

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

Translated and adapted By Frank J. Morlock C 2003

Table of Contents

<u>ARMIDA By Quinault 1686</u>	1
<u>Translated and adapted By Frank J. Morlock C 2003</u>	1

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

Translated and adapted By Frank J. Morlock C 2003

This Etext is for private use only. No republication for profit in print or other media may be made without the express consent of the Copyright Holder. The Copyright Holder is especially concerned about performance rights in any media on stage, cinema, or television, or audio or any other media, including readings for which an entrance fee or the like is charge. Permissions should be addressed to: Frank Morlock, 6006 Greenbelt Rd, #312, Greenbelt, MD 20770, USA or frankmorlock@msn.com. Other works by this author may be found at <http://www.cadytech.com/dumas/personnage.asp?key=130>

Etext by Dagny

+++++

PROLOGUE:

CHARACTERS

GLORY

Troupe of Heroes who follow Glory

WISDOM

Troupe of nymphs who follow Wisdom

+++++

The stage represents a palace.

GLORY: Everybody in the universe
Must yield to the splendid hero I love.
The endeavours of enemies, the ices of winter,
The rocks, the streams, the seas,
Nothing can stop the ardor of his intense valor.

WISDOM: Everybody in the universe must yield
To the splendid hero that I love.
He knows the art of keeping all monsters in chains.
He is the absolute master of a hundred diverse nations,
And even more master of himself.

GLORY AND WISDOM: Everybody in the universe must yield
To the splendid hero that I love.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

WISDOM AND HER SUITE: Let's sing of the sweetness of his rule.

GLORY AND HER SUITE: Let's sing of his glorious exploits.

GLORY AND WISDOM: With equal tenderness,
We love the same conqueror.

WISDOM: Proud Glory, it's you.

GLORY: Sweet Wisdom, it's you.

GLORY AND WISDOM: It's you who share with me, his great heart.

GLORY: I'll take him away from you so long as the war lasts,
But in peace you will take him from me.
You rule in secret with this wise king,
The destiny of the whole earth.

WISDOM: Victory has followed this hero everywhere.
But to demonstrate his love to Glory,
He uses peace even better
Than victory.
In the midst of the rest that he assures to humans
Under his powerful hands, he brings down
A monster that was long thought to be invincible.
One sees how sensitive he is in his works
To your immortal beauty.
He foresees your desires, he exceeds your hopes.
The passion with which he loves you unceasingly increases
And has never been so dazzling.
Only a vain desire for preference,
Unspoiled by intelligence,
Would make this hero want to choose between us.
Let us only dispute which of us knows how to love him better.
(Glory repeats the last verse with Wisdom.)

GLORY AND WISDOM: As soon as one sees him appear,
Of what heart is he not the master?
How sweet it is to follow in his steps.
Can one know him
And not love him?

(The Chorus repeats the last five verses, and the suites of Glory and Wisdom express by their dances the joy they have in seeing these two divinities in perfect harmony.)

WISDOM: Let's love our hero; let nothing separate us.
He is inviting us to games they've prepared for us.
There we will see Renaud despite sensuality.
Follow an honest and wise suggestion,
We will see him leave an enchanted palace
Where, from love of Armida he was held,

And fly to where Glory calls for his courage
The great king, who shares between us his desires,
Loves to see us even in his pleasures.

GLORY: May the dazzle of his fame extend to the ends of the world.
Let's join our voices.
Let each answer to us.

GLORY, WISDOM AND THE CHORUSES:
Sing of the softness of his laws,
Sing of his glorious exploits.

(The suites of Glory and Wisdom continue their rejoicing.)

CHORUS: In the Temple of Memory,
May his name be forever engraved.
It was reserved to him
To unite Wisdom and Glory.

END OF PROLOGUE

CURTAIN

+++++

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY

ARMIDA, a sorceress niece of Hidraot

PHENICIA, her confidante

SIDONIA, another confidante of Armida

HIDRAOT, a sorcerer, king of Damas

A Troupe of the People of the Kingdom of Damas

ARONTE, leader of the knights that Armida has put in chains

RENAUD, the most renowned knight in Godfrey's camp

ARTEMIDORUS, one of Armida's captive knights, saved by Renaud

A DEMON transformed into a Naiad (Water Sprite)

TROUPE OF DEMONS transformed into nymphs, shepherds and shepherdesses

HATE

SUITE of HATE, FURIES, CRUELTY and VENGEANCE, RAGE, etc.

UBALDE, knight in search of Renaud

THE DANISH KNIGHT, who accompanies Ubalde to find Renaud

A DEMON in the shape of Lucinda, dancing girl in love with the Danish knight

TROUPE OF DEMONS transformed into rustic clothes of the island where Armida keeps Renaud enchanted

A DEMON in the shape of Melissa, an Italian girl loved by Ubalde

THE PLEASURES

TROUPE OF DEMONS who take the shape of fortunate lovers that accompany Renaud in the enchanted palace

TROUPE OF FLYING DEMONS who destroy the enchanted palace

+++++

ACT I

The stage represents a great public place ornamented with a triumphal arch.

