

Prologue

(Prediction by an old Galician woman)

Rey, tan hermoso y gallardo,
mancebo sensual y veleidoso,
escuchadme, ilustre rey.
Habrá de andar por Castilla
más caminos y más tiempo
muerto que vivo.
Que más andará
muerto que vivo,
así se cumplirá

King, so beautiful and gracious,
sensual and capricious young nobleman
listen to me, illustrious king.
You will travel through Castilla
across more roads and for a longer time
dead than alive.
You will travel longer
dead than alive,
so it shall be.

Scene 1

Juana in her dungeon, in a tower of the Santa Clara-monastery in Tordesillas. A room with one window, overlooking Philips tomb.

Juana (a3) :

Phelipe, oh, Phelipe.
Te espero cada hora
¿ Qué te impide?

Philip, oh, Philip.
I am expecting you every moment
What is keeping you?

(whispered)

Delicta juventutis et ignorantias eius
Quaesumus ne memineris, Domine,
sed secundum misericordiam tuam,
memoresto illius in gloria claritatis tuae.

The offenses of his youth and ignorance,
we beg you not to remember them, Lord.
But, may you rather listen to your compassion
and remember him in the glory of your light.

Pierchon de Rue :

Je ne vous ay jamais parlé de Jehanne,
la royne de Castille,
pour ce que je ne désire point dire chose
qui desplaie aux dames.
Toutesfois, combien qu'elle soit bonne,
belle et jeune dame,
digne d'estre aymée du plus beau
homme de bien
et le plus grand maistre du monde
se deusist bien avoir contenté d'elle
et de sa personne.

I have never told you before
about queen Juana of Castilla,
because I do not wish to say anything
that might displease the ladies.
Nevertheless, how beautiful she was,
a young and pretty lady,
worthy of being loved by the
noblest gentleman,
and the greatest ruler of the world
would consider himself most content
with her being.

Néanmoins jeunesse est tant convoiteuse
de toutes choses plaisantes,
et spécialement de femmes,
quant le jeune cueur s'y adonne,
que combien qu'elle fût très-belle
et la plus preudhe femme de son corps,
et qu'elle ne tardoit guère plus que l'année
de engendrer et procréer enfant
en son noble corps.

Ce néanmoins, comme je vous dis,
tant pour la jeunesse du Roy Philippe
que par aventure pour le jeune conseil
qu'il avoit autour de luy,
la bonne Royne en chust en quelque jalouzie
et de telle heure que jamais
ne s'en a sceu ne peu retirer,
et la chose luy est toumée
en une très-malvaise coustume,
jusques à la rage d'amours,
qui est une rage excessive
et inextinguible ;
et la bonne Royne
n'a eu non plus de bien ne de repos
qu'une femme damnée
ou une femme hors de sens.

Et pour en dire la vérité,
elle avoit quelque occasion de ce faire :
car, comme je vous ay dit,
son mary estoit beau, jeune
et fort bien nourry,
et luy sembloit qu'il pouvoit
beaucoup plus acomplir des œuvres de nature
qu'il n'en faisoit ;
et il entoit avecq l'évesque de Besançon,
qui luy souvent menoient
à l'aventure en lieux dissoluz,
et présens de pluseurs belles jeunesses
journallement.

Tellement qu'elle se contenoit en femme
désesperée, et ne cuidoit point que jamais il
eust esté possible qu'il fust assez avecq elle à
son gré ne désir.
Ne cessa que les dames qui estoient en sa
compagnye ne furent renvoïées,
ou aultrement elle eust tout publiquement
voulu donner à cognoistre

However, youth has such a strong yearning
for all pleasurable things,
particularly that of women,
when they surrender their young heart.
So, no matter how beautiful she was,
and a woman most proud of her body,
and that it took her little over a year
to give birth to a child and nurture it
with her noble body.

