoit asseurance?
2768 Et n'as-tu pas dequoy te secourir,
2769 Dequoy ta peine immortelle guarir?
2770 O combien doit estre dite diuine
2771 Entre tous biens ceste rare doctrine,
2772 Qui peut guarir la peine d'vn amant,
2773 Veu que ce mal est sans allegement,
2774 Que rien ne peut luy porter allegeance,
2775 Que Juppin n'a mesme sur luy puissance!
2776 De nom d'humain on nomme le sçauoir,
2777 Qui peut guarir par vn commun deuoir,
2778 Par les sirops, par les simples fideles [fol. 375v]
2779 Dedans noz corps les douleurs naturelles;
2780 Mais le sçauoir qui les ames guarit,
2781 Où le flambeau de l'amour se nourit
2782 Est vray diuin puis que l'ame diuine
2783 D'vn mal diuin guarist par sa doctrine.
2784 Et que le mal d'amour est immortel,

2785 Pour n'estre veu comme vn tourment mortel.

FAVSTE

2786 Ha ie l'aduoüe; & cognois par moy mesme,
2787 Que ce sçauoir, en sçauoir est extreme!
2788 Rien que luy seul n'auoit peu me guarir,
2789 Rien que luy seul ma peine secourir.
2790 De tout ce bien ie te suis redeuable,
2791 Qui te monstras à mon mal secourable,
2792 Puis que par toy ie cogneus Elymant,
2793 Qui a rendu allegé mon tourment.
2794 Mais ie te pry faisons experience
2795 De la saincte eau, viue par sa science,
2796 Qui doit mon corps & ma face changer
2797 En celle-là de Nymphis le berger.

FRONTIN

2798 Tu as raison, aussi bien il est heure
2799 Que de ceste eau ta douleur tu secœure.
2800 Allons nous-en tous seulets nous cacher,
2801 Derrier le dos de ce ferme rocher:
2802 Là de ceste eau tu laueras ta face,
2803 Dont nous verrons le pouuoir d'efficace. [*Ils sortent.*]

DIANE [*en entrant*]

2804 Bien que le iour qui marche sur les cieux
2805 Mille plaisirs, mille biens amoureux,
2806 Descouure aux yeux de toute ame viuante,
2807 Je ne voy rien qui me rende contente.
2808 Le iour fut fait pour plaire aux immortels,
2809 Pour rendre heureux les terrestres mortels, [fol. 376r]
2810 Qui de son feu tiennent en don la vie:
2811 Mais las ce iour miserable m'ennuie!
2812 Du blond Soleil toute vermeille fleur,
2813 Tout fruict meury emprunte sa couleur,
2814 Et tout chacun se plaist en sa lumiere,

2815 Mais ie sens croistre à le voir ma misere!
2816 Son œil diuin descouure au nostre ardent
2817 Maints fruicts nouueaux, qui le rendent content,
2818 Et mille fleurs que le printemps rameine:
2819 Mais las au mien, il ne monstre que peine!
2820 A son retour on entend gazouiller
2821 Mille oisillons, les feres s'esueiller,
2822 Qui vont loüans sa lumiere doree,
2823 Qui seule helas me rend lasse esploree!
2824 L'arbre glacé à ses rais reflorist,
2825 Et dans ses bras son beau fruict se meurist[,]
2826 Le pré reprent sa verte cheuelure;
2827 Et ie languis sans changer de nature!
2828 Plus douce, helas, a mon sang demy-cuit
2829 Des feux d'amour, ie sens la noire nuict!
2830 Son front, aux fronts des mortels effroyable,
2831 Bien que hydeux, au mien est agreable:
2832 Car le sommeil qui me va deceuant,
2833 Mon vain penser endort le plus souuent.
2834 Puis ce trompeur, ce fantasque Morphee,
2835 Dont tant de fois mon ame fut trompee,
2836 Deçoit mes yeux, fait trouuer deuant eux
2837 Mon cher Nymphis, qu'il feint m'estre amoureux.
2838 Bien que ce soit vne figure ailee,
2839 Vn ombre vain, si suis-je consolee
2840 De mes trauaux durant tout ce temps coy,
2841 Que mon Nymphis ie pense aupres de moy.
2842 Du songe faux si subtile est la ruse,
2843 Que bien souuent noz ames il abuse, [fol. 376v]
2844 Et pour vn temps a sur nous le pouuoir,
2845 Qu'à noz deux yeux pour vray se faire voir.
2846 Mais il ressemble à l'arbre de Tantale,
2847 De qui le fruict sur la bouche deuale,
2848 Et qui remonte au mesme temps qu'il croit,
2849 Le pouuoir prendre & le toucher du doigt.
2850 Ha douce nuict! hé que n'es-tu encore

2851 Luisante au lieu de la vermeille Aurore?
2852 Que ton beau front pallissant argenté,
2853 N'espand encor sur le ciel sa clarté?
2854 Morphee encor auroit bien la puissance
2855 En me trompant de tromper ma souffrance,
2856 Et de me rendre en songe seulement
2857 Nymphis propice à guarir mon tourment.
2858 Que n'est encor, ô Soleil, ta lumiere
2859 Dans le giron de Tethys mariniere!
2860 Que n'est ton char ô sainct Patarean
2861 Plongé encor dans l'humide Ocean;
2862 Sans rallumer, en dechassant les astres,
2863 Le vif penser de mes cruels desastres?
2864 O Dieu qu'heureux est le coulant repos
2865 A ceux qui ont le soucy dans les os!
2866 Il en endort la cruelle memoire,
2867 Et qui plus est souuent leur fait acroire
2868 Que ce doux bien dont ils auoient soucy,
2869 Et qui rendoit leur courage trancy,
2870 Est arriué! ils le tastent, ce semble,
2871 Ou pour le moins l'ombre qui luy ressemble!
2872 Mais ce qui vient mon esprit tourmenter
2873 C'est que l'on dit qu'il faut interpreter
2874 Tout au rebours les fantosmes & songes,
2875 D'autant que sont mille folles mensonges,
2876 Que l'esprit vient à se representer
2877 Ce que le iour il souloit souhaitter. [fol. 377r]
2878 Combien de fois ce pendant que la face
2879 Du clair Soleil faisoit fondre la glace,
2880 Qui sur le front des rochers espoissis
2881 S'accropissoit, ay-je ennuié Nymphis?
2882 Combien de fois sa beauté si parfaite,
2883 M'a t'elle fait courir toute seulette
2884 Parmy ces bois afin de le chercher
2885 Et de son front me pouuoir approcher?
2886 Durant le iour, si ceste ardante enuie

2887 Brusloit mon ame en ses beautez rauie,
2888 Et si mon cœur pressé d'vn doux lien
2889 Ne souhaittoit tout le iour autre bien,[79]
2890 C'est chose assez & facile & croyable,
2891 Que ce plaisir, qui m'est tant agreable,
2892 Se represente en dormant à mes yeux,
2893 Puis que mon cœur en est si desireux.
2894 Comme l'on voit l'auare qui ne songe
2895 Qu'en son thresor, dont le penser le ronge,
2896 Qui ne dort point, aussi bien que les iours
2897 Les nuicts il pense à le garder tousiours;
2898 Dedans son cœur il le conte sans cesse,
2899 Et craint tousiours que la main larronnesse
2900 Ne luy rauisse vn bien si precieux,
2901 Dont iour & nuict il se rend soucieux:
2902 Ainsi ie suis nuict & iour amoureuse
2903 De mon Nymphis, & tousiours desireuse
2904 De ses beaux yeux, que sans repos ie voy
2905 Soit en veillant, ou dormant à recoy.
2906 Ah pleust aux Dieux, que Iuppin venerable
2907 Rendist ce iour mon songe veritable,
2908 En rencontrant mon Nymphis, où ie vy!
2909 De ses coraux i'eusse ardente rauy
2910 Mille baisers, i'eusse à ses yeux collee
2911 Cent mille fois ma bouche desolee! [fol. 377v]
2912 Ah plus que moy heureuse ne fut onc
2913 L'alme Venus, lors que pressant le front,
2914 Et les beaux yeux de son berger folastre,
2915 Elle venoit aupres de luy s'esbatre!
2916 Ny plus heureuse en ses sauuages bois
2917 Ne fut Diane à sa diuine voix,
2918 Lors que la nuict elle quittoit sa couche,
2919 Pour rebaiser les beaux yeux & la bouche,

79 Semi-colon in the original.

2920 D'Endymion! [Ny plus][80] heureuse Thetis,
2921 Quand Peleus luy engendra ce fils
2922 Qui fist mourir aux Dolopes vtile,
2923 Le braue Hector aux portes de sa [ville].[81]
2924 Mais ie m'en vay par tout cercher[82] Nymphis,
2925 Et faire vray rencontrer si ie puis
2926 Mon songe heureux; faut tenter la fortune,
2927 Qui ne se montre aux couards opportune. [*Sort Diane.*]

[*Entrent Frontin et Fauste.*]

FRONTIN

2928 O bien-heureux ton amour & ton sort,
2929 Puis que pareil ton visage & ton port
2930 Est à Nymphis, ton chef porte à ceste heure
2931 A nœuds frisez sa blonde cheuelure:
2932 Ton front son teint, tes yeux semblent les siens;
2933 Bref pour Nymphis aujourdh'huy ie te tiens.
2934 O sainct sçauoir, qui les mortels transforme[83]
2935 Et qui leur peux faire changer de forme,
2936 De front, de teint, & puissant les refais,
2937 Autres qu'ils n'ont de nature esté faits.
2938 Mais en perdant ta premiere semblance
2939 Garde toy bien de perdre l'asseurance:
2940 Garde toy bien sous ce masque trompeur,
2941 De te tromper, & de perdre le cœur:
2942 Ne pers le sens, & changeant de visage
2943 Ne change pas d'ardeur, & de courage.
2944 Fay bonne mine, & tien ton fait couuert, [fol. 378r]

80 Orig. "Plus"; rhetoric, metrics and meaning support the emendation.
81 Orig. "vie". Both the rhyme and the sense confirm the typographical error; the reference is obviously to Achilles' killing of Hector outside the gates of Troy.
82 The only occurrence in the text of this spelling, which is attested as late as 1642 (see *Le Trésor de la langue française*, s.v. "chercher").
83 Given the second-person endings of "peux" and "refais", I take it that Frontin is apostrophising "sainct sçauoir", so that "transforme" is anomalous.

2945 Que tu ne sois follement descouuert:
2946 Car contre toy ta Diane offencee,
2947 Auroit raison d'estre plus courroucee
2948 Que si loyal, tu n'eusses iamais pris
2949 Pour la tromper la forme de Nymphis.
2950 Et ce pendant que de ce sort charmee,
2951 Tu la verras du desir enflammee:
2952 Qu'elle croira que tu sois son amant,
2953 Appaise promt ton amoureux tourment,
2954 En luy donnant la foy de mariage:
2955 Car sans ce nœud tout amour n'est que rage.
2956 De ceste foy ie deuiendray tesmoin,
2957 Et de tes ans à iamais i'auray soin,
2958 A celle-fin que rien ne te suruienne
2959 Qui te remette à ta peine ancienne.

FAVSTE

2960 Allons, Frontin, allons: car ie pretens
2961 De ce doux iour bien employer le temps,
2962 Et si ie puis auoir heureuse chance,
2963 Je te donray, pour ample recompense
2964 De tes labeurs, & de ton sainct amour,
2965 Vn gobelet fait dextrement au tour
2966 De ce grand buis, dont la teste chenue
2967 Par l'aage viel estoit iadis fenduë,
2968 Qui au vieil mur de mon four se colloit:
2969 De la racine est ce gobelet fait
2970 Jaune comme or que parfait on renomme,
2971 Haut esleué, & rond comme vn[e][84] pomme,
2972 Creux d'vn grand pied, & d'vn cizeau ioly
2973 Tant par dehors que par dedans poly:
2974 Au haut on voit vne bordure espesse,
2975 De chiffres faite, & de Deltats de Grece,

84 Orig. "vns".

2976 De mille nœuds, amoureux enlacez,
2977 Et de cordons estroittement pressez: [fol. 378v]
2978 Parmy l'on voit mainte larme meslee,
2979 Qui change en fleur son humeur distilee,
2980 Sur qui l'on voit maint oiseau voleter,
2981 Et ceste fleur doucement becqueter.
2982 Sur vn costé, l'on voit viue taillee
2983 L'alme Venus, dolente & desolee,
2984 Ayant le dos contre vn ferme rocher,
2985 Et son Adon, qu'elle tenoit si cher,
2986 Mort estendu, que piteuse elle embrasse
2987 Laissant tomber mille pleurs sur sa face,
2988 Son chef diuin, aux amoureux humain,
2989 Repose las dans le creux de sa main,
2990 Le doux Zephyr de son haleine agile,
2991 Par flots flottans, ses cheueux esparpille;
2992 Autour d'Adon, on voit ses chiens lassez,
2993 Qui de regret mortellement blessez,
2994 Par mille cris en esleuant la teste
2995 Vont regrettant la perte qu'ils ont faite;
2996 Les vns de peine en terre se couchans,
2997 Le sang vermeil de leur maistre leschans:
2998 Les autres fiers en vn troupeau s'amassent,
2999 Et le sanglier aduersaire pourchassent.
3000 Pendant on voit decouler tout autour,
3001 Des yeux diuins de la mere d'Amour
3002 Cent mille pleurs, dont la face sanglante
3003 Du bel Adon est baignee & relante;
3004 Et son espieu, dont il auoit domté
3005 Tant de sangliers, est pres de son costé.
3006 De l'autre part on regarde taillee
3007 A traits subtils la dolente Thisbee,
3008 La bouche ouuerte, & comme regrettant
3009 Son cher Pirame, helas, qu'elle aimoit tant:
3010 On voit ses yeux qui degouttent de larmes,
3011 Et dans sa main les infideles armes [fol. 379r]

3012 Qui son bon corps, temple saint de l'amour,
3013 D'vn fer pointu transpercerent à iour.
3014 Pres d'elle on voit la fatale fontaine,
3015 Qui semble encor se douloir de sa peine,
3016 De qui les eaux, entremelees, las,
3017 De sang cruel, lamentoient leur trespas:
3018 Contre le bort de la fontaine calme,
3019 On voit gisant le fidele Pirame,
3020 De qui le cœur fut d'amour offencé,
3021 Ayant le sein d'outre en outre percé,
3022 Couuert de sang, & la terre deserte
3023 Autour de luy de mesme sang couuerte,
3024 De la fontaine aussi couuerts les bords,
3025 Du sang qui coule encore de son corps:
3026 Le couure-chef que la fere sauuage
3027 Ensanglanta, seul [*sic*] cause du dommage,
3028 De l'autre part couuert de sang gisoit
3029 Dessur le pré, qui d'horreur pallissoit.
3030 D'autre costé Didon on voit depeinte,
3031 Le fer au poin, faisant mainte complainte,
3032 Les yeux enflez à force de pleurer,
3033 Et sur la mer au loin se retirer
3034 L'ingrat Enee, on voit la mer mutine,
3035 Ses longs vaisseaux porter sur son eschine:
3036 Pres de Didon on voit Anne sa sœur,
3037 Qui tasche helas d'appaiser sa douleur,
3038 Lasse esploree, & le mal qui la serre
3039 Luy fit baisser la face contre terre:
3040 Elle a les bras piteusement croisez,
3041 A tours dolens l'vn dans l'autre enlacez:
3042 On voit dolens assemblez autour d'elle,
3043 Les habitans de Cartage la belle,
3044 Qui de leur Royne auec cent mille pleurs,
3045 Pleurent le sort, regrettent les malheurs, [fol. 379v]
3046 Puis de bois sec vne pile est haussee,
3047 Où Didon veut estre morte bruslee.