PHENICIA: In a day of triumph, in the midst of pleasures,
Who can inspire you with a somber sorrow?
Glory, grandeur, beauty, youth,
All these blessings fulfill your wishes.

SIDONIA: You are lighting a fatal flame
That you will never feel the results of.
Love dares not trouble the peace
Which reigns in your soul.

PHENICIA AND SIDONIA:
Who has more appeal?
And who can be happy if you cannot?

PHENICIA: If today, war makes its ravages feared,
It's at the shores of Jordan they must halt.
Our tranquil shores
Have nothing to fear.

SIDONIA: Hell, if need be, will take up arms for us,
And you know how to impose your rule on it.

PHENICIA: Your eyes have need of only their own charms
To weaken Godfrey's camp.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

SIDONIA: His most gallant warriors are defenseless against you,
Have fallen into your power.

ARMIDA: I am not triumphing over the most valiant of them all.
Renaud, whom I hate so violently,
The indomitable Renaud escapes my wrath.
The whole enemy camp has become sensitive for me,
And he alone, still invincible.
Glory made him see me with an indifferent eye.
He's in the loving years wherein,
Without effort one falls in love.
No, I cannot fail without extreme bitterness
To conquer a heart so proud and grand.

SIDONIA: What does it matter
That a captive is lacking to your victory?
There are enough other witnesses to be seen in your chains.
And for one slave the less,
Such a beautiful triumph will lose little of its glory.

PHENICIA: Why do you want to think about
That which can displease you?
It's more certain to avenge oneself
By forgetting him than by rage.

ARMIDA: Hell predicted a hundred times
That against this warrior our arms would be vain,
And that he would vanquish our greatest kings.
Ah! How sweet it would be to me to overwhelm him with chains,
And halt the course of his exploits.
How I hate him! How his scorn outrages me!
How proud he will be to avoid slavery
In which I hold so many other heroes.
Despite me, his importunate image
Ceaselessly troubles my repose.
A terrible dream inspires me with a new fury
Against this funereal enemy.
I thought I saw him; I trembled about it;
I thought he struck me with a mortal blow.
I fell at the feet of the cruel conqueror.
Nothing softened his severity
And, with an inconceivable charm,
I felt myself constrained to find him lovable,
In the fatal moment he was piercing my heart.

SIDONIA: You trouble yourself with an ephemeral image
That sleep produced?
The nice day which shines on you
Ought to dissipate this vain chimera,
Just as it has destroyed
The shadows of the night.

(Hidraot and his suite enter.)

HIDRAOT: Armida, that blood which joins me with you
Makes me sensitive to the cares
That are being taken to please you.
How sweet your triumph is to me!
How I love to see the fine day shine that illuminates it!
I will have no more wishes to make
If you choose a spouse.
I see nearby the death that threatens me,
And soon age, which will freeze me,
Is going to overwhelm me with its heavy burden.
It's the last blessing to which I aspire,
To see your marriage promise to this empire
Kings formed from a blood so fine.
Without complaining of my fate, I will cease to live
If this sweet hope can follow me
Into the terrible night of the tomb.

ARMIDA: The chain of marriage astonishes me.
I fear the most pleasant of bonds.
Ah! how unfortunate a heart becomes
When liberty abandons it!

HIDRAOT: When you like it, all hell is armed for you.
You are more cunning in my art than myself.
Great kings lay their diadems at your feet.
Whoever sees you for one moment is forever charmed.
Could you savor your extreme happiness better
Than with a spouse who loves you
And who is worthy of being loved?

ARMIDA: At my pleasure, I unchain against my enemies
The black empire of hell.
Love puts kings in my fetters.
I am the sovereign mistress of a thousand lovers.
But I do myself the greater grandeur
Of being mistress of my heart.

HIDRAOT: Are you restricting your desires to cruel glory
Of the ills your beauty causes?
Won't you ever make your happiness
The joy of a faithful lover?

ARMIDA: If I must tie myself down one day,
At least you must believe
That it will needs be glory
That delivers my heart to love.
It's not sufficient to be king
To become my master.
It will be valor that will make me know

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

The one who deserves my word.
The conqueror of Renaud, if someone can do it,
Will be worthy of me.

(The people of the kingdom express through their dances and their songs, the joy that they have in the advantage that the beauty of this princess has given them over the knights of Godfrey's camp.)

HIDRAOT: Armida is even more loveable
Than she is formidable.
How glorious is her triumph!
Her charms are greater than those of her beautiful eyes.
She has no need to borrow it from the terrible art
That she knows, when it pleases her, to cause hell to arm.
Her beauty finds everything possible.
Our proudest enemies quake in her fetters.

