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ROSEANNA M. MUELLER

1977

MONTEMAYOR'S DIANA : A TRANSLATION AND INTRODUCTION

by
RoseAnna M. Mueller

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty
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May 23, 1977
date

Fred J. Nichols
Chairman of Examining Committee

May 23, 1977
date

Gregory Rabassa
Executive Officer

Professor Fred J. Nichols
Professor Gregory Rabassa
Professor Patrick Cullen
Supervisory Committee

The City University of New York

ABSTRACT

MONTEMAYOR'S DIANA: A TRANSLATION AND INTRODUCTION

by

RoseAnna M. Mueller

Adviser: Professor Fred J. Nichols

Jorge de Montemayor's Los siete libros de la Diana (1559) was one of the more popular Renaissance pastoral romances. This Spanish pastoral romance written by a Castilianized Portuguese had many continuations. It influenced other pastoral works in England, and enjoyed a wide readership throughout Europe, as its many editions and translations witness. The Diana is a transitional work and an example of what writers of prose fiction were striving for in the middle of the 16th century. The Diana retained elements of the chivalric romance, integrated Petrarchan influences that had hitherto been reserved for the lyric, adhered to Neoplatonic love casuistry that had hitherto been reserved for courtly circles, and synthesized the plot into a pastoral setting. It is the successful blending of these elements that make the work unique.

The only complete English translation was done by Bartholomew Yong in 1598. This translation, however, is a response to euphuistic Elizabethan tastes. Yong used archaic expressions, added adjectives, made the simple prose of the Diana more "poetic," and generally expanded on the text. Because of its seminal qualities, the Diana should be more accessible to a wider audience. This translation of the Diana is a literal one based on the Barcelona 1561 text, one of the first dated editions. It is intended for the reader who has little or no knowledge of Spanish. I have sacrificed rhyme and meter in the poetry in the interest of retaining meaning, and have tried to reproduce Montemayor's style by adhering to the original syntax.

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Jorge de Montemayor

Little is known about the author's life.¹ He was born in Montemor-o-Velho near Coimbra, Portugal, circa 1520. He describes his birthplace in Book VII of the Diana. After emigrating to Spain, he Castilianized his name to Montemayor. Nothing is known about his family, and the little we know about his life has been pieced together from correspondence.

His education was limited. Judging from his works, he was familiar with Ovidian mythology and perhaps he knew Italian. He most likely did not know Latin, which may have proved an asset rather than a liability according to Atkinson "Montemayor, having the good fortune not to know Latin, writes a leisurely, cultured Spanish, castizo always, the style of one who is both courtier and artist by temperament."² The Diana is written in a simple style. There may be several reasons for its simplicity. Montemayor may have been limited in his use of Spanish. Certainly, the parts of the Diana written in Portuguese show more complexity of style than do the Spanish parts. On the other hand, Montemayor may have written in a simple style because he thought it appropriate for a pastoral work.

Montemayor confesses to devoting most of his time to love and poetry, but above all, to music. "En música gasté mi tiempo todo."³ His knowledge of music eventually led to his joining the court of Charles V. In 1543 Montemayor accompanied the Princess María of Portugal when she journeyed to Spain to marry Prince Philip, later to become King Philip II. Montemayor became a Spanish subject, writing in a Castilian so pure that Menendez Pelayo claims he wrote like a native.

"La dicción de Montemayor es purísima, sin rastro de provincialismo, sin que en parte alguna se trasluzca que el autor no hubiese tenido por lengua familiar la castellana desde la cuna."⁴ It may be that the many bilingual editions published in Paris were meant as teaching aids. If this is so, then Montemayor's writing was being used as an example of proper Spanish.

His first work, Díálogo espiritual, written in 1548 and dedicated to John III of Portugal, remained unpublished, and it points to the beginnings of Montemayor's predilection for the spiritual and the mystical. His first published work, Exposición moral sobre el salmo LXXXVI, a biblical commentary, was published in Alcalá in 1548.

Once in Spain, Montemayor became the chapel singer or chorister to Doña María of Castile, a daughter of Charles V. He later served the Infanta Doña Juana in this capacity until 1552. In that year Doña Juana married Prince Philip of Portugal, and Montemayor accompanied her to his native country. When the prince died in 1554, Montemayor returned to Spain and published his Cancionero, a poetry collection in Antwerp. Also during this year Prince Philip went to England to woo Mary Tudor, and Montemayor may have been part of the entourage. If this was so, and if the Sireno of the Diana is Montemayor's pastoral disguise, then this would account for one of the motives for writing his pastoral romance. Although the identity of Sireno remains disputed, it is possible that the author fell in love with a lady from the court of Charles V. She may have married during his trip to England, as Diana married while Sireno is out of the country on business. This would validate Sireno/Montemayor's claim that he had no choice but to follow "great shepherd."

We next find Montemayor in Valencia, where he wrote the Diana and published it in 1559. The setting for the novel is the banks of the Esla River in León, where Juan de Castilla, his patron, lived. A year later in Valencia Montemayor published his translation of Ausias March's Cantos de Amor.

Once the Diana was published Montemayor became the center of the court's attention. It remains unclear if he was made or if he elevated himself to the rank of hidalgo, or nobleman. It is clear, though, that his pastoral novel became an instant success. The Diana was widely read and underwent five editions in geographically distant cities within the author's lifetime, this at a time when printing was a relentlessly economic venture. Fray Bartolomé Ponce, who wrote a religious counterpart of the Diana called Clara Diana a lo divino (1580), wrote "...não havia casa onde se não lesse, rua onde se não cantassem os seus versos, nem conversação onde se não engransecasse o seu estylo..."⁵ Ponce tells of meeting with the poet in 1559 and scolding him for the secular nature of the work. Montemayor retorted that it was the duty of the brothers to do penance for all, and that arms and love were the proper pursuits of "hijos dalgo." Ponce also records that the author was killed by a friend in a duel in Milan. Supposedly this occurred a few months after their meeting. A Milan edition of the Diana, which would have required the author's permission to publish, appeared in either 1559 or 1560. While it is true that Montemayor died in a duel over a love affair, the Madrid 1622 edition states that the author died on February 26, 1561.

The Diana

Los siete libros de la Diana, as well as its numerous versions and continuations by Gaspar Gil Polo and Alonso Pérez, became so popular that soon a "Diana" came to mean any pastoral romance of this kind. The very fact that between 1560 and 1561 Montemayor's Diana was reprinted in Valencia, Milan, Saragossa, Antwerp, Barcelona and Valladolid attests to its popularity. This popularity, however, was evidently a matter of grave concern for the self-appointed guardians of public morals, especially since women were the principal readers of the genre. Malon de Chaide asks, "¿Que ha de hacer la doncellica que apenas sabe andar y ya trae una Diana en la faldriquera?" Since, like all pastoral romances, the concern of the Diana is love, it was deemed too dangerous, too profane, and likely to corrupt women. On behalf of the Holy Office (Inquisition) Jerónimo de Qurita had this to say: "La Diana, de Montemayor, con otras dos que le han continuado, son cernícalos de uñas entreveladas... tratan de la livianidad mas descubiertamente, por donde mujeres las leen mucho; libros son que se pierde poco en que no los haya."⁷

While clergymen condemned it, Cervantes saw fit to save it from the flames. In the book burning episode of Don Quixote (Part I, Ch. 6), the barber and the curate are bent on destroying the books responsible for Don Quixote's madness.

"Those, I take it" replied the curate, "are not romances but poetry." Opening one of them, he saw that it was Jorge de Montemayor's Diana, and being under the impression that all the rest were of the same sort, he added, "These do not deserve to be burned like the others, for they are not harmful like the books of chivalry; they are works of imagination such as may be read without detriment."

"Ah, but Señor!" exclaimed the niece, "Your Grace should send them to be burned along with the rest; for I shouldn't wonder at all if my uncle, after he has been cured of his chivalry sickness, reading one of these books, should take it into his head to become a shepherd and go wandering through the woods and meadows singing and piping, or, what is worse, become a poet, which they say is an incurable disease and one that is very catching."

"The young lady is right," said the curate. It would be just as well to remove this stumbling block and temptation out of our friend's way. And so, to begin with Montemayor's Diana, I am of the opinion that it should not be burned, but rather that we should take out of it everything that has to do with the enchantress Felicia and her charmed potion, together with nearly all the longer verse pieces, while we willingly leave it the prose and the honor of being first and best among books of its kind." 8

Don Quixote, needless to say, does catch the "pastoral disease" as his niece feared he would; Part II Ch. 6 finds him and Sancho imagining the rustic life they will lead, a wonderful parody of the pastoral romances.

Cervantes, who had also caught the "pastoral disease" and wrote his own contribution, La Galatea, also mentions the Diana in one of his Novelas ejemplares. In "El coloquio de los perros" the pastoral novels of Lope de Vega, Montalvo, Montemayor, and the author himself are mocked. Once again Cervantes pokes fun at Montemayor's deus ex machina when he has the dog Berganza say about his pastoral romance-reading mistress, "De los desmayos de Sireno y arrepentimiento de Diana daba gracias a Dios y a la sabia Felicia, que con su

agua encantada deshizo aquella máquina de enredos y aclaró aquel laberinto de dificultades."⁹

The Diana is mentioned in Lope de Vega's La Dorotea, (Act II, sc. ii) as proof that the work paid tribute to and immortalized both a woman and a river. "La Diana de Montemayor fue una dama natural de Valencia de don Juan, junto a León, y Ezla, su río, y ella serán eternos por su pluma."¹⁰ Gracián mentions Montemayor in his Agudeza y arte de ingenio (1642), a stylebook with Gongorist leanings. The Diana was also published in bilingual editions in Basel and Paris. Its popularity in France resulted in Honore d'Urfé's twelve volume L'Astrée (1607- 1625), perhaps the last pastoral romance directly influenced by the Diana. In the Areopagitica (1644) Milton terms Sidney's Arcadia and Montemayor's Diana "...all that is delightful to man."¹¹

Until quite recently very little critical work has treated the Diana as a separate entity. Most studies conducted by Hispanists deal with prior influences on Montemayor's work. English scholars are usually concerned with its influence on Sidney and Shakespeare. Other critics limit themselves to controversial dates of the manuscripts or to pointing out the work's faults. As a result, many characteristics of this influential pastoral romance have been overlooked, and the romance has seldom been read for its own sake. This is a serious oversight since "Montemayor's pastoral romance Diana ranks as one of the masterpieces of the Golden Age of Spanish literature, and has always enjoyed an eminent reputation in Europe."¹²

But the Diana is a transitional romance as well. "The Diana offers us a good example of what some novelists were striving for in the middle of the sixteenth century. Situated

as it is halfway between the Celestina, the genial forerunner, and the Quixote, the mature artistic achievement, students of the Spanish novel should turn to it with special attention."¹³ Not only students of the Spanish novel, but students of fiction in general should be aware of the seminal qualities of the work. The Diana is a step forward in Renaissance prose fiction because of its character development and in presenting the psychological effects of love on characters. "Para los siglos XVI y XVII europeos la Diana es el modelo en que se plasma la nueva expresión formal e ideológica del mito pastoril y que incorpora al dominio de la literatura creativa la nueva psicología del amor al hacer uso artistico de su método analítico."¹⁴ What is more, this psychological method was also used in developing the women characters, who are given the dominant role in the novel. Montemayor uses the pastoral setting to advantage. By making use of the pastoral mode, he can give women equality and status not granted them in the real world. "Clearly a further purpose of the pastoral setting is to permit the study in ideal conditions of psychological differences between the sexes, and to give a hearing to the neglected half of the human race."¹⁵

Joseph R. Jones, another recent critic, points out that Montemayor was "... the most time-conscious author of early Spanish literature..." and adding that "if the dividing-line between the old and the new in the novel is the discovery of past time which 'surrounds' the present and gives it meaning, the the Diana should present the claim to be considered the first of the modern novels." He concludes the "La Diana occasionally reveals what was to come in later fiction."¹⁶

Even Atkinson, who studied the pastoral romances and sees them as examples of literary decadence, finds merit in the

Diana's poetry. "In the Diana we have another Cancionero, in which each poem has the added interest of being given a local habitation, and many of them are pure gold."¹⁷ Rennart, on the other hand, who studied all the Spanish pastoral romances, says of the Diana, "It remains the best pastoral romance that Spain has produced. The tender melancholy with which it is tinged, - the reflection, doubtless, of Montemayor's own misfortune, - lends a charm to the Diana that none of its imitators possesses."¹⁸

Higbet sees it as an important development in prose fiction. "Its chief novelty is that it is a continuous story, with a central thread of love interest and a number of subordinate love-stories, making a vastly more elaborate fiction than any of its predecessors."¹⁹ The Diana retained elements of the chivalric romance, integrated Petrarchan influences that had hitherto been reserved for the lyric, adhered to Neoplatonic love casuistry that had hitherto been reserved for courtly circles, and synthesized the plot into a pastoral setting. It is the successful blending of these elements that make the work unique.

Menéndez y Pelayo posits that it reflects the Zeitgeist of the Renaissance. "...reflejaba el mejor tono de la sociedad de su tiempo, era la novela elegante por excelencia, el manual de la conversación culta y atilada entre damas y galanes del fin del siglo XVI, que encontraban ya antiquados y brutales los libros de caballerías, y se parían por la metafísica amorosa y por los ingeniosos conceptos de los petrarquistas. Montemayor los trasportó de la poesía lírica a la novela."²⁰

The Diana has its faults. Its narrative style is not fully developed, and Montemayor is guilty of inconsistencies. To the modern reader, pastoral romances are tedious and

monotonous. But they were, evidently, the popular fiction of the Renaissance. As such, the *Diana* deserves a second look, or, as Perry states, "It is now time to suggest the noble profundities of the first and best Spanish pastoral romance."²¹

The Diana as Pastoral

Like all pastorals, the source of the Diana can be traced to Theocritus and Virgil. Theocritus, a third century Alexandrian poet, raised the rustic life of his homeland, Sicily, into the realm of ideal poetry. Theocritus called his verses Idylls (little sketches). The pastoral idylls of Theocritus and his followers, Moschus and Bion, show precision and attention to detail in describing nature. Several centuries later, Virgil uses an imaginary landscape, Arcadia, as the background for his Eclogues. In reality, Arcadia was the rough and inhospitable hill country of the Peloponnese, but in using this name, Virgil initiated a vogue of associating Arcadia with an ideal land in an ideal time. The Arcadia of the Eclogues, the Arcadia of Sannazaro's Arcadia, as well as the setting for Sidney's romance of the same name, all existed in the authors' imagination. But as Theocritus had done before him, Virgil used the pastoral form to praise his homeland. Montemayor follows this tradition in Book VII of the Diana, when he describes the Portuguese countryside with moving lyricism rather than with the stylized archetypical locus amoeni he used in the previous books.

Adapting itself to the historical and philosophical outlook of the times, the presentation of the pastoral mode has varied. But the "pastoral ideal" remains constant. Basically, a pastoral is a "literary work in which shepherd life is presented in a conventionalized manner. The purity and simplicity of shepherd life is contrasted with the corruption and artificiality of the court or the city."²² More modern and more varied definitions of pastoral exist, but we will confine ourselves to what the Renaissance considered pastoral. The classical writers provided an idealized

country setting which the Renaissance pastoralists adopted. The latter used the mode to express their thoughts on a variety of topics, but love, and predominantly spiritual love, became the focus of the Renaissance pastoralists. Boccaccio's Ameto (1341) introduced the theme of spiritual love. More allegorical than pastoral, the Ameto uses a bucolic setting in which seven nymphs sing of their loves. After listening to their tales, Ameto is "converted" from physical love to spiritual love.

Longus' Daphnis and Chloe, a third century classical pastoral romance, also shows earlier influence. Using the traditions established by Virgil and Theocritus, Longus joined them to a story thread in which two young lovers undergo a series of adventures before they are reunited.

The pastoral mode was particularly suited to the Renaissance, perhaps because the Renaissance was fond of things classical. Most major writers of the Renaissance, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Lope de Vega and Cervantes, to name a few, all wrote pastorals. It is at this point that the pastoral developed into a genre. "For critics from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries, pastoral in this sense means a particular kind or genre of literature, like Tragedy, Comedy, Satire, or Epic, possessing like them its own decorum. Hence the word pastoral refers to both form and content."²³

Sannazaro's Arcadia (1504), was the Diana's predecessor. Sannazaro began with a few scattered eclogues written in the dense style of Petrarch's pastorals, but unlike Petrarch, Sannazaro wrote his pastoral in Italian. The work is basically autobiographical. In it, Sannazaro tells of his unhappy love affair with Carmosina Bonifacio, setting a precedent for Montemayor's tale of woe. Sannazaro is the Sincero of the romance. He goes to the country to find solace, and relief from the city. The overall impression

is one of a carefully and self-consciously created artifact, significant in that ultimately Sannazaro must resolve his problems through art rather than through nature. The overtones of the work are nostalgic and elegaic; there is no happy ending. The escape into nature proves fruitless. As Marinelli says of the Renaissance pastoralists, "The poet comes to Arcadia for a clarification of his artistic, intellectual and moral purpose. The assumption of the shepherd's weeds signalizes for a millenium and more a commitment to poetry and to the exploration of the relative worths of the active and the contemplative existences. The temporary retirement to the interior landscape becomes a preparation for engagement with the world of reality, for it is necessary for knowledge to precede action."²⁴

Sincero enters the Arcadian world to be consoled, but finds few answers within it. Sincero's shepherdess dies; the old Naples can be no more. Nature serves only to make the shepherd more melancholy since the only happy times Sincero has in Arcadia is when he can evoke his mistress in the city. In Arcadia, nature echoes the author's feelings, becoming more and more desolate as the work proceeds.

Sannazaro's Arcadia was translated into Spanish in 1547. Its overpowering influence was first felt by the Portuguese Bernardim Ribeira in his Menina e moça (1554), a tale of star-crossed lovers written in the pastoral mode.

Sannazaro reintroduced the pastoral ideal in the Renaissance and Montemayor expanded on it. The Arcadia consists of twelve prose alternating with twelve ecloghe, a structure borrowed from the Ameto. The Diana, however, is more than the lyrical arrangement of monolog and dialog against an idealized background. We have already mentioned how Daphnis and Chloe expanded on Virgil's and Theocritus'

use of the pastoral. Unlike the eclogues and idylls, the mood of Daphnis and Chloe is not contemplative. The narrative is related by ~~an~~ author who stands outside. The same analogy can be made in comparing the Diana with the Arcadia.

For all intents and purposes, the Diana is the first modern prose pastoral. Daphnis and Chloe was virtually unknown until Amyot's translation in 1559, so that Montemayor literally created a new genre.²⁵ Montemayor integrated lyric matter within a narrative structure, making no attempt to balance poetry with prose, nor to preserve the flavor of classical antiquity like Sannazzaro had.

The Diana is not set in a fictitious never-never land. Montemayor was still adhering to aspects of the chivalric romance, with its roots in the court. The Diana, though, does make use of the pastoral mode by idealizing the setting. "Thus the pastoral romance started by combining the setting and tone of Greek and Latin pastoral with action that was basically medieval."²⁶

Other writers influenced Montemayor, according to Estrada, who feels that Garcilaso's poetry inspired Montemayor's verses. Montemayor was influenced by his compatriot Ribeira's pastoral, and, because he translated Ausias March's Cantos de amor, Estrada feels that he was influenced by assimilation.²⁷

Structure

The structure of the Diana may at first glance appear chaotic. It is important to keep in mind that the Diana represents an important step forward in the history of prose fiction, situated between the medieval chivalric romance and the modern European novel. As such, its narrative structure is not fully developed.

The Diana is a combination of prose and verse. The narrative thread, the philosophical speculations, and the dialog are in prose, while Montemayor uses verse for expressing his personal feelings. Some of the verse, however, has the effect of dialog, and some of the eclogues are amoebaean. The pastoral romance is divided into seven books of unequal length. The Diana begins in medias res. The prologue informs the reader as to what has already happened when the narrative begins. Gerhardt points out the Diana's adherence to condensation and equilibrium, for all the "action" takes place within five days.²⁸ Kennedy sees the Diana's unity in terms of unity of landscape, character and action.²⁹ This pastoral romance also has unity of theme. The major themes presented at the very beginning of the novel, love fortune, and time are expanded upon throughout.

The Diana's narrative is occasionally interrupted by the poetry. Unlike the Arcadia of Sannazaro with its carefully balanced structure, the Diana sacrifices a sense of lyricism but gains in character development and plot. The Diana can be read as an organized cancionero, and, as Davis points out, "...whereas Arcadia was a group of poems held together by prose links, Diana is a prose fiction with interwoven plots punctuated by occasional poems. By these means,

Montemayor went beyond Sannazaro in finally effecting the integration of a lyrical or associative structure with the continuous structure of fiction."³⁰

Davis' interpretation of the action of pastoral romance suits the Diana. As he sees it, "...the standard pastoral action consists of these elements in this order: disintegration in the turbulent outer circle [the world of romance], education in the pastoral circle and rebirth at the sacred center."³¹ After their education within the pastoral setting, and rebirth at the sacred setting (in Montemayor's novel, the center is the visit to Diana's temple), the characters, with their newly found knowledge are ready to reemerge into the "real world."

The characters of the Diana, are for the most part introduced in Books I-III. It is here that the sub-plots are built up. The "climax" and possible solutions to the lover's problems are presented in the central or pivotal Book IV, and the dénouement occurs throughout Books V-VII. The sacred center is the Temple of Diana, with its priestess Felicia fulfilling the same function that the wizard performs in the Wizard of Oz.³² In other words, Felicia does not really dispense any solutions, and gives the characters nothing they did not already have. What she does, though, is to give them a dose of Neoplatonic love doctrine and to reinforce their belief that the road to love involves suffering. For some of the characters, all that Felicia can promise is that the end of their suffering is at hand.

Throughout Books I-III, the shepherds share their love stories, each learning from the other. This communal plot becomes a series of single plots after Book IV. After Felicia's advice, the shepherds are free to return into the real world so that they may love with the purest and most noble kind of love.³³

The Diana then, attempts a basic symmetrical structure. Its narrative, however, does not follow a continuous thread. A single narrative is not necessarily confined to one book. Montemayor feels no compunction to begin and end a story within the same chapter, because "the plot is interrupted at intervals by parenthetical flights into realms other than the idyllic pastoral life."³⁴ Indeed, often a plot is interrupted only to be resumed when the reader least expected it. There are also jumps in time, and it is sometimes difficult to tell who is talking to whom. A character, for example, who is telling a story in the second person, may suddenly interject an "I". While Montemayor may spend an inordinate amount of time describing some characters before introducing them, other characters are abruptly thrust into the middle of an action. Other inconsistencies result when Montemayor, caught between trying to portray a realistic story and adhering to Renaissance stock descriptions of beauty, makes his Portuguese shepherdesses realistically dark on one page and idealistically blonde on another. It is difficult to assess whether this is a result of adhering to convention, or whether Montemayor did little rewriting.

While critics point to its lack of synthesis and disjointed narrative³⁵ and even go so far as to claim that "Nothing ever happens in Montemayor: its non-events could appear only on the lady's page of a small, local newspaper."³⁶ the Diana does, for the first time, merge action with theme. The central action of the pastoral romance is its concern with love and harmony. "What the pastoral romance in fact did was to implement the pastoral vision of the concord between man and his environment by a plot, an action. This action outlined the change from disharmony to harmony, showed the changes occurring only by a man's sympathetic relation to others, and presented it as a product of changing one place for another, a natural place."³⁷

Setting and Theme

The pastoral romances that flourished in Europe during the 16th century provided excellent vehicles for the discussion of love. Like all pastorals, the primary concern of the Diana is love. Marinelli points out that the pastoral setting is a place of "Becoming," "Arcadia functions as an idyllic world of leisure, poetry and felicitous love which mankind can conceive of even in an impoverished fallen state, and which represents the human potential in its highest reaches."³⁸ Since the pastoral mode creates an ideal world where man is not concerned with the everyday and the commonplace, he is free to give vent to his musings unhampared by the interruptions of day-to-day existence. Much of the "action" of the pastoral romance concerns falling in love, falling out of love, or speculating on the nature of love. The psychology of love is discussed, explored and expounded. becoming the pivotal aspect about which the characters, setting, and plot become subordinated. The characters are all in love, happily or unhappily so. The dialog is either a lament about unrequitted love or a description of the process of falling in love and the effects that ensue. As is the case with the Diana the setting may become a secondary characteristic, but without the pastoral setting, Montemayor would not have been able to treat such lofty issues as love, fortune and time.

Pastoral has been used to make comments about society, and Montemayor makes use of this aspect. He seizes the opportunity to point out the disadvantages of court life, namely, the use of false flattery, the definition of nobility as a hereditary characteristic, the instability of the courtier's life who had no choice but to follow his lord

around, even to the extent of disrupting his own personal life, and the fact that the court was a place where one's every move was scrutinized. But Montemayor uses the pastoral to this end in a secondary way.

Montemayor's prime concern is love. As Jones points out, the unreal setting of the pastoral novel allows questions of love to be discussed in a "pure" state.³⁹ The pastoral setting of the Diana is a means to an end. Wardropper states it best. "The pastoral setting of the Diana is not a mere convention or artifice. It is part of a technique for studying artistically the world of lovers. The novel is 'unrealistic' because the writer's concern is love, and love-making in a realistic setting is too complex an activity because men need to earn a living and society has definite laws and customs - all could be minimized if set in a pastoral setting."⁴⁰

Unlike Sannazaro, Montemayor de-emphasized the pastoral setting and enlarged the love interest. "The lover's grief is distanced and formalized in Sannazaro's eclogue; it is immediately present in Montemayor's work, spilling over from verse into prose, gathering into a moment of overwhelming grief."⁴¹ Montemayor did not spend much time describing the landscape. He uses a few stock pastoral settings: aguas are always cristalinas, verbas are always verde, ríos are always caudalosos. Adjectives are always systematically placed before the nouns they modify. The effect is that of an archetypal pastoral landscape, although the reader has been told that the setting is along the banks of the Esla. Although the setting is in the real world rather than in a created one, it is still an idealized setting.

Unlike Sannazaro's and Sidney's Arcadias, nature does not participate directly in sympathy with the lover's emotional states. The settings do not draw attention from the major issue of the novel- love and the examination of its effects.

Montemayor subordinates natural descriptions to expand on emotional ones. "En Montemayor predomina siempre la parte sentimental, en Sannazaro la descriptiva."⁴² Curtius discusses how the description of the locus amoenus often became bravura performances.⁴³ This is not the case with the Diana, where they are lightly sketched in, until the more detailed description of the Portuguese countryside and the city of Coimbra in Book VII. On the whole, Montemayor's descriptions create a mild, soft, musical atmosphere. Avalle-Arce notes that the Diana is "presentada según un realismo ideal de la esencia, o realismo platónico..." and calls Montemayor's use of landscape a backdrop or "naturaleza quintasenciada."⁴⁴

Unlike the pastoralists who came before him, Montemayor does not use any humor. While there are humorous instances in the works of Theocritus, Virgil, Longus, and Sannazano, the Diana proceeds on a lofty plane. Because it has no comic relief, the work appears one dimensional.

The main themes of the Diana are love, fortune and time. These themes are presented at the very beginning of the romance. Each of the individual sub-plots expands them. Unlike its predecessor, the medieval romance, the Diana introduces a pure love. Physical love is not its ultimate goal. "The evolution in literary taste in the second half of the sixteenth century from the romances of chivalry to the pastoral suggests an upgrading of love in social mores."⁴⁵ We have discussed how Montemayor used the pastoral mode to comment on social conditions in the court. In the first pages of the Diana Montemayor takes issue with some of the ideas expressed in Castiglione's Cortegiano. Unlike Castiglione, Montemayor does not condone adulterous love. Furthermore, Montemayor would have us believe that true nobility means nobility of the soul, and not nobility by birth. Montemayor emphasizes this theme in Book IV, when he has Sireno question Felicia

on the true nature of nobility. Felicia tells Sireno what he wants to hear, that nobility is innate and that it cannot be looked for in one's ancestry. Furthermore, he points out that Diana is unhappy because she married a shepherd endowed for fortune's gifts but not nature's.

For Montemayor, love is the great equalizer. He uses the pastoral setting to prove that this is so. Regardless of social standing and sex, all are subject to love. Furthermore, Montemayor sees love, fortune and time as eternally influencing one another. The journey to Felicia's palace serves to remind the shepherds that they are indeed subject to the vagaries of love, fortune and time. It is a fact of life that they must all learn to live with, rather than complain about. While they must be reminded that love is worthwhile, for it ennobles the soul and makes it aspire to higher things, they must also be reminded that nothing is permanent, not even true love. "... the Diana is the first pastoral or pastoral romance which admits that time has its effect on love. All other pastoralists, Theocritus, Virgil, Longus and Sannazaro thought love continued beyond the bonds of death itself, and was therefore eternal. Only Montemayor seems aware that the most intense love can change through time."⁴⁶ In fact, Sireno admonishes the new lovers, Silvano and Selvagia, not to rejoice so much, because fortune will certainly temper their happiness with sadness. Time and fortune both have power over love, and time brings change. Change, however, is not necessarily negative, as in Felismena's case.

Time ravages love. One year is all that is needed to bring about Diana's change of heart and consequent marriage to Delio. The complicated love affair between Selvagia, Alanio et alia takes place within a relatively short period of time. Don Felis, who has spent four years just trying to get Felismena's attention, promptly falls in love with Celia the minute he arrives at the court. The reader is left to

assume that Arsenio, comfortably esconded on his farm, has already forgotten his love for Belisa. Montemayor would have us believe that time is to blame for all this. Time changes hearts, and Montemayor has a theory to explain this; all the lover has to do is absent himself from the sight of his beloved and the beloved's image is no longer nourished by memory. Since love, as Felicia explains, is irrational, Montemayor is loth to put any "blame" on it. It is time that destroys both love and happiness.

Throughout the Diana, love is depicted as inconsistent, whimsical, and overpowering, to the point of making the lover a victim. Everyone is subject to the vagaries of love, and falling in love involves losing one's will. Based on the effects of not being in control of one's self-determination, Avelle-Arce is reluctant to call the Diana a modern novel. "La ideología y temática de la Diana la fuerzan a representar un mundo donde la voluntad está paralizada, con lo que los personajes pierden densidad anímica y se hacen transparentes."⁴⁷

Montemayor has his characters reiterate that there is no way out of love except a speedy death. Until Book IV, "Montemayor's theory, with its stress on the inevitability and sovereign power of love, and its sentimental reveling in the pangs of a love whose hall-mark is jealousy, still bears obvious imprints of the typical fifteenth century cancionero attitude."⁴⁸ Despite the fact that falling in love does not appear to be much fun in the Diana, it remains a desirable state, for love, pure love, is ennobling and it leads the lover to virtue. "Love almost inevitably entails suffering, which is good in that it both exhibits the lover's sensibility and ennoble him further."⁴⁹ The philosophy of love in the Diana is best summed up by the shepherds, who, in their song in Book IV declare that in love, those who suffer most are the best. It is Felicia who injects a strain of Neoplatonic love doctrine into the work. Book IV illuminates

the psychology of human love against the background of Neoplatonic love casuistry. "The Neo-Platonic philosophical stiffening, required both by current fashion and by the specific convention of the Renaissance pastoral, is provided by León Hebreo."⁵⁰ In the Diana, then, we are presented with both courtly and the Renaissance theories of love.

Jones, however, see Montemayor's use of the Neoplatonic theory of love as so much window-dressing. "By stressing mainly the turbulent emotions associated with love, he is able to offer an appearance of fashionable Neoplatonism while leaving intact the older conception of love which is his real theme."⁵¹ Book IV of the Diana takes its Neoplatonic philosophy from Leone Ebreo's Dialoghi d'amore. Montemayor paraphrased, and in some cases, outright copied certain passages from this love treatise. One need only compare the text of the Inca Garcilaso's translation of the Dialoghi to realize how heavily Montemayor leaned on his source.⁵² But Montemayor borrows only what will support his own theory of love, one with a more courtly outlook. "It is curious therefore to find Felicia and others expounding the Neoplatonic doctrine of Leone Ebreo, paraphrasing and quoting from a passage in Dialoghi d'amore where true and false love are distinguished. It is interesting that of all that work Montemayor selects passages which represent love as uncontrollable by reason (though born of reason), impetuous, and passionate..."⁵³

The trattati d'amore, such as Ficino's Commentary (on Plato's Symposium), Castiglione's Cortegiano, Bembo's Gli Asolani and Bruno's Eroici furori were usually produced by courtiers for a courtly audience. They were aristocratic and catered to the "snob appeal" of their audience. The Diana, on the other hand, can be seen as a vehicle for disseminating Neoplatonic love philosophy to readers outside a courtly circle. As Estrada sees it, "...el platonismo

poético del siglo XVI se difunda no en los tratados humanísticos o en los diálogos reposados de una academia o reunión cortesana, sino en estos libros apasionados, lacrimosos, y aparentemente desordenados."⁵⁴

The Diana set a precedent by providing a pastoral background to develop subject matter that had been dealt with in the love treatises. Montemayor incorporated the matter into prose narrative. The Diana was neither a humanistic treatise nor a courtly dialog, but in assimilating the Neoplatonic aspects of love and joining them to a plot, it made for more interesting reading, and managed to reach a wider audience. One of its more lasting influences was that "A partir de la Diana las narraciones pastoriles han de contener fragmentos de los libros que difunden las teorías del amor platónico."⁵⁵

One way of looking at it is that Montemayor brought Neoplatonic doctrine to the masses. Using the pastoral mode, he fulfilled the Empsonian function, proving that even hundreds of years ago "...pastoral is the art of putting the complex into the simple."⁵⁶ By having seemingly simple shepherds discuss the nature of love, he made Neoplatonic philosophy available to a wider readership. "Through its wealth of associations with the highest flights of Renaissance Neoplatonic theories of love this book provides an essential background of ideal conduct in love against which the actual behavior of all-too-human lovers may be measured."⁵⁷ Its simplicity of style also made it available to all who possessed a modicum of literacy.

The Diana can be considered a transitional work in its presentation of love. In some instances, Montemayor adheres to the love theories of the fifteenth century,⁵⁸ but on the whole, his love theories adhere to Neoplatonic principles. "The Diana is a presentation of 'casos de amor; all of them ruled by Neoplatonic principles. Actually, Neoplatonism frames the novel and gives it its meaning."⁵⁹

Character Development

Montemayor filled the Diana with a wide range of characters. The author eliminated much of the mythology in the Italian pastorals, substituting savages for satyrs. His nymphs are not really numphs in the classical sense, for they behave more like noble ladies.⁶⁰ Since Montemayor's world is a strange mixture of pastoral and romance, his characters range from simple shepherds to a wise lady who is able to solve love's problems with her love potions. Montemayor mixes the present with the past, the sacred with the profane, and myth with reality. The world of the Diana is one in which a shepherd's son can go off to the University of Salamanca to become an accomplished poet. A noble lady is punished by a goddess because that goddess feels slandered, yet the noblewomen's daughter is brought up in a convent. The shepherds journey to a pagan temple set in a Renaissance palace. There they are presented with the basic tenets of Neoplatonism, outstanding examples of worthy men and women from history, and an epic list of all the ladies attached to the court. And yet Montemayor blends all these elements so harmoniously that the reader is unaware of the incongruity.

Basically, the characters of the Diana belong to several worlds. On the first level are the shepherds. Then there is the outside world, such as the small town Belisa comes from. The reader is also shown the world of the court when Felismena tells her story. Here, the characters are not idealized at all, and operate as they would in the real world. Lastly, we have the magic world of Felicia's palace inhabited by urbane and chaste nymphs, or Davis would have it, the "sacred center."

It has been argued that Montemayor contributed very little to character development. "Perhaps even more revealing

of Montemayor's identification with his characters is the similarity among them. The characters are nearly indistinguishable from one another. None is described objectively, with regard to his physical appearance; all use the same style of language; all have the same occupation. Similarity in their emotional circumstances parallels their lack of externally distinguishing features."⁶¹ At first, the characters may appear similar because of Montemayor's rhetorical descriptions. Each lady is the fairest; each lover suffers the most, and the characters all use superlatives to excess. This rhetorical trait becomes especially annoying in the "Canto de Orfeo", where indeed, the ladies are all beautiful and virtuous, and equally so. A careful reading of the Diana, however, proves that the characters are developed, and some are quite complex, as recent critics have shown. Because Montemayor did not reject the romance tradition, we have in the Diana a mixture of pastoral and romance characters.

Pointing to the lack of character development, Atkinson says, "Few characters can ~~ever~~ have found this world such a vale of tears. Weeping is the order of the day, and is apparently the favoured and easiest passtime...it is an enervating atmosphere, where the men are as effeminate as any and the maidens all of such consummate beauty that no distinction is possible."⁶² While judging the Diana so harshly, Atkinson does mention an important characteristic of this pastoral romance: the male characters do not have the leading roles. Sireno and Sylvano are simple shepherds, or pretending to be shepherds. Thus they are removed from the world of heroic action and placed in a world where the contemplation of love is the sole preoccupation. What is true, though, is that in the Diana the women characters are more developed, and that Montemayor allows women to speak for themselves. And they do this so well that "In the Diana the women have advanced so far to the foreground that the men sometimes

seem little more than objects for their affections and emotional torments."⁶³

In the Diana, love and the pastoral setting make men and women equal. Montemayor takes advantage of this equality and makes his women more interesting and varied characters than the men. "In letting women speak for themselves Montemayor shows how well he understood them. The shepherdesses in the Diana speak more than the shepherds. The novel, indeed, not only recognizes that the feminine point of view is different; it gives it its fullest expression in the Spanish Renaissance."⁶⁴ In Book I, Selvagia points out how men define women according to men's terms. It seems that no matter what women do, says Selvagia, men are dissatisfied with them and misconstrue their actions. "Men misjudge women, and are called to task for it by a woman. The great originality of the Diana was that it gave men and women an opportunity to exchange points of view. Men for the first time were able to see themselves as women saw them."⁶⁵

There are three prominent shepherdesses: Selvagia, Felismena, and Belisa. They represent love in the pastoral setting, in a courtly sphere, and in a small town respectively. Diana, the other shepherdess and namesake of the novel, is evoked through song in the first few books. She does not appear until Book V. "Diana queda en los primeros libros sólo evocada por los pastores. Motivo de quejas, fuente de lágrimas, es sólo una bella ausencia."⁶⁶ When she finally appears, one wonders what the fuss was all about. She evokes pity, but certainly not sympathy. She is the typical mal maridada. The central action of the Diana is the journey to Felicia's palace, and Diana does not accompany the shepherds there. If she did, she would not gain admittance, for she was not true to her first love. Felicia would have been unable to provide a solution for her. Montemayor could not do so either, and left the book open-ended, probably hoping to get

around to her in a sequel. His untimely death prevented that, and, as it stands, Diana is not the heroine. This honor belongs undeniable to Felismena.

Felismena is a romance character in a pastoral setting. "It is quite apparent that without Felismena there would be no Diana. At every turn it is she who prevents the work from becoming an eclogue and allows it to proceed as a novel... Diana is to the lyrical aspect of the work what Felismena is to the narrative."⁶⁷ She is the true protagonist of the novel, along with Felicia. Felismena is one of the more fully developed women characters, and the story of her love, the famous "Felis and Felismena Episode" which begins in Book II of the Diana, influenced many other works in the Renaissance.

Montemayor may have adapted this tale from Bandello's Le Novelle (Part II, novela 36).⁶⁸ Regardless of his source, Felismena remains one of the most interesting and best developed female characters in all Renaissance literature. Unlike the shepherds who almost wallow in their misfortunes in love, she takes the matter into her hands and pursues her beloved. Not only does she earn her happiness by rescuing Don Felis during an attack, but along the way to being reunited with him, she brings happiness to others, and sits in judgment in a "court of love".

Felismena is not a shepherdess in the same sense that Belisa, Selvagia and Diana are. Like the romance character that she is, she is on a quest when she rescues Felicia's nymphs from three attacking savages. When Felismena is introduced, she is dressed as a huntress. We learn that in order to be near Don Felis she dressed as a page. At Felicia's palace, a place where true identity is revealed, she is dressed as is befit her status. Felicia, however, sends her out into the pastoral world in the "questing clothes."

While the shepherds' love problems are resolved by Felicia, Felismena must earn her happiness by using her

native talent, her proficiency in arms. Felismena was bequeathed this talent by the goddess Minerva because her mother had sided with the goddess of war rather than with the goddess of love during a discussion of the Judgment of Paris. Venus, in her rage, decides that Felismena and her twin brother will be unhappy in their loves. After the death of her mother, and having been brought up in a convent, Felismena goes to live with her grandmother. It is there that Don Felis falls in love with her. For a while, she resists his love, but when she finally falls in love, she falls hard, and enlists her maid Rosina to act as her go-between. At this point, Felis' father has him removed to the court. Felismena, in order to be with him, disguises herself as a man, and after a twenty days' journey, finds that Don Felis has forsaken her for the Lady Celia. Still disguised as a man, she goes to court under an assumed name. Don Felis' page, Fabio, another flesh-and-blood character, convinces her to serve his master. Felismena becomes Don Felis' confidante and messenger to Lady Celia. Celia falls in love with the disguised Felismena, who, for the sake of Felis' happiness does her job too well and belittles herself. When Celia is convinced that Felismena does not love her, she dies, one of the few characters who actually die of love. Learning of Celia's death, Felis leaves the court, and Felismena doffs her page's clothing and pursues him as a shepherdess.

Felismena is in the pastoral world, but she remains a character from romance. Unlike the shepherds, Felismena tells rather than sings her misfortunes. "Romance characters are more separated from nature. They live, for the most part, in courts and come to nature under duress. It gives them comfort, but never quite enough to inspire them to poetry of their own. Few romance characters are really poets."⁶⁹

In presenting the tale of Felismena's love for Felis, Montemayor stresses two themes. The first is that absence is the chief enemy of love; the second that love blinds one to reality. While it is true that Diana's love for Sireno ceases after his absence of only one year, it takes Felis only a matter of days to forget Felismena and fall in love with Celia. During the months that Felismena serves Felis as his page, he does not recognize her. This was so, he claims at the end, because his love for Celia blinded him to everything else.

Also in this tale, we are presented with two colorful characters who live in the real world and who deal with everyday problems in a direct way. Felismena's maid Rosina shrewdly lets Don Felis' letter fall so that Felismena can read it without losing face after denying that she is interested in its content. Fabio, Felis' page, shows Felismena the ropes at court. These characters from the romance tradition serve to liven up the work by injecting a note of reality. They point to the differences between courtly love with its go-betweens and canon's maids who will grant favors for a few small services, as Fabio informs Felismena, and pastoral love, where loving is an end in itself.

Selvagia is the common sense character. "With the introduction of Selvagia, a woman of flesh and blood -- and intellect-- as well as beauty, the representation of women in the pastoral romances changes. They become strong characters; often stronger than men, and their presence leads to a more complete consideration of the problems of love."⁷⁰ Selvagia is an attractive character. She defends Diana on several occasions. Even when Sylvano has fallen in love with her and still sings Diana's praises, she tactfully bites her tongue. Montemayor uses Selvagia and Sylvano to show that the true basis of love is friendship. The two have been through so much together, that when they finally fall in love with each other, it is no deus ex machina.⁷¹

Belisa, as Perry points out, is a very complex character. "Belisa's psychological density must surely disconcert those critics who have been pleased to see nothing but stock characters in the novel."⁷² The shepherds find Belisa living in total isolation on an island in the middle of a lake. The widower Arsenio had fallen in love with her. Upon his return from the University of Salamanca, his son Arsileo writes love letters to Belisa for his father. Soon Belisa finds herself in love with both father and son. In a meeting in the woods one day, Belisa manipulates Arsileo into declaring his love for her. They arrange a secret meeting at night. While Arsileo is perched in a tree outside Belisa's window, Arsileo kills him with his crossbow, not realizing it is his son. Belisa flees to the island. The nymphs realize that it would be wrong to even try to console her. She has been untrue to her first love, and causes a murder and a suicide, for when Arsenio recognized his dead son, he kills himself. The nymphs do not hold out much hope for her, but they ask her to accompany the rest of the shepherds to Diana's temple anyway.

