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A Tragedy by Jean Galaut

Translated, with Introduction and Notes,
by Richard Hillman

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Introduction

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Phalante's distinction of being the first of three known sixteenth- and seventeenth-century French dramatic adaptations of material taken from the *Arcadia* of Philip Sidney is sufficient to justify its interest for comparative literary historians. As it happens, that distinction is also linked to an intriguing mystery concerning the means of transmission. The second and third adaptations – respectively, *La Cour bergère* (*The Shepherds' Court*), by André Mareschal (1638), and (again) *Phalante*, by Gaultier de Coste de La Calprenède (1642) – present no difficulty of this kind, since Jean Beaudoin's French translation of the multiply expanded *Arcadia* had been published in 1624-25. Indeed, as the title alone might suggest (for Phalante is the name given by Jean Galaut to Sidney's Amphialus[1]), the tragedy of La Calprenède is substantially derivative from that of Galaut – to the point where no independent recourse to the *Arcadia* is apparent.[2] (As for the tragicomedy of Mareschal, it is quite independent in its selection and handling of Arcadian source material.[3]) By contrast, the absolute *terminus ad quem* for the composition of Galaut's

1 In the *Arcadia*, Phalantus is the natural brother of Helen, Queen of Corinth, and the latter survives to relate the tragic love-story which the two dramatists alter to include her death. The character and her story do not figure in the work of Mareschal.

2 See Henry Carrington Lancaster, "Sidney, Galaut, La Calprenède: An Early Instance of the Influence of English Literature upon French", *Modern Language Notes* 42.2 (1927): 71-77, and Alan Howe, ed., *Phalante*, by Jean Galaut (Exeter: Exeter University Press, 1995), p. xxxvii. References to Galaut's *Phalante* are to this edition, on which the translation is also based. An overview of the three French plays derived from the *Arcadia* and of the available translations is offered by Alban Déléris, "Les Vies françaises de l'*Arcadia*: du roman de Sir Philip Sidney à ses adaptations dramatiques en France", *Renaissance and Reformation/Renaissance et Réforme* 40.3 (2017): 133-55.

3 See *The Shepherds' Court,* trans., with annotations and an introduction, by Richard Hillman, online publication, Centre d'Études Supérieures de la Renaissance, Scène Européenne, "Traductions Introuvables",

tragedy is 1605, the year of the author's death (at the age of thirty), while Alan Howe has shown that the playwright had recycled a substantial passage from it for a funeral elegy he composed in honour of one of Toulouse's most eminent citizens, Pierre Du Faur, seigneur de Saint-Jory, who died in 1600.[4] Given the first publication of the *Arcadia* in 1590—and I will be proposing that this edition was the basis for *Phalante*—the play's composition can therefore be placed with some confidence during the mid- to late-1590s, at a time when no French translation of Sidney's work is known to have existed.

Much remains obscure about the history of *Phalante* and its author, a member of the legal and administrative milieu of Toulouse who, like a number of his colleagues, indulged literary aspirations.[5] It is possible that the play had been published before its inclusion (as the only dramatic work) in the posthumous collection of Galaut's poetry that appeared in 1611;[6] there is tenuous evidence of a performance, but only after Galaut's death,[7] and it may (or may not) be significant that the published text is completely devoid of stage directions. Whether or not the work was staged, or intended to be, it is at times very clumsy in its dramaturgy, as several notes to the translation will point out, while the *Recueil* in general confirms the impression given by the text that Galaut saw himself (and was seen by others) primarily as a poet and master of rhetorical effects. (Not that this excluded, of course, the application of these skills to performance.)

In any case, the chief puzzle to concern the few commentators to interest themselves in the work understandably concerns the author's apparent access to the *Arcadia* in its original language in a period when, and place where, knowledge of English would have been extremely rare. As it is, *Phalante* figures as the earliest confirmed and substantial example of a French adaptation (or, for that matter, translation) of a literary English original, antedating by some seventeen years (if we posit a date of 1598) the translation of Robert Greene's pastoral novel *Pandosto* by L. Regnault, which rendered that work accessible to dramatists, and by some twenty-seven years the translation of *Arcadia* by Beaudoin, who had been commissioned by Marie de' Medici to travel to England and learn the language specifically for this purpose.[8]

Tours, 2017 (<http://umr6576.cesr.univ-tours.fr/publications/shepherd/>; accessed 22 November 2017).

4 Howe, ed., pp. xvi-xvii. I am indebted to Howe's informative and judicious introduction for several of the points made here.

5 The renowned law faculty of Toulouse included literary training in the Greek and Latin classics (Howe, ed., p. xi).

6 Jean Galaut, *Recueil des divers poèmes et chans royaux avec le commencement de la traduction de l'Aenéide, etc.* (Toulouse: Vve J. Colomiez and R. Colomiez, 1611).

7 See Howe, ed., pp. xvii-xviii.

8 On the complex circumstances surrounding French translations of the *Arcadia*, see Albert W. Osborn, *Sir Philip Sidney en France* (1932; fac. rpt. Geneva: Slatkine, 1974), pp. 70-91; Osborn,

I

The basis of Galaut's plot is the story of Helen, Queen of Corinth, as narrated by that character herself in Book I, Chapter 11, of Sidney's pastoral romance.[9] The story is varied in significant ways, but several of these divergences, as will be discussed, suggest a thorough and thoughtful familiarity with the source, as do some points of characterisation.[10] The elements most directly borrowed from Helen's narrative certainly do so—in matters not only of detail but also of presentation, as has been demonstrated by Howe, who, after considering various indirect routes by which the playwright might have become acquainted with the novel, as well as other conceivable explanations for the similarities, is compelled to conclude inconclusively.[11] All in all, unlikely as this appears on the surface, we seem to be dealing with a playwright who had somehow mastered English well enough to work closely with Sidney's original.

Galaut's salient departure from the story in the *Arcadia* entails his concentrated production, from the generically mixed source-material making up the novel, of multiple tragedies resulting from mistaken surmises. In the *Arcadia*, Helen does not kill herself on the false supposition that the man she loves is dead, thereby provoking the latter's suicide, although there are elements, as I will be proposing, that might have pointed the playwright in this direction. More obviously, he had notable models in the stories of Romeo and Juliet and of Pyramus and Thisbe. The former had circulated in France at least by way of Pierre Boaistuau's translation of the *histoire tragique* by Matteo Bandello; the latter was still better known, thanks chiefly to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, although it had

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incidentally, is rightly sceptical (p. 68) of Thomas Nashe's claim (in *Have with you to Saffron-Waldon* [1596]) that his pamphlet, *Pierce Penilesse* (1592), had been translated into French—a claim nevertheless perpetuated by Michael Lee Stapleton, *The Cambridge Guide to English Literature*, ed. Nicholas Barker (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983), p 632. Cf. Ronald B. McKerrow and F. P. Wilson, eds, *The Works of Thomas Nashe*, rev. ed., 5 vols. (Oxford: Blackwell, 1958), IV: 85-86 (Notes to *Pierce Penilesse*).

For more on the translations, and dramatic adaptations, of the works of Greene and Sidney (not including La Calprenède's *Phalante*), see 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. 267-93 *passim*.

9 Philip Sidney, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia,* ed. Maurice Evans (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1977), pp. 121-29. For convenience, this is the edition cited here, unless otherwise noted; it is based on the 1593 revised and expanded version of Sidney's work, left incomplete at his death in 1586.

10 A few details, however, especially relating to the reluctant killing of Philoxène, suggest uncertain or hasty adaptation; these are indicated in notes to the translation.

11 See Howe, ed., pp. xix-xxv, and, for further specific parallels, the notes to the translation, *passim*.

also been retold in French poetic narrative, notably by Jean-Antoine de Baïf in 1572-73, and had previously figured as the subject of a "Moralité" (1535?).[12] The mainspring of the tragic mistaking in both these stories, of course, is love, as it also is in *Phalante*, but Sidney's narrative of Helen also contained essential psychological factors that Galaut would develop to take the place of, or at least assist, fatal coincidence such as determines the outcome in the prior models (the friar's deceptive potion in the story of Romeo and Juliet, the garment bloodied by the lion in that of Pyramus and Thisbe).

Most crucially, there is no reciprocal passion in Sidney, but rather a variant on the widespread Renaissance theme of conflict between love and friendship, as well as the common structural device—more usually comic—of the *chaîne amoureuse*.[13] Amphialus is literally like a brother to Philoxenus (Galaut's Philoxène), having also been brought up by the latter's father, the virtuous lord Timotheus (Timothée in Galaut), and when he agrees to woo Helen on his friend's behalf, there is not the slightest openness to the overtures she begins to make to himself. Indeed, at the moment when she frankly reveals her passion, a resentful revulsion appears, despite the "courtesy" that is his hallmark,[14] and it carries through the sequel of the tale:

> But lord, I shall never forget how anger and courtesy at one instant appeared in his eyes when he heard that motion; how with his blush he taught me shame. In sum, he left nothing unassayed which might disgrace himself to grace his friend, in sweet terms making me receive a most resolute refusal of himself. (p. 124 [bk. I, chap. 11])

As will be evident, the mixture of emotions sketched here proved highly useful to Galaut, who developed it dramatically in an ambiguous direction.

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12 For these texts, see, respectively, Jean-Antoine de Baïf, *Le meurier, ou la fable de Pyrame et Thisbe*, *Euvres en rime, Première partie: Neuf Livres des Poemes*, ed. Jean Vignes, Guy Demerson, Perrine Galand-Hallyn, et al., *Œuvres complètes*, Textes de la Renaissance (Paris: H. Champion, 2002), and *Moralité nouvelle de Pyramus et Tisbee, publiée d'après un exemplaire de la Bibliothèque Royale de Dresde*, ed. Émile Picot, *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, January 1901 (Paris: Librairie Henri Leclerc, 1901), 5-39. The date of 1535 is the editor's conjecture.

13 Certain of Shakespeare's romantic comedies, especially *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, play on both these patterns. The *chaîne amoureuse* is a standard device in Italian and French pastoral—a genre of which *Phalante* also shows itself conscious. For an illustration and discussion, see Nicolas de Montreux, *Diane* (*La Diane*), ed. and trans., with an introduction, by Richard Hillman, online publication, Centre d'Études Supérieures de la Renaissance, Scène Européenne, "Traductions Introuvables", Tours, 2014 (<http://umr6576.cesr.univ-tours.fr/publications/diane/>; accessed 23 November 2017).

14 Sidney's Helen reports that "he was commonly called the courteous Amphialus" (p. 123 [bk. I, chap. 11]). See also the translation, n. 64.

By contrast, ambiguity is rigorously excluded in Sidney's subsequent narrative. Amphialus leaves Helen's court to avoid unintentionally encouraging her, and when he unwillingly kills Philoxenus, who has followed him in a jealous rage after divining Helen's passion, and Timotheus immediately dies from shock and grief, he sends this "bitter message" back to Helen:

> that he well enough found I was the cause of all this mischief, and that if I were a man, he would go over the world to kill me; but bade me assure myself that of all creatures in the world he most hated me. (p. 127 [bk. I, chap. 11])

Helen is left with a sense of her "heart" as "nothing but a stage for tragedies" (p. 126 [bk. I, chap. 11])—a metaphor that Galaut may well have taken as an invitation to write his own.

The dramatist's first and most obvious structural innovation amounts to literalising Helen's metaphor by taking his Hélène out of the narrative role and making her follow Philoxène's death with her own. Her action is not merely founded on error, as in the precedent of Pyramus and Thisbe (she finds the bloody weapons and armour that Phalante had thrown down in remorseful disgust), but charged with irony reminiscent of Romeo's suicide, for the object of her love is not actually dead. The tragedy is then compounded by a third death—inevitably, that of Phalante himself, who returns to the spot only to find Hélène's body. There is no mistake entailed in his action here—therefore, no irony of the conventional kind. There is, however, a more profound tragic charge, which enters into his sense of the multiple crimes he has committed, however unwittingly. This sense is reinforced both by an evocation of Oedipus—for Phalante puts out his eyes as a prelude to suicide—and by a revelation which comes close to a *coup de théâtre.* The potential ambiguity in Amphialus' conduct so resoundingly rejected in Sidney, but which has been allowed by Galaut to make itself felt indistinctly—a point to be developed below—is here abruptly resolved in the contrary direction. As his final lamenting monologue builds towards self-blinding, then suicide, Phalante declares that he has betrayed both friendship and love, that Philoxène and Hélène were "my soul's two suns [*les Soleils de mon ame*]" (V.v.1598), and he addresses them jointly as "spirits who loved me so and whom I so cherished [*Esprits qui m'aymiés tant et que j'ay tant aymé*]" (1611).

II

Before returning to the preceding dramatic effects that help to invest this climax with surprising power, I want to suggest that the playwright does not actually leave Sidney's romance behind but draws on it to create another level of adaptation. Certainly, Helen finishes her succinct story in the chapter of Book I already cited, which commentators have so far considered exclusively in evaluating Galaut's use of the *Arcadia*. But Amphialus goes on to play an important role in that sprawling romance's principal plot—thereby furnishing the basis, in fact, of Mareschal's later adaptation—and his tragic fate is not at all remote from that of Phalante.

Book III of the *Arcadia* presents the culmination of this segment of action, in which Amphialus discovers that his unscrupulous mother, as part of her plan to seize the throne of Arcadia on his behalf, has been tormenting the imprisoned Princess Pamela and her sister Philoclea, whom Amphialus hopelessly loves. "Full therefore of the horriblest despair which a most guilty conscience could breed" (p. 572 [bk. III, chapter 24]), Amphialus initiates a confrontation with his mother which accidentally proves fatal to her, whereupon he punishes himself for what he represents to himself, in a lengthy lamenting monologue parallel to Phalante's final one, as a series of treacherous crimes, beginning with "the death of thy most dear companion and friend, Philoxenus, and of his father, thy most careful foster-father" (p. 573 [bk. III, chapter 24]). As in the dramatic adaptation, however, it is responsibility for the suffering of the woman he loves that proves the final unbearable blow, and it is in dwelling on this that he falls on his sword. Unlike Phalante, he at first fails in his attempt, but he soon succeeds in giving himself wounds which will obviously prove fatal, lamenting and blaming himself all the while, in "a pitiful spectacle, where the conquest was the conqueror's overthrow, and self-ruin the only triumph of a battle fought between him and himself" (p. 575 [bk. III, chap. 24]).

The story of Helen thus effectively comes full circle by surrogate in a way likely to have impressed a dramatist seeking to invest it with the utmost tragic intensity. Moreover, that lady herself re-appears in the following chapter to lament over the expiring Amphialus, whom she still loves and will vainly try to save with the aid of her physicians. Her laments include, like those of the suicidal Hélène ("Adieu, potent sceptre—with empery, away! [*Adieu sceptre puissant, belle marques Emperiere*]" [V.iv.1485]), a resignation of claims to majesty in favour of loving womanhood. Indeed, whereas Galaut's heroine merely speaks of giving up all to be Phalante's wife, if only in death, Sidney's original tries to tell Amphialus that she "only sought to make my crown thy footstool, myself thy servant" (p. 577 [bk. III, chap. 25]); she addresses the absent Philoclea with the wish that she had been her "serving-maid" (p. 577) in a marriage with Amphialus, and needs to be reminded by a wise

counsellor that she should "remember what was fit for her greatness, wisdom, and honour … rather than only show herself a woman-lover in fruitless lamentations" (p. 528).

The conflict between female sovereignty and womanly passion had, of course, been conventional as a means of presenting the irresistible and destructive power of love at least since Virgil's narrative of Dido and Aeneas.[15] In addition to this model (including its dramatisation in the *Didon se sacrifiant* [1574] of Étienne Jodelle), Galaut would have had the precedent of several Plutarch-inspired dramatic evocations of Antony and Cleopatra—by Jodelle (in *Cléopâtre captive*, pub. 1574), by Robert Garnier (in *Marc Antoine*, 1578) and perhaps (depending on dating) by Nicholas de Montreux (in *Cléopatre*, 1595?).[16] In the *Arcadia*, however, he would have found particular warrant for developing this theme in relation to Hélène, and indeed he does so, taking a hint from Sidney,[17] from the very beginning of her story, when, in Act One, Scene Two, she debates the issues of sovereignty, love and marriage with her waiting-woman, Mélisse. Once the charms of Phalante have worked their misguided magic, moreover, she does not hesitate to confess to Carie: "he is all my glory, and my whole desire / Is to place in his hands my sceptre and empire—/ And my person, too [*il est toute ma gloire; et . . . en fin je desire / De remettre en ses main mon sceptre et mon Empire, / Et ma personne mesmes*]" (II.417-19). Despite Carie's urging of restraint and reminder of her superior status, she is obviously too far gone: "His favour I'll implore, brimful of tears my eyes, / And offer my sceptre, and my heart, as a prize [*Je veux la larme à l'œil implorer sa faveur / Luy offrant à la fois et mon sceptre et mon cœur*]" (455-56).

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15 Galaut (like others in his milieu) certainly knew the *Aeneid*; the 1611 *Recueil* included the beginning of a translation (of I.1-273), and the printer expresses regret that he was able to obtain a small portion of that text ("L'imprimevr au lectevr", sig. A2^r). See also the translation, n. 62.

16 On the various French dramatisations of Cleopatra and their relation to English versions, especially Shakespeare's, see Richard Hillman, *French Reflections in the Shakespearean Tragic: Three Case Studies* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2012), pp. 94-149. By whatever means this came to be, Hélène's longing to follow Phalante in death as his wife is especially close to Shakespeare's tracing of his heroine's progression towards the "secret house of death" (*Antony and Cleopatra*, V.i.81) following Antony's death; she moves from declaring herself "No more but e'en a woman", tempted "To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods" (73, 76), to a vision of rejoining her "[h]usband" (V.ii.287) in the underworld, although she pointedly reclaims her majesty in doing so: "Give me my robe, put on my crown" (281). (Shakespearean citations are taken from *The Riverside Shakespeare*, gen. eds G. Blakemore Evans and J. J. M. Tobin, 2nd ed. [Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997].)