HIDRAOT AND THE CHORUS: Armida is even more loveable
Than she is formidable.
How glorious is her triumph.
Her charms are greater than those of her beautiful eyes.

PHENICIA AND THE CHORUS: Let's follow Armida and sing of her victory.
The whole universe echoes her glory.

PHENICIA: Our enemies, weakened and troubled,
Will no longer hear the progress of their arms.
Ah! what joy! Our desires are fulfilled.
Without costing us either blood or tears.

CHORUS: Let's follow Armida and sing of her victory.
The whole universe echoes her glory.

PHENICIA: Passionate love, which follows her everywhere,
Clings to hearts she wants to inflame.
It is content to reign in her eyes
And still doesn't dare to pass into her soul.

CHORUS: Let's follow Armida and sing of her victory.
The whole universe echoes her glory.

SIDONIA AND THE CHORUS: How sweet is an extreme triumph
When one owes the entire honor only to oneself.

SIDONIA: We haven't made our soldiers arm.
Armida is triumphant without their aid.
All her power is in her soft allures.
Nothing is so mighty as her charming beauty.

CHORUS: How sweet is an extreme triumph
When one owes the honor only to oneself.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

SIDONIA: Beautiful Armida has known how to easily vanquish
Proud warriors more feared than thunder.
And in less than a moment, her glances
Have ruled the conquerors of the earth.

CHORUS: How sweet is an extreme triumph
When one owes the honor only to oneself.

(Armida's triumph is interrupted by the arrival of Aronte, who was charged with escorting the captive knights and who returns wounded and holding in his hand the stump of a sword.)

ARONTE: O heaven! O cruel disgrace!
I was leading your captives with care.
I attempted everything to demonstrate my zeal to you.
My flowing blood is witness of it.

ARMIDA: But where are my captives?

ARONTE: An indomitable warrior
Has delivered all of them

ARMIDA AND HIDRAOT: A single warrior! what are you saying?
Heaven!

ARONTE: Of our enemies, he's the most formidable.
Our most valiant soldiers fell beneath his blows.
Nothing can resist his extreme valor.

ARMIDA: O heaven! It's Renaud.

ARONTE: Himself.

ARMIDA AND HIDRAOT: Let's pursue to the death
The enemy who offends us.
Let him not escape
Our vengeance.

CHORUS: Let's pursue to the death
The enemy who offends us.
Let him not escape
Our vengeance.

CURTAIN

ACT II

The stage represents a countryside where a river forms a pleasant island.

ARTEMIDORUS: Invincible hero, it's through your courage
That I escaped the rigors of a funereal slavery.
After this generous help

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

Can I excuse myself from following you forever?

RENAUD: Go, go fill my place

In the regions from which my misfortune hunts me.
Proud Gernand has forced me to punish
His bold audacity.
Godfrey threatened me with an unworthy prison,
And from his camp I am obliged to banish myself.
I distance myself from it with constraint.
Luckily, I have been able to dedicate my exploits
To delivering the holy city
Which trembles under harsh laws!
Follow the warriors that have fine zeal,
Hurrying to demonstrate their valor and their faith.
Seek an immortal glory.
I intend that my exile envelop only me.

ARTEMIDORUS: Without you, what can they attempt?

The one who banished you cannot defend himself
From wishing for your return.
If I must leave you, may I not at least learn
In what regions you are going to choose for your abode?

RENAUD: Rest does me violence;

Only glory has attraction for me.
I intend to address my steps
To where justice and innocence
Are in need of my arm's support.

ARTEMIDORUS: Flee the regions where Armida reigns,

If you wish to live happily.
For the most intrepid heart,
She has dangerous charms.
She's an implacable enemy;
Avoid her resentment.
May my favorable prayers cause heaven
To guarantee you against her enchantments.

RENAUD: Through a happy indifference

My heart is robbed, painlessly, from her power.
I looked at her only with a curious glance.
Is it more troubling to avoid her vengeance,
Than to escape the power of her eyes?
I love freedom; nothing has been able to constrain me
To entangle myself until today.
When one can scorn the charms of love,
What enchantments are to be feared?

(Artemidorus and Renaud leave. Shortly thereafter Hidraot and Armida enter from a different direction.)

HIDRAOT: Let's stop here; it's in this fatal place
That the furor which animates us
Orders the infernal empire
To lead our victim.

ARMIDA: How slow hell is in following our orders today!

HIDRAOT: To complete the charm we must join our voices.

HIDRAOT AND ARMIDA: Spirits of hate and rage,
Obey us, demons!
Deliver to our wrath
The enemy who outrages us.
Spirits of hate and rage,
Obey us, demons!

