

CANTATES INFANTILS

Tirant lo Blanc

Cantata per a narradors, cor infantil i orquestra
(Basada en la novel·la de Joanot Martorell)

Música: Antoni Ros Marbà
Adaptació i glosses: Núria Albó

Versió per a cor i piano



Tirant lo Blanc

Cantata per a cor infantil, narrador i orquestra: 2 flautes (piccolo), oboè, 2 clarinets, fagot, 2 trompes, 3 trompetes, 3 trombons, tuba, 2 pianos, 1 orgue, cellos, contrabaixos i percussió (4 interpretats: timpani, xilofon, caixa, lira, plats, gran cassa, tam-tam, bombo, triangle, legno, plat suspès, flexaton i campana).

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PRESENTACIÓ

SOBRE L'EDICIÓ

Després de més de 25 anys de ser escrita per encàrrec del SCIC, la cantata *Tirant lo Blanc* està recuperant una posició privilegiada, la que es mereix i la que ha tingut en la memòria de tots els directors i molts excantaires de les corals del SCIC.

Aquesta col·lecció de cantates infantils, amb la publicació del present volum, fa justícia a aquesta obra que torna a sonar més que mai i en llengües i llocs on mai ni els autors ni els qui en el seu moment l'encarregaren no haurien pogut imaginar.

Fa dos anys, 150 cantaires de diferents corals del SCIC van enregistrar-la juntament amb l'Orquestra Ciutat de Barcelona i Nacional de Catalunya sota la direcció del compositor. L'any passat, més de 1000 cantaires de terres granadines i catalanes, van interpretar-la amb l'Orquestra Ciutat de Granada en el que va ser la seva estrena en versió en castellà.

I aquest proper més de maig més de 1600 cantaires de tot Catalunya la interpretaran en dos concerts que s'oferiran a l'Auditori de Barcelona sota la batuta d'Antoni Ros-Marbà, autor de la música de la cantata i director de l'estrena el maig de 1977.

La gran novetat del present volum és que, per primera vegada, la presentem en edició trilingüe interpretable. Aquesta novetat representa un pas més en la política editorial del SCIC i en la projecció nacional i internacional del nostre material i les nostres experiències.

En aquesta ocasió tenim la sort de comptar amb una adaptació al castellà ja experimentada i amb gran èxit. I també, a més, una adaptació a l'anglès feta amb gran entusiasme que esperem que l'estrena confirmi.

Pel que fa a la versió que publiquem és la de veu i piano, sempre amb el ben entès que es tracta d'una reducció orquestral que ha de servir pel treball en els assajos. En la música incidental que acompanya la narració, inexecutable al piano, indiquem quins instruments hi participen a fi que el director disposi d'aquesta informació.

SOBRE L'OBRA

La cantata *Tirant lo Blanc* combina de forma magistral i amb gran sentit pedagògic el llenguatge musical propi de l'autor amb el del passat. És alhora una demostració d'equilibri entre el lirisme d'algunes inspiradíssimes melodies i el dramatisme d'escenes com "la batalla", amb aquell crit a la llibertat perduda tant plena de sentit en la dècada dels setanta i que encara ara ens interpel·la. Ros-Marbà fa gala del gran coneixement de l'orquestra (en una plantilla atípica, sense violins ni violes, instruments dels quals es va prescindir per raons purament econòmiques) que li és propi per professió, aconseguint un so general de l'obra molt transparent i directe que pot anar des del propi de la música de cambra fins als grans clímax sempre magistralment conduïts.

Pel que fa al text de Núria Albó, cal destacar la qualitat intrínseca tant en la prosa dels narradors com en els versos de les parts corals. I té un valor afegit: la forma magistral en què converteix el text de Joanot Martorell en una cantata per a infants, fent possible que els nens

la comprenguin sense trair-la. Aquest és sens dubte el gran mèrit: posar a l'abast, o millor dit, obrir una porta cap aquesta obra capdal de la literatura catalana del s.XV.

PER TREBALLAR-LA AVUI

Musicalment res no ha canviat. A l'hora de treballar-la caldrà molt rigor en tots els aspectes (afinació, ritme, fraseig, articulació, etc.) però caldrà també fer un molt bon treball de text, no només perquè el públic entengui allò que els cantaires canten, sinó perquè és molt important que els cantaires comprenguin què estan dient. Per això caldrà una bona preparació per part del director. Una preparació que passarà per la documentació bibliogràfica i una lectura atenta del text de la cantata de Núria Albó complementada amb l'extensa literatura sobre l'obra i amb les seves adaptacions per a infants.

