

VICTOR HUGO



MARION
DE LORME

ENGLISH / FRENCH

Marion de Lorme

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MARION DE LORME.

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ACTE CINQUIÈME. LE CARDINAL

Marion de Lorme

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Marion de Lorme.
Didier.
Louis XIII.
Marquis de Saverny.
Marquis de Nangis.
L'Angely.
M. de Laffemas.
Duke de Bellegarde.
Marquis de }
Brichanteau, }
Count de Gassé, }
Viscount de }
Bouchavannes, } Officers of the Regiment of
Chevalier de } Anjou.
Rochebaron, }
Count de Villac, }
Chevalier de }
Montpesat, }
Duke de Beaupréau.
Viscount de Rohan.
Abbé de Gond.
Count de Charnacé.
Scaramouche, } Provincial comedians.
Gracieux, }

Taillebras, }

Councilor of the Great Chamber.

Town Crier.

Captain.

A Jailer.

A Registrar.

The Executioner. First Workman.

Second Workman. Third Workman.

A Lackey.

Dame Rose.

Provincial Comedians, Guards, Populace, Nobles, Pages.

1638.

ACT I. THE MEETING

Scene.—Blois. A bed-chamber. A window opening on a balcony at the back. To the right, a table with a lamp, and an armchair. To the left a door, covered by a portière of tapestry. In the background a bed

SCENE I

Marion de Lorme, in a very elegant wrapper, sitting beside the table, embroidering. Marquis de Saverny, very young man, blonde, without mustache, dressed in the latest fashion of 1638

SAVERNY (*approaching Marion and trying to embrace her*).

Let us be reconciled, my sweet Marie!

MARION (*pushing him away*).

Not such close reconciliation, please!

SAVERNY (*insisting*).

Just one kiss!

MARION (*angrily*).

Marquis!

SAVERNY.

What a rage! Your mouth Had sweeter manners, not so long ago!

MARION.

Ah, you forget!

SAVERNY.

No, I remember, dear.

MARION (*aside*).

The bore! the tiresome creature!

SAVERNY.

Speak, fair one! What does this swift, unkind departure mean? While all are seeking you at Place Royale, Why do you hide yourself at Blois? Traitress, What have you done here all these two long months?

MARION.

I do what pleases me, and what I wish Is right. I'm free, my lord!

SAVERNY.

Free! Yes. But those Whose hearts you've stolen, are they also free? I? Gondi, who omitted half his Mass The other day, because he had a duel Upon his hands for you? Nesmond, D'Arquien, The two Caussades, Pressigny, whom your flight Has left so wretched, so morose, even Their wives wish you were back in Paris, that They might have gayer husbands!

MARION (*smiling*).

Beauvillain?

SAVERNY.

Is still in love.

MARION.

Cereste?

SAVERNY.

Adores you yet.

MARION.

And Pons?

SAVERNY.

Oh, as for him, he hates you!

MARION.

Proof He is the only one who loves me! Well, The President? [*Laughing.*] The old man! What's his name?

[*Laughing more heartily.*

Leloup!

SAVERNY.

He's waiting for you, and meanwhile He keeps your portrait and sings odes to it.

MARION.

He's loved me two years now, in effigy.

SAVERNY.

He'd much prefer to burn you. Tell me how You keep away from such dear friends.

MARION (*serious, and lowering her eyes*).

That's just The reason, Marquis; to be frank with you, Those brilliant follies which seduced my youth Have given me much more misery than joy. In a retreat, a convent cell, perhaps, I want to try to expiate my life.

SAVERNY.

I'll wager there's a love-tale behind that.

MARION.

You dare to think—

SAVERNY.

That never a nun's veil Surmounted eyes so full of earthly fire. It could not be. You love some poor provincial! For shame! To end a fine romance with such A page!

MARION.

It isn't true!

SAVERNY.

Let's make a wager!

MARION.

Dame Rose, what time is it?

DAME ROSE (*outside*).

Almost midnight!

MARION (*aside*).

Midnight!

SAVERNY.

That is a most ingenious way Of saying, "Time to go."

MARION.

I live retired, Receiving no one, and unknown to all. Besides, 'tis dangerous to be out late: The street is lonely, full of robbers.

SAVERNY.

Well, They can rob me.

MARION.

And oftentimes they kill!

SAVERNY.

Good! they can kill me.

MARION.

But—

SAVERNY.

You are divine! But I'll not stir one foot before I know
Who this gay shepherd is, who's routed us!

MARION.

There's no one!

SAVERNY.