It turns out, however, that the entire episode is an elaborate illusion plotted by the necromancer Alfeo, who is also in love with Belisa. "It is a curious fact that Felicia's potion should arouse so much critical attention, while other and stronger undercurrents of black magic and the supernatural have gone unnoticed."⁷³ The solution to Belisa's seemingly unsolvable problem is also no deus ex machina, according to Perry, who feels that "Alfeo's black magic is a profound psychological mechanism signifying Belisa's symbolic murder of her beloved... the necromancy that murders Arsileo is not an extraneous invention of the author; it is the workings of Belisa's psyche."⁷⁴

The characters of the Diana are certainly not indistinguishable

from one another. Even the idealized shepherds and shepherdesses have a human side to them. The usually kind Selvagia gloats over her victory to Ismenia, Belisa plays off father against son, and Diana unhappy in her marriage refuses to rejoice at others' good fortune.

Influence

We have discussed how various authors borrowed from the Diana or incorporated parts of it into their own work. As Greg points out, "Thanks probably to the combination in its pages of the popular chivalric tradition with the fashionable Italian pastoral, and also to certain graces of style which it possesses, the Diana held the field until the picaresque romance developed into a recognized genre, and exercised a very considerable influence on pastoral writers even beyond the frontiers of Spain."⁷⁵ Of all the Spanish pastoral romances, the Diana was the best known in England.⁷⁶

Montemayor and Sidney added new dimensions to the pastoral romance, but both share a common vision. They both introduce a variety of characters, and both stress the purifying element of love. In both works the characters shed copious tears, and both authors standardize the locus amoenus. Montemayor set the tone for Sidney's pastoral romance. "The four series of eclogues which separate the five books of the main narrative are appreciably influenced by Montemayor's Diana. Sidney's shepherds gambol in the Arcadian green, delight in singing verses and telling narratives; they produce on the whole an atmosphere quite reminiscent of Montemayor's Diana."⁷⁷

Other influences can be seen in the opening lines of the New Arcadia⁷⁸ and in the narrative device of having the same story continued by another person, the participation of characters in more than one episode,⁷⁹ and the plot of the Felis and Felismena episode.

Kennedy feels that Shakespeare borrowed the Felis and Felismena episode from Montemayor rather than from Bandello and used it for both The Two Gentlemen of Verona and Twelfth Night. She also seems to think that the main plot of

A Midsummer Night's Dream is drawn from the tangle of affections presented in Book I of the Diana.⁸⁰

It is beyond the scope of this dissertation to point to many ways the Diana had an effect on pastoral literature. The work, however, certainly deserves a wider readership, for, as Menéndez y Pelayo claims, "La Diana ha influido en la literatura moderna más que ninguna otra novela pastoril, más que la misma Arcadia de Sannazaro, más que Dafne y Cloe."⁸¹

FOOTNOTES

¹I am indebted to the "Prólogo" of Francisco López Estrada's edition of Los siete libros de la Diana (Madrid: Espasa Calpe, S.A., 1970), for the biographical information.

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⁶Jorge de Montemayor, Los siete libros de la Diana, ed. Francisco López Estrada (Zaragoza: Editorial Ebro, 1965), p.11.

⁷Estrada (Ebro), p.11.

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¹⁰Estrada p.lxxii.

¹¹Judith M. Kennedy, A Critical Edition of Yong's Translation of George of Montemayor's Diana and Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana (New York: Oxford, 1968) p.xxxiv.

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¹⁴Juan Batista Avallé-Arce, La novela pastoril española (Madrid: Revista de Occidente, 1959). p. 82.

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- ¹⁸Hugo Rennert, The Spanish Pastoral Romances (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1912), p. 58.
- ¹⁹Gilbert Highet, The Classical Tradition (New York: Oxford, 1967), p. 168.
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- ²¹T. Anthony Perry, "Ideal Love and Human Reality in Montemayor's La Diana." PMLA, 84 (1959), p. 227.
- ²²"Pastoral", The Columbia Encyclopedia, 3rd ed. (New York).
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- ²⁵Jones, p. 141.
- ²⁶Walter R. Davis, A Map of Arcadia: Sidney's Romance in Its Tradition (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1965), p. 7.
- ²⁷Estrada, p. xx.
- ²⁸Mia Gerhardt, La Pastorale: Essai d'analyse littéraire (Assen: Van Gorcum), p. 177.
- ²⁹Kennedy, p. lvs.
- ³⁰Dabis, p. 22.
- ³¹Davis, p. 38.
- ³²Avalle-Arce, La novela pastoril española, p. 71.
- ³³Mary M. Lascelles, "Shakespeare's Pastoral Comedy", More Talking of Shakespeare, ed. J. Garrett (1959), p. 75.
- ³⁴Avalle-Arce, PMLA, p. 5.
- ³⁵Ruth El Saffar, "Structural and Thematic Discontinuity in Montemayor's Diana" Modern Language Notes, 86, (1971), p. 182.

³⁶A.C. Hamilton, "Sidney's Arcadia as Prose Fiction: Its Relation to its Sources", English Literary Renaissance, vol. II, no. 2, p. 54. (1972)

³⁷Davis, p. 44.

³⁸Marinelli, p. 37.

³⁹Jones, p. 58.

⁴⁰Wardropper, p. 127.

⁴¹Hamilton, p. 48.

⁴²Menéndez y Pelayo, p. 271.

⁴³Ernst Robert Curtius, European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages (New York: Harper and Row, 1963), p. 194.

⁴⁴Avalle-Arce, La novela pastoril española, p. 61.

⁴⁵Perry, p. 230.

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⁴⁷Avalle-Arce, La novela pastoril española, p. 77.

⁴⁸A. Solé-Leris, "The Theory of Love in the two Dianas: A Contrast", Bulletin of Hispanic Studies, xxxvi (1959) p. 77.

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⁵⁰Solé-Leris, p. 77.

⁵¹Jones, p. 60.

⁵²Estrada, p. 201.

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- 54 Estrada, p. lxii
- 55 Menemdez y Pelayo, p. 268.
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- 61 El Saffar, p. 195.
- 62 Atkinson, p. 174.
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- 68 Estrada, p. 94.
- 69 Buck, p. 242.
- 70 Buck, p. 61.
- 71 Perry, p. 232.

⁷²Perry, p. 232.

⁷³Perry, p. 323.

⁷⁴Perry, p. 232-233.

⁷⁵Walter W. Greg, Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama (New York: Russell and Russell, Inc., 1959), p. 59.

⁷⁶J.G. Underhill, Spanish Influence in the England of the Tudors (London: Macmillan Co., 1899), p. 43.

⁷⁷Paul John Cooke, The Spanish Romances in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1939), p. 10.

⁷⁸Hamilton, p. 30.

⁷⁹T.P. Harrison, Jr. "A Source of Sidney's Arcadia." University of Texas Studies in English, 6, (1926), p. 56.

⁸⁰An excellent summary of English works influenced by Montemayor appears in Kennedy's introduction, pp. xxxix-liii.

⁸¹Menéndez y Pelayo, p. 278.

About the Translation

The Italians have an apt phrase to describe the process of translation - "traduttore traditore" the translator is a traitor. Any translator is faced with this problem, but the literary translator especially so. His problem carries all the problems of translation and the added bonus not to betray the original. It is easy to see why technical translations must be letter perfect. Perhaps the importance of literary translation may pale by comparison, but that is not the case. The technical translator has an entire language at his disposal. The literary translator does not merely decode words from one language to another. He deals with symbols loaded with connotations, denotations, secondary and implied meanings, in other words, symbolically and historically loaded objects. Unlike the technical translator, he cannot simply substitute one word for another. In most cases a number of words will do. The trick is to choose the best one, and to do that properly a good translator has to be an historian, a philologist, a linguist, and most important a lover of words. He must have a healthy respect for the literary merit of his author or he will betray him one way or another. Objectivity must stand in the way of the sometimes insurmountable urge to improve on the original.

Translating Jorge de Montemayor's Los siete libros de la Diana, presented yet other difficulties. How should a modern translator translate a work several hundred years old so that it is accessible to the modern reader and yet remains true to the author's intentions? Like other Renaissance pastoral romances, such as Sannazaro's Arcadia and Sidney's Arcadia, the work alternates prose and poetry. Pastoral romances were popular in their day but are seldom read now. Given that the modern reader has lost his taste for the

pastoral, is it up to the translator to make such a work more palatable?

W. W. Greg call Sidney's Arcadia "One of the books everybody knows but nobody reads."¹ Similarly, Montemayor's Diana could be referred to as one of the books that had a tremendous influence on English and French literature but nobody reads and few know of. Readers of Sidney's Arcadia, Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Urfe's Astrée may not be aware that the Diana was a source. Perhaps one of the reasons why so few people know the work is that there is no literal translation of the Diana in English. Until Judith M. Kennedy's Critical Edition of Yong's Translation of George of Montemayor's Diana and Gil Polo's Enamoured Diana, no full translation was available.

How the Diana travelled across the English Channel is a process that has been studied by Underhill,³ Greg,⁴ and Fouche-Delbosc.⁵ These scholars agree on the following: Philip Sidney, Thomas Wilson, Barnabe Googe, and Edward Paston all tried translating the Diana. Wilson translated part of the work while travelling abroad in 1596 and dedicated it to the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron. Fouche-Delbosc feels that this fact establishes sufficient evidence that the plot of Two Gentlemen of Verona is an adaptation of the Felis and Felismena episode in Book II of the Diana.⁶ But this particular episode is itself an adaptation of one of the Matteo Bandello's Novelle, and it would be hard to prove which one directly influenced Shakespeare.

In his Eglogs, epytaphs and sonnettes, Googe borrowed from the Diana. According to Underhill, Eglogs V and VII are verse translations of prose passages of the Diana, Eglog V being a poetic version of the Felis and Felismena episode, Eglog VII being the versification of a dialogue that appears in Book I of the Diana. The earliest possible date that the

Diana could have been published in 1559, one year before Googe arrived in Spain. Underhill is certain that it was in this way that the Diana made its first appearance in England via this volume of Googe's verse published in 1563.⁷

While several references are made to Edward Paston's translation, nothing definite is known about it except that it is lost.

Sidney translated the first and third poems from Book I of the Diana. These poems circulated before the 1598 edition of the Arcadia and were later printed at the end of it. Both poems were also included in England's Helicon in 1600, a collection of pastoral poetry to which Yong also contributed.

Yong completed the only full translation of Montemayor's Diana as well as its continuation, the Enamoured Diana by Gil Polo. Although Yong's translation was finished by 1583, it remained in manuscript until 1598, when it was published in folio. Interestingly, Yong's translation was dedicated to Penelope Deveroux, later to become Lady Rich, Sidney's Stella. Again, there is no evidence to indicate who may have read the work while it remained in manuscript.

Despite Yong's translation, no accurate, literal translation of Montemayor's Diana exists in English. Yong's translation is euphuistic, that is, he copied the balanced periodicity of John Lyly's rhetorical style, a kind of writing much in vogue then, roughly corresponding to Italian marinismo and Spanish gongorismo. These rhetorical styles are more baroque than Renaissance, a point that is of central importance to the reader who generally has little choice but to read the Diana in English. Even if Yong's translation did not contain these excesses, sixteenth century English does not automatically "translate" into sixteenth century Spanish. For the English reader who cannot read the Diana in Spanish, reading an Elizabethan translation is not the next best thing. The Elizabethans had a tendency to "conquer" the classics; they

did not so much translate them as they Elizabethanized them. They made them palatable to current rhetorical tastes. This kind of translation is clearly a response to a tradition or a fashion, and cannot do justice to the original. Such is the case with Yong's translation.

In attempting a literal yet aesthetically pleasing translation of the Diana, I have tried to render the work into readable English that does not betray the tone of the original. I have encountered many kinds of problems because the work contains both prose and poetry. I have tried to preserve the tone and flavor of the Renaissance while translating it into contemporary English. For example, Yong's translation contains many archaisms, words that have fallen out of current usage. He uses such words as "scrip", "semblant", "jennets", and "harneys", for which I have substituted "satchel", "face", "horses", and "armor". Or he will use a confusing phrase such as "a third between both" when a perfectly simple one such as "go between" can be more easily understood.

The musicality of the Diana's prose and its simplicity of language are two of its more charming features. One of the central aesthetic concerns of the translator should be to capture these subtle rhythms. One obvious way to lose the sense of rhythm is to expand on the text, a prevalent tendency in Yong. In most cases, expanding the text not only subverts the rhythm and the author's intent, but it also alters the text.

In Book II of the Diana three nymphs are attacked by three brutes. One of the nymphs says in their defense, "Mas de una cosa, ¡o crueles! podéis estar seguros, y es que vuestras amenazas no nos harán perder un punto de lo que a nuestra honestad devemos; y que más fácilmente os dexaremos la vida en la mano que la honra."⁸ A literal translation

might read, "But of one thing, oh cruel ones! you can be sure, and it is that your threats won't let us give up one bit of our virtue, for we would more easily give you our lives than our honor." Yong's version reads, "But of one thing, (cruel and vile beasts) you may be ascertained, that your menaces shall not make us leese one jot of that, which our honors require, and that we will sooner leave our lives in your barbarous hands, than to suffer our deer chastities by your beastly forces to be violated."⁹

Yong tends to duplicate, so that a phrase such as "con gran deseo", literally "with great desire", becomes "with great affection and desire". In the best euphuistic tradition, he adds adjectives, so that Montemayor's "sus aguas", simply "its waters", becomes "his cristalline stremes". Even worse, "el amor", "love", is transformed into a phrase, "my irremovable and infinite love". Montemayor does at times wax rhapsodic, but not quite as often as Yong takes the liberty to wax rhapsodic for him. Yong tries to make the Spanish author more explicit. By doing so, he gives the translation added tone and moral coloring which simply is not there, as can be seen in the above passage in which the nymphs defend their chastity. Other distortions give the plot (the little there is of it) away. In Book I, the character Ysmenia is given the epithet "crafty" and "cunning" long before the reader should even suspect she is.

Yong also feels compelled to make simple prose somehow more "poetic". Taken to extremes, a simple announcement of dawn in the Diana, "la mañana se vino", "morning came", becomes a bombastic introduction, "now gan the duskie welkin to wax cleare and the hastie morning was come." Yong is also fond of personification and synechdoche, so that "el sol", "the sun", becomes "Titan in his chiefest glorie." But this tendency is not unique; it is a response to a tradition.

The most unforgivable fault in a translator is simple mistranslation due to carelessness, laziness, or simply not knowing any better. Yong consistently mistranslates the names of trees, articles of clothing, and changes words so they "fit" better. In one poem there is a comparison made to a woman's beauty and "rosas de abril", "April roses". It seems that roses bloom a month later in Yong's England. Following this logic, by the time a New Yorker translated the passage they would be June roses. Perhaps this is a petty example of distortion, but it is distortion nonetheless, because it was not what the author said.

Clearly, the English reader of Yong's translation of the Diana is not reading a translation, but a version. The translation does not give a true picture of Montemayor's pastoral romance. Yong responds more to literary tradition, current speech habits, and even geographical and climatic differences than to the art of translating.

It is easy enough to be aware of Yong's excesses and distortions, but is eliminating them enough to make the translation both more readable and more true? In my attempts to translate this romance I encountered other problems. An aesthetic consideration that must be taken into account is the clarity of the original text. If obscure passages are made more coherent would this not represent another kind of distortion? Alexander Pope pointed out that when Homer nodded, so should the translation.

The language of the pastoral mode is unlike any other because the pastoral has always spoken its own language. A Spanish pastoral romance written during the Renaissance should not read like a twentieth century best seller. The problem is one of reducing the style and trying to keep as much of the syntax intact. It is no easy task to preserve the syntax and tone without at times tangling the reader. Since the Diana is a pastoral, it simply cannot be

translated into modern English and still maintain the complexity of its scope.

If the melancholy, subjective, dreamy tone of this work can be captured, if the translator does not go out of his way to modernize the wording, or, in the other extreme, to obscure it deliberately, then perhaps the rest of the work can fall into place. As far as establishing the historical period, the setting and subject matter are exotic enough so that the reader has a sense of when the romance takes place without having to read archaic passages. More important, the emotions, descriptions, and settings should remain Montemayor's.

Many of the problems which recur in translating the Diana become apparent immediately. One need go no further than the first sentence nor beyond the first two quatrains of poetry to get an example.

The first sentence of the text reads: "Baxaba de las montañas de León el olvidado Sireno a quien Amor, la fortuna, el tiempo trataban de manera que del menor mal que en tan triste vida padecía, no se esperaba menos que perdella."¹⁰ Here we have some characteristics of Montemayor's prose style - a long sentence full of qualifying clauses that comes to an end with an ambiguous pronoun attached to a verb. Although Yong translates this opening sentence verbatim, his Englishing would require yet another translation to be understood. "Down from the hills of Leon came the forgotten Syrenus, whom love, fortune, and time did so entreat, that by the least grief, that he suffered in his sorrowfull life, he looked no lesse than to loose the same."¹¹ Not only have the mountains of Leon become mere hills, and a Spaniard a Greek, but it takes a bit of backtracking on the reader's part to discover that "the same" refers to "life". True, there is also an element of ambiguity in Montemayor's

"perdella" but at least the feminine pronoun corresponds to the feminine antecedent "vida". This grammatical structure does not exist in English, so it must be compensated for somehow.

For the sake of clarity, some of the long periodic sentences ought to be cut down, but to do so would serve to betray the original. After all, that was a style of writing peculiar to the period. Rather than shorten the sentence, I took the liberty of rearranging the syntax slightly and plugging in a concrete noun for the ambiguous pronoun in "perdella". My version reads: "Down from the mountains of Leon came the forgotten Sireno, whom love, fortune and time treated in such a way that to hope to die to that sorrowful life under which he suffered would be but a small grief."

The mountains of León retain their height, Sireno retains his nationality, there is no doubt as to his mental state, and the prose is "stilted" enough so that the reader does not expect a twentieth century suicide attempt next. That is the part I have managed to save. I am aware that in trying to keep the sentence clear I have lost some of the comparative qualities, such as "menor mal", literally "least bad", which does not make for good English but is a rhetorical device frequently used in the pastoral, as well as being a common structure in the formation of Spanish superlatives. Here is a case in which structure and syntax are as closely aligned as form and content. And yet it really is untranslatable. I have tried neither to add words nor to remove them, but to give a literal, unconfusing translation which captures the tone and mood of a lover struggling against those insurmountable Renaissance odds, love, fortune, and time.

Translating the poetry of the Diana presents another set of problems. Once again, the first few lines of the first

poem serve as good examples of the kinds of complications that translating poetry presents. In this case, two versions exist as basis for comparison. Sidney translated this poem, which appears in England's Helicon.

Montemayor's poem reads:

O Cabellos, quanta mudança
 he visto después que os vi
 y quán mal parece ay
 essa color de esperança!

Bien pensaba yo, cabellos
 aunque con algun temor,
 que no fuera otro pastor
 digno de verse cabe ellos.¹²

Note that the last line of the second quatrain contains a visual and aural word play on "cabellos/ cabe ellos", which, of course, cannot be translated.

Sidney's version appears under the title "Sireno a Sheepheard, having a lock of his faire Nimphs haire, wrapt about with greene silke, mournes thus in a Love-Dittie":

What changes heere, o haire,
 I see since I saw you?
 How ill fits you this greene to weare,
 For hope the color due?

In deede I well did hope,
 Though hope were mixed with feare:
 No other Sheepheard should have scope
 Once to approach this heare.¹³

And Yong's:

Haire, what changes in libertie,
 Since I saw you have I seen?
 How unseemly hath this greene
 Bene a sign of hope to me?

Once I thought no Shepherd might
 In these fields be found (O haire)
 (Though I did it with some feare)
 Worthy to come near your sight.¹⁴

Both translators strive for rhyme, which I feel leads to a loss in meaning, for in trying to match a rhyme the translator more often than not sacrifices a first rate word. Both translators try to preserve the rhythm, which I dispensed with.

In my translation the emphasis is on meaning. Montemayor meant his first quatrain to be an exclamation directed to the hair. For no discernable reason, both translators split the first quatrain into two separate questions. The word play on "cabellos/cabe ellos" must unfortunately be lost, but the entire conceit need not go untranslated. "Caber" literally means "to fit", and there is an idiomatic expression in English that uses this word and fortuitously captures some of the meaning of Montemayor's line. I translated these quatrains thus:

Hair, what changes
 I have seen since I saw you
 And how ill this green color
 Of hope suits you!

I once thought, hair
 Although with some fear,
 That no other shepherd
 Was fit to be near you.

Although the visual element of the word play is lost, the conceit can be partially recovered in a way that extends the analogy that as the green color does not suit the hair, so the shepherds are not worthy of the lady. I have sacrificed rhyme and meter for meaning's sake, but this is the kind of translation that could be used for comparing the original Spanish to the English version if a reader has only a limited knowledge of Spanish. I would also like to believe that this kind of translation would be beneficial to a reader who is interested in reading the Diana for content and that because of this the Diana would be more accessible, more widely read and appreciated. Most important, I would like to believe that my method comes the closest to doing justice to Montemayor's work.

NOTES TO THE TRANSLATION

¹Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama (New York: Russell and Russell, Inc., 1959) p. 147.

²Kennedy's critical edition (New York: Oxford, 1968) Yong's quotes taken from this text.

³J. C. Underhill, Spanish Influence in the England of the Tudors (London: Mamillan Co., 1899).

⁴Greg, Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama.

⁵Revue Hispanique, Tome 50, Oct. - Dec. (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1920).

⁶Francisco Lopez Estrada, ed. Los siete libros de la Diana, 3rd ed. (Madrid: Classicos Castellanos, Espesa-Calpe, S.A., 1962). p. 94. All quotes from this text.

⁷Underhill, p. 240.

⁸Diana, p. 89

⁹Yong, p. 76.

¹⁰Diana, p. 9.

¹¹Yong, p. 10.

¹²Diana, p. 13.

¹³England's Helicon, London, 1600, facsimile by Scholar Press (London, 1973) no pagination.

¹⁴Yong, p. 13.

About the Edition

My translation of the Diana is based on Francisco López Estrada's edition, Clásicos Castellanos, 5th edition, 1970. It seems to be the version most referred to by other critics in their references to the work, including Avalle-Arce, Kennedy, El Saffar, Reynolds, Jones, Perry, and Solé-Leris.

Lopez Estrada chose the Barcelona 1561 text as the most reliable for several reasons. Although it is probably not the first edition, it is among one of the first dated editions. The date of publication of the first Diana is still a matter of dispute, but it appears that 1559 is a likely year.¹ The first two editions, Valencia and Milan are dateless. The Saragossa edition of 1560 already has the spurious Alcida and Silvano story in it, as does the Antwerp 1561 edition.² López Estrada's choice of Barcelona 1561 is based on the fact that it is the first dated edition without an interpolated story, and after this edition, beginning with Valladolid 1561, the story of Abindarraez appears in every edition.³

The Moorish tale of the Abindarraez, charming as it may be, is totally out of keeping with the spirit, tone, and mood of the Diana. It is the only story told for the sake of telling a story. None of the characters figure in it, and it breaks up the symmetrical structure of the Diana. It contributed nothing to Montemayor's work save that it probably sold more copies. The tale, which was added to Book IV, has not been included in my translation. As Avalle-Arce pointed out, "There is perfect symmetry in the unfolding of the story: the first three books present the amatory problems, the fourth, where Felicia appears, finds them different solutions, and these solutions are enacted in the last three books."⁴ As all narrations in the Diana serve to educate the other members or to dispel grief, or in one case, Belisa's, to augment it, it would be out of character to tell a tale simply for the fun of it, especially at Felicia's palace.

Notes for "About the Edition"

¹Menéndez y Pelayo believes that the first edition is Valencia. Orígenes de la novela, (1961), p. 259.

Judith Kennedy points out George Ticknor's error first stated in his History of Spanish Literature, 1849. He refers to Montemayor's work as the Diana Enamorada, which is the title of the continuation by Gil Polo, claiming that he owned a copy of the Valencia manuscript dated 1542. see A Critical Edition of Montemayor's Diana and Gil Polo's Diana Enamorada, (1968), p. xvii.

See also Fitzmaurice-Kelly, "The Bibliography of the Diana Enamorada", Revue Hispanique ii, 1895, p. 311, where he concludes:

"To sum up. Nobody knows when Montemor was born.

It seems safe to hold: (1) that the Diana Enamorada was not Montemor's earliest work; (2) that the editions 1530 and 1545 have no real existence; (3) that the date in Ticknor's copy is an imposition; (4) that the probable true date is about 1558-9."

H.D. Purcell, "The Date of first publication of Montemayor's Diana", Hispanic Revue (1967) disagrees with Fitzmaurice-Kelly and states, "... acceptable evidence only supports a date somewhere between 1554 and 1560." p. 364.

²López Estrada, p. lxxxviii.

³López Estrada, p. 203.

⁴Avalle-Arce, PMLA lxxiv (1959), p. 4.

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS LORD DON JUAN CASTELLA
DE VILANOVA, BARON OF BICORB AND QUESA
JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR

Even if it were not an ancient custom, most illustrious sir, for authors to dedicate their works to those who would lend value them, as Your Grace deserves, your ancient house and resplendant lineage as well as your great estate and virtue would move me, and with good reason, to do it. And being aware of the lowly style of the work and the small worth of its author, neither should go so far as to dedicate it to Your Grace, nor is there help for it, but this, that it should be accounted for. Because precious stones do not receive their worth from the name they bear, for they can be false and counterfeit, as the person in whose hands they rest. I beg Your Grace to receive this book under your protection and correction, as you have received its foreign author, for with his abilities he cannot otherwise serve Your Grace, whose life and estate may Our Lord increase for many years.

TO THE AFOREMENTIONED LORD

Maecenas was to the famous Maro
A special lord and dear friend,
From Homer, although deceased, the bellicose
Alexander enjoyed rare wit.
And thus the generous Vilanovan
Has been the protection of the Lusitanian author
Allowing a base and wanting wit
To reach for the clouds and even higher.

FROM DON GASPAR DE ROMANI, TO THE AUTHOR

SONNET

If the memory of Lady Laura
Has forever exalted Petrarch
And Homer thus was crowned with laurel
For writing of the Greek's victory;
If we see that Kings, also for greater glory,
Continually have attempted to insure
What was conquered in life
In death will be renewed through their histories.
With even more reason, will you be, oh excellent
Diana, celebrated for your beauty
Among all the beauties in the world.
For no one deserved to be praised
So justly by one who deserves
The laurel among all who have written.

HIERONIMO SANPERE TO JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR

SONNET

Mount Parnassus, sacred and celebrated
Delightful museum of poets,
Being compared with the famous
Do you seem to be disconsolate?
I am, and with reason, for
The Muses left me and their glorious choir
To go to this fortunate Greater Hill
Into which my fame and glory has been changed.
Happy to the utmost was his Diana
To be the most admired on this earth
So showed on the Hill her Greatness.
There she dwells in her stately praise
Celebrated throughout the world
Enjoying a loftiness greater than height.

THE OUTLINE OF THIS BOOK

In the fields of the ancient and capital city of Leon, on the banks of the River Ezla, lived a young shepherdess named Diana, who was more beautiful than all the others of her time. She loved and was loved by a shepherd named Sireno, in whose love resided all possible purity and honesty. And at the same time, another shepherd named Sylvano loved her more than he loved himself, but he was so hated by the shepherdess that there was nothing in life she hated more. It happened, then, that while Sireno was forced to be out of the kingdom, on matters from which he could not be excused,¹ the shepherdess was saddened by his absence, time and Diana's heart underwent changes, and she married another shepherd named Delio, casting into oblivion the one she had loved so much. He, returning after a year's absence, with great desire to see his shepherdess, learned of her marriage before he arrived. Here begins the first book, and in the rest you will find many diverse stories, of incidents that have really taken place,² although they go disguised under pastoral names and style.

BOOK I

Down from the mountains of León³ came the forgotten Sireno, whom love, fortune, and time treated in such a way that to hope to part from that sorrowful life under which he suffered would be but a small grief.⁴ The unfortunate shepherd now did not weep for the sorrow that absence had in store for him, nor was he bothered by the fear of forgetfulness, because he saw the prophecies against him so fulfilled that there were no other misfortunes capable of threatening him. As the shepherd was approaching those green and pleasant meadows that are watered by the powerful River Ezla, he recalled the happiness that he once knew there, being then the master of his liberty, not the servant he was now to her who without reason kept him buried in the shadows of her oblivion. He reflected upon that happy time when he fed his flock in those meadows along the beautiful river, when keeping them well fed was his only interest, while his leisure was spent in enjoying the sweet smell of golden flowers, at the time when spring spreads its happy message of summer through the universe sometimes taking his rabel which he always carried carefully in his satchel, at other times a sampogna⁵ to whose sound he composed the sweet poems for which he was praised by all the shepherdesses in the vicinity. The shepherd never thought about the bad or good quirks of fortune, nor in change or mutability, nor did the cares and greed of the ambitious courtier cross his mind, nor the vanity and presumption of the lady celebrated only by the vows and opinions of her suitors; neither did the arrogance and carelessness of the proud royal favorite trouble him.⁶ He was born in the country, in the country he fed his flock, and to the country his thoughts were confined until cruel love took hold of his liberty, as he usually does from those who think themselves to be the

freest. The sad Sireno, then, was coming, his eyes turned into fountains, his face changed, and his heart so used to suffering from misfortune that had fortune wanted to make him happy, she should have had to look for a new heart. His suit of wool cloth was as harsh as his luck, a crook was in his hand, a satchel hung on his left arm. He lay down at the foot of a beech and surveyed the bank of the beautiful river until he came to that place where he had first seen the beauty, charm and virtue of the shepherdess Diana, she in whom nature gathered all perfection and bestowed it through her every part. What his heart felt only he who has felt sad memories can imagine.

The unfortunate shepherd could not silence his tears, nor stop the sighs that issued from his soul. And looking towards the sky, he began to say, "Alas, memory of mine, enemy of my rest! Would you not be better occupied in having me forget my current sorrows, than in putting happy memories before my eyes? What say you, memory? That in this meadow I saw my Lady Diana. That here I first felt what I shall never cease to grieve. That near that clear fountain, enclosed by tall and green alders, with many tears she swore to me several times that there was nothing in her life, not even her parent's will, her brothers' insistence, nor her relatives' pesterings, could make her change her mind. And while she said this, tears like oriental pearls fell from her beautiful eyes, seeming to witness what was in her heart, ordering me under penalty of being considered a man of base understanding that I believe what she repeatedly told me. But wait a while, memory now that you have put me here where my misfortunes began - such were they, that the good I then had, was the beginning of the grief I now suffer - don't forget to soften this unhappiness by placing before me one by one the travail, turmoil, fear, jealousy, suspicion,

and distrust that even in the best of times plague even the truest of lovers. Alas, memory, destroyer of my rest, I am sure that you will say that the greatest pain I suffered under those reflections was small compared with happiness received. You are correct, memory, and the worst of it is that you are so powerful."

And he took from his breast a sheet of paper in which hair was wrapped with green silk ribbons-and what hair! and placing it on the green grass, shedding many tears, he took his rabel, but not as happily as in the days when Diana looked favorably upon him, and began to sing the following:⁷

Hair, what changes
I have seen since I saw you
And how ill this green color
Of hope suits you.

I once thought, hair,
Although with some fear,
That no other shepherd
Was fit to be near you.

Oh hair, how many days
Did my Diana look
To see if I carried or left you behind
And a hundred other childish games.

And how many times she cried
Alas false tears!
She begged for pity
Of things I mocked.

Those eyes that killed me
Tell me, golden hairs
Was I to blame for believing them,
So reassuring were they?

Did you not once see
 The thousand tears she spilled
 Until I swore to her
 That I believed her words?

Who has seen so much beauty
 In such a mutable subject
 And such a perfect lover?
 Who has seen such misfortune?

Oh hair, did you not run
 To come to where you came
 Once seeing me as you saw me
 Seeing me as you see me?

Seated on the sand
 Of that bank I saw her
 Writing with her finger
 "Better dead than changed."

See what love ordains
 That makes us come to believe
 Things said by women
 And written in the sand.

Sireno would not have finished his sad song so soon but his tears were at hand, for he was one for whom fortune had cut off all paths to remedy. He dropped his rabel, taking the golden hairs and returning them to their place, saying, "Oh, tokens of the fairest and most disloyal shepherdess that human eyes have ever seen. How you have deceived me to your advantage. Alas, I cannot stop looking at you, my downfall being in having seen you."

When he removed his hand from the satchel he found a letter which Diana had sent him in better times, and seeing it, with an ardent sigh that came from his soul he said, "Oh letter, letter, I would see you burned, by a hand

that could do it better than I, because I could never do what I wanted to. Woe to him who now reads you. But, who could refrain from doing so?"

And opening it, he saw that it read as follows:

DIANA'S LETTER TO SIRENO

My dear Sireno,

How I would suffer from your words unless I thought love made you speak them. You tell me that I do not love you as much as I should. I do not know how you perceive this, and I do not understand how I could love you more. Now is not the time to distrust me, for you see that the love I bear you forces me to believe what you tell me of your thoughts. Many times I imagine that, as you imagine that I do not love you, loving yourself more than me, you think that you love me, hating me. Behold, Sireno, that time has dealt better with you than you would have thought at the beginning of our love, and aside from parting with my honor, there is nothing in the world I would not do for you. I implore you with all my might that you do not put yourself among jealousy and suspicion, for you know how few escape from their hands with life, which God grant you, with the contentment I wish for you.

"Is this a letter," said Sireno sighing, "to make one think that oblivion could enter into the heart from which these words issued? And are these words to pass through my memory at a time when she who said them has none of me? Alas, with how much happiness I finished reading this letter once when my lady sent it to me, and how many times I re-read it that very hour! But now I pay sevenfold and I could not suffer less than to go from one extreme to the other, for it would not be fitting for fortune to spare me from what she inflicts on others."

At that moment from the slope that led down from the

village to the green meadow Sireno saw a shepherd approaching step by step stopping every so often, at times looking up at the sky, at others the green meadow and lovely bank of the river which he could see from on high; a thing that made his sadness greater, seeing the spot that marked the start of his misfortune. Sireno recognized him, and turning in the direction from which he came said, "Oh, unfortunate shepherd, although not as unfortunate as I, what has put an end to our competition for Diana's love, and to the disdain that cruel one showed you, you blaming me for it? But if you had known the outcome, you would know that fortune was being much more merciful to you by keeping you in a constant unhappy state than to me by tearing me down when I least expected it."

Then the unloved Sylvano took a sampogna and playing it a while, sang these verses with great sadness:

I am a lover but was never loved
 I loved well and will, but am not loved
 I undergo hardships and never caused any
 I sighed but was never heard
 I wanted to complain but no one listened
 I tried to flee from love but was outrun
 Only of oblivion I cannot complain
 Because it never has forgotten to forget me.

I show the same face to every misfortune
 I was never sad today, happy yesterday
 I do not look back, nor fear to look ahead
 I show the same face to the good or bad I feel
 I am as beside myself as a dancer
 Who moves to any sound
 I am thus taken to be mad
 But that would be the least of it.

To a lover night is troublesome
 When from that day he expects something good
 While another expects from night
 A thing that makes the day long and vexatious;
 What tires one man gives rest to another
 Each being led by his desire
 But I always await the day crying
 It having come, I die at night.

I am entitled to complain of Love;
 He paints on water and gives voices to the wind
 He looks for help from one who has never given it,
 And so he comes to take it for granted.
 Go to him for some advice
 He will tell you one foolishness and a hundred others.
 So, who is this Love? It is a science
 That cannot be learned by study or experience.

My lady loved her Sireno
 She scorned me, perhaps I knew it
 I, wretch, thought good
 What brought suffering to my life and soul.
 If one day my sky had been clear
 I would complain if love had clouded it
 But I cannot claim that he took a good thing from me
 For he cannot take what he never gave.

Love is not a thing that he who does not have it
 Could find the market where he could buy it.
 It is not a thing that comes when you call it,
 Nor can it be found, if you go looking.
 If it dwells not in you, it is useless
 To think that one has to be re-born to get it;
 And since Love can never be forced
 The unloved have nothing to complain about.

Sireno was not idle while Sylvano sang this song for he responded to the last words with sighs and solemnized what he heard with tears. The unloved shepherd, finishing his song began to realize how low his self esteem was and how for Diana's sake he had forgotten about his herd and flock, but that was the least of it. He thought about how his labors went without hope of a reward, a thing which, to someone less persistent could easily have cut off the way to love. But such was his constancy, despite the fact that he needed to forget her who didn't even notice him, that he rose above it, and so not to damage the love he bore his shepherdess, he would never allow a thought to cross his mind that might damage his faith. But when he saw Sireno near the fountain, he was surprised to see him so sad not because he did not know the cause of his sorrow, but rather because he thought that if he himself had received the slightest favor that once Sireno had received from Diana, the happiness would have lasted him a lifetime. He approached him, and they embraced and wept many tears, they sat on the short grass and Sylvano began to speak this way, "Alas, Sireno, cause of my misfortune and of the little remedy for it; God forbid that I should feel vindicated by your unhappiness, for although it were to my advantage I wouldn't let the love I bear my Lady Diana go against the one to whom she gave love freely. If your sorrows don't grieve me, let there be no end to mine; ever since Diana married, if it never occurred to me that her wedding and your death would be but one time, should I never find myself in a better state than I am now. Did you ever think, Sireno, that I hated you because God wished you well? And because she granted you favors that it would cause me to hate you? My faith was not made of such base metal, that I would love my lady and not also love all that she loved. That I grieve for your

sorrow, you need not thank me for, because I feel so sorry for you, despite how sorry I feel for myself, because I am sorrier for others' griefs.⁸

The words of the shepherd Sylvano caused no small surprise in Sireno, and he was a bit bewildered and shocked at his great suffering and the quality of love he bore his shepherdess. When he recovered he answered in this manner:

"By chance, Sylvano, have you been born to serve as an example to those of us who do not know how to bear the adversities that fortune sets before us? Or is it the nature has given you so much strength that you can both bear your troubles and also help relieve those of others? I see that you are so used to your fate, which does not promise to give you any hope of a remedy, that you do not know how to ask for more than it gives you. I tell you, Sylvano, time shows well by your example that every day it discovers new things foreign to the imagination of men. Oh, how much more envy must this unfortunate shepherd bear you, in seeing you suffer your sorrows than you could have borne him at the time when you could see him enjoy his pleasures. Did you see the favors she granted me? Did you notice the softness of the words with which she showed me her love? Did you notice how upon bringing her flock to the river, taking the lambs out of the thicket, bringing the sheep to sleep under the shade of these alders, she could never do it without my company? May I never see the end of my sorrow if from Diana I ever expected or even desired anything that would offend her honor, and if ever such a thought crossed my mind, her beauty, valor, honesty and purity of love would remove from my mind any thought that might place her goodness in jeopardy."

"Of that I am certain, and I believe you," said

Sylvano sighing, "because I could say the same of myself. And I believe that no man alive could cast his eyes on Diana and wish for anything else but to see her and to converse with her. Although I do not know if such great beauty, in another whose thoughts are not so disposed as ours, might cause another reaction, especially if he saw her as I did one day, seeing her seated with you near that brook combing her golden hair while you held the mirror in which from time to time she glanced at herself.⁹ The two of you didn't realize that I was observing you from those tall shrubs near the two ilexes and I still remember the verses that you sang to her upon having held the mirror while she combed her hair."¹⁰

"How do you come to have them?" asked Sireno. Sylvano answered, "The next day I found a piece of paper here on which they were written and I read them and even memorized them. And then Diana came here crying because she thought she had lost them and she asked me for them; and it was no small happiness for me seeing tears in my lady that I could put an end to. I remember it well, it was the first time that I heard words without anger from her, and how look badly I needed that favor that from her telling me that she was grateful for my having giving her what she sought, I made relics of her words so that I was able to forget more than a year of great misfortunes because of one word that bore in it a semblance of good."

"As you love your life," said Sireno, "recite the verses I sang, since you know them by heart."

"I would be happy to," said Sylvano, and began in this way:

For such a worthy mercy
No debt remains for me
Because you are paid
Lady, in the same coin.

For if I enjoyed being there
 Seeing before me
 That sovereign face and eyes
 You seeing from my hands
 What I see in your eyes.

And it should not suit you badly
 That from your beauty
 You see your own reflected image
 And I see the natural one.

A worthy thought
 Never subjected to love
 Sees better than the captive one
 Although the one sees the real
 And the other the image.

When Sireno finished hearing this, he said to Sylvano, "Pray to God, shepherd, that love give me hope of some impossible good, for there is nothing with which I would rather spend my life than with your conversation and it hurts me that you are unhappy and that Diana has been cruel to you and has not been grateful for all your loyal service and the true love you have shown her."

Sylvano answered him sighing, "I could be happy with very little, if luck were willing, and Diana could grant me happiness without either offending her sense of honor or breaking her faith with you, but not only did she not give it to me, but she has done everything to keep me from imagining that I can have it someday. I used to say to myself many times, "Will not this fierce-hearted one someday become angry with Sireno, so that to avenge herself she will pretend to favor me? A man so

disconsolate and bereft of favors will welcome even feigned feelings. So that when you left these banks, I truly thought the remedy for my unhappiness was knocking at my door, and that oblivion would be the result of absence, and especially so in the heart of woman. But when afterwards I saw Diana's tears, her unrest in the village, her love for solitude, the continual sighings, God knows what I felt. Because I knew that time was a good medicine for the disease, I did not want even one hour of sadness for her, even though from it should issue one hundred thousand hours of happiness for me. A few days after you left, I saw her near the pasture on the hill, leaning against an ilex, leaning her breast against her crook and she stood this way for a while before she saw me. She then lifted her eyes, but her tears prevented her from seeing me. She must have been thinking about her sad loneliness, and the hurt that your absence caused her, but a little after that, not without tears accompanied by sighs, she drew a sampogna that she kept in her satchel and began to play so sweetly that the valley, the hill, the river, the enamoured birds, and even the wild beasts who lived in the dense forest stopped, and putting down the sampogna she sang to the tune she had played.

SONG

Oh, eyes who no longer see the one who looked at you
 When you were mirrors where he saw himself
 What can you see that will make you happy?

Meadow flowering and green, where one day
 I waited for my sweet friend,
 Weep with me for the deep sorrow I feel.

It was here he told me his feelings
I, wretch, heard him out
Like an angry serpent,
Calling him a thousand times bold,
The poor man was lying there
I can almost see him
And now I wish I could.
Oh, to see him now, oh happy hour
Shady bank, where is my Sireno?

Yonder ~~is~~ the bank, here is the meadow
Over there appears the green and shady valley
Where I brought my sheep to pasture.
See the sweet and melodious brook
Where my flocks would feed at noon
When my sweet friend lived here.

He was beneath that green beech.
And there you see the knoll
Where I first saw him
And he saw me; happy the day
If only my fate

Had not put an end to such a happy time.
Oh beech, oh clear spring
All is here save him for whom I grieve!
Shady bank, where is my Sireno?

Here I have a picture that deceives me
For I see my shepherd when I look at it
Although he's better pictured in my soul.
When the great desire to see him comes
Which later time deceives
I go to that spring in the meadow.

I draw close to that willow and by its side
 I sit, oh blind love!
 I stare at the water, then
 I see myself and him, as I looked at it
 When he lived here.
 This fiction sustains me for a while
 Then I discover the truth
 And my heart speaks, full of anguish,
 Shady bank, where is my Sireno?

Other times I speak and he does not answer
 And I think he is punishing me
 Because I did not heed him once.

But I say to him sadly weeping:
 Speak, Sireno, perhaps you are someplace
 My imagination can never conceive
 Do you not see, I say, that you are in my soul?
 And he, still silent,
 Is there by my side
 And in my head I beg him to speak.
 What a strange deception
 To ask thoughts or words from a picture!
 Oh time! how heavy
 Is my heart and in someone else's power!
 Shady bank, where is my Sireno?