3048 De l'autre part, on voit chaste depeint,
3049 En taille douce, Hippolyte le saint,
3050 Qui dechiré par ses cheuaux superbes,
3051 Mouille de sang le riuage & les herbes:
3052 On voit son char contre vn roc arresté,
3053 De sang vermeil par tout ensanglanté,
3054 Et ses cheuaux, qui harassez de peine
3055 Soufflans suans, prennent vn peu d'haleine:
3056 Aupres du corps d'Hippolyte sans iour,
3057 Phedre l'on voit ardante en vn amour
3058 Qui le souspire, & lamente infidele
3059 Son faux rapport & son amour cruelle,
3060 Qui d'Hippolyte aussi chaste que beau,
3061 Auoit, helas, auancé le tombeau:
3062 Puis l'on la voit preste de se deffaire,
3063 Ayant au poin vn estoc sanguinaire,
3064 Vangeant sur elle Hippolyte qui fut
3065 L'honneur des siens ce pendant qu'il vescut:
3066 On voit apres, vn Dieu qui resuscite
3067 Par mille sucs le pudique Hippolyte,
3068 Qui des forests demeure hoste immortel,
3069 Sans retourner chez son pere cruel.
3070 Du gobelet la patte on voit semee
3071 De mille fleurs, chacune plus aimee.
3072 Syron le fit, qui n'eut pas de pareil,
3073 En son sçauoir sous le tour du Soleil.
3074 Voilà, Frontin, le present que i'ordonne
3075 A ta bonté, & que Fauste te donne.
3076 Mais, ô Frontin, regarde comme moy;
3077 Dedans ce bois, Diane i'apperçoy.
3078 Bon Dieu c'est elle! Amour fay moy la grace
3079 Que i'amollisse à ce coup son audace [fol. 380r]
3080 Dessouz la peau de Nymphis son amant,
3081 Et que ie puisse auoir contentement
3082 De mes desirs, sans que sa belle veuë
3083 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 i'attens
3086 De noz amours, t'offrir en sacrifice
3087 De mon trouppeau 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[85]
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[86] de Diane soucy,
3101 Qui porte l'ame en ton amour trancy.
3102 Mais, ô cruel, tu te plais e[n][87] 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 cognoistre au parauant qu'aimer,
3109 Faut voir la chose auant que l'estimer,

85 Colon at the end of this line in the original.
86 Orig. "poiut".
87 Orig. "eu".

3110 Le vif amour & qui longuement dure, [fol. 380v]
3111 N'arriue pas d'vne prompte auenture,
3112 Ny si soudain, ains son celeste feu
3113 Pour bien durer s'allume peu à peu.
3114 Hé que sçais-tu si ton amour ardante,
3115 Si tes trauaux, & ta peine constante
3116 Ont ce rocher de glace en moy brizé,
3117 Par qui tu vis ton amour mesprisé?
3118 Hé que sçais-tu si la fleche doree
3119 Du Paphien a mon ame nauree,
3120 Comme son trait, d'vn pesant plomb glacé,
3121 Auoit iadis mon tendre cœur blessé?
3122 Le temps ailé qui de noz ans dispose,
3123 Ameine tout, & meurit toute chose;
3124 Ce qui ne peut en vn iour estre fait
3125 Le lendemain se rencontre pa[r]fait:[88]
3126 Jl ne faut pas des Dieux iustes mesdire
3127 Si tout soudain l'on n'a ce qu'on desire.
3128 Tu serois bien confuse, que je croy,
3129 Si ie disois que seulement pour toy
3130 Je suis venu en ceste plaine belle
3131 Pour rechercher ton amitié fidele.
3132 Voy comme i'ay changé de volonté,
3133 Plus amoureux de ta belle beauté[89]
3134 Que tu fus [d]e[90] la mienne petite
3135 Quand tu portois pour moy la face triste.

DIANE

3136 Ah, ô Nymphis, tu te moques de moy!
3137 Tu gausse encor mon immortelle foy!
3138 Las! non content du mal qui me martyre,
3139 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".

3140 Contente toy des douleurs que ie sens,
3141 Sans te moquer de mes maux languissans:
3142 Car ie sçay bien qu'au pris de moy Jullie [fol. 381r]
3143 Est trop parfaite, & trop belle & iolie
3144 Pour la quitter, qui l'aimas plus que toy,
3145 Pour si à coup estre amoureux de moy:
3146 Tu ne sçaurois cela me faire acroire.

FAVSTE

3147 Je jure Amour, dont diuine est la gloire,
3148 Et le pouuoir plus puissant que les Cieux,
3149 Qu'ores ardant ie n'aime que tes yeux;
3150 Que i'ay quitté mon amour ancienne
3151 Pour seulement honorer ma Diane.
3152 Je te le jure & t'en promets ma foy.

DIANE

3153 O cher Nymphis à ce coup ie te croy!
3154 O Dieux du Ciel ie vous rends mainte grace,
3155 D'auoir molly le courage & la glace
3156 De mon Nymphis, & d'vn effort soudain,
3157 L'auoir rendu à mes douleurs humain!
3158 O saint Amour, dont la sainte puissance
3159 Ne peut iamais tomber en decadence
3160 Je veux vn bœuf saintement t'immoler[,][91]
3161 Vn Dieu sans pair, en tous lieux t'appeller!
3162 Mais, ô Nymphis, afin que ie m'asseure
3163 Sans en douter, que tu m'aime à ceste heure,
3164 Je te supply de me donner la foy,
3165 De m'estre espoux & de n'aimer que moy.

FAVSTE

3166 Vn plus grand heur viuant ie ne desire,

91 No punctuation in the original.

3167 A plus grand bien, icy bas ie n'aspire,
3168 C'est mon souhait, car ie vy seulement
3169 En ce desir, en ce doux pensement.
3170 Diane donc, puis que l'Amour l'ordonne,
3171 Ma foy, mon cœur, Eternel ie te donne,
3172 Je te promets, & iure par la loy
3173 Du saint Hymen qu'immortelle ma foy [fol. 381v][92]
3174 Ie veux garder à la tienne liee,
3175 De la mort seule en mourant desliee.
3176 Baille-moy donc ta belle & blanche main,
3177 Prens cet anneau, & que rien d'inhumain
3178 Ne puisse plus trauerser nostre ioye,
3179 Que ie sois tien, & que Diane t'aye,
3180 Frontin sera tesmoin de notre foy,
3181 Hymen, Amour, que conten[t][93] i'apperçoy[.][94]

FRONTIN [*en s'avançant*]

3182 Tesmoin vraiment oculaire & fidele
3183 Frontin sera d'vne amitié si belle;
3184 Jl en aura le reste de ses iours,
3185 Vn saint penser, qui durera tousiours.
3186 Mais à quoi tient, Nymphis, que tu ne touche
3187 Ces yeux, ce front, & ceste belle bouche,
3188 Puis qu'ils sont tiens, à ton vueil destinez,
3189 Et par la foy à ton ame donnez?
3190 Baise Diane, & d'vne douce haleine
3191 Tire son cœur & son ame à la tienne.
3192 Baise la donc, & que ce doux baiser,
3193 Puisse adoucir l'ardeur de ce brasier,
3194 Qui consomma la beauté de ton ame,
3195 Au feux diuin d'vne si belle Dame.

92 Orig.: fol. misnumbered "181".
93 Orig. "contens".
94 No punctuation in the original.

FAVSTE

3196 Frontin ie n'ose, & crains que ce baiser
3197 Puisse l'esprit de Diane offencer,
3198 Mais si faut-il en sonder son courage.

DIANE

3199 Puis que la foy du sacré mariage,
3200 A peu noz cœurs en vn seul composer,
3201 Ie te permets [le][95] pudique baiser.

FAVSTE

3202 Ie le prens donc, auec ferme asseurance
3203 D'auoir tousiours ce iour en reuerence, [fol. 382r]
3204 Et de garder immortelle la foy,
3205 Que tu as, belle, ores receu de moy.

NYMPHIS [*en entrant*]

3206 Puis que du iour la lumiere polie
3207 Reluit au Ciel, ie vay chercher Iullye,
3208 Jullye fiere, & qui se plaist de voir
3209 Mourir Nymphis dessouz son fier pouuoir,
3210 Ie veux sçauoir si Arbuste fidele
3211 L[']a[96] point changee & faite moins cruelle:
3212 Car quelques fois ces vieilles qui ont sçeu
3213 Que c'est qu'aimer, & mainte ame deceu,
3214 Peuuent au bal de leurs langues dociles,
3215 Mollir les cœurs des plus cruelles filles.
3216 Cela s'est veu arriuer mille fois,
3217 Car plus doux n'est des filles d'Achelois
3218 Le chant pipeur, ny leur langue pareille
3219 A celle-là de quelque fine vieille,
3220 Qui a passé ioyeusement son temps,
3221 Et qui conseille vn mesme passe-temps

95 "le": doubled in the original.
96 Orig. "La".

3222 A quelque fille, encores 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 i'eliray plustost qu[']elle,[97]
3235 Pour me tuer vne mort eternelle.

DIANE [fol. 382v]

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 Morphee?
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 tremble,
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 differens, 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,

97 Orig. "quelle".

3253 Et qui parfait d'autre ta volonté?
3254 Quoy? sont-ce icy les regards de Meduse?
3255 Est-ce vn Merlin qui de charmes m'abuse?
3256 Sont-ce les traits magiques [de][98] Circé;
3257 Ou les effets de l'esprit courroucé
3258 D'vne Medee, ardemment enragee
3259 Au parauant qu'elle se vist vengee?
3260 Ha qu'est-cecy? en ces objects diuers
3261 Je me consomme & ruine & me perds.
3262 Ces deux Pasteurs ores se font cognoistre
3263 Pour mon Nymphis, qui deux ne sçauroit estre;
3264 Et tous les deux ne sçauroient estre aussi
3265 Mon cher Nymphis, qui cause mon soucy.
3266 Ha qu'est-cecy? Si faut-il que ie trame
3267 La verité de ce magique charme,
3268 Et que ie sçache à ce coup, si ie puis, [fol. 383r]
3269 Lequel d'eux est le naturel Nymphis.
3270 Ie ne sçaurois estre plus abusee,
3271 Ny follement par l'amour insensee:
3272 Jl faut sçauoir si mon œil est deceu,
3273 Ou si le vray il auroit apperceu.
3274 Es-tu Nymphis, toy qui m'as fait promesse
3275 De me seruir comme seule maistresse
3276 De tes desirs, & m'as donné ta foy,
3277 Et l'as receue egalement de moy?
3278 Ha ie ne puis croire que ton visage
3279 Soit celuy-là de Nymphis, qui sauuage
3280 A tant de fois mesprise mes amours:
3281 Veu que si prompt tu es à mon secours,
3282 Et qu'en vn rien, en vne matinee,
3283 I'ay veu soudain ta volonté changee.
3284 Mais ne me tien si long temps en esmoy!

98 "[D]e" is missing in the original.

FAVSTE

3285 Je suis Nymphis.

NYMPHIS

Non Diane c'est moy
3286 Et ce Pasteur te trompe souz ma face
3287 Pour s'enrichir, peut estre, de ta grace:
3288 Sçachant assez que tes abusez yeux
3289 Sont ardemment de mon front amoureux.
3290 Je ne suis pas marry que mon visage,
3291 Ait amolly ton endurcy courage
3292 Vers ce Pasteur, ie ferois comme luy,
3293 Si ie pensois appaiser mon ennuy:
3294 Car en amours il n'est point de remede
3295 Qui soit cruel, ni de guarison laide.
3296 Tu feras bien, en le prenant pour moy,
3297 De luy donner ton amour & ta foy;
3298 Car de Nymphis il ne faut que tu pense
3299 Rien esperer qu'vne longue souffrance,
3300 Qu'vn fier dédain, qu'vne amere langueur,
3301 Puis qu'à Jullye il a donné son cœur. [fol. 383v]
3302 Je suis marry qu'il faut que manifeste
3303 Vienne par moy, ta deception secrette,
3304 Pauure Pasteur! car ie cherche à guarir
3305 Ceux que l'amour comme moy fait mourir.
3306 Mais ie ne puis la verité desdire
3307 Qui me contraint deuant toy de la dire,
3308 Ny me changer dextrement, comme toy,
3309 Par vn bel art en vn autre que moy. [*Sort Nymphis.*]

DIANE

3310 Ah qu'est-cecy! faut-il donc que ma veuë
3311 Soit à tous coups si laschement deceue?
3312 Deuois-je donc, pauure abusee, voir
3313 Mon ame helas, par l'amour decevoir?
3314 Et suis-ie donc à souffrir ordonnee

3315 Tous les courroux de nostre destinee?
3316 Ah! ô malheur! hé qu'vn triste tombeau
3317 Ne seruit-il à mon corps de berceau
3318 Soudain que j'euz aduisé la lumiere,
3319 Qui sur le Ciel se promeine ordinaire?
3320 C'est trop sentir icy bas de douleur!
3321 C'est trop seruir de butin au mal-heur!
3322 C'est trop souffrir sans qu'aucune esperance
3323 De guarison à mon secours s'auance!
3324 Non, non, Diane, il faut mal-gré l'amour
3325 Pour nous guarir mourir dedans ce jour!
3326 Jl faut tenter de la mort le remede,
3327 Puis que le Ciel nous refuse son aide.
3328 Mourons, Diane, & rendons par la mort
3329 Mort du mal-heur le langoureux effort.
3330 Mourons, Diane, & cherchons allegeance,
3331 En trespassant, au mal qui nos offence.
3332 De deux Bergers, aimez de tout mon cœur,
3333 L'vn m'est cruel, & l'autre deceueur:
3334 De l'vn iamais mon amitié fidele [fol. 384r]
3335 N'a peu mollir l'arrogance cruelle;
3336 L'autre peruers a mon ame deceu,
3337 Et sans auoir sa malice apperceu:
3338 Tant j'aime, helas, celuy dont agreable
3339 Jl empruntoit la face venerable,
3340 Au desir lors de mon cœur affronté:
3341 Et maintenant contre ma volonté,
3342 Luy ai promis la foy de mariage,
3343 Et de l'aimer tous les iours de mon aage.
3344 Mais qu'ay-ie dit? le naturel deuoir
3345 N'oblige aucun outre que son pouuoir.
3346 Je ne sçaurois, quelque vœu que ie face,
3347 Quoy qui m'arriue, aimer vne autre face
3348 Que celle-là de mon aimé Nymphis:
3349 En vain i'ay donc mon amitié promis!
3350 Puis, ce qu'on fait par force ou tromperie,

3351 N'est point tenable, & le los n'iniurie,
3352 Ce n'est forfait si nous le mesprisons,
3353 Et si de luy sages nous abusons.
3354 Jl faut pour vray que libre, & non forcee
3355 Soit nostre foy, pour n'estre point faussee:
3356 Jl faut que franc & sans desguisement,
3357 Soit pour tenir nostre libre serment.
3358 Je ne suis donc à personne engagee,
3359 Puis que l'on m[']a[99] laschement outragee;
3360 Et que par dol on a tiré de moy[100]
3361 Souz faux semblant promesse de ma foy.
3362 Mais cependant voilà ma foy promise;
3363 Qui ne sçauroit m'estre iamais remise:
3364 I'ay fait serment, qui seul doit icy bas
3365 Viure asseuré iusqu'à nostre trespas.
3366 Celuy qui voit n'a raison qui merite
3367 De l'excuser, si faute de conduite
3368 Il est tombé dans vn gouffre estranger: [fol. 384v]
3369 Car il pouuoit euiter le danger.
3370 Rien ne me peut estre donc excusable,
3371 Ma foy y va, faut qu'elle soit tenable
3372 Iusqu'à ma mort, qui me peut acquiter,
3373 Et de l'effect de ma foy exempter,
3374 Qui ma promesse immortelle engagee
3375 En me tuant peut rendre desgagee.
3376 Faut donc mourir, car la mortelle loy
3377 Peut desgager mon amour & ma foy.

