

NUMANCIA, de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

ACT I

SCENE1

CIPIÓN

The task the Roman senate has given me has almost driven me mad with fear. Such a long, strange conflict, so many Romans dead: who doesn't dread more battles?

MARIO

Who, Scipio? Well, who has your courage, famed across the world, which ensures our victory?

CIPIÓN

Strength ruled by reason can level great mountains, but the strength of a heavy hand creates obstacles instead. Rather than punish them, we must turn our men away from their lasciviousness if we intend to win this war. Mario!

MARIO

Sir?

CIPIÓN

Command our troops to assemble here without delay.

MARIO

At once.

CIPIÓN

Hurry, so all will know my new plans.

CIPIÓN

By your fierce gestures, by your rich military garb, I recognize you as Romans, strong and full of life. But such pale, delicate hands and pale complexions--were you raised in Britain, and got by Flemish fathers? Your carelessness has raised fallen enemies and weakened our strength and reputation. These intact city walls bear witness to your half-hearted and vain efforts, Roman in name only. Does it seem fitting, my sons, that, while the rest of the world trembles at the Roman name, you in Spain drag it through the mud? What laxity is this? What laziness? Shame on you! A handful of Spaniards have locked themselves in Numantia defending it from us. Sixteen years they have endured, while they boast of killing thousands and thousands of Romans. Meanwhile, distracted by Venus and Bacchus, you have defeated yourselves. You should be ashamed to see

how little Numantia defends itself, fighting most fiercely when closest to defeat. Mars cannot find a place among these soft beds, gambling, and wine, and seeks more fitting standard-bearers. Each man makes his own destiny: Fortune has no part here. Laziness breeds ill fortune; diligence, imperial power. Yet I am so certain you will show yourselves Romans in the end, that I dismiss the wall these rebellious Spanish savages defend. Take this battle in hand, then mine shall pay you well, while my tongue sings your praises.

MARIO

My General, see how the color drains from their faces, while others blush for fear and shame. But there will be time and place enough for them to atone for their errors. Even the least of your men will now give their property, lives, and honor in your service. Accept their offering, my lord: they are Romans, in the end, and their strength was never truly gone. Men, raise your hands to approve this pledge!

SOLDIERS

All that you have said, we confirm and swear.

ALL

We swear!

CIPIÓN

I find new confidence in this promise. Let your words not whistle down the wind, but make them true with your spears and mine will match the value of your own. My plan is to avoid engaging with the Numantines. Instead, I will debase their spirit and drive them mad, so they cease their fury on their own. We will surround them with a great moat and defeat them through unbearable hunger. Enough! No more Roman blood shall tinge this soil. Dig, now and cover your friends in dust rather than enemies' blood.

MARIO

We can surround the city completely except where it touches the river.

CIPIÓN

Come, let us enact my rare plan and with Heaven's assistance, Spain will be subject to the Roman Senate as soon as we conquer this city's pride.

SCENE 2

SPAIN

O heaven above, you who enrich my land and favor it above others, let my bitter pain move you to compassion, as I am the singularly wretched Spain. Why must I always be a slave to foreign nations and never see my own flag fly freely? Perhaps this fierce torment is a just decree, for my brave and famous sons are at odds with each other. Only Numantia, its bright sword drawn, has bloodily preserved its beloved liberty. But, oh, now the final hour arrives, where its life will end, though not its fame—a phoenix renewing itself in flame. But, oh, the enemy has Numantia surrounded with not just weapons but a great trench on all sides. Only the river's edge is safe from this unprecedented plan. O Gentle Duero whose winding turns my breast, if you would wreath your waters in golden sand, and attract the fugitive nymphs who fill the forest and meadows to your banks, then hear my bitter pleas, and come to my aid, leaving for a moment your delights. If you, with your floods, will not revenge me against these fierce Romans, all hope is lost for Numantia.

DUERO

O beloved Mother Spain, thy piercing cries have long struck me, and if I did not come sooner, it was because I have no comfort to offer you. The stars decree Numantia's fatal day is at hand; there is no remedy for its pain. Yet while Fate has decreed the end for your beloved Numantia, one consolation remains: the shadows of oblivion shall never obscure the light of her rare deeds.

SPAIN

Famous Duero, your prophecies relieve my suffering.

DUERO

O Spain, they will come true, although these blessed days may be long in coming. Now I must go, for my nymphs await me.

