

# **RUSTIC AMOURS A Pastoral By Favart**

Translated and adapted By Frank J. Morlock C 2003



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Special thanks to Horvallis for helping me with some difficult passages in this and other plays

Etext by Dagny

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**CHARACTERS:**

**PHILINTE, a shepherd**

**HELEN, a shepherdess**

**LISETTE, a shepherdess**

**DAMON**

**RICHARD, laborer**

**SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES**

**PEASANTS, PEASANT GIRLS**

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The stage represents an agreeable countryside, on one side is a hill covered with trees, and on the other a prairie cut by streams.

**PHILINTE:** Our shepherds are going to the sound of bag-pipes  
To celebrate the village fest:  
To calm and innocent pleasures  
All hearts are soon going to be delivered.  
I will be the only one in these retreats  
That an ingrate is causing to sigh.  
Already I can hear their plain song  
Resound in the plain and the hills.

**LISETTE:** Philinte, tell me your wrongs,  
Your pain interests me.

**PHILINTE:** Dear Lisette, two rivals  
Alarm my tenderness.  
Helen has a thousand looks for them  
And seems to avoid my glances.  
A fat farmer from this village and  
A little dandy from Paris  
Are smitten with my shepherdess.

**LISETTE:** Go, don't take any umbrage.

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**PHILINTE:** They are more opulent than I.

**LISETTE:** Do they know how to love like you?  
One is a fat rustic lover  
Whose love abruptly is stated  
And the other a gallant puppy  
Only touched by the taste of pleasures  
And who seems, when he speaks, to complain  
Of fatigue from opening his mouth.

**PHILINTE:** When I played a new tune,  
Soon my shepherdess came  
At the sound of a rustic flute  
To join her light voice.  
Now I vainly make up tunes.  
I've made tunes expressly for her,  
And the faithless one  
Is singing other songs.  
Helen was so proud  
To wear my first bouquet  
That she used it to adorn her corset  
For a whole week.  
Today I gave her bluebottles and  
She hid them under her kerchief  
And when she saw my rivals  
She tore 'em off.

**LISETTE:** What you are telling me, shepherd  
Seems very strange to me.

**PHILINTE:** My heart would like to free itself  
Since the ingrate is changing.  
But whoever loves her need never fear  
Of ever breaking his chain.  
Eh! What object has more attractions  
Than perfidious Helen.  
I love an ungrateful beauty  
And it's for all my life.  
I no longer have any will power,  
My freedom's ravished from me.  
Helen is harsh  
But my heart prefers her harshness

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To the sweetest favors  
Of all the other shepherdesses.  
When in the field, during the morning,  
The distant troupe calls her,  
Heaven becomes more serene,  
Dawn rises with her,  
Flowers are seen to bloom,  
To die, on her breast.  
At the dazzle of her complexion  
The rose blushes.  
The nightingale's going to sing,  
Joyous at seeing her so beautiful.  
The darting butterfly  
Mistakes her for a new flower.  
The amorous zephyrs  
Are born from her breath  
And my ardent sighs  
Follow her in the plain.  
Despite her timidity,  
Which renders her even more beautiful  
From a tender sensuality,  
I've seen Aurora in her eyes.  
And her mouth expresses,  
With a charming smile,  
The sweet pleasure of loving  
What she fears and desires.

**LISETTE:** Let's pipe down, I see your rival  
My little dandy coming.  
Let me talk to him.  
Beware appearing.  
I will know how to serve your passions.

**PHILINTE:** I'm counting on your zeal.  
What a ghastly torture  
To love an infidel.

(Exit Philinte, enter Damon.)

**LISETTE:** He's still getting dressed.



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**DAMON:** (pocket mirror in hand is adjusting his hair)  
What a nuisance to fix!  
Ah! There you are, beautiful Lisette.  
What! here without a shepherd?  
By the way—

**LISETTE:** What?

**DAMON:** (continuing to arrange his hair)  
Have you seen?

**LISETTE:** Who?

**DAMON:** The little one?  
Her face is original.  
She's not bad,  
Not bad at all.

**LISETTE:** You're looking for Helen here?

**DAMON:** The hussy is worth the trouble,  
And her innocent charms  
Are offering me the laughing image  
Of nature being born  
In beautiful days of Spring.

