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The Shepherds'Court (La Cour bergère)

by André Mareschal

Translated, with Introduction and Notes,
by Richard Hillman

Référence électronique

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by André Mareschal
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Introduction

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André Mareschal (*c.* 1601-*c.* 1648), despite his authorship of at least nine plays (in addition to some minor works in non-dramatic genres), is a relatively unimportant figure in French literary history and virtually unknown outside it. Only the broad outline of his career is documented, including his legal training and his association with the rebellious prince Gaston d'Orléans until some time in the early 1630s. Subsequently, like a number of men-of-letters—and others—he switched his allegiance to Gaston's increasingly powerful arch-opponent, Cardinal Richelieu.[1] As will be seen, these facts are not without relevance to his tragicomedy, *The Shepherds' Court, or the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney* (*La Cour bergère, ou L'Arcadie de Messire Philippes Sidney*), which was performed in 1638 and published in 1640.[2]

Whether Mareschal chose to adapt Sidney's pastoral romance on his own initiative or not, and regardless of the political implications, he produced an accomplished, even compelling

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1 See Lionel Charles Durel, *L'Œuvre d'André Mareschal, auteur dramatique, poète et romancier de la période de Louis XIII*, The Johns Hopkins Studies in Romance Literatures and Languages (Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins Press, 1932), pp. 15-16, whose study remains the most substantial treatment of Mareschal. See also Richard Hillman, "*Et in Arcadia alter egos*: Playing Politics with Pastoral in Two French Baroque Dramas", *French Renaissance and Baroque Drama: Text, Performance, and Theory*, ed. Michael Meere (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 2015), pp. 280-81.

2 There is as yet no modern edition of the text. I translate and cite from the 1640 Paris printing by Toussaint Quinet, which is available on Gallica (<http://gallica.bnf.fr/ark:/12148/bpt6k703696.r>). This edition has also been reproduced in fac-simile in Lucette Desvignes, éd., *La Cour Bergère ou l'Arcadie de Messire Philippes Sidney*, by André Mareschal, 2 vols. (Saint-Étienne: Université de Saint-Étienne Institut d'études de la Renaissance et de l'âge classique, 1981), vol II. The line-numbering is my own.

piece of theatre on its own terms. Probably it did indeed receive the favourable reception claimed by the author (who cannot be accused of false modesty on the point):

> the reports that the French theatre has made of it are sufficient, and the applause it has received serves as a witness, independent of me, of its worth. (*The Shepherds' Court*, Dedicatory Epistle, p. 5)

Certainly, Mareschal's dramatisation relies on highly conventional elements with respect to both plot and character—some inherited from his source, others derived from the intellectual fashions of the day. He deploys and manages these, however, with dexterity and ingenuity within a tightly constructed framework. The effect is to concentrate the sprawling, digressive and densely populated material of the source into two distinct yet tightly imbricated intrigues: a main plot impelled by affairs of the heart and a sub-plot foregrounding affairs of state.[3]

The engagement with affairs of state implies the play's political dimension, to which I will be returning. First, however, it may be useful to say a word about the theatrical implications of the play's declared genre, tragicomedy, in its time and place. Historians of French seventeenth-century drama have long since moved beyond the judgemental obsession with "regularity" that once dominated the field, but its legacy lingers among more casual comparatists, accustomed to contrast the freedoms of the early modern English stage with the theory-driven rules and restrictions of the French classical one. The fact is that Mareschal produced his work during the last years of the baroque fashion in French theatre, whose most characteristic genre was a highly permissive form of tragicomedy. Not only was such tragicomedy generically mixed (by definition), but it was generally indifferent to the neo-Aristotelian "unities" of time, place and action, and frequently sensational in what it staged and how. Thus, while the playwright's language is formally prescribed—the entire play is composed in Alexandrine couplets with the exception of the intricate "stanzas in dialogue" of Act Two, Scene Two[4]—his dramaturgy is freely disjunctive with regard to place, time and action, as well as hospitable to con-

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3 On Mareschal's adaptation of Sidney, see also the brief account of Lucette Desvignes, "De l'Arcadie de Sidney à la Cour Bergère, ou du roman pastoral à la tragi-comédie", *Le genre pastoral en Europe du XV^e^ au XVII^e^ siècle. Actes du colloque international tenu à Saint-Étienne du 28 septembre au 1er octobre 1978*, ed. Claude Longeon *et al.* (Saint-Étienne: Publications de l'Université de Saint-Étienne, 1980), pp. 311-18

4 I translate the Alexandrines into iambic pentameter couplets, which are more natural in English, at the risk of occasionally compressing the original unduly. (It is surprising how much meaning can be contained within an additional verse-foot.)

flicting generic markers: both broad (if never quite vulgar) comic effects and spectacular tragic ones are accommodated.

The former include the ignorant blustering of the cowherd Damétas, invested with authority in King Bazyle's household,[5] who is rendered not less clownish but more isolated than Sidney's original (whose family are part of the more varied grotesque picture)[6]; they extend to the farce-like sexual encounter engineered by Zelmane (the Amazon persona assumed by Pyrocle) between the King (Bazyle) and Queen (Gynécie). Both husband and wife suppose they are committing adultery with "her" (though Gynécie has at least perceived that "she" is a man), and the comedy is enriched by their singularly undignified passions and pretences. The business can be more lightly handled than it is by Sidney because Mareschal eliminates the complicating detail of Bazyle's apparent death as a result. Thus the dramatist not only (in moderation) "mingl[es] kings and clowns", contrary to Sidney's own strictures concerning drama in *An Apology for Poesie*,[7] but makes kings behave like clowns (in the sense of fools).

As for the staged action that carries a tragic stamp, it includes the kidnapping of Pamèle, Phyloclée and Pyrocle/Zelmane, as well as armed combat, notably the wounding of Amphyale by Lyzidor. (The latter is Mareschal's name for Musidorus, whose assumed identity is also changed from Dorus to Lycas.) More sensationally, spectators witness the feigned beheading of Pamèle in front of her horrified sister—a play-within-the-play which exploits the medium so as to take in the audience, since there is nothing to signal a different level of theatrical "reality". The tragic trajectory culminates in an extremely vivid representation of the violent confrontation between Amphyale and his mother Cécropie, which leads to both their onstage deaths, hence to the purging of the evil forces threatening happiness in Arcadie.

There are also, in keeping with the original, successive encounters with a lion and a bear (sent, it turns out, by Cécropie), which are killed by the princes (II.iv.631 ff.). Whether either of these beasts (necessarily by way of theatrical imitators or mechanical devices) actually appears on stage is uncertain from the text, but the use of props (if

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5 In order to retain something of the French flavour of the text, I keep the characters' names in their original forms but add accents in conformity with modern practice.

6 Demétas merely mentions his wife at one low-comic point (I.vi.385). In the *Arcadia*, Kalander remarks at length on the foolishness of Dametas and his grotesque household and (with a satirical glance at the tendency of great men to advance those most unworthy) deplores the vain stupidity of Basilius, who "hath in a manner put the life of himself and his children into his hands" (Philip Sidney, *Arcadia*, ed. Maurice Evans [Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1977], p. 79 [bk. I, chap. 3]). References to the *Arcadia* are taken from this edition.

7 Philip Sidney, *An Apology for Poetry*, ed. Geoffrey Shepherd (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1973), p. 135.

not actors) to represent animals is well documented in contemporary French drama.[8] (I would surmise, from the combination of external and internal stage directions, that the lion was probably evoked only through the dialogue—until Zelmane enters with its head—whereas the bear made an spectacular entry and exit before an offstage combat with Lycas, who returns with its paw.[9])

Many other specimens of French baroque drama produce effects that the *âge classique* would judge to be unacceptable. But of course Mareschal had further warrant for his extravagance in the *Arcadia* itself, where any rules specific to drama, and in particular the so-called "unities", yield to the nearly infinite possibilities of narrative romance. His comment in the dedicatory epistle that he has "followed [Sidney] quite closely in the most appealing details, and [has not] departed from him except as constrained by the decorum [*bien-seance*] and strictures [*rigueurs*] of the theatre" (*The Shepherds' Court*, Dedicatory Epistle, p. 5; *La Cour bergère*, sig. ~aiii^{r-v}) might suggest that he has such a defence in mind. The main point here, however, is evidently moral, since "*bien-seance*" is the standard term for decency on stage, and Mareschal introduces his statement by affirming that he has striven "not at all to shame my author, and not to be shamed by him either [de ne faire point de honte à mon Autheur, & de n'en receuoir non plus]" (Dedicatory Epistle, p. 5; *La Cour bergère*, sig. ~aiii^{r}).