FAVSTE

3378 Diane, arreste, arreste ceste enuie
3379 De terminer pour mon crime ta vie.
3380 Si ton esprit n'est coulpable du mal
3381 Que Fauste, helas, à commis desloyal,

99 Orig. "ma".
100 Question mark at the end of this line in the original.

3382 Et si ton ame en est faite innocente,
3383 Pourquoy veux-tu trepasser languissante?
3384 La loy punit le peruers, qui a fait
3385 Durant ses iours quelque inique forfait.
3386 C'est la raison qu'on corrige le crime,
3387 Et que le bien honorable on estime,
3388 Mais ce n'est pas vn acte d'equité,
3389 Que celuy-là qui n'a point merité
3390 Aucun tourment pour n'auoir commis vice,
3391 Pour le peché du coulpable perisse.
3392 Puis que le Ciel me rend iniurieux,
3393 Desagreable à tes pudiques yeux,
3394 Et qu'à mon heur importun il resiste,
3395 Que le sçauoir de rien ne me profite,
3396 L'art, le moyen d'adoucir ta fierté,
3397 Et de me rendre aimé de ta beauté,
3398 Je veux mourir pour rendre desgagee
3399 Ta foy, qui m'est saintement obligee:
3400 Auec mon corps mourra pareillement
3401 Le nœud, qui tient immortel ton serment. [fol. 385r]
3402 Et par ma mort, ô ma chere Deesse,
3403 Tu te verras quitte de ta promesse.
3404 Tu n'auras rien qui t'oblige vers moy,
3405 Et tu seras libre alors de ta foy,
3406 Que tu pourras sans scrupule en ton ame,
3407 Rendre à quelque autre en te prenant pour femme.
3408 Voilà comment nous serons satisfaits,
3409 Et noz desirs heureusement parfaits,
3410 Toy recouurant ta promesse engagee,
3411 Et moy mourant, pour te rendre vengee,
3412 Et pour tuer le mal, qui sans secours,
3413 Sans me tuer, me rend mort tous les iours.
3414 Belle Diane, encor que ie merite
3415 Plustost la mort, qu'vne faueur petite
3416 De ta bonté, ayant, d'amour pressé,
3417 Blessé ton aise, & ton ame offencé,

3418 Je veux pourtant te prier, ô ma belle,
3419 De ne penser en ma faute mortelle,
3420 De l'oublier, & croire en ce doux iour,
3421 Que rien ne peut resister à l'Amour:
3422 Et que celuy qui vit sous sa puissance,
3423 Fait ce qu'il peut pour auoir allegeance!
3424 Hé, pourroit-on blasmer auec raison
3425 Le patient, qui cherche guarison?
3426 A-til, helas, mérité quelque peine,
3427 Voulant guarir sa douleur inhumaine?
3428 Et celuy-là peut-il estre blasmé,
3429 Qui se voyant en prison enfermé
3430 Fait ce qu'il peut pour deliuré en estre,
3431 Et pour se voir en liberté remettre?
3432 Ainsi, Diane, ainsi, belle, ie fis,
3433 Prenant le front de ton aimé Nymphis,
3434 Pour essayer souz ce fardé visage,
3435 De rendre doux enuers moy ton courage. [fol. 385v]
3436 Tu l'eusses fait si les Dieux, trop peruers
3437 A mon bon heur, n'eussent point descouuerts [*sic*]
3438 Ny mes desseins, ny ma fainte, qui cause
3439 Qu'au lieu du bien, la mort ie me propose.
3440 Pour tout cela & pour tout mon mal-heur,
3441 Tu n'as Diane offencé ton honneur.
3442 Ie n'ay receu, qu'vn baiser, que pudique
3443 Dessur ta foy tu me donnas vnique.
3444 Ce que le Ciel rend descouuert aux yeux,
3445 Comme la bouche, & le front gracieux,
3446 Pour estre, helas, touchez en reuerence,
3447 Ne sçauroient faire à l'honneur violence;
3448 Et mesmement alors que ny consent
3449 L'ame, qui chaste aucun bien n'en resent,
3450 Et que la foy sainte de mariage,
3451 Peut conseruer l'honneur de tout dommage.
3452 Tu n'as donc point, ô Diane, offencé,
3453 Et ton honneur ne se trouue oppressé,

3454 Si me prenant pour ton Nymphis aimable,
3455 Apres auoir receu pour venerable
3456 Ma sainte foy, & que i'euz ton serment,
3457 Tu me donnas vn baiser seulement.
3458 Rien ne peut donc d'vn chaud desir t'éprendre
3459 De trepasser, si ce n'est pour reprendre
3460 Ta foy, que, las, tu voulus me donner:
3461 Mais je mouray pour te la redonner.
3462 Je m'y en vay: Adieu, belle Diane!
3463 Adieu! adieu nostre amour ancienne!
3464 Adieu mon cœur! Je m'en vay tresbucher
3465 Du front hideux de ce pointu rocher,
3466 Dedans la mer, de qui les ondes calmes
3467 Submergeront & ma vie & mes flammes[.][101]

DIANE [fol. 386r]

3468 Meur si tu veux, je n'en ay point soucy,
3469 Puis que je veux, helas, mourir aussi,
3470 A celle-fin que mon sang venerable
3471 Puisse lauer mon forfait lamentable.
[*Sortent Fauste et Diane séparément.*]

NYMPHIS [*en entrant*]

3472 Je suis lassé d'entourner ces forests,
3473 Ces prez, ces champs, & ces fascheux deserts,
3474 Pour rencontrer ma cruelle Iullye:
3475 La force m'est, helas presque faillie.
3476 Je n'estois point si las au temps passé,
3477 Quand ie prenois le sanglier herissé,
3478 Que ie courois d'vne course gaillarde
3479 Apres le Cerf, ou la Biche fuyarde:
3480 Car le plaisir que i'auois en chassant
3481 Mon long trauail alloit adoucissant:

101 No punctuation in the original.

3482 Et l'on ne peut le mal appeller 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 sauuage
3487 Iullye, 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 i'espreuue
3499 Fait que mes dits veritables ie treuue!
3500 I'aime Jullye, & pour l'aimer trop fort [fol. 386v]
3501 Ie sens mon corps abbayer à la mort,
3502 Tant la douleur de mon ame l'oppresse[102]
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.

3515 Qui sans espoir de finir nous consomme.
3516 Bien que l'Amour à cent maux plus cuisans
3517 Que le trespas, rende suiects mes ans,
3518 Et que ie brusle en ceste viue flamme,
3519 Qui a seché la vigueur de mon ame:
3520 Ie ne voudrois mon mal, mal appeller,
3521 Si quelque espoir me venoit consoler:
3522 Mais ie languy sans espoir, sans attente
3523 Que ma Iullye vn iour douce contente
3524 Mon cœur, qui brusle au rais de sa beauté,
3525 Et qui ne vit que par sa volonté.
3526 O trop cruelle, inhumaine Iullye!
3527 Le fier vainqueur son prisonnier deslie,
3528 Et bien souuent le remet sur sa foy,
3529 Mais tu ne veux auoir pitié de moy,
3530 Ny deslier mon ame, qui dolente
3531 En tes liens trespasse languissante.
3532 Plus on arrouse, & plus on lance d'eau
3533 Dans le brazier qui craquette au fourneau,
3534 Plus il s'esprent, & plus viue & bruslante [fol. 387r]
3535 Deçà, delà, court sa flamme inconstante.
3536 De mesme, helas! plus cruelle ie voy
3537 Ta cruauté à mes ans, à ma foy,
3538 Belle Iullie, & plus tu me diffames,
3539 Plus tu accrois en ton amour mes flammes:
3540 Plus ie t'honore, & plus i'aime tes yeux,
3541 Yeux plus ardans que le iour radieux,
3542 Yeux que ie veux aimer toute ma vie,
3543 Sans que iamais ceste amoureuse enuie
3544 Puisse passer, sans que passent mes iours
3545 Plustost mortels que mes chastes amours.
3546 Tu seras donc, ô ma chere Iullie,
3547 Tousiours maistresse, & de ma triste vie,
3548 Et de mon ame: & Nymphis te sera
3549 Tousiours amant, & ton serf il mourra.

HECTOR [*en entrant*]

3550 Change, ô pasteur, change si tu es sage
3551 De passion, d'amour, & de langage,
3552 Change d'ardeur, de cœur, de pensement,
3553 Car tu n'es pas digne tant seulement
3554 De regarder la celeste Iullie,
3555 Qui tous les Dieux en son amour relie.
3556 De celuy-là perilleux est le saut,
3557 Que le desir a fait monter trop haut,
3558 Et perilleux fut le tomber d'Icare,
3559 Pour estre ensemble orgueilleux & ignare:
3560 Garde toy bien de tomber comme luy,
3561 Car ie t'appren qu'on ne pleure celuy
3562 Qui pour auoir enflé[103] de vaine gloire,
3563 Voulu des Dieux desrober la victoire,
3564 Tombé d'enhaut, & puny iustement
3565 Perd & ses iours, & vie & sentiment.
3566 Car il ne faut que personne s'efforce
3567 De faire plus que ne permet sa force, [fol. 387v]
3568 Ains que chacun, selon qu'il peut auoir
3569 Du bien du ciel, mesure son pouuoir.
3570 Ne sois donc pas si plein d'outrecuidance
3571 D'aimer Iullie, & iamais ne t'auance
3572 De l'appeller dame de tes amours,
3573 Et moins encor d'en esperer secours.
3574 Elle est pour toy trop celeste & diuine;
3575 Et son amour est ta proche ruine.
3576 Car nul ne peut l'aimer sans ressentir
3577 De sa folie vn cruel repentir,
3578 Puis que ie veux aueques ceste lame
3579 Contre vn chacun l'acquerir pour madame,
3580 Puis que ie l'aime, & permettre ne veux
3581 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 "enflè".

NYMPHIS

3582 Il faudroit donc que ton outrecuidance,
3583 Et ton orgueil, eussent plus de puissance
3584 Que les grands Dieux, de qui la deité
3585 N'empesche pas d'aimer vne beauté,
3586 Qui à nostre œil se descouure agreable,
3587 Et que leur main a faite venerable:
3588 Car rien ne peut que la mort empescher
3589 Nostre desir, & l'amour estancher.

HECTOR

3590 Aussi faut-il, pasteur, que tu t'asseures
3591 De trespasser, si outre tu demeures
3592 En ton erreur, & que tu vueille aimer
3593 Jullie encor, & son serf te nommer:
3594 Car ie veux seul son serf immuable estre
3595 Et par mon fer tel me faire paroistre.

NYMPHIS

3596 Vn seul desdain, vn seul aigre propos
3597 De ma Jullie, enchasse dans mes os
3598 Plus de frayeur, & plus de froide glace, [fol. 388r]
3599 Que ton orgueil, & ta fiere menace:
3600 Car des couards, l[']Amour braue & vainqueur[104]
3601 Est fort assez pour auiuer le cœur:
3602 Et peut le rendre inuaincu, franc de blasme,
3603 Mesmement lors qu'il combat pour sa dame.
3604 Ne pense donc m'apporter quelque effroy
3605 Ny que ie laisse à l'honorer pour toy:
3606 Car quand Iuppin voudroit parler de mesme
3607 Jl ne sçauroit faire que ie ne l'aime.

104 No apostrophe in the original.

HECTOR

3608 Que n'es-tu digne, & d'entrer au combat
3609 Encontre moy, & vuider ce debat
3610 La lame au poing, estant né pour combatre,
3611 Non pour ton droit par paroles debatre?
3612 Et que n'es-tu cheualier comme moy?
3613 Ou que ne peut me permettre la loy,
3614 Sans offencer ma guerriere vaillance,
3615 De chastier ta superbe arrogance ?
3616 Car i'esteindrois par vne mesme main,
3617 Tes iours, ta vie, & ton desir hautin:
3618 Et d'vn pasteur dont l'ame est forcenee
3619 Ne seroit plus Iullie importunee.
3620 Garde pourtant l'aimer passé ce iour:
3621 Car ie ne sçay si le puissant Amour,
3622 Qui toute chose a sa volonté force,
3623 Me feroit point vser de quelque force
3624 En ton endroit, me faisant mettre en bas
3625 Le saint respect que ie porte aux combats,
3626 Puis que l'Amour d'estre doux nous dispense
3627 A celuy là qui son pouuoir offence,
3628 Et qu'on ne craint d'offencer l'équité
3629 Pour maintenir sa sainte deité.

NYMPHIS [fol. 388v]

3630 O cheualier, ceste robbe sauuage
3631 Ne rauit pas aux pasteurs le courage.
3632 Souz cet habit, qui te va deceuant,
3633 Vn corps nerueux se rencontre souuent,
3634 Qui loge un cœur où la masle vaillance
3635 Fait bien souuent sa brusque demeurance.
3636 Si les pasteurs accourcissent les iours
3637 Des fiers lions, des sangliers, & des ours,
3638 Et si le loup trebouche souz leur lame,
3639 Jls pourront bien combattre pour leur dame
3640 Vn cheualier, qui est homme comme eux,

3641 Et de leur bien folement enuieux.
3642 Bien que l'habit d'vn pastoureau ie porte,
3643 Et que ie sois habillé de la sorte
3644 De ces bergeres [*sic*], qui meinent leurs aigneaux
3645 Broutter l'herbette aux riuages des eaux,
3646 Je suis pourtant sorty de gens d'elite,
3647 Et comme toy cheualier de merite:
3648 Mais cet habit i'ay pris pour librement
3649 Seruir Jullie, & estre son amant.
3650 Que cela donc nostre combat ne tarde:
3651 Bien-heureux est l'amant qui se hazarde
3652 Au lit d'honneur, & voir son iour esteint
3653 Pour soustenir son amour estre saint.

HECTOR

3654 Puis qu'ainsi est que l'espee hazardeuse
3655 A ton costé a pendu valeureuse,
3656 Et si tu dis la sainte verité
3657 Que cheualier autre fois as esté,
3658 Je suis content de combatre à ceste heure,
3659 Si tu ne veux que tout seul ie demeure
3660 Serf de Jullie, & si pour ton repos
3661 Tu ne veux pas m'en quitter le beau loz:
3662 Et le quittant faut que tu me promette [fol. 389r]
3663 De n'aimer plus sa beauté si parfaite.

NYMPHIS

3664 Auant Nymphis sentira mille morts
3665 Ramper autour des veines de son corps;
3666 Auant sa main accourcira sa vie,
3667 Qu'onc il delaisse à rechercher Iullie.
3668 Mais si tu veux toy-mesmes euiter
3669 Le dur combat, promets moy de quitter
3670 L'amour ardant que tu porte à Iullie,
3671 Afin que seul son amant ie me die.
3672 Si tu ne veux commbattons sans seiour,

3673 Et que le fer asseure nostre amour.

HECTOR

3674 Veux-tu encor que ta surperbe audace
3675 Me face peur, & ma valeur menace?
3676 Sus, sus, auant: viuement combatons,
3677 Et par l'acier noz amours disputons.

