Jean de la Taille's La Famine, ou Les Gabeonites (1573)
An English Translation of Act II

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

by

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Abstract

One of the greatest challenges in translating any work from a foreign language into English is correctly conveying the meaning of the author’s thoughts and statements. It often involves a bit of interpretation and artistic license on the part of the translator. However, translating a work that is centuries old brings in even more difficulties with differences in vocabulary, syntax, content, and context. For my senior thesis, I translated Act II of French playwright Jean de la Taille’s play *La Famine, ou Les Gabeonites*. I have translated the act on my own with the help of Randle Cotgrave’s “A Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues” of 1611 and the Oxford-English Dictionary Online and later worked on improving that translation with a group of students and with Dr. Donald Gilman, an expert in the field of sixteenth-century French Literature. With the aid of these sources, I believe that I have produced a suitable translation.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Dr. Donald Gilman for aiding and familiarizing me with the translation process. He helped immensely when I needed assistance in correctly conveying the meaning of the text into colloquial English. I would also like to thank Kathryn Smith—another student who translated the first act of *La Famine, ou Les Gabeonites*—as well as Stasi Meyers, who aided in refining my translations during our collaborative sessions.
Introduction

When I set out to translate Jean de la Taille’s play, *La Famine, ou les Gabeonites*, I did not realize the massive undertaking. The translation of any work is difficult, of course, but de la Taille’s writing style made this translation extremely difficult for several reasons.

One of the main obstacles I encountered while working on my translation of Act II was the particular syntax that is used throughout the play. Modern French—the style I am most familiar with—builds sentences much like English, with a subject, followed by a verb, and completed by the predicate. In de la Taille’s work, however, the sentences are written with the pieces often in a peculiar, seemingly nonsensical order. Some sentences end with the subject and some begin with the predicate. This extremely unusual syntax made translation difficult, especially because not all sentences shared this strange sentence format. However, in spite of these syntactical challenges, were some sentences that were formatted in a more “normal” sense. The constant changes added to the struggle.

Similarly, as were many writers during de la Taille’s era, this author elaborates and embellishes the elaborations of his thoughts extensively. Many sentences go on for one half of a page, which makes it easy to lose focus on the subject he is actually trying to address in the sentence. In order to correctly convey the meaning of the lines, I sometimes had to rearrange entire lines, moving them up or down in the order so that I could assure a clear rendering. It was also difficult at times to know exactly what de la Taille was trying to say with these long sentences. It often involved a bit of interpretation on my part, another obstacle to overcome during this translation experience.

Perhaps the most taxing problem I encountered while translating this particular text was the heavy allusions to Biblical stories and happenings. During de la Taille’s time, the majority of
spectators and readers would be familiar with the Biblical references made in the work. This story of Saul, Merobe, and Rezefe that was told in the second act refers largely to the books of Samuel 1 and Samuel 2 in the Old Testament. Occasionally, I did not fully comprehend de la Taille’s thoughts since he was referring to obscure biblical names, places, or events. As such, I had to consult the King James Bible in order to correctly translate his words. Sifting through the two books of Samuel took a great deal of time, effort, and energy because I had to search for specific references. A reading of these books, then, elucidated de la Taille’s text more to place Saul, Merobe, and Rezefe’s story within it context.

The originality of this thesis also presented another major challenge. Because it had never before been translated into English, I did not have any kind of precedent to look to when I encountered hurdles while translating.

Eventually I was able to overcome all difficulties of translation, and I believe, I have rendered, I believe, an accurate but readable translation of Act II of Jean de la Taille’s *La Famine, ou Les Gabeonites*. This translation exercise proved much more difficult than I originally imagined, and I encountered hardships I had never seen before when translating more modern pieces in French. Through this intense workshop session, I believe that I have grown in my French abilities, and I have also come to further appreciate the beauty of French literature.
Works Cited


ACTE SECONDE

MEROBE fille de Saül : et REZEFÉ femme de Saül

REZEFÉ
O de mes maulx la compagne fealle,
Pourquoi plains-tu ceste famine palle,
Chere Merobe ? O qu’a ma voulenté
Tout nostre peuple elle eut ja sacmenté !
Si l’on regarde au mal qui se propose.
Ja ja le sort redoublant ses allarmes
Nous vient darder nouveau subject de larmes.

