

Poet's Theatre No. 11 / Producer: Scotti D'Arcy / Folkways Records FL 9865

# POEMS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

## SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ: POESIAS

Read in English by Khigh Dhiegh  
Printed introduction by Martin C. D'Arcy, S. J.  
Arranged and directed by Martin Donegan  
Translated by Roy Campbell



CHRIST ON THE CROSS WITH THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN, WOODCUT BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

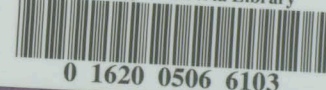
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET  
COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

# POEMS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS



# San Juan De La Cruz: Poesias / St. John Of The Cross

*Read in Spanish by Don Jose Crespo*  
*Introduction by Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J.*  
*Arranged and Directed by Martin Donegan*  
*Poet's Theatre Series No. 10/ FL 9932*  
*Producer: Scotti D'Arcy*

*Translated by Roy Campbell, read in English by Khigh Dhiagh*  
*Introduction by Martin C. D'Arcy, S.J.*  
*Arranged and Directed by Martin Donegan*  
*Poet's Theatre Series No. 11/ FL 9865*  
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## Introduction

ROY CAMPBELL lived long in Spain and in the years grew in his affection and admiration for the Spanish genius and its faith. It is not surprising, therefore, that as a poet he should have translated into English verse one of the great religious poets of Spain. St John of the Cross is an acknowledged master amongst Christian mystics, and a poet in his own right. Just as St Teresa of Avila has won a place in the literature of Spain by the freshness and humanity of her style, so among poets St John, her contemporary and devoted friend, is accepted as supreme in his *genre* by Spanish critics. In the great work of P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, translated and edited by Professor E. Allison Peers, the verdict of Menéndez y Pelayo is quoted. The passage is taken from an address on Mystical Poetry to the Spanish Academy:

So sublime is this poetry that it scarcely seems to belong to this world at all; it is hardly capable of being assessed by literary criteria. More ardent in its passion than any profane poetry, its form is elegant and exquisite, as plastic and highly figured as any of the finest works of the Renaissance. The Spirit of God has passed through these poems every one, beautifying and sanctifying them on its way.

For a long time interest in this country was so centred on St Teresa of Avila that St John stood in her shade. The nineteenth century was not seriously attracted to mysticism. Memories of its excesses still lingered; and St Teresa was read more because her character was irresistible than from a desire to follow her mystical way. As is well known, many leading Protestant divines refused to give mysticism a place within the Christian faith, and for a period Catholic spiritual writers advocated a vigorous practice of the virtues in preference to what savoured of illuminism or quietism. In the last fifty

years this open or veiled hostility has changed in a marked degree to appreciation. The writings of Evelyn Underhill and Dean Inge stirred the interest of those outside the Catholic Church, while within the Church a host of writers, of whom I need mention only Baron Von Hügel, Abbot Butler, H. Bremond, and P. Maréchal, gave a lead to a new and serious study of mystical writings. Among such writings those of St John of the Cross were bound to take a foremost place. They give what many consider the most complete and clear-cut description of the many stages in the mystical ascent.

St John of the Cross was far from any intention to describe his experiences. He was the humblest of men, tiny in body and most retiring of disposition. It was St Teresa who with her genius for reading souls saw through the exterior littleness into the greatness of his spirit, and she singled him out to do for men what she was heroically undertaking in the reform of the nuns of the Carmelite Order. His admiration for and love of St Teresa made him accept what was most repugnant to his nature, and the work he took on his shoulders brought him trials of every kind, many indignities, and even imprisonment by his outraged brethren. Without any preconceived idea of writing, he adopted the habit of jotting down maxims to help others, and at the request of those he thus helped he wrote out for their sake and guidance a treatise for souls entering on the mysterious paths of mystical prayer. Even when doing this he took care, as he thought, only to supplement what he felt St Teresa, with far greater sanctity and experience, was writing. It looks, however, as if the poems just escaped from him; they are stanzas of the spontaneous and semi-ecstatic love song he had always in his heart, once he had come to know God. Many of these poems seem to have been composed when he was imprisoned at Toledo. Others were written at Baeza, a place he loved because in the woods around and by the side of the river Guadalimar he could pass happy hours in union with God. Later, while Prior at Granada, between 1582 and

1585, he wrote the last parts of his prose works as a commentary on the stanzas of the poems.