ARMIDA: Frightful demons, hide
Under a pleasant semblance;
Enchant this proud courageous man
With the sweetest charms.

HIDRAOT AND ARMIDA: Spirits of hate and rage,
Obey us, demons!

(Armida notices Renaud who wanders along the shore of the river.)

ARMIDA: Our enemy is entangled in the fatal snare.

HIDRAOT: Our soldiers are hidden in the nearby thicket.
They must all rush upon Renaud.

ARMIDA: This victim is my share.
Let me sacrifice him; let me have the privilege
Of seeing this superb heart expire under my blows.

(Hidraot and Armida withdraw. Renaud stops to consider the banks of the river and takes off some of his armor to enjoy the breeze.)

RENAUD: (alone) The more I observe these regions,
The more I admire them.
This river flows slowly,
And it distances itself with regret from such a charming abode.
The most pleasant of rivers and the sweetest of zephyrs,
Perfume the air one breathes hereabouts.
No, I cannot leave such beautiful shores.
A harmonious sound mingles with the noise of the water.
The enchanted birds hush to hear it.
From the charms of sleep I can hardly protect myself.
This green lawn, this fresh shade,
All invite me to relax under this heavy foliage.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

(Renaud dozes off on a lawn by the riverbank.)

(A Naiad emerges from the river with a troupe of Naiads; a troupe of shepherds and shepherdesses appear.)

NAIAD: Happy times where one knows how to please,
How sweet it is to love tenderly!
Why rush into perils
To seek a vain honor, an imaginary renown?
For a deceitful chimera
Must one leave such a charming blessing?
In the happy times where one knows how to please,
How sweet it is to love tenderly!

(The demons under the guise of nymphs, etc. enchant Renaud, and enchain him, during his sleep, with garlands of flowers.)

A SHEPHERDESS: It's less astonishing that the new season
Returns without bringing flowers and zephyrs,
Than to see the most beautiful season of our life
Without love and without pleasures.
Let's leave to youth's share, tender love.
Wisdom has its time; it comes only too soon.
It's not wisdom
To be wiser than necessary.

CHORUS: Ah! what error, what folly
Not to enjoy life.
It's to games, it's to love,
That one must give one's best days.

ARMIDA: (Entering holding an arrow in her hand)
Finally, he's in my power.
This fatal enemy, this superb conqueror.
Sleep's charm delivers him to my vengeance.
I am going to pierce his invincible heart.
Because of him all my captives have left slavery.
Let him experience my rage. (Armida is going to strike Renaud and cannot carry out the plan she has of taking his life.)
What trouble seizes me! What makes me hesitate?
What is it in his favor that pity wishes to tell me?
Let's strike heavens! Who can stop me?
Let's get it over with I am shivering!
Let's avenge ourselves I'm sighing!
Is this the way I ought to avenge myself today!
My rage flickers out when I approach him!
The more I see him, the more vain my fury;
My trembling arm refuses to obey my hate.
Ah! what cruelty to ravish life from him!
To this young hero all on earth give in.
Who would believe he was only fit for war?
He seems to be made for love.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

Can't I avenge myself in a way so he need not perish?
Eh! Won't it suffice that love punish him?
Since he's been unable to find my eyes charming enough,
Let him love me, at least, through my enchantments.
So that, if possible, I will hate him.
Come, Demons, second my wishes.
Transform yourselves into agreeable zephyrs.
I give in to this conqueror: pity overcomes me.
Hide my weakness and my shame
In deserted places.
Fly, escort us to the ends of the universe.

(The demons, transformed into zephyrs carry off Renaud and Armida.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

The stage represents a desert.

ARMIDA: (alone) Ah! if liberty must be ravished from me,
Is it you who must be my conqueror?
Most funereal enemy to the happiness of my life,
Despite me, must you then reign in my heart?
The desire for your death was my dearest wish;
How have you been able to change my wrath into languishing?
Vainly do I see a thousand lovers following me.
None has softened my severity.
Can it be that Renaud holds Armida enslaved?
Ah! if liberty must be ravished from me
Is it you who must be my conqueror?
Most funereal enemy of the happiness of my life,
Despite me, must you then reign in my heart?

PHENICIA: (entering) What can't your art do? Its power is intense.
What a prodigy! What a change!
Renaud who was so proud loves you.
No one has ever loved so tenderly.

SIDONIA: Show yourself to his eyes; witness yourself
The marvelous effect of your enchantment.

ARMIDA: Hell hasn't yet completed my hope.
A new charm is needed to assure my vengeance.

SIDONIA: On shores separated from human dwellings.
Who can snatch from your hands
An enemy who adores you?
You enchant Renaud: what remains for you to fear?

