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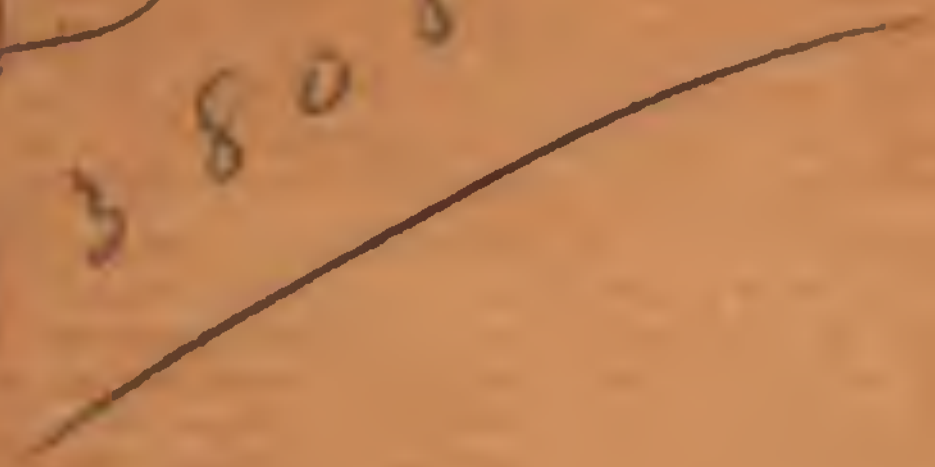
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LYRICS OF GIL VICENTE

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# LYRICS OF GIL VICENTE

WITH THE PORTUGUESE TEXT

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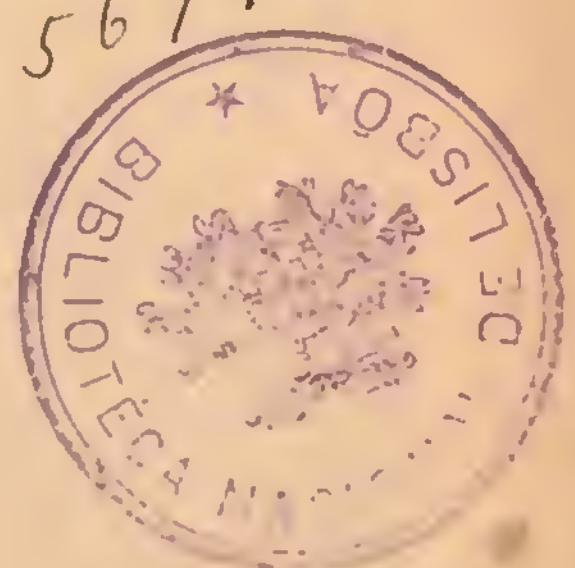
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## PREFACE

THE more correct title of this selection would be "Lyrics from Gil Vicente," since he was not necessarily the author of all the lyrics inserted in his plays. The care with which he sometimes declares a poem to be his own composition<sup>1</sup> would sufficiently prove this. Moreover, the *serranilha A serra é alta, fria e nevosa*, exists in a variant of eight verses. But, indeed, his plays were often written hurriedly,<sup>2</sup> and he would be glad to take almost the first lyric that came to hand—the latest song

<sup>1</sup> "O romance seguinte que fez o mesmo autor" (*Voces daban prisioneros*); "esta cantiga seguinte feita pelo autor ao proposito" (*El que quisiere apurarse*); "una ensalada por Gil Vicente guisada" (in the *Farça dos Fisicos*); "a seguinte cantiga feita e ensoada pelo autor" (*Muy graciosa es la doncella*). This last quotation shows that Vicente was also a musician, and music had a large part in many of his plays. Venus is the "Queen of Music" (*Fragoa d'Amor*). In *Nao d'Amores*, and again in the *Comedia sobre a divisa da cidade de Coimbra*, there is "grande aparato de musica"; in the latter they sing "a sweet music"; in *Amadis de Gaula* there are *donzellas musicas* who sing; more than one play had its special music (*com sua musica*). The *cantigas* were often accompanied by action as well as by song: the nobles of the Court rowed a real boat on the stage to the cadence of the song *Muy serena está la mar*; the shepherds and peasants dance to the singing *em folia, em chacota, or de terreiro*, as in the villages. Sometimes the song is both said and sung; it is sung in duet (*Templo d'Apollo*) or by three voices or four (*Cortes de Jupiter*); in the *Tragicomedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella* a song is accompanied on the organ.

<sup>2</sup> The *Auto dos Reis Magos* was written between Christmas and the Day of the Kings (January 6). The *Auto de S. Martinho* "não foi mais porque foi pedido muito tarde."

from France,<sup>1</sup> a *romance* from Spain,<sup>2</sup> a song of peasants in the fields,<sup>3</sup> of shepherds with their flocks,<sup>4</sup> of sailors on the sea<sup>5</sup> or pilgrims on the road,<sup>6</sup> a liturgical chant<sup>7</sup> or a nigger's song.<sup>8</sup> Portuguese *cantigas* and Spanish *romances* are scattered through his plays (of many, unhappily, only the first lines are given<sup>9</sup>)—joyous songs of varied kind, that he had learnt in field and village.<sup>10</sup> Gil Vicente is essentially a lyrical rather than a dramatic poet, and sometimes

<sup>1</sup> " *Hũa enselada que veio da França* " (*Auto da Fé*). So in the *Auto dos Quatro Tempos* they are to sing " *Huma cantiga franceza que diz :*

" ' *Ay de la noble  
Villa de Paris.* ' "

<sup>2</sup> As " *Los mis amores primeros En Sevilla quedan presos* " in the *Auto dos Quatro Tempos*.

<sup>3</sup> " *E sabeis que cantará  
Lá defronte de Cascaes?  
' A que horas me mandais  
Aos olivães l' "* (*Cortes de Jupiter*).

<sup>4</sup> " *Vos outros tambem cantais  
Por vosso uso acostumado  
Como lá cantais co' o gado* " (*Auto da Fé*).

<sup>5</sup> *Nao d'Amores* ends with a " *prosa que commummente cantão nas naos á salve, que diz : ' Bom Jesu Nosso Senhor tem por bem de nos salvar.* ' "

<sup>6</sup> In *Templo d'Apollo* pilgrims come singing " *hum hymno.* "

<sup>7</sup> " *Cantão mui devotamente hũa prosa* " (*Auto de S. Martinho*). In France in the Middle Ages *proses* = non-lyrical poems.

<sup>8</sup> In *Fragoa d'Amor* a negro enters "singing in the language of his country."

<sup>9</sup> The *ama* in *Comedia de Rubena* names a dozen *romances*, Spanish and Portuguese.

<sup>10</sup> " *Nas villas e nas aldeas,  
Quando as festas ajuntavão  
Cantigas de mil raleas.* "



his plays are a succession of lyrical dialogue and songs. For this very reason it is easy to take these songs, some of them among the clearest gems of Portuguese and Spanish poetry, out of their setting. Their translation is not easy, for it is impossible to catch their simplicity and naturalness and charm: as well attempt to translate into another language the song of birds or sound of flowing water. But however unsatisfactory the translations, it may be convenient to have these lyrics collected together for the first time, though they should only be read as a preliminary to the reading of Gil Vicente's plays in their entirety. No one who wishes to understand the Portuguese can afford to ignore him. "It is only in Gil Vicente that the soul of the Portuguese people comes to its full expression," says Menéndez y Pelayo.<sup>1</sup> Simple gaiety and light-heartedness, ready satire, fondness of ridicule, irreverence, deep piety, a rustic, usually wholesome coarseness, true love of nature, a mystic lyricism, these are some of the principal features of his works. For the student of contemporary manners and customs they are a mine of curious information, and with many a vivid detail portray Portugal in city and village at the very time that the Portuguese were winning new kingdoms beyond the seas.<sup>2</sup> It is the Portugal that survives to-day in some parts of the north, and that existed before the Inquisition had established its power (half a century later Gil Vicente could not have spoken as

<sup>1</sup> "El alma del pueblo portugués no respira integra más que en Gil Vicente" (*Antología de poetas líricos castellanos*, vol. vii.).

<sup>2</sup> The *Auto da Fama*, which speaks of Goa as "subdued by bribe or summons or sword," was acted in 1510, the very year in which Affonso d'Albuquerque captured and lost and recaptured that city. But the play is also assigned to the year 1515 or 1516.

he does of parish priest and chaplain, of Pope and cardinal, monk and friar<sup>1</sup>), before the gold from the new discoveries had convulsed the country, before the life of the nation had centralized in Lisbon, before politics had told the people of its sovereignty, and had seen to it that it should give over ease and wear its crown, or a pedantic civilization had begun to point the finger of scorn at illiteracy. But the change was even now upon them, and Gil Vicente complains of the coldness of the times (*taõ frio o tempo moderno*), and asks: "Que foi daquelle prazer?" Où sont les neiges d'antan! Contemporaries regretted that he did not write his plays in the Latin tongue, in which case they held that he would have rivalled Menander and Plautus and Terence.<sup>2</sup> They felt that he was rather unrefined, not quite melancholy enough. And even to-day regret has been expressed that he did not live later and possess more culture. The true pity is not that he should have failed to dress his rich and vigorous genius in patent-leather boots and a cylinder hat, but that his especial gift of lyricism should not have been further encouraged by the King and Court. He was neglected for less spontaneous and more artful poets, and he felt his neglect keenly. In 1523—that is, after he had been producing plays at Court for twenty-one years—he is, he says, "without a farthing";<sup>3</sup> in 1527 he remarks sadly, in

<sup>1</sup> Cf. No. 26, p. 58, where Winter pokes fun at the hermits. His plays were later, either in whole or part, placed on the *Index*.

<sup>2</sup> "Qui si non lingua componeret omnia vulgi  
Sed potius latia . . . ." (André de Resende).

<sup>3</sup> "Não tem nem ceitil" (*Auto Pastoril Portuguez*).



some verses addressed to the Conde do Vimioso, that if work and merit spelt success, he would have money to live and give, and leave in his will;<sup>1</sup> and in *O Clerigo da Beira*, produced in 1526, he declares that at Court "those who do least are best rewarded."<sup>2</sup> Of Vicente's life we know little. The date of his birth, the date of his death, and his birth-place are all uncertain, and discussion rages as to whether he was, or was not, the famous silversmith of the same name. His approximate date is 1470-1540. For three centuries after his death his genius was not fully recognized in Portugal, but since the Hamburg (1834) edition of his works his reputation has grown steadily, and he now takes his rank among the greatest poets of the Peninsula.<sup>3</sup>

S. JOÃO DO ESTORIL,  
January, 1914.

<sup>1</sup> *Obras varias* :

" Que o medrar  
Se estivesse em trabalhar  
Ou valera o merecer  
Eu tivera que comer  
E que dar e que deixar."