MEROBE
O toy, de qui pour le present j’emprunte
L’affection de ma mere defuncte,
Mon seul soulas et reconfort unique,
Quel est ce sort qui de nouveau s’applique
A nos malheurs, et, prodigue de maus,
Encontre nouse atize ses assaus !

SECOND ACT

MEROBE, Saul’s daughter: and REZEFÉ, Saul’s wife

REZEFÉ
Oh, faithful companion of my woes,
Why do you lament this piercing famine,
Dear Merobe? Oh, how, because of my desire
It has already slaughtered all our people!
For we have scarcely suffered
If one sees the agony that is expected.
Already, already destiny increasingly sounding
its alarms
Arrives and hurls at us a new reason for grief.

MEROBE
Oh you, whose
Affection for my deceased mother, I am
beholden at this moment,
My only solace and single comfort,
What is this fate which again aggravates
Our misfortunes, and, lavish in its woes,
Embellishes its assaults against us!
REZEF

Ce grand Seigneur, ce grand Dieu qui de rien
Bastit le rond de ce val terrien,
C’est luy, c’est luy qui contre nous conspire :
Car ceste hayne, et ceste bouillante ire
Que dans son cœur jadis à clous d’aimant
Contre Saül il alloit imprimant,
Durent encor, et sans estre souillees,
Vont aboyans aux cendres Saülées.
O Seigneur Dieu es-tu si coloré,
Que tu ne sois encor desalteré
De nostre sang aprés la mort du roy ?

MEROBE

Veu que l’air n’est toujours sombre de soy,
Veu que tousjours l’Ocean n’est depit,
Mais a par fois des Aquilons repit :
Veu qu’à la fin les torrents se tarissent :
Veu qu’à la fin les pierres s’aplainissent :
Veu qu’à la fin l’arbre superbe tombe :
Veu que le fer à la rouille succombe :

REZEF

This great Lord, this great God who built from nothing
This round earthly valley,
It is he, it is he who conspires against us:
For this hatred, and this boiling anger
That he was formerly impinging upon his heart,
With magnetic-like nails against Saul,
Still remain, and without being defiled,
They are crying out at Saul’s ashes.
Oh, dear Lord, are you so angered
That you have not yet quenched your thirst
With our blood after the death of the king?

MEROBE

Seeing that the air not always being dark in itself,
Seeing that the ocean not always being angry,
But now and then finding rest in Aquilon winds:
Seeing in the end the torrents drying up:
Seeing in the end rocks not being leveled:
Seeing in the end the proud tree falling:
Seeing in the end iron succumbing to rust:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>French</th>
<th>English</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Veu qu’à la fin les diamans se fendent,</td>
<td>Seeing in the end the diamonds being broken</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et qu’à leur fin toutes choses se redent,</td>
<td>to pieces,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O Eternel, faut-il que tu retiennes</td>
<td>And that at their end, all things yielding,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sus les mortels tousjours les ires tiennes?</td>
<td>Oh Eternal God, must you always</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Channel your anger upon mortals?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REZEFÉ</td>
<td>REZEFÉ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si tu avois telle inimitié prise</td>
<td>If you had exerted such a hatred</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dessus ton Oinct pour sa faute commise,</td>
<td>Upon your Anointed One for his committed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N’estoit-ce assez que l’esprit de Satan</td>
<td>offense,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Le tormentast d’un diabolique tan ? N’estoit ce</td>
<td>Was it not enough that the spirit of Satan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>assez que le destin le feit</td>
<td>Torment him with a diabolic fury?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourreau de soy lors qu’il fut deconfit,</td>
<td>Was it not enough that fate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avec ses fils en la triste journee</td>
<td>Makes him an executioner of himself when he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qui fut jadis sus Gelboë donnee ?</td>
<td>was defeated,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N’estoit-ce assez qu’Isbozet en traison</td>
<td>With his sons on that sad day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fut assommé de ceux qu’Abner perdit la vie</td>
<td>Which was formerly inflicted upon Gelboe?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Injustement par les fils de Sarvie ?</td>
<td>Was it not enough that Isbozet, who, because</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bref, n’est-ce assez que la maison de Cis</td>
<td>of treachery,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Was struck down by those of his house?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Was it not enough that Abner who lost his life</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Unjustly at the hands of the sons of Sarvie?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>In short, was it not enough that the house of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cis</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Aye tant veu de ses seigneurs occis,
S'il ne failloit qu'ores le residu
Du sang royal fust aussi respandu ?