I will be discreet. We courtiers, Whom people think so
mad, so curious And spiteful, are maligned. We gossip, but
We never talk! You're silent? [*Sits down.*] Then I'll stay!

MARION.

What does it matter? Well, it's true! I love! I'm waiting for
him!

SAVERNY.

That's the way to talk! That's right! Where is it you
expect him?

MARION.

Here!

SAVERNY.

When?

MARION.

Now! [*She goes to the balcony and listens.* Hark! that is
he perhaps. [*Coming back.*] 'Tis not. Now are you satisfied?

SAVERNY.

Not quite!

MARION.

Please go!

SAVERNY.

I want to know his name, this proud gallant, For whose
reception I am thus dismissed.

MARION.

Didier is all the name I know for him. Marie is all the name he knows for me.

SAVERNY (*laughing*).

Is't true?

MARION.

Yes, true!

SAVERNY.

This is a pastoral, And no mistake. 'Tis Racan, pure! To enter, I have no doubt he scales the wall.

MARION.

Perhaps. Please go! [*Aside.*] He wearies me to death!

SAVERNY (*becoming serious*).

Of course He's noble.

MARION.

I don't know.

SAVERNY.

What?

[*To Marion, who is gently pushing him toward the door.*

I am going! [*Coming back.* Just one word more! I had forgotten. Look!

[*He draws a book out of his pocket and gives it to Marion.*

An author who is not a fool, did this. It's making a great stir.

MARION (*reading the title*).

"Love's Garland"—ah! "To Marion de Lorme."

SAVERNY.

They talk of nothing But this in Paris. That book and "The Cid" Are the successful efforts of the day.

MARION (*taking the book*).

It's very civil of you; now, good-night!

SAVERNY.

What is the use of fame? Alack-a-day! To come to Blois and love a rustic! Bah!

MARION (*calling to Dame Rose*).

Take care of the Marquis, and show him out!

SAVERNY (*saluting her*).

Ah, Marion, you've degenerated! [*He goes out.*]

SCENE II

Marion, afterward Didier

MARION (*alone, shuts the door by which Saverny went out*).

Go— Go quickly! Oh, I feared lest Didier—

[*Midnight strikes.*]

Hark! It's striking midnight! Didier should be here!

[*She goes to the balcony and looks into the street.*]

No one!

[*She comes back and sits down impatiently.*]

Late! To be late—so soon!

[*A young man appears behind the balustrade of the balcony, jumps over it lightly, enters, places his cloak and sword on the armchair. Costume of the day: all black: boots. He takes one step forward, pauses and contemplates Marion, sitting with her eyes cast down.*]

At last!

[*Reproachfully.*]

To let me count the hour alone!

DIDIER (*seriously*).

I feared To enter!

MARION (*hurt*).

Ah!

DIDIER (*without noticing it*).

Down there, outside the wall, I was o'ercome with pity. Pity? yes, For you! I, poor, accursed, unfortunate, Stood there a long time thinking, ere I came! "Up there an angel waits," I thought, "in virgin grace, Untouched by sin—a being chaste and fair, To whose sweet face shining on life's pathway Each passer-by should bend his knees and pray. I, who am but a vagrant 'mongst the crowd, Why should I seek to stir that placid stream? Why should I pluck that

lily? With the breath Of human passion, why should I consent To cloud the azure of that radiant soul? Since in her loyalty she trusts to me, Since virtue shields her with its sanctity, Have I a right to take her gift of love, To bring my storms into her perfect day?"

MARION (*aside*).

This is theology, it seems to me! I wonder if he is a Huguenot?

DIDIER.

But when your tender voice fell on my ear, I wrestled with my doubts no more—I came.

MARION.

Oh, then you heard me speaking—that is strange!

DIDIER.

Yes; with another person.

MARION (*quickly*).

With Dame Rose! She talks just like a man, don't you think so? Such a strong voice! Ah, well, since you are here I am no longer angry! Come, sit down.

[*Indicating a place at her side.*

Sit here!

DIDIER.

No! at your feet.