<sup>2</sup> " Lá não fazem bem  
Senão a quem menos faz."

<sup>3</sup> He wrote in Portuguese or Spanish indifferently. In the present selection, lyrics 1-18 are in Portuguese, the remainder in Spanish.



## CONTENTS

## PAGE

1. Este he Maio, o Maio he este. ( <i>Auto da Lusitania.</i> )	-	2
2. Blanca estais e colorada. ( <i>Auto da Feira.</i> ) - -	-	4
3. Quem he a desposada? ( <i>Auto Pastoril Portuguez.</i> ) -	-	6
4. A serra he alta, fria e nevosa. ( <i>Farça dos Almocreves.</i> )	-	8
5. Remando vão remadores. ( <i>Auto da Barca do Purgatorio.</i> )	-	10
6. Alto Deos maravilhoso. ( <i>Auto da Alma.</i> ) - -	-	12
7. Com que força, com que sprito. ( <i>Auto da Alma.</i> ) -	-	18
8. Adorae montanhas. ( <i>Auto da Historia de Deos.</i> ) -	-	20
9. Ó devotas almas felis. ( <i>Auto da Mofina Mendes.</i> ) -	-	22
10. A suidade na mulher. ( <i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i> ) -	-	26
11. Donde vindes filha. ( <i>Auto da Lusitania.</i> ) - -	-	28
12. Já não quer minha senhora. ( <i>Tragicomedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella.</i> ) - - - -	-	30
13. Apartão-me hão de vós. ( <i>Quem tem Farelos?</i> ) - -	-	32
14. Tiraes os olhos de mim. ( <i>Auto Pastoril Portuguez.</i> ) -	-	34
15. Onde está minha alegria. ( <i>Comedia de Rubena.</i> ) -	-	36
16. Hum amigo que eu havia. ( <i>Tragicomedia Pastoril da Serra da Estrella.</i> ) - - - -	-	38
17. Ó Cavalleiros de Deos. ( <i>Auto da Barca do Inferno.</i> )	-	40
18. O gran juizo esperando. ( <i>Gil Vicente's Epitaph.</i> ) -	-	42
19. Del rosal vengo, mi madre. ( <i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i> )	-	44
20. Consuelo, véte con Dios. ( <i>Comedia de Rubena.</i> ) -	-	46
21. Á tí, dino de adorar. ( <i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i> ) -	-	48
22. En la huerta nace la rosa. ( <i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i> )	-	50
23. Cual es la niña? ( <i>O Velho da Horta.</i> ) - -	-	52
24. O mi pasión dolorosa. ( <i>Dom Duardos.</i> ) - -	-	54
25. Afuera, afuera, nublados. ( <i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i> ) -	-	56



	PAGE
26. Soy portero de los vientos. ( <i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i> )	58
27. Las abejas colmeneras. ( <i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i> )	62
28. Muy serena está la mar. ( <i>Nao d'Amores.</i> )	64
29. Sirenas, por mi amor. ( <i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i> )	66
30. Muy graciosa es la doncella. ( <i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i> )	68
31. Cuando la Virgen bendita. ( <i>Auto dos Reis Magos.</i> )	70
32. Por más que la vida pene. ( <i>Triumpho do Inverno.</i> )	72
33. Á todos das sepultura. ( <i>Comedia do Viuvo.</i> )	74
34. O floresta de dolores. ( <i>Dom Duardos.</i> )	76
35. Tres dias ha que no viene. ( <i>Dom Duardos.</i> )	78
36. Avante, desdicha mia. ( <i>Comedia sobre a Divisa da Cidade de Coimbra.</i> )	82
37. O que palacio consagrado. ( <i>Dom Duardos.</i> )	86
38. En el mes era de Abril. ( <i>Dom Duardos.</i> )	90
39. Voces daban prisioneros. ( <i>Auto da Historia de Dios.</i> )	94
40. Loado y glorificado. ( <i>Comedia do Viuvo.</i> )	96
41. Á quien contaré mis quejas. ( <i>Floresta de Enganos.</i> )	98
42. O angustias y pesar. ( <i>Comedia de Rubena.</i> )	100
43. Á la guerra. ( <i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i> )	102
44. El que quisiere apurarse. ( <i>Fragoa d'Amor.</i> )	104
45. Vanse mis amores, madre. ( <i>Auto da Lusitania.</i> )	106
46. Que sañosa está la niña! ( <i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i> )	108
47. Los amores de la niña. ( <i>Auto da Lusitania.</i> )	110
48. Águila que dió tal vuelo. ( <i>Templo d'Apollo.</i> )	112
49. Halcon que se atreve. ( <i>Comedia de Rubena.</i> )	114
50. Estanse dos hermanas. ( <i>Comedia do Viuvo.</i> )	116
51. Dicen que me case yo. ( <i>Auto da Sibilla Cassandra.</i> )	118
52. Nuevo gozo, nueva gloria. ( <i>Auto dos Quatro Tempos.</i> )	120
53. O piernas, llevadme un paso siquiera. ( <i>Auto de S. Martinho.</i> )	124
54. Frias las manos para dar loores. ( <i>Obras varias.</i> )	128



LYRICS OF GIL VICENTE

## 1. ESTE HE MAIO.

ESTE he Maio, o Maio he este,  
Este he Maio e florece,  
Este he Maio das rosas,  
Este he Maio das formosas,  
Este he Maio e florece ;  
Este he Maio das flores,  
Este he Maio dos amores,  
Este he Maio e florece.

## I. MAY.

MAY is here, now May is here,  
May is here and all aflower,  
May with its roses laden,  
And many a fair maiden,  
May is here and all aflower ;  
May with its wealth of flowers,  
And with love's soft hours,  
May is here and all aflower.

## 2. CANTIGA.

BLANCA estais e colorada,  
Virgem sagrada !

Em Belem villa do amor  
Da rosa nasceo a flor.

Virgem sagrada !

Em Belem villa do amar  
Nasceo a rosa do rosal.

Virgem sagrada !

Da rosa nasceo a flor,

Jesus Nosso Salvador.

Virgem sagrada !

Nasceo a rosa do rosal,  
Deos e homem natural.

Virgem sagrada !

## 2. A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HOLY Virgin, white and fair!  
In Bethlehem now in this hour  
Of the rose is born a flower.

Virgin holy!

In Bethlehem, Love's fair city,  
A rose is born of the rose-tree.

Virgin holy!

Of the rose is born a flower,  
Even Christ our Saviour.

Virgin holy!

A rose is born of the rose-tree,  
God and man in one to be.

Virgin holy!

## 3. CANTIGA.

QUEM he a desposada ?  
 A Virgem sagrada.  
 Quem he a que paria ?  
 A Virgem Maria.  
 Em Bethlem, cidade  
 Muito pequenina,  
 Vi hũa desposada  
 E Virgem parida.

Em Bethlem, cidade  
 Muito pequenina,  
 Vi hũa desposada  
 E Virgem parida.  
 Quem he a desposada ?  
 A Virgem sagrada.  
 Quem he a que paria ?  
 A Virgem Maria.

Hũa pobre casa  
 Toda reluzia,  
 Os Anjos cantavão,  
 O Mundo dizia :  
 Quem he a desposada ?  
 A Virgem sagrada.  
 Quem he a que paria ?  
 A Virgem Maria.

## 3. A CAROL.

THE bride, who is she ?  
 The Virgin holy,  
 Even Mary,  
 The Virgin Mother.  
 Now unto them  
 A Son is given  
 In Bethlehem,  
 A city small.

Now unto them  
 A Son is given  
 In Bethlehem,  
 A city small.  
 The bride, who is she ?  
 The Virgin holy,  
 Even Mary,  
 The Virgin Mother.

On a humble house  
 Great light was shed,  
 The Angels sang,  
 And the Earth said :  
 The bride, who is she ?  
 The Virgin holy,  
 Even Mary,  
 The Virgin Mother.



## 4. SERRANILHA.

A SERRA he alta, fria e nevosa,  
Vi venir serrana gentil, graciosa.

Vi venir serrana gentil, graciosa,  
Cheguei-me per' ella con gran cortezia.

Cheguei-me a ella de gran cortezia.  
Disse-lhe : Senhora, quereis companhia ?

Disse-lhe : Senhora, quereis companhia ?  
Disse-me : Escudeiro, segui vossa via.



## 4. A HILL SONG.

THE snow is on the hills, the hills so cold and high.  
I saw a maiden of the hills, graceful and fair, pass by.

I saw a maiden of the hills, graceful and fair, pass by,  
And I towards her went with great courtesy.

And I towards her went with great courtesy.

“Will you,” said I, “lady, of my company?”

“Will you,” said I, “lady, of my company?”

But “Sir Knight, pass on your way,” said she unto me.

## 5. ROMANCE.

RÉMANDO vão remadores  
Barca de grande alegria ;  
O patrão que a guiava  
Filho de Deus se dizia ;  
Anjos eram os remeiros  
Que remavam á porfia ;  
Estandarte d'esperança :  
Ó quam bem que parecia !  
O masto da fortaleza  
Como cristal reluzia ;  
A vela com fé cosida  
Todo o mundo esclarecia.  
A ribeira mui serena  
Que nenhum vento bolia !

## 5. ROWERS NOW ARE ROWING.

ROWERS now are rowing  
A boat of great delight ;  
The boatman who was steering it  
The Son of God is hight ;  
And angels were the rowers,  
Rowing with all their might ;  
Its flag the flag of hope :  
O, how fair a sight !  
Its mast the mast of fortitude,  
And as crystal bright.  
The boat's sail, sewn with faith,  
To all the world gave light.  
Upon the waters calm  
No breath of wind may light.

## 6. ALTO DEOS MARAVILHOSO.

ALTO Deos maravilhoso,  
 Que o mundo visitaste  
 Em carne humana,  
 Neste valle temeroso  
 E lacrimoso.  
 Tua gloria nos mostraste :  
 Soberana.

E teu filho delicado,  
 Mimoso da Divindade  
 E natureza,  
 Per todas partes chagado  
 E mui sangrado  
 Pela nossa infirmitade  
 E vil fraqueza.

Ó Imperador celeste,  
 Deos alto mui poderoso  
 Essencial,  
 Que polo homem que fizeste  
 Offereceste  
 O teu estado glorioso  
 A ser mortal !

E tua filha, madre, esposa,  
 Horta nobre, frol dos céos,  
 Virgem Maria,

## 6. MATER DOLOROSA.

GOD, whose might on high appears,  
 Who camest to this world  
 In human guise,  
 In this vale of many tears  
 And sullen fears  
 Thy great glory hast unfurled  
 Before our eyes.

