

JOAN ROÍS DE CORELLA

*La istòria de Leànder y Hero*

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**The Story of Leander and Hero** (Antonio Cortijo tr.)  
**La istòria de Leànder y Hero** (Josep-Lluís Martos, ed.)<sup>1</sup>

[25v.] In our Mediterranean Ocean, in the province of Greece, in the islands usually known as the Archipelago, there are two cities, Cesto and Abidos, separated from one another by the space of half a league. This space is occupied by the sea which thus prevents the two islands from being just one. In the city of Cesto resided Hero, a noble damsel endowed with great understanding, grace, and beauty. She brilliantly shone throughout the entire land due to the clarity of her illustrious fame. And in the city of Abidos resided Leander, of high perfection, intelligence, and nobility. The only difference between the two is that they possessed equal graces according to their respective genders.

En la nostra mar Mediterrànea, en la província de Grècia, en les ylles que vulgarment l'arcepèlech se nomenen, estan dues ciutats, Cesto hi Abidos, distants la una de l'altra espay de miga legua, lo qual espay la mar ocupant veda les dues ylles sien una. Estava en la ciutat de Cesto Hero, noble donzella de alt enteniment, gràcia e bellea, que per tots aquells regnes, ab claredat de ínclita fama, relluhia. Hi en la ciutat de Abidos estava Leànder, de alta perfecció, seny e gentilea. Sols diferien que, Leànder de home e Hero de donzella, singulars gràcies possehien.

*How Leander and Hero saw each other and Leander spoke with her  
Com se veren Leànder hi Hero e Leànder parlà ab la dida*

Leander had gone to the island of Cestos to partake of the celebrations of a solemn festivity. As ill Fortune had decreed, there stood Hero above the other young ladies with her brilliant and elegant figure, and Leander looked upon her with modest and grieved countenance. The eyes of the gracious damsel met those of Leander and the lovers' became inwardly transfixed as if by an arrow of love. Their eyes incessantly communicated to each other secret messages from their most hidden and wounded depths. And the pain from this first encounter was so deep that their thoughts were greatly agitated with inner disturbance. Leander inquired from the most noble damsel (and Hero from him) with the uttermost discretion required by his highest love and in accordance with the honesty due to her unblemished reputation. And his request inspired by true love –to which nothing remained hidden– revealed to him that Hero had a nursemaid named Latibula whom Hero entrusted with her own soul. Leander insisted with delightful perseverance - under the guise of wanting to talk about other matters- to see if he could parley with this trustworthy old lady. And with a countenance that reflected his honest fear he began to utter the following words:

Era passat Leànder a una gran festa que, solempne, selebraven en la ylla de Cestos. Hi, entre les altres donzelles, Hero sobre totes estava de clara hi elegant figura, a la qual Leànder, ab modesta

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<sup>1</sup> For a critical edition of the Catalan text, an annotated English translation and an introductory study, see Joan Rois de Corella (Antonio Cortijo Ocaña & Josep-Lluís Martos eds.), *The Story of Leander and Heroa* (IVITRA Research in Linguistics and Literature), Amsterdam, John Benjamins, 2016.

y entristida continença, dreçà la vista, que axí u disponia la iniqua fortuna. Ixqueren a l'encontre al mirar de Leànder los ulls de la graciosa donzella. E a l'hu hi a l'altre fon semblant ab vires de enamorada erba tenien les entramenes travessades e que·ls ulls, dels retrets de la [26r.] nafrada penssa, entre si portaven secretes embaixades. E fon tan gran lo mal de aquesta primera vista, que a l'hu y a l'altre constituí en pensament de sollicitud profunde. Ab aquella major descreció que amor extrema comporta, demanà Leànder de la tan estimada donzella —y Hero de Leànder—, seguint aquella arreglada onestat que a la sua fama gens no ofenia. E sotlicitud de amor verdadera, a la qual res no li s'encobre, descobrí a l'enamorat Leànder que tenia Hero una dida, la qual avia nom Latíbula, de la qual sola en egual de la sua ànima fiava. Treballà Leànder ab delitosa fatigua, mostrant altres negocis lo portaven, pogués parlar ab la tant fiada vella. Hi, ab gest vestit de temor honesta, a semblants paraules féu principi.

“The fame of your honesty, the peacefulness and gravity of your old age would suffice to keep my desires in order, if they were of a dishonest sort. And because I see that your countenance makes clear to me that you do not receive my words agreeably, I do not wish to recount my pain in a long speech. On the contrary, it should be manifest to you, who are Hero’s soul mate, that I desire nothing else in this world (nor would I be able to wish it) than to reach a long life in the arms of your stepdaughter, remaining always her faithful and devoted<sup>2</sup> husband. [As proof of it], I offer you (blessed nursemaid so deservedly loved by her) my material goods, my person and my soul. For reason demands that —since everything else belongs to Hero— you take care of these things as you do with her other valued property.

«La fama de la tua honestat, lo assosech e gravitat de la tua edat antiga bastarien los meus desigs ordenar, si a terme desonest se endreçassen. Hi, perquè veig la tua continença ja·m mostra no ab plaer les mies paraules escoltes, no vull en largues proses la mia dolor estendre, sinó que a tu, ànima de Hero, sia manifest dins los térmens de honestat altre bé en aquest món no desige, ni m'és possible desigar pugua, sinó que, ensemps catiu e marit, en los braços de la tua criada ma vida se allargue. Hi a tu, benaventurada dida, a qui ella tant mèritament ama, ofir los béns, la persona e la vida, que, puix és tot de Hero, la rahó vol ab les altres sues joyes ho tingues en comanda».

*Hero's Nursemaid Responds to Leander*  
*Respon la dida de Hero a Leànder*

My thoughts are suspended in utter admiration by your discretion, affable and gracious young man (said the discreet old lady). For you want to envelop virtuous acts with the cover of a vicious deal, like those who better enjoy the fruit of their own orchard by carrying the fruit through the walls like thieves. If—as you claim and must be reasonably believed— you wish Hero —my stepdaughter— to live honestly as your wife and you show yourself so prudent in your choice, do not fall short and continue persevering in what you so honestly desire. My young lady has a prudent and virtuous father, an honest mother of illustrious virtue and fame, and numerous highly esteemed relatives with whom you can honestly discuss your intentions. If you love her as much as you duly claim, steer clear from dishonesty or from anything that could resemble it. For if you were to attain through other means what you desire, you would be ashamed of yourself after she has become your wife and lady.

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<sup>2</sup> The Catalan original text suggests the idea of ‘bound’, ‘captive’.

«De la tua discreció, afable, graciós jove —respòs la discreta vella—, tinch la mia pensa per admiració sospesa, que·ls actes de virtut vulles enlegir cobrint-los ab vel de viciosos tractes, semblant aquells que la fruyta del seu ort més saborosa gúesten, sí per les parets, com a lladres, la prenen. Si tu, axí com dius —lo que rahonablement se deu creure—, dins los límits de honestat desiges Hero, ma criada, muller tua vixqua, puix est tant prudent en elegir, no u sies menys en proseguir lo que virtuosament desiges. La mia criada hi senyora té virtuos pare de gran prudència, mare onesta de clara e virtuosa fama, parents en gran nombre y estima, ab los quals honesta[26v.]ment pots tractar lo que demanes. Si tant com dius mèritament la estimes, fuig no solament cosa desonesta, mas tot lo que a desonestat pot tenir semblança, que, si per altres camins venies al terme que desiges, a tu mateix faries gran ofensa en lo temps que per muller e senyora la possehiries».

Leander takes leave eave of the city of Cestos  
*Partí's Leànder de la ciutat de Cestos*

Being engrossed in despondent thoughts and deliberating how could he go about marrying Hero, Leander took leave of the discreet old lady, searching all the ways that could lead him to his desired end. On her part, the honest young lady made vows and promises to the gods so that they would be favorable to her and would grant her [to have] Leander as her husband.

Partí's Leànder de la discreta vella ab pensament de sotlicitut trista com poria de Hero tractar lo matrimoni, cerquant tots aquells camins que al desigat terme portar lo podien. E, per altra part, la honesta donzella vots e prometences als déus prometia: li fossen tant favorables, que a Leànder per marit li atorgassen.