[*He sits on a stool at Marion's feet and looks at her for some moments in complete silence.*

Hear me, Marie! I have no name but Didier—never knew My father nor my mother. I was left, A baby, on the threshold of a church. A woman, old, belonging to the people, Preserved me, was my mother and my nurse. She brought me up a Christian, then she died And left me all she had—nine hundred francs A year, on which I live. To be alone At twenty is a sad and bitter thing! I traveled—saw mankind: I learned to hate A few and to despise the rest. For on This tarnished mirror we call human life, I saw nothing but pride and misery And pain; so that, although I'm young, I'm old, And am as weary of the world as are

The men who leave it. Never touched a thing That did not tear and lacerate my soul! Although the world was bad, I found men worse. Thus I have lived; alone and poor and sad, Until you came, and you have set things right. I hardly know you. At the corner of A Paris street you first appeared to me. Then afterward I met you, and I thought Your eyes were sweet, your speech was beautiful! I was afraid of loving you, and fled! But destiny is strange: I found you here, I find you everywhere, as if you were My guardian angel. So at last, my love Grew powerful, resistless, and I felt I must talk with you. You were willing. Now They're at your service, both my heart and life. I will do anything that you wish done. If there is any man or anything That troubles you, or you have any whim And somebody must die to satisfy it— Must die, and make no sign—and feel 'twas worth Death any time to see you smile; if you Need such a man, speak, lady: I am here!

MARION (*smiling*).

You've a strange nature, but I love you so!

DIDIER.

You love me! Ah, take care! One dare not say Such words in any careless way! Love me? Oh, do you know what loving means? What 'tis To feel love take possession of our blood, Become our daily breath? To feel this thing Which long has smoldered burst to flame, and rise A great, majestic, purifying fire? To feel it burn up clean within our hearts The refuse other passions have left there? This love, hopeless indeed, but limitless, Which outlives all things, even happiness— Is this the kind of love you mean?

MARION (*touched*).

Indeed!

DIDIER.

You do not know it, but I love you so! From that first time I saw you, my dark life Was shot with sunlight streaming from your eyes; Since then all's different. To me you seem Some wonderful creation, not of earth. My life, in whose

dark gloom I groaned so long, Grows almost beautiful when
you are by. For 'til you came, I'd wandered, suffered, wept;
I'd struggled, fallen—but I had not loved.

MARION.

Poor Didier!

DIDIER.

Speak, Marie!

MARION.

Well, then, I do. I love with just this love—love you as
much And maybe more than you love me! It was Not
destiny that brought me here. 'Twas I Who came, who
followed you, and I am yours!

DIDIER (*falling on his knees*).

Oh, do not cheat me! Give me truth, Marie! If to my
ardent love your love responds, The world holds no
possession rich as mine! My whole life, kneeling at your
feet, will be One sigh of speechless, blinding ecstasy. But
do not cheat me!

MARION.

Do you want a proof Of love, my Didier?

DIDIER.

Yes!

MARION.

Then speak!

DIDIER.

You are— Quite free?

MARION (*embarrassed*).

Free? Yes!

DIDIER.

Then take me for a brother, For a protector—be my wife?

MARION (*aside*).

His wife! Ah, why am I not worthy?

DIDIER.

You consent?

MARION.

I—can—

DIDIER.

Don't say it, please—I understand! An orphan, without fortune! What a fool! Give back my pain, my gloom, my solitude! Farewell!

[He starts to go; Marion holds him back.]

MARION.

Didier, what are you saying?

[She bursts into tears.]

DIDIER.

True! But why this hesitation? *[Going back to her.]* Can't you feel The ecstasy of being, each to each, a world, A country, heaven; in some deserted spot To hide a happiness kings could not buy.

MARION.

It would be heaven!

DIDIER.

Will you have it? Come!

MARION.

[Aside.] Accursed woman! *[Aloud.]* No, it cannot be.

[She tears herself from out his arms, and falls on the armchair.]

DIDIER *(freezingly)*.

The offer was not generous, I know. You've answered me. I'll speak of it no more! Good-by!

MARION. *(aside)*.

Alack, the day I pleased him! *[Aloud.]* Stay! I'll tell you. You have hurt me to the soul. I will explain—

DIDIER *(coldly)*.

What were you reading, madame, When I came?

[Takes the book from the table and reads.]

"To Marion de Lorme. Love's Garland!" Yes, the beauty of the day!

[Throwing the book violently to the floor.]

Vile creature! a dishonor to her sex!

MARION. (*trembling*).

But—she—

DIDIER.

What are you doing with such books? How came they here?

MARION. (*inaudibly, and looking down*).

They came by chance.

DIDIER.

Do you— You who have eyes so pure, a brow so chaste— Do you know what she is—this woman? Well, She's beautiful in body, and deformed In soul! A Phryne, selling everywhere, To every man, her love, which is an insult, An infamy!

MARION (*her head in her hands*).

My God!

[*A noise of footsteps, a clashing of swords outside, and cries.*

VOICE IN THE STREET.

Help! Murder! Help!

DIDIER (*surprised*).

What noise is that out there upon the square?

[*Cries continue.*

VOICE IN THE STREET.