17 See the translation, n. 15.

III

If the last one sees of Amphialus and Helen in the *Arcadia* is during the mournful transporting of his near-lifeless body outside the city gates, accompanied by his stricken (and vengeful) friend Anaxius and amid the laments of the populace, there is a highly suggestive divergence at this point between the revised text of 1593 and the original of 1590. This provides virtually conclusive evidence, I believe, that the latter was Galaut's source. For in the first edition only, a "song of Lamentation", whose text extends over five pages, is "roared out"[18] to conclude the chapter in intensely poetic fashion. This conventional pastoral dirge, in contrast with Amphialus' final monologue, is obviously not in itself a model for Phalante's suicidal self-accusations, but the multiple appeals to nature to take to sympathetic mourning correspond to a supplementary dimension with which Galaut invests Phalante's discourse, thereby adding tragic resonance and a claim to universality. These in turn are ironically overlaid on Hélène's previous evocation of amorous nymphs and deployment of the echo motif prior to concluding that Phalante has been killed (V.iv.1449-54).

It is not surprising to find similar commonplace images in the two texts, but the overlap is concentrated and seems more than simply fortuitous. Galaut's "bird of ill-omen [*oyseau malheureux*]" (V.v.1585) is anticipated when the earth is enjoined, in Sidney, "Vpon thy face let coaly Rauens swarm" (fol. 346^{v}). The earth is also urged, "Thy selfe henceforth the light doo neuer see", in a way that matches Amphialus' earlier reaction to the deaths of Philoxenus and Timotheus ("ashamed of the light" [Evans, ed., p. 127 (bk. I, chap. 11)]) but especially resonates with Phalante's final moral state—and physical condition.[19] The singer calls on Echo to resound endlessly with grief (1590, fol. 347^{r}), whereas, according to Phalante, "doleful Echo finds herself weary already / Of answering my voice, become hoarse and unsteady [*la dolente Echo se voit desja lassée / De respondre à ma voix enroüée et cassée*]" (V.v.1537-38).[20] The echoing, the song says, is not to end "Till that it hath all woods and waters past" (fol. 347^{r}); Phalante hopes that the "Nymphs of

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18 Cited is Philip Sidney, *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia, written by Sir Philippe Sidnei* (London: Iohn Windet for William Ponsonbie, 1590), fol. 346^{r} (bk. III, chap. 25); STC 22539.

19 Howe, ed., p. xxi, signals the play's expansion of this motif at several points, although his expression, "la lumiere en horreur", is actually that of Beaudoin's later translation.

20 Echo was the nymph cursed by the jealous Juno with an inability to speak except by repeating the final words of someone else's speech (see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, bk. III). This is the basis of a widespread gambit in contemporary pastoral, dramatic and otherwise. Cf. also the echo-song in Sidney, pp. 427-29 (bk. II, "The Second Eclogues"), a slightly revised version (with a different singer) of the one in the 1590 text.

the dark forest / And the Nymphs of the waters [*les Nimphes forestiers / Et les Nimphes des eaux*]" (1630-31) may weep and put on mourning. The lamenting, the singer hopes, may move the heavens to "stay the starrs inconstant constant race, / Till that they doo vnto our dolours bende"; the "light of Sunne", "Phoebus" (fol. 347^{r}), hides its light. For his part, Phalante complains:

> The sun will lend no longer its exalted light
> To my sad days; the moon becomes a bloody sight
> At my resounding clamours; even the stars shed
> Rays that shimmer with faint pallor above my head:
> So greatly can recital of my bitter torments
> Give trouble to the sky and all the elements.
>
> [*Le Soleil ne veut plus éclairer à son rang*
> *Mes miserables jours: la Lune devient sang*
> *Au bruit de mes clameurs, et les estoilles mesmes*
> *Monstrent dessur mon chef des rais pasles et blesmes.*]
> (1539-44)

And finally, of course, with his self-blinding, "Phoebus flames in vain for me, dazzling as he runs [*Rien ne me sert Phœbus, sa clarté ni sa flamme*]" (1597). He might as well declare, as does Sidney's singer, "I to teach the world complainte am bent" (fol. 347^{v}). It is, then, as if the supplement of the dirge in the 1590 *Arcadia* contributes to Phalante's monologue a quality of meta-complaint transcending purely personal experience.

IV

Phalante's experience of guilt and "pollution" is essentially Senecan, with the ancient Greek tragic model as further background:[21] "Seeing myself so blackened, so foully polluted [*Me voyant si pollu, si salle et si noircy*]" (V.v.1583). Hence he begins his self-punishment with blindness, like Oedipus, and imagines rejecting even the human kindness of a guide to help him on his way:

21 For a recent study of the Greek model, including a discussion of Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus*, see Fabian Meinel, *Pollution and Crisis in Greek Tragedy* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2015), esp. 47-73. *Mutatis mutandis*, there is in *Phalante* an uncanny sense of the hero's self-blinding as what Meinel deems, in the case of Oedipus, a "purification" that is "futile" (71) and "perverted" (73). Certainly, Phalante almost at once rejects the Oedipal model as inadequate and appropriates the suicidal end of Jocasta, according to Seneca's version.

And I wish that no one such charity should show
As to hold out a succouring hand to my woe;
With no one in the world to guide me, stumbling blind,
I'll readily know how the road of death to find.

[*Et ne veux qu'il se trouve aucun si charitable*
Qui tende à mes malheurs sa dextre secourable,
Car sans qu'homme du monde aille guidant mes pas
Je sçauray bien trouver le chemin du trespas.] (1589-92)

This image, too, may be most immediately indebted to another part of the *Arcadia*—the story recounted in Book II, Chapter 10 (Evans, ed., pp. 275-83), of the blinded king of Paphlagonia who, despite himself, finds a guide who leads him away from death and back to life. That narrative has long been recognised as a source for the Gloucester plot in *King Lear*, and the Shakespearean adaptation strikingly intersects with Galaut's in the image used for suicidal despair: Gloucester begs the disguised Edgar to lead him only to the cliff-top, for "From that place / I shall no leading need" (*King Lear*, IV.i.77-78).

Striking, too, for that matter, is the anticipation just a few lines earlier of the key image used by Shakespeare's Macbeth for his own pollution. The latter first imagines hands that "pluck out mine eyes" (*Macbeth*, II.ii.56), then asks, "Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood / Clean from my hand?" (57-58). Phalante laments, "nor would the whole sea's flood / Be enough to cleanse my murdering soul of blood [*et la mer toute entiere / Ne laveroit le sang de mon ame mertriere*]" (1581-82). Generations of commentators have identified more-or-less close precedents for Shakespeare's imagery, mainly classical and most convincingly Senecan, with lines from the final lament of the guilt-stricken protagonist of *Hercules Furens* making an especially close match.[22] The forms of guilt incurred and despair experienced would make that tragedy an obvious source for Galaut, too, to draw on, along with *Oedipus*, in adding Senecan tragic authority and force to Phalante's last moments. The fact remains that if *Phalante* had been separately issued some years before 1611—as is by no means an impossibility[23]—

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22 See Kenneth Muir, ed., *Macbeth*, by William Shakespeare, 9th ed., The Arden Shakespeare, 2nd ser. (London: Methuen, 1962), n. to II.ii.59-62; cf. Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, *Tragedies*, trans. Frank Justus Miller, Loeb Classical Library (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press; London: Heinemann, 1917), ll. 1321 ff.

23 Cf. my discussion (*French Reflections*, pp. 142-43, n. 16) of a probable issue of Montreux's *Cléopâtre* prior to its publication as an annex to that author's *Œuvre de la chasteté* (1595). (On a possible 1610 issue of Galaut's *Recueil* itself, see Howe, ed., pp. xxxvii-xl.) *Phalante* is thoroughly integrated into the *Recueil* with regard to page numbering and typography, and the absence of any reference to it in the introductory epistle ("L'Imprimevr av Lectevr", sig. A2^{r-v}) is not necessarily significant. There is an enigmatic citation after the title in the otherwise simple "Table des Poesies": "Que me

Shakespeare might have had access, in highly compact form, to several image-clusters that he adapted for post-1600 tragedies. Beyond this, of course, one simply cannot speculate responsibly.[24] In any case, the correspondences furnish further evidence of the common ground shared by some nearly contemporary French and English dramatic deployments of neo-Senecan elements.[25]

V

To return to the principal (and documentable) innovation applied by Galaut to his Sidneian raw material, it is worth insisting on the skill with which the playwright manages the audience's uncertain sense of Phalante's feelings about Hélène prior to disclosing them suddenly and fully in the final scene. Hélène herself wavers, before encountering him in the lengthy disclosure scene (the unique scene of Act Two), between certainty that "my youthful charms have made no breach in his heart [*ma jeune beauté n'a faicte besche en son cœur*]" (II.404) and the contrary conviction, which savours of wishful thinking: "No, no, my beauties have not failed his soul to seize [*Non non de mes beautés il a l'ame saisie*]" (406). There are indeed points, in the tense encounters between the two after her declaration, where Phalante appears emotionally susceptible to her, but these are not easy to dissociate from the "courtesy" and "sweet terms" that mingle with his "anger" even according to Sidney, and which remain necessary to fulfilling his mission on behalf of Philoxène. As long as he is speaking with her, his praises of her love-inspiring beauty, even his expressions of confusion and wish that he could reciprocate, come with a built-in buffer. His brief aside later in Act Two falls short of a complete private revelation and show him very much on his guard: "[aside] Sweetly loving speeches, how smoothly you caress me! / But you more deeply, in spirit and mind, distress me [*Beaux discours amoureux qui si fort m'obligés, / Mais qui encore plus mon esprit affligés*]" (667-68). The conclusion of the scene confirms, by way of Carie's reply to her discouraged and doubtful mistress, that "Nothing at all from that behaviour can be told [*On ne peut rien juger de ceste contenance*]" (682). Phalante's double discourse is maintained in the final

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sert auiourd'hui, &c. [What good to me now is, etc.]". This is enigmatic not for its source (Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, IV.22, where the context is the power of the Stoical will to resist torture) but for its pertinence. Might the printer be signalling something about the play's status in the volume, or is this merely an endorsement of its Senecanism?

24 See, however, the translation, n. 44.

25 See also Richard Hillman, *French Origins of English Tragedy* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2010), pp. 33-61.

confrontation: "O beauty divine, who arouse in me love's flame, / My fair one, let this speech not strike you with despair [*O divine beauté, qui m'inflammés d'amour, / Ma belle que ce mot ne vous rende affligée*]" (III.ii.974-75). The upshot is his departure from court and her anticipation of death from grief.

The audience is clearly cued to expect self-revelation in a soliloquy, but when one is duly provided, Phalante admits only to the possibility of having his resistance worn down if he does not rebuff her firmly, as he is resolved to do: "She who pursues me I'm forced to repudiate, / So that none of Love's arrows my own heart will bruise [*Il me faut repousser celle qui me pousuit, / Pour ne navrer mon cœur d'une flesche amoureuse*}" (III.iii.858-59). As elsewhere, he blames himself, not for actually loving her, but for ingratitude in not returning a love of which she is so thoroughly deserving: "This ultimate beauty in graces so abounding, / She is well worth the love of the world's greatest king [*Ceste exteme beauté en graces si feconde, / Qui merite l'amour du plus grand Roy du monde*]" (863-64). Even his protracted lament over his killing of Philoxène (IV.ii.1288 ff.), while understandably defending his "faithfulness [*fidelité*]" (1328), avoids any disclosure of passion for her, when such disclosure might have fitted perfectly well with his doubly crushing sense of guilt.

In sum, even when Phalante is alone, his formulation of his dilemma stops short of, or veers aside from, the straightforward conflict between love and friendship—that is, in the period's terms, between two forms of love—that an audience trained in tragic convention might have expected.[26] The final tragic turn, therefore, when the flood-gates of Phalante's contradictory loves are opened at once, and their destructive consequences realised, gains impact from the playwright's previous innovative management of the monologue convention to show a character who reveals himself only partially, and through self-concealment. It is—remarkably for its time, place and cultural context—a proto-Shakespearean device for producing an effect of psychological complexity.[27]

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26 See Alan Howe, "The Dilemma Monologue in Pre-Cornelian French Tragedy (1550-1610)", *En marge du classicisme: Essays on the French Theatre from the Renaissance to the Enlightenment*, ed. Alan Howe and Richard Waller (Liverpool: Liverpool University Press, 1987), pp. 27-63, who valuably puts the representation of the character into this contemporary context (pp. 48-50) and qualifies the standard critical approach to humanist drama as mere rhetorical exercise.

27 For development and application of this idea, see Richard Hillman, *Self-Speaking in Medieval and Early Modern English Drama: Subjectivity, Discourse and the Stage* (Houndmills, Basingstoke, Hampshire: Macmillan, 1997), *passim*.

VI

It is also at the conclusion, arguably, that several other aspects of the play's generic instability are resolved, or rather incorporated into a more inclusive form of tragedy than was the norm in the French "*âge baroque*". For it is arguably to that age that *Phalante*, perhaps somewhat precociously, belongs, having largely—despite its concluding appeal to Senecan models—cast off the formal strictures of humanist tragedy: there is abundant and bloody onstage action; there are no choruses; no attempt is made to follow the neo-Aristotelian "unities", although the fateful place where all the concluding disasters occur actually acquires its own unity of a thematically meaningful and dramatically effective kind. But apart from his conception of tragedy as such, Galaut evokes, in ways partially (though not entirely) traceable to Sidney's romance, conventional elements normally belonging to pastoral drama, even pastoral tragicomedy.[28]

I have already mentioned the mode of pastoral lament, conventionally adorned with nymph and echo motifs, which supplies a generic counterpoint to Phalante's final speech, as he evokes these typical elements across Sidney's own use of them. Phalante's combat with the lustful satyrs on behalf of the distressed maiden is also redolent of pastoral—and made poignantly ironic by causing the delay that makes him responsible for the death of the most distressed maiden of all. The satyrs, an addition to Sidney's original, contribute a virtual anti-masque, setting off the equally dangerous amorous attraction of "fair eyes [*beaux yeux*]" exemplified by the genteel characters. The supernatural trappings, including the dream with its ominous Shade (Act Three, Scene One), are redolent of ancient and more recent Hellenistic narrative,[29] yet they too are finally subsumed within the sense of fatality which powerfully emerges through the neo-Senecan stoicism of Phalante's concluding discourse.

The most basic structural borrowing, however, is undoubtedly the *chaîne amoureuse* itself, which the tragic ending redeploys in a way at once conclusive and innovative. Its form until this point has remained enigmatically incomplete: Philoxène loves Hélène, who loves Phalante, who loves—whom, if anyone? The chain in pastoral drama often leads to a mismatched lover or an outright non-lover, at least provisionally, until comic form (sometimes magically abetted) gathers that figure into a completed pattern. In *Phalante*, the chain reverses generic direction, beginning with the first "accidental" death, which rules out any comic ending, and leading to Phalante's unequivocal revelation that he *did* love

28 On this generic admixture, see also Howe, ed., p. xxvi, and Déléris, pp. 153-54.

29 Howe, ed., n. 48 to III.i.776, calls attention to the reminiscence of the *Odyssey* in the magical rites reported by Timothée in ll. 757-76.

after all, and in a way doomed to prove irrevocably destructive. The quintessential device of pastoral plotting perhaps fittingly takes its tragic turn by at once recalling and adapting Sidney's original: Polixenus loved Helen, who loved Amphialus, who loved Philoclea—all with due hopelessness. Philoclea will finally make a love match with Pyrocles (alias Zelman), as Pamela will with Musidorus. These matches would not be realised, however, until the 1590 edition was augmented (and many further vicissitudes traversed). Meanwhile, the death of Amphialus hangs over the possibility of amorous fulfilment.

Phalante dies haunted, not only by his own multiply and intensely tragic fate, but, intertextually speaking, by the image of Amphialus, a tragic mixture of heroism and villainy despite himself, of involuntary destructiveness finally turned inward. As the body of Sidney's character is carried offstage towards the death he has inflicted on himself, the echo of the pastoral dirge that accompanies that passage drives home a lesson eminently familiar in the Renaissance and inescapable in all versions of Sidney's romance: "*Et in Arcadia ego*"—"*ego*", of course, being death.[30] The pastoral markers that Galaut chose to incorporate in his tragedy might almost have been designed as a reminder of that lesson.

30 The actual expression may have first appeared in the painting (1618-22) so entitled by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri ("il Guercino"), but the idea of death's presence in Arcadia goes back at least to Virgil's fifth Eclogue, in which the pastoral world (including its nymphs) mourn the death of Daphnis.

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A Tragedy by Jean Galaut

Translated, with Introduction and Notes,
by Richard Hillman

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Translation

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Phalante:

A Tragedy

Note on the Translation

My text of reference is the excellent critical edition by Alan Howe (Exeter: University of Exeter Press, 1995), to which several notes refer and my line numbers correspond. The names are accented in keeping with modern French practice. I have added a very few stage directions within square brackets—there are none in the 1611 original—where this seems useful for clarity. *Phalante* was written entirely in Alexandrines, and despite the less natural quality of hexameter couplets in English, it has seemed to me truer to the author's style to employ them. That style is far from uniformly felicitous,[1] as the translation is bound to reflect (several notes bear on this point), but it is sometimes capable of generating considerable poetic and rhetorical power, and I have done my best linguistically to render justice where justice is due. The punctuation has been freely adapted from the edition of reference in a particular effort to render Galaut's many long and syntactically complex structures more readily intelligible.