One year had passed in which Leander despaired of attaining marriage and had lost hope that he could obtain an end to his wish, either through virtuous means or by the force of his love. Consequently, he decided to take momentary leave of Hero's side and to spend his disconsolate life waiting for the right moment, for only time brings difficult enterprises to fruition. He left Cestos without ever losing sight of the shore —and more in particular of Hero's abode— and said to himself [in a low voice] so that no one else could hear it:

“Such great pain aggrieves my heart that I am afraid that death is assailing me. And this I fear because I will lose you —my love, for whom I live. I dread coming to your presence because from the parapet of your honest life your eyes might throw [to me] Cupid's golden arrows, which kill those who do not keep away from you”.

Espay de un any passava que Leànder, desdenyat del matrimoni, ab esperança perduda, per lo camí de virtut ni per força de amor lo seu voler pogués atényer terme, delliberà de la vista de Hero un poch espay apartar-se, passant la vida trista, esperar lo temps, lo qual grans negocis termena. Hi, partint-se de Cestos, los ulls endreçats a la riba —e més a la casa de Hero—, dins si mateix, que·ls altres no u hohissen, parlant murmurava: «Tan gran dolor lo meu cor trist esquinça, que tinch recel la mort prest no m'asalte, la qual yo tem perquè no·m faça perdre a vós, mon bé, per qui porte lo viure. E, per ço, fuig venir-vos a l'encontre, que·ls vostres ulls del mur d'onesta vida, ab temps d'or les fleixes de Cupido tiren, matant a tots los qui no us fugen».

*They make many marriage proposals to Hero  
Parlen a Hero molts matrimonis*

The honesty, intelligence, discretion, and beauty of the noble damsel Hero were so great that many high-ranking young men of great character and wealth proposed to Austerus, her father, for the hand of his famous daughter. And Austerus, thinking exclusively of the pitiful material goods of fortune, chose among all the other contenders as his son-in-law a young man who possessed no natural and moral goods but who abounded in wealth. For it frequently happens that our Lord God, in order to show how little he esteems the material goods of fortune, permits them to be enjoyed by those who possess no virtues. The aggrieved young lady did not want that marriage proposal because it was not Leander—and also because (even if she had not wanted Leander) she abhorred this contender among all others. She answered her father that for the moment she was not inclined towards marriage, excusing her negative answer with some feigned indisposition of her delicate health and keeping secret her true love for Leander, the sole reason for the sickness of her mind and soul.

[27r.] Era tan gran la honestat, seny, discreció e bellea de la noble donzella Hero, que molts jóvens de alta sanch, ab grans béns naturals e de fortuna, al pare, qui Austerus se nomenava, del matrimoni de la ínclita filla sotlicitaven. Però, atenent Austerus als miserables béns de fortuna, entre·ls altres per a gendre elegia un jove desert de béns naturals e morals, perquè en grans riqueses abundava —que, sovint, s'esdevé que, per mostrar nostre Senyor Déu dels béns de fortuna la poch estima, permet sien possehits per aquells qui alguna virtut no posseheixen. No volia la entrestida donzella lo matrimoni, perquè no era de Leànder —hi, encara, perquè aquell la demanava a qui tot sol entre·ls altres, ella, encara que no volgués a Leànder, avorria. Hi al pare donava resposta que, per al present, la volentat en matrimoni no la inclinava, escusant lo «no» ab algunes indisposicions fengides de la sua delicada persona, callant la verdadera malaltia de l'amor de Leànder, sola per la qual la sua pensa, ensemps ab la persona, era malalta.

*The nursemaid is aware of her stepdaughter's sadness  
Conegué la dida la causa de la tristor de la criada*

The nursemaid took care of the affairs of her honest stepdaughter with a loving solicitude. And she noticed that sadness had overtaken her countenance. The color of her face and her meager body—permanently despondent without any apparent reason—were signs that she was tormented by a painful thought within the depths of her mind. Her constant sighing indicated that her innermost core was incensed by her love for Leander. The doleful maid carried hidden within herself her first and unyielding love and the load weighed so heavily on her that she considered that losing her life was the only appropriate remedy for her ailment. To such a degree that one day at the time when the sun wishes to depart our habitable abode, the tearful maiden ascended a high tower whence the walls of the city of Abidos —Leander's residence— could be seen. The discreet nursemaid was aware of her stepdaughter's affliction and anguish and as she ascended the staircase she listened attentively to the signs of Hero's doleful mourning. Hero was standing doleful by herself contemplating Leander's dwelling city and with abundant tears running from her eyes she said in a tearful and pious tone:

“I do not care about the world, for I wish to lose my life so that my soul, freed from my body, can take flight towards Leander”.

Atenia la prudent dida, ab sotlicitut de gran amor, en la vida de la honesta criada. Hi, atenent, mirava que una entrestida continença la cobria. E la color de la sua cara e magrea de tota la sua persona, ab contínua tristícia sens manifesta causa, descobrien que algun pensament en los retrets de la sua pensa aflegint la turmentava. E continus sospirs, espirant, senyalaven lo foch que de l'amor de Leànder les sues entramenes encenia. Axí portava la sua primera y extrema amor encuberta la trista donzella, ab pes de tant fexugua càrregua, que altre remey, sinó la vida perdre, de sos mals no estimava. Tant, que un jorn, a la hora que'l sol de nostra abitable terra cobrir se volia, era pujada la plorosa donzella en una alta torre, de la qual [27v.] los murs de la ciutat de Abidos, hon Leànder vivia, clarament se miraven. E sotlícita la discreta dida de la dolor e tristura de la criada, ab suaus passos pujant, escoltava si la entristida Hero, estant sola, playent se dolia, la qual, contemplant la ciutat de Leànder, ab làgremes que dels sseus ulls abundants corrien, en veu piadosa plorant deya: «Del món no'm dolch, que ma vida vull perdre, perquè, del cos l'esperit ja delliure, pugua, volant, estar prop de Leànder».

*The nursemaid inquires Hero about the reason for her dejection*  
*Demanà la dida a Hero la causa de la sua tristior*

The disconsolate maiden would have continued her monologue, but Latibula stepped into the high tower's deck. And as she could not bear to hear more about Leander, she approached her beloved stepdaughter and began to say the following words:

“The continuous distress that you carry in your heart and that afflicts your beautiful and delicate person openly declares an extreme agony that exceedingly torments your soul. You are not aware of how much your desolation afflicts my love for you, for I only deem my life worthy if I can see you in the state that I wish for you. Why don't you declare to me the reason that drives you to seemingly want to abandon your life? If your ailment cannot be cured, don't you augment it by keeping it secret without letting it go? Rest—my beloved daughter—part of your heavy weight on my shoulders, for I will carry it with you, and let us take together as true friends a load that otherwise no one can hold by herself. Since you can rest assured that your secrets will not leave my mouth unless I give up my soul, share your ailments with me and you will doubtless attain some remedy or respite from them by leaning such heavy weight on the sturdy support<sup>3</sup> of the true love that—my dear life—I have for you.

Encara més parlara la trista donzella, sinó que Latíbula, entrant per lo tarrat de la alta torre, no esperà més hoyr del nom de Leànder. E, acostant-se a la estimada criada, a semblants paraules féu principi:

«La contínua tristícia que dins lo teu cor acollint comportes, en dan de la tua bella delicada persona, manifestament declara alguna extrema dolor la tua ànima 5 greument turmenta. E no penses quant perjudiques a la gran amor que't porte, que ma vida ja no l'accepte, sinó perquè a tu, axí com desige, pugua veure. Com no'm descobres la causa d'on fas continent vols abandonar lo viure? Si és mal que remeyar no's pugua, per què, tenint-lo celat, magor lo aumes, no donant loch per hon espire? Abandona, estimada filla, una part de la càrregua de tos enugs sobre

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<sup>3</sup> The original text says 'column', thus indicating some type of architectural heavy support.

mi, puix, egualment ab tu, l'accepte e portem dos, ab carro de verdadera amistat, aquell pes que hu tot sol sostenir no poria. E, puix tens seguretat manifesta los teus secrets, que fora de la mia boca sinó ab l'ànima passar no poden, comunicant a mi de ton mal la causa és forçat algun remey o descans atenygues, recolzant tan gran pes damunt lo pilar de la verdadera amor [28r.] que a tu, vida mia, endrece».