ARMIDA: Alas! It's my heart that I fear for.
Your friendship interests itself in my fate.
I've taken you with me into these parts.
From the rest of mortals I am hiding my weakness;
I only intend to blush before your eyes.
From my softest looks Renaud was able to defend himself.
I was unable to entangle this proud heart to surrender.
He escaped me despite my efforts.
Under the name of spite love came to surprise me,
As I was protecting myself the least.
The more Renaud loves me the less at peace I will be.
I fear that to force my heart to obey me
All my art will be useless.

PHENICIA: How fine your art is! It will be admired.
If it knows how to guarantee against the upsets of life!
Happy those who can be assured
Of disposing of their heart at their will!
It's a secret worthy of being envied.
But of all secrets, it's the least known.

SIDONIA: Hate is frightful and barbarous.
Love constrains hearts that it seizes.
To suffer rigorous ills,
If your fate is in your power,
Choose indifference
It assures a happy repose.

ARMIDA: No, no: it's no longer possible for me
To spend my trouble in a peaceable state.
My heart can no longer calm itself.
Renaud greatly offends me; only he's too lovable.
Henceforth, for me the choice is indispensable,
Either to hate him or love him.

PHENICIA: You've been unable to hate this invincible hero
When he was the most terrible
Of all your enemies.
He loves you; love enfetters him.
Will you be able to better keep your hate
Against a lover so tender and submissive?

ARMIDA: He loves me? What love! My shame increases from it.
Must I be loved this way? Can I be satisfied with it?
It's a vain triumph, a false blessing.
Alas! How different his love is from mine!
I had recourse to hell to ignite his flame.
It's the power of my art which can do anything to his soul.
My weak beauty can do nothing.
With his own worthiness he suspends my vengeance.
Without help, without effort, even without thinking of it,

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

He enfetters my heart with a very charming bond.
Alas, how different my love is from his!
What vengeance have I to pretend to
If I want to love him forever?
What! to give up without doing anything!
No, hate must be called to my aid.
The horror of these solitary regions
Is going to increase multifold through my art.
Turn your sight from my frightful mysteries
And especially prevent Renaud from troubling me.

(Exit Phenicia and Sidonia.)

ARMIDA: (alone) Come, come, implacable hate!
Leave the appalling abyss
Where you cause eternal horror to rule.
Save me from love: nothing is so formidable
Against an enemy too lovable.
Give me back my wrath, re-ignite my furor.
Come, come, implacable hate,
Leave the appalling abyss,
Where you cause eternal horror to rule.

(Hate leaves Hell accompanied by the Furies, Cruelty, Vengeance, Rage, and the passions which depend on hate.)

HATE: I answer your wishes: your voice made itself heard
Into the depth of hell.
For you, I am going to undertake everything against love.
And when one really wants to be protected from it,
One can be guaranteed proof against its unworthy fetters.

HATE AND HER FOLLOWING: The more one knows love
And the more one detests it:
Let's destroy its funereal power.
Let's break its bonds, let's tear its chain,
Let's burn its features, let's extinguish its torch.
(The chorus repeats the last four verses)

(Hate's suite rushes to break and burn the arms employed by love.)

HATE AND HER FOLLOWING:
Love, leave forever, leave a heart that chases you out.
May Hate reign in your place.
You cause too much suffering under your rule!
No, all hell has nothing so cruel as you.

(Hate's followers demonstrate pleasure as she prepares to triumph over love.)

HATE: (coming close to Armida)
Get out, get out of Armida's breast:
Love, break your chain.

ARMIDA: Stop, stop, horrid Hate.

Leave me under the rule of such a charming conqueror.
Leave me alone: I renounce your horrifying assistance.
No, no, don't finish, no it is not possible
To separate me from my love without tearing out my heart.

HATE: Did you implore my assistance

So as to scorn my power?
Follow Love, since you wish to.
Unlucky Armida;
Follow love who is guiding you
Into a horrifying abyss.
On these remote shores, it's in vain that you are hiding
This hero that your heart is too weak to touch.
Glory which you tore him from
Will soon tear him from you.
Despite your efforts, scorning your tears,
You will see him escape from your charms.
You will, perhaps, recall me that day,
And your attempt will be vain.
I am going to leave you without return
And I am able to punish you with the harshest pain:
That of abandoning you forever to love.

CURTAIN

ACT IV

Ubalde wears a buckler of diamond and a scepter of gold which have been given to him by a magician to counteract Armida's enchantments and to deliver Renaud. The Danish Knight wears a sword that he must present to Renaud. A vapor rises and spreads through the desert of the third act. Abysses open and from them emerge ferocious beasts and terrifying monsters.

UBALDE AND THE DANISH KNIGHT: Everywhere we find open gulfs.

Armida has transported hell to these regions.
Ah! what horrible things!
What terrible monsters!

(The Danish Knight attacks the monsters: Ubalde restrains him and shows him the gold scepter that he wears, that was given him to counteract enchantments.)