No longer can I go with my flock
 At sunset, to our village,
 Nor come to the sheep fold from there
 Without seeing even though I do not want to
 My beloved's sheepcote fallen down and
 Scattered to the ground.
 There I sit a while unaware
 Of sheep and lambs

Until the herdsmen
 Shout to me saying, "Oh, shepherdess
 What are you thinking that
 You allow your sheep to graze upon the wheat?"
 My eyes bear witness to him
 For whom the grass grows in this pleasant valley
 Shady bank, where is my Sireno?

You should have been right, Sireno,
 To have more strength at your farewell
 For without any I gave you mine.
 What am I complaining of - alas, lost soul!
 How could anyone keep you from going
 If fate or fortune willed it so?
 It was not your fault, nor could I believe
 You would do anything to offend
 This love so plain and simple,
 Nor would I presume
 Although there are many portents and signs
 That the unpredictability of the fates
 Have clouded my very serene skies.
 Shady bank, where is my Sireno!

Song, be careful to go where I say
 And yet remain with me
 Perhaps fortune will take you somewhere
 Where you will not be troublesome.

Having finished Diana's love song Sylvano said to
 Sireno, who as if beside himself was listening to
 the verses the shepherdess had sung after his departure,
 "When the fair Diana sang this song, it could be seen by
 my own tears that I felt sorry for those she shed on your
 behalf, but not wanting her to know that I had heard I

hid as best I could, not an easy task, and came to where she stood.

Sireno then cut him short, saying, "Stop a while, Sylvano, how could a heart that felt so much have changed? Oh, constancy, oh, steadfastness, how little time you spend in woman's heart! The more willing she is to love you, so much more quickly will she forget you. And I firmly believe this shortcoming is present in all women, but especially in my Lady Diana, in whom I thought nature had prescribed every good trait.

Continuing with his story, Sylvano said, "The closer I got to where Diana stood, I saw that her eyes were fixed upon the clear fountain when she took up her task and began to say, "Oh eyes, you will run out of tears before you run out of time to shed them! Oh, my Sireno, I pray to God that before bitter winter denudes the green meadows of fresh and fragrant flowers, and the pleasant valley of its young grass and the shady trees of their green leaves may these eyes see the presence so desired of my soul, as mine must be hated by yours. At that point she lifted her divine face and she saw me; she tried hard to disguise her sad weeping, but she could not do it in a way that the tears did not give her away. She stood up and said to me, "Sit here, Sylvano, now that you are avenged, at my expense. This unhappy woman has paid dearly for the sufferings she caused you, if it is true she is the cause of them."

"Is it possible, Diana," I answered, "that this was meant for me to hear? In short, am I not deceiving myself in saying that I was born to discover new kinds of torments every day and for you to perform more injustices than you can possibly think up? Do you now doubt that you are the cause of my sorrow? If you are not the cause of it, who do you suspect could be the

object of my love? Oh what heart in the world except yours would not have been softened by my tears?" And to this I added many other things that I've forgotten now. But the cruel one, the enemy of my repose, cut my words short saying, "Look, Sylvano, if your tongue ever dares to talk about your own preoccupations and stops talking to me about my Sireno, I will leave you alone to enjoy the clear fountain where we are now seated. And do you not know that anything that has nothing to do with my shepherd is hateful and bothersome to me? And to one who loves well, all the time wasted in hearing other than what pertains to her beloved seems put to bad use."

I therefore, fearing that my words might cause me to lose that peace the sight of her bestowed upon me, kept quiet, and stayed there for a long time, enjoying that supernatural beauty, until night fell, with greater speed than I wished, and from there the two of us left for the village with our flocks.

Sireno said sighing, "You have told me great things, Sylvano, all of them hurt me more, wretched man that I am! How quickly have I come to learn what little constancy there is in woman, and it hurts me. For I would not wish, shepherd, to hear it said some time that in such a vessel where nature has joined so much beauty and discretion, there could be also a bad trait, such as this inconstancy she has served me. And what hurts me most is that time will make her understand the wrong she has done me which cannot be done except at the cost of her own repose. How fares her happiness, now that she is married?"

Sylvano answered, "Some tell me that it goes badly, and that is no surprise to me, for, as you know, Delio, her husband, although rich in fortune's riches, is not

rich in nature's nor in his disposition: you see how bad it is, for the skills we shepherds take pride in, such as playing, singing, wrestling, twirling our crooks, dancing with the maidens on Sunday, Delio was born to be but a spectator."¹¹

"Now shepherd," said Sireno, "take your rael and I will take my sampogna, there is nothing so bad that music cannot dispel it, and no grief that with it cannot be increased."¹²

And playing their instruments with much sweetness and softness the two shepherds began to sing the following:

SYLVANO

Sireno, what were you thinking, when I saw you
From that grove and sympathized
With the pains you were complaining of?
I left my flock there, waiting for me
For as long as the sun remains uncovered
I can stay here entertaining you.
Tell me of your sorrow, shepherd, for in telling
There is less pain than in concealing it
And in the end sadness departs.

I will tell you my sorrow, in telling
It increases, and in knowing
It is in vain, oh wretch! I bemoan it.

I see life lengthning my sorrow
My sad heart cannot console me
And I see a worn out grief approaching me.

She from whom I expected happiness took it away
 So I can never hope for it, for waiting for it
 She could with reason refuse to give it to me.

My passion went imploring her
 Not in noisome ways but in just ones.
 And harsh love always impeded it.

My sad thoughts always careful
 From one side to another returning
 At all cost fleeing from the unlawful

They begged Diana for respite
 Midst so much sorrow without causing any to you
 But it was a wretch deluding himself.

But what would you do, say, if instead of giving it to you
 She removed it, alas wretch! thinking it
 I silence my sorrow and I would not tell it to you.

But afterward, Sireno, by imagining it
 I invoke the most beautiful shepherdess
 And in the end it is at my expense.

SIRENO

Dear Sylvano, a rare fondness,
 A beauty that blinds one upon seeing it,
 A wit and discretion of the most excellent kind,

With a sweet voice, that upon hearing it,
 Hard stones are moved, being softened
 What could a lover feel on losing her?

I look at my lambs, and think, seeing them
 How many times I saw her, feeding them
 And gathering her own flocks.

And how many times I met her driving them
 To the river at noontime, where
 With great care she stood there counting them.

Afterward, if she was alone
 You could see the bright sun, envious
 Of her hair as she combed it.

Then Sylvano, my dearest friend,
 How many times when suddenly meeting her
 That most beautiful face of hers would flame.

And how charmingly she stood there asking me
 Why I was late and even scolding me
 But if I were contrite, making up with me.

How many days I found her, waiting for me
 At this clear spring while I looked for her
 By that thick grove, growing impatient,
 Forgetting all my work upon meeting her
 We would forget our sheep and lambs,
 She talking to me and I gazing at her.

Other times, Sylvano, we played together.
 We played the sampogna and the rabel
 And there we sang my verses.

After we'd get our bows and arrows
 Other times a net, she following me
 We never returned to the village without game.

So fortune continued entertaining me
 While a great sorrow was in store
 To which there is no end but death.

SYLVANO

Sireno, the cruel love I complain of
Never wearied, but does not keep me from feeling
So much sorrow, and I die from it.

I saw Diana and saw drawing to a close
Pleasure and contentment, seeing her
And to my sorrow I saw life lengthening.

Oh how many times I found her, losing her,
And how many I lost her, finding her,
And I silent, suffering, dying, serving her.

I would die when I met her,
I saw those eyes that angrily
She turned against me when I spoke to her.

But more so when her lovely hair
She loosened and combed, disregarding me,
Delicious sorrows would return to haunt me.

And cruel Diana recognizing me,
Turned to a wild beast ready to attack
As if to kill a lion, so undoing me.

Once hope mocking me,
So kept my heart, entertaining it,
But later undeceiving it,
I mocked my hope, I losing it.

Not much after the shepherds had finished their sad
song, they saw coming from the thicket near the river, a
shepherdess playing a sampogna and singing with as much
charm and delicacy as sorrow; so hiding a great deal of

her beauty, which was not little, and Sireno asking, since it had been a long time since he had pastured in that valley, who she was, Sylvano answered, "She is a beautiful shepherdess who started feeding her flocks here a few days ago and who complains of love, and some say with much reason, although others claim that she feigns her disillusion."

"By chance," said Sireno, "is it in her hands to undo her own deception?"

"Yes," replied Sylvano, "because I cannot believe there exists a woman who so loves that the force of love could hinder her from knowing if she were loved or not." "I am of the opposite opinion." "Of the opposite opinion?" said Sylvano, "if that were so you wouldn't pride yourself on it having cost you dearly to have trusted Diana's words, but I don't blame you, for since there is no one who is not conquered by her beauty, there will be no one who will not be deceived by her words."

"How can you know that, since she never deceived you with either words or deeds?"

"It is true," said Sylvano, "that I was always disappointed by her, but I would dare to say, despite what has happened that she did not so much disappoint me as she deceived you. But enough of that and let us listen to this shepherdess who is a close friend of Diana's, and according to what I hear of her charm and discretion, she deserves to be heard."

At this time, the fair shepherdess approached the fountain, singing this sonnet:

SONNET

I have seen my eyes happier
And more glad my soul,
Sad from the pain of the one
Whose sight once gave me joy.

But, how can fortune in a moment
 Cut short happiness' root?
 As soon as "is" becomes "once was",
 A great pleasure becomes a great torment
 Away with times, with changes,
 Away with unsettling feelings,
 See how free the heart remains.

Then will I trust in hope,
 When I can control circumstances
 Having thrown a spike into the wheel.

After the shepherdess stopped singing she went directly to the spring where the shepherds stood, and as she approached Sylvano said, half laughing, "One can't help but listen to those words and accept as their witness that ardent sigh with which she finished her song."

"Nor should you doubt it," replied Sireno, "I would quickly wish her well, for I feel sorry for her, and I would believe all she would care to tell me."

As they were speaking Selvagia arrived, and when she recognized the shepherds, she greeted them very courteously saying, "What are you doing, oh, unloved shepherds, in this green and delightful meadow?"

"You do no ill, fair Selvagia, in asking us what we do," said Sylvano, "we do so little compared to what we should do, that we can never finish anything as long as love drives us to desire."¹³

"Do not marvel at that," said Selvagia, "for before some things are brought to an end, they bring to an end those who desire them."

Sylvano answered, "At the least if a man places his repose in the hands of a woman, his life will be over before she would finish doing what he would hope for."

"poor women," said Selvagia, "that are so ill treated by your words."

"More so the men," replied Sylvano, "who are so much the worse off by your deeds. Is there nothing so base, nor of so little value that for the most unworthy reason in the world, you forget those whom you have loved so dearly? Absent yourselves one day from the ones you love well and on your return you are ready to renegotiate your suit."

"There are two things," said Selvagia, "you say that truly surprise me; the first is that I hear the opposite of what I thought I would hear from you, because I thought that when I heard you speak of your love, that you were a phoenix and that no one who has loved well until now could approach the extremes you felt in loving a shepherdess I know, a sufficient enough reason for not treating women ill, if your malice were not greater than your love. Secondly, you talk about what you do not know, because talking about oblivion when you had no hope, is more easily attributable to madness than to anything else. If Diana never even noticed you, how can you complain about her forgetting you?"¹⁴

"To both your points," said Sylvano, "I intend to reply, if you do not tire of hearing me; I pray to God that I may never be happier than I am, if anyone, despite the examples they show me, can make dearer the power that ungrateful and disloyal shepherdess when you know, and I wish I did not has over my heart; but greater is the love I bear her, it grieves me more that there is nothing in her to criticize, for there is Sireno, who was once more favored by Diana than any one has ever been of his lady, and she has forgotten him in a manner which we all know. What you say about not being able to speak ill of things I have not experienced is like saying that a doctor is not able to treat a disease unless he had it

first! And another thing, Selvagia, I wish to satisfy you of, do not think that I dislike women, for there is nothing else in the world I would rather serve, but in exchange for loving well I am treated poorly, that is why I speak so about her whose glory gives me grief."

Sireno, who had been silent for a while, said to Selvagia, "Shepherdess, if you would hear me, you would not blame my competitor, or, more properly speaking, my good friend Sylvano; tell me, what causes you to be so fickle, so that one moment you throw down a shepherd from the zenith of his happiness to the nadir of his misery? But, do you know what I attribute it to? To the fact that you really do not know what you hold in your hands. You trifle with love, but are not capable of understanding it, seeing how you come to terms with it."

"I tell you, Sireno," said Selvagia, "the reason we Shepherdesses forget is no different from what causes you to forget us. These are things that love makes and unmakes, things that times and places set to motion or doom to silence, not because of a defect in woman's understanding, of which there have been an infinite number in this world who could teach men to live and even teach them to love, if love were something that could be taught. But even so, I believe there is no lower estate in life than woman's, because if they speak well of you, you think them dead with love, if they do not speak to you at all, you think them proud and flighty, if their shyness doesn't suit you, you call it hypocrisy; they have no candor but you think it excessive; if they are quiet you say they are stupid, if they talk, you think them tedious, that no one can stand them, if they love you more than anything in the world, you believe they do it out of malice, if they forget you and withdraw from situations which may cost them their reputations, you say they are inconsistent and not steadfast. So that there is no such thing as a good or

bad woman except for one who doesn't depart from what your inclination wishes."

"Fair Selvagia," said Sireno, "if all of you had your understanding and liveliness of wit, we would never have occasion to complain of your carelessness. But so we may know the reason why you complain of love, may God give you comfort for your sorrow, that you tell us of your love and all that has happened to you until now, since you know more about us than we can tell you ourselves, and let us see if what you have suffered allows you to speak so freely. For certainly your words would give one to believe you must have more experience in love than any other woman." Selvagia answered, "If I, Sireno, were not the most experienced, I would be the most ill treated there ever was, and one who has the most reasons for complaining of its unsettling effects, enough reason to make one capable of discussing it. And so that you may understand what I have suffered, what I feel because of this fiendish passion, place your misfortunes in the hands of silence for a while and I will tell you the greatest misfortunes you have ever heard."

In the worthy and impregnable kingdom of the Lusitanians, there are two powerful rivers, which, weary from watering the greater part of our Spain, the one not far from the other enter into the ocean, between which are many ancient towns because the fertility of the land is so great it is unlike any other part of the world. Life in this province is so remote and secluded from things that disturb thoughts, that even when Venus wants to show her power through the hands of her blind son, there is no one who undertakes more than to maintain a life sufficiently quiet and measured in the things necessary to sustain it. The wits of these people are equipped to let them pass their lifetimes with contentment. And the beauty

of the women rob him who lives most confident of it. There are many houses between the shady forests and delightful valleys, the fields of which are provided with dew from the sovereign sky and cultivated by the industry of its inhabitants, gracious summer is careful in offering them the fruit of their labor and to help them with the necessities of human life. I lived in a village near the powerful Duero, one of the rivers of which I spoke, where the magnificent temple of the goddess Minerva is, which during certain times of the year is visited by all or most of the shepherdesses and shepherds who live in that province. The day before the famous feast was solemnized, the shepherdesses and Nymphs celebrated with sweet songs and hymns and the shepherds with contests in running, jumping, wrestling and throwing the lance, giving the victor a prize of a wreath of green ivy, or a sweet sampogna, or a flute or a crook of knotty ash and other things prized by shepherds.¹⁵ The day of the celebration of the feast having arrived, I and some shepherdesses who were friends of mine put aside our lowly work clothes and putting on the best we had, left the day before the feast, intent on spending the vigil in the temple, as we did every year. Being, then, as I said, in the company of my friends, entering through the door we saw a bevy of fair shepherdesses accompanied by shepherds, who, leaving them inside, and having said their prayers, left for the pleasant valley, because the law of the land decreed that no shepherd could enter the temple, but had to perform his duty and go to return the following day when all could enter and participate in the ceremonies and sacrifices they all made. And the reason for this was so that the shepherdesses and Nymphs could be left alone without distraction to celebrate and rejoice with each other, with the shepherds outside the temple in a green valley nearby under the splendor of nocturnal Diana, a custom others

had observed for many years. But the shepherdesses of whom I speak, having entered into the magnificent temple, after having said their prayers and having presented their offerings before the altar, sat down next to us. And as fate would have it, next to me sat one of them for whose sake I would suffer for as long as the memory of her lasts. The shepherdesses entered veiled, their faces covered with white veils tied to their hats of fine straw, subtly worked with small decorations of the same, so finely wrought that even gold could not outdo them. But as I sat there looking at the one who sat down next to me, I saw that she did not take her eyes off me and when I looked at her she would lower her eyes pretending to want to look at me without my knowing it. I wanted badly to know who she was, so that if she spoke to me I would not commit the error of not knowing her. And yet whenever I pretended not to notice, the shepherdess would not take her eyes off me and meanwhile for the thousandth time I was on the verge of talking to her, enamored of her beautiful eyes, the only uncovered parts of her.¹⁶ As I stood there paying all possible attention, she put out the prettiest and most delicate hand I had ever seen and taking mine, she looked at it for a while, I, who was more in love with her than it is possible to say, said to her, "Fair and charming shepherdess, not only is this hand prepared to serve you but also the heart and thoughts of her who belongs to it." Ysmania, for so was called the cause of the disquiet of my thoughts, having already thought of mocking me, as you will hear, said to me softly so that no one could hear, "Charming shepherdess, I am so much yours that I dared do what I did, I beg you do not be offended because I lost control in seeing your beautiful face." I, very happy, moved closer to her and said, half laughing, "How can it be, shepherdess, that being so pretty you fall in

love with one who is not, and what is more, a woman like yourself."

"Alas, shepherdess," she replied, "this is the kind of love than never ends and goes beyond fate and is not subjected to changes in time or fortune."

I then replied, "If the condition of my estate had taught me to respond to those wise words, nothing would distract me from the desire I have to serve you, but believe me, fair shepherdess, that even death cannot remove my intention to be yours."

And after this the embraces and our loving speeches were many, and for my part, so true, that we paid no attention to the songs of the shepherdesses, nor to the dances of the Nymphs, nor to the other ceremonies that were taking place in the temple. At this time I begged Ysmania to tell me her name and to take off her shawl, from which she cunningly excused herself and changed the subject with the greatest subtlety. But it being already past midnight I was desirous of seeing her face and knowing her name and her place of origin, I began to complain to her and tell her that her love for me could not be as great as her words claimed, for having told her my name, she should disclose hers, for how could I live, loving her as I did, unless I knew whom I loved or from where I could receive news of my love? And other things said so earnestly that my tears helped to move the heart of the cautious Ysmania, so that she stood up, and taking me by the hand, she took me to a private place where no one could disturb us and began to speak these words, as though they issued from her soul, "Fair shepherdess, born to trouble a spirit that until now has lived as quietly as possible, how can I help but tell you what you ask, having made yourself mistress of my liberty? Unhappy me, for my change of clothing has fooled you, although the deceit is over and to my disadvantage. The

shawl you want me to remove, behold I take away, telling you my name would do you no good, for although I do not want to, you will see me more times than you can bear. And saying this she removed her shawl, my eyes saw a face, although a bit manly, I was awed by her beauty.

And continuing her speech, Ysmenia said, "And so that you may know, shepherdess, the pain your beauty has caused me and the words which half jokingly have passed between us are true, you must know I am a man, not a woman, as you thought before. These shepherdesses you see disporting with me, who are all my relatives, have dressed me this way because otherwise I would not have been able to enter the temple because of the edict banning it."

When I understood what Ysmenia told me, I saw in her face not that softness nor in those eyes that repose we maidens are wont to have, I believed what she told me to be true and I remained so beside myself that I did not know what to say. Yet I still contemplated that rare beauty and heard those words she spoke to me in such a sly way for no one could make truth out of fiction like that cunning shepherdess. Then I felt myself so overtaken by love and so happy to know that she was in love with me that I could not praise it enough. And because until now I had not experienced such passion (enough reason for not being able to express it) I still forced myself as best I could and said, "Fair shepherdess, in order that I may not live in liberty, or for whatever reason fortune knows, you donned the dress of one whose love I have declared, your own weapons would have conquered me without your having to defeat me with mine. But, who can escape from what fortune has in store for them? I would call myself happy if you had done on purpose what you did by chance, because by changing from your usual dress to see me and tell me what you wanted I would have attributed it to your affection and felt worthy of it,

but seeing that the intent was another, although the effect is such as we see before us, it does not make me as happy as if it had been otherwise. And neither fear nor rue this desire, for there is no greater sign from a person than to love as much as he can and to desire to be loved by the one to whom he has given his liberty. From what you have heard me say, you can gather what your sight means to me. I pray to God you use the power you have gained over me, that I can call myself happy until the end of our love, which as for my part I would not end as long as I lived."

The crafty Ysmenia also knew how to answer and how to construct the words necessary to our conversation, so that no one could have fled from the deceit I fell into, unless fortune could have pulled them from such a difficult labyrinth with the string of prudence. And so we remained until dawn talking of what only one who has been caught in the deliriums of love can imagine. She told me her name was Alanio, her land Galia, three miles from our village. We agreed to see each other often. Morning came and we parted with more embraces, tears, and sighs than I could tell you now. She left me, and turning around to see if she was looking at me, I saw she was laughing to herself, but I thought my eyes deceived me. She left in the company she came with, but I returned with more than I brought because I carried the image of the false Alanio's eyes, the words with which he had shown his imaginary love, his embraces, and a cruel suffering that I had not experienced until now. Now you must know, shepherds, that this false and crafty Ysmenia had a cousin named Alanio, whom she loved more than herself, for in their features they resembled each other, in their eyes and other parts, and had they not been of different sex, it would be hard to tell them apart. And such was the love she bore him that when I asked her name in the temple, the first shepherd's name she

could think of was Alanio, for nothing is more true than when one thinks quickly the tongue names what is in the heart. The shepherd loved her, but not as much as she loved him. When the shepherdesses left the temple to return to their village, Ysmania met her cousin Alanio, and he, to show her the courtesy due to such a great love as Ysmania's, leaving the company of the youths of his village, was determined to accompany her, which he did, and it was so small contentment for Ysmania; and to entertain him, without thinking what she was doing, she told him what had happened with me, telling him all the details and making fun of the two of us. And she also told him how she left me believing her to be a man and in love with her. When Alanio heard this he pretended to take it as a joke. And asking her everything that happened to me so that nothing was left out, they arrived at their village. And eight days later, which seemed like eight million years to me, that traitor Alanio, for so I have greater reason to call him than he had to forget me, came to my village and stood where I could see him when I went to the spring near the village with the other girls. And when I saw him, such was the happiness I felt I cannot express it, thinking him to be the same person I had seen in shepherdess' clothing in the temple. And then I signalled to him to come towards the spring where I was going and it didn't take him long to understand. He came and we stood talking as long as we could, and love remained, at least for my part so firm, that even when the deception was discovered in a few days, nothing could make me change my mind. Alanio also believed he loved me well, for from that moment he became a prisoner of my love, but he did not show it in deed as he should have. So that for a few days our love was treated with the utmost secrecy but with not enough secrecy that the cunning Ysmania did not find

out, and seeing that she was to blame not only for having deceived me, but even more so for having given Alanio the opportunity for what was going on, for loving me and casting her into oblivion, she was on the verge of losing her wits, but she consoled herself with thinking that if I knew the truth I would quickly forget him. But she was deceiving herself because I loved him more and with more determination. Then, Ysmenia, determined to undo this deceit, into which she had tricked me but to her disadvantage, wrote me this letter:

YSMENIA'S LETTER TO SELVAGIA

Selvagia,

If we are obliged to love those who love us, there is no one in this life I owe anyone more than you, but if those who are the cause of our being forgotten ought to be hated, I leave that up to you. I would like to blame you for ever setting eyes on my Alanio, but, what can I, unhappy wretch do, since I am to blame for my own misfortune? I saw you to my own grief, oh Selvagia, I could very easily excuse what happened with you, but in the end, hidden things seldom end well. For the sake of laughing for an hour with Alanio, telling him what happened, I will cry all my life, unless you have pity on it. I beg you as much as I can to put this deceit to an end so that Alanio may be forgotten by you and this shepherdess may be restored, which you have the power to do, not in a small way, if love will let you do what I beg of you.

When I saw this letter, Alanio had already told me about the joke Ysmenia had played but he had not told me about the love between the two of them, which I did not much notice of because I was so confident of the love he showed me that I could never believe that neither past nor future feelings could lead to his leaving me. And so that Ysmenia would not think me rude, I answered her

letter thus:

SELVAGIA'S LETTER TO YSMENIA

I don't know, fair Ysmenia, whether to blame you or to thank you for having put me into such a state, nor do I believe I know how to choose which of these actions to take until I am advised by the outcome of my love. On the one hand, your grief hurts me, on the other hand, you chose the path to receive it. The Selvagia you met at the temple and deceived was free and now her will has been subjugated to the one whom you handed her over to. You tell me that I should stop loving Alanio; but I know what you would do in such a case. One thing pains me the most and that is seeing you grieve for something you should not complain of, which must give all the more pain to the one who must bear it. I reflect in those eyes you saw me with and the face you showed me after much pleading and it hurts me that one who so closely resembles my Alanio should suffer such sorrow. Behold what a remedy this is and to your disadvantage. For your generosity towards me in giving me your most precious gem, I kiss your hands. I pray to God I can repay you in some way. If you see my Alanio, tell him why he has to love me, for he already knows why he has to forget you. And may God grant you the happiness you desire and may it not be at the expense of what I receive in seeing myself so well occupied.

Ysmenia could not finish reading this letter because in the middle of it, so many were the sighs and tears that fell from her eyes, that she thought she would die weeping. She worked as hard as she could to make Alanio stop loving me and looked at

as many ways to accomplish it as he did to avoid seeing her. Not because he wished her ill, but rather to pay me what was my due. In all the days I was living under these circumstances, one day did not go by when I did not see him, for the road that led from his village to mine was never left untrod. He regarded the labors he performed for my sake and my happiness to be few. Ysmania, on the days she asked after him and was told he was in my village, did not have the patience to bear it. Despite all this, there was nothing that made her happier than speaking to him. But since necessity is so ingenious as to find solutions where no one can think of finding them, the unloved Ysmania ventured to find one, which I would to God had never crossed her mind, and it was that she pretended to love another shepherd named Montano, who had loved her for quite some time. And he was a shepherd Alanio did not like, and when she resolved to do this, she worked to see if with this sudden change she could attract Alanio to want her, for there is nothing people think safe even though they esteem it little, but that they grieve with all their soul upon its loss. But when Montano saw his lady Ysmania finally returning the love he had borne her so long, you can imagine what he felt. Such was the pleasure he had received, so many the services he had performed for her, so many the labors he had undertaken for her sake, that they made up for all of Alanio's injustices, so that the love the shepherdess had begun falsely turned true; and Ysmania so firmly placed her love in Montano that there was nothing in the world she loved more than him and no one she wanted to see less than Alanio. And she let him know it as soon as she could, thinking to avenge herself for his forgetting her and having placed me in his thoughts instead. Alanio, though he regretted seeing Ysmania

head over heels in love with a shepherd he could not abide, was so in love with me he never showed his sorrow. But after a few days, thinking he was to blame for his enemy's being favored by Ysmania and that she now fled from the sight of him who, not long before she would have died if he did not look upon her, he began to lose his wits with the anger this caused in him and he was determined to hinder Montano's good fortune. To that end, he began to look upon Ysmania again and stopped seeing me in public as he used to do so often nor did he leave his village lest Ysmania should know. The love between her and Montano moved forward while my love and Alanio's took several steps backwards, but not on my account, because only death could separate me from my purpose, but not his, for I had never seen something so changeable. For he so burned with anger for Montano that he took it out by loving his Ysmania, and because of this the visits to my village were a great impediment, and his absence from me caused him to forget while the presence of Ysmania, great love, and he returned to his earlier thoughts, and I was left mocked by him. But despite all the services rendered to Ysmania, and the things he sent her, his entreaties to her could not move her, and nothing could make her forget even a bit of the love she bore Montano. Thus, my being lost for the love of Alanio, Alanio for Ysmania Ysmania for Montano, it so happened that my father was offered business concerning the far pastures along with Philenio, Montano's father, so that both of them had occasion to come often to my village and in time Montano, either because Ysmania favored him excessively, which some men of base minds find bothersome, or because he was also jealous of Alanio's attentions, the ardor of his love began to cool. Finally when he saw me bringing my sheep to the fold, and gazing upon me, he began to love me so that every day it became more obvious that he loved me more than I loved

Alanio or Alanio loved Ysmania or Ysmania loved him. Behold what a strange confusion of love!; if by chance, Ysmania went to the fields, Alanio would be behind her, if Montano looked to his herd, Ysmania was behind him, and if I went to the hill with my sheep, Montano followed me, and if I knew that Alanio was in the wood where he often grazed his flock, I would go after him. It was the strangest thing in the world to hear Alanio sighing, "Oh, Ysmania; and Ysmania saying, "Oh, Montano", and Montano saying "Oh, Selvagia", and sad Selvagia saying, "Oh, my Alanio." It happened one day that the four of us met in a forest between our villages, because Ysmania was visiting some shepherdesses, friends of hers, who were staying nearby, and when Alanio found out, he was forced by his fleeting thoughts to go looking for her and found her near a stream, combing her golden hair. I, having been told by a certain shepherd, my neighbor, that Alanio was on his way to the forest in the valley, for so it was called, taking with me a few goats that were tied up in a pen near my house, in order to have an excuse to go. I took the path where my desire led me and I found him weeping over his bad fortune, and the shepherdess laughing at his wasted tears and making fun of his ardent sighs. When Ysmania saw me, she was not a little glad to see me, although I was not glad to see her, for I told her the reasons I was angry at her past deceit, from which she excused herself so discreetly. I thought she owed me satisfaction for all the trouble she had caused me, but with her well ordered arguments she led me to believe that it was I who was indebted to her, because if she had played a joke on me, I should have been satisfied that not only had I taken away from her her cousin Alanio, whom she had loved

more than herself, but now I was also taking away from her Montano, who had once been hers. During this Montano, who had been told by a shepherdess, my friend, Solisa, of name that I had come to the forest in the valley with my goats, had arrived. And when we four discordant lovers met, you can imagine what we felt because each looked upon the one who did not wish to be looked at. I asked my Alanio the reasons for his forgetfulness; he begged the crafty Ysmania for mercy; Ysmania complained of Montano's coolness; Montano, of Selvagia's cruelty. So things being in the state you hear, each lost to one who did not love him, Alanio began to sing the following to the sound of his rabel:

Enough, cruel Nymph, you are now avenged
 Prove not your rage to one defeated,
 The blame, to my loss, is now paid;
 Soften now this hardened heart,
 And resurrect a buried soul
 From the dark shadows of your oblivion
 It does not suit your being, virtue and luck
 That a shepherd such as I, could offend you.

If the little sheep goes fleeing
 From its shepherd, enraged and angry,
 And with fear goes running hither and yon
 And to its grief strays from the flock,
 With no one to go after it, it knows
 How dangerous it is to have strayed
 And rejoins the flock bleating and afraid,
 Would it not be just to take it back?

Lift up these eyes that one day
 Ysmania, to look at me you lifted,
 The liberty that once was mine returns,
 And that soft heart you gave me.

Look, Nymph, I once did not feel
 That simple love you showed me;
 Now, sad, I know it and think on it,
 Although I've come to realize it too late.

How was it possible, tell me, enemy,
 That you, more at fault than I,
 With a cruel claim, with a new bond?
 Would you change a faith so pure?
 What fate, Ysmenia, makes you
 Love where it is impossible to be loved?
 Forgive me, my lady, but you are to blame,
 You gave occasion for it, and so I am excused.

What do you gain, say, from avenging
 A fault committed against you?
 What excesses have I committed for which I have not paid?
 What is left to suffer for which I have not suffered?
 What cruel spite what haughty breast,
 What savage hardened heart,
 Would not be softened,
 Except the one of my cruel shepherdess?

Since I have listened to the arguments
 You have or have had for forgetting me
 The sorrows, labors, passions,
 Not wanting to hear me or even see me
 You would come to know the opportunities
 You gave me without my looking for them,
 You should not torment me more
 Nor should I pay longer for my daring.

So ended my Alanio's sweet song and although I
 wished my life would end then and with every reason,
 for my unhappiness could not be greater than seeing

before my very eyes he whom I loved more than myself,
 so lost to another and so forgetful of me. But since
 I was not alone in this unhappiness, I hid it for then
 and also because the fair Ysmenia, casting her eyes
 upon her Montano, began to sing the following:

How removed I am from thoughts
 Of excused tears
 Being so yoked to present ones
 I think little of those past!
 If at some other time I tried
 For luck in love
 I could not have offended you
 For through it I was trying,
 Montano, to love you.
 I would teach myself to love
 I suffered from not being loved,
 I knew how defeated
 I was because of you Montano,
 And how unappreciated.
 I learned, as I said,
 To suffer the grief of love;
 To deceive the shepherd
 Who competes with you
 Because his suffering is in vain.
 No one can say of me
 That I loved him and he is not loved
 For I was never able
 To love another except you,
 And even that was a waste of time.
 And if once I looked,
 I was looking but could not see,
 That I, shepherd, could not
 Give my word to another
 Because it was only for you.

Let sight give way to troubles
 My eyes turn to fountains
 Breathe life into old occurrences
 Past thoughts
 Cannot harm present ones.
 Let sorrow go where it will
 And good where it wishes
 I will go where
 Neither grief can frighten me
 Nor death, if it came.

Ysmenia had avenged me of the cruel and disloyal
 Alanio, if in the love I bore him there were any room for
 vengeance, but it did not take long for Alanio to punish
 Ysmenia by casting his eyes on me and singing this ancient
 song:¹⁷
 Mad love, oh, mad love!
 I for you and you for another.

Is my being mad, plain
 To you, who are not?
 It is a greater madness
 Not to be mad for this;
 But, all in all, it is not right
 That I go mad
 For one who is mad for another?

Now that I see you, you do not see me
 And you would die so that I would not
 Now that I love you.
 Eat me now with the sauce of him you love,
 And with this you will make me
 Become as mad
 As you are mad for another.

When he finished this last couplet, even the strange agony we all suffered could not keep us all from laughing, seeing that Montano wanted me to betray my pleasure of looking at him with the sauce of his competitor, Alanio, as if in my mind I could deceive myself with the appearance of another thing. At this time I began to gain my confidence and to play my sampogna, singing the song you will hear, because, at least, through it I wanted to show - as I did show - how much more I was eager in my love than any of the others there:

Since I cannot rest
 At the expense of being blamed,
 God keep me from forgetting
 More than to be forgotten.
 Not only where there is oblivion
 Is there no love nor can there be
 But also where there is suspicion of it
 There is no love, except a false one.
 It does great harm to love
 Where there is no hope
 But God keep us from forgetting
 For it is fickle to be forgotten.
 If I love, why do I want
 To stop loving?
 What could bring more honor
 Than to die of the grief I die from?
 To live to forget
 Is such an insulting life
 That I would rather love
 Until I am forgotten unto death.

My song being finished, the tears of the shepherds and shepherdesses were so many, especially Ysmenia's,

that I was forced to join their grief, from which I might have been excused, since I could not be blamed for my own misfortune, as those who were there well knew. Soon, each of us left for his village, for it would not look right to be out of the village during these suspicious hours.¹⁸ The next day, my father, without telling me why, removed me from our village and brought me to yours, to Albania's house, my aunt his sister, whom you know well, where I have been for a few days, without knowing the reason for my exile. Afterwards, I learned that Montano had married Ysmania, and that Alanio was thinking of marrying a sister of hers named Sylvia. I pray God since it was not my fate to have him, that he enjoy his life with his new bride, which would not be little, because due to the love I bear him I cannot suffer less than to wish him all the happiness in the world.

Having said this, the fair Selvagia began to shed many tears and the shepherds helped her in it for it was an occupation in which they had all had much experience. After having spent some time doing this, Sireno said, "Fair Selvagia, your grief is great, but I judge discretion to be greater. Take other men's griefs for example, if you want to overcome yours, and because already it grows late, let us go back to the village and spend the noon hour tomorrow near this clear spring where we all gather."

"Let it be as you say," said Selvagia, "but so that from here to town we have some entertainment, let each of us sing a song, according to the state of his love."

The shepherds suggested she begin, whereupon Selvagia began, all of them proceeding step by step towards the village:

Shepherd, who could live
A life so sad and bitter
That is too long for living
And too short for weeping?

I waste my sighs in vain
 My confidence is gone,
 I feel my hope
 At death's door.
 What a time for hope!
 What a bitter hope!
 When life is as long
 As it is too short for weeping!

This grief I see myself in
 I deserve, oh, wretch!
 For I come to place my life
 In the hands of desire.
 May I never stop lamenting
 For though life become lengthened
 It is not to live so long
 As to be too short for weeping.

With a burning sigh that came from her soul, Selvagia
 finished her song saying, "Unhappy is she who sees herself
 buried between jealousy and distrust, for the fruits of
 her life can be predicted."

Then the forgotten Sireno began to sing this song to
 the sound of his rabel:

Sad eyes, do not weep
 And if you do, remember
 You have been lied to
 And then perhaps you will rest.
 Since the imagination
 Can influence every state
 Think that you are well loved
 And you will suffer less grief.
 If you want some rest,
 My eyes, imagine

That you were lied to
 And perhaps you will rest.
 Think that you are as loved
 As you once were,
 But this is no cure for the sad
 To imagine what once was.
 But, what recourse have you,
 Eyes? Think of one
 If you cannot, then cry;
 Or finish it, and you will rest.

The sad shepherd Sireno having finished his song with
 many sad tears, the unloved Sylvano began to sing his:
 To lose my life for you,
 Shepherdess, I will be forced,
 But I would not lose my cares
 After having lost it.
 A grief that is cured with death
 Has its remedy close at hand,
 But not he who has the means
 In the hands of fortune.
 And if this sorrow cannot
 Be ended with life
 What does a wretch gain
 Seeing it won or lost?

It's all the same to me
 To have hope or not,
 If I am dying to see her today
 Tomorrow I shall die upon seeing her.
 I would give my life away
 To put an end to care
 If it were my lot
 To lose her losing it.

In this way the two shepherds went home in Selvagia's company, having agreed to meet each other the following day at the same place. And here ends the first book of fair Diana.¹⁹

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE DIANA

NOTES TO BOOK I

¹There is some speculation that Montemayor may have been in England accompanying Phillip II, or that he may have been in Flanders.

²Begins in medias res, like the epic.

³Setting is the real world. Except for Felicia's palace in Book IV, the geographical locations are real.

⁴Love, fortune and time are the three main themes of the Diana. They will be reiterated throughout the entire work. Love, fortune and time form the foundation of the Renaissance pastoral romance.

⁵rabel and sampogna - two rustic instruments. The rabel was a three stringed instrument. The sampogna (often translated as reed flute) is the most typical pastoral instrument.

⁶The opposition of court life versus country life set up immediately. Montemayor is also poking fun at Castiglione's Cortegiano. He especially took issue with its concept of inherited nobility. The Cortegiano had been translated by Boscan in 1534.

⁷Here Diana is evoked through a love-token which in turn inspires Sireno to evoke her through poetry. She does not appear until Book V.

⁸To grieve over other's griefs more than over one's own is basic to this pastoral novel. In a way, the character's own growth is measured by their response to other's misfortunes.

⁹Only virtuous love is admitted into the pastoral world. Sylvano claims that what might have caused an erotic reaction in others causes only lofty thoughts in the shepherds.

¹⁰The device of spying on other lovers occurs frequently in the Renaissance pastoral; it is also mentioned in Lope de Vega's and Sidney's Arcadias.

¹¹Delio, unlike the other shepherds, is not endowed with nature's gifts.

¹²Music as both a cure and a whetstone for grief. "In Montemayor's language of love, it is often music that carries and extends emotion...The shepherds' song has an ambivalent effect...The singer is removed from the action-world of the prose, where love is suffered as a "mal," and introduced into

a realm of noble sadness that heightens the sorrow of love and transmutes it into something to be contemplated, as a thing detached." PMLA March, vol. 84, 1969. T. Anthony Perry "Ideal Love and Human Reality in Montemayor's La Diana" p. 227.

¹³Love is a paralysing force. As Avalle-Arce points out, "La ideología y temática de la Diana la fuerzan a representar un mundo donde la voluntad está paralizada..." Juan Bautista Avalle-Arce, La novela pastoril española, Madrid, 1959, Revista de Occidente. p. 77.

¹⁴Selvagia emerges as an early defender of woman's rights. Of all the women characters, she has the most common sense.

¹⁵This is a description of a thoroughly pagan world.

¹⁶It does not matter that the lover is of the same sex, for love is transmitted through sight.

¹⁷John J. Reynolds Modern Language Notes, March 1972, Vol 87, p. 316, argues that "Alanio" should read "Montano." I see nothing wrong with Alanio's wanting to get back at Ysmania; after all, she tricked him and she now loves his competitor.

¹⁸The realistic injection of propriety breaks into the ideal pastoral world; one of many of Montemayor's lapses.

¹⁹Johnson describes Book I as "a grandiose pastoral eclogue. The end of the talk coincides with the end of the day and with the action of returning the sheep to the folds thus placing it within the consecrated formal mould of the classical eclogue." "Montemayor's Diana: A Novel Pastoral," Bulletin of Hispanic Studies 48, (1971) p. 24.

BOOK II

Now the shepherds who pastured their sheep by the fields of the powerful Ezla began to arrive one by one each with his flock, by the banks of its clear waters taking their meal before the sun rose and choosing the best spot in which later to spend the hot afternoon, when the fair shepherdess Selvagia came down from the village by the slope that led to the dense wood herding her tame little lambs before her; and after having put them amid the low and dense trees, which were in abundance, and seeing them occupied in pursuing the lower branches, satisfying their hunger, the shepherdess went directly to the spring by the alders where, the day before, she had spent the afternoon with the two shepherds. And when she saw a spot well suited to sad musings, she decided to spend her time sitting next to the spring, whose waters she increased with water from her eyes. And after having thought for a while she began to say, "As fate would have it, Alanio, are you the one whom I never saw before me with eyes dry from tears? Are you the one who many times fell to my feet, begging love's mercy from me, which I granted you to my dismay? Tell me, shepherd, the falsest one that can be imagined on this earth, is it true that you loved me only to tire so soon of loving me? You must have thought that it was not in me to forget you, knowing that I was forgotten by you; what craftiness is it in men, who, not treating love as they should, think they can put an end to their ladies as well as to it. And others use it as a remedy to increase love in others. And others because feigned jealousy can be used to subdue their ladies, so that they don't know how and cannot look upon anyone else, and little by little plainly show what they once pretended, whereby clearly their

disloyalty is discovered. And all these occurrences end up by having us, the wretches, who have become fond without ever ceasing to love you, in exchange for your dealing out grief, as you now deal me, who loved and loves you. Which of these you have been, I do not know. Do not be surprised that I am inexperienced in cases of disdain, since I am so experienced in love. You always showed me great honesty in your words, so I never looked for less in your deeds. I thought that in a love such as the one you led me to believe in, your desire did not extend beyond wishing any more than to love me, it never would have ended because if your desire would have taken another path, I would not have suspected the firmness of your love. Alas, poor wretch, I realized your intentions early, but still too late for me! Come here, sampogna, and I will spend time with you that if I had spent only with you, I would have been better off. And taking her sampogna, she began to sing the following song:

Waters that from the top of this hill
 Fall noisily to the deep valley
 Why don't you imagine that those that from my soul
 Are distilled always from my tired eyes
 And the cause, that unhappy time
 When fortune robbed me of my bliss?

Love gave me hope of such bliss
 There is no shepherdess on this hill
 Had such reason to praise the time,
 But later put me in this valley
 Of tears, where my eyes weep
 Not seeing what is in the eyes of my soul.

In so much solitude what can a soul do
That came to realize such bliss?
Where can I cast my sad eyes
If the meadow, wood, mountain, grove and hill,
The woodlands and springs of this valley
Cannot make me forget so sweet a time?

Who would have even thought time
To be so cruel a tyrant to my soul,
Oh, what fate separated me from a valley
When all within it gave me bliss?
Even the hungry wolf that climbed the hill
Was agreeable to my eyes.

But what fate can those eyes see
That saw their shepherd once upon a time
Come down the hill with his sheep
Whose memory is forever in my soul?
Oh fortune, enemy of my bliss,
How weary it is in this hateful valley!