*Hero makes manifest her love for Leander*  
*Descobrí Hero a la dida l'amor de Leànder*

A sigh that came from the core of Hero's tearful heart marked the beginning of the following words:

“The honesty that I learned in your milk—my beloved nursemaid—has made my tongue silent and has kept the despondency of my aggrieved fortune hidden as I was awaiting the moment when you—with the great love that you have for me— would insistently ask me. For I thought that answering you would not be a great affront to my honesty, since honest shame prevents one from asking many things that are shameful to be expressed in words. Leander is the reason why my life will be lost, whom I wish to have honestly<sup>4</sup> as my husband. And if my life were ever to despair of achieving this end, I do not wish but to attain the hopeless death of my ill-fortune.”

With her eyes intent upon the tearful maid, Latibula took a short while to respond the following words:

“Very rarely—or never—a prosperous ending comes from ill-thought beginnings. If your desires were akin to mine—my beloved daughter—you would take as your husband him who while pleasing to you were not displeasing to your father. And if you do not want this young man Exosus, for whom you deservedly feel such great hatred, there are others whom you might choose according to your wishes and those of your father”.

Un sospir que dels retrets del cor de la plorosa Hero espirant partia, fon principi a semblants paraules: «La honestat que de les tues mamelles, estimada dida, mamant he presa, ha tengut ma lengua muda, celant la tristor de la trista desventura mia, esperant algun dia tu —per l'amor que'm portes—, ab gran instància me interrogasses, perquè'm paria no tant, responent, la mia honestat pendria injúria, car de moltes coses retrau honesta vergonya per ha interrogar, que lo respondre comporta. La causa per hon ma vida se va a perdre és Leànder, al qual, dins los límits de honestat, yo per marit desige. E, si del terme de aquest desig ma vida se dessespera, no vull que mos mals, sinó a mort desesperada, passen». Un poch espay, los ulls endreçant a la lagrimant donzella, tardà Latíbula tornar semblant resposta:

«Molt atart —o nunca— de indiscrets principis fi pròspera s'espera. Si·l teu desig ab lo meu era conforme, estimada filla e senyora, hauries marit aquell qui, plaent a tu, a ton pare no desplauria. E, si tu no vols aquest jove, Exosus, a qui, mèritament, tan gran oy portes, dels altres poràs pendre algú a la tua volentat hi a la de ton pare conforme».

“Alas my ill fate—said the despondent maid! My father wants Exosus as his son-in-law and does not want to hear about any other. Letting aside the great worth of Leander—even if he were the only man in the world—, consider—my beloved nurse—how much more perfect he is in my

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<sup>4</sup> The original Catalan text says ‘within the boundaries of honesty’.

mind in comparison to Exosus. In addition, I cannot—nor want to—hide from you, when I come to think of Leander, that I equally dislike and detest the others because they are not him. And I would abhor Exosus even if I were not in love with Leander”.

«O, gran desventura mia! —respòs la trista donzella—, que axí mon pare vol a Exosus per gendre, que de algun altre solament no u escolta. E, ab tot que per si, encara que·n lo món fos sol, Leànder tant valgua, pensa, estimada dida, en comparació de Exosus, quant dins la mia pensa més perfet se troba. Però a tu ni vull ni puch negar, pensant en Leànder, egualment tots me desalten e avorreixch perquè no són Leànder: hi a Exosus avorreria, encara que tant no amàs a Leànder».

*The nursemaid arranges a meeting of Leander wand Hero*  
*Concertà la dida ab Leànder vingués a parlar ab Hero*

It would be tedious to relate in words the discreet and honest reasons expressed by Latibula while trying to console her aggrieved daughter. But in the end love, which shrouds our minds with a blinding cover more than the other passions, took the best of the prudent and honest old lady. And since Hero was not willing to accept other remedy, Latibula pledged to secure Leander as husband to the enamored young maid, for Latibula thought that she did not err if that could remedy the pitiable life of her daughter. The enamored maid remained conquered by the love of Leander and the honest old lady by that of Hero.

What great folly it is to believe that an ill can be cured with an ill, for it is a proven truth that when two similar things are joined to each other they increase in size. Blessed are those who serve God with a virtuous life and follow his commandments and who think nothing of whatever happens to them provided it does not offend God. How much better it would be for Hero to suffer dejection or torment rather than furtively marry Leander! Yet if she died rejecting such vicious desire, her death would be an eternal life worth of reward and she would not feel the ineffable grief that the condemned regretfully feel for all eternity in Hell.

Not many days had passed when Leander arrived in Cestos and arranged with the discreet old nursemaid to come to the presence of the enamored Hero. Leander would prefer to lose his life rather than blemish the reputation of the esteemed young lady. In consequence of this he agreed with the wise old lady on the following. Right at the time when night prevents furtive pleasures from taking place any longer, he would swim the leg of water that separates the two cities and without delay he would depart the city of Lesbos keeping hidden from everybody.

[28v.] Fatigua seria de prolixitat enujosa recitant descriure les discretes honestes rahons que, per aconortar la trista criada, Latíbula parlant rahonava. Mas, a la fi, amor, que sobre les altres passions nostre enteniment enbenant encegua, vencé a la prudent honesta vella, prometent a la enamorada criada per marit a Leànder, puix altre remey acceptar no volia, pensant no cometia gran erra per restaurar de la criada la miserable vida. Hi a la enamorada donzella vencia l'amor de Leànder; hi a la prudent honesta vella, l'amor de Hero. O, gran ffolia creure que algun mal ab altre remeyar pugua, com sia determenada sentència, qualsevol cosa aumenta si ab son semblant se ajusta! O, benaventurats aquells qui, servint a Déu per regla de virtuosa vida, los seus manaments contemplen e qualsevol cosa los esdevingua, per no-res la estimen, puix a Déu no sia



ofensa! Quant fóra millor a Hero sofrir qualsevol tristor ho pena, ans que furtadament contractar de matrimoni ab Leànder! E, si ans per dolor fos morta contrastant a vici, fóra la sua mort vida eterna, digna de premi hi, ara, en los inferns, no sentira aquella pena inhefable que·ls miserables, desesperats eternament, senten.

No passà espay de molts dies que, vengut Leànder a la ciutat de Cestos, ab la discreta vella concertant, acordaren com a la enamorada Hero presentar se poguera. E, perquè delliberava Leànder ans la vida perdre que la fama de la estimada donzella ofendre, fon lo concert de la discreta vella ab Leànder que, al temps que la escura nit als furtats plaers loch abandona, Leànder nadant passàs aquell espay de mar que les dues ciutats separava e que, sens tarda, davant tothom se partís de la ciutat de Cestos.

*Leander departs the city of Cestos with great concert and joy*  
*Partí's Leànder de la ciutat de Cestos ab concert e gran alegria*

With a joy and concert that are impossible to describe but difficult to leave unmentioned Leander departed the city of Cestos. He kept looking back at the water, the city, and the shore, and above all at Hero's abode, [precisely] where his soul remained captive in joyous slavery. And he paid careful attention so that he could accurately remember it at night when he would surge from the water upon the harbor and would attain the end that he so anxiously awaited.

Ab concert e gran alegria de ésser escrita impossible e de tenir callada difícil, se partí Leànder de la ciutat de Cestos, mirant les aygües, la ciutat e la riba e, sobretot, la casa de Hero, en la qual la sua ànima en alegre cativeri cativa [29r.] romania. Hi, ab atenta sotlicitut considerant, atenia pogués recordar bon esme per a la nit, que nadant surgiria al port e terme que tant desigava.

Alas what a terrible effort of his extreme love! Neither the cold deep water nor fear of the terrible ocean, neither dread of marine creatures nor concern for the lines cast by fishermen prevented Leander from crossing several times during the summer the coldness of the abominable waters, arriving with his body and soul into Hero's lap. He made this difficult journey so many times with love's effort that it seemed to him that fish recognized him and the ocean opened up a well-treaded path for him. The novel sailor discoursed the waters with the vessel of his body [always] following a course contrary to that of the other boats. And Hero, who acted as wind for his sails, carried him to the isle of Cestos as if she were a figurehead at the prow [of his mind], and she helped him come aground on the way back to Abidos.

Alas how impressive is the force of love! Just as it turns its travails from heavy to light, Leander's body was also made so light that he swam faster than the fish and the 'wings' of near hope carried him on their shoulders over the waters. He was so favored by prosperous fortune that the fish and birds of the ocean accompanied him by air and water and the stars illuminated the shores of Cestos with such brilliance that the dark night seemed to be wishing to rival the middle of the day. Such is the common flattery of iniquitous fortune when she wishes to destroy those whom she deceives, for she does not show any sign of her adversity to prevent those favored by her from arming themselves against her. What great misfortune! She is a companion for those whom she prospers with the highest fortune and they—having experienced no

adversity—consider their light ills as something cumbersome and the cumbersome ones as insupportable.