UBALDE: The one who sent us foresaw this danger,
And showed us the art of extricating ourselves from it.
Let's not fear Armida or her charms.
With this aid, more powerful than our weapons,
We will be easily protected.
Give us a free passage.
Monsters: go hide your useless rage
In the deep abyss you came out of.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

(The monsters sink, the vapor dissipates, the desert disappears and changes into an agreeable countryside, bordered by trees laden with fruits and irrigated by streams.)

DANISH KNIGHT: Let's go seek out Renaud: heaven is favoring us

In our difficult enterprise.
She who can flatter our desires
Must, in her turn, attempt to surprise us.
From now on it's from the charm of pleasures
That we will have to defend ourselves.

UBALDE AND THE DANISH KNIGHT:

Let's redouble our precautions, guard ourselves
Against agreeable perils;
The sweetest enchantments
Are the most formidable.

UBALDE: From here can be seen the abode enchanted

By Armida and by the hero she loves.
Renaud is stopped in this palace
By a fatal charm of extreme power.
It's there that this conqueror, so formidable, so proud,
Forgetting everything, even himself,
Is reduced to languish with indignity
In indolent idleness.

DANISH KNIGHT: Vainly all hell interests itself

In the love that seduces such a glorious heart.
If Renaud casts his eyes on this buckler,
He will blush for his weakness,
And we will induce him to leave these parts.

(A Demon in the shape of Lucinda, a Danish girl loved by the Danish knight appears together with a Troupe of Demons transformed into the rustic clothes of Armida's island where she has chosen to keep Renaud enchanted.)

LUCINDA: Here's the charming abode

Of perfect felicity.
Here's the happy resort
Of games and love.

CHORUS: Here's the charming abode

Of perfect felicity.
Here's the happy resort
Of games and love.

(The rustics dance.)

UBALDE: (speaking to the Danish Knight)

Come on, what's keeping you now?
Come on, it's too much to stop us.

DANISH KNIGHT: I see the beauty that I adore.
It's she; I cannot doubt it.

LUCINDA AND THE CHORUS:
Our efforts are never vain in these beautiful regions.
The blessing we seek comes to offer itself to us.
We don't find it less sweet
For having found it without trouble.

CHORUS: Here's the charming abode
Of perfect felicity.
Here's the happy resort
Of games and love.

LUCINDA: (speaking with the Danish Knight)
At last, I see the lover my heart sighs for.
I find the blessing I wished for so much.

DANISH KNIGHT: Is it possible I see the beauty here
Who has subdued me to her empire?

UBALDE: No, it's only a deceitful charm
That you must protect your heart from.

DANISH KNIGHT: Who can offer you to my sight
So far from the shores wherein you had birth?

LUCINDA: With a powerful magic
Armida has brought me to these pleasant parts.
And I was living in the sweet hope
Of soon seeing the one I love the best.
Let's taste the sweet pleasures Love is preparing
For our faithful hearts in this happy abode.
Duty with its cruel laws
Has separated us too much.

UBALDE: Flee, do violence to yourself.

DANISH KNIGHT: Love doesn't allow me to do it.
Against such charming allures
My heart is without defense.

UBALDE: Is this the firmness
Of which you were so boastful?

DANISH KNIGHT AND LUCINDA: Let's enjoy an intense happiness.
Eh! What other blessing can be worth
The pleasure of seeing the one one loves?
Eh! What other blessing can be worth
The pleasure of seeing you?

UBALDE: Despite the infernal might,
Despite yourself, you must be undeceived.
This golden scepter can dispel
An error so fatal.

(Ubalde touches Lucinda with the golden scepter and Lucinda vanishes forthwith.)

DANISH KNIGHT: Vainly I cast my eyes in every direction.
I no longer see this beauty so dear.
She escapes from my gaze
Like a thin vapor.

UBALDE: What love has of charms
Is only an illusion that never leaves her.
What an eternal shame.
What love has of charms
Is only a funereal illusion.

DANISH KNIGHT: I see the danger that
A heart which doesn't flee a charm so powerful is exposed to.
How lucky you are, if you are exempt
From the weaknesses that love causes!

UBALDE: No, I haven't kept my heart until this day.
Near the one that I love it was delightful to live.
But when Glory ordered me to follow her.
It was necessary to let Love lament.
Reason released me from the strongest charms.
Nothing must detain us here any longer.
Let us profit from the advice they've given us.

(A Demon enters in the shape of Melissa, an Italian girl loved by Ubalde.)

MELISSA: How comes it that you turn away
From these waters and this shade?
Taste a sweet repose, fortunate strangers;
Relax here from a toilsome voyage.
A favorable fate calls you to share
Blessings which are destined for us.

UBALDE: Is it you, charming Melissa?

MELISSA: Is it you, dear lover? Is it you I see?

