

Com l'Amorat manà Alí Baxà que matàs son fill Jacob Xalabín

4^v L'Amorat, qui en aquell punt se podia reputar fora de son | enteniment, ab la cara fallasant devant Alí Baxà, sí li dix:

—Vé-te'n, e de present mata mon fill Jacob Xalabín, e après obri'l e apor- 5
ta'm lo fetge seu. E tost. E no m'i contrasts, si-t plau. E fé-u de present.

Per què are podem dir: homa sens negun enteniment e sens neguna discreció, ab quals entràmen[e]s se podia esmaginar aytals coses, ne ab quals labis podia pronunciar aytals paraules? E quals fills seran qui puguen confiar de homa del món, si de lur pare no confien? Que aquest pare qui havie aquest fill tant graciós, lo qual era lo seu primogènit, consentís que morís! O, tan cruel cosa era aquesta! Que tant solament per donar guaríó a una dona, ell consentís a tan cruel cosa, que fahés matar a son fill! Però, per ço con amor, segons dit és, lo destrenyhia e-l forçà que ell manà açò en aquest seu governador Alí Baxà. 15

E ell, hoint tant cruel paraula con aquesta era, que lo seu senyor li havia manada, per poch no-s cuydà esmortir devant son senyor. Però ell, qui víu que axí lo soptava l'Amorat, levà's devant ell e axí's de la cambra, pensant-se que l'Amorat fos exit de son senny. Sí cavalcà e anà-sse'n a casa sua; e mès-se en la sua cambra, e tanchà's dintre. E aquí ell molt tenrament plorà tot aquell jorn, e de tot aquell jorn ell no volch menjar ne beura, esmaginant-se en la paraul[a] de l'Almorat, dient en si mateix: «No pot ésser que mon senyor no sia fora de son senny, com aquest tan dolç donzell, e tan amat de totes gents, e cell en qui totes bontats són complides, e cell en qui és tot acabament de gentileza, man alciure. Què pot ésser açò, ne què vol dir?» 25

E enaprès, con entre si mateix [s]e era perpensat, gitava lo seu cap en terra, e ab habundància de moltes làgrames que dels hulls li exien. E en aquesta forma passà tot aquell jorn e la nit que vénch. Planyhia axí mateix, d'altre part, lo seu fill, qui era tan gran amich e companyó seu e en tan gran gràcia del dit Jacob Xalabín. 30

E al matí, axí tost con fou jorn, l'Amorat, axí com aquell qui era molt cuytat de la abominable voluntat, tramès missatge a Alí Baxà que de present li fos

8 entràmen[e]s] entraments 22 paraul[a]] paraulo 26 [s]e] še

How the Great Emir Ordered Ali Pasha to Kill His Son Yakub Çelebi

The Great Emir, who at that moment could be thought to be out of his wits, avoiding Ali Pasha's gaze said to him:

'Go, and without delay kill my son Yakub Çelebi, and then open him up and bring me his liver. And quickly: and do not deny me, I pray. And do it immediately.'

Hence we can now say: a man without understanding or discrimination, with what feeling could he imagine such things, and with what lips could he utter such words? And what children are there who could trust any man in the world if they do not trust their own father? That this father, who had this gracious son, his firstborn, should allow him to be killed: oh, such a cruel thing was this, that just to give a cure to a woman he should consent to such a cruel act as to have his son killed! But love, as has been said, coerced him and forced him to demand this of his governor Ali Pasha.

And Ali Pasha, hearing such cruel words as these which his lord had commanded him, nearly fainted in front of his lord. But he, seeing that the Great Emir was forcing him, got to his feet before him, and left the chamber, thinking that the Great Emir was out of his wits. He rode, went to his house, went to his chamber and locked himself in; and here he wept most tenderly all that day, and all that day he would not eat or drink, pondering the Great Emir's words, saying to himself: 'It must be that my lord is out of his wits, for this young man, so sweet and so greatly loved by all, and who possesses so many good qualities, and who has every perfection of gentility, he commands to be killed. What can this be, and what does it mean?'

And then, having pondered in his mind, he bowed his head to the ground, and an abundance of tears flowed from his eyes. And in this fashion he spent all that day and the following night. Likewise he wept for his son, who was such a great friend and companion and intimate to the said Yakub Çelebi.

And in the morning, as soon as it was day, the Great Emir, being enslaved to his abominable will, sent a message to Ali Pasha telling him to come before