O, esforç terrible de amor estrema! Ni la fredor de l'aygua fonda, ni temor de la mar espantable, ni espant de les bèsties marines, ni recel dels filats que·ls peixadors estenien pogueren a Leànder retraure que, espay de un estiu, diversses vegades nadant passàs lo freu de la mar espantable, surgint lo seu cors e la ànima en les falde de la sua Hero. E tant sovint aquest difícil viatge ab esforç de amor acaminava, que li paria ja los peixos lo coneixien e la mar li obria camí de calcigada senda. E, navegant lo novell mariner al contrari dels altres navilis, la nau del seu cos per les aygües discorria. Que Hero, que era lo vent de les sues veles, en la proha anant a la ylla de Cestos, semblant a caramida, tirant lo portava hi, tornant a la ylla de Abidos, aturant lo detenia.

O, terrible força de amor! Hi com fa lauger lo pes dels treballs que ab si porta, axí feya lauger lo cos de Leànder, que als peixos nadant vencia e les plomes de la promta esperança sobre l'aygua sostenint lo levaven. E tant la pròspera fortuna favorint lo afalagava, que los peixos e los ocells de la mar volant e nadant lo acompanyaven e les esteles de tan gran claredat les rribes de Cestos illuminaven, que la escura nit al migdia egualar se volia. Axí acostuma afalagar la iniqua fortuna, quant del tot vol destrohir al qui engana, que de la sua adversitat alguna part no mostra, perquè aquell a qui prospera, contra ella no s'arme. O, gran infortuni, que·ls molt prosperats en la més alta fortuna acompanya, que, no tenint esperiència de adversitat alguna, los poch dans majors estimen hi los grans sostenir no poden! 8

*Leander bemoans the ocean's wrath*  
*Clamà's Leànder de la yra de la mar*

The ominous Egyptian day had come when ill fortune had decreed that Leander should lose Hero as well as his own life. The winds began to agitate the waters more than was customary and the young man readied himself for his longed-for journey with the accompaniment of Love, who never left his side. As he arrived to the shore of the furious sea, Leander cursed its fury with an irate voice saying:

Era arribat aquell egipciach dia que la iniqua sort havia ordenat Leànder perdés a Hero ensemps ab la vida. Començaren los vents a moure les aygües més del que acostumat havien hi aparellava's l'esforçat jove, acompanyat de l'amor [29v.] que d'ell nunca's partia, al desigat viatge. E, venint a la riba de la mar furiosa, ab yrada veu contra la sua fúria blasfemant deya:

“Alas what a great misfortune! Whenever the waters are stirred up, my heart becomes gloomy and murky. In my adverse fortune I recognize now what an ingrate I was for possessing something good while complaining about my ill fortune [and] bemoaning in a loud voice that I could not visit my beloved Hero unless I swam through the water. Presently, I curse the ocean with an even louder voice<sup>5</sup> because I cannot entrust my body to the water. What I deemed extreme adversity then I would accept now as the most prosperous fortune. Alas I am--of all men-- the most miserable! The short distance that separates me from my love stands in acute contrast to my large misfortune! I do not request a vessel, a galley, or a light boat, nor sails, oars,

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<sup>5</sup> The original Catalan text says ‘with louder shouts’.

rudder or a compass, nor do I check the wind conditions in order to set my sailing course, nor do I spread out the chart in order to reach the port of my desired journey. The light that I behold in the tower, which is lit for me, is the star towards which I direct my helm, and my body is the vessel that—loaded with love— carries my Hero's soul as I paddle with my arms. Alas you ocean, full of bitter water, even more embittered for me! Abate somewhat your fury until I get hold of Cestos and I stand happily at its shore. Then set your fury back up again and make my return difficult so that I have a just excuse to await the restoration of tranquility by Hero's side. Pay heed to how I beseech you for so little. I do not wish you to cancel my debt but to grant me a short extension. Upon bringing my vessel to land in the dockyard of Hero's abode<sup>6</sup> I will bring it back in your waters although with great fear. Then I will avoid the perils of your fury with discreet prudence. And no matter how long prosperous fortune lasts, I will not bemoan your waves”.

«O, gran desventura mia, que, tantes vegades com s'enterboleix l'aygua, lo meu cor se faça escur e tèrbol! En la adverssa fortuna conech lo bé que yo, ingrát, possehia, quant, ab grans querelles, de la iniqua sort me clamava, que, sinó per l'aygua nadant, a la mia Hero acostar no'm podia. Ara, molt més fort cridant contra la mar blasfeme, perquè lo meu cos no puch acomanar a l'aygua. E, per fortuna sobre totes pròspera, acceptaria lo que ans estimava adverssitat estrema. O, sobre tots los vivents miserable! E, com és poch espay lo que a mon voler contrasta e tant major ma desventura aumenta! Yo no demane nau, galera ni altra fusta, ni veles, rems, timó ni brúxola, ni mire la tremuntana perquè'l meu navegar s'endrece, ni, per a trobar lo port del meu desigat viatge, desplegue dels mariners la carta. La lum que'n la torre, per a mi encesa, mire és la estela a la qual lo meu timó esguarda e lo meu cos és la fusta hon l'ànima de Hero mia, de amor carregada, ab los rems dels meus braços passa. O, mar de aygües amargues, per a mi més que als altres amargua! Un poch la tua fúria amança, fins que'n la rriba de Cestos haja pres alegre posta e, après, cobrada la fúria, fes difícil la mia tornada, perquè ab justa excusa en les faldes de Hero la tua tranquil·litat espere! Mira quant és poch lo que demanant te sopleque: no vull que'l deute me absolgues, mas que un poch espay porrogant me comportes. E, treta en terra la mia nau, en la taraçana de l'estrado de Hero, no la vararé en les tues aygües, sinó ab gran temor. E, lavors, ab discreta prudència, esquivaré los perills de la tua fúria. E, per molt que la vàlida fortuna dure, no blasfemaré contra les tues honnes».

*Leander enters the waters*  
*Entrà en la mar Leànder*

At the same time that he proffered these words, Leander undressed himself, donned a shirt woven by Hero's hands, and put on a girdle that held a genteel dagger, for that was the only weapon that he could carry with him while swimming. He jumped into the furious water recalling Hero's name and entrusted his body and life to the tempestuous ocean whose force he was unable to overcome. Yet perforce he had to turn his back to the dreadful waters and return to the shore whence he set off. After standing there on the wet sand and turning his eyes to the light lit on Hero's tower--which brightened his entire heart--he cast his body again into the deep waters and said with a voice strengthened by love:

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<sup>6</sup> 'Rooms' in the original text.

Ensemps aquestes paraules parlant, Leànder la sua persona despullava hi vestia's una camisa de les mans de Hero filada, cenyhint-se ab una correja, la qual sostenia una gentil copagorja, que altra arma nadant portar no podia. E, acostant-se [30r.] a la furiosa aygua, cridant lo nom de Hero, acomanà lo cos e la vida a la mar tempestuosa, la força de la qual no pogué vençre. Ans, forçat, girà les espatles a les espantables aygües, tornant a la riba d'on se partia. Hi, estant de peus en la banyada arena, dreçant los ulls a la lum que, encesa en la torre de Hero, lo seu cor encenia, tornà altra vegada lançar lo cos en la mar fonda, dient ab veu per amor esforçada:

“The [same] fire that I see lit on top of the tower burns away that fear I have of the deep ocean. Either I will reach port at the shore of Cestos or I will drink shortly the bitter cup of death. You-- for whom I die-- will have to bury me in my grave with your own hands. And after washing my body with the water of your tears, do not be afraid to kiss my cold mouth”.

«Lo foch que veig encés alt, en la torre, crema dins mi la por de la mar fonda. Ho pendré port en la riba de Cestos, ho beuré prest de la mort lo trist càlzer. Y ab vostres mans donant-me sepultura, vós, per qui muyr, tanquar m'eu dins la tomba. Lavant lo cos de làgremes ab l'aygua, no us espanteu besar ma boca freda».

Oh how great is the blindness of disorderly lovers! How they work together to condemn their souls and life with such strength, solicitude, and diligence! Oh how strong is the fear of those who dread the temerous perils of leading a vicious life and death and abandon this life with invincible and discreet resolution for the sake of the kingdom of heaven! The sea began to let go of some its fury and inspired Leander's courage. After losing his fear, the young man moved his arms in the water with valor. He felt glorious in himself and strove forward with enamored hope. He had defeated ill fortune and after pondering about his past delights he contemplated with hope those to come in the near future. And he rehearsed in his mind the appropriate words with which to describe to Hero the great perils that he had overcome with the help of his loving courage so that he could go to her.