From this it would appear that poetry was more natural to him than prose; and this is confirmed by the testimony of a nun at the process of his canonization in 1618.\*

One day he asked this witness in what her prayer consisted, and she replied: 'In considering the beauty of God and in rejoicing that He has such beauty.' And the Saint was so pleased with this that for some days he said the most sublime things concerning the beauty of God, at which all marvelled. And thus, under the influence of this love, he composed five stanzas, beginning 'Beloved let us sing, and in Thy beauty see ourselves portray'd'. [Rejoice, my love, with me, p. 43.] And in all this he showed that there was in his breast a great love of God.

In this artless but vivid account we see how St John was taken out of himself by the simple words of another, and so moved that at the end the ecstasy spilled over into stanzas of love, the Bride crying to the Beloved:

*Rejoice, my love, with me*  
*And in your beauty see us both reflected:*  
*By mountain-slope and lea*  
*Where purest rills run free*  
*We'll pass into the forest undetected.*

In his versions Roy Campbell was able to go directly to the Spanish originals, and he was fortunate in that the original Spanish texts have now been edited with care and critical knowledge. For a long time a critical study of these texts was neglected, and readers of St John had to be content with an edition which had been first published in 1703. The well-known English translation by David Lewis, published in 1889, had to be based on this unscholarly text. Fortunately a band of Carmelites in Spain set to work to give us an accurate and authentic text, and they were helped

\* Quoted in *The Complete Works of St John of The Cross*, edited by E. Allison Peers. London (Burns Oates), 1934-5.

by Fr Benedict Zimmerman and Professor Allison Peers in England. To the latter we owe many important studies on the great Spanish Mystics and also a translation of the truly scientific and recent text in Spanish by P. Silverio de Santa Teresa. Allison Peers in this translation has given us a rendering of the poems in what he himself describes as a 'long and metrically unfettered verse-line'. The great merit of this form of translation is that it serves to let the true likeness of St John appear and avoids the disguise imposed by prose. It also leaves the way open for a poet to try to turn into equivalent English verse what St John has done in Spanish, and moreover to capture the very spirit of the original as Crashaw tried to do with St Teresa.

To do this is a most difficult undertaking. Mystical experience is caviare to the general; it is attained only by the denial of all that we commonly call experience. A new world is discovered which is so different from our familiar one that all our words drawn from our ordinary and familiar experience fail to describe it. They would seem bound in fact to give a wrong impression, as they make us think of what we know instead of this new unknown. In a sense, undoubtedly, mystical experience is ineffable: it would not be that experience if the words used to tell of it were common to it and what we already know. Even within the multiple experience which we all share it is extremely hard to communicate what we may have felt. A man may want to tell us what he felt when he was listening to some music or after meeting someone he loves, or when he met death face to face for the first time; or he may wish to tell us the effect on him of a drug or a spasm of pain or the joy of an unexpected success. The experience is to him unique and all the words he uses could be applicable to something else. It would be easy to argue that private experiences are quite incommunicable; and yet the mysterious fact is that there is a human art of communication which somehow or other overcomes the seemingly insuperable obstacle. The good artist knows that sound and taste, for instance, will help to tell the truth about sight, that we can feel colour and transpose sight into sound. Moreover, by assonances and associations, and by change of rhythm, and by heightening the power of words and enlisting our sympathy, he can enable us to relive his own individual experience; and this is precisely what the poet or the great artist does. This is his magic, his gift from God. And this is why neither St John of the Cross nor a translator, like Roy Campbell, refrains from putting into the language of verse what is in itself far more difficult to communicate than the most personal of ordinary human experiences.