In spite of this, as I told you,
both for King Philip's youth,
as for the young crowd
he had gathered around him,
the good Queen fell into such jealousy,
and of such an incessant nature,
that she was no longer able to get out of it.
And the matter turned
into a very bad habit,
and even went into the rage of love,
which is an excessive
and inextinguishable rage.
And the good Queen
did not have more peace nor rest,
than a cursed woman,
or a woman that has lost her senses.

And to tell the truth,
she had reason to be suspicious :
because, as I have told you,
her husband was handsome, youthful
and very well fed,
and it seemed he could perform
the act of nature much more often
than was good for him.
And he went out with the bishop of Besançon,
who often took him on adventures
to places of lewd conduct,
and provided him with several attractive girls
per day.

Thus she turned into a desperate woman.
And she did not care that he would never
be able to be with her often enough
to satisfy her wish and desire.
She did not cease until all the women in her
company were sent away,
or otherwise she would have very publicly
made known

sa jalouzie et folye.

Et fist tant qu'elle demoura seulle
de toutes femmes du monde,
fors qu'une lavandière,
qui luy lavoit son linge en sa présence.

her jealousy and madness.

And so it happened that she kept away
from all other women,
except for a washerwoman,
who did her laundry in her presence.

Scene 2

(Heavy storm at sea. While the narrator continues, a storm is building up in the music, from the distance there are cries of despair and distress)

(P.deR. :)

Et l'aymoit d'une amour
sy très-ardante et excessive
qu'elle estoit sans aucune paour
de perdre sa vie.
Quant ils partaient d'Ermue pour la Couronne
avecq la navire du roy,
le vend et la mer furent sy très-horrible
et impétueulx
que le jour estoit plus obscur
que n'estoit la nuyt.
Tout la compaigne croyait que seroient-ilz
misez en gouffre des ondes,
l'ung se souhaidoit desjà mort
et l'autre promettoit voiaiges ;
en si grand péril, la bonne royne Jehanne estoit
sans mutacion de son cueur ne son couraige,
et bien contentée d'estre autour
de son beau mary.

And she loved him
so ardently and excessively,
that she was without any fear
for her own harm.
When they left with the King's vessel from
Arnhemuiden (*the Netherlands*) to La Coruña
(*Spain*), the wind and sea became so horrible
and tempestuous,
that it was even darker during daytime
than it was at night.
Everybody believed they would be
swallowed up by the waves.
One wished himself already dead,
and another promised sacred vows;
but in such great danger, the good Queen
Juana's heart and courage remained
unperturbed, and she was happy to be
together with her handsome husband.

(simultaneously with P.de R.)

Nobleman :

Au secourz ! Miséricorde.

Help ! Have mercy upon us.

Sailor 1 : *(somewhat nauseous and seasick)*

Oh ! Ah !

Oh ! Ah !

Sailor 2 :

Ave Maria, ora pro nobis...
Sed nuestro amparo y defensa.

Hail Mary, pray for us...
Be our beacon and saviour.

Nob.+ S.1 :

Sauve qui peut. Oh, sauve qui peut !

Save oneself. Oh, save oneself !

S.2 :

Ea, señores, aquí no hay necesidad de lagrimas sino de manos !

Hey, gentlemen. There is no need for tears here, but for some helping hands !

(a loud bang, followed by a creaking sound)

S.1 :

Est abatue la voile du navire du Roy !

The sail of the King's ship has come down !

Philippe :

Hélas ! mon admiral, sire de Bèvres et comte de Nassou.

Et où estes-vous ?

Alors ? Où estes-vous ?!

Estes-vous desja engloutis

de ceste rebelle et malvaïse mer ?

Alas ! my admiral, sire of Bèvres, and count of Nassau.

And where are you ?

But ? Where are you ?

Have you already sunk

into this rebellious and treacherous sea ?

S.2 : *(trying to approach Philip and to attach an inflatable leather bag to his garments)*

Sire, ne bougez pas, s'il vous plaist, Sire.

