

f. 1r

LEGETE

ME AMAN
TI ET RECO
GNOSCEN
DO QUI ME
CHO IVOSTRI¹

f. 1v

errori diventarete opiu docti ad
amare o molto piu prudenti a fugi-
re amore. et se legendo forse qualche
sospiro o lacrima vi tiene sievi *con-*
forto poi che altri anchora prova *quel*
lo che voi legete. Ne sia chi stimi
conoscere amore se puo tutto leger
me senza qualche poco suspirare
Anchora sera chi me legera lacri-
mando. Ma provati amanti et me
co scorgiete quanto in voi possa amo-
re. Et credo imparerete qualche
utilita avivere amati; et pregiati
da vostri cittadini.

f. 2r

DEIPHIRA INCIPIT

Pallimacro.

**EH Quanto stimitu sedere den-
tro ame grave quel dolore; el quale**
anchora tanto prema chi da lungi
il mira. Quello incendio certo *convi*
ene sia pur grandissimo el quale *den*
tro ha piu muri inchiuso anchora
noce a proximi edificii, et *non* volere
philarco mio / dame hora quello che
la fortuna mia tanto iniqua mi vi-
eta chio possa. A me *conviene* avezare
me stesso a quello in che omai mentre
chio viva sara necessario *continuo* exer-
f. 2v

citarmi / acio che questo uso *in* me renda-
meno aspero quel che hora me troppo †
acerbo, *fungono* imei suspieri altrove
che lui sempre essere ove *in* me arde il
mio dolore, et le mie lacrime cadendo

1 Image: Three figures are in a garden with a large stone structure, perhaps a wall in the background. A man and woman are seated, and robed figure stands next to them, gesturing as if in conversation.

per el seno tornano unde furono premute
 al cuore. Et questo mio dolore come
 cossa ferocce et troppo mordace quanto
 piu dentro almio pecto rinchiuso et
 obscuro nascoso terro tanto forsi dismet-
 tera suo impeto et rabbia. **Philarco.**
 lo vedendo te cossi solo errare fra queste
 silve tanto afflicto non potea pallimacro
 mio non maravegliarmi et molto desi-
 derava sapere unde in questo fronte tuo
 f. 3r

sempre in altro tempo lietissimo hora subito

cossi fosse tanto indicio di superchio dolo-
 re. Tu giovane bello / richo / gentile / dextro
 et virtuoso / et piu che qualunque altro
 di tua eta et fortuna / amato da tutti
 et reverito. Conoscoti prudente studi-
 oso et in omni laude et gentileza tale
 che io inme mai saprei desiderare feli-
 cita / altra che questa quale ate harie / o
 la fortuna, ola virtu tua concesso et acqui-
 stato. So quanto mi stimi fra tuoi fida-
 tissimi amici, per questo a me parse o
 debito o licito / richiedere date / che tu
 ame come ad amico imponessi parte
 de quisti toi incarchi quali cossi ti at-
 f. 3v

terrano intristeza et miseria Et emi te
 co intervenuto qual suole chi apresso
 il fabro ben dubitava quel ferro fusse
 raceso; ma per piu certificarsi il prese et
 molto si cosse la mano. Cossi a me ove
 io pur stimava inte esser qualche non
 poca molestia et ardentissima cura
 danimo / hora io la sento in questa tua
 risposta talle che la tropo mi cuoce,
 et quanto ella sia magiore tanto piu
 ate desidero levarla. Non e solo
 utile ma piu virtu levarsi de lani-
 mo le cosse moleste / edove il dolore
 superchie le nostre forze / segli vuole
 cedere / poi che cossi solo il dolore se
 f. 4r

vince fuggendo. Et tu stima quanto
giovì non tenere il corso aquella rota
 sotto la quale stia il piede tuo premuto.

Ma poi che ate mai fu cosa si cara de la
 quale negassi me esserne quanto / io
 volesse particeps / qui se questo tuo
 dolore a te pare caro fanne a me qual
 sogli / come ad amico parte. Et se te
 molesto non dubitare che forsi noi
 dui insieme potremo quello che tu
 solo non poi. Per cierto io te sero in a-
 iuto / o aconselgio da qualche parte
 utile avincere laversita o asofferirla.

Pallimacro. Oime philarco ne
 oro ne giemme ne qualsia grandissima
 f. 4v

richeza possono amortali levar i do-
 lori. Et resta philarco meco fare come
 achi cade lanello di mano in quello pel-
 lago, quale quanto piu si trassina piu
 sintorbida et meno si scorgie aritrovar-
 lo. Quanto piu ciercharai conoscere le
 mie profunde miserie / tanto piu a
 me rimescolarai lanimo / et meno da
 me le potrai discernere. Ne ciercare
 qui essermi utile in altro ch_i aiutarmi
 apiangere, poi che la fortuna cossi di
 me dispone **Philarco.** Aime palli-
 macro, non pianger piu ramentati in quanti
 modi tu hai altrove vincta la fortuna
 cum animo virile / et fortissimo / Et che
 f. 5r

giova tanto dolersi de casi adversi se
 non ne ad aggravare; et fare magiore
 quello che troppo te spiacie. Lassa questo
 officio a le femine le quale solo sano fin-
 gere et lacrimare. Vedi una minima
 ferita, non governata quanto non rado
 diventi mortale. Et qual si sia ferita, pro-
 funda cum aiuto estudio altrui spesso si
 sani. Io sento in sue adversita glialtri
 per honestare il dolore suo et non parere
 danimo enervato et femminile / accusa-
 re / ola iniquita di soi nemici /ola perfidia
 dichisesia / ola iniuria dela fortuna. Et
 molto havere caro piu et piu persone sa-
 piano, quanto esiano indigni di tanta
 f. 5v

calamita; e in quel modo sfogano le

fiamme de la sua incesa ira et cocente dolore. Tu hora da chi ti chiami offeso? qual iniuria ti sta qui tanto molesta? qual stimolo te tanto punge ad urtare te stesso / cum si obstinato despiacere et acerbita danimo. **Pallimacro.** † Misero me, misero me quanto e miei pensieri in me sono gravi; tanto piu stanno profondi; et meno gli posso risolleuare. Londa che sorgie fuori del saxo discuopre / et muoue le piccole petroline; le grande stanno / e quanto maggiore onda sopra giongje tanto piu si cuoprono diminuta giara. Tu
f. 6r

cum questo argumentare / quanto piu maggiore fiume de elloquentia effunderai tanto piu me darai materia de ricoprire, quello che io volgio ne posso † discoprire.² **Philarco.** Et qual in te sara cosa da non poterla comunicare cum chi te ama? et qual secreto sara si dubio che non se debia aprire alamico? Habi chio potro riputarti non amico / se tu monstrarai poco fidarti dime, chi non si fida / teme esser ingannato. Ne si puo amare colui in chui tu tema esser perfidia. Et chi non ama per certo; non merita esser amato et chi conoscesse (quanto dame tuti senti)
f. 6v

molto amato per certo/ erra / non porgiendoti amico et aperto achi tama Lamicia vuole fede et merito. Non manchi in te fede tu mai da me harai sol che desiderare cosa quale io perte possa, sempre me harai prompto a meritare da te benevolentia et gratia. Hora o piaciati odispiaciati / io voglio sapere che doglia ti prema. Ben che alo infermo dispiacia quello che el sana pure se vuole prima satisfare ala rasone che al suo iudicio efalso gusto. **Pallimacro.** Io amo philarco, io ardo philarco, io

2 Grayson 227 reads: "ch'io né voglio né posso discoprirti," ("which I neither wish to nor can I uncover for you").

spasemo amando. **Philarco.** Hora
 scorgo io ben *in tuto* vero quello che si
f. 7r

dice che homo si trova mai tanto felice
in cui non sia molta et molta parte di mi-
seria. In te ogni cosa concorre a molto a-
dornarti de felicità; patria; parenti;
amici; richeze; gratia; et fra quisti vi-
di in che modo la fortuna inmeta qua elche
disturbi omni tua dolce vita et ripos-
so danimo et fa in te un minimo pensie-
ro tanto esser grave et molesto che so-
pra pesa; ne lascia te gustare parte al-
cuna dela tua felicità si grande, et †
qual error ti teneva / a non volere sa-
pesse quello che hora giovava havere mi
deto? Ma sempre fu il primo commune
errore in quale peccano tuti li amanti
f. 7v

pocco prudenti; che quello quale cer-
 chano piu occultare; quel medesimo
cum loro guardi esuspieri / atutti disco-
 prono sempre ove *non* giova, et dove
 giovarebe scoprirsi. Ivi fugono fi-
 darsi di chi loro puo esser molto utile.
 Ne so come achi ama *tacendo* pare †
 dolce il suo dolore. Lamore *in* uno gio-
 vane *non* si biasema. Anci come anos-
 tri corpi humani sono i vaiuoli et ra-
 solie et simile mali *communi tanto* / e do-
 vuti che quasi troverai niuno *invechia-*
to senza haverli in se provati / cossi pa-
re ame sia alanimo destinata questa
una infermita gravissima certo / e
f. 8r

molestissima quale possa niuno *quando*
 che sia non sentire. Et beato chi *prova*
 le forze di amore; in eta giovenille
 senza perdere le sue magnifiche *impre-*
se; et optimi principiati studii. Beato
chi in teneri anni provando impara
fugire amore. Sogliono ivaiuoli †
 piu nuocere agli ochi annosi che afan-

ciuleschi b le mente ferme et virile³ acosi pe...

Piu pa...
chino

che le puerille / et legiere una medesi-
ma fiamma incende uno troncho an-
noso quale apena abronza uno ra-
mo verzoso. El si vuole in questa eta
amando discoprirse honesto amante.
Poi che amore mai fu chi potesse te--
f. 8v

ner ascoso. Ne si trova chi cerchi sapere

le cose palese vero. Ma ciaschuno qua
si da natura desidera piu *investigare*
quello che sia occulto; ne giova in se do-
gni minima cosa *sospectare* / pero che ale
grande *imprese* poco nuocono / i piccioli *in-*
paci. Et ben che forse da qualche parte
sia da *sospectare* mai pero se vuole †
monstrarsi *sospectoso*; perochel tuo *sospec-*
to insegna a *sospectare* altrui. Sempre
fu il *sospecto* indicio di *malamente*, *mon-*
strare *damare* dolce / et honesto mai fu
nocivo / et mai *dispiaque*. Ma *amonstrar-*
si vinto da troppo amore; sempre fu †
dannoso non tanto apresso gli altri suoi
f. 9r

quanto apresso di chi tu ami. Questo co-
stume troverai *in omni* femina / che mai
amara chi troppo ami lei. Stimano le
femine servo *non amante* chi troppo loro
stia sugieto. Et godono *non* de la molta
affectione di coloro sia troppo *ubidien-*
te ma del servizio; et per non perdere il ser-
vizio / mai sofferano lo infelice *amante*
esca di tormento. Anci per ben haverlo †
sugieto *omni* di pongono novo dolore.
Ma dimmi questa quale tu ami meri-
ta ella esser amata da te? pero che sarebbe
troppo biasmo amare *persona* di che tu
havessi aroserti / quando ella ti fusse in
presentia lodata. **Pallimacro**. O felice
f. 9v

chi puo amare / et *non* amare asua posta

3 Scribal Intervention: switch text that appears after marginal a and interlinear b. The text in Grayson 228 reads "Cosi per lo amore più pare s'accechino le menti ferme e virili che il puerili e leggeri."