As far as morality is concerned, the claim is actually somewhat disingenuous. It is true that Pyrocle and Philoclée, unlike their originals, do not sleep together, and that Lyzidor would never come close, as Musidorus does, to raping his beloved. On the other hand, the sexual appetite of Mareschal's Queen receives franker expression, from her anticipation of her tryst with Zelmane (V.i.1482 ff.) to her subsequent reproach of her husband's lacklustre performance (V.v.1625 ff.). That nearly comic reproach, moreover,

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8 Some of this documentation has been assembled and analysed by my colleague Pierre Pasquier, from whose generous erudition I am accustomed to benefit. See the Introduction to his edition of *Le Mémoire de Mahelot: Mémoire pour la décoration des pièces qui se représentent par les Comédiens du Roi*, Sources Classiques, 58 (Paris: H. Champion, 2005), pp. 97-98, where he proposes the use of artificial devices to simulate the animal combats in Mareschal's play; see also pp. 96-97 on the staging of Pamèle's feigned execution.

9 See *The Shepherds' Court*, II.v and n. 33. No doubt fortuitously, this treatment of the "same" bear would closely match that in the perennially popular English *Mucedorus* (anonymous, *c*. 1590)—a dramatic gallimaufry loosely based on the *Arcadia* whose composition dates from around 1590 but which was performed throughout the seventeenth century. Cf. *Mucedorus*, *The Shakespeare Apocrypha: Being a Collection of Fourteen Plays Which Have Been Ascribed to Shakespeare*, ed. C. F. Tucker Brooke (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1908), I.ii-iii, where the employment of an actor in a bear-skin is confirmed by way of a joke (I.ii.3-6). The episode evidently inspired Shakespeare in *The Winter's Tale*; see John Pitcher, ed., *The Winter's Tale*, by William Shakespeare, The Arden Shakespeare, 3rd ser. (London: The Arden Shakespeare, 2010), p. 143, n. to "The Names of the Actors", l. 34.

takes the place of the moral lesson delivered by Sidney's conscience-stricken and more profoundly disillusioned original.[10]

Before turning to some of the more distinctive aspects of the play's treatment of comedy and tragedy, I wish to put in place the issue of its political engagement. The key point here is the work's composition and staging under the auspices of Richelieu. Behind Mareschal's fulsome dedication of the printed version to Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, the nephew of Philip and currently ambassador extraordinary to France, may reasonably be detected a veiled admonition against anti-Richelieu interference by the English in French affairs. The broad context is Richelieu's use of the theatre for political purposes, and more specifically relevant may be James Shirley's very different dramatisation of the *Arcadia* (also published in 1640) under the opposing auspices of Queen Henrietta Maria of England (the daughter of Marie de' Medici). The background will not be developed here, since I have given it considerable attention elsewhere.[11] To the extent that the French affairs in question are shadowed within the action of the play, however, they must be taken into account when considering Mareschal's transformation of his source.

That source, it should be stipulated, was particularly well known in French literary circles, having been the object of competing translations, themselves carrying divergent political and religious charges.[12] Intriguingly, Mareschal seems to have assumed the broad familiarity of his public with the *Arcadia*, since, as indicated in the notes, several plot elements left unexplained within the play depend on background knowledge of the novel.

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10 Cf. Sidney, *Arcadia*, pp. 725-27 (bk. IV, chap. 2).

11 Hillman, *"Et in Arcadia"*, pp. 267-93, esp. 280-84. Otherwise, the political relevance of the play has received scant attention, except for a passing remark by Desvignes in her edition (I: 132, n. to II: 68, l. 1. By contrast, the political and ideological resonances of Sidney's romance in England have been much discussed. See notably Annabel Patterson, *Censorship and Interpretation: The Conditions of Writing and Reading in Early Modern England* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1984), pp. 23-43 *et passim*, who points out the "political coloring that the vogue for pastoral romance acquired under Henrietta Maria" (p. 171).

12 See Albert W. Osborn, *Sir Philip Sidney en France* (1932; rpt. Geneva: Slatkine, 1974), pp. 70-145. In addition, a tragedy adapting the amorous entanglement of Helen, Queen of Corinth, Philoxenus and Amphialus in Book I (Sidney, *Arcadia*, pp. 121-29 [bk. I, chap. 11]) had been composed as early as 1598-1600. See Jean Galaut, *Phalante*, ed. Alan Howe, Textes Littéraires 94 (Exeter: Exeter University Press, 1995). Remarkably, this was probably prior to any French translation, even that undertaken (but never published) by Jean Loiseau de Tourval; on the possible channels of influence, see Howe, ed., Introd., pp. xxii-xxv. If Mareschal knew Galaut's work, in which the hero, the counterpart of Amphialus, is unfailingly loyal and kills himself out of guilt over his unintentional killing of his friend and the suicide of the woman who mistook the body for his own, the later playwright would have found it contrary to his purposes. These required recuperation of Sidney's political plot, as well as suppression of the return of the loving Helen in an attempt to heal Amphialus after his self-wounding (Sidney, *Arcadia*, pp. 576-79 [bk. IV, chap. 25]).

In terms of literary fashion alone, Sidney's work possessed particular status as a pioneering example of the pastoral romantic fiction currently much in vogue, of which Honoré D'Urfé's *Astrée* was the ultimate expression.

The translation used by Mareschal is that of Jean Beaudoin (published in 1624-25), who had originally been commissioned to undertake it by Marie de' Medici.[13] While Beaudoin was an early member of Richelieu's Académie Française (founded in 1635), the Queen Mother had well before then become Richelieu's arch-enemy, and it is she, I believe, who is pointedly evoked by Mareschal in his representation of the villainess Cécropie. Quasi-sorceress though she is, Cécropie remains politically focussed, indeed obsessed, to a degree beyond Sidney's Cecropia, as she plots to obtain the throne on behalf of her hapless son, Amphyale. A cherished example of the Queen Mother's favourite genre is thus, in effect, being ironically turned against her. Mareschal's play drastically streamlines the multiple political aspects of the original, where matters are not nearly so clear-cut, and gives the Cécropia-Amphyale intrigue far greater prominence and centrality. Both their characters in themselves and the relation between them are skewed so as to suggest the perennial machinations of Marie in more-or-less luke-warm combination with her son Gaston. Sidney's Amphialus is a relatively sympathetic figure, whose death is invested with intense pathos. In the place of the tender lament of the "fair queen Helen" (a figure omitted by Mareschal) over the dying man she loves,[14] the playwright serves up a scornfully dismissive epitaph:

> *Lyzidor*. What end had fate for them reserved?
> *Zelmane*. One that they dealt each other—and deserved. (ll. 1423-24)

Gaston was heir to the throne until the unexpected pregnancy of the queen, Anne of Austria, resulted in the nearly miraculous birth of the future Louis XIV ("Dieudonné") in 1638—the year of *La Cour bergère*. The legend attributing these events, which settled the vital question of the succession, to a fortuitous (or divinely programmed) sexual encounter between the estranged royal spouses[15] must certainly have resonated for a con-

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13 Philip Sidney, *L'Arcadie de la comtesse de Pembrok, mise en nostre langue, de l'anglois de Messire Philippes Sidney* trans. Jean Beaudoin, 3 vols. (Paris: T. Du Bray, 1624-25). As the title confirms, Beaudoin's original was necessarily based on one of the numerous editions of the (evolving) composite text now known as the "New Arcadia".

