

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

Translated and adapted by Frank J. Morlock C 2003

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Etext by Dagny

1672

PROLOGUE

THE SERPENT PYTHON

The subject of this prologue is taken from the first book of the eighth fable of the Metamorphoses, in which Ovid describes the birth and death of the monstrous serpent, Python, which the Sun caused to be born from the slimy mud which remained on the earth after the flood, and which became a monster so terrible that Apollo himself was obliged to destroy it. The allegorical sense of this subject is so clear that it is unnecessary to explain it. It suffices to say that the king praised it more than usual, and that to form some idea of the grandeur and splendor of his glory, it was necessary to raise it to divinity of light which is the body of his coat of arms.

CHARACTERS:

PALES

RUSTIC DIVINITIES

MELISSA

TROUPE OF NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS

THE GOD PAN

ARCAS, companion of Pan

SERVANTS OF PAN WHO DANCE

SERVANTS OF PAN WHO PLAY THE FLUTE

ENVY

FOUR SUBTERRANEAN WINDS

FOUR WINDS OF THE AIR

SIX DANCING SUBTERRANEAN WINDS

THE SUN

TWO DANCING SHEPHERDS

TWO DANCING SHEPHERDESSES

The stage represents a countryside, with hamlets discovered on both sides and a swamp in the back; a dazzling dawn is seen, followed by a rising sun whose shining globe rises on the horizon to the sounds of the music playing the overture. Pales, goddess of shepherds, and Melissa, goddess of forests and mountains, come in from opposite sides of the theatre and call the troupes that are accustomed to follow them.

PALES: Hurry shepherds, run.

MELISSA: The voices of birds are calling us.

PALES: Our fields are lit up.

MELISSA: Our hills are golden.

PALES: Everything is shining with the splendor of new light.

MELISSA: Thousands of flowers are being born around us.

PALES AND MELISSA: May the star that lights us make nature beautiful!

Let's not lose a single moment
Of a day so sweet and charming!

(The chorus repeats these last two verses and continues to sing.)

CHORUS:

Let's admire, admire the star which lights us;
Let's sing the glory of its works.
May all the world revere
The God that makes our fine weather.

(Pan, the god of shepherds, appears accompanied by players of rustic instruments and rustic dancers, who come to take part in the rejoicing of the Nymphs and Shepherds and all together begin to form a sort of fest in celebration of the God who gives daylight.)

PAN: Let each experience
The charming sweetness
That the Sun spreads through these lucky climes.
There's nothing that doesn't enchant
In these abodes full of attractions.
Everything laughs here, everything sings here;
Hey! why aren't we laughing?

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(The rustic dancers who followed the god Pan, begin a celebration, which is interrupted by subterranean noises and by a sort of night which darkens the stage entirely, and that suddenly obliges the rustic assembly to flee with shouts of terror that forms a sort of terrifying concert with the subterranean noises.)

CHORUSES: What sudden disorder!

What frightful uproar increases!
What appalling tumult!
What abysses are opening under our feet!
The day pales, the heavens are troubled;
The earth is going to vomit hell in its wrath:
Let's flee, flee; save ourselves, escape!

(In this sudden darkness, Envy comes out of its cave which opens in the midst of the stage; it evokes the monstrous serpent Python which appears in the slimy swamp, casting fire from its jaws and eyes, which are the only light illuminating the theatre; it calls the most impetuous winds to second its fury; it releases four of those which are locked into subterranean caverns and causes four others to descend which form storms, all of which, after having flown and crossed each other in the air, come to range around it to help it disturb the beautiful weather the Sun had given to earth.)

ENVY: It's too much to see the Sun shine in its career;

The rays which it hurls everywhere
Extremely wound my eyes.
Come, dark enemies of its lively light,
Join our furious distractions.
Let each second me:
Appear, frightful monsters,
Arise, subterranean winds, with others more strong;
Fly, tyrants of the air, disturb the earth and the ocean.
Spread terror,
Let heaven roar with us,
Let hell answer us.
Let's fill the earth with horror,
So that nature is confounded.
Let's throw into all the world's hearts
The jealous fury
Which tears apart my heart.

(Envy distributes serpents to the winds which form vortexes around her.)

ENVY: (continuing to sing) And you, monster, arm yourself to injure

This powerful star that knew how to produce you.
He spreads too many blessings, he receives too many prayers.
Agitate your slimy swamp.
Excite a thousand mortal vapors against him.
Deploy, spread your wings,
Let all the impetuous winds
Strive to extinguish his fires.

(The winds form new vortexes, as the serpent Python rises in the air and flies around in circles.)

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ENVY: (continuing)

Let's all dare to obscure his most beautiful illumination.
Let us dare to oppose ourselves to his too fortunate career.
What features have broken through the cloud?
What flaming torrent is opening a brilliant passage?
Sun, you triumph, all give way to your power.
How many honors you are going to receive!
Ah! what rage! ah! what rage!
What despair! what despair!

(Flaming darts pierce the thickness of the clouds and dissolve on the serpent Python, which after struggling for some time in the air, falls burnt into its slimy swamp; a rain of fire spreads over the entire stage and forces Envy to sink with its four subterranean winds, while the winds of the air steal away and at the same moment the clouds dissipate and the stage becomes entirely light. The rustic assembly which terror had driven away returns to celebrate the victory of the Sun and to prepare triumphs and sacrifices.)