Io non potei fare chi non amasse / ne posso
 ristare di dolermi amando. Non
 deiphira mia non deiphira non meriti
 di essere amata dame?⁴ Tu bella tu gi-
 entile / tu ligiadra si; ma troppo sdegno-
 sa / troppo obstinata / troppo suspectosa /
 poco pietosa. Un picciolo giacio in una
 preciosissima gemma la viliscie. Et uno
 acto sdegnoso dishonesta omni bel vol-
 to, et ben che tu mi sie nimica / o deiphi-
 ra mia / tu pur me sei cara. Et ben chio
 mi doglia esserti cum mie lacrime gio-
 co pur mi piace contentarti dogni †
 mio male, tu cossi voi / et io tanto posso
 f. 10r

sofferire dolore quanto ti piacie. Cossi
 amore mha insegnato offerirme aqua-
 lunche oltragio. Quando che sia pian-
 gierai tu deiphira mia; quando che sia
 piangierai haver straciato me in che tu
 conoscerai fede et amore piu che in per-
 sona qual mai fusse / qual sia / qual
 mai possa esser. Mai fu deiphira mia
 mai fu, mai sera; che tanto / et cum si fer-
 ma fede ami / quanto io amo te et ama-
 roti certo mente che io viva. Ancora
 morto te seguio amando, ma tu tar-
 di piangierai essere tanto tempo in darno
 stata da me amata. Oime cum quante
 lacrime desiderarai il dolce perduto tempo
 f. 10v

et sollazo. **Philarco.** Et questo altro
 errore, mi pare non piccolo inchi ama che
 mai resta fra se stessi pregare; lodare
 et dolersi achi non lode, et poi in presen-
 tia dimenticano se stessi stupefano di-
 ventano muti; et solo dicono cose di
 che poi si dolorano haverle dete. E si vo-
 le fra se prima pensare che acti che guar-
 di; che parole in che modo ogniuna cosa
 sia melgio et piu utile ate / et piu ac-
 cepto achi tu ami; et mai esserla in cosa
 alcuna ben minima senon grato et io-
 cundo. Tacere non troppo; parlare non

4 Grayson 229 omits the question mark, which changes the meaning to "Deiphira, you do not deserve to be loved by me."

superbo; chiedere gentile; ascoltare gratio-
sioso, rimirare dolce; motegiare festivo

Solazare.

f. 11r

solazare vezoso, et *in* ogni cosa usare facilita costume / et ligiadra maniera, et piacerli *in* qualunque virtu di te possi mostrarli proferirteli talle che la *non* ti sdegni / partirse talle chela te desidero; ritornar talle chela se allegri vederli udirti; et remirarti sempre lasiarli che pensare di te cosa pur lieta et amorosa, et cossi sempre seguire pascendo amore / de dolci iocondi ragionamenti. Ma dime pallimacro *in* che modo cadedesti tu *in* questo amore? ciercasti tu il male tuo come vedo fanno molti che per tutto porgono gliochi a qualunque nova ferita. **Pallimacro.** Io *non* cherchava
f. 11v

ne mi piaceva *intrare* sotto questa servitu quale hora provo, et primadate havia udito troppo era grandissima ma cierto i nostri animi qualche volta *non* sun nostri, et qualche volta ci conviene volere cosa che ci duole, quanto io affermo questo che sforzato mi conviene amare. Amai *contra* mia volgia vuoi quello che mi dispiacea, et dispiacevami quello che al continuo *prompto* facea et dicea. Ne *pero* io restava de seguire dove la fortuna mia / mi conduceva *intanta* miseria *in quanta* hora mi trovo. Qui me ha *conducto* la fortuna mia. Ma quale homo fusse si duro il
f. 12r

quale *non* amasse sentendo se *esser* amato. Quanto certo io *in* molti modi conobi me molto *esser* amato. **Philarco.** Et *qui* anchora peccano i giovani iquali stimandossi digni de *esser* amati subito iudicano *omni* minimo sguardo venire da grande amore. Sono signi di vero amore; cangiar colore, rimirar fixo; cadendo col sguardo dolce aterra ra--

corsi⁵ suspirando. **Pallimacro.** Molti
 piu che questi erano certi signi di vero
 amore quelli iquali mi vinsero ada-
 mare. O deiphira mia ate *omni* mio ac-
 to / *omni* parola *omni* cosa mia piaceva. Tu
 fra le giente *cum* gliochi mi cierchavi
f. 12v

da lungi. Tu mai eri sacia di lodarmi
 a tutti et proferirmi, tu *quanto* io era do-
 ve tu fussi mai ti pareva seno⁶ poco guar-
 darmi *in* fronte ridendo; et ragionarti
 meco, et *quanto* spesso tristo me vidi te
 rimaner dolorata / ove io da te me di *per*-
 tiva, et *quante* cagione *non* raro fingiesti
per ritorvarti dove io fusse; et *quanto* sos-
 pirando spesso accusasti me che si tardo
 fussi ad amarti. Et io misero me, mi-
 sero me / *non* so quale alhora presagio de
 mei che hora soffero mali mi *impauriva*
 onde forse iudicasti che io fugissi te dei-
 phira mia il quale hora ti siego pian-
 giendo. O infelice me io dandoti piu
f. 13r

schuse deiphira mia cossi tinsegnai *quan*-
 to hora sai troppo straciarmi. O pallima-
 cro sfortunato che sciagura fu la tua fa-
 bricare / et porre *in* mano larme a questa
 spiatata; conche ella hora mai si senta
 sacia saeia dacorarti *questi* qual soffero tu-
 ti sono mei colpi. Queste piaghe mor-
 tale sono *in* me da primi mei errori. †
 Imparate amanti *non* ubedite amore *men*
 che vi chiegia piu che gli altri piacie quel
 destrieri qual corre senza speronareb tropea⁷
 chi fa quel che *non* vole, soffere duo ma-
 li *quanto* saffatica et *quanto* gli dispia-
 cie. Ma tu deiphira mia sai ben che io
 date merito *senon* pietade⁸. Io mai fugi
f. 13v

damarti anci cerchai che lamore nostro,
 durasse senza haverci apentire di cossa alcuna.

5 struggling with meaning

6 could be any of these meanings: you never thought of; it appeared to you, or "you appeared"

7 Scribal Intervention: switch a and b

8 translated as "mercy"

Philarco. Certo quisti erano signi di

vero amore / et era villania latua vendoti amare se *non* acceptavi aperto quel che tanto ate era proferto. Ma sempre pare *non in* amare solo ma *in* ogni cosa che idoni troppo proferti fastidiano, et i denegati dilecti sollicitano a farsi desiderare. Amando a me ne molto piacerebe chi mi saciassi, e certo haverei *in* odio chi mi se porgiesse troppo acerba.

Pallimacro. Aime philarco beato chi puo dogni suo pensiero haver ragione. Stima che grande cagione in

questo mi facea così essere restio. Quel medesimo sole, quale tu fiso miravi stamani quando e' surgeva, ora fra 'l dì in alto cresciuto abaglia chi lo guarda. Così io da primo scorsi il mio male quando e' nasceva, quale medesimo fatto grande acceca ogni mia ragione e consiglio. Né mi ritenni salire quella erta, onde ora stracco posso né scendere né affermarmi. **FILARCO.** E che adunque non fuggivi tu in tutto quel che tu tanto prevedevi essere dannoso? **PALLIMACRO.** Previdi, sì, Deifira mia, tutto conobbi, tutto da lungi scorsi, e in parte prima ne feci te certa di quel che poi m'è teco intervenuto. Ma se tu, Filarco mio, hai di me ora, quanto certo hai, compassione vedendomi, perché io ami altrui, sì penoso, come potevo io non avere piatà di chi amando me ardeva? **FILARCO.** Sempre fu debito d'umanità amare chi ami te. Ma dicesi officio ancora di prudenza in ogni cosa aversi tale che a nulla sia troppo. **PALLIMACRO.** Sai tu come uno grande e grave sasso con più fatica e tardezza si volge, ma poi che comincia a rotolare alia china fracassando, a nulla si ritiene. Uno piccolo e leggiero sassetto, poca cosa lo muove⁹

f. 14r

ue et poco cespuglio il ferma. Cossi

gli animi nostri *quanto* piu sono grandi et gravi; *tanto* ben che tardi mossi meno si possono *in* suo corso contenere. Non pero rimasse dame *cum* ogni astutia et argomento storli da lanimo quello furore / quale io provo / *non* e nostra liberta potere se *non* ne ubedirli. Et poi cheio al tutto provai ogni mia industria ivi esser perduta deiphira mia / tu sai *quanto* io conoscea *tanto* mingiegnava / che tu amassi *cum* modo et ragione. Oime che anchora io *non* sapeva *quanto* amando mai si possa tenere *in* se ragione alchuna, et come il nochiero se mai vento superchio la vertigia

f. 14v

per non correre *cum* quello *in*peto *in* qualche

9 Text interpolated from Grayson 231.

scolgio suole acomandare a poppe qualche
 peso / quale trainando ritegna il trop-
 po corso de la nave. Cossi io ate dei-
 phira mia non perdarti / qual mi dolea,
 cossi darti ate deiphira mia affanno,
 ma per refrenare il tuo disciolto amo-
 re / hora commeterti / uno et unaltro
 piu utile suspecto / hora cum monstrarti
 une et unaltro pericolo ritardava il
 troppo ardito tuo correre ad amar-
 mi, tu vidi cheio soffero il mio male
 senza iltuo sconcio / ma del sinistro
 tuo caso troppo mi serebbe doluto, et
 per rendere in te meno ardente quelle
 f. 15r

fiamme le quale hora consumano me io

te profersi fare e dire quanto poi sempre
 feci qualunque cosa a te piacesse. m
Philarco. O pazo pallimacro tu adunque
 si poco stimasti la liberta tua, tu stolto
 cossi ti facesti servo de una femina?
 tu in tutto stimasti pieta fare a te uno
 humile servo esser signore? Non e
 pieta cossi nuocere a se per conpiacere al-
 trui / non sapevi tu / che le cose promesse
 non sono piu di chi le promesse, non
 dando quel che tu prometi acquisti
 odio. Edove il dai non pero ate cresce
 gratia¹⁰, tu adunque in un tracto perdesti
 quello di che piu volte, a te ne serebe
 f. 15v

donandolo stata referita gratia. **Palli-
 macro.** Perdesti si deiphira mia / se tu
 cossi perseveri verso di me essere ingrata.
 Et se in queste bellecie sta si grande inpie-
 ta certo inte commisse ilcielo grande errore.
 Ponendo fra tanti beni un mal si grande,
 ma io pur cognobi il damo mio, et sa-
 vio et prudente intrai sotto il giogo; ma
 cossi parse a me officio di animo nobile
 ove deliberai amare; ivi non porre altro
 termino a la morte; se non quanto facea tan-
 to amare te quanto io potea. **Philarco.**
 Tu adunque stimasti debito a chi ama di-
 ventar servo? **Pallimacro.** O infelici †

10 a tricky term; how do we differentiate from "pieta"?

amanti *imparate* da me, *non sia* chi amando

cerchi di sé avere libertate alcuna. Chi non può servire, non sa amare. Convienti spesso ripregare benché spregiato, e spesso partirti con repulsa benché ingiusta, e spesso picchiarti la faccia e 'l petto per troppe ingiurie benché senza ragione e cagione ricevute, e non raro piangere e' tuoi e gli altrui errori. E intervieni, oh miseri amanti, come in la targa: quanto lo strale la truova più doppia e dura, tanto più vi si ferma e affigge e con piu fatica si sferra. Così l'amore quanto più truova l'animo fermo e ostinato a repugnarli, tanto più vi si assiede e insiste. Non adunque sia chi insuperbisca contro amore, però ch'amore sa più severo aspreggiare e più tardi licenziare i contumaci, che chi umile il segue a ubbidirlo. Ubbidite, amanti, ubbidite alio amore, né più combattete con amore e con voi stessi, non fate le piaghe vostre più profonde, aggravandovi in sul ferro che vi impiaga. Piacciavi piuttosto donare voi stessi a chi v'assedia, che perdere combattuti ogni bene. Grandissimo dono acquista poca grazia, quando tu mal volentieri il dia. Uno lieto e pronto servizio aspetta due premi, de' quali non sarà minore quello che si riferisca alia volonta, che quello che si renda all'opera. ¹¹

f. 16r

Philarco. Ne qui a me piace lassare

te et gli altri amanti errare / e quali poco
conoscendo el costume dele femine subito
se li fanno servi sonno le femine /
come ciaschum palese vede de natura
troppo gharegiosa et in ogni cosa troppo
godono contra porsi et soprastare contendendo.
Di qui nasce quello antiquo proverbio appresso
i commici poeti quale si di[ce]. Ove tu voi ella non vole.
Se tu non voi ella in prova / ti si profferisse.
Et questo certo non per donarti gratia di
se alchuna ma per teco vincere concertando.
Adunche giova sapere non dico spregiarle
ne isvilirle; pero che la femina offesa

f. 16v

mai si ricorda dimenticarse la iniuria / o /
grande / o / minore cagione che la mova.
Ma bene giova monstrandossi di animo
libero et amagiore cose occupato farsi
richiedere, et ramentavi amanti che pigliera
piu facile e piu numero de ucielli
chi sa alletargli / che chi sa perseguirgli,
conviene cum bei costumi / cum ogni virtu
e gientileza alletargli a prehendere piacere
di spesso vederti. Onde a [poc]o a poco
se incenda et accresca in loro amore
et vui amante fate qual suole luciellato-