Aquest és un aspecte important i més en els temps en què ens toca ensenyar aquesta cantata ja que, si s'obvia aquest treball de comprensió profunda, pot restar com una estampa bèl·lica que justifica les guerres entre els pobles, res més lluny de la voluntat dels autors i promotors de l'obra.

Cal buscar i trobar els valors positius i emfasitzar-los en el treball amb els cantaires: la llibertat com a màxima, l'amor, el coratge, la lleialtat, l'honor, el respecte, etc. però també la bellesa que s'amaga darrera de cada mot i de cada nota.

Martí Ferrer i Abel Castilla
Coordinació del SCIC

AGRAÏMENTS:

Primerament, als autors tant del text com de la música per la seva generositat en el seu dia quan feren llurs treballs, i també per la seva bona disposició vers al SCIC i dinamisme a l'hora d'afrontar i fer possibles nous reptes per la seva obra: enregistraments, edició, adaptació,... El SCIC i el país mai no els ho compensarà prou.

A les persones que han fet les adaptacions, perquè sense la seva habilitat i rigor, i sobretot bona disposició, no seria possible aquesta edició.

A Tenora Edicions Musicals, S.L., per la seva amable i desinteressada autorització a la publicació d'aquesta versió de veu i piano del *Tirant lo Blanc*.

A Maria Blasco, pel seu ajut en facilitar la reducció de l'orquestra per a piano.

A Pilar Casals, que amb entrega i dedicació va revisar l'obra i va trobar les millors solucions per fer possible la interpretació de la reducció d'orquestra per als pianistes amb deu dits repartits equitativament entre les dues mans.

A tota aquella gent que en el seu moment va tenir la brillant idea d'encarregar el *Tirant lo Blanc* i a tots aquells que al llarg d'aquest 25 anys han mantingut viu en el record i en el gest aquest crit a la llibertat que és aquesta obra.

I finalment, a tots els qui de forma anònima han revisat una i una altra vegada les galerades o d'alguna o altra manera han fet possible aquesta edició.

Moltes gràcies a tots.

Tirant lo Blanc

Cant d'entrada

$\text{♩} = 108$

1. Ti - rant	lo Blanc,	_____	Ti -
(3) - rant	lo Blanc,	_____	Ti -
<i>1. Ti - rant</i>	<i>lo Blanc,</i>		<i>Ti -</i>
<i>(3) - rant</i>	<i>lo Blanc.</i>		<i>Ti -</i>

-rant	lo Blanc,	_____la	flor	dels ca - va - llers,	gen	- til	de cos _____	i ar -
-rant	lo Blanc,	_____co	- men -	ça a ga - lo - par	amb	pas	se - gur _____	i amb
<i>rant</i>	<i>lo Blanc,</i>	<i>la</i>	<i>flor</i>	<i>de la vir - tud,</i>	<i>hon</i>	<i>- ra - do i - fiel,</i>	<i>va -</i>	
<i>rant</i>	<i>lo Blanc,</i>	<i>co</i>	<i>- mien -</i>	<i>za a ga - lo - par,</i>	<i>que</i>	<i>tu bon - dad</i>	<i>des -</i>	

Gent de Nàpols...

Allegretto ♩. = 54

1. Gent de Nà - pòls i de
om - ple les ga -
1. Ca - ba - lle - ros de Si -
puer - to las ga -

5
Ro - ma, oi - là de Si - ci - lia i fo - ras -
le - res, oi - là amb que - viu - res i sol -
ci - lia, o - id hom - bres de ar - mas a - cu -
ler - ras es - tán pres - tas pa - ra na - ve -

9
- ters, {trum-lai - là} lai - là {trum-lai - là} un du - cat als ho - mes
- dats, {trum-lai - là} (trum-lai - là) i Ti - rant por - ta trom -
- did, a - cu - did (a - cu - did) ve - nid (a - cu - did) un du - ca - do por sol -
- gar, va - ve - gar (na - ve - gar) zar - par (na - ve - gar) y Ti - rant lle - va trom -

Oh, quin delit

All^o. mosso ♩ = 108

4

1. Oh quin de - lit,	oh quin de - lit	sen -
2. Oh quin con - sol,	oh quin con - sol	per
1. Oh qué pla - cer,	oh qué pla - cer	sien -
2. Con - sue - lo es,	con - sue - lo es	a