**LISETTE:** But Richard, that fat workman  
Can battle with you for your lover.  
Are you sure that your passion—?

**DAMON:** Am I sure? how charming she is!  
Be the judge, look at me  
And at the same time, consult your own feelings.

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**LISETTE:** All must grant you victory.

**DAMON:** Little Helen has the glory  
Of softening me up.  
She has a thousand attractions for her share  
But she's always so wild.  
It's deathly.  
Tell her to humanise—

**LISETTE:** But her modesty?

**DAMON:** What stupidity!  
Pain exceeds the pleasure.  
With us the vainest beauty  
Answers to our first sigh,  
Pleasure exceeds the pain.  
I intend to adorn her heart,  
To lead away the shepherdess;  
I know that at Paris, her modesty  
Is going to make her seem foreign.  
But in about a month,  
I'll certify it to you,  
I'll know how to give her the manners  
Of the best company.

**LISETTE:** Ah! how charming her fate will be!  
(repeat)  
You are going to limit your desire  
To loving yourself all your life.

**DAMON:** Frequently, a moment is enough.  
What's the use of forging chains  
And limiting her in her desires?  
All love has for fidelity is trouble,  
For inconstancy, it has only pleasure.  
Can you think that a passion  
Can last for such a long while?  
Who intends to subdue my soul  
Had better profit by the opportunity.  
Find Helen and inform her about it,

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And tell her I'm waiting for her.

**LISETTE:** Wait for her under the elm.

**DAMON:** Here's the picture of happiness.  
When Champagne, full of passion,  
Laughs and sparkles in my glass,  
It's a moment that must be seized  
Or soon it's flighty froth  
Will disappear with the pleasure.

(Damon leaves.)

**LISETTE:** Philinte is wrong to be worried  
About the love of this little dandy.  
As sure as I know myself  
He loves himself too much to be loved.

**RICHARD:** (singing but not seen as yet)  
Love's makin' me, la, la, la,  
Love's makin' me die.

**LISETTE:** I see Richard coming  
From the fields.

**RICHARD:** Helen, dear Helen,  
How you make me suffer!  
Love's makin' me, la, la, la  
Love's makin me die.

(Richard appears.)

**RICHARD:** Nothing can cure me.

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Ah! there you are, Lisette.  
Would yuh really like t' help me  
With my brunette?  
I'm havin' recourse to you.

**LISETTE:** Very willingly, very willingly.

**RICHARD:** My dear,  
I'm sharing the wit  
And the appetite.

**LISETTE:** What must be done for you?

**RICHARD:** Helen's looks,  
Which the dog of love makes game with,  
Have in my breast set all aflame.  
But like a zephyr,  
Which plays around a flower,  
Her charming smile  
Refreshes my heart.  
By jimminy, it's a rage.  
Day in day out, they see me waste away.  
I had no courage  
Except to love  
For my labor.  
Dammit, instead of freeing me,  
My greatest output  
Is to sigh.

**LISETTE:** Does she have a preference  
For someone else?

**RICHARD:** No, doggone.  
I am not less puzzled.  
I wanted some assurances,  
And when I demanded them—

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**LISETTE:** Well?

**RICHARD:** Her only response was curtsies.  
Zounds! that's well and good,  
But all that doesn't guarantee nuttin'.  
First off, I had some notion  
That your big cousin Philinte  
Had obtained a return from her.  
But I saw that, like a smart girl,  
She avoided this vicinity  
After she had my love.  
I watch her everywhere carefully.

**LISETTE:** And you are not doing so bad.

**RICHARD:** I wouldn't be joking  
If I had someone for a rival.  
Since Helen is in her springtime  
She must make use of it in the usual way.  
Make her understand the time's come  
For her to set up a household.  
Does she always intend  
To be so miserly of her friendship?  
And to let her little heart, what a pity!  
Lie fallow like this?  
Man's the supporter of woman.  
Zounds! she'd be nothing without him.  
I'm giving a good lesson  
To vines in need of support.  
Females are like vines  
Without support they're good for nothing.