11 Text interpolated from Grayson 232-233.

re dietro a le coturnice sequendole cum
modo et bellamente; che assai vien presto
il termine quale sia certo; e contenete voi
f. 17r

stessi a cio che la troppo seguita amata
non lieve se *insuperbisca*. Ove poi quanto †
piu la seguiti servendo ella tanto piu vi
fuga, et se pure o vostra disaventura o
loro *instabile* natura come femine sem-
pre apparecchiate a nuove gharre for-
se accenano di levarse tiratevi adietro
amanti e lassatele bene *prima consigliarsi*
cosa *perville* che la sia pur duole a chi la
per[de et] niuna sara tanto stolta la qual
non priegi uno amante fra le *prime* caris-
sime cose unde advien / che prima se
parte prima e richiesto, e se pure loro
superbia e stolticia elle salliscono *infasti-*
dirvi voi fermativi e lassatele stracarsi
f. 17v

dibatendossi e suoi ligieri et volatili
pensieri / tanto che le scendano di ogni al-
teza e *superbo* sdegno. E cossi *in* loro subito
vederete manchato lo sdegno ritorna-
to lamore. **Pallimacro**. Tutti quisti
esimili altri documenti hare io saputo *in-*
signare ad altri. Ma che giova sapere schri-
mire a chi habbi legate le mane. Io cossi
hora *infelice* mi trovo legato *in* questa ser-
vitu *in* quale solo me licito piangi[ere] la mi-
seria mia. E felice chi puo il suo male pi-
angiere palese. **Philarco**. Reputi tu
miseria servire chi quando tu dicevi a
mi¹² ogni servitu certo fu sempre cum dis-
piacere. Ma ubedire a chi tama pare of-
f. 18r

ficio di liberalita; et cortesia piu tosto,
che di servitu. Et beato colui il quale quan-
to egli ama tanto sente se essere amato ne
volse dogni minimo sinistro caso tanto
atristarsi vui amanti; se chi voi amati
forsi si monstra verso di voi meno facile
che lusato subito vi adolorati. Stolti a-

12 The text from MS Typ 422 is corrupt. For comparison, see Grayson's reading: ""Reputi tu miseria servire chi, quanto tu dicevi, ami te!""(You consider it a misery to serve someone who, as you said, you loved!")

matori se non stimati ogni astucia et
 arte dele femine exercitarsi solo per esser
 guardati da molti e lodati; ne sa ama-
 re chi non puo patire due ciglia cruci-
 ose in un bel viso. **Pallimacro.** Oime
 sfortunato me; meschino me niuno
 caso adverso; niuna infelicità; niun do-
 lore puo advenire uno amante quale
 f. 18v

non sia intervenuto a me, e quali io mise-
 ro mi non habbi troppo sofferto ma tanto
 mi si conviene poi che ogni cosa mal vo-
 lentiera principiato mal finisse. **Philarco.**
 Mai fu amante che non si dolesse; mai fu
 amor; non pieno di sospiri et lacrime com-
 mune vicio di chi ama che sempre inter-
 petra dicti / acti / et facti pur inpegior parte.
 Et sempre argumenta pure contra se ele
 piu volte crede quello che non e di quello
 che certo sia sempre dubita. Sete voi aman-
 ti cum la volunta troppo arditì; cum lopera
 troppo timidi; cum il pensiero troppo astuti;
 cum lastutia suspectosi; cum lo suspec-
 to troppo creduli; cum credere troppo obstinati.
 Elsi

f. 19r

El si vole dil passato solo ridursi a memo-
 ria le cose felice et liete et al presente pren-
 dere qualche modo quando il tempo vel con-
 ciede / e di di indi sperar meglio e senza
 troppo solitudine bene aspectare.¹³ †
Pallimacro. O philarco chi puo quanto
 vole nelamore non ama conviene vo-
 lere quello che si puo. Et come posso io
 dil passato non dolermi; poi che a si gran
 torto mi ritrovo haver perduto quello tuto
 che mi faccia amando esser felice et come
 posso io teste non piangiere se hora il
 mio servire acquista nullo altro che in-
 gratitudine? Cosa se trova niuna tanto
 molesta / o penosa quanto servire e non esser
 f. 19v

13 Grayson 235 reads: "E si vuole del passato solo ridursi a memoria le cose felici e liete, e al presente prendere quanto el tempo ti concede" ("And the memory of the past must always be reduced to happy and delightful things, and for the present, one must take whatever time concedes.")

gradito; et hora qual speranza a [m]e [qui]

puo mai relevare una minima parte
de li miei mali poi che i tempi iqua[li] con
tanto desiderio aspectavan mo a noi dei-
phira mia pieni di piaceri et sollaz[i]
quei medesimi a me sono con tanta tri[ste-]
za e despiacere passati. O fortuna mia †
acerbissima que luochi quali io mi fi-
dava fossino a nostri dilecti piu ap[-]
parechiati et acti que medesini sono
a me stati et chiusi e pieni di repulsa.
Hei me pallimacro infelice e quelle
persone quale io mi pensava fossino
a le nostre expectatione e desiderii quanto
doveano prompti et utili tristo me. Oi tris-
f. 20r

to me quelle medesme sum state ca-
sone dogni mia callamita; hora ho do-
lore in me acerbissimo da chi posso spe-
rare piu mai aiuto alcuno / poi che di
chi io piu mi fido / piu me nuoce. O idio
o quanto amore fugi in picol tempo. ¶
Philarco. Tristo pallimacro, quella
tua deiphira quale tanto amava te / non
amella piu quanto solea? **Pallimacro.**
Non ami piu no deiphira mia non
ami mi non, et emi tecco intervenuto co-
me spesso si vede chi da lungie tiene
il thoro alazato seguendolo se forse fu-
gie; egitante la terra si gli si rivolgie et
si se ferma in molti modi lo incita a mo-
f. 20v

versi e cossi lo infesta, persino che volgie
la fune a qualche fermo luoco, onde poi
scostatossi ride videndo il thoro legato
solo nuocere a se stesso hora cozando al ven-
to hora apparichiodossi indarno a nuovi
combatimenti cossi tu a me deiphira mia
et puoi che me stessi hebbe avolta a quelle
ferme promesse quale fino a hora mi ten-
gono a ti sugieto tu subito incomminciasti
a sdignarmi, tu deiphira mia qual pri-
ma eri tanto lieta videndomi qual prima
temendo stare qualche giorni senza spes-
so rivedermi lacrimasti; tu hora in prova
mi fugi / et me hai senza cagione alchu-
na in fastidio troppe; et in odio, tu quando

f. 21r

mi vedi troppo ti turbi tu anchora ai
 me non raro a gran torto me bastinemi.
 O pallimacro sfortunato, quella nos-
 tra deiphira quale io vidi lacrimare
 dolendosi si forsi quanto certo dovea
 prendeno ainiuria una et un'altra sua
 sdegnosa parola quella medesima quella
 deiphira tanto da noi amata; quella
 deiphira che tanto mi - amava teste mai
 si satia di crescerci ogni di piu e piu
 dolore. **Philarco**. Pallimacro nella
 vita de mortali nulla si trovo achi non
 stia apparecchiato el suo fine. Troia fu
 grande et alta. Babillonia fu richa et
 possente, fuorono athene ornatissime

f. 21v

et famosissime, et Roma fu temuta
 reverita et ubedita, quanto tempo il cielo
 e sua sorte aciaschuna pemisse; ne tu
 adunque pensi se non dovuto se uno a-
 nimo volubile et femminile verso dite
 non equel che solea. Pazo piu volte, pazo
 chi crede in femina mai essere constantia
 alchuna; et certo quando ben in questa una
 fusse ogni fermeza pure al vostro
 amore quando che sia si convenia il suo fine.
 Et stima pallimacro mio che mai longo
 amore fu senza multa copia di sospie-
 ri lacrime e vario dolore et qualunque
 adverso caso nelamore quanto piu vien
 tardi tanto siegue cum ruina maggiore

f. 22r

et volsi reputare in bona parte se qui sia
 il fine di toi mali libero dogni altro quali
 talhora vengono fra cruciati amanti
 grandissimi scandoli et callamita, et
 certo sempre mi parse vero che lamore sia
 facto come il lacte quale tanto piace
 quanto egli ben fresco; poi soprastando pil-
 gia troppi vicii. Cossi in amare quanto gli
 amanti studiano porgiersi accepti e ben
 veduti tanto lieti vivono pieni di sola-
 zo gioco et festivi ragionamenti. Poi fer-
 mato lamore subito insurgono suspecti
 e dai suspecti le gilosie / e da le gilosie
 nascono isdegni / e de qui crescono il

vindicarsi / e le inimicitie / e solo le ini-

f. 22v

micie de gli amanti si provano essere acerbissime. E sono le femine *quanto di men consiglio e ragione tanto piu che gli huomini troppo sfidate suspectose dispectose unde per minima cosa si trovano adirati, et poi per monstrarsi iustamente cruciati perseverano e crescono ad inimista; ne troverai nimico si capitale che non forse qualche volta cum una tua parola si mova a pieta solo il cuore dela femina sdegnato indura per lacrime de chi lama; et apena cum sangue canzella uno suo conceputo isdegno; pero si vuole non mai scoprirse amanti se non quando vidi poter subito prima satisfarte che lamore pigli suoi vicii et conuiense chol tem-*
f. 23r

po ardire molto piu che chiedere natura de le femine che dogni cosa in che possa usare rossore loro molto giova potere dire. lo non veda;¹⁴ et godono vinte una et unaltra volta dare quello che piu negano. **Pallimacro.** Ah philarco mio et chi non sa *quanto poco* si possa *qualunque cosa troppo se desideri* **Philarco.** Aime non piangere piu pallimacro mio non piangiere piu; e dimi qual grandissima cagione mai fu quella che in lei spegnesse si ardente amore. Sogliono le fiamme amorose spesso abagliarse ma non senza grandissima ruina amorzarsi. Piaciati narrami ogni cosa non fare qual fanno questi altri amanti i quali afflicti e mesti
f. 23v

subito se richiudeno *in solitudine* donde chol troppo ripensare strachi escono senza havere pensato a nulla. Agli animi affanati nuoce ogni sollicitudine¹⁵ et troppo giova apresso gli amici ragionando possare la graveza de le sue cure. Et che fai pallimacro che pur miri a terra fisso e muto rispondi pregoti e ragionando dimenticarai *in parte* il tuo male; fu

14 Grayson 237 reads "volea," changing the translation to "I did not wish it."

15 Grayson 237 reads "solitudine" ("solitude") here and below for sollicitudine

o tuo; o suo, pure errore casone di tanta
 nostra discordia. **Pallimacro.** Non fu mio
 non / e in tutto tuo errore deiphira non ; anzi
 la iniqua mia fortuna cussi fa te verso
 di me essere umbrosa e schiffa e bene
 presente eprehendissi questa ruina quale
 f. 24r

hora mi tiene sopresso in tanta callamita.