But when a pleasant and cool valley
Is not pleasing to my tired eyes
Can I find happiness or bliss in it,
Or hope to in some future time?
See to what extremes my soul has reached
Oh that he would come again to that sweet hill!

Oh tall hill, pleasant and cool valley
Where I rest my soul and these eyes
Tell me, will I so much bliss another time?

At this time Sylvano was with his sheep among some myrtles near the spring, lost in his sad musings, and when he heard Selvagia's voice, he awoke as if out of a dream and listened very carefully to the verses she sang. Since this shepherd was so badly treated by love and so despised by Diana, a thousand times he was out of his wits with passion, so that one day he would speak ill of love, only to praise it the next; one day he would be glad, another day the saddest of the sad; today speaking ill of women, tomorrow holding them above all things. And so the wretch lived a life that would take much effort to understand; the more so to those who are free. Having heard Selvagia's sweet song he left his sad thoughts, took his rabel and began to sing the following:

The clear river is tired of hearing me,
 To the valley and grove I am tedious;
 And they have yet to hear my complaints, oh my love!
 Alders, beeches, elms, now weary;
 Winter, spring, autumn, summer,
 I water this hillock with my tears.
 It is your fault, cruel beast
 Is there not even one "no" on your lips?

From a free man you turned me to a slave;
 From a man of reason to one who has none;
 You brought me from death to life,
 To have me endure a living death;
 From a friendly man you made me shy
 From talkative to misanthrope;
 I used to have eyes but now am blind;
 I was a man of flesh, but now of fire.

What is it, heart, are you tired?
 You have yet to weep, you tell me, eyes?
 My soul, is not the past enough?

Tears, will you add the rivers?
 Understanding, are you not troubled?
 Feelings, aren't you disturbed by distractions?
 How can I understand, weep, see, and feel
 If all has been wasted in torment?

Who made my shepherdess' hair alas, wretch!
 Hair of gold, not gilded,
 Face of choice crystal,
 The mouth a most rare ruby?
 The neck of alabaster and an understanding
 Loftier than any other?
 Why not rather make her heart of wax
 Instead of than of marble and diamond?

One day I accept my fortune
 And the grief Diana has caused me,
 The next grief afflicts me and bothers me
 I call her fierce, cruel and inhuman.
 So that in my sorrow there is no order,
 What I affirm today, I deny tomorrow;
 It is all that way, and thus I spend my life
 Soon my eyes will see it reach its end.

When the fair Selvagia recognized the shepherd Sylvano's voice, she went to him, and greeting each other with words of great friendship,¹ they sat in the shade of a broad myrtle tree in the middle of a small meadow, made more pleasant by the golden flowers that tinged it, and it was more than their sad thoughts required, and Sylvano began to speak this way, "Not without the greatest compassion, fair Selvagia, can one consider the diversity of so many and such mishaps that can happen to us wretches who love well. But among all of them it seems to me the most feared is what happens after having been in a good state. And this, as you were

telling me yesterday, I came to know through experience. But since the life I led knew no repose and was so given to grief, I have tried to fool myself with infinite inventions. So that I imagine myself much loved by my lady, and without letting this fiction go I stay in that state as long as I can, but when I come to my true state, I am so confused I cannot express it, because without wanting to, I lose my patience. And besides, if imagination is a thing that cannot be borne, what can the truth do?"

Selvagia answered him, "I would like, Sylvano, to be free of this passion, so that I could speak about it more properly. You could not want for a greater sign if love be great or small, passion be much or less, than to hear of it from one who feels it. Because no well-felt passion can be expressed by the tongue of she who suffers it. So since I am subjected thus to my misfortune and lament Alanio's injustice, I could not tell you how I suffer from it. I leave it to your prudence as a thing I can trust you with."

Sylvano said sighing, "Now, Selvagia, I do not know what to say or what cure there might be for our grief. Do you, by chance, know of one?"

Selvagia answered, "Oh, how I know it now! Do you wish to know the cure, shepherd? Stop loving."

"And could you yourself do that?" said Sylvano.

"As fortune or time decrees," answered Selvagia.

"Now I say to you," said Sylvano, marvelling, "that you should not trouble yourself for not having respite from your grief because love that is subject to time and fortune cannot be worthy of the trouble to him who suffers it."

"Selvagia answered him, "And could you, shepherd, deny that it be possible to put an end to your love through death

or absence or by being more favored elsewhere and your services more appreciated?"

I do not want," Sylvano said, "to be such a hypocrite about love not to admit that what you tell me is possible, but not for me. But woe to the lover who, although at other times he sees things happening in the way you tell me, would have little constancy in love if he thought such a thing contrary to his faith could happen."

"I am a woman," said Selvagia, "and in me you will see that I love as much as is possible. But it does not surprise me to think that all things could come to an end no matter how firm they may be because it is the duty of time and fortune to go through their motions softly as they have always done. And don't think, shepherd, that what makes me say this is the thought of forgetting him who without reason keeps me forgotten, but because I have had experience with this feeling."

At this time they heard a shepherd who came through the meadow singing and was soon discovered to be the forgotten Sireno, who came singing these verses to the sound of his rabel:

Go, my thoughts, where one day
You went with confidence
You'll see hours and times changed
You'll see goodness gone, a has-been.

You'll see in the mirror where she saw me
In the place where you were esteemed,
I see my fortune and sad fate
What I didn't even deserve to think.

You'll see how once I gave my life
To one who with no reason discards it
Although this grave injury is without remedy

Tell her, if you can, that from the start
My suspicions came true,
And what her deceit has done.

When Sireno finished his singing, seeing the fair Selvagia and the shepherd Sylvano coming towards him, from which he received no small happiness, and after having greeted one other, they decided to go to the fountain of the alders where they had been the day before. And before they arrived there, Sylvano said, "Listen, Selvagia, do you hear singing?"

"Yes, I hear it," said Selvagia, "and it sounds like more than one voice."

"Where can it be?" said Sireno.

"It seems to me, " replied Selvagia, "that it comes from the meadow of the laurels where the stream that comes from this clear spring flows."

"It would be well for us to go there so that the singers won't hear us so as not to interrupt their music."

"Let's go," said Selvagia.

And so they proceeded step by step to the place where the voices could be heard and hiding themselves among some trees near the river, they saw seated upon the golden flowers three nymphs so beautiful it seemed as though nature had given proof of her full powers. They were dressed in white robes embroidered with gold leaves. Their hair, which darkened the sunbeams tied about their heads with strands of oriental pearls which formed a knot on top of their crystalline foreheads in the middle of which was a gold eagle clasping in its claws a lovely diamond.² The three of them played their instruments sweetly and along with their divine voices it seemed like celestial music, and the first thing they sang was this carol:

Contentments of love
That come so tired;
If you come, why do you go?

No sooner have you come
Being much desired
Than you are determined
To awaken early and leave;
If you must go so early
And leave me so sad
Pleasures, you'll not see me again.

I flee from the happy ones
So they won't come to see
So they won't give me to understand
What I lose loving them
And since I don't want to see them
Unhappy, don't leave
But return before you go.

After having sung, one of them named Dórida said,
"Sister Cinthia, is this the river bank where a shepherd
named Sireno was lost because of the fair shepherdess
Diana?"³

The other replied, "It must be, without a doubt,
because by a spring near the meadow, they tell me, took
place the painful farewell that is so celebrated because
of the amorous speeches that passed between them."

When Sireno heard this, he was surprised to learn that
the three nymphs knew of his adventures. And Cinthia
continued saying, "On this very bank there are many other
fair shepherdesses and other enamored Shepherds to whom
love has shown its powerful effects and to some, the
opposite of what they wished."

The third, who was called Polydora, answered, "This is something that does not surprise me, because there is no happy outcome in love, so wicked is it that it frightens those who have suffered from such things. But tell me, Dórida, how do you know about this departure?"

"I know of it," said Dórida, "because when they took leave of each other near the spring I tell you of, Celio heard it from on top of an oak where he was listening to them, and he memorized it to the letter and put it into verse, just as it took place so that, if you will listen to me, I shall sing it to the sound of my instrument."

Cinthia answered her, "Fair Dórida, may the fates be favorable to you for you gladden us with your charm and beauty, and not the least would be to hear you sing something so we may hear it."

And taking her harp,⁴ Dórida began to sing in this manner:

SONG OF THE NYMPH⁵

Near a green bank
 Of a certain grove
 Where to cheer himself
 One who was freer
 Will find time and place,
 Sireno, a sad shepherd
 Gathered his flock
 As truly to be pitied
 As mocked by love
 Rests the lover.
 This shepherd was dying
 For love of Diana
 A proud shepherdess
 Whose beauty exceeded

Human beauty,
Who had no trait
That was not extreme
For she could not be called
Wise, if not fair,
Nor fair, if not wise.
He was not unfavored
Being so, perhaps he could,
With what he had,
Suffer after having gone.
What he would feel from absence,
The heart worn out
From suffering grief or torment,
Understanding doesn't surpass
Whatever small care
Will be captured by suffering.
Near a powerful river
Ezla by name
Went the troubled shepherd
Afraid of absence
Pasturing his flock.
Awaiting his shepherdess
With grave passion
For she was, at that time,
Feeding her flock
In the mountains of León.
The sad shepherd
Seemed to be,
Thinking of the day
When the false god Love
Gave beginning to his joy.
And he said to himself,

"Despite the good that love gave me
 I think that
 This sorrow close at hand
 Will be felt twicfold."

It being late, the sun
 Does not offend him with its fire
 But what pertains to love
 Burns in his heart and
 Lights greater flames.
 Passion invited him
 The grove moved him
 The river seemed to stop
 The nightingale helped him
 Sing these verses:

SIRENO'S SONG

He who knows not of love
 Calls departure a farewell
 But I call it grief
 That ends only with life.

God grant I may
 Bear this life
 Until I come to the place
 Where my heart remains.

Because the thought of leaving
 Instills a great fear in me
 And with the force of this pain
 Life cannot hope to continue.

Sireno sang this
 And played his rabel

A stranger to joy
His weeping would not let
Him pronounce what he said.
And so as not to be weak
When passion slurred his
Accent or pronunciation
What his tongue began,
His heart would finish.
After having sung now
He saw Diana coming
So beautifully dressed
The meadow took on new color
Wherever she cast her eyes.
Her face like a flower
So sad, it is madness
To think a human creature
Could judge the sadness
Or beauty be greater.
She paused many times
Her eyes to the ground
So disconsolate
Other times she lifted them
To the sky.
Saying with more pain
Than we can imagine
"Since goodness carried such a price
From today you can, my love,
Protect your happiness."
The cause of her sorrows
Showed plainly there;
If she shed tears
Ask it of those eyes
With which she killed Sireno.
If her love was without equal
Her virtue did not conceal it

And if she feared absence
Ask it of this song
That she recited to tears:

DIANA'S SONG

"You did not give me, cruel love
The joy I had with presence
Because the sorrow in absence
Seems greater to me.

Give rest, give repose,
Not to give me contentment
But so this suffering
May be idle for a while.

See that love's inventions
Give me happiness in presence
So that in absence
I have defense against pain."

Diana having come
Where she saw her love
She wanted to speak, but did not
And he, wretch, said nothing
Although he tried to speak.

That they had much to say
Showed in their eyes
Showing by their silence
With that soft look
They spoke with other times.
The two sat together
Beneath a flowering myrtle tree
Each conquered by the other.

Almost out of their wits.
They took each other's hands
The pleasure of seeing one another
Thinking soon of not seeing each other
Makes them tender
So they do not dare
To talk to each other.
Other times they had met
On this green bank
Now they celebrated their meeting
But in a different way
For this was their last.
A strange effect of love
Seeing two in love
As much as they could be
And receiving more pain
Than if they were not
Sireno saw arriving
The heavy pain of absence
Nor did patience suffice,
Nor could he speak
Or give license to his tears.
He looked at his shepherdess,
She looked at him
And with a cruel pain
He spoke, but did not;
The pain spoke for him.
"Alas, Diana! Who'd have thought it,
No one would think
In the hour when I saw you
My soul would not rest.
At what time, what season
Did I think, my lady,
That anything could
Cause me more suffering

Than your presence, oh my joy?
Who would have thought those eyes
Would look at me some time
That could not stop, lady,
All the pains and annoyances
My sorrow would cause me?
Look, lady, my fate
Has caused an obstacle
That if before my desire
Made me die to see you
Now I die because I do see you.
And it's not from lack of loving you,
For none was so steadfast
But because I am used to coming
To these meadows to see you,
And now I come to take my leave.
I would give today so as not to see you,
Although I have no other life,
This soul conquered by you
If only to detain
The pain of departure
Shepherdess, give me leave.
Tell me you feel the care I do,
And to the same degree.
For it is not seemly to show
Myself so defeated in your presence.
If, Diana, it is so,
How can I leave?
How can I come here
Unless you object to my leaving?
Oh, God, oh, my shepherdess,
What reason can I give you
So that you won't complain?
And how will you

Keep from forgetting me?
Don't let me go
This I tell you,
My heart is not in it.
And if I had to say
Who does it: I do not know."
Full of sad tears,
And often sighing
Was the shepherd speaking
These words you hear,
And she hears them weeping.
She offered to answer
She tried to a thousand times
But her grief would not let her,
And in her stead answered
The love she had.
"At this time, Sireno
I might say more than I could wish.
Though you understand my sorrow,
I should, shepherd, for the better
Silence it, if I could,
But alas, wretch!
I have come to discover with time
That it neither profits to say it
To excuse the journey
Nor to put it aside.
Why do you go, shepherd, tell me?
Why do you want to leave me?
What time and place
And the enjoyment of our love
Could I forget?
What will I, unfortunate one, feel
Coming to this pleasant valley,
When I say 'In better times

I sat here
Speaking with my Sireno'
See if it won't be sad,
Not seeing you seeing this meadow
So adorned with trees,
And my name on their bark
Carved by your hand;
Or if there be equal pain,
On the spot where you saw me
Seeing it so lonely and sad
Where with great fear
You revealed your sorrow.
If that hard heart
Can be softened with weeping
Could it be softened
To see the reason
Why you leave me?
Oh, don't weep my shepherd,
These tears are in vain
And the wit of one who cries with pain
Is not whole.
When the remedy is in his hands.
Forgive me, my Sireno,
If I offend you with what I say,
Allow me to speak to you
In this pleasant valley
Where you won't leave me without myself.
I don't want, to see myself
Parted from you, even in jest.
Will you say you will not go?
Your eyes should hurt from seeing weep
The eyes I saw you with."
Sireno spoke again
He said, "You must know
That I do not want to go,

But you command me to stay
And it is my fate to go
Seeing your great beauty
I am, lady, obliged
To obey you with pleasure.
But, wretch, I must per force
Obey my fate.
The parting is forced
Through no fault of mine.
I would give up everything
To see you in this sheepfold
Where I saw the end of my joy.
My lord, that great shepherd
Forces me to leave.
He will soon see arriving
One who laments of love
Which is how I feel in leaving.
Would it be in my power now
To serve you
My departure being in my hands,
As my life and death
Are in yours, lady.
But take my word, it is in vain,
And I know it
Although I would like to believe
As you do,
That it is up to me,
A thing that would make me happy,
I could very well leave
My flock and my shepherd
And look for another master,
But in the long run
It would be unsuitable to our love.
By leaving this flock
And taking on another

Tell me, how could I
Come unseen
To this green bank?
If the force of this calling
Detains me, it is an argument
I place in your judgment
And I do you small honor
Lady, if I think of my happiness.
If it can be said that
I can use my love
So it comes to harm you
What can I lose by it
Or you stand to gain?"
At this time the shepherdess
Replied with much pain,
"For leaving me, shepherd,
Have you found a reason
Since there is none in love?
It is a bad sign to find oneself,
For we see with experience,
He who knows in presence and
Gives excuses for his absence
Will know how to suffer in absence.
Alas, wretch, since you go
I do not know what will become of you
I do not know what will become of me
Nor if you will remember
That you saw me, or I saw you.
I don't know if I am being deceived
In having revealed to you
This pain that kills me.
It will harm me,
That is for certain.
Don't let my sorrows pain you
Go, shepherd, embark,

Go cross the sea quickly
Since you can cross so quickly
From my eyes.
God save you from torment
Sireno, my sweet friend,
And may you always have
The best of fortune with you
As you will have me.
I die seeing the joy depart
From my eyes
And the agony is so great
That the tears keep me
From saying what I want.
These eyes of mine, lad,
I pray to God will see you
Before they are closed.
Although you cause them pain,
They don't wish it on you."
He replied, "My lady,
Sorrows never come singly
And one pain, although mortal,
Always has company
With a greater one
So seeing myself leave
From your sight and from my life
There is no pain comparable
To seeing you feel
So sorely my departure.
But if by chance I should forget
The eyes in which I saw myself
May God forget me.
Or if I should think anything
My lady, but you.
And if a foreign beauty
Should cause a stirring in me,

For one hour of happiness
May my fate bring me
One hundred thousand years of torment.
If I should change my faith
For another care,
May I fall from the best estate
That fortune may grant me
To the most lowly one.
Do not charge me for coming
My sweet lady,
For it would be bad
To live life
Without your company."
She answered, "Oh, my Sireno
If ever I should forget you
May the grass I walk on
In this pleasant valley
Shrivel up when I pass through,
And if I should place
My thoughts elsewhere
I pray God when I go
With my sheep to the river
It will dry up when it sees me.
Take, shepherd, this braid
I made of my hair
Seeing it you'll be reminded
You took possession
Of it and my heart.
And you must wear this ring
Where two hands are clasped,
For though our lives may end
Two united souls
Cannot be separated."
And he said, "I have nothing
To give you, but my crook

And this, my prized rael
 You saw me play and sing to
 In this meadow.
 To its sound, my shepherdess,
 I sang you my songs
 Singing your perfections
 And what I felt of love
 With sweet lamentations."
 The two embraced
 For the first time,
 And I believe it was the last,
 Because time changed
 Love in a different way.
 And though the absence
 Of her shepherd
 Caused Diana mortal grief
 She found herself
 A cure for her sorrow.

The fair Dórida finished her sweet song, leaving
 Cinthia and Polydora admiring the shepherdess who was a
 vessel in which so ardent a love could be contained. But
 they were also left to imagine how time had cured her
 grief, which at parting had seemed to be without remedy.
 The luckless Sireno, as far as the shepherdess with the
 sweet song had sung his sorrows and sighs, did not leave
 them to think that Selvagia and Sylvano could do much to
 console him, for he was no less sorrowful then, despite
 the passage of time. And it surprised him to see how what
 had happened with Diana was known in detail. No less admiring
 were Selvagia and Sylvano of the charm with which Dórida
 sang and played. At this time, the fair nymphs, each
 taking her instrument, went into the green meadow, without
 suspecting what you will now hear would happen to them.
 And it happened that, having gone a bit further than
 where the shepherds stood, three huge and ugly savages

came out of a thicket of broom to the right of the woods. They were armed with corselets and helmets of tiger skin. They were ugly and fearful to behold. The clasps of their corselets were made of serpent's mouths, from which they took out their great and mighty arms, and their helmets were formed in the frightening heads of lions on their foreheads; for the rest they were naked, covered with thick, long hair, and carried iron clubs tipped with sharp steel. Around their necks they carried bows and arrows; their shields were made of tough tortoise shells. And they attacked with an unbelievable swiftness saying, "Now comes the time, oh, ungrateful and cold hearted nymphs, when you will be forced to do what with love you would not, for it was not right that fortune should injure our captive hearts so and keep its remedy so far away. In short, we have at hand the guerdon of our sighs, which we suffered for your sake and which annoyed the birds and animals of the dark enchanted wood where we live, and the burning tears with which we increased the impetuous and raging river which waters its fearful banks. And if you wish to keep your lives, you have no choice but to submit to our evil, but don't let our cruel hands repay you with what you have made our afflicted hearts feel."⁶

The nymphs were so surprised at this sudden assault, and so beside themselves they could not reply to the haughty words they heard except with tears. But the fair Dórida, who was more in control than the others answered, "I never thought love could bring a lover to such an extreme that he would lay hands on his beloved. It is custom of cowards to take arms against women in a field where there is nothing we can defend ourselves with but our wits. But of one thing, oh cruel ones, you can be sure, and that is that your threats won't make us lose one bit of our virtue, for we would more easily give you our lives than our honor."

"Dórida," said one of them, "those who have little reason to mistreat us, will not listen to reason."

And removing the string from the bow he carried around his neck, he took her pretty hands and roughly tied them together, and his companions did the same to Cinthia and Polydora. The two shepherds and the shepherdess Selvagia were stunned by what the savages were doing, seeing the cruelty with which they treated the fair nymphs, and not being able to stand it, they decided to defend them or die. And taking their slings, and filling their satchels with stones, they went into the green meadow and began to throw them at the savages with such skill and force as if their lives depended on it. And thinking to occupy the savages so that while they defended themselves the nymphs could go free, they redoubled their speed, but the savages were wise to the shepherds' strategy and while one of them guarded the captives, the other advanced trying to wound them. But the stones were so many and so thick it was all they could do to defend themselves. As long as the stones lasted, the savages did not fare well, but while the shepherds were busy gathering them, the savages came forward with their cutlasses in hand, so that they were now left with no hope for a remedy. But it was not much later that from the dense wood, near the fountain where they had sung, came a shepherdess of such beauty and disposition that those who saw her were amazed.⁷

Her bow hung from her left arm, and a quiver of arrows on her shoulder, in her hands a club of wild oak. the top of which had a large steel spearhead. Seeing the three nymphs and the battle between the savages and the shepherds who now awaited death, quickly placing a sharp arrow in her bow, she shot it with great force and skill and left it buried in the hard heart of one of the savages. So that the arrow of love that pierced his heart

lost its force and the savage died from it. And she was not slow in putting another arrow in her bow, nor less skillful in shooting it so that with it ended the amorous passions of the second savage, who died like the first. And wanting to shoot the third who was guarding the three nymphs, she could not do it as quickly for he came towards her, wanting to wound her with his heavy cutlass. The fair shepherdess raised her club so that his blow was discharged on its rods of fine steel; the cutlass was split in two and the fair shepherdess gave him such a blow on his head with her club that it brought him to his knees, and aiming the steel point at his eyes with great force she drove it halfway through his brains, and the fierce savage, with a frightening scream, fell dead to the ground. The nymphs, seeing themselves freed from such force and the shepherds and shepherdess from a near death because of the great strength of the shepherdess, could not judge her to be human. At this time, the shepherdess, coming towards them, began to untie their hands saying, "Did they not deserve what they got, oh fair nymphs, for having tied such pretty hands? They are more suited for binding hearts than to be bound. A curse on men so haughty and of such wicked natures. But they, ladies, have their reward and I have received mine in performing this small service for you. And in having come in time so that this injustice could be remedied, although these spirited shepherds and this fair shepherdess deserve no less for what they have done, but they and I would have been rewarded, even if we would have lost our lives for the cause."

The nymphs remained as amazed at her beauty and wisdom as well as at the strength she had shown in their defense. And Dórica, with a charming smile answered her, "Surely, fair shepherdess, judging by the bravery and courage you showed us, if you are not the daughter of fierce Mars, according to your beauty you must be the

daughter of the goddess Venus and handsome Adonis, and if not of these, you cannot but be the daughter of wise Minerva, for such great prudence cannot proceed from any other source, although the most likely is that nature has endowed you with the principal qualities of all these.⁸ And for so novel and great a mercy, such as we have all received, great must be the services to repay you. Perhaps some time the occasion will arise when you will make your wishes known to us so that we can repay the singular mercy we got from you. And because you look tired, let us go to the spring near the alders by the wood and there we will rest."

"Let us go, lady," said the shepherdess, "for I wish not so much to rest from the labors of my body, as much as to discuss another matter concerning the repose of my spirit and of all my happiness."

"That can be obtained here with all possible diligence," said Polydora, "for there is nothing more important than getting that."

Then the fair Cinthia turned to the shepherds saying, "Fair shepherdess and spirited shepherds, the debt and obligation into which you have placed us, you can see. God grant that at some time we can repay you, for that is our wish."

Selvagia answered, "To these two shepherds, fair nymphs, they are due, for I did no more than to wish for your delivery, because anyone would have desired it."

"Then," said Polydora, "is this the shepherd Sireno once so loved as he is now forgotten by the fair Diana? And is this other his companion Sylvano?"

"Yes," said Selvagia.

"It pleases me," said Polydora. "that you are people we can repay for what you have done for us."

Dórida, very surprised, said, "Is this really Sireno? I'm so happy to find you and for giving me the opportunity to find a cure for your sorrow, much must not be slight."

"It would still be too small for so great a grief," said Sireno.

"Now, let us go to the spring," said Polydora, "there we can talk at greater length."

Having come to the spring, the nymphs placed the shepherdess among them and sat around her, and the shepherds, at the nymph's request, went into the village to look for something to eat, for it was already late and they all wanted some food. When the three nymphs were alone with the shepherdess, the fair Dórida began to speak, "Courageous and fair shepherdess, it is so strange for us to see a person of such bravery and valor in these valleys and woods, apart as we live from others, and it must be as strange for you to see three nymphs alone and without anyone to defend them from such attacks. So that we may learn from you what we want to know, we are forced to first tell you who we are; and so you may know, courageous shepherdess, this nymph is named Polydora, and that one Cinthia, and I, Dórida; we live in Diana's woods, where the sage Felicia lives, whose occupation it is to cure love's passions, and on our way to visiting a nymph, her relative, who lives on the other side of the Galician passes, we came to this shady and pleasant valley. And, it seeming to us to be a convenient spot to spend the hot afternoon in the shade of its alders and green laurels, envious of the harmony this impetuous river brings to the middle of the green meadow, we took up our instruments wishing to imitate it, but our fortune, or more aptly, our misfortune would have it that those savages, according to them, having been captives to our love for many days, came here by chance. And having been pestered many times by their brutish discourse that we give them our love, and seeing that in no way would we give them hope of such a remedy, they decided to take the matter into their hands, and finding us here alone, they did what you saw, at the time when we were rescued by you."

The shepherdess heard what the fair Dórida said, her tears bearing witness to the affliction her heart felt, and turning to the three nymphs, began to say to them, "Love is not such, fair nymphs of the chaste goddess, that he who has it, has respect for reason, nor is reason a way to make an enamored heart leave the path where its fierce destinies lead it. And this is the truth, for we have the proof at hand; since you were loved by those fierce savages, and the law of pure love does not allow for their offense, because from it came the disorder which works its various effects, so that the same men who ought to serve you, offend you. And so you may know that I am moved not only by what happened in this valley, I will tell you what I thought I would tell no one except him to whom I gave my liberty, if time or fortune would allow my eyes to see him, then you will see how in the school of my misfortune I learned how to talk of the evil consequences of love and what this traitor does to those sad hearts who are subject to him. You should know, fair nymphs, that my country is Vandalia, a province not far from this one. I was born in a city called Soldina; my mother was named Delia and my father Andronio, in lineage and fortune's blessing the chiefest of all that province.⁹ It happened that, since my mother, having been married many years had no children, and because of it lived so unhappily that she never had a day of peace, with constant tears and sighs beseeched heaven, and making thousands of offerings and sacrifices, she begged God to give her what she so desired, which was granted, because of her continual begging and prayers; the greater part of her life having passed, she conceived. What joy she received from it can only be judged by one in whom fortune finally places in his hand what has long been desired. And my father Andronio participated no less in this happiness, for it was so great, it would be

impossible to express. My mother Delia was much given to reading ancient tales, so much so that unless illness or important business kept her from it, she did nothing else with her time. And it happened, as I said, that being pregnant and feeling ill one night, she asked my father to read her something, to take her mind off her discomfort. My father, who lived to please her, started to read her the story of Paris and how the three goddesses decided to judge him using the apple of discord. My mother held that Paris had given his decision passionately, and not as he should have, saying that undoubtedly he had not paid enough attention to the goddess of battle, since for her arms and other qualities it should be due her. My father answered her that the apple should have been given to the fairest, and that Venus was so above all others, and that Paris had judged well, except for the harm that came of it. To this my mother replied that since on the apple was written "For the fairest," that this beauty was not meant to be the corporeal kind, but the spiritual, and since strength was a quality that gave beauty, and the exercising of arms one of the external manifestations of this virtue, the apple was due to the Goddess of War. If Paris had judged prudently and dispassionately. So that, fair nymphs, they spent a great deal of the night debating, each one giving many reasons in making his point. In the middle of this, sleep conquered her whose husband's arguments had not been able to. In the middle of her argument she fell asleep. My father then went to his room and to my sleeping mother appeared the goddess Venus coming towards her with a face as angry as it was beautiful, and she said "Delia, I don't know who has moved you to be against one who has never been against you. If you remembered the time when you fell in love with your husband Andronio, you would not repay so badly what you owe me, but I will not

leave you with no reward, I will tell you that you will give birth to a son and a daughter whose birth will cost you no less than your life and their happiness for your poor opinion of me, for I assure you that they will be the unhappiest in love that have ever lived." Having said this, she disappeared and the goddess Pallas appeared to my mother with a happy face saying, "Prudent and wise Delia, how can I repay you for having spoken in my favor against your husband tonight unless by letting you know that you will bear a son and a daughter, the most fortunate in arms that have lived until their time?" Having said this she disappeared, my mother awoke with a start, and within a month, more or less, she gave birth to me and my brother, and she died in childbirth and my father, from sorrow, a few days later. And so that you should know, fair nymphs, in what extremities love has placed me, know that being a woman of the qualities you have heard, my misfortune has forced me to put aside my natural habit, and my liberty, and the debt I owe my honor, for him who thinks I will lose it by fortune, being so well loved by me. See how useless it is for a woman to be so skilled in arms as if she had been made for them; unless it should have been, fair nymphs, so that I could render you this small service against those wicked men, and I do not hold it lightly if fortune would begin to make up one of the many wrongs she has done me."

The nymphs were so amazed at what they heard that they could not answer or ask anything else of the shepherdess. And continuing her story she said, "My brother and I were brought up in a convent, where one of my aunts was the abbess, until we were twelve years old, when we left, and he was taken to the court of the magnanimous and invincible king of the Lusitanians whose fame and incredible goodness is spread throughout the world, where, being of an age to take up arms, through them many advantageous occurrences

befell him, and he was as strong as he was unfortunate and sad in his loves. And despite all this, my brother was so loved by that unconquerable king that he has never allowed him to leave his court. I, unfortunate one, was being saved by my fates for greater misfortunes; I was taken to my grandmother's house, where I lived in sadness such as no other woman has suffered. And since, fair nymphs, I don't have to force myself to tell you this, because your great virtue as well as your beauty gives witness, so my soul tells me you will be part of my consolation, know that while I was at my grandmother's and was then seventeen, a gentleman fell in love with me who did not live further from our house than the distance of a terrace, so that he saw me in the garden where I spent the summer afternoons. When the ungrateful Felis saw the unfortunate Felismena, for such is the name of the unhappy one who tells you her misadventures, he fell in love with me, or he pretended to fall in love with me. I don't know which to believe, but I do know that he who believes the least when in this state is better off. Felis spent many days in convincing me to believe his grief and I spent many more in not admitting to myself that he suffered because of me; I don't know why it took love so long to force me to love him; he must have delayed it so that he could later hit me with more force. Because I, despite the sighs and walks and musicians and tourneys which appeared before my door, pretended not to understand that he was in love with me, although I understood it from the first day, he decided to write to me. And speaking with my maid, to whom he had spoken many times, getting on her good side, he gave her a letter for me. But the oaths, Rosina, for so she was called, made before she gave it to me, the cautious words she spoke so I wouldn't get angry, were certainly something to marvel over. And with all this she tore at her eyes, saying "If I paid no attention to who I was and what people could say,

this face would have so little shame I would let it serve as a sign to be shown to all. But because this is the first time, what's done is done, and be careful that there be no second time."

"It seems to me that even now I'm seeing," said fair Felismena, "How that traitorous Rosina could remain quiet, pretending to feel my wrath, for you could have seen her, fair nymphs, feigning a laugh false and saying, "Good Lord, lady, I did it so your ladyship could have a laugh, not so that you would get angry like this; I pray to God if my intention was to anger you, that he may punish me as he ever did any mother's daughter."

"And to this she added many other words she knew how to say, and restraining the anger I felt because of her, and taking the letter with her, she left. I, after this had happened, began to wonder what would come of all this, and love placed in me a desire to see the letter, but shame kept me from asking it of my maid after what I told you happened between us. And so I spent the whole day until night with many thoughts. And when Rosina came to undress me, when I wanted to go to bed, God knows I wanted her to pester me about taking the letter, but I didn't know what to say or what to think of it. And to bait her I said, "So, Rosina, señor Felis, with no regard for anything dares to write to me?"

She answered drily, "Madam, these are the things love carried with him. I beg your ladyship to forgive me. if I thought it would anger you, I'd sooner have plucked my eyes out."

What a state I was in, God knows, but despite this, I hid it and that night was left with my desire and without sleep. And so it seemed to me to be the most painful and longest I had spent until then. Day came, later than I wished, the discreet Rosina came to dress me and she let the letter fall to the floor. And when I saw it, I said

to her, "What fell? Show it to me."

"It's nothing, Madam," she said,

"Now show it here," I said, "don't anger me and tell me what it is."

"Good Lord, Madam," she said, "why do you want to see it? It's yesterday's letter."

"I'm not so sure," I said, "show it to me so I can see if you're lying."

Although I shouldn't have said it, when she placed the letter in my hands I said, "May God strike me if it's something else."

And though I knew very well what it was, I said, "Truly it isn't; it must be one of your lover's. I want to read it so I can see what nonsense he writes you."

Opening it, I saw that it read:

Madam,

I always thought your wisdom would remove my fear of writing to you and that you would understand without my writing how much I love you, but it was not so, and therein lies the harm where I thought would be the cure. If you judge my boldness according to who I am, I know that I have not one hour of life; but if you judge according to one who's in love, I will not cut my hope short. I beg you, madam, do not be angered by my letter and do not blame me for writing it until you find out for yourself whether I could keep from doing so. I am in your possession as well as everything that is mine is in your hands, which I kiss a thousand times.

When I saw Don Felis' letter, either because I read it at a time when it seemed he loved me more than himself, or because a part of this tired soul was disposed to have

imprinted on it the love he wrote me of, I began to love him and to my own sorrow I started what was to be the cause of such misfortune. And then, begging Rosina's pardon for what had taken place earlier, for it was necessary so that I could entrust her with the secret of my love, I read the letter again, pausing a little after each word, very little for I quickly decided, although it was not up to me to, to reply, and taking paper and ink, I replied as follows:

Do not hold my honor, Don Felis, so lightly that you think to prejudice me with feigned words. I know very well who you are, and I even believe this stems from your daring, and not from the force of love as you claim. And if that is so, as my suspicions affirm it, your work is as in vain as your valor and fortune, thinking that they can convince me to go against what I owe to myself. I beseech you to consider how few times things begun cunningly turn out well, and that it is not the gentleman's way to say one thing and mean another. You tell me I hold you captive as though you were my own. I am so stubborn that I do not trust things I have experienced, let alone your words. But despite this, I appreciate what you have to say in your letter, for it is bad enough to be distrustful without being ungrateful.

I sent this letter, which I should not have, for it was the cause of all my sorrow, for after this he began to be more daring in telling me his feelings and to ask for a chance to talk to me; finally, fair nymphs, a few days were wasted in questions and answers, during which false love performed its usual mission in me, because by the hour it took possession of this unfortunate. The tourneys were

renewed, the musicians never ceased at night, the letters and verses never stopped going from one party to the other and so passed a year, at the end of which, I was so captivated by his love, that not a part of me was left that did not want to make my thoughts known to him, a thing he desired above his very life. My misfortune would have it that at the time when our love burned its brightest, his father found out, and whoever told him, told him in such a way that, fearing his son would marry me, he sent him to the court of the great Princess Augusta Cesarina, saying it wasn't proper for a young man of such distinguished lineage to waste his youth in his father's house, where he would learn only the vices of which idleness is mistress. He left so sadly that his grief kept him from telling me of his departure. When I found out, I was left as only one who has been a prisoner of love can know, as I am through my misfortune. I can't describe the kind of life I led in his absence, the sadness, the sighing, the tears that fell from these tired eyes daily, and what sorrow is yet mine that I still cannot express, see how I suffered. Being in the midst of the misfortune and anguish the Don Felis' absence caused, it seemed to me my grief was without remedy and that he had gone to court to be with ladies of greater quality and beauty and since absence is the chief enemy of love, and I was bound to be forgotten, I decided to do what no other woman has thought of doing. And that was to dress myself as a man and go to court to see him in whose sight was all my hope, and the minute I thought of it, I did it. love not giving me the chance of determining whether it was proper or not. For which purpose I lacked no industry. because with the help of a good friend, a confidante whom I had sent to buy clothes and a horse, I left my country and my reputation behind, for I think I can never again have it, and went straight to the court, experiencing things on the way that if I had time to tell you, would give you pleasure to hear. It took me twenty days to get

there, and having arrived, I took up lodging at an out of the way house. And the great desire I had to see that destroyer of my hapiness, did not allow me to think of anything else, except for how or where I could see him. I didn't dare ask after him of my host, for he might discover my arrival. Nor did it seem wise to go looking for him, because some mishap might cause me to be known. In this confusion I spent all that day until night, when each hour seemed like a year. And it being a little past midnight, the host knocked on my door and told me that if I wanted to enjoy some music that was being played in the street, that I should get up quickly and open a window. Which is what I did, and leaning out, I heard a page's of Don Felis' named Fabio, whose voice I recognized. while he said to others who were with him, Now, sirs, it is time for the lady to be in the gallery over the garden, enjoying the coolness of the evening." And when he said this, they began to play three bugles and a sackbut¹⁰ with such harmony it sounded like celestial music. Then, a voice began to sing which to me was the best I could imagine. And although I hung on Fabio's words, at the time many thoughts were playing havoc with my repose, but it didn't keep me from what was being sung, for they sung in such a way that nothing could keep from giving the pleasure that came from hearing it; and the first thing they sang was this ballad:

Hear me, my lady,
 If, by chance, my grief hurts you
 And if it doesn't hurt you
 Do not stop listening to me;
 Give me this brief rest
 For it forces me to grieve.
 Do my sighs not hurt you?
 Does my weeping not move you?
 Does my pain not hurt you?

And do you think of curing it?
 Until when, my lady,
 Must this grief last?
 The cure is not in death
 But rather in your will
 All the ills it could cure
 Would cost you little;
 Nor do my labors belabor you
 Nor do they wish to.
 From such a strong will
 What can be hoped for?
 And that heart of stone,
 How can I soften it?
 Turn, lady, those eyes,
 That are matchless in this world.
 But turn them not angrily
 Unless you want to kill me
 Although one way or another
 You will kill me with your glance.

After having sung this ballad to a concert, I heard
 a dulzaina¹¹ and a harp and the voice of my Don Felis.
 The joy I received upon hearing it, no one can imagine,
 because I thought I was hearing him in that happy time
 of our love. But once the imagination was discouraged,
 seeing how the music was intended for another and not
 for me, God knows if I felt like dying. And with an
 anguish that tore my soul, I asked the host if he knew
 who the music was intended for. He told me he had no
 idea, because many noble ladies lived in the neighborhood.
 And when I heard he could not give me an answer, I returned
 listening to my Don Felis, who was beginning to sing this
 sonnet while he sweetly played the harp.

SONNET

Love wasted my sad years
 In vain and useless hopes,
 And fortune made my tired eyes
 Strange examples to the world.

Time, the author of lies
 Leaves his traces in my footsteps
 There will be no more deceitful confidences
 From today on I won't complain of his grief.

The one whom I loved as much as I should
 Is beginning to learn from love
 What she couldn't understand until now.

And I, crying out night and day!
 Don't you see you're being deceived, oh lovers,
 By love, fortune, time and my lady?

Having finished singing this sonnet, they spent some time playing four viols and a clavichord so harmoniously that I don't know if anything in the world could be heard to bring more happiness to one not subdued by sadness as I; and then four very tuneful voices began to sing this song:

SONG

I do not complain of the hurt
 The sight of you caused me
 I complain because the deception
 Came at a bad time.

I never knew a worse state
 Than not daring or striving

And between keeping silent and speaking.
Seeing oneself buried.

And so I do not complain of the hurt
Since you are the cause of it
But seeing that the deception
Came at a bad time.

I always fear knowing
Anything that is hidden
Because even the most certain things
Are sure to come out wrong.

And the hurt lies not in knowing it
But not being in time
And never being able to find
A cure for the deception.

Having finished this song, they began to play many instruments and sang harmoniously to them, with such sweetness that they could not but give great happiness to one so far from it as myself. The music ceased around dawn, and I tried to see my Don Felis, but the darkness of the night impeded it. And seeing that they had gone, I lay down weeping for my misfortune, which was no small thing to cry for, seeing how he whom I loved had forgotten me, as his songs bore witness. And now it being time to get up, without any further thought I left my house and went straight to the princess' great palace, where I thought I would see what I so desired, deciding to call myself Valerio if anyone should ask my name. Coming to a square in front of the palace, I began to look up at the windows and galleries, where I saw many ladies, and I could not praise them enough. I was so astonished at their great beauty and their attire, their jewels, and coiffures. On the plaza many richly

dressed gentlemen rode by on handsome horses, each one looking up to where his thoughts led him. God knows that I wanted to see my Don Felis there and that his love be at that famous palace, for then at least I would be sure that he could receive no guerdon for his services except to look and be looked at, and to be able to speak to the lady he served a few times in front of a hundred thousand eyes, which is all that would be allowed.¹² But my luck would have it that his love was somewhere else where this assurance could not be had. For standing near the door of the great palace, I saw one of Don Felis' pages, named Fabio, whom I knew well, who entered the palace hurriedly, and speaking to the porter who stood by the second door, he came out the same way he went in. I guessed he came to see if it was time for Don Felis to attend to some business his father had at court and that he would soon come through there. And as I thought about the great joy I would receive in seeing him, I saw him come accompanied by many retainers, all richly dressed, in livery of a cloth the color of the sky and sashes of yellow velvet trimmed with silver braid, and with blue, white, and yellow feathers. My Don Felis wore white velvet hose, embroidered, and lined with gold and blue cloth; the doublet was of white satin, embroidered with gold thread, with a jerkin of velvet in the same color and embroidery, a loose capelet of black velvet, bordered with gold and lined with blue satin, a sword, dagger, and swordbelt of gold, a becoming cap with gold stars, in the middle of each a large pearl, the feathers blue, yellow and white: throughout his suit were many pearl buttons: he rode on a handsome silver gray horse fitted with blue and gold and many pearls. When I saw him thus, I was so astonished to see him I was so beside myself with sudden joy, that I cannot describe it. The truth is, I could not stop the tears in my eyes, a manifestation of

what the sight of him made me feel, but the shame of being seen by those around me put an end to them. But since Don Felis, having arrived at the palace, dismounted and went up a staircase that led to the princess' quarters, I went to where his retainers stood, and seeing Fabio among them, the one I had seen before, I drew him aside. "Sir, who is the gentleman who dismounted, for he resembles another gentleman who lives far from here?"

Fabio answered, "Are you so new at court you do not know Don Felis? For I believe no other gentleman is so well known."

"I do not doubt it," I replied, "but I shall tell you how new I am at court for yesterday was my first day here."

"Then you are not to blame," said Fabio, "Know then that this gentleman's name is Don Felis, a native of Vandalia, whose home is ancient Soldina, he is at court attending to his business and his father's."

Then I said, "I pray tell me why his livery is in those colors."

"If the reason were not so well known, I would remain silent," said Fabio, "but since there is no one who does not know, and you will not find anyone who cannot tell you, I won't be giving anything away by telling you. Know then that here he serves a lady named Celia, and for that reason his livery is blue, the color of the sky, and the white and yellow are the lady's colors."

When I heard this, you know how I felt, but hiding my dismay, I answered, "Certainly this lady owes much to him, for he is not content to carry her colors, but he even carries her name in his livery. Is she beautiful?"

"That's for certain," said Fabio, "though more so was another whom he served in his own country and by whom he was more favored than by this lady. But villanous absence undoes what man believes to be most firm."