1 On this point, see Howe, ed., pp. xxxv-xxxvi.

Characters

Philoxène	A Prince
Phalante	A Foreign Prince
Léon	Gentleman
Timothée	Father of Philoxène
Hélène	Queen of Corinth
Eurylas[2]	A Gentleman serving Timothée
A Shade	
Mélisse and Carie	Ladies-in-waiting to Hélène

Scene: Corinth and surrounding region

2 The name in Howe, ed., is also spelled "Eurilas"; I regularise quite arbitrarily.

Act I

Scene i

Philoxène, Léon

PHILOXÈNE[3]

1 What good does it do me to see my fame extend
2 Almost, as happily it does, to the world's end?
3 To have so many times, with Mars lending his aid,
4 Defied Fortune and dangers against me arrayed,
5 With only my dear Phalante present at my side—
6 My Phalante, all to me, whose glory's swelling tide
7 Has swept through Asia and already, in this land,
8 Dazzles with more marvels than men can understand.
9 What good my grandeur, with youth and strength to be blessed,
10 If my heart is with troubles and sorrow oppressed?
11 If ill I languish, in my coffin all but lie,
12 Wounded long ago by the charms of a fair eye—
13 An eye bright and brilliant, whose outward aspect showed
14 Sweetness, pleasure, peace and hope that quite overflowed,
15 But alas, soon after, caused us, dying, to see
16 Rigour, torments, anger, despair—stark tragedy!
17 O proud and chaste Hélène, sweet one who will me slay,
18 Why was I ever born to see the light of day,
19 If cruel destinies, the authors of all things,

3 Already in this monologue, however conventional its evocation of love-languishing, there are signs of the delusive instability that will later lead Philoxène to jump to his fatal false conclusion. Although he gives Phalante praise for heroic qualities, he implicitly introduces his friend as beneath him—a point not at odds with Phalante's extreme selfless devotion, or indeed with his evocation of his subordinate status in II.589-600. Philoxène's resentful attribution of his rejection to Hélène's haughtiness (ll. 36-39) anticipates his later bitter attitude towards her—and, of course, is mistaken, as her passion for the relatively low-ranking Phalante will show. Finally, when he speaks of lacking sufficiently appealing "looks, traits of soul [attraits en la face, . . . graces en l'ame]" (l. 33), he shows the seeds of jealousy well planted, according to what would now be termed an "inferiority complex". Galaut may, it seems, have developed this idea from his source, where Helen gives fulsome praise to Amphialus, then says that he was "but followed by Philoxenus" (Philip Sidney, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, ed. Maurice Evans [Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1977], p. 123 [bk. I, chap. 11]; subsequent citations are taken from this edition.)

20 Were to plunge my soul in this night of sufferings?
21 Or, why from my two eyes, so loving and imprudent,
22 Were those first glances, hapless and haphazard, sent
23 Towards that great beauty, if she could not in her heart
24 Experience the pain she would to mine impart?
25 Fair, dear cause of my care, alas, must I accuse
26 Your haughty heart because it will my love refuse?
27 Or rather, should I not against myself exclaim,
28 Turn inward the furor that tears at me, and blame
29 The heavens for these few paltry graces reserving
30 For me, when yours stand out as so richly deserving?
31 O harsh and unkind stars, why did you not remain,
32 When I was conceived, more gentle and more humane?
33 To be my lady's match, why haven't you bestowed
34 On me looks, traits of soul, to which homage is owed?
35 Then she would love me, and my most fortunate eye
36 With amorous desires her mind would supply.
37 Instead, as it is, seeing my lowly condition,
38 To ensure no bending from her noble position,
39 And so as not her splendid judgement to disgrace,
40 Her honour prevents her from loving one so base.

Léon

41 Alas, will we always hear your voice sad and faint,
42 Rehearsing the accents of amorous complaint?
43 Ah, Philoxène, my Prince, will you forever moan
44 And sigh your cruel love-pangs apart and alone?
45 I truly thought—and being sure of your good sense,
46 I praised a thousand times and more your youthful
prudence—
47 I supposed your soul, when you left this place behind,
48 Eternal freedom from love's agonies would find.
49 Philoxène has done well (so myself I assured),
50 If, to cure the exceeding pain he has endured,
51 He will see other countries,[4] putting the generous

4 Orig. "Il va voir le pays", but a literal translation would be misleading.

52 Laurels Bellona[5] grants above pleasures amorous.
53 As an agile Parthian by a sudden sleight
54 Overcomes his enemies by taking to flight,[6]
55 So one who knows enough love's tangles to avoid
56 Runs far less risk of being by love's wounds annoyed:
57 Denying love its glory, he smothers its fires,
58 And, by fleeing, a noble victory acquires.
59 But from what I see, your obstinate heart remained
60 At all times by Love's[7] relentless fetters enchained,
61 And wandering across those Asian lands you harried,
62 Still within your heart the self-same frenzy you carried
63 Since that time when love's poison took you by surprise,
64 And maddened you by the sight of two lovely eyes.
65 If only your departure (as it should have done)
66 Had brought to your excessive love some moderation,
67 You would be more at ease, and not go off revealing
68 In hidden places the violent hurt you're feeling.
69 But again I'm astonished, and can't understand,
70 What prompted you to take such great affairs in hand
71 Without from time to time this thought your spirit haunting:
72 How difficult this vast endeavour is—how daunting!

PHILOXÈNE[8]

73 Because I perceive that both time and place are right,

---

5 Bellona: Roman goddess of war; the mythological references in the play casually mingle Roman and Greek elements.

6 The ancient Parthians, inhabitants of modern Iran and Iraq, were notorious for a military tactic involving true or feigned retreat and the discharge of arrows over their shoulders.

7 This is the only point in the speech where Love is capitalised, so that personification is clearly signalled. Capitalisation is generally erratic, however, as in many texts of the period, and I have used my own judgement case by case.

8 The following narrative of Philoxène borrows sufficient detail from that of Helen in the *Arcadia* to put the indebtedness quite beyond doubt. Cf. Sidney, p. 122 (bk. 1, chap. 11):

> Among the rest [of her suitors], or rather before the rest, was the Lord Philoxenus, son and heir to the virtuous nobleman Timotheus; which Timotheus was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which passed all these) goodness, and (which followed all these) love of the people, beyond any of the great men of my country. Now this son of his I must say truly, not unworthy of such a father, bending himself by all means of serviceableness to me, and setting forth of himself to win my favour, won thus far of me that in truth I less misliked him than any of the rest, which in some proportion my countenance delivered unto him—though, I must confess, it was a very false ambassador if it delivered at all any affection, whereof my hart was utterly void. . . .
>
> But while Philoxenus in good sort pursued my favour and perchance nourished himself with overmuch hope, because he found I did in some sort acknowledge his value, one time among the rest he brought with him a dear friend of his.

74 I will now truthfully, Léon, to you recite
75 The misery I feel in my amorous torment,
76 And what the cause of it all was, and the commencement;
77 I'll tell you, too, if you're willing the time to spend,
78 The reason for my latest voyage, and its end:
79 The wretched state to which you see me now reduced,
80 And by what wish I was to do this work induced.
81 Having, as you know, grown up from earliest days
82 Within my father's palace, trained in tender ways—
83 Great Timothée, this court's much-honoured ornament,
84 To whom our island's kings esteem have always lent,
85 Cherishing his reverend years, crowned by his white hair,
86 Renowned as was his rare discernment everywhere.
87 The favour of those kings made me, in my blithe
springtime,
88 The fortunate companion, in our youthful pastime,
89 Of that fair princess to whom, as heaven set down,
90 Was destined to descend the Corinthian crown.
91 Think, Léon: all round me sparkled those darling eyes;
92 My tender heart suffered Love's assaults with surprise;
93 I felt my breast struck by a thousand burning rays,
94 Responding as those fair eyes made amorous forays.
95 But alas, just as I wished, I could at that age,
96 With a thousand sweet kisses desire assuage;
97 My childish hand covered her bosom with caresses;
98 My arm entwined itself with her heavenly tresses;
99 And I savoured, as my most delicious confection,
100 In her eyes' gleaming crystal my tiny reflection.
101 But as, in course of time, to riper states we came,
102 Likewise, as time passed, our pleasures were not the same;
103 In proportion as in age and beauty she grew,
104 It was so managed that less privacy we knew.
105 When the king her father, by illness stricken down,
106 Abandoned his earthly for a celestial crown,
107 The sceptre of Ephira[9] to her hands conveyed,
108 Then Majesty upon her brow was soon displayed.

9 The ancient name of Corinth. It is later written with "y" (III.i.724), but I regularise to the common current form.

109 Her spirit now swelled up with honour and respect,
110 Her discourse more stately, her carriage more erect.
111 Not that she did not still within her heart retain—
112 At least so I believe—feelings soft and humane,
113 But royalty, alas, must ever been comprised
114 Of prudence and rigour, or it will be despised.
115 That cold severity of hers, by slow degrees,
116 Feeling my flame's heat, began over time to ease,
117 But then love, in my soul again enkindled higher,
118 Revealed all at once the violence of its fire.
119 I was at first tickled by that divinity,
120 But then, alas, he gave me a harsh penalty:
121 Sobbing, sighing, complaining—all washed with my tears—
122 Despair, grief, anxiety—all haunted by fears—
123 Took hold of my mind and, my vital spirits trying,
124 Often with their furor made me die without dying.
125 My goddess I invoked, and in a wretched rite,
126 I sacrificed my heart to her each day and night.
127 I adored her lovely eyes, but her hasty glance,
128 Rather than view my languors, simply looked askance,
129 Feigning to be unaware that my voice, distressed,
130 Was to her lofty grandeur night and day addressed.
131 It may be that her heart, to friendliness inclined,
132 Perceiving my hot sighs, some pity knew to find,
133 And often pondering alone my sufferance,
134 Accused the stringent terms of heaven's ordinance
135 Creating me, alas, unequal at my birth,
136 Unfit to be united with her noble worth.
137 The day when that respect did in my soul awake,
138 I suddenly resolved my lady to forsake
139 And say farewell to her, so as not to expend
140 My fortune and my years in striving to no end.
141 I took my course through Asia, amorous of glory,
142 Where, from the greatest dangers snatching victory,
143 I showed a heart in combat as magnanimous
144 As, in the heat of loving, it is amorous.
145 Now, to lofty deeds of valour I was impelled
146 By hope that my pains would, with life itself, be quelled,
147 Or that, if called upon to play a victor's part,

148 My glorious name would enter within her heart—
149 I mean the noble heart of Hélène, my dear princess—
150 So she at my return might treat me with some kindness,
151 And I amongst her suitors be the best received:
152 But for all I can see, that hope has been deceived,
153 For when at last to Corinth once again I drew,
154 Instead of hoped-for honey, I drank bitter brew.[10]
155 I now abandon hope, because of her disdain,
156 That my fidelity my lady's love may gain—
157 So much so that I must, in some deserted place,
158 Detesting and blaming my miserable case,
159 Go finish out my life, invoking every day
160 Death and Nemesis, my fond loving to repay.

Léon

161 Valorous Philoxène, where has your wisdom fled?
162 Why will you not expel this sorrow from your head,
163 Together with that passion leading you astray?
164 Learn constancy; moreover, hope should come your way:
165 For honour and the high rank of your ancient race—
166 Above all else the virtue that gleams in your face—
167 Promise that soon what now you long for you'll possess
168 Of the rich beauty for whom you sigh in distress.
169 But do you not know that in any enterprise
170 A need for manly strength and constancy applies?
171 Now if you wish to see, before much time expires,
172 Your painful woes allayed, contented your desires,
173 Listen to my advice, and if you judge it sound,
174 Act firmly to have with success your wishes crowned.
175 You have one friend you favour over all the rest—
176 It's courteous[11] Phalante: heaven has never witnessed
177 A bond more sacred, making of two hearts one whole;
178 So strongly do your sufferings afflict his soul
179 That, if one should his signs and his complaints construe,

---

10 Orig.: "Pour le miel attendu on me repaist d'absinthe", rhyming "absinthe" with "Corinthe". The effect would be decidedly misleading in translation, however.

11 "[C]ourteous": orig. "courtois". The epithet commes straight from Sidney; see Introduction, p. 6 and n. 14.

180 One would say that he seems to be worse off than you.
181 As a last remedy the fates to you extend,
182 Employ the willing succours of that faithful friend.
183 The great gods and nature surely made him to show
184 Miraculous perfection in this world below.
185 His attractions, gentleness and virtues divine
186 Can make as they please the stubbornest souls incline;
187 With him as go-between, to softness he'll entice,
188 You'll see, that heart without pity, hardened to ice.

Philoxène

189 Let me embrace you, Léon—your words please my mind;
190 I take my leave at once my dear Phalante to find.
191 All right, then. Before I expire I must wait
192 And see if Phalante my misery can abate;
193 But nonetheless, let me go off alone somewhere
194 And sigh, till I learn the outcome of this affair.

Scene ii

Hélène, Mélisse[12]

Hélène

195 I give thanks to the gods, the authors of my fortune,
196 And most of all to thee I'm grateful, father Neptune,
197 Protector of this isle.[13] O great gods, whose commands
198 Ordained that this fair sceptre passed into my hands,
199 A hundred each of royal eagles, heifers too,
200 Upon your altars I will sacrifice to you.
201 In my young girlhood already you honoured me

---

12 Howe, ed., names Carie, too, as a participant in this scene, but no speeches are assigned to her.

13 Not a detail due to Sidney, who gives little account of Corinth, but one having a historical basis. The position of Corinth on an isthmus between two seas naturally made for a special connection with Neptune/Poseidon, and games were held there in the god's honour. See William Smith, comp., *Smaller Classical Dictionary*, rev. E. H. Blakeney and John Warrington (New York: Dutton, 1958), s.v. "Poseidon".

202 With a fruitful kingdom in peaceful surety,
203 Such that my dear country, in tranquil happiness,
204 No civil strife can ever menace with distress
205 And trouble its repose. Still less the dangers weigh
206 Of blows from foreign princes coveting its sway,
207 For every royal neighbour of our mother-land
208 To alliance with me has long since set his hand,
209 And should it come about that one breaks faith with me
210 To steal my birthright—action of a king unworthy—
211 I then would have, to keep my person free from harms
212 And guard my crown, a thousand princes all in arms.

MÉLISSE

213 Madam, among the benefits that heaven shows you,
214 Why don't you count the happiness that now propose you
215 Throngs of young lords, whom you see eagerly resort,
216 In full submission to your will, towards your court,
217 And who, anguished day and night by your beauty's power,
218 Are happy for your love to face their final hour?

HÉLÈNE

219 Mélisse, believe me, by that troop I'm merely bored.

MÉLISSE

220 But it's a great pleasure to see oneself adored
221 By great lords in such numbers, who will wear one day
222 The crowns great[14] kingly ancestors to them convey.

HÉLÈNE

223 What? Does this fair diadem not sufficient seem?

MÉLISSE

224 A second, though, would make your glory reign supreme.

HÉLÈNE

225 No, no such ambition my own heart occupies.

14 The repetition of "great" ("grands") is present in the original and part of the rhetorical effect.

Mélisse

226 A noble mind to greater heights will always rise.
227 Then, a beautiful princess, I hold it a truth,
228 Should not allow to waste away her tender youth,
229 That verdant season, her life's most bountiful time,
230 Without ever tasting lovers' pleasure and pastime.
231 What's more, for the stability of all the province,
232 You must among them all select a youthful prince
233 Well able to defend you and impose his law,
234 So that your name will strike the universe with awe.
235 A women cannot, by sallying forth to fight,
236 Avenge bitter wrong, or defend her country's right.
237 That is a man's affair, and you don't surely know
238 Whether there must someday be combats with a foe:
239 For whereas concord now prevails within your state,
240 Sometimes the people suddenly will agitate;
241 Weakness itself may tempt some neighbour's enmity
242 To violate the peace with rank hostility;
243 And perhaps if ever it should prove necessary
244 To chastise the pride of a potent adversary,
245 Those princes whom you sought to summon to the fight
246 Would turn a deaf ear, and keep themselves out of sight.
247 I pray the gods immortal we see no such thing,
248 But rather that, still our long-standing peace enjoying,
249 You may possess always, till all your life is spent
250 Your sceptre in assurance, your days in content.

Hélène

251 Mélisse, I find my soul now troubled by your speech,
252 And gladly would allow love's flame my heart to reach,
253 If my magnanimous spirit, liberty's child,
254 To married captivity could be reconciled.[15]

15 The original of ll. 253-54 ("Si mon cœur magnanime en liberté nourry / Se pouvoit captiver sous les loix d'un mary") still more closely parallels Sidney's Helen on her rejection of her suitors, including Philoxenus: "I as then esteeming myself born to rule and thinking foul scorn willingly to submit myself to be ruled" (p. 122 [bk. I, chap. 11); the parallel is completed by l. 258.

MÉLISSE

255 What? Do you then account as sad imprisonment
256 The most delightful bond of marriage heaven-sent?
257 Madam, it does not merit such mere denigration.

HÉLÈNE

258 Yes, it is often like a cruel incarceration.

MÉLISSSE

259 How nice it is in life to have such company!

HÉLÈNE

260 It is to live forever under tyranny.

MÉLISSE

261 It is to exercise full freedom in our pleasure.

HÉLÈNE

262 It is to fit desires to another's measure.

MÉLISSE

263 Permit me to say this: nothing at all you know
264 Of that for which such confident contempt you show.
265 To those whom Love has joined one common will dictates:
266 A single spirit their two bodies animates,
267 And prudent virtue, who must serve our life to guide,
268 To regulate our pleasure has these rules applied,
269 And we are not allowed in other ways to taste
270 Those rare and sweet delights that Love in store has placed
271 For those he favours. It's a step which one must take.

HÉLÈNE

272 That necessary path we won't perhaps forsake,
273 But it behoves us choose among them one as object
274 Of love who likewise is our equal in respect.

MÉLISSE

275 Then may you soon be able, O my precious princess,
276 To make your realm replete with hope and happiness,
277 And cause this royal palace, all with garlands crowned,
278 With voices of a happy Hymen to resound.
279 See in your court how many loving souls sojourn,
280 Long filled with hope that your rare beauties they may earn:
281 The noble Cléonyce, likewise the valiant Mycos,
282 All-daring Urban of the royal race of Argos,
283 Spartan Phæagien, Amylcal, and Phylander[16]
284 Too have journeyed, with many another demander
285 Of your favour, to worship at your shrine and try
286 To be the one whose loving thoughts you'll gratify.
287 Why, just this very day young Philoxène, what's more,
288 Who once, for your eyes' sake, such pain and sorrow bore,
289 Is back from Asia, valiant and victorious
290 In countless fine exploits, which made him glorious;
291 And with him he has brought Phalante, whom all esteem,
292 His boon companion, whose attractive graces gleam
293 Upon his brow, conjoined with beauty that's innate,
294 And readily can master souls most obdurate.
295 Have you already spied them? Kind greeting they used.