To appreciate intelligently the songs of a mystic like St John of the Cross it is essential to grasp the nature of true mysticism. Otherwise such words as

*Reveal your presence clearly  
And kill me with the beauty you discover,  
For pains acquired so dearly  
From love, cannot recover  
Save only through the presence of the lover.*

will in all likelihood be thought to be the description of an intense and very human emotion of the love we know. The truth is that this mystical love cannot even begin until the emotions we are thinking of have been hushed and put to sleep. In our everyday life we are both active and passive, and this is seen very well in our relations with others. They influence our thoughts and behaviour when we are in their presence. A frightened man before an interview can dramatize to himself what he will do and what he will say; but in the interview itself he feels the impact of the other and despite himself may be overpowered by the other's character. Again, our love for the long dead must be very strong for their influence to remain with us and touch us as if they were still alive and present. Now normally we cannot feel any contact with disembodied spirit, and if there be any truth in the supposed communications with the dead, it should be noticed that the contact is on the level of our ordinary sight and by sensible words. In religion, as God is supreme Spirit, our knowledge of Him is indirect, that is to say, by faith or true report. But St John, following the line of the great mystics, in his commentaries on his poems explains how with the grace of God those who are drawn to contemplation may experience the presence of God in a way comparable to that which we enjoy when our friends meet us. The way, however, is exceedingly arduous, so arduous, in fact, as to terrify all except the bravest of lovers. It comes to this, that we must surrender all that is dearest to us in the enjoyment of the senses and go through a dark night in which we live without their help and comfort. Then when this is accomplished we have to sacrifice the prerogative of our own way of thinking and willing and undergo another still darker night in which we have deprived ourselves of all the supports which are familiar to us and make us self-sufficient. This is a kind of death, the making nothing of all that we are to ourselves; but the genuine mystic tells us that when all has been strained away our emptiness will be filled with a new presence; our uncovered soul will receive the contact of divine love, and a new circuit of love will begin, when the soul is passive to an indescribable love which is given to it.

This experience is as remote as can be from the hot life of the senses or even the exalted sharing of human love. Nevertheless just because God is love and man was made in the image of God, the symbolism of human love can be turned to use and made to describe what are the effects of mystical union. How this can be done only a Saint like St John of the Cross can tell us, and he does so by so using language that we know all the time how the images of lover and beloved, bridegroom and bride, the clichés of love we might almost say, are no more exact than pointer readings; they are copper coins acting as currency for silver. The touch of God is entirely spiritual, and the soul is touched at its source below the level of its activities of thought and will. It is true that the love aroused by this contact may overflow into the emotions and the body and so charge any words used with a supernatural sense, but all the same great artistry and holiness must combine to etherialize the passionate words of sense and make us feel that they have been dipped in some divine spring. There are those who will refuse to believe that this mystical verse is anything more than con-

cealed human passion, and such critics persuade themselves that saints, like St John of the Cross, are victims of some pathological disorder. There is not the slightest evidence for this, so far as I know, in the life of St John, and we have his quiet and strong commentaries on his poems to prove to us what he had in mind when he wrote the poems. To those who have ears to hear, the accents of a genuine experience are unmistakable, and the unprejudiced reader must, I think, become conscious of an unearthly glow in the verse, a strange quality which invades the images and persuades him that there must be a love which is a secret between God and the soul.

In writing this I am assuming that this quality pervades also the translation which Roy Campbell made of the original Spanish. The reader will be made to realize what the original Spanish is like, how truly a poet St John of the Cross is, and he will, I hope, feel the freshness and the intensity of the mystic and see how the verse leaves the ground and soars to the heights without passing beyond our sight. The ecstatic poems have, too, a movement and metre which belong very closely to the mood, and these have been caught in the translation. The best known of all is the 'En Una Noche Oscura', and we can feel the hush of darkness and the flight of the soul up the secret stair. The stanzas of the 'Spiritual Canticle' are almost equally well known and should be still more appreciated now that the images used stand out in their amazing clarity - that, for instance, of the bridegroom:

*Turn, Ringdove, and alight,  
The wounded stag above  
The slope is now in sight  
Fanned by the wind and freshness of your flight.*

In some more measured poems St John combines the theme of love with a statement of some of the Christian mysteries. These make a demand on any translator because extreme accuracy of theological language has to be worked in with the exigencies of the verse. Here we are reminded of the skill of St Thomas Aquinas in composing the *Lauda Sion* and the *Sacris Solemnis*. Lastly there are those poems with refrains, such as, 'And die because I do not die', and 'Transcending knowledge with my Thought'. Campbell has been most happy, perhaps, in these, because they seem to float so easily into a pattern which some of the greatest English poets have used. Perfect translation hides the sense of translation, and who would guess that such a stanza as the following is not an original?