14 See Sidney, *Arcadia*, pp. 576-77 (bk. III, chap. 25).

15 The conception was popularly attributed to a storm which compelled Louis to take shelter in his wife's lodging. This event is usefully placed in the context of the more complex personal and political realities by A. Lloyd Moote, *Louis XIII, the Just* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1989), pp. 273-82 (though with an unconvincing emphasis on psychological factors).

temporary public with the physical reunion of Bazyle and Gynécie, which produces offspring in a metaphysical sense to assure Arcadie's glorious future. The parallel is at once reinforced and kept at a safe distance—a standard practice in political allusion-making under Richelieu[16]—by Mareschal's ironic development of the conjunction between Pyrocle's comic machinations and the serious fulfilment of the Oracle.

As he drastically reduces the plot complications concerning the politics of Arcadia to focus on the essential issues of rebellion thwarted and stable succession secured, so Mareschal concentrates and intensifies the erotic theme. That theme is now invested with a spiritual force matching the contemporary cult of Platonic love that had become attached to neo-chivalric romance. Sidney's princely lovers, however admirable, are less inspired to heroism and virtue, hence less exalted, more down-to-earth. This makes for a wider gap between the noble love of Mareschal's two princes (Lyzidor and Pyrocle) for the two princesses (Pamèle and Phyloclée), which lacks the carnal dimension present in Sidney, and the degrading and deluded infatuations for Zelmane of both Gynécie and Bazyle. Instead of Sidney's lightly ironic scorn, which the narrative mode enables him to express, Mareschal makes the most of the farcical possibilities of Zelmane's manœuvre.

Such comic exploitation might seem at odds with the contemporary political resonances of the play's resolution, but this is not necessarily the case. After all, Mareschal's management of the action here strengthens the parallel with the recent reconciliation of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria, since he eliminates the apparent death of Sidney's king and presents the renewed conjugal relation as the key to a flourishing and peaceful future for the country. Suppressed along with the seeming death are the considerable consequences that prolong and complicate the plot in the original. By contrast, and to good dramatic effect, Mareschal produces his denouement concisely, by having the princes' identities revealed by way of testimony, letter and messenger in a single scene. Arguably, even the comic energy generated by the dramatic treatment, complete with the exposure of royal folly, swells the concluding harmony on the political level.

The concluding thematic chord of *La Cour bergère*—the irresistible power of love—is actually sounded by Bazyle, who seems at least half-conscious of the irony at his own expense. Moreover, it is cued, somewhat surprisingly, by the simple-minded Damétas, who shows himself capable of being, not merely mystified, but struck with wonder at the revelations, especially the discovery that his erstwhile valet is a prince:

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16 See Georges Couton, *Richelieu et le théâtre*, 2nd ed., ed. José Sanchez, Théâtre du monde entier (Paris: Eurédit, 2008), pp. 75-85.

Damétas. What force could change—or eyes of change
convince—
That woman to this man, shepherd to prince?
Bazyle. Love, who directs the course of human lives,
And wedded bliss twice in one day contrives. (V.vii.1733-36)

Indeed, in a way not remote from the all-encompassing wonder that concludes Shakespearean romances—one thinks especially of the Clown in *The Winter's Tale* becoming a "gentleman born"[17]—even Damétas is gathered, however absurdly, into the sense of dreams coming true; he is even given the privilege of speaking the final lines:

I feel my mind to new worlds awake.
Some province seems to bow beneath my sway.
I must be king, with a prince as valet! (1766-68)

The transformative power of love is thus actually pushed further by Mareschal than it is in the *Arcadia*, whose happily-after-ever conclusion is a more diffused matter of many more facts, and which overtly makes light of the revived Basilius' resistance to truth: "Many garboils passed through his fancy before he could be persuaded Zelmane was other than a woman".[18] There is a touch of the *commedia dell'arte pantalone* about the character in both works, but Mareschal does more to redeem him at the end in the cause of miraculous revelation and harmony.

Such a conclusion points up the stronger affinity of Mareschal's version with the romance tradition as influenced by the antique Hellenistic novel. The latter, in its approach to amatory relations, tends to show the triumph of constancy, with some form of divine assistance, after alienation and tribulation, rather than to celebrate changefulness and variety. Around 1630, in *L'Inconstance d'Hylas*, Mareschal had already adapted, from the *Astrée*, a complex plot of the second kind. It seems significant that, in his dedicatory epistle to *The Shepherds' Court*, he praises the *Arcadia* as "the English Heliodorus" (p. 4)—that is, the *Aethiopica* —which exemplifies instead the sort of wondrous conclusion he contrives.

The romance of Heliodorus was not alone in this respect—the anonymous narrative of Apollonius of Tyre notably follows a similar trajectory[19]—but the romance of Heliodorus was especially well known and influential. In France, it had been trans-

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17 William Shakespeare, *The Winter's Tale*, *The Riverside Shakespeare*, ed. G. Blakemore Evans, J. J. M. Tobin *et al.*, 2nd ed. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997), V.ii.128 ff.

18 Sidney, *Arcadia*, p. 846 (bk. V, chap. 8).

19 The French version most readily available was the prose retelling by François de Belleforest (1530-83) in volume seven of his *Histoires tragiques*, a collection first published in 1582 and reprinted several times, most lately in 1604 (Rouen: Adrian de Launay, 1604); see "Histoire CXVIII", pp. 109-206.

lated by Jacques Amyot (1547) and frequently reprinted; Alexandre Hardy had staged a marathon eight-play adaptation of it, seemingly around 1601, which was published in 1623.[20] Important English imitations of the model include Robert Greene's *Pandosto: The Triumph of Time* (1588, and multiply reprinted), which was Shakespeare's primary source for *The Winter's Tale*, as the Apollonius story was for *Pericles*. *Pandosto* had also been (freely) translated into French twice and twice dramatised (once by Alexandre Hardy, in a version never published or now lost; once by Jean Puget de la Serre [pub. 1631]).[21]

Such an inflection of Sidney's romance is also tellingly apparent in Mareschal's treatment of the Oracle—in itself a common feature of pastoral romance—which induces the fearful Basilius and Bazyle to go into rustic retirement. In the *Arcadia*, a great deal of scepticism is expressed about it before its contents are actually revealed (only in Book II):

> Thy elder care shall from thy careful face
> By princely mean be stolen, and yet not lost.
> Thy younger shall with Nature's bliss embrace
> An uncouth love, which Nature hateth most.
> Both they themselves unto such two shall wed,
> Who at thy bier, as at a bar, shall plead
> Why thee (a living man) they had made dead.
> In thine own seat a foreign state shall sit.
> And ere that all these blows thy head do hit,
> Thou, with thy wife adultery shall commit.[22]

These enigmas finally prove quite down-to-earth. Except for the mention of "a foreign state", they bear only on the family plot (including Basilius' supposed death), and they will be duly resolved on that level.

By comparison, Mareschal's version of the oracle, which is disclosed in the first scene and so imparts immediate impetus to the action, is far more sensational—indeed apocalyptic—as well as politically pointed:

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20 Alexandre Hardy, *Les chastes et loyales amours de Théagène et Cariclée, réduites du grec de l'Histoire d'Héliodore en huict poèmes dragmatiques* [sic] *ou théâtres consécutifs* (Paris: J. Quesnel, 1623). The date of 1601 is given by Antoine de Léris, *Dictionnaire portatif historique et littéraire des théâtres* (Paris, 1763), p. 423. That Sidney himself consulted Amyot's Heliodorus in revising his original narrative is argued by Victor Skretkowicz, Jr., "Sidney and Amyot: Heliodorus in the Structure and Ethos of the New Arcadia", *Review of English Studies* 27 (1976): 170-74; Mareschal, in effect, extends the influence of this source at a deeper level.

