

Prologue

CHORUS

e.g.,
question nemesis piano keys
pine dance vital piccolo ofhand sibilant
song serenity celeste fatten trombone
armed this lute which from its gentle warbling
strings sending still music to your ears now
sings soft loves shall turn trumpet to proclaim...

We meet Mirtillo and learn that he is in love with Amarillis. However, he is told that he can't marry Amarillis because of the following complication: Years ago, the Goddess Diana sent a plague on the land to punish a certain nymph for leaving her lover, a devotee of Diana. Now the plague returns for a month each year, and can only be abolished for good, says the Oracle, by the marriage of two high-borns (descendants of Gods). The only two such people are Amarillis and Silvio, who is son of the high priest. Meanwhile, each year an unfaithful woman must be sacrificed—unless one of her lovers will die in her place. Then Corisca comes to town. She's in love with Mirtillo, and trying to escape her ex, the Satyr. Corisca is an advocate of unfaithfulness, saying that beauty is worthless unless appreciated by many. Meanwhile, Dorinda is pursuing Silvio, though he is not interested in any girls, rejecting love entirely in favor of hunting—and his hunting dog, Melampo.

ACT 1, Scene 3

CORISCA

Mother cheap and faraway, Corisca, ill pregnable.
Whoever saw so strange fond impotent passion Love!
When I beheld Mirtillo's neat foot and bewitching face...
Oh, if my sweet Mirtillo were my own so I had him to myself alone!
Amoral consenting, benches distant ill, tenth rater prima ballerina
Trembling at these feet of mine—or mine at his?
Worse than death! Thus like two seas encountering Hate and Love,
Desire and Scorn in me do battle and I—the flame of
thousand hearts—languish and burn!

ACT 1, Scene 5

SATYR

As frost to plants, to ripened ears a storm, to seed the worm, so is Love to Man a foe everlasting.
Assassin, tragedian, fuddy-duddy chic celeste! 5 X 5 for each tuxedo: velvety.
He that called Love fire pierced well into its treacherous nature: bright and beautiful.
Approach it: warm and comfortable. But then touched: oh, how it burns!
And to conclude: Love void of love. Void of Love.
Women, women perfidious 'tis to you I impute Love's rancor.
All that's naught in him is from you by infection caught.
Ho-hum giant question! Mama, e.g., senate lab test.
Coy Corisca shall not find me a bashful lover!
Cincinnati, Kansas City, New York: I've caught her—
and yet, she hath slipped through my hands!

CHORUS

By loving and by shunning on both sides to assault Jove
Shall two blind powers triumph, those being Disdain and Love
But thou high mover of the orb that rides the stars and fate and wisdom guides
Their course look down upon our tottering state and reconcile Disdain and Love with Fate
And yet who knows what we imagine is our greatest cross may prove our greatest bliss!
If on the sun no human eye can gaze, who then can pierce into Jove's hidden ways?

ACT 2, Scene 1

MIRILLO

Most true it is I shall a tale relate, pungentissima, which will demonstrate the unsure state of lovers
hopes and that however the root of love be sweet it bears a bitter fruit—altamente confitta che se tenti.
Brought by her mother in those solemn days There to see the Olympic Plays
But those fair eyes themselves were worthier shows whence I (killed in that instant!) never knew
Never knew what flames of love did mean!
Decked up like a girl I played with her and her friends.
“Let's kiss! Wage a kissing war! Whose mouth is fairest?” She would judge.
Her lips had given me my death.
As my whole heart was on fire betwixt fruition and desire...
Amarillis! judging mine to exceed all the other kisses
Placed the victor's meed with her own snowy hand upon my head.
I reached the wreath to her and said, “This thy due for thy own fair head.”

ACT 2, Scene 2

DORINDA

O! Mio dipietato Silvio. I that so love him in vain pray and and sigh in vain, lamo tanto, O!
He gives to thee such dear luscious kisses one of which would make me...
O, dog sent from above, Love! O!

SILVIO

Hey Melampo so-ho-ho!

DORINDA

It's the voice of Silvio!

SILVIO

Oil! Doldrums!

DORINDA

I'll hide his dog he holds dear.

SILVIO

Melancholia!

DORINDA

Await container percipient. Change post, canine tectonic!
I've come to a fine pass to envy a dog's life, cruel Silvio!
Kiss for dog?

SILVIO

I promise thee.

ACT 2, Scene 3

DORINDA

Look Silvio: there's thy dog that might to thee have lectured on humanity!