*This life I live in vital strength  
Is loss of life unless I win You:  
And thus to die I shall continue  
Until I live in You at length.  
Listen (my God!) my life is in You.  
This life I do not want, for I  
Am dying that I do not die.*

By rising to this level and maintaining it Roy Campbell carries us with him to Spain and into the presence of a Saint singing of the love of God. He proves, also, as other English poets have proved, that translation can be a stimulus and an original pleasure to a genuine poet.

M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.





## Don Jose Crespo

In April, 1964, the Spanish Government honored Jose Crespo, actor, with the Cross of Knight of the Order of Queen Isabella the Catholic. Henceforth, he was to be respectfully addressed as Don Jose. This is a distinction conferred with solemnity, received with gravity and worn with dignity.

The specific occasion for this display of gratitude on the part of the Spanish Government was the first presentation of a classic Spanish play, "La Vida Es Sueno" ("Life is a Dream") by Calderon, on the off-Broadway stage in New York. The play was given in Spanish and English, with separate casts, sets and costumes. Don Jose directed the Spanish version and played the Lear-like King of Poland.

The great reviews garnered by both productions materially furthered the cause of Spanish theatre in New York. As a corresponding member of the Hispanic Society of America, Senor Crespo had achieved the results for which he had long striven.

Don Jose Crespo is a native of Murcia, Spain. When very young, he started acting in the company led by the Nobel Prize-winning dramatist, Don Jacinto Benavente, in Madrid. He then became the leading man in the company of Don Gregorio Martinez-Sierra, another internationally-famous playwright. With this troupe, he toured all over Spain opposite the country's leading actress, Catalina Barcena. They spent a season in Paris, bringing Spanish theatre to the French capital.

Don Jose spent the next six years at the Teatro Espanol and the Teatro Eslava in Madrid. He then crossed the ocean for the first time, scoring a vivid success at the Teatro Odeon in Buenos Aires and the Teatro Artigas in Montevideo in classical and contemporary dramas by Goethe ("Faust"), Shakespeare ("Romeo and Juliet"), Maeterlinck ("Pelleas and Melisande"), Zorilla ("Don Juan Tenorio"), Marquina ("El Pavo Real") and other works by Benavente, Echegaray, Martinez-Sierra and Sir James Barrie.

Reversing the procedure of the Conquistadores, Senor Crespo invaded Hollywood, California, where he starred in top-flight Spanish films produced by MGM---"Revenge", with Dolores del Rio, "Lady X", "Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Wings Over the Chaco". His study of English had progressed so well that he made his debut on the English-speaking stage in "The Great Galeoto" by Echegaray. Louella Parsons praised his "Latin charm and acting intelligence". After receiving an ovation from an audience in Los Angeles' Philharmonic Hall for his efforts in Louis Parker's "The Cardinal", the critics described him as having exhibited "true tragic fire".

His American films having created a demand for his services South of the border, Don Jose worked on the stages, screens and airwaves of Mexico, Cuba and Guatemala. This idyll was upstaged by the entrance of World War II.

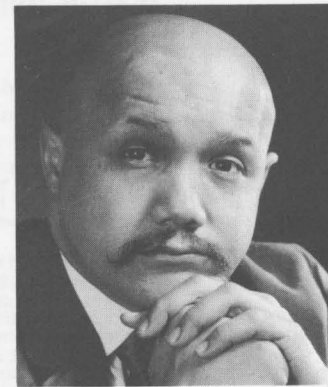
New York was home during the conflict. Senor Crespo kept busy in the Latin-American departments of the CBS, NBC and Mutual Networks. He was Director of Motion Picture Dubbing at Eastern Sound Studios and made a series of Decca Records, teaching the Spanish language.

A joyous return to Spain occurred in 1948. He appeared with the nation's greatest actresses, Isabel Garcés, María Arias, Tina Gasco and the perennial Catalina Barcena, in plays by Lillian Hellman ("The Little Foxes") and Marcel Achard ("Fifty Years of Happiness") at the Teatro Espanol, Teatro Infanta Isabela and Teatro Comedia.

His film career continued with "Nobody's Woman" and he broadcast poetry recitations to the Western Hemisphere over Radio Nacional de Espana.