HÉLÈNE

296 By Philoxène my soul is suddenly confused,
297 And at that name, as at a dreadful harbinger,
298 I tremble terrified, and with stark horror shudder:
299 May you be pleased, kind heaven, to annul this presage.
300 Certainly, I've seen the time when I loved his visage,
301 When I would kiss his eyes, and my heart felt a thrill,
302 But both of us were in those days young children still.
303 Now greatly do I prize—no more—his nobleness;
304 I honour his virtues, but for the rest confess,
305 However great the faithful service he may show,
306 That I cannot love him—and why, I do not know.

16 Invented names of a Hellenistic flavour; see Howe, ed., n. 23 to l. 283.

307 But come, alas, let us withdraw. I feel all changed,
308 And my emotions will not rest in order ranged.

Scene iii

Phalante, Philoxène

PHALANTE

309 I have run, I have turned about on every side;
310 Into no corner of Corinth have I not pried,
311 Desiring Philoxène, my dear friend, to locate.
312 If I lose sight of him, I do not hesitate
313 But try to find him everywhere, fearing his woe
314 May make him throw himself into the arms of sorrow,
315 And that, unable to bear pangs so furious,
316 Against himself he'll turn his hands victorious.
317 Since back to this country once more we bent our course,
318 And he has been subject to Love's maddening force,
319 Hearing his lamentations, I weep without stint:
320 Upon my heart all his passions themselves imprint.
321 And if because of love he suffers grievously,
322 Heaven bear witness, I suffer as much as he,
323 And feel my own breast by his torment being torn—
324 Such power has friendship in a soul nobly born.

PHILOXÈNE

325 Phalante, O my last hope, it's here, then, that you are?
326 To bid you adieu I've been searching near and far.
327 It is a last adieu, for I've made up my mind
328 Far off to grieve alone in sighs my fate unkind.

PHALANTE

329 What, then, don't you wish, O my dear and worthy friend,
330 That, wherever you go, my own steps I should bend?
331 Valiant Philoxène, have you no longer in mind
332 Those firm ties of amity which our two souls bind?
333 And could you once think I might with myself prevail

334 Thus to abandon you, and in my duty fail?
335 I'll follow the world over, compelled by that tie
336 Which means we'll die together, if we have to die.

PHILOXÈNE

337 O sweetest of my thoughts, and dearer half of me,
338 If ever on my pain you have at least some pity,
339 And if you would not always see such grief suffuse me,
340 This charitable service by no means refuse me:
341 Let me absent myself, so that the harsh disdain
342 Of my proud beauty will no more increase my pain.
343 If I am—as I so desire—far from here,
344 I'll forget the fair eye that torments when I'm near,
345 Or rather, as I hope still more will be the case,
346 You will be able, by remaining in this place,
347 To soften the ice that is lodged within her soul,
348 Recalling to her mind my flame beyond control,
349 The sufferings, the pains, with cares the heart to rend,
350 The signs burning ardently, regrets without end—
351 All that so blights my life in its fresh-blooming years.[17]
352 Perhaps your pleading speeches, if they strike her ears,
353 Will strike, too, her fair soul, and it, to ease my
yearning,
354 Touched by what I suffer, will call for my returning.
355 Meanwhile, once from her fatal beauties far apart,
356 Great heaven I'll fill with wishes, prayers from the
heart,
357 To grant of its goodness one of two forms of peace:
358 That I may be loved, or else that my love may cease.

PHALANTE

359 If these words of yours, from your deepest bosom surging,
360 Are not merely feigned to mislead me with false urging,
361 Although I am distraught to have you far from me,
362 Since my sole source of joy is your sweet company,
363 Still, your repose preferring to my own content,

17 "[I]n its fresh-blooming years": orig. "en sa fleur plus vermeille". The evocation of a vibrant red colour would be less natural in English; the translation aims at capturing the essential sense.

364 Against my will, dear friend, I grant you my consent
365 To leave us, but on this condition—that I know
366 The isolated place where you intend to go
367 To take a truce with grief. And if my earnest art
368 Contrives to gain possession of fair Hélène's heart,
369 Friend, you may rest assured that I will make you see
370 The fruit within my soul of steadfast loyalty.[18]

PHILOXÈNE

371 My soul, to leave its drawn-out suffering behind,
372 Places its final hope in your exalted mind.
373 Meanwhile, I'll go and weep the tears my passion yields
374 Where Venus' temple stands in the Halcyon fields.[19]
375 Farewell, I'm going now.

PHALANTE

Farewell, then, Philoxène;
376 I'll take another way to meet with your Hélène.

---

18 The ironic foreshadowing of the tragic conclusion is strong indeed.

19 One version of the Halcyon (or Alcyone) myth, which held that the Alcyonides drowned themselves out of grief and were transformed into sea-birds, had a connection with Corinth, where there was also a major temple of Venus; see Howe, ed., n. 30 to l. 374. More immediately to the symbolic point here is the juxtaposition of Venus, source of perturbation, with those emblems of calm at sea.

Act II

Hélène, Carie, Phalante

Hélène

377 I sense a secret fire ravaging my marrow,
378 Come with cruel passions all peace of mind to harrow;
379 I've been consumed with love from the moment I spied
380 That noble-hearted prince with such graces supplied.
381 Gods, what lovely eyes he has, and how his form pleases!
382 How fine his manner is! His returning here seizes
383 My mind with doubt; my certainties it makes infirm,
384 Not knowing, all at once, if it deserves the term—
385 Not to deceive myself—of blissful or unhappy,
386 Seeing that its effects fall out contrarily:[20]
387 For even as it has suffused me with content,
388 My heart it has overfilled with cares and with torment.
389 If I highly valued his presence and his sight,
390 The one who sent him here I thought of with despite;
391 And if to hear him discourse I greatly enjoyed,
392 The subject displeased me and my spirits annoyed.
393 How wearisome of him to plead another's case!
394 Ah, why did he not make use of his handsome face,
395 Those amorous looks of his, his eloquent speech,
396 My heart and loving feelings for himself to reach?
397 I would have offered no rebuff, for his frank fashion
398 Would have induced my spirits to accept his passion—
399 So much so that, of all whom in my court I see,
400 He alone might claim to count as worthy of me.
401 Yet my soul is oppressed by a cruel regret:
402 He's not the person whose designs on me are set.
403 Stubborn and resistant, he stands from all apart,

---

20 "His returning . . . contrarily": the tortuous syntax and broken rhythm of the original effectively evoke Hélène's troubled emotional state:

sa venue nouvelle
Met mon esprit en doubte et me faict chanceler
Ne sçachant à ce coup si je dois l'appeller
Pour ne me tromper point malheureuse ou prospere
En voyant ses effects d'une fin si contraire.

404 And my youthful charms have made no breach in his heart.
405 Ah, I know Phalante is with scruples ill at ease;
406 No, no, my beauties have not failed his soul to seize.
407 But by his noble heart's best efforts he's compelled
408 To cover up his love for fear he'll be repelled:
409 My sparkling eyes, which once sent him an invitation
410 To stay with me at court, now bring him desperation,
411 Supposing I'll accord him merely the same value
412 As I will others, and especially that due
413 To him for whom, for friendship's sake, he in my presence
414 Pours forth such irksome paeons of his excellence.
415 I wish him from now on no more to doubt my favour,
416 But to realise that for him I abase my grandeur,
417 That he is all my glory, and my whole desire
418 Is to place in his hands my sceptre and empire—
419 And my person, too, so that each succeeding day
420 My people and my heart he'll hold in peaceful sway.

CARIE

421 My lady, now it seems by you must be observed
422 The laws of Love, having, what's more, yourself reserved
423 For that prince who is so handsome he could inspire
424 Nymphs of the woods and the sea with flames of desire—
425 Those who haunt the meadows, those dwelling in the
mountains,
426 And those whose special province is the sacred fountains.[21]
427 Nothing can resist the rare beauty of his features;
428 His radiant eyes have daunted all the world's creatures.
429 But what of that? You need not feel intimidated:
430 Great though his beauty is, yours is as highly rated.
431 In nothing he exceeds you: your person supplies
432 No less grace in your soul, or allure in your eyes.
433 All the Corinthians, whom your great splendours ravish,
434 With one accord on both their equal praises lavish.
435 But in spite of such speeches on every side heard,
436 For my part I maintain you are to be preferred.

---

21 The evocation of pastoral elements is striking here; cf. Introduction, pp. 10-11 and 15-16.

437 On you, not him, the gods have chosen to confer—
438 The honour freely offering—that potent sceptre
439 Belonging to Epirus, whereas he by breeding
440 Is merely Prince of Argos, by descent proceeding,
441 It is true, from kings who once ruled over those lands,
442 But who allowed the crown to pass to other hands.[22]
443 This being so, not by his station can he hope,
444 Like you, to content the people yet curb their scope,
445 Unless you should be willing of your own accord
446 To do him the honour of making him your lord
447 By marriage.

HÉLÈNE

Alas, do you think it might be true
448 That he would pity our passion, if he but knew?

CARIE

449 Ah, you are so beautiful, your kingdom so large,
450 And his heart of courtesy[23] bears such a great charge,
451 There is no doubt at all we'll see at any moment
452 Your love fulfilled, your mind suffused with all content.

HÉLÈNE

453 As soon as I can, I'll throw myself at his feet,
454 Reveal how much I suffer from my passion's heat.
455 His favour I'll implore, brimful of tears my eyes,
456 And offer my sceptre, and my heart, as a prize.

CARIE

457 It's he who should you in that manner supplicate—
458 But you must by no means such talk initiate.
459 Your welcome simply with sweetness you should renew,
460 And wait for him first to reveal himself to you.

---

22 In the *Arcadia*, Cecropia, the mother of Amphialus, who schemes to put her son on the throne of Arcadia, derived her "haughty heart" (p. 123 [bk. I, chap. 11]), according to Helen's narrative, from being the daughter of the King of Argos.

23 Again, "courtoisie" in the original. The term now feeds into the ensuing ambiguity as to whether Phalante is responsive to her overtures of love or merely conscientiously considerate. Cf. Introduction, pp. 6-7 and 13-14.

Hélène

461 I'll have none the sooner relief from my affliction.

Carie

462 For a women to speak first—it's simply not done.

Hélène

463 Respect cannot resist extreme necessity.

Carie

464 Yes, to the utmost we must follow honesty.

Hélène

465 Quite honest is the end at which my longings aim.

Carie

466 Then let the means you have recourse to be the same.

Hélène

467 The means I use are honest.

Carie

Not especially.[24]

Hélène

468 Is it not worth the chance at one fell swoop to see
469 If am to be loved, so that my spirit knows
470 With certainty, not changing with each wind that blows?

Carie

471 Often a perfect outcome is spoiled by great haste.

Hélène

472 Often by delaying, occasion goes to waste.

24 "Not especially": orig. "pas beaucoup". There is a rare comic touch in Carie's wry expression of a truth Hélène is hiding from herself.

CARIE

473 You'd be certain of his heart if only you waited.

HÉLÈNE

474 Indeed, I would wait, if only this flame abated.

CARIE

475 If you tried hard enough, with such pain you'd be
finished.

HÉLÈNE

476 Ah, not at all would I wish to see it diminished!
477 My torment brings me ease; my pleasure grows the stronger.

CARIE

478 You must then, my lady, still wait a little longer
479 To see those flames increase, and bring your love's
fulfilment.

HÉLÈNE

480 But meanwhile I can't wait another single moment!

CARIE

481 Take care that Phalante doesn't judge you overbold.

HÉLÈNE

482 Phalante will witness me, quite helpless in Love's hold,
483 Throw myself at his feet, beg his fair eyes to shine
484 On me—eyes whose brilliance got the better of mine.

CARIE

485 To see at her belovèd's feet a queen distressed!

HÉLÈNE

486 In that way by my love he'll be the more impressed.

CARIE

487 But I see him coming.

HÉLÈNE

Where?

CARIE

Here he is right now.

HÉLÈNE

488 Carie, alas, alas, must I do it? But how?

PHALANTE

489 Beauty, in whom are joined so much honour and glory,
490 Who stride upon the noblest hearts to victory,
491 Who command, as mistress, the courses of our passions
492 And trouble our clear spirits in a thousand fashions,
493 Whose eyes can war with the gods, their banners unfurled,
494 And populate with little Loves the whole wide world:[25]
495 It scarcely can astound me, given such rare sights,
496 That throngs of lovers make your beauties their delights;
497 Their pain is honourable, and their hard condition
498 Constitutes day by day for them a sweet submission.[26]
499 Alas, how often have I, sorely weeping, witnessed
500 Young Philoxène, by those fiery rays distressed
501 That shoot forth from your blazing countenance and eye,
502 Employing such terms, entreating heaven on high:
503 Phalante, he'd say to me, am I not fortunate
504 That these beauties produce my sweetly forlorn state?
505 When I regard the object for whose sake I languish,
506 I honour my destiny, I embrace my anguish—
507 To the point where I would sooner suddenly perish
508 Than live in freedom without the torment I cherish.
509 I know too well that my Hélène—he'd say—I know
510 That lofty beauty is indifferent to my woe,
511 Yet still I would not wish my slighted heart set free
512 By breaking the fair bonds of its captivity:

---

25 A strained evocation, apparently, of the infinite copies of the god of love engendered by devotion to Hélène and threatening the god's exclusive power.

26 The familiar paradox of love as pleasurable suffering is given ironic point by the echo of the feelings Hélène has just expressed; cf. above, ll. 476-77.

513 No, I wish it such harsh confinement to conceive
514 As the finest glory it might ever achieve,
515 And that it may long, without hope but without cease,
516 To see, together with its love, its pain increase,
517 Thus rendering proof eternal everywhere
518 That it is as constant as its lady is fair.
519 When I heard these words to his sorrow testify,
520 Afflicted was my soul and bathed with tears my eye;
521 Lifting up towards heaven my hands, and my thoughts, too
522 (Yet having no thought at all of offending you—
523 Merely touched in the heart by his sorrowful cares),
524 In a low voice to the gods I uttered these prayers:
525 O you too-faithful lover, this world's miracle,
526 Who serve a beauty who has never had an equal,
527 May your dauntless heart, determined with love to yearn,
528 In the end be rewarded by love in return.

Hélène

529 O blessèd man, Phalante, could it possibly be
530 That your noble heart condoled so sensitively
531 With someone else's sufferings that you addressed
532 At last to heaven such a generous request?

Phalante

533 I swear by the great gods, and if I may, I swear
534 Humbly by your celestial beauties, that nowhere
535 Beneath the vault of heaven have I ever known
536 Another worthier to have such praises shown.
537 His features are so handsome, his soul is so royal,
538 That this entire world does not possess its rival;
539 Hence, it was nothing but his consummate perfection
540 That moved me to commend him to the gods' protection.

Hélène

541 I know Philoxène, and know he is not so worthy
542 As someone in my court, whose special quality
543 Is such that even you would not dare to deny
544 (Unless you choose your own perception to defy
545 And dictates of considered judgement to disclaim)

546 That he alone of all deserves my love to claim.
547 Shall I tell you his name? [aside] Love, my sovereign
king,
548 And you, mother Venus, alas, your counsel bring![27]
549 [to Phalante] My soul is so lofty, so noble, and so great
550 It dares not confess to whom it is subjugate.
551 No, I dare not disclose it.

PHALANTE

O Queen of this land,
552 The one you love is some god, we must understand,
553 Who, as they used to say of such a kind of love,
554 Ravished by your beauties, descended from above:
555 By no means could I ever possibly conceive
556 That one a finer man among us might perceive
557 Than fair Philoxène.

HÉLÈNE

[aside] To speak do I really dare?
558 [to Phalante] The one whose fair[28] eyes have caused my
amorous care,
559 Phalante, who makes me moment by moment renew
560 My painful sighs of love, is very much like you.
561 His gestures and his countenance might be your own;
562 He brims, like you, with courage noble and full-blown;
563 His spirit is similar, and my suns—his eyes–
564 If I am not deceived, resemble yours likewise.

PHALANTE

565 But who is he?

---

27 Hélène's apostrophe to Love is obviously an aside, which most logically, I believe, ends at l. 548. Her assertion of her sovereign dignity is, then, a transparently feeble bulwark for Phalante's benefit, and the audience knows that the cause of self-restraint is lost even before the further aside at l. 557. On the theme of female governance *versus* ungovernable passion, see Introduction, pp. 8-9.

28 In using "beaux", she ironically picks up Phalante's word for Philoxène in l. 557.

Hélène

Phalante, it is of you I dream:

566 It's for you that I suffer a love so extreme
567 That, to show you its ardour and intensity,
568 I am forced, alas, to suspend my majesty:
569 My duty I forget, my respect and my shame,
570 So that, knowing the passion that renders me tame,
571 Your soul may grieve for me and, soft with pity grown,
572 Accept the love I offer, and give me its own.
573 Do you not want it? I am desperate to know.
574 Do you make no response? Perhaps an overflow
575 Of joy at hearing of my love makes all speech vain—
576 Or else, alas, o gods, perhaps it is disdain
577 That you intend to show by this tormenting silence.
578 Then why do you not say so, if you take offence?
579 Ah, I do not believe it, but my anguished heart,
580 Between trembling hope and fear will be torn apart.

Phalante

581 Queen, whose great loveliness, with just acclaim admired,
582 Is by a thousand suitors ardently desired,
583 Having heard the sweet words that to me you've just used,
584 I feel my spirits troubled, utterly confused,
585 And I do not know whether I should bless my fate
586 Or pity with deep sighs your soul's unhappy state—
587 Truly unhappy, having wished to choose no higher
588 Than a frail subject as the theme of your desire.
589 Your great means, your virtues, and your becoming grace,
590 And those divine attractions that honour your face
591 Merit a great prince in his age's fullest flower,
592 Who would far and away surpass my rank and power;
593 My fortune being too great, I'd fear for my case—
594 To see myself some day driven out of my place.
595 For he who rises higher than appropriate
596 May readily be toppled by contrary fate,
597 And when at last his pride is dealt a deadly blow,
598 Down to the depths of misery it is brought low.
599 By no means do I seek good fortune beyond reason,
600 But to maintain the same estate a longer season.