DANISH KNIGHT: No: it's only a deceitful charm
From which you must protect your heart.
Flee, do yourself violence.

MELISSA: Why must he again tear me from my lover?
Can't we see each other for a moment
After such a long absence?

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

I cannot consent to your leaving.
I have suffered only too much from such a cruel torment
And I will die if it begins again.

UBALDE AND MELISSA: Can't we see each other for a moment
After such a long absence?

DANISH KNIGHT: Is this the firmness
Of which you were so boastful?
Leave your error, reason is calling you.

UBALDE: Ah! how cruel reason is!
If I am abused, why warn me of it?
How beautiful my mistake appears to me!
How happy I would be if I never came out of it!

DANISH KNIGHT: I will have a care, despite you,
To guarantee you from it.

(The Danish Knight takes the scepter from Ubalde; he touches Melissa with it and makes her disappear.)

UBALDE: What's become of the object that inflames me?
Melissa has suddenly disappeared!
Heaven! Must it be only a vain phantom
That causes so much trouble to my soul?

DANISH KNIGHT: What love has of charms
Is only an illusion that leaves behind her
Only an eternal shame.
What love has of charms
Is only a funereal enchantment.

UBALDE: Let's consider how to protect ourselves from a new error.
Let's avoid deceitful attractions.
Let us no longer turn from the path that must be taken
To reach this palace.

UBALDE AND THE DANISH KNIGHT: Let's flee these dangerous delights
Of amorous illusions.
They distract, when they are followed.
Happy is he who isn't seduced by 'em!

CURTAIN

ACT V

The stage represents the enchanted palace of Armida.

(Renaud is without arms and decked in garlands of flowers.)

RENAUD: Armida, you are going to leave me!

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

ARMIDA: I need hell, I am going to consult it;
My art wants solitude.
The love that I have for you causes the unease
By which my heart feels itself agitated.

RENAUD: Armida, you are going to leave me!

ARMIDA: See in what a place I'm leaving you.

RENAUD: Can I see anything except your allures?

ARMIDA: Pleasures are following you constantly.

RENAUD: What are there when you are not there?

ARMIDA: A black presentment troubles and tortures me.
It forewarns me of a misfortune I wish to prevent;
And the more our happiness enchants me,
The more I fear seeing it end.

RENAUD: Can you be seized by a vague terror,
You who make the gloomy abode shudder?

ARMIDA: You've taught me to know love.
Love teaches me to know fear.
You burned for glory before you loved me.
You sought it everywhere with an unequalled passion.
Glory is a rival
That must always alarm me.

RENAUD: What a fool I was to believe
That a vain laurel, given by victory,
Was the most precious of all blessings!
All the dazzle with which Glory shines,
Is it worth a glance from your eyes?
Is there a treasure so charming and so rare
Than the one with which love completes my hope?

ARMIDA: Strict reason and barbarous duty
Have too much power over heroes.

RENAUD: The more amorous I am, the more reason reveals to me.
To love you, beautiful Armida, is my first duty.
I make my glory in pleasing you.
And all my happiness in seeing you.

ARMIDA: Under what pleasant rule my soul is enslaved!

RENAUD: How sweet it is to me to see you share my languor!

ARMIDA: How sweet it is to me to enfeeble such a famous conqueror!

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

RENAUD: How worthy my fetters are of being envied!

RENAUD AND ARMIDA: Let's love each other, everything invites us.

Ah! if you had the cruelty
To separate your heart from mine,
You would be separating me from life.

RENAUD: No, I'd rather lose my life
Than extinguish my flame.

ARMIDA: No, nothing can change my soul.

RENAUD: No, I would rather lose my life
Than free myself from such a charming love.

(Renaud and Armida sing together the last five verses that they sang separately.)

ARMIDA: Witness our intense love,
You who submit to my rule in this happy abode.
Until my return, with pleasant games,
Occupy this hero that I love.

(The Pleasures and a troupe of fortunate and happy lovers come to divert Renaud with songs and dances.)

A FORTUNATE LOVER AND THE CHORUS:

For an asylum, the Pleasures have chosen
This peaceful and pleasant abode.
How charming these parts are
For happy lovers!
It's Love that keeps in his fetters
The thousand birds that are heard night and day in our woods.
If Love caused only pain
The birds wouldn't sing so much.
Youthful hearts, all is favorable to you.
Profit from a less lasting joy.
In the winter of our life love no longer reigns.
The beautiful days lost are forever lost.
For an asylum the Pleasures have chosen
This peaceful and pleasant abode.
How charming these parts are
For happy lovers!

RENAUD: Go, distance yourselves from me,
Sweet pleasures; wait for Armida to bring you back.
Without the beauty which holds me under her sway
Nothing pleases me, all increases my pain.
Go, distance yourself from me,
Sweet pleasures; wait for Armida to bring you back.

