Robert Garnier's *Porcie* (1586): An English Translation of Act V

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

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Abstract

This project is the translation of Act V of Robert Garnier's Porcie (1586). Robert Garnier's tragedy Porcie (1586) reflects the tastes and temperament of sixteenth century French drama. There is an introduction at the beginning of the thesis to bring the reader up to progress with the play, as this thesis only includes Act V. It includes both the French lines, in their original format, as well as an accompanying English translation. This act is the final piece of the French tragedy Porcie, and thus concludes the story. It involves the characters of the Nurse and the Chorus of Roman Women.
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**Introduction**

Robert Garnier was perhaps the most prominent sixteenth-century French dramatist. Strongly influenced by the development of Sebean tragedy, he wrote a tragedy *Porcie* that followed a strict form, popular in Ancient Rome. It is a tragedy with a series of rhetoric narratives followed by a lyric chorus. Robert Garnier’s tragedy *Porcie* (1586) reflects the tastes and temperament of sixteenth century French drama.

Historically, not much is known about Porcie Catonis. Born between 73 BCE and 64 BCE in Rome, she was the daughter of Marcus Porcius Cato Uticensis and his wife Atilia. She was married first to Marcus Calpurnius Bibulus, who was a political ally to her father. Bibulus adored his wife, to the point of refusing to allow his political allies to have children with her. Such an arraignment was not uncommon in ancient Rome.

During this time, Caesar’s Gallic Wars was coming to a conclusion, though he refused to lay down his arms and return to Rome to face the Senate. Instead, he marched upon Rome with his army who had sworn allegiance to him and not to the Roman state, though it was custom. Both Porcie’s father and husband, Bibulus sided with Pompey, who along with Julius Caesar and Crassus, was a member of the First Triumphant, because he did not hold the same threat politically that Caesar did for the family. When Bibulus died in 48 BCE, Porcie was left as a widow. Porcie’s father committed suicide in 45 BCE following his defeat in battle.

Following the death of her husband and father, Porcie married Brutus. To gain Brutus’ trust, Porcie slashed herself in the thigh with a dagger. She suffered for at least a day to prove she could endure the pain. Bedridden with chills, fever, and violent pains,
she returned to Brutus with the resolve for there to be no secrets between them. Brutus
confided in her his plot to assassinate Caesar, knowing she would be able to stand torture
if it came to that. Some credit her as being the only woman aware of the plot. With the
assassination of Caesar successful, Brutus and his co-conspirators fled to Athens. Porcie
stayed in Italy, though it pained her to be departed from her husband.

Porcie’s death is something of a debate among historians. The first problem is
knowing exactly when Porcie died. Some say that it was after the first battle of Philippi,
when she heard rumors that Brutus had died. The other possibility is that she committed
suicide following the actual death of her husband after the second battle of Philippi.
There is also debate as to the way she died. One theory is that Porcie committed suicide
by swallowed burning coals. However, another more popular theory is that Porcie
committed suicide by burning coal in an unventilated room and thus succumbed to
carbon monoxide poisoning. Garnier employs this historical basis as the narrative frame
of the tragedy.

The plot of the play revolves around Porcie. It starts by telling the legends of
Rome, particularly those surrounding the god Mars. This is not surprising since much of
Porcie’s life revolved around war, death, and destruction as noted by the biography about
her previously written. The tragedy begins with the aftermath of Caesar’s assassination.
Due to being separated from her husband, Brutus, Porcie laments about how she desires
to follow her father into the grave. The Second Triumvirate, that consists of Octavian,
Marc Antony, and Lepidus, attempts to gain power as well as punish those who played a
part in the death of Caesar. Brutus is killed in battle, and a messenger delivers the news
to Porcie. She does not take it well and takes her own life. The tragedy terminates with the death of the Nurse.

Act V’s importance to the play, the translation of which forms this thesis, revolves around the characterization of the Nurse as well as a retelling of the offstage drama that occurs between acts. The Nurse serves as the primary character during Act V. She talks about the extraordinary circumstances surrounding Porcie’s death, “Prend des charbons ardans, et, d’un regard farouche/Guignant deça delà, les enferme en sa bouche:/Les devale au gosier, puis se venant serrer/ Et la bouche et le nez de peur de respirer,/S’estouffè de ses mains [She takes burning coals, and, with a savage glance,/Looking all around, here and there, encloses them in her mouth:/The throws them into throat, then gradually shut Both her mouth and nose for fear of breathing,/She suffocated herself with her hands].” This imagery takes the deceive action that Porcie was driven to suicide by the death of her husband. To go into such detail of Porcie’s death shows the importance of the Nurse as a character. She is to tell the audience about the events that have taken place off stage and between acts.