Ma puossi mai l chiudere tutte le vie
 al mal che die venire / e come a laqua tu
 quanti piu rivi gli obturi; tanto cum piu im-
 peto rompe in altro corso. Cossi ladversa
 fortuna quanto piu teli contra pone tanto
 piu si carga et irrumpe / ove mai hare-
 sti dubitato, et a un tempo qui ne vengon
 quella furia; quale in piu rami prima si
 sfogava. **Philarco.** Niuna iniqua
 fortuna. Niuno caso adverso mai val-
 se rapire la benivolentia di chi vera-
 mente ami / ne qui sia in argumentato
 altri che te stesso il quale soffrendo tanto
 dolore; pure seguiti amando. et quella
 f. 24v

tua deiphira cossi verso te serebe certo
 il simile se in lei fusse quanto in te fede o f[i]rmo
 amore. Ma qual caso fu questo vostro
 tanto da maledirlo? **Pallimacro.** Certo
 si da maledirlo; parsigli philarco mio
 che una et unaltra forse piu bella di lei
 troppo a me si proferisce quale essa in parte
 ad altri si proferiva parsigli tristo me
 inuria del nostro amore se altri accendeva
 i suoi lumi al nostro foco. Oime quanto sono
 brevi et molto fallaci i dolci spassi da-
 more parseti deiphira mia da credere
 a chi ti confirmava ogni tuo suspecto. O
 miseri amanti imparati da me; credete
 a me il quale molte lacrime e molti do-
 f. 25r

lori hanno in me questo gia facto essere maestro
 fugite tanto male; tenete i gaudii vostri
 amorosi dentro avostri pecti ascosi acio che
 invidia alchuna non vigli possa perturbare.
 Et stiano gli ochi vostri sempre volti non
 altrove se non dove lanimo resiede ne
 mai movete lusato segio algia fermo

amore. Sia *in* voi uno solo pensiero, uno solo servire; uno solo amore se *non* volete poi come adolorati piangiere il vostro errore. Et se io cossi piango *non* havendo errato *in* altro che solo *in* *non* provvedere aogni altrui suspecto *quanta* sara punitio*ne* *in* colui el quale del suo peccato hara niuna schusa. **Philarco.** Et *questo* anchora *f. 25v*

sara *non* poco errore *in* chi ami se et forse stimerà *perfidia non* haversi al tutto dedicato achi verso di lui serva ne fede ne pieta. Stolto chi *tende* tutti ilaci soi auno solo varco volse haver piu porti dove ridurse da *contrarii* venti. Et *in*mare mi piacìe *havere* chi mi riceva se altrui forse mi comiata. Ne puo correre se *non* lento chi *non* hara *cum* chi egharegi. Et vidi *quanta* utilita qui serebe ate si chi ti si proferiva *havesse* da ser[-]bare caro la sua *parte* del tuo amore, prima tu *cum* arte haresti quegli a mori guidati *quanto* quello di deiphi[-] *f. 26r*

ra tacito bene et occulto. Unde suspecto *in* lei mai serebe fermo. Et poi haresti *cum* chi hora giucando dimenticarti ogni altra ricevuta *iniuria*. Ma poi che la fortuna tua qui ta *conducto* misero pallimacro resta *quando* che sia essere ate stesso nimico. Et iudica *perduto* quello che sia *perduto*, assai vedesti piu et piu giornj nel tuo amore lieti et felici tu alhora andavi et stavi dove deiphira voleva; ivi si faceva e diceva cose giocose et liete qua *nto* alei piaceva, et ate *non* dispiaceva, et cossi certo forono que di pure chiari et sereni, hora ella turbata ti fastidia senza ragione *f. 26v*

et cagione alchuna ti sdegna. Adunque tu pallimacro mio *cum* molta ragione *non* seguire havendo *tanto in* odio la tua liberta che tu pur doni te stessi achi te sdegna, se alei non duole *perdere* uno fidele amante; ne ate pari dol-

gia uscire di tanta servitu. Parmi iniuria
 pure servire achi non volgia esser servito,
 non puo senon dolerti una et unaltra volta
 cossi lassare quello, che ate solea esser grato
 et caro ma vinci te stessi evincerai amore.
 Non curare vedere chi te mira cum dis-
 specto; non salutare chi dentro a se ti biastiem-
 ma; non esser servo achi non ti sa esser hu-
 man signore. Resta omai esser giocho a
 chi gode dogni tuo dolore emiseria.
f. 27r

Pallimacro. Che voi tu che io faza philar-
 co; io mai potrei indurmi ne lanimo fare
 odire chosa che acostei dispiacessi, et emmi
 tormento vederla se non lieta et contenta, sel-
 le iniusta verso di me, quando che sia sene pen-
 tira: et dolerallj in tanto io fra me mai
 abandonero damarla et in qualunque
 modo molto serbarli honore. **Philarco.**
 Lodoti pallimacro et certo in questo
 monstri quanto in te sia zentileza et costu-
 me et troppo te biasmarei se tu come ques-
 ti altri villani et dispectosi amanti nonse
 condandoli tutte le cose quanto bestiali troppo
 chiedono subito cum sdegno et minacie
 vindicando non si vergognono rendere misere
f. 27v

et afflicte le infelici amanti. Quali pur
 teste loro tanto erano care ne li pare
 peccato adoperare ad iniuria quello che li sia
 stato donato per amore et cortesia, troppo
 certo sera contrario aogni nobile et bu-
 ona natura si dello amore nasce inimis-
 ta. Lassano egientili amanti usare dis-
 specti et sdigni a puri villani poi che
 gientileza sempre fu piena de humanita
 et facilitata; gientileza non serba sdegno ver-
 so chi te ami; sente di iniuria. Ma benti
 conforto, o pallimacro mio quel che tu ve-
 di esserti da la iniqua fortuna tua vie-
 tato. Quello che tu provi quanto che facile
 puo non vole usare teco pietade alchu-
f. 28r

na, quel che tu cognosci esserti da tempi
 da luogi, eda tutte le cose vietato non
 lo volere. Delibera quando che sia haverti

libero. O che beata cosa vivere ase stessi
 vacuo dogni cura. **Pallimacro.** Oime
 philarco mio che possio dime, ove io
 tutto sono daltruj? Tuo sono io deiphi-
 ra mia, et tuo voglio essere, tu e quanto dime
 voi tanto sia. O piaciati provar la patien-
 tia mia vindicandoti se mai fui non quanto
 doveo presto adamarti. O piaciati glori-
 ar di haver amante; che per niuno oltra-
 gio resta diservirti. Io non pero mai me
 dimenticaro le tue molte mecho gien-
 tileze. Stannomi scripti dentro al mio
 f. 28v

pecto e tuoi vezosi sguardi, dolci acti
 dolce parole *cum* le quale mi vicesti ad
 amarti. Io *sempre* verso di te sero fide-
 le qual *sempre* fui tal sara lultimo mio
 di nel nostro amore; qual stati sono tut-
 ti gli altri quanto vorai officiosi et *prompti*
 una hora medesima finira *in* me vita et
 amore. **Philarco.** E quanta ben troppo mi
 pare gientileza da porto chiamarti in
 nave, et puoi lassarti solo *in* alto et tem-
 pestoso mare; et se redursi al sicuro o
ve seella cussi fa per vindicarse certo po-
 co merita essere amata. Amor non vu-
 ol vendeta. Vendeta vien da inimista
 sella cussi senza cagione *tristracia* certo
 all ella molto merita essere odiata. Chi senza ragione ingiuria un suo qual sia forse
 inimico, costui usa tirannia. Pertanto nuocere a chi te ami, verrebbe troppo da
 crudelità e bestialità. Ma giudica tu di Deifira, non dico quanto da lei pruovi, ma quanto
 a te piace. E qui dimmi: quale a te sarebbe più caro, o uscire in libertà o vivere in
 questi tormenti? Non sarebbero ubbiditi i signori, se non potessino dare e torre a'
 suoi dimolti beni. A te può Deifira torre nulla che tuo sia. Chi resta d'amare, perde
 l'amore, non el toglie ad altrui. E tu adunque, se cosi vuoi, quanto si conviene, libertà
 e quiete, di-- sponi non volere da costei cosa ch'ella ti possa dare, e sarai libero.
 Resta di volere e sarai libero. E poca ti sarà fatica non voler quel che tu già non puoi
 avere. E vero costei, che potrebb'ella mai darti cosa degna alle tue virtù? Non onore,
 non ricchezza, non fama, non grado o dignitate alcuna, quali tutte con minore fatiche
 molto acquisteresti, se tu a quelle tuo tempo e ingegno tanto con- sumassi. El tempo
 e la fatica indarno spesa si può chiamare gittata via. E caro a te, se tu da questa
 tua Deifira non ricevesti pure in- finiti dispiaceri. Ché se forse ti piace vedere un bel
 viso, molti più be' visi che il suo ¹⁶
 f. 29r

spesso ti saprono lieti et dolci *quando* la tua

16 Text interpolated from Grayson 240.

deiphira superba si chiude *in* troppo isde-
 gno: Se te piace re un gratioso sguar-
 do molti piu vezosi ; et angielichi o
 chi tutto il di bello che acolgono *quando*
 la tua deiphira suspectosa ti schiffa
 se te piacere uno festivo motegiare
 molto piu iocose et cortese che lei ti
 chiamano spesso arasonarti et ridir-
 si tieco *quando* la tua deiphira obstinata
 o solo tace muta orisponde cose che ta
 dolorano. Ma io vegio lo errore tuo
in che ancora peccano tutti gli amanti,
 che tengono a vilta *non* seguire longo
 lamorosa *impresa*. Stolti amanti stolti

[?]

f. 29v

se pur terete streto *in* mano cosa quale
 dove piu la stringiete piu vi pungie.
 Forsi anchora tu scioccho pallimacr : o te
 credi da costei esser amato. Credimi
 pallimacro adeiphira amando dorebo-
 no le pene tui e sella *non* havesse te troppo
 ad odio. Ela certo *non* potrebe *non* piangiere
 vedendoti tanto afflicto. Se questa tua
 deiphira pallimacro mio fusse di animo
verso te *non* molto inimicissimo, ella non
 dubitare mai goderebe cossi straciarti.
 Pigliane argomento da te stesso, *perche* tu
 vero amilei troppo ti duole mirarla
 se *non* lieta et contenta. A dunque sella po-
 co amate, sella tanto te inimica tu quj
 f. 30r

omai esci di tanta servitu prehendi viri-
 le animo dite ebuon partito una sola
 volta ti dolera tagliare quel membro
 quale al continuo troppo ti tormenta. So
 io si ate pareo aspro lassare quanto hai in
 uso quella equellaltra hora vederla e
 salutarla. Ma stima che niuno inchiari-
 co *in* amare sta si grave el quale *non* sia mol-
 to ligiero achi lo voglia sopportare, et
inchiarico per ischoncio/ et smesurato che
 sia diventa ligiero achi ildepone lamore
 cresce *per* uso/ et *per* disuso sciema. *Non* si
 puo/ no/ un lungo amore perdere *in* un di
 ma quella via sera prestissima qual
 sia sicura[,] *conviensi* possare lo *incharcho*

f. 30v

amoroso dextro *in* terra se esso mal ti pre-
me e non gitarlo *in* modo che se rompa *in*
su piedi tuoi *in* vendeta et inimista.
Commincia adunque ad interlassare una
hora poi intermetti un di et cossi acres-
ci ogni di piu il dimenticarla persino che
tu stessi ausi te astare piu e piu di.
Et anchora mesi senza vedere chi ti
inimica. **Pallimacro.** Oime deiphi-
ra mia come ti credero io mai essere
a pallimacro tuo inimica/ tu da me
mai non *in* deti *in* facti offesa tu sem-
pre dame honorata et adorata. Io
mai ate fui grave/ o importuno se non
forse *in* troppo amarti; *cum* fede e patien-
f. 31r

tia; et che piu posso io / che voi tu dame
deiphira mia; che voi tu da me? **Philarco.**
Dicotello io ella cussi vorebe mai ri-
cordarsi dite *senon quanto* ti vede et te vo-
rebe veder stare sempre adolorato consumandoti
et spasimando per troppo amore. Et tan-
to ti ramento pallimacro / che la femina
sa solo o amare / o troppo odiare. Presto
se *incende* uno core femminile ad amore
molto piu se *infiamma* presto di crucij
et odio / ne *in* altro serba *constantia* al-
chuna la femina se non e *in* mantenere
ghe arre et crucij. Et ramentoti palli-
macro che a la femina *quando* ame sempre
piace qualunque cosa faccia et dica che ¹⁷
f. 31v

ella ama et da lui accepta ogni cosa sem-
pre *in* migliore parte. Vero et cussi sempre
sdegna et riceve adispecto / et *interpeta* pu-
re *in* male tutto cio che faci / chi gialisia *in*
odio; tu adunque *quante* piu cose farai per pi-
acerli tanto piu gli ne dispieceranno et
piu tene inimichara. **Pallimacro.** Sa
ra mai tanta *adversita* nel nostro amore,
chio possa credere te essere a me deiphi-
ra mia inimica; et che vita sara la mia
misera edolorosa? **Philarco.** Anci se-

17 Grayson 242 reads "alia" vice "ala" and "ama" vice "ame."

ra libera da ogni cura esolitudine la
 tua non amarai esera misera vita adei-
 phira *quando* in lei ardono suoi crucij esuoi
 sdegni. **Pallimacro.** Et potro io che
f. 32r

mai rimaner d'amarti deiphira mia.