O, escura seguedat d'aquells qui desordenadament amen! E ab quin ànimo, ab quina sotlicitut e diligència treballen ensemps l'ànima e la vida perdre! O, animosa por de aquells qui, recelant, temen los perills de viciós morir e viure e, ab invencible e discret ànimo, per lo regne del cel la vida abandonen! Començà la mar un poch detenir la sua fúria per donar loch a l'ànimo de Leànder e, ja sens temor, l'esforçat jove per l'aygua los braços movia. Gloriós dins si, ab esforç d'enamorada esperança, havia vençut l'adverssa fortuna hi, ab recort dels passats delits, los esdevenidors contemplant en breu esperava. Y en la sua pensa paraules triades treballava conpondre, per rahonar ha Hero los grans perills, los quals, ab esforç de amor, per anar a ella vencent sobrats havia.

#### Leander's Death

*La mort de Leànder* [30v.]

As iniquitous and adverse Fortune was annoyed with Leander due to his courage, she restored the furious waves to its original fury multiplied [a thousand times]. The courage of the enamored sailor did not abate as he was carried towards his desired destination on the wings on love. Raising his body above the water he searched with his eyes for the light that shone on the top of

the tower and it seemed to him more dim than usual. He recalled in his mind Hero's name as he approached the land and readied himself to arrive at his desired shore. Then the waters rose with great tempest, seemingly intent with their terrible wrath upon the deliberate and furious destruction of the courageous youth.

Enujada l'adverssa iniqua fortuna de l'esforçat ànimo de Leànder, restituhí a la mar furiosa ab multiplicades ones la primera fúria. L'esforç de l'enamorat mariner, anant al desigat port, no's cansava hi, ab ales de amor extrema, alçà lo cos sobre les aygües, endreçant la vista a la lum que en la alta torre relluhia, la qual li semblà menor del que acostumava. Hi, reclamant lo nom de Hero, ja prop de la terra, se aparellava pendre posta en la desigada rriba, quant les aygües en gran tempestat aumentaven, fent semblant, ab delliberada fúria, en la destrucció de l'esforçat jove ab yra terrible totes atenien.

Pitiable Leander could not offer any more resistance to such wrath. The high seas overcame him and pushed him further from the shores of Cestos thus preventing him from seeing the light on the tower. Then he started moving his arms in the water aimlessly. There are no words to describe his miserable travails to avoid death. Whenever he managed to raise his head above the water and call out Hero's name, he spat out the salt water that insisted on wanting to enter his mouth. But he was so entirely possessed by Hero's love that he prevented the bitter water from coming in. Nonetheless, Fortune increased its strength while the forces of the downtrodden youth were failing and the cold water took hold of him. He continued uttering the name of her for whom he was going to lose his life. As he came closer to the shore and to his death he finally allowed the water to reach him in, the place from whence Hero was [already] departing. When Leander started to suffer the agony of death, he looked at the tower of Hero for whom he was dying. Abandoning himself to the wrath of the furious waters, he poured his soul into these words: "Take heed, oh dead body, for the same love that causes your perdition will guide you to the foot of the tower; and as you follow the sign of that dim fire, arrive to the presence of [my] tearful Hero".

No podia a tan gran fúria ja resistir lo miserable Leànder y les hones altes, venint-li a l'encontre, de la rriba de Cestos l'apartaven y'l defenien, que ab la vista a la lum de la torre no atteyia. E, ja sens orde los braços, per l'aygua començava moure. Hi era cas de misèria inefable lo treball que, per squivar la mort, sostenia. E, si un poch espay lo cap de les ones alçava reclamant lo nom de Hero, escupia l'aygua salada, la qual, ab terrible porfídia, volia entrar en lo cos de Leànder. Però l'amor de Hero axí tot lo ocupava, que a les amargues aygües la entrada defenia. La fortuna vàlida aumentava, les forces del combatut jove defallien, la fredor de l'aygua la sua persona comprenia. Y, per reclamar lo nom de aquella per qui la sua vida se anava perdre, quant més prop de la mort e de la rriba se acostava, don loch les aygües entrassen en los retrets d'on Hero se partia. Hi, ab la agonia de la mort que ja l'asaltava, dreçà los uells a la torre de Hero, per qui moria. Hi, abandonat a la fúria de la mar tempestuosa, ensemps ab la ànima, de la sua boca tals paraules se partiren: «Cuyta, cos mort, que l'amor que't fa perdre, te guiarà fins al peu de la torre. Seguint del foch la miserabl'ensenya, ffes-te present a la plorosa Hero».

The last syllable of *Hero's* name marked the end of his talking, loving, and living in this world. Oh what a wondrous, ineffable thing! His heavy body was transported by the salt water to the shores of Cestos as an arrow that is shot by a strong crossbow. [And it laid] at the bottom of the

tower propelled by the same love that guided him while alive. A love that was so extreme that it made him accelerate albeit dead as if impelled by that same force that drove him while he was alive, similar to a light galley whose hull reaches a safe harbor, moving forward while its oars are already up. And his dead mouth still kept the rictus it had when pronouncing Hero's name.

[31r.] La darrera síllaba del nom de Hero en aquest món fon terme del seu parlar, amar e viure. O, cosa de gran maravella inefable! Que, semblant a vira de fort ballesta empesa, vench lo seu cos, pesat de la salada aygua, en la rriba de Cestos, al peu de la torre, empés de l'amor que viu lo guiava, la qual, per ésser estrema, encara mort lo feya córrer, seguint la força que vivint lo empenyia, semblant a laugera galera que, levats los rems, encara ab la fusa pren segura posta! Hi en la boca morta aquell gest guardava, ab lo qual lo nom de Hero se pronuncia.

*Hero ascends the tower to see if the ocean is calming down*  
*Pujà Hero en la torre per veure si la mar assossegava*

At the same time that the lover—brought to a miserable state by Hero's love—lost his life in the bitter waters, the enamored maid was preparing her chamber and some clean linen towels for Leander to dry himself with, for he used to arrive cold and wet from the salt water. She climbed the high tower and partially showed the light to direct the way of Leander's desired journey. As she looked at the waters, she was solicitously assailed by several contrasting thoughts and wished either to swim herself to the isle of Abidos or to meet Leander halfway on his journey. If the sea happened to slow the movement of the waves for a short period of time, [our] aggrieved Hero thought that Leander had not dared to set out on his journey because he was lacking in love. But if the waves beat hard [and fast] upon the shore, she tearfully said (as if her feeble voice could reach Leander's ears):

Al temps que'n les amargues aygües l'enamorat, miserable per amor de Hero, la vida perdia, la enamorada donzella aparellava l'estrado e les teles netes per exugar a Leànder, que de la salada aygua fret e banyat venia. E, pujant en l'alta torre, un poch la lum descobria per endreçar de la sua via lo desigat viatge. E, ab diverssos contrasts en sotlícita pensa combatuda, mirant les aygües, desigava nadant passar a la ylla de Abidos, ho en lo camí encontrar a Leànder. E, si la mar un poch espay les ones detenia, estimava la entrestida Hero que Leànder, ab poca amor, lo camí no gosava empendre. E, si les ones la rriba molt fort batien, axí com si la sua veu pogués a les orelles de Leànder atényer, plorant deya:

“If other men dread foolish dangers [of this world] when trying to preserve just [their] one life, you, Leander, should dread them much more, for you are entrusted with your life and also with mine, and it is clear that in losing yours you also lose mine. Do not set out then—my soul and my life—on such perilous enterprise, nor entrust your body—which is also mine—to the furious waters in the midst of such storm. I remind you that swimming is the most dreaded peril to sailors and they only indulge in it after shipwrecking. For when [they reach the point that] they cannot preserve their lives any longer, they only rarely reach the shore alive by swimming. Wait for the time when Fortune will reverse the turn of her spinning wheel. In addition, consider how foolish is the man who flees from the July heat by lying directly under Apollo's rays and who warms up in January by staying in the cool shade. The sea that presently roars with terrible noise

was some days ago quiet and as smooth as oil and [reversely] she will in short revert to its original safe condition.