MEROBE
Comment sceav'ous qu'il est predestine,
Que nostre sang soit tout exterminé ?
Qui vous l'a dit ?

REZEFÉ
Ceste nuict precedente
M'en a donné la notice evidente.
Doncques ainsi que la nuit estoillee
La terre avoit d'un manteau brun voilee,
Un doux repos incognu ja pieça
Mon corps lassé dans mon lit ambrassa :
Voicy soudain que mon espous j'avise,
Le roy SAUL, las, bien d'un autre guise
Qu'il n'estoit lors quand le Voyant de Dieu
L'etablit roy dessus le peuple Hebreiu,
Ou quand luy chef du camp Israelite,
Saw the slaughter of its lords,
If only the rest of the royal blood
Was now to be spilled?

MEROBE
How do you know that it has been ordained,
That our people be completely annihilated?
Who told you that?

REZEFÉ
The previous night
Gave me clear evidence.
So just as the star-filled night
Had veiled the earth with a brown cloak,
A calm, unknown rest embraced
My wearied body which had been in my bed
already for a long time:
Suddenly, as I catch sight of my husband,
Behold king SAUL, drained, indeed he was
not like that at the time
When the prophet of God
Established him as king over the Hebrew people,
Or when he, as leader of the Israelite camp,
Hastened his enemies to flee far away!
Alas, he did not have this swashbuckling
demeanor,
But completely defeated, hideous, and
lamenting!
You would have seen his body totally sullied
with blood,
His caved-in eye, his completely wan face,
His chalky head, and his filthy beard;
But I was still elated to see him again,
When he, shaking his melancholy head:
“Are you sleeping (he said) oh, my chaste
wife?
Ah, can you indeed sleep at this time,
Oh, crazed one, alas, without having any care
For our poor neighbor? But leave early,
Go into hiding, in order to preserve
Our family line, and Merobe’s:
Hasten, so that it not be stolen from us
In order to satisfy your hunger tomorrow,
Which will end if my people die:
Such is God’s dreadful destiny.
Above, awaken from your slumber, and strive
in every possible way
Que nostre sang à mort ne soit livré.
Que trembles-tu? Ce que tu vois est vrai. »
Lors d’un horreur mon sommeil s’envola,
Puis estendant mes bras de ce côté là,
Je m’esforçoy mon espoux d’accoller,
Quand je le voy peu à peu s’écouler
Hors de mes yeux, ainsi que la fumée.

MEROBE
Hà, faut-il donc, ô race bienaymée,
Que par ta mort meure nostre famine,
Et qu’Israël vive par ta ruine?
Ah, que la peste et la mortalité,
Et des fléaux, qui du Dieu dépité.
Furent décorés sur le Nil endurecy,
Ores sur nous peltent sans mercy,
Devant, hélas, qu’orfeline j’en soy,
Afin qu’autrui de mon ennuy ayt joye.
Verray-je donc mourir les enfans nostres
Incontinent pour donner vie aux autres?

That our family may not be given over to
death.
What are you trembling at? What you see is true.”
While my night terror took flight,
Then extending my arms on both sides,
I tried to embrace my husband,
When I saw him evaporating little by little
Out of my sight, just like smoke.