**LISETTE:** Near the vineyards of our girls,  
You see mischievous fellows prowling.  
To be sure of them, you must pick  
The grapes as soon as they ripen.  
To harvest before it's ripe  
All the Gentlemen are on the lookout.  
The sparrows come to pilfer;  
The stalk is what remains;  
Above all beware a pilferer.

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**RICHARD:** Who is it?

**LISETTE:** He's a little gentleman,  
Whose heart Helen has won.  
I would never have believed he did it.  
He made me privy to his triumph.

**RICHARD:** What's that, that little libertine  
Intends to do me outrage!  
I will ring the tocsin  
On him in the village.  
Ah, doggone it.  
By Jove.  
Sonofagun.  
I'll make a fine uproar.  
He's only a little pipsqueak,  
Only good for cackling,  
And I'm going to send him packing.

(Exit Richard.)

**PHILINTE:** (entering) Well, do you know if my ingrate  
Was able to betray me?

**LISETTE:** Each of your rivals flatters himself  
He's obtaining her.  
But here we don't know  
The art of changing.  
And to suspect a shepherdess  
Is to outrage her.  
I see Helen coming.  
Question her heart.  
But, in depicting your passion,  
Hide your pain from her.

(Exit Lisette, enter Helen.)

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**HELEN:** (aside) What's so annoying  
As controlling oneself?  
Must I hide my flames for a long while?  
My tender heart is ignorant of the art of dissimulation.  
What's so annoying  
As controlling oneself?  
Must I hide my flames for a long while?

(Seeing Philinte, she wants to withdraw.)

**PHILINTE:** Stay put, my shepherdess.  
I was seeking you hereabouts.  
Your presence is dear to me.  
Ah! don't deprive my eyes of it any more.  
Absent from you, I am languishing,  
When I see you I am reborn.

**HELEN:** What do you want from me, Philinte? Alas!  
Your love disturbs me.  
Please don't follow my steps.  
I want to be alone  
Watching my flock,  
Turning my spindle,  
Singing my song.

**PHILINTE:** You deigned to soften  
At the recital of my pain,  
And now you want to flee me!  
Hey, what did I do to you, Helen?  
Ah! Inhuman shepherdess,  
Your harshness is causing me to die.  
These tender flowers that decorate the green  
Have perfumed the breath of zephyrs,  
With this beautiful day the light is more pure.  
In our hamlets all is given over to pleasure  
When Spring reanimates nature.  
Alas, I alone, I'm expiring of languor.  
But take pity on the pains I'm enduring  
And Spring is going to be born in my heart.

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**HELEN:** No, no, Philinte  
Let's no longer love, let's break our dangerous  
Fetters.  
Fear always  
Disturbs amorous hearts.  
(aside) His sad complaint  
Makes me suffer too much.  
(to Philinte) I cannot cure  
The languor with which your soul is seized.  
No, No, Philinte,  
Let's no longer love, let's break our dangerous  
Fetters.  
Fear always  
Disturbs amorous hearts.

**PHILINTE:** Hear the warbler  
Animating itself with its songs.  
It's telling you: Brunette,  
Loving is a pleasure.

**HELENE:** The sighing pigeon  
Seems to tell me,  
With its shivering,  
Love is a torture.

**PHILINTE:** See the shadow with this trembling?  
Two butterflies  
Flying together;  
They are forming two whirlwinds.  
Love by itself brings them together.  
Everything depicts love.  
To our hearts hereabouts  
Everything is love.

**HELENE:** I saw amorous birds  
Under this foliage one day.  
I was attentive to their sports,  
To their sweet jesting.  
But the first to fly off  
Was the infidel male.  
From that moment, I am listening  
To the complaints of the female.