«Si·ls altres hòmens los folls perills recelen per guardar sola una vida, quant més tu, Leànder, los deus més recelar, qu·ensemps ab la tua tens la mia acomanada, hi est cert la tua sens la mia no pots perdre. No emprengues, donchs, ànima e vida mia, tan perillosa empresa, ni, ab tal tempestat, lo teu cos meu a la furiosa mar acomanes. Recort-te lo nadar és perill que·ls navegants més recelen e, sinó après de naufragi, no l·esperimenten a la hora que en altra manera la vida restaurar no poden e, molt tart, vius, nadant a la [31v.] rriba atenyen. Espera lo temps que, ab diversitat lo torn de la sua roda girant, volta e pensa quant seria foll aquell qui en joliol, per fogir a la calor, estigués als raigs de Apollo y en giner, per escalfar, cerquàs la freda sombra. Aquesta mar que ara tan fort crida, poch dies ha semblant a oli estava segura e no passarà molt tornarà en la seguretat primera.

What great wisdom! What courageous fright! To spare your life— at the time of the present adverse fortune—in the hope of a prosperous future. Such is the song of the sirens when the sea is tempestuous hoping for a peaceful tranquility. How much better it would have been, when you, Leander, learned to swim, that you had undertaken your journey through the air [endowed] with Dedalus' invention, for then only the wind, and not the ocean, would be opposed to our wishes! What great fortune of mine! For out of the four elements [that exist], three of them attend solicitously to our destruction! Scarce earth is not enough to fill [the space between] our [two] cities; abundant water occupies the space between them; a determined air together with rough seas oppose your swimming. Only the fire that burns on top of the tower and inside ourselves brings our wills together. It comes to mind [the example of] Dedalus' son who foolishly flew and lost his wings and his life in the ocean even though he was not opposed by as many things as you and I. Since only discretion (which is rarely found among lovers) is powerful enough to free you from perils, find it within yourself, fearless Leander, and somehow add it to the company of your extreme love so that our sinful lives do not come to a quick end.”

O, gran saviesa! O, animós recel, al temps de la adverssa fortuna, estalviar la vida per a la prosperitat esdevenidora! Axí canten les serenes en lo temps de la mar tempestuosa, esperant la tranquil·litat quieta. O, quant fóra millor, Leànder, quant aprenguíst de nadar, ab l·artefici de Dèdalus portasses per l·ayre lo desigat viatge e, lavors, sols lo vent e no la mar a nostres desigs contrastaria! O, gran fortuna mia, que, de quatre elements, los tres, ab totes ses forces, en la destrucció nostra, ab gran sotlicitut atenen! La terra escassa les nostres ciutats no termena, l·aygua abundant lo nostre freu ocupa, l·ayre esforçat al teu nadar, ensemps ab la moguda mar, contrasta. Sol lo foch dins nosaltres y en alta torre nostres voluntats ajusta. Però yo·m recort que·l fill de Dèdalus, indiscretament volant, deixà en la mar les plomes e la vida, ab tot que tantes coses, com a tu e a mi, no li contrastassen. Donchs, sola discreció, que molt tart en los qui amen se troba, té poder dels perills fer-te delliure. Trobe's ara en tu, animós Leànder, y consent ab la tua amor estrema un poch se acompanye, perquè nostres delits e vida en breu no·s perden».

*Hero expresses the reasons for her great dejection to her nursemaid  
Rahonà Hero a la dida la sua gran tristícia*

Hero, dejected by such contrasting circumstances, descended from the high tower with her eyes full of water. And before the old nursemaid inquired the reason for her crying, she began to say the following words accompanied by a constant stream of tears:

Ab tals contrasts e los ulls corrent aygua, devallà de la alta torre la entrestida Hero. E, ans que l'antigua dida la interroguàs per què plorava, a tals paraules, de contínues làgremes acompanyades, féu principi:

“I have heard, my prudent nursemaid, that our miserable mind rightfully foresees the damage procured by adverse fortune. And it does so with a despondency that torments our miserable heart because it ignores the reason for such pain. Hence I fear that a great misfortune will befall my life, because unwilling sighs come out from the bottom of my soul and my bitter tears—I do not know why—spring up from my eyes. Agony tears asunder my heart when I contemplate—as he swims laden with his own body--him<sup>7</sup> whom I long for with great desire. Extreme grief prevents my tongue from clearly articulating the name of Leander”.

«Hoyt he dir, prudent dida mia, que moltes vegades la mísera pensa pronusticant adevina los dans que la adverssa fortuna procura, ab tristor que'l nostre cor miserable turmenta, ignorant de tal dolor [32r.] la causa. E, per ço, tinch recel algun gran infortuni la mia vida asalte, car del retret de la mia ànima sospirs, sens delliber meu, espiren e los meus ulls —no sé per què— fonts de amargues làgremes brollen. E, ab dolor que lo meu cor travessant esquinça, mirant contemple la roba del qui ab tan gran desig espere. La mia lengua, per extrema tristícia, no pot clarament pronunciar lo nom de Leànder».

No longer could the aggrieved go on talking when the prudent nursemaid said confidently: “The wisest men deem as a lack of intelligence to make assertions about the things to come, for these are made only manifest to almighty Jupiter. And it is considered a weakness of character to start grieving—foreseeing the pain—before the reason for it is declared. Even if some philosophers wanted to point out that anguish due to unknown reasons could overtake us, it happens that if the cause of our grievance is ignored, it does not provide us with knowledge of what pains us but only with a minor sadness. Just like one who for fear of the enemy flees from the presence of anyone he might happen upon, even if he does not know the person from whom he runs. But that is more a chimerical dream fantasy than approved truth, for it is a clear thing that no one becomes sad if first he does not dread the reason why he feels despondency, and no one dreads it if he does not know it first. That is precisely—my beloved lady and daughter—what is happening to you now. The roar of the furious waves beating incessantly against the shore throughout the night—which you greatly dread—have aggrieved your loving thoughts, you who were full and loving and intent upon Leander’s arrival, whom you deservedly love. You must consider that he is so prudent that he would not [wish to] undertake such perilous journey [under these circumstances]. And if he does, he will be able to reach the port of your desired bedchamber with his enamored courage. For he is accustomed to the waves of the sea which he has crossed safely many times; with these cloth you will be able to dry him up with your own hands. And on

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<sup>7</sup> In Catalan *roba* might have a mercantile meaning (merchandise, freight or load transported by sea), as well as the meaning of ‘vestment’. Here the term refers to the ‘body’ of Leander (for he carries himself, ‘laden with his own body’) as he swims fully clothed.



account of the travails that he has endured in this journey—more strenuous than previous ones--it will not be difficult to request of him that he stays resting with us longer than usual.”

No pogué més avant parlar la trista donzella, quant respòs la prudent esforçada dida: «Per fallença de seny, entre·ls més sabents se declara afermar les coses esdevenidores, que sol al gran Júpiter són descubertes. Hi flaquea de ànimo s'estima, ans que la causa de la dolor sia manifesta, avançant sos mals, començar primer a doldre's. Ab tot que alguns filòsofs han volgut declarar quant tristor nos asalta per cosa no sabuda, s'esdevé que, per ésser lunny la causa de nostra dolor, no presenta en nosaltres conexença del que·ns dolem, mas una lenta tristícia, senblant aquell qui dels enemichs se recela, que fuig qualsevol que a l'encontre li vingua, encara que no conegua qui és aquell de qui s'aparta. Però, açò és més sompni de vanes fantasies que no veritat declarada, perquè és certa cosa algú no s'entresteix si primer no té en hoy la causa per què sent tristícia, ni algú no pot tenir hoy si primer no coneix. E axí s'esdevé ara en tu, estimada senyora e filla, que la remor de les braves ones que tota la nit la nostra rriba ab gran fúria baten, a les quals tens gran oy, han entristida la tua enamorada pensa, sotlícita de la venguda de Leànder, a qui mèritament tant ames. Deuries pensar és axí prudent que no empendrà tant perillós viatge, ho, si l'emprén, ab esforç de enamorat ànimo ja acostumat de les ones, passant la mar, sobre la qual tantes vegades ha navegat segur viatge, pendrà port en lo teu desigat estrado e, ab aquestes teles, les tues mans l'exugaran. E, per lo treball que per tu en aquest més que en los altres viatges ha sofert, ab poch afany no·l pregarem qu'entre nosaltres, més de l'acostu[32v.]mat, descansse».