Sire, stand still, if you please, Sire.

Ph. :

Hélas ! et que j'ay grand regret de voz vies, Et d'estre cause de vostre mort !

Alas ! and I am deeply sorry for your lives, and to be the cause of your death !

S.1 :

Sire, si vous me permettez, je vous met ce sac de cuir...

Sire, if you allow me, I will put this leather bag on you...

Ph. :

Hélas ! que je fis grand folye quant j'emmenay tant de nobles hommes hors de mes païs !

Alas ! how foolish I was to take so many noblemen away from my country !

Nob. :

Au secours !

Help !

S.1 :

Pour que vostre corps ne coule pas et que voz funerailles soyent digne d'un roy

So your body will remain afloat, And your funeral will be worthy of a king.

J.3 :

No temad, estad quedo.

Nunca murió rey ahogado.

Las muchas aguas no podrán apagar el amor,

Do not fear, be calm.

Never before did a king drown at sea.

Many waters cannot quench love.

Ph. :

Hélas ! mon Dieu,

Alas ! my God,

et quel regret auront mes amis
quant ilz verront que je pers ma vie
à l'heure que j'ay attainé l'âge de discrission,
à l'heure que les grans royaumes
et seignouries me doibt appartenir !

S.1 :

Et maintenant...
Je vais le gonfler.

(the sailors start to inflate the bag with a pair of bellows. The orchestra provides the sound of blowing air, in two alternating groups)

Ph. :

Néanmoins, combien je prie Dieu dévotement,
la glorieuse vierge Marie, qu'elle me veuille
encoires préserver,
au moins que je ne meure point de sy villaine
mort ne sy rigoureuse,
mais me vueille préserver,
et je te promets de toy allé visité en tes églises de
Montserrat et de Gardeloupe,
et devant ton ymage
offry mon pesant d'argent.

Nob. : *(reading out loud while writing or painting a sign)*

El... Rrey..... Don Phe.... li.....pe...

(putting the sign on Philips back)

Et voilà ...

J.3 :

Las muchas aguas no podrán apagar el amor.
Nunca murió rey ahogado.

Ph. :

Hélas ! que je fis grand folye.

S.2 : *(suddenly shouting)*

Tierra ! Veo tierra !

Nob. :

On est sauvé !

S.1 :

C'est vray ! Il- y'a terre en vue !
Sauvetage, enfin...

and how full of sorrow my friends will be,
when they hear I have lost my life,
just when I have reached the age of discretion,
at the moment that great kingdoms
and wealth are in my reach !

And now...

I am going to inflate it.

Nonetheless, how devotedly I pray to God,
to the glorious Virgin Mary, that she still wishes to
save me,
or at least that I don't have to die in such a cruel
and rigorous way,
but wishes to save me,
and I promise to come and visit you in your
churches in Montserrat and Guadeloupe,
and in front of your image
I will offer you my weight in silver.

El... Rrey..... Don Phe.... li.....pe...

There you go...

Many waters cannot quench love.
Never before did a king drown at sea.

Alas ! How foolish I was.

Land ! Land in sight !

We are saved !

It is true ! There is land in sight !
Salvation, at last...

Nob. :

C'est le païs des Winnezorres, je croy.
Ahh, quel bonheur.

It is the land of the Windsors, I believe.
Ah, what a good fortune.

(the crew of the ship starts to disperse. Except for Philip, whose balloon has meanwhile deflated. He remains behind at the centre of the stage)

S.2 :

Entonces, cavalleros, desembarquamos !

Well, gentlemen, let's abandon the ship !

S.1 :

Sauvé, sauvé, sauvé !

Safe, safe, we are safe !