ELYMANT [*en entrant*]

3678 Demeurez-là. Par ma noire science,
3679 Qui des esprits arreste l'arrogance,
3680 Par mon sçauoir qui fait trembler les cieux,
3681 Et qui de peur rend estonnez les Dieux,
3682 Je vous commande, & outre vous coniure
3683 Que chacun cesse à s'entrefaire iniure.
3684 Demeurez-là: il me plaist: ie le veux:
3685 Laissez le fer, & vous rendez tous deux
3686 Aupres de moy, qui sage vous veux dire
3687 Vostre fortune, & voz erreurs predire.
3688 Toy qui combats encontre ce pasteur,
3689 Qui ne te cede en prouesse & valeur,
3690 N'as pas pensé auoir pour aduersaire
3691 En ce combat ton braue vnique frere.
3692 Et toy pasteur, trompé, tu ne crois pas
3693 Que cestui-cy que vaillant tu combats, [fol. 389v]
3694 Soit ton Hector, ton frere, a qui l'enuie
3695 De te trouuer a hazardé la vie:
3696 Car mille mers ardant il a passé,
3697 Mille deserts incogneus trauersé,
3698 Couru cent fois de fortune la rage,
3699 Senty du ciel maint choleré visage,
3700 Pour te chercher, pour te voir, te trouuer;
3701 Et pour encor ton amour esprouuer
3702 De son trauail, de sa ferme constance,
3703 En ton amour. Maigre la recompense
3704 Tu luy ferois, si au lieu de secours

3705 A sa douleur, tu trancissois ses iours.
3706 Et toy Hector, apres tant de miseres,
3707 Tant de trauaux, tant de peines ameres,
3708 Et tant de mal enduré pour chercher
3709 Ton frere aimé, & que tu tiens si cher,
3710 Ores qu'heureux tu es par sa presence,
3711 Veux-tu sur luy esprouuer ta vaillance?
3712 Et le meurdrir t'ayant fait esprouuer
3713 Tant de labeurs, afin de le trouuer?
3714 Tous deux enfans d'vne mesme portee,
3715 Fut vostre mere en vn iour contentee:
3716 Tous deux enfans de ce Duc, qui puissant
3717 Maintenant va les Celtes regissant,
3718 De qui le nom fut le diuin Ebore,
3719 Et celuy là de vostre mere Flore.
3720 Tu fus nommé du nom du braue Hector
3721 (Car ton clair sang du sien decoule encor)
3722 Toy Sarpedon, noms des preux dont la Grece,
3723 Braue esprouua la gaillarde prouesse.
3724 Mais en traçant les accidents diuers
3725 Que tous Heros cherchent par l'vniuers,
3726 Taschant à rendre immortelle ta gloire,
3727 Par ta valeur, dont viue est la memoire [fol. 390r]
3728 Par tout le monde, en ce desert tu vins
3729 Et amoureux de Iullye deuins
3730 Tout aussi tost que sur sa face belle,
3731 Ton œil ietta sa lumiere iumelle.
3732 Pour la seruir, & l'aimer librement,
3733 D'vn pastoureau tu pris l'habillement,
3734 Que sur ton corps ore encore tu porte,
3735 Et pour vn temps quittas ta valeur forte,
3736 Et ton habit de guerrier de renom,
3737 Ton fier harnois, tes armes, & ton nom,
3738 Pour te nommer Nymphis, de qui la gloire
3739 En ce pais a planté ta memoire.
3740 Voilà comment l'vn & l'autre deceu,

3741 Vous n'auiez point vostre erreur apperceu,
3742 Sans mon sçauoir, qui comprent toute chose
3743 Qui vit au ciel, & en terre repose.
3744 Et vostre main, sans mon heureux secours,
3745 En sa fureur eust terminé voz iours,
3746 Mais sus, auant: de cruels aduersaires
3747 Redeuenez amis, germains, & freres.
3748 Embrassez vous, pendant que dans ce iour,
3749 Nous donnerons remede à vostre amour.
3750 Rendant du tout l'ame viue agitee
3751 De passions, heureuse & contentee.
3752 Reposez vous sur mon diuin sçauoir,
3753 Qui sur Iullie aura ce iour pouuoir,
3754 Pour amollir le roc de son courage
3755 Et l'vn de vous aimer en mariage.

HECTOR

3756 O frere aimé, qui par tout i'ay cherché,
3757 Et d'amour saint viuement recherché,
3758 Car pour iouir de ta chere presence,
3759 J'ay mille fois esprouué l'inconstance
3760 Du sort cruel, souffert mille trauaux, [fol. 390v]
3761 Ployé cent fois souz dix mille fardeaux.
3762 Mais, ô grands Dieux, ie ne repute peine
3763 Ny mes labeurs, ny ma course inhumaine,
3764 Puis que ie tiens mon cher frere embrassé,
3765 Encor qu'il soit de mon fer offencé.
3766 Pardonne moy, mon frere: en recompense
3767 De mon forfait, pour en noyer l'offence,
3768 Ie veux Iullie à iamais te quitter:
3769 Car aussi bien tu la peux meriter
3770 Trop mieux que moy, puis que long temps fidele
3771 Ton amitié a commencé vers elle:
3772 Et ie ne sens qu'encore depuis vn iour
3773 S'esprendre en moy le feu de son amour.
3774 Pren la pour toy, rien ie n'y veux pretendre

3775 A l'aduenir, sinon pour te la rendre,
3776 Si dessus elle Amour & son vouloir,
3777 M'auoient donné par cy deuant pouuoir.
3778 Et toy vieillard, dont la force esprouuee
3779 Nous as la vie heureusement sauuee,
3780 Pere courtois qui as refait noz ans,
3781 Prests de passer souz noz glaiues trenchans,
3782 Qui de nouueau nous as donné la vie,
3783 Cent fois ta grace ores ie remercie,
3784 Et te supply que tu prennes tousiours
3785 Soin de noz ans, & cure de noz iours.

NYMPHIS

3786 Ah, ô cher frere! ah, as-tu souuenance
3787 De Sarpedon, qui laschement t'offence?
3788 Qui te vouloit enuoyer aux enfers,
3789 Pour le loyer de tant de maux souffers
3790 A le chercher? pour tant de longues peines
3791 Qui ont esté à tes ans inhumaines?
3792 Ah ie me plains que mon impieté
3793 Tant de tourment parjure ait merité? [fol. 391r]
3794 Mais, ô mon frere, en ton ame fidele
3795 Si l'amitié reste encor mutuelle,
3796 Et si encor tu daignes estimer
3797 Mon sainct amour, & mon repos aimer,
3798 Je te supply' par ceste amitié saincte
3799 Que mon injure à iamais soit esteinte:
3800 Vueilles ma faute inhumaine oublier,
3801 Et d'vn nouueau deuoir me relier,
3802 En receuant Jullie pour ta femme:
3803 Tu merites vne si digne Dame:
3804 Ie te la quitte, & te la rens, helas!
3805 Car la raison ne consentira pas,
3806 Qu'ayant souffert pour moy mainte misere,
3807 Ie t'oste encor ce qui t'est necessaire,
3808 Que tu merite, & qu'obligé ie doy

3809 Aux longs trauaux que tu as pris pour moy.
3810 Reçoy-là donc, pour digne recompense
3811 De tes labeurs, & de ta patience.

HECTOR

3812 Non non, cher frere, il ne faut desloyal
3813 Que ma presence apporte tant de mal
3814 A ta santé, que rauir infidele
3815 Ce qui la peut faire viure eternelle!
3816 Trop de mal-heur tu sentirois pour moy,
3817 Qui n'aime rien [a]u[105] monde au prix de toy.
3818 Je ne suis pas venu en ceste terre
3819 Pour faire vn iour à ton repos la guerre,
3820 Ny te troubler: trop chere de moitié
3821 T'auroit esté ma cruelle amitié.
3822 Trop chere aussi t'auroit esté la veüe
3823 De mon visage, & chere ma venüe.
3824 Je vien à toy afin de te seruir,
3825 Non pour ton bien cruellement rauir.
3826 Reçoy-là donc: car pour moy ie te iure [fol. 391v]
3827 Que ie n'ay plus de la bergere cure.

NYMPHIS

3828 Non non, mon frere, ah c'est trop outrager
3829 Mon amitié, que vouloir m'obliger
3830 Par tant de fois, sans auoir esperance
3831 D'vn iour t'en faire heureuse recompense.
3832 Contente toy qu'obligé ie te sois
3833 D'auoir passé la mer par tant de fois,
3834 Pour me trouuer, auec mainte disgrace,
3835 Dont à tous coups le destin nous menace,
3836 D'auoir voulu mon peché pardonner:
3837 Sans me vouloir encores redonner

105 Orig. "ou".

3838 Ce qui est tien par le droit equitable,
3839 Et qui se rend à tes yeux agreable.
3840 Ah, pren là donc, & pren pitié de moy
3841 Sans m'obliger tant de fois enuers toy!
3842 Ce me fera vne gloire immortelle
3843 En te voyant espoux de ceste belle,
3844 Qui peut tes ans couronner de repos,
3845 Et le plaisir enchasser dans tes os.

HECTOR

3846 C'est violer le droit & la iustice,
3847 Porter vne ame hostesse de malice,
3848 Et rendre infame & son nom & son los,
3849 Que desrober le fruict & le repos
3850 Du long trauail à celuy qui sans cesse
3851 A trauailler exerce sa ieunesse.
3852 Pour emporter Jullie, & son amour,
3853 En long trauail tu as passé maint iour,
3854 Souffert, paty, souspiré mille carmes,
3855 Et respendu mille ruisseaux de larmes:
3856 De ton labeur, si vif, si ancien
3857 N'est-ce raison que le doux fruict soit tien?
3858 Et que le fruict bien-heureux te demeure [fol. 392r]
3859 Du large champ que sans fin tu labeure?
3860 Qui ce doux bien oseroit t'enleuer,
3861 Doit de la loy la rigueur esprouuer.
3862 Or pren-le donc, & ne vueille me faire,
3863 Me le quittant, de la loy aduersaire.

NYMPHIS

3864 Mais si la loy mesme rigueur estend
3865 Dessur l'ingrat, que celuy qui respand
3866 De son prochain, espris d'ardente rage,
3867 Le iuste sang, accourcissant son aage:
3868 Pourquoy veux-tu que ceste mesme loy
3869 Perde mon los pour estre ingrat vers toy?

3870 Et refusant de ma main miserable
3871 Le sainct loyer, dont ie suis redeuable
3872 A ton trauail, à ton iuste labeur,
3873 Veux-tu me rendre à iamais sans honneur:
3874 Et que mon ame, où la gloire est entee,
3875 Soit d'vn chacun ingrate reputee?
3876 Ne me fay pas, ô mon frere, ce tort:
3877 Mais pren Jullie, afin que l'heureux sort
3878 Me donne gloire & loüange eternelle,
3879 Pour n'estre ingrat à ton amour fidele.

ELYMANT

3880 Que vous sert il de vous rendre ialoux
3881 D'vn bien qui n'est aucunement à vous?
3882 De vous donner d'vne fole arrogance,
3883 Ce qui ne peut estre en vostre puissance?
3884 C'est partager par voz ieunes discours
3885 Le bien d'autruy, ou bien la peau de l'ours.
3886 Jullie n'est à l'amour adonnee,
3887 Elle deteste, & les loix d'Hymenee,
3888 Et les baisers fideles d'vn espoux,
3889 Pour estre libre, & gaye parmy nous,
3890 Pour viure braue, & portant le courage [fol. 392v]
3891 Libre des loix d'vn pesant mariage.
3892 Attendez donc que puissiez esmouuoir
3893 Son chaste cœur, que vous ayez pouuoir
3894 Sur son desir, auant qu'auoir la force
3895 D'en disposer comme chacun s'efforce.
3896 Mais pour vous rendre à iamais bien-heureux,
3897 Pour vous tirer de seruage, ie veux,
3898 S'il m'est possible, adoucir son courage,
3899 Et l'animer au nœud de mariage,
3900 En luy faisant espouser l'vn de vous
3901 Qu'elle voudra eslire pour espoux;
3902 En rendant l'autre à iamais libre & sage,
3903 Par mon sçauoir, de l'amoureuse rage.

3904 Voulez-vous pas remettre à son vouloir
3905 Vostre dispute, & d'elle receuoir
3906 La iuste loy, puis qu'outre son courage
3907 Vous ne pouuez l'auoir en mariage?

HECTOR

3908 Ie le veux bien.

NYMPHIS

Ie le veux donc aussi.

ELYMANT

3909 Or sus courage, attendez moy icy,
3910 Ie vay trouuer ceste superbe Dame,
3911 Pour adoucir, si ie puis, sa fiere ame.

NYMPHIS

3912 Facent les Dieux prosperer tes beaux iours,
3913 O pere sainct, nostre diuin secours.
[*Ils sortent, Elymant d'un côté, Hector et Nymphis de l'autre.*]

[*Entrent Arbuste et Diane.*]

ARBUSTE

3914 Et bien, Diane, & bien, pauure insensee,
3915 Veux-tu tousiours que ton ame, offencee
3916 Par tes fureurs se lamente de toy,
3917 Qui ne reçois que ton vouloir pour loy?
3918 Que veux-tu faire? & quoy? que veux-tu dire?
3919 Estimes-tu que ton aspre martyre,
3920 Tes pleurs, tes cris, ayent l'authorité [fol. 393r]
3921 Que d'effacer ce qui fait a esté?
3922 La pierre en haut d'vn bras roide transmise
3923 Estre ne peut de nostre main reprise,
3924 Faut malgré nous, piroüettant au tour,

3925 De l'air sifflant, qu'elle face son tour:
3926 Aussi Diane, ah trop dure & rebelle,
3927 Jl n'y a rien dont la force soit telle,
3928 Qu'elle ait pouuoi[r][106] de faire par ses loix
3929 Que ce qui fut n'ait esté quelque fois.
3930 C'est auoir l'ame & lourde & indiscrette,
3931 Que resister à la chose ja faite:
3932 Et de penser rendre mort & deffait
3933 Par noz labeur[s][107], ce que le ciel a fait.
3934 Cela n'est point en la puissance humaine
3935 Mais l'on peut bien auec beaucoup de peine,
3936 Du mal commis & du forfait aussi,
3937 Rendre par fois le penser adoucy.
3938 Quoy penses-tu estre bien outragee,
3939 D'auoir ta foy enuers Fauste obligee?
3940 Estimes-tu que le ciel soit marry
3941 Que l'ayes pris pour fidele mary?
3942 Vrayment tu as bien raison de te plaindre,
3943 De t'affliger & vouloir te contraindre.
3944 Que pouuois-tu en ton aage nouueau,
3945 De plus parfait, de plus fidele & beau,
3946 Choisir que luy? qui le rend incapable,
3947 De te seruir, & de t'estre agreable?
3948 Quoy? que dis-tu? vrayement tu as raison,
3949 De refuser la douce guarison,
3950 Que Fauste peut apporter à ta rage,
3951 Dessous l'honneur d'vn chaste mariage.
3952 Que veux-tu faire? hé, ses trauaux passez
3953 N'ont ils rendu de l'asseurance assez[108]
3954 De son amour, de sa saincte constance? [fol. 393v]
3955 Hé n'as-tu pas de sa foy cognoissance?
3956 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.