The Nurse also serves the purpose as a distinct character herself. She is loyal to Porcie, even following her into death after detailing her mistress’ suicide. She is the only character to die on stage, lamenting her incoming death: “Mourons, sus sus mourons, sus, poignard, haste toy,/Sus, jusques au pommeau vien t’enfoncer en moy. [Lets us die, arise, arise, let us die, arise, dagger, hasten,/Arise, up to the very pummel that is going to be thrust into and implanted in me.]” This description of the Nurse gives an ending to the tragedy, both with the account of her mistress’ death but also of her own.
At first, the translation was as very difficult. Sixteenth-century French required a degree of knowledge that I did not possess. Instead of accent marks, there would be additional letters, making it difficult to tell if something was word that I simply did not know, or if it was a word I knew but not with that orthography. The other difficulty was finding the correct terminology to convey the sentiment of a word. While there would be a direct translation, the phrasing and ultimate word choice gives the tragedy the feeling of doom that it is supposed to have.

The act itself was fairly easy to understand. There were few references to historical subjects that I did not understand, thanks to my majors in history and French. This made it easier to translate, since I knew the basic background of what happened in Rome following the assassination of Caesar. In preparing this translation, I relied upon the critical edition by Ternaux.

Overall, I think the tragedy is framed in such a way that it is easy to read. It conveys the correct sentiments that create a generous description for the reader. Though Act V was the shortest in the play, it provides the perfect conclusion to the piece. It was a pleasure to translate it with the help of Dr. Gilman and Kathryn Smith. Without the help of these two remarkable individuals, the act would not have reached its potent quality.
Works Cited


Acte V
La Nourrice. Le Chœur de Romaines

La Nourrice
Accourez Citoyens, accourez, hastez-vous,
Romulides amis, helas, secourez nous,
Quiritez accourez, ceste race divine,
Brute meurt doulement.

La Chœur de Romaines
Las ! quel malheur nouveau
Peut encor’ desastrer de Brute le tombeau ?
Quel estrange accident, quelle horrible infortune
Depuis son dernier sort de rechef l’importune ?
Allons ô troupe aimee, allons voir quel mechef
Ceste pauvre maison atterre de rechef :
Allons, filles, allons.

La Nourrice
O vieillesse chetive !
O femme miserable ! O fortune nuisive !
O malheur ! O malheur !

The Nurse
Come quickly, Citizens, come quickly, hurry,
Friends of Romulus and his heirs, alas, rescue us.
Hasten, Citizens, this divine race,
Brutus dies again.

The Chorus of Roman Women
Alas ! What new misfortune
Can still reign disaster upon Brutus’s tomb ?
What harsh distress, what dreadful misfortune
Since again his last ill-fated destiny
Come, o beloved group, come see what ruin
This poor house again leaves aghast :
Let us depart, daughters, let us depart.

The Nurse
O wretched old age !
O forlorn woman ! O harmful circumstances !
O woe ! O woe !
La Chœur de Romaines
Quel malheur advenu
Te fait ainsi plomber ton estomach chenu ?

La Nourrice
O que ne suis-je morte ! O que ne sui-je en terre !
O qu’un sombre tombeau maintenant ne m’enserre
O malheur ! O malheur !

La Chœur de Romaines
Laisse ces cris piteaux,
Et ne tien nostre esprit plus longuement douteux.

The Chorus of Roman Women
What misfortune that has befallen us
Causes you thus to beat your aged breast ?

The Nurse
O that I am not dead ! O that I am not buried in the ground !
O that a dark tomb does not now embrace me !
O woe ! O woe !

