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**Caught up between Nets, Hooks, and Rhymes:  
Translator’s commentary for the *Entremès del Pasquedó***

RICHARD HUDDLESON / RIOCÁRD Ó hODDAIL  
University College Dublin, Ireland

At first glance, this anonymous Mallorcan cuckoldry play could be easily dismissed as comical and one-dimensional, but when you scratch the surface, it reveals itself to be stark social criticism as economic hardship, ravenous hunger, and class divisions stalk the world of the play. Whilst we have no specific date for the play, which has been passed down to us through numerous manuscripts, its setting does provide some clues as Massutí and Llompart (12) note that, in the sixteenth century, fishing went into rapid decline because of the threat of Barbary pirates. The dictionary of theatre from the Balearic Islands (Mas i Vives 37) suggests its origins are rooted in the oral tradition of the 1400s or 1500s. Regardless of its original date, the play continues to be recycled and its eighteenth-century version serves as the base for a radical re-writing by Llorenç Moyà Gilabert in 1980.

The language of hunger and eating punctuate the text, giving us some interesting utterances to consider. At the start of the play, Llacinta laments living hand to mouth, referring to making “se pasterade” (a kneaded mass), but she is often unable to finish her dish as her husband must return with the day’s catch. Rather than grapple with what this unrefined dish would resemble, I have referred instead to a “cooking pot” in need of ingredients. Originally, I had thought of a “kitchen”, but such a room would not be found in the homes belonging to the lower rungs of society. The couple’s precarious existence is further emphasized as Llacinta asks her husband whether they eat as well as others during times “de coreme” (the forty days of Lent) and “de carnal” (non-fast days when meat could be consumed). Given how different our eating habits are today, this historical reference would be largely lost on a contemporary audience, and so my translation limits itself to Lenten fasting.

One tricky item of culture-bound realia appears in a reference to a “rahol”, a flat, circular shelf that would hang from the ceiling. This was used to keep foodstuffs, particularly freshly baked bread, out of the reach of rodents. Given how unfamiliar this item is to us today, I have chosen to refer to a “larder” in my translation. Later in the play, in an attempt to come to terms with his sudden transformation, the fisherman makes a clear reference to the improved diet that comes with this new role and social status, “A lo menos des pa més blanc / poré menjar” (“At least now I’ll eat the finest white bread”). This aspiration certainly clashes with our current desire for artisanal breads made from ancient grains, but I have decided not to make a change here as the friar previously clarifies that the transformation into a friar is a promotion of sorts (“Ton marit gananci té”) for the lowly fisherman. One strange utterance, “just just, com un ca, de paye, pes seu menjà”, comes from the Mallorcan saying, “com un ca és afectat de menjar palla” (“as a dog is affected by eating hay”), meaning that someone has no desire to work. I have been less creative here, and simply stated the meaning.

Hunger aside, there is a daunting economic dimension to Llacinta’s opening lament. During Lent and fast days, medieval Christians switched meat for fish, making it a profitable time for Mallorca’s fishing communities. Llacinta reveals this social reality as she gloats about how they will make forty Mallorcan sous (translated more loosely as “plenty of money”) from the catch. However, by sleeping on through the afternoon, the fisherman’s folly would have severe economic consequences for his household. In Llacinta’s eyes, her husband has shifted from being an asset to becoming a liability, and this justifies her pact with the friar. Both the act of fishing and the sale of the catch were carried out under strict conditions in medieval

Mallorca. Any fish that were not sold during the market day would have their tailfins removed and could then be sold again the following day, but a prefect would have to inspect any fish brought to market to ensure their freshness (Sastre Moll 54). Whilst there is no textual evidence to suggest that such fish had to be sold at a lower price, we can assume that any punter would want to buy the freshest produce.

The text's setting does bring up questions of how we negotiate and translate a different world for a contemporary audience, but it is the wide range of rhyme schemes (alternate/ABAB, coupled/AABB, enclosed/ABBA) that present the most challenging textual features. Overall, the source text's rhyme schemes have been mimicked in my translation, but, in some instances, the rhyme is curtailed in the Catalan. This could be down to the text's long history and constant state of being recycled, a process through which words or entire verses may have been lost. Textual instability is nothing unusual and should be expected with the passage of time and as language evolves. For example, as Horobin (54) reveals, the words "glass" and "was" rhyme in Chaucer's English, as do "nice" and "malice", but they have all since lost that quality. In Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (Act 4, Scene 5, verses 197-98), Ophelia is able to rhyme the words "gone" and "moan", but these two no longer acoustically correspond in contemporary English. A similar phenomenon occurs in this text, as "castigat" should rhyme with "cap" (No pot ser sinó que Déu / m'à castigat, / perquè es frares aforjés / duya al cap). In response to this textual tension, and the rich poetic fossils that are buried within, I have focused on maintaining a flow through the text, given that this is a play and therefore has to be performed. That is why I have taken the decision to insert rhymes into my translation in an attempt to repair those sudden and irregular breaks where none can be found in the source text.

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## Entremès del Pasquedó

## The Fisherman's Short Play

Translated by Richard Huddleson

Dramatis personae:

**Pasquedó**  
**Llacinta**  
**Frare**

**Pescadó**

O que ofici atribulat  
té un pascadó!  
sempre pase fam o set,  
fret o caló.

**Llacinta**

O, que mal és ser muller  
d'un pascadó  
De aquests de ray o de cañe,  
que ja és pitjó!  
Moltes voltes tote sole  
me he de colguà  
y, com vui se pasterade,  
la tenc dins ma.

**Pescadó**

Llacinta, espoze mia,  
no caleu tema:  
dins breu tems arriberem  
a la coreme  
y aleshores guoñerem  
algun diné,  
perquè no-s poden valer  
des carnisé.

**Llacinta**

Voleu dir que, de coreme  
y de carnal,  
no tenim sempre es rahol  
a un igual?

Dramatis personae:

**Fisherman**  
**Llacinta**  
**Friar**

**Fisherman**

Oh, what a strange trade the  
fisherman does ply!  
Always beset by hunger or thirst,  
whether it's bucketing down or bone dry.

**Llacinta**

Oh, what a tragedy it is  
to be a fisherman's wife,  
the sort with rods and nets.  
For me, it's a life full of strife!  
I am often left here alone.  
I'd soon throw myself from the quay.  
For when my cooking pot needs ingredients,  
My husband's to be found out at sea.

**Fisherman**

Llacinta, my dear wife,  
stop your lament:  
I'll be back shortly,  
just before Lent.  
I'll then have money,  
and as a fine treat,  
we'll have ourselves  
a helping of meat.

**Llacinta**

Are you telling me,  
whether it's Lent or not,  
our larder's not as well stocked  
as any another man's lot?

**Pescadó**

Llacinta, jo som pertit  
 a devés ma;  
 fereu de tractar-vos bé,  
 quant no, en tornà,  
 es guarrot de sas sanayes  
 faré serví.  
 Vós ja sabeu quinas voltes  
 solec tení.

**Llacinta**

Que direu vós que jo em sia  
 trectade mal,  
 quant ausent y present  
 vos som lleal?

**Pescadó**

Ay! Si algú qui no's conyex  
 vos sentigués,  
 poria ser que vos conpràs  
 ab bons doblés.  
 Me han dit que com som a ma,  
 moltes vegades,  
 ab aquell frare aforjé  
 feys conversades.

**Llacinta**

Y quin mal ey à fins aquí ?  
 Li deman algun rosari.

**Pescadó**

Vós no'n teniu necesari,  
 un me baste un any per mi.

**Llacinta**

De un frare té jalousia.  
 Què feria si altri vengués?

**Pescadó**

Jo no crec que res digués;

**Fisherman**

Llacinta, I'm off.  
 I'm called to the sea;  
 Try to behave, do it for me.  
 For if you don't, upon my return,  
 I'll take a straw bag, untie it,  
 and beat you hard.  
 You've seen my strength.  
 So, be on your guard.

**Llacinta**

When I am ill-treated,  
 you'll soon come to.  
 Whether you're on land or at sea,  
 to you, I remain true.

**Fisherman**

Oh, if someone who didn't know us  
 overheard you,  
 as your husband, I'd be expected to  
 beat you black and blue.  
 Many's the time I've been told  
 that long conversations with that  
 mendicant saddle-bag monk  
 you're eager to hold.

**Llacinta**

And what's wrong with some idle chitchat?  
 A rosary prayer is all I ask, and that's that.

**Fisherman**

Prayers are not needed. Can't you see?  
 I pray once a year and that's enough for me.

**Llacinta**

I see you're jealous of the friar,  
 but what would you do with another man by  
 your fire?

**Fisherman**

I don't think I'd say a single word,

però frare y, a més,  
de aquells qui fan de auforjés  
no en vui per ninguna via.  
Jo me'n vayx y en tornà,  
si trop aquí s'auforjé,  
vós veureu es paxaté  
com sa sabrà descartà.

### **Llacinta**

Jo's don llasenci de mi  
que faseu lo que es plaurà.  
(*Aparte.*)  
Justament se estrevendrà  
que tròpia es frare así?

(Se'n va)

### **Pescadó**

Falt a ont falt, jo no deyx  
de dur-me'n sa carabase.  
Sempre bec de pase en pase.  
tot eu farà un bon peyx.

(Beu.)

Vui-me aseure asuasí,  
que encare eu trop dejornet.  
Meyam si em treuria es fret  
sa carabase des vi.

(Se asseu.)

Vui prende una roegade  
y, si puc, la buidaré.  
Meyam si encalentiré  
Se panxe qui'stà enrredade.

(Beu.)

Benaje qui't trepicjà!  
Quin tranc tenia!  
Tant gustós és que, a poc a poc,  
dóna alegría.  
Que aquest vi pugua torbà  
jo no eu creuré,  
perquè com més ne bec  
més bon gust té.

but that friar, or any other  
saddlebag-wielding, mendicant lovebird,  
I don't want near my home.

I'm off now, but upon my return,  
should I meet a saddlebag man-of-strife,  
you'll soon see what a fisherman  
can do when armed with a knife.

### **Llacinta**

Dear husband, I give to you my consent  
to do as you please.  
(*Aside*)  
Should the friar be seen at my knees,  
my husband's anger would soon be vent.

*Llacinta exits.*

### **Fisherman**

On land or at sea, my only wish  
is to have my flask not too far from my lips.  
Whether I'm in port or out on the ships,  
I find myself drinking like a fish.

*Takes a swig.*

I'll take a moment to sit down here,  
for the current tide's no-good.  
A sip of wine from my flask should  
banish these chills before I head to the weir.

*He sits down.*

My belly fancies a good drenchin',  
and, if I can, I'll soon empty this flask.  
When I neck down this thirst-quenchin'  
lovely liquid, I'll soon return to my task.

*Takes a swig.*

Blessed are the feet that stomped these  
grapes.  
That thirst near had me!  
Such delicious wine and, little by little,  
it makes me happy.  
They say this wine can blur the senses,  
But I've no interest in such pretences.  
The more I drink of this fine wine,

(Beu.)

Prenguem colque roeguade  
y colque glop  
y, si axí eu fas, porà ser  
que anit no sop.  
Hare prendem es camí  
a cercar pex.

(Es vol alsar y no pot)

Ola! Jo no em puc alsà!  
Que euré fet fex?  
Sas sanayes de sa terre  
no puc alsà :  
Com crec jo que será poc  
es meu pescà!  
Vose mersè, señó vi  
de mi governe:  
No hem maltrat, que jo no som  
persona esterna.  
Asus-suasí, es qui vénen,  
los y aguart.  
Porà ser que demà es pex  
mènjan molt tart.

(Queda adormit y surt es Frare aufferjer)

### **Frare**

Hermano som, molt tems ha,  
de aquest convent;  
Sempre he servit de bon cor  
y llealment.  
A prendre capilla may  
puc arribà.  
Per dolent crec que em treuran  
en afinà  
Que jo eu maresch,  
perquè tot es pa que aplach  
jo el partesch  
y no en don a jent qui'n tengua  
necesitat.  
Axò és esser un frare  
ben enseñat!

the better it tastes, it's simply divine.