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**PHILINTE:** See on this flowered shore  
That brings together these two streams;  
They do it only in the prairie,  
Nothing can divide their streams.  
Let's join our souls the same way,  
By the most pleasant bond;  
Helen, in a heart that loves you  
Come enmix yours forever.

**HELEN:** Shepherd, despite myself, I am afflicting you.  
Why, we must stop seeing each other.  
If I have some power over you,  
This is the proof that I am demanding of it.

**PHILINTE:** I'm going to leave,  
I'm going to die.  
When you hear the sweet zephyr  
Make some complaint in these reeds,  
Think, think that it's a sigh  
Of unhappy Philinte.  
On a bough  
When the turtledove,  
Far from its companion comes to shiver,  
Let Helen think that her absence  
Is making me die.  
Let the water that's spreading around these flowers,  
By it's murmur, make you hear how many tears  
You are making me shed.

**HELEN:** His sorrow is piercing my soul  
What power is controlling me!  
I'm afraid to listen to his passion  
And despite myself I'm staying.

**PHILINTE:** If your heart is freeing itself  
Can't I know the reason?

**HELEN:** Eh! no, no, no,  
Don't tell me any more about it.

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(Helen leaves.)

**PHILINTE:** I've lost my dear Helen.  
O sorrow! the ingrate is fleeing me.  
Will I be able to forget this inhuman person?  
I fear that my soul is following her.  
I see my two rivals coming.  
What should I do?  
Let's hide behind these reeds  
So as to hear them.

(Enter Richard and Damon.)

**RICHARD:** Go sell your wares elsewhere,  
Mr. Amorous Flibbertigibbet,  
For there's no food for a bird like you  
From a virgin of this village.

**DAMON:** I shall be preferred to you.

**RICHARD:** That's deluding yourself with a vain hope.  
They must reward  
Our perseverance.  
Fret, swear, here and there,  
Helter skelter,  
Hither and thither,  
Badabim bada boom, I don't care a hoot about all that.  
My sweet shepherdess  
Will be my reward.

**DAMON:** Yeah? Oh yeah!

**RICHARD:** Although I'm not a gentleman,  
In our village they respect me

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And no one's more important than me.  
I will oppose you.

**DAMON:** My friend, I pity you.  
But end it, your talk slays me.  
Helen loves this clodhopper!

**RICHARD:** Keep on boasting. (repeat)

**DAMON:** I've reigned in a thousand hearts,  
Without taking much trouble,  
This one's not much trouble.

**RICHARD:** He thinks because he has longed  
That all the beauties are impassioned.  
Do you pluck hearts  
Like milky apples, eh?  
I'm sure of having won  
That of young Helen.  
With us the heart of a mistress  
Doesn't surrender so promptly.  
Constant sighing is required.

**DAMON:** They cut the tenderness short in Paris.  
It's the work of a moment.  
Constancy weakens taste  
And change awakens it.  
Like the industrious bee  
I know how to take everything from the flower.

**RICHARD:** With that fine system  
Does he expect to render  
His beauty very tender?  
All will laugh at a Flibbetergibbet,  
Or flee him like a monster.  
I see her coming down the hill.  
She will explain herself between the two of us.

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**DAMON:** It's not you Helen will choose.

**RICHARD:** Ha! ha! we're going to see about that.

(Enter Helen.)

**HELEN:** I vainly moved away  
From this fountain.  
By it's shores, a tender lover  
Shivers in pain.  
Love insensibly  
Always brings me back,  
Always brings me back.

**RICHARD:** (catching her) Your servant.

**DAMON:** Come little one.  
She's as pretty as a beautiful day.  
The sight of her excites in every heart  
Desires, distractions of love.  
I hope, also, that today  
Yours will surrender to my merit.

**RICHARD:** —He—he's trapping her  
He's trapping her.

**DAMON:** Calm the lively burning  
Of the passion that excites me.  
Why this blush?

**HELEN:** Sir?

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**DAMON:** I adore you,  
Honor bright.  
Still modest.  
Fie, that's horrible.