*Leander's soul appears to Hero*  
*Aparegué l'ànima de Leànder a Hero*

“Oh prudent and courageous nursemaid—said the aggrieved maiden—, the concern for Leander's life has taken hold in me with such despondency that your discreet words cannot find a place in my mind to rest assured. As the sea calms down, my heart dies for fear that he might find repose in someone else's lap. I do not know which of these two evils would be more dreadful to me: that he lies in my lap soaking and cold after dying for me in the waters and that I would die embracing him and we would be placed in a sepulchre; or that he would live away from me in someone else's bedchamber. As the wrath of the ocean is made manifest to me through its rough waves, my despondent thoughts picture Leander travailing in the midst of the bitter water for my sake—or rather for his own life's sake. Hence the waves that beat against my beloved Leander as he sails for me are not bigger than those that torment my aggrieved and despondent soul. For my soul—traveling for his sake in the midst of the murky waters of extreme despondency—shares with him a similar danger”.

«O, prudent esforçada dida! —respòs la trista donzella—, tan gran assento de tristor ha pres dins mi lo recel de la vida de Leànder, que les discretas paraules dels teus confortos en la mia pensa no troben repòs de posada certa. Com la mar assossegua, lo meu cor se mor, recelant que Leànder en la falda de algun·altra reposa. E no sé qual de dos mals, per major, avorreria: ho que mort per mi en les aygües, fret, banyat estigués en la mia falda e yo, ab ell, morta en sos braços, dins un sepulcre nos tanquasses, ho que, vivint de mi apartat, de altra estigués en l'estrado. Quant la mar, movent les braves ones la sua gran fúria descobre, la mia entristida pensa figura que·l meu Leànder per mi en les amargues aygües —ja no per mi, mas per la vida— treballa. E, axí, no són majors les ones que al meu Leànder —si per mi navegua— combaten, de les que la mia trista

dolorada ànima ara turmenten, la qual, en tèrbola aygua de dolor extrema, per ell navegant, ab ell equalment perilla».

A loud cry marked the end of her speech. Wretched Hero imagined that the phantom of Leander was crossing in front of her own eyes. And as Hero addressed this apparition in a loud voice that was altered by her grief and dread as well as distorted by her tears and sobbing, she made a willing attempt to embrace it with her own arms: “Do not go forth, airy shadow, I do not fear [you]. If you are Leander, remain with me until Leander’s [real] body arrives and in the meantime take hold of my own body. Rest awhile in the dwelling where you used to repose with loving delight. Do not fear—my Leander’s soul—that I might delay you for long. Resign yourself to have your body—which is mine—interred by me. Then your soul will descend with mine to Pluto’s kingdom so that an imprisonment,<sup>8</sup> a grief, a chain might unite after death the souls that were bounded in life by love. The dead bodies will embrace each other inside the tomb while we live together in painful anguish.

Un gran crit fon la fi de aquestes paraules, semblant a la miserable Hero, a l’encontre dels seus ulls una ombra de la figura de Leànder passava, a la qual, ab veu per dolor e temor alterada e per làgremes e sanglots mal pronunciada, cridant, ab les mans abraçar volia: «No passes avant, laugera ombra, que yo no m’espante. Si est Leànder, atura ab mi fins que de Leànder lo cos arribe hi, esperant, pren lo meu per certa posada. Descança un poch en la casa hon, per amor, ab gran delit reposar acostumes. E no penses, ànima mia de Leànder, larch espay yo’t detingua. Comporta que al teu cos meu yo done sepultura hi, après, ensemps ab la mia, devallaràs als regnes de Plutó, perquè un carçre, una pena, unes cadenes, après la mort liguen aquelles dos ànimes les quals una amor havia liguat en vida. E, axí, los cossos morts abraçats estaran en un sepulcre e nosaltres, en dolor, vivint juntes en una pena». [33r.]

*The dead body of Leander arrives to land*  
*Aribà lo cos de Leànder mort a la terra*

Where is Homer? Where are Virgil and whosoever else wrote in verse? Where is Demosthenes? Where are Tullius and whosoever else wrote in prose? Where are the Greek tragic playwrights and the Latin poets that were able to deal with such grief in their writings? Where are all those who wrote of sad, painful, and miserable topics? Let them read and understand, let them forget about their own ills by accompanying Hero in mourning Leander’s harrowing death.

Hon és Homero? Hon és Virgili? Qui en metres? Hon és Demòstenes? Hon és Tuli? Qui en prosa? Hon són los tràgichs grechs e latins poetes, que tanta dolor escriure puguen? Hon són tots los qui tristícia, dolor e misèria sostenen? Ligen hi entenguen —y ensemps lurs mals obliden— e ploreu ab Hero la dolorosa mort de Leànder.

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<sup>8</sup> ‘Imprisonment’ refers to the original *carçre*, a well-known term in Catalan that also appears as part of the *Carcer Amoris* topos in works such as the *Tragèdia de Caldesa* (“Ab la freda aygua assajà apartar de la sua afable cara la color e calor que, en la no sangonosa, mas plaent e delitosa batalla de Venus, pres avia; e, acostant-se al carçre de la mia trista presó o cambra, obrint la porta, fengí alegria de la mia vista...”; which I rendered in English as “Then she came to the imprisonment of my doleful cell (my chamber), she opened the door and feigned joy at seeing me...”) (A. Cortijo Ocaña & V. Martines eds., *Multilingual Rois de Corella*, Santa Bàrbara: Publications of eHumanista, 2013).

Without delay the wretched maiden ascended the high tower in the company of the courageous old lady. She attempted to hear or see Leander under Diana's moonlight and moved her eyes—whence a bitter stream of tears sprang up—towards the waves that were crushing against the shore. After wiping the tears from her eyes with her hands, she recognized the body of her beloved Leander. He did not have his usual countenance. Rather lying face up on the sand and with his eyes turned towards the ensign on the tower, the waves pushed his motionless body to the shore. Upon taking notice of him, a doleful and terrible cry was clearly audible:

Pujà sens tarda la miserable donzella, ensemps ab la esforçada vella, en la alta torre e, mirant per la lum escura de Diana si Leànder poguera hojr ho veure, baixà los plorants ulls, que fonts amargues destillaven, a la rriba hon les ones batien. E, ab les mans de la vista apartant les làgremes, conegué lo cors del seu Leànder, que l'acostumat gest no portava. Ans la cara girada a la ensenya de la torre, les espatles en la arena, les ones, sens propi moviment del cos, a la rriba lo portaven. Seguí al dolorós mirar un crit de veu espantable:

“Oh Leander! Answer to your crying Hero, who is still alive and beholding you.” The nearly-dead maiden would have jumped from the high tower over the deceased body and would have finally ended her own life, but she still wanted—while alive—to kiss Leander's cold lips. She tore her hair and her vestments and she scratched the skin of her face and chest, most sorrowful among the sorrowful. She descended from the tower, left through the secret door that Leander used to take to come in and went out to meet the soaking and cold body of the deceased whom she used to await—alive—with ineffable delight. After covering the body [of Leander with] her own body she kissed his cold mouth and mixed her own warm tears with the bitter ocean water. She wanted to say something, but could not pronounce—nor knew—any doleful words commensurate with her grief. With trembling hands she opened up Leander's eyes and kissed them first with her mouth and then—mournful—with her own eyes, making them so full of tears that it seemed that Leander was mourning for his grievous Hero while still being alive, although he was [quite] dead. The nursemaid's laments were not less pitiable as she mourned both for her daughter and for Leander, and she tore her feeble body apart with cruel hands. She did not dare to offer any consoling words to a half-dead Hero, for it [only] increases the grief of whoever is in extreme pain—although Hero's dolor could not increase any more—to be reminded of any remedy for their grief.

«O, Leànder! Respon a la tua Hero, la qual, encara viva, mirant te crida». No tardara sobre lo cos mort la ja quasi morta donzella, saltant de l'alta torre, acabar de matar-se, sinó que volia, encara vivint, la boca freda besar de Leànder. Rompé los seus cabells, les vestidures ensemps ab lo cuyro dels pits e de la cara, la trista sobre totes les altres adolorada. E, devallant de la torre per aquella porta secreta que Leànder entrar solia, ixqué al cos mort, banyat hi fret de aquell qui, ab inefable delit, viu esperava. Hi, estesa sobre lo cos, besant la boca freda, mesclava les sues làgremes calentes ab l'aygua de la mar amargua. E, volent pronunciar, no podia ni sabia tristes paraules a tanta dolor conformes. Hi, ab les mans, tremolant, los ulls de Leànder obria, los quals, primer ab la boca hi après ab los ulls besant, deplorava; axí de abundants làgremes omplia, que semblava Leànder, encara mort, plorant la dolor de la sua Hero viva, planyent deplorava. No feya menor plant la miserable dida, la qual, ensemps per la filla e per Leànder lamentant, la sua dèbil persona ab cruels mans rompia. E de algun remey a [33v.] Hero, ja quasi morta, parlar no

gosava, perquè és augment de dolor —si en Hero aumentar podia— al que en estrem se dol, fer-li recort la sua dolor remeyar pugua.