PALES: Let's drive off fear that troubles us.

MELISSA: Nothing ought to frighten us any more.

PAN: The monster is dead, the storm ceases,
The sun is victor.

PALES: Let superb altars
Be prepared for him.

MELISSA: Let them be adorned
With immortal ornaments.

CHORUS: Let's protect the memory
Of his victory
With a thousand diverse honors.
Let's spread the report of his glory
To the end of the universe.

PALES: But the Sun is advancing,
He's disclosing himself to the eyes of all.

CHORUS: Let's respect his presence
With a profound silence.
Let's listen, let's be silent.

THE SUN: (in his chariot)

It's not through the dazzle of a pompous sacrifice
That I am pleased to see my cares rewarded.
For the reward of my labors, it is enough for me
That each joys in them.
I make the sweetest of my wishes
That of making the whole world happy.
In these fortunate climes, the Muses are going to descend.
Gallant games will follow on their heels.

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I inspire songs full of allures
That you are going to hear.
While I am pursuing my career
Profit by the good weather.

(The Sun rises in the heavens, and all the rustic assembly form games in which songs are mixed with dances.)

CHORUS: Let's profit by the good weather.

PALES: Let's all follow the same wish.

CHORUS: Let's profit by the good weather.

MELISSA: Let's love; that's agreeable to all of us.

CHORUS: Let's profit by the good weather

PALES AND MELISSA: The most beautiful days of life
Are ruined without love.

CHORUS: Let's profit by the good weather.

(While the nymphs and rustic gods dance with shepherds and shepherdesses, Pales and Melissa and Pan mix their voices with the rustic instruments.)

PALES, MELISSA, AND PAN: Happy who can please!

Lucky lovers!
Their days are charming;
Love knows how to make them
A thousand sweet moments.
What's the use of youth
To hearts without tenderness?
Whoever has no love
Never has a fine day.
Vainly winter passes.
Vainly in the fields
Everything charms our senses;
A soul of ice
Has no Springtime.
It must break
Of a heart too strict.
Whoever has no love
Never has a fine day.

(Arcas, one of the forest gods, sings and all the instruments and all the voices respond to him, while the rustic assembly, dances and rejoices with oak branches, with which it forms several pleasant figures.)

ARCAS: Can one do better,
When one knows how to please,
Can one do better
Than to love well?

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Whatever discomfort that love makes
It's still a charming fetter.
Too much repose often tires.
What can one do with a heart that never loves?
Love satisfies,
Its pains enchant.
Love satisfies,
Everything is fine.
In the fine days of our life,
Pleasures are in season
And some little amorous folly
Is often worth more than too much reason.

CURTAIN

CADMUS AND HERMIONE

TRAGEDY

CHARACTERS:

CADMUS, son of Agenor, king of Tyre and brother of Europa

FIRST TYRIAN PRINCE

SECOND TYRIAN PRINCE

ARBAS, an African in Cadmus' following

TWO OTHER AFRICANS, companions of Arbas

THE PAGE OF CADMUS

HERMIONE, daughter of Mars and Venus

CHARITE, one of the Graces, companion of Hermione

AGLANTA, another companion of Hermione

NURSE OF HERMIONE

THE PAGE OF HERMIONE

DRACO, giant, king of Aonia

FOUR GIANTS, servants of Draco

THE GIANT'S PAGE

JUNO

PALLAS

LOVE

A HIGH PRIEST OF MARS

A DRUMMER

THE GOD MARS

FOUR FURIES

ECHION, one of the combatants of the children of the earth

JUPITER

VENUS

HYMEN

The action takes place in the country of Greece which was called Aonia, and that of Cadmus named Boeotia.

ACT I

The stage represents a garden.

FIRST TYRIAN PRINCE: What! Cadmus, son of a king who holds under his power
The fecund shores of the Nile and the hot regions;
Cadmus, after two years spent far from Tyre,
Foreigner, amongst these Greeks, no longer impatient
To see again a country whose hope he is,
And leaves without regret, so many desolated hearts!

THE TWO TYRIAN PRINCES: (together)
We will follow your destiny everywhere without resistance.
Will it always be necessary for us to be exiles?

CADMUS: I would love to see again the climes of my birth.
But before I can taste the sweetness of it,
I have sworn to achieve a just revenge.

FIRST PRINCE: And yet, lord,
You allow your great heart to languish in these parts.

CADMUS: After having wandered over the earth and the ocean,
Without finding my sister Europa;
After having vainly sought her ravisher,
Heaven here is terminating my vagabond life.
And it's to obey the oracles of the gods
That I must stay in these parts.

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FIRST PRINCE: If you find it's the gods
Whose order directs you
To choose this abode,
The god that your heart consults more
Perhaps is Love.

SECOND PRINCE: Could it be possible
That an invincible hero
Could have a heart that only
Love would know how to charm?

CADMUS: What heart is not made to love?
And to be a hero, must one be callous?
What's the use of indomitable courage against Hermione?
The god Mars is her father,
She has a noble pride in it.
The mother of Love is her mother.
She beauties in it.

FIRST PRINCE: What's the use of a love that has no hope?
Hermione is in the power
Of a tyrant who reigns in these parts.

CADMUS: He's a frightful giant, he's an odious monster.

SECOND PRINCE: He's of the blood of Mars, that god favors him,
And in the end, he's the one to whom Hermione is promised.
No other mortals may be her spouse,
And if you attempt the fatal enterprise
Heaven will arm itself against you.