When I heard this, I was forced to hold back my tears, if I didn't Fabio could not have helped suspecting that all was not well with me. Then the page asked me my name and my country. To which I replied that my country was Vandalia, my name Valerio and that I was not living with anyone now.

"So that," said he, "we are from the same country. and we can be from the same house if you wish. because Don Felis, my lord, sent me to look for a page. So if you want to serve him, see him. As to food, drink, and clothing, and four reales in pocket money, they will not be lacking us, as well as wenches like queens who live on our street, for you are an attractive young man and not one of them wouldn't fall for you.¹³ And I still know an old canon's maid, who is fair enough, who will keep us well supplied with rolls and bacon and Saint Martin's wine,¹⁴ in return for serving her."

When I heard this, I could not help but laugh when I realized how natural were the words the page was speaking. And because it seemed that nothing would suit my repose more than what Fabio advised, I answered, "I, to tell the truth, had decided to serve no one, but since fortune has brought me to the point where I can do nothing else, it seems that the best thing to do is to serve your master, for he must be an affable gentleman and more a friend to his servants than any other."

"You don't know him well," replied Fabio, "I promise you, as a gentleman, for I am one, my father being one of the Cachopines of Laredo,¹⁵ that Don Felis, my lord, provides the best conditions you have ever known in your life and treats us pages better than anyone else treats his, and if it weren't for these hidden loves and sleeping less than we should, there is no better master."

In the end, fair nymphs, Fabio spoke to his lord Don Felis when he came out, and he ordered that I go to his lodgings that afternoon. I went and he took me on as his page, treating me better than I had ever been treated, and so it went for a few days, seeing messages brought and taken from one party to the other, a thing that wrenched my soul, and made me impatient by the hour. After a month, Don Felis got on so well with me that he openly revealed his love to me and told me of its state from the beginning to the present, entrusting me with the secret love between them, telling me how from the start he had been well treated by her and how later she had tired of favoring him. And the cause of it was he did not know who had told her of a love he had in his own land and that the love he bore her was just to entertain himself until his business at court was done.

"And there is no doubt," the same Don Felis was telling me, "that at the beginning it was as she says, but now, God knows if there is anyone in the world I love as much."

When I heard him say that, you can feel, fair nymphs, how I felt. Hiding it as best I could, I replied, "It would be better, sir, if the lady complained with reason if it were so, for if this other lady you served does not deserve you forgetting her, you do her a great injustice."

Don Felis replied, "The love I have for Celia does not let me see it that way, but the greatest injustice was in having loved another before her."

"From those injustices," I replied, "I know well enough who suffers most."

And taking from his breast a letter he had just received from his lady, the disloyal gentleman read it to me, thinking he was flattering me, and it read as follows:

LETTER FROM CELIA TO DON FELIS

I never suspected any aspect of your love to be so far from the truth it would give me occasion not to believe my suspicion, and I beg your pardon if I offend you by this, and to overlook it, for you can well deny past love and not give me reason to condemn you for your confession. You said I was the reason you forgot your first love; rest assured that another will not be lacking to allow you to forget your second. And I assure you, Don Felis, sir, I can guarantee you nothing becomes a gentleman less than to find in any lady a reason to fall madly in love with her. And I will say no more because in an illness that has no cure, it is best not to try to find one.

After he finished reading the letter he said to me, "What do you make, Valerio, of these words?"

"It seems to me," I replied, "That they reflect your deeds."

"Go on," said Don Felis.

"Sir," I replied, "What I make of these words does not matter, for those who love well can better judge for themselves. But I understand from this letter that this lady wishes to have been the first, so that fortune would not treat her in such a way that anyone could envy her state."

"Well, what's your advice?" said Don Felis.

"If your problem can bear counsel," I replied. "It seems to me your thoughts should not be divided by this second passion, for you owe so much to the first."

Don Felis replied by sighing and slapping me on the shoulder, "Oh, Valerio, how wise you are! What good advice you give, if only I could take it! Let's go eat, and when we're done, I want you to take my letter to Lady Celia,

and you will see for yourself is she deserves to be forgotten in lieu of any other thought."

These words went to Felismena's very soul, but because she had before her eyes the one she loved more than herself, just to look at him cured any pain she felt.¹⁶

When we finished eating Don Felis called me and because he had placed his trust in me by telling me of his grief and having placed its cure in my hands, he asked me to deliver a letter he had written, which he first read to me, and it read as follows:

LETTER FROM DON FELIS TO CELIA

Allow yourself to understand the thought that seeks occasions to forget that which it desires, for without overtaxing the imagination, one can understand it. And think not, lady that I look for a way to excuse you from what you think of using against me, for I was never worth so much to you that I would do it for less reason. I confessed that I loved truly, because love, when it is true, does not put up with hidden things, and you use this reason to forget me when it should have given you cause to love me. I do not know why you think so little of yourself that you think I could, for any reason, forget what you mean or have meant to me; but you write to me of the opposite of what my faith has proved. Of all the prejudices you use against me, my thoughts assure me otherwise; it is bad enough to be unrewarded without also having to be ill thought of.

After Don Felis read me the letter he had written to his lady, he asked me if his reply suited the words Lady Celia had written in hers and if there should be any changes made. To which I replied, "I think sir, it is not necessary to make any amends in this letter or to the lady

it is being sent, but to the one you offend by it. I say this because I am so fond of the first love I had, that nothing would make me change my mind in regard to this matter."

"You have every reason to say so," said Don Felis, "if I could have behaved otherwise, but what can I do if absence cooled that love and inflamed this other?"

"So that," I replied, "the first one you loved can be considered betrayed, because love in which absence has power over is not love and no one will ever make me believe it was ever so," I said hiding what I felt as best I could because I felt hurt from being forgotten by the one who had every reason to love me and whom I loved so, that I tried as much as I could not to give myself away. And taking the letter and asking what I needed to do, I went to Lady Celia's house, thinking about the sad state my love had come to, for I waged war on myself, being forced to intercede in a matter contrary to my own happiness. Having arrived at Celia's house and finding a page of hers at the door, I asked him if I could speak to his lady. And the page, having asked me who I was, told Celia, praising my beauty and disposition and telling her I had lately entered into service for Don Felis.

Lady Celia said, "If Don Felis reveals his thoughts to a man lately received, there must be a good reason for it. Tell him to come in, and we can find out what he wants."

I then entered where the enemy of my happiness was and with all due courtesy I kissed her hands and placed Don Felis' letter in them. Lady Celia took it and looked at me so that I could see the change the sight of me caused in her, for she was so beside herself that she couldn't speak a word. After a while she came to and said, "What fate has brought you to this court so that Don Felis

has the good fortune to have you for a servant?"

"Lady," I replied, "the fate that brought me to this court has been better than I had ever thought, for it has given me the opportunity to see so much perfection and beauty as I see before me, and if my lord Don Felis' longings, sighs, and continual uneasiness hurt me, now that I see the cause of his unrest, the pity I felt for him has now turned to envy. But if it is true, fair lady, that my coming pleases you, I beg you for the love you bear him that your answer be likewise pleasing."

"There is nothing," Celia replied, "that I would not do for you although I had decided not to love anyone who had left another for my sake. It is prudent for a person to profit from another's experiences and to render them useful to himself."

And then I replied, "Do not think, lady, that Don Felis would forget you for anything in this world. And if he has forgotten another lady because of you, fear not, for your beauty and wisdom are so great, and those of the other lady so small, that you must not think that since he forgot her for your sake that he will forget you for another."

"And how," said Celia, "did you come to know Felismena, the lady your master served in your land?"

"I knew her," I said, "but not as well as I could have so that these mishaps should not occur. It is true she was my father's neighbor, but seeing your great beauty, accompanied by so much charm and wisdom, there is no reason to blame Don Felis for having forgotten his first love."

Celia replied merrily to this and said laughing, "Your love has quickly taught you to flatter."

"I would like to learn to serve you well," I replied, "for when there is so much reason for saying what is said, there is no room for flattery."

Lady Celia began in earnest to ask me about Felismena.

To which I replied, "As to her beauty, some consider her very pretty, but she never seemed to be so to me. For she has been without what would make her so for many days."

"And what is that?" asked Celia.

"It is happiness," I said, "for without it there can be no perfect beauty."

"You are right," she said, "but I have seen some ladies in whom sadness is becoming, and to others, anger, and that is strange; and truly sadness and anger make them more beautiful than they already are."

And I replied, "Unhappy the beauty that has anger and sadness for its master; I do not know much about these things, but a lady who resorts to ingenuity, perturbation, or passion to make her look good, I would not consider her fair, nor would I count her among those who are."

"You are right," said Lady Celia, "and at no time will you not be, for you are so wise."

"It has cost me dearly," I replied, "to be thus esteemed. I beg you, lady, to answer the letter, so that Don Felis, my lord, may also receive some happiness from my hands."

"I will be glad to," said Celia, "but first, you must tell me about Felismena's wisdom. Is she very sensible?"

I replied, "No woman has ever been as sensible as she because for many days now her misadventures advise her, more than she advises herself, so that if she advised herself as she advises others, she would not have been so adverse to herself."

"You speak wisely in all matters," said Celia, "that nothing would please me more than to hear you always."

"But hold," I replied, "My reasonings cannot be, lady, food for so subtle an understanding such as yours, and this is the one thing I do not understand."

"There can be nothing," replied Celia, "You do not understand, but so that you won't waste time in praising me as your master does in serving me, I want to read the letter and tell you what to tell him," and unfolding it, she began to read to herself while I watched her closely as she read, observing the expression on her face, which more often than not give away what the heart feels. And having finished reading it, she said, "Tell your master that one who can express what one feels, cannot feel it as well as he can express it." And coming towards me she said in a low voice, "And this is for love of you, Valerio, and not for what I owe Don Felis, because I see you are his favorite."

"And from whom all my troubles came," I said to myself. And kissing her hands for the mercy she showed me, I went to Don Felis with her reply, who received no little happiness from it, a thing that meant death to me, and I said to myself often as I delivered or carried back some message, "Oh wretched Felismena, you wound your own soul with your own weapons. And you've come to earn favors for one who paid no attention to yours." And so I spent my life in such torment that if it weren't relieved by the sight of my Don Felis, I would have lost it. For more than two months Celia hid from me that she loved me, although not in a way that I could not perceive it, from which I received some ease from the sorrow that troubled me by telling myself that it was enough that Don Felis was not loved, and that perhaps what happened to many would happen to him, and that ingratitude would force her from his thoughts. But it didn't happen to Don Felis, for the more he understood that his lady was forgetting him, the more anxieties reached his soul. And so he lived the saddest life anyone can imagine, of which no small

part fell to me. And to remedy this, the sad Felismena got by way of manpower, lady Celia's favors, she crediting them, each time they were sent through me to my account. And if by chance some other servant of his took some message, he was so ill received that he was advised to send no other but myself, having understood what would happen if it were otherwise, and as for me, God knows if it cost me tears, for I shed so many before Celia, begging her not to treat the one I loved so badly, that it was enough for Don Felis to have the greatest obligation any man ever had to a woman. My tears reached Celia's soul since they seemed to show her that if I loved her I would not with such diligence solicit favors for another and she would say so with much anguish that her very soul wanted to depart from her. I was living in the greatest confusion because I understood that if I didn't love her as she loved me, I would risk Celia's returning Don Felis' love, and if this happened, my love would not come to a happy end; and if I pretended to be in love with her, I would fall into Don Felis' disfavor, and because of this disfavor, he would lose his happiness and because of it his life. And to prevent this, I would give mine a thousand times, if I had so many to give. In this way, many days passed that I served as a go-between, at great cost to my own happiness, at the end of which the love between these two went from bad to worse, for Celia loved me so that the great force of love made her forget herself. And one day, after having brought many messages and having feigned a few, so as not to see the one I loved sad, begging Lady Celia with all possible reverence that if she was sorry for Don Felis' sadness because of her, and if she realized that by not favoring him, she was behaving contrary to the way she should, I made her see that nothing but death could be expected from the grief his thoughts made him feel. She, with tears in

her eyes and with many sighs replied, "Wretched me, oh, Valerio, for you now come to know how I live deceived by you. I did not believe until now that you were asking me favors for your lord, but to enjoy my sight during the time you were asking them of me. But now I realize that since you are asking them in earnest, and that you would appreciate it if I treated him well, you do not, without a doubt, love me. How ill you repay me for loving you and for foresaking him for you! I pray to God that time may avenge me of you, for love has had no part in it. I cannot believe fortune to be so against me that it will not repay you. And tell your lord Don Felis that if he wants to see me live, he see me not, and you, traitor, enemy of my repose, never appear before these tired eyes, for their tears have not been able to show you what you owe me."

And with this she left with many tears that mine played no part in detaining her because with great haste she went into a room, locking the door behind her, nor did it do me any good to call her begging her with loving words to open the door and to take satisfaction of me, for she would be served, or other things I told her to show her she had little reason to get angry and to open the door. But before she went inside, she said to me with a strange fury, "Ungrateful and wretched Valerio, the most so my eyes have ever seen, do not look at me and do not speak to me, for there is no satisfaction from such disdain, nor do I want any remedy from the sorrow you have caused me, save death, and I will take the satisfaction you deserve from it into my own hands."

And hearing this I went home to my Don Felis with more sorrow than I could hide and told him that I hadn't spoken to Celia because she was engaged in a visit. But the next day by morning it was known by us as well as by the entire city that she had fainted and given up the ghost,

which caused no little consternation in the court.¹⁷ What Don Felis felt by her death, and how it grieved his soul cannot be described, nor can human understanding approach it, because the things he said, the lamentations, the tears, and the burning sighs were countless. As for myself, I said nothing, for while on the one hand, Celia's wretched death touched my soul, on the other hand, Don Felis' tears pierced my heart. Although this was nothing compared to what I felt later, for, as soon as Don Felis learned of her death, he disappeared from his house that very night and none of his servants nor anyone else knew of his whereabouts. You can imagine, fair nymphs, what I felt. I prayed to God that I were dead and that no other misfortune befall me, for surely fortune was weary of me. Since no diligence was enough to help me find Don Felis, I decided to dress in the habit you see me in, which for more than two years I have gone looking for him, and my fortune has kept me from finding him, although I owe it something since it brought me here in time to render you this small service. And believe me, fair nymphs, after the one in whom lies hope for my happiness, I consider it the greatest happiness I can ever receive."

When the nymphs finished listening to the fair Felismena and understood what a great lady she was and that love had made her put aside her natural habit and take on that of a shepherdess, they were awed by her steadfastness as well as by the great power of that tyrant who rules absolutely over so many liberties. And they felt no small grief at seeing the tears and burning sighs with which that fair maiden solemnized the story of her love. Then Dórida, who was most touched by Felismena's grief and was more fond of her than any other person she had ever conversed with, took her hand and began to say to her, "What can we do fair lady, against fortune's blows? What dwelling is so strong that a person can be insured against the mutability

of time? Where is the armor strong enough, of such fine steel, that can defend one from the force of this tyrant so unjustly called Love? And what heart is there, be it harder than marble, that is not softened by thoughts of love? For certainly this beauty, this courage, this wisdom would be esteemed by anyone who saw it, but we are living in times when to deserve something is the chief reason for not being allowed to obtain it. And cruel love is of such a strange state that it dispenses its pleasures without rhyme or reason and grants its gifts where they will least be appreciated; the medicine against the ills caused by this tyrant is the wisdom and courage of the person who suffers them. But whom does he leave so free that she can take advantage of a remedy, or who can control herself in such passion that she can give advice to others much less take advice herself? But despite all this, fair lady, I beg you to take stock of yourself, so that if people of such valor and courage as yourself cannot bear to suffer from adversities, how can others do so? And besides this, on behalf of these nymphs and myself I beseech you to come with us to the home of the great sage Felicia, who lives a day's journey from here so that this time tomorrow we will be there. And I am sure you will find a good cure for these anxieties as others who deserved to have. Besides her learning, which cannot be matched by any other human being in our time, her character and goodness ennoble her and make it so everyone is desirous of her company."

Felismena replied, "I do not know, fair nymphs, who can cure so great an ill, unless it were he himself who caused it. But aside from that, I will accept your suggestion, for your company gives such relief to my sorrow, it would be unfair to reject advice at a time when I sorely need it."

"I wonder," said Cinthia, "how Don Felis, at the time you were serving him, did not recognize your fair face and your charm and the glance from such beautiful eyes."

Felismena replied, "His thoughts were so far from his memory of me and so focused on what he saw in his Lady Celia, that there was no room for recognition."

And standing thus they heard the shepherds who were in the company of the wise Selvagia, singing as they came down the lower slope, the oldest songs each one knew, or one that his sorrow inspired and each searched for the carol which suited his purpose best. And the first to begin singing was Sylvano, who sang the following:

I am scorned by love,
 May God spare you from such pain.
 I am scorned by love
 And persecuted by fortune
 I fear not losing myself
 Nor do I hope to be won.
 One care and another
 Love heaps on me;
 God spare you such pain.
 In complaining was my entertainment
 See what a strange pastime,
 I thought that one time
 Would follow another,
 But my misfortune
 Changed it for the worse;
 God spare you such pain.

Selvagia, who had no less reason to keep her faithful to her Alanio than Sylvano had to the fair Diana, nor did she consider herself less offended by the changes in her love than Sylvano for having long perservered in his grief, changing the first verse of this ancient pastoral carol, began to sing it applying it to her purpose, in this way:

Say, who made you, shepherdess,
 Without merriment and pleasure
 You, who used to be so happy?

Memories of past joys
 In the midst of present sorrow!
 Woe to the soul that feel this
 If it long remains in that state,
 After time changed
 Because a shepherd offended me
 I've never known pleasure.

To Sireno Selvagia's song was enough to show his grief,
 if she and Sylvano would allow it, but convincing him also
 to select a song that best suited his purpose, he began
 to sing the following:

You forgot me, lady,
 Now I love you much more.

Without luck, I see myself
 Forgotten, I do not know why.
 Do you see to whom you gave your faith
 And from whom you've taken it?
 He does not love you, being loved.
 I, who am disdained, lady
 Now love you much more!

I seem to be seeing
 The eyes in which I saw myself
 And you, so as not to see me
 Hide your face
 And what I am saying is:
 Lift up your eyes, lady
 Since now I love you more!

The nymphs listened to the shepherds' song, happy to hear them, but sighs never left the fair shepherdess idle while the shepherd sang. When they came to the fountain and paid their respects, they placed the table they had carried from the village on the grass and those whose thoughts would allow them to sit down to eat. And having eaten, Polydora said, "Unloved shepherds, if it is just to call you by the name fortune has cast upon you,¹⁸ the cure for your grief is in the hands of the wise Felicia, to whom nature gave what has been denied us. And so that you realize how important it is to go see her, I ask you on behalf of these nymphs for whom this day you have done service, that you not refuse our company, for in no other way can you reap the fruits of your labor, and this shepherdess will do likewise, who will profit from it no less than you. And you, Sireno whom fortune has brought from such a joyous time to a wretched one, do not despair, for if your lady had a cure for her sad life so close at hand, as you do, it would be no small relief for the unhappiness and displeasure I know she suffers daily."

Sireno answered, "Fair Polydora, nothing makes me more unhappy than having Diana avenge herself of me at so great a cost to her, because it must cost her dearly to love one who does not love her and to be forced to live in his company; and as for looking for a cure for my ill, I would do it if time or fortune would allow it, but I see that I have taken every path and I don't know where you and these nymphs think of leading me to look for it. But be it as it may, we will follow you, and I think Sylvano and Selvagia will do the same, unless they are of so little understanding that they misinterpret the kindness you do them and myself."

And deciding to do what Sireno had said and entrusting their flocks to others who were not far from there, they left together where the three nymphs led them.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK OF DIANA

NOTES TO BOOK II

¹This great friendship lays the foundation for Selvagia's and Sylvano's love. Felicia does nothing more than cement their feelings in Book IV. The magic water is not such a deus ex machina after all.

²Montemayor's nymphs are no simple forest creatures. They are urbane and fashionable women.

³Diana and Sireno's love has become a legend in their own time.

⁴The nymphs do not play rustic instruments.

⁵Diana is here evoked through song by a third party.

⁶The savages represent bestial and uncontrolled lust. Like everyone else they are subject to fortune, and one cannot help but pity them, since they also suffer from unrequited love.

⁷Felismena, the real heroine of the novel is introduced.

⁸The nymphs wonder about Felismena's parentage, a foreshadowing of her history and destiny.

⁹Felismena is a noble lady.

¹⁰An early version of the trombone. The instruments played in the street are courtly.

¹¹dulzaina is a small trumpet.

¹²A criticism of love in courtly circles. Court life is not very conducive to love, according to the author.

¹³A bit of real life.

¹⁴The first vintage of the year is opened on St. Martin's Day, November 11.

¹⁵A noble family renowned for its presumption and vanity. See note p. 114, Estrada.

¹⁶A break in the narrative line. Previously Felismena is telling the story herself. A narrator suddenly appears for one line, after which the first person is resumed.

¹⁷One of the few literary characters who dies of love.

¹⁸They are not really shepherds; fortune has forced them to be shepherds.

BOOK III

The fair nymphs walked happily with their company through a thick wood, and now that the sun wanted to set, they came upon a beautiful valley, through which ran an impetuous stream, from one side to the other, adorned with thick willows and alders, among which were many other kinds of small trees which, entwining around the taller ones, weaving their golden flowers through the branches of the others, gave great joy to the eyes.

The nymphs and shepherds took a path that formed between the stream and the fair grove, and they hadn't gone far when they came to a spacious green meadow where there was a very beautiful lake that originated from the stream that ran through the valley with great force. In the middle of the lake was a small island with trees among which stood a shepherd's hut; near it a flock of sheep was feeding on the green grass. Since it seemed to the nymphs a good place to spend the night, which was fast approaching, they all stepped across the rocks that were placed leading from the meadow to the island and came to the hut they had seen on the island. And Polydora, who was first to enter, had barely gone in, when she quickly came out, facing her company, she placed a finger to her fair mouth, a sign that they should enter without making any noise. When the nymphs and shepherds, with as little noise as possible entered the hut, looking from one side to the other, they saw in a corner a bed made of nothing but branches from the willows which surrounded the hut and from the green grass that grew around the lake. On top of which they saw a sleeping shepherdess whose beauty made them admire it no less than if they were seeing Diana herself before their eyes.¹ She wore a light blue shirt, a bodice of a fabric so fine it showed the perfection and measure of the white bosom,

for the blouse was the same color as the bodice, so loose that the charming shape could be easily discerned. She wore her fair hair that was fairer than the sun loose and without any order. But no order ever adorned such beauty as the disorder it was in and with the carelessness of sleep, her white bare foot showed from under her skirt, but not so that it seemed immodest to the eyes that beheld it. And it seemed that many tears fell down her cheeks, although she slept, her sleep did not hinder her sad thoughts. The nymphs and shepherds so admired her beauty and the sadness they recognized within her, that they didn't know what to say, but they spilled tears of pity for those that spilled from the shepherdess, who, as they watched, turned to one side and said with a sigh that issued from her soul, "Oh, wretched Bolisa, for your grief consists of no other thing except that you value your life so little that with it you cannot pay what was lost for your sake."

And then, she awoke with a start that seemed as if for her the end was near, but when she saw the three nymphs and the two fair shepherdesses, along with the shepherds, she was so frightened that she was beside herself for a while, turning to look at them without ceasing to shed many tears, nor silencing the burning sighs which came from her tormented heart, she began to speak, "It would be a great comfort for a disconsolate heart such as mine, to be sure that no one would endeavor to give me any by word or deed, because I have reason, oh, fair nymphs, to live hidden in sadness, as I do, that it has placed enmity between me and the comfort of my sorrow. So that if I should think some time to have it, it would be the cause of my own death. And do not wonder if I would prevent this remedy, for there is no other that can give me more grief than the start I received from seeing you in this hut, a place suited to no other thing than crying over irremediable grief. And let this be a warning to whoever is awaiting his torment, that

he leave, for the misfortunes of love keep it closed so that there is never any hope of comfort here. But, what fortune has guided such fair company to a place where nothing that gives contentment has been seen? What do you think makes the green grass of this island grow and increases the water which surrounds it but my tears? What do you think sways the trees in this valley except the sound of my sad sighs, which, swelling the air move what they cannot move themselves? Why do you think the sweet birds sing among the bushes when golden Phoebus is in full force, if not to help me lament my misfortune? Why do you think the fearful beasts come out to the green meadow except to hear my continual laments? Alas, fair nymphs, I pray God fortune hasn't brought you to this place for the same reason I've come to it, for surely, according to what happened here, nature has made it for no other reason so that those incurable of love may spend their sad lives in it. If you are one of these, go no further, if not, leave quickly, for the nature of the place may influence you."

The fair shepherdess said this with so many tears that no one there could stop them. They were all amazed to see the spirit, the face, and expression she gave to what she said, for it seemed the words surely issued from her soul, and she suffered no less than this, because the strange circumstances of her love removed all suspicion that what she showed was feigned. And the fair Dórica spoke to her thus, "Fair shepherdess, what has caused your great beauty to be placed in such extremes? What strange sorrow could love have caused you that has brought about so many tears accompanied by such a sad and solitary life such as the one you must lead here? But, what am I asking? For watching you lamenting of love, you tell me more than I can ask. Did you want to assure yourself when we entered here that no one could console you? I don't blame you, because it is the duty of sad people to abhor comforting, even by those

who think it can be had by any means. If I were to tell you I could give comfort to your sorrow, what good would it do you unless you believed it? If I were to tell you you could take advantage of your own judgment and wisdom, I know you would not be free enough to do so, but what could I do to offer you some relief, if you are bound to resist it? You can be sure of one thing, and that is that there can be no remedy in life, yours being so sad, that I wouldn't give you, were it in my power. And if my will deserves it, I ask you on my own behalf and that of those present not to pay attention to the cause of ills, because some of those in my company are in such dire need of remedy, and love keeps them so bound, that if fortune doesn't rescue them, I don't know what will become of them."

The shepherdess, hearing the fair Dórida speaking thus, came out of the hut, and taking her by the hand took her near a stream that was in a small green meadow not far from there and the nymphs and shepherds went with them, and they all sat around the fountain, golden Phoebus having put an end to his journey and nocturnal Diana beginning hers, so that it was as bright as day. And being as you have heard, the fair shepherdess began as you will hear:

"At the time, oh, fair nymphs of the chaste goddess, when I was free from love, I heard something of which, experience having undeceived me of it, I found the opposite to be true. They told me that there was no grief such that relief could not be had in telling it by him who suffered from it, but I find that there is nothing that would increase my misfortune more than to tell it to someone who is free of it.² For if I understood otherwise, I would not dare to tell you the story of my sorrow. But, because it is true that telling it will not allow comfort to my discomfort, which are the two things that are most abhorrent to me, be attentive and you will hear of the most disastrous case of love there has ever been. Not far from this valley, near

where the sun sets, there is a town in the middle of a forest, near two rivers which water the fair trees, whose thickness is such that from one house, another cannot be seen. Each one of them is surrounded by land and in the summer the gardens are dressed with fragrant flowers, and the abundance of the orchards that nature produces is aided by the industry of the inhabitants, who in greater Spain are called Freeholders because of their ancient houses and lineage. In this place was born wretched Belisa, for this is the name given to me at the font, where I wish to God I had lost my life.³ Here lived a shepherd, one of the noblest of house and lineage that could be found in all the province, whose name was Arsenio, and was married to a shepherdess, the prettiest in her time, but an untimely death, either because the fates willed it, or to avoid other evils which may have spoiled her beauty, cut short the thread of her life a few years after their marriage. Arsenio suffered so from the death of his beloved Florinda that he was close to losing his life, but he consoled himself with the son who remained, named Arsileo, whose fairness was such that it competed with his mother Florinda's. And even so, Arsenio lived the saddest and loneliest life anyone can imagine. But his son was at an age convenient to be put to some virtuous exercise, having understood that idleness in youths is the mistress of vice and the enemy of virtue, he decided to send him to the Academy of Salamanca, with the intention of having him learn what raises men to levels higher than men, and so he did it. Fifteen years after his wife had died, I was going out one day to a market near our village, and unfortunate Arsenio spotted me, to his harm and to that of mine and his unfortunate son's. This glance caused such great love in him it was evident from that moment on. And he gave me to understand it many times, so that now coming to the fields to bring food to

the shepherds, now going to the river with my laundry, now going to the fountain for water, he made it a point to meet me. I, who at that time knew little of love, though I had heard something of its tumultuous effects, pretended not to understand him sometimes, other times I joked with him, other times I got angry and found him annoying. But my words were not enough to defend myself from him, nor would the great love he bore me let him leave me alone. And in this way passed more than four years during which his persistence did not leave him nor did I grant him the least favor. At this time his unfortunate son Arsileo came home from his studies and among other sciences he had studied, he had blossomed so in poetry and music that he excelled in these above all others in his time. His father was so happy with him that he could not praise him enough, and with reason, for Arsileo's nature was such that not only could a father love him as a son, but he deserved to be loved by all. And so in our village he was loved by rich and poor alike, and they all talked about his wisdom, charm, gentleness, and other good qualities which adorned his youth. Arsenio was so secretive to his son he would not allow him by any means to discover his love, and although Arsileo saw him sad one day, he never discovered the reason, but thought it must be a sad memory left from his mother's death. Then Arsenio wishing, since his son was such an excellent poet, to have a letter written by him to send to me, and to do it so he wouldn't discover who it was for, revealed his love to a good friend of his, a native of our town, named Argasto, beseeching him earnestly that since he needed something, to ask of Arsileo a letter written by him and to say that it was to be sent to a shepherdess whom he served far away and who did not want to accept him. And he told him other things that the letter should say to fit his purpose. Argasto was diligent in asking the letter from Arsileo, who, annoyed by the way the shepherd asked him, and by his pester-

ing, gave it to him. Since Arsenio found it to be to his purpose, he found a way for it to come into my hands by some means, and I received it, although against my will and saw that it read thus:

ARSENIO'S LETTER

Shepherdess, whose fate
 God grant will not
 Come to use ill
 Such charm and loveliness
 And whose lambs
 And branded sheep
 May you see increase their flocks
 On top of these knolls.

Hear this unfortunate shepherd
 An enemy to himself
 Having lost himself for you
 He finds himself well employed,
 Turn your deaf eyes
 Soften your condition
 And put that heart
 In the hands of your emotions.

Turn those cruel eyes
 Towards this unfortunate shepherd
 Forget your flocks
 Think a little about my troubles.
 Make now some movement
 To stop and think
 Not to remedy my grief
 But to realize I feel it.

How many times have you come
 To the field with your flock!
 And how many times to the meadow
 Have you brought your lambs!
 I will not tell you of the pain
 That drives me mad!
 But it does me no good
 And it's better to hide it.

With what words can I tell you
 What I feel because of you?
 Or with what understanding
 Can my faith be understood?
 What feeling is enough
 No matter how I express it
 To feel the travail
 Your love gives me?

Why do you hide from me?
 Clearly you know
 That when I **am here**
 I am most absent from you.
 For I am astounded
 That being where you are
 When you see me
 You are far from seeing me.

You also know how to show
 When you wish to deceive me
 The opposite of what you mean
 So I let myself be deceived.
 See then who loves me more
 Or has a firmer basis for love
 For my understanding lives
 With what you give it to believe.

See the extremes I am in
 My good in so doubtful a state,
 That I come to envy
 Things of a lesser state
 The bird that flies in the wind
 The fish in the storm
 In exchange for their freedom
 I would give my understanding.

I see a thousand times changed
 Each day, and novelties
 Change their wills
 Forgotten things live again,
 In all things there is change
 But I never saw it in you
 And by this alone you can see
 How vain my hope is.

The other day you passed by
 While pasturing on the hill
 I sighed thinking
 That it would not offend you;
 When I sighed, a sheep looked up
 With a mournful expression
 But you threw your crook at it
 What a heart of steel!

Could you not, I ask,
 Having killed me for a thousand years
 Cure me for just one day?
 If that is too much, one hour?
 Do it to see how I stand the test
 Or to see if with favors
 I treat your love better;
 Afterwards, kill me anew.

I wish to change my state
 Not from love to hate
 But from pain to pain
 All in one step
 And though my luck would have it
 The evil, as far as substance
 Would make the circumstance;
 More or less stronger.

It might be, lady,
 That a new circumstance
 Would give you more proof
 Than it has given you till now
 And one not hurt by grief
 Nor softened by love
 Might perhaps be hurt
 By a different one.

Go to the river, go to the meadow,
 And another time to the fountain;
 I often think;
 Have you gone or returned?
 Will she be annoyed if I go?
 Will she mock me if I stay?
 My fear hampers me
 See in what extremes I am.

I go to your friend Sylvia
 Looking for human comfort
 If you have told her of my grief,
 She will tell me.
 But since she does not speak of you
 I say this cruel beast
 Says nothing to her friend
 About me.

Other times I spy
 Hearing you at night
 With singular charm
 Singing thousands of sweet songs
 But you choose the worst of them
 For I hear them one by one
 But I never hear you sing
 A song about love.

I saw you the other day
 Talking to Madalena
 She told you of her grief
 I wish it had been mine!
 I thought you would
 Console this sad one
 But you replied laughing
 That love is a joke.

You left her crying
 And I came by
 She complained to me
 And I replied sighing:
 Don't marvel at this cruel one
 Because her pleasure
 Is not only in her not loving
 But that no one else does.

Other times I see you
 Talking with other shepherdesses
 Of parties and of finery
 Who danced well or badly;
 So-and-so is elegant
 So-and-so is captivating
 But is the subject turns to love
 You wittily dismiss it.

So beware and live happily
 For from love and fortune
 Nothing is less secure
 Than the most exempt heart
 And it could happen
 That cruel love may give you
 To a shepherd who will treat you
 The way you treat me.

But may God not let it be
 If it is to be at your cost
 And may my life be destroyed
 Before that happens
 For the heart in my breast
 Burns with a strange fire
 And fears more your harm
 Than it does its gain.

With many manifestations of sadness and a heart truly afflicted, the shepherdess related Arsenio's letter to Belisa, or rather the letter from his son Arsileo, pausing at many of the verses and reciting some of them twice, and at others looking up to the sky, with an anguish that seemed to wrench her heart. And continuing the sad story of her love she told them, "This letter, oh fair nymphs, was the beginning of grief to the wretch who composed it and the end of repose to the unfortunate for whom it was written. Because having read it, I began to suspect, and later understood, that the letter more likely proceeded from the son's intellect than the father's affection. And because the time was approaching when I would have to account for the few effects of love I had felt until now, or simply because it had to be, I felt more softened than before, and not enough so that I allowed love to take possession of my liberty. And what this tyrant did to me was a novelty

that no one has ever seen, for not only did he make me fall in love with Arsileo, but also with Arsenio, his father. It is true I loved the father to repay him the love he bore me, and the son because I gave him my liberty, which I did from that moment on. So that I loved one so as not to be ungrateful, and the other because the matter was not in my hands. Because Arsenio perceived me to be a bit softened, a thing he had desired for many days, there was nothing he would not do to make me happy, because the gifts, jewels, and other things, were so many, that I felt obliged. Along with each thing he sent came a message to prove how much in love he was. I would answer it not showing signs of great love, but neither did I behave as aloofly as I used to. But my love for Arsileo became more firmly rooted in my heart each day so it occupied my every thought and never left my soul idle. It happened, then, that one summer's day, Arsenio and Arsileo were conversing with their neighbors beneath an ash which stood in a little square in front of my house, Arsenio began to praise his son Arsileo's singing and playing, to give those there an opportunity to ask him to go get a harp from his house so he could play and sing where I could not help but hear the music. And it happened as he wished, for being pestered by them, they sent for a harp and the music began. When I heard Arsileo, I was moved by the melody he played, the sovereign grace with which he sang, and I began to realize that the father wanted me to fall in love to the sound of his son's music. And I said to myself, "Alas, Arsenio you fool me no less by asking your son to sing so I can hear him than by sending me a letter written by him! If you knew what the outcome would be, you could at least warn others from this day on, that no one should dare to make his lady fall in love with him by means of another's charms, because sometimes it could happen that the lady will fall in love with the one who has the charms, rather than with the one who uses them.

At this time, my Arsileo, with matchless grace, began to sing these verses:

SONNET

In this clear sun that shines
On this supernatural beauty
On this gentle soul, that figure
Which gladdens our age and enriches it

Oh, light that blinds, face that stuns,
Small pity, great beauty,
Soft words, hard heart,
A look that gladdens, a glance that saddens.

That is why, lady, I am withdrawn,
Why I fear to see what I desire
Why I spend time contemplating you.

A strange case, an unheard of effect
That sees the greatest good, when I see you
And fears the greatest grief, seeing you.

After having sung the sonnet I recited, he began to sing this song with such rare charm that all who heard it were suspended, and more so was I, more taken by his love than I had ever been.

I lifted my eyes to see you
I lowered them when I saw you
I must not go further than that
Nor have other joy than to love you,
What more joy than to see you
If you understood what I saw?
For no one who understood

Would tire of contemplating you.
 And if he could not understand you
 As I didn't understand you,
 He would be beside himself
 If not dead for seeing you.
 If my pen praised others
 It only tried
 It was only a rough draft
 To help me express you.
 And if before I loved you
 I wrote for another
 It was not because I saw her
 But because I was waiting to see you.
 Nature proved herself in you
 So subtle and skillful
 That just one of your qualities
 Would make one hundred thousand pretty.
 She who resembles you
 In the least, can't help but
 Go further,
 Nor he who sees you, help loving you.
 Who sees you as God made you
 And sees another pretty thing
 Seems to see another thing
 That tries to imitate you.
 But if he sees you as you are
 As I have seen you, lady
 There is no comparison
 And no joy, but in seeing you.

This was not the only one Arsileo sang that night
 to the sound of his harp, but like Orpheus, when he
 wished to soften the infernal furies for the sake of his
 nymph, Euridyce, holding in abeyance the woes of the damned,
 so did the unfortunate youth Arsileo suspend and soften

not only the hearts of those there, but also that of the wretched Belisa, who, from a high balcony in my room, heard it attentively. And so he pleased the heavens, the stars, and the clear moon, who was in her full vigor and force, so that wherever I cast my eyes, all seemed to advise me to love him more than myself. But it was not necessary for anyone to advise me, for if I were then mistress of all the world, I would still think myself unworthy of him. And from then on, I decided to hide my feelings as little as possible. I spent the whole night thinking how I might disclose my grief to him, in a way that would **not** jeopardize my modesty, and if I couldn't, then death would not stop me. **And when it must come, occasion takes great care to remove the means to impede it.** The next day I had to go with other maidens, my friends, to a dense wood, in the midst of which was a clear fountain where we took our cows most afternoons, so they could pasture, the cool and delicious evening having come, we would take the milk with which butter, cheese, and cream would be made the next day. My companions and I were seated around the spring, and our cows lay in the shade of the thick and rustic trees in the grove, licking the little calves that stretched near them, when one of my friends, unaware of the love that battled within me, begged me, under pain of being forever unpleasant, that I **make good use of the time and entertain them by singing a song.** My excuses were to no avail, nor was it enough to tell them that the time and the place were not favorable for doing what they insisted on, and to the sound of a sampogna that one of them began to play, I sad one, began to sing these verses:

Love passed by with his bow unsheathed
His eyes cast down, mild and modest,
He carelessly left me behind.

How little time I had to enjoy!
 Fortune, envious, then said,
 "Stay, love, why leave so soon?"

Quickly the blind boy returned
 Angry at being reprimanded,
 For there's no punishment where his fire is.

Love was blind, but he saw me well enough
 So blind I saw him, who sees no one,
 And so he blinded my soul and sense.

I saw myself avenged by one who wants
 So much harm to come to all and spares
 Not one heart to be free.

The traitor quickly armed his bow
 He didn't shoot me with a poisoned dart
 But with his burning arrow.

Fortune came upon me unarmed
 For love never performs his deed
 Except on those free from care.

With an arrow he pierced a hard heart
 He broke an unsubjected liberty
 I was left defeated, and he satisfied.

Alas, free life, solitary and peaceful!
 Alas, meadow seen with such free eyes!
 A curse on love, his arrow, and his bow!

Follow love, follow his caprices,
 I went from no cares to many,
 From one great peace to a thousand cares.

See how he leaves a careful heart
That recently did not suspect
It would be subjected to a tyrant.

Alas, my soul, undone by tears!
Learn to suffer, as you learned to look;
But if fortune wills, to what avail?

Alas, sad eyes, if they be called sad
It doesn't offend him
Where's my liberty, where did you put it?

Alas, meadows, woods, groves which bred
So free a heart as mine was.
Why didn't you prevent this sorrow?

Alas, swift stream and clear river!
Where my flock drinks
Winter, spring, autumn, summer,

Say, why have you put me in such a state?
For only in you did I put my love
And in this pleasant valley and green meadow.

Here I mocked a thousand shepherds
Who will mock me when they learn
That I've begun to feel their pain.

It's not the pains of love that wound me
If it were only love, I'd do
What a thousand others did who died of love.

It's fortune who afflicts and deflects
The means, the roads, the chance
To show my sorrow.

How can the cause of my passion
 Be remedied, if he knows not of them?
 But in no love are injustices lacking.

Fortune brings so much grief to those in love
 Yet there's no one to trouble her
 Neither sea, nor earth, moon, sun, or stars.

Nothing pleases her like those in love;
 It's all like this, and so was I, poor me,
 Whom time hinders and persuades.

Cease now my verse, it angers love,
 To hear how soon I complain to him,
 And so soon ask a medicine for my ills.

Complain, but it must be from time to time
 Now hold your peace, seeing me quiet,
 And when you see love grow angry
 Cease, there's no point in angering him.

The nymphs and shepherds were pleased with the verses of the shepherdess Belisa, who, with many tears proceeded with the tale of her misfortune, "Arsileo was not far from there when I sang these verses, having gone hunting that day and spending the afternoon in the thickest part of the wood, he heard us, and since he was fond of music, he came step by step through a thicket near the spring in order to hear us better. Our music having ceased, he approached the spring, a thing that startled me. Which is not to be marvelled at, because an enamored heart is startled alike by a sudden happiness as with an unexpected sadness. He came to where we sat and greeted us with all due courtesy and with the best manners that can be imagined, for truly, fair nymphs, when I stop to think about the wisdom, charm, and gentleness of the luckless Arsileo, it does ~~not seem~~

that his fate and my fortune would allow the death that snatched him so quickly from my eyes, but rather that the world did not deserve a youth upon whom nature doted and gave so many good traits to. After, as I said, he greeted us, and having taken our leave, he courteously asked permission to spend the afternoon in our company, he cast his eyes on me, which he should not have, and was so taken by my love as was evident later in the signs by which he showed his ill. Wretched me, for all I had to do was to see him to love him, so taken was I by his love before I saw him as he was after having seen me. But with all this, I lifted my eyes to look at him, at the same time he lifted his to look at me, a thing neither of us should have done; I because shame punished me, and fear did not leave him unpunished. And to hide his new grief, he began to speak to me about things entirely different from what he wanted to say. I answered a few of them, but I was more intent in seeing if he showed signs of love in his expression or in the softness of his words, than in answering his questions. I wanted to see him sigh to confirm my suspicions, as though I did not love him more than myself. And in the end, I did not want any expression to go unnoticed. So what his tongue could not tell me, his eyes gave me to understand. While this was going on, the two shepherdesses who were with me got up to milk their cows; I asked them to do my share because I was not feeling well. And it was not necessary to ask them more than once or to give Arsileo a better chance to reveal his grief to me; and I do not know if he was fooled, thinking that I wanted to be alone, but I know that he took advantage of it. The shepherdesses were busy with their cows, tying their little calves by their feet, allowing them to be deceived by human industry. Like Arsileo newly taken by love allowed himself to be bound so that nothing but a speedy death could grant him his liberty. I saw clearly that four or five times he had started to speak in vain, because his fear of displeasing me stood in his way, so he spoke of other things not so far from his

intentions that he could not help but tell me what he wanted to. And so I told him, "Arsileo, how do you find it here, compared to where you were, were the entertainments and conversations different? You must feel strange here."

He answered, "I have not enough power of liberty or understanding to answer your question."