601 Thus, however much your offer, O Queen, contents me,
602 I dare not accept it: trepidation prevents me,
603 I tremble at the thought; alas, I recognize
604 It is, for me, too glorious an enterprise.
605 No, no, I'm far from being Philoxène the fearless:
606 Heaven has not bestowed on me a spirit peerless.
607 Fall back on him, for your heavenly qualities
608 Match well with his merit, as he does with your beauties.

Hélène

609 O heart without pity, O breast composed of steel,
610 Can you see this weeping lover and nothing feel,
611 When, imploring your mercy, her flame she discloses,
612 And her crown and diadem in this way proposes?
613 Your face is too honest, both too fair and too sweet—
614 No, it can't hide a soul with cruelty replete.
615 Your eyes, those luminous stars which lighten my day,
616 And over love's surges within my breast hold sway,
617 As they lower their lids with motion soft and slow,
618 Your readiness to grant my prayer must surely show.
619 Why do you wait, Phalante? You are too inhumane.
620 With my life, this fair sceptre for your hand you gain;
621 Receive this crown now, and no longer hesitate
622 As my people's new ruler yourself to instate.
623 For now I bear in vain the name of royalty
624 Since you hold, along with my heart, my liberty.

Phalante

625 Gods, what has happened to that ripe sagacity
626 Once well within my princess's capacity?[29]
627 Put out, at least restrain or moderate, this fire,
628 Which, lodged within your bones, by slow degrees burns higher.[30]

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29 The translation attempts to convey the touch of condescension in the original, which Phalante seems to be deploying defensively, suddenly aware also of the power he now wields over her.

30 The translation of this somewhat surprising line is quite literal: "Qui glissé dans vos os s'augmente peu à peu".

629 Rectify[31] your desires, if healthy or whole
630 Any part still remains of your celestial soul.
631 And if I must now consider myself possessed
632 Of the devotion that you have here confessed,
633 By myself[32] I conjure you, Hélène full of grace,
634 To permit the fair Philoxène to take my place.

Hélène

635 So I should love Philoxène, him I so abhor,
636 And for his sake determine not to see you more?
637 No, I could not, unless desire I could find
638 To leave your love together with my life behind.
639 Yet even then I fear that after death's dark blow,
640 My soul would detest him and love you there below.[33]

Phalante

641 If your flame for me is so great and burns so hot,
642 What I request of you—why will you grant it not?

Hélène

643 But why, dear Phalante, please tell me why—oh, won't you?—
644 You do not simply speak for yourself, as I do?

Phalante

645 I solicit you for a friend I love, fair one;
646 As much as to myself I owe him my devotion,
647 And I beg you will turn your love away from me,
648 For without wronging him I cannot grant your plea.

---

31 "Rectify": orig. "Radressés".

32 Orig. "[p]ar moy", which Howe, ed., n. 37 to l. 633, takes as elliptical for "de par moy", hence as simply equivalent to "de ma part". The expression may, however, be stronger, playing ironically on the idea that she now worships him as a god. Cf. Juliet in Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*: "if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self, / Which is the god of my idolatry" (II.ii.13-14). (Shakespearean quotations are taken from *The Riverside Shakespeare*, gen. eds. G. Blakemore Evans and J. J. M. Tobin, 2nd ed. [Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997].)

33 There is strong foreshadowing here.

Hélène

649 Cursed be the one whose love, because it is impressed
650 Upon your youthful heart, impedes my own love's quest!
651 But say, alas, how could I ever stand to see
652 Someone who has consigned me to such agony,
653 One who, retaining your soul to his soul subjected,
654 Ensures that my desires are to be rejected?
655 Phalante, please just consider now, my dearest care,
656 If truly much esteem within your heart you bear
657 For my grace and love, then why, with manner so cold,
658 Why do you shun this adventure splendid and bold
659 That is offered to you? Yourself will you abuse
660 To foster a friend's happiness, your own refuse?
661 What love can find a place within that feeble soul
662 Which for another's sake renounces its own goal?
663 Ah, I cannot believe—I cannot bear to hear—
664 That one must hate oneself for someone one holds dear.
665 He who does not love himself simply cannot love,
666 Since love for one's own self must always rank above.

Phalante

667 [aside] Sweetly loving speeches, how smoothly you caress me!
668 But you more deeply, in spirit and mind, distress me.[34]
669 [to Hélène] Permit me to absent myself from you a while.
670 My thoughts, confused and wavering in doubtful trial,
671 Can give you no answer, and my transported senses,
672 Bewildered by extremes, lack reason's cool defences.

Hélène

673 If it's to think better, and in your soul to weigh
674 The words I've dared to utter, which that flame betray
675 Within me ranged beneath your banner in submission,[35]
676 Go, my fairest love—I cheerfully give permission.
677 Only I would ask of you, O my gentle glory,

34 Certainly another aside.
35 The metaphor is mixed and strained, but I try to preserve its essence: "la flamme / Qui sous vostre banniere a mon esprit rangé".

678 Always to keep this fact within your memory:
679 Not heaven nor the gods, who mortal strength subdue,
680 Could ever make me love someone other than you.

[Exit Phalante.]

681 Carie, what do you say? What hope can I now hold?

CARIE

682 Nothing at all from that behaviour can be told.

HÉLÈNE

683 I will retire—for I'm wholly overthrown—
684 To some secret place, where I may sigh out alone,
685 To my heart's content (as it were),[36] the raging sorrow
686 That my soul sees itself allotted by this blow.

36 Orig. "à mon plaisir", whose rueful irony the translation attempts to convey.

Act III

Scene i[37]

Timothée, Eurylas, Shade

TIMOTHÉE

687 After having encountered many thousand dangers,
688 Pursuing valiantly my combats among strangers,
689 When my brash blood, boiling with strength and youthfulness,
690 Impelled me to seek far and wide for proofs of prowess,
691 I had gained in all lands such a great reputation
692 That my praises were chanted in every nation.
693 From the northern Scythian to the Moor, all races—
694 From Euros, with winged heels, to Flora's spouse,[38] all places
695 Honoured my memory, and my virtuous deeds
696 Were sown to their descendants, as if they were seeds.
697 My name flew everywhere; but then, when riper years
698 Showed that with age grey hair along with dark appears,
699 Before into life's last season I wholly turned,
700 Full of glory and honour, to my home returned,
701 To solace my declining years, I took in marriage
702 The beautiful Melenis, grand Princess of Carthage.[39]
703 Then were bestowed on me honours exceptional:
704 The kings of Corinth, being at the time still small,
705 Were placed in my charge, their well-born souls to be filled

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37 This scene, including the details of Timothée's narrative, is pure invention on Galaut's part, obviously designed to heighten the sense of tragic foreboding and prepare a suitable place for the character's death within the scheme. Galaut makes him a virtual epic hero come home, like Odysseus, in search of domestic content. (The sacrificial rites specifically recalls those prescribed by Circe in the *Odyssey*, as Howe, ed., observes [n. 48 to l. 776].) Sidney's Helen paints a far more down-to-earth portrait of "the virtuous nobleman Timotheus . . . a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which passed all these) goodness, and (which followed all these) love of the people, beyond any of the great men of my country" (p. 122 [bk. I, chap. 11]).

38 I.e., from the east wind (Euros) to the west (Zephyrus, husband of Flora). As Howe, ed., points out (n. 42 to l. 694), the four cardinal points of the compass are covered.

39 The name is apparently invented (Howe, ed., n. 43 to l. 702).

706 With moral virtues, by my diligence instilled,
707 So that without danger they could, when they were grown,
708 By rule of law govern their people on their own.
709 And then still more with friendly ear did they incline
710 To hear my discourse; they invited me to dine,
711 And always in councils they found my presence needed:
712 In greatest affairs it was my advice they heeded.
713 There now, my Eurylas—see how until that moment
714 My life had unfolded with absolute content.
715 But then, when I supposed that my last days I'd see
716 Peaceful and quiet, see how, on the contrary,
717 That fearsome goddess,[40] unpredictable and blind,
718 Who rules the fates of all within this world confined,
719 Who at a stroke can raise the humblest to great height
720 And throw down at the same time those who have most
might—
721 She, to thwart my rejoicing in its steady course,
722 Assailing my old age, struck out with all her force.
723 Those kings I recently had lost, my valued friends,
724 And as a result Ephira's sceptre descends
725 To the youthful hands of a solitary princess,
726 Who might become the cause of this whole state's distress,
727 If that evil pursuing us relentlessly,
728 Snatching away those close to us so suddenly,
729 To swell still more our store of funeral outcries,
730 With mortal darkness should bedim her lustrous eyes.
731 Gods, if on this base world at all your care is spent,
732 Avert this catastrophe, I pray you; prevent—
733 Please you, prevent—this horror I am forced to view
734 So often in my fearful dreams from coming true.
735 The other morning, when I found myself distressed
736 Because of what in sleep the night before I'd witnessed,
737 Invoking the gods and rendering them due thanks,
738 I rose from bed and made my way along the banks.
739 A veil upon my head with reverence I placed,
740 My right hand with gesture devout three times displaced;

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40 Fortune, according to the standard conceit.

741 Then, having taken off the blindfold from my eyes,
742 Three times with orisons I greeted the sunrise;
743 The sea I saluted and, with a vessel new,
744 Gently bent over and water from it I drew,
745 And three times used it to wash both my face and head,
746 To purge me from that dream and its attendant dread.
747 But what did those grave actions of devotion gain me?
748 The very next night that vision came back to pain me,
749 By which I was so shaken that my soul, amazed,
750 Remained in its grip unconscious, thoroughly dazed.
751 When finally that cruel spasm was relieved,
752 Since time and weather seemed propitious, I believed
753 It needful the puissant deities to placate
754 Who where the pale shades dwell administer the state.
755 Thus, while the dark of night up in the heavens showed
756 Radiant stars that with golden resplendence glowed,
757 I caused to be dug in the earth a sacred pit:
758 It was one aune[41] in length, and square the form of it.
759 A bronze knife in my hand, I managed down to climb,
760 Kept ready for employment at the proper time;
761 First seven times, before my sacred prayer I spoke,
762 Behind me I spit, next, the spirits did invoke.
763 Then at once I stooped, the earth with a kiss to greet,
764 And seized two black-hued lambs that trembled at my feet;
765 I cut their throats and caught, as it gushed forth, their blood,
766 A large bowl quickly filling with that streaming flood,
767 Which for those spirits of the dead I next poured out
768 That, of their bodies deprived, wander all about.
769 After, I took some of the water I'd procured
770 In a large vessel for that very use secured—
771 Water I revered as if it had been obtained
772 From liquid such as the river Lethe contained—
773 And of that water, into equal parts divided,
774 Nine times I cast some on each sacrifice's head,
775 Until in those fires, which my own hands had kindled,

41 "[A]une": an old French measure equivalent to 1.143 metres.

776 Those lambs to nothing more but mere ashes had dwindled.
777 All this I performed, but those sacred mysteries
778 That I accomplished then gave me but little ease.
779 Alas, yet again, for the third successive night,
780 I had the same dream, and it gave me the same fright.
781 As soon as sleep with his rod of magical might
782 Above my couch had passed and my eyelids sealed tight,[42]
783 Alas—the good gods!—that instant I seemed to see
784 The image of a dead man flying all about me,
785 Who cried out, sighing, O Hélène unfortunate,
786 And then the name of Philoxène did further state:
787 My terror was so great, it will not go away,
788 And sometimes I hear that voice even in the day.
789 Alas, then, Princess[43] Hélène, is she bound to perish,
790 And Philoxène, my son, whom I so dearly cherish—
791 Philoxène, my fondest hope, must he pass below
792 So soon to view the terrible manor of Pluto?
793 Have you thus far been pleased my age with joy to bless,
794 O gods, only to overwhelm it with distress?

EURYLAS

795 What? Don't you know that dreams are vain and of no use,
796 Subjecting humans for no reason to abuse?
797 They take their form according as our fantasy
798 Finds itself seized with happiness or misery.
799 For these two passions cause to come to us in sleeping
800 Dreams of jubilation, or else to set us weeping.
801 When our last king succumbed beneath the fateful blade,
802 Such much deep grieving then within your soul was made,
803 Afflicting you so strongly, that ever since then
804 The sufferings you lived through seem alive again.
805 Your face at present, being cold, pale and thin,
806 Shows all too well that there's no further joy within,
807 And that which adds still more to the sorrow in you

42 See Howe, ed., n. 49 to l. 782, who signals the evocation of Hermes-Mercury.

43 "Princess": orig. "Princesse"; the term is used throughout in a general sense for the queen, as is "prince" for the two male protagonists, but Timothée seems to think of her as in her younger days.

808 Is to see your son's grief, with pain pierced through and
through,
809 The reason unknown, so evidence too lies there
810 Of misery for you impossible to bear.
811 Now judge, Timothée, if by all these ills surrounded,
812 By such suffering, moans, and tearful anguish hounded,
813 You might hope that sleep would come and on you confer
814 Dreams full of singing, of rejoicing and of laughter.

TIMOTHÉE

815 Ah, what reason have I my current woe to cease,
816 And not my grief and weeping ever to increase,
817 When I see my dear son, who so filled me with joy,
818 His time alone in mournful reverie employ?
819 Alas, I've known when he was cheerfully vivacious,
820 His countenance so fair, his brilliant eye so gracious,
821 His frank and noble heart the devotee of glory.
822 How all that then recalled again to memory
823 The time of my youth, and almost had me persuaded
824 That all the years I'd lived since then I had evaded—
825 Seeing him thus, as he gave lustre with new flame
826 To those virtues belonging to his father's name!
827 But now—and I don't know why—he is wholly changed
828 And from this court has recently himself estranged,
829 As if my pleasure in his sight were now forbidden.[44]

EURYLAS

830 Perhaps some new-found love, within his soul deep-hidden,
831 Causes this change; away from it he must be lured.

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44 There is a curious double anticipation of Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale* (usually dated 1610-11) in this part of the scene, which just might be more than a coincidence of commonplaces. Ll. 822-24 recall Leontes' imagined recovery of his youth through Mamillius (I.ii.153-55), while Philoxène's estrangement from his father's court because of a hidden love that must be discovered corresponds to the situation of Florizel, as discussed by Camillo and Polixenes in Act Four, Scene One. In a way that resonates multiply with the discourse of Timothée, the complaint of Polixenes links both fathers in Shakespeare's play: "Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approv'd their virtues" (IV.i.26-28). There is no precedent for these elements in Sidney.

TIMOTHÉE

832 Alas, I don't know, but it cannot be endured:
833 My marrow is seized with impatient intuition,
834 Fearing to hear sorrowful news of his condition,
835 Because of that dread dream which every night recurs.

SHADE

836 Hélène, Philoxène.

TIMOTHÉE

Ah, there!—even now it stirs:
837 I hear just what that demon's voice at night intones,
838 Repeating "Hélène, Philoxène" in dismal tones.
839 Ah, my son Philoxène, oh, has your cruel fate
840 Sent you off to your death at such an early date?
841 I must know it—and can stand no further delay:
842 Wherever you may be, I will go the same way.

Scene ii

Phalante, Hélène

PHALANTE [alone]

843 Ah, poor Philoxène, alas, what a storm will shed
844 A torrent of miseries down upon your head!
845 Why do you not smother these longings for her love,
846 Since they are opposed by cruel heaven above?
847 It is in vain, dear friend, any hope to sustain
848 That I might provide you with relief of your pain,
849 Since if fulfilment of your passion is to be,
850 You must avoid employing any aid from me.
851 Alas, in my absence, perhaps your rash endeavour
852 Would not be—as it will be—rejected forever.
853 Unhappy Philoxène, and I myself also
854 Unhappy, doomed to be the causer of your woe!
855 Alas, your lady flees you, and has now confessed
856 That it's with me her loving passion is obsessed.

857 Alas, my fate has put me in a narrow strait!
858 She who pursues me I'm forced to repudiate,
859 So that none of Love's arrows my own heart will bruise.
860 I must, alas! I must with cruelty refuse
861 This consummate beauty—she whose eyes are so bright
862 That the love of men and gods they can set alight,
863 This consummate[45] beauty in graces so abounding,
864 She is well worth the love of the world's greatest king.
865 Or else, alas, I must become the enemy
866 Of my dearest friend and treat him treacherously.
867 O Princess of Corinth, Hélène so full of grace,
868 Why does your fair Philoxène not possess my place?
869 Is this the payment due to his fidelity?
870 Your name you will malign with too much cruelty,
871 When someone who adores so you thus refuse—
872 But what am I saying now? Myself I accuse!
873 I play far too cruel and rigorous a part
874 Towards that queen who has, alas, yielded me her heart.

Hélène [entering]

875 Phalante, I salute you, and I salute still more
876 Those two divine stars, your lovely eyes I adore.
877 Thus does time never, though it triumphs over all,
878 Witness the flower of your youthful beauty pall;
879 Thus does the Cyprian goddess's comely child[46]
880 Ever warm your breast with fire gentle and mild.
881 Answer me now, my dear Phalante, my joy—my anguish:
882 Alas, will you always watch as I merely languish?
883 When will you grow weary of seeing me feel pain?
884 What, from my losses suffered, can you hope to gain ?
885 Do you truly believe that my flame is not ardent?
886 Do you wish for my death to make it evident?

Phalante

887 But you, I beg you, when will you weary at last

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45 "[C]onsummate": orig. "extreme" (likewise repeated).
46 Cupid, son of Venus, seemingly imagined as making Phalante apt to inspire passion.

888 Of seeing at your feet, by too much love downcast,
889 The soul of Philoxène? O beauty merciless,
890 Do you believe his heart is free from great distress,
891 From the fever of love which burns within his veins,
892 Without the scorn you apply to increase his pains?