21 On these points, see Hillman, *"Et in Arcadia"*, pp. 270-80 *passim*. Cf., on the popularity of *Pandosto*, Lori Humphrey Newcomb, *Reading Popular Romance in Early Modern England* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2002), pp. 77-129.

22 Sidney, *Arcadia*, p. 395 (bk. II, chap. 28).

> *Your fruitful Arcadie, great king,*
> *Unless a timely remedy you bring,*
> *Will splash with blood all the flowers it grows—*
> *Your House, all in flames, beweeping its woes,*
> *Your heir on no throne but a scaffold seen,*
> *Your son-in-law burning you and the Queen;*
> *A Prince triumphant will count you his gains:*
> *Father, Mother and the child who remains.* (I.i.87-94)

Richelieu's frequent and severe warnings about subversive disorder in the French state and the horrors of (renewed) civil war are unmistakably echoed here. Also evoked, however, is the operation of a divine power which threatens catastrophe, but which in the end, according to the romance pattern, reveals itself as benevolent. The oracle in *Pandosto* and *The Winter's Tale* provides a close analogy. And the hinge on which this cosmic force pivots from menace to blessing, again according to the pattern, is love and constancy.

The point of transition is clear. As, for the audience, the Oracle's positive fulfilment waits palpably in the wings, pending only the revelation of the princes' identities, the short-sighted Bazyle addresses them and his children in despair:

> *Bazyle*. I see and hear the Oracle spoke true:
> My miseries pour forth, and flow from you!
> Disorder reigns here, unknown men now stray—
> *Lyzidor*. Borne on the wings of Love they made their way.
> (V.vii.1591-94)

As soon as the proof is furnished, the King's despair gives way to faith and wonder: "The gods, I know, / Through you decree my glory here below" (1611-12); "these miracles... / That bring the Oracle's meanings to light" (1645-46). He thereby seconds the Queen's remark: "This day its wonders multiplies!" (1605).

The transformative power of love is an idea well established in early modern culture; its romance and pastoral expressions draw both on Ovidian mythology and Christianised neo-Platonism—symbolic structures, of course, that themselves often coincide. It is an idea that can be played with and parodied, even as it is taken seriously, and which lends itself to theatrical exploitation.[23] The romantic comedies of Shakespeare, with their cross-

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23 The ultimate self-conscious parody, since the character is not in love at all, may be Falstaff's soliloquy as, in a stag costume, he anticipates a sexual encounter in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Now the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa, love set on thy horns. O powerful love, that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast..." (*The Riverside Shakespeare*, V.v.3 ff.).

dressed heroines, effectively illustrate this potential, and Mareschal evidently saw it also in the *Arcadia*. When Zelmane, loving Pyroclée and being loved by both Bazyle and Gynécie, feels trapped by his Amazon disguise, his reaction is not far from those of Viola-Cesario in *Twelfth Night* or Rosalind-Ganymede in *As You Like It*:

> Love, should I praise you or complain?
> I'm served and harmed here by your potent sway;
> Your grace attends me, and it flies away.
> That the Queen should love me—O strange obsession!
> So, tyrant, are our minds in your possession?
> Phyloclée has my heart, and cares accrue,
> For Bazyle would have it, Gynécie too.
> How these clothes procure me both joy and pain:
> They draw the King; the Queen they can't restrain.
> (III.ii.838-46)

One corollary of developing the power of transformative love in Mareschal—as indeed at times, and to a lesser extent, in Shakespeare—is the subordination of characterisation to comic (or tragicomic) pattern. In such play-worlds, to be possessed by love is to be obsessed, as may be glimpsed even in the contrast between Rosalind and her teasing friend Celia (before the latter becomes amorous in her turn). This context alone would mitigate Albert W. Osborn's complaint that Sidney's subtly portrayed princesses are reduced by Mareschal to indistinguishable victims of love-sickness.[24] Yet neither is his remark wholly justified. Phyloclée's beauty actually does convey "sweetness", compared with Pamèle's "majesty" (I.i.54) and "pride" (66): so the two love-inspiring portraits establish in a scene that Mareschal modeled closely on his original.[25] Moreover, except when overwhelmed by distress, Phyloclée is capable of an irreverent humour that contrasts with the dignified reserve and anxiety of Pamèle—"more severe and firm than I" (III.ii.815), as she says. She teases her sister when they discover their lovers' identities in Act Three, Scene One, and in the final scene, while their father is reading the revelatory letter, she initiates *badinage* that at once heightens and dispels the suspense (1629 ff.). In pushing the character in this spirited direction for the sake of dramatic effect, Mareschal notably departs from the original, where Philoclea is described as "bashful" and "humble".[26] As for the princes, they are at least as

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24 Osborn, p. 148.

25 Cf. Sidney, *Arcadia*, p. 76 (bk. I, chap. 3). "Sweetness" and "majesty" are also Sidney's terms ("*douceur*" and "*majesté*" in Mareschal's text [sig. Aiii^{r}]). Sidney (through Kalander) effectively intimates that Pamela is proud while avoiding "pride" (p. 76); Mareschal sees no reason why Lyzidor should not admire her "*orgueil*" (sig. Aiii^{v}).

26 Sidney, *Arcadia*, p. 76 (bk. I, chap. 3).

distinctly drawn, thanks in part, again, to Lyzidor's somewhat superior status, and with the help of Pyrocle's disguise (of which he is sometimes ashamed but which he comes to relish manipulating, once he is sure of Phyloclée).

In the case of Amphyale, even as he simplifies the political picture, Mareschal arguably develops nuances of character beyond his original. Both Amphyale and Sidney's Amphialus are stricken with guilt and anger over their mother's sadistic treatment of the princesses; their own hopeless love for Phyloclée/Phyloclea is crucial to this response. Amphyale's self-loathing, however, is increased by his weakness in accepting Cécropie's offer to win Phyloclée for him. The equivalent encounter in Sidney shows Amphyalus resisting his mother's blandishments, and he is never less than noble and loyal in his fashion.[27] The difference on this point may itself carry, as I have suggested, a political insinuation aimed at the chronically weak-willed Gaston d'Orléans.[28]

But there is another difference which appears politically gratuitous, hence purely psychological. When the desperate Amphialus in the *Arcadia* initiates the confrontation with Cecropia that precipitates both their deaths—"Thou damnable creature, only fit to bring forth such a monster as I am"[29]—we are informed that, while he "intended to kill himself in her presence", he actually meant her no harm. Indeed, after her fatal accidental fall, he laments,

> And was I not enough miserable before... but that before my end I must be the death of my mother, who, how wicked soever, yet I would she had received her punishment by some other!

The equivalent confrontation between Amphyale and Cécropie is from the outset framed in terms of matricide; when she sees her son approaching with his sword drawn, she cries out, in terror and defiance,

> Approach, madman, see—the way's open wide!
> Let your furor be on my breast relieved;
> Come, carry death here where life you received.
> (IV.viii.1320-22)

And when Amphyale stabs himself instead, it is clear that he is symbolically killing her in himself: "I'll expiate your crimes against my mistress; / The evil blood you gave me I'll expel" (1326-27). Far from regretting his role in her ensuing death, he triumphs vindic-

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27 See Sidney, *Arcadia*, pp. 532-34 (bk. III, chap. 17).
28 Hillman, *"Et in Arcadia"*, p. 283.
29 Sidney, *Arcadia*, p. 573 (bk. III, chap. 24).

tively in it: "Avenged, then, Phyoclée and I—and well!" (1329). What we witness in his suicide, then, is the son's ultimate act of revenge against a hated parent—the destruction of the being to whom she gave life.