Scene 3

*(Philibert Naturel is writing, and reading out loud a letter at the side of the stage.
Philip remains at the centre of the stage, after his balloon has deflated at the end of scene 2 .
He starts to shiver and falls ill, to die at the end)*

Philibert Naturel :

Sire, je sçay bien qu'il vous souvient de
plusieurs secretz conseilz
que vous avez tenu pour le service de vostre
corps et de vostre bouche.
Sire, je vous advertiz qu'il est
merveilleusement fort nécessaire que le faictes
encoires plus estoit que jamais ne fut,
et ce que ceulx qui vous servent de bouche
soyent toujours ung,
sans changier des chascuns escuyers
ne tous officiers de bouche,
et que surtout en vostre cuysine
nul n'y entre
que ceulx qui appartient.

Sire, I know very well that you remember
the number of secret measures
that were taken with regard to your personal
well-being and your food.
Sire, I implore you to realize that it is
extraordinarily necessary that you follow these
rules all the more strictly than ever before.
Only one person should be allowed to serve you
at your table.
Allow no change of cook
or kitchen servants,
and above all, nobody should enter
your kitchen that does not belong
to your household.

Ph. :

Aaahh, quelz frissonz... Me donne le vertige,
des nausées...Je me sent mal...

Aaahh, this shivering is making me dizzy, ...
nauseous... I feel awful...

P.N. :

Car, avec ce que les astrologues vous
menassent merveilleusement de ce péril ;

Because, not only have the astrologists so
miraculously warned you of such a danger ;

par deçà, à ceste congrégation de chapitre
général des Cordelliers, l'on en a parlé en
diverse façons par les frères,
qui se mectent partout.
Sire, je sçay, tant par la costume de païs que
aussi pour la conservation
de vostre personne,
vous n'estes plus si comun à aller disner
dehors ou soupper comme en vostre païs
naturel ;
aussi n'est-il besoing d'aller mengier dehors.
Et vous advertiz, Sire, pour vostre bien, qu'il
n'y a prince au monde qui ait plus mestier de
soy garder que vous.

Ph. :

Oohh, aahh, hélas...quelle maladie...

P.N. :

Et pour ce que les viandes de vostre beau-
père, le roy domp Fernande
ne sont guères à vostre complexion
et adoubées à vostre appétit,
je croy que n'irés guères mengier avec luy,
et vous ferez bien, Sire.
vostre très-humble subgect et serviteur,
Philibert Naturel, prévost d'Utrecht,
a Rome, le septième jour de juing,
Anno Domini 1506.

Ph. :

Aahh, quel regret, que je pers ma vie

but there has also been all sorts of talk about it,
at the main chapter of Franciscan monks,
and these brothers
come and go everywhere.

Sire, I know that, both because of the local
customs, as well as for the preservation
of your well-being,
you are not as accustomed to dine
or have supper outdoors,
as you were in your homeland.
And why should you eat elsewhere?
Keep in mind, Sire, for your own good,
that there is no ruler in this world
who should be more cautious than you.

Oohh, aahh, alas what a sickly feeling

And because the dishes of your father-in-law,
Don Ferdinand,
are hardly your usual fare,
nor prepared according to your taste,
I think if you rarely dine with him,
it will suit you best, Sire.
your most humble subject and servant,
Philibert Naturel, provost of Utrecht,
in Rome, the seventh day of June,
A.D.1506.

Aahh, what a regret, I am losing my life.

Scene 4

*(loud shrieking by the Juana-characters as
they see that Philip has died. Philibert
Naturel and Monk 2 walk up to the corpse,
put it on a bier and carry it to a table, where
they start their preparations for the
dissection of the corps, in scene 5)*

J. (à 3) :

Ay !

P.N. + M. 2 :

Uti flos vernus evanuit,
Philippus ille,
juvenis, formosus,

Ay !

Thus he wilted like a flower of spring,
the renowned Philip,
youthful, handsome,

pulcher et elegans,
animo pollens et ingenio.

noble and elegant,
strong in soul as in mind.