The Chorus of Roman Women
Leave behind these doleful cries,
And no longer keep our mind in further suspense.
La Nourrice
Ces cheveux ja grisons, ces tettes nourricieres,
Et ces tremblantes mains, qui te faisoyent prieres,
N’ont peu donc t’amolir\(^1\) ? n’ont peu doncques n’ont peu
Destourner ce desir que tu avois conceu ?
Que fera désormais ta fidele Nourrice ?
Que fera-t’elle, helas ! sinon qu’elle perisse ?
Ah, mon cher nourriçon, ne cognissois-tu pas Que ta mort avec soy tireroit mon trespas ?
Ne cognissois-tu pas, gemissable Porcie , Que je ne puis sans toy longuement estre en vie ?
Et qu’au milieu des maux que triste tu avois, Ce qui me faisoit vivre, estoit que tu vivois ?
Tu estois lors ma vie, et tu es à ceste heure Celle qui par ta mort est cause que je meure.

The Nurse
This hair already gray, these nourishing breasts,
And these trembling hands, which enact my prayers for you,
Could they not have appeased you ? Could they not have
Turned away this desire that you had conceived ?
Henceforth what will your faithful Nurse do?
Alas, what will she do! Except to perish
Ah, my dear new born child, did you not know That your death would bring along with it my passing away as well ?
Did you not know, oh lamenting Porcie, I cannot continue to live long without you ?
And in the midst of the ills that you sadly lived,
Which have enabled me to live, what were you living for ?
You were at the time my life, and you are at this moment the one who,
Your death is the reason of my death.

\(^1\) amollir
O malheur ! O malheur !

Le Chœur de Romaines
Jamais pauvre Cité,
Ne trouveras-tu fin à ta calamité ?
Las tousjours mal sur mal, miseres sur miseres
Te feront renommer aux terres estrangeres ?
Les meurtres en tes flancs sejourneront
tousjours,
Tandis que ton destin entretiendra son cours ?

La Nourrice
Plorez vostre Cité, mes fideles compagnes,
Qui porte ores, qui porte au front de sept
montages,
Autant d'afflictions et de tourmens divers,
Qu'elle portoit de crainte à tout cest Univers.
Plorez filles plorez, et dites : adieu Romme,
Qu'un renommé malheur pour tout jamais
renomme.

The Chorus of Roman Women
Ever fortunate City,
Do you not find an end to your calamity ?
Always evil upon evil, misery upon misery
You be the server of your fame in foreign lands?
Murders in your flanks will always remain,
While your fate will stay its course ?

The Nurse
Weep for your city, my faithful companions,
Which now brings, to the foot of seven mountains,
As many afflictions and various torments,
That she fearfully bore throughout this entire
Universe.
Weep, daughters, weep, and say : Goodbye Rome,
A famed misfortune ever spread fame for all.
Le Chœur de Romaines

Les pleurs n’ont point tary dans nos larmoyans yeux
Depuis le triple accord de nos trois factieux,
Qui pour mettre à leurs pieds nos franchises premières,
Departirent entre eux les légions guerrières :
Dès lors jamais le fer n’a bougé de nos mains,
Non contre un étranger, mais contre nous Romains.
Le Tybre qui souloit enorgueillir ses rives
Du superbe appareil des despouilles captives,
Que nos Princes vaillans troyent de toutes pars,
Ne charge plus ses flots que de nos estendars.

The Chorus of Roman Women

Tears have not dried in our weeping eyes
Since the trifold agreement of our seditious three,
Who, in order to put at their feet our first freedoms,
Have divided among themselves legions of warriors:
Since then the sword has never moved from their hands
Not against a foreigner, but against us Romans.
The Tiber which was accustomed to exult its banks
With its arrogant display of captive spoils,
That our valiant princes drew from every part of our world
No longer fills its waves except with our warring banners.

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2 Julius Caesar, Pompeii, Crassus
La Nourrice
Or il est temps d'ouvrir la porte à ta tristesse,
Il est temps de mourir, langoureuse vieillesse,
Vieillesse longoureuse, hélas ! qu'attends-tu plus
Que tu ne te vas rendre en un tombeau reclus ?
Sus, voicy le poignard, que ta Maistresse aimee
Print pour homicider sa poitrine entamee,
Tu l'ostas de ses mains, cuidant par tel effort
Luy avoir bien osté la cause de sa mort.
Mais ce fut vainement : car par une autre sorte
Elle estouffâ son cœur dans sa poitrine morte :
T'enseignant le moyen d'esteindre tes douleurs,
Et tes cuisans regrets autrement que par pleurs.
Sus donc mon estomach, engoule ceste lame,
A fin de te rejoindre aux ombres de ta Dame.