This dynamic may be related to the presentation in Alexandre Hardy's tragedy *Coriolan* (*c.* 1607) of the onstage suicide of the hero's mother, Volomnie, after she learns of her son's murder. For this she holds herself responsible—with good reason, since, by exerting emotional blackmail, she had induced him to relinquish his campaign of vengeance against Rome, thereby assuring his destruction by his erstwhile allies, as he was well aware. Now she imagines his spirit demanding a vengeance that will, in a grotesque parody of affection, reunite mother and son: "Not with my complaints can your shade be satisfied: / You require me to be below at your side".[30] I have suggested that Hardy's spectacular addition of her suicide to his source—the *Life of Coriolanus* by Plutarch—intertextually invites a similar reading of Shakespeare's treatment of the same material. Through this lens, the equally suicidal behaviour of the protagonist of *Coriolanus* (1608) appears as an indirect vengeance directed against the suffocating Volumnia, the woman who at once gave him life and deprived him of it.[31] In this light, it is tantalisingly suggestive that Mareschal lends Cécropie, beneath her professed care for her son, a destructive selfishness more redolent of Shakespeare's Volumnia than of the equivalents in either Hardy's or Plutarch's version:

> Cowards, who to a mother's name defer!
> His honour to his life I far prefer.
> To toughen him with work, see him in fights,
> Would pain all others: they are my delights. (IV.i.1087-90)

This element is quite without warrant in the *Arcadia*, where we are informed only that "His mother…had confined all her love only unto him".[32]

It may at least be argued that in thus nuancing the mutual destruction of Amphyale and Cécropie, Mareschal stages a psychological supplement—at once subtle and sensational—to the more straightforward confrontation depicted by Sidney. This is to add an especially sophisticated dimension to a mother-son dynamic which, given its political application, might well have been left on a superficial level. Indeed, its political appli-

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30 Alexandre Hardy, *Coriolan*, trans. Richard Hillman, Publication online, Centre d'Études Supérieures de la Renaissance, project Scène Européenne "Traductions Introuvables", et Presses Universitaires François-Rabelais, (<http://pufr-editions.fr/renaissance/coriolan>), 2011, ll. 1349-50.

31 Richard Hillman, Introduction to the Translation, *Coriolan*, by Alexandre Hardy, unpaginated.

32 Sidney, *Arcadia,* p. 546 (bk. III, chap. 19).

cation is somewhat clouded as a result. The conclusion may be drawn that Mareschal followed his dramatic instinct in deepening the tragic component of *The Shepherds' Court* much as he did the comic—in effect, taking tragicomedy to be more than a conjoining of formally differentiated elements. The generic whole emerges as greater than the sum of its parts because of the way the parts themselves have been expanded, given dimensions beyond formality. This confirms Mareschal's transformation of *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* as a creation in its own right, rather than a pale imitation, or even a *pièce à clef*—a creation, moreover, which, while inevitably diminished in many respects from its original, in others actually goes beyond it.

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The Shepherds'Court (La Cour bergère)

by André Mareschal

Translated, with Introduction and Notes,
by Richard Hillman

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The Shepherds' Court

or

the Arcadie[1]

of Sir Philip Sidney:

Tragicomedy

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1 As with the names of the characters, I retain the French form.

[Dedicatory Epistle]

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

My Lord,

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

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2 The original erroneously reads "Lens-Hurst".

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

fair relics of a divine mind, and one so closely connected with you. Since it is from him that I expect the little reputation that this work may gain me, so it is only thanks to him that I hope to enter into your good graces. His portrait seems to have been placed at the beginning of this letter[4] only to make you see that he considers that welcome that you will accord us, and to tempt you gently by that object, whose slightest drawing is so precious to you, to receive and acknowledge my vows and my passion, and to permit me the honour to style myself, my lord, Your Excellency's most humble and very devoted servant,

A. Mareschal.

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

The Characters (speaking roles)

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

Princes and Cousins

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

Troop of soldiers
Messenger

Scene: Arcadie

Act I

Scene i

Calander, Lyzidor, Pyrocle

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

CALANDER

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

LYZIDOR

War and shipwreck[7] to help us have combined:

---

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

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

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

Our gain in being known to you we find.[8]

CALANDER

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

LYZIDOR

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

CALANDER

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

LYZIDOR

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

PYROCLE [*aside*]

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

CALANDER

I here embrace two gods within my home!

LYZIDOR

Finish now, dear cousin—

---

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

PYROCLE
Stung by love's furies![9]

LYZIDOR
– Just our compliments, not your reveries.

PYROCLE
Forgive my eyes, ravished by what they see.

CALANDER
At least you dream of something wholly worthy.

PYROCLE
Divine Phyloclée!

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

PYROCLE
The painter has Nature surpassed, and art.

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

PYROCLE
What goddess could ever with her compare?

CALANDER
Her sister, no less adorably fair.

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

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

PYROCLE

Ah! They would greatly dispute the prize.

CALANDER

Between them, majesty with sweetness vies.

LYZIDOR

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

CALANDER

Her temperament and her beauties show.

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

Which strike to my heart a palpable blow.

PYROCLE

Phyloclée, I judge, more love would excite.

LYZIDOR

Her sister's charms could sooner mine ignite.

CALANDER

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

PYROCLE

Sweetness has features apt to subjugate.

LYZIDOR

Pride has attractions that one cannot hate.

CALANDER

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

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

LYZIDOR

What does he fear besides?

CALANDER

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

THE ORACLE

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

LYZIDOR

That Oracle is cruel.

CALANDER

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

PYROCLE [*aside*]

Misery! What now?

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

Despair has seized me!

PYROCLE

Do his daughters lead the same life as he?

CALANDER

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

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

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

CALANDER

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

LYZIDOR

Let's go. [*aside*] Hunting? When mine's a mortal case?

[*Exeunt Calander and Lyzidor.*]

PYROCLE [*alone*]

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

Scene ii

Bazyle, Damétas, Pamèle

BAZYLE [*as a shepherd*]

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

DAMÉTAS

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

By awe of the iron[10] worn at my side.
Destiny yields to me, dares not displease me.
If I were angry, you'd see how it flees me.
To Pamèle the stars have shown themselves kind
Since her young years to my charge were assigned;
How quickly she's gained in beauty and height;
My heifer, after all, is not more white;
She has all her teeth, I've counted her hairs;
To fatten her up I bestow all my cares.
More than sixteen - not a wrinkle at that!
The cattle I care for, are they not fat?
Your oxen and she have had the same tending,
Since I've been charged with their superintending.
Harm threatened her a slight to me entails:
I suffer loss if she just bites her nails!
So fear no more, but good fortune expect
For a daughter such a one can protect.
Do I seem, like you, a man that fear bows?
Faint heart! Back inside! I'll go count my cows.

BAZYLE

Leave her with me for a moment, no more.

DAMÉTAS

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

PAMÈLE

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

---

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

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

BAZYLE

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

PAMÈLE

As it weighs less, it carries less assurance.

BAZYLE

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

---

12 "I'auray pris de la voir la temps & l'habitude": the expression is elliptical, but the general sense of getting used to solitude and privation is clear enough.

13 With the double sense of inward vexation.

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

PAMÈLE

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

Scene iii

PYROCLE [*disguised as an Amazon*]

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

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

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

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

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

Scene iv

Demétas, Pyrocle

Damétas

Yes, I'm Damétas.

Pyrocle

I'll go round about.

Damétas

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

Pyrocle

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

Damétas

That dryade[16] is mad, and thinks me a sun.
And well, in some sort, I really am one.
In that very guise her love I'll allow.
Apollo herded cows, as I do now;
Admetus was a great king[17]—ours is too.

---

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

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

PYROCLE

Enough! That vile talk you shall not pursue!

DAMÉTAS

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

PYROCLE

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

DAMÉTAS [*hidden among the trees*]

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

PYROCLE

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

Scene v

Bazyle, Pyrocle, Damétas

BAZYLE

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

PYROCLE

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

DAMÉTAS [*rising and addressing the King*]

The sight of you is somewhat comforting.

PYROCLE

What frightens Demetas?

DAMÉTAS

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

BAZYLE

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

PYROCLE [*aside*]

Here is my longed-for opportunity!

BAZYLE

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

PYROCLE

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

BAZYLE

Then let me keep that dream, extend it far.