**RICHARD:** The sight of you afflicts her.

**DAMON:** You are lowering your eyes.

**RICHARD:** I am furious, I mean really, really furious, I tell you.  
Zounds, his fury's going to freeze his heart.

**DAMON:** When you make it with me,  
You will shine  
In a fashionable outfit.  
Let's hurry to marry.  
Let this kiss  
Be the pledge.

**HELEN:** (repulsing Damon) Take it easy, no joking.

**RICHARD AND HELEN:** That's not done.  
That's not suitable.

**RICHARD:** Once you're my housekeeper,  
I will kick out of our home  
All these pipsqueaks that displease you.

**DAMON:** He's a brute, a jealous type.

**RICHARD:** If I have some quarrel,  
That will only put new life in our relationship.

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Zounds, they call that  
Recoiling to jump better.  
The two of us will retire to our farm,  
I'll do nothing but make better love.  
I won't rent you a carriage.  
What's the use of a fuss?  
But every day will be a wedding day.  
Bestir yourself,  
Bestir yourself, my babe  
For my love is steadier  
Than that of all the gentlemen of the court.

**DAMON:** Must he be so proud,  
Especially with a Lord?  
Helen's the first  
With whom I've experienced coldness,  
Mommy, mommy.  
Momm, momm, dear mommy,  
It's miserable  
To keep me in pain.

**HELEN:** Do you know our rules?  
Do you know our rules?  
Naive love reigns in our woods.  
Our hearts only listen to his voice,  
The sincere lover obtains his rights.  
Only he deserves our choice,  
Our discussion has no greater burden.  
Interest is out of it,  
Our feelings only  
Emerge from a pure source.  
Here we love artlessly  
Everything naturally.

**DAMON:** Pick me, my pretty  
There's nobody as frank as me.

**RICHARD:** You will find in my person  
A very natural, good love.

**TOGETHER:** Ah! my dear mistress!

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**DAMON:** So answer to my tenderness

**RICHARD:** So answer to my tenderness;  
For she's my sole desire,  
'Cause, hold on, that's what gives me the greatest pleasure.

**DAMON:** Don't listen to this working stiff.  
He'll take umbrage at the first word.

**RICHARD:** Don't listen to the prattle  
Of this little Flibbertigibbet  
Ah! really, a fine bird!  
What would you have in common with him?  
Ah! really, a fine bird  
That you would have for a lover!  
The Nightingale makes its singing  
So long as it enjoys its liberty.  
But if it's in a cage, it shuts up  
And nothing awakens its gayety.  
That's the image of a little dandy.  
First he loves to excess,  
He sings before the marriage,  
But you never hear him sing afterwards.

**DAMON:** When love is tired of the household,  
Liberty compensates us.  
It's only in the homes of the bourgeoisie  
That marriage is slavery.  
Now they experience, under its sway,  
All the bitterness of widowhood.

**RICHARD:** Let's cut off this superfluous discussion  
And let Helen decide between us.

**HELEN:** I'm in love, I cannot deny it any more.  
Forgive a timid heart,

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But I'm afraid, by naming a spouse,  
Of the wrath of a jealous rival.

**DAMON:** A heart is it's own master.

**RICHARD:** Love alone must rule.

**PHILINTE:** (aside, at the back of the stage)  
What have I heard?

**DAMON AND RICHARD:** (aside) I'm the one she loves.

**PHILINTE:** She's going to choose some one else.

**DAMON:** My heart, have no care,  
I know how to protect you.

**RICHARD:** I'll know how to protect it, too

**PHILINTE:** (to Lisette at the back of the stage) Lisette, come listen.  
Just gods! Ungrateful Helen,  
I am going to expire before her eyes.

(Enter Philinte and Lisette.)

**HELEN:** At this time I'm going to make  
A sincere confession.  
Both of you take an oath  
To see my choice without anger.



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**RICHARD:** Yes, pronounce it boldly.