3957 Qui puisse mieux tes desirs contenter
3958 Que ce pasteur? n'a-t'il la face belle,
3959 Le corps parfait, l'ame chaste & fidele?
3960 Non non, Diane, il ne faut que ton cœur
3961 Soit repentant d'auoir pris ce pasteur
3962 Pour son soy-mesme; il t'a long temps aimee,
3963 Et son amour merite estre estimee.
3964 N'est-il sorty de parens vertueux?
3965 N'a-t'il le cœur gaillard & genereux,
3966 L'ame superbe, & de los alteree?
3967 Le front hardy & la main asseuree?
3968 Mille lions, mille feroces ours,
3969 Mille sangliers en feront foy tousiours,
3970 Qu'il a tuez, & dont les peaux veluës,
3971 Sur ses paroirs se voyent estenduës.
3972 Qui te peut donc de l'aimer t'empescher?
3973 Et qui te rend lente à le rechercher?
3974 Es-tu si fole & si pauurement sage
3975 Que d'esperer auoir en mariage
3976 Le beau Nymphis? hé ne vois-tu pas bien
3977 Qu'il te desdaigne, & ne t'estime rien?
3978 Qu'il rit de toy, & qu'il aime Iullie,
3979 Qui viuement en ses doux rets le lie?
3980 N'espere point receuoir de plaisir,
3981 D'vn cœur, qui est contraire à ton desir.
3982 Car pour gouster ces plaisirs desirables
3983 Il faut qu'amour rende noz cœurs semblables,
3984 Egaux noz vœux, egales noz ardeurs,
3985 Pareils noz ans, & semblables noz mœurs:
3986 Mais de Nymphis le superbe courage
3987 Contraire au tien, respire ton dommage,
3988 Il prent plaisir de rendre son vouloir [fol. 394r]
3989 Contraire au tien, pour te faire douloir:
3990 Et ton ennuy est sa ioye plus grande,
3991 Rien que ta fin cruel il ne demande.
3992 Laisse le donc: ô cent fois mal-heureux

3993 L'esprit qui est d'aucun bien desireux,
3994 Qui ne se peut nourrir en esperance
3995 D'en obtenir quelque iour iouissance!
3996 Il meurt cent fois, & pendant sans mourir
3997 On l'apperçoit cruellement perir!
3998 Dur est le mal que la chose esperee
3999 Qui point n'arriue apporte desploree
4000 Mesme l'espoir de son bien differé
4001 Afflige l'ame & le rend esploré.
4002 Quitte donc là ce qui tien ne peut estre;
4003 D'vn vain souhait plus outre ne t'empestre:
4004 Quitte Nymphis, que tu ne peux auoir,
4005 Et Fauste pren, qui vit en ton pouuoir.
4006 Mais fay soudain, car pressé de martyre,
4007 Deuers la mort dolent il se retire;
4008 Il veut mourir, puis que tu ne veux pas
4009 Que pour t'aimer il reuiue icy bas.

DIANE

4010 Meure s'il veut; car ie ne porte enuie
4011 Ny a sa mort, ny à sa longue vie:
4012 Viue s'il veut, nul soucy ne me mord
4013 Ny de ses iours, ny de sa prompte mort:
4014 Mais ie sçay bien que pour m'auoir deceuë,
4015 I'auray tousiours à contre-cœur sa veuë.

ARBVSTE

4016 Ha que dis-tu? peut-il te deceuoir,
4017 Luy qui ne vit qu'au gré de ton pouuoir?
4018 Qui seulement ton seruice respire,
4019 Et qui ton bien seul au monde desire?
4020 N'estime point vn tel peché de luy, [fol. 394v]
4021 Excuse-le: car Diane celuy
4022 Qui sent d'Amour la deuorante flamme,
4023 Fait ce qu'il peut pour secourir son ame.

DIANE

4024 Mais ce pendant sous cet affrontement,
4025 Jl tient ma foy, & mon chaste serment.

ARBVSTE

4026 Si tu luy as ta foy chaste donnee,
4027 Qui te rend serue aux loix de l'Hymenee,
4028 Si pour espoux les Dieux te l'ont donné,
4029 Et si pour toy Amour l[']a[109] destiné,
4030 Pourquoy veux-tu qu'il meure miserable,
4031 Pour n'estre pas à son mal secourable?
4032 La foy, la loy, & le iuste serment,
4033 Doiuent sur nous auoir commandement:
4034 Faut que la loy nostre desir regisse,
4035 Et que nostre ame au serment obeisse.
4036 Car sans la foy nous ne meritons pas
4037 D'estre honorez, ny de viure icy bas.

DIANE

4038 Mais toute foy, que l'on promet forcee
4039 Ne peut iamais obliger la pensee,
4040 Qui reste libre encor qu'on ait promis.

ARBVSTE

4041 Tout au rebours; car mesme aux ennemis
4042 Il faut garder sa promesse asseuree.
4043 Bien que par force ils nous l'ayent tiree.

DIANE

4044 Le franc vouloir nous oblige, & non pas
4045 La caute ruze, ou l'effroy du trespas.

ARBVSTE

4046 L'homme constant la loyauté ne force.

109 Orig. "la".

DIANE

4047 Plustost il meurt que s'obliger par force; [fol. 395r]
4048 Et le trespas nous peut deliurer sainct
4049 De la promesse, & du serment contraint.

ARBVSTE

4050 Mais qui se peut garder de la finesse?
4051 La tromperie en amour est sagesse.

DIANE

4052 Pendant noz sens s'en plaignent offencez.

ARBVSTE

4053 Son fruict heureux nous recompense assez.

DIANE

4054 Mais qui ce fruict trop injuste refuse.

ARBVSTE

4055 Celuy trop fol en son erreur s'abuse.

DIANE

4056 Où la ruse est, le doux plaisir n'est point.

ARBVSTE

4057 Le mal s'oublie, & le plaisir l'esteint.

DIANE

4058 Le mal qui est eternel ne se passe.

ARBVSTE

4059 Le doux amour à la parfin l'efface.

DIANE

4060 Ah nul amour peut effacer le mien!

ARBVSTE

4061 Non, si tu veux en aimer le lien.

DIANE

4062 Pourrois-je aimer celuy qui m'a deceuë?

ARBVSTE

4063 Sa tromperie à ton bien est conceuë.

DIANE

4064 C'est à mon mal: car il retient ma foy.

ARBVSTE [fol. 395v]

4065 Aime le donc, puis qu'il est tout à toy.

DIANE

4066 Contre mon gré il faut donc que ie l'aime.

ARBVSTE

4067 L'amour rend doux le fiel le plus extreme.

DIANE

4068 L'amour n'est point auec le desir chaut
4069 De se venger.

ARBVSTE

L'on dit tousiours qu'il faut
4070 De deux mal-heurs en eslire le moindre.

DIANE

4071 Je fais ainsi, voulant mon iour esteindre.

ARBVSTE

4072 Quel profit vient de mourir en esmoy?

DIANE

4073 De me remettre en ma premiere foy.

ARBVSTE

4074 Mais rens plustost ceste force accomplie.

DIANE

4075 Auant ie veux cent fois perdre la vie.

ARBVSTE

4076 Mais ton serment est tousiours obligé.

DIANE

4077 La mort peut bien le rendre desgagé.

ARBVSTE

4078 Fole Diane, à tes iours ennemie,
4079 A ta beauté, à ta santé & vie,
4080 Oste ce vueil, ce desir qui te point
4081 De te meurtrir, & ne t'offence point!
4082 Bien que ton corps soit couuert d'vne lame,
4083 Que dans le ciel repose ta belle ame,
4084 Tu ne sçaurois faire que tu ne sois
4085 Tousiours sujecte à ses diuines loix,
4086 Qui rendent vif le diuin Hymenee
4087 De ceux qui ont leur promesse donnee. [fol. 396r]
4088 Ta foy y est: bien que morte, on dira
4089 Diane vn iour de sa foy asseura
4090 Le pasteur Fauste, & par apres volage
4091 Elle trompa leur sacré mariage.
4092 Voilà le blasme & le mal qui tousiours
4093 Apres ta mort suruiuroient à tes iours.

DIANE

4094 Que doy-je faire? ah, pauurette insensee
4095 Que ne suis-je ja desia trespassee?

4096 Que fay-je plus veuue de tout confort
4097 Puis que la vie est ma cruelle mort?
4098 Seray-je donc par vne ruze feinte
4099 D'espouser Fauste injustement contrainte?
4100 [Jouira-][110] t'il en despit malgré moy,
4101 De mon amour, & de ma saincte foy?
4102 Seray je donc eternellement femme
4103 De celuy-là que ie hay dans mon ame?
4104 Non, ie ne puis! i'aime trop mieux mourir,
4105 Et par ma mort mon angoisse guarir!
4106 Ma volonté ne peut estre forcee.
4107 L'iniuste foy n'oblige la pensee:
4108 Ie l'ay promis; mais mon penser deceu
4109 A par apres son erreur apperceu.
4110 Et l'ayant veu, il a eu repentance
4111 De son forfait, en a fait penitence.
4112 Je ne suis donc sujecte par la loy.
4113 Si ie le suis, pour degager ma foy
4114 J'aime trop mieux mourir qu'estre forcee
4115 D'aimer celuy dont ie suis abusee,
4116 Et d'estimer celuy-là pour amy
4117 Que mon honneur retient pour ennemy.
4118 Faut que ie meure, & d'vne mesme enuie
4119 Luy faire aussi soudain perdre la vie:
4120 Car ie sçay bien que ma cruelle mort [fol. 396v]
4121 Sera la sienne, & la fin de son sort:
4122 Et qu'il moura, sçachant bien que rauie
4123 Pour son suject sera ma palle vie.
4124 Mais qu'ay-je dit? ah puis-je auoir le cœur
4125 Assez remply de mortelle rancœur,
4126 Pour estouffer d'vne cruelle audace,
4127 Celuy qui a de mon Nymphis la face?
4128 Qui luy ressemble, ayant pareils les yeux,

110 Orig. "J'oüira".

4129 Pareil le front, & le port gracieux?
4130 O trop cruelle inhumaine Diane!
4131 Où vit ta foy, ton amour ancienne,
4132 Que tu rendois à ton Fauste autrefois,
4133 Auparauant qu'en ces funestes bois
4134 Fust arriué Nymphis, dont le visage
4135 Changea ta foy, & mua ton courage?
4136 O pauure Fauste! ô que mal tu te voy
4137 Recompensé de ta fidele foy,
4138 De ton ardeur, de ton amour loyale,
4139 M'ayant aimé en mes veux desloyale,
4140 Ayant ma foy, & ton amour quité,
4141 Pour de Nymp[h]is[111] adorer la beauté!
4142 Mais ie te veux donner la recompence
4143 De ton amour, de ta masle constance,
4144 Je veux t'aimer, & n'aimer plus Nymphis.
4145 Hé que sçais-tu, Diane que tu dis?
4146 Quitter Nymphis, pour aimer despourueuë
4147 Fauste qui t'a cruellement deceuë?
4148 C'est chose helas qui iamais ne sera!
4149 Auant la mort ma vigueur trancira!
4150 Mais pourquoy non? n'ay-je pas bien mal caute
4151 Subitement quitté l'amour de Fauste,
4152 Pour le donner à Nymphis, qui vengeur
4153 De mon forfait tient mon mal en vigueur?
4154 Hé qui me peut empescher tout de mesme [fol. 397r]
4155 De quitter là Nymphis, qui point ne m'aime,
4156 Pour rechercher de Fauste l'amitié,
4157 Qui fut iadis seul ma chere moitié?
4158 Je le puis [bien. Mais][112] qui est d'auentage
4159 Ne tient-il pas ma foy de mariage?
4160 Il a de moy pris le sacré serment,
4161 Que ie n'aurois autre espoux, autre amant

111 Orig. "Nympis".
112 Orig. "bien.mais".

4162 Que luy, qui ferme en sa longue poursuite,
4163 Mon amitié seul au monde merite.
4164 Je ne veux, donc faute de secourir
4165 Sa passion, le laisser là mourir,
4166 Ny plus long temps de son bien ennemie,
4167 Entretenir languissante sa vie.
4168 Or sus, Arbuste, allons donc le chercher,
4169 Et sa douleur doucement estancher.

ARBUSTE

4170 Allons, Diane, ô bien-heureuse chance!
4171 O Fauste heureux! ie ressens l'esperance
4172 Venir à toy, qui te permet sortir
4173 De ta douleur, & te faire sentir
4174 Le bien heureux, que tout amant fidele,
4175 Apres ses maux trouue aupres de sa belle!
4176 Allons, Diane, en benissant ce iour,
4177 Qui rend heureux les fruits de ton amour,
4178 Et qui r'alonge à ton pasteur la vie,
4179 Que la douleur auoit demy rauie.
4180 Or allons donc: puissent les benins Dieux,
4181 Ramener sain Fauste deuant noz yeux! [*Sortent Diane et Arbuste.*]

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

ELYMANT

4182 Où court ainsi tousiours libre & iolie
4183 Par ces deserts la diuine Jullie?
4184 Seule où vas-tu? pourquoy enuies-tu
4185 Le los qu'on rend à ta belle vertu?
4186 Trop longuement ton esprit tu abuses, [fol. 397v]
4187 Et ta beauté prodiguement tu vses:
4188 Faut vn mary fidele te trouuer,
4189 Qui ton repos puisse entier conseruer.

IVLLIE

4190 O sainct vieillard, il faut auoir creance
4191 A ceux qui sont sages d'experience
4192 Et de sçauoir, comme ie te cognois,
4193 Pour t'auoir veu bien faire tant de fois.
4194 Mais ie ne puis à ton vueil satisfaire,
4195 Ny les effects de ton aduis parfaire,
4196 Pour ne trouuer d'estre esclaue plaisir
4197 A d'autres loix qu'à mon propre desir.

ELYMANT

4198 O que dis-tu? hé penses-tu, pauurette,
4199 Te mariant à d'autre estre sujette
4200 Qu'à ton vouloir? hé penses-tu n'auoir
4201 Assez d'honneur, de beauté, de pouuoir,
4202 Et de vertu pour commander prudente
4203 A ton mary qui te rendra contente?
4204 La loy d'Hymen n'est point loy de rigueur,
4205 Ains vne loy qui coule la douceur,
4206 Et le repos dans noz douces moüelles,
4207 Et saincte, rend noz gloires eternelles.

IVLLIE

4208 Jl n'y a point de si courtoise loy,
4209 Qui n'ait tousiours quelque rigueur en soi;
4210 Car toute loy oblige à quelque chose,
4211 Et l'obligé, libre ne se repose.
4212 Mais qui me peut maintenant obliger,
4213 Que mon vouloir? qui me peut engager
4214 Au vueil d'autruy, puis que rien n'a puissance,
4215 Que mon desir, sur mon adolescence?

ELYMANT [fol. 398r]

4216 Mais penses-tu pouuoir passer tes ans,
4217 Et la verdeur de ton chaste printemps,
4218 Sans que d'Hymen la puissance tu sente,

4219 Puis que chacun viuant l'experimente?
4220 Certes chacun par la loy des grands Dieux,
4221 Est obligé, viuant en ces bas lieux,
4222 De donner vie, essence, & nourriture
4223 A des enfans; de peur que la nature
4224 Vienne à faillir, & ce monde à perir,
4225 Qui sans Hymen seroit prest de mourir:
4226 C'est vne loy dont obligez nous sommes
4227 Aux Dieux puissans, puis que nous sommes hommes.

IVLLIE

4228 Libre les Dieux nous laissent le desir,
4229 Nul n'est contraint de quitter son plaisir,
4230 Et son vouloir, pour seruile s'astraindre
4231 Aux loix d'Hymen, qui ne peut nous contraindre.
4232 Le mariage, & le pouuoir d'Hymen,
4233 Bien que puissans, sont vn libre lien,
4234 Qui ne sçauroit contraindre nostre enuie,
4235 Lier noz cœurs, & forcer nostre vie.

ELYMANT

4236 Mais le grand bien, & le contentement,
4237 Que ce lien rend ordinairement,
4238 L'honneur, le los, que sainct il nous peut rendre,
4239 Nous fait souuent l'honorer & le prendre.