MEROBE
Ah, is it necessary, then, oh my beloved people
For our starvation to die through your death,
And for Israel to live through your destruction?
Ah, for the plague and death,
And scourges that
Were flung on the obstinate Nile by a harsh God
Now before I am orphaned,
These hardships pelt us mercilessly,
So that others may rejoice in my misery.
Thus, will I, right now see our children die
In order to give life to others?
Non, non, l’amour de mes fils est plus forte
Que celle-là qu’à mon pays je porte.

REZEF
O mes chers fils, l’espoir de vostre mere,
Le seur estoc de Saül vostre père,
Duquel en tout vous retenez l’image:
Car tel son front, tel estoit son visage,
Il vous avoit le col ainsi haussé,
L’épaule large, et le poil retroussé,
Un tel marcher, un tel port venerable,
Un tel regard et meintien tout semblable.
Bref, ô mes fils, pour ce qu’en vous je voy
De vostre père encor je ne scay quoy,
Vous empeschez mon ame de le suivre,
Et en mes maux vous me faites survivre.
C’est, c’est par vous qu’il me faut supplier

No, no, the love for my sons is stronger
Than that which I bear for my country.

REZEF
Oh, my dear sons, the hope of your mother,
The eager heir of Saul your father,
Whom you resemble so completely:
For such was his forehead, such was his face,
He had held his head so high for you,
His wide shoulders, and his thick hair,
Such was his gait, such was his esteemed bearing,
Such was his expression and such was his completely similar demeanor.
In sum, oh my sons, for I see some of your father in you,
That I still cannot grasp,
You prevent my soul from following him,
And you continue to have me live on in my misery,
It is, it is through you that I must again implore
Encores Dieu, et le bien singulier
De defier toutes adversitez
En mes malheurs encore vous m’ostez.
Quand est-ce helas, que la mort paternelle
Vous vangerez sus Achis le rebelle ?
Et quand, vainqueurs de son dieu Ascarot,
Vous destruirez Gaze, Geth, et Azot ?
Quand vous verray-je, helas, sus Israel,
Reconquester le sceptre paternel ?
Quand rendez-vous nostre race heritiere
De son estat et dignite premiere ?
Quand verron’-nous la semence de Jude
Soubs Benjamin remise en servitude ?
Quand verssons-nous hors du siege royal,
Chassé David, comme le desloyal
Vous a chassez ? ou bien quand verron’-nous
Dessus Joabe, Abner vangé par vous ?

Encores Dieu, et le bien singulier
De defier toutes adversitez
En mes malheurs encore vous m’ostez.
Quand est-ce helas, que la mort paternelle
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Vous a chassez ? ou bien quand verron’-nous
Dessus Joabe, Abner vangé par vous ?

God, and you still take from me the particular
ability
To defy all adversity
In my misfortune.
When, alas, will you avenge your father’s
death,
On Achis, the rebel?
And when, conquerors of his god Ascarot,
Will you destroy Gaze, Geth, and Azot?
And when will I see you, alas, triumph over
Israel,
Reconquering your father’s royal scepter?
When will you give your people, inheritors
Of his state and rightful dignity?
When will you see the seed of Jude
Placed back again into servitude under
Benjamin?
When will we see David driven away
From the royal throne, like the traitor, who
Has expelled you? Or indeed when will we see
Abner avenged by you over Joabe?

Ah, il n’est temps, il n’est temps, ô nous folles,
Ah, it is not time, it is not time, oh, we who
De s'amuser à ces souhaits frivolles!
Vivons, vivons, que la vie suffise,
Si les destins l'ont encore premise!

REZEFÉ
Mais à nos fils quelles places secrètes
Donnerons-nous pour fidèles retraites?
Et en quel lieu pourroient-ils estre seurs?

MEROBE
Dans le tombeau de leurs predecessors,
De Cis, de Ner, et dans les cemeteres
De Saül mesme, Isbozet et ses freres.