Philarco. Mal sisa quel che si puo se
 non si prova. **Pallimacro.** Aime philar-
 co mio ame *interviene* come chi non
 porta *in* piecto facto el ferro onde *cum* esso
 vive *morendo* indolore, ne dubita che su-
 bito senza esso chaderebe *in* morte; te
 deiphira mia porto io dentro al mio
 pecto teco *dienocte* fra me miragiono te
 sola vego negliochi et fronte di *qualun-*
che altra bella, tu una guidime et mia
 vita, tu deiphira mi *consummi* a morte
 senza te ne voglio ne posso vivere.

Philarco. Serebe¹⁸ obstinato il male
 suo viene da furore esogliono i prudenti
f. 32v

fra primi remedij ,a questo male cossi
 ricordare / che le facende maggiore dimen-
 tichano gli ocij de lamore. **Pallimacro.**
 Hei philarco? parti puoca *facenda con-*
tentare una femina; parti puoca *facen-*
da contentare se stesso amando? **Philarco.**
 Hau anci una sola femina ame pare
 molto e molto male *per* piu homini che
per dodici. Ma pure allevare del animo
 tanti tuoi pensieri acerbissimi et ama-
 rissimi giova apigliare altra *facenda*
 escostarsi da lanimo queste fiamme
 quale te *consumano*. Vorre io vederti
 cho tuoi amici *in* villa seguitare olupo
 olorso; et cussi fugire questa altra
f. 33r

molto piu bestiale bestia non dico fe-
 mina ma amore. **Pallimacro.** Ques-
 to conosco io *per* prova philarco che
 quanto piu scosti la corda de larcho te-
 so tanto piu ti stracha *acontenerla* et
 tanto *cum* piu impeto ritorna qual *pri-*

18 Grayson 243 reads "Serbare ostinato" which changes the meaning to "to keep to her evil stubbornly proceeds from rage"

ma era. **Philarco.** Et dove questo
 nulla giovassi ame pare poca prudentia
 fugire tuti gli altri dilecti serebeti
 utile cossi al continuo darti tra molti
 solacevoli amici apresso i quali tu
 insieme lieto dementicassi chi te
 molesto. **Pallimacro.** Che credi philarco
 per metere margarite e gemme in un
 vaso pien di aqua che e manco
f. 33v

forse traboccassi in uno animo pieno di
 di tanto tristezza quanto e il mio nulla
 piu visi puo metere che non faci sopra
 traboccare il dolore. **Philarcho.** Sia
 cussi ne io pero mi scoprirei tanto
 adolorato et questo per non esser grave
 achi me ama et per non ne far contento
 chi del mio mal godessi, et si vol
 fingiere non curare quello che altri
 indispecto fa per che tu molto curi.
 Cussi fallito i suoi pensieri restara di
 esserti in quella parte molesto. Sempre
 fu utile in obscuro tendere le sue rethe.
Pallimacro. Parte gli forse meglio
 vestirsi di urtica et monstarsi nudo?
Philarco. Pare ame certo meglio mon-
f. 34r

strasi crucioso verso chi te iniurij che
 adolorato, et parme cosa troppo servile
 contro la iniuria havere nulla se no ne
 il dolersene, et alchunj incendij sono
 qualj meglio si spengono cum ruina
 che cum aqua et quanto io offeso
 atorto certo aragione monstrarei mio
 sdegno per non dare di me licentia
 adaltri piu che ame stesso.
Pallimacro. Non credere che giovij
 philarco no portar in mano accesi le
 bracci per piu scaldare altrui / et
 chol mio crucio infiammare lira achi
 puo in me quanto e vuole serebe uno
 crescermi tormento. **Philarco.** Et per
 meno sentire quisti tormenti poi che
 si dice luno
f. 34v

chiedo cacia laltro che non accepti tu
 qual si sia una di tante bellissime et
 ligiadrissime donne quale cussi tutto
 il di ate molto si proferiscono / e
 nuovj pi-

aceri discacciarano i tristi antiqui tuoi
 pensieri. **Pallimacro.** Io non so donde
 ame tanto sia nato uno incredibile fa-
 stidio verso tutte le femine che non
 posso senza grave stomacho mirar-
 ne alchuna, solo tu deiphira mia non
 mi dispiaci. Sola deiphira viene agli
 ochi mei non ingrata. **Philarco.** Et be-
 ato ate se quanto laltre tutte meno
 ate piaciano / che deiphira cossi tanto
 che lealtre ate questa una deiphira
f. 35r

dispiacesse et che haresti lanimo tuo li-
 bero amagiori tue e molto piu eter-
 ni lodi. Ma poi che qui non dai luogo
 adaltri piu facili rimedij uno solo ci
 resta elquale ti possa restituire in liber-
 ta, fugi pallimacro lungi dove ne ve-
 ga / ne oda ricordare deiphira / ne ma-
 dre / ne sorelle ne di suoi alchuno. †
 Quanto piu ti scosterai / tanto piu si
 strachara lamore / aperseguitarti la-
 more non molto nutrito in ocio di
 lieti sguardi edolci ragionamenti peris-
 ce. **Pallimacro.** Misero pallimacro
 tu adunque fugirai la patria tua pa-
 renti et amici tuoi. Equal tuo vicio
f. 35v

tanto te priva de cussi carissime et †
 gratissime cose? Oime amar troppo
 altri piu che me stessi cossi dogni mio
 male mi sta cagione. Etu adunque pal-
 limacro in stranij paesi fugirai erran-
 do solo / et molto piangendo latua mi-
 seria? Sfortunato troppo sfortunato.
 Et qual tuo peccato ate qui mai retri-
 buisse tanta infelicità. Oime servire
 cum troppa fede achi me ingrata fa-
 me cussi troppo essere infelice. Ei mis-
 chino pallimacro tu adunque in exilio
 starai soffrendo inte pene dela inius-
 titia altruj? Et que nostri deiphira
 mia tra noi lietissimj risi ecopertissimj
f. 36r

motegij hora tua iniuria cussi ame fruc-
 tano aperte lacrime et dolori eda quel-

le antique tra noi dolcissime / evere
 dolcissime piacevoleze . Hora cossi
 per tua impieta mi trovo caduto in tan-
 ta miseria? O idio gli altri amando
 ricevono dilor fede qualche gratia; be-
 nivolentia et cortesia. A me solo piu
 che gli altri fidelissimo in premio eda-
 to sdegno odio, et exilio. Adio patria
 mia. Adio amici mei. Pallimacro †
 troppo fidele / etropo sugieto amante
 fugie in terre stranie avivere pian-
 giendo in exilio. Et tu deiphira mia
 hora senza me / que vita sera la tua?
 f. 36v

chi vera asalutarti? Chi tornera spes-
 so afarti lieta? Chi seguira te molto
 amando? A chi te porgierai tu or-
 nata? Chi te lodera? Chi quanto io
 mai te rendera honore? Tu giovene-
 ta ebella sederai fra le altre senza ha-
 vere chi molto preci le tue belleze.
 O ti piacera donarti anuovj amanti
 poi che tu cossi hai atorto escluso e
 gitato chi te piu; che se stesso amava
 ama; et sempre amera.
 A DIO DEIPHIRA

FINIS

READ ME,
 LOVERS,
 AND RECOGNIZING
 YOUR ERRORS
 HERE
 WITH ME,¹⁹

become either more learned in how to love, or more discerning at fleeing love. And if, while reading this, some sighs or tears overwhelm you, be comforted by the fact that other people are experiencing what you are reading. Neither should one think that he knows love, if he can read me entirely without sighing a bit; and there will be some who read me crying. But, try and glimpse with me, lovers, how much power love has over you. And I believe you will learn something of use for a life loved and appreciated by your fellow citizens.

Beginning of Deiphira

Pallimacro.

Think how heavy this pain is that resides within me, if it oppresses even those who see it from afar? A fire that is enclosed within many walls must be so very great if it also harms nearby buildings. Do not ask of me, my Philarco, that which my adverse fortune prevents me from being able to do. I must accustom myself to what I will need to practice while I live,

to make less harsh that which is now too bitter. My sighs flee away from where my pain ever burns within, and my tears, falling on my breast, return, wrung from my heart. My pain is like a ferocious biting thing. The more I keep it hidden in darkness within my breast, the more, perhaps, this rage will be dispersed. **Philarco.** Seeing you wander alone among these woods so afflicted, my dear Pallimacro, I could not keep myself from wondering, and I very much wanted to know whence came such overwhelming pain, that I now see on a face

that was previously so happy. You are young, handsome, rich, noble, capable, and virtuous, and more than anyone else of your age and circumstance, loved and honored by all. I know you to be so discerning, learned, praiseworthy, and noble, that I could never hope for happiness for myself, other than what has been granted to you by fortune or gained through your own virtue. I know how highly you consider me among your most trustworthy friends. Thus, it seemed to me I was obliged, or allowed, to ask you to share some part of these burdens

that weigh you down in sadness and misery. And so what happened to me with you is what would have happened to someone who, when he was at the blacksmith's,

19 This full-page image is the beginning of the Deiphira text, but this manuscript was originally part of a larger collection; see how part of the margin is cut down.

doubted the iron was hot; but to make more sure, he picked it up and badly burned his hand. So, while I did think that you had some great trouble and burning preoccupation in your soul, now what I hear in your response burns me so much, and the greater it is, the greater also is the desire to release you from it. Not only is it useful but, even more, virtuous, to remove these troubling things from the soul, but when the pain conquers our powers, we must yield to it, since the only way we can

overcome the pain is by fleeing it. And consider how good it is when you stop the movement of that wheel under which your foot is trapped. There was never anything so dear to you that you would refuse to share it with me, when I wanted you to. Now, if your pain seems so dear to you, then share it with me as a friend, as you usually do. And if this bothers you, doubt not that the two of us together might be able to do what you alone cannot. Certainly, I will be of help and counsel to you in any way I can to overcome adversity or to endure it. **Pallimacro.** Alas, Philarco, neither gold nor gems nor any great

wealth can relieve mortals' suffering. So stop behaving like this with me, Philarco. You are like someone who drops a ring from his hand into the ocean, who, the more he wades in, the murkier the water becomes and the less he can glimpse and find it. The more you seek to know my profound miseries, the more you stir up my heart and mind, the less I will be able to perceive them for myself. Do not try to be useful to me in any other way than to help me to weep, since fortune has dealt with me in this way. **Philarco.** Oh, Pallimacro, do not cry any more; recall, in how many ways you have at other times conquered fortune with your manly and most powerful spirit. And what

is the point of complaining so much about misfortunes if not just to make things worse and to make more of that which brings you such displeasure. Leave this role to women, who are capable only of feigning and weeping. Witness how the tiniest wound, left untended, often becomes mortal, and how even a deep wound, with another's help and attention, often heals. I feel that others, in their adversities, to dignify their sorrow and not appear as listless and effeminate, blame their enemies' falseness, someone else's perfidy, or fortune's injustice. And they take pains to let as many people as possible know how undeserving they are of such

disaster. And in that way, they release the flames of their kindled wrath and burning grief. By whom do you claim to be offended? What injury is causing you such distress? What barb stings you so much that you injure yourself with such stubborn vexation and bitter spirit? **Pallimacro.** Poor me, poor me, the heavier my thoughts are, the deeper they sink, and the less I can lift them up. The wave that surges over the rocks uncovers and moves the little pebbles, but the large ones stand; the bigger the wave, the more the rocks are covered by fine gravel.