*Hero's lamentation and doleful death over Leander's body*  
*Lo plant e mort dolorosa de Hero sobre lo cos de Leànder*

The sea was finally calm and it seemed that its fury had been exclusively unravelled against Leander's life. The clear skies, the peaceful night, the air and the wind, Diana, the planets and the stars were all quietly listening as doleful witnesses to the aggrieved lamentation of Hero. The fish and the birds that move through the water and the air came to the shore to attend Leander's exequies and joined their voices to Hero's in lamenting the death of their host. Grieving more than the others and crying blood—for water had been exhausted from her eyes—there lied on top of the corpse she who was alone in losing the person who [in turn] had lost his own life for her in the water. And she began to cry in the following fashion with words enough to break through flint, diamond and steel:

Estava la mar segura, que paria sol contra la vida de Leànder havia pres tanta fúria. Lo cel clar, la nit quieta, los ayres e los vents, Diana e las planetas he les esteles, ab una seguretat atenta, a l'adolorit plant de Hero plantent atenien. Los peixos e los ocells, per l'aygua nadant e volant, a la rriba venien a les obsèquies de Leànder e, ab lurs veus ensemps ab Hero dolent, la mort de lur oste plantien. Mas sobre totes plorant sanch —que de aygua les làgremes ja tenia despeses— lamentava, estesa sobre lo cos, aquella que sola perdia aquell qui per ella en les aygües havia perdut la vida. E, ab paraules que les pedrenyeres, los diamants, l'acer bastarien a rompre, en semblant estil plantent deplorava:

“Oh Leander miserable above all other living creatures because of me! You who died in the water because of me! You who lived on earth only for me! How can I—who am still alive—adequately bewail as I look upon you and grief over your [dead] body? I will live for a short space of time only to lament your unfortunate shipwreck with aggrieved dolor. For if I were to quickly abandon this life, who could suffice to properly deplore your unjust fate—which is also mine? I will therefore continue living so that I can grieve your death which I myself have caused. Afterwards I will quickly die and you won't be able to grieve for me although I die for you. And rightfully so, since you lost your life for me first.

«O, per mi sobre tots los vivens miserable Leànder! E per mi en les aygües mort, qui per mi sol en la terra vivies! Quin plant sobre'l teu cos puch yo, encara viva, mirant a tu, mort per mi, dignament plànyer? Yo viuré perquè lo teu naufrag, un poch espay vivint, ab gran dolor lamentant deplore, que, si yo tantost la vida abandone, qui bastarà la tua mia iniqua sort meritant plorar dolre? Donchs viuré yo, perquè la tua mort, per mi causada, dolgua. E, prest, per tu morré e per tu no seré plorada, ab tot que per tu muyra. Hi és molta rahó, puix tu primer per mi has perdut la vida.

Oh Leander! You belong to me and to no other! On account of me you parleyed with the fish and you overtook them swimming. On account of me you abhorred the natural land and took deportment in the salty water [undertaking] a delightful journey. On account of me you turned your own body into a vessel and carried the shipment dearest to me, [yourself], to the shore of Cestos. And going beyond prosperous Fortune, you have thrown away the ballast of your soul,

which could not carry your body any longer, laden as it was with love for me. Hence, [as you are now] light and without a heavy weight, you have been able to arrive at the shore of Cestos and there you lie face up—cold, soaked and dead—precisely where your feet—while alive—were standing when you used to embrace me.

O, lo meu e no de altri Leànder! Per mi ab los peixos converssaves, als quals ja nadant vencies. Per mi avorries la natural terra y en les salades aygües prenies deport en delitós viatge. Per mi del teu cos havies fet galera, portant a la riba de Cestos la mia sobre totes estimada mercaderia. E, passant fortuna vàlida, has lançat lo càrrech de la tua ànima, la qual lo teu cos sostenir no podia, per lo pes que, de la mia amor carregada, portava. E, axí, lauger, sens càrrech, has pogut surgir [34r.] en la riba de Cestos hi, estés, fret, banyat hi mort, tens les espatles en aquell loch hon tenies los peus quant, viu, me abraçaves.

Oh pious and aggrieved fish! Together with me you lament the death of your friend, Leander! Why did not you help him to his desired port? But I am rather grateful to you for your benign dutifulness for you offered company to his dead body all the way to the shore. Whence it shows that you would have also accompanied him alive if adverse Fortune had not opposed so vigorously his life and mine. Oh father and mother of Leander! You are more miserable than me because your son's death will aggrieve you longer. But you will be unable to grieve for him as much as I have! And you, Austerus, my father, will witness the wedding and burial of your daughter on the same day (although not with the son-in-law that you wanted). Pray your forgiveness, Leander, if I do not celebrate your exequies for a longer period of time, because my voice is failing me and my eyes are lacking water and blood with which to grieve for you anymore.

O, entrestits piadosos peixos, que ensemps ab mi planyeu la mort de l'amich vostre, Leànder! Per què no li ajudàveu fins al desigat port? Però encara molt vos regracie manssuetut tan benigne, que lo seu cos entregue haveu acompanyat fins a la riba, d'on clarament se mostra viu lo acompanyàveu, si la adverssa fortuna a la sua vida e a la mia tan fort no contrastara.

O, miserables pare e mare de Leànder, als quals més temps que a mi la mort del fill serà dolorosa, perquè tant com yo no sabreu la sua mort doldre! E tu, pare meu, Austerus, no ab lo gendre que volies, veuràs en un dia les noces e sepultura de ta filla. E tu, Leànder, perdona si més largues les tues obssequies no celebre, que a la mia boca fall la veu hi als meus ulls aygua hi sanch ab què més largament la tua mort de lamente.

If as a result I give up my spirit and die, I won't be able to warm your body nor rub it with the unguents I carry with me. Hence it will be better that as I die for you while lying over you, I use my own blood as an embalming unguent to wash and warm your body, already cold. And with these clothes that I had brought with me to dry you you up while you were alive, my nursemaid—who loved you as much as she loved me—will shroud us as we embrace each other and become just one body. In addition, she will deposit us in an enclosed sepulchre, so small that our bones will turn into dust mixed with each other. Furthermore, she will write on our tomb with Greek characters the following epitaph: “Cruel Love—who joined them in life and was the doleful reason why they ceased to live—enclosed them in this sepulchre after death”.

E si, axí morint, espire, no poré calfar ni untar lo teu cos ab los engüents que y aparelle. Donchs, serà millor que, morint per tu e sobre tu, ab la mia sanch lavant hi escalfant lo teu cos ja fret,

enbalssemant unte. E, ab aquelles teles que per exugar a tu viu aparellades tenia, la mia dida —la qual a tu no menys que a mi amava— abduys abraçats semblants a un cos, amortallant nos embene. Hi en un sepulcre tan estret nos tanque, que·ls nostres ossos mesclats a la fi en una pols se converteixquen. Hi, en letres gregues, sobre la nostra tomba, senblant epitafi escolpit escrivia: "Amor cruel, qui·ls ha units en vida, y ab gran dolor lo viure·ls ha fet perdre, après la mort los tanqua·n lo sepulcre"».

While she was still pronouncing these words and crying abundantly at the same time, Hero took out of the scabbard the dagger held by Leander's girdle. After placing the handle on the heart of Leander, who was already dead, and the point [of the dagger] on hers, she threw [the weight of] her body on top of Leander with all the might of her cruel love. And pitiable Hero gave up her spirit while being held by the cold arms of the person for whom she was dying.

Encara dient aquestes paraules, de greus plors acompanyades, tirà de la bayna la copagorja que la correja de Leànder mort sostenia e, més lo pom sobre lo cor de Leànder e sobre lo seu la punta, lançant lo cos ab esforç de amor cruel pesada sobre·l de Leànder, espirà la miserable Hero entre·ls braços frets de aquell mort per qui moria.

End.  
Ffi