8

- to en mon pit.	Ja no es - tic trist	d'en - ça que hevist	Ti - rant lo Blanc no - ble i ga -
al meu dol	sa - ber que un tal	ca - va - llê em val.	Et fa - ré ho - nor amb tot el
- to en mi ser,	oh qué pla - cer	lle - gar a ver	Ti - rant lo Blanc no - ble y ga -
mi do - lor,	tal ca - ba - lle	ro a mi fa - vor:	te ren - di - ré to - do ho -

"Jo et dic que m'ha contentat més la vista de Tirant tot sol que la tots els altres cavallers que he vist en el món"

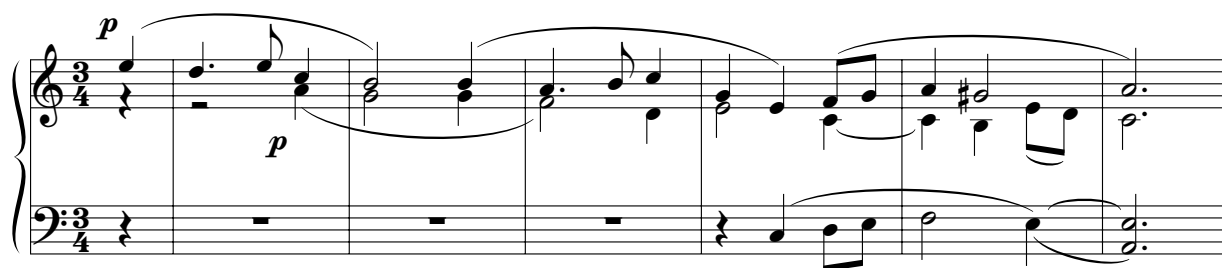
L'Emperador va fer cridar Tirant i ell i tota la seva parentela es van abillar molt bé amb brocats i sedes i argenteria i així abillats anaren al palau. L'Emperador el va fer passar mentre la seva filla es pentinava i li va preguntar:

"Os digo que la sola visión de Tirant me ha contentado más que la de ningún otro caballero del mundo"

El Emperador hizo llamar a Tirant y él y toda su Compañía se engalanaron con brocados y sedas y pedrería. Y así ataviados llegaron a palacio. Y el Emperado hizo pasar a Tirant donde su hija se estaba peinando y le preguntó:

M'han dit, capità...

Moderato mosso ♩ = 108



8

M'han dit, ca-pi - tà, que un mal us tor - tu - ra: di-gueu-me quin és?
 Di - cen, ca-pi - tán que un mal os tor - tu - ra, de-cid-me cual es:

14

si és mal que té cu - ra, jo, l'em-pe - ra - dor, fa-ré en-llà el do - lor.
 si es mal que se cu - ra, yo, em-pe - ra - dor, qui-ta-ré el do - lor.

A l'espill...

Mosso ♩ = 104

A l'es - pill veu-reu l'i - mat - ge que em pot
En la i - ma-gen del es - pe - jo ve-réis

4
fer viu-re o mo - rir.
qué me ha-ce su - frir

7
Oh, di - gueu a-bans que mar - xi si és la vi-da el meu des-tí.
Ve-réis quien tie-ne en sus ma - nos mi vi - vir o mi mo - rir.

Caixa *p* *pp* *pp* *pp*

Piano

Plat sospès

Bombo

Pno.1

Repet. ad. lib.

NARRADOR:

I així fou la batalla. Tirant digué als seus cavallers:

NARRADOR:

Y así fue la batalla. Tirant dijo a sus caballeros:

La batalla

Piano

mf

Cor I

mf *p*

Ca - va - llers de l'a - la dre - ta des - ple - gueu - vos or - de - nats.

A mi dies - tra, ca - ba - lle - ros, vues - tra tro - pa des - ple - gad.

Cor II

mf *p*

Ca - va - llers de l'a - la dre - ta des - ple - gueu - vos or - de - nats.

A mi dies - tra, ca - ba - lle - ros, vues - tra tro - pa des - ple - gad.

Cor III

Cor IV

mf

NARRADOR:

Foren celebrades les esposalles amb grans festes i convits i Tirant es delia per acabar la conquesta de l'imperi i poder fruit per sempre més de la companyia de la dolça Carmesina.

Partí doncs altra vegada i recobrà tota la província de Blagai i tota la terra de Brina i tota la terra de Foixa i tota la terra de Bòcina amb moltes ciutats, castells i viles que tenien molta voluntat de tornar a l'Imperi grec per la mala senyoria que tenien dels moros. I encara va prendre moltes altres terres que no recitem per no allargar-nos massa.

NARRADOR:

Fueron celebrados los esponsales con grandes fiestas y convites. Y Tirant no ansiaba otra cosa que finalizar la reconquista del imperio y poder gozar el resto de sus días de la compañía de la dulce Carmesina.

Partió, pues, de nuevo y recobró toda la provincia de Blagay y toda la tierra de Brina y toda la tierra de Focia y toda la tierra de Bocina con muchas ciudades, castillos, y villas que tenían mucha voluntad de retornar al imperio bizantino por el mal señorío de los turcos. Y tomó aún muchas más tierras que no recitamos para no hacer la narración demasiado extensa.

Cant final

Allegro moderato ♩ = 108

Cors

f > % >

1. A - déu, Ti-rant, a -
 déu, Ti-rant, a -
 1. A - diós Ti-rant, a -
 diós Ti-rant, a -

Piano

4

-déu, Ti-rant, cla - ror dels nos-tres ulls. Tu has des-lliur-rat la
 -déu Ti-rant gen - til i no-ble cos, flor de bon-dat i es-
 -diós Ti-rant. Tu fuer-zq y tu va - lor nos li - be-ró del
 -diós Ti-rant. Tus ges - tas pa - ra siem - pre vi - vi-rán en

TIRANT LO BLANC

Texts from the novel by Joanot Martorell (fifteenth century) adapted by Núria Albó. Music by Antoni Ros-Marbà.

Chorus:

TIRANT LO BLANC

Tirant lo Blanc, the brave and noble knight
Truthful of soul, burning with certitude.
Defender of the weak and the oppressed
Becomes the order you swear uphold.

Tirant lo Blanc, the brave and noble knight
Let your honour bring you the greatest joy.
Do not seek gold or lose sight of your aim
for you have sworn to serve justice and right.

Tirant lo Blanc prepare to gallop forth
with a sure step and your upright attitude.
Let virtue be in your heart and mind
for thus becomes a brave and noble knight.

Narrator: “I, Henry, King of England and Lord of Great Britain and the Principality of Wales and of Ireland, announce to everyone and generally to emperors, kings, dukes, counts and marquises, princes, noble knights and gentlemen that great feasts have been held in my kingdoms and that knights came to take up arms and fight to the death, with all honour bestowed on the one who has fought best. Therefore, by order, mandate and proclamation, I grant the worldly glory, honour and fame to the virtuous knight, Tirant lo Blanc, dubbed by my own hand. Let it be spread to the four winds that is the best of the knights, and I further command that he be mounted on a great, pure white horse, like the glorious knight, Saint George, and that great feast be held that last for fifteen days. And so that everyone should know the truth of these events, I have signed this letter in red ink and have sealed it with my own seal. I, King Henry”.

As he had sworn when he received the order of chivalry, Tirant lo Blanc was always ready to defend justice and the law whenever for found them violated. That is why his fame spread throughout the world and how it happened that in Sicily, he was asked for assistance by the Emperor of Constantinople in fight against the Turks, who had not only captured most of his lands, but also killed his only son. Tirant lo Blanc graciously accepted and the King of Sicily gave orders that eleven galleys be prepared:

Chorus:

PEOPLE OF NAPLES

People of Naples and of Rome, oilà,
Sicily and foreigners: trum lai la
one ducat to the volunteer
half a ducat to the knights.

The king has filled the galleys, oilà,
with provisions and recruits
and Tirant has carried trumpets
to enliven the combat.

With good wind and a calm sea
the galleys set off to sail
they saw Constantinople
And the fleet arrived in port.

Narrator: When the emperor got word that Tirant had come, he was happier than he had ever been and said that he felt as if his

own son had come back to life. The eleven galleys entered the port with great rejoicing and the fanfare of trumpets, and the sound could be heard over the city. The emperor stood on a high platform to watch the galleys coming in. When Tirant learned when the emperor was standing, he sent for two great banners of Sicily and one of his own and had three armed knights dressed all in white with no outer robes. Each one of them carried a banner in his hand and every time they passed in front of the emperor, they lowered their banners toward the sea, letting Tirant's banner touch the water. And that was how they saluted him. When the emperor saw this signal, which was new to him and which he had never seen before, he was well content, but happier still at the coming of Tirant.

Chorus:

O, WHAT DELIGHT

O, what delight (repeat)

I feel inside
no longer sad
since I have seen
Tirant lo Blanc
noble gallant.

O, what a balm (repeat)

for all my pain
to know a knight
will help me through
I honour you
with all my heart.

From this moment commander, be

In peace and war
My chosen one
In charge of all
warriors and knights.

Narrator: Tirant lo Blanc wished to refuse such high honours but the emperor said to him, “In my house no one can command but the one I choose. I want you to be the third person of my empire, for in my misfortune, I have lost the one he comforted my soul. And because I can no longer bear arms, for I am too old, and my daughter, the infant, cannot do so as a woman, I want it to be you and no other who bears arms in my stead.

So Tirant accepted the rank of commander. The trumpets began to sound and word was spread throughout the city that Tirant lo Blanc had been chosen commander-in-chief of the armies and of justice.

The emperor wanted Tirant to retire and rest himself, but he said:

Chorus:

O, MAJESTY!

O, Majesty!
Your willingly
O, please if I may come with you
wherever you are going, to
please may I come
to the palace

Narrator: The emperor began to laugh and was pleased because Tirant asked permission to pay homage to the empress

and to the Infanta Carmesina. The emperor took him by the hand and led him to the chamber where the ladies were. The room was very dim because it was the custom in those kingdoms to keep the windows closed during the period of mourning, and such was the case then, for everyone bewailed the death of the eldest son. When Tirant was presented, the empress said to him, “You are very welcome”. But he replied that he had to trust the word of the emperor when he said that she was indeed his wife, since his own eyes could offer him no manner of proof. So the emperor commanded a torch to be brought to him. Tirant could then see a lady wearing a long black veil that covered her from head to toe. Tirant drew her veil aside and the empress was revealed. He kissed her foot and then her hand. The Tirant spied a bed with black draperies. He parted them and seated on the bed was the most beautiful damsel in the world. It was the Infanta Carmesina.

From that moment on, Tirant was a prisoner of love. He could neither eat nor sleep and all the knights of his company feared that he had fallen ill. The infanta on her part said to one of her ladies-in-waiting, “I tell you that I was more pleased by Tirant than by all the Knights I have met in my life”.

The emperor summoned Tirant and he and all his retinue adorned themselves in brocades and silks and silver embroidery, and thus attired they went to the palace. The emperor received him while his daughter was getting dressed and he asked him:

Chorus:

I HEARD, COMMANDER

I heard, Commander
an illness afflicts you.
Tell me what it is.
There must be some type of cure
I, the emperor
can help ease the pain

Narrator: Tirant sighed, going at the infanta, who wore a gown all embroidered with gold and pearls, and he said:

Chorus:

It's the waves and wind that hurt me
My torment comes from the sea
Because the winds in this land are
Stronger than those in the west.
It is the sun that burns the tree
which has caused my suffering
For the fire it has kindled
nothing can ever put out

Narrator: And before the emperor had time to reply, the infanta broke in:

Chorus:

Commander, please the great waves
have taken greater honour
Do not say that they do harm you
Value them higher than gold

Knight, it was not the correct thing
to speak ill of our great sun
As it can treat low men harshly
But brings comfort to the good

Narrator: Fifteen days after the arrival of Tirant, all the emperor's ships appeared, loaded with men, cereal and horses. Tirant wanted to set out and liberate the Greek Empire from the hand of the Turks who had captured it, but each day his pain at having to leave the princess grew more acute, and he was not bold enough to speak to her of his love.

While he was thus torn between two great desires, to be far away and to evade death, he ordered two banners to be made. One of them was embroidered with golden padlocks on a field of green, because the word "cadenat" (padlock) began with the same letters as Carmesina and in this way the banner would speak for him and of how the sweet chains of the princess held him locked. The other banner he ordered was all in red and on it was painted a raven and a Roman letters around the edge that said, "Raven, follow me and I will give you flesh, either mine or another's". And these two banners gave great pleasure to the emperor and the ladies. When all was ready, Tirant went to take his leave of the princess, and he looked at her love in his eyes while he spoke:

Chorus:

THE MIRROR

Look at the mirror, the image
there will make me live or die
O, tell me before I go that,
living is my destiny.

If the lady that abides there
does not want to break my heart
The answer that she gives to me
would be a clear sign of love

I beg of you, Carmesina
to take the mirror and look
and tell me if the lady there
wants me to be her servant

And if when your green eyes smile
they reflect the smile within
No Turk will relish confronting,
the brave and mighty Tirant

Narrator: The Princess took the mirror and went into her room, expecting that when she looked in it, she would see a woman's portrait. But all she saw was her own face reflected. Then she went to find a beautifully embroidered shirt for Tirant to wear over his armour, as was the custom among knights.

When they went into battle each one always wore a piece of clothing given to him by a lady or a damsel as a token of love to comfort him in times of distress. And that shirt was made from silk thread with wide red bands all covered with embroidered anchors. The sleeves were so long they touched the ground, but Tirant rolled them up to his forearm and tied them tightly in place with a golden cord so they would not slip down. When the people of the empire saw all the knights so nobly dressed, they began to shout for joy:

Chorus:

TIRANT LO BLANCH GALLOPING FORTH

Tirant lo Blanch
Galloping forth

To the battle
To regain back
the lost freedom
stolen from us

Good noble knights
valiant warriors
O, that your hand
will give us back
the lost freedom
stolen from us

Be strong and bold
Daring and brave
To wrestle from
the foreign hand
the lost freedom
stolen from us

Narrator: When they arrived at a river called Transimeno, each side marshalled its troops. Tirant organized his own in the following way. All the horses were positioned in a straight line, and no head was farther forward than the one beside it. And all were in splendid order. The banners of the emperor were in the centre and the banners of the barons of Sicily and one of the empires were on the sides. And the Commander walked from one end to the other, asking if everyone was in order, for if they were, they would be the conquerors that day.

And the Sultan marshalled his innumerable host and put all his troops in order. The men who bore lances and shields were positioned at the front as a barrier. Behind them were the crossbowmen and archers. Then came the horses, very well protected and wearing high plumes, and the Turks brought up the rear and they had more than four hundred bombardiers. And the battle was on. Tyrant said to his knights:

Chorus:

THE BATTLE

Good Knights of the right wing, ready,
To spread out in file and line.
Good Knights of the left wing, ready,
Be prepared for the signal

Narrator: The Turks thought that their enemies were escaping and they start to pursue them, shouting:

Chorus:

They flee, they flee,
Do not want to fight
Throw down all your weapons
Who wants to capture them

Narrator: In order to run more quickly, they all threw aside their crossbows and lances. Tirant said to his men:

Chorus:

Knights, let them run, far from here
Let them run far from their camp
And your great wings, enclose on them
To make a tight circle, shut

Narrator: And that is what they did. And then the Turks exclaimed:

Chorus:

What happened? What happened?
We have been betrayed
Tirant and his brave men
They have surrounded us

Narrator: Tirant was the conqueror, as he was in so many more battles that the Greek Empire was nearly liberated from the cruel invaders. He was then summoned to Constantinople to the presence of the emperor, who had learned of his daughter's great love for him. He wanted them to marry and for Tirant to become the heir to his empire. And all his people with great joy and good will received that command of the emperor.

Chorus:

LONG LIVE TIRANT

Long live Tirant
Great capitan
We honour him
And we praise him
If you command (twice)
He is your heir

Long Live Tirant
Great capitan
Triumph he must
Like has before
Let him go on
Until the end

Narrator: And the engagement was celebrated with great banquets and feasts, and Tirant was eager to finish the conquest of the empire so as to enjoy the company of the sweet Carmesina forever. So he departed once again and he reclaimed the entire province of Baglai and all the land of Brina and all the land of Foixa and all the land of Bocina, with their many cities, castles and villages that were longing to return to the Greek Empire because of the harsh rule of the Turks. And he continued to take many other lands, which we do not recount here, for the story would be too long.

Chorus:

FAREWELL TIRANT

Farewell, Tirant, the bright light of our eyes
You have freed us, invasion you withheld
Bless the north wind that carried your great ship]
For your brave arm, put an end to our tears

Farewell, Tirant, console the weak and poor
Let your sure step; be like rain on dry soil
Each thirsty tree, brings forth flower and bud]

And a song comes, to the lips of the mute

Farewell, Tirant, the brave and noble knight]

Example for the people, model of good
Let the thoughts of, your deeds live on and on]

Tirant lo Blanc, if never see you more.