The opportunity to work for the United Nations and the Voice of America persuaded Don Jose to resume his New York residence in 1950. But Spain was not forgotten. When a tragic flood struck Valencia in 1957, Senor Crespo's help in relieving the subsequent misery was so vital that he was granted that city's Medal of Gratitude.

With his roots in the rocky soil of Spain, and his stem in the gracious climate of Latin America, Don Jose Crespo ardently wishes to bring to fruition on the North American stage that glorious flower that will combine the bright colors of the American theatre with the romantic fragrance of the Spanish. He is well on his way.



## Khight Dhiegh

When you listen to Khight Dhiegh reading religious poetry, you are hearing a master craftsman at his best.

Before he became a performer on stage, screen, television, radio and records, Mr. Dhiegh spent several years in a seminary. He responded to a different call, however, and the past thirty years of his life have been devoted to the cause of inspirational drama.

There has been an element of social instruction within each of Mr. Dhiegh's major Broadway roles--in "Time Limit", "Teahouse of the August Moon" and "Flower Drum Song".

Between parts, even between performances, Mr. Dhiegh maintains close contact with his many religious affiliations. He reads sermons, performs dramas and writes plays to be presented in churches.

The vicissitudes of movie casting have placed Mr. Dhiegh in the unenviable position of sadistic villain in his recent pictures. In "The Manchurian Candidate", he sank to his lowest level, when he portrayed a Communist psychologist.

To redeem his image, Mr. Dhiegh followed this with appearances on television's religious programs, "Lamp Unto My Feet" and "Look Up And Live". He also acted in "The Nativity" as presented by "The Play of the Week".

As a permanent members of the panel of the "Long John Show" on NBC radio, Mr. Dhiegh frequently uses his vast accumulated experience of Western and Eastern religions in the all-night debates that fascinate an audience of many millions.

Khight Dhiegh is married and has grandchildren. He served in the U.S. Merchant Marine in World War II. His varied interests include the study of Oriental culture, hypnotism, cooking, naturopathic medicine and numerology.

The Spanish text of these poems is that of Padre Silverio de Santa Teresa, c.d. (Obras de San Juan de la Cruz, Burgos, 1929-31), reprinted with his permission. It has previously appeared in England in *San Juan de la Cruz: Poesías*, Liverpool (Institute of Hispanic Studies), 1933, and in *Poems of St John of the Cross*, translated by E. Allison Peers, London (Burns Oates), 1934-5.





## Comments on the arrangement of the Poems:

- Lado A-I - Coplas del mismo hechas sobre un extasis de alta contemplacion. San Juan de la Cruz placion. San Juan de la Cruz en estabo de perfeccion desde las alturas de la cima ve el camino transitado y expresa la experiencia. Es el quien nos guiara a lo largo del mismo camino.
- Lado A-II - Romances (Ial IX) La doctrina de San Juan mana de tres fuentes: La Sagrada Escritura (2) La Ciencia (3) La Experiencia. El Espiritu Santos nos habla por la Sagrada Escritura - por el estudio y meditacion sobre ella (sumision a la Iglesia Catolica) el hombre puede alcanzar algun conocimiento de los abundantes significados contenidos en ella. Aqui pues es nestro guia en la interpretacion de la Escritura - su explicacion de la Trinidad de la posesion de Dios por el alma, Dios "es" cuerpo y alma, el vacio sentido por el alma en permanente deseo - las promesas del Espiritu Santo. El Verbo encarno en Maria - Dios-hecho Hombre y la emocion del Nino-Dios.
- Lado A-III - San Juan en su poema "Sobre los rios de Babilonia" lamenta su destierro del Reino de Dios y en "Otras canciones a lo divino de Cristo y el Alma" contempla el sacrificio de Cristo en la Cruz.
- Lado A-IV - El Cantico del alma que huelga de conocer a Dios por la fe y siente un despertar de sus oidos al grito de Dios.
- Lado A-V - San Juan ha decidido perderse solamente por un no se que se alcanza por ventura en la "glosa a lo divino de estos versos".
- Lado B-I - (La vida y experiencia de San Juan esta contenida en esta "Suma de la Perfeccion"). El nos da una breve descripcion de esta experiencia en "Vole tan alto, tan alto que le di a la caza alcance."
- Lado B-II y III - Habiendo alcanzado su busqueda (union con Dios) San Juan nos da en "Noche Oscura" y "Cantico espiritual" un detallado analisis de la estrecha senda que conduce a la cima. En II - "Noche Oscura" - hay una alegoria en lo que Amada Canta su dichosa ventura en salir una noche oscura para unirse con el Amado y los maravillosos efectos de esta union. III "Cantico espiritual" - estas estrofas comienzan con los pasos iniciales en la busqueda de Dios y continuan hasta alcanzar el desposorio espiritual ultimo estado de perfeccion.
- Lado B-IV - La salidurie y el amor de Dios estan grande que alcanza del principio al fin - y San Juan informado y morido por "desde que amor conozco - se que puedo llevar a cabo las mas maravillosas obras". Oprece la esperanza de la fe por el amor en "sin arrimo, con arrimo - sin luz y a oscuras viviendo".
- Lado B-V - "Oh llama viva de amor". Estas estrofas tratan de un amor dentro del estado de perfeccion (transformacion en Dios que el mas alto grado de perfeccion que se puede alcanzar en esta vela) San Juan de la Cruz expresa aqui lo inefable.
- Lado B-VI - "Vivo sin vivir" - El alma de San Juan impaciente por ver a Dios. Estas estrofas fueron ciertamente compuestas con un ardiente amor de Dios. Quien puede describir la comprension que El da a los espíritus amantes donde El habita? Y Quien puede expresar la experiencia que les comunica? Quien finalmente puede explicar los deseos que en ellos inflama? Ciertamente, nadie. Ni siquiera los que reciben estas comunicaciones. Por ello estas personas dejan alguna de estas experiencias en figuras o símiles y de la abundancia de sus espíritus manan secretos y misterios mas que explicaciones logicas. Si estas símiles no se leen con la sencillez del espíritu de conocimiento y amor que contienen parecían absurdos mas que razonables expresiones....