And changing the subject, paving the road with opportunity, I retorted saying, "They tell me that there are very fair shepherdesses in these parts, and if that is so, how ugly the ones here must seem!"

"I would not know about that," replied Arsileo, "If I confess that the ones there are as fair as they have told you, then the ones here surpass them."

"Flattery is the same all over," I said, half laughing, "but aside from that, I am not sorry your opinion favors the women of this country since I am one of them."

Arsileo replied, "And that would be enough reason, if there were no other, to say what I shall tell you."

So that, word by word, he told me what I wanted to hear, though I pretended not to understand, but first I begged him to hold his train of thought. But fearful that those words might cause love to cool, as it often happens that unfavorable circumstances at the beginning of a love hold back the thoughts of those who might love well, I modified the harshness of my reply, saying, "If love were so, oh, Arsileo, that it would not allow you to stop loving me, keep it a secret, because men as wise as you silence things that might cause less unhappiness. And I am not saying this because in one way or another it will be to your advantage, and I will remain obliged to you, if you take my advice."

My tongue spoke thus, but the eyes I saw him with spoke otherwise, along with a sigh that, without my leave gave witness to what I felt, and Arsileo understood it well enough, if love would let him. Thus we departed. And

afterwards he spoke to me many times and wrote me many letters and I saw many sonnets written by him and many times he told me, singing to the sound of his harp, and I, weeping, heard him. Finally, each of us was sure of the other's love. At the same time his father Arsenio pestered me with his messages and gifts so that I did not know how to defend myself from him. And it was the strangest thing to see how, as love increased in the son, so it extended in the father, though they were of different natures. But this did not give me cause to disfavor him, or to keep me from receiving his gifts. So while I was living in all possible happiness, seeing myself so truly loved by Arsileo, whom I loved so, it seems that fortune decided to put an end to my love in the most wretched way that has ever happened. And it happened thus, I, having arranged to talk to Arsileo one night, night was good for me, (for I never knew from that moment on what day meant) we arranged for him to enter through my father's orchard, and I would be by one of my chamber windows which faced a mulberry tree, which he could climb so as to be closer, and we could talk; alas! wretch that I am, for I can't begin to imagine to what purpose I put him in danger, because every day, now in the field, now by the river, now in the thicket, bringing my cows there, now when I brought them back to the fold, he could have talked to me, as he did most days. My misfortune was the cause for fortune to repay me for the happiness it had given me so far, by letting me live the rest of my life without him. The agreed upon time and the end of his days and the beginning of my distress having come, Arsileo arrived at the appointed time and place, the two of us conversing about what one who has been in love can imagine, when his wretched father Arsenio, used to making the rounds of my street, which even if I remembered my misfortune would have removed from my memory, for I would not have put him in such danger; but I forgot; it was the same as if I had not known.

It happened he managed to come by at that time so we neither heard nor saw him, but he saw us, and recognized me at the window, but did not realize his son was in the mulberry tree, nor did he have any idea who it was, and this was the worst part of this awful event. And he was so angry, that without thinking, he went home, got his crossbow, and loading it with an arrow full of a poisoned herb, he returned to where we stood and aimed it at his son, not knowing who he was. The arrow pierced his heart and dying, he fell from the tree saying, "Alas, Belisa, how little time fortune has given me to serve you as I had wished!" And he hardly had time to say even that. The wretched father, who realized with these words that he had murdered Arsileo, his son, said in a despairing voice, "Wretched me, if you are my son Arsileo, for you seem to be no other judging from your voice." And he came to him and saw his face in the moonlight and found him dead, saying, "Oh, cruel Belisa, since the luckless son has been killed by me on your account, it is not just that the unfortunate father live." And taking out his sword, he thrust it into his heart and died immediately. Oh, wretched state! Oh, thing never heard or seen! Oh, what a scandal to the ears that hear my wretched tale! Oh, unfortunate Belisa, that your eyes should see this and not take the same way out the father and son took for your sake. It would not be unseemly for your blood to mingle with that of those who wished to serve you. When I, wretch, saw this luckless mishap, without thinking, like a senseless woman, I fled from my father's house and came to this sad place, wearying the heavens with my complaints and filling the air with sighs, lamenting my fortune, cursing death, who had so quickly shown me how to suffer its stings, so I have been here six months not having seen or spoken to anyone and not trying to."

The sad Belisa, having finished telling her sad tale, began to cry so bitterly that everyone there could not help but cry.

And continuing, she said, "This, fair nymphs, is the sad story of my love and its wretched outcome; see if this is a grief that time can heal! Alas, Arsileo, how often I feared without knowing what it was I feared, but she who won't believe her fears, should not be surprised to see what she fears, for I knew well enough that you could not help but meet and that my happiness would last only until your father found out about our love. I pray to God the worst I could have done was to leave you, for that grief can be cured by time and can be borne with a little suffering. Alas, Arsenio, may the death of your son not keep me from grieving yours, for the constant love you showed me, for the goodness and purity you loved me with, the sleepless nights you passed for my sake, I can do no less than to grieve your disastrous end; for by now I would have been married to you, if your son had not come! To say I did not love you would be to deceive everyone into believing there is no woman who, knowing she is truly loved, does not love little or much, though in a different way. Alas, my tongue, peace, for you have told more than what was asked! Oh, fair nymphs; forgive me if I have annoyed you, for a misfortune as great as mine cannot be expressed with words."

While the shepherdess was relating what you have heard, Sireno, Sylvano, Selvagia, and the fair Felismena and even the three nymphs could not listen without shedding tears, although the nymphs, who had never felt love, felt its griefs, like real women, if not its effects.⁴ The fair Dórica, seeing that the disconsolate shepherdess could not stop her bitter weeping, said to her, "Let your tears cease, fair Belisa, and know that two eyes are not enough to cry for such a sad grief. But, what pain is there that does not come to an end or put an end to he who suffers it? And do

not think I am so mad that I want to console you, but I can show you the way so you may at least alleviate your sorrows. And to this end I beg you to come with us, for it is not right that you waste your life, for where we will take you, you can choose to live as you wish, and no one there will hinder you."

The shepherdess replied, "I thought this a suitable place to bemoan my grief and to end my life; which, if time does not treat me worse than it has, cannot last much longer. But if this is your will, I will not go against it, and from this day forward, fair nymphs, my will is yours."

They were all grateful that she had agreed to go with them. And because it was already three in the morning, although the moon was so bright it seemed like day, they ate what was in the shepherds' satchels, and having eaten, each one chose a suitable spot in which to spend the remainder of the night. Which, the ones in love spent with more tears than with sleep, and the ones who were not rested from the weariness of the day.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK OF DIANA

NOTES TO BOOK III

¹Diana again evoked as a paragon of beauty.

²Belisa is bent on self-punishment. She makes it clear that the only reason she tells her story is because it increases her pain.

³Belisa is a "noble" shepherdess.

⁴The nymphs can never know love, but they can perceive its effects.

BOOK IV

Now the morning star began to give forth its usual brightness and with its light the sweet nightingales sent their soft songs skyward, when the three nymphs, along with their enamored company, left the island where Belisa spent her sad life, who even though she was offered more consolation that the shepherdesses and shepherds who were in love, was still compelled by her grief, and found no way to keep from feeling it. Each shepherd told her of his grief; the shepherdesses told her of their loves to see if it would ease her sorrow. But in an ill that has no cure, all comfort is useless. The disguised lady took such delight in Belisa's beauty and charm she could not ask her enough questions, though Belisa was tired of answering them. Such was the conversation between the two, it almost caused envy in the shepherds and shepherdesses. But they had not gone far when they came to a dense wood, so full of thick and wild trees, had they not been guided by the three nymphs, they could not have helped but gotten lost. They proceeded through a path so narrow that two abreast could not go through it. And having gone half a league through the thick of the wood, they came out onto a large and spacious plain between two powerful rivers, each surrounded by tall and green groves. In the middle of it was a great palace composed of such tall and lofty buildings it was a joy for them to see, because the turrets that could be seen above the tree-tops shone with such splendor they seemed to be made of fine crystal. Before they arrived at the great palace, they saw many nymphs come out of there whose beauty would be impossible to describe. They were all dressed in white robes, very delicate, subtly woven with silver and gold, with wreaths of flowers atop their loose hair. Behind them came a lady, who, judging by her stateliness and

grandeur of her person seemed to be a lady to be respected, dressed in black satin, leaning on the fairest nymph. When our nymphs got there, they were welcomed by the others with much joy and with many embraces. When the lady arrived, the three nymphs humbly kissed her hands, and she welcomed them, showing how happy she was at their arrival. And before the nymphs could say a word about what had happened, the sage Felicia, for such was the lady's name, said to Felismena, "Fair shepherdess, for what you have done for these three nymphs, I cannot repay you with less than to be always obliged to be in your favor which will not be little, according to your need, because I, without being told, know who you are and where your thoughts lead you, as well as what has happened until now, so you understand that I can do anything for you. Have a firm faith that as long as I live, you will see what you desire, and although you have had much travail, nothing can be had without it."¹

The fair Felismena was amazed at Felicia's words and wishing to thank her for the promise they held, she replied, "Wise lady, you must ultimately by my remedy, since as for me, there is no worthiness where the mercy you think to do me will fit, only turn your eyes toward yourself and I will remain without a debt, and you well rewarded."

"Because you so deserve it," said Felicia, and because of the extreme beauty nature has given you, all I could do for you would still not be enough."

The lady bent over to kiss her hands and Felicia embraced her lovingly, and turning to the shepherds and shepherdesses, she said, "Spirited shepherds and wise shepherdesses, be not dismayed for having perservered in your griefs, for I am in charge of remedying them."

The shepherdesses and shepherds kissed her hands and together they went into the sumptuous palace, in front of which was a big square surrounded by tall cypresses, all in a row, and the entire square was inlaid with slabs of

alabaster and black marble, in checkerboard fashion. In the middle of it was a jasper fountain resting on four huge bronze lions. In the middle of the fountain was a jasper column, on top of which were seated four white marble nymphs. Their arms were raised and in their hands were vases in the Roman style. On these were lions from whose mouths water spilled. The portal of the palace was made of marble, the columns had bases and capitals of gold, as were the garments of the images on them. The entire palace was made of shining jasper with many battlements, and on them were statues, some of them of Roman emperors and matrons and other ancient figures. Each window had two arches, with locks and hinges of silver, all the doors were cedar. The palace was square, and each corner had a tall and artistic tower. Having come to the door, they paused to admire its strange workmanship and the images on it, for it seemed more like a work of nature than a work of human industry, among which were two silver nymphs on top of the capitals, and each one held one end of a copper tablet inscribed with gold letters which read:

Who enters, see how he has lived
 And if he has guarded his gift of chastity
 And he who loves true or has loved
 See if he has changed for another's sake
 If his first faith has not been abandoned
 And he has been true to his first love
 He may enter Diana's temple
 Whose virtue and charm is superhuman.²

When the fair Felismena read this, she said to the shepherdesses Belisa and Selvagia, "We can be assured of being able to enter this sumptuous palace without breaking the laws stated on the notice!"

Sireno interrupted saying, "The fair Diana could not, for she has acted against them and against those of true love."

Felicia said, "Do not be distressed, shepherd, because before long, you will be surprised that the matter distressed you."

And holding hands, they entered into the sage Felicia's chamber, which was very richly decorated with gold and silk hangings of great value. And after they entered, dinner was prepared, the tables were set, and each one sat down **at his appointed place; with Felismena beside the great sage**, and the nymphs sat the shepherds and shepherdesses among them and their conversation was extremely pleasant. The rich tables were of fine cedar and the chairs of marble with brocade seats, the plates and goblets were in many shapes and all of great value, some of skillfully cut glass, others of fine crystal with stems and feet of gold, others of silver set with valuable stones. They were generously served so many kinds of food it is impossible to relate. When they got up from the table, the three nymphs went into a room, and one took a lute, another a harp, and the other a psalter. They all came playing their instruments with so much melody and harmony that those present were transfixed. They placed themselves on one side of the room, and the two shepherds and the shepherdesses, asked by the three nymphs and beseeched by the sage Felicia, placed themselves on the other side with their rabeles and a sampogna which Selvagia sweetly played; and the nymphs began to sing this song and the shepherds answered them in the manner you will hear:

NYMPHS

Love and fortune
 Authors of travail and mishaps
 They place affections
 Higher than the moon
 And other passions in this extreme

SHEPHERDS

Nor is he less fortunate
 Who never suffered from love
 Than he who is most in love
 And not receiving favors
 Because they who suffer most are the best.³

NYMPHS

If love's griefs were not
 Contrary to reason, as we see it,
 Perhaps you might think us lucky
 Having seen its extremes
 And having escaped from them.

SHEPHERDS

The hardest deeds
 Are done by those with spirit
 And difficult deeds
 By those endowed with power.
 It is no honor to accomplish small deeds.

NYMPHS

One in love well sees
 That cruel love's not in deeds
 Nor in forced spirit
 But it is in torment
 Where those who suffer most, are most content.

SHEPHERDS

If some hapiness
 Is given us from love's anguish
 His thoughts are not bad
 Who offers himself to its passion
 For he who suffers most is best.

NYMPHS

The happiest state
 In which love places whoever loves well
 Brings care in the end
 Be it in lover or lady
 It kindles a secret, live flame.

And the most favored
 In a moment is not what he used to be
 For disfavor and forgetfulness,
 Of whom he once feared not,
 Puts an end to his happiness.

SHEPHERDS

Falling from a good state
 Is a grave and bothersome grief
 But love's not to blame
 The blame is fortune's⁴
 Who makes exceptions for no one.

If love promises life
 This death we are placed in is unjust
 But if it is a known death,
 No error is committed
 For in the end, it gives us what it promised

NYMPHS

Fierce love is forgiven
 By those who are most subjected to it
 And they blame the rest
 But from these two states
 Anyone would choose to be blamed.

SHEPHERDS

The free and the captive
 Each speak their language
 You will see the dead, the live,
 Beloved or disdained
 Each one speaking according to his state.

The sage Felicia and the shepherdess Felismena were attentive to the nymph's and shepherd's music and to the opinions each of them showed.

And smiling, Felicia whispered to Felismena, "Who would think, fair shepherdess, that most of these words would not touch our souls?"

And she charmingly replied, "They are such words that if one's soul is not touched, they cannot be as in love as I am."

Felicia, raising her voice then said, "In cases of love I have a rule that I have found to be true, and it is that to have a generous spirit and a refined understanding is a great advantage to those who love truly. Because since love is a virtue, and virtue always finds a place in the best places, it follows that those who possess virtue will always be more in love than those who lack it."⁵

The shepherds and shepherdesses were sorry to hear what Felicia said and Sylvano thought her words should be answered, and so he said, "What does it mean, lady, to have a generous spirit and a refined understanding?"

Felicia, who knew why the shepherd had asked this question, so as not to make him unhappy said, "It is in nothing other than in man's own virtue, to possess a lively wit, thoughts inclined toward high things, and other virtues that he is born with."

"I am satisfied," said Sylvano, "and so must these shepherds be, because we thought, oh wise Felicia, that by virtue and worth you meant qualities beyond personal ones. I say this because he who lacks nature's gifts and seeks them in his past history is unfortunate."⁶

All the shepherdesses and shepherds were very happy with Sylvano's reply and the nymphs laughed to see how the shepherds had fled from the sage Felicia's proposition, who, taking Felismena by the hand, took her alone into a chamber, where her quarters were. And after having gone over many things with her, she gave her the greatest hope of obtaining her desire and the virtuous end of her love in having Don Felis as her husband. Although she told her that this could not happen unless she first passed through some trials, which the lady considered to be little in view of the guerdon which awaited her. Felicia told her she should remove her shepherdess' clothes until it was time to wear them again; and calling three nymphs who had accompanied her, she had them dress her in her natural clothes. The nymphs were not slow to do this, nor did Felismena disobey Felicia's command. And taking her by the hand, they went into a dressing room, on one side of which was a door, and the fair Dórida opening it, they descended an alabaster staircase to a beautiful room, in the middle of which was a pool of clearest water where the rest of the nymphs were bathing. And disrobing, they as well as Felismena bathed and afterwards combed their fair hair and then ascended to the sage Felicia's dressing room, where, after the nymphs had gotten dressed, they themselves dressed Felismena in a fine scarlet dress and petticoat embroidered with gold braid and pearls, with a sash and

and sleeves of spun silver. On the dress and petticoat were scattered gold plumes at the tips of which hung very large pearls. And putting up her hair in a scarlet band, they tied it around her head, placing it under a coif of delicate gold netting, and in every corner of the net was a rare ruby in a skillful setting; on the two locks of hair that adorned her clear forehead were placed two jewels encrusted with beautiful emeralds and sapphires of great price. And from each jewel hung three oriental pearls fashioned like acorns. The earrings were two emerald ships with crystal sails. On her neck they placed a necklace of fine gold fashioned like a coiled snake with an eagle in its mouth holding a priceless ruby in its claws. When the three nymphs saw her thus, they were amazed at her beauty, then they left the room with her, where the other nymphs and shepherds were, and because until then they thought she was a shepherdess,⁷ they were so amazed that they did not know what to say. The sage Felicia ordered her nymphs to take the fair Felismena and her company to see the palace and the temple, which was done, and the sage Felicia remained in her chamber. Polydora and Cinthia taking Felismena between them, and the other nymphs taking the shepherds and shepherdesses, who were esteemed by them for their wisdom, they went out into a large courtyard whose arches and columns were made of jasper, and the bases and capitals were of alabaster with foliage in the Roman style, some of it gilded; the walls were mosaic, the columns sat on copper lions, lynxes, and tigers which were so realistic they seemed they would attack those who entered. In the middle of the courtyard stood an octagonal bronze pillar ten cubits tall, on top of which was a fully armed statue of fierce Mars, in the ancient style, whom the Pagans called their God of war.⁸ On one side of this pillar stood the proud Roman squadrons, on the other the Carthaginians, in front of one stood the courageous Hannibal, and on the

other the valiant Scipiuos Africanus, whom, before his years proved to be an example of virtue and strength. On another side was the great Marcus Furius Camillus, fighting high up on the Capitoline for the liberty of his country, from which he himself had been exiled. There was Horace, Mutius Scevola, the happy consul Marcus Varro, Caesar, Pompei, and Alexander the Great and all those who accomplished mighty feats in arms, and their names were proclaimed on inscriptions that told their names and the deed that distinguished them. A little above them stood a fully armed knight with a bare sword in his hand and many Moors' heads at his feet, with an inscription that read:

I am the Cid, honor of Spain
 If anyone could have been more
 Let him judge by my deeds.

On the other side was another Spanish knight, armed in the same fashion, with his visor lifted and his inscription read:

I was the first Count of Castille
 Fernán González, noble and distinguished,
 I am the honor and glory of the Spanish throne
 For I have exalted it through my deeds.
 Fame can tell you of my virtue
 For she has seen my noble deeds
 And has judged then
 Worthy to be part of Castilian history.

Next to him was another knight of great disposition and force, as his appearance showed, armed in white, and scattered throughout his arms were many lions and castles, and in his face was a certain ferocity; it almost instilled fear in those who looked at it, and the inscription read as follows:

I am Bernardo del Carpio
 The terror of pagans
 The honor and glory of Christians
 For I show my force
 By my deeds.
 Fame, be not silent
 In telling of my singular deeds
 And if you should be silenced,
 Ask them at Roncesvalles
 For I was one of the Twelve Peers.

On the other side stood a valiant captain, armed in
 gold, with six red bands gules in the middle of his shield
 and on the other side many captains and a captive king
 held by a chain, whose inscription read in this manner:

My great deeds shall be seen
 By those who do not know of them
 I have deserved only
 The name the "Great Captain".

And I had such renown
 In our own lands and foreign ones
 That my deeds
 Are more important than my name.

Next to the valiant Captain stood a knight, in white
 armor, with many stars scattered through his arms, and on
 the other side was a king with three fleur-d-lis on his
 shield, who was tearing some documents, with an inscription
 that read:

I am Fonseca, whose story
 Is so well known in Europe
 That, though my life is over
 My memory survives.

I served my king
 I loved my country
 Fear did not keep me
 From preserving the duty
 A servant owes his master.

On the other side of the pillar stood an armed knight, scattered through his arms were many small gold shields, who, by the nobility of his aspect gave one to understand that he descended from noble blood. His eyes were cast upon many other knights from his ancient lineage; the inscription at his feet read thus:

I am called don Luis de Vilanova,
 A descendant of the great Marquis of Trans
 My ancient lineage, renowned worth
 Is known in France, Italy, and Spain
 Bicorbe, ancient house, is the state
 That fortune has given
 To a heart so noble and peerless
 That to rule the world would be little.

After having looked at the pillar, at these and many other knights that were carved on it, they entered into a rich hall,⁹ the ceiling of which was all of ivory, marvelously wrought; the walls of alabaster were carved with many ancient histories, done so realistically it seemed that Lucrecia had just killed herself and the crafty Medea was undoing her web on the island of Ithaca, that the illustrious Roman matron was offering herself up to the Parcae so as not to offend her honor with the sight of the horrible monster, and that Mausolus's wife was in great agony understanding that her husband's sepulcher would be counted among the seven wonders of the world. And many other stories and examples of chaste women whose fame was worthy to be

scattered throughout the world, not only because some of them had given a clear example of their chastity, but because others with their death gave witness to their purity, among which was the great Spaniard Coronel, who chose to throw herself into the fire rather than to give herself up to a dishonest appetite. After having seen each one of these statues and various histories that were on the wall of the hall, they entered an inner court, that, due to its richness, made all they had seen before it thin air by comparison, because all the walls were covered with fine gold and the floor was of precious stones, around this rich court were many statues of Spanish ladies and ladies from other nations and highest stood a life size statue of the goddess Diana, made of Corinthian metal, dressed in a huntress' garb encrusted with many stones and pearls of great price, with her bow in her hand and her quiver on her back, surrounded by nymphs fairer than the sun. The shepherds and shepherdesses were so amazed by the things they saw there they did not know what to say, because such was the richness of the house, the statues so real, the artifice of the court and the proportion of the ladies pictured there, that they could not imagine anything else in the world so perfect. On one side of the court were four big gold and enamel laurel trees, as real as any found in the field;¹⁰ and next to them, a small fountain of fine silver, in the middle of which stood a gold nymph with very clear water spouting from her fair breasts; and next to the fountain was seated the famous Orpheus, singing of the time when his Euridyce was sought after by the troublesome Aristaeus; he was dressed in a robe made of silver cloth, adorned with pearls; his sleeves reached only to the middle of his arms, which from there on were bare; he wore hose of the antique style, up to his knees, and made of silver cloth with gold harps scattered throughout them; his hair was long and golden, and on top of it he wore a beautiful laurel wreath. When the fair nymphs approached him, he began to play sweetly on a harp that was in his hands, so sweetly,

that those who heard it were so transfixed that no one remembered anything that had happened to him. Felismena sat on a brocade-covered dais and the nymphs and shepherdesses sat around her; the shepherds leaned on the clear fountain. In this manner they all heard the famous Orpheus at the time when he sang in the land of the Cyconians, when Cyparissus was turned into a cypress and Atis into a pine. Then the enamored Orpheus began to sing to the sound of the harp so sweetly that there's no describing it. And turning towards the fair Felismena, he began to sing the following verses:

ORPHEUS' SONG

Listen, oh Felismena, to Orpheus'
 Sweet song, whose love was so noble;
 Suspend your grief, Selvagia, while
 A lover conquered by love sings,
 Forget now, Belisa, your sad weeping;
 Hear a wretch, oh nymphs, who has lost
 His sight for looking, and you, shepherds,
 Leave your sad sighings a little.

I do not want to sing, nor would God want,
 The long history of my ills
 Or when I sang so that
 I moved the plants and animals;
 Or when I saw Pluto, and I should not have
 And I suspended infernal griefs,
 Or how I turned my head to see my lady
 The torment lives to this day.

But I will sing with voice sweet and pure
 The great perfection, the strange charm
 The being, valor, supernatural beauty
 Of those who illustriously grace Spain today.¹¹
 Behold, then, nymphs, the fairness

Of our great Diana and her company
 For there lies the end, there you shall see the sum
 Of what can be told by pen or tongue.

Lift your eyes, seeing her
 Who sits on the highest throne
 The scepter and the crown beside her
 On the other side, angry fortune
 This is the light of Spain and clear star
 In whose absence she is eclipsed
 Her name, oh nymphs, is Doña María
 Great Queen of Bohemia, Austria, and Hungary.

The other, near her, is Doña Joanna
 Princess of Portugal and Castille
 Infanta from whom insane fortune took
 Her scepter, crown and mighty throne
 And to whom death was so inhuman
 That even it marvels and is amazed
 To see how quickly it bloodied the hands
 Of she who was mirror and light of the Lusitanians.

Behold, nymphs, the great Doña María,
 Of Portugal, sovereign Infanta
 Whose beauty and charm climbs today
 Where human sight cannot reach;
 Behold, though fortune persists
 Her great virtue triumphs
 And neither fate, nor time nor death
 Can triumph over her goodness and virtue.

Those two who stand beside her
 Outshining the sun's spendor;
 With golden sleeves and dresses of brocade
 Encrusted with pearls and emeralds;

With air of fine gold, waved and curled,
 Loose and scattered upon their shoulders
 Are daughters of the Lusitanian Dauphin
 Duarte, virtuous and great Christian.

Those two duchesses distinguished
 By their light in our Spain
 You see there, so naturally depicted
 To perfection and strange charm,
 Are named de Najara and de Sessa
 Whose company Diana chooses
 For their goodness, virtue and beauty,
 Supernatural knowledge and wisdom.

Do you see virtue, seen nowhere else?
 Do you see unheard of perfection?
 Do you see such wisdom such as never was
 Embellished with fairness and charm?
 Do you see her who tames fortune
 And keeps her conquered with her might?
 Her name is Doña Leonor Manuel
 Of Lusitania, light that shines upon the world.

Doña Luisa Carillo who in Spain
 Has brightened the blood of Mendoza
 Whose beauty and charm captivates
 Love itself, who is overcome by love,
 She is the one who accompanies our goddess
 From whose sight she is never far
 A clear example of purity and beauty
 The mirror and clear light of our temple.

Do you see perfection so complete
 That even fame itself is envious?
 Do you see a beauty so founded
 On charm and wisdom

That reason obliges one to love her
 Because beauty is the least of her virtues?
 She is Doña Eufrasia de Guzman,
 Worthy of immortal fame and great renown.

That peregrine beauty
 Seen in none other but her,
 She bewilders and astounds every sense
 Love has no power to urge her with
 Dressed in crimson, and even clearer
 Than it is the color of her face
 She is named María of Aragon
 In whom fame will be busy from this day on.

Do you know who she is that Diana
 Points to with her hand?
 Who matches her in charm and wisdom
 And raises up all human wit
 To equal her in art, in being and delight
 Would be to work in vain?
 Doña Isabel Manríquez de Padilla
 Who conquers and amazed fierce Mars.

Doña María Manuel and Doña Joanna
 Osorio are the two you are looking at
 Whose superhuman beauty and grace
 Kills even love with love.
 And our goddess is very proud
 To see these two from your ranks
 To praise them for what they are is meet
 Fame and reason will care for them.

Those two renowned sisters
 Each one alone is matchless;
 Their beauty and charm second to none
 Today they are a sun that lights the world

They seem to be as lively drawn
 As she whose beauty I searched the depths;
 Doña Beatriz Sarmiento y Castro is one
 Along with her matchless sister.

The bright sun you see shining
 Spreading her beams here and there
 She who laughs at love's ills,
 Not fearing the bow, the quiver and arrows
 Whose divine face tells us
 More than I could in her priase,
 She is Doña Joanna of Carate,
 In whom we see the extremes of beauty and grace.

Doña Anna Osorio y Castro is worthy
 To be accompanied by virtue and charm
 Nor does she cease to be a beauty among beauties
 Or to be distinguished in all perfection;
 But her unhappy fate against her used
 A cruelty never seen nor heard
 Because her virtue, lineage and beauty
 Could not be matched by luck or fortune.

That fairness, adorned
 By pureness and superhuman charm
 Was chosen with cause and reason
 To be the honor and glory of Diana's temple,
 Always the conqueror, never the conquered
 Her name, oh nymphs, is Doña Juliana
 Niece of the great duke and constable
 Of whom I will not speak, fame will.

Behold, on the other side, the beauty
 Of the illustrious Valencian ladies
 Who from this day on my pen tries

To perpetuate their fame and excellence.
 Here, pure waters of the fountain Helicon
 Assist me, and you, Minerva, lend me art
 So I can sing who they are,
 There is nothing left to see, having seen them.

See the four shining stars
 Whose virtue is proclaimed by fame
 Descendants from three famous kingdoms
 And from the ancient house of Cardona;
 From one side excellent dukes
 On the other, the throne, scepter and crown
 Daughters of de Segorbe, whose fame
 From the Borea to the Austro to the Euro spills.

The light of the world, the flower of Spain
 The sum of beauty and fairness
 The royal heart which accompanies it
 The being, virtue, supernatural goodness
 A glance that upon seeing it belies
 That a creature could go so high
 Doña Anna de Aragon she is called
 Where love stopped and fame ceased.

Doña Beatriz, her sister, next to her
 You will see, if you can stand such splendor
 Whom I cannot praise for she is unique,
 I am sure to fall short;
 The painter who did so much for her
 Still could not praise her enough
 Where human understanding cannot reach
 To try my slim genius is in vain.

I should like to show you Doña Francisca d'Aragon
 But she is always hidden;
 Her sovereign sight is such
 That he who sees her cannot live;
 Thus she is not seen. Oh, who could show
 Us the light that outshines the world!
 Because the painter who did so much for her
 Still fell short of doing it.

You are looking at Doña Madalena,
 Sister of the three I have shown you,
 Look well, you will see she captures
 Whoever looks and drops his guard;
 Her great beauty threatens
 And fierce love arms his bow
 For one cannot even look
 And not be conquered or killed in battle.

Those two lights who stubbornly
 Show their beams here and there
 Making illustrious and distinguished
 The excellent House of Gaunt;
 Their beauty and fortune rise to this day
 Now more than ever making one think
 Who can see Margarita or Madalena
 Who fears not love, its awful grief?

Would you like to see, fair nymphs,
 A thing to bewilder your wit?
 Behold a nymph fairer than the sun,
 No matter who you are, you will never guess;
 The name of this famous fair phoenix,
 In Valencia she is Doña Catalina Milan
 Throughout the world she is called
 The wisest, fairest, and most distinguished.

Lift your eyes to see before
 The powerful river and its bank
 The excellent Doña Maria Pexon y Conoguera
 Combing her hair;
 Whose beauty and charm is obvious
 And in wisdom is first and foremost.
 Behold the eyes, clear face
 And here you can stop your search.

The two you see who surpass
 All wisdom and understanding
 And are distinguished among the fairest
 Are two peers and peerless;
 The eyes that see them are subdued
 None who see them are exempt;
 What can he say who attempts to praise
 The two Beatrices, Vique and Fenollete!

At the time when Diana placed herself there
 With her divine and excellent face
 A morning star came out one day
 In May, serene and shining;
 Her eyes kill and her glance heals,
 Love there unsheaths his flaming arrow
 Her beauty speaks and proclaims
 Her to be the unique and matchless Ana Vique.

Turn nymphs, you will see Doña Theodora
 Carroz, whom time makes queen and mistress
 Of virtue and beauty
 Of all wisdom and pure charm;
 You will fall in love with her
 But nothing in you allows you
 To be so daring as to
 Place her in your thoughts.

Doña Angela de Borgia is meditating
 You see, shepherds, on Diana,
 And gazing upon the great goddess she sees
 Charm and sovereign beauty;
 Cupid is crying at her feet
 And the fair nymph is proud
 To see conquered before her
 That feared and powerful tyrant.

From the illustrious stock of Canoguera
 Came forth a pure and lovely flower
 It being the springtime of her age
 No one equals her in beauty;
 She is heir to her excellent mother
 In all that nature could bestow
 And so Doña Heironyma has reached
 The highest degree of charm and wisdom.

Would you remain, oh nymphs, in awe
 To see what fortune gave no other?
 Would you see virtue, knowledge,
 Goodness and beauty in extreme?
 Behold, Doña Veronica Marradas
 To see her is to be assured
 That all abounds and nothing lacks
 Except that no one deserves her.

Doña Luisa Penarroja we see
 In beauty and grace more than human
 In every part she reaches the extreme
 And wins over all beauty;
 Cruel love does not want to see her
 Who sees her once but not again will not heal
 And after seeing her the cruel fire
 Returns with all her strength and force.

I see, nymphs, you are looking at
 The one I continuously gaze upon
 Your eyes perforce must go to her
 She robs even the glance of love himself;
 Behold the beauty in her
 Beware you not be blinded
 Seeing Joanna de Cardona, star
 For even love is conquered by her.

That unexpected beauty
 You see, if seeing her is fitting to us;
 She whose state was such
 She fears not fortune, time or circumstance
 That elevated wisdom
 She who is my Muse and my Parnassus
 Joanna Anna is Catalan, sum and total
 Of all those I praise.

Near her is a pure example
 Of virtue exalted and superlative
 A gentle disposition, a fair face,
 Hair of gold, delicate neck;
 A glance that gladdens, light movement,
 Clear judgment and distinguished name,
 Doña Angela Fernando, to whom nature
 True to her name, gave beauty.

You shall see near her Doña Mariana
 No one is sure of equalling her;
 Behold her near her excellent sister
 In few years you will see much beauty.
 You shall see within her our proud age
 You shall see in a few years great prudence
 You shall see the two are sum and total
 Of what can be expressed by tongue and pen.

The two chosen Borgia sisters
 Hippólita and Ysabel, you see
 So adorned with charm and perfection
 They blind the sun with their splendor.
 Behold them and see how many lives
 Their beauty triumphs over
 Behold the eyes, face and hair
 That leaves gold far behind.

See Doña María Conoguera
 Today she is the wife of Catarroja
 Whose beauty and charm is such
 She conquers and enamors all;
 Her fame is resplendant throughout
 And her virtue extols her daily
 Since there is nothing left desired, seeing her
 Who would praise her without offending her?

Doña Ysabel de Borgia is foremost
 And last in all perfection
 Behold her charm, her being, her excellent
 Color, more lively than the rose;
 She is the fountain of virtue and charm
 Illustrious in our age;
 She leads the rest in her aspect
 The sum and total of charm and beauty.

She whose hair is scattered
 And tied behind with golden thread
 And that divine face
 Which captured many hearts;
 The neck of ivory, the fair eyes,
 Honest, lowered, green and wide
 Doña Joanna of Milan is her name
 Who arrests and keeps your gaze.

The one you see there in whom nature
 Showed her skill to be marvelous
 For one cannot go beyond her for beauty
 Nor can a fair one ask for more;
 Whose virtue, knowledge, and prudence
 Will elevate her fame in all things
 Doña Mencía Fenollete she is called
 Who conquers and subjects love.

The song of the famous Orpheus was so pleasant to Felismena's ears and to all who heard it, that it held them suspended, as though nothing had happened to them until then. Having carefully looked at the rich hall with all its rich things to see in it, the nymphs left through a door in the great hall and entered through another into a lovely garden, whose sight caused no less admiration than what they had already seen, among whose trees and beautiful flowers were many graves of nymphs and ladies who had, with much purity, preserved their chastity, as was the chaste goddess' due. All the graves were crowned with clinging ivy, some had sweet myrtle, others, green laurel. Besides these, in the garden were many alabaster fountains; other of jasper and metal, beneath arbors that extended their carefully trimmed branches among arches. The myrtle trees formed four walls with turrets and on top of the turrets could be seen jasmine and honeysuckle, very pleasing to the eye. In the middle of the garden was a black rock on top of four metal pillars and in the middle of it was a jasper tomb held by four alabaster nymphs; around it were many candlesticks of fine well-wrought silver, and in them burning tapers; around the chapel were statues of knights and ladies, some of metal, others of alabaster, others of jasper, and others of different materials. These figures showed such sadness in their faces that it touched the heart of the fair Felismena and all who stood looking at the tomb. Then, looking at it very carefully, they saw that at its base, on a metal tablet held by a figure

of death, was this epitaph:

Here lies [~]Doña Catalina
 Of Aragon y Sarmiento, whose fame
 Reaches the high heavens
 And flows from the Borea to the Austro;
 I killed her to avenge
 The many she killed as a lady;
 Here lies her body, in heaven her soul,
 For earth did not deserve her.

After having read the epitaph, they saw that high above the tomb was a black marble eagle, with a gold tablet in its claws, and on it, these verses:

What would become, oh death, of the high heavens
 Without the golden Apollo and his Diana;
 Without man or animal the lowly earth;
 Without north, the sailor in the raging sea;
 Without flower or grass the disconsolate meadow;
 Without dew the morning;
 Thus remain virtue and beauty
 Without her who lies in this tomb.

When they had read these two tablets, and Belisa understood by them who was the fair nymph buried there, and how much our Spain had lost losing her, remembering her Arsileo's untimely death, she could not help but say with many tears, "Alas, death! how far I am from thinking you can console me with other's griefs! It pains me to the utmost to know how short a time was enjoyed the great virtue and beauty they said this nymph possessed, for she was not in love, nor did anyone deserve her. If I thought otherwise, I would consider her luckier than I for having died than to be wretched, oh cruel death! How little you notice me, you took away all my happiness and you leave me to

miss it alone. Oh, my Arsileo, oh, unheard of wisdom, oh, firmest lover that has ever been seen; oh, clearest example of what nature's art could do! What eyes could bear to see you, what soul could stand to suffer your disastrous end? Oh, Arsenio, Arsenio, how short a time you suffered for the death of your luckless son, having more reason to suffer from it than I; Why cruel Arsenio, did you want me to witness two deaths, because to prevent the one that grieves me least I would give a thousand lives, if I had so many to give? Farewell, fortunate nymph, glory and honor of the royal house of Aragon, God grant joy to your soul and preserve mine from so many mishaps."

When Belisa finished saying these words, and after having seen many other richly carved tombs, they left through a hidden door in the garden into a green meadow, where they found the sage Felicia who was disporting herself alone and who welcomed them with a happy countenance. And since it was almost dinner time, they came to a large poplar grove, a place where the nymphs of the sumptuous temple often went for recreation. And sitting down in a small meadow, encircled by green willows, they began to converse with one another, each one talking about what made him happy. The sage Felicia called the shepherd Sireno and Felismena to her side. The nymph, Dórida, sat with Sylvano in a corner of the green meadow; and the two shepherdesses, Selvagia and Belisa, withdrew toward another part with the fairest nymphs Cinthia and Polydora; so that they were not all that far apart and yet could talk without disturbing one another.

Sireno, wishing that their talk and conversation conform to the time and place, and be suited to the person he was talking to, began, "It would not seem out of place, Lady Felicia, for me to ask something I have never been able to understand; and it is this: Those who seem to know something about it affirm that true love is born of reason; if this

is so, why is it that nothing in the world is as unruly or as difficult to control?"

Felicia replied, "As this question is beyond a shepherd's, so it would require more than a woman to respond to it; but with the little I know, it does not follow that because love has reason for his mother that he would allow himself to be confined or controlled by her.¹² You must suppose that after reason has engendered him, he will allow himself to be governed by her only a few times. And so in this way he is uncontrollable, and more often than not comes to harm the lover, and makes him lose his self-love, which is contrary to reason and the laws of nature. And that is why he is depicted as blind and devoid of all reason. And because his mother Venus' eyes are beautiful, so he desires the beautiful. He is depicted naked because true love can neither hide itself with reason nor cover itself with prudence. They draw him with wings because he very swiftly enters into the lover's soul; and the more perfect he is, the more he seeks the loved one with swiftness and self-alienation; that is why, as Euripides said, the lover lived in the body of the beloved. They also paint him arming his bow because he aims directly at the heart for his target and because love's wound is like the arrow that causes it; narrow at its entry but deep in the innermost places of the lover. This wound is difficult to see, hard to cure, and takes a long time to heal. So that, Sireno, even though perfect love is the child of reason, he is not governed by her because nothing after it is born resembles its place of origin less. Some say there is no difference between false love and the kind that is not, except that the one is governed by reason and the other does not allow himself to be governed by her, and they fool themselves, because excessiveness and impetuousness are no less a property of dishonest love than to honest love; but they are properties of all kinds of love, save that one increases virtue and the other increases vice. Who can deny that in

truly honest love that marvelous and excessive effects are found? Ask those, who, for love of God paid no attention to themselves and never gave a second thought to giving up their lives for Him, because they knew the reward was great compared to what they were giving up; then, how many have tried to do away with themselves and end their lives inflamed by love of virtue to attain glorious fame. It is a thing not to be explained by reason, which leads one to preserve one's life. But how many examples I could show you of those who gave up their lives and all their earthly goods for the love of friends! Putting aside this love, we return to the love of man for woman. You must know that the love a lover has for his lady, although it be inflamed with unbridled affection, is born of reason and of true knowledge and judgment, which judges the beloved worthy of being loved for her virtues alone; and that this kind of love, to my thinking, if I do not deceive myself, is not illicit or dishonest, because love of this nature aims to no other end than to love the person for himself, without other interests of hope of a reward. Thus I think I can answer what you have asked me concerning this matter."

Sireno then replied, "I am, wise lady, satisfied of what I wanted to understand, and so would I be because of your clear judgment of all I would know of you, although a higher understanding than mine is needed to perceive what your words entail."

Sylvano, who was talking to Polydora, said to her, "It is a strange thing, fair nymph, to see how a sad heart subjected to love's perils suffers, for the least it does is to remove our judgment, make us forget everything else and only remember it; a man becomes a stranger to himself and becomes his lover's. But, what can a luckless man do, seeing himself an enemy to pleasure, friend to solitude, full of passion, surrounded by fear, disturbed in his spirit, martyred by his senses, sustained by hope, wearied by thought, afflicted with discomfort, pierced with

jealousy, perpetually filled with sighs, sorrows and injuries which are never lacking him? And what surprises me most is that, this love, being so intolerable and extreme in its cruelty, the soul does not hope to be separated from it, nor does it try to be, but would rather consider anyone who would suggest separating an enemy."

"That may be so," said Polydora, "but I know very well that, for the most part, those who love have more words than passion."

"That is a sign," said Sylvano, "that since you cannot feel it you cannot believe it; and it is evident you have not been touched by its grief, and I hope to God you are not; because no one can believe the intensity and multitude of griefs that result from it; except he who suffers them. Do you think, fair nymph, that the lover, finding his reason constantly confused, his memory occupied, his fantasy enraptured, his sentiments excessively fatigued by love, can be free to feign passions, or to show other than what he feels? Do not fool yourself, for things are the opposite of what you think. See how I stand here for truly nothing in me can be governed by reason, or could anyone do so who is without his liberty as I am; because all corporeal subjections leave the will less free, but the first thing the subjection of love does is to take possession of it. And do you believe, shepherdess, someone who is treated thus will feign sighs and complaints? It is clear that you are free from love, as I was saying."

Polydora replied, "I know, Sylvano, that those who love receive many trials and afflictions as long as they do not get what they desire; but after having obtained their desired object, they return to rest and contentment. So that all the griefs they suffered came from their desire rather than from the love of what they desired."

"You speak well of griefs you have never experienced," said Sylvano, "because the love of those lovers whose sorrows

cease after having gotten what they desire does not proceed from reason, but from a lowly and dishonest appetite."

Selvagia, Belisa, and the fair Cinthia were discussing why during absence, more often than not, love cooled. Belisa could not imagine how anyone could be so disloyal, saying that her Arsileo having died and she being sure of never seeing him again, she loved him as much as when he lived, so how could it be possible, or tolerated, that someone who had hope at some time of seeing her lover forget him in absence?

The nymph Cinthia replied, "I could not, Belisa, answer you as the matter requires, it being a thing the wit of a nymph such as myself cannot hope to do. But it seems to me that when one removes himself from the presence of one whom he loves well, the memory of him remains in the eyes, which can only see what they desire. This memory is in charge of representing its contents to the understanding, and from thinking about the beloved, comes will, which is the soul's third power, which engenders desire, by means of which the absent one longs to see his beloved. So that all these effects derive from memory, which is like a fountain where the beginning of desire is born. You should know then, fair shepherdess, memory being a thing that, as it goes along loses its force and vigor, forgetting what the eyes gave it, the same thing happens to the other powers, which derive their force from it. In the same way that rivers would be diminished if the fountains from which they sprang cease to flow. And as this happens to the one who departs, it also happens to the one who remains.¹³ And to think, fair shepherdess, that time could not cure your grief, if you left the cure up to the sage Felicia, would be a great disillusion, because there is none to whom she does not give a remedy, especially to those in love."