CADMUS: Well! I will perish if destiny decrees it;
I intend to deliver Hermione,
And if I undertake it in vain
I won't know a better destiny to perish for.
Where are our Africans? Let their troupe advance.
The princess wants to see their most gallant dance.
Why is it only one of them appears?

ARBAS: (entering)
Your orders are followed, lord, and everything is ready;
But the tyrant has got it in his head
That only his giants will dance at this feast.

CADMUS: How to make those frightful colossuses move?

ARBAS: When they said to him: how? he replied, I wish it.
These great men, full of chimeras,
Are of a troublesome judgment.
And proud of being above ordinary men
Think that reason must be beneath them.

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I've not been able to keep in bounds;
I have fumed against him; I've vomited a thousand insults;
I've called him tyrant a hundred times.

CADMUS: One must always respect kings.

ARBAS: Were he to have strangled me,
I would not have been able to keep silent.
I was too enraged.
If I had said nothing
I would have choked on spite.

CADMUS: Let's satisfy the giant, he is master here;
Hermione is submissive to his cruel power:
This diversion, whatever it may be, in the end
Is worth some time to me for the pleasure of seeing her.
If I'm not allowed to speak to her myself
And to dare to say that I love her,
At least our Africans, by means of their sweetest songs,
Will be able to show her my intense love,
Despite a jealous rival.
Let's prepare everything carefully.
Let's hurry, the princess is coming forward.

ARBAS: Let's go.

CADMUS: You, don't follow my steps.
I am going to see the giant, you must avoid him.

ARBAS: No, no, we won't have further uproar nor fuss.
As to the insults I uttered,
I said them so low
That he didn't hear me.

(Exit Cadmus, Arbas and the two Princes. Hermione enters from another direction with her suite, Charite, Aglanta, and her Nurse.)

HERMIONE: This pleasant abode,
So peaceful and so somber,
Offering silence and shade
To whoever wants to avoid uproar and bright daylight.
Ah! It's not as easy
To find an asylum
To avoid Love!
The pitiless tyranny
Whose barbarous rule I follow
Doesn't forbid loving song and harmony.
You who keep me company,
Reply to my voice.

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AGLANTA: It's useless to flee Love, one cannot avoid it.
You can only oppose a vain defense against its features;
Might as well really spare oneself the trouble
By surrendering without resistance.

CHARITE: The pain of love is charming;
There isn't any heart that's exempt
From paying this fatal tribute.
If Love terrifies,
It's more from fright than ill.

NURSE: What choice is in your power!
Think to what spouse heaven wants to join you.

HERMIONE: I shiver when I think of it.
Why do you make me recall it?

NURSE: You are without hope on this side of the earth.
The king who detains you in this charming abode,
Has the god of war for him.
He's assembled in his court
The rest of the giants who escaped the thunder.
For Cadmus sake, beware of an unfortunate passion;
The gift of your heart will cost his life.

HERMIONE: Ah! What cruelty to wish to force on me
This odious choice that I cannot endure!

NURSE: The whole world finds you pitiable,
Yet no one dares to help you.

AGLANTA: Here come the Africans; but the giants are following them.

HERMIONE: What! Everywhere giants!
What! Still disturbing us!

CHARITE: It's customary that pleasures arrive;
What an annoying nuisance,
If they are always coming to meddle with them.

(Enter four giants, two Tyrian Princes, the Giant, three Pages, thirteen Africans, dancing and singing with the guitar, Africans playing with the guitar, two other Africans, singing. Also Cadmus and Arbas. One of the Africans plants a large palm in the midst of the stage: this tree is decorated with several festoons and garlands. The four giants mix with the Africans, and together form a dance mixed with singing.)

ARBAS: (singing with two Africans)
Follow, let's follow Love;
Let's allow ourselves to be enflamed.
Ah! ah! ah! How sweet it is to love!

FIRST AFRICAN: When Love directs us
We will endure his rigors;
Cherish his labors;
He exempts no one
From his conquering arrows.
What peril astonishes us!
Let's leave trembling to weak hearts.

ARBAS AND THE TWO AFRICANS:
Follow, let's follow Love;
Let's allow ourselves to be inflamed.
Ah! ah! ah! How sweet it is to love!

SECOND AFRICAN: (singing) Two lovers can sham
When they are in agreement;
The more love finds to fear
The greater effort he makes.
Useless to constrain him
He's much stronger.

ARBAS AND THE TWO AFRICANS:
Follow, let's follow Love;
Let's allow ourselves to be inflamed.
Ah! ah! ah! How sweet it is to love!

ALL THREE TOGETHER: There's no charming
Easily
And without alarms;
But in love, all pleases.
There's no torment
Without charms.
Follow, let's follow Love,
Let's allow ourselves to be inflamed.
Ah! ah! ah! How sweet it is to love.

(After the entrance, Hermione rises from the place where she was seated near the giant, who follows her and stops her before she can retire.)

GIANT: It's time to end my pain:
After so many unjust refusals.
Where do you intend to go?
Are you fleeing, cruel fair?

HERMIONE: I was here for an African dance;
The Africans are no longer dancing.

GIANT: Nothing must thwart me any more.
Mars is on my side; he's your father.
It's he who intends to join your heart and mine.

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HERMIONE: I am the sister of Love, and Venus is my mother.
They are not on your side; do you count them as nothing?