P. de R. :

À l'heure du trespas de son beau mary,
au mois de de Septembre de ceste année,
le cueur de la Royne de Castille
luy estoit tellement troublé
et l'entendement empeschié,
qu'elle ne monstra guères
de semblant de dueil.

A nulle chose ne veult entendre,
quelle qu'elle soit,
fors qu'elle a retenu les chantres
de la chapelle de son feu mary
et nos traicte très-bien,
et nos fait payer tousjours trois mois
avant que nostres gaiges soyent escheuz

When her handsome husband passed away,
in the month of September of that year,
the heart of the Queen of Castilla
was so much troubled
and her mind struck numb,
that she hardly showed
any signs of mourning.
She is not to be bothered,
and doesn't care about anything,
except that she has kept the singers
of her late husband's chapel,
and she treats us very well,
and always has our salaries paid
three months in advance.

Scene 5

Juana 2. : (solo)

Mi amado es blanco y rubio,
señalado entre diez mil.
Su cabeza como oro finísimo;
sus cabellos crespos,
negros como el cuervo.
Mi amado...

My beloved is white and ruddy,
the best among ten thousand.
His head is like the purest gold.
His locks flowing,
dark as a raven.
My beloved...

Monks : (a2)

Cor evellimus
includimusque in aurea pyxide,
quod ferunt se in patriam
ad ossa majorum ejus allaturos.

We cut his heart out
and put it in a gilded box,
which will be brought to his homeland,
to be joined with the bones of his ancestors.

Juana (à 3) :

Sus ojos, como palomas
junto a los arroyos de las aguas,
que se lavan con leche,
y a la perfección colocados.
Sus mejillas, como una era de especias
aromáticas, como fragantes flores;

His eyes are like doves
beside the water brooks,
washed with milk,
mounted like jewels.
His cheeks are like a bed of balsam,
banks of sweet-scented herbs;

Monks :

Dissolutis compaginibus capitis,
educimus cerebrum,

First, the skull is cracked,
we draw out his brains,

Juana :

Sus labios, como lirios
que destilan mirra fragante.

His lips are like lilies,
dropping liquid myrrh.

Monks :

et uterus rescindimus,
eripimusque intestini.

we cut the stomach open,
and rip out the intestines.

Juana :

Sus manos, como anillos de oro
engastados de jacintos;
Su cuerpo, como claro marfil
cubierto de zafiros.

His hands are like rods of gold
set with beryl.
His body is like ivory work
overlaid with sapphires.

Monks (a4) :

Vittisque lineis ceratis
corpus membratim adstringimus.
Deficiente autem balsamo,
calce cadaver et aromatibus fucamus,
postea conserimus,
tandem ornamus eum preciosis vestibus.

We tie linen ribbons, dipped in colourful wax,
around the body, organ after organ.
But due to a lack of balm, we rub the corpse
with lime and aromatic powder,
and then sew it up.
Finally, we dress him up in precious garments.

Juana :

Su paladar, dulcísimo,
y todo él codiciable.
Tal es mi amado, ...

His mouth is sweetness,
and he is wholly desirable.
This is my beloved, ...

P .de R :

Je croy qu'elle fust demourée auprès du corps
tant qu'elle eust peu vivre,
qui ne l'en eust ostée
et emmenée ;

I think she would have stayed with the corpse
for as long as she lived,
if they had not threatened her
and had her taken away.

Juana 2 :

tal es mi amigo, ...

this is my friend, ...

P .de R :

incessamment vouloit estre auprès, et fallu
l'emmenner en sa chambre, où elle fut maints
jours et maintes nuyts vestue sans entrer en son
lit.

She wanted to be with him incessantly, and
ordered to have him brought to her room, where
she would be for days and nights, dressed and
without getting any sleep.

Juana 2 :

tal es mi amado.

this is my beloved.

Monks :

Ac si vivus
in regio throno jaceret,
Philippus Rex ille.