Help! Murder! Help!

DIDIER (*looking from the balcony*).

They're killing some one! Ha!

[*He takes his sword and step's over the balustrade. Marion rises, runs to him and tries to hold him back by his cloak.*

MARION.

Don't, Didier, if you love me! They'll kill you! Don't go!

DIDIER (*jumping down into the street*).

He is the one they're going to kill! Poor man! [*Outside, to combatants.* Stand off! Hold firmly, sir, and push!

[*Clashing of swords.*

There, wretch!

[*Noise of swords, voices, and footsteps.*

MARION. (*on the balcony, terrified*).

Just Heaven! They are six 'gainst two!

VOICE IN THE STREET.

This man—he is the devil!

[*The clashing of swords subsides little by little, then entirely ceases. The sounds of footsteps become indistinct. Didier reappears scaling the balcony.*

DIDIER (*outside of the balcony and turned toward the street*).

You are safe; Now go your way!

SAVERNY (*from outside*).

Not 'til I've grasped your hand— Not 'til I've thanked you, if you please!

DIDIER.

Pass on! I will consider myself thanked.

SAVERNY.

Not so! I mean to thank you. [*Scaling balcony.*

DIDIER.

Can't you speak from there And say "I thank you" without coming up?

SCENE III

Marion, Didier, Saverny

SAVERNY (*jumping into the room, sword in hand*).

Upon my soul! 'Tis a strange chivalry To save my life and push me from the door! The door—that is to say, the window! No, They shall not say one of my family Was bravely rescued by a nobleman And did not in return say "Marquis—" Pray, What is your name?

DIDIER.

Didier.

SAVERNY.

Didier—of what?

DIDIER.

Didier, of nothing! People kill you, and I help you—that is all! Now go!

SAVERNY.

Indeed! That's your way, is it? Why not have let Those traitors kill me? 'Twould have pleased me more. For without you I'd be a dead man now. Six thieves against me! Dead! Of course! What else? Six daggers against one thin sword—

[Perceiving Marion, who has been trying to avoid him.]

Oh, ho! You're not alone! At last I understand! I'm robbing you of pleasure. Pardon me! *[Aside.]* I'd like to see the lady!

[Approaches Marion, who is trembling: he recognizes her.]

It is you!

[Indicating Didier.]

Then he's the one!

MARION (*low*).

Hush! You will ruin all!

SAVERNY (*bowing*).

Madame!

MARION (*low*).

I love for the first time!

DIDIER (*aside*).

'Sdeath! That man is looking at her with bold eyes.

[He overturns the lamp with a blow.]

SAVERNY.

You put the lamp out, sir?

DIDIER.

It would be wise For us to leave together, and at once.

SAVERNY.

So be it, then! I follow you!

[To Marion, whom he salutes profoundly.]

Madame, Farewell!

DIDIER (*aside*).

What a rare coxcomb! [*Aloud to Saverny.*] Come, sir, come!

SAVERNY.

You're brusque, but I'm in debt to you for life. If ever you should need fraternal friendship, Count upon me, Marquis de Saverny, Paris, Hôtel de Nesle.

DIDIER.

Enough, sir! Come! [*Aside.*] To see her thus examined by a fool!

[*They go out by the balcony. The voice of Didier is heard outside.*]

Your road lies that way. Mine lies here!

SCENE IV

Marion, Dame Rose

MARION (*remains absorbed a moment, then calls*).

Dame Rose!

[*Dame Rose appears. Marion points to the window.*]

Go shut it!

[*Dame Rose, having shut the window, turns and sees Marion wiping away a tear.*]

DAME ROSE (*aside*).

She is weeping! [*Aloud.*] It is time To sleep, madame!

MARION.

Yes, time for you—you people.

[*Undoing her hair.*]

Come, help me to undress!

DAME ROSE (*helping her to undress*).

The gentleman To-night was pleasant. Is he rich?

MARION.

Not rich.

DAME ROSE.

But gallant.

MARION.

No, nor gallant.

[*Turning to Dame Rose.*]

He did not So much as kiss my hand!

DAME ROSE.

What use is he?

MARION (*pensive*).

I love him!

ACT II. THE ENCOUNTER

Scene.—*Blois. The door of a public-house. A square. In the background the city of Blois is visible in the form of an amphitheater, also the towers of St. Nicholas upon the hill, which is covered with houses*

SCENE I

Count de Gassé, Marquis de Brichanteau, Viscount de Bouchavannes, Chevalier de Rochebaron. *They are seated at tables in front of the door: some are smoking, the others are throwing dice and drinking. Afterward Chevalier de Montpesat, Count de Villac; afterward L'Angely; afterward The Town-Crier and The Populace*

BRICHANTEAU (*rising, to Gassé, who enters*).