The Nurse
Now is time to open the gate to your sadness,
Now is time to die, languishing old age,
Languishing old age, alas! Do you expect anything more
Than to render yourself to a solitary tomb?
Arise! Here is the dagger that your beloved mistress
Took to bring death to her violated breast,
You seized it from her hands believing such an effort
To have indeed robbed her of the cause of death.
But this was in vain: for through another means
She suffocated her heart in her dead breast.
Teaching her the way to extinguish your pain,
And your brooding regrets rather than through your tears.
Arise! Thus thrust this blade into my inner being.
In order to be united with the shades of your Lady.
Le Chœur de Romaines
Raconte nous sa mort, Nourrice, et dy comment
Elle a peu maugré tous mourir si vistement.
Que monstre ce poignard ? et pourquoi si soudaine
Veux-tu en t’outrageant haster ta mort prochaine ?

La Nourrice
O pere Jupiter !

La Chœur de Romaines
Et qu’est-ce que tu crains,
Et qu’est-ce qui te fait destordre ainsi les mains ?
Las, depuis tant d’hyvers les Immortels severes
Ne nous ont-ils assez endurcis aux miserés ?
Y-a-t-il malencontre, y-a-t-il mal aucun,
Y-a-t-il accident qui ne nous soit commun ?
Conte nous hardiment, nous sommes preparees

The Chorus of Roman Women
Recount to us her death, Nurse, and how
In spite of everything she could swiftly die.
What could this daggard tell us ? And why so suddenly
While abusing you, do you wish to hasten your approaching death ?

The Nurse
O father Jupiter !

The Chorus of Roman Women
And what do you fear,
And what causes you to wring your hands ?
Alas, for so many winters have pitiless Immortels
Not harden us sufficiently against misery ?
Is there any misfortune, is there any evil,
Is there any mishap that may not be common to us ?
Tell us forthrightly and plainly, we are prepared from now on
A n’ouir désormais que choses malheurees :
Reprens un peu le cœur.

La Nourrice
Je sens mon mal s’aigrir
D’autant que je m’efforce à vous le découvrir.

Le Chœur de Romaines
« La douleur s’amoindrit quand elle est racontée.

La Nourrice
« La douleur qu’on découvre est beaucoup augmentée.

Le Chœur de Romaines
« Raconter ses ennuis n’est que les exhaler.

La Nourrice
« Raconter ses ennuis, c’est les renouveler.

Le Chœur de Romaines
Conte les toutesfois.

Only hear woeful things :
Take courage.

The Nurse
I feel my heart becoming bitter
As much as I strive to open up to you.

The Chorus of Roman Women
Pain is lessened when it is confessed.
The pain that is uncovered is very much increased.
Recounting his troubles only vents them.
Recounting his troubles makes them.
Confess them nonetheless.
La Nourrice

Quand ma pauvre maîtresse
Eut entendu que Brute, avecque la noblesse
Qui combattoit pour luy d'un si louable cueur,
Avoit esté desfaict, et qu'Antoine vainqueur
Luy renvoyoit son corps, qu'à grand'
sollicitude
Il avoit recherché parmi la multitude :
Apres force regrets qu'elle fit sur sa mort,
Apres qu'elle eut long temps ploré son triste
sort,
Retiree en sa chambre, entreprit, demi-mort,
De borner ses langueurs par quelque briefve
sorte :
Elle eut recours au fer pour s'en player le sein,
Mais nous qui l'advisant, accourusmes
soudain,
Luy ostames des mains et tout ce dont la rage,