IVLLIE

4240 Et quel grand bien peut Hymen apporter?
4241 Quel sainct honneur, qui face souhaiter
4242 De voir pour luy sa liberté perduë,
4243 Et d'vn mary serue esclaue renduë?

ELYMANT

4244 Hymen te peut apporter de beaux ans,
4245 Doux, sauoureux, te donner des enfans, [fol. 398v]
4246 Qui te seront support en ta vieillesse,

4247 Lesquels le ciel ornera de sagesse,
4248 Qui te feront, malgré l'injuste sort
4249 Du temps goulu, reuiure apres ta mort;
4250 Et qui rendront eternelle ta gloire,
4251 Sacré ton nom, & viue ta memoire.
4252 Tout l'Vniuers attenu t'en sera,
4253 Puisque par toy des Heros il aura,
4254 Qui luy seront sainctement venerables,
4255 A son besoin amplement secourables.
4256 Ton nom par eux se verra conserué,
4257 De tes ayeuls le trespas releué,
4258 Et ta maison eternelle renduë,
4259 Par le tombeau ne sera point perduë.
4260 Je voy sortir une race de toy,
4261 Qui doit donner à l'Vniuers la loy,
4262 Cent beaux enfans, dont la masle vaillance
4263 Aux Dieux rendra leurs noms en reuerence,
4264 Braues, vaillants, dont les actes diuers
4265 Seront l'honneur de ce grand Vniuers,
4266 Qui benira cent mille fois la mere,
4267 Qui tels enfans aura mis en lumiere.
4268 C'est vn conseil par les Dieux arresté;
4269 Veux-tu forcer leur saincte volonté?
4270 Faut malgré toy, qu'vn sacré mariage
4271 Guide tes ans & benisse ton aage.

IVLLIE

4272 Puis que ces biens que tu m'as racontez,
4273 Et ces honneurs, sont d'Hymen enfantez,
4274 Et que c'est chose aux grands Dieux agreable
4275 Que sous Hymen ie viue perdurable,
4276 Que tu le veux, ie m'y consens aussi:
4277 Mais quel espoux veux-tu que i'aye icy?

ELYMANT [*en montrant Nymphis et Hector*] [fol. 399r]

4278 Tu vois ces deux, dont l'vn porte l'audace[113]
4279 De Mars cruel, & d'vn guerrier la face,
4280 L'autre l'habit & le nom de pasteur,
4281 Mais qui ne cede à l'autre de valeur,
4282 Tous deux vaillans, enfans d'vn pere mesme,
4283 Tous deux bruslez en ton amour extreme,
4284 Tous deux ardans de rendre à ta beauté
4285 Les saints honneurs qu'elle a bien merité,
4286 Tous deux enfans d'vn Prince redoutable,
4287 Que sa vertu rend aux cieux venerable,
4288 L'vn appellé Hector, l'autre Nymphis,
4289 Que seruiteur de tes beaux yeux tu fis:
4290 Esly des deux pour espoux perdurable
4291 Celuy qui t'est ores plus agréable.

HECTOR

4292 Tu le peux faire, ô diuine beauté,
4293 Sans qu'vn de nous force ta volonté.

NYMPHIS

4294 Esly, Jullie, entre toutes parfaite,
4295 Et qu'à iamais ta volonté soit faite.

IVLLIE

4296 Puis que le choix de vous deux m'est remis,
4297 Et qu'il ne doit vous en rendre ennemis,
4298 Je pren Nymphis, dont ie tiens honoree
4299 La sainte foy, & l'amour asseuree,
4300 Qui m'a tousiours aimé parfaitement,
4301 Et que i'auois esleu pour mon amant
4302 En mon esprit, ayant en mon courage
4303 De l'accepter vn iour en mariage,

113 Beginning with this folio, the compositor becomes notably more regular in indenting the first line of new speeches.

4304 Bien que l'honneur me deffendist tousiours
4305 De faire cas de ses chastes amours.
4306 Mais puis qu'il faut que ie sois destinee,
4307 Comme vn chacun, à la loy d'Hymenee,
4308 Et que le ciel, qui peut tout dessur nous, [fol. 399v]
4309 Rendre me veut sujette d'vn espoux,
4310 Pour tel ie veux Nymphis fidele eslire,
4311 Et pour mary chaste ie le desire,
4312 Croyant qu'entier son amour florira,
4313 Et que sa foy point ne variera.

HECTOR

4314 Tu ne pouuois mieux choisir, ô Iullie,
4315 Ie m'y consens, & par sermens me lie
4316 De t'honorer comme ma chere sœur,
4317 Bien que ton œil ait embrazé mon cœur.
4318 Telle ie veux t'honorer, dauantage
4319 Que si i'eusse eu ta foy en mariage.

NYMPHIS

4320 Cent mille honneurs, Jullie, ie te rens,
4321 Et pour espouse immortelle te prens,
4322 Puis qu'il te plaist[,][114] que mon fidele frere,
4323 Mon seul sauueur, me commande ainsi faire,
4324 A qui i'eusse eu agreable cent fois,
4325 Le mesme bien que par toy ie reçois.
4326 Mais puis que telle est ta chaste pensee,
4327 Qui ne sçauroit iamais estre forcee,
4328 Et que ce fait elle a ferme arresté,
4329 Ie veux en tout faire ta volonté.

ELYMANT

4330 C'est la raison. Pour t'oster la memoire

114 No comma in the original; without it, syntax and sense become ambiguous, indeed elusive..

4331 De ton amour, ie te veux faire boire,
4332 O cheualier, ceste douce boisson,
4333 Qui peut tirer ton ame de prison.
4334 Tien, boy-la donc. Ne sens-tu pas deliure
4335 Ton cœur d'amour? ton ame saine & libre
4336 Des traits desquels Jullie le perçoit,
4337 Lors que son œil tes desirs attiroit?

HECTOR [fol. 400r]

4338 Tel ie me sens, dont ie te remercie.

ELYMANT

4339 Heureuse soit à iamais vostre vie,
4340 O beaux amans! viuez chastes, viuez,
4341 Et tous les Dieux propices esprouuez!
4342 Que de vous deux il descende vne race
4343 Qui des Heros le souuenir efface,
4344 Pour viure seule autour de l'vniuers,
4345 De Pallas digne, & de ses lauriers vers.
4346 Allez reuoir vostre douce patrie,
4347 Et là contens consommez vostre vie. [*Ils sortent tous.*]

FAVSTE [*en entrant*]

4348 O iour diuin où ie verray ioyeux
4349 Mourir mon mal au despart de tes feux!
4350 O sacré iour, où s'en ira mon ame
4351 Droit dans le ciel, où luit ta belle flamme[!][115]
4352 Iour fortuné, où mes gauches amours
4353 En finissant verront finir mes iours!
4354 O iour heureux, qui seul en tant d'annees
4355 Heureuses rends mes tristes destinees!
4356 Ha ie t'adore! & auec mille vœux
4357 Ie te reçoy, ie te pren, ie te veux!

115 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.

4358 Fauste qui fut languissant miserable,
4359 Pendant le cours de son dueil lamentable,
4360 A qui maints iours passerent malheureux,
4361 En ce doux iour doit se voir bien-heureux,
4362 Puis que ce iour le trespas luy ameine,
4363 Qui peut tout seul guarir sa longue peine!
4364 Fauste qui fut in[f]auste[116] & sans support,
4365 Sera ce iour fauste en despit du sort.
4366 Ce iour diuin bien-heureux le va rendre,
4367 Il va son nom grauer, escrire, appendre,
4368 Au temple saint de l'Amour estimé,
4369 Pour estre mort pour auoir bien aimé. [fol. 400v]
4370 O saint trespas! ô que la mort est belle
4371 A celui-là qui esprouue cruelle
4372 La longue vie, & qui sent mille morts
4373 Sans le tuer faire mourir son corps!
4374 Comme plus doux est le haure de Grace
4375 Au nautonnier, que l'orage menace
4376 D'enseuelir au profond de ses flots,
4377 Que lors qu'il sent le ciel doux & dispos
4378 A son desir, qu'il nauig[u]e[117] sans crainte
4379 De voir sa vie es flots cruels esteinte:
4380 Car le danger ia demy deploré,
4381 Fait trouuer doux le bien non esperé:
4382 De mesme douce est la mort inhumaine
4383 A ceux desquels immortelle est la peine,
4384 Et qui n'ont point autre espoir de guarir,
4385 Qu'en se faisant heureusement mourir.
4386 O douce mort, haure des miserables,
4387 Lors que les Dieux leurs sont impitoyables.
4388 Sacré trespas en esteignant noz iours,
4389 Noz maux, & pleurs tu esteins pour tousiours.
4390 N'est donc la mort aux mortels necessaire,

116 Orig.: long "s" for "f".
117 Orig. "nauige".

4391 Puis qu'elle peut terminer la misere,
4392 Et qu'ils sont nés pour souffrir seulement,
4393 Non pour gouster quelque contentement?
4394 Le patient le remede mendie
4395 Qui peut chasser sa longue maladie,
4396 De qui l'effort qui le vient martyrer,
4397 Luy fait plus fort ce salut desirer.
4398 Que peut aussi le miserable attendre,
4399 Que par la mort heureux content se rendre?
4400 Puis qu'on ne peut en la vie esprouuer
4401 Aucun secours ny remede trouuer,
4402 Au prix des maux de qui se voit suiuie
4403 A pas cruels nostre chetiue vie, [fol. 401r]
4404 La mort on doit estimer vn bon-heur,
4405 Non, comme on fait, vne estrange douleur.
4406 O belle mort! à toy ie me retire!
4407 Las ie t'embrasse, ardant ie te desire!
4408 Je te semons, ie t'appelle, & te suis,
4409 Puis que sans toy durer plus ie ne puis!
4410 Jnfauste fut ma vie criminelle,
4411 Mais fauste au lieu sera ma mort fidele.
4412 Fauste qui fut infauste en ce bas lieux,
4413 Fauste sera dans la voute des cieux.
4414 La mort ioindra d'vne main secourable
4415 L'effect heureux à son nom agreable,
4416 Que luy rauit la vie iniustement,
4417 Pendant qu'il eut icy du sentiment.
4418 Fauste de nom & d'effect il doit estre,
4419 Puis que la mort de ses maux le depestre.
4420 Mais roule donc du haut de ce rocher
4421 O pauure Fauste, & t'en va rechercher
4422 Aux champs heureux la gloire qui rend belle
4423 L'ame qui meurt pour estre trop fidele!
4424 Sus il est temps! ah ie n'ay que trop veu
4425 Le front du iour qui cruel m'a deceu!
4426 Qui m'a trompé, deffait mon esperance,

4427 Et pris plaisir en ma longue suffrance!
4428 Or mourons donc! ô Diane! ô beaux yeux,
4429 De qui iadis les folastres cheueux,
4430 Mon cœur vaincu lierent perdurables,
4431 Pour les tenir tousiours pour venerables,
4432 Plus inportun [*sic*] Fauste ne te sera,
4433 Et plus son front le tien n'abusera!
4434 Il va mourir, puis que sa mort heureuse
4435 T'est agreable, & sa vie ennuyeuse!
4436 Il va mourir vengeant l'iniuste tort
4437 Qu'il t'a commis, par sa cruelle mort! [fol. 401v]
4438 Jl va mourir pour souller ton courage,
4439 Toy qui ne veux qu'il viue dauantage!
4440 Il va mourir, rendant ton cœur content,
4441 Qui son trespas cruel souhaitte tant!
4442 Adieu Diane! vn seul regret offence
4443 En trespassant ma diuine constance,
4444 C'est que sans toy apres mon doux trespas
4445 Sans toy, sans toy, l'on me verra là bas!
4446 C'est qu'il me faut en perdant la lumiere
4447 Te perdre aussi, que j'eus iadis si chere!
4448 Car i'alongeois mes iours tant seulement
4449 Pour apporter aux tiens contentement:
4450 Les mesmes iours ores ie perds fidele,
4451 Puis que tu es à leur vigueur cruelle.
4452 Adieu, Diane! Adieu belle beauté,
4453 De qui ie sens iuste la cruauté,
4454 Ayant voulu souz vn autre visage
4455 Tromper tes yeux, & et changer ton courage!
4456 Aussi ioyeux ie meurs par ton vouloir,
4457 Sans qu'en mourant ie puisse me douloir,
4458 Puis que ma mort est de toy ordonnee,
4459 Et qu'elle rend morte ma destinee
4460 Cruelle & fiere. Or sus donques mourons,
4461 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, [fol. 402r]
4471 Et son erreur languissante elle plore
4472 D'auoir passé tant de beaux iours sans toy,
4473 Qui seul au monde as merité sa foy.
4474 Mais repren cœur, & refay ton courage
4475 Pour acheuer nostre saint mariage.

FAVSTE

4476 Je vous rens grace ô Dieux, ô benins Dieux,
4477 De qui ie sens le secours gracieux!
4478 Et toy, Diane, ô ma diuine dame!
4479 O mon seul bien! ô l'honneur de mon ame!
4480 O mon repos! ô mon heureux espoir!
4481 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 heureusement
4485 Dessous Hymen, pere d'esbatement:
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

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Philippe Vendrix

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Richard Hillman & André Lascombes

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Translated by

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Note on the Translation

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

Diane

by

Nicolas de Montreux

(Ollenix du Mont-Sacré)

Pastoral, or Rustic Fable

M.D.XCIIII

[*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,[1] 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!

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

[Scene II]

DIANE [*entering*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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;

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

[*Enter Fauste.*]

FAUSTE

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

333 A poison sugared to the utterance,
334 Whose sweetness throws our soul into a trance –
335 In sum, it is the worst of all bad things:
336 For the beauty that draws our inmost beings
337 By extreme longing to exert our powers
338 Of enjoyment, and so to see it ours,
339 The finer its kind, ah, the more unkind[6]
340 To those desires in changing its mind!
341 By beauty first is desire engendered;
342 Then through desire love's pleasure is rendered.
343 What's beautiful is more desired still,
344 The more our eyes find it agreeable.
345 To suffer so much, to love all in vain –
346 Death is the only end of such great pain,
347 As when a mistress with ingratitude
348 Betrays her promise, with her faith imbued.
349 That which faith imposes dwells in us deep;
350 And faith, held in common, is ours to keep,
351 And to immortal honour to advance,
352 That it may rest among us with assurance.
353 Fair Diane, alas, has it slipped your mind
354 That your love and faith to me you assigned,
355 Your heart, your soul? And now you think you can,
356 You traitor, give them to another man?
357 No, you cannot, or rather, if you do,
358 The potent gods, who with vengeance pursue
359 Our crimes, sure punishers of perjury,
360 With countless blows will venge this injury.
361 The hand of the gods, though it takes its time,
362 Holds always in abeyance, for our crime,
363 A naked sword, which in the end shall plunge
364 Down into our blood and our fault expunge.
365 Do not my words with some fear set you quaking,

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

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, Fauste, 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.

FAUSTE

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.

FAUSTE

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

430 Has hardly merited Love's sacred name.

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

474 Who made you take someone else for your own?

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

476 There's always someone to excuse our fault.

DIANE

477 It is no fault to follow inclination.

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

479 One has to change just as the heavens vary.

FAUSTE

480 To a virtuous name change is contrary.

DIANE

481 Enough of honour at pleasure's expense!

FAUSTE

482 And of Love when desire gives offence!

DIANE

483 Who can check the desire of our soul?

FAUSTE

484 Just fear of being blamed prescribes control.

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

486 Such love is the arch-foe of humankind.

DIANE

487 One who seeks love has nothing else in view.

FAUSTE

488 But Love is cruel and unstable, too.

DIANE

489 What great peril for lovers lies in wait?

FAUSTE

490 A cruel death is commonly their fate.

DIANE

491 The bliss of lovers is a single blade.

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

493 By no means: Love in holy souls exists,
494 Whose unquenched being after death persists.

FAUSTE

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.[7]
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.