The sage Felicia, who although she was somewhat apart from them, heard what Cinthia said, replied, "It would be no small bit of cruelty to put the cure of one who needs it in hands so huge as time's. For although in some cases, there is no remedy like it, for great ills, if there were no other

remedy besides it, they would waste so much time that their lives would be over before their ills.¹⁴ And because tomorrow I will think about a cure for the fair Felismena and her company, and the rays of golden Apollo are putting an end to their journey, it would be well for us to cease our conversation and go to my chambers, where I think supper awaits us."

And so they went into the great sage Felicia's house, where they found the tables set beneath green arbors in a garden of the palace. And having finished eating and taking leave of the sage Felicia, each one went into a room that had been prepared for him.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DIANA

NOTES ON BOOK IV

¹Felicia apparently not only knows what has happened without anyone telling her, but guarantees a happy ending.

²Chastity is a prerequisite to true love.

³This seems to sum up Montemayor's philosophy of love; it is purifying and ennobling process.

⁴Fortune is to blame if things go amiss in love. Love, as the shepherds will be told, although they seem to know already, is not based on reason.

⁵Here begins Felicia's Neoplatonic preaching.

⁶Sylvano is uncomfortable with Felicia's definition of nobility until she reassures him that it is inborn.
"Montemayor desconfía de cuanto sea nobleza heredada y defiende la personalidad adquirida en la vida." Estrada LXX

⁷Felismena had told her story to the nymphs while the shepherds went looking for food. They are not aware that she is a noble lady.

⁸Here begins a catalog of heroes.

⁹Here begins a catalog of chaste women.

¹⁰Art imitating nature.

¹¹Use of the traditional epic beginning. Orpheus will not sing of the past, but of the current ladies who graced the court in Montemayor's day.

¹²Felicia paraphrases León Ebreo's theory of love. See note Estrada, p. 194. She discusses the nature of love in general, not just the love of man for woman.

¹³A good explanation of why absence does not make the heart grow fonder.

¹⁴Felicia admits that time cannot cure all ills.

BOOK V

The next morning the sage Felicia arose and went to the room of Felismena, who had just gotten dressed, not with few tears, each hour she spent there seeming like a thousand years. And taking her by the hand, they left through a gallery above the garden where they had dined the night before, and having asked her the cause of her tears and comforting her with hope that her troubles would come to the end she desired, she said, "There is nothing in life more suited to taking it away from one who loves well than to remove all hopes for the cure of her griefs; because there is no hour, for one who loves this way that does not seem as long as her life seems short. And because it is my desire that you be fulfilled and after some travail obtain that repose that fortune has promised you, you will leave from your home here in the same dress in which you arrived when you defended my nymphs from what the fierce savages had in store for them. And understand that whenever you need my help and favor you will have it without having to ask for it; so that, fair Felismena, your departure is at hand and trust in God that your desire will come to a good end, because if I believed otherwise, you can be sure I would not lack other remedies to change your thoughts with, as I have done for the others."

Felismena received much happiness from the sage Felicia's words, to which she replied, "I do not know how, wise lady, to find the words to praise or the deed to repay the mercy I receive from you. May God grant me an opportunity to fulfill this desire. I will do as you wish, for only good can come from following the counsel you seem to be so good at giving."

The sage Felicia embraced her saying, "I hope to God, fair Felismena, to see you happier in this house than when you arrived. And because the two shepherds and shepherdesses

are waiting for us, it is time for me to give them the remedy they need."

And the two of them going out to a hall, found Sylvano and Sireno and Belisa and Selvagia awaiting them and the sage Felicia said to Felismena, "Fair lady, entertain your company until I return."

And going into a room, it was not long before she returned carrying two fine crystal goblets with enamelled gold stems, and approaching Sireno, she said, "Forgotten shepherd, if there were another remedy for your grief besides this, I would search for it with all possible diligence, but because now you cannot enjoy her who loved you without another's death, and that is only in God's hands, it is necessary that you receive another cure so you do not desire a thing impossible to obtain.¹ And you, fair Selvagia, and disdained Sylvano, take this goblet in which you will find a good remedy for the ill you suffered and the beginning of great contentment of which you have been forgetful."

And taking the goblet she held in her left hand she place it in Sireno's hand and ordered him to drink it, and Sireno did so and Selvagia and Sylvano both drank from the other; and at this point all three fell to the floor asleep, which alarmed Felismena not a little, and also the fair Belisa who was there, and to whom the sage Felicia said, "Do not be distressed, oh, Belisa, for I still hope to see you consoled as you have never been. And until fate tires of denying you the remedy that is so necessary for so great a grief, I would like you to remain in my company."

The shepherdess wanted to kiss her hands for this; Felicia would not allow it but lovingly embraced her instead. Felismena was frightened at the shepherds' sleep and said to Felicia, "It would seem to me, lady, that if the repose of these shepherds is in sleep, they are doing it so they will live the most rested creatures in the world."

Felicia replied, "Do not be alarmed because each kind of water they drank has the power so they will sleep as long as I wish and they will sleep and no one will be able to awaken them. And to see if this is so, try calling them."

Felismena approached Sylvano and pulling him by the arm, began to shout at him, which did her as much good as if she were shouting at a dead body, and the same thing happened with Sireno and Selvagia, so that Felismena marvelled at it. Felicia said, "You will have more to marvel at when they awaken because you will see the strangest thing you can imagine; and because I think the water should have done what it should, and I want to wake them up, pay attention because you will hear wonders."

And removing a book from her sleeve, she went to Sireno and touching his head with it, the shepherd got to his feet completely conscious and Felicia said to him, "Tell me, Sireno, if you should happen to see the fair Diana and her husband, the two of them as happy as possible in the world, laughing about the love you once had for her, what would you do?"

Sireno replied, "Certainly, lady, it would grieve me not, for I would help them laugh about my former madness."

Felicia asked, "And if by chance she was now single and wanted to marry Sylvano instead of you, what would you do?"

Sireno replied, "I myself would help to bring it about."

"What do you think," said Felicia to Felismena, "of water that can untie knots that perverse love ties?"

Felismena replied, "I never would have believed that human skill could accomplish this." And turning to Sireno she said, "What is this, Sireno? Have the tears and sighs with which you showed your grief ended so soon?"

Sireno replied, "Since the love has ended, it follows that what made me do is over."

Felismena resumed saying, "And is it possible, Sireno,

that you no longer love Diana?"

"I love her as much," said Sireno, "as I love you or any other person who has not offended me."²

And Felicia, seeing that Felismena was astonished at Sireno's sudden change, said, "With this medicine, I would, fair Felismena, cure your ill, as well as yours, shepherdess Felisa, if fortune did not have in store for you greater happiness than you can have by yourself. And so you may see how differently the medicine worked on Sylvano and Selvagia, it would be well to awaken them for they have slept enough."

And placing the book on Sylvano's head, he got up saying, "Oh, Selvagia, what madness placed my thoughts elsewhere after seeing you?"

"What is this," said Felicia, "having your thoughts so fixed upon your shepherdess Diana, you place them so quickly now upon Selvagia?"

Sylvano replied, "Wise lady, as the ship goes lost at sea without a safe port, so were my thoughts about Diana's love during the time I was in love with her, but now I have reached a port, where I pray to God I will be welcomed, as the love I bear her deserves."

Felismena remained as surprised at this second change she saw in Sylvano as at the first she had seen in Sireno, and she said to him, laughing, "Why do you not awaken Selvagia, for a sleeping shepherdess cannot hear your grief."

Sylvano, then pulling her arm, began to shout at her, "Wake up, fair Selvagia, for you have awakened my thoughts from the sleep of past ignorance. Happy me, for fortune has placed me in the best state that can be desired, "What is this? Do you not hear me? Do you hear me but do not care to answer? Look, the love I have for you cannot suffer to go unheard. Oh, Selvagia! Do not sleep so or allow your sleep to bring the death that will end my days."

And seeing that calling her was to no avail, he began to shed tears in such abundance that those present could not keep from helping him; but Felicia said, "Friend Sylvano, do not be troubled, for I will have Selvagia answer you as you wish."

And taking him by the hand, she took him into a room and said, "Do not leave until I call you." Then she returned to where Selvagia was, and touching her with the book, she woke up as the others had.

Felicia said to her, "Shepherdess, you sleep without a care."

Selvagia answered. "Lady, what of my Sylvano? Was he not here with me? Oh, God, who took him away from me? If only he would return!"

And Felicia said, "Listen, Selvagia, I think you are being silly; you should know that your beloved Alanio is at the door saying that he has travelled all over and has gotten lost looking for you and has permission from his father to marry you."

"That permission," said Selvagia, "will do him no good, because he does not have mine. But what of Sylvano? Where is he?"

When the shepherd Sylvano heard Selvagia, he could not keep from going into the room she was in and the two of them looked at each other lovingly and confirmed their love to be so great that only death could put an end to it, from which Sireno and Felismena and even the shepherdess Belisa did not derive little contentment.³ Felicia said to them, "It is time, shepherds and fair shepherdess, for you to return to your flocks with the understanding that my favor will never lacking you and that your loves will end in matrimony, with each joining his beloved. I will tell you when it is time, and you, fair Felismena, prepare for your departure for tomorrow it will be time for you to go."

With this all the nymphs entered through the door to the

hall, and they already knew of the cure the sage Felicia had used for the shepherds' ills, from which they received much pleasure, especially Dórida, Cinthia and Polydora, because they received the greatest contentment. The two new lovers could do nothing else but gaze at each other with such affection and tenderness as if they had been in love for a thousand years. And that day they were all very happy until the next, when in the morning the two shepherds and the shepherdess took their leave of the sage Felicia and of Felismena and Belisa, as well as of all the nymphs, and with much happiness returned to their village to which they arrived that same day. And the fair Felismena, who that day dressed in her shepherdess' clothes, taking leave of the sage Felicia and being very carefully told what to do, embraced her, and accompanied by all the nymphs, entered the great courtyard, and she embraced each of them in front of the gate, and went the way they directed her. And Felismena did not travel this road alone, for her thoughts would not allow her to, thinking about what the sage Felicia had told her, and on the other hand, considering the little luck she had had with love until then, she doubted her repose. She went along fighting these pessimistic thoughts, which, while they tired her, also entertained her so she did not feel the loneliness of the road. She had not gone far through a pleasant valley, when at noon, she saw a shepherd's hut among some ilexes near a wood, in the distance and spurred on by her hunger, she made toward it, also because the hot noon was approaching so that she would be forced to spend it under the trees. Arriving at the hut, she heard a shepherd say to a shepherdess who was seated near him, "Do not ask me, Amarílida, to sing, but understand why I must cry all the days that my soul does not leave these tired members, and although music increases the sorrow of the sad, as well as the happiness of the happy⁴ my grief is such that it can be neither diminished nor increased by human industry. Here is your sampogna, play and sing, shepherdess, for you do

it well because your heart is free and your will is exempt from love's subjugation."

The shepherdess replied, "Do not be niggardly, Arsileo, with what nature has given you with such a free hand, because she who requests it will repay you however you wish. Sing if you will, that song that Argasto petitioned you on behalf of Arsenio, your father, when you both served the fair shepherdess Belisa."

The shepherd replied, "It is a strange trait of yours, oh Amarílida, that you always ask me to do what least gives me pleasure. What can I do? Perforce I must please you and yet not by force, for he would be ill advised who would not serve you voluntarily. But you know my fortune pursues me wherever I try to seek relief; oh, Amarílida, seeing that I have cause to weep continually, how can you ask me to sing? Why would you take advantage of my grief? I pray to God you never come to feel my grief, for I would not have fortune teach you my grief at your cost. You know I lost Belisa, you know I live without hope of ever getting her back. Why do you ask me to sing? But I do not want you to think me discourteous, for it is not my duty to be so to a shepherdess whom we are obliged to please."

And taking a rabel that was near him, he began to play to please the shepherdess. Felismena, who was listening, heard very well what had passed between the shepherd and the shepherdess and realized they spoke of Arsenio and Arsileo, who served the shepherdess Belisa, and whom Belisa thought was dead, according to what Belisa had told her and the nymphs when they found her in the hut on the island; she thought she was seeing a vision or having a dream. And paying attention, she heard how the shepherd began to play the rabel so divinely it seemed like something from heaven; and having played a while, with a voice more angelic than human, he began to sing this song:

Alas, vain hopes, how many days
 I was a servant to deceit
 And how in vain my tired eyes
 With tears watered this valley!
 I have been paid by love and fortune
 They have paid, I do not know why I complain.

I must suffer great ills, that is why I complain
 My eyes were made to suffer
 The perils of love and fortune;
 What do I complain of? The deceit
 Of a cruel shepherdess of this valley
 Where to my grief I cast my sad eyes.

Yet I am beholden to my eyes
 Though I complain of their pain
 Because of them I saw in this valley
 The fairest thing I will ever see
 In all my days, and that is not deceit
 Ask it of love and fortune.

Though on the other hand fortune
 Time and chance, sad eyes
 Not being wary of deceit
 Caused this grief of which I complain
 So I think to end my sad days
 Singing of my passions to this valley.

If the river, grove, hill, meadow, valley,
 The earth, sky fate, fortune
 The hours, minutes, years, days,
 The soul, heart, also the eyes,
 Increase my pain when I complain
 Why do you say, shepherdess, I myself deceive?

I know I fooled myself, but it is no deceit
 Because I saw in this valley
 Your rare perfection, I never complain
 Except that it was wished by fortune
 To tell my tired eyes
 That remedy would come in days.

And they have passed, years, months, days,
 And this confidence surely deceives
 My eyes tired from weeping
 The grove and valley are tired of hearing me
 And in the end I am answered by fortune
 Mocking the grief which I complain.

But, oh, sad shepherd! Of what do I complain
 If not to end my days
 Perchance is my slave fortune?
 Must I pay her if I deceive myself?
 Did I not go free, exempt in this valley?
 Who ordered me to lift my eyes?

But who could tame his eyes
 Or how can I live unless I complain
 Of the wrong love did me in this valley?
 Oh, curse the ill that lasts so many days,
 It cannot last long, lest I deceive myself,
 When death will put an end to my fortune.

Calmness usually follows fortune
 But it will never be seen by these eyes
 Nor do I think to fall into deceit
 I have had enough of the first one I complain
 And will complain of, shepherdess, as many days
 As I have memories of this valley.

If that day comes, shepherdess,
 When fortune allows me to see you in this valley
 Will come the end of my tired days
 At least I shall be wary of those eyes
 The cause should cease which I complain
 And I could not be called into deceit.

But you decided to deceive me
 When you saw me in this valley
 You showed yourself gentle, see if I complain
 Unjustly of love and fortune,
 I know not why you turn your eyes,
 You must be tired now of my sad days.

Song, of love and fortune I complain
 And no deceit has lasted many days
 Water, eyes, water the grove and the valley.

The shepherd sang this with many tears and the shepherdess heard it with much contentment⁵ seeing the charm with which he played and sang, but the shepherd, when he finished his song, dropping the rabel said to the shepherdess, "Are you happy, Amarílida? For the sake of your happiness you make me do something that displeases me! I pray to God, oh, Alfeo, that fortune brings you where I have come because of you; where you would feel the burden of the evil you have done me. Oh, Belisa, who in the world owes you more than I? May God grant that in time my eyes may enjoy your beauty and yours may see if I am aware of what I owe you."

The shepherd said this with so many tears that no heart, no matter how hard it was, would not be softened hearing it, the shepherdess said, "Since you have told me, Arsileo, the beginnings of your love, and how Arsenio, your father, was the main reason why you loved Belisa, because while serving her he used your letters and songs and even your

music, a thing he should not have done, I beg you to tell me, how did you lose her?"

"That is a thing," replied the shepherd, "I would like to recount as few times as possible, but since it is your nature to ask me to do and say what grieves me most, listen, and I will tell you in a few words.⁶ There was in my town a man named Alfeo, who among us had always been known to be a great wizard, and who was in love with Belisa before my father started serving her. But not only did she not like him, but if anyone only mentioned his name, nothing could grieve her more. When he found out about the agreement between Belisa and me to climb the mulberry tree in her orchard, the diabolical Alfeo ordered two spirits, one to take the form of my father Arsenio, the other, mine, and that one was to go to the appointment in my place and that the other who took my father's would also go there to shoot the crossbow, pretending to be another and he would come later, and as soon as he recognized him he would kill himself out of grief for having killed his own son and that the shepherdess Belisa would kill herself, seeing me and my father dead, or at least do what she did. The traitor Alfeo did this because it grieved him to know that Belisa loved me and cared little for him. And when it was done, and Belisa thought my father and me dead, the way I told you, she fled from the house in desperation and went where she has not been heard from.⁷ The shepherdess Armida told me this and I believe it to be true, in accordance to what has happened here."

Felismena, who understood what the shepherd had said, was very surprised, understanding by the signs she saw in him and recognizing him to be Arsileo, Belisa's servant, whom she thought dead, and she said to herself, "It is not right that fortune grant anyone happiness and deny it to a shepherd who also deserves it and needs it. At least, I cannot leave this place without giving him the happiness he will receive with the news of his shepherdess."

And coming to the door of the hut, she said to Amarílida, "Fair shepherdess, would you allow a luckless one who has lost her way and even the hope of recovering it permission to spend the noon hour in your home?"

When the shepherdess saw her, she was so amazed at her beauty and her gentle disposition, she did not know how to answer her, but Arsileo said, "Of course, shepherdess, there is no reason to deny what you ask except that the place is not what you deserve, but if it suits you, come in, for there is nothing we would not do to serve you."

Felismena answered him, "Those words, Arsileo, seem to suit you, but the joy I will repay them with may God also grant me, for I deserve it too."

And saying this she entered the hut and the shepherd and shepherdess stood up to pay her courtesy, and they all sat down. Arsileo said, "By chance, shepherdess, has someone told you my name, or have you seen me somewhere before?"

Felismena answered, "Arsileo, I know more about you than you know yourself, though you are in shepherd's clothes and look different than when I saw you when you studied at the Academy of Salamanca.⁸ If there is something to eat, give it to me, because later I will tell you something you have wanted to know for many days."

"I will do that gladly," said Arsileo, "for there is no service I can render that you are not worthy of."

And Amarílida and Arsileo removed their satchels and gave their food to Felismena to eat. And when she had finished, Felismena, wishing to cheer him who lived in such sadness said, "There is nothing in life, Arsileo, that should be believed like faith, and more so in the heart of woman, where it is seldom found; but I find another thing, that more often than not men are the cause of the inconstancy directed toward them. I say this because you owe so much to a shepherdess I know, who, if she knew now that you were alive, I believe nothing in the world would make her happier."

And then she began to tell in order all that had happened, from the time she killed the savages to the time she went to the sage Felicia's. During which Arsileo heard news of his beloved and all that had happened with the nymphs, the time when they found her sleeping on the island in the lake, as you have heard, and he heard about his shepherdess' faith, and how her heart had never forsaken him, and where she could be found. His joy knew no bounds, so that he was almost in danger of losing his life. And he said to Felismena, "What words would suffice, fair shepherdess, to praise the great mercy I have received from you, or what deeds could serve you? I pray to God He grant the happiness you have given me in all things your heart desires. Oh, my lady Belisa, is it possible that I will so soon see the eyes that had such power over me? And that after so many trials I will know blissful repose?"

And saying this with many tears, he took Felismena's hands and kissed them. And the shepherdess Amarílida did the same, saying, "Truly, fair shepherdess, you have gladdened the saddest heart I have ever seen and one who least deserved to be so. For six months Arsileo has lived the saddest life imaginable in this hut. And some shepherdesses who pasture their flocks in these meadows, of which I am one, would try to console him from time to time, if his grief would suffer consolation."

Felismena replied, "The grief that causes him pain is not such that it can be consoled by another, except by the cause of it or by she whom I have given news of."

"And it was so good for me, fair shepherdess," said Arsileo to her, "that it has renewed a heart worn out with care."

Felismena's heart was so moved by the shepherd's words and by his tears of joy, that she joined in with her own; and so they remained all afternoon until the heat of the day was past, when Arsileo, taking leave of the two shepherdesses, happily left for Diana's temple, to which Felismena had

directed him.⁹

Sylvano and Selvagia, with the happiness that is enjoyed by those who have been long absent from their loved ones, were walking toward the pleasant meadow where their flocks were feeding, in the company of the shepherd Sireno, who, although he did not share in the contentment he saw in them, neither did he grieve for lack of contentment, because he did not think about love and it did not matter that he was not loved.

Sylvano said to him, "Whenever I look at you, friend Sireno, you seem different than you used to be, for I believe you have changed, as well as your thoughts. On the one hand, I almost pity you, on the other hand, it grieves me not seeing you so free from the mishaps of love."

"Why," said Sireno, "do you pity me?"

Sylvano answered, "Because I think the most tedious state in life is not to be in love or not to be loved."

"Not too long ago," said Sireno, "you thought the opposite; pray to God fortune keeps me in this bad state and you with the happiness you receive from seeing Selvagia. Given that one can be envious of love and of being loved by such a fair shepherdess, I assure you that fortune will not neglect to temper the happiness you receive with your love."¹⁰

Selvagia then said, "The evil she can inflict with her disorderly mishaps could not match the good I received in being so well occupied."

Sireno replied, "Oh, Selvagia, I too have seen myself as loved as one can be, and with no thought of the end of my love, as you two are now. But fortune must be taken into account, nor should foundations be considered without the mutability of time. I owe much to the sage Felicia; may God reward her, for I never thought I could speak of my grief and not feel it."

"I am in greater debt," said Selvagia, "for she was the reason why I could truly love him whom I never lost

sight of.

Turning his eyes toward her, Sylvano said, "That debt, my love, I have more reason to repay it with my life, if I could."

"May God grant it to you, my love," said Selvagia, "because without it my own would be a very poor one."

Sireno, hearing the amorous words they said to each other, half laughingly said to them, "I think it is good that you both want to pay and you do not want to remain in debt, nor should you, according to the words you say to each other, without meaning to eavesdrop, you know how to speak of your love."

With these and other speeches the new lovers and the carefree Sireno passed the travail of the journey, which they put an end to when the sun wanted to set and before they came to the spring by the alders, they heard the voice of a shepherdess sweetly singing, which they recognized, because Sylvano, upon hearing it said, "It is without a doubt Diana who sings near the spring by the alders."

Selvagia replied, "Truly it is she; let us place ourselves among the myrtle trees near there so we can hear her better."

Sireno said, "Let it be as you wish, though another time her music and the sight of her would give me greater happiness than now."

And the three of them entering among the thick myrtle trees now that the sun wanted to set, saw the fair Diana near the spring, as beautiful as they had ever seen her, so that they were amazed; her fair hair was loose and held back by a red band which parted it in the middle. Her eyes were cast upon the ground and other times on the clear spring and from time to time drying the tears she shed, she sang this ballad:¹¹

How sad I was born
I was born unlucky

Then the fates showed me
My unfortunate fate.
The sun hid his rays
The moon remained eclipsed
My mother died bearing me
Fair luckless maiden.
The nurse that ~~gave me~~ suck
Never had any luck
Nor did I
Either single or married.
I loved well and was loved
I forgot and was forgotten;
Which caused my marriage
That keeps me tired
Would I have wed the earth
So as not to see myself buried
Amid so much misfortune
That it cannot be described
My father married me off young
I was forced to obey him;
I put Sireno into oblivion
He who had put his faith in me.
I also pay for my negligence
Which has not been repaid;
Jealousy wars within me
But it is not to blame.
With jealousy I go to my flocks
With jealousy to the fold
And with continual jealousy
I get up at dawn.
I eat at jealousy's table
I sleep in his bed
I ask of whom he is jealous
He will not answer
His face is never happy
He always hangs his head

His eyes in every corner
His speech, sad and troubled.

How can a wretch live
Who is so badly married?

Time was when Diana's sad song and the tears she spilled and the sadness her face gave evidence of could have put the shepherd Sireno in risk of losing his life without any remedy; but since now his heart was free from such a dangerous prison, he received no joy from Diana's sight, nor any grief from her sad laments.¹² And the shepherd Sylvano did not have, to his thinking, any reason to grieve for Diana's ill, seeing how she had never grieved for what he suffered because of her. Only Selvagia helped her with her tears, fearful of her fortune. And she said to Sireno, "Nature can offer no perfection or beauty that she has not generously given Diana, because I think her beauty is matchless, as well as her charm, her wisdom, and other qualities a shepherdess ought to have. She is second to none; she only lacked one thing which I have always feared, and that is luck, for it never accompanied her so she could live her life with the repose she deserves."

Sireno replied, "It is right that she who has taken it away from so many not have it. And I do not say this because I do not feel for this shepherdess, but because I have good reason to wish it."

"Do not say that," said Selvagia, "for I do not believe Diana has ever offended you in any way. What offense did she commit in marrying, it being the will of her father and due to debts, more than her own? And after she was married, what could she do that was honorable except to forget you? Surely, Sireno, you have more legitimate reasons to complain about Diana than those we have heard."

Sylvano said, "Surely, Sireno, what Selvagia says is so right that none can contradict it. And if anyone should

complain with cause of her ingratitude, it is me, because I loved her as much as is possible and it was badly received and I was treated as you saw."

Selvagia replied, with her loving eyes on him, saying, "But you did not deserve, my shepherd, to be badly treated, because no shepherdess in the world would not gain much in having you love her."

At this time, Diana heard the voices talking near her because the shepherds had forgotten to speak so she would not hear them, and getting to her feet she went into the myrtle grove and recognized the shepherds and the shepherdess sitting between them. Who, seeing they had been discovered, approached her and greeted her courteously, and she then, with much courtesy, asking them where they had been. To which they replied with other words and expression than they would have usually replied to what she asked,¹³ and it was new to Diana, though none of their loves grieved her, it finally grieved her to see them so changed and more so when she understood from Sylvano's eyes the happiness he received from Selvagia's; and because it was already time to gather the flock and return it to its accustomed road to the village, they made towards it; and the fair Diana said to Sireno, "Many days have passed since I have seen you in this valley."

"For a longer time," said Sireno, "my life was proceeding so that she who made me live it badly did not see me; but in the end, it gives little pleasure to one in a safe port to speak of past misfortune."

"Are you secure," said Diana, "of the state in which you live now?"

"It cannot be too dangerous," said Sireno, "since I dare to speak to you this way."

Diana replied, "I never saw you so lost that your tongue did not have the freedom it has now."

Sireno replied, "You are as wise to think that as you are in all other things."

"Why?" said Diana.

"Because there is no other way," said Sireno, "that you cannot feel what you lost losing me, except to think that I did not love you as much as my tongue took the liberty you spoke of. But aside from that, God grant, fair Diana, that He give you as much happiness as you once took from me, because our love is now over, what relics of it I have left in my soul suffice for me to wish you all the happiness possible.¹⁴

Each of these words was a dagger for Diana, for God knows if she wished to hear more complaints, than to believe in freedom, and although she replied to everything the shepherds said to her with a certain abandon and was discreet enough not to give them to understand that it grieved her to see them so free, the unhappiness their words caused was still evident.¹⁵ And speaking of these and other things, they arrived at the village, at the time when the sun had hidden his rays, and taking leave of one another, they went to their homes.

But returning to Arsileo,¹⁶ who with great joy and desire to see his shepherdess, was walking toward the wood where Diana's temple was, when he came to a stream near the sumptuous temple, which ran through some green willows under whose shade he sat, hoping that someone who could warn Belisa of his arrival would come by, because he did not want to startle her, she thinking he was dead. On the other hand, the burning desire he had to see her gave him no peace. While the shepherd was thinking to himself about what course of action to proceed on, he saw a nymph with a bow in her hand and a quiver on her back, looking here and there for game on which to employ a sharp arrow that was placed in her bow. And when she saw the shepherd, she went straight to him and he stood up and performed all the courtesy due to such a fair nymph. And he was likewise received by her, because this was the fair Polydora, one of the three Felismena and the shepherds had freed from the might of the savages

and who was very fond of the shepherdess Belisa. Both of them sat down on the green grass and Polydora asked him what country he was from and the reason for his coming. To which Arsileo replied, "Fair nymph, the land where I was born has treated me so that it would be an insult to call it mine, though on the other hand I owe it more than I can say. And to tell you why fortune has brought me to this place, it would first be necessary for you to tell me if you are of the sage Felicia's company, in whose house they tell me the fair shepherdess Belisa is, who caused my exile and all the sadness absence has made me suffer."

Polydora replied, "I am of the sage Felicia's company and the best friend the shepherdess you have named can have in the world, and so that I may also be the same to you, I would advise you to forget her if possible. Because the remedy for your grief is as impossible as the one she suffers, because the cruel earth feeds on him in whom she had her hope."

Arsileo replied, "Is the one on whom the earth feeds by chance her servant Arsileo?"

"Yes, to be sure," said Polydora, "the same one she loved more than herself and whom we can with much reason call most unfortunate besides yourself, because your thoughts are placed where remedy for them is impossible. Even though I was never in love myself, I know for a fact that death is not so great an evil compared to what one who loves another whose will is elsewhere employed must suffer."

Arsileo replied "I have reason to believe fair nymph, according to Belisa's goodness and constancy, that Arsileo's death would not cause her to place her thoughts elsewhere, and there is not one in the world who could remove it from her thoughts. And in this being so lies my good fortune."

"How is it, shepherd," said Polydora, "loving her as you say, your happiness could lie in one whose thoughts are firmly placed elsewhere? This is the strangest way of loving

I have heard of till now."

Arsileo replied, "So you will not marvel at my words, fair shepherdess, or at the kind of love I have for my lady Belisa, be attentive and I will tell you what you thought you would never hear, although your friend and the mistress of my soul must have told you the beginning of it."

And then he told her of the beginnings of his love until the time of Alfeo's deceitful enchantments and what happened to this love until the present, as I have told you, and which now the shepherd related with tears caused by the memory of his past mishaps, now with sighs that issued from his soul, thinking what Belisa must have gone through. And with these words and expressions, he lent much spirit to what he said, which the nymph Polydora greatly admired, but when she understood him truly to be Arsileo, the happiness she received from it could not be expressed with words, nor did she think she could do more than feel it. Imagine what was in store for the disconsolate Belisa when she found out! Then looking into Arsileo's eyes, not without tears of great joy, she said, "I wish, Arsileo, I had the wisdom and clarity of wit to let you understand how I feel about the happy occurrence fortune has solicited for my Belisa, because with such a base wit as mine, I could not hope to express it. I always thought that some time my Belisa's sadness would turn to great joy because her beauty and wisdom, along with the great faith she has always had in you did not deserve less. But on the other hand, I feared fortune would not grant her what I desired for her. Because her condition, in most cases, does the opposite of what those who are truly in love desire. You can consider yourself lucky, Arsileo, because you do deserved to be loved in life that you could not be forgotten in death. And because it is unpardonable to delay so much joy to a heart who is in such need of it, give me leave to go and give such good news to your shepherdess, since it concerns your life and her freeing from deception. And do not leave this spot

until I return with the person you most hope to see and have every reason to deserve to see."

Arsileo replied, "Fair nymph, from such great wisdom and beauty as yours nothing can be expected except all the joy possible in the world. And since you wish to give it to me, do it at your will, for I will be guided by it, in this, as well as in whatever else may happen."

And taking leave of each other, Polydora left to bring the news to Belisa and Arsileo remained waiting in the shade of the willows, who, to pass the time, as people who are waiting for a great joy usually do, he took out his rabel and began to sing this way:

Now love and fortune return
And a dying or faint hope
Is strengthened and assured by them.

And misfortunes leave a heart's
Chamber, consumed with fire
And an unexpected joy returns.

The soul stops mourning and
Feelings make way for joy
Putting care into eternal oblivion.

Whatever ills I suffered
When torment reigned over me
And lit the fires of absence.

Fortune discounts them all so that,
Past ills were not so bad
Compared to the happiness I now feel.

Return, my startled heart
From a thousand upsets, a thousand ills
To enjoy a happy state.

Cease your crying, tired eyes,
 Soon you will enjoy seeing her
 Who loved even my remains.

Senses which seek my shining star
 Sending your thoughts here and there
 I wonder how you will feel before her.

Be gone, loneliness and torment
 Suffered for your sake and leave
 My weary members free.

Oh time! do not stop, pass quickly;
 Fortune! do not hinder her arrival;
 Alas, God, must I still suffer this?

Come, my sweet shepherdess, the life
 You thought finished
 Is ready here to serve you.

Why do you not come, my shepherdess?
 Alas, God, if she has strayed or gotten lost
 In this forest, inhabited by trees!

Oh, if this nymph who has left
 Perhaps has forgotten to look for her;
 But no, such will cannot forget.

In you alone, shepherdess, can my soul
 Find its rest and happiness
 Why do you not come quickly to assure it?

See how the day passes?
 And if it is over before I see you
 I will return to my accustomed torment
 And you will really weep for my death.

When Polydora left Arsileo, she ran into Belisa not far from there, who, in the company of the two nymphs Cinthia and Dórida, were going to amuse themselves in the thick wood; and when they saw her coming in such a hurry they were alarmed lest she was running away from something they too should flee from. Now that she got closer, the joy in her beautiful face assured them otherwise, and when she reached them she went directly to Belisa, and embracing her with great relish and happiness, she said, "If you knew who sent this embrace, fair shepherdess, you would receive it with more happiness than you do now."

Belisa replied, "It could come from nowhere else, fair nymph, so that I would appreciate it more than I do coming from you, for the only other person it could have come from so that I would appreciate it more lives no more, and neither should I, because I am bereft of all happiness life could give me."

"I hope to God," said Polydora, "you live with more happiness than you ever imagined possible. Let us sit in the shade of this green alder, for I bring great tidings."

Belisa and the nymphs sat down with Polydora among them, who said to Belisa, "Tell me, fair shepherdess, are you certain of Arsenio's and Arsileo's death?"

Unable to contain her tears, Belisa replied, "I am so sure of it since I saw with my own eyes one of them pierced by an arrow and the other killed by his own sword."

"And what would you say," said Polydora, "if I told you that the two you saw dead are as safe and sound as you?"

I would say to whomever told me that," said Belisa, "that they either wanted to renew my tears by bringing them to my memory, or that they wanted to mock my sufferings."

"I am certain," said Polydora, "that you must think the same of me, but you know how what you have told me has grieved me more than anyone else. But tell me, who is this shepherd from your country named Alfeo?"

Belisa replied, "He is the greatest conjurer and magician in Europe, and for a while, he boasted of serving me. He

is a man, fair nymphs, whose dealings and conversations are with demons, whom he causes to take whatever form he chooses. So that, often, when you think you are talking to an acquaintance, you will be talking to the demon that he has allowed to take his form."

"Then you must know, fair shepherdess," said Polydora, "that this same Alfeo and his spells have caused the deceit you have lived with until now and the endless tears you have shed for it, because knowing that Arsileo was going to talk to you on the night you had arranged, he had two spirits take the form of Arsileo and his father and when Arsileo talked to you, what you saw happened. So that thinking them dead, you would despair, or at least do what you did."

When Belisa heard what the fair Polydora told her, she was so beside herself that she could not answer for a while, but coming to, she said, "You have told me, fair nymph, great things, if my sadness did not keep me from believing them. For the love you bear me, I beg you to tell me who told you that the two I saw dead before me were not Arsenio and Arsileo?"

"Who told me?" said Polydora, "Arsileo himself."

"What do you mean Arsileo?" replied Belisa. "Is it possible that my Arsileo lives? And where did he tell you this?"

"I will show you how possible it is," said Polydora, "that if you come with me, before we get to those beeches right there in front of you, I will show him to you."

"Alas, God!" said Belisa, "What is this I hear? Is it true my love is there? Why do you not take me, fair nymph, to see him? You are not showing the love you always told me you had for me."

The shepherdess said this with an uncertain joy and with doubtful hope of what she so desired, but Polydora, getting up and taking her by the hand, together with the nymphs Cinthia and Dórida, who were overjoyed at Belisa's good fortune went towards the stream where Arsileo was. And before they

got there, a mild air that came from where Arsileo was moved
 their ears with the sweet voice of the enamored shepherd, who,
 even this time had not given up his music, but began to sing
 again this ancient proverb to words he himself composed
 for his purpose:

GOOD FORTUNE, COME FOR GOOD

What times, what alterations,
 What strange paths,
 What illusions, what disillusions
 What great happiness
 Come from so much harm!

One faith bears it all
 And a true love assures it
 And now that my misfortune
 Has angrily departed
 Good fortune, come for good.

Fortune, you move
 With light motions
 And if in giving me this joy
 You think you are unlucky
 My torment is worth more
 If you have come just to go
 It is not wise
 But if you are sure
 And determined to come
 Good fortune, come for good.

If my coming is in vain
 If perchance I live deceived
 With fear and worry
 Would not dying
 Be more certain counsel?

Oh, fear, you are strange
 Evil is always in you
 But since in such beauty
 There is no room for deceit,
 Good fortune, come for good.

When Belisa heard her Arsileo's music, such joy reached her heart that it would be impossible to tell, and putting the sadness that occupied her soul completely aside, her lovely face showed the fairness that nature had given her so much of, and with the grace and charm, chief cause of Arsileo's sighs, she said with such new charm and beauty that left the nymphs admiring it, "It is, without a doubt, the voice of my Arsileo, if I do not deceive myself in calling him mine."

When the shepherd saw the cause of all his past woes before his eyes, such was the happiness that greeted his senses, not being able to comprehend it all, they were so troubled that he could not speak for a while. The nymphs who understood what the sight of his shepherdess did to Arsileo, came to him when the shepherd, for a while putting aside what the present happiness was causing in him, said with many tears, "Oh, shepherdess Belisa, with what words could I describe the satisfaction fortune has given me for so many useless trials which I have suffered for your sake. Oh, who will give me a new heart not made for burdens, as mine is, to enjoy the extreme pleasure the sight of you causes in me? Oh, fortune, I have nothing left to ask of you and you have nothing left to give me. I only ask one thing, since it is your custom not to give happiness without also giving some sadness, that you temper the great happiness you have given me this day with a little sadness and with a small hurt. Oh, fair nymphs, where could such a great treasure be but in your keeping? Where could it have been better employed? Let your hearts rejoice in the joy mine received, for if ever you were in love, it cannot seem enough. Oh, fair shepherdess, why do you not speak to me? Does

seeing your Arsileo trouble you? Has the joy you received in seeing him hinder your tongue? Answer me, for the love I bear you, I cannot stand to be in doubt."

The shepherdess then replied, "The joy I receive in seeing you would be slight, oh Arsileo, if I could express it with words. Be content in knowing what extremes your feigned death put me in and by it know the joy I receive seeing you alive."

And tears came into the eyes of the shepherdess as she finished these words and she could say no more, whereupon the nymphs, moved by the tender words the lovers spoke to each other, helped them. And because night was approaching, they all went to Felicia's palace retelling each other what had happened. Belisa asked Arsileo about his father Arsenio and he replied that when he found out about her disappearance, he retired to some property he had on the same road where he had lived, and there he lived with all possible quiet, placing all worldly cares into oblivion,¹⁷ which made Belisa glad, and so they arrived to the sage Felicia's palace where they were welcomed. And Belisa kissed her hands many times, saying she was the cause of this glad occurrence, and Arsileo did the same, to whom Felicia showed great will to do for him always what was in her power.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK OF DIANA

NOTES ON BOOK V

¹There is no other possible solution for Sireno's ills.

²The water has not cured Sireno, but it has made him serene.

³In this case the potion is a catalyst. "The other 'cure' effected by the potion, the love between Sylvano and Selvagia is merely the natural result of their prolonged association." PMLA T. Anthony Perry, p. 232. March, vol 84, 1969 #2. "Ideal Love and Human Reality in Montemayor's La Diana."

⁴Another comment on the ambivalent nature of music.

⁵The same song makes Arsileo sad and Amarílida happy.

⁶Unlike Belisa, Arsileo is reluctant to tell his sad story.

⁷The fact that Alfeo, a necromancer, created the illusion to spite Belisa is more of a deus ex machina than Felicia's water. See Perry, p. 232.

⁸Apparently Felismena and Arsileo moved in the same circles in "real" life.

⁹Scene shifts abruptly.

¹⁰Sireno must remind the new lovers of fortune's fickle nature.

¹¹The namesake of the book finally appears. She curses her luck in the traditional song of the "mal maridada" - the unhappily married.

¹²Sireno remains unmoved here, and almost vengeful later.

¹³They have undergone many changes by their visit to Felicia's.

¹⁴Sireno claims he is totally cured and rebuffs Diana for having made him suffer.

¹⁵Diana tries to maintain her composure.

¹⁶Another abrupt shift of scene.

¹⁷The father is conveniently out of the way.

BOOK VI

When Arsileo left, Felismena remained with Amarílida, the shepherdess who had been with him, each asking the other about her life, a common thing for those who find themselves in the same situation. And while Felismena told the shepherdess the cause of her coming, a shepherd of gentle disposition and charm, although much of it was obscured by sadness, came to the hut. When Amarílida saw him, she got up to go as quickly as she could, but Felismena grabbed her dress, suspecting who it might be, and said, "It would not be right, fair shepherdess, that I, who wish to serve you, should receive this insult from you."

But as she insisted on going, the shepherd, with many sad tears said, "Amarílida, I do not want you to grieve for this unfortunate shepherd in return for what you make me suffer, but be aware that with your great virtue and beauty there is nothing in the world that least becomes a shepherdess of your quality than to ill treat him who loves you. Look, Amarílida, at these tired eyes that have shed many tears, and you will realize why you should not be angry at this luckless shepherd. Alas, you flee from me and see no reason why you should listen to me! Wait, Amarílida, hear me out, and if you wish, you need not reply. What does it cost you to listen to him to whom it has cost so much to see you? And turning to Felismena, he begged her with many tears not to let her go; and she pleaded with the shepherdess with tender words not to treat one who loved her more than himself so badly and that she should hear him out, for it cost her little to listen. But Amarílida replied, "Fair shepherdess, do not ask me to listen to one who gives more credence to his thoughts than to my words. Hush, for he who stands before you is one of the most untrustworthy shepherds ever known, as well as one who gives the most trouble to the shepherdesses who love him."

Filemón said to Felismena,¹ "I wish you, fair shepherdess, to be the judge between Amarílida and me, and if I am to blame for the anger she bears me, I wish to die. And if she is to blame, I wish for no other thing than that she acknowledge what she owes me."

"About losing your life," said Amarílida, "I am sure you would not want such harm to befall you and I would not want you to do so for my sake. But I want this fair shepherdess to judge, having heard your reasons and mine, which of us is to blame."

"So be it," said Felismena, and we sat down at the foot of the beech near the flowering meadow before our eyes so² that I could hear the reason each had to complain of the other.

After they were seated on the green grass, Filemón began to speak thus, "Fair shepherdess, I am sure that if perchance you have been touched by love, you will be aware of the little reason Amarílida has to complain of me and to feel so badly about the faith I have in her, that she has come to believe what no one has ever thought of her shepherd. You must know, fair shepherdess, that when I was born, and even long before that, the fates destined me to love this fair shepherdess before my sad and your fair eyes, and I have acted with such effect that I do not think there is a love like mine or ingratitude like hers. It happened, then, that serving her as best I could since my childhood, it has been five or six months that my misfortune brought a shepherd named Arsileo here, who was looking for a shepherdess named Belisa, who, because of some misfortune roves in exile through these woods. And because of his great sadness this cruel shepherdess you see here, either because of the pity she had for him or because of the little regard she has for me, or whatever else her reason, I have never been able to separate her from him. And if I mentioned it, she would shoot daggers from those eyes you see, which cause no less fear being angry than joy when they are serene.