### Comentario

Si estas similitudes no se leen con la sencillez del espíritu de conocimiento y amor que contienen, pueden paracer absurdos mas que razonables expresiones.

Es mejor explicar las expresiones de amor en su mas amplio sentido, de manera que cada uno pueda sacar proveido de ellas de acuerdo con el modo y capacidad de su espíritu, que estrecharlas o limitarlas a un significado inadaptable al gusto individual.

Por lo tanto aunque damos algunas explicaciones de estas estrofas no hay razon ninguna para sentirse limitado a estos exmplanaciones. La mística saliduria o conocimiento que llega a travesdel amor, es el motivo de estas estrofas y no necesita ser entendido completamente para que produzca amor y afeccion en el alma porque nos es dado de acuerdo con la fe, por le que amamos a Dios sin comprenderle.

Martin Donegan  
(translated by Dra.  
Josefina Romo Arregui)

Side A-I Deep Rapture - verses written after an ecstasy of contemplation. St. John of the Cross in state of perfection - from the height of the summit - views the path he has travelled - and expresses the experience. It is he who will now 'guide' us along the same path.

Side A-II Ballads of Romances (Ithru IX) - St. John drew from 3 founts for his doctrine: (1) Sacred Scripture (2) Sciences (3) Experience. The Holy Spirit speaks to us through Sacred Scripture - by study and reflection upon it and (submission to Catholic Church) a man can reach some understanding of the abundant meanings therein. Here then is our guide's interpretation of scripture - his 'explanation' of the Trinity - the soul's possession of God and God 'is' body and soul. The vague lack felt in soul - the longing desire - the promise of the Holy Spirit - the Word made incarnation in womb of Mary - God-man born and the emotion of the "wee God".

Side A-III St. John in his poem "Song of Babylon" - laments his own exile from the Kingdom of God - and in "Madrilgal" contemplates Christ's sacrifice on Cross.

Side A-IV The "Song of the Soul" that feels an awaking within and 'hears' the cry of God.

Side A-V St. John has decided to "throw his self away" for "I-know-not-what" which can be achieved by "lucky chance" in the "Hunter's Quest".

Side B-I (St. John's life and experience contained in this "Capsule of Perfection") He gives us a brief description of this experience in "Of Falconry".

