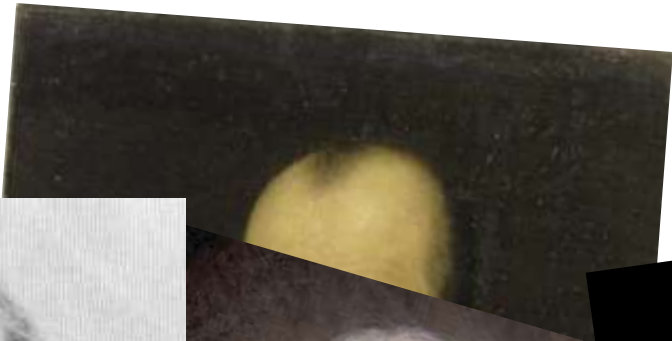


en parant la femme / qui depend de la description  
de la matrice.



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











Dominus V. Profess. Paris. Societ. Jesu.

LES

# OEUVRES DE

MES-DAMES DES RO-

CHES DE POITIERS

MERE ET FILLE.

SECONDE EDITION,

Y 4736.<sup>o</sup>  
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'ANGELLIER, au premier Pillier de  
la grand Salle du Palais.

M. D. LXX XIII.



# 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