The Nurse

When my poor mistress
Had heard that Brutus, with his nobility,
That fought for him with such praiseworthy
courage,
Had been killed and that Antony the
vanquisher
Was returning to her his body, that with great
concern
He had sought among the masses :
After she burst open her regrets that she made
on his death
After she had for a long time wept over his sad
fate,
Withdrawn into her room, after she undertook
half-dead,
To limit her sorrows by some swift means :
She resorted to the sword to wound her breast,
But we who counseling her, suddenly ran to
her,
Seized her hands and everything that was
enraging,
Beante apres sa mort luy pouvoit faire outrage. Gaping after his death could cause her to resort to extremes.
Mais ce fut bien en vain : car coignissant que But that was in vain : for knowing we
nous Wanted to turn her away from following her
La voulions destourner de suivre son espous, Husband
Nous montra par effect, que celle qui decrete Showed us indeed, that one who decrees
La mort en son esprit, n’en peut estre distraite. Death in mind and spirit cannot be turned away from it.
Elle pensa songearde et repensa pour lors In her dreams she thought and thought deeply
Comment elle pourroit desanimer son corps : How she could deaden her body:
Puis ayant à par soy sa mort determinee, Then having determined her death by herself,
Languissante s’assied pres de la cheminee, She sits down, languishing at the fireplace,
Et ne voyant personne à l’entour du foyer, And seeing no one around the hearth,
Qui semblast, soupçonneux, la vouloir espier, Who appeared, suspiciously, wanting to spy
Prend des charbons ardans, et, d’un regard upon her,
farouche She takes burning coals, and, with a savage
Guignant deça delà, les enferme en sa bouche : glance,
Les devale au gosier, puis se venant serrer Looking all around, here and there, encloses
Et la bouche et le nez de peur de respirer, them in her mouth:
She throws them into her throat, then gradually
Shutting both her mouth and nose for fear of breathing,
S’estouffa de ses mains, et tombant renversee,
Nous fit bien presumer qu’elle fut trespassée.
Nous accourons au bruit, et chacune de nous,
S’arrachant les cheveux, se martelant de coups,
Eleve un cry semblable à celuy qu’en Phrygie
Les Corybantes font celebrant leur Orgie,
Lors que le mont Ida resonne des grands cris
Qu’ils hurlent par troupeaux, troublez de leurs esprits.
Ou semblable à celuy des matrones Troyennes,
Lors que le feu rampoit aux tours
Dardaniennes,
Que leurs temples ardoient, et que leurs ennemis
Esgorgeoyent, desloyaux, leurs espous endormis.
Or nous la redressons, et plus mourantes qu’elle,
Toutes nous l’accusons, nous l’appelons cruelle,
Nous luy tirons des dents quelques charbons de feu,
Nous lui tastons le sein qui sangloitoit un peu :
Nous lui tastons de ses mains, et tombant renversee,
Nous fit bien presumer qu’elle fut trespassée.
Nous accourons au bruit, et chacune de nous,
S’arrachant les cheveux, se martelant de coups,
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Que leurs temples ardoient, et que leurs ennemis
Esgorgeoyent, desloyaux, leurs espous endormis.
Or nous la redressons, et plus mourantes qu’elle,
Toutes nous l’accusons, nous l’appelons cruelle,
Nous luy tirons des dents quelques charbons de feu,
Nous lui tastons le sein qui sangloitoit un peu :
Une palle froideur luy glaçoit le visage,
Qui de sa prompte mort nous donnoit
tesmoignage :
Puis, avec un soupir qu'elle poussa dehors,
Elle poussa la vie et l'ame de son corps.

Chœur
O triste langueur !
O malheur qui nous suit !
O peuple vainqueur,
Las, te voila destruit !
Que le jour qui luit
Dessus ceste Cité,
Voile sous la nuit
Sa luisante clairtée.
Que le Ciel voûté
Des Dieux pleins de courrous
Son foudre appresté
Bouleverse sur nous.
Les Tygres et Lous,
Cruels hostes des bois,
Se monstrent plus dous
Que les hommes cent fois.

Chorus
O pale coldness glazed over her face,
That gave us testimony of her swift death:
Then with a sigh she exhaled,
She expelled her life and soul from her body.

O sad sad grief!
O woe which follows us!
O victorious people,
Alas, here you are finished !
May the day that shines
Over this City,
Veil under the night
Its shiny brightness.
May the vaulted sky
Of the Gods filled with wrath,
Its lightning at hand
Shatters us.
Tigers and Wolves,
Cruel denizes of the woods,
Appear a hundred times milder
than men.
La Nourrice
Chantons d’une voix
Brute nostre support,
Brute que nos Rois
Ont conduit à la mort.

Chœur
Or’ que tu es mort,
Las, helas ! nous mourons,
Nous plorons ton sort,
Brute, nous te plorons !
Las ! nous demeurons
Comme le tronc d’un corps,
Dont l’ame est dehors,
Brute, nous te plorons !