GIANT: Your destiny must
Submit to the decree of the god who gave you life.
And marriage
Doesn't take the opinion of Love.
You fear the reasons with which I can confound you;
You don't listen to me! You want to avoid me!

HERMIONE: When one has nothing to reply,
What's the use of listening?

GIANT: I will follow you everywhere despite your wrath:
I intend to present myself ceaselessly to your sight.
And if that doesn't please you,
It will do to torment you.

((All leave except Cadmus, the two Tyrian Princes and a page.))

CADMUS: Abandoning her to this cruel torture is too much.
It's time to cry out
And to dare to attempt all
Against so much injustice.

FIRST PRINCE: That exposes your life to horrible risks;
You will have to subdue the frightful dragon of Mars.

SECOND PRINCE: You must sow its teeth and suddenly see the earth
Form soldiers to make war on you.

THE TWO PRINCES TOGETHER:
You see to what dangers you are going to offer yourself.

CADMUS: I only see Hermione, and I am seeing her suffer;
All gives way to this extreme horror;
It is less terrible to die
Than to see the one you love suffering.
Nothing can dismay me;
Despite all perils, Love wants me to hope.

JUNO: (entering in her Chariot) Where are you going, bold one?
What course are you rushing on?
It's the spouse and sister of the master of thunder,
The mother of the God of War;
It's Juno who is coming to stop you.

PALLAS: (in her chariot) Go, Cadmus, let nothing astound you.
Go, fear neither Juno nor the God of combats;
Dare to help Hermione;
You see on your side the Warrior, Pallas.

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Run the greatest dangers, I will follow your steps;
It's Jupiter who is ordering me.

JUNO: Who would ever have dared to believe it?
Today, Pallas declares for the lovers!

PALLAS: Who can be against Love
When he agrees with Glory?

JUNO: Avoid a dangerous wrath.

PALLAS: Profit by honest advice.

JUNO: Flee a horrifying death.

PALLAS: Seek in perils an immortal glory.

CADMUS: Between two deities who suspend my prayers,
I don't dare to resist one of the two,
But I am following Love, who calls me.

JUNO: I will pursue your life.

PALLAS: I am flying to your succor.

(Juno and Pallas are carried off in their chariots.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

The stage represents a palace.

ARBAS: Charite, it's very true; Cadmus wishes to attempt
To place Hermione in complete liberty;
He said that to the tyrant and I just heard him.

CHARITE: And what did the giant say? Isn't he irritated?

ARBAS: He laughed at his temerity.
My master ought to see the princess
Before attacking the furious dragon
Which watches guard over these parts.
And love, which urges me toward you,
Wants me to come pay my goodbyes.
Seeing you, beautiful Charite,
I thought that love was a charming pleasure;
But when I must leave you,
I endure nothing but a cruel torture;
Sorrow seizes me, I can't talk any more;
When I weep and when I cry,

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You laugh and nothing moves your indifferent heart.

CHARITE: You make a face when weeping.
I can't prevent myself from laughing.

ARBAS: Pity, at least, ought to really induce you
To take some share in my intense sorrows.

CHARITE: If it's really true that you love me,
Why do you want to afflict me?

ARBAS: To assuage my heart of the pain which presses it,
Will it cost you so much to be afflicted a little?

CHARITE **It's a poison that saddens it.**
Love is not pleasant any more, 'cause it's no longer a game.

ARBAS: One consoles a lover for the rigors of absence
By tender goodbyes.

CHARITE: When it's necessary to leave, a little indifference
Consoles even more.

ARBAS: You actually told me that it was impossible
That your barbarous heart would lose it's harshness.

CHARITE: At least, if you are going to
Complain of seeing me insensitive,
You ought to be satisfied with my sincerity;
Since at last, to satisfy you,
I am not able to weep with you;
If you wanted to please me,
You would laugh with me.

ARBAS: It's too much to jest over my martyrdom.
Scorn ought to deliver me.
Isn't it really mad to cry over
Some one who does nothing but laugh?

CHARITE: Cure yourself, if you can.
I approve of your anger.
When one causes
An amorous heart to despair,
It's through a lucky scorn
That it must escape from the affair.

CHARITE AND ARBAS: When one causes
An amorous heart to despair,
It's through a lucky scorn
That it must escape from the affair.

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ARBAS: But the nurse is coming, I have to distance myself.

CHARITE: You know that you please her; do you intend to disdain her?
She's a pretty enough conquest.

ARBAS: If I please her, so much the worse for her.

NURSE: (entering) What! As soon as I appear, you flee the same moment!
When you have friends, is this the way to leave them?

ARBAS: Time presses, and Cadmus is waiting for me.

NURSE: When you were speaking alone to Charite,
Time didn't press you so much;
What charm does she have that attracts you?
What do I have that makes you leave?

ARBAS: I had to speak to her,
I have nothing to tell you.
I must follow Cadmus; we are leaving this place.

NURSE: To tell me goodbye is a dignity
That nothing relieves you of.

ARBAS: Then I say goodbye to you.

(Exit Arbas.)

NURSE: He's leaving me, the ingrate!
He's fleeing me the faithless one!
Don't be afraid I'll call you back:
Go, run, I am letting you leave.
Go, I've nothing more for you but mortal hate.
May you meet the most cruel death;
May the dragon swallow you.