And thy Son so delicate,  
 By His nature and His birth  
 From out the skies,  
 See with blood and wounds so great  
 How grievous is His state,  
 For our infirmities  
 And little worth !

O Ruler of the sky,  
 God of enduring power  
 And might,  
 Who for Thy creatures, men, to die,  
 Didst not deny  
 Thy Godhead in that hour  
 Infinite.

And Thy daughter, mother, bride,  
 Noble flower of the skies,  
 The Virgin blest.

Mansa pomba gloriosa,  
 Ó quão chorosa,  
 Quando o seu filho e Deos  
 Padecia !

Ó lagrimas preciosas  
 De virginal coração  
 Estilladas !  
 Correntes das dôres vossas,  
 C'os olhos da perfeição  
 Derramadas !

Quem hũa so podéra haver,  
 Vira claramente nella  
 Aquella dôr,  
 Aquella pena e padecer  
 Com que choravais, donzella,  
 Vosso amor.

E quando vos amortecida  
 Se lagrimas faltavão  
 Não faltava  
 A vosso filho e vossa vida  
 Chorar as que lhe ficavão  
 De quando orava.

Porque muito mais sentia  
 Polos seus padecimentos  
 Ver-vos tal.  
 Mais que quanto padecia  
 Lhe doia,  
 E dobrava seus tormentos  
 Vosso mal.



Gentle dove, when her Son died,  
 When her God was crucified,  
 Ah, what tears her grief attest !

O precious tears that well  
 From that virgin heart, distilled  
 One by one !  
 Flowing they thy sorrow tell,  
 And those perfect eyes have filled,  
 And still flow on.

Ah, who but one might have,  
 In it manifestly  
 That grief to prove,  
 That woe and suffering grave  
 That such weeping brought to thee  
 For thy love.

Fainting with grief, if failed  
 Thy tears, yet might not fail  
 Thy Son, thy Life,  
 Who to the cross was nailed,  
 Fresh tears, that could avail  
 In prayer at strife.

For when thee thus fainting  
 He in His anguish saw  
 All lifeless,  
 More than all His suffering  
 Him did wring,  
 And pangs twofold from Him draw  
 Thy distress.

Se se pudesse dizer,  
Se se pudesse rezar  
Tanta dôr,  
Se se pudesse fazer  
Podermos ver  
Qual estavais ao cravar  
Do Redemptor !

Ó fermosa face bella,  
Ó resplendor divinal,  
Qué sentistes  
Quando a cruz se poz á vela  
E, posto nella,  
O filho celestial  
Que paristes !

Vendo por cima da gente  
Assomar vosso conforto  
Tão chagado,  
Cravado tão cruelmente,  
E vos presente ;  
Vendo-vos ser mãe do morto  
E justificado !

Ó rainha delicada,  
Sanctidade escurecida,  
Quem não chora  
Em ver morta debruçada  
A avogada,  
A força da nossa vida !



No words have ever told,  
 No prayer or litany wailed  
 Such grief and loss :  
 Our thought may not enfold  
 Nor thee behold,  
 As thou wert when He was nailed  
 Upon the cross !

To thee, O lovely face,  
 Wherein Heaven's beauty shone,  
 What woe was given  
 When the cross on high they place,  
 And, thereupon  
 Nailèd, the Son of Heaven,  
 Even thy Son !

Then o'er their heads on high  
 He who was thy delight  
 Came to thy sight,  
 Nailèd so cruelly,  
 Thee standing by,  
 The Mother of Him who died  
 There crucified !

Frail Queen of Holiness,  
 Who would not weep to see  
 Thee thus o'erthrown,  
 Fainting and motionless,  
 Who dost uphold and bless  
 Our life alone !

## 7. A ALMA.

Com que força, com que sprito  
Te darei tristes louvores,  
Que sou nada,  
Vendo-te, Deos infinito,  
Tão afflicto,  
Padecendo tu as dôres,  
E eu culpada ?

Como estás tão quebrantado,  
Filho de Deus immortal !  
Quem te matou ?  
Senhor, por cujo mandado  
Es justicado,  
Sendo Deos universal,  
Que nos creou ?

## 7. A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART.

WITH what heart and soul contrite  
May I praise Thee sadly now,  
Who am nought,  
Seeing Thee, God infinite,  
To such plight  
Of suffering and sorrow bow,  
By my sin brought !

Lord, how art Thou crushed and broken,  
Thou, the Son of God, to die!  
And Thy death  
By whom ordered, by what token  
The word spoken  
Thee to judge and crucify,  
Who gav'st us breath ?

## 8. VILANCETE.

ADORAE montanhas  
O Deos das alturas,  
Tambem as verduras,  
Adorae desertos  
E serras floridas  
O Deos dos secretos,  
O Senhor das vidas ;  
Ribeiras crescidas  
Louvae nas alturas  
Deos das creaturas.  
Louvae arvoredos  
De fructo presado,  
Digão os penedos :  
Deos seja louvado,  
E louve meu gado  
Nestas verduras  
O Deos das alturas.

## 8. A SHEPHERD'S SONG.

WORSHIP, O mountains,  
The God unseen,  
And ye pastures green ;  
Ye deserts adore,  
And ye flowered hills,  
The Lord who earth fills  
With life evermore,  
Praise Him, rivers and rills,  
God of earth and sky :  
Praise Him on high.  
With fruits' fair stock  
Ye woods Him praise,  
Ye mountain-ways  
And every rock ;  
Praise Him, my flock  
In these pastures green,  
The God unseen.

## 9. PSALMO.

Ó DEVOTAS almas felis  
 Para sempre sem cessar  
 Laudate *Dominum* de coelis,  
 Laudate Eum *in excelsis*  
 Quanto se póde louvar.  
 Louvae, anjos do Senhor,  
 Ao Senhor das altezas,  
 E todas as profundezas  
 Louvae vosso criador  
 Com todas suas grandezas.  
*Laudate Eum, sol et luna,*  
*Laudate Eum, stellae et lumen,*  
*Et lauda, Hierusalem,*  
 Ao Senhor que te enfuna  
 Neste portal de Bethlem.  
 Louvae o Senhor dos céos,  
 Louvae-o, agua das aguas,  
 Que sobre o céu sois firmadas ;  
 E louvae o Senhor Deos  
 Relampagos e trovoadas.  
*Laudate Dominum àe terra,*  
*Dracones et omnes abyssi,*  
 E todas diversidades  
 De nevoas e serra,  
 Ventos, nuvens, *et eclipsi,*



## 9. A PSALM.

PRAISE the Lord on high,  
Spirits of the blest !  
Praise Him in the sky,  
His glory ceaselessly  
Let your song attest.  
Angels of the Lord,  
And depths of darkest night  
By you the Lord of might  
Ever be adored  
In power infinite.  
Praise Him, sun and moon,  
Praise Him, stars and light,  
And Jerusalem,  
To great glory grown  
By His birth this night.  
Praise to God be given,  
Waters that are sent  
O'er the firmament.  
Praise the Lord of Heaven,  
Thunder and lightning blent.  
Praise Him on the earth,  
Dragons and all ye depths,  
And after your kind,  
Mists and mountain-heights,  
Clouds, eclipses, wind.

E louvae-o, tempestades,  
*Bestiae et universa*  
*Pecora, volucres, serpentes,*  
Louvae-o, todas as gentes,  
E toda a coisa diversa  
Que no mundo sois presentes.



All ye nations, praise,  
Wild beasts, tempest-shocks,  
Serpents, birds, and flocks,  
All that the world locks  
In its diverse ways.

## 10. ESPARSA.

A SUIDADE na mulher  
Mata o coração e alma  
Porque momento não acalma  
A tormenta que tiver.  
Que tu, se te vas de mi,  
Verás outras formosuras,  
Fallas e ouves doçuras ;  
Mas eu não vejo sem ti  
Senão cousas muito escuras.

## 10. WOMAN'S REGRET AND LONGING KILL.

WOMAN'S regret and longing kill  
In her both her heart and soul,  
Since no moment may console  
Her sorrow, or her torture still.  
Sweet things shalt thou say and hear  
Still, and other beauty see  
If thou goest now from me ;  
But *I*, when thou art not near,  
Must live in sad obscurity.

## II. CANTIGA DE AMIGO.

DONDE vindes filha  
Branca e colorida?—  
De lá venho, madre,  
De ribas de um rio.  
Achei meus amores  
Num rosal florido.—  
Florida, minha filha  
Branca e colorida.—  
De lá venho, madre,  
De ribas de um alto.  
Achei meus amores  
Num rosal granado.—  
Granado, minha filha  
Branca e colorida.

## II. A LOVE SONG.

DAUGHTER, whence come you  
So white and so fair?—  
Mother, I come  
From the banks of a river.  
There found I my love  
By a rose-tree in flower.—  
In flower, my daughter  
So white and so fair.—  
Mother, I come  
From the banks of a stream.  
There found I my love  
By a red rose-tree.—  
Red rose-tree, my daughter  
So white and so fair.



## 12. JÁ NÃO QUER MINHA SENHORA.

Já não quer minha senhora  
 Que lhe falle em apartado.  
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

Minha senhora me disse  
 Que me quer fallar hum dia,  
 Agora por meu peccado  
 Disse-me que não podia.  
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

Minha senhora me disse  
 Que me queria fallar,  
 Agora por meu peccado  
 Não me quer ver nem olhar.  
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

Agora por meu peccado  
 Disse-me que não podia.  
 Irme-hei triste polo mundo  
 Onde me levar a dita.  
 Ó que mal tão alongado !

## 12. THE DISAPPOINTED LOVER

Now no more my lady wills  
That I speak with her alone.  
How am I now woebegone !

Unto me my lady said  
One day she would speak with me,  
Now I for my sins atone,  
Since she says it may not be.  
How am I now woebegone !

For to me my lady said  
That she fain would speak with me,  
Now I for my sins atone,  
Since me now she will not see.  
How am I now woebegone !

Now I for my sins atone,  
Since she says it may not be,  
Through the world will I be gone  
Where'er fortune carry me.  
How am I now woebegone !

## 13. APARTÃO-ME HÃO DE VÓS.

APARTÃO-ME hão de vós,  
Garrido amor !  
Eu amei hũa senhora  
De todo o meu coração,  
Quiz Deos e minha ventura  
Que não m'a querem dar, não,  
Garrido amor !

Não me vós querem dare,  
Irme hei a terras agenas  
A chorar meu pesare,  
Garrido amor !

Ja vedes minha partida,  
Os meus olhos ja se vão,  
Se se parte a minha vida  
Cá me fica o coração,  
Garrido amor !

## 13. THE ESCUDEIRO'S SONG.

FROM my love me they would part,  
From my love so fair.  
A fair lady did I love,  
Loved with all my mind and heart,  
But fortune and the fates above  
Keep me still from her apart,  
From my love so fair.