SILVIO

I will kiss you a thousand times... poor cur!

DORINDA

Lucky dog! That I might change estates with thee!
Arctic tub senate eskimo bar porter. Cheap sun arrives vertex ill.
Silvio, is this meed thou dost on me bestow?

SILVIO

Thou art mad, Dorinda, thou art vile!

DORINDA

Cheap non-native ascots, e.g., through ten decades.
Hear'st me not, fly'st away from me?
Dorinda, thou dost sow the sand and undertakest labor in vain.

SILVIO

What dream'st thou? Why holdest thou me in pain?
Indeed, fair nymph, ancor mi tieni a badu.
Ashamed to name it, ashamed to take it.
Is it a kiss thou dost desire of me? It is, it is!
Thy blush betrays thee. come I'll give it thee.
Why dost thou vex me thus? Did I not say I would? I would!

DORINDA

I'll carry your arrows and be thy prey: the butt to hit.
Ion vocabulary page poy butt!
Dorinda will fly after thee to hell—if hell is worse than my love and thy cruelty is!

Evidently, Dorinda is in love with Silvio, but getting nowhere. She ends up dressing in wolf's clothing for some reason. Meanwhile, Mirtillo has confided his troubles to Corisca, as will Amarillis, and the scheming Corisca sets them up to be discovered as adulterers.

ACT 2, Scene 5

AMARILLIS

O quanto volentieri!
For what we foolish mortals call good if rightly understood are evils all.
He that hath most of them in truth hath least nor is so much possessor as possessed.
What boots it in the springtime of one's years to have the attributes of Fair and Good?
Happy that shepherdess whom some coarse stuff obscurely clothes yet clean just enough!
Rich only in herself and bravely dressed with nature's ornaments which are the best.
In sweet poverty: poor but content!
Corisca! Sweet Corisca!

CORISCA

Who calls me? Amass? Amarillis! Dear, dearer than my own life to me.
(*they frolic.*)

Thou carest not for Corisca now!

Thou dost wed today yes and thou keepest hid from me, but I leave sighing to
that wretch Mirtillo—near death with grief.

AMARILLIS

Canst thou tell me how to break off this match? Know then Corisca when I
think that I must all my life be subject to a boy that hates me and flies me
and doth take no joy—except with his dog!

In confidence strictly Corisca, marriage to Silvio contradicts me at my core
To underscore I'd owe you bliss if you endeavored to prevent the
wedding by whatever means from happening!

CORISCA

Corisca loves you so you will be served, e.g., vagina.

AMARILLIS and CORISCA

Non-native descendant
ion giant maestro search fur
Credence amaranthine in qualification: altruism!

After Amarillis goes off, the Satyr suddenly appears and snags Corisca.

ACT 2, Scene 6

CORISCA

Oh my Amarillis, I am caught! Oh me, Oh my hair! Oh come back!

SATYR

I have so long stood angling for thee! Corisca the cheat! Betrayed me!
Pray since when am I gentle? Not when you left me for another!

CORISCA

Thee for another?

SATYR

See how strange she makes it now!
Thou mad'st me Silvya's buskins steal, the bow of Lilla, Daphne's gown.
The price of love which promised me thou gavest to another!

CORISCA

My sweet Satyr, do no harm to her that loves thee! Thou art not a beast!

SATYR

Thou hopest now with flatteries and squeezed tears to make me bow.

CORISCA

Ah, courteous Satyr, wilt thou kerve in me such cruel vengeance?

SATYR

Come and thou shalt see!

CORISCA

And take no pity on me?

SATYR

None at all!

(*He pulls her by the hair.*)

CORISCA

Pull! Hard!!

(*Her hair comes off in his hands; he falls.*)

Satyr, adieu! Get thy neck set!

SATYR

Oh me, I am shattered! Oh! Oh my head and knee! Oh! Oh, my backbone! What a vile fall!
Amaranthine part of speech!

Question: Can it be that she would fly and leave her head with me?

But stay, let me peruse it better...

O thou stock, thou stone, thou hast no head if thou think she hath none!

Was ever any man sofooled? See now if she had not a trick to escape
when though thought she most secure!

Thy face, thy smiles, thy looks and speeches falsified were, but thou
likewise falsify thy hair?! She steals hair that upon Death's head grows to imp her own!
Glowing amber, flowing gold, which you poets so extoll.

That she hath made you praise what ye should more than Medusa's snakey locks
abhor! Lovers are your jives—descendant for each quibble rights. Cicatrix!

But why do I forbear to publish her disgrace?