REZEFÉ
Je tremble, helas, que ce lieu tenebreus
A la parfin ne soit malencontreux.

MEROBE
Mais nos enfants seront plutost dehors
De tout danger, si on les cuido morts.

are crazed,
To amuse ourselves with these frivolous desires!
Let us live, let us live, may life suffice,
If the fates have again allowed it!

REZEFÉ
But what hidden places will we give
To our sons as secure retreats
And where could they be safe?

MEROBE
In the tomb of their ancestors,
Of Cis, of Ner, and even in the cemeteries
Of Saul, Isobozet and his brothers.

REZEFÉ
Alas, I fear that this dark place
In the end may be one of doom.

MEROBE
But our children will also be out of
Every danger if they are believed to be dead.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>REZÉFE</th>
<th>REZÉFE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Si on le sçait ?</td>
<td>And if one finds out?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celons nostre dessein.</td>
<td>Let’s conceal our plan.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REZÉFE</td>
<td>REZÉFE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si on les cherche?</td>
<td>If people look for them?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ils sont ja morts de faim.</td>
<td>They have already died of starvation.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REZÉFE</td>
<td>REZÉFE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais faudra-t-il qu’ils soient toujours cachez ?</td>
<td>But will it be necessary for them to always be hidden?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mais seront-ils aussi toujours cherchez ?</td>
<td>But will they also always be hunted?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>REZÉFE</td>
<td>REZÉFE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A la parfin quelqu’un nous trahira.</td>
<td>In the end someone will betray us.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
<td>MERÖBE</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Nostre ennemy tandis s'adoucira,
Et Dieu toujours ne sera coléré

REZEFÉ
Las, quelle peur en les cachant j'auray!

MEROBE
« Que l’asseuré se sauve comme il veut,
« Mais le chetif se sauve comme il peut.
Doncq’ sauvon’-les ainsi que nous pourrons
A ce jourdhuy, puis nous les cacherons,
La nuit venue, en quelque humble cité
De Benjamin, pour mieux estre en seurte.
N’avons-nous pas Jabes en la Galade,
Pour nos larcins convenable brigade,
Et qui du bien du roy epoinçonnee,
Soulagera volontiers sa lignee ?

REZEFÉ
Donc ce pendant, ô mon espous, reçoys
Tes chers enfans que j’inhume avec toy
Comme ja morts, si tu ne les défens :

During that time our enemy will be assuaged,
And God will not always be angry.

REZEFÉ
Alas, what fear will I have in hiding them!

MEROBE
“Let the fearless be saved as he wishes,
“But let the fearful be saved as best he can.
Let us therefore save them just as we can
On this very day, then we will hide them,
After night has fallen, in some humble
City
Of Benjamin in order to be safer.
Do we not have Jabes in the Galade,
A suitable force for reclaiming our children,
And who will gladly relieve his people
That has been incited by the king’s riches?

REZEFÉ
Thus, oh my husband, receive nevertheless,
Your dear children, whom I bury with you
Like those already dead lest you not defend
Doncques venez, venez mes chers enfants
Vous enterrer, à fin que vous viviez.
Mais qu’avez-vous? Je voy que vous fuiez
D’entrer dedans une tombe si laide,
Mais, las, il faut qu’à la fortune on cede.
Despouillez-moy vos coeurs fiers et constans,
Et vestez ceux que vous donne le temps.
Mettez, mettez la paternelle gloire,
Et Jonathan hors de vostre mémoire.
Laschez la bride à la chance mauvaise,
Et à fin d’estre orgueilleux à vostre aise
Une autre fois, qu’ores l’orgueil vous tombe.

MEROBE
Venez, venez entrer vifs à la tombe,
Ains que tous morts ce jour on vous y mette :

MEROBE
So come, come my dear children,
To be buried, so that you may live.
But what do you have? I see that you are fleeing
From entering inside this so ugly tomb,
But alas, you must yield to fortune,
Lay bare to me your proud and steadfast hearts,
And vest yourselves with those that time grants to you.
Put on, put on, the paternal glory,
And vest yourselves with those that time grants to you
Put on, put on, the paternal glory,
And put Jonathan outside your memory
Let bad luck run free,
And in order to be proud to the fullest extent
At another time, rather than now when pride overcomes you.