Side B - II and III Having attained his 'quest' (Union with God) St. John in "Dark Night" and "Spiritual Canticle" now gives us a detailed analysis of the narrow path leading to this summit. In "II" - Dark Night - an allegory in which the lover sings of her good fortune in having gone out one dark night to be united with her beloved and of the wonderful effects of this union. In "III" - Spiritual Canticle - these stanzas begin with a person's initial steps in the service of God and continue until he reaches spiritual marriage the ultimate state of perfection.

Side B-IV - The wisdom and love of God is so vast that it reaches from end to end - and St. John informed and moved by it "Since I knew love - I have been taught He can perform most wonderous labors" here offers the hope of faith through love in "Without and With Mainstay" - without support and yet well supported.

Side B-V - "The Living Flame of Love" - these stanzas treat of a love within the state (transformation in God which is the highest degree of perfection one can reach in this life). It is St. John of the Cross - expressing the ineffable.

Side B-VI - "Life No Life" - St. John's soul impatient to see God. These stanzas were obviously composed with a certain burning love of God. Who can describe the understanding He gives to loving souls in whom He dwells? And who can express the experience He imparts to them? Who, finally, can explain the desires He gives them? Certainly, no one can! Not even they who receive these communications. As a result these persons let something of their experience overflow in figures and símiles, and from the abundance of their spirit pour out secrets and mysteries rather than rational explanations. If these similitudes are not read with the simplicity of the spirit of knowledge and love they contain, they will seem to be absurdities rather than reasonable utterances....

### Commentary

If these similtudes are not read with the simplicity of the spirit of knowledge and love they contain, they will seem to be absurdities rather than reasonable utterances....

It is better to explain the utterances of love in their broadest sense so that each one may derive profit from them according to the mode and capacity of his spirit, rather than narrow them down to a meaning unadoptable to every palate....

As a result, though we give some explanation of these stanzas, there is no reason to be bound to this explanation. For mystical wisdom, which comes through love and is the subject of these stanzas, need not be understood distinctly in order to cause love and affection in the soul, for it is given according to the mode of faith, through which we love God - without understanding him.

Martin Donegan



# St. John Of The Cross

## Spanish

### *Coplas del mismo hechas sobre un éxtasis de alta contemplación*

Entréme donde no supe,  
Y quedéme no sabiendo,  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.

Yo no supe dónde entraba,  
Pero, cuando allí me ví,  
Sin saber dónde me estaba,  
Grandes cosas entendí;  
No diré lo que sentí,  
Que me quedé no sabiendo,  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.

De paz y de piedad  
Era la ciencia perfecta,  
En profunda soledad,  
Entendida vía recta;  
Era cosa tan secreta,  
Que me quedé balbuciendo,  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.

Estaba tan embebido,  
Tan absorto y ajonado,  
Que se quedó mi sentido  
De todo sentir privado;  
Y el espíritu dotado  
De un entender no entendiendo,  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.

El que allí llega de vero,  
De sí mismo desfallece;  
Cuanto sabía primero  
Mucho bajo le pasesce;  
Y su ciencia tanto cresce,  
Que se queda no sabiendo,  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.

Cuanto más alto se sube,  
Tanto menos entendía  
Qué es la tenebrosa nube  
Que a la noche esclarecía;  
Por eso quien la sabía  
Queda siempre no sabiendo  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.  
Este saber no sabiendo

## English

### *"Deep Rapture" Verses written after an ecstasy of high exaltation*

I entered in, I know not where,  
And I remained, though knowing naught,  
Transcending knowledge with my thought.

Of when I entered I know naught,  
But when I saw that I was there  
(Though where it was I did not care)  
Strange things I learned, with greatness fraught.  
Yet what I heard I'll not declare.  
But there I stayed, though knowing naught,  
Transcending knowledge with my thought.

Of peace and piety interwound  
This perfect science had been wrought,  
Within the solitude profound  
A straight and narrow path it taught,  
Such secret wisdom there I found  
That there I stammered, saying naught,  
But topped all knowledge with my thought.

So borne aloft, so drunken-reeling,  
So rapt was I, so swept away,  
Within the scope of sense or feeling  
My sense or feeling could not stay.  
And in my soul I felt, revealing,  
A sense that, though its sense was naught,  
Transcended knowledge with my thought.

The man who truly there has come  
Of his own self must shed the guise;  
Of all he knew before the sum  
Seems far beneath that wondrous prize:  
And in this lore he grows so wise  
That he remains, though knowing naught,  
Transcending knowledge with his thought.