(The Pleasures and the happy and fortunate lovers withdraw.)

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

UBALDE: (entering with the Danish knight)
He's alone; let's profit by such a precious moment.

(Ubalde presents the diamond buckler to Renaud.)

RENAUD: What do I see? What dazzle just struck my eyes?

UBALDE: Heaven wants to make you know
The error into which your senses are seduced.

RENAUD: Heaven! What shame to appear
In the unworthy condition I am in!

UBALDE: Our general recalls you;
Victory is keeping an immortal palm for you:
All must press for your return.
In a hundred different regions all runs to war.
Renaud alone, at the end of the earth,
Hidden in a charming abode.
Does he want to pursue such a shameful love?

RENAUD: Vain ornaments of unworthy softness,
Don't offer me any more your frivolous attractions.
Remain shames of my weakness
Go, leave me forever.

(Renaud tears off the garlands of flowers and other useless ornaments with which he is adorned; he receives the diamond buckler which Ubalde gives him and the sword that the Danish Knight presents to him.)

DANISH KNIGHT: Rob yourself of Armida's tears.
That's the unique danger which your intrepid soul
Has need to guarantee itself against.
In these enchanted regions sensuality presides.
You won't know how to get out of here soon enough.

RENAUD: Let's go, let's hasten to depart.

ARMIDA: (pursuing Renaud) Renaud! Heaven! O mortal pain!
You are leaving, Renaud! you are leaving!
Demons, follow his steps, fly and stop him!
Alas, everything betrays me, and my power is vain.
Renaud! Heaven! o mortal pain!
My cries go unheard!
You are leaving, Renaud! you are leaving!

(Renaud stops to listen to Armida who speaks to him.)

ARMIDA: If I no longer see you, do you think that I will live?
Have I deserved such a cruel torture?
At least like an enemy, if not like a lover,
Lead Armida captive.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

I will go into battle, I will go to offer myself to the blows
Destined for you.
Renaud, if I can follow you,
The most terrible fate appears very sweet to me.

RENAUD: Armida, it's time that I avoid
The all too charming peril that I experience in seeing you.
Glory wants me to leave you.
It orders that love give way to duty.
If you are suffering, you may believe
That I am distancing myself with regret from your sight.
You will always reign in my memory.
After glory, you will be
The one I love best.

ARMIDA: No, you've never felt the charm of love.
You please yourself to discuss funereal misfortunes.
You hear me sigh, you see me shed my tears,
Without giving me a sigh back, without spilling a tear.
With the sweetest bonds, I conjure you in vain.
You follow a proud duty; you want it to separate us.
No, no, your heart has nothing human in it.
The heart of a tiger is less barbarous.
I will die, if you leave, you cannot doubt it.
Ingrate! without you, I cannot live.
But after my death, you cannot prevent
My obstinate ghost from following you.
You will see it armed against your faithless heart.
You will find it inflexible
As you have been to me.
And its furor, if it is possible,
Will equal the love with which I burned for you.
Ah, light is ravished from me.
Barbarian! are you satisfied?
You are enjoying as you leave
The pleasure of separating me from life.

(Armida falls into a faint.)

RENAUD: Too unhappy Armida, alas!
How deplorable is your destiny!

UBALDE AND THE DANISH KNIGHT: Glory expects from you a firm heart.

RENAUD: No, glory doesn't order
That a great heart be pitiless.

UBALDE AND THE DANISH KNIGHT: You must tear yourself from the dangerous allures Of such a lovable creature.

ARMIDA By Quinault 1686

RENAUD: Too unhappy Armida, alas!
How deplorable is your destiny.

(Renaud and Ubalde and the Danish Knight leave.)

ARMIDA: (coming to, alone) Perfidious Renaud is fleeing me.
Perfidious though he be, my cowardly heart is following him.
He left me dying, he wants me to perish.
With regret I see again the brilliance that enlightens me.
The horror of eternal night
Gives way to the horror of my torture.
Perfidious Renaud is fleeing me.
Perfidious though he be, my cowardly heart is following him.
When the barbarian was in my power,
Why didn't I believe hate and vengeance?
Why didn't I follow their rage?
He's escaping me, he's distancing himself from me,
He's going to leave these shores;
He's braving hell and my rage;
He's already near the shore.
I am making useless efforts to hold myself back.
Traitor! wait, I am holding it,
I am clinging to his perfidious heart.
Ah! How I will sacrifice it to my fury.
What am I saying? Where am I? Alas, unfortunate Armida!
Where is your blind error leading you?
Hope of vengeance is the only thing that remains to me.
Flee, pleasures, flee, lose all your attractions.
Demons, destroy this palace.
Let's flee, and if it's possible, let my funereal love
Remain enslaved in these regions forever.

(The Demons destroy the enchanted palace and Armida leaves on a flying chariot.)

CURTAIN