CHARITE: Believe me,
Moderate the outburst of your rage.
A scorn that makes so much uproar
Does too much honor to those who flee us.

NURSE: Ah! Truly, I find you good!
Is it for you, little sprout,
To find fault with what I say?
Wait for the age
When you are wise
To give advice.

CHARITE: I am young, I confess it.
Do you find this defect so worthy of scorn?
Has one no good sense except by losing youth?

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It would be very dear at that price.

NURSE: Time ripens wits;
Wit's the fruit of age.

CHARITE: It's not certain that wisdom
Always comes with grey hair.

NURSE: I am forbearing a bit and they wound me
With this stinging speech.
Do you intend to insult me endlessly?

CHARITE: I respect your old age
But Cadmus and the princess
Are coming to these parts.
Let's not disturb their goodbyes.

(Exit Charite and Nurse in one direction. Enter Cadmus and Hermione from another.)

CADMUS: Beautiful Hermione, I'm going to part;
I am going to execute what Love directs me to do.
Despite the peril which awaits me,
I intend to deliver you or destroy myself.
I see you, at last, I am telling you that I love you.
It's enough so as to die satisfied.

HERMIONE: Ah! Cadmus, why do you love me?
Why do you want to seek a very certain death?
Eh! What can human valor
Do against the God Mars in wrath?
See into what perils your love drags us!
I ought to prefer your hate.
Ah! Cadmus, why do you love me?

CADMUS: You love me; it suffices; don't be pained any further.
My destiny, whatever it may be, can only be sweet.

HERMIONE: Let's live to love each other, and stop pursuing
The funeral plan you have formed.
It ought to be really sweet to live
When one loves and one is loved.

CADMUS: I see you enslaved under an unjust law.
Is it loving you to suffer it?
When what one loves is exposed to perish,
The most frightful death is to be envied.

HERMIONE: But you cannot think there's going to be life?
For my life mustn't you be without terror?
I will live under unjust sway
To which my cruel destiny delivers me,

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But if you perish for me
I cannot survive you.

CADMUS: I need succor; do you want to overwhelm me?
Ah, princess, is it time to make me tremble?

HERMIONE: Be sensitive to my alarms.

CADMUS: I feel your sorrows only too much.

HERMIONE: Will you leave despite my crying?

CADMUS: It's necessary to dry up the source of your tears.

HERMIONE: What! You are going to leave me?

CADMUS: I am going to help you.

HERMIONE: Ah! You are going to perish!
You are seeking out a horrible death.
My heart tells me too well that you will lose the day.

CADMUS: The love I have for you believes nothing's impossible.
As I leave, it flatters me with a happy return.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE: Believe in my love.

HERMIONE: You are not listening to my tenderness!
Nothing can restrain you!

CADMUS: Time presses.

TOGETHER: In the name of the most beautiful fetters love has made,
Live, if you love me.

CADMUS: Let's hope.

HERMIONE: All causes me despair.
How I wish myself ill for
Having known too well how to please you!

TOGETHER: How a tender love costs sorrows!

HERMIONE: You are fleeing?

CADMUS: Have to.

HERMIONE: Stay.

CADMUS: I cannot.
The more I delay, the more I weaken;

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I must tear myself from this place.

HERMIONE: Ah, Cadmus!

CADMUS: Hermione!

TOGETHER: Goodbye!

(Cadmus leaves.)

HERMIONE: (alone) Love, see what ill you make for us,
Where are the blessings you promised?
Didn't you pity our pains?
Your most inhumane rigors,
Will they always be for the most tender hearts?
Cruel love, for whom are you reserving your sweetness?

LOVE: (on a cloud) Calm your discontent, dissipate your fears;
Love is coming to dry your tears.
He doesn't abandon those who follow his laws;
Remember that for me all is possible.
Thus nothing remains insensitive to my approach.
Thus, to divert it, everything vivifies at my voice's call.

(The statues animated by Love jump from their pedestals to dance. Love descends and comes to sing in the midst of the animated statues.)

LOVE: Stop complaining
Of suffering from loving.
Lovers, you mustn't fear anything.
If you are suffering, your reward is charming.
After inhuman rigors
You love without pains;
You laugh at the jealous.
A blessing full of charms
Which costs tears
Becomes more sweet.
All must render homage
To the amorous empire.
Sooner or later you have to get involved.
Without loving anything, you cannot be happy.
After inhuman rigors, etc.

(Love resumes his place on the cloud which bears him, the statues return to their pedestals, while ten little golden cherubs holding baskets full of flowers are in their turn animated by Love and come at his direction to cast their flowers as they fly around Hermione.)

LOVE: Loves, come sow a thousand flowers under her feet.

HERMIONE: Leave me my sorrow, I find attractions
In the horror of an intense peril.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

Is this the help that they must offer me?
Perhaps the one I love
Is already near perishing.

LOVE: (flying in the midst of ten cherubs)
I am going to aid him.

CURTAIN

ACT III

FIRST TYRIAN PRINCE: You are really turning your glance away?

SECOND TYRIAN PRINCE: Are you afraid of the dragon of Mars?

ARBAS: Precaution is necessary.
It's wise to foresee an irritating accident.
One mustn't march here with temerity.

FIRST PRINCE: It's very proper to be prudent.

ARBAS: I am bold when need be.
If anyone doubts it, he'll able to learn.

SECOND PRINCE: Who would want to attack you?

