

Britannicus by Jean Racine

BRITANNICUS:

Madam, what luck brings me to you? Is it so?
I have the blessed chance of speaking with you?
But in this moment of happiness, what grief
consumes me! Can I hope to see you again?
Must I take stealthily, with a thousand wiles,
a happiness you daily granted?
You do not speak? Is this my welcome? What coldness!
Reply. We are alone. Since when, madam,
Are you so fearful? What is this?
Your love so soon becomes a willing subject?
Where is the heart that always swore to me
we should make even Nero envy our love?
What makes you, in one day, so unlike yourself?
Even your eyes have learned to reveal nothing?
What do I see? They dare not meet my own?
Can Nero please you? Is my presence hateful?
Ah, if I thought so... Madam, in the Gods' name,
resolve this turmoil into which you cast me.
Speak. Have you quite effaced me from your mind?
After this blow, whom shall I trust?