HÉLÈNE

893 Ah, cruel Phalante, must you always punctuate
894 Your speeches of love by using the name I hate?
895 Let Philoxène alone, your thoughts of him recant;
896 Instead, think more of me, your humble supplicant.

PHALANTE

897 No, rather, if you love me, I ask you today
898 Hopes of me to renounce and turn that love his way.

HÉLÈNE

899 What, give myself to him, already pledged to you—
900 You to whom from birth by destiny I am due?
901 No, there is no question, for, with a manlike blow,
902 Phalante, downward to death I far prefer to go.
903 Well, then, dear Phalante? Dead would you like to see me?
904 Then very soon, alas, my loving soul will flee,
905 Descending to the underworld, and bid adieu so:
906 Thus, if you will not take me, death at least will do so.

PHALANTE

907 My beauty, please restrain yourself, unless you choose
908 That with you my hope and my life I also lose.

HÉLÈNE

909 Alas, how can I live among so many woes?

PHALANTE

910 By living you'll be able to surmount your sorrows
911 And your devouring flame reduce to moderation.

HÉLÈNE

912 You love me, then, Phalante?

PHALANTE
I honour you, fair one.

HÉLÈNE
913 That honour I accept, for honour in effect
914 Carries in its company true love and respect.

PHALANTE
915 O noble-hearted queen, you must not hope in vain.

HÉLÈNE
916 Ah, are you playing tricks with my amorous pain?
917 You fill me up with hope—then, as if piercing me,
918 With a sudden stroke you ravish that hope from me,
919 As if by my love you are actually amused!
920 Must my beauty then be so flagrantly abused?
921 O scornful Phalante, have you not the slightest fear
922 To make the fury of my righteous wrath appear?
923 Or finally provoke my love to change to hate
924 And wreak on you a vengeance harsh and desperate?
925 Alas, the secrets of my heart you know too well:
926 Too much softness, too little rigour in it dwell,
927 For my loving soul, composed of fidelity,
928 Would rather die than show you any cruelty.
929 And so, to my own harm, my beauty's lack of art,
930 By which you ought to be induced to give your heart—
931 Alas, my own good nature—proves your guarantee:
932 My love you may disdain, and brave my potency.

PHALANTE
933 Just so that you may understand my whole intent,
934 I swear by fearful Jupiter omnipotent,
935 I swear by that great god, engenderer of light,
936 Phoebus the golden-haired, who, directing his sight
937 On all sides of the universe, during his course,
938 Nothing below has seen to match your beauty's force.
939 I call to witness Venus, too, born of the waves,
940 As well as her dear child, who all the world enslaves,
941 To vow that while I live, by your honours sustained,

942 My heart will give thanks for such royal favours gained.
943 Oh, heavenly beauties with such sweetness imbued—
944 I render you now my infinite gratitude
945 For judging me, of all who in your court await,
946 Worthy alone the laurels of your love to rate.
947 Thus the greatest happiness in the world for me
948 Is to honour your pure beauty infinitely—
949 To see you always, sacrifice my heart with joy
950 Upon the sacred fire that your eyes deploy;
951 As long as the high heavens permit me to live,
952 You'll be adored and served with all my heart can give.
953 But I curse my fate, which is forever unwilling
954 Of any of my wishes to grant the fulfilling.
955 When I am drawn to love you, and my fancies dare
956 Imagine humble acquiescence to your prayer,
957 A sudden thought appears contrary to that state,
958 Repels my soul and causes me to hesitate:
959 The name of Philoxène and his dear memory
960 Over my own desires gain the victory—
961 To the point where I lack power, O eyes of beauty,
962 In such a traitor's fashion to forget my duty
963 By agreeing to your love, which my life could bless
964 With riches of both honour and of happiness.
965 O my dear friend Philoxène,[47] be assured by me:
966 You need not fear I will lapse in fidelity.
967 The dwellings ethereal shall their flames extinguish,[48]
968 The azure ocean plains be barren of their fish;
969 Sooner shall heaven's primal sphere refrain from movement,[49]
970 My heart sooner flee from the least sign of contentment—
971 And I would rather have my life come to its end

47 The apostrophe of ll. 965-72 constitutes another rhetorical deviation evoking an inner conflict, but l. 975 makes it clear that this is spoken aloud for Hélène's benefit.

48 Orig.: "Plustost seront sans feux les maisons etherées". This refers most obviously to the stars, but also evoked is the fiery element of *aether*, the region of the gods, according to traditional cosmology.

49 Orig.: "Plustost le premier ciel sera sans mouvement"—another image associating Phalante's friendship with the very foundations of the universe, since it was the ultimate sphere whose movement gave motion to all others.

972 Than break the sacred bond that ties me to my friend.
973 Source of my sorrow, of your court's honour and fame,
974 O beauty divine, who arouse in me love's flame,
975 My fair one, let this speech not strike you with despair.
976 The fact is that I have engaged my word elsewhere:
977 It's to my Philoxène I would do injury,
978 And be unhappy if his death were due to me.

Hélène

979 Alas, you will at least be guilty of my own.

Phalante

980 Rather, O gods, upon me may all ills be thrown!
981 May I be wretched, and may the furious rage
982 You hurl upon my head the hate of all engage!
983 Henceforth I must be shunned by the whole universe,
984 Must be detested like a spirit under curse,
985 Since it is not permitted me by destiny
986 To keep from torturing my friends with misery;
987 I must, disastrous man, desert this court right now,
988 And anyone's new love for me I disavow.
989 Adieu, divine beauty, and may the day be cursed
990 Which saw your love for wretched me engendered first.

[Exit.]

Hélène

991 Alas, the sorrows of my soul what could reduce—
992 The cares that eat at me, the fierce pangs they produce?
993 From anger and outrage in my heart I can't free me:
994 What are you doing, Phalante? And why do you flee me?
995 I invoke—by righteous ire furious made—
996 I invoke Cupid and his brother to my aid:
997 Small Anteros, small god who can strict justice deal,
998 With his quiver full and his arrows all of steel,
999 The punisher of those who behave as you do,
1000 Not requiting with like love that of those who sue.
1001 But ah, what am I saying? Where am I? What heart
1002 Have I to turn on matchless eyes a hostile dart?
1003 Live, O dear friend, by my command of life assured,

1004 And know that in despair I am for you immured;
1005 In despair I now live—or if hope at all I could,
1006 Just this: soon may death's evil come to do me good.

Act IV

Scene i

Philoxène, Léon

PHILOXÈNE [alone]

1007 Like a feeble helmsman,[50] when the tempest's wild torment
1008 The mounting sea into foam-tossing crests has sent;
1009 When he hears the flood full of ruthless fury roar;
1010 When the air swirling round him turns pitch-black with horror;
1011 When he sees no light through the dark shroud he lies under,
1012 But that of lightning-flashes heralding the thunder;
1013 In sorrow and despair, with no recourse he stands
1014 But the high gods he begs to lend their helping hands,
1015 Having put down the sail, and committed his fortune
1016 To the mere whims of fate, of the waves, and of Neptune;
1017 At last by some wind, arisen to lend him aid,
1018 Is pushed to the port whence his voyage first he made,
1019 Though he had no intention of returning there,
1020 Because he had prepared his journey for elsewhere—
1021 Just so, when I intended far away to fly
1022 From that haughty fair one who causes me to sigh,
1023 By weeping and pain worn down, by woes and cares felled,
1024 At last I'm by the wind of impatience impelled,
1025 Which hurls me with violence, until here I find me,
1026 When long ago I sought to put this place behind me.
1027 I return to Corinth to know whether my soul
1028 Might hope favour from her who has it in control,
1029 Or if by my own hand I must without delay
1030 Meet death, so that her cruel heart may have its way.
1031 It has been far too long since Phalante, my dear friend,
1032 To sweeten my most bitter waiting without end,
1033 The news of all his efforts should have let me know,

50 This epic simile, although it walks a syntactical tightrope, as the translation reflects, arguably stands as a minor rhetorical masterpiece.

1034 And what grievous sorrow loomed as fate's latest blow.
1035 Alas, alas, Phalante, the rigour of your silence
1036 Charges my mind with doubt, and any hope prevents,
1037 For sometimes I fear that, her beauty importuning,
1038 Your attempt has incurred her cruelty's impugning;
1039 But—and this still more afflicts these feelings of mine—
1040 Sometimes I have a fear that her beauty divine,
1041 Which could soften the hardest, most resistant rocks,
1042 Has charmed your tender soul and opened your heart's locks,
1043 Making you forget that friendship you swore to me
1044 Was bound to last between us for eternity.
1045 But this I can by no means—nor will I—believe;
1046 Still, so that I may of this doubt myself relieve,
1047 And so that this hard thought no longer will oppress,
1048 I must at once to somebody myself address
1049 Who can find out, and afterwards to me relate
1050 Of my Hélène, and of my dear Phalante, the state.
1051 But I see that—opportunely—Léon appears.

LÉON [entering]

1052 Ah, good gods, how the sight of you my own sight cheers!
1053 O brave Philoxène, have you made your way back, then,
1054 Your friends and your white-haired father to see again?—
1055 He who, by day and night, without the least cessation,
1056 Your absence has been deploring in desolation,
1057 And, not knowing what reason for this you possess,
1058 Has been cursing high heavens' unjust heartlessness,
1059 Cursing his old age, and declaring that he wished
1060 His life by Clotho's[51] dark hand had from him been ravished
1061 A long time ago—at least that she had not waited

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51 Howe, ed., n. 57 to l. 1060, points out the probable (and common) confusion here of Clotho, the one of the three Moirae (Roman Parcae) who spins the thread of life, with Atropos, who cuts it. At the same time, Clotho was endowed with broader powers over life and death that might plausibly make her metonymic of fate in general. She is "dark" (orig. "noire") because, like her sisters, she is the daughter of Night, according to Hesiod. See *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*, ed. N. G. L. Hammond and H. H. Scullard, 2nd ed. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970), s.v. "Fate".

1062 Till he and the one he so loved were separated.
1063 But ye gods, how your sight will bring him happiness!

PHILOXÈNE

1064 I'm glad. But say, what's happening with our princess,
1065 With my Phalante?

LÉON

Hélène is doing very well:
1066 No nagging cares molest her, one can surely tell;
1067 Such great favour from heaven on her head pours down,
1068 That no trouble would ever dare approach her crown.[52]
1069 As for your dear Phalante, for whom you're so concerned,
1070 It is some time since away from these parts he turned,
1071 And I cannot at present tell you any more,
1072 For we had no idea where his voyage was bound for.

PHILOXÈNE

1073 So he has gone? Good gods, I don't know what to say!
1074 What would make my Phalante desert me in this way?

LÉON

1075 You needn't have any doubt: it's only too true.
1076 Phalante your friend, whom everyone so pleasant knew,
1077 In leaving this court left all of us so downcast
1078 Our pleasure from that moment was over and past.
1079 So you see us cheerless—in good time you've arrived!—
1080 Our souls of their good spirits utterly deprived.
1081 And with your return, our spirits, encouraged anew,
1082 Will fancy him present, as long as we have you.
1083 But why don't you at once to your father repair,
1084 Who since you left us has been weeping in despair?
1085 Let him now, as soon as may be, the pleasures learn
1086 That he has long yearned for, of your happy return.
1087 No question but that is now where your duty lies.

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52 Léon sounds evasive here, and it is hard to suppose that Hélène's extreme sorrow, at least, has not been noticed, although Léon is genuinely mystified by Philoxène's fury at IV.iii.1191-92. Galaut may be teasing the audience, as he seems to be doing with Phalante himself.

1088 But no—I'll go tell him first to avoid surprise;
1089 For, ah, the effects of his pain—what might they be?
1090 Since he's already weak and lacking energy,
1091 The sudden sight of you his feeble soul might ravish
1092 From him, causing him from excessive joy to perish.
[Exit Léon.]

PHILOXÈNE

1093 O gods, forgive me if I openly declare
1094 That it was not to minister comforting care
1095 To my father, bearing in grief the slow decay
1096 Of age, that back to this isle I have made my way.
1097 The wondrous charms of Hélène, her dear memory—
1098 Those were the first ideas that motivated me.
1099 My father's agèd years I honour as is fit;
1100 But, alas, in the end I am forced to admit
1101 My heart feels such love for her by whom it's controlled
1102 That by comparison my father leaves me cold.
1103 Instead, then, it's to her I must myself address,
1104 Devotedly my homage paying to her highness,
1105 And humbly testify to her, in earnest discourse,
1106 That my body, not heart, has sailed a distant course.
1107 Meanwhile I shall know that which most my mind torments:
1108 The meaning of Phalante's so strange and sudden absence.

Scene ii

Hélène, Carie, Philoxène

HÉLÈNE

1109 O great gods, O good gods, who see my misery,
1110 Who my sorrows, my sobs and my lamenting see—
1111 At least if it is so that the woes we recount
1112 As high as to your heavenly dwellings may mount—
1113 Take pity on us, and at last, to give us peace,
1114 Through death grant me from my torments of mind release.

CARIE

1115 Change your thinking, Madam, and take courage once more:
1116 In the worst misfortunes one needs a greater store.
1117 Perhaps time's passage and your lengthy suffering
1118 Soft yielding to the heart of your lover will bring,
1119 And the gods, to put an end to your bitter grief,
1120 Will change your weeping to songs of joyful relief,
1121 Unless you let despair get the better of you.
1122 But someone is coming in our direction—who?

PHILOXÈNE [entering]

1123 O Queen, of virtues and of honour all replete,
1124 Goddess of beauties, you in humbleness I greet,
1125 Knowing my duty, and bearing within my heart
1126 The homage to your rank a vassal must impart.
1127 Myself I present, devoutly for you desire—
1128 Hardly greater beauty or a grander empire:
1129 The sceptre of Corinth is so happily blessed,
1130 So great the perfections of which you are possessed,
1131 That one who to see still loftier things aspired
1132 Would be like him who with blindest folly desired,
1133 And endless empty and audacious youthful speech,
1134 A height far above the heavens themselves to reach.
1135 For you I would wish a soul of softer condition,
1136 Which out of your court would never expel someone—
1137 Which would glow with gratitude, and might, what is more,
1138 Measure the payment due to sufferings galore.
1139 Alas, my faithful service, if such were the case,
1140 Would see itself rewarded with such splendid grace
1141 That in all who pay homage to your lovely eyes,
1142 Envy of my fortune with good cause would arise.

HÉLÈNE

1143 Your importunity confounds me with distress:
1144 Learn a respectful means of addressing your princess!
1145 And if you do not wish my anger to ensue,
1146 Speak to me for Phalante, as he has done for you.[53]

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53 Cf. the account of Helen in the *Arcadia*:

PHILOXÈNE

1147 O Corinth's queen, wonder of worldly majesty,
1148 Although nothing favouring my love can I see,
1149 And the sacred flame that surges within my heart
1150 Above all other things its splendour must impart,
1151 Nevertheless, my soul desires as its payment
1152 That you at least should garner pleasure from its torment
1153 And not be offended if my heart with its sighs
1154 Confesses everywhere that it dotes on your eyes.

HÉLÈNE

1155 How greatly you annoy me when you talk that way.
1156 I'll stand for it no more—leave me without delay!
[Exeunt Hélène and Carie.]

PHILOXÈNE

1157 Wretched Philoxène—why do you not just decide
1158 To end all your woes by violent suicide?
1159 Summon your courage, heart, your pain to leave behind:
1160 In death the cure for your wound you are sure to find.
1161 Anything else, far from making my sorrows dwindle,
1162 Serves merely the flames of my misery to kindle.
1163 But solace for my grieving soul I must first seek,
1164 And for my love sufficient and swift vengeance wreak.
1165 My fine friend Phalante is her precious, longed-for
treasure,
1166 Her idol, her heart, the sole fountain of her pleasure!
1167 And so that faithless traitor, whose hollow pretence
1168 In the guise of friendship deceived my innocence,
1169 My heartache has mocked to scorn and purloined the gain
1170 That for my loyalty I should myself obtain.
1171 O bold perjurer! Is this how your faith is kept?[54]

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the forward pain of mine own heart made me so delight to punish him whom I esteemed the chiefest let in my way, that when he with humble gesture and vehement speeches sued for my favour, I told him that I would hear him more willingly if he would speak for Amphialus as well as Amphialus had done for him. (p. 125 [bk. I, chap. 11])

Philoxenus had also just found Helen gazing fondly on the portrait of Amphialus.

54 Philoxène's oscillation between angry apostrophe and third-person condemnation effectively con-

1172 Is it thus that your soul, in treason well adept,
1173 Beneath a kindly countenance bore deadly bane
1174 To cut my life short and drive reason from my brain?
1175 The day I first encountered you—may it be cursed!
1176 Since then so many evils within me I've nursed.
1177 I placed all confidence in him, told him my secret,
1178 And that is what most strongly adds to my regret;
1179 To see in such cowardly style a friendship ended—
1180 Who lives beneath the sky who not be offended?
1181 But do not dream of boasting of such a foul blow:
1182 Before I descend to infernal parts below,
1183 This hand for that injury must have ample justice,
1184 Must rip out the heart that nurtured and bred the malice,
1185 And to avenge the wrong that's been on me inflicted,
1186 It must bathe cruelly in your blood, which it will shed.

Scene iii

Léon, Timothée

Léon

1187 O cruel[55] heaven! O destiny harsh and dire!
1188 I just saw storming off, consumed with flaming ire,
1189 Young Philoxène, bound and determined utterly
1190 To follow after Phalante, his sworn enemy.
1191 What hellish furor, feeding on hot blood and hate,
1192 Came their old friendship so quickly to ruinate?
1193 If the two find each other, the very first thing
1194 Will be, I'm afraid—alas!—their mutual killing.
1195 I'll go immediately and inform his father,
1196 In order, I hope, his rash purpose to deter.

---

veys a mind out of control.

55 "Cruel" and its variants recur insistently in French tragedy of the period, but the echo in l. 1187 ("Cruauté") of the last line of the previous scene ("Cruelle") creates particular impact of an ironic kind.