With all this arguing, the more you let flow this great river of eloquence, the more you give me material to cover what I wish to uncover, but cannot. **Philarco.** What can be within you that you are unable to communicate with the one who loves you?

What secret can be so dreadful that it ought not be shared with a friend? Be assured that I would not consider you a friend if you showed such little faith in me. He who does not trust fears to be deceived. Nor can you love someone in whom you fear there is malice. And he who does not love certainly does not deserve to be loved, and he who knows himself to be loved (as much as you feel you are loved by me)

is certainly wrong in not bringing himself forward as a friend, open to the one who loves him. Friendship demands faith and worthiness. Never lose faith. You have only to desire from me anything I can do for you, and I will always be ready to deserve your benevolence and grace. Whether you like it or not, I want to know what suffering oppresses you. Although the sick person dislikes that which heals him, nevertheless one first needs to follow reason, rather than one's own judgment and faulty taste. **Pallimacro.** I love, Philarco. I burn, Philarco. I am convulsed with love. **Philarco.** Now I see it is completely true what they

say, that there is no man to be found who is so happy that he is not also miserable in some large measure. All things converge to adorn you with happiness: your homeland, your kin, friends, riches, grace. But I saw how fortune casts something among these things, that disrupts your sweet life and peace of mind. It makes the smallest concern so grievous and disturbing that it weighs you down, and you are unable to taste any part of your happiness, however great it may be. What was keeping you from telling me then what will be useful to know now? But all unwise lovers

make this common mistake; namely, they always reveal to everyone with their glances and sighs that which they try hardest to conceal. Love in a young man is not blameworthy. On the contrary, just as all human bodies endure common diseases like small pox and rubella, so that you can scarcely find anyone who has grown old without having experienced them, so it seems to me that the soul is certainly destined for this most serious and disturbing illness

and no one can avoid experiencing it whenever it comes. And blessed is the one who experiences the power of love in youth, without undermining his magnificent endeavors and the best of his promising studies. Blessed is he who, experiencing love in tender years, learns to flee it. Smallpox usually does more harm to aged eyes than to young ones, so it seems that those with firm and virile minds are more blinded by love than are the immature and superficial; the same flame that burns an old tree trunk barely scorches a green branch. At this age it is necessary, when in love, to show oneself to be a true lover. Indeed, there was never anyone who was able

to hide love. No one seeks to find out things that are manifestly true. But almost by nature, everyone desires to investigate what is hidden. Nor is it beneficial to question every little thing in itself; because small impediments have little effect on great endeavors. And even if there is some reason to suspect one should never appear to be suspicious because your suspicion will teach others to suspect. Suspicion has

always been an indicator of ill will; to show love sweetly and fittingly has never been harmful or displeasing. But to demonstrate oneself to be overcome by too much love has always been damaging, not so much with respect to other people

as to the one you love. You will find this habit in every woman: she will never love the one who loves her too much. Women consider someone who is too much subject to them to be a servant, not a lover. And they enjoy, not the affection of the man who is too obedient, but rather his service; and so as not to lose this service, they do not tolerate the unhappy lover's escape from torment. On the contrary, to keep him properly subject, they impose a new torment on him every day. But tell me, this woman you love, does she merit your love? For it would be shameful to love someone who, when praised in your presence, would make you blush with embarrassment.
Pallimacro. Oh happy

is the one who can love and not love as he wishes. I was not able to keep myself from loving, nor can I stop myself from suffering as I love. No, my Deiphira, no Deiphira, don't you deserve to be loved by me? You are beautiful, so refined, so graceful, yes; but you are too disdainful, too stubborn, too suspicious, merciless. A little ice on a precious blossom withers it, and a disdainful act mars a beautiful face. And although you are my enemy, oh Deiphira, still you remain dear to me. Although it pains me to be your plaything with my tears, I still like to please you with all of my suffering. You wish it so, and I can

endure as much pain as you like. So love has taught me to submit to any offense. One day you will weep, my Deiphira, you will weep for having tormented me, in whom you will know faith and love more than in anyone who ever was or ever could be. Never was there, never was there, my Deiphira, never will there be, anyone who will love you as much as I will love you, with such a firm faith, certainly, for as long as I live. Even in death I will continue loving you, but too late you will weep that I had loved you in vain for so long. Alas, with many tears you will desire the sweet time and pleasure, lost.

Philarco. And this other error seems not insignificant in those who love, who never cease, when alone, to pray, to praise, and to complain about the one who does not hear them; but in whose presence they forget themselves, are stupefied and dumbstruck, and only say things that afterwards it pains them to have said. And one should consider beforehand which acts, which glances, which words -- how each thing would be more useful to you, and more acceptable to the one you love, and never be, even in the slightest way, disagreeable or displeasing to her. Be silent, do not speak too much, ask nicely, listen graciously, gaze kindly, banter cheerfully,

play charmingly, and in everything, have an easy way about you and a gracious manner, please her in every virtue you can display, offer yourself to her so that she does not disdain you. Leave in such a way that she desires you more, return so that she will be happy to see, hear, and admire you; always leave her to think only happy

and lovely thoughts about you, and in this way always continue to nurture love with sweet and cheerful conversation. But tell me, Pallimacro, in what way have you fallen into this love? Did you seek out your own harm, as I see many do, who are on the lookout for any new injury? **Pallimacro.** I did not seek it out

nor did it please me to enter into this servitude I am now experiencing, and I had already heard from you that it was too onerous. But certainly our souls are sometimes not our own, and it sometimes happens that we want something that is painful to us. I affirm this: that against my will, I am forced to love. I loved against my will, I wanted what displeased me, and I immediately disliked everything that I was doing and saying. Nor did I stop following where my destiny led me, into the great misery in which I now find myself. Destiny has led me here. But what man would be so hard-hearted

that he would not love, feeling himself loved? For certainly I came to know, in so many ways, how much I was loved. **Philarco.** And here too, young men err who, considering themselves worthy of being loved, immediately think that every little glance comes from great love. These are signs of true love: changing color, staring fixedly then softly lowering your gaze to the ground, and sighing, coming back to yourself. **Pallimacro.** There were many more signs of true love than these, which compelled me to love. Oh, my Deiphira, you used to like my every action, every word, every deed. From afar, your eyes

used to seek me out from among others, you never had enough of praising me and mentioning me to everyone. You never had enough of looking in my eyes, laughing and conversing with me. And whenever I left you, how often I saw you, oh miserable me, I saw you suffering; and how often I saw how many excuses you fabricated to find yourself wherever I was; and you, sighing, accused me of being so slow in loving you. And miserable me, miserable me, I wonder now, what presentiment of my current suffering frightened me so that perhaps you thought that I was avoiding you, my Deiphira; and now I chase after you, crying. Oh unhappy me, I provided you with many

excuses, my Deiphira, and so I taught you what you are now able to use to torment me. Oh unfortunate Pallimacro, what a calamity it was to construct and to put in the hands of this merciless one the weapon with which she never tires of inflicting pain on me; and these blows are all my own. These mortal wounds exist within me, from my earlier mistakes. Learn, lovers, do not render to love less than he demands of you. The steed that runs without too much spurring is more beloved than others. He who does that which he does not want to do suffers from two evils, overexertion and displeasure. But you, my Deiphira, you know well I deserve nothing else from you but mercy. I never shrank from

loving you, but rather I sought that our love should last without our having to regret anything. **Philarco.** Certainly, these were signs of true love, and seeing that you

were loved, you were unkind, not openly accepting what was offered to you. But it is always evident, not only in love, but in every matter, that gifts that are too insistently offered prove annoying, and that the satisfactions that are denied invite one to desire them. In matters of love, someone who overwhelms me with their attentions would not please me very much; and certainly, I would despise someone who treated me too bitterly. **Pallimacro.** Oh, Filarco, lucky is the one who can control every one of his thoughts. Consider what a great cause made me so reluctant. That same sun, which you stared at this morning when it rose, now at midday, at its highest point, blinds him who looks upon it. In the same way, when it first arose, I perceived the very misfortune, which now that it is grown blinds my reason and judgment. Nor did I hold myself back from climbing this steep slope, from which now, tired, I can neither descend nor stop. **Filarco.** And why then did you not flee all those things you could already foresee as harmful to you? **Pallimacro.** I foresaw everything -- yes, my Deiphira --- I knew all of it, I glimpsed it all from a distance, and at first I made sure you also knew what would happen to me because of you. But if you, my Filarco, have compassion in seeing me now in such pain, as you certainly do, because I am in love, how could I not have felt compassion for someone who burned with love for me? **Filarco.** It is always the obligation of humanity to love the one who loves you. But it is also said to be the duty of prudence, to avoid excess in every thing. **Pallimacro.** You know how a large and heavy stone starts rolling slowly and laboriously, but once it starts crashing down the slope, nothing can hold it back. A small and light pebble is moved by a little thing

and a little bush can stop it. In this way, the more weighed down our spirits are, the less they can be stopped from their course, although they have started moving late. Nonetheless, I did not refrain from taking away from my spirit, with all my cunning and reason, that wrath which I feel and to which I have no choice but to submit. And after I proved that every effort of mine had failed there, my Deiphira, you know that I tried, as much as I knew how, to make you love with measure and reason. Oh, I still did not know how impossible it is to keep any reason in oneself when in love. If a ship is buffeted by a violent wind, the helmsman will

order some weights to be moved to the stern to slow the ship's swift course, so as not to crash against the rocks. So with you, my Deiphira, I did this--not to give you any pain, my Deiphira, though it pained me to do it, but to restrain your unbridled love--now instilling in you one or another useful doubt, now showing you one or another danger, to slow down your bold rush towards loving me. You see that I endure the pain with no reproach to you, but I would have suffered too much from your unfortunate fate. And, to quell in you

the flames that now consume me, I offered to do and to say anything that would please you, which I have always done. **Philarco.** Oh foolish Pallimacro, did you value your freedom so little, you fool, that you made yourself the slave of a woman? Did you consider it an act of mercy to make such a humble slave your master? It is no mercy to harm yourself in order to please someone else. Did you not know the things that are promised no longer belong to the one who has promised them? If you do

not give what is promised, you get hatred in return. And when you do give it, that does not mean that you gain more favor from her. In one stroke, you have lost that which, had you given it it freely,

would have gained you favor many times over. **Pallimacro.** Indeed, if you insist on being so disdainful towards me, I have lost you, my Deiphira. And if in this beauty there is such a great lack of mercy, then certainly, in you, heaven has committed a great error, in putting among so many good things such a great evil. And yet, even though I knew the dangers, I, being wise and prudent, placed myself under the yoke; thus, it seemed to me the duty of a noble heart, once I decided to love, to set no other limit in loving than to love you as much as I could. **Philarco.** Did you then believe you had to become a servant to the one you loved? **Pallimacro.** Oh unhappy lovers, learn from me: no one should seek any freedom when loving. One who cannot serve does not know how to love. You must beseech repeatedly, even when you are spurned; you must often leave with a rejection, however unjust; you must often strike your face and breast for numerous offenses, even though they were received without reason and cause; and not rarely, you must bewail your errors and the errors of others. And it so happens, miserable lovers, just as with a shield, the thicker and harder it is, the longer the dart remains stuck in it, the more difficult it is to remove. In the same way, love, the more it finds a steadfast spirit resolute in repelling it, the more it becomes entrenched and persistent. Therefore, let no one presume to resist love, for it injures more severely and releases more slowly those who defy it, compared with those who humbly follow and obey. Obey, lovers! Obey Love, fight no longer with love and with yourself; don't make your wounds any deeper, throwing yourself on the sword that wounds you. Make a gift of yourself to the one who is besieging you, rather than losing everything by fighting. A very great gift earns you little grace when you give it against your will. Willing and ready service is rewarded with two prizes; the first for the willingness, no less than the second, for the service itself.