And since her from me they keep,  
Will I go to distant lands,  
My ill fortune there to weep  
And my love so fair.

Now must I from her depart,  
But if thus my eyes that grieve  
And my life my love must leave,  
Here, O here remains my heart  
With my love so fair.

## 14. TIRAE OS OLHOS DE MIM.

TIRAE os olhos de mim,  
Minha vida e meu descanso,  
Que me estais namorando.  
Os vossos olhos, senhora,  
Senhora de formosura,  
Por cada momento de hora  
Dão mil annos de tristura.  
Temo de não ter ventura,  
Vida, não m'esteis olhando,  
Que me estais namorando.



## 14. TAKE, O TAKE THOSE EYES AWAY.

THOU that art my life and solace,  
O no longer look upon me,  
To such love thy eyes have won me.  
For thy fair eyes have such power,  
They give thousand years of sadness—  
Thou of loveliness the flower—  
In each instant of each hour,  
And I fear to lose my gladness.  
O no longer look upon me,  
To such love thy eyes have won me.

## 15. ONDE ESTÁ MINHA ALEGRIA.

ONDE está minha alegria  
 Que sempre foge de mi?  
 Vem cá, não faças assi  
 Que em ver-te descansaria.

*Eco:* Iria.

Iria lá, mas foges mais,  
 Ó tristes saudades minhas,  
 Nestas montanhas maninhas  
 Que descanso he o que dais?

*Eco:* Ais.

Ais, leixai partir a vida  
 E partir-vos-heis daqui,  
 Tal estou, triste de mi  
 Que não sei se he ja partida.

*Eco:* Ida.

## 15. ECHO.

WHERE the joy that, once my guest,  
 Now doth ever from me flee ?  
 Come, for if thy face I see,  
 Thou wilt all my grief arrest.

*Echo* : Rest.

Rest how gladly, could I find  
 That which still from me will go :  
 In these mountains stern, unkind,  
 What relief canst thou bestow ?

*Echo* : Woe.

Woe, then take my life away,  
 So wilt thou leave me alone,  
 Who know not if it is gone  
 Now, such grief doth on me weigh.

*Echo* : Away.

## 16. CANTIGA DE AMIGO.

HUM amigo que eu havia  
Mançanas d'ouro m'envia.  
Garrido amor !

Hum amigo que eu amava  
Mançanas d'ouro me manda.  
Garrido amor !

Mançanas d'ouro m'envia,  
A melhor era partida.  
Garrido amor !

## 16. A LOVE SONG.

A FRIEND of mine, a friend of old,  
Sends unto me apples of gold.

Fair is love !

Even unto me now this my friend  
Apples, apples of gold doth send.

Fair is love !

Apples of gold he sends amain,  
The best of them was split in twain.

Fair is love !



## 17. Ó CAVALLEIROS DE DEOS.

Ó CAVALLEIROS de Deos,  
A vós estou esperando,  
Que morrestes pelejando  
Por Christo, Senhor dos Céos.  
Sois livres de todo o mal,  
Sanctos por certo sem falha :  
Que quem morre em tal batalha  
Merece paz eternal.

## 17. THE KNIGHTS OF GOD.

KNIGHTS of God, for you we wait,  
You who fighting met your fate  
For the Christ, the Lord of Heaven.  
From all evil are you free,  
Holy are you certainly :  
Unto him who in such conflict  
Dies eternal peace is given.

## 18. SEPULTURA DE GIL VICENTE.

O GRAN juizo esperando  
Jaço aqui nesta morada,  
Tambem da vida cansada  
Descansando.

Pergunta-me quem fui eu,  
Attenta bem pera mi,  
Porque tal fui como ti  
E tal has de ser com' eu.

E pois tudo a isto vem,  
O lector, de meu conselho  
Toma-me por teu espelho,  
Olha-me e olha-te bem.

## 18. GIL VICENTE'S EPITAPH.

I WHO lie this stone below  
For the Day of Judgment wait,  
From life's weary fevered state  
Resting now.

Who I was thou wouldest know—  
Listen therefore unto me:  
For as I am thou shalt be  
And I once was even as thou.

Reader, since it is decreed  
That all things must come to this,  
Look in what thy mirror is,  
And, seeing, to thyself give heed.

## 19. CANTIGA DE AMIGO.

DEL rosal vengo, mi madre,  
Vengo del rosale.

Á riberas de aquel vado  
Viera estar rosal granado.

Vengo del rosale.

Á riberas de aquel rio  
Viera estar rosal florido,

Vengo del rosale.

Viera estar rosal florido,

Cogi rosas con suspiro.

Vengo del rosale.

Del rosal vengo, mi madre,

Vengo del rosale.



## 19. A LOVE SONG.

I COME from the rose-tree, mother,  
I come from the rose-tree.  
By the banks of yonder stream  
I saw red roses gleam.  
I come from the rose-tree.  
By the river the rose-tree  
All in flower did I see.  
I come from the rose-tree.  
All in flower before my eyes  
And the roses plucked with sighs.  
I come from the rose-tree.  
I come from the rose-tree, mother,  
I come from the rose-tree.

## 20. CONSUELO.

CONSUELO, véte con Dios,  
Pues ves la vida que sigo  
No pierdas tiempo conmigo.  
Consuelo mal empleado  
No consueles mi tristura,  
Véte a quien tiene ventura  
Y deja el desventurado.  
No quiero ser consolado  
Antes me pesa contigo,  
No pierdas tiempo conmigo.

## 20. CONSOLATION.

CONSOLATION, be thou gone,  
Since my sorrow thou mayst see,  
Waste no time to dwell with me  
Leave me to myself alone,  
Seek not to console my sadness,  
Go to him who lives in gladness,  
And leave me, the hapless one.  
Consolation will I none,  
And but gloom can find in thee :  
Waste no time to dwell with me.

## 21. VILANCETE.

Á tí, dino de adorar,  
Á tí, nuestro Dios, loamos,  
Á tí, señor, confesamos  
Sanctus, Sanctus, sin cesar.  
Inmenso Padre Eternal  
Omnis terra honra á tí,  
Tibi omnes angeli  
Y el coro celestial.  
Pues que es dino de adorar,  
Querubines te cantamos,  
Arcángeles te bradamos  
Sanctus, Sanctus, sin cesar.

## 21. SONG OF ANGELS.

WORTHY of adoration, Thee,  
O Lord our God, we praise ;  
To Thee our hymn we raise,  
“ Holy, Holy,” ceaselessly.  
To laud Thee doth conspire  
All earth and honour most  
With the angelic host  
In their celestial choir.  
Worthy of adoration, Thee  
We Cherubim do sing,  
Archangels’ voices ring,  
“ Holy, Holy,” ceaselessly.



## 22. EN LA HUERTA NACE LA ROSA.

EN la huerta nace la rosa :  
Quierome ir allá  
Para mirar al rruiseñor  
Como cantaba.

Por las riberas del rio  
Limonos coge la virgo :  
Quierome ir allá  
Para mirar al rruiseñor  
Como cantaba.

Limonos cogia la virgo  
Para dar al su amigo :  
Quierome ir allá  
Para mirar al rruiseñor  
Como cantaba.

Para dar al su amigo  
En un sombrero de sirgo :  
Quierome ir allá  
Para mirar al rruiseñor  
Como cantaba.

## 22. IN THE GARDEN THE ROSES BLOW.

In the garden the roses blow :  
 Thither, thither would I go  
 To hear the nightingale in song  
 All the night long.

By the bank of the stream  
 She is gathering lemons :  
 And thither would I go  
 To hear the nightingale in song  
 All the night long.

She was gathering lemons  
 To give to her love :  
 . And thither would I go  
 To hear the nightingale in song  
 All the night long.

In a silken hat  
 To give to her love :  
 And thither would I go  
 To hear the nightingale in song  
 All the night long.

## 23. CUAL ES LA NIÑA ?

CUAL es la niña  
Que coge las flores  
Sino tiene amores ?  
Cogía la niña  
La rosa florida,  
El hortelánico  
Prendas le pedía  
Sino tiene amores.

## 23. WHO IS THE MAIDEN ?

Who is the maiden  
Who is gathering flowers  
And is not love-laden ?  
But she now would gather  
A rose, the fair maiden,  
And he of the garden  
Besought for the favour,  
If she is not love-laden.

## 24. O MI PASIÓN DOLOROSA.

O MI pasión dolorosa  
Aun que penes no te quejes  
Ni te acabes ni me dejes.  
Dos mil suspiros envió  
Y doblados pensamientos  
Que no tragan más tormentos  
Al triste corazón mio.  
Pues amor, que es señorío,  
Te manda que no me dejes,  
No te acabes ni me dejes.



## 24. O MY PASSION AND MY GRIEF.

O MY passion and my grief,  
Yet complain not to bereave me  
Of thy woe, nor cease nor leave me.  
Evermore I sigh and pine  
With my sorrowing thoughts intent  
That no further pang be sent  
Unto this sad heart of mine.  
But Love, in his right divine,  
Thee commands now not to leave me,  
Not to cease and not to leave me.

## 25. AFUERA, AFUERA, NUBLADOS.

AFUERA, afuera, nublados,  
 Neblinas y ventisqueros,  
 Reverdeen los oteros,  
 Los valles, priscos y prados.  
 Sea el frio rebentado,  
 Salgan los frescos vapores,  
 Píntese el campo de flores,  
 Alégrese lo sembrado.  
 Vúelvase la hermosura  
 Á cada cosa en su grado,  
 Á los flores su blancura,  
 Á la tierra su verdura,  
 Que el bravo tiempo ha robado.  
 Bendito el triunfo mio  
 Que da claridad al cielo,  
 Y no es menos el zelo  
 De lo que es mi señorío.  
 El Dios de los amadores  
 Me dió su poder y llaves  
 Que mande cantar las aves  
 Los salmos de sus amores.  
 Y las damas sin piedad  
 Sepan que soy ya venido,  
 Y que me manda Cupido  
 Que no goce mi amistad  
 Corazon desagradccido.

## 25. THE TRIUMPH OF SPRING.

CLOUDS and tempests, get ye gone,  
 Hence, yemists and every shadow,  
 Let field, valley, hill, and meadow  
 Shine with green as erst they shone.  
 Cold and frost we now may spurn,  
 Let soft vapours fill the air,  
 Grass be gay with flowers fair,  
 Gladness to the crops return ;  
 All after their kind be seen  
 In their beauty and their brightness,  
 Flowers in their robe of whiteness,  
 And the Earth in vestment green,  
 Stolen away by winter keen.<sup>1</sup>  
 Blest my triumph, that afar  
 Now irradiates the sky,  
 And in equal pleasure vie  
 All that of my kingdom are.  
 The God of lovers unto me  
 Entrusted has his keys and power  
 That at my bidding in this hour  
 'The birds their psalms of love may sing.  
 And you heartless ones who see  
 I am here, bear this in mind—  
 This command of love I bring :  
 No friend of mine that heart shall be  
 That is cruel and unkind.