TIMOTHÉE

1197 Who is it that I hear, then, speaking of my son?[56]
1198 The dream that I just had has left me in confusion.

LÉON

1199 Your son, beside himself with rage and angry fire,
1200 Is leaving, resolved to work his courage still higher
1201 And combat with Phalante; the worth of both you know.
1202 Come, hasten to prevent a catastrophic blow.

TIMOTHÉE

1203 Alas, I go! I pray, gods, give me wings to fly
1204 To reach my son and his wild fury pacify.

Scene iv

CARIE

1205 Ah, gods! Ah, what misfortune is coming our way?
1206 For Philoxène, fired with anger, so they say,
1207 Has left the court, with no thought running in his mind
1208 But deadly vengeance for his slighted love to find,
1209 And, sure of Phalante's friendship-breaking faithlessness,
1210 To draw to himself the affections of our princess,
1211 He's chasing after him with fierce intent to kill.
1212 Alas, if he can finally his hope fulfil,
1213 And Hélène's fair Phalante, whom she so cherishes,
1214 Senses his godlike eye closing as he perishes,[57]
1215 And he, extended red and bloody on the ground,
1216 By that cruel right hand hurt brutally, is found,

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56 As will be the case with the subsequent combat, the handling of action and time here is somewhat unclear. Does Léon exit, then re-enter? Is he seen miming his travel to Timothée's house, and has a prior visit, anticipated as long ago as IV.i.1088, already taken place? Timothée seems still as uninformed about his son, and subject to frightful dreams, as in III.i. Perhaps Galaut simply does not have the dramaturgical details under control; certainly, that is not where his main interest lies.

57 The line is even more absurd in the original: "Sente son œil divin par le trespas fermé."

1217 What dreadful feelings of regret, what bitter torments,
1218 What passions, what sharp pangs of suffering intense
1219 Will seize with sudden clutches the soul of my princess!
1220 I seem to see her thus, all stricken with distress,
1221 Heaven's unjust evil with blasphemy reproving,
1222 With her vast anguish all the world to pity moving;
1223 I see her weeping, in the end, and desolate,
1224 Wandering mad with love, her hair in unkempt state,[58]
1225 Everywhere and always invoking, through her tears,
1226 Pale Atropos to hurry with her ruthless shears
1227 And finish with her sorrows; her amorous rage
1228 Gives me too ample reason this outcome to presage.
1229 But perhaps these ills even now might be averted
1230 If I hastened to the palace and there alerted
1231 The princess Hélène, as quickly as I can do,
1232 That youthful Philoxène in fury from here flew.
1233 Her active and quick mind some manner would invent,
1234 Foreseeing the worst case, disaster to prevent.
1235 Whatever happens, I'll go tell her right away:
1236 I prefer to do that than to her wrath fall prey.[59]

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58 This is part of the traditional iconography of female madness associated with love and mourning; thus the First Quarto of *Hamlet* specifies that the mad Ophelia enters with "her haire downe" (*The Riverside Shakespeare*, p. 1242, textual note to *Hamlet*, IV.v.20 SD) In William Shakespeare and John Fletcher, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, the Jailor's Daughter, mad with love for Palemon, is described as follows: "her careless tresses / A wreath of bulrush rounded" (*Riverside Shakespeare*, IV.i.83-84).

59 This line marks an abrupt change of perspective and surfacing of self-interest on Carie's part—further evidence, it seems, of Galaut's uneven command of dramatic technique, especially when it comes to minor characters and effects that do not depend on poetic rhetoric.

Act V

Scene i

Phalante, Philoxène, Timothée

PHALANTE [alone]

1237 Far away from this land I'd already have flown,
1238 To weep for my disastrous life apart, alone,
1239 If I had not always, thwarted by cruel chance,
1240 Encountered fresh obstructions[60] to block my advance.
1241 I was leaving Corinth and about to attain
1242 That sacred place where once the Nymph Pirene,[61] in pain
1243 Of mourning for the son of hers Diana killed,
1244 At last saw by the gods her destiny fulfilled,
1245 Changed to a stream, which, fed by an eternal spring,
1246 Bears witness to her harsh and cruel suffering.
1247 Arriving, suddenly I spied, from where I stood,
1248 Three monstrous satyrs coming from a nearby wood;
1249 Close they were on the heels of a young shepherdess,
1250 Who fled before them with impressive nimbleness:
1251 The woman-warrior Camilla[62] in her day
1252 Could not match the agile speed in fleeing away
1253 Of that shepherdess, when she saw herself pursued—
1254 Both honour and life at stake—by that monstrous brood.
1255 She did not run at all, but rather in the air
1256 She seemed to fly, as if sheer terror did her bear;
1257 Coming towards me that way, fearful and in distress,
1258 Her hair in disorder tumbled, quite torn her dress,
1259 Unable to speak, but approaching more and more,
1260 She came with hands outstretched, my succour to implore.
1261 Then, seeing her all at once clutching at my feet,
1262 Tender pity, with which my soul was now replete,

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60 [O]bstructions: orig. "destourbiers"; the word is recorded by A. J. Greimas, *Dictionnaire de l'ancien français* (Paris: Larousse, 1999), in the form "destorbier".

61 The myth is recounted by Pausanias, *Description of Greece*, II.3.2. The killing by the goddess was unintentional; the mother's super-abundant tears were the origin of the spring.

62 The fleet-footedness of Camilla, Virgil's Volscian female warrior, was a signal attribute of hers; see *Aeneid*, VII.807-11.

1263 Moved me to take my sword in hand and suddenly
1264 Assail those goatish[63] gods to chase them thoroughly.
1265 All three of them had faces both ruddy and glowing,
1266 The look in their eyes their amorous furor showing,
1267 And closing in on me, all around me they filed,
1268 With anger, frustration and lust completely wild;
1269 The girl, meanwhile, seemed scarcely more alive than dead,
1270 Prostrate at my feet, with terrible fright confounded;
1271 Panting with panic at such great danger, her eye
1272 She cast to see on which side victory would lie.
1273 But I in the end their audacity defeated,
1274 And under constraint reluctantly they retreated
1275 Hastily back to that dark wood from which they came,
1276 Yelling, crying out, as they fled, with pain and shame.
1277 That young shepherdess, in thanks for this liberation,
1278 As her tutelary god gave me adoration.
1279 And that's the cause that no more progress would allow,
1280 For I'd have been farther away than I am now,
1281 But for the time that fair deed[64] had to occupy.
1282 But I see Philoxène.

PHILOXÈNE

Traitor, you have to die:
1283 That shall be the payment for your disloyalty.
[He attacks Phalante.]

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63 [G]oatish precisely translates the original's "bouquins", which likewise alludes both to the satyrs' hooves and to their traditionally lecherous nature; see Howe, ed., n. 72 to l. 1264.

64 [F]air deed: orig. "belle advanture". The wording and the evocation of Phalante's character are clearly based on Helen's portrait of Amphialus in the *Arcadia*:

> Nothing was so hard but that his valour overcame; which yet still he so guided with true virtue that although no man was in our parts spoken of but he for his manhood, yet, as though therein he excelled himself, he was commonly called the courteous Amphialus. An endless thing it were for me to tell how many adventures, terrible to be spoken of, he achieved; what monsters, what giants, what conquests of countries, sometimes using policy, sometimes force, but always virtue well followed; and but followed by Philoxenus. (p. 123 [bk. I, chap. 11])

Moreover, the fateful delay enabling Philoxenus to catch up with him is caused in the *Arcadia* by a similar exercise of chivalric virtue (though without elaboration):

> [Philoxenus] had travelled scarce a day's journey out of my country but that . . . he overtook Amphialus who, by succouring a distressed lady, had been here stayed, and by and by called him to fight with him, protesting that one of them two should die. (p. 125 [bk. I, chap. 11])

Galaut borrows the satyrs from pastoral convention; see Introduction, p. 15.

PHALANTE

1284 What's this, dear friend? Ah, what do you have against me?

[Phalante wounds Philoxène while defending himself.][65]

PHILOXÈNE

1285 O gods, O gods, I die.

TIMOTHÉE

Phalante, what have you done?

1286 Ungrateful and wicked Phalante, what have you done?

1287 Ah, Phalante, ah, my son, my dear son! Ah, I die.

Scene ii

PHALANTE

1288 Oh, who has ever felt sharper sorrow than I?

1289 On whom has adverse fortune ever caused to fall,

1290 More than it now does on me, its rancorous gall?

1291 What horrid hell of frenzies and serpents[66] will serve

1292 To deal the punishment my bitter crimes deserve?

1293 I've murdered Philoxène, murdered his father also:

1294 O gods, heaven, earth—O fate's too-terrible blow!

1295 Their sorrows and complaints are certain to incite

1296 Against me the great god Jupiter's deadly spite—

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65 As the recapitulation in V.ii.1317-22 confirms, the playwright is following the description of the encounter in the *Arcadia* (including the death of Timotheus), where an "unlucky blow" (p. 126 [bk. I, chap. 11]) given in reluctant self-defence is specified. In the novel, the dying man reveals the cause of his sudden enmity, as is clearly not the case here (cf. below, ll. 1323-28).

Onstage combat was certainly allowed in Galaut's theatre. The question remains of how much of the encounter is actually staged and how, necessarily between ll. 1284 and 1285. It seems possible, given the scant dialogue, that a distinctive miming mode was intended, as in Elizabethan dumb-shows. On the demonstrable use of pantomime for battle scenes in the contemporary English drama, see Scott McMillin and Sally-Beth MacLean, *The Queen's Men and Their Plays* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), pp. 129-30.

66 "[O]f frenzies and serpents": orig. "de fureurs et de Serpens". I take it that this is hendyadis, conveying the sense of "frenzied serpents", but I translate literally.

1297 Philios, Xenios,[67] who is inflamed with rage
1298 At friendship or hospitality offered outrage.
1299 What is he waiting for? Does he not long to cast
1300 On me now his punishing thunderbolts that blast?
1301 What use are his lightning and thunder in the skies,
1302 If evils performed on earth he does not chastise?
1303 With those flames he hurls, why does he not simply seize me?
1304 Wretch[68] that I am, did it not sufficiently please me
1305 To steal away belovèd Hélène from my friend?
1306 Did I need to meet him again, his life to end?
1307 A thousand sorrows in my maddened heart now teem;
1308 Heaven, the destinies and the gods I blaspheme.
1309 What shall I do—wretch, disloyal, wounded inside?
1310 Must I accuse my sword and hand of parricide?
1311 Or rather, to excuse myself, shall I say fate,
1312 Injurious fate, intervened, his death to dictate?
1313 O fate far too cruel, O fate wholly pitiless,
1314 You alone make me a murderer's guilt confess:
1315 For the sacred friendship which lodged within my breast
1316 Any furious rage[69] would always have suppressed.
1317 Upon the sight of him,[70] I wished to take up arms,
1318 Hardly to hurt him but to keep myself from harms,
1319 But as he charged and I warded off injury,
1320 After rushing on my point, he fell at my knee,[71]

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67 "Philios, Xenios": orig. "Philien, Hostelier [i.e., Hospitalier]". These are epithets of Zeus as guardian of, respectively, friendship and hospitality; cf. Howe, ed., nn. 75 and 76 to l. 1297. In the absence of anglicised forms, I have chosen to revert to the Greek ones, and if there is a clash with "Jupiter", this is no less true in the original, where, moreover, the epithets mingle Greek and Latin roots.

68 "Wretch": orig. "[m]alheureux", carrying the sense of "unhappy victim"; the word is repeated in l. 1309.

69 "Any furious rage": orig. "si grande fureur"—presumably, not what he actually felt, to judge from the sequel, but the kind of anger that might have caused such a murder in other circumstances. I translate accordingly. There may be a lingering reminiscence, however, of the account in the *Arcadia*, which does not speak of an accidental self-impaling and strays into ambiguity about Amphialus' state of mind: "in the end, nature prevailing above determination, he was fain to defend himself, and withal so to offend him that by an unlucky blow the poor Philoxenus fell dead at his feet" (p. 126 [bk. I, chap. 11]).

70 Orig.: "[l]e voyant"; what is intended must be Philoxène's appearance of dangerous ferocity.

71 "[A]fter rushing on my point": orig. "[i]l s'enferre luy mesme". The translation allows for the possi-

1321 And being pierced mortally by my deadly blade,
1322 Lost both his voice and the light by the wound it made.[72]
1323 But alas, what impelled him so strongly against me?
1324 Why did he ever come at me, so hot and angry?
1325 Did he suppose that, seeing his Hélène so fair,
1326 I'd have deceived him with some stratagem unfair?
1327 Alas, had he only let me my mind express,
1328 He would have learnt his error and my faithfulness.
1329 Ah, I should rather, as soon as he met my sight,
1330 Have offered him my naked breast instead of fight,
1331 So that, when it transfixed my heart, at once his steel
1332 Would have ended my life and the pain that I feel.
1333 But alas, O great gods, can it be I bear still
1334 These arms that have effected such appalling ill?
1335 Away, cursèd blade, and cursèd dagger, away!
1336 I leave you, the both of you, in this place today—
1337 Here, O heaven, where thanks to my right hand was found
1338 (Cruel hand!) young Philoxène slaughtered on the ground;
1339 I leave, too, this helmet and this cuirass hard by,
1340 And wish that here forever these objects may lie,
1341 By my hand consecrated to the shade revered
1342 Of you, O dear friend, who to those regions so feared
1343 Now wander down alone, all pallid, lean and cold,
1344 Constantly cursing your treacherous friend of old,
1345 Your cruel Phalante, who of living has deprived you:
1346 May it please the gods that my own death shall ensue!
1347 Since the innocent perish, ah, must it not follow
1348 That the murderer likewise the same way should go?
1349 But I am certain that the gods, my enemies,
1350 Have not yet had enough of my long miseries
1351 And wish, so mightily are they infuriated,
1352 That I should live on earth by all abominated;
1353 They wish it thus to serve as public evidence,
1354 Since my cruel rage bursts out in fashion so intense,

bility that Philoxène impales himself on Phalante's defensive dagger. See below, n. 94.

72 Ll. 1321-22 hardly constitute Galaut's happiest couplet, given the redundancy of the first line and the elliptical quality of the second. The translation is literal. In confirming that Philoxène had no chance to explain himself, the text marks its departure from Sidney, but it is not clear to what end.

1355 Of what one deserves who, made by his rigour fierce,[73]
1356 Was able with a deadly point the heart to pierce
1357 Of his dearest friend. O fate worst malice outgoing—
1358 With bloodshed, horror, outcries and deaths overflowing—
1359 Which follows me everywhere and agitates,
1360 Now here, now there, my mind in its varying states,
1361 To nourish well the furors whose treacherous rage
1362 Makes me in sighs, cries and weeping wildly engage.
1363 When the old Titan[74] in his chariot of fire
1364 Breaks through the Orient shadows, as he climbs higher,
1365 Or when, having run half his journey, and the day's,
1366 Directly down upon our heads he darts his rays,
1367 Or when, exhausted from his celestial courses,
1368 Into the Ocean's bosom he plunges his horses—
1369 In sum, whenever he shines on our hemisphere,
1370 I wish my mind to let nothing else interfere,
1371 But always to sigh and lament without allay,
1372 Blaspheming and cursing that fair star of the day.
1373 And when the beasts, citizens of this world below,
1374 Within the night's profundity are all crouched low;
1375 When those that, treading or crawling, this ground does bear,
1376 And those who with their curving arms[75] do cleave the air,
1377 And those moist flocks the inconstant Proteus tends[76]
1378 Show with their eyes the sweet enchantment slumber sends—
1379 I wish, I wish that then sleep's comforting repose
1380 Will never attain the power my eyes to close;
1381 I wish that rest will utterly my couch avoid,
1382 And that the ardent sighs my mouth shall come to void—
1383 More violent, more shattering and longer drawn—

---

73 "[M]ade by his rigour fierce": orig. "bouffi de rigueur" (literally, "puffed up with harshness"). The metaphor seems far-fetched; the translation attempts merely to convey the thought.

74 I.e., Helios, the sun god, whose daily journey across the sky is evoked in the standard mythological terms. Howe, ed., n. 81 to l. 1363, observes that Galaut, in ll. 1363-88, is repeating *verbatim* verses taken from his *Discours funebre sur le traspas de Messire P. Du Faur*. See Introduction, p. 4.

75 "[A]rms": orig. "bras"; I retain the strained metaphor, typical of Galaut's elevated poeticism in this passage.

76 Proteus, the shape-changing prophet who dwelt in the sea, was imagined as the seal-herder of Poseidon, as noted by Howe, ed., n. 82 to l. 1377.

1384 May stay awake with me until the light of dawn.
1385 May it ever be so now, tonight and tomorrow:
1386 I wish that there should be no respite from my sorrow,
1387 But that, as my heart yields fresh waves of doleful sound,
1388 The air, earth, heaven and the waters I'll astound.
1389 Adieu, my Philoxène, adieu, adieu, fair friend:
1390 I faint with sadness when I call to mind your end.
1391 I'll seek out in my fury the most secret places,
1392 The deepest of valleys, the darkest forest spaces,
1393 Those mountains most remote and those deserts most savage,
1394 To vent the rages that my being fiercely ravage,
1395 And cause to resound beneath the vault of the skies
1396 My furious[77] heart's profoundly despairing cries,[78]
1397 Till the wearied gods, who to silence can't induce me,
1398 By hurling their thunderbolts to ashes reduce me.
1399 While you are able, O fair spirit, in repose
1400 To dwell in the fields Elysian with the heroes,[79]
1401 My soul, for its part, maddened and condemned to roam,
1402 In this world, spurning death,[80] is bound to make its home.

Scene iii

Léon, Eurylas

LÉON

1403 The thing's already done. Oh, we have come too late:
1404 Don't you see old kind and noble[81] Timothée, prostrate,
1405 Stretched out on the ground with his son, both of them killed?

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77 "[F]urious": orig. "furieux", which likewise echoes l. 1391.