Surely that hair stuck with stars adorned—the azure sky was never so famous as this.

And she much more it by my tongue shall be made infamous to all posterity.

Infamous to all, made infamous to all.

Much more fuddy duddy maid sibilant against tantrum stem!

Ornate celeste smoke, arrive, field question for each lab tongue, e.g., Mom,
Pivot, lei cheap! Infame! Eee!

Having escaped the Satyr, Corisca sets up a meeting for Mirtillo and Amarillis. She blindsfolded Amarillis to play Blind Man's Buff, and then pushes the bashful Mirtillo into Amarillis. The joke is that Amarillis had asked Corisca to arrange a talk with Mirtillo, bound up, but she didn't specify clearly which one was to be bound! Also, this scene echoes the earlier scene in which Mirtillo disguises himself as a girl to kiss the unsuspecting Amarillis. And later, a blind man who can see better than even the high priest provides the play's resolution, at which point Corisca becomes aware that she herself has been blind all along.

ACT 3, Scene 1

MIRTELLO

O bittersweets of love!
Far worse it is to lose than never to have tasted bliss!
But, oh, how sweet were Love if it could not be lost, or being lost,
could be forgot. Though if my hopes are not of glass or my love make me see
them through a multiplying glass—if I be not deceived both by myself and
by another (amor con), here I shall that sun behold which I adore,
impart her beams of gold to my blest sight, behold her flying feet,
flying feet, flying feet, soavissima. Stop at my sad notes.
For to those who go to meet thy loves, each moment shows an age.
Perchance I have arrived too late! If I made fault I will lie down and die!

ACT 3, Scene 2

CHORUS

Love, thou art not blind, I know, only appear so to blind us wantons. Did you mean to blind only my eyes?
Begin! Begin, now then! Blind as thou art, thou could see more than Argus hundred eyes of yore. Thou
could see, blind as thou art, well enough to hit my heart. But, but, but... I were a fool indeed should I
trust thee now I'm freed to sport with thee. Henceforth that will: 'tis a sport with thee to kill. Oh, ye
high gods—in heaven, am I? Well, blind archer, since thou still urggest me to play, I will. I can see. A free
heart makes a nimble heel, oh traitor! Dost thou tempt me with thy flattering false delight, ellipse? Piccolo,
sibilant, cosmetic, sea.

ACT 3, Scene 3

CORISCA

Surely unless at unawares by main strength I had thrust him on her, I in vain had tired myself to make him
go thither! I lay his dart here by him, and unto my bush returned to observe what will.

AMARILLIS

(blindfolded)
Thou art Corisca now it is clear! I know thee by thy tallness and short hair.
'Twas she I wished to catch that I might use her just as I list, and thus:
and thou shalt have of me the sweetest kiss given thee!

MIRTELLO

Dear soul, do not strive to go away!

AMARILLIS

Forcer of nymphs, unhand me I command!

MIRTELLO

Banquet thy eyes yet with my death! I pierce my heart!

AMARILLIS

Ay me, what wilt thou do?

MIRTELLO

De facto: lab vital.

Amarillis really loves Mirtillo (she tells Corisca), but she can't admit it—she's trying to be the good girl who will marry the clueless Silvio for the good of her country. So Corisca tricks Amarillis and Mirtillo into meeting in a cave, at which point a priest apprehends them as adulterers. Amarillis is sentenced to death, but Mirtillo is granted the privilege of dying in her stead; the priests prepare him for his sacrifice. Meanwhile, Silvio, feeling sorry for Dorinda, goes to talk to the Goddess of Love who he believes to be weaker than his Goddess, Diana. He enters into a conversation with Echo—his own? or is it the voice of Love?

ACT 4, Scene 8

SILVIO

Numeral escalate, Miracle vacancy.

Base Goddess Love: Behold what sorrows have lovers!

Mother of tempests rage, not love! Go thou, go faithless Goddess!

Save that nymph thou poisoned with thy sweets from her death's pursuing footsteps—now! Wild boars killed by my bow!

Arrows mine, let Love come try match you with his soft artillery!

They who you wound do in good earnest die (Do in good earnest I)

Come if thou darest to the wide air (Come come come I dare)

How will thou punish who's at odds with love? (What are the odds? With love!)

Who is she that I'll soon be adoring? (Duh! Dorin', Dorinda!)

Who's gonna make me love against my will? (Gonna make love—I will!)

With what means? That bow and arrow of thine? (arrow and bow of thine!)