Since I was thus occupied, my heart with great love, my soul with an unknown affliction, filled with all possible jealousy, I complained to Arsileo with sighs and to the earth with bitter weeping, showing the injustice Amarílida did me. This caused her to abhor me for having suspected her honesty so that she has perservered until now, to avenge herself, and not only does she do this, but when she sees me, she flees like a deer fleeing from hungry hounds. For the love of yourself, I ask you to judge if she has reason to abhor me and if my fault is so serious that I deserve to be hated by her."

Filemón having finished stating the cause of his grief and of the injustice Amarílida had done him, the shepherdess Amarílida began to speak thus, "Fair shepherdess, that Filemón there has loved me, or at least has shown me so, his services have been such it would be ill to say otherwise; but if for his sake I have rejected the services of many other shepherds who graze their sheep among these meadows, youths to whom nature has granted charm no less than to him, he himself can tell you. Because the many times I have been proposed to and the times my faith toward him has been firm have not been far from his presence, but this should not be why he should think so little of me that he would think I would act contrary to my true self; because if that is so and he knows how many have been in love with me and I have rejected for love of him, how could I reject him for another's love? Or did he consider it my love? A thousand times has Filemón watched me, following Arsileo and me as we walked through this fair valley, but let he himself tell you if on any day he heard Arsileo tell me anything that hinted of love, or if I replied in a like manner. On what day has Filemón seen me talking to Arsileo when he could construe my words other than as consolation for the great ill he suffered? If this were the reason for doubting his shepherdess, who can judge better than he? See, fair nymphs, how he was given to

false suspicions and doubtful thoughts so that my words could never satisfy him, or keep him from leaving this valley, thinking that with his absence I would see an end to my days and he fooled himself because I think it put an end to the satisfaction of his joys. And the worst of it is the Filemón was not happy with being jealous of me, because he was as free, fair shepherdess, as you can imagine, and even proclaimed it at parties, dances, and wrestling matches given by the shepherds of these hills. And you know that this was a greater injury to my honor than to his happiness. In the end, he left me, a remedy that has been useless for his ills, and do not blame me if I have profited from this remedy more than he has. And since you, fair shepherdess, have seen the joy I received when you gave the disconsolate shepherd news of his shepherdess and that I myself begged him to go off looking for her, clearly there could be nothing between the two of us that could be as ill judged as this shepherd has inconsiderately accused. That is why my love for Filemón has cooled and I do not want to be in danger of his false suspicions because my good luck has brought me to a time so that without forcing myself to, I can do it very well."

When Amarílida had given proof of the little cause the shepherd had to give credence to his suspicions and the liberty time had given her, a natural thing to hearts that are free, the shepherd replied thus, "I do not deny, Amarílida, that your goodness and wisdom would not suffice to excuse you of any suspicion. But would you, by chance, bring novelties to love and invent other new effects than those we have seen until now? Since when has a lover not been troubled and his soul tormented by jealousy no matter how small the reason? Especially when it was as big as the one your friendship and conversation with Arsileo has given me? Do you think, Amarílida, that certainties are enough to quench jealousy? You are deceived, because suspicions

are its chief cause. It did not take much for me to think you in love with Arsileo, so then making it public did not cause offense to your honor; the force of love was so great it forced me to make public the ill I feared. And although your goodness assured me while I secretly suspected, I still feared what could happen, if the conversation progressed. As far as my leaving, I did not do it to hurt you, but to see if it would help me not to have before my eyes the cause of my hurt and so that my pleadings would not cause you any. So that if by seeking a remedy for such a grave ill I went against what I owed you, how much greater was the hurt I felt from your absence. Oh, what greater show of love that I did not forget you? And what greater sign of the low esteem you held me in than to forgot me in my absence? If you say you never loved Arsileo, that gives me more cause to complain, because for someone you did not care for, you rejected one who so wanted to serve you. So that I have more cause to complain of you the less love you had for Arsileo. These are, Amarílida, the reasons and many others I will not mention that I count in my favor; which I do not want to account although they would be worth little in cases of love. I ask only your mercy and that the faith I have always had in you, shepherdess, be in my favor, for if I lack this, there can be no end to my sorrow, nor a happy means for your condition." And with this the shepherd ended his words and began his many tears that along with the pleadings and the judgment Felismena gave for this case, softened Amarílida's heart and the shepherd was returned to the good graces of his shepherdess, and he was happier than ever, and even Amarílida was not a little happy to have proved how deceived Filemón was for having suspected her. And after having spent the day there with the two reconciled lovers, and with more restlessness on her part, Felismena left the next morning, after many embraces and promises to send one another news of their good fortune.

Then Sireno, quite free from love, Selvagia and Sylvano more in love than ever, the fair Diana unhappy at the sad state of her life, spent their time grazing their sheep by the banks of the powerful Ezla, where many times meeting each other, they spoke of what pleased them. And the wise Selvagia being with her Sylvano near the spring by the alders, it happened that Diana came searching for a lamb that had strayed from the flock, which Sylvano had tied to a myrtle, because when they got there, he found it drinking from the clear spring and knew from its brand that it belonged to the fair Diana.

Having arrived, as I said, and courteously welcomed by the new lovers, she sat on the green grass, leaning on one of the alders which surrounded the spring, and after having talked of many things, Sylvano said, "Why, fair Diana, do you not ask us about Sireno?"

Diana then replied, "I did not wish to consider past things because present ones bother me enough; time was when asking about him gave joy to him, and to me in speaking of him, but it will never give us joy again, because time cures an infinite number of things which seem without remedy. And if I did not believe this, there would be no Diana alive today, because of the sorrows and afflictions which present themselves each day."³

"God would not wish the world so much harm," replied Selvagia, "that He would remove such great beauty as yours."

"That would not be lacking as long as you are alive," said Diana, "and where your charm and gentility are, mine would be little missed. Save it rather for your Sylvano, for I never thought he would forget me for any other shepherdess but in the end he shook hands with me for the love of you."⁴ Diana said this with a charming smile although it was no laughing matter, as they knew. Given that she had loved Sireno more than herself and had hated Sylvano,

Sylvano's forgetting her grieved her more, because there was another to blame, whose sight he enjoyed daily with great happiness, that Sireno's forgetting her, who was now not moved by new thoughts.⁵

When Sylvano heard what Diana said, he replied, "Forgetting you, Diana, would be impossible because your beauty and virtue are not things to be forgotten. The truth is that now I belong to my Selvagia, because besides the fact that she possesses many qualities that oblige me to, she did not consider it a bad fate to be loved by him whom you held in low esteem."

"Enough of this," said Diana, "for you are well occupied and I was wrong not to love you as you deserved. If you have ever wanted to make me happy, I beg you as best I can that you and the fair Selvagia sing a song to while away the afternoon, for it is beginning and we will be forced to spend it beneath these alders, enjoying the sound of this clear spring, which will provide no little help for the sweetness of your song."

The new lovers did not let themselves be asked twice, although the fair Selvagia did not much care for Diana's conversation with Sylvano. But because she thought to avenge herself in song to the tune of the sampogna Diana was playing, the two began to sing this way:

"Shepherd, I see you glad
And your faith firm and secure."
"Fortune cut my love
To the size of my desire."

"What was it you wanted
That would give you such joy?"
"To love one who would love me
And there is nothing left to ask for."

"The joy I see in you
Are you sure of it?"
"Fortune has given it to me not
To mock my desire."

"If I were not true
Would you die sighing?"
"To hear it even in jest
Makes me want to die."

"Would you change your mind
Seeing someone more beautiful?"
"No, it would be madness
For desire to ask more of me."

"Do you have as much love
As I perceive by your words?"
"You know better
Than to ask me that."

"Sometimes I believe it
Other times I am not sure."
"This is the only way
Fortune offends my desire."

"Pretend you are in love
With a prettier shepherdess."
"Do not ask me to do something
That hurts even to imagine."

"I see more steadfastness in you
Than beauty in myself."
"And in myself more luck
Than was ever possible in desire."

At this time Sireno came down from the village to the spring by the alders with great desire to meet with Selvagia or Sylvano. Because nothing then gave him more happiness than the new lovers' conversation. And having lost the memory of Diana's love, the time he had loved her did not keep from causing him loneliness. Not because his love grieved him, but because the memory of a good state causes loneliness to one who has lost it. And before he came to the spring, in the middle of the green meadow surrounded by myrtles and laurels, he found Diana's sheep grazing among the trees alone, protected by fierce mastiffs. And as the shepherd paused to look at them, thinking of the time when he had cared for them more than for his own, the mastiffs came running towards him furiously, but when they recognized him, wagging their tails and lowering their scruffs, the collars of which were surrounded by sharp steel spikes, they fell to his feet, and others jumped with glee. And the sheep showed no less sentiment because the bellwether, with his rustic bleating came to the shepherd, and all the others, either because they followed him or because they recognized Sireno, surrounded him, a thing he could not witness without tears, remembering that he had fed that flock in the company of the fair shepherdess Diana. And seeing that an understanding abounded in the animals which was lacking in their mistress, if it were not for the power of the sage Felicia's water had not allowed him to forget his love, perhaps there was nothing in the world that would keep him from returning to it. But seeing himself surrounded by Diana's sheep and by the thoughts the memory of her placed before his eyes, he began to sing this song to the sound of his lively rabel:

Past joys

What do you want?

Leave me, do not weary me.

Memory, will you hear me?
The days, the good nights,
I paid for them sevenfold,
You have nothing to ask of me
All was finished when I left,
As you can see,
Leave me, do not weary me.

Green field, shady valley
Which I once enjoyed
See what I have suffered
And let me rest;
If I have reason to be fearful
You can see
Leave me, do not weary me.

I have seen a heart change
Tired of reassuring myself
I had to make use
Of time and opportunity
Memory, where there is no passion
What will you have?
Leave me, do not weary me.

Lambs and sheep of mine
For you once were so
Hours happy and sad
Passed with the days
Do not make merry
As you used to
For now you will not fool me.

If you have come to trouble me
 There is no passion, you cannot upset me
 If you have come to console me
 There is no grief left to console;
 If you have come to kill me
 It is well you should
 Kill me and be done with it.

After Sireno had sung, his voice was recognized by the fair Diana and the two lovers Selvagia and Sylvano. They called to him saying that if he thought to spend the afternoon in the field, the delicious fountain of the alders and the fair shepherdess Diana were there, no small attraction. Sireno replied that he was forced to wait all day until it was time to return his flock to the village; and coming to where the shepherd and the shepherdess were, they sat around the clear fountain as they used to. Diana, whose life was as unhappy as one can imagine who ever saw a shepherdess more fair and wise so unhappily married, was always looking for diversion so she could spend her life giving way to imagination.⁶ While the two shepherds were talking about matters concerning the feeding of the flock to its best advantage, Diana broke into their conversation saying to Sylvano, "It is a good thing, shepherd, being before the fair Selvagia, for you to discuss nothing else but to praise her beauty and the love she bears you, put aside the field and the lambs, good or bad occurrences of time and fortune, and enjoy, shepherd, the good one you have had in being loved by such a fair shepherdess, for when there is such great cause for the contentment of the spirit, the goods of fortune can matter little."

Sylvano replied, "No one would be able to express how indebted I am to you, Diana, unless he understood the reason I have to recognize this debt, because not only did you teach me to love well, but even now you guide me and show me how to use the joys my love bestows on me. You have every

reason to order me not to discuss anything else, since my lady is here, except for the happiness the sight of her causes in me, and I promise to do so, as long as the soul does not depart from these tired members. But one thing frightens me, and that is seeing how your Sireno casts his eyes elsewhere when you speak, it would seem your words do not please him and he is not satisfied with your answers."

"Do not blame him," said Diana, "because carefree men and enemies of what they owe themselves will do this and more."

"An enemy of what I owe to myself?" replied Sireno. "If ever I were so, death will punish my error."

"That would be a good way to excuse yourself."

"If I committed the first offense towards you and excused myself," said Sireno, "may I never live with any more happiness than I do now."

"It is a good thing to blame me for having married, since my parents forced me!"

"It is even better," said Sireno, "that you married while you were in love."

"And what part could love play," said Diana, "when I had to obey my parents?"

"But how can parents, obedience, times, and good or bad occurrences of fortune surpass a love as true as the one you showed me before my departure? Ah, Diana, Diana, I never thought anything in the world could shake so firm a faith! So much so, Diana, that you could have married and still not forgotten the one who loved you. But looking at it dispassionately, it was better for me that you forgot me, once you were married."

"Why?" said Diana.

"Because," replied Sireno, "there is no worse state than for a shepherd to love a married shepherdess; or nothing to make him lose his wits than the true love he has for her. And the reason for it, as we all know, the

principal passion that torments a lover next to the desire for his lady is jealousy. What do you think it is like for a wretch who loves well to know that his shepherdess is in the arms of her new husband while he goes crying his misfortune through the streets? But it does not stop here, because it is an evil you cannot complain about, or they take you for a madman or a fool. A thing which is contrary to repose, for when jealousy belongs to another shepherd who serves her, you spend your life complaining of the favors she grants him and hearing excuses, but this other ill is such that you will lose your life at a certain point, if you are not careful of your desire.

Diana then replied, "Leave these reasons aside, Sireno, for you have no need to love or to be loved."

"Considering that I do not have her to love," said Sireno, "I am glad I do not have to love her."

"This liberty of yours is a strange thing," Diana said.

"Stranger still was your oblivion," replied Sireno, "if you recall the words you spoke to me at our departure; as you say, let us stop talking about the past and be grateful to time and the sage Felicia for those here present. And you, Sylvano, take your flute and we will tune my rabel to it and sing some verses; though what can a heart as free as mine sing that will give happiness to one who has not any?"

"I have a good remedy for that," said Sylvano, "Let us pretend the two of us are as we were when we scattered our complaints through this meadow for this shepherdess."⁷

What Sylvano said seemed like a good idea, though Selvagia did not think so, but so as not to show jealousy amid such great love, she kept quiet, and the shepherds began to sing this way:

SYLVANO AND SIRENO

If tears cannot move you,
Cruel shepherdess, what will my song do?
Since nothing of mine pleases you?

What heart can suffer so
That you joke and jest with
An ill that astonishes everyone?

Alas, blind understanding given you
By love, time, and so many deceits,
And your thoughts are always the same!

Ah, cruel shepherdess, would you
See me waste my sad years
Amid such ills, cares and injustices?

Is that how you dispose of a heart that is yours?
The soul I gave you, do you treat it
That the least grief is to suffer passions?

SIRENO

You tied a knot, love, that you will not untie
It is blind and you are blind and I am blinder
And she for whom you kill me is blind.

I do not see myself losing my life and comfort
Nor does she see that I die for her sake.
Nor you that I burn in a living flame.

Do you want, cruel love, for Diana
To destroy me with her absence? It will end
So that my life and luck will end.

Happiness tarries, time flies,
 Hope dies, thoughts live,
 Love shortens it, prolongs and destroys it.

It shames me to speak of a torment that
 Though it afflicts me, tires and hurts so
 I could not live happily without it.

SYLVANO

Oh, soul, cease not the sad weeping,
 And you, tired eyes,
 Do not tire of shedding sad tears;
 For you knew how to bemoan
 The chief cause of my ills.

SIRENO

The chief cause of my ills,
 Cruel shepherdess mine,
 Was once the cause of my joy;
 Alas, sad thought,
 That happiness should last so little.

SYLVANO

That happiness should last so little
 And that sweet laughter!
 What stroke of luck made me look at you!
 All is well employed
 In whom time counsels and is not counselled.

SIRENO

In whom time counsels and is not counselled
 Love performs his deed,
 But, who can advise himself
 Or undeceive himself?
 Alas, cruel shepherdess, alas, hard breast!

SYLVANO

Alas, cruel shepherdess, alas, hard breast!
 Whose strange hardness
 Is no less than her charm and beauty
 And that my misfortune
 To my cost deceives me!

* * *

SYLVANO

My shepherdess, more red and white
 Than both roses picked in April
 And more resplendant
 Than the eastern sun
 That in the morning rises over your fold
 How can I live if you forget me?
 Do not be, shepherdess, so severe.
 For cruelty becomes not one so fair.

SIRENO

Diana mine, more resplendant
 Than shimmering emerald and diamond,
 Whose beautiful eyes
 Put an end to my griefs

Perhaps you will gently turn them
 As with your flocks you approach the hill
 To my fold, fattened and improved,
 For you should not treat a wretch so.

SYLVANO

My shepherdess, when you comb
 Your hair in the sunshine
 Do you not see you obscure it
 And inflame me
 As I stand here looking at it,
 Now losing hope, now gaining it?
 Thus I enjoy, shepherdess, that beauty
 A prize among such misfortune.

SIRENO

Diana, whose name on this hill
 Tames the fierce beasts
 And whose beauty
 Subjugates fortune
 Who fears not cruel love and wages war
 Without thought to occasion, time, fate
 Thus you enjoy your hut and fold
 And live careless of my grief.

SYLVANO

The afternoon, my Sireno, is over
 The shepherds return to their folds
 And the cicada stops from weariness.
 Night will not tarry, she is
 Hidden, while in our sky Phoebus
 Here and there puts out his light.

But before you see dark shadows stretched
 On the ground and the owl
 Singing in this alder
 Let us gather our flocks
 And together let us bring them
 There where Diana awaits us.

SIRENO

Sylvano mine, let us linger awhile
 For the sun is not yet down
 And the day is still ours.

There is time for us and for the flock,
 Time to bring it to the clear river.
 For today I will sleep in this meadow
 And cease here, shepherd, my song.

While the shepherds were singing this, the shepherdess Diana stood with her fair face resting in her hand, whose sleeve, falling down a little, revealed the whiteness of an arm that darkened snow, her eyes were cast upon the ground, upon which spilled many tears, which gave her to understand that her grief was more than she wished to admit; and when the shepherds stopped singing, with a sigh that seemed to take her soul with it, she got up, and without taking leave of them, went towards the lower valley braiding her golden hair and her hat stuck to a branch as she got up. And if the shepherds did not temper the little pity Diana had shown toward them with the great pity they showed for her, their hearts would not have been able to bear it. And so, each went to gather his sheep that went frisking here and there through the green valley.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE DIANA

NOTES TO BOOK VI

- ¹Filemon is abruptly introduced.
- ²Another abrupt shift in the narrative.
- ³Diana still hopes that time will cure her ills.
- ⁴A rather spiteful reply to Selvagia.
- ⁵Unlike the other characters, Diana does not rejoice in the happiness of others.
- ⁶Diana adopts an escapist attitude. She lives in an unreal world.
- ⁷When there is no reason to sing a song, the shepherds feel no compunction about inventing one. "The condition of being disappointed in love is never uncommon; indeed, if the disappointment is not really experienced, Renaissance poets are perfectly capable of inventing an unhappy situation as the basis of their melancholy." Marinelli, p. 49.

BOOK VII

After Felismena had resolved the differences between the shepherdess Amarílida and the shepherd Filemón, and left them promising never to do anything that would give the other reason to complain; taking leave of them, she proceeded toward the lower valley through which she travelled many days without any news that could make her happy and because she still derived hope from the sage Felicia's words, she did not let herself think that after so much travail fortune would tire of pursuing her. And these thoughts sustained her through the pain of her desire. Then going through a wood one morning, and emerging from a grove that seemed to be growing on top of a tall mountain, she saw before her a green and very delightful field so large it could not be seen in its entirety, which stretched for twelve miles before it came to the foot of mountains which could hardly be discerned; through the middle of the delightful field ran a powerful river with a charming bank on many parts of which green willows and green alders and other kinds of trees; and in other places the crystalline waters could be seen gathering to one side to a spacious sandy spot that adorned the fair river bank for a distance. Corn was growing in the field and seemed ready to yield its fruit due to the fertility of the land, it was full grown and stirred by a temperate breeze, forming patterns of dark and bright greens, a thing that lent much contentment to the eyes. The delightful and lovely meadow was three miles wide in parts, in other parts a little more, but in no part less. The fair shepherdess descending the path, came upon a very large wood of green willows and wild olives in the middle of which she saw many houses, so sumptuously wrought it amazed her. And all of a sudden she saw a fair city with its fair buildings and walls reaching to the powerful river that ran through the field at the foot of the mountains. Over which

stretched the most sumptuous and admirable bridge that could be found in the world. The houses and buildings of that distinguished city were so tall, and so skillfully wrought, they seemed to demonstrate the full power of human industry. Among them were many towers and pyramids that reached the clouds. There were many temples, and all sumptuous, the houses strong, the walls tall, the bulwarks thick, which glorified the great and ancient population, which she could discern from there. The shepherdess stood in awe of what she saw before her, and in finding herself so close to people, which was what she had been carefully fleeing from. And with this, she sat a while under the shade of an olive tree and looking over very carefully what you have just heard, seeing that populous city, the memory of the great Soldina, her homeland and from where she had been exiled for love of Don Felis, came to her, and occurrence she could not live through without shedding tears because the memory of lost good often gives rise to them. The fair shepherdess leaving that place and the city on her right, came little by little to a path that ran beside the river in the direction where the crystalline waters with a gentle and agreeable sound ran toward the ocean. And having walked along the charming bank for six miles, she saw two shepherdesses spending the afternoon at the foot of an oak on the river bank, in whom, although they were passing fair, charm and grace was extreme; their complexions dark and pleasing, their hair not blonde, the eyes, black, pleasing and gentle in their glance, on their heads were ivy wreaths, with roses and flowers entwined among the leaves. Their clothing was very different from any she had ever seen¹. One of them hurriedly got up to drive a flock of goats out of a flax field they had entered, and the other brought a herd of goats to the river to drink, and they returned to the shade of a shady ash. Felismena, who had hidden among some tall reeds, was close enough to the shepherdesses that she

could hear what they were saying, heard that they spoke Portuguese and understood by it that she was in the kingdom of Lusitania because one of the shepherdesses was charmingly saying to the other in her own tongue, taking her by the hand, "Alas, Duarda, how little reason you have for not loving him who loves you more than himself! How more fitting it would be not to ignore his thoughts of you. It hurts me to think that so fair a shepherdess lacks pity for one who is in such need of it."

The other, who seemed somewhat more carefree, with a certain disdain and a wave of her hand, a thing common to free people, was saying, "What would you have me say, Armia? If I were to trust again him who so badly repaid the love I bore him, he would be guilty of the harm that would come from it for me. Do not put the services that shepherd once did me before my eyes, or mention the arguments he gives you so you can convince me, because the time has passed when his arguments were valid. He promised to marry me and married another. What does he want now? What does the enemy of my repose ask of me? Would he want, now that his wife is dead, me to marry him? May God not allow me to deceive myself; let it be, Armia, let it be, because if he loves me as much as he says he does, that love avenges me of him."

The other replied with very mild words, joining her face to Duarda's with a close embrace, "Alas, shepherdess, how well what you said suits you; I never wished to be a man, except for now, so I could love you more than myself! But tell me, Duarda, why do you wish such a sad life on Danteo? He says the same reason you complain of him serves as his excuse. Because before he married, being with you near the thicket of Fremoselle, he told you, 'Duarda, my father wants me to marry, what should I do?' And that you replied very unpleasantly, 'What, Danteo, am I so old or do I have such power over you that you ask me my opinion and my permission regarding your marriage? You may as well act

in accordance to your own will and your father's, because I would do the same.' And this was said in such a strange way, and not as you would have, as if it never occurred to you to love him."

Duarda replied, "Armia, you call that an excuse? If I did not know you better, I would lose my trust in you. What should I have said to a shepherd who told all that he saw nothing in the world save me? Besides, Danteo is not so ignorant that he could not understand from my expression and the way I said this that it was not what I meant. How charming of him, when the day before, running into me near the fountain, he said with many tears, 'Why, Duarda, are you so ungrateful to what I desire that you will not marry me without telling your parents, because you know that time will cure them of any anger it may cause?' I replied, 'Be happy, Danteo, with the knowledge that I am yours and can never be another's, no matter what happens. And I am happy you have given your word to be my husband; do not wish that instead of waiting a little longer we do something unseemly!' And for him to take leave of me with these words and the next day to tell me that his father wanted him to marry and that I should give him permission; as though this were not enough, he married within three days. Does this then seem, Armia, sufficient cause to make use of the liberty that I have achieved at so much cost to my thoughts?"

"These things," replied the other, "easily spoken and passed between people who love well should not be taken as seriously as you took them."

The shepherdess replied, "For those which are spoken, Armia, you are right, but for those which are done, you can see if they do not touch the souls of us who love well. In the end, Danteo married, and it grieves me much that he enjoyed so briefly such a lovely shepherdess, and more so that it has not been a month since he buried her and he turns his thoughts to new things."

Armia replied, "God took her because Danteo was yours and not another's."

"If it is so," replied Duarda, "that someone cannot be someone else's, right now I am my own and cannot be Danteo's. And let us not waste any more time on this useless matter. Let us better use it by singing a song."

And then the two of them charmingly began to sing the following in their own language:

Times will change
Life will end
But faith will always be
Where my eyes are.

The days and the moments
The hours and their changes
Are enemies of hope
And friends of thoughts.

Thoughts will remain
Hope will have an end
But faith will not leave
By my heart's honor.

A divided trust
Is the cause of many ills
For life without hope
Does not fear disillusion.

Times will come and go
Life will end
But faith will not want to
Do me this injustice.

When the song was over, Felismena came out from where she was hiding and went to where the shepherdesses were,

who, astonished by her charm and beauty, went to her and welcomed her with many close embraces, asking her what country she was from and from whence she came. To which the fair Felismena could not reply, but with many tears asked them what country they were in. By her language she let them know that she was from the province of Vandalia and that due to some mishaps came exiled from her country. The Portuguese shepherdesses consoled her with many tears, grieving her exile, a common thing to that nation and more so to the inhabitants of that province. And Felismena asked them the name of the city that lay where the river, with its crystalline waters, speeding up its pace, ran with great speed, and she also wanted to know the name of the castle on the high hill that was built higher than the others, and other similar things. And the one named Duarda replied that the city was Coimbra, one of the chief and most distinguished cities of that kingdom and all of Europe, due to her ancient and noble lineages, as well as to the surrounding land, which the powerful river named the Mondego watered with its crystalline waters. And that all those fields it ran through with such swiftness were called the field of Mondego, and that the castle before their eyes was the glory of our Spain. And that this name was more suitable than its actual one², because in the midst of the infidelity of the Mohammedan King Marsilius, who had besieged it for many years, it had withstood and had always emerged victorious, and that its Portuguese name was "Monte moro vello"³ where virtue, wisdom, valor, and strength had remained as trophies to the deeds its inhabitants had performed at that time, and that the ladies and gentlemen who inhabited it flourished today in all imaginable virtues. And the shepherdess told her many other things about the fertility of the land, the antiquity of the buildings, the wealth of its inhabitants, the fairness and wisdom of the nymphs and shepherdesses who lived in the vicinity of the impregnable castle. All were things which Felismena greatly admired, and the shep-

herdesses asking her to eat something, seeing she must have come with no little need for it, she decided to accept. And while Felismena ate what the shepherdesses gave her, they saw her shedding some tears, and it hurt them. And wishing to ask their cause, they were stopped by the voice of a shepherd sweetly singing to the sound of a rabel, who was recognized by the two shepherdesses because it was the shepherd Danteo on whose behalf Armia had pleaded with the charming Duarda. Who with many tears said to Felismena, "Fair shepherdess, although the food is fit for a shepherdess, the meal is fit for a princess; you did not know when you came here that you would be dining to music!"

Felismena replied, "There could be no music in the world, charming shepherdess, as pleasing to me as your sight and conversation, and this would give me greater reason to imagine myself a princess than the music you speak of."

Duarda replied, "Those words should be addressed to one more worthy than I, and one with a more ready wit to understand them, but you will find me completely ready to provide whatever you desire."

Armia said to Duarda, "Alas, Duarda, how wise you are, and how much wiser you could be if you were not so cruel. What a thing it is, so as not to hear that shepherd who sings his misfortunes, you talk and think of other things."

Felismena, understanding from Armia's words who the shepherd was, made them pay attention and listen to who was singing this song in his own tongue to the sound of his instrument.

Sighs, my memory does not want you
 Why do you not go away
 Because longing's illness
 Is cured by hope

Hope is useless to me
 Because the cause in which it is held

Does not promise as much good
As longing gives pain;

But love, lack of confidence
Put me in such a state
That longing does not kill me
Nor does life give me hope.

The eyes I cried with
Would be mistaken if they complained
For I would never complain
As long as hers remembered me;

Nor will I ever see
My will change,
Now longing kills me
Now hope leaves me.

The shepherd's words pleased the shepherdess Felismena more than the food of the shepherdesses, because it seemed that the song had been composed to complain of her grief, rather than to lament another's. And when she finished hearing it she said, "Alas, shepherd, it seems you have learned from my ills to complain of your own! Wretched me, for I cannot see or hear anything that does not give me a reason to wish not to live! But God grant that I do not lose it until I see the cause of my eyes' burning tears before them."

Armia said to Felismena, "Does it seem to you, fair shepherdess, that those words deserve to be heard and the heart from which they issue be held more dear than this shepherdess holds it?"

"Do not discuss his words, Armia," said Duarda, "discuss his deeds, because his thoughts must be judged according to them. If you fall in love with words and think that carefully written sonnets are good arguments, undeceive

yourself, for they are the things that please me least and least assure me of his love."

Felismena, agreeing with Duarda's argument, then said, "Look, Armia, many ills could be avoided, and many mishaps would not come about if we stopped believing in well ordered words and arguments composed by hearts that are free, because by nothing else do they prove themselves to be so, as in knowing how to tell in an orderly way a grief that when true, nothing could be further from it. Wretched me, for not taking this advice."

At this time the Portuguese shepherd approached the shepherdesses and in his own tongue said to Duarda, "Ah, shepherdess, these eyes' tears and this heart's wounds are not enough to soften the harshness I am treated with. I want nothing else from you except that my company in these fields be not troublesome to you and the sad verses my grief makes me sing beside this fair river bank not anger you. Come, fair shepherdess, and spend the afternoon in the shade of these willows for your shepherd will bring your goats to the river, and will linger in the sun while they bathe in its crystalline waters. Comb, fair shepherdess, that golden hair⁴ by that clear fountain from whence issues this stream which circles this fair meadow, and I will meanwhile go to feed your flock, and will watch that the sheep do not enter the grain field along the river bank. I do not want you to worry about anything, and I will not rest while I carry out your chores. If this seems a small token of my love, tell me how I can show you how I love you; for there is no greater way for a person to speak the truth in whatever he says than to offer to do it."

The shepherdess Duarda then replied, "Danteo, if it is true that there is love in the world, I had it for you, and how much, you know; no shepherd whose flocks grazed in the field of the Mondego and drank from its clear waters ever obtained a word from me that would give you reason to complain of Duarda, or of the love she always showed you;

your tears and burning sighs moved me only; from the day my eyes did not see you, they never beheld a thing that gave them pleasure. The cows you watched were more than mine, many times more, I fearing that in keeping them from this delightful field you kept them from their pasture, I stood on that lookout to see if they appeared where my sheep were set to pasture or put in a spot where without fear they could graze on the grasses of this beautiful river bank; it proved that I was subject to you as it made you confident. I know well that from my subjection was born your confidence and from your confidence your deed. You married Andresa, may her soul rest in peace, a thing that once made me ask God to wreak vengeance on her and you; what I went through after your marriage you and many others know, my fate being that yours should not harm me. Let me enjoy my liberty and do not hope that you will be able to regain what you lost through your own fault.

After the shepherdess finished the sharp reply you have heard, and Felismena, wanting to resolve their differences, they heard noise, like knights in combat, coming from one side of the meadow and hurriedly went to where it came from to see what it could be. And on an islet formed by a bend in the river they saw three knights attacking one, who was fighting alone; and although he was defending himself bravely, showing his strength and valor, the three gave him so much to do that he had to use all of his strength. They were fighting on foot and their horses were tied to some small trees there. And at this time the lone knight had one of the three stretched out on the ground from a sword's blow that put an end to his life. But the other two, who were very valiant, were bringing him to the point where nothing but death could be expected. The shepherdess Felismena saw that the knight was in great danger and that if she did not help him, he would not escape with his life, and wishing to risk losing hers, to

do what she was obliged and putting a sharp arrow in her bow, she said to one of them, "Stand back knights, for no one who respects this title takes advantage of an enemy who is at a disadvantage." And aiming it at the helmet's visor, she shot it with such force that it entered between the eyes, coming out at the other end, so that he fell to the ground dead. When the lone knight saw one of his adversaries dead, he attacked the third with as much force as though he had just started to fight, but Felismena saved him the trouble; putting another arrow in the bow, which did not stop at the armor but entered below his left nipple and pierced his heart so that this knight went the same way as his companions. When the shepherds saw what Felismena had done, and the knight saw two brave knights dead from two shots, they were all amazed. The knight, removing his helmet and coming towards her said, "Fair shepherdess, how can I repay the great mercy I have received from you today except by acknowledging this debt and never forgetting it?"

When Felismena saw the knight's face and recognized him, she was so beside herself that she could not answer, but coming to, she replied, "Alas, Don Felis, this is not the first debt you owe me and I do not believe you will acknowledge it as you say, because you have not done so with the first. See to what a state my fortune and your disdain have brought me, who in the city was once served by you with tourneys, jousts, and other things you deceived me with, or with which I allowed myself to be deceived, and now goes exiled from her land and liberty, because you used yours. If this is not enough to show you what you owe me, remember that for a year I served you as a page at the court of Princess Cesarina; and even as a go-between to my own disadvantage, without ever revealing my thoughts to you, so as to alleviate the grief yours made you suffer. Oh, how many times I forwarded you favors from Celia, your lady, at the cost of my tears! And do not consider it much, for if this does not suffice, I would give my life to remedy the grief

your love caused you. If you are not tired of how much I loved you, see what the force of love has made me do. I left my country, I came to serve you and to hurt from the grief you suffered, and to suffer from the pain I received from it, and in return for making you happy, I lived the saddest life anyone ever imagined. In woman's clothing I loved you as I never loved anyone else; in a page's habit I served you in a way most contrary to my repose that can be imagined, and even now, in a shepherdess' robe I came to perform this small service for you. I have nothing left to do except to sacrifice my life to your disdain if you think I should, if you do not take into account how much I loved and love you; your sword is in your hand, do not allow another to take vengeance on me for what I deserve."

When the knight heard Felismena's words and realized that what she said was so, his heart clouded over from realizing the injustices he had committed against her; so that this and the blood he had lost in battle caused him to faint suddenly, falling as though dead at Felismena's feet. Who, with as much grief as is possible to imagine, held his head in her lap, and shedding many tears on her knight's face, she began saying, "What is this, fortune? Has the end of my life come at the same time as Don Felis'? Alas, Don Felis, cause of all my grief, if the many tears I shed for you and fall on your face are not enough to revive you, what remedy will this wretch have so that the joy of seeing you does not become an occasion for despair? Alas, my Don Felis, wake up if you are asleep, though I would not be surprised if you did not because you never lost any sleep over me."

Felismena was in the midst of these and other lamentations and the Portuguese shepherdesses were helping her when they saw a fair nymph with a golden goblet and another of silver in her hands approaching the islet by way of the

stones which led to it, and who was recognized by Felismena, who said to her, "Alas, Dórida, who else could have come in time to save this wretch except you? Come here, fair nymph, and you will see the cause of all my travail in the greatest danger."

Dórida then replied, "These are the times when you must take heart, and do not give up, fair Felismena, for the end of your travail has come and with it the beginning of your happiness."

And saying this, she sprinkled some sweet smelling water from the silver goblet on his face, which revived him, and she said to him, "Knight, if you wish to recover your life and give it to the one who has lived it so badly because of you, drink the water in this goblet."

And Don Felis took the gold goblet in his hands and drank most of the water in it. And shortly after he drank it he felt whole from the wounds the knights had inflicted on him and from those Lady Celia had given him in love, so that he felt no pain from either, as if he had never had them. And in this way he renewed his love for Felismena, so that he never felt as alive as he did then; and sitting on the green grass, he took his shepherdess' hands, and kissing them many times said, "Ah, Felismena, how little I would hesitate to give my life in exchange for what I owe you! I have it because of you, and I do little in giving you what is yours. With what eyes could I gaze upon your beauty when not knowing what I owed you I dared to look elsewhere? What words can excuse the offense I have committed against you? I will be wretched if you do not look favorably upon me because there can be no satisfaction for so great an error nor reason to excuse me as great as the one you have to forget me. It is true I loved Celia well and forgot you, but not so that I forgot your virtue and beauty, and the worst of it is that I do not know where to lay the blame, because if I blame my

youth, if I was old enough to love, I was old enough to be firm in my faith. If I blame Celia's beauty, it is clear you have the advantage over her and the rest of the world. If I blame the mutability of time, this should have been when I should have been most steadfast. If I blame traitorous absence, it serves as a small excuse, because the desire to see you should have sustained your image in my memory⁵. See, Felismena, how confident I am in your goodness and mercy that I fearlessly put before you the reasons you have for not forgiving me. But, what can I do so you will forgive me, or so that after I am forgiven I can believe you are satisfied? One thing hurts me more than anything in the world, and that is that the love you had and have for me will allow you to forgive so many faults that I can never look at you so the injustices you have received from me will not cut me to the quick."

The shepherdess Felismena, seeing Don Felis so penitent and so restored to his first thoughts, told him with many tears that she forgave him because she suffered no less from the love she had always borne him that if she did not forgive him, she would not have suffered so many trials on his behalf, and many other things that confirmed Don Felis' first love. The fair nymph Dórida approached the knight and after many words had passed between them and many offers on behalf of the sage Felicia, she begged that he and the fair Felismena go with her to the goddess Diana's temple, where she awaited them with great desire to see them. Don Felis agreed, and taking leave of the Portuguese shepherdesses, who were very amazed by what they had seen, and from the heartbroken shepherd Danteo, taking the dead knights' horses, and Danteo taking his, they quickly went on their way, Felismena happily telling Don Felis what had happened since she had seen him. At which he marvelled, especially at the death of the three savages and at the sage Felicia's palace, and of what

happened to the shepherds and shepherdesses, and everything else this book has dealt with. And Don Felis was no less amazed that his lady Felismena had served as a page for so many days and because he had been out of his wits he had not recognized her; and on the other hand, he could not hide his joy seeing himself so well loved by his lady. Proceeding along their journey, they arrived at Diana's temple, where the sage Felicia awaited them, as well as the shepherds Arsileo and Belisa and Sylvano and Selvagia, who had arrived a few days before. They were joyously welcomed by all, especially the fair Felismena, who, due to her goodness and beauty was held especially dear. There they were married to their loved ones, with great rejoicing and festivity by all the nymphs and the sage Felicia, who did not help the shepherd Sireno a little when he arrived, though what came of it will be told in the second part of this book,⁶ as well as what happened to the Portuguese shepherd and shepherdess, Danteo and Duarda.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE DIANA

NOTES TO BOOK VII

¹These shepherdesses look different because Felismena is now in Portugal.

²Montemayor = highest hill.

³Old Moorish Mountain.

⁴An inconsistency. Previously Armia was described as dark.

⁵Reiteration of the theory that absence does not make the heart grow fonder.

⁶The author did not live to write this second book. Like the chivalric and the picaresque, the form is left open-ended.

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SPANISH EDITIONS OF THE DIANA

<u>Date</u>	<u>City</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
1559?	Valencia	Juan Mey
1560?	Milan	Andrea de Ferrari
1560	Saragossa	Pedro Bernuz
1561	Antwerp	Juan Steelsio
1561	Barcelona	Iayme Cortey
1561	Cuenca	Juan de Canoua
1561	Valladolid	Francisco Fernández Córdoba
1562	Saragossa	Miguel de Guesa
1564	Alcala	Pedro de Robles & Francisco de Cormellas
1564	Granada	Rene Rabuis
1565	Lisbon	Francisco Grapheo
1568	Venice	Alonso de Ulloa
1570	Saragossa	Bartolomé de Nagera
1574	Venice	I. Comenzini
1575	Antwerp	Pedro Bellerio
1578	Pamplona	Thomas Porralis
1580	Antwerp	Juan Helsio
1580	Antwerp	Pedro Bellerio
1581	Antwerp	Pedro Bellerio
1582	Pamplona	Thomas Porralis
1582	Basel (With French translation by S.G. Pavillon)	?
1585	Venice	Giacamo Vincenci
1586	Madrid	Francisco Sanchez
1591	Madrid	Luis Sánchez
1595	Madrid	Luis Sanchez
1599	Madrid	Luis Sanchez
1602	Valencia	Pedro Patricio Mey
1602	Madrid	Juan Flamenco
1603	Paris (With French translation by S.G. Pavillon)	Anthoine de Brueil

<u>Date</u>	<u>City</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
1611	Paris	T. du Bray
1612	Paris (With French translation by S.G. Pavillon)	Thomas de la Ruelle
1613	Paris (With French translation by S.G. Pavillon)	Iacques de Sanlecque
1613	Paris (With French translation by S.G. Pavillon)	Anthoine de Brueil
1613	Paris (With French translation by S.G. Pavillon)	Th. Estoc
1613	Paris (With French translation by J.D. Bertranet)	Thomas de la Ruelle
1614	Barcelona	Sebastian de Cormellos
1616	Milan	Juan Baptista Bidelo
1622	Madrid	Alonso Martín's widow
1624	Lisbon	Pedro Creasbeeck
1662	Madrid	Alonso Martín's widow
1795	Madrid	Fermin Thadeo Villalpando
1886	Barcelona	Biblioteca clásica española
1907	Madrid	Biblioteca de autores españoles
1911	Paris	Louis Michaud
1930	Madrid	Compañía de Ibero-americana
1931	Madrid	Biblioteca de autores españoles
1946	Madrid	Espasa-Calpe
1950	Saragossa	Clásicos Ebro
1954	Madrid	Espasa-Calpe
1955	Madrid	Real Academia Española
1957	Saragossa	Editorial Ebro
1962	Madrid	Espasa-Calpe
1967	Madrid	Espasa-Calpe
1970	Madrid	Espasa-Calpe
1976	Madrid	Editora Nacional

TRANSLATIONS OF THE DIANA

<u>Date</u>	<u>City</u>	<u>Translator</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
1578	Rheims	N. Colin	I. de Foigny
1578	Antwerp	" "	Claude Moureau
1579	Rheims	" "	I. de Foigny
1582	Basel	S.G. Pavillon	?
1582	Paris	Gab. Chapuis	?
1582	Tours	" "	George Drobet
1582	Lyon	" "	Louis Cloquemin
1587	Paris	N. Colin & G. Chapuis	Nicholas Bonfans
1592	Tours	" "	?
1592	Tours	" "	Claude de Montr'oeil & Jean Richer
1598	London	Bartholomew Yong	E. Bollifant
1603	Paris	S.G. Pavillon	Anthoine de Brueil
1611	Paris	" "	T. du Bray
1612	Paris	" "	Thomas de la Ruelle
1613	Paris	" "	Iacques de Sanlecque
1613	Paris	" "	Anthoine de Brueil
1613	Paris	" "	Th. Estoc
1613	Paris	J. D. Bertranet	Thomas de la Ruelle
1619	Nuremberg	Johann Kueffstein	Michael Endters
1623	Paris	A. Vitray	R. Fouet
1624	Leipzig	" "	Michael Wachssmann
1624	Linz	" "	" "
1624	Paris	A. Remy	Palace Edition
1625	Paris	" "	" "
1631	Paris	A. Vitray	R. Fouet
1646	Nuremberg	Johann Kueffstein	Michael Endters
1665	Paris	L.G. Guillot de Saintonge	?
1661	Nuremberg?	Johann Kueffstein	Michael Endters
1663	Nuremberg?	" "	" "

<u>Date</u>	<u>City</u>	<u>Translator</u>	<u>Publisher</u>
1690	Linz	A. Vitray	Michael Wachsmann
1699	Paris	L.G. Guillet de Saintonge	D. Hortemels
1733	Paris	" "	P. Prault
1735	Paris	Le Vayer de Marsilly	Briasson
1750	Hamburg	J.C. Bene	?
1924	Lisbon	Affonso Lopes Vieira	Sociedad editora Portugal-Brasil
1966	Lisbon	" "	Parceria A. M. Pereira
1968	London	Bartholomew Yong	Oxford Univ. Press
1970	Darmstadt	Johann Kueffstein	Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft