

38. Durandarte

Romance 1

Luis Milán

5 10

Du-ran-dar-te, dur-an-dar-te -
 Quando enga-las y in-ven-cion-es

15 20

buenca-val-le-ro pro-va-do,
 pub-li-ca-vas tu cuy-da-do.

25 30

a-cor-dar-se-te dev-ri-a
 A-go-ra des-co-no-ci-do

35 40 45

da quell buen tiem-po pas-sa-do.
 di por-que me has ol-vi-da-do,

50 Part 2 55 60

1) Pa- la- bras li- son- ge- ras se-
pues a- mas- tes a gay- fe- os quan-

65 70

ño- ra de vues- tro gra- do que si yo mu- dan- ça hi-
do yo fui - des- ter- ra- do y por no su- frir ul- tra-

75 80 85

ze ha- veys- me- lo vos cau- sa-
ge mo- ri- re de des- pe- ra-

90 95

do.
do.

1) Do both verses of Part 1 before Part 2, then both verses of Part 2.

Del romance de Durandarte (Part II chapter XXIII)

“And so I say that the venerable Montesinos led me into the crystalline palace, where, in downstairs chamber that was exceptionally cool and made all of alabaster, there was a marble sepulcher crafted with great skill, and on it I say a knight stretched out to his full length, and made not of bronze, or marble, or jasper, as is usual on other sepulchers, but of pure flesh and pure bone. His right hand, which seemed somewhat hairy and sinewy to me, a sign that its owner was very strong, lay over his heart, and before I could ask anything of Montesinos, who saw me looking with wonder at the figure on the sepulcher, he said: “This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and model of enamored and valiant knights of his time; here he lies, enchanted, as I and many others are enchanted. What astonishes me is that I know, as well as I know that it is day, that Durandarte ended the days of his life in my arms, and that when he was dead I removed his heart with my own hands; and the truth is that it must have weighed two pounds, because according to naturalists, the man who has a larger heart has greater courage than the man whose heart is small. If this is the case, and if this knight really died, why does he now moan and sigh from time to time, as if he were alive? When this was said, the wretched Durandarte gave a great shout and said: “O my cousin Montesinos! The last thing I asked of you was, when I had breathed my last and my soul had flown away, to cut my heart out of my breast with a dagger or a blade, and bear it as an offering to my lady, fair Belerma”

Belerma:

"Durandarte, Durandarte, good and proven knight,
you should remember those good times past,
"When in pageants and inventions you displayed your wit.
Now, estranged, tell me why have you forgotten me?"

Durandarte:

"These are flattering words, lady, and suit your taste,
for if I ever changed, it was you who drove me to it.
"For you loved Gayferos when I was banished,
and I will die in desperation rather than suffer outrage."