Come, come, enter the tomb alive,
Just as all dead are placed there today:
Vous y aurez (comme je souhaite)
Quelque salut, si Dieu de nous a cure,
Ou s’il nous hayt vous aurez sepulture.

LE CHŒUR
« Pour neant l’humaine force
« De contredire s’efforcece
« A l’ordonnance fatalle,
« Car ny puissance royalle,
« Ny d’estre vaillant et fort,
« Ny d’avoir l’esprit accort,
« Ny mesmes l’expérience
« De la magique science,
« Ne sçauoit contrevenir
« A ce qu’il doit avenir :
« Car qui mesme auroit presage
« Au vray du futur dommage,
« Et seroit avant-certein
« Des menasses du destin,
« Si ne peut-il, quoy qu’il face,
« Tromper ce qui le menace.
« Voyla pourquoi Dieu se rit
« Des humains, qui leur esprit

CHORUS
“For no apparent purpose human strength
strives
“To oppose the fatal command
“For neither royal power,
“Nor being valiant and strong,
“Nor having a quick mind,
“Not even the insight
“Into occult knowledge,
“Could counter
“What must occur:
“For even he who would foresee
“The truth of future loss,
“And who would be certain in advance
“Of the threat of destiny.
“Whatever he may face, if he cannot,
“Circumvent what threatens him.
“That’s why God laughs at
“Humans, who employ their minds
« Employent par vaine cure
« Contre la chose future.
« Car quand le destin on craint
« Lors le destin nous r’attaint,
« En tant plutot on l’avance
« Quand echapper on le pense.
Tesmoings en sont nos ayeus,
Qui de leur frere envieux
Par leurs craintes accomplirent
L’effet de ce qu’ils craignent.
Tesmoing le roy de Memphis,
Qui voulant l’arrest prefis
Du ciel à son dam, destuire,
Ne sçeuist oncq Moïse occire,
Combien que les enchanteurs
Luy predissent ses malheurs,
Des l’heure que l’enfant mesme
Saboula son diadème ;
Tesmoing encor ce devin,
Qui contre l’arrest divin,
Voulant Israël maudire,
Fut contrainct de le benire.
SAUL est aussi tesmoing,
Qui pour la peine et le soing
In vain against future happenings.
For when one fears fate,
Then destiny overtakes us again,
And, rather, when we think we have escaped fate,
Rather, it comes upon us that much more.
Our forefathers have witnessed it—
Our forefathers, who, jealous of their brothers
Fulfilled through their fears
The result of what they feared.
Witness the king of Memphis,
Who, wanting to destroy, to its misfortune,
The predestined decree of Heaven,
Never knew how to kill Moses,
Although the oracles
Predicted to him his misfortunes,
Since the very hour that the child himself
Tossed away his crown;
Again witness this seer,
Who, wanting to curse Israel countering divine decree,
Was forced to bless it.
Saul is also a witness
Who through the pain and care that one saw
Qu’en vain on luy a veu prendre,
Pour exterminer son gendre,
Ne sçeust faire que David
A la par fin ne ravit,
Par l’ordonnance divine,
De son regne la saisine.
Si donc en l’arrest du ciel
Dieu n’admet aucun rappel,
En vain Merobe labeure,
Que sa lignee ne meure,
Car si Dieu leur a prefis
La mort, rien n’ayd’ra ses fils.

Him take in vain,
In order to wipe out his people,
Did not know how to prevent
David from snatching away at the end
The possession of his kingdom,
That was divinely decreed.
If therefore God does not condone any
recourse,
Merobe toils in vain
Against the decree of Heaven;
May her heirs not die,
For if God predestined death to them
Nothing will help her children.