Narcissus

Lying flat on his stomach over the fountain, he began to drink from it and saw his face, his nose and mouth, clear and sharp. Then he was struck with wonder, for these shadows so deceived him that he saw the face of a child beautiful beyond measure. Then Love knew how to avenge himself for the great pride and the resistance that Narcissus had directed toward him. And Narcissus was well repaid; he mused so long at the fountain that he fell in love with his own reflection and died of his love in the end. This was the outcome of the affair, when he saw that he could not accomplish his desire and that he was captured so inescapably that he could in no way take any comfort, he became so distressed that he lost his reason and died in a short time. Thus did he receive his deserved retribution from the girl whom he had scorned.

Langlois vv. 1481-1506, Dahlberg, p.50-51.)

Fortune

There is a rock placed in the depths of the sea, in its center, projecting on high above it, against which the sea growls and argues. The waves, continually struggling with it, beat against it, worry it, and many times dash against it so strongly that it is entirely engulfed;
again it sheds the water which has drenched it, the waves draw back, and it rises again into the air and breathes. It does not keep any one shape, but is always changing, always re-forming, appearing in a new shape and transforming itself. It is always clothed in a different manner. (Langlois, vv. 5922-37, Dalhberg, p.118)

Une roche est en mer seianz,
Bien parfont, ou mileu laienz,
Qui seur la mer en haut se lance,
Contre cui la mer grouce e tence.
Li flot la hurtent e debatent,
Qui toujourz a li se combatent,
E maintes feiz tant i cotissent
Que toute en mer l’ensevelissent ;
Aucune feiz se redespueille
De l’eve qui toute la mueille,
Si con li floz arriere se tire,
Don saut en l’air e si respire.
Mais el ne retient nule fourme,
Anceis se tresmue e refoorme,
E se desguise e se treschange ;
Toujourz se vest de fourme estrange…

Pygmalion

Venus, who heard the young man’s prayer, was overjoyed because he was abandoning Chastity and striving to serve her as a truly repentant man, ready, in his penitence, to make his sweetheart quite naked within his arms, if he might ever possess her alive. Straightway she sent a soul to the image, who became so beautiful a lady that no man in any country had ever met one so beautiful. Pygmalion, since he had made his request, stayed no longer in the temple but returned to his image in very great haste, for he could no longer wait to hold her and gaze on her. He ran in little bounds until he came to her. Although he knew nothing of the miracle, he had great confidence in the gods, and the closer view he got of her the more his heart burned and fried and grilled. Then he saw that she was a living body; he uncovered her naked flesh and saw her beautiful shining blond locks, rippling together like waves, he felt the bones and the veins all filled with blood, and he felt the pulse move and beat. He didn’t know if she were a lie or the truth. (Langlois, vv. 21109-21140, Dahlberg, p.345)
N’est plus au temple sejournez,
A son image est retournez
Pygmalions a mout grant heste,
Puis qu’il ot faite sa requeste,
Car plus ne se poait tarder
De li tenir e regarder.
A li s’en cueurt les sauz menuz
Tant qu’il est jusque la venuz.
Dou miracle riens ne savait,
Mais es deus grant fiance avait,
E quant de plus près la regarde,
Plus art ses cueurs e frit e larde.
Lors veit qu’ele est vive e charnue,
Si li debaille la char nue
E veit les beaus crins blondeianz
Come ondes ensemble ondeianz ;
E sent les os e sent les veines,
Qui de sanc ierent toutes pleines,
E le pous debatre e mouveir :
Ne set se c’est mençonge ou veir.