7 I.e., undoubtedly, Orpheus.

FAUSTE

Love forces me to it, and fans the flame.

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

O fair Nymph! O Diane with such fair eyes!
O sole honour of all beneath the skies!
Fair goddess indeed – as perfect, still more,
Than Minerva may claim, whom we adore!
Holy shepherdess, O sun of my days,
From whom I expect some appeasing rays!
O shining light of my soul so in pain –
For her, alas, whom I've honoured in vain!
My all, my life, and my dear moiety,
Won't you grace my woes with a touch of pity?
As one sees, with a trellis spread above,
Fair with green laurels, the chaste turtle-dove
Expressing his myriad sweet devotions
With tender pecking, a thousand quick motions,
For his darling mate a thousand caresses,
While springtime to us sweet glances addresses –
There is pure sport, fair joys in endless series,
Of which their sacred passion never wearies,
And the pleasure of their sweet amity
Causes all bitterness, all pain to flee –
Can you not likewise bring yourself to value
Fauste, who only lives that he may love you?
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[8] loveliness
On earth is of unequalled worthiness –

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

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

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;

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

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

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.*]

9 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,[10] 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).

745 – Infinite pains of rebuff and defeat –
746 Than that of lovers whose violent heat
747 Was quenched once by the moist and soft sensation
748 Of kisses, which are Love's sweet consolation.
749 When we are poor, our longing makes us sad,
750 As if we'd lost something we never had,
751 But when one has it, then, wretch, loses all,
752 We feel the cruel blow, our thoughts appal.
753 Where is the time when my Diane and I
754 With equal ardour, faith a mutual tie,
755 Our hearts ablaze with pleasurable flame,
756 Were truly united, our wills the same?
757 When also our spirits, alike in passion,
758 Harboured affection in similar fashion,
759 Our sacred souls joyful in equal parts,
760 Transfixed in the glow of our ardent hearts;
761 When, by ourselves in deep service-tree shade,
762 Soft kisses galore caused our selves to fade,
763 And, reaping constant swaths of love, thus stole
764 Away, by sweet cart-loads, each blissful soul,[11]
765 To melt in one joy that could reach no higher –
766 The paradise of their inflamed desire:
767 Our lips then, maddened with passionate longing,
768 Those of each one to the other's belonging,
769 Were with such binding force together laid
770 That one sole mouth, one body we were made.
771 The heart, at tasting such delicious prey,
772 Was pierced with joy, with rapture passed away;
773 Our eyes forth spouted a delightful jet;
774 Desire's furnace made our foreheads sweat;
775 Our tongues with a thousand turnings were found
776 In a state of pleasure which held them bound;
777 Our nerves transfixed, our bodies to no less

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

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 greenery 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,

884 Are slaves to man, and are at his command:
885 They cannot stop him, deep as they may stray,
886 From catching them and making them his prey.
887 He proudly has them at his beck and call,
888 Like the fruits of the earth – indeed, like all.
889 Death can alone lay claim to the renown
890 Of mastering man, by striking him down:
891 Every ill he cures by his own care,
892 Begging no kind of succour from elsewhere.
893 Don't you see how a small shepherd-lad wields
894 Power over a large herd, in the fields,
895 Of males with horns, impatient females, bound
896 On merely dashing aimlessly around?
897 The mighty bull, the ox now tame before him,
898 Would never dare raise up their horns to gore him.
899 At his boyish voice they all quake with fear;
900 His feeble hand can lead them far and near.
901 Each stands in awe, and beasts which, far from weak
902 By nature, gain from her a strong physique,
903 Don't dare to strike the child, who dominates
904 And rules, his visage so intimidates.
905 Therefore, no limits mortal men confine,
906 And they are often counted as divine.
907 Who then can obstruct your triumphant way,
908 Prevent your power from winning the day
909 Against the ill that adverse fortune brings,
910 Since noble manhood[12] vanquishes all things?

FAUSTE

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

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

950 All those whom Love has in their love perfected.

FRONTIN

951 How's that?

FAUSTE

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

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

958 But relish all those trials they undergo.

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

961 The joy of love cannot be free from harm.

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

963 Many a lover dies out of his mind.

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSE

966 Oh yes: enjoyment or a noble fall.

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

973 But what can keep a man from such distress?

FAUSTE

974 A spirit dull, devoid of holiness.

FRONTIN

975 A life without longing – for that we strive.

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

977 But loving brings on us a thousand woes.

FAUSTE

978 In the brazier of pain the spirit glows.

FRONTIN

979 But of such love mere ruin is the result.

FAUSTE

980 Love is reserved for spirits that exult.

FRONTIN

981 In such pain are exulting spirits drowned.

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

1005 It's Elymant, he whose very voice's dance[14]
1006 May burst the vault of heaven's vast expanse,
1007 Which thunders, rumbles, casts upon the crest
1008 Of sharp uprearing rocks its savage tempest.
1009 It's Elymant, who, when it should be snowing,
1010 Sets, in winter, the earth's chill bosom growing
1011 A thousand flowers, a pasture for bees
1012 Of the kind that the joyous springtime sees,
1013 And with a spell unlike that happy one,
1014 Renders earth's summer greenery undone.
1015 It's Elymant, whose voice, much elevated
1016 With passion, often renders agitated
1017 The unplumbed sea, its waters buries deep,
1018 Then lifts them into lofty hills and steep,[15]
1019 And who, with a spell more useful than that,
1020 Will turn it from cruel to calm and flat:
1021 Its winds he keeps confined within their caves;
1022 Its monsters he soothes, and softens its waves.
1023 It's Elymant, who with his strong right hand
1024 Can carry massive boulders overland,
1025 Who, when a mountain torrent shows its force,
1026 Makes it run back uphill, reversing course;
1027 It's Elymant, who makes himself obeyed
1028 By all the demons of whom we're afraid,
1029 Who strikes with terror those Stygian sprites
1030 Who dwell below, and those of airy heights,
1031 Those who haunt the earth, or in darkness roam
1032 The floods of Thetis's watery home.[16]
1033 It's Elymant, who makes the woods go dry
1034 Or turn to green again at his mere sigh,

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

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

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

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

1059 Elymant's well endowed with royal stature,
1060 Body robust, complexion pale in colour,
1061 With sinews in various forms that criss-cross
1062 His flesh, as when, when it appears across
1063 The window's rippled glass[17] at break of day,

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

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

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

18 "[M]oved by appetite"; orig. "plein d'enuie": the reference seems to be to the hunger which drove Odysseus to the Cyclops' cave.
19 I.e., those of Medea, as will become explicit.

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

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

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

21 See textual note.

1229 The rocky walls contain a thousand nooks,
1230 Where serpents bristling lie with horrid looks,
1231 Whose tongues, in their hissing, spew all around
1232 Cold venom they have sucked up from the ground.
1233 It hurts to walk upon the frigid floor
1234 Raggedly formed in the rock's hollow core.
1235 Across it slither – a horrible sight –
1236 Hissing grass-snakes in heaps, coiled loose or tight,
1237 And reddish-tinged adders, vipers diverse
1238 In colour, of serpents the most perverse.
1239 But none of these Avernus-issued serpents
1240 Dares stir when in his cavern-residence
1241 Elymant arrives: bound his laws to keep,
1242 They even at his feet will go to sleep.
1243 At the cave's end, a fierce dragon gives light,
1244 Whose eye emits the sole glimmer that sight
1245 Can there discern; neither daylight divine
1246 Nor the torches of shady night there shine.
1247 No window has that cave of any kind
1248 By which the holy sun can entrance find:
1249 To daylight, to sweetness, all is foreclosed;
1250 To death, to bleak horror, all is disposed.
1251 No gleaming but the vibrant pupils' spark
1252 Of mortal-biting snakes relieves the dark.
1253 One may, in one of that cruel cavern's nooks,
1254 Catch a glimpse of Elymant's many books,
1255 Which often he holds, and the rod he uses
1256 To make spirits come and do as he chooses.
1257 Nearby a thousand dead men's skulls one sees,
1258 And bleached bones of innumerable bodies,
1259 Which living men abusively[22] have found
1260 Unfit to be entombed within the ground:
1261 One on another, consumed half already

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

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

FAUSTE

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

CHORUS

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

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

ACT II

[Scene I]

HECTOR [*entering*]

1313 What sudden surge of longing, what new blaze
1314 Now troubles the course of my mournful days?
1315 What change of climate and of attitude
1316 Confuses my soul and saddens my mood?
1317 O, how greatly inconstant are all things
1318 That vast heaven within its circle brings!
1319 There's nothing in this world below that's sure
1320 But death's pale horror, which we must endure.
1321 The sky, disordered, causes to change place
1322 The little lights that gleam upon its face,
1323 Making them move and leave their former stations,
1324 Exchanging very often their locations.
1325 The air, though laughing, as it seems, and mild,
1326 In an instant changes from tame to wild,
1327 Thunders, growls, and in utter terror binds
1328 Poor mortals, gripping both their hearts and minds.
1329 The sea, which looks as if no harm it meant,
1330 Turns, the next moment, fierce and violent,
1331 Leaps horribly, and up to heaven's front
1332 Flings high its furious watery brunt,
1333 While scaly monsters, as the loud winds blow,
1334 Amid the waves their fearsome heads will show.
1335 Mankind, in whom nature has been perfected,
1336 And he to rule all animals elected,
1337 Lively of mind (fount[23] of experience,
1338 Where prudence often takes up residence),
1339 Strong, valiant, subtle, by nature alert,
1340 Whose deeds and whose words his wisdom assert,

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

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

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

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

1410 Fell into that sweet adversary's hands,
1411 When the eyes – or, rather, Phoebus-born fires –
1412 Of two fair shepherds[25] wakened her desires.
1413 If I love likewise a fair shepherdess
1414 Whose face appears as full of holiness
1415 As those of Pallas, Cypris,[26] or of Juno,
1416 Do I deserve reproach for loving so?
1417 No, it's honour to cherish, love, pursue
1418 Whatever nature gives perfection to.
1419 Beauty can set our hearts in conflagration,
1420 And can compel our eyes to adoration.
1421 But alas! She's here, who's ravished from me,
1422 Through love of her, my vital energy.

JULIE [*entering*]

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

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

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

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

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

1471 He knows its strength and value of its fields,
1472 Its nature and worth, by the fruit it yields;
1473 He knows how he can readily, from sterile,
1474 Transform it, by his labour, into fertile;
1475 He knows with fertiliser how to feed it,
1476 Till it, enrich it when he must, and seed it,
1477 But he cannot, in his imperfect soul,
1478 Judge what it is made of, this massive whole.
1479 God alone knows that, being its creator,
1480 Who makes himself of all the instigator.
1481 And then one also sees the teeming sea
1482 Embrace this globe with its fecundity,
1483 Enclosing, rolling round this lowly sphere,
1484 Yet with its waves respecting that frontier:
1485 That sea with its inconstant[29] womb, which nurtures
1486 Infinite fish of greatly diverse natures,
1487 From one sole being[30] tracing their descent
1488 And yet all recognised as different,
1489 Whether in taste, or in their shape or size –
1490 Some are pleasing; others offend the eyes,
1491 Their bodies deformed by monstrous defects
1492 Which Nature with her erring hand effects;
1493 For Nature, bolting in bizarre directions,
1494 Conspicuously shows her imperfections,
1495 Proving that over Nature's work God stands
1496 And holds the rule of this world in his hands:
1497 He being perfect, perfect in abundance
1498 The order that obeys His governance.
1499 One often sees the waves of this sea race
1500 And leap up, roaring, with the wind in chase,
1501 Bellow enraged, all white with bitter spume.

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

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

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

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

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,

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

ARBUSTE [*entering*]

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

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

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

HECTOR

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

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

ARBUSTE

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

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

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

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,
Undoes 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?[35]
She is the one who holds my soul in thrall.

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

ARBUSTE

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

HECTOR

1812 I wish your confidence could give me hope.

ARBUSTE

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

HECTOR

1814 But you know the challenge that this case poses.

ARBUSTE

1815 Love can transform it to a bed of roses.

HECTOR

1816 But if upon her heart Love has no sway?

ARBUSTE

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

HECTOR

1818 Yet sometimes it must lack the strength of reason.

ARBUSTE

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

HECTOR

1820 What can force Love on an unfettered heart?

ARBUSTE

1821 The flame lit in us by his blazing dart.

HECTOR

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

ARBUSTE

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

HECTOR

1824 But their love may be of different kinds.

ARBUSTE

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

HECTOR

1826 A chaste soul Love can never hope to tame.

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

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

ARBUSTE

1827 His fire divine sets the gods aflame.

HECTOR

1828 Can he bring noble spirits to their knees?

ARBUSTE

1829 He can, since he compels divinities.

HECTOR

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

ARBUSTE

1831 What is not now can someday come to be.

HECTOR

1832 Ah, I despair of that happy effect!

ARBUSTE

1833 Our happiness comes when we least expect.

HECTOR

1834 My fortunes into your hands I commit:
1835 Adapt your rescue to my need of it;
1836 Ensure, if you can, that it's not delayed.

ARBUSTE

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

[Scene II]

[*Enter Elymant, Fauste and Frontin.*]

ELYMANT

1838 Because my art, which reigns with confidence
1839 Among the gods, you hold in reverence;
1840 Because you come its succour to request

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

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

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

ELYMANT [*re-entering*]

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

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

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

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

FAUSTE

2048 May Heaven incline to your wishes always,
2049 To greater god-like heights increase your praise,
2050 O good old man! May Libitina[38] never
2051 From your holy life you cruelly sever,
2052 But live immortal, and heavens proclaim,
2053 Victorious above the years, your name!
2054 Because by your hand my life's been extended
2055 By having that amorous longing ended
2056 Which sapped it, endlessly I'll glorify you,
2057 Use all my years ahead to magnify you –
2058 My deeds, my verse – and a song shall be found
2059 In your honour to make my bagpipe sound.
2060 The rocks, the meadows, the forests shall ring
2061 With sacred verses my instruments sing.
2062 I therefore receive, O father of learning,
2063 The sweet remedy and swift overturning,
2064 At your hand divine, of my aching sorrow,
2065 And will put that cure to the proof tomorrow.
2066 But too long have we vexed your lofty mind
2067 With our discourses of a foolish kind.
2068 Good father, keeper of my love, farewell.

ELYMANT

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

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

[Scene III]

[Enter Nymphis.]

NYMPHIS

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,

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

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

2166 Among these flowers blades of grass one views
2167 By thousands – no? – that feed our snub-nosed ewes,
2168 With juice that makes their lovely bodies grow
2169 And chases far from them all sorts of woe,
2170 Yields milk to cows, which, tired when they've fed,
2171 Often lie down upon that grassy bed.
2172 Don't you see how on those flowers alights
2173 The clever bee, to lick their juice delights,
2174 From which in his walled hive he can create
2175 Golden honey, and wax we venerate[41] –
2176 Flowers with birds by thousands perched above,
2177 Exchanging beak to beak their signs of love
2178 Again and again, where the new grass springs,
2179 And thousands in flight, all beating their wings.
2180 See these sweet fruits, whose red-ripe loveliness
2181 The bounty born of summer serves to witness –
2182 Not only red, but white and gold in colour,
2183 Which to this sprawling meadow do such honour.
2184 See those branches, with hanging fruit replete,
2185 Fruit charmingly split open by the heat,
2186 On which the flies are constantly alighting,
2187 In which the pecking birds are all delighting –
2188 How sweet their taste, which, in its potent savour,
2189 Has more courteous, clean and loving flavour
2190 Than those wretched fruits that cover the boards,
2191 As long as they may be, of certain lords:
2192 For those are either under-ripe, or dried,
2193 Or they grow soggy, rotting from inside.
2194 But O how sweet when from a tree that's green
2195 The fruit is plucked, or white grapes one may glean
2196 In bunches when upon the vine they hang
2197 And feel within its natural sweet tang.
2198 They don't endure a thousand dirty hands,

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

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

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

JULLIE [*entering*]

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

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

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

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

2326 Sooner shall fire its own heat resign,

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

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2352 Such hope, which will only increase your care,

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2376 Without Love honour keeps its sacred name,

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2400 That traitor Love, cruel and pitiless,

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

2424 But still, can anyone resist him? Who?

JULIE

2425 One who knows how his passions to subdue.

NYMPHIS

2426 Who has lived and has never felt his flame?

JULIE

2427 All those whose souls chaste modesty can claim.

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2429 Words of a coward heart shamefully tainted.