*Drinks some more.*

Have another little taste,  
and knock back another swig,  
and sure enough before supper,  
I'll be full up like a pig.  
Well, I'd best get moving and  
catch us some fish.

*He tries to get up, but fails to do so.*

Oh my, I can't get up!  
What have I done?  
I can't lift up my straw bags.  
It's as if they weighed a tonne!  
I don't think I'll be bringing home  
any fish now.  
Oh, wine, lordly liquid  
that holds sway over me:  
Let us not come to blows, for I  
must hurry to the quay.  
I need to fill my nets and get back  
to this very place.  
For if I bring my fish late to market,  
I'll be a downright disgrace.

*He falls asleep. The Friar enters.*

### **Friar**

I am a righteous man of God,  
in the convent near here.  
With loyalty and enthusiasm,  
I've served many a year.  
Despite that, I don't see myself  
ever reaching the top.  
The others find me nasty,  
so, my career's hit a stop.  
Perhaps my name's deserved,  
for every of loaf of bread my hand touches,  
I make sure some reaches the poorest ones'  
clutches.  
But I don't give it out to those who aren't  
truly needy.  
After all, who can stand a friar that's  
greedy?

(Trobe es Pascadó qui jeu.)

Què és axò que veyx así ?  
Homo qui jeu,  
homo qui dorm a tal hora...  
Axò no treu!  
Aquí ey à cose,  
perquè pareyx que se robe  
no li fa nose.

(El toca)

Germà, què feis aquí?  
Que será mort?  
Encare parex que alena,  
però dorm fort.  
Vaje! Aquesta carabase  
li eurà fet mal,  
Per axò es miix des res  
ha fet hostal.  
Y ell pareyx es pascadó  
de na Llacinta.  
Vax-la a vèurer y li diré  
es joc com pinta.

(Se'n va el Frare y surt na Llacinta.)

**Llacinta**

Mon marit sa deu trobà  
a la ribera.  
Qui sap deu aguafà pex  
sobra manera.  
Corante sous goñerà  
aquesta nit.

*Surt es Frare y diu:*

No et penses que guaño res,  
que està dormit.

**Llacinta**

Què deys?

**Frare**

Que qui dorm no guaño  
ab son trabay;

*He comes across the sleeping fisherman.*

What's this that I see?  
A man dozing.  
A man fast asleep at this hour...  
It cannot be!  
There's something going on here  
that seems rather odd,  
and I can safely say it's not an act of God.

*The Friar nudges the Fisherman.*

Brother, what are you doing here?  
Have you dropped dead?  
It seems he's still breathing.  
The snoring rings through his head.  
Ah, look! This flask and its contents  
must have taken its toll.  
That's why he's sleepy,  
the drink's got his soul.  
And it seems he's a fisherman,  
the one married to Llacinta – that's him!  
I shall go and tell her  
of the state her husband's in.

*The **Friar** exits. **Llacinta** enters.*

**Llacinta**

My husband should be off fishing,  
dragging them out of the sea's fresh foam.  
Who knows how many big baskets of fish  
he'll be bringing back home.  
And we'll make plenty of money  
when he gets back with the stock tonight.

*The **Friar** enters and says:*

I don't think you'll be making any money.  
Your husband's out like a light.

**Llacinta**

What?

**Friar**

Whosoever sleeps on earns nothing  
when there's toil to be done.



y jo, de trebay, no en vui  
hare ni may;  
perquè som tan afectat  
de trebayà,  
just just, com un ca, de paye,  
pes seu menjà.

### **Llacinta**

Fraret, apertau-vos  
d'aquest portal,  
perquè, si mon marit ve,  
heu prendrà a mal.

### **Frare**

Ton marit, dexe'l anà :  
jo el tenc segú.  
Prest, aquí, no le y tendràs,  
si no'l fas du.  
Si, per si, ha de venir,  
sa torbarie:  
No l'espers d'aquí demà  
pasat mixdie.

### **Llacinta**

Y per què?

### **Frare**

Perquè està estès  
prop de camí,  
qui no y veu de mal de cap  
des fum des vi.

### **Llacinta**

Prou ma avia comenat  
que, ab aforjés,  
hare ni per ningun temps  
no les agués.

### **Frare**

Que ha sentit oló de res?

Although as a friar, I can't say I do much  
work.

I prefer to avoid the sun.  
I'm always so drained  
just watching the efforts of others,  
so I leave all the hard work  
to my fellow Christian brothers.

### **Llacinta**

My dear friar, come away  
from the doorway and be quick.  
For if my husband were to see you,  
anger would overtake him fast and thick.

### **Friar**

Don't worry about your husband.  
I've got my eye on him.  
He's not in any hurry to be here,  
unless you drag him by the limb.  
If he's to come, bearing fish,  
he'd surely take this time.  
Don't wait for him any longer  
once the day's past its midday prime.

### **Llacinta**

What for?

### **Friar**

Well, he's out for the count  
on a nearby path.  
His body couldn't cope with  
the wine's aftermath.

### **Llacinta**

Many's the time my husband told me  
that saddle-bag-wielding, mendicant monks  
do not deserve so much as the time of day.  
So, to you, 'be gone' is all I have say.

### **Friar**

Do you think I'm out on the hunt for prey?

**Llacinta**

Jo pens que sí.  
 Hem prometé que, si euforjé  
 trobava así,  
 el matarie  
 y sa meva part, a mi,  
 no hem faltarie.

**Frare**

Bones ofertes, per cert,  
 que te ha fetas!  
 Jo no volria repicà  
 per tals completas.

**Llacinta**

Vols que jo y tu, per riure,  
 el vestiguem  
 de aquests àbits que dus  
 y que el dexam  
 al mitx des ras?

**Frare**

Per Déu, que bé has pensat !  
 Serà bon cas!  
 Jo en ses sanayes feré  
 de pasquedó.  
 Y ell, en voure-se frare,  
 tindrà temó:  
 creurà que l'à castigat Déu,  
 y només,  
 perquè tenia avorrits  
 ets euforjès.

**Llacinta**

Però ell se'n temerà.

**Frare**

No tengas po.  
 Ja és conexedó que ets done  
 de molt poc cor.  
 Un homo qui està més gat  
 que una rebase  
 no's tem de ninguna cosa

**Llacinta**

I think so. Yes.  
 He promised me that should he  
 come across a monk like you,  
 he'd soon butcher the man,  
 and then, for my part,  
 beat me black and blue.

**Friar**

What thrilling threats  
 he has promised you.  
 I wouldn't want to deny  
 you a brawl or two.

**Llacinta**

What say you if we, for fun,  
 were to dress him up  
 in one of your habits  
 and then leave him out  
 in the middle of nowhere?

**Friar**

By God! What an idea!  
 We are indeed a devilish pair!  
 With his woven bags,  
 I'll pretend to be a fisherman.  
 Upon seeing himself transformed into a friar  
 he'll be struck with fear – what a plan!  
 He'll soon believe it's  
 a punishment from God  
 for his slight against us friars.  
 We'll soon fool the silly sod!

**Llacinta**

He'll maybe know it's all just a trick.

**Friar**

Don't be afraid!  
 You're well-known for  
 not having much mettle.  
 A poor fisherman who's  
 as pissed as a newt  
 will hardly know what's going on.

que se li fase.

*Se'n van y tórnan sortir.*

Vays-lo que està de adormit!

**Llacinta**

Sí, ja dorm ferm.

**Frare**

Ature't idò y estz àbit  
li posarem.

*Li pòsan els àbits.*

**Llacinta**

A poc a poc, que malguañy  
que ell se'n temés.

**Frare**

Noltros som dos y ell un:  
què vols que fes?  
Sas esperdeñes li deyx  
y es garrot.  
Ab ses aforjes será  
frare de tot.

**Llacinta**

Y com se desperterà...

**Frare**

Què creus que fase ?  
Si pren malici, no pot  
goñar-i mase.

*Se posa ses senayes al coll.*

A fer barrina milló.  
Mai en el món m'i vouré.  
Ton marit gananci té:  
será frare; y jo seré,  
d'esí al davant, pescadó.

He's low-hanging fruit.

*They exit, but soon return.*

Look at how deep in sleep he is!

**Llacinta**

Indeed, sleeping like a log.

**Friar**

Grab hold of him and  
we'll slip this habit on.

*They dress him in the habit.*

**Llatina**

Little by little, or all will be in vain  
should he realize what's afoot.

**Friar**

We are two, he is but one:  
What do you want me to do?  
I'll put these shoes on him too,  
And this here length of wire.  
Give him these saddle-bags,  
and he'll be a fully-fledged friar.

**Llacinta**

And if he wakes up...

**Friar**

What do you think he'll do?  
If he gets upset,  
his lot's been decided.

*Puts the straw bag around the fisherman's  
neck.*

I'll never be seen again. They can search for  
me high and low, to the bottom of the ocean.  
Your husband's moving up in the world  
with his new promotion.

*Se'n van.*

### **Pescadó**

Com és? Que heuré fet llare  
en es dormí ?  
Demà demetí quin pex  
poré tení ?  
Ola ! Jo no vex sanayes  
ni baverons:  
Que eurà pasat colca lladre  
van macions.  
Bé estiré hare:  
ell parex que dormint  
som tornat frare !  
Axò cí que seria bo  
per un qui frisa!  
Y ara no sé si som llec  
o som de misa...

*Se toca el cap.*

No duc corone: llec som  
com un remell.  
Ja pore jo di que som  
frare novell.  
Y jo dec aser auforjé,  
segons sas señes:  
Jo vex auforjes así  
y esperdeñes.  
Bon andà, segons veig,  
no hem faltará.  
A lo menos des pa més blanc  
poré menjar.  
Però y quin convent  
dec aser frare?  
Jo pens es majors trabays  
si vendran hare.  
No es penseu que és un ofici,  
aquest, dolent,  
esser frare y no sabra  
de quin convent.  
Y a ont m'è de retirà,  
masquí de mi ?  
Sa dona no hem volrà veure  
en anar-i,

He'll be a friar; And I, from now onwards,  
shall be a fisherman.

*They exit.*

### **Fisherman**

What's this? What has happened  
whilst I was fast asleep?  
With no fish tomorrow,  
there'll be no money to reap.  
Oh no! My straw bags are gone,  
and so are my nets.  
A dirty thief surely stole them,  
without any regrets.  
Let me get up, stretch, and respire.  
I've transformed whilst I was sleeping,  
and now I'm a friar.  
Well, this would be a blessing  
for any hairdresser with flair.  
Should I scurry off to mass?  
Or shave away my hair?

*He taps his head.*

Well, on my head, I still have a crown of  
hair.  
Surely then, I'm still a layman.  
Perhaps I can now say that I'm  
a novice friar.  
I'll have to make saddle bags,  
God's given me these clues.  
I've also seen monks sporting  
straw-woven shoes.  
Well, as I see it, I won't ever  
be left wanting.  
At least now only the finest white bread  
shall touch my lips.  
But, as a friar, at which convent  
am I to be sent?  
No matter how hard the toil,  
I'll give my hundred percent.  
But don't you find it odd  
to be serving to keep God content,  
and yet not even know  
which one's your convent?  
Where should I go?  
What's to become of me?  
My wife will not want me

perquè jo la vayx privà  
 desz euforjés;  
 Y hare maraxaria  
 que no hem volgués.  
 Però jo dec somià:  
 axò no és sert.  
 Que jo sia frare, no eu crec:  
 y somià... axò és inpocitble.  
 No eu crec encare;  
 però, vuie o no vuie,  
 jo som frare.  
 No pot ser sinó que Déu  
 m' à castigat,  
 perquè es frares auforjés  
 duya al cap.  
 Ell me ha fet tornà auforjé  
 y eu saré  
 ara y, tal volta, qui sap,  
 tan com viuré.  
 a sa caze vui jo anà  
 a l' entretant :  
 meam si m' hauran fet  
 es dijous sant.

*Surt na Llacinta*

**Llacinta**  
*(Aparte.)*

Mon marit eurà terdat  
 a despertar-se.  
 Jo vos promet que li hem feta  
 bona farsa.

**Pescadó**

Ma mullé, com és axò ?

**Llacinta**

Què és 'me mullé' ?  
 Mon marit mai no és estat  
 frare auforjé.  
 Y a ont vos ne veniu,  
 mal estrangol ?  
 Vós què sou, més que un mal frare ?  
 Un batzol ?

to darken her door.  
 After all, I warned her  
 not to be a monk's whore.  
 She'll soon cast me out,  
 I'd just be in the way.  
 But maybe I'm still dreaming...  
 It simply can't be.  
 I can't be a friar, arms to God outstretched.  
 I find this all somewhat farfetched.  
 Believe me now for I am no liar,  
 but whether I like it or not,  
 I've become a friar.  
 It's surely a punishment  
 from God up on high,  
 but my head's not shaved,  
 and I wonder why.  
 Well, he's made me a monk and  
 who knows how I'll live  
 out this new life.  
 But I just want to go home,  
 back to my wife.  
 I'll check in on her,  
 and put an end to my plaint.  
 Perhaps I've now become a saint.

*Llacinta enters*

**Llacinta**  
*(aside)*

My husband will have taken  
 his time in waking up from his snooze.  
 But I promise you all, this little trick  
 will surely amuse.

**Fisherman**

My wife, is that you?

**Llacinta**

Who are you to be calling me 'my wife' ?  
 My husband's never touched a  
 saddlebag ever in his life.  
 Why call me that and subject  
 me to this ridicule?  
 Are you a deviant trickster,  
 or just another holy fool?

**Pescadó**

No som jo vòstron marit?

**Llacinta**

No: un traydó.  
 Vos sou frare y mon marit  
 és pescadó.  
 Y, axí, no teniu que fer-me  
 ninguna trassa.  
 Mon marit el trobareu  
 si anau a plase.

**Pescadó**

Si jo del teu costat  
 vaig partí ahí.

**Llacinta**

Tot aquest raonement  
 no val per mi.  
 Mon marit és a plase,  
 qui pex ha duit.  
 Vós deys que sou mon marit ?  
 Vós anau fuit !

**Pescadó**

Done, jo hen vax adormí  
 y torní frare.

**Llacinta**

No és un dolent pensament  
 que jo eu cregue hare.  
 Que dormint tornàseu loco  
 és bo de fe,  
 però que tornàseu frare  
 jo no u creuré.

**Pescadó**

Sobretot, axò és ca meua.

**Llacinta****Fisherman**

Am I not your husband?

**Llacinta**

No, you poor confused soul.  
 You're a friar, and my husband's  
 a fisherman – that's his role.  
 Don't you be trying to play  
 a trick on me!  
 My husband's down at the square – go for  
 yourself and see.

**Fisherman**

I was with you only yesterday,  
 before heading to the sea.

**Llacinta**

Your jibber-jabber  
 won't work on me.  
 My husband's in the square,  
 selling his fish, brought up from the quay.  
 But now you claim to be my spouse?  
 Well, go on back to the alehouse!

**Fisherman**

My dear wife, I fell asleep and  
 have now awoken as a friar.

**Llacinta**

I'm not that naïve, but  
 you must think my head's hollow.  
 That snooze has left you demented.  
 A sure sign of faith for us all to follow,  
 but suddenly transforming into a friar,  
 is a lie I just can't swallow.

**Fisherman**

Well, that's my house right there!

**Llacinta**

Si jo eu comport!  
Primerement a barrades  
quedereu mort.  
Apartau-vos prest de aquí!

### **Pescadó**

No se pot fer;  
perquè axò és casa meua,  
vós, me muller.

### **Llacinta**

Mon marit té prou al cap  
etsz euforjés ;  
Y jo hare, dins sa case,  
que n'i volgués...

*Surt es Frare ab ses senayas al coll.*

### **Frare**

Ma muller, jo som aquí.  
Qui ha vingut?

### **Llacinta**

Aquest traïdor de frare;  
y se és retut.

### **Frare**

Y no vos vaig dir jo  
que, d'auforjers,  
Ara ni per ningún temps,  
en vull mai més?  
Veureu aquest garrot  
com jugarà.  
Y s'auforjer que se'n vaje  
a aplegar pa.

### **Pescadó**

Si jo som l'amo d'aquí.