FIRST PRINCE: One would take you valiant on your word,
But the color of your face
Responds ill to your valor.

ARBAS: Is it by color
That one ought to judge courage!

SECOND PRINCE: How disturbed your nerves appear!
You're trembling.

ARBAS: That's the way it seems to you.
Each believes whatever resembles himself,
Perhaps it's you who are trembling.
May funereal love be cursed
Which brings us so much suffering on this unlucky day!
It's a relief to curse
And it's hard to know how to curse love too much.

THE TWO PRINCES TOGETHER: Let's beware of ever having wanted
To be amorous.
Of all the ills of life,
Love is the most dangerous.

FIRST PRINCE: Cadmus is going to try to render Mars propitious.
It's here that he intends to offer a sacrifice.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

SECOND PRINCE: For different duties we must separate.

THE PRINCES: (together) Let's go prepare everything.

(The Princes leave.)

ARBAS: Let's acquit ourselves of the duties Cadmus assigned us.

What an uproar! No, it's nothing; courage friends, courage.

What trouble to give courage while trembling.

It's not my fault if I am not valiant.

I try at least to appear so.

I am not the only one who prides himself on being so,

And who only seems to be.

We must fetch some water for the ceremony.

Advance, I am with you. What a furious dragon!

THE TWO AFRICANS: O god! O god!

(As the two Africans go to fetch water, the dragon hurls himself on them and drags them away.)

ARBAS: Ah! My life is done for!

Isn't there a tree or a rock

Which is open for me to hide in?

CADMUS: (entering) Where are you going?

ARBAS: The dragon.

CADMUS: Well?

ARBAS: Ah! My dear master

CADMUS: Speak up.

ARBAS: The dragon.

CADMUS: Whereabouts do you see him appear?

I'm looking everywhere and I don't see him.

ARBAS: What! The dragon's fleeing us?

Why, are you looking carefully?

CADMUS: Where are your companions?

What is keeping you so silent?

You appear speechless with terror.

ARBAS: Lord, you judge wrongly of me.

If I am speechless, it's only with rage.

Alas! My poor companions.

The dragon made a snack of them.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

CADMUS: Let's go, I must avenge them.

ARBAS: Why in such a hurry for the dragon to eat you?

Let it hide. Ah! There it comes!
Help! Help! I am dead, I am dead!
O heaven, where will be my asylum?
Terror renders me motionless;
I don't know how to take another step.
Ah! Let's hide, don't breath.

(Arbas hides and Cadmus battles against the dragon.)

CADMUS: (after having killed the dragon) I can no longer put off

Addressing the God Mars to calm his rage.
If I can soften him, nothing can disturb me.
My men are scattered; they must be reassembled.

(Exit Cadmus.)

ARBAS: (leaving the spot where he was hiding)

The dragon, satiated with blood and carnage,
Has at last retired to some savage cave.
Everything is calm around here and I no longer hear anything.
I feel my courage coming back
And believe I can safely flee.
Let's go recount everywhere the death of my master.
Ah, how I pity his funereal fate!
Let's go; but what am I seeing appear?
The dragon stretched out! Isn't he dead?
No, I see him pierced, his blood is flowing; ah, the traitor!
I cannot control my wrath against him.
And I want to give him at least the last blows.

(Arbas takes his sword in his hand and goes to pierce the dragon which again makes a movement that forces Arbas to beat a retreat.)

FIRST PRINCE: (entering) What! Sword in hand!

What must he be attempting?

SECOND PRINCE: With what peril are you threatened?

THE TWO PRINCES: (together) We will take care to protect you.

ARBAS: You are coming a bit late; the peril has passed.

THE TWO PRINCES: What do we see? Who would have believed it!

What? The dragon is beaten?

ARBAS: We are bringing back the victory without you.

FIRST PRINCE: Did you follow Cadmus?

SECOND PRINCE: Did you share in his glory?

ARBAS: Eh! We weren't far off when he was battling.

THE TWO PRINCES: Tell us about this battle.

ARBAS: I am so out of breath from it
That as yet, I can hardly express myself except with pain.
It's good to dry this embloodied sword
For fear it will be spoiled.

THE TWO PRINCES: Ah! What shame for us to miss the opportunity
To display our courage.

ARBAS: All these pains and regrets
Are over duties which do not cost anything;
When one no longer sees anything to do,
It's necessary to brave the breeze a bit.

FIRST PRINCE: Watch out for yourself a bit;
Cadmus will do us justice.
But he's coming; let's fall in to see the sacrifice.

(Cadmus enters with the High Priest, two singing priests, a Drummer, six dancing priests. Two priests bear a great trophy which covers the High Priest as he moves center stage.)

HIGH PRIEST: Mars! O you who can,
When you choose, unchain
The furies of war;
O Mars! Receive our prayers.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS: O Mars! Receive our prayers.

THE HIGH PRIEST: Your funeral wrath is not less dangerous
Than the fatal outburst of thunder.
O Mars! Receive our prayers

CHORUS OF PRIESTS: O Mars! Receive our prayers.

THE HIGH PRIEST: Bloody battles are your sports.
When it pleases you, you know how to fill the whole earth
With frightful ravages.
O Mars! Receive our prayers.

CHORUS: O Mars! Receive our prayers.

(The singing priests remain prostrated, and the dancing priests make yet another entrance to the sound of drums and the clash of arms; after which the singing priests rise and sing.)