As if he were still alive,
he is resting on the regal throne,
the renowned King Philip.

Juana 2 : (to one of the monks)

Ferte, fratres, conjugem meum ad sedes nostras et ibi missam ei concelebrate.

M.4 : (moving over to Juana 2, while the other monks remove Philip from the throne)

Surget, o regina, certe resurget.

Quem si ad sepulcrum matris tuae apud Granatum ducis, ejus fiet sponsa sempiterna.

Brothers, take my husband to our quarters and perform a mass for him there.

He will rise, your majesty, surely he will resurrect. Take him to your mother's tomb in Granada, and you will be his bride forever.

Scene 6

Washerwoman, on her knees, scrubbing the floor, with a brush, a floor-cloth and a bucket of water. She looks up from her work and starts her gossip.

Ay, no tengo nada que hacer que fregar los pisos y pasar la escoba.

Ay, ninguna ropa tengo para lavar.

Por lo menos, la pobreçita Reina agora esta paçifica.

Desde ayer a ninguna persona ha ferido

nin dicho palabra de injuria.

Un poco de paz, por fin...

Y dexé de dezir cómo desde este tiempo no ha mudado camisa ;

creo que nin toca

nin lauado la cara.

Tambien dizen que duerme

siempre en el suelo como antes.

Hanme dicho que urina muy á menudo.

Su poca limpieza en cara

y diz que en lo demás

es muy grande.

Y come estando los platos en el suelo

sin ningund mantel nin bazalejas,

la pobreçita Reina.

Ay, there is nothing to do for me, but to scrub the floors and sweep the broom.

Ay, there is no laundry for me to wash.

But at least, the poor Queen has calmed down now.

Since yesterday she has not attacked anybody,

or said insulting words.

Some peace, at last...

And I didn't tell yet, that since that day she hasn't changed her dress.

I believe that she hasn't done her hair,

nor washed her face.

They also say that she sleeps

on the floor again, as she used to.

I have been told she urinates all over herself.

Her lack of hygiene, both of the face, and they say also the rest of her body, is very great.

And she eats with the plates on the floor, without any tablecloth or dishes, the poor Queen.

Scene 7

Nocturnal pilgrimage with a corps. From aside, four monks and Juana I appear, carrying along with them a coffin with Philip's remains.

Monks (a4) : (*humming and chanting*)
Foemeneis blandimentis gaudebat

J.1 :

Venid, venid al alva
venid, a la luz del dia
venid.

Monks :

La Reina, nuestra Señora
partió de Miraflores
una hora despues de anochecido
para Granada.
Lleva consigo el cuerpo del Rey
su marido,
que no huele á algalía.

J.1 :

Venid, venid al alva
venid, a la luz del dia
venid.

M. 3: (*to Juana*)

O regina carissima,
cur non requiescamus ?
Paulo enim longius est monasterium
Tordesillense.
Illic autem, expulses nonnis,
pace cum conjugue frueris et otio,
ut revirescamini.

J.1 :

Nolo. Pergamus, quoniam nobis longum iter
conficiendum est.
Hic vero brevi tempore requiescamus
aperiamusque sarcophagum,
ut videamus jamne sit manifestum
aliquod signum vitae.

(The monks open the coffin and reluctantly cast a glance at its contents)

He abundantly cherished feminine beauty

Come, come at the crack of dawn,
at the first light of the day.
come.

The Queen, our dear Lady,
left Miraflores
an hour after sunset,
heading for Granada.
She took the body of the King,
her husband, along with her,
which does not smell like perfume.

Come, come at the crack of dawn,
at the first light of the day,
come.

O dearest queen,
why don't we rest a while?
There is a monastery a bit further down
in Tordesillas.
Once we have expelled the nuns, you and your
husband will find some peace and quiet there,
and can recover strength.

No. We move on, for we still have
a long way to go.
Let us briefly halt here though,
and open up the coffin,
to see if there is already
any sign of life.