Philarco. Nor in this matter do I wish you and other lovers to err who, knowing little of women's ways, immediately make themselves their servants. As anyone can clearly see, women are exceedingly belligerent by nature, and in everything they enjoy opposing and dominating others. From this is born the old proverb that belongs to the Comic Poets, which says: "Whatever you want she does not want. If you do not want her, she will offer herself to test you." And this is certainly not to grant you any favors, but rather to vanquish you by beguiling you. Therefore, it is good to know how not to spurn or vilify them, since never in memory has a woman

forgotten an injury or the great or small reason that caused it. But, it is good to make yourself sought after by showing yourself to be independent of mind and busy with more important affairs. And remember, lovers, that he who can delight the birds will catch them more easily and in a larger number than he who hunts them; it is best to charm them, with a pleasing deportment and all kinds of virtue and gentleness, so that they may be happy to see you often. Then, little by little, their love catches fire and grows, and you, lovers, do as the fowler does, following the partridge methodically and artfully. Very soon the end comes, which is assured. Restrain yourselves

so that the beloved, too sought after, does not become prideful. On the other hand, the more you pursue her by serving her, the more she will flee you. And even if they take leave, either by your misfortune or their unstable nature --as women are always ready for a new fight -- withdraw, lovers, and let them first carefully reconsider. However worthless a thing might be, it still pains the one who loses it. No woman would be so foolish as not to prize a lover among the dearest of things. And so it happens that the sooner you withdraw, the sooner you are wanted back. Then if their pride and foolishness rise up and annoy you, pause, and let them wear themselves out

by wrestling with fickle and changeable thoughts so that they are dragged down from all of their superiority and proud disdain. And in this way, you will immediately see their disdain disappear and love return. **Pallimacro.** I could have taught these and other lessons, but what good does it do to mock someone whose hands are tied? Thus I find myself now, wretched, bound in this servitude, so that all I can do is lament my misery. And happy is he who can openly lament his misfortune. **Philarco.** Do you consider it misery to serve someone when you used to say to me that every service is done with displeasure? But obeying someone who loves you seems

to be the duty of generosity and courtesy rather than of servitude. And blessed is he who feels himself to be loved as much as he loves, and does not allow himself to be saddened by any minor adversity. You, lovers, if the ones you love perhaps show less warmth to you than usual, you immediately become sorrowful. You are foolish, lovers, if you do not realize that all feminine wiles and cunning exist only so they can be seen and praised by many. Neither does anyone know how to love who cannot tolerate a darkened brow in a beautiful face. **Pallimacro.** Oh unlucky me, wretched me, no ill fortune, no unhappiness, no pain can come to any lover that

has not also come to me, and from which I have suffered greatly. But so much I deserve, since everything that begins in ill will ends badly. **Philarco.** Never was there a lover who did not suffer. Never was there a love not full of sighs and tears. A common defect of anyone who loves is that he always interprets words, acts, and deeds in their worst light. And he even argues against himself, and most of the time he believes in what does not exist, and what is certain, he doubts. You lovers are too eager of will but too timid in works, with thoughts too subtle, with subtleties too dubious, with doubtful things too credulous, and with beliefs too obstinate.

One wants to remember only the happy things about the past; and in the present, one can somehow take what time concedes, and day by day hope for better, and expect something good without too much anxiety. **Pallimacro.** Oh, Philarco, the one who can have what he wants, does not love; it is better to wish for the obtainable. And how can I not lament the past, when, so wrongfully, I find myself having lost all that which makes me happy, when I am in love? How can I not weep in the present, if now

my service earns nothing but ingratitude? Nothing is more troublesome or painful than to serve and not be

appreciated. And now what hope is there for me that can ever relieve the smallest part of my misfortunes? Since the times that we were awaiting with such desire, my Deiphira, so full of pleasure and delight for both of us, have passed for me with sadness and sorrow instead. Oh my most bitter fate! The places that I trusted were suitable for our delights and encounters were instead closed off to me, and filled with rejection. Oh me, unhappy Pallimacro, those people whom I thought would be as attentive and useful as they should have been to our expectations and desires, poor me, oh

poor me, instead were the cause of all my calamities; now, oh most bitter pain, whose help can I ever hope for, given that those I trust the most harm me the most? Oh God, how much love flies in such a short time. **Philarco.** Sad Pallimacro, that Deiphira of yours, who loved you so much, does she not love you as she used to? **Pallimacro.** You no longer love, no, my Deiphira, you do not love me anymore. What happened to me was like what we often see with someone who keeps a bull on a rope at a distance. He follows it if it runs away, and if it turns against him, he throws himself²⁰ on the ground. And if it stops, he spurs and annoys it in many ways.

Even the one who hitches the rope around a strong post riles it in doing so. Then, having dodged the bull, he laughs to see that the tied bull only harms himself, now charging in the wind, now readying itself in vain for new fights. So you do the same to me, my Deiphira. The moment I tied myself to you with those strong promises that have held me subject to you until now, you quickly began to disdain me. You, my Deiphira, who used to be so happy to see me, who used to weep, fearing to pass a few days without seeing me, now indeed you flee me and without any reason you hold me in contempt and in hatred. When you

see me, you are so disturbed--woe is me!-- and you even curse me, very often wrongfully. O unlucky Pallimacro, if I sometimes took²¹ justified offense at some scornful word of hers, that Deiphira of ours, the one I saw weeping, lamenting, this same Deiphira who was so loved by us, now never gets enough of increasing our pain every day more and more. **Philarco.** Pallimacro, in the life of mortals, nothing exists for which an end has not been prepared. Troy was great and lofty; Babylon was rich and powerful; Athens was refined

and renowned; and Rome was feared, revered, and obeyed for as long as the heavens and their fate allowed each of them. Nor, then, should you think it

20 Grayson 235 reads "e gittandosi a terra" vice "egitante a terra" changing the meaning to "throwing himself on the ground" - we have taken this reading)

21 Grayson 236 reads prendevo ("I took"). We think this is a better reading and our scribe committed a scribal error.

unreasonable that a changeable and feminine spirit is no longer what it used to be towards you. Crazy, crazy many times over, is anyone who believes that in a woman there is ever any constancy; and certainly even if you do find some steadfastness in her, still at some point your love will end. And consider, my Pallimacro, that there was never a longstanding love without an abundance of sighs, tears, and sufferings of all kinds. And in love, the later any adversity comes, the greater the ruin that ensues.

And one should consider carefully whether here is the end of your misfortunes, discounting any other great scandals and calamities that sometimes occur, as certainly always occur between quarrelling lovers. And certainly it has always seemed true to me that love is like milk that you enjoy greatly when it is fresh, but which curdles after sitting out. The same is true about love: the more lovers strive to appear agreeable and give a good impression, the more they live happily, full of pleasure, playfulness, and lively conversation. And then once love has been secured, suspicions suddenly arise, and from suspicions, jealousies, and from jealousies, disdain, and from these arise vindictiveness and enmity, and the enmities

of lovers are proven to be particularly bitter. And women are much less wise and reasonable than men, and more unfaithful, suspicious, and shrewish. Therefore, they find themselves enraged by the slightest thing, and then, to show themselves justly outraged, they persevere and grow in enmity. Even the man who is your mortal enemy might be moved to pity by one of your words; it is only the offended heart of a woman that is made more obdurate by the tears of the one who loves her. And even blood can hardly erase any alleged slight to her. Therefore you should never reveal you are in love unless you know you can immediately obtain satisfaction before love curdles. Over time,

one should dare more than ask. It is women's nature that in anything that might cause them to blush, they could plausibly say, "I did not see it," and once they are won over, time and again they are pleased to give that which they most deny. **Pallimacro.** Oh, my Philarco, who does not know how little one can accomplish when one desires too much! **Philarco.** Cry no more, my Pallimacro, cry no more. And tell me what great cause there ever was which quenched such ardent passion in her. The flames of love often flare up, but do not die down without great damage. Please tell me everything, do not do what those other lovers do, who, afflicted and despondent,

suddenly retreat into worry, from which, with excessive rethinking, they come away exhausted without having thought of anything. Every worry is harmful to exhausted minds, and talking with friends to take away the weight of their cares is helpful. And what are you doing, Pallimacro, that you keep staring at the ground fixed and speechless? Answer, I pray, and by talking you will forget, in part, your suffering. Either your error or hers was the cause of your great discord. **Pallimacro.** It was not mine, no, and not completely your error, Deiphira. On the contrary, it is my unjust fortune that makes you so irascible and contemptuous, and I indeed immediately grasped this misery

that now immerses me in such calamity. But one can hardly close off all the paths to evil that must arise. And as with water, the more you dam a river, the more forcefully it breaks out into another course, likewise, with adverse fortune, the more you try to block it, the more it grows and bursts forth where you least expect it. And all at once, there comes that fury that before was dispersed through other channels. **Philarco.** No unjust fortune, no adverse circumstance ever succeeded in snatching away the benevolence of a true lover, nor should the object of our discussion be anything other than you yourself, who, enduring so much pain, still continue to love. And

that Deiphira of yours would certainly feel the same if there were in her as much faith or firm love as there is in you. But what was your situation that you curse it so? **Pallimacro.** Certainly, it is to be cursed. It seemed to her, my Philarco, that one or another woman, more beautiful than she, offered herself too much to me just as she, for her part, offered herself to others. It seemed to her, poor me, an injury to our love if another woman kindled her lights at our fire. Ah me, how brief and very deceptive are the sweet delights of love. You chose, my Deiphira, to believe those who confirmed all your suspicions. O woeful lovers, learn from me. Believe me, for many tears and much

pain have made me a teacher in matters of love. Flee such evil; hold hidden in your hearts your lovers' joys so that no envy can disturb them within you. And never turn your eyes from where the spirit resides, and never change the established seat of a well-founded love. And let there be in you only one thought, only one allegiance, only one love, lest you later weep over your mistake as one afflicted. And if I weep as a result, having only erred in not guarding against the suspicions of others, how much more punishment will there be for one whose sin has no excuse. **Philarco.** And yet this

would be no small error for someone who loves, if perhaps, he will consider it faithless if he does not dedicate himself entirely to someone who has neither faith nor pity towards him. Foolish is the man who sets all his snares in only one pass; you one should have many ports in which to where you can shelter from contrary winds. And when abandoned at sea, I would like to have someone to rescue me. Nor can one run swiftly who has no competitor. And you see how useful it would be, if the one who was offering herself to you cherished her share of your love. In the beginning, you would have skillfully kept those loves silent and hidden just like Deiphira's

love, so that her suspicions would never be confirmed. And then, having someone with whom to dally, you would forget the other offenses you received. But since your fortune has led you here, wretched Pallimacro, when possible, cease being your own enemy. And consider as lost that which is lost. You saw many delightful, happy days, when you would go and remain wherever Deiphira wanted you. And there, playful and delightful things were said and done, as many as she liked and you did not dislike.