PYROCLE

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

I have left Strymon, Thrace[18] and courtly ways;
My spirit, borne beyond the bounds of Thrace,
Longs to enhance the grandeur of my race,
And in pursuing virtue and renown,
My brow has often gained a laurel crown.
But we're surprised...

BAZYLE [*aside*]
What charms! (The Queen's here—stay!)
How that splendid speech took my breath away!

PYROCLE [*aside*]
[*Seeing his mistress in the Queen's train.*]
O eyes, to that surpassing sight compare
Her pictured grace, which in my heart I bear:
It's she, Phyloclée—a marvel to make
My senses doubt whether I sleep or wake.

Scene vi

Gynécie, Bazyle, Damétas, Pyrocle, Pamèle, Phyloclée

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

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

---

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

DAMÉTAS

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

PHYLOCLÉE

From such mistrust her looks should set you free.

DAMÉTAS

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

BASYLE

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

GYNÉCIE

For such place only such a god is fit.

PAMÈLE

Your sweet words promise us that benefit.

GYNÉCIE

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

BAZYLE

With like power, ever in adoration.

PYROCLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

PYROCLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

GYNÉCIE

And what we see beyond belief astounds.

---

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

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

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

PYROCLE

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

BAZYLE

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

PYROCLE

Discourse so strong mere feeble breath exceeds.

BAZYLE

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

PYROCLE

So many offers urge, I must obey.

DAMÉTAS [*alone*]

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

Act II

Scene i

LYZIDOR [*as a shepherd*]

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

Scene ii

Pyrocle as Zelmane, Lyzidor

ZELMANE

Dear mute witnesses of my love-lorn state –

LYZIDOR

Pyrocle himself!—O marvel of Fate!

STANZAS IN DIALOGUE[22]

ZELMANE

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

LYZIDOR [*replies to him*]

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

ZELMANE

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

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

Our hearts in tune produce this harmony.

---

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

ZELMANE [*continuing*]

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

LYZIDOR [*responding*]

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

ZELMANE

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

LYZIDOR [*aside*]

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

ZELMANE [*continuing*]

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

LYZIDOR [*responding*]

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

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

ZELMANE

Lyzidor? At that name my blood runs cold.

LYZIDOR [*showing himself*]

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

ZELMANE

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

LYZIDOR

Pyrocle!

ZELMANE

Lyzidor!

LYZIDOR

Sweet hope!

ZELMANE

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

LYZIDOR

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

---

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

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

ZELMANE

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

LYZIDOR

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

ZELMANE

For the might you possess those words seem tame.

LYZIDOR

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

ZELMANE

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

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

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

LYZIDOR

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

ZELMANE

A prince speaks? What plan?

LYZIDOR

A lover's recourse.
He adds to my pain who impedes my course.
Grant that my love, whose like was never known,
Makes a high shrine of this heart overthrown.

ZELMANE

Serve? And Demétas? You whose bravery...

LYZIDOR

Must merely taste this pleasant misery.

ZELMANE

One who could make the world his empire?

LYZIDOR

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

ZELMANE

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

[*Exeunt*.]

Scene iii

Amphyale

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

---

25 This seems at odds with the following lines, but I translate literally: "Portez à ce Bouuier moins de mots que d'argent".

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

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

---

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

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

Scene iv

Gynécie, Pamèle, Phyloclée

GYNÉCIE

His virtue through his slightest speech shines out.

PAMÈLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

GYNÉCIE

To you alone, though, daughter, it's consigned.
Wait—here "she"[28] comes, with Damétas in front.

Scene v

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

DAMÉTAS

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

---

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

GYNÉCIE

Are two such enemies so soon forgiving?

PHYLOCLÉE

Have you touched his shadow yet are still living?

ZELMANE

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

DAMÉTAS

Yes, Lycas will assure my reputation.

ZELMANE

I'm asked to charge his name with trepidation.

GYNÉCIE

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

DAMÉTAS

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

ZELMANE [*aside*]

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

LYCAS [*aside*]

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

PHYLOCLÉE

He comes to make you some handsome discourse.

---

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

PAMÈLE

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

LYCAS [*kneeling*]

Princess—my master, heaven, make me yours.

DAMÉTAS

Courage! What fine words, which your voice assures!

GYNÉCIE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

His master first, the gods in second place.

LYCAS

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

DAMÉTAS

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

PAMÈLE

His actions show signs of a hidden grace.

LYCAS

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

DAMÉTAS

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

---

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

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

PHYLOCEE

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

PAMÈLE

With love his discourse seems filled to the brim.

ZELMANE

Then this shepherd needs you to succour him.

PHYLOCLÉE

His eyes address you, his sighs eloquent.

GYNÉCIE

Such gay exchanges promise us amusement!

PAMÈLE

Rise, my shepherd.

ZELMANE

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

LYCAS

Her own! No crown could equal such a word!

ZELMANE

But what wild din within this wood is heard?

GYNÉCIE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

Go and take shelter, while I with this blade...
[*Zelmane pursues the lion.*]

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

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

PAMÈLE

That sight nearly as great a fear procures.

LYCAS

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

DAMÉTAS

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

PAMÈLE

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

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

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

---

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

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

This coward's weapon,[34] since destiny yields it,
[*taking the axe*]
Will shame his craven mind, as my hand wields it.

PAMÈLE [*while he is fighting*]
A shepherd so brave, with such virtue[35] filled?
Such ardour in combat! The bear's been killed.
Courage, Damétas.

DAMÉTAS
I hear Destiny—
Or Charon to his ferry summons me.

PAMÈLE
The bear is dead.

DAMÉTAS
So I hopelessly slide
From the lion's claws to a bear's inside.[36]
Ah, Lycas!

PAMÈLE
He's here, whom glories surround,
And who now comes to be by your hands crowned.
Come on and get up, then, prepare the bays.

DAMÉTAS [*rising, all puffed up with vanity*]
You, too, for this hero, the palm of praise.
Eternal honour I thereby enshrine:
Since he's my valet, the victory's mine.

LYCAS
Yes, Madam—I'd say rather, if I might,

---

34 The original has the plural ("Ces armes"), but the stage direction specifies the cowherd's homely axe ("la hache"), while "armes" could be used in a singular sense (under the influence, perhaps, of Latin "arma", which was always plural—see *Trésor de la langue française*, s.v). Cf. above, l. 142 and n. 10.

35 Orig. "vertu", in the original sense of "manhood".

36 Damétas, grovelling on the ground, has clearly not registered Pamèle's reassurance.

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

DAMÉTAS

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

LYCAS

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

DAMÉTAS

Then what, insolence, might you wish to do?

LYCAS

Nothing but follow you.

DAMÉTAS

That's what suits me.

LYCAS [*looking at Pamèle*]

And please the source of my vows' constancy.

PAMÈLE

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

Scene vi

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

BAZYLE [*to Phyloclée, to whom Zelmane presents the lion's head*]
Daughter, take this gift.

GYNÉCIE
Thus always you'll know
That finally our lives to her[37] we owe.

ZELMANE
Such praise, and so little to praise me for!
I'd expect reproach for not doing more.

PHYLOCLÉE
No praise can equal now what you did then.

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

PHYLOCLÉE
Render it to whom?

ZELMANE
To your potent charms,
Which roused my senses, gave force to my arms—

DAMÉTAS
And after left you seeing, to your shame,
How Damétas your prowess overcame.
Behold this bear, which in its blood lies drowned.[38]

---

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

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

BAZYLE

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

DAMÉTAS

My weapon felled that beast so horrible.

PAMÈLE [*indicating Lycas*]

But that arm wielded it.

DAMÉTAS

Impossible!

PAMÈLE

While Damétas hid—pale, trembling with fright—
Dared not dart a glance at that bloody fight.
Lycas alone gave me life and defence.

DAMÉTAS

His honour I begrudge, and take offence.
But what of that? Since I'm his master, I'll reap
However much glory on him they heap.

ZELMANE

This shepherd has shown exemplary worth.

BAZYLE

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

ZELMANE

No—I cannot come up to his mastery:[40]
His courage, not his rank, impresses me.

