

femme / qui depend de la description
de la matrice.



Sixteenth-century French Women's Writing: Challenging Gender Expectations in Selected Works of the Dames des Roches







Dominus Profess. Paris. Societ. Jesu.

LES

OEUVRES DE

MES-DAMES DES ROCHES DE POITIERS
MERE ET FILLE.

SECONDE EDITION,

Y 4736.^o
A

Corrigée & augmentée de la Tragi-comédie de
Tobie & autres œuvres poétiques.



A PARIS,

Pour Abel l'Angelier, tenant sa boutique:
au premier pillier de la grande
salle du Palais.

M. C. LXXIX.

AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.





Ode 4

1- What sorcerer filled with envy,
On my listless life
Has poured out so much poison,
That my soul, enslaved to my senses,
5- Burns like a branding iron?

Mercury, like the waves of the sea,
Shoots around in circular motion,
And sees itself endlessly tossed to and fro,
And my profound sadness
10- Has no end in sight.

Before me I always see the Lernaean Hydra
Ready to pound my head
By constant adverse movement;
While one of its heads is on the mend,
15- Another keeps growing stronger.

My mind sluggish, dead, and unstable,
My body so dry, cold, and feeble,
Suffer more than I can bear;
If I escape from Scylla,
20- I fall back again into Charybdis.

From my head to the soles of my feet,
A frigid humour implants itself
In the middle of my bones,
Whose pain is so overwhelming
25- That I can neither sleep nor eat.

My mind finds no rest,
The sad outcome of my suffering
Keeps telling me
That my eyelids were shut out
30- Of never-ending sleep.

My ship in this bitter storm
Loses its sail and rigging,
In these unknown waters;
O God! I am shipwrecked
35- Just as calm waters are in sight.

I shall be safe and sound
When form and matter
By their alteration
Will lead the earth on to
40- Another generation

Translated by Anne R. Larsen



DE MADAME
DES-ROCHES.

QUI EST

UN RECUEIL DE DIVERS

Poëmes Grecs, Latins & François,

COMPOSEZ PAR PLUSIEURS

DOCTES PERSONNAGES AUX

Grans Iourstenus à POITIERS

L'An M. D. LXXIX.



A PARIS,

Pour Abel l'ANGELLER, au premier Pillier de
la grand Salle du Palais.

M. D. LXXXIII.

La Puce ('The Flea')

Estienne Pasquier's version:

Q3. Flea who has perched
On this tender flesh
In the middle of the most beautiful
two breasts

Q4. I would suck on your chest

Q5. 'sting', 'bite' and 'intoxicate'

Q6. O, how envious I am

Catherine's version:

Q1. Little wriggling Flea,
Your cute little mouth
Sucks the deep red blood
That colours such a delicate breast,
Can one really say
You're fond of such a meal ?

Q2. 'Meal', 'gluttony', 'nourishment'

Q7. Truly, no

Q8. 'honourable place', 'safeguard'

Q9. Your bite is not cruel

Q10. Flea, if my pen were worthy,
I'd describe your origins

Translated by Anne R. Larsen