<sup>1</sup> There are several indications in Gil Vicente's description of winter and spring near Lisbon that the winters of the sixteenth century were more severe than they are in the twentieth. Now it is winter, not spring, that spreads green over the earth, and the heat of summer that steals it away.

## 26. O INVERNO.

Soy portero de los vientos,  
Pastor de las tempestades,  
Ayo de las frialdades,  
Ira de los elementos ;  
Maestresala de la luna,  
De los hielos corretor,  
Y soy capitán mayor  
De la marina fortuna.  
Aunque veais mi figura  
Hecha un salvaje bruto  
Yo cubro el aire de luto  
Y las sierras de blancura.  
Quito las sombras graciosas  
Debajo de los castaños,  
Y hago á los ermitaños  
Encovar como raposas.  
Hago mustios los perales  
Los bosques frescos medoños,  
Y alegres los madroños  
Y llorosos los rosales.  
Hago sonar las campanas  
Muy lejos con mis primores  
Y callar los ruseñores  
Y los grillos y las ranas.  
Hago á buenos y ruines  
Cerrar ventanas y puertas,



## 26. WINTER.

THE winds to me obedient  
I keep : all cold and tempest shocks  
Follow me and are my flocks ;  
Scourge of every element  
Am I, master of the moon ;  
Frost and ice obey my call  
That am the high admiral  
Of ships with which the sea is strewn.  
Though my look your mind estranges  
As if I a ruffian were,  
I can fill with black the air  
And with white the mountain-ranges.  
All the pleasant shade I strip  
From beneath the chestnut-trees,  
And the hermits, as I please,  
To their lairs like foxes skip.  
To decay I turn the pears,  
And the fresh, green woods destroy ;  
The strawberry-plants grow red with joy  
And the roses fill with tears.  
Sound of bells aloud, afar,  
Through the countryside I ring ;  
To nightingales I silence bring,  
Frogs and crickets silent are.  
Windows closèd at my breath  
And doors the just and unjust keep,



Y hago llorar las huertas  
La muerte de los jardines.  
Las viñas hago marchitas  
Y los arroyos riberas,  
Hago lagunas las eras  
Y cisternas las ermitas.

And I make the orchards weep  
In sorrow for the gardens' death.  
Yellow and thin the vines with age  
And rivers of the streams I make,  
Of each threshing-floor a lake,  
A cistern of each hermitage.

## 27. O VERÃO.

LAS abejas colmeneras  
Ya me zuñen los oídos  
Paciendo por los floridos  
Las flores mas placenteras.  
Cuán granado viene el trigo !  
Nuestro amigo,  
Que, pese á todos los vientos,  
Los pueblos trae contentos :  
Todos estan bien conmigo.  
El sol, que estaba sumido,  
Partido deste horizon  
Se sube á septentrion  
En este tiempo garrido ;  
Por eso vengo florido,  
Engrandecido,  
Dando mal grado á Enero ;  
Geminis, Toro, y el Carnero  
Me traen loco perdido.  
Hago claras las riberas,  
El frio echo en las fuentes,  
El tomillo por los montes  
Huele de dos mil maneras.  
La luna cuán clara sale !  
Si me vale,  
Tengo tres meses floridos  
Y despues de estos cumplidos  
Es por fuerza que me calle.

## 27. SPRING.

Now the sound in spring's glad hours  
Of thronging bees my ear embraces,  
That throughout the flowered spaces  
Rifle all the fairest flowers.  
See how laden now doth stand  
Our friendly corn in all the land,  
That in spite of every wind  
Fills with joy the peasant's mind :  
None are from my friendship banned.  
And the sun sunk till this hour  
From yon verge now goeth forth  
And returns towards the north  
In this time of sun and shower ;  
So that I come all aflower  
And in power,  
Against January's will,  
And bereft of senses am  
By the Twins and Bull and Ram.  
At my bidding every rill  
Clears, and cold in springs is pent ;  
Far and near of thyme the scent  
Lavished is across the hill,  
And how clear goes forth the moon !  
Alas ! too soon,  
When three flowered months are spent  
That are as my dower sent,  
Silent must I hence begone.

## 28. LA NAVE DE AMORES.

MUY serena está la mar,  
A los remos, remadores !  
Esta es la nave de amores.  
Al compas que las sirenas  
Cantarán nuevos cantares  
Remareis con tristes penas  
Vuesos remos de pesares ;  
Terneis suspiros á pares,  
Y á pares los dolores :  
Esta es la nave de amores.  
Y remando atormentados  
Hallareis otras tormentas  
Con mares desesperados  
Y desastradas afrentas ;  
Terneis las vidas contentas  
Con los dolores mayores :  
Esta es la nave de amores.  
De remar y trabajar  
Llevareis el cuerpo muerto,  
Y al cabo del navegar  
Se empieza á perder el puerto,  
Aunque el mal sea tan cierto,  
Á los remos remadores !  
Esta es la nave de amores.



## 28. THE SHIP OF LOVE.

VERY tranquil lies the sea,  
 Rowers to your places move :  
 Even this is the ship of love.  
 While new songs the sirens sing  
 To their cadence you shall row,  
 Sorrow to your oars shall cling,  
 And in sadness and in woe  
 New sighs from old sighs shall grow,  
 And more griefs your spirit prove :  
 Even this is the ship of love.  
 And as thus you row distressed,  
 Fresh distresses shall you find,  
 Seas of danger and unrest,  
 Storms and buffeting of wind ;  
 Yet content will in your mind  
 Reign all pain and grief above :  
 Even this is the ship of love.  
 When with rowing and with toil  
 All your strength is wellnigh spent,  
 You shall lose your hope's fair spoil :  
 The port whither your course was bent.  
 Though these ills be surely sent,  
 Rowers to your places move :  
 For this, even this, is the ship of love.



## 29. SIRENAS, POR MI AMOR.

SIRENAS, por mi amor  
Que no canteis más os pido  
Porque el Verano es venido,  
Mi enemigo mayor,  
Y capitan de Cupido.  
Esperallo no me cale,  
Vos os podereis quedar  
Y acoger á la mar  
Si la tierra no os vale.

## 29. WINTER TO THE SIRENS.

SING no more, for love of me,  
Sirens, sing no more, I pray,  
For my fiercest enemy,  
Even Spring, is come this way,  
And Love in his company.  
Here no more may I delay ;  
But for you still shall the sea  
From the heat a refuge be  
If your wish be here to stay.

## 30. CANTIGA.

Muy graciosa es la doncella,  
Como es bella y hermosa !  
Digas tu, el marinero,  
Que en las naves vivías,  
Si la nave ó la vela ó la estrella  
Es tan bella.

Digas tu, el caballero,  
Que las armas vestías,  
Si el caballo ó las armas ó la guerra  
Es tan bella.

Digas tu, el pastorcico,  
Que el ganadico guardas,  
Si el ganado ó las valles ó la sierra  
Es tan bella.

## 30. LOVE SONG.

How comely the maiden,  
How lovely and fair !  
Now tell me, thou sailor,  
Who hast lived on the sea,  
If ship, sail or star  
Is fair as she.

And tell me, thou knight,  
Wont in arms to be,  
If steed, arms or war  
Is fair as she.

And thou, shepherd-boy,  
As thou keepest thy sheep,  
If flock, hill or valley  
Is fair as she.

## 31. VILANCETE.!

CUANDO la Virgen bendita  
Lo parió  
Todo el mundo lo sintió.  
Los coros angelicales  
Todos cantan nueva gloria,  
Los tres reis la vitoria  
De las almas humanales.  
En las tierras principales  
Se sonó  
Cuando nuestro Dios nació.

## 31. WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN.

WHEN Christ was born of Virgin blest  
All the Earth  
Felt and marvelled at His birth,  
The host of angels then,  
Lo, a new glory sings,  
And victory the three kings  
For the souls of men.  
To great lands East and West  
Then in mirth  
Travelled the tidings of our Saviour's birth.



## 32. VILANCETE.

POR más que la vida pene  
No se pierda la esperanza  
Porque la desconfianza  
Sola la muerte la tiene.

Si fortuna dolorida  
Tuviere quien bien la sienta  
Sentirá que toda afrenta  
Se remedia con la vida.

Y pues doble gloria tiene  
Despues del mal la bonanza,  
No se pierda la esperanza  
En cuanto muerte no viene.

## 32. HOPE.

THOUGH life be full of sorrow,  
Yet never hope be lost  
Nor by despair be crossed :  
Death only has no morrow.

And if in grief and pain  
Our whole life seem to sink,  
Still some cure may we think  
To find if life remain.

And since brings double joy  
Calm to the tempest-tossed,  
So never hope be lost  
Till death come to destroy.

## 33. Á TODOS DAS SEPULTURA.

Á todos das sepultura,  
Muerte : díme que es de tí,  
Que te amo,  
Y por mi gran desventura  
Tú te haces sorda á mí  
Que te llamo.  
Pues mi ánima se enoja  
Con las tristes ancias mias  
Tan penada,  
Rasgada sea la hoja  
Adó estan escritos mis dias,  
Y quemada.

## 33. INVITATION TO DEATH.

DEATH, where art thou, that a grave  
Freely givest unto all ?  
I now woo thee,  
And in this great sorrow have  
That thou hearest not my call  
Who cry to thee.  
For since, anguish-vexed, my soul,  
By my grief and sadness smitten,  
Is to joy dead,  
Rent in pieces be the scroll  
Whereon all my days are written,  
And consumèd!

## 34. O FLORESTA DE DOLORES.

O FLORESTA de dolores,  
Arboles dulces, floridos,  
Immortales,  
Secáredes vüesas flores  
Si tuviérades sentidos  
Humanales.

Que partiéndose de aquí  
Quien hace tan soberana  
Mi tristura,  
Vos, de mancilla de mí,  
Estuviérades mañana  
Sin verdura.

## 34. A LOVER'S LAMENT.

O WOOD of woe and grief  
And fair flowered trees that hence  
Ne'er shall go,  
Ye would wither, flower and leaf,  
Were human thought and sense  
Yours to know.

Since departed now is she,  
Who my bitterness can raise  
To a throne,  
You in sympathy for me  
Would stand bare for all your days,  
Leafless grown.



## 35. TRES DIAS HA QUE NO VIENE.

TRES dias ha que no viene,  
 Guisándome está la muerte  
 Mi señora.