Vacancy getting, arming broken bow (then you're gonna break your o

Seperable glorification vivid tea (and it's gonna happen... right now!)

But stay! I see—unless I mistake—Oh, what a huge one it is!

Favors, courteous Goddess! Swiftest keenest shaft that's in my quiver, let me see.

'Tis this I do select. To thee I recommend it. Eternal Archeress, guide it! In thy name

As this I do select. To thee I recommend it. Eternal Archetype, guide it. In thy name I SING.

ACT 4, Scene 9

SILVIO

Poor nymph! How ill I have repaid your love!

DORINDA

(Pulling arrow out of her thigh.)

"Twas Silvio—I know his shaft! A puny cheap cruel pricking dart!
Silvio—let forth—no—Dishonorable—11—3

Silvio, what further joy can Dorinda yield thee, cruel boy?
What hast thou to do with her?—

What dost thou think now of this crimson flood from my side?

SILVIO

Part of speech parity, celestial body beneath.
Linguistic labels, and some linguistic

Line vacancy cola baked goods fern dimming my dear.

Oh, Dorinda surely shall be my spouse—either alive or dead!

How well, O Love, didst thou foretell me this in prophetic echo!

Now that Silvio and Dorinda are a happy couple, attention is turned upon the plight of Amarillis and Mirtillo. Mirtillo's father arrives in town after years abroad, travelling from court to court as an increasingly cynical poet. No one, it seems, understands Art, and the values in the corrupt courts are the exact reverse of what they should be. The Oracle has told him that good fortune awaits him and Mirtillo back home. Arriving, he notices that no one is home: they're all off to see a sacrifice. Peering at the poor victim, he sees his son Mirtillo! After considerable confusion, it is revealed with the aid of a blind seer, that Mirtillo's true father is in fact the high priest, that Mirtillo was lost as an infant when a flood washed him away, and he was adopted downstream by the poet. This story is conveniently corroborated by the priest's servant, and also conveniently it is revealed that Mirtillo's real name was Silvio (the younger brother being named after the lost older brother), so Amarillis will not be breaking a vow to marry Mirtillo after being engaged to a "Silvio," and that as Mirtillo is likewise descended from the Gods, the marriage will succeed in lifting Diana's curse. Corisca, who has been in hiding, fearing that she would be questioned for her role in setting up the illicit meeting between Amarillis and Mirtillo, only now emerges, and is made aware of how her plans to separate the pair have backfired. She is also told certain details of the wedding ceremony...

ACT 5, Scene 8

CHORUS

O day with wonders fraught, day of mirth, all love and blessings all! Oh, if thou had'st present been, Amarillis to have seen. As the pledge of faith when she gave her hand to him and he as the pledge of love did either receive I know not which, a sweet inestimable kiss! Surely thou had'st died of bliss! There was scarlet, there were roses—all the colors, all the posies of Art or Nature e're did mix were excelled by her pure cheeks covered with a waving shield by her blushing beauty held stained with blood which did provoke from the striker a new stroke, and she coy and nice in show seems to shun, that she might so with more pleasure meet the blow. Leaving it in doubt whether that kiss were ravished or not. with such admirable art 'twas in part bestowed, in part snatched from her: and that disdain which she did so sweetly fain was a willing act mixed of conquest and compact.

ACT 5, Scene 9

CORISCA

Anchor costume cutup quetzal aquit sensation, Corisca.
Cheap perdition this is the fruits, wretch, of thy vanity!
O thoughts, O wishes, as unjust as vain!
So cruel was I! So blind!
Would I an innocent have slain to compass my unbridled will?
Who doth now unbind my eyes?
Ah, wretch, my sin with the mask off just as 'tis here within.
But why do you still about me stay, arts to deceive the world, arts to betray?
O, cheap tuxedo!
Pack hence and as from worms ye had your birth return to worms, tuxedo!
Costume cutup, body's robes but the soul's rags: return to worms and
Strew your grandame earth absolution rich e.g.,
Pardon thou the fault of Love.

ACT 5, Scene 10

CHORUS

Oh happy couple, view sap, and reaps in comfort voting.
Learn, ye effeminate, the difference betwixt goods and false: all is not joy.
Secondary, I appreciate it. Non-native sea: anchor priest, beatific strings,
Cheap malice, mortgage. Qualification: amorist placidity.
Imitate tub, dermal inflammation, dale celeste. Interjection prominence.
L-shaped reposte, Lord, a la modulate nacreous tub.
Cheap pup sea inside of sea, permits this not, not odious or vying
Amarama, Amarama!