Gassé! [*They shake hands. You are come to join The regiment at Blois: our compliments Upon your burial. Examining his clothes. Ah!*

GASSÉ.

It is the style— This orange with blue ribbons.

[*Folding his arms and curling his mustache.*

You must know That Blois is forty miles from Paris!

BRICHANTEAU.

Yes, It's China!

GASSÉ.

That makes womankind rebel: To follow us they must exile themselves.

BOUCHAVANNES (*turning from the game*).

You come from Paris?

ROCHEBARON (*taking out his pipe*).

Is there any news?

GASSÉ (*bowing*).

No, nothing. Corneille still upsets all heads. Guiche has obtained the order; Ast is duke. Of trifles, plenty—thirty Huguenots Were hung; a quantity of duels. On The third, D'Angennes fought Arquien on account Of wearing point of Genoa; the tenth, Lavardie had a rendezvous with Pons, Because he'd taken Sourdis' wife from him. Sourdis and D'Ailly met about a creature In the theater Mondori. On the ninth, Lachâtre fought with Nogent because he wrote Three rhymes of Colletet's badly; Margaillan With Gorde, about the time of day; D'Humiére With Gondi on the way to walk in church; And all the Brissacs 'gainst all the Soubises For some bet on a horse against a dog. Then Caussade and Latournelle fought for nothing— Merely for fun: Caussade killed Latournelle.

BRICHANTEAU.

Gay Paris! Duels have begun again.

GASSÉ.

It is the fashion!

BRICHANTEAU.

Feasts and love and fighting! There is the only place to live! [*Yawning.*] All one Can do here is to die of weariness. [*To Gassé.*] You say Caussade killed Latournelle?

GASSÉ.

He did, With a good gash!

[*Examining Rochebaron's sleeves.*

What's that you wear, my friend? Those trimmings are not fashionable now. What! cords and buttons? Nothing could be worse. You must have bows and ribbons.

BRICHANTEAU.

Pray repeat The list of duels. How about the King? What does he say?

GASSÉ.

The Cardinal's enraged And means to stop it.

BOUCHAVANNES.

Any news from camp?

GASSÉ.

I think we captured Figuière by surprise— Or else we lost it. [*Reflecting.*] Yes, that's it. 'Tis lost! They took it from us.

ROCHEBARON.

Ah! What said the King?

GASSÉ.

The Cardinal is most dissatisfied.

BRICHANTEAU.

How is the Court? I hope the King is well.

GASSÉ.

Alas! the Cardinal has fever and The gout, and goes out only in a litter.

BRICHANTEAU.

Queer! We talk King, you answer Cardinal!

GASSÉ.

It is the fashion!

BOUCHAVANNES.

So there's nothing new!

GASSÉ.

Did I say so? There's been a miracle, A prodigy, which has amazed all Paris For two months past; the flight, the disappearance—

BRICHANTEAU.

Go on! Of whom?

GASSÉ.

Of Marion de Lorme, The fairest of the fair!

BRICHANTEAU (*with an air of mystery*).

Here's news for you. She's here!

GASSÉ.

At Blois?

BRICHANTEAU.

Incognito!

GASSÉ.

What! she? In this place? Oh, you must be jesting, sir! Fair Marion, who sets the fashions! Bah! This Blois is the antipodes of Paris. Observe! How ugly, old, ungainly, 'tis! Even those towers—

[Indicating the towers of St. Nicholas.]

Uncouth and countrified!

ROCHEBARON.

That's true.

BRICHANTEAU.

Won't you believe Saverny when He says he saw her, hidden somewhere with A lover, and this lover saved his life When thieves attacked him in the street at night?— Good thieves, who took his purse for charity, And just desired his watch to know the time.

GASSÉ.

You tell me wonders!

ROCHEBARON *(to Brichanteau)*.

Are you sure of it?

BRICHANTEAU.

As sure as that I have six silver bezants Upon a field of azure. Saverny Has no desire, at present, but to find This man.

BOUCHAVANNES.

He ought to find him at her house.

BRICHANTEAU.

She's changed her name and lodging, and all trace Of her is lost.

[Marion and Didier cross the back of the stage slowly without being noticed by the talkers; they enter a small door in one of the houses on the side.]

GASSÉ.

To have to come to Blois To find our Marion, a provincial!

[Enter Count de Villac and Chevalier de Montpesat, disputing loudly.]

VILLAC.

No! I tell you no!