SPAIN

Heaven, increase your sweet waters.

ACT 2

SCENE 1

TEÓGENES

It seems to me, brave men, the fates work against us, for our force and skill make no difference now. The Romans have surrounded us and destroy us with cowardly tricks. We cannot give our lives to take revenge, nor escape unless we grow wings. See if you can devise any remedy before this long and laborious siege becomes the death of us. The wide moat prevents us from trying our luck with weapons, yet valiant arms can overcome a thousand obstacles.

NUMANTINE MAN 1

Since we are locked up here like ladies, we must find a way to show our courage. Let us challenge our enemies to single combat. Perhaps, weary of this long siege, they will agree to end our struggle in this simple way.

NUMANTINE MAN 2

The Romans are so arrogant, they will accept at once. If they do, there is a man among us who, in single combat, could snatch victory from three Romans, much less one.

MORANDRO

And if this remedy fails, there is another way, however arduous: at night, let us break through the ditch and wall that block us from the enemy's camp, and seek out our allies.

LEONCIO

There is no more honorable way to end our lives. Let the cowards remain in the city I would rather die in the moat or on the field of battle.

TEÓGENES

Before we attempt any desperate act, we should bid our enemies clear a field where one Numantine and one Roman may fight, that the death of one may put an end to our ancient war. And Marquino, whose fame as a diviner is so great, should look to the stars for signs of whether we shall emerge defeated or victorious from this cruel siege. We must also sacrifice to Jupiter, who will pay us back twice over with his favor. And let us avoid all the usual vices, perhaps that will improve our fate.

MARQUINO

Your advice is sound. Prepare the offerings and the sacrifice and issue the challenge to Rome, I will not hesitate to show my expert powers: from the deepest heart of hell, I will call one to speak our fate, good or ill.

TEÓGENES

Come, let us carry this out at once, before hunger overcomes us. Even if Heaven has already sentenced us to fall, perhaps it will forgive us our errors and revoke its judgment now.

SCENE 2

LEONCIO

Morandro, my friend, where are you going?

MORANDRO

I myself do not know. How distracted you are with love! No, love makes me more thoughtful and reasonable than ever.

LEONCIO

How can you, being the soldier you are, fall in love at a time like this? How can you see your homeland consumed and surrounded by enemies and yet forget it in the throes of love?

MORANDRO

It enrages me to hear you say that. When did love ever make men cowards? Do I leave my watch to go to my lady? Am I in bed sleeping while my captain wakes? Have you ever seen me neglect my duties, for vice, much less for love? And if you can find nothing amiss, why do you blame me for being in love? Do you know how many years I longed for Lira, until her love matched mine and her father agreed we should wed? Then we delayed our wedding until the end of the war, for this was no time for feasts and mirth. See then how little hope I have of ever being happy, when the enemy's lances snatch our victory away. How could I not wander in grief, when my hopes turn thus to thin air?

LEONCIO

Steady your heart, Morandro, and return to your former courage. Perhaps by hidden ways we may yet triumph. Today Numantia makes a sacrifice to thundering Jupiter, that he may show us favor. Oh Jupiter, great father, look on our misery!

MARQUINO

Wash yourselves. Give me the water. Will the fire not light?

THIRD PRIEST

No one can get it to light.

MARQUINO

Oh Jupiter, is fate so set against us? Why won't the fire light?

FOURTH PRIEST

It is taking now, sir. O miserable flame, lead me not to despair!

THIRD PRIEST

See how the smoke rushes west while the pale flame tips to the east?

MARQUINO

A terrible sign! Evil and harm are upon us.

FIFTH PRIEST

Even if the Romans should triumph, their victory will soon turn to smoke, while our death and glory will burn as living flames.

MARQUINO

O great Jupiter, undo the bitter fate of the Numantines!

FIFTH PRIEST

Do you hear that noise, friend? Did you see that bolt of lightning? A sign!

FOURTH PRIEST

I am uneasy, shaking with fear. Oh, what signs I see in the air, and what a bitter end they foretell.

THIRD PRIEST

Do you see that ugly flock of eagles that fight on the wing with other birds?

MARQUINO

See how skillfully they've surrounded them!

FIFTH PRIEST

A terrible sign. Victorious imperial eagles? You will soon see the end of Numantia!

MARQUINO

Eagles with your grim signs, depart! I understand your omen—it has come to pass. Our hours are numbered!