HIGH PRIEST: Formidable Mars!
Indomitable Mars!

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!

CHORUS: Formidable Mars!
Indomitable Mars!
O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!

HIGH PRIEST: O pitiless Mars,
Is your implacable hate
Revocable?
Must it overwhelm
An unshakable soul
In the midst of dangers?

CHORUS: O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!
Formidable Mars!
Indomitable Mars!
O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!

HIGH PRIEST: Let the tumult of alarms,
Let the uproar, let the clash,
Let the tumult of arms,
Resound everywhere.

CHORUS: O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!
Formidable Mars!
Indomitable Mars!
O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!

HIGH PRIEST: Let them bring the victim forward.
Let it calm the wrath which animates you
And draw on us only your softest glances!

CHORUS: O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!
Formidable Mars!
Indomitable Mars!
O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!

(Mars appears in his chariot and interrupts the sacrifice.)

MARS: It's vain to hope
That useless prayers will appease my wrath.
I am not revoking my laws.
If Cadmus wants to satisfy me,
Let him manage, if he can, to deserve my choice.
A vain respect cannot please me.
One doesn't satisfy Mars except through great exploits.
You that hell nourishes,
Come, cruel furies,
Come, break the altar into a hundred scattered pieces.

CHORUS: O Mars! O Mars! O Mars!

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

(Four furies descend and demolish the altar, then fly off each holding an ember of the sacrifice in hand. The chariot of Mars turns at the same time and carries him to the back of the stage where he is lost from view, and all the priests and assistants withdraw, shouting, O Mars!)

CURTAIN

ACT IV

The stage represents the field of Mars.

CADMUS: Here's the field of Mars;
Here, without delay
I must finish my attempt.
I have the teeth of the dragon, I am going to sow them.

ARBAS: These are enemies you will see take form,
So many armed soldiers are going to be born,
That at first you will be overwhelmed by their blows.
And perhaps you aren't thinking
That you have only me here alone with you.

CADMUS: I don't wish to expose anyone
To the peril to which I am abandoning myself.
I must fight alone, and retain only you.
You know my love, I am sure of your faith;
I really want you to be the last to leave me.

ARBAS: Lord, you honor me more than I deserve.

CADMUS: If I am making only a vain effort,
Accomplish what I direct you.
As soon as you know of my death,
Hasten to see Hermione;
Go, bring her my last prayers.
Let her live, it suffices to pity an unfortunate.
Let her take care to keep the faithful memory
Of a flame so beautiful.
It's the unique reward that I desire
For what I shall have done for her.
I don't intend to detain you any longer.
Leave me.

ARBAS: Must I leave you?

CADMUS: I insist on it; obey.

ARBAS: Ah! What violence;
Lord, you exact from my obedience!

(Arbas leaves.)

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

LOVE: (appearing on a brilliant cloud)

Cadmus, receive the gift that I am coming to bring to you.
It's the work of God who forges thunder.
Don't fail to throw it
In the middle of soldiers borne from the Earth.
Today you must reveal
What a great heart seconded by Love can do.
Complete the plan in which my ardor binds you.

CADMUS: I am going to obey you without further delay.

LOVE AND CADMUS: You must reveal today

What a great heart seconded by Love can do.

(Love flies off, and Cadmus sows the teeth of the dragon from which the earth produces armed soldiers, and which prepare right away to turn their weapons on Cadmus; but he throws into their midst like a grenade, what Love brought him, which breaks into several splinters and which inspires the combatants with a furor to fight each other and to strangle themselves. Eight armed soldiers born of the earth battle. The last five who remain alive come to bring their arms to the feet of Cadmus.)

ECHION: (fighting) Let's stop a funereal distraction.

Why are we immolating ourselves as we are born hereabouts?
Let's reserve the blood that remains to us
To serve a hero favored by the gods.

CADMUS: Go, let each of you in these walls rush

To render homage to the princess,
Who must here give you absolute orders.
Your first respects are owed to her.
I will follow you closely; it's my strongest wish.

(The combatants obey Cadmus who remains to reassemble the Tyrians.)

CADMUS: Let's find our Tyrians; they are trembling for my life.

Let's go reassure them; let's look every where.

GIANT: (entering) No, it's not enough to have satisfied Mars;

You see an enemy you must also fight;
Instead of triumphing, resume the battle.

CADMUS: Let's battle.

GIANT: I pity the peril you are running.

It's shameful for me to conquer with so much advantage.
Go flee, and give up to me the object of our loves.
You no longer have gods who are protecting your life.

CADMUS: The gods have given me courage

And that's aid enough.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

GIANT: We'll see if there's nothing that astonishes you.

Let them come to me, let them surround him,
Let him be pierced on all sides.

PALLAS: (seated on a flying owl)

Cadmus, shut your eyes, perfidious ones, stop!

(Pallas discovers her shield and presents it to the eyes of the four giants, who remain motionless, and in a moment become four statues.)

PALLAS: See, Cadmus, see that death

Has punished their injustice.

CADMUS: What do I see? The armed giants

Are no longer living bodies!

PALLAS: I promised you my assistance:

I am going to prepare a superb palace for you.

I wish to join to the sweetness of a marriage full of allures

Dazzle and magnificence.

In peace, experience a glorious fate.

Go, don't listen to anything but the love that animates you.

Hermione is coming here.

CADMUS: How must I express my thanks?