**PHILINTE:** (still not seen)  
O heaven!

**DAMON:** Name your lover.

**HELEN:** (choosing Philinte whom she has noticed)  
Here's the one I prefer.

**PHILINTE:** I've won.  
I can hardly believe it.

**HELEN:** Dry your tears,  
Our fears are ending,  
Our pleasures beginning.  
Let's join our hearts.  
(to Damon) A heart is it's own master.  
(to Richard) Love alone must rule.  
Both of you, follow your system,  
You must guarantee my choice

**RICHARD:** Zounds, this beats all.

**HELEN:** (to Richard) You love too much.  
(to Damon) And you, too little.  
I don't want for my husband  
Either an inconstant or a jealous type.

**DAMON:** On my word, this decision is delightful.  
Richard shakes and is desolated.  
As for me, I'm doing better.  
No goodbyes, adorable shepherdess,  
I'll be expecting you at the end of a month or so.

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The stupidity of a choosing a shepherd  
While scorning an agreeable Lord!  
Word of a Chevalier, that is,  
Singular taste.  
Indeed, indeed, very singular  
Indeed, indeed, very singular.

(Damon leaves.)

**RICHARD:** Zounds, let's avenge ourselves  
For their treacherous passion.

**PHILINTE:** I was worried about your tenderness,  
I'm not very worried about your wrath.

**RICHARD:** Let her watch out for her Philinte.  
Why bother myself so much?  
With the sweet juice of my brew  
I'm going to console myself.

(Richard leaves.)

**LISETTE:** Everything answers to your wish.  
You must give yourself up to pleasure.  
The troupe of shepherds is coming forward.  
Under this cool shade, they are going  
To award the prize of confidence  
To these most perfect lovers.

(Lisette leaves.)

**HELEN:** Will you forgive me, Philinte  
For having tried your heart?  
Your rivals were making me frightened.  
I was scared of their fury.

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By an innocent trick  
I am crowning your passion.

**PHILINTE:** If the passions of all lovers  
And their most ardent distractions  
Were joined in my soul,  
Helen, o my most dear treasure,  
They still couldn't pay  
For a spark from your flame.

**DUO:** Let our charming fetters  
Serve as models  
To perfect lovers;  
Amorous shepherds  
Crown the passion  
Of two faithful hearts.

**PHILINTE:** Love, may your favors  
Have delights for us!

**HELEN:** Love make eternal  
Our sincere passions.

**TOGETHER:** Let our charming fetters  
Serve as models  
To perfect lovers.  
Amorous shepherds  
Crown the passion  
Of two faithful hearts.

### DIVERSION

(Shepherds and shepherdesses descend, two by two from the hill. The shepherds present a crown to Helen, and the shepherdesses a crown to Philinte.)

## RUSTIC AMOURS A Pastoral By Favart

**PHILINTE:** On this day, tender bag-pipes  
Repeat the echo of your accents.  
Helen finally is engaged  
And shares my ardent transports.  
You don't dare complain,  
Nor depict my languor to her.  
My sighs, after so many troubles,  
Helen allows the singing of my pleasures.

**A SHEPHERD:** (singing to the same refrain)  
The shepherdess who entices me  
Is afraid of the language  
Of Love.  
It's necessary that my bag-pipe,  
Most discreetly,  
Express in its turn  
What I make heard  
With a tender tune.  
The amorous accords  
My dear Themire,  
Sighs  
And seems sensible to my passion.

**A SHEPHERDESS:** The shepherd Silvandre  
Doesn't dare tell me of his passion.  
He is silent, but his bag pipe  
Is the interpreter of his heart.  
How dangerous it is to hear it!  
I'm afraid of listening to its accents  
And I won't know how to protect myself.  
Alas! With what powerful charms  
The enchanter knows how to surprise me.  
He troubles, he enchains my senses.  
The shepherd Silvandre  
Doesn't dare to tell me of his passion.  
He is silent, but his bag-pipe  
Is the interpreter of his heart.  
I am dreaming, I am distracted,  
When I hear his tunes.  
Without thinking about it, I repeat them in a murmur,  
And despite my self, my indiscreet voice  
Rises and joins in his tunes.  
The shepherd Silvandre  
Doesn't dare tell me of his passion.  
He is silent but his bagpipe  
Is the interpreter of his heart.

**CURTAIN**