The Nurse
Let us sing with one voice
Of Brutus our sustaining force,
Of Brutus whom our Kings
Have led to his death.

The Choir
Since you have died,
Alas, alas! we die,
We weep over your fate,
Brutus, we weep for you!
Alas! we live
As the torso of a body,
From which the soul has escaped,
Brutus, we weep for you!
As long as we live,
We will live in distress
Living without you,
Brutus, we weep for you!
Since we go
Under the hand of the conquerers,
Filled with sighs,
Brutus, we weep for you!
La Nourrice

C'est assez pour luy,
Nostre Brute est contant,
Faites qu'aujourd'hui
Porcie en ait autant.

Chœur

Reçoy nos douleurs,
Et nos soupirs aigrets :
Enten nos regrets,
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.
Enten les langueurs,
Qui troublent nos esprits :
Las ! enten nos cris,
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.
Regarde aux malheurs
Que pourtraits sur nos fronts
Pour toy nous souffrons,
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.
Qu'un printemps de fleurs
Naisse dessus tes os,
Enten nos sanglots,
Porcie, enten nos pleurs.

The Nurse

That is enough about him,
Our Brutus is at rest,
Have Porcie have
Enough of this today.

Chorus

Receive our sorrows,
And our sighs
Hear our regrets
Porcie, hear our tears.
Hear our sighs,
That trouble our spirits:
Alas! hear our cries,
Porcie, hear our laments.
Look at the woes
That are portraits on our foreheads
We suffer for you,
Porcie, hear our laments.
May a springtime of flowers
Be born upon your bones,
Hear our sobs,
Porcie, hear our laments.
La Nourrice
Mes filles, c'est assez, vos complaintes plorees
Ont bien suffisamment leurs Ombres honorees.
Las, ne les plorez plus, ils sont mieux fortune
Que nous qui demeurons dans nos corps obstinez.
Ils ne ressentent point la fureur des trois hommes,
Ils ne connoissent rien du servage où nous sommes :
Ils vivent en repos, affranchis des langueurs
Qu'ils eussent enduré sous ces Tyrans vaincureurs.
Plorez, filles plorez pour vos propres miseres,
Qui retiendrez icy vos ames prisonnières,
Plorez vostre malheur, plorez, helas ! plorez
Les infinis tourmens que vous endurerez.
Quant à moy, qui suivray les pas de ma Maistresse,
Je n'ay pas de besoin de plorer ma vieillesse.
Ce poignard que je tiens, ce poignard que voicy,

The Nurse
My daughters, that is enough, your doleful laments
Have indeed sufficiently honored their Shades.
Alas, not longer shed your tears ; they know a better fortune
That we who remain in our unflinching bodies.
They do not feel the fury of the three men,
They know nothing of servitude that we experience where we are:
They live in peace, freed from the suffering
They had endured under these vanquishing Tyrants.
Weep, my daughters weep for your own miseries,
Which will keep your imprisoned souls here,
Weep for your misfortune weep, alas! weep
The infinite torments that you will endure.
As for myself, who will follow in the footsteps of my Mistress,
I do not need to weep in my old age.
This dagger that I hold, this dagger that you see here,
M’enferrant l’estomach m’ostera ce soucy.
Mais que tardé-je tant ? qu’attendé-je musarde,
Qu’ores je ne deromps ma poitrine vieillarde ?
Quelle frayeur m’assaut ? quelle glaceuse peur
Piroïetant en moy me vient geler le cœur ?
C’est en vain, c’est en vain, ma mort est arrestée,
Et desja mon esprit voit l’onde Acherontée.
Mourons, sus sus mourons, sus, poignard, haste
toy,
Sus, jusques au pommeau vien t’enfoncer en moy.

FIN.

Piercing my stomach will release me from this care.
But what delays me so much ? In this
dreamlike state what am I waiting for ?
That now I do not tear apart my aged breast ?
What terror assults me? How frozen fear
Whirling within me comes to stiffen my heart
with cold?
It is in vain, it is in vain, my death is decreed,
And already my spirit sees the wave of
Acheron.
Lets us die, arise, arise, let us die, arise, dagger,
hasten,
Arise, up to the very pummel that is going to
be thrust into and implanted in me.

END.