Señora, quien te detiene ?  
 No sé como estoy sin verte  
 Sola una hora.

Pues de darme eres servida  
 Despiadosa batalla  
 Y triste guerra,  
 Y mi paz está perdida,  
 Muerte, llévame á buscalla  
 So la tierra.

Que cuando amor me prendió  
 Dijo : Presto has de morir  
 Por justicia.  
 Luego me sentenció,  
 Y aluéngame el vivir  
 Con malicia.

Dios de amor, no te contentas  
 Que te quiero dar la vida  
 Neste dia,  
 La misma que tú atormentas ?  
 Sácame la dolorida  
 Alma mia.

## 35. THREE DAYS SHE HAS NOT COME TO ME.

THREE days she has not come to me,  
 And my life is in her power,  
 And my delight.  
 Lady mine, who thus prevents thee ?  
 How can I live but one hour  
 From thy sight ?

Since thy anger will not cease  
 And such war it is thy pleasure  
 I should have,  
 Since lost is all my peace  
 Take me, Death, to seek this treasure  
 In the grave.

For to me when Love first won me,  
 He said : " Condemned art thou  
 Soon to die."  
 Thus he passed sentence upon me,  
 But my life prolongeth now  
 Cruelly.

God of Love, is't not thy will  
 My life from me to receive  
 On this day,  
 Even the life that thou dost kill,  
 And my soul that sorrows grieve  
 Bear away ?

Qué mas quieres, O huerta,  
Deseo verte arrancada  
Donde está :  
Quemada tu cerca y tu puerta,  
Pues estás tan olvidada  
Como yo.

Tu diosa porqué no viene  
Ver que esto suyo se va  
Al infierno  
Onde por su amor pene ?  
Y la gloria será  
Que es eterno.

And thou, garden, my desire  
Is to see thee spoiled and torn  
And desolate lie,  
Fence and gate all burnt with fire,  
Since now thou art forlorn  
Even as I.

Why then comes thy goddess not,  
To see how all her garden  
I destroy ?  
And for love of her its lot  
It bears gladly, nor seeks pardon  
From such joy !

## 36. AVANTE, DESDICHA MIA

AVANTE, desdicha mia  
 Pues corres en pos de mí  
 No á ciegas,  
 Acaba, que bien sería  
 La muerte que te pedí  
 Y me niegas.

O fortuna sin piedad  
 Como eres descompasada  
 Sin medida !  
 Pues nací con brevedad  
 Dame muerte abreviada  
 Y no cumplida.

Si el nacer fue en un momento,  
 Porqué muero en tantos dias  
 Padeciendo,  
 De suerte que siempre siento  
 La muerte de Jeremías,  
 Yo viviendo ?

Tu y los cielos y Dios  
 Me teneis mal tratado,  
 Y lo peor  
 No haber siquiera en vos  
 Piedad deste cuitado  
 Labrador.



## 36. COME, MISFORTUNE.

COME, misfortune, since so plainly  
In my steps thus followest thou  
Without erring,  
Make an end, bring Death that vainly  
Sought I of thee then and now,  
To life preferring.

Cruel fate that me forlorn  
Wouldst from woe to woe see drift  
Without measure,  
Since in brief space was I born  
Let my death likewise be swift,  
Not at thy leisure.

If my birth was but a day,  
Why so many now of death  
Dost thou give,  
So that death doth on me weigh  
Who so sadly draw my breath  
And still must live ?

Fortune and Heaven's will  
Have so maltreated me,  
And no relief  
From those who me thus kill,  
No pity may I see  
For all my grief.



Que en esta sierra dó moro  
Las aves y animales  
Han pesar  
Porque grito, porque lloro,  
Porque son mis llantos tales  
Sin cansar.

Y las bravas espesuras  
Me fueron y son piadosas  
Hasta aquí,  
Y las grutas mas oscuras  
Desean de ser lumbrosas  
Para mí.

In these mountains where I dwell,  
Every animal and bird  
Is sad for me,  
For my cries and tears that well  
And my lamentations heard  
Ceaselessly.

Yea, the thickets wild have shown  
Their pity when my plight  
They see,  
And caves where light ne'er shone  
Wish that they were filled with light  
To offer me.

## 37. O QUE PALACIO CONSAGRADO.

O que palacio consagrado,  
 Pues que tienes en tu mano  
 Tal tesoro,  
 Debieras de ser lavrado  
 De otro metal mas ufano  
 Que el oro.

Hubieran de ser rubines,  
 Esmeraldas muy polidas  
 Tus ventanas,  
 Pues que pueblan serafines  
 Tus entradas y salidas  
 Soberanas.

Yo adoro, diosa mia,  
 Más que á los dioses sagrados  
 Tu alteza,  
 Que eres dios de mi alegría,  
 Criador de mis cuidados  
 Y tristeza.

A tí adoro causadora  
 De este vil oficio triste  
 Que escogí,  
 Á ti adoro, señora,  
 Que mi ánima quisiste  
 Para ti.

## 37. SACRED MUST THOU, PALACE, BE.

SACRED must thou, palace, be  
 That such treasure in thy hand  
 Dost enfold,  
 Fairer, if aught alchemy  
 Fairer yield, thy walls should stand  
 Ev'n than gold.

Then, ah then, clear rubies red  
 And fair polished emeralds green  
 Thy windows were,  
 Since thee have angels visited  
 And in thy entrances are seen  
 That are so fair.

I adore thee, goddess mine,  
 More than all the gods divine,  
 That art my gladness,  
 Yea, the goddess of my joy  
 And of cares that me annoy  
 And my sadness.

Thee I worship evermore  
 And for thee myself abase,  
 So to woo thee ;  
 Thee, O lady, I adore  
 That my heart from out its place  
 Drawest to thee.

Tu duermes, yo me desvelo,  
Y tambien está dormida  
Mi esperanza :  
Yo solo, señora, velo  
Sin Dios, sin alma, sin vida  
Y sin mudanza.

Si el consuelo viene á mí  
Como á mortal enemigo  
Le requiero :  
Consuelo véte de ahí,  
No pierdas tiempo conmigo,  
Ni te quiero.

I still watch while thou art sleeping  
And the hope that o'er me stole  
Doth likewise sleep :  
I alone my watch am keeping  
That the loss of life and God and soul  
Must ever weep.

And all consolation  
As a mortal enemy  
I repel,  
Saying : " Of thee will I none ;  
Waste not then thy time with me.  
Fare thee well."



## 38. ROMANCE.

EN el mes era de Abril,  
 De Mayo antes un día,  
 Cuando lirios y rosas  
 Muestran más su alegría,  
 En la noche más serena  
 Que el cielo hacer podía,  
 Cuando la hermosa Infanta  
 Flerida ya se partía.  
 En la huerta de su padre  
 Á los árboles decía :  
 Quedaos á Dios, mis flores,  
 Mi gloria que ser solía,  
 Voyme a tierras estrangeras  
 Pues ventura allá me guía.  
 Si mi padre me buscare,  
 Que grande bien me quería,  
 Digan que amor me lleva,  
 Que no fue la culpa mia.  
 Tal tema tomó conmigo,  
 Que me venció su porfía.  
 Triste no sé adó vó  
 Ni nadie me lo decía.  
 Allí habla Dom Duardos :  
 No lloreis, mí alegría,  
 Que en los reinos de Inglaterra  
 Más claras aguas había,

## 38. FLERIDA AND DOM DUARDOS.

It was in the month of April,  
 One day from the month of May,  
 When the roses and the lilies  
 Don their loveliest array,  
 And the night so calm and tranquil  
 As e'er heavens might display,  
 When Flerida the fair Infanta  
 Was to start upon her way.  
 In the garden of her father  
 To the trees there she did say :  
 "Fare ye well now, O my flowers,  
 That were wont to make me gay,  
 For to foreign lands I travel,  
 Since my fortune thither lay.  
 To my father, if he seek me,  
 Since so well he loved me, say  
 That not mine, not mine the fault was,  
 Love it is bears me away ;  
 For he spake with such insistence  
 That I might not say him nay.  
 But I know not, none hath told me,  
 Whither sad at heart I stray."  
 Then spake to her Dom Duardos :<sup>1</sup>  
 "Weep not, lady mine, I pray,  
 For within the realm of England  
 Clearer streams there are alway,

<sup>1</sup> Edward.

Y más hermosos jardines  
Y vuesos, señora mia.  
Terneis trecientas doncellas  
De alta genealogía.  
De plata son los palacios  
Para vuesa señoría,  
De esmeraldas y jacintas,  
De oro fino de Turquía,  
Con letreros esmaltados  
Que cuentan la vida mia.  
Cuentan los vivos dolores  
Que me distes aquel día  
Cuando con Primalion  
Fuertemente combatía.  
Señora, vos me matastes  
Que yo á el no lo temía.  
Sus lágrimas consolaba  
Flerida que esto oía :  
Fuéronse a las galeras  
Que Dom Duardos tenía.  
Cincuenta eran por cuenta,  
Todas van en compañía :  
Al son de sus dulces remos  
La princesa se adormecía  
En brazos de Dom Duardos,  
Que bien le pertenecía.  
Sepan cuantos son nacidos  
Aquesta sentencia mia :  
Que contra la muerte y amor  
Nadie no tiene valía.

And gardens that are fairer far,  
 And thine, lady, are they.  
 Three hundred noble maidens  
 Shall thy behests obey.  
 Of silver are the palaces  
 That are thine, lady, this day,  
 Yea, of fine gold from Turkey,  
 Jacinths, emeralds, are they,  
 Adornèd with inscriptions  
 That all my life portray :  
 E'en of the cruel pains they tell  
 Thou gav'st me on that day  
 When I with Primaleon  
 Was mortally at fray.  
 Not he, for him I feared not,  
 But thou didst me then slay."  
 These words now when Flerida heard  
 Her grief they might allay,  
 And to Dom Duardos' ships they went  
 That there at anchor stay :  
 Fifty they were in number  
 That as one their anchors weigh.  
 To the soft sound of the rowing  
 The Princess sleeping lay,  
 Asleep now in Dom Duardos' arms,  
 Since she was his this day.  
 Now therefore to all men be known  
 The moral of my lay :  
 Against the might of Death and Love  
 In vain is all assay.



## 39. ROMANCE.

VOCES daban prisioneros,  
Luengo tiempo estan llorando,  
En triste cárcel oscura  
Padeciendo y suspirando,  
Con palabras dolorosas  
Sus prisiones quebrantando :  
“ Que es de tí Virgen y Madre,  
Que á tí estamos esperando ?  
Despierta el Señor del mundo,  
No estemos mas penando.”  
La Virgen estaba orando  
Cuando vinó la embajada  
Por el ángel saludando  
“ Ave rosa gracia plena,”  
Su preñez le anunciando.  
“ Suelta los encarcelados  
Que por tí estan suspirando,  
Por la muerte de tu hijo  
Á su padre estan rogando.  
Crezca el niño glorioso  
Que la cruz está esperando,  
Su muerte será cuchillo  
Tu ánima traspasando.  
Sufre su muerte, Señora,  
Nuestra vida deseando.”

## 39. THE PRISONERS.

WEARILY with tears of anguish  
 Prisoners aloud were crying,  
 In a dark and dismal prison  
 Suffering and sighing for their fate ;  
 With words sorrowful their fetters  
 Now to loosen they are vying :  
 "Where art thou, O Virgin Mother,  
 For whom still in hope we wait ?  
 The Lord of all the world awaken  
 To redeem our piteous state."  
 As the Virgin knelt in prayer  
 The angel now came flying :  
 "Ave rosa gratiâ plena "  
 Greeting her predestinate.  
 "Release the hapless prisoners  
 Who for thee are ever sighing,  
 For thy Son's death to His Father  
 Early crying are and late.  
 Let the Child then grow in glory  
 For whom the cross doth wait.  
 Though thee a sword shall pierce,  
 Yea, thy heart pierce at His dying,  
 Suffer His death, O Lady,  
 To redeem us from our fate."



## 40. LOADO Y GLORIFICADO.

LOADO y glorificado  
Sea nuestro Dios poderoso  
Que me hizo tan dichoso  
Y descansado !

Caso bien aventurado,  
Por mi consuelo acaecido  
Sin tenerlo merecido  
Ni soñado.

Voy á hacerlo saber  
Á mis amados amigos  
Porque sean los testigos  
Del placer.

Y tambien es menester  
Que busque mil alegrías  
Y bailen las canas mías,  
Esto ha de ser.

## 40. NOW BE GLORY AND ALL PRAISE.

Now be glory and all praise  
To the mighty God of heaven,  
Who to me such bliss has given  
And quiet days.

See what comfort now is mine  
And what gladness I inherit,  
That such fortune might not merit  
Nor divine.

But unto each loving friend,  
That they this good chance may bless,  
News now of my happiness  
Will I send :

Myriad pleasures soon will I  
Seek, that nothing shall destroy,  
Till my white hairs dance for joy  
Presently.

## 41. CUPIDO.

Á QUIEN contaré mis quejas?  
Á quien diré mi tormento?  
Remedio, porqué te alejas  
De ver Amor, que solo dejas  
Neste término momento?

O justa esperanza mia,  
Que fué de mí é de tí?  
Si te viese algun dia  
Ya no te concocería  
Tanto ha que no te ví!

Los que me pintan ciego  
No es ansí como conviene,  
Que amor tantos ojos tiene  
Como de muertes me ruego,  
Y ninguna me conviene.

## 41. LOVE'S LAMENT.

To whom shall I my sorrows tell?  
Who will listen to my woe?  
Why in such a time farewell,  
Comfort, wouldst thou bid, and go,  
Leaving Love alone to dwell?

Hope, that fair appeared to me,  
What away from me could wean thee?  
Were I now thy face to see  
Still wouldst thou a stranger be,  
Since so long I have not seen thee!

They who sightless Love portray  
No wise fancy so devise,  
For Love has as many eyes  
As the deaths for which I pray;  
And not one to me replies.

## 42. O ANGUSTIAS Y PESAR.

O ANGUSTIAS y pesar  
Dad ya fin á mis gemidos,  
Concluid de me matar,  
No cureis de dilatar  
Á mis dias consumidos.  
Remedio ya no lo quiero,  
Que, en comienzo de mi hado,  
En alta voz dije : Muero,  
Que en mal tan demasiado  
Tener cura no espero.

## 42. DESPAIR.

CRUEL suffering and sorrow  
Of my torture make an end,  
For no respite would I borrow,  
Take no thought then any morrow  
Unto my sad days to send.  
Cure or comfort will I none,  
At the outset of my woe  
Said I loudly : " Life is done ;  
Since such torment I have won,  
No relief is mine to know."



## 43. Á LA GUERRA.

Á LA guerra,  
Caballeros esforzados,  
Pues los ángeles sagrados  
Á socorro son en tierra,  
Á la guerra !

Con armas resplandecientes  
Vienen del cielo volando,  
Dios y hombre apellidando  
En socorro de las gentes.

Á la guerra,  
Caballeros esmerados,  
Pues los ángeles sagrados  
Á socorro son en tierra,  
Á la guerra !

## 43. GO FORTH TO WAR.

Go forth to war,  
Ye gallant knights,  
Since the angels from the heights  
Come to help us upon earth.  
Go forth !

See with gleaming armour they  
From the sky come earthward flying,  
Unto God and mankind crying  
In support of our array.

Go forth to war,  
Ye noble knights,  
Since the angels from the heights  
Come to help us upon earth.  
Go forth !

## 44. LA FRAGOA D'AMOR.

EL que quisiere apurarse  
Véngase muy sin temor  
Á la fragoa del amor.

Todo oro que se afina  
Es de mas fina valía.  
Porque tiene mejoría  
De cuando estaba en la mina.  
Ansí se apura y refina  
El hombre y cobra valor  
En la fragoa del amor.

El fuego vivo y ardiente  
Mejor apura el metal,  
Y cuanto mas, mejor sal,  
Mas claro y mas excelente.  
Ansí el vivir presente  
Se para mucho mejor  
En la fragoa del amor.

Cuanto persona mas alta  
Se debe querer mas fina  
Porque es de mas fina mina  
Donde no se espera falta.  
Mas tal oro no se esmalta  
Ni cobra rico color  
Sin la fragoa del amor.

## 44. THE FORGE OF LOVE.

LET him come without a fear  
Who would his soul's temper prove  
To this forge, the forge of Love.

For all gold that in the fire  
Has been tried must be more fine  
Than it was within the mine,  
And its value will be higher:  
So will his spirit clearer shine,  
And to greater valour move  
Whoso comes to the forge of Love.

The fierce flame is an instrument  
That improves the metal's worth  
And refinèd sends it forth  
Clearer and more excellent ;  
So will fairer life present,  
All your past life far above,  
This forge, even the forge of Love.

Those who are of high degree,  
Since from fairer mine they come,  
Where no blemish makes its home,  
Should of finer metal be :  
From gold of this quality  
Stains and defects can remove  
Only this forge, the forge of Love.

## 45. VANSE MIS AMORES, MADRE.

VANSE mis amores, madre,  
Luengas tierras van morar,  
Y no los puedo olvidar.  
Quien me los hará tornar ?  
Quien me los hará tornar ?

Yo soñara, madre, un sueño,  
Que me diónel corazon,  
Que se iban los mis amores  
Á las islas de la mar.  
Y no los puedo olvidar.  
Quien me los hará tornar ?  
Quien me los hará tornar ?

Yo soñara, madre, un sueño,  
Que me diónel corazon,  
Que se iban los mis amores  
Á las tierras de Aragón,  
Allá se van á morar,  
Y no los puedo olvidar.  
Quien me los hará tornar ?  
Quien me los hará tornar ?

## 45. A LOVE SONG.

MOTHER, my love is going hence  
In distant lands to be,  
But from my mind he cannot go :  
Who will bring him back to me ?  
Who will bring him back to me ?

Mother, it came into my heart,  
In dream it came to me,  
'That my dear love was going hence,  
To the islands of the sea ;  
But from my mind he cannot go :  
Who will bring him back to me ?  
Who will bring him back to me ?

Mother, it struck upon my heart,  
In dream it came to me,  
That my dear love was going hence  
Unto a far country,  
Even in Aragon to dwell ;  
But from my mind he cannot go :  
Who will bring him back to me ?  
Who will bring him back to me ?



## 46. QUE SAÑOSA ESTÁ LA NIÑA !

QUE sañosa está la niña !  
Ay Dios quien le hablaría !

VOLTA.

En la sierra anda la niña  
Su ganado á repastar,  
Hermosa como las flores,  
Sañosa como la mar.  
Sañosa como la mar  
Está la niña :  
Ay Dios quien le hablaría !

## 46. WHO WOULD SPEAK WITH THE MAIDEN!

Who would speak with the maiden,  
So fierce is she !  
Yonder on the hills  
She is tending her sheep :  
She is fair as the flowers,  
And fierce as the sea.  
Who would speak with the maiden,  
So fierce is she !

## 47. LOS AMORES DE LA NIÑA.

Los amores de la niña  
Que tan lindos ojos ha,  
Que tan lindos ojos ha,  
Ay Dios quien los habrá !  
Ay Dios quien los habrá !

Tiene los ojos de azor  
Hermosos como la flor,  
Quien los serviere de amor  
No sé como vivirá.  
Que tan lindos ojos ha,  
Ay Dios quien los servirá !  
Ay Dios quien los habrá !

Sus ojos son naturales  
De las águilas reales,  
Los vivos hacen mortales,  
Los muertos suspiran allá,  
Que tan lindos ojos ha,  
Ay Dios quien los servirá !  
Ay Dios quien los habrá !

## 47. WHO SHALL GAIN THE MAIDEN'S LOVE?

Who shall gain the maiden's love?  
For so lovely are her eyes,  
And so lovely are her eyes,  
Who shall have them for a prize!

As a hawk's, her eyes no less  
Than flowers are in loveliness,  
But how may he bear their stress  
Who in their fair bondage lies?  
For so lovely are her eyes,  
Who shall have them for a prize!

For her eyes, that clear and fair  
As a royal eagle's are,  
Turn the living to despair,  
And the dead are racked with sighs.  
For so lovely are her eyes,  
Who shall have them for a prize!

## 48. ÁGUILA QUE DIÓ TAL VUELO.

ÁGUILA que dió tal vuelo  
 Tambien volará al cielo.  
 Águila del bel volar  
 Voló la tierra y la mar :  
 Pues tan alto fue á posar  
 De un vuelo  
 Tambien volará al cielo.  
 Águila una señora  
 Muy graciosa voladera,  
 Si mas alto bien hubiera  
 En el suelo  
 Todo llevara de vuelo.  
 Voló el águila real  
 Al trono imperial  
 Porque le era natural  
 Solo de un vuelo  
 Subirse al mas alto cielo.

48. THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

EAGLE that has flown so high  
 Might have flown into the sky.  
 Eagle of so fair a flight,  
 Since it reached so far a height  
 Over land and ocean, might  
 Even fly  
 Out of sight into the sky.  
 Eagle is the Princess fair  
 Of the royal, graceful air,  
 Who, had greater worth been there  
 To descry,  
 Every rival would defy.  
 She, the royal eagle, gone  
 To her lord's imperial throne,  
 Has received it as her own,  
 Since her nature was to fly  
 To the furthest height of sky.

<sup>1</sup> The eagle was the daughter of King Manoel of Portugal, and on the occasion her marriage to the Emperor Charles V. "She was," says Damião de Goes, "of such high thoughts that she resolved to marry only the greatest Lord in Christendom, and that was the Emperor Charles V., her first cousin."



## 49. HALCON QUE SE ATREVE.

HALCON que se atreve  
Con garza guerrera  
Peligros espera.  
Halcon que se vuela  
Con garza á porfía  
Cazar la quería  
Y no la recela :  
Mas quien no se vela  
De garza guerrera  
Peligros espera.  
La caza de amor  
Es de altanaría,  
Trabajos de dia,  
De noite dolor.  
Halcon cazador  
Con garza tan fiera  
Peligros espera.

## 49. FALCON AND HERON.

THE falcon that dares  
With heron to fight  
Has danger in sight.  
The falcon that flies  
And with heron would race,  
So keen on the chase  
That not hidden it lies,  
But still with it vies,  
And fears not its might,  
Has danger in sight.  
And the chase of love  
Is high falconry,  
That by day misery,  
By night sorrows prove.  
The falcon that strove  
With heron in flight  
Had danger in sight.

## 50. ESTANSE DOS HERMANAS.

ESTANSE dos hermanas  
Doliéndose de si,  
Hermosas son entrambas  
Lo mas que yo nunca ví.  
Hufa ! hufa !  
Á la fiesta, á la fiesta,  
Que las bodas son aquí.

Namorado se habia dellas  
Don Rosvel Tenorí,  
Nunca tan lindos amores  
Yo jamas contar oí.  
Hufa ! hufa !  
Á la fiesta, á la fiesta,  
Que las bodas son aquí.

## 50. TWO SISTERS ARE BEMOANING.

Two sisters are bemoaning  
Their fortune joylessly,  
Fairest of maidens are the twain  
That ever I might see.  
Hurrah, hurrah  
For the bridal day !  
Rejoicing there shall be.

But now with them was fallen in love  
Don Rosvel Tenorí,  
And never have I love so fair  
Heard tell of, verily.  
Hurrah, hurrah  
For the wedding-day !  
Rejoicing there shall be.

## 51. DICEN QUE ME CASE YO.

DICEN que me case yo :  
No quiero marido, no.

Mas quiero vida segura  
Nesta sierra á mi soltura  
Que no estar en ventura  
Si casaré bien ó no.

Dicen que me case yo :  
No quiero marido, no.

Madre, no seré casada  
Por no ver vida cansada,  
Ó quizá mal empleada  
La gracia que Dios me dió.

Dicen que me case yo :  
No quiero marido, no.

No será ni es nacido  
Tal para ser mi marido ;  
Y pues que tengo sabido  
Que la flor yo me la só,  
Dicen que me case yo :  
No quiero marido, no.

## 51. CASSANDRA'S SONG:

THEY would have me wed, but I  
Truly for no husband sigh.

Rather would I live at ease  
In these mountains as I please  
'Than in such uncertainties,  
To marry ill or happily.  
'They would have me wed, but I  
Truly for no husband sigh.

Mother, I will not be wed,  
To see my days with care o'erspread,  
And perchance all squanderèd  
The beauty given me from on high.  
They would have me wed, but I  
Truly for no husband sigh.

Still unborn, unborn is he  
Who might e'er my husband be ;  
And since it is known to me  
That the flower of all am I,  
To their bidding I reply  
That I for no husband sigh.



## 52. NUEVO GOZO, NUEVA GLORIA.

NUEVO gozo, nueva gloria,  
 Criada en el seno eterno,  
 Es llegada :  
 Gran mudanza, gran vitoria  
 Por nuestro Dios sempiterno  
 Nos es dada.

La clara luz anciana  
 Mudada, hecha moderna  
 En nuevo trage,  
 Y la bondad soberana  
 Se alegra en la edad tierna  
 Sin ultrage.

Nuestro gozo se acrecienta,  
 Nuestra gloria va pujando  
 Neste dia,  
 Y la infernal serpiente  
 Ya privada va del mando  
 Que tenia.

Los secretos abrazados  
 Muy más que puedo deciros  
 Revelados,  
 Las paces son acabadas  
 Y los antiguos suspiros  
 Son cesados.

## 52. A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Now new joy and glory new,  
 From that Source eternal sent  
 Whence all flows,  
 Change and victory ensue,  
 That our God Omnipotent  
 On us bestows.

The clear light of ancient days  
 Is transformed and in our eyes  
 Fresh-besprent,  
 And the goodness that we praise  
 Wrapped in infant gladness lies  
 Innocent.

Now our joy doth leap and grow  
 Till this day pass in delight  
 All the rest :  
 The infernal serpent now  
 Is of all its former might  
 Dispossessed.

Secrets deep and beyond number,  
 More than words of mine devise,  
 Are revealed ;  
 Now old enmity doth slumber,  
 All the former griefs and sighs  
 For ever healed.

Ya el mundo tenebroso  
Relumbra por las alturas  
Dó salió,  
Porque el obrador poderoso  
Ensalzó las criaturas  
Que crió.

La clara obra infinita  
Infinitamente obrada  
Y obradora  
Quisó su bondad bendita  
Que fuese manifestada  
Nesta hora.

Now the world from darkness brought  
Shines along the highest heaven  
Of its birth,  
For He who all things hath wrought  
To His creatures joy hath given  
Upon earth.

Light and might of all things made,  
Unto which Power infinite  
Gave new power,  
His great mercy has displayed  
Manifest unto our sight  
In this hour.

## 53. O POBRE.

O PIERNAS, llevadme un paso siquiera,  
 Manos pegaos naqueste bordon,  
 Descansad, dolores de tanta pasión,  
 Siquiera un momento en alguna manera  
 Dejadme pasar por esta carrera,  
 Iré a buscar un pan que sostenga  
 Mi cuerpo doliente, hasta que venga  
 La muerte que quiero por mi compañera.

Devotos Christianos, dad al sin ventura  
 Limosna, que pide por verse plagado ;  
 Mirad ora el triste que estoy lastimado  
 De pies y de manos por mi desventura ;  
 Mirad estas plagas que no sufren cura,  
 Ya son incurables por mi triste suerte :  
 Ay ! que padezco dolores de muerte  
 Y aquesto que vivo es contra natura.

Habed compasion del pobre doliente  
 Que ya se vió sano mancebo y lucido.  
 O mundo que ruedas, á qué me has traído !  
 Que recio solia yo ser y valiente,  
 Cuan alabado de toda la gente !  
 De recio, galan, qué fue de mi bien ?  
 O muerte, que tardas, quien te detien,  
 Que yo no me atrevo á ser más paciente ?



## 53. THE BEGGAR'S COMPLAINT.

HANDS in your weakness on this staff weigh,  
 Weary legs, carry me one step more,  
 Cease now, my torture and anguish sore,  
 And leave me a little, if leave me you may,  
 To go but a moment along this way  
 And beseech for a mouthful of bread to sustain  
 My suffering body until I attain  
 Death, for which now as companion I pray.

Your alms I implore, pious Christians—give  
 To a wretch who begs, by fell wounds distressed,  
 For the sores of my hands and my feet attest  
 The pitiful state for which I grieve.  
 See the sad wounds that no skill may relieve,  
 The sores for which none can a cure assign :  
 Ah ! but the anguish of death is mine,  
 More than Nature can bear is the pain I live !

Claim to your pity my suffering lays,  
 Since of health, grace and youth has fortune bereft me.  
 O world ever turning, how hast thou left me,  
 Who was valiant and strong in former days,  
 A man whom all men were wont to praise !  
 But whither is gone all my grace and my strength ?  
 O Death, who delays thee that thou com'st not at  
 length,  
 Since my suffering now my last patience betrays ?



O paciencia que en Job reposó  
Qué quieres que haga con tantos tormentos ?  
Perdóname tu, que mis sufrimientos  
No pueden callar la miseria en que só.  
Criante rocío, qué te hice yo,  
Que las hiervecitas floreces por Mayo  
Y sobre mis carnes no echas un sayo,  
Ni dejan dolores que lo gane yo ?

Deje la muerte las niñas, las dueñas,  
Y deje doncellas galanas vivir :  
Deje las aves cantares decir,  
Y deje ganados andar por las peñas.  
Llévame á mí : porqué me desdeñas,  
Y matas sin tiempo quien merece vida ?  
Sácame ya desta cárcel podrida  
Mi ánima triste, no quieras mas señas.

O patience of Job, whither now may I turn  
Thus sorely beset by my suffering?  
Forgive me if thus a complaint from me wring  
The torments that into my body burn.  
O bountiful dew, why me dost thou spurn,  
Who all the young flowers in May dost bless  
And giv'st not a cloak to my nakedness,  
Nor the pains of my body allow me to earn?

Let Death now the girls and the ladies pass by,  
Yea, suffer the lovely maidens to live,  
And life to the flocks on the mountains give,  
And birds that sing in the trees and sky.  
But take thou me, Death, for why thus am I  
Disdained, when others before their time  
Thou killest? Oh, bear my sad soul from the slime  
Of this prison, and suffer me now to die.

## 54. SÉTIMO SEÑAL.

FRIAS las manos para dar loores  
 Por males ó bienes á Dios su señor,  
 Frias, heladas en por su amor  
 Dar de lo suyo á pobres pecadores ;  
 Frias, muy frias en pagar sudores  
 Á cuantos cristianos por esclavos teve,  
 Frias sin sangre en pagar lo que debe  
 Á los cuitados de sus servidores.

Frios los pies para visitar  
 Los desamparados de los hospitales,  
 Frios los cabos son ciertos señales  
 Que el triste del mundo se quiere acabar.  
 Frios, helados, para caminar  
 Á ver á su Dios, ni á romerías,  
 Frios, mortales, que acaba sus dias,  
 El mundo, hermanos, se quiere finar.

## 54. COLD NOW HIS HANDS.

COLD now his hands are, nor unto his Lord  
 For evils or blessings can render his praises,  
 Cold, frozen hands that no longer he raises  
 To give to poor sinners who help had implored ;  
 Cold, cold his hands that the slaves at his board,  
 All the Christians who toiled for him, cannot repay,  
 Cold, lifeless hands that his servants to-day,  
 Yea, those who have tended him, shall not reward.

Cold are his feet that now strength may not lend  
 The poor and the sick in the hostels to see,  
 For he now, alas ! from the world must flee,  
 And his cold hands and feet a sure warning send.  
 Cold, frozen feet that no more will wend  
 To the house of his God, nor on pilgrim's ways,  
 Cold, deadly cold : he is ending his days,  
 And for him the world, brothers, is even at end.





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