FOURTH PRIEST

Nonetheless, I offer this innocent victim, to placate the god with the hideous face.

MARQUINO

Oh, mighty Pluto, lord of the sad, infernal realms! Keep below the three cruel sisters who have cursed us; and deal with us as gently as the wind that carries these hairs.

FOURTH PRIEST

And just as I devoutly bathe this knife in hallowed blood so may Numantia bathe in the blood of Romans and be their grave. Who snatches the victim from my hands? What's this, holy gods? What wonders are these? Have our tears and sacred songs not softened you?

THIRD PRIEST

I think they have hardened against us, to judge by these infernal signs.

FIFTH PRIEST

The heavens have declared the bitter end of Numantia. They have no mercy for us.

MARQUINO

Let us loudly weep, then, so that they will speak of our suffering and our determination until the end of days.

MORANDRO

Leoncio, what do you think? Do these signs promise remedy for my suffering?

LEONCIO

Morandro, the good soldier pays no heed to omens. His courage is his star and sign; these vain apparitions cannot shake him. But if you choose to believe in this obvious trickery, there are still, if I'm not mistaken, more rituals to come.

MARQUINO

Where lies the unfortunate youth?

MILVIO

Buried in his grave.

MILVIO

Tell me the exact place.

MILVIO

This stone marks the place where the boy was tenderly buried.

MARQUINO

How did he die?

MILVIO

He died of hunger, that cruel plague sent from hell.

MARQUINO

Just as well. Now I may conjure ferocious spirits from the shadowy realms. O fierce Pluto, who reigns in that dark region of evil spirits, grant my wishes though they displease you. Let the soul return to the body buried here, from that gloomy shore where fierce Charon has brought it. Let it return with knowledge of how our brutal war will end. Spare us no details; do not confuse us.

Send it at once. What are you waiting for? Could I speak any more clearly? Water of the fatal lagoon, caught in sad night: by your unbreakable power, I conjure, constrain, beseech, command: let him who first appeared as a serpent make haste and obey me at once. O unfortunate youth! Come out and behold again the sun. Leave those nether regions and visions of hell relay! Rebellious soul, return to the body you left only a few hours past. Ah, you have returned at last.

THE BODY

Cease, Marquino, desist! The dark realms were bad enough without you compounding my misfortune. You were wrong to think I would happily return to this brief, miserable life of pain, which even now is fading. Instead, you have grieved me anew by letting death take me a second time. The Romans will never triumph over Numantia, nor she over them. But think not that peace shall ever come to this place where rage eternally meets rage. Friendly will be the knife that slays Numantia, and in her death, gives her life. Stay, Marquino, the fates will not permit me to say any more. And though you take me for a liar, time will tell the truth of what I've said.

MARQUINO

O sad fates! Wretched fates! If my people must meet this end, before I look on such destruction, I will end my own life in this grave.

MORANDRO

Our fate is sealed; every road closed to us Consider what Marquino said, and the dead man, and the grave.

LEONCIO

These are but illusions, chimeras and fantasies, omens and witchcraft, diabolical inventions! Do not believe in this trickery, for the dead care not what afflicts the living.

MILVIO

Marquino would never have done such a thing had he not seen our future woe. We must tell the people the end is nigh, but who can bear to bring such news?

ACT 3

SCENE 1

CIPIÓN

All is unfolding according to my plan. This proud nation will be tamed without force, by my wits alone. I have seized the moment— not to do so in times of war, forfeits our fame and our lives. Can there be a greater glory than what I have wrought here, where, without drawing a sword,

the enemy has been conquered? For when a victory is won with the blood of friends, any pleasure we would take in our success is much diminished by our loss.

TEÓGENES

Prudent general, consider the long years of suffering that this war has brought to our people and yours. To contain this plague of violence, Numantia wishes, if you agree, to end this war with a short and single combat. One of our soldiers offers himself to battle with the fiercest of your own. If the fates decide one should end up lifeless on the field, and it is our man, we will yield our land. If yours, abandon this campaign.

CIPIÓN

Even the fiercest beast, caged for its wildness, can be tamed with skill and time. You are in our snares, now, and we will tame you. We will not fight you. Numantia will be mine without costing me a single soldier. Let your boldest man break through my trenches if he will. And if this hardly seems brave on our part, let the wind bear away the shame and return, when we vanquish you, with fame.

TEÓGENES

Will you not listen, coward? Are you afraid of a fair fight? You do not live up to your name. Cowardly Romans, relying on the strength of numbers rather than your arms! Cruel, treacherous, and worthless—conspirators and tyrants, the whole lot of you! Ungrateful, greedy, low-bred, ferocious, obstinate and villainous, lascivious, base, renowned for hard-working yet cowardly hands! What glory do you hope to gain from our deaths? You conquer by trickery and are not used to our valiant ways. Such timid hares you are, cloaked in borrowed furs. Go on, sound your trumpets for now— Jove will soon subject you to Numantia's thrall.

TEÓGENES

Our woes deepen every day. You saw evil omens, and Marquino in the tomb. All our efforts have failed— we can do nothing but speed towards death. Then let us break out tonight. Let the Numantines remember our past renown and die fighting our enemies instead of hiding like cowards.

NUMANTINE MAN 2

I agree. Let me die as I breach the wall.

LEONCIO

I worry that if our wives hear of this plan, we will do nothing of the sort.

NUMANTINE MAN 1

They know our plan, and weep at it. They declare they will accompany us in life and in death, even if they are in our way.

MORANDO

See how they come to beg you not to leave them. They will be hard to resist, even if you are made of steel.

LIRA

If you die in battle, you leave us defenseless. Offer our necks to your swords: a more honorable death than at the enemy's hands.

NUMANTINE WOMAN 1

What are you thinking, all you famous men? Are you still fantasizing about going away and leaving us?

NUMANTINE WOMAN 2

Will you really leave Numantia's virgins to the arrogant Romans?

NUMANTINE WOMAN 3

Will you let your children be enslaved? Wouldn't it be better to drown them with your own hands?

NUMANTINE WOMAN 4

Will you let our homes be torn up by foreign hands? Our beds enjoyed by Romans?

NUMANTINE WOMAN 5

If you are committed to this plan, take us with you, that we may die by your side.

NUMANTINE WOMAN 3

O children of these unfortunate mothers, will you not beseech your fathers not to leave you?

NUMANTINE WOMAN 2

Tell them how you were born free and raised free.

NUMANTINE WOMAN 1

Tell them how, now that all hope is lost, they who gave you life must now give you death.

NUMANTINE WOMAN 5

Oh, walls of the city, speak and repeat, "Liberty, Numantines!"

NUMANTINE WOMAN 4

Soften your hard breasts and show us your loving hearts.

LIRA

These tender maidens plead the urgency of their case and ask you to quell their fears; do not leave such rich prizes to the grasping hands of Romans ravenous as wolves. This is suicide; you'll find

a quick death and distant glory. I know only that this sortie will give life to your enemies, and death to Numantia. The Romans will mock your attempts, for what is 3,000 soldiers against 80,000 strong. Better we should accept the fate that the heavens ordain, whether safety or the grave.

TEÓGENES

Dry your eyes, tender wives, and know your anguish has touched our hearts. We cannot leave you now, and will serve you in life and death. Yet our foe must obtain neither triumph nor glory; instead, he will bear witness to our story and our eternal memory. Let there be nothing left in Numantia from which the enemy might profit. Let us make a fire in the square and all throw in our goods, whether rich or poor. Then, when the flames have swallowed our wealth, I will tell you what to do. In order to stave off our hunger, let us draw and quarter the Romans prisoners, then distribute them to all. This will be our feast: a strange, cruel, and necessary thing.

NUMANTINE WOMAN 3

Here are our belongings. We give you our lives along with our will.

LIRA

Let us burn the treasures that might make greedy Roman hands rich.

MORANDO

Stay a little, Lira, and let me enjoy the pleasures that will cheer me in death. Let me behold your beauty a while longer, since my misfortune is so great. Oh, sweet Lira, how your sweet harmony turns my sorrows to glory! What is weighing on your mind, my sweet one?

LIRA

I am thinking about how our happiness will soon leave us.

MORANDO

What do you mean, my love?

LIRA

I am so hungry, I will not last long. What love can you expect from one who fears she will expire before the hour is over?

MORANDRO

Dry your eyes, Lira, and let my tears bear your sorrows. Though hunger might have you in its clutches, you will not succumb to it, not as long as I have life. I will scale the high walls of death itself in order to save you. I will snatch bread from the mouth of a Roman to give to you!

LIRA

That would not sustain me and would harm you more than it would help me. Abandon that thought, my sweet love, for I want no crumb procured at your peril; even if you delay my death by a day, this hunger will come for us both soon enough.

MORANDRO

You cannot stop me, Lira. It is what I want.

LIRA

Morando, my sweet friend, do not go. I can already see your blood on the enemy's blade. But if you must, take me with you in the form of this embrace.

MORANDRO

May heaven be with you. Go, I see Leoncio.

LIRA

May you succeed and be safe.

LEONCIO

This is a formidable offer, Morandro. Clearly, there is no cowardice in love. Let me come with you and help you in any small way I can.

MORANDRO

Stay and enjoy sweet life, Leoncio. Do not let me bring you death.

LEONCIO

I must go with you, my friend, and return with you, Unless the fates decree that I die in the attempt.

MORANDRO

I cannot stop you. Let us steal away under cover of night to surprise our enemies.

SCENE 2

LIRA

O sweet brother of mine, let death relieve our misery!

HERMANO

We will not have to bear this for long, for death will soon come for all in Numantia. They have decided that not a single woman, child, or old man shall remain alive, since hunger will come for us all. Look at that woman coming towards us, whom I once loved as deeply as she now grieves.

MOTHER

Oh, wretched life, terrible and sad agony!

SON

Mother, is there no bread?

MOTHER

Bread? There's nothing here even resembling food.

SON

Will I die of this hunger?

MOTHER

What are you suckling at, sad creature? Can't you feel you're drawing blood, not milk, from my withered breast? Go on and eat the flesh and fill yourself up, my arms can no longer carry you. O terrible hunger, how you cut short my life! O war, come to give me death!

SON

Mother, let us hurry. The faster we go, the more hunger chases us.

MOTHER

We're close, my son— we'll throw into the flames everything that weighs you down.

ACT 4

SCENE 1

CIPIÓN

What is the meaning of this? Who calls to arms? Are these madmen looking to be put in their grave? Or is there a mutiny afoot? That would seem more likely than anything to fear from our enemies.

JUGARTA

Calm your anger, prudent general, and let me relate the cause. Two Numantines, with their heads held high, leapt over your defenses and started a fight. With lightning speed, they ran from tent to tent until they found a bit of bread. One escaped, and the other was felled by a thousand swords. Hunger has given them such daring.

CIPIÓN

If this is how they behave while starving and confined, think what they would have done if free and full of strength! O indomitable Numantines, we will soon defeat you with our skill!

MORANDRO

Are you not coming, Leoncio? How can I go on without you? Friend, where have you gone? It is not you who have left me, but I who have left you. Has your torn flesh been the price of this bread?

MORANDRO

See, Lira, I have kept my promise that you would not die while I still had life. Your strength will grow with this food while my life ebbs away.

LIRA

What are you saying, my love?

MORANDRO

Lessen your hunger, Lira, while my life is cut short. My blood, mixed with bread, will make for a sad and bitter meal. This bread was guarded by 80,000 enemies, and cost two friends their lives and everything they loved. My precious love, take this food, which will nourish your soul. I have loved you through thick and thin. Receive my body now as you have received my soul.

LIRA

Oh, sweet Morandro, what is this? What of your courage? Oh, my husband is dead. The greatest misfortune has befallen me. This adventure of yours, to save my life, ends it now. Oh bread, soaked in blood that was shed for me. You are poison. I will bring you to my mouth, not for sustenance, but to kiss the blood which flowed for me.

HERMANO

Lira, my sister, our mother has already passed, and our father will follow as must I. Hunger has gotten to them. Do you have bread, sister dear? Oh bread, how late you come. Hunger has so tightened my throat, even if bread were water, I could not eat a crumb. Take it, sister, this is too much. Bread abounds when I have no more life.

LIRA

Brother, are you gone? He has neither breath nor life. One death after another! Fortune, why do you afflict me so, leaving me orphaned and widowed at once? Oh, cruel Romans, your sword leaves me with two corpses on the ground, my husband and my brother both. Sweet husband, dear brother, I will match your love! I'll see you soon, in heaven or in hell! I will take this dagger over that bread; death will be sweetest rest.

TEÓGENES

Spilled blood of my entrails, my own children's. When we asked for a turning of the tides, we received nothing but empty skies. Give me an honorable death, but soon!

LIRA

Strong Teógenes, who do you invoke? What new ways of dying do you seek? Why do you seek new misfortunes?

TEÓGENES

Valiant woman, if fear does not prevent you, take a sword and kill yourself with me as though I were your enemy.

LIRA

Well said, let us go, death is taking too long for me. Now, no matter how I perished, glory is promised to us.

SCENE 2

WAR

Hunger and Disease, my loyal servants, who yield to no cries or pleading. I need not repeat my commands, since you know well my intention, and will carry it out with no complaints. I, great and powerful War, detested by mothers everywhere, know that Spanish valor will carry it around the globe. Fate is an incontestable force, and so I must help the wise Romans now. They will be ascendant for some time, and the Hispanic peoples undone, but in due time, I will lift up the small and tame the mighty.

DISEASE

If Hunger, our loyal friend, had not done her job so swiftly in Numantia, I would have been called upon to finish the job and swell the coffers of the Romans beyond their imaginings. She has the Numantines in her power, who, far from expecting any good turn, have taken matters within their own hands. The fury of their lance is such, that hunger and pain are not necessary.

HUNGER

You see how husbands turn against their wives, driving daggers into their breast. Sons attack mothers, and fathers, with furious mercy, pierce their own offspring through. There is no square, no corner, no street or house that is not full of bloodshed. Swords unsheathed, fierce fires burn. Soon, every building, no matter how mighty, will be turned to ash.

WAR

Go on and carry out your duties.

SCENE 3

CIPIÓN

The cries and blazing flames from within the city suggest the Numantines have turned their fury against themselves. I no longer see watchmen up in the towers and there is an eerie silence. Mario, what do you see from up there?

MARIO

Holy gods! What is this?

JUGURTA

What is it?

MARIO

There is a lake of blood, and a thousand bodies stretched out in the streets of Numantia, pierced by blows.

CIPIÓN

There are none left alive?

MARIO

Not a chance. Not as far as I can see at least.

CIPIÓN

Follow him, Jugurta. We will all follow behind you.

JUGURTA

This is not for your high standing. Wait for our tidings, my lord. Oh, what a horrendous spectacle! Hot blood bathes the streets, crowded with the dead.

CIPIÓN

Had just one been left alive, the victory of taming our sworn enemy would not be denied to us.

MARIO

Prudent general, your might has been exercised in vain. The hopes of victory, which seemed all but promised, have turned to smoke.

SOLDIER 1

Numantia has been turned into a lake of reddest blood, full of the bodies executed by their own fierce cruelty. In the middle of the square is great pyre, fed by their bodies and estates.

SOLDIER 2

I was in time to see valiant Teógenes desirous of death, curse his fate, then throw himself headlong into the flames, crying: "Oh brilliant Fame, come see this deed and proclaim it henceforth! Come now, Romans, for the spoils of city now turned to dust and smoke, its fruits and flowers turned to thistles!"

CIPIÓN

Was my chest so full of savage arrogance and death, and so devoid of piety? Would I not have treated the vanquished with kindness, as is the good conqueror's duty?

MARIO

There is nothing left to do in Numantia. All are dead save one, who might yet grant you victory. There, in the tower, there was a boy looking troubled but well dressed.

CIPIÓN

If that is true, then Rome triumphs over Numantia—my greatest hope. Let us go and make sure we get the boy alive. That is important now.

VARIATO (from the tower)

What are you here for, Romans? If you wish to enter Numantia, there is nothing left to stop you; but you must know I have the city's poorly guarded keys.

CIPIÓN

Oh youth, you have my word, you will be free and have all the riches you can imagine, as long as you willingly surrender to me.

VARIATO

Your clemency comes too late, now there is no one left to claim it. Save your energy, Romans, and do not rush these walls. You will not defeat me, as you will see. My love for my land was deep and pure, as this my fall now confirms.

CIPIÓN

No action can match this, worthy of an ancient breast! You have gained glory not just for Numantia but for all of Spain. Your strange and heroic valor has robbed me of my victory and its claims! Your fall has raised you to fame and crushed my hopes!

FAME

Let my clarion voice ring throughout the lands, and immortalize this noble deed forevermore! Raise your heads, Romans, and take away this body which at such a young age has stripped you of your victory. Numantia must be celebrated and immortalized by bards everywhere: its indefatigable courage, its supreme strength, all must be preserved in verse as in prose. My memory will ensure this is the case, and so our tale comes to a happy end!