DAMÉTAS

But why not his master, as Reason dictates?

---

39 Orig. "dieu tutelaire": Bazyle thereby accentuates Lycas's role in protecting them and his association with the locale.

40 Orig. "dexterité", but English "dexterity" would have a trivialising effect.

LYCAS

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

DAMÉTAS

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

BAZYLE

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

LYCAS

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

PAMÈLE

His base condition, sister, suits him not.

PHYLOCLÉE

This rare shepherd merits a better lot.

ZELMANE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

Him you'd emulate?

ZELMANE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

What, Madam?

ZELMANE

A fate I should not bemoan:
That you might be mine, as I am your own.

GYNÉCIE [*aside*]

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

BASYLE

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

Act III

Scene i

Phyloclée, Pamèle

PHYLOCLÉE

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

PAMÈLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

PAMÈLE

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

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

PHYLOCLÉE

Now out with it! Your heart was set.

PAMÈLE

And instantly filled also with regret.

PHYLOCLÉE

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

PAMÈLE

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

Scene ii

Lyzidor as Lycas, Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Pamèle

LYCAS

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

ZELMANE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

Why combat when one is victorious?

LYCAS

Call us vanquished; we'll be too glorious.

PHYLOCLÉE

The game is suspect when the stronger cedes.

PAMÈLE

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

LYCAS

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

---

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

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

ZELMANE

And I...

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

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

LYCAS

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

PAMÈLE

836 Will render your brows with fair myrtle crowned.

[*Exeunt the two women with Lyzidor.*]

Scene iii

Gynécie, Pyrocle as Zelmane

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

837 Zelmane!

ZELMANE

The Queen! My will I must constrain—

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

GYNÉCIE

847 Ah, Zelmane, death…

ZELMANE

That plaintive note appals!

848 Away! That is the second time she calls.

GYNÉCIE

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

If you witnessed here my wretched condition…

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE

Her words shock me. My safe disguise is gone!

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE

What have I not to fear?

Scene iv

Bazyle, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Gynecie

BAZYLE

At last I'll find...

ZELMANE

More than you're looking for.

GYNÉCIE

On my plans his arrival shuts the door.

BAZYLE

Madam, I must possess now in my turn
Something[42] you've seized.

GYNÉCIE

And with regret return.

BAZYLE

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

ZELMANE

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

---

42 Orig. "un bien".

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

BAZYLE

That term excuses and pains me.

Call it my love.

ZELMANE

Ha, old man that's absurd!

Know how my heart takes offence at that word.

To think of a weak old body's embrace,

With love on his lips and death in his face!

BAZYLE

The coldness is outside, my heart all fire.

ZELMANE

Let him talk thus? No fear do I inspire?

Does my courage sleep?

BAZYLE

Gods, I will enrage him!

ZELMANE

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

Forgive this excess of my righteous passion,

Offending yours in still more wrongful fashion.

The respect owed you my spirit accuses.

BAZYLE

And our love for you this outburst excuses.

ZELMANE

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

At least recognise my modesty's claim.

BAZYLE

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

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

ZELMANE

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

BAZYLE

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

ZELMANE

They'd gain a certain grace.

BAZYLE

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

ZELMANE

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

Scene v

Cecropie, Amphyale

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

923 Release him by death from prison and chain;

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

928 One wrongly held goes not unchallenged long.

AMPHYALE

929 Challenge his possession?

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

It may foresee, and yet justice be lacking.

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

Great love you have!

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

Just like your sighs.

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE [*alone*]

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

---

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

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

Scene vi

Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

This one:
The Queen's flame Bazyle starts to recognise
And mocks her pain because of my disguise.

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

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

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

PHYLOCLÉE
Pamèle's come to find—

Scene vii

Pamèle, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Soldiers, Phyloclée

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

ZELMANE[46]
I was just bringing her...

PAMÈLE
Come, time is short!

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

PHYLOCLÉE
Such fear to be delayed!
Now wait for us, sister, please...

PAMÈLE
Just a moment.

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

---

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

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

PAMÈLE

How your good humour puts my bad to shame!

PHYLOCLÉE

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

SOLDIERS

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

ZELMANE

Traitors!

PAMÈLE

Ah, sister!

PHYLOCLÉE

Zelmane, they have seized me!

ZELMANE

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

Act IV

Scene i

Cécropie, Amphyale

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

Ah, less than before.

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

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

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

Which it did not provide!
It's I who took her and who'll keep her still,
Who'll make the Destinies dance to my will.
Fear that idle king, a siege by his host?
The state is mine to change—that is my boast!
And that, despite you, I'll get you the crown:
Gods, Fates, King, my son—I'll put you all down!

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE [*alone*]

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

Scene ii

Cécropie, Phyloclée

CÉCROPIE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

CÉCROPIE

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

---

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

CÉCROPIE

A high road that will lead to your content.

PHYLOCLÉE

All Arcadie in flames and on its knees?

CÉCROPIE

To render it healthy.

PHYLOCLÉE

By a disease?
In arms against the King?

CÉCROPIE

To save the state.

PHYLOCLÉE

Seize his children—is that not reprobate?

CÉCROPIE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

By keeping them in prison?

CÉCROPIE

To defend them.

PHYLOCLÉE

Against my will to force a husband on me?

CÉCROPIE

His merits and yours uniquely agree.

PHYLOCLÉE

To what but long sighs may I here aspire?

CÉCROPIE

To rightful command of this whole empire.

PHYLOCLÉE

Then let my right in this command appear:
Bring me to my father; take us from here.

CÉCROPIE

That's my wish, and you'll see it will come true
After my son's happy marriage to you.

PHYLOCLÉE

Prison's not where one says yes to somebody.

CÉCROPIE

You hold his heart captive.

PHYLOCLÉE

And he my body.

CÉCROPIE

Let each help the other, sever a chain.

PHYLOCLÉE

Mine is too unjust, and his is too vain.
Prison outweighs bargains with shame replete,
I'll now return to mine, and deem it sweet. [Exit.]

CÉCROPIE

Return, then—ingrate, arrogant and crafty:
Seek there the pity you refused to me!
Dying there would teach that swelled head a lesson,
But such a cruel act would touch my son.
I can't any more suspend my intents;
She'll have to be subdued by violence.

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

Scene iii

LYZIDOR [*in armour*]

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

Scene iv

Amphyale, Lyzidor, Soldiers

[*A troop of soldiers follow Amphyale onstage and hide themselves.*]

AMPHYALE

I grant you more honour than is your due,
O knight, as one whose life and very name
Are quite obscure, barring that thirst for fame
Which makes you as my victim seek renown
And will see your pride at my feet struck down.
When word resounds that my strength was the cause,
Your death alone will win your life applause.
They'll say—

LYZIDOR

That all to my fierce heart gives way!

AMPHYALE

That you but glimpsed, then lost, the light of day!
[*They fight.*]
Gods, what mighty effort!

LYZIDOR

And what resistance!

AMPHYALE

Our mingled bloods record our firm endurance.

LYZIDOR

See how they second two envious foes,
As each against the other fuming flows.

AMPHYALE

While those steams in that way the fight maintain,
Let us on the ground breath and strength regain.

LYZIDOR

Let us! I hardly can to you refuse
A benefit that I, too, wish to use.

AMPHYALE

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

Rebels, what do you want?

SOLDIERS

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

AMPHYALE

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

LYZIDOR

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

AMPHYALE

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

Scene v

Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane

PHYLOCLÉE [*in a prison*]

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

ZELMANE

For a time, yes.

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

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

Scene vi

Phyloclée, Pyrocle as Zelmane, Pamèle, Provost

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

PHYLOCLÉE

[*seeing Pamèle in this condition*]

Oh, Zelmane, I die!

ZELMANE

Bizarre spectacle!

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE
Calm, my Princess, catch your breath.

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

PAMÈLE [*about to be killed*]
Alas!

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

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

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

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

I follow you.