PALLAS: (flying off) To protect the virtue of a magnanimous prince

Is the sweetest function of the gods.

(Pallas leaves. Hermione enters.)

CADMUS: My princess!

HERMIONE: Cadmus!

CADMUS: What joy!

HERMIONE: What glory!

CADMUS: At last I see you free!

HERMIONE: I see you again victor!

CADMUS: What a favorable victory!

HERMIONE: How much it cost my heart.

CADMUS: It's a charming privilege

To be able to save from cruel slavery

The beauty by whom one is charmed!

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

HERMIONE: What a fate worthy of envy
To be able to owe the happiness of her life
To the hand of a beloved conqueror.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE: After inhuman rigors
Heaven favors our prayers.
Ah! How sweet is the memory
Of pains, once one is happy!

(A cloud rises from the ground and envelops Hermione.)

JUNO: (on a peacock) You see the effect of my wrath;
You must again battle Juno and her power.
The care my unfaithful spouse takes for you
Attracts on your passion the outburst of my vengeance.
Raise Hermione on your ark before his eyes.
Execute instantly what Juno orders you.

HERMIONE: (atop a rainbow) O heaven!

ALL TOGETHER: O heaven! O Heaven! Hermione! Hermione!

CURTAIN

ACT V

The scene represents the palace that Pallas had prepared for the wedding of Cadmus and Hermione.

CADMUS: (alone) Alas, beautiful Hermione!
Can I be happy without you?
What's the use of this pomp
They're preparing for me in this palace?
All hope is lost for us.
The happiness of a love so rare and faithful
Even amongst the gods excited jealousy.
Alas, beautiful Hermione!
Can I be happy without you?
We were flattered that our barbarous fate
Had exhausted its wrath.
What harshness, when they separate
Two hearts so close to being joined in such sweet fetters!
Alas, beautiful Hermione!
Can I be happy without you?

PALLAS: (on her cloud) Your prayers are going to be satisfied;
Jupiter and Juno have ended their quarrel.
Love himself made peace between them.
Your Hermione is finally coming down to this palace.
The gods are coming with her.
Heaven intends that this day be celebrated forever.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

(The heavens open and all the gods appear, coming forward to accompany Hermione, who descends on a throne at the side of Hymen who gives her place to Cadmus and puts herself amidst the two spouses. Troupes of divinities, as many in heaven as on earth. The followers of Cadmus and Hermione come to take part in the rejoicing of the gods, and Jupiter begins to invite the heavens and earth to contribute to the happiness of these two lovers.)

JUPITER: Whoever follows the laws of the master of thunder,
Let heaven and earth
Agree to fulfill their vows.
After so harsh a fate,
After so many cruel pains,
Faithful lovers
Live happily.

ALL THE CHORUS: (answering)
After so harsh a fate,
After so many cruel pains,
Faithful lovers
Live happily.

HYMEN [MARRIAGE]:
Hymen wants to offer you his most beautiful fetters.

JUNO: Juno wants to form the bonds.

CHORUS: Faithful lovers
Live happily.

VENUS: Venus will give you eternal delights.

MARS: I will divert fatal quarrels and dangerous enemies from you.

CHORUS: Faithful lovers
Live happily.

PALLAS: Expect from Pallas a thousand new favors.

LOVE: Love will forever conserve such fine passions.

CHORUSES: After so harsh a fate,
After so many cruel pains,
Faithful lovers
Live happily.

JUPITER: Here, Hymen, take care here of dances and sports.

CHORUSES: Faithful lovers
Live happily.

HYMEN: Come, god of feasts, pleasant games, come,
Heap your delights on these lucky spouses

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

While all heaven prepares
The gifts that it destined for them.
Earth must mix in it its rarest belongings.
Come, god of feasts; pleasant games, come,
Heap your delights on these lucky spouses.

(Comus dances alone. Four followers of Comus. Four hamadryads emerge from the earth with baskets full of fruits. Comus begins to dance alone.)

ARBAS AND NURSE: Shall we remain in silence,
When they're dancing, when they're singing?
Sorrow has had its time,
Heaven has forever driven it off,
Pleasures have taken its place.
When two hearts are constant
Sooner or later they'll be satisfied.
How sweet it is, to sigh
After emerging from a long martyrdom!
Sorrow has had its time,
Heaven has forever driven it off.
Pleasures have taken its place.
When two hearts are constant
Sooner or later they'll be satisfied.

(Cherub-cupids make gifts from the gods descend from heaven, under a sort of little pavilion attached to elegant chains. The hamadryads and the followers of Comus bring them to the spouses and form a dance in which Charite mixes a song.)

CHARITE: Lovers, love your fetters,
Your cares and your sighs;
Love measures your pleasures
By your pains.
He causes alarms,
He dearly sells his charms,
But for such a great blessing
All your ills are nothing.
Without a pleasant passion
Life has no attractions.
Who can touch a soul
Untouched by love?
He causes alarms,
He dearly sells his charms,
But for such a great blessing
All your ills are nothing.

(All the gods of heaven and earth resume singing. The hamadryads and the followers of Comus continue to dance, and the mixture of singing and dancing forms a general rejoicing which ends the feast of the marriage of Cadmus and Hermione.)

ALL THE CHORUSES: After so harsh a fate,
After so many cruel pains,

CADMUS AND HERMIONE By Quinault

Faithful lovers
Live happily.

CURTAIN