Monks (a4) :

Nil videmus praeter hominis
quandam formam jacentem,
nec an facies hominis
sit bene dignoscitur.

(Juana doesn't seem to pay much attention to the words of the monks. She walks over to the coffin, and kneels down to take the mummy-like remains in her arms)

J.1 :

¡Oh, si él me besara
con besos de su boca!
Mejores son tus amores...

Monks : (praying)

Delicta juventutis et ignorantias eius
Quaesumus ne memineris, Domine,

J.1 :

¡Oh, si él me besara
con besos de su boca!
Porque mejores son tus amores que el vino.

Monks :

ut Philippus carne exutus
pervenire mereatur
ad gloriam regni coelestis.
Amen.

(As she kisses the remains, Philip appears)

Scene 8

Ph. :

Lève-toi, ma bien-aimée, et viens!
Car le roucoulement de la tourterelle se fait
entendre sur notre terre.
Montre-moi ton visage,
fais-moi entendre ta voix

J. : (excited)

¿Quién es aquello que raya como el alba
y es bello como la luna,
radiante como el sol ?

(She walks up to him)

Venga mi amado a su huerto,

We see nothing but the vague form
of a reclining man,
and cannot discern whether his face
still has any human features.

Oh, let him kiss me
with the kisses of his mouth!
for your love is more delightful...

The offenses of his youth and ignorance,
we beg you not to remember them, Lord.

Oh, let him kiss me
with the kisses of his mouth!
for your love is more delightful than wine.

Philip has cast off his body
in order to reach the well-deserved glory
of the heavenly kingdom.
Amen.

Rise up, my love, and come.
For the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in
our land.
Let me see your countenance,
let me hear your voice

Who appears like the dawn,
fair as the moon,
bright as the sun ?

Let my lover come into his garden

Ph. :

J'entre dans mon jardin, ma belle fiancée,

I will come into my garden, my fair bride,

J. :

Y coma de su dulce fruta.

and taste its choice fruits.

Ph. :

je récolte ma myrrhe et mon baume,
je mange mon miel et mon rayon,

I will gather my myrrh with my spice.
I will eat my honey with its comb;

J. :

¡Yo soy de mi amado,
y él me desea con ardor!

I belong to my lover,
and his desire is for me!

Ph. :

je bois mon vin et mon lait.
Mangez, amis, buvez, enivrez-vous,
mes bien-aimés!

I will drink my wine and my milk.
Eat, o friends, and drink;
drink your fill, my beloved!

(they embrace)

J. (a3) :

Ponme como un sello sobre tu corazón,
como una marca sobre tu brazo;

Place me like a seal over your heart,
like a seal on your arm;

Ph. :

Que tu es belle, ma bien-aimée, que tu es belle!
Tes yeux sont des colombes.

How beautiful you are, my darling,
Your eyes are like doves

All :

Duro como el Seol es la pasión,
fuerte como la muerte es el amor.

Passion is unyielding as the grave
love is as strong as death.

Epilogue

P.deR. : *(spoken)*

Les quarante-six dernières années de sa vie, la bonne royne Jehanne resta enfermée dans le monastère de Tourdesillhe, dans une chambre dont l'unique fenestre donnait sur la tombe de son époux. Souvent, on l'entendait chanter pour luy, et luy murmurer des mots tendres.

The remaining forty-six years of her life the good queen Jehanne was locked up in the monastery of Tordesillas, in a room with a single window, overlooking her husband's tomb. She often sang for him and spoke sweet words to him.

J.1 :

Venid , venid a la luz del dia.

Come, come at the light of day.

M. (a4) :

Desesperato vivit animo,
vivit obducta fronte.
Die noctuque cogitabunda,
nec verbum emittit unquam

She lives in despair
and is burdened by gloom.
Day and night she is wrapped in ponderings
and hardly ever utters a word.

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