78 The motif of echoing lamentation is introduced indirectly here. See Introduction, pp. 10-11.

79 The picture is somewhat at odds with that of ll. 1342-43.

80 "[S]purning death": orig. "maugré la mort", whose sense is more ambiguous. In context, the meaning must be that Phalante is imposing on himself the harsher punishment of a living death. After the discovery of Hélène's body, he will add blindness to his torments, before finally embracing death after all.

81 "[K]ind and noble": orig. "genereux".

EURYLAS

1406 Alas, here they are, O gods, dead! My blood is chilled.
1407 O cruel disaster! Alas, what enemies
1408 Could have perpetrated two murders such as these?
1409 What Gelo, what Scythian, what Tartar, what Thracian,
1410 Or other barbarian, what Sarmat or Dacian,[82]
1411 Like a bloodthirsty[83] tiger, all blazing with spite,
1412 Has cut the son's throat[84] in the father's very sight,
1413 And then, to slake entirely his ruthless ire,
1414 Has added to the child's murder that of the sire?

LÉON

1415 I see what caused, Eurylas, this unhappy scene:
1416 Philoxène, driven by jealousy fierce and keen,
1417 Who, furious to fight Phalante, ran in pursuit,
1418 Met with him here, the evidence is plain, if mute:
1419 There is the same sword, the dagger is the same also,
1420 That Phalante was carrying when he chose to go;
1421 That is the warlike helmet which covered his face;
1422 This fair cuirass, too, on his body was in place—
1423 There is no doubt of it. Eurylas, do you see?
1424 Those champions battled in this spot valiantly,
1425 And, forced at last to Phalante's strong right hand to yield,
1426 Philoxène fell dead in the red dust of the field.
1427 Perhaps Timothée, still in this direction headed
1428 Hastily, to parry the blow which he so dreaded,
1429 Finding his fear proved true and this sad consequence,
1430 Gave up his life from pain and anguish so intense,
1431 Just like old Adrastus who, when his son was killed,
1432 Died along with him, with regret and sorrow filled.[85]

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82 With the exception of Gelo, the tyrant of Gela and later Syracuse (fifth century B.C.E.), evoked here are various peoples whose names have served since ancient times as watchwords for brutality in warfare; the Tartars are ultimately of Asian origin, but the others named are associated, more or less indefinitely, with regions of eastern Europe and Eurasia.

83 "[B]loodthirsty": orig. "acharné", which literally refers to having a taste for flesh.

84 "[C]ut the child's throat": orig. "esgorgé l'enfant". The term is obviously employed in a general sense here.

85 Adrastus, King of Argos, lost his son in the second war against Thebes, but his death from grief was

EURYLAS

1433 Given that[86] the ruthless shears of that deadly Fate[87]
1434 Have caused these two from life's sweet light to separate,
1435 Our efforts, Léon, must nonetheless be applied
1436 At once to remove their bodies from where they died.
1437 Let us perform the duties these events compel:
1438 Let us travel to Corinth and the sad news tell,
1439 So that, touched by these misfortunes, the population
1440 May honour their deaths with sorrow and lamentation,
1441 Upon the biers of both confusedly[88] scattering
1442 Locks of their hair, perfumes, and flowers of the spring,
1443 Since it affords some pleasure to the shades below,
1444 Even after death, to see themselves honoured so.

Scene iv

HÉLÈNE

1445 Alas, alas! Who has seen him whom I desire?
1446 Who will tell me where my heart wishes to retire?
1447 Who will tell by what paths it has pleased him to stray?
1448 By hills, vales and forests I have run, forced my way,[89]
1449 Jealous, suspecting the Nymphs, as divinities,
1450 Of choosing in their laps my well-beloved to seize.
1451 The waters, the earth, the air and the star-filled sky,
1452 At the name of Phalante, repeated in my cry,

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not immediate. See *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*, s.v. "Adrastus".

86 "Given that": orig. "Puis que", stating a causal relation hard to square with "nonetheless" (orig. "quoy que ce soit") in l. 1435. I attempt to clarify the logic.

87 Cf. above, IV.iv.1226.

88 "[C]onfusedly": orig. "confusement", which evokes the distraction of grief. On the mourning practice of offering one's hair, see Howe, ed., n. 85 to l. 1442.

89 "[F]orced my way": orig. "brossé"—a hunting term (as is not inappropriate here) for an animal traversing the underbrush; see *Le Trésor de la langue française informatisé*, s.v. (<http://atilf.atilf.fr/>; accessed 13 December 2017).

1453 Resounding with strangely louder reiteration,
1454 Returned "Phalante, Phalante" to me without cessation.[90]
1455 O good god, I know nothing now about his state:
1456 I fear he is the victim of some evil fate;
1457 Philoxène pursues—what, alas, do I know more?
1458 What do I know if his eyes, fair eyes I adore,
1459 Conserving their lively beauty despite death's blow,
1460 Have already won Proserpina's heart below?[91]
1461 Fear of his death awakens a thousand alarms—
1462 Gods, reassure my heart! But there, now, I see arms,
1463 Which make, which make, I say, my hair stand all on end,
1464 So do I fear some strange disaster they portend.
1465 Ah, heaven, heaven woeful, heaven inhumane,
1466 Phalante, my Phalante, in this place was surely slain.
1467 I see the ground bloody, see the arms lying there:
1468 That gleaming helmet on his head he used to wear;
1469 How to wield that sword his valiant right hand well knew;
1470 By it lies, all red and begrimed, his dagger, too.
1471 You are dead, then, Phalante, and with you dead must be
1472 Fidelity, uprightness, love and constancy.
1473 Thus your soul, by death from its body liberated,
1474 Leaves me living on earth still, by grief devastated!
1475 But no, O dear Phalante, Phalante, my loving care,
1476 If you have lost the sun, that loss I wish to share;
1477 If you descend to that infernal vault below,
1478 Down into hell like you, I too am bound to go.
1479 On the altar of that love which is law to me,
1480 I vowed to you my life, heart and fidelity.
1481 Myself I have dedicated to you alone—
1482 Your wife, O dear Phalante, by fortune overthrown;

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90 An ironic variation on the theme of the echo, since she does not really have cause for lamentation, while the nymphs fondly imagined as amorous will shortly be evoked as mourning by Phalante. See Introduction, pp. 10-11.

91 Queen of the underworld, consort of Pluto, Proserpina is sometimes endowed with human susceptibilities. Cf. her intercession with her husband in the case of the slain Don Andrea in Thomas Kyd, *The Spanish Tragedy*, ed. J. R. Mulryne, 3rd ed., New Mermaids (London: Methuen Drama, 2009), I.i.76-83. Again, despite the setting, Galaut, like many early modern humanists, draws more naturally on Roman than Greek mythological forms (the Greek equivalent would be Persephone, consort of Dis).

1483 Yet nonetheless happy to realise that the fate
1484 Joins us in death which living did us separate.
1485 Adieu, potent sceptre—with empery, away!
1486 Adieu, fair Corinth, and adieu fair light of day;
1487 With all my free and noble[92] soul death I embrace,
1488 To meet my Phalante, who awaits me in that place,
1489 Beneath myrtles stirred by the gentle breath that pours
1490 From Zephyrs softly touching the fortunate shores
1491 And the sombre dwelling-place of those spirits blessed
1492 Whom once the honeyed Cyprian fires caressed.[93]
[She kills herself, presumably with Phalante's dagger.[94]]

Scene v

Phalante

1493 As a spirit whose funeral rites are denied,
1494 Kept from reaching the infernal river's far side,
1495 Without reposing wanders constantly about
1496 That unhappy place where the light of life went out,
1497 Just so I, maligned by the stars, can never rest
1498 But return to this spot, by my destiny pressed—
1499 Yet not like a soul to where my body was shed:
1500 In a way quite contrary to those other dead,
1501 It is my body which, still unwounded, alive,
1502 Returns constantly where its soul failed to survive,
1503 For this is the place. But there—what is it I see?

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92 "[F]ree and noble": orig. "genereuse".
93 Since Hélène is on the point of suicide, and given the fact that Phalante spurned her feelings, the irony in praising the flames of love (Cyprus being traditionally the island of Venus) is especially poignant in its self-delusion.
94 The plausible suggestion of Howe, ed., n. 90 to l. 1492, and in keeping with the dagger's "cursed" quality (see below, V.v.1588). It would make sense, according to the use of the parrying dagger in early modern combats (cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, V.ii.144-46), if Philoxène had impaled himself on this as Phalante sought to defend himself with it. Such a scenario maintains a contrast with Phalante's apparently unsullied sword (see l. 1615) and might have been enacted in the staged combat. Clearly, there are two weapons involved: cf. V.ii.1335-36, V.iii.1419-20, and V.iii.1469-70.

1504 What do I see? What, O great gods? Where can I be?
1505 Is it an insubstantial phantom? Alas, no—
1506 It's she: that visage pale, eyes closed that sparkled so,
1507 Belong to poor Hélène. Hélène, what does this mean?
1508 Have you come here, of Ephira the splendid queen,
1509 Far from your palace, forsaking all company,
1510 And by your death borne witness of your love for me?
1511 How long will you, then, O heaven cruel and dire,
1512 Against me discharge the arrows of your mad ire?
1513 How long, O potent, O ferocious destiny,
1514 Have you condemned my life to last in misery?
1515 Have you not grown weary, O gods too inhumane,
1516 Of the infinite evils that have brought me pain,
1517 Without thus always giving me new cause for woe?
1518 As if from these two eyes of mine more tears could flow,
1519 From my lungs more sighs, from my mouth still more
laments:
1520 You do wrong to afflict me so with punishments.
1521 Alas, what have I done to you, O gods, my foes,
1522 Who my heart as the target of your anger chose,
1523 Who cause so many ills upon my head to rain,
1524 Who always prod and goad to rekindle my pain,
1525 Who in thousands of ways keep my spirit from rest,
1526 Who extinguish all hopes that might spring in my breast,
1527 While all the draining cares that my being reduce
1528 Many a thorny and sharp-edged off-shoot produce,
1529 Which like thousands of pincers, each with a sharp end,
1530 With brutal and unyielding hooks my entrails rend.[95]
1531 From the brilliant rising of the radiant sun
1532 Till the sea hides his fair eyes, his course being done;
1533 From burning mid-day till the frigid Bears are seen,[96]
1534 One witnesses no other sufferings as keen:
1535 The caverns, the hills, the forests with their dim light
1536 At the sound of my laments all tremble with fright,
1537 And doleful Echo finds herself weary already

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95 The bizarrely mixed imagery is present in the original.
96 I.e., the northern constellations of Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

1538 Of answering my voice, become hoarse and unsteady.[97]
1539 The sun will lend no longer its exalted light
1540 To my sad days; the moon becomes a bloody sight[98]
1541 At my resounding clamours; even the stars shed
1542 Rays that shimmer with faint pallor above my head:
1543 So greatly can recital of my bitter torments
1544 Give trouble to the sky and all the elements.
1545 Gods, you with souls[99] in hard adamant tightly bound,
1546 You alone are not moved by my hard[100] complaints' sound,
1547 But always to increase my sighing and my weeping,
1548 Fresh floods of ills on me you are forever heaping;
1549 And incessantly to render my pains more sore,
1550 Gall into the hollows of my ulcers you pour.
1551 But by my careful woe I am carried away:
1552 By accusing the gods would I my guilt allay?
1553 It is time to confess to all that makes up nature
1554 That I have well deserved the torment I endure—
1555 That indeed in hell, domain of terror and night,
1556 The heaviest sentence for me would be too light.
1557 Can I again behold the bleak illumination
1558 That holds my horrible crimes in abomination?
1559 Daylight—which has witnessed the crimes my hand has done;
1560 Daylight—whose moments like enemies, one by one,
1561 Uncover my guiltiness and torture my thought,
1562 Rendered by its own sin with stark horror distraught:
1563 Horror[101] of these evils haunts me in every place,

97 On the intra- and intertextual resonances of Echo here, see Introduction, pp. 10-11 and 15.

98 Howe, ed., n. 94 to l. 1540, suspects either a presage of misfortune or (less convincingly) a reference to the reddish moon thought to cause spring frosts. More generally, the moon is often made reflective of human states in the period. Cf. Romeo's imagining of "the envious moon / . . . pale and sick with grief" (Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, II.ii.4-5).

99 "[S]ouls": orig. "ames". The poet is clearly less interested in the metaphysical question that might seem to be raised here than, once more, in the attribution of human qualities beyond the human.

100 The repetition of "hard" ("dur[es]") is in the original.

101 "[H]orror" (orig. "horreur") is likewise picked up from the previous line ("horriblement")—and repeated ("[h]orreurs") in ll. 1569 and 1586. It is not simply that the vocabulary of suffering (as indeed of pleasure) is limited; the rhetorical momentum in such suicidal monologues is actively assisted by the repetition.

1564 Their terrible shadow[102] straying before my face.
1565 No peace can I conclude with my accusing conscience—
1566 At once torturer, judge and exacter of vengeance[103]
1567 For my murderous acts—and with secret remorse
1568 My ravaging worm pursues its pitiless course.[104]
1569 You horrors that attend my life of endless ill,
1570 Terrors that swarm my detestable soul to fill
1571 From a vast abyss of evils, blow upon blow;
1572 Despairing thoughts that mean my youth no peace can know—
1573 At once bring your harsh revenges to their conclusion:
1574 No longer, alas, deal them in endless profusion.
1575 And if your pitiless hearts can be touched by pity,
1576 Pour out all the poison of your malignity
1577 In one fell stroke upon my life, and so prevent
1578 Its further being, its love, its sorrow and torment.
1579 With as many eyes as the torches in the sky,
1580 The need for gushing streams I could not satisfy
1581 To wash out my offence; nor would the whole sea's flood
1582 Be enough to cleanse my murdering soul of blood.
1583 Seeing myself so blackened, so foully polluted,
1584 I detest the fate that has me thus destituted:
1585 Like a bird of ill-omen, I keep to the night,
1586 Myself having horror—O gods!—of my own sight.
1587 Come on, then, now: that I may never see the skies,
1588 I must with this cursed dagger put out my two eyes,

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102 "[S]hadow": orig. "ombre"—the same word used for the Shade that haunted Timothée.

103 An awkward line to deal with, for in the original only the "torturer" is an agent, while the succeeding elements are effects of agency: "Qui seule est le bourreau, la peine et la vengeance." I take it that conscience is imagined as putting him on trial (preceded, as was common practice, by judicial torture), then delivering the sentence ("peine") and administering the punishment ("vengeance"). "Bourreau" also commonly means "executioner", of course, but this sense would conflict with the living death Phalante complains of.

104 Orig.: "Mon ver impitoyable incessamment me mord". The metaphor figuring conscience as a gnawing worm was a commonplace dating back at least to the Middle Ages. For the English tradition, see the discussion of Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, V.ii.84, by Naseeb Shaheen, *Biblical References in Shakespeare's Plays* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1999); cf. *OED*, s.v. "worm", def. 11a, online ed.(<http://www.oed.com/>; accessed 15 December 2017). In French, the expression is registered in Antoine Furetière, *Dictionnaire universel, etc.* (La Hague: Arnout and Reinier, 1690), s.v. "conscience"; see also Greimas, s.v. "ronge".

1589 And I wish that no one such charity should show
1590 As to hold out a succouring hand to my woe;
1591 With no one in the world to guide me, stumbling blind,
1592 I'll readily know how the road of death to find.
[He puts out his eyes.]
1593 So—now nothing else but mournful shades do I see;
1594 Darkness has swiftly veiled my eyes eternally,
1595 And it's no longer for me that day, in its turn,
1596 After night's shadows bursts forth in splendid return:
1597 Phoebus flames in vain for me, dazzling as he runs,
1598 For death has cast into eclipse my soul's two suns.
1599 Yet when I wander the earth, blind for all to see,
1600 Feeling my way, stumbling, striking things clumsily,
1601 Even so, for all that, my mind cannot have peace:
1602 Fate will always hold me, refusing my release;
1603 The heavens, when they spy me straying here below,
1604 Will then be able to devise some greater blow.
1605 It's altogether better I should cease to live,
1606 And so from all assaults my soul its freedom give.
1607 There is no other means in my distressful state
1608 But into death's arms myself to precipitate:
1609 For since by means of death repose I can attain,
1610 That's the remedy extreme for my extreme pain.[105]
1611 You spirits who loved me so and whom I so cherished,
1612 Who in this murder-blighted place by my fault perished—
1613 My life, fair glorious spirits, deign to receive,
1614 Which now in this same place in sacrifice I leave.
1615 With the same bright sword that gleams in my hand go I
1616 To hell, the anger of you both to pacify.
1617 Of my unhappy days the course is done at last;
1618 In the harbour of death my vessel is made fast.
1619 O winds with wingèd feet, swift couriers of air,
1620 Stay a little, cease to fly—only hover there;
1621 Be pleased your gentle breath a moment to retain,
1622 The better to hear as I—one last time—complain.

105 The idea of underworld punishment is notably absent, despite ll. 1615-16 below. Galaut's cosmology and eschatology are not especially coherent, but there is effective irony here stemming from Hélène's exultant anticipation of their reunion in death.

1623 Be present at my death, so that you may tomorrow
1624 Scatter in all places the voicing of my sorrow,
1625 And so that all throughout this great world round and
wide,
1626 The news of my sad death will spread on every side.
1627 You birds who, affected with sorrow and with pity,
1628 Upon your branches perched, to my sighing are privy—
1629 Pretty young birds, in all the ways that you know best,
1630 Sing my death's obsequies; the Nymphs of the dark forest
1631 And the Nymphs of the waters, their eyes washed with
tears,
1632 Will perhaps put on black so their mourning appears.
1633 Sun, who, as you make your round, mark for us the day,
1634 A while the rapid motion of your journey stay,
1635 And before you lend your light to peoples elsewhere,
1636 May your living torch honour my death with its flare;
1637 May it witness the blood that from my breast I drain,
1638 So that with my death it will to the world be plain
1639 That my end was happy, my destiny supernal,
1640 Because the sun was the torch at my funeral.

[He kills himself by falling on his sword.]

END