And those were certainly bright and serene days. Now she is upset and she nags you without any reason

and disdains you without cause. Therefore, my Pallimacro, be very reasonable, cease hating your liberty so much that you continue to give yourself away to someone who despises you. If she does not suffer from losing a loyal lover, then equally, you should not suffer from leaving such servitude. It seems to me unjust to be in service to someone who does not want to be served. It cannot but hurt, each and every time, to leave that which used to be pleasing and dear. But conquer yourself and you will conquer love. Do not worry about who looks at you with scorn; do not offer good wishes to the one who inwardly curses you; do not be a servant to someone who cannot be a humane master. Stop being a plaything to one who enjoys all your pain and suffering.

Pallimacro. What would you have me do, Philarco? Not even in my mind could I bring myself to say or do something that would be displeasing to her. And it torments me to see her unhappy or malcontent. If she is ever unjust towards me, she will feel regret, and it will be painful to her. And meanwhile, in my heart, I will never cease loving her and honoring her in every possible way. **Philarco.** I praise you, Pallimacro, and certainly in this matter you show how much nobility and refinement there is within you. And I would blame you if you did as other uncouth and scornful lovers do, who do not acquiesce to all the beastly things women ask for so much, and who immediately avenge themselves with scorn and threats, unabashedly making their unhappy lovers

miserable and afflicted. These men do not not hesitate to misuse what was given to them as a gift of love and courtesy, to injure those women who, just a moment ago, were so dear to them. Certainly, it would be contrary to any noble and good nature that enmity be born out of love. Noble lovers leave disrespect and disdain to the uncouth, because nobility has always been full of human kindness and ease. Nobility does not show scorn towards the one who loves you; it is an affront to it. But take comfort, oh my Pallimacro. Do not desire what is forbidden by unjust fortune; what you are experiencing, when someone who²² easily could does not wish to show you mercy; or what you know

time, place, or anything else forbids you to have. Whenever you can, choose to set yourself free. O what a blessed thing it is to live for oneself, without any cares. **Pallimacro.** Oh my Philarco, what power do I have over myself when I belong to someone else? I am all yours, my Deiphira, and I want to be yours. As much as you want of me, let it be so. Please, either you should put my patience to the test, revenging yourself if I were not as ready to love you as I should have been, or else you should be content with boasting that you have a lover whom nothing will prevent

22 Grayson 240 reads "quello che tu provi chi facile puo, non vole usare teco pietate alcuna." We have taken the reading "chi" ("who") instead of our manuscript's "che").

from serving you. I, however, will never forget your many kindnesses towards me. They are written on my

heart, along with your alluring glances, your sweet words and deeds, with which you won me over to loving you. I will always be faithful to you -- as I always was -- and the last day of my life in our love will be no different from all the other days, obliging and eager in love, as much as you desire. And my life and my love will end at the same time. **Philarco**. What great kindness would it be for her to call you from port into a ship, and then abandon you alone on the high and stormy seas and find refuge for herself? If she did this to revenge herself, certainly she does not deserve to be loved. Love does not desire revenge. Revenge comes from enmity; if she destroys you for no reason, certainly she deserves to be hated. Whoever injures any of his enemies without cause is a tyrant. But harming someone who loves you shows even more cruelty and brutishness. However, about Deiphira, judge not by your experience of her, but rather on what you value. And tell me this, which would you value more, to escape to freedom, or to live with these torments? Subjects would not obey their lords if the lords did not have the power to give and take back their many possessions. Deiphira cannot take away from you anything that is yours. The one who ceases to love, loses love and does not take it away from someone else. And you, therefore, if you want freedom and quiet, as you should, resolve not to desire from her anything that she can give you, and you will be free. Refrain from desiring and you shall be free. And it will not be hard for you to refrain from desiring that which you cannot have anyway. And really, what is it that she could ever give you that is equal to your virtue? Not honor, or riches, or fame, nor any rank or status, all of which you would acquire with even less effort, if you would apply your time and ingenuity to them alone. Time and effort spent in vain should be considered wasted. And it would be costly to you, even if you were receiving something other than infinite displeasure from your Deiphira. Because though it may please you to see a beautiful face, many faces more beautiful than hers reveal themselves to you,

sweet and delightful, while your proud Deiphira conceals herself, cloaked in scorn. If one graceful glance pleases you, many more charming and angelic eyes, continuously welcome you even as your mistrustful Deiphira despises you. If one very lively exchange pleases you, many women more delightful and courtly than she will invite you to converse and will laugh with you while your stubborn Deiphira either simply stays silent or responds with things that hurt you. But I see your errors, where all lovers also go wrong. They consider it cowardly not to pursue love's endeavor to the end. It is foolish, foolish, lovers,

when you keep holding tight in your hand that which stings you more the tighter you grasp it. Perhaps, witless Pallimacro, you still believe she loves you. Believe me, Pallimacro, if Deiphira loved you, if she did not hold you in such contempt, she would suffer from your pain. She certainly does not cry seeing you so afflicted. My Pallimacro, if this Deiphira of yours felt anything other than deep enmity towards you, do not doubt that she would never enjoy torturing you like this. Take yourself as an example: since you love her, it is very painful for you to see her as anything other

than happy and content. Therefore, if she loves you so little, if she is that much your enemy,

leave this great servitude once and for all. Muster your manly spirit to choose wisely. It will only hurt you once to cut off the limb that continues to cause you so much pain. I know how hard it seems to you to give up the habit of seeing and greeting her all the time. But consider that no burden in love is so heavy that it does not seem light to the one who wants to bear it, and any burden, as shameful and heavy as it may be, becomes light to the one who sets it aside. Love grows with use, and diminishes with disuse. It is not possible for a longstanding love to be lost in a day. However, the path is only fast insofar as it is safe. If the burden of love presses hard upon you,

set it down gingerly; do not to throw it down in revenge and spite, so that it shatters on your own feet. Begin, therefore, to let it go for an hour, then put it aside for a day, and in this way you will forget her more and more every day, until you even accustom yourself to stay away for days upon days, and even months without seeing the one who is your enemy. **Pallimacro.** Oh, my Deiphira, how will I ever believe you to be the enemy of your Pallimacro? I never said or did anything to offend you. I always honored and adored you. I was never burdensome or demanding, except perhaps in loving you too much, loyally and patiently.

And what more can I do for you, my Deiphira? what do you want of me, my Deiphira? My Deiphira, what more do you want from me? **Philarco.** I tell you, she never thinks about you except when she sees you, and she wants to see you always suffering, consuming yourself and sighing from an excess of love. And may I remind you again, Pallimacro: females only know either how to love, or how to hate excessively. Their hearts kindle rapidly to love, and ignite even faster with vexation and hatred. They are constant in nothing except stoking quarrels and vexation. And I remind you Pallimacro, that when a woman is in love, she approves of her beloved's every word and deed,

and accepts everything from him in the best light. Conversely, she always disdains, takes offense, and finds fault with everything coming from the one whom she already hates. Therefore, the more you do to please her, the more you will displease her, and your actions will make her even more your enemy. **Pallimacro.** We will never experience such adversity in our love that I could think of you as my enemy, my Deiphira, and what kind of poor and wretched life would I have? **Philarco.** In this way, your life will be free of all care and worry, but Deiphira's life will be miserable, when her vexation and scorn burn within her. **Pallimacro.** And I can

never keep myself from loving you, my Deiphira. **Philarco.** But you will never know what you can do if you do not try. **Pallimacro.** Ah, my Philarco, I am like a man with a blade buried in his chest, so that he lives with it while at the same time dying in pain, sure that he will fall dead without it. My Deiphira, I carry you in my heart and I speak with you there, day and night. In the eyes and face of any other beauty, I see

only you; you alone guide me and my life; you consume me unto death; I do not wish to nor can I live without you. **Philarco**. That would be stubborn; her malice comes from rage. The prudent are accustomed to remember,

among their primary remedies to this malady, that more pressing concerns make you forget the pleasures of love. **Pallimacro**. Oh, Philarco, does it seem to you a small feat to make a woman content? Does it seem to you a small feat to make oneself content in loving? **Philarco**. Alas, it seems to me that one woman, by herself, would be more trouble than twelve or more men could handle. But to relieve your spirit of such bitter and harsh thoughts, you should also take another course and remove from your soul the flames that consume you. I would like to see you with your friends, in the countryside, hunting the wolf or the bear, so as to flee this much more

bestly beast; I do not say 'woman', but love. **Pallimacro**. That much I know from experience, Philarco, that the more you pull the cord of a strung bow, the more you tire yourself bending it back, and the more forcefully it returns to its original position. **Philarco**. And should this fail, it seems imprudent to me to flee all other pleasures. Therefore, it would be better to spend time with your many sympathetic friends, with whom you can happily forget the one who troubled you. **Pallimacro**. Think, Philarco: don't you know that when you put place even daisies and buds into a vase filled with water,

that it will even then overflow? In the same way, you cannot put anything more in a soul as full of sadness as mine without making it overflow with pain. **Philarco**. That may be. However, I would not show that I was so hurt, so as not to burden those who love me nor gratify those who revel in my pain. And you must feign indifference at what others do to rile you. In this way, when their plans fail, they will cease to trouble you. It has always been useful to lay snares in the dark. **Pallimacro**. Which is better: to clothe yourself in stinging nettles or to show yourself naked? **Philarco**. To me, it certainly seems better to show

those who injure you that you are angry rather than suffering, and it seems too degrading to have nothing to show from the injury but pain. Some fires are better extinguished by stamping them out than by dousing them with water, and however wrongfully offended I am, I will rightfully show my scorn so as not to empower others more than myself. **Pallimacro**. No, don't believe it, Philarco, it is not a good thing to carry burning embers in one's hands in order to warm others. And if my anger were to inflame the wrath of the one who can do whatever she wills with me, then it would increase my torment. **Philarco**. And to feel less tormented, since, as they say,

a new love drives out the old, why do you not accept any one of these very beautiful and graceful ladies who continuously offer themselves to you? And new pleasures will chase away your old, sad thoughts. **Pallimacro**. I do not know where my incredible aversion to all women came from, such that I cannot see any of them without feeling sick to my stomach. Only you, my Deiphira, are not displeasing to

me, only you, Deiphira, are not unwelcome to my eyes. **Philarco**. And you would be fortunate if Deiphira displeased you as much as all the others do,

so that you could keep your spirit free for greater and more eternal praises. But since you are not open to other, easier remedies, then only one remains that can restore your freedom. Run far away, Pallimacro, so that you may neither see nor hear anything that reminds you of Deiphira, neither her mother, nor her sisters, nor any of her relatives. The more you distance yourself, the more love will tire of pursuing you. Love perishes if it is not nourished in the leisure of happy glances and sweet conversation. **Pallimacro**. Oh wretched Pallimacro, you will then flee your homeland, your relatives and your friends. And what have you done

to be so deprived of what is most dear and pleasing? Alas, loving someone else so much more than myself is the cause of my ills. And will you therefore, Pallimacro, flee to foreign lands, wandering alone, bemoaning your misery? You are unfortunate; so unfortunate. And which sin of yours pays you back with such unhappiness? Serving so loyally someone who is ungrateful to me, alas, is what makes me so unhappy! Oh poor you, Pallimacro, will you go into exile, suffering deeply from someone else's injustice towards you? And my Deiphira, our joyful laughter and knowing

banter now, because of you, cause me open tears and pain. Now, because of your cruelty, do I find myself fallen from the former sweetness between us into such misery? O God, others who love receive some measure of favor, benevolence, and courtesy for their loyalty. And I alone, more faithful than the others, receive disdain, hatred, and exile as my reward. Farewell, my homeland, farewell my friends. Too loyal, too submissive a lover, Pallimacro flees to foreign lands to live crying in exile. And you, my Deiphira, what will your life be like without me now?

Who will come to pay you homage? Who will visit you time and again to make you happy? Who will continue to love you so much? For whom will you adorn yourself? Who will praise you? Who will honor you as much as I? You, who are young and beautiful, will sit among other women, with no one to praise your charms. Or, will you prefer to offer yourself to new lovers, having thus wrongly discarded and rejected the one who, more than himself, loved you, still loves you, and always will love you.

FAREWELL, DEIPHIRA.

THE END.