NYMPHIS

2430 Jupiter did so!

JULIE

Hardly to his glory.

NYMPHIS

2431 In any case, Love gained the victory.

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2434 Love cannot claim invincibility.

NYMPHIS

2435 Ah, who can tame invisibility?

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2438 For instance, lively Julie's carefree spirit.

NYMPHIS

2439 Which does not lack a force to domineer it.

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

2441 That which may well divinity constrain.

JULIE

2442 My soul is sacred, like the gods above.

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2444 One copies better actions, and not worse.

NYMPHIS

2445 Nothing the gods may do can be perverse.

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

2447 Our weak must simply yield before their strong.

JULIE

2448 Mine does so.

NYMPHIS

Oh, then feel a love like theirs!

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2451 One must do good things who would satisfy them.

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2453 From such love I am by honour deterred.

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

2455 Honour can bring us perfect happiness.

NYMPHIS

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

JULIE

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

NYMPHIS

2459 But causing lovers infinite vexation.

JULIE

2460 No good so holy can our joy diminish.

NYMPHIS

2461 That's how I feel it.

JULIE

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

[Scene IV]

[*Enter Arbuste, then Julie.*]

ARBUSTE

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

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

JULIE

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

ARBUSTE

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

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

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

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

44 Orig. "Qu'auec noz ans il ne puisse finir, / Et qu'on ne puisse apres en refournir". The 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.

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

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

JULIE

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

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

ARBUSTE

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

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

CHORUS

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

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

ACT III

[Scene I]

[Enter Frontin and Fauste.]

FRONTIN

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN

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

DIANE [*entering*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Enter Frontin and Fauste.*]

FRONTIN

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

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

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

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

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

FAUSTE

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

2970 Yellow as gold whose perfection is praised,
2971 Round like an apple, but with sides upraised,
2972 Hollow a foot wide, and with chisel fine[52]
2973 As much outside as inside made to shine.
2974 At the top is visible a broad rim
2975 With ciphers and deltas of Greece[53] as trim;
2976 By a thousand knots are lovers enlaced,
2977 And tightly with small cords together placed:
2978 Many a tear amongst them we find formed,
2979 Which, as they fall, to flowers are transformed;
2980 Above these flutter many birds that seek,
2981 Each one, to peck them gently with its beak.
2982 On one side is seen carved in lively fashion
2983 Fruitful Venus grieving in woeful passion,
2984 Her back against a rock-face hard and sheer,
2985 While her Adonis, whom she held so dear,
2986 Lies dead within her piteous embrace,
2987 And floods of tears she sheds upon his face;
2988 His head, divine to lovers, now unmanned,[54]
2989 Rests passive in the hollow of her hand;
2990 The gentle Zephyr of her lively breath,
2991 In wide waves wafting,[55] fans his hair in death.
2992 Near Adonis his hounds, their forces spent,
2993 Who, mortally wounded in their bereavement,

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

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

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

55 Orig. "Par flots flottant". "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 waues, or billowes". It had become notably old-fashioned by the 1630s, when Jean Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin put it in the mouth of a ridiculously affected poet; see my translation of *The Visionaries* (*Les visionnaires*), l. 82, n. 10 (<http://umr6576.cesr.univ-tours.fr/publications/Visionaries/fichiers/pdf/visionnaires_trans.pdf>; accessed 5 November 2014).

2994 With myriad cries, heads raised in the air,
2995 Lament the loss in which they had a share,[56]
2996 Some lying on the ground in grief and pain,
2997 The red blood licking of their master slain;
2998 Others proudly rallying in a pack,
2999 Run to pay the boar, their enemy, back.
3000 Meanwhile out-pouring all around one spies,
3001 From the Mother of Love's most sacred eyes,
3002 Such torrents of tears that the bloody face
3003 Of fair Adonis is drenched and made base;[57]
3004 And his spear, with which he had dashed the pride
3005 Of so many boars, is close by his side.
3006 Elsewhere the form depicted one may see,
3007 Carved with subtle strokes, of lamenting Thisbe,
3008 Her mouth agape, as if expressing woe
3009 For her dear Pyramus, whom she loved so:
3010 With eyes dropping tears she is seen to stand,
3011 Holding the treacherous arm[58] in her hand
3012 Which his fine body – love's worship its due –
3013 With its point of iron pierced through and through.
3014 One may near her espy the fatal fountain,
3015 Which still appears to suffer from its pain,
3016 Just as its waters – alas, intermingling
3017 With cruel blood – deplored their perishing.
3018 Lying against the tranquil fountain's side,
3019 One sees faithful Pyramus as he died
3020 (Whose heart was hurtfully by love hard-pressed),
3021 When he had completely transfixed his breast,

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

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

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

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

3058 Which she regrets, laments that, faithlessly,
3059 False to her place and loving cruelly,
3060 She drove Hippolytus, as chaste as handsome,
3061 To death, alas, before his time had come.
3062 Then one sees her ready herself to kill,
3063 With dread sword in hand that aim to fulfil,
3064 Avenging on herself Hippolytus,
3065 Amongst all of his time illustrious.
3066 Then one sees a god who back to life wins
3067 Modest Hippolytus with medicines,
3068 And he remains immortally the guest,
3069 Far from his cruel father, of the forest.
3070 The goblet's textured base presents the eye
3071 With flowers galore, that in beauty vie:
3072 Syron[59] the maker, equalled by no one
3073 In learned artistry beneath the sun.
3074 There, Fronton: that's the present I ordain
3075 For your goodness, which from Fauste you'll obtain.
3076 But, O Fronton – look where I'm looking, man!
3077 Here within this wood I perceive Diane.
3078 Good God, it is she! Love do me the grace
3079 That this time I may soften her bold face,
3080 Assuming her exalted Nymphis' guise,
3081 And that our meeting fully satisfies
3082 My longings, and without her lovely glances
3083 Learning they've been subjected to my trances!
3084 O holy Love, if you grant this effect,
3085 I promise, on the love-fruit I expect
3086 To reap, in sacrifice you shall be offered
3087 The fattest heifer found within my herd.

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

FRONTIN

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

FRONTIN [*coming forward*]

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

FAUSTE

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

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

NYMPHIS [*entering*]

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

3209 Of Nymphis dying under her proud might.
3210 I wonder if trusty Arbuste has swayed
3211 Her at all, and her cruelty allayed:
3212 For sometimes these old women who have known
3213 What it is to love, and heartache have sown,
3214 May with the wagging of a coaxing tongue
3215 Mollify the cruellest of the young.
3216 We see it every day, a common thing;
3217 Achelous' daughters[60] no more sweetly sing
3218 Their guileful song, nor can their tongues compete
3219 With an old woman's, one with ruse replete,
3220 Who has passed the days of her youth in pleasure,
3221 And who counsels now the same use of leisure
3222 To some girl whose sense of the world's so small[61]
3223 That she scarcely resists, or not at all.
3224 Now that knowledge I seek I'll surely glean.
3225 But, O my eyes! What is it you've just seen?
3226 Isn't it Diane in her half-crazed state,
3227 Who haunts me with her love early and late?
3228 Unhappy meeting! Spiteful destiny!
3229 I had tried to avoid her sight of me,
3230 But evil chance that counters my desire
3231 Would have me meet her when I seek to fly her.
3232 O great mischance! O day ill-starred by fortune!
3233 I'm sure she'll start at once to importune;
3234 But it's in vain; rather than make her mine,
3235 My life to death eternal I'll consign.

DIANE

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

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

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

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

FAUSTE

3285 I am Nymphis.

NYMPHIS

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

Which forces me to state it to your face,[62]
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 –

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

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

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

FAUSTE

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

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

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

DIANE

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

[Scene II]

[*Enter Nymphis.*]

NYMPHIS

3472 Of ranging in these forests I grow weary,

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

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

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

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;

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

NYMPHIS

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

HECTOR

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

NYMPHIS

3596 The least disdain, the slightest bitter word
3597 From my Julie, and in my bones is stirred
3598 More trepidation and more icy cold
3599 Than by your pride and threat, however bold.
3600 For even to cowards does Love impart,
3601 That valiant conqueror, fresh strength of heart,
3602 Can render him[64] unvanquished, free from blame,

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

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

HECTOR

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

NYMPHIS

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

next line: "il combat".

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

HECTOR

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

NYMPHIS

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

HECTOR

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

ELYMANT [*entering*]

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

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

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

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

67 Apart from suggesting "ivory" (as the ablative of the Latin noun "ebur"), the name seems to have been invented for the sake of euphony, if not for the rhyme.
68 These four lines also rhyme on "or" in the original.

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

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

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

3785 Of our passing years and nurture our days.

NYMPHIS

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

HECTOR

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

3817 For you're, in all the world, my greatest care.
3818 I did not make my way here to these shores
3819 To trouble your repose, one day, with wars,
3820 Or to distress you: much too dearly bought
3821 Would be the love that such affliction wrought;
3822 Too costly for you, too, would prove the sight
3823 Of this my face, my coming a mere blight.
3824 I'm here at your side wholly for your sake,
3825 Not so your profit[70] I may roughly take.
3826 Accept her, then, for I swear, for my part,
3827 That shepherdess has gone out of my heart.

NYMPHIS

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

HECTOR

3846 It goes against all justice and all right,

70 "[P]rofit": the original's "bien", in this context, has the same materialist shading.

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

NYMPHIS

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

ELYMANT

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

HECTOR

3908 I am quite willing.

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

NYMPHIS

Then I too agree.

ELYMANT

3909 Come on, then – take courage! Wait here for me.
3910 I'll go and find that lofty shepherdess[72]
3911 And soften, if I can, her haughtiness.

NYMPHIS

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

[Scene III]

[*Enter Arbuste and Diane.*]

ARBUSTE

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

72 "[L]ofty shepherdess" attempts to capture the irony of the original's "superbe dame".

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

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

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

4046 The constant man would willingly comply.

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

4052 And yet our senses balk at the offence.

ARBUSTE

4053 Its happy fruit is ample recompense.

DIANE

4054 But if one spurns such unjust fruit as bad?

ARBUSTE

4055 Thus to deceive oneself is simply mad.

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

4057 The pain will fade and pleasure take its place.

DIANE

4058 The pain which so endures is never-ending.

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

4063 His trickery was meant to do you good.

DIANE

4064 That he retains my pledge compounds my wrongs.

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

4067 Love turns to sweetness the bitterest gall.

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

4073 Recovery of my pure state, no less.[73]

ARBUSTE

4074 Yet give him freely what he forced on you.

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

DIANE

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

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

4077 From that bond my demise can set me free.

ARBUSTE

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

DIANE

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

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

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

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

ARBUSTE

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

[Scene IV]

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

ELYMANT

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

JULIE

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

4197 To any law but having what I crave.

ELYMANT

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

JULIE

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

ELYMANT

4216 But do you think that you can spend your years,
4217 When your chaste springtime all in green appears,
4218 And not have Hymen's force touch you at length,
4219 Since everyone alive must feel his strength?
4220 The great gods surely by their laws compel
4221 All those who in these lower regions dwell
4222 To give life, with being[75] and nourishment,
4223 To children, out of fear that nature, spent,

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

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.

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

JULIE

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

ELYMANT [*revealing Nymphis and Hector*]

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

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

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,

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

HECTOR

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

NYMPHIS

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

ELYMANT

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

HECTOR

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

ELYMANT

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

[Scene V]

[*Enter Fauste.*]

FAUSTE

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

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

4366 This sacred day true happiness shall send,
4367 His name it[78] shall engrave, inscribe, suspend
4368 Within all-hallowed Love's most sacred temple,
4369 For having died because he loved so well.
4370 O holy death! How sweet it is to die,
4371 When one finds only cruelty to lie
4372 In lengthy life, and frequent death-blows feels,
4373 From which one never dies but never heals!
4374 As the Harbour of Grace[79] has sweeter lustre
4375 For the mariner whom the tempest's bluster
4376 Threatens to bury deep beneath the seas,
4377 Than when he finds calm sky, disposed to please
4378 His wishes, and he sails on without fear
4379 Of being consigned to an ocean bier –
4380 For danger we already half deplore
4381 Makes sweet the benefit we hoped not for –
4382 Likewise is brutal death a precious gain
4383 For those who must endure immortal pain
4384 And who can hope to find no form of cure
4385 Unless a happy death they may procure.
4386 O gentle death, harbour of those in woe,
4387 When the gods no pity to them will show.
4388 O sacred death, when you finish our days,
4389 You finish our pains, our tearful sighs, always.
4390 For mortals, then, does not death fill a need,
4391 Since thus from misery they may be freed,
4392 When they are born for nothing but distress
4393 And not allowed a taste of happiness?
4394 The patient begs to have the remedy
4395 To drive away his drawn-out malady,
4396 Whose violence, as it inflicts his torments,
4397 Makes longing for such rescue more intense.

78 Orig. "il" might equally refer to Fauste himself, but the rhetoric stresses the agency of the day.
79 The metaphorical sense is clearly primary here, but Montreux may also be alluding to the full name of Le Havre, founded in 1517 by François I near a chapel dedicated to Notre-Dame-de-Grâce.

4398 Likewise, what hope can the wretched man cherish
4399 But by a gratifying death to perish?
4400 Because in life one never can obtain
4401 The slightest succour or surcease from pain,
4402 Compared with the ills which accompany
4403 Our poor existence here relentlessly,
4404 Death we must value as a happiness,
4405 Not, as we think, some strange unpleasantness.
4406 O lovely death! To you I have recourse!
4407 Alas, I embrace you with ardent force!
4408 I summon you, call you, you I'll pursue,
4409 Since I can last no longer without you!
4410 Unhappy[80] my life, tainted by offence;
4411 Happy my faithful death in recompense!
4412 Fauste, who was all unhappy here on earth,
4413 Shall know in heaven a happy re-birth.
4414 Death will reach a rescuing hand to claim
4415 That outcome suited to his happy name,
4416 Which life unjustly snatched from him away,
4417 While his emotions here below held sway.
4418 Happy in name and in fact must he be,
4419 Since death from his afflictions sets him free.
4420 But tumble down, then, from that rocky peak,
4421 O wretched Fauste, and make your way to seek
4422 In fields of bliss the grace that beautifies
4423 The soul of one who, over-faithful, dies!
4424 High time! Ah, I've too often had to see
4425 The forefront of a day that thwarted me,
4426 That so deceived me, ruined all expectation,
4427 Took pleasure in my endless tribulation.
4428 So let us die, O Diane, fair-eyed one,
4429 Whose hair long ago, so playfully wanton,
4430 Bound fast in lasting bonds my conquered heart,

80 Again, "infauste".

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.*]

DIANE

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

FAUSTE

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

ARBUSTE

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

END