That's it, I've heard enough.  
One more word and we'll  
soon see if you're so tough.  
For your sake, get moving, be gone from  
here.

### **Fisherman**

This isn't in line!  
That's my home and  
you are mine.

### **Llacinta**

My husband has enough to deal with,  
So, be off with you friar.  
I'll do what I want in my own house.  
With you, I shan't conspire...

*The Friar enters, carrying woven baskets  
round his neck.*

### **Friar**

My dear wife, I'm back.  
Who is this here?

### **Llacinta**

This treacherous friar  
has neither sense nor fear.

### **Friar**

Did I not say that  
saddlebag makers,  
not now, not never,  
should be welcome here?  
Pass me that garrot.  
It'll soon end this farce,  
when it glides through the air  
and smacks this friar up the arse.

### **Fisherman**

But I am the master of this house.

**Frare**

Com pot esser?  
 Vós que em voldreu llevar  
 es meu poder?  
 Ma muller, vós que's casàreu  
 ab frare ? O no ?

**Llacinta**

Ab pasacadó.

**Frare**

Ydò què cerque  
 aquest polisó ?

*Lo atúpan.*

**Pescadó**

Per amor del Bon Jesús,  
 no me atupeu.

**Llacinta**

Ydò arrux!

**Pescadó**

Ja me n'aniré,  
 que no hem voureu.  
 Sols que no hem toque sa escana,  
 me n'aniré.  
 Tant burro som que, sa case,  
 la dexaré ?  
 Com és ve que tenc de veure  
 qui és es velent  
 qui pugua treura de case  
 la seva jent.

*Se atúpan.*

Jo som l'amo, jovenent !  
 Fore de aquí!  
 Me auríau de fe sas figuas  
 a devant mi!

**Friar**

It's time for you to confess.  
 Are you trying to rob me  
 of all that I possess?  
 My dear wife, did you  
 marry a friar?

**Llacinta**

I married a fisherman. And I'm no liar.

**Friar**

Then this spalpeen is looking  
 for some business most dire.

*They strike at him.*

**Fisherman**

For the love of God,  
 don't hit me!

**Llacinta**

Then shoo!

**Fisherman**

I'm off now,  
 you won't clap eyes on me.  
 There's no need to beat at my back,  
 I'm ready to go.  
 But is this beaten man ready  
 to leave it all behind though?  
 It's cruelty disguised as bravery,  
 forcing me out to roam.  
 I curse those who banish people  
 from their very own home.

*They swing for each other.*

I'm the owner of this house, young man!  
 And it's you that should be going!  
 With my fists clenched hard,  
 my anger's only growing!



**Frare**

O frare endemoniat.  
Vós la arrareu!  
Malbé fase sa gananci  
que ab mi teandreu!

*Llacinta se posa de se banda des Frare.*

**Llacinta**

Mon marit, jo som aquí  
y vos ajudaré :  
Sas barres a bofetades  
jo li ronpré.

**Pescadó**

Dos són: velrà més fugí.  
Mal pinta es joc.  
Ell me heuran tret de sa caze  
a poc a poc !

**Llacinta**

Callau, frare descarat ;  
sinós, vos y afijirem.

**Pescadó**

De quin modo m'an posat!  
Antes que ey tornen, vax-me'n.  
Advertiu: axò treu ferm.  
Me'n vaig cornut y atupat.

*Fin.*

**Friar**

You damned friar,  
you're in for it now!  
You won't be getting anything from us.  
So, go on, take your bow!

**Llacinta** stands next to the **Friar**.

**Llacinta**

Husband dear, I'm here by your side,  
ready to lend you support.  
With a few hard slaps to the cheeks,  
this friar will be easy to thwart.

**Fisherman**

Two against one: I'd best flee.  
I'm playing a losing game – the worst.  
But they'll have to remove me  
from my house feet first!

**Llacinta**

Hold your tongue, you flagrant friar;  
Otherwise, we'll run you through.

**Fisherman**

Oh dear, what a mess my life has come to!  
Before they grab hold of me, I'd better go.  
Be sure to learn from my mistake, though.  
For now I'm a cuckold, beaten black and blue.

*End.*