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

ZELMANE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

---

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

Pamèle, you are no more…
[*As she watches the scaffold, the tapestry is raised, and she sees the body of Pamèle covered with blood and her head in a basin on a table.*]
Ah, woeful sight!
Mere mass of flesh, once life and soul took flight!
Then have my dulled senses wakened to know
Nothing but the sight of this bloody show?
I quake with weakness that horror to spy:
See, look, Pyrocle, then let us both die!

ZELMANE

Fates!

PHYLOCLÉE [*falling again*]
Enough! Again my spirits disperse.

ZELMANE
Of two horrid sights, gods, which is the worse?
[*The curtains of the prison are drawn shut.*]

Scene vii

AMPHYALE [*badly wounded, his arm in a sling*]
So a stranger's arm can Amphyale tame!
Your fame is dead—and you live, to your shame?
That honour you for all your feats possess
Someone purloins, with blood and happiness.
Your rival's blows, prevailing by sheer force,
Trace, of both your glory and loss, the course.
If you trust to the words your heart would speak,
Grant him the conquest, avow yourself weak.
Your wounds are but new mouths that testify
To his great glory with a zealous cry;
Your blood, which out of infamy would hide,
Murmurs it within you, writes it outside.
See how, thus shamed, a rival forces you
To debase yourself in your mistress' view.
Go find Phyloclée: in another's cause

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

Scene viii

Cécropie, Amphyale

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

Cécropie

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

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

AMPHYALE

Ah!

CÉCROPIE

What plaintive cry in my ear arrives?

AMPHYALE [*seeing her on the ramparts*]

It's your voice, wretch, that my senses revives?
See to what state by your schemes I'm reduced,
The vile fruit your ambition has produced.
[*now raising himself*]
But, death deferred, I feel my furor thrive:
I'll take my sword in hand, which I will drive...
[*He takes his sword and runs toward the place where his mother is so as to kill himself in front of her.*]

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

Appease by one blow Phyloclée and Fate!

CÉCROPIE

Cruel, what will you do?

---

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

AMPHYALE

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

CÉCROPIE

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

AMPHYALE

Avenged, then, Phyoclée and I—and well!

CÉCROPIE [*dying*]

Heaven I hate! Dying, with rage I swell.[50]

AMPHYALE

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

Scene ix

LYZIDOR

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

---

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

Here, Amphyale!

Scene x

Pyrocle as Zelmane, Lyzidor, Phyloclée, Pamèle

ZELMANE [*leading in the two princesses*]
He, Cécropie as well,
Where there is no returning here now dwell:
All's death.[51]

LYZIDOR
What end had fate for them reserved?

ZELMANE
One that they dealt each other—and deserved.

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

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

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

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

---

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

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

PHYLOCLÉE

So I see my sister—to hold, embrace?

ZELMANE

Then Lyzidor must grant a little space.

PHYLOCLÉE

Such payment for his labour's not amiss:
If you want my view, he merits a kiss.

ZELMANE

What justice you'd show if you paid likewise.

LYZIDOR [*after kissing her*]

All my blood is not worthy that great prize.

PAMÈLE

You spend it freely; I value it more.
Lycas shall pay the loss of Lyzidor.

LYZIDOR

I'll leave you, named as one who flees alarms,
And dress as I did in taking up arms.
Let not these events to the King be shown,
Wrought, if he asks, by a fighter unknown,
Whose name, purpose, rank—all his history –
Remain, like his fleeing, a mystery,
Of whom you know just that he got you out.
Go on, while I take this way roundabout;
To return the sooner, let me depart:
I'll bring back Lycas.

ZELMANE

Good. Quick—take your part.

Act V

Scene i

Pyrocle as Zelmane, Gynécie

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

Good news—if rather late.

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

ZELMANE [*alone*]

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

---

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

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

Scene ii

BAZYLE[54]

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

---

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

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

Scene iii

PHYLOCLÉE[57]

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

---

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

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

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

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

Scene iv

Pyrocle, Phyloclée

PYROCLE [*as a man*]

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

PHYLOCLÉE

It's your old vows that you scarcely recall.

Traitor! How comes it such changes befall?

PYROCLE

Love!

PHYLOCLÉE

That betrays me?

PYROCLE

Madam, mine for you.

PHYLOCLÉE

Your outside has changed as your soul has too.

PYROCLE

Not at all—it's just Love's ruse for today
To grant our wishes, keep envy at bay.

PHYLOCLÉE

Your wishes' success will shortly be seen.
Am I wrong? You're dressed to meet with the Queen.

PYROCLE

Add, of my heart— Ah, it's so sweet, I find,
To hear these jealous thoughts that seize your mind!

PHYLOCLÉE

You speak to feed them, slay me, faithless sir!
I'd rather hear what scheme draws you to her.

PYROCLE

What, hide the joy that in my eyes is read?
I go to find the Queen—yes, in my bed.
But let's cease at last all these false alarms;
Do you doubt my faith, or question your charms?
Of my blind senses what strange aberration
Would make me take a star, and spurn a sun?
Leave Phyloclée? And you believed that story?
Ah, that blow hurts me, and robs you of glory.

PHYLOCLÉE

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

PYROCLE [*laughing*]

To put her in my bed.

PHYLOCLÉE

That says it all!
Your frankness, should it amuse or appal?

PYROCLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

What's that noise?

PYROCLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

What end, Pyrocle, to your audacity?

58 A commonplace emblem.

PHYLOCLÉE

Pamèle and Lyzidor will do as we.

Scene v

Gynécie, Bazyle

GYNÉCIE [*coming out of the cave*][59]

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

BAZYLE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

BAZYLE

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

GYNÉCIE

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

---

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

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

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

BAZYLE

But him you gained wasn't worth waiting for.

GYNÉCIE

That which we least expect contents us more.

BAZYLE

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

GYNÉCIE

It's Zelmane herself.

BAZYLE

O gods! In what state?

Scene vi

Bazyle, Pyrocle, Lyzidor, Gynécie

BAZYLE

Your ruses here today have met their fate.

PYROCLE [*kneeling*]

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

Occasioned by my old self, to this new.

BAZYLE

A pardon?

PYROCLE

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

BAZYLE

O gods! What's this I hear?

PYROCLE

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

BAZYLE

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

Scene vii

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

PAMÈLE

Two cherished children your kindness beseech—

PHYLOCLÉE

Request at your hands a husband for each.

BAZYLE

I see and hear the Oracle spoke true:

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

LYZIDOR

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

CALANDER

[*Presenting to the King both the Messenger and his packets.*]
Sire, these two packets, to you addressed,
Will clearly—here, take them—the facts attest.

BAZYLE [*reading the inscription*]

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

MESSENGER

[*Addressing the Queen, as the King reads.*]
A queen today commends with warm report,
Madam, a son who was her chief support.

CALANDER

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

GYNÉCIE

Lyzidor?

LYZIDOR

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

PAMÈLE

All for my sake.

GYNÉCIE

A prince! This day its wonders multiplies!

BAZYLE

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

PYROCLE

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

BAZYLE

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

PYROCLE

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

GYNÉCIE

And here see
Lyzidor, who brings with him Thessaly.

BAZYLE

That hero?

LYZIDOR

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

PAMÈLE

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

BAZYLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

PAMÈLE

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

PHYLOCLÉE

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

BAZYLE [*having read*][61]

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

---

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

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

Final Scene [Scene vii]

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

Damétas

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

Pamèle

Ask Lycas...

Damétas

So perhaps if he agrees?

He rules you?

Gynécie

No, it's as this prince decrees.

Bazyle

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

LYZIDOR

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

PHYLOCLÉE

Damétas.

LYZIDOR

Your majesty.

DAMÉTAS

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

LYZIDOR

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

GYNÉCIE

Two princes at once grace your cabin, man!

LYZIDOR

Lyzidor-Lychas.

PYROCLE

Pyrocle-Zelmane.

DAMÉTAS

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

BAZYLE

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

---

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

CALANDER

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

BAZYLE

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

DAMÉTAS

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

END

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