The farther that I climbed the height  
The less I seemed to understand  
The cloud so tenebrous and grand  
That there illuminates the night.  
For he who understands that sight  
Remains for aye, though knowing naught,  
Transcending knowledge with his thought.  
This wisdom without understanding

## Spanish

Es de tan alto poder,  
Que los sabios arguyendo  
Jamás le pueden vencer;  
Que no llega su saber  
A no entender entendiendo,  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.

Y es de tan alta excelencia  
Aqueste sumo saber,  
Que no hay facultad ni ciencia  
Que le puedan emprender;  
Quien se supiere vencer  
Con un no saber sabiendo,  
Irá siempre trascendiendo.

Y si lo queréis oír,  
Consiste esta suma ciencia  
En un subido sentir  
De la divinal Esencia;  
Es obra de su clemencia  
Hacer quedar no entendiendo  
Toda ciencia trascendiendo.

## ROMANCE I

### *Sobre el Evangelio 'In principio erat Verbum' acerca de la Santísima Trinidad*

En el principio moraba  
El Verbo, y en Dios vivía,  
En quien su felicidad  
Infinita poseía.

El mismo Verbo Dios era,  
Que el principio se decía;  
Él moraba en el principio,  
Y principio no tenía.

Él era el mismo principio;  
Por eso de él carecía;  
El Verbo se llama Hijo  
Que del principio nacía.

Hale siempre concebido,  
Y siempre le concebía,  
Dale siempre su sustancia,  
Y siempre se la tenía.

Y así, la gloria del Hijo  
Es la que en el Padre había,  
Y toda su gloria el Padre  
En el Hijo poseía.

## English

Is of so absolute a force  
No wise man of whatever standing  
Can ever stand against its course,  
Unless they tap its wondrous source,  
To know so much, though knowing naught,  
They pass all knowledge with their thought.

This summit all so steeply towers  
And is of excellence so high  
No human faculties or powers  
Can ever to the top come nigh.  
Whoever with its steep could vie,  
Though knowing nothing, would transcend  
All thought, forever, without end.

If you would ask, what is its essence -  
This summit of all sense and knowing:  
It comes from the Divinest Presence -  
The sudden sense of Him outflowing,  
In His great clemency bestowing  
The gift that leaves men knowing naught,  
Yet passing knowledge with their thought.

## ROMANCE I

### *Upon the Gospel 'In the Beginning was the Word' relating to the Most Holy Trinity*

In the beginning of all things  
The Word lived in the Lord at rest.  
And His felicity in Him  
Was from infinity possessed.

That very Word was God Himself  
By which all being was begun  
For He lived in the beginning  
And beginning had He none.

He Himself was the beginning,  
So He had none, being one.  
What was born of the beginning  
Was the Word we call the Son.

Even so has God conceived Him  
And conceived Him always so,  
Ever giving Him the substance  
As He gave it long ago.

And thus the glory of the Son  
Is the glory of the Sire  
And the glory of the Father  
From His Son He does acquire.



*Spanish*

Como amado en el amante  
Uno en otro residía,  
Y aquese amor que los une,  
En lo mismo convenía.

Con el uno y con el otro  
En igualdad y valía:  
Tres Personas y un amado  
Entre todos tres había.

Y un amor en todas ellas  
Y un amante las hacía;  
Y el amante es el amado  
En que cada cual vivía;

Que el ser que los tres poseen,  
Cada cual le poseía,  
Y cada cual de ellos ama  
A la que este ser tenía.

Este ser es cada una,  
Y éste sólo las unía  
En un inefable nudo  
Que decir no se sabía

Por lo cual era infinito  
El amor que las unía,  
Porque un solo amor tres tienen,  
Que su esencia se decía;  
Que el amor, cuanto más uno,  
Tanto más amor hacía.

ROMANCE II

*De la comunicación de las tres Personas*

En aquel amor inmenso  
Que de los dos procedía,  
Palabras de gran regalo  
El Padre al Hijo decía,

De tan profundo deleite,  
Que nadie las entendía;  
Sólo el Hijo lo gozaba,  
Que es a quien pertenecía.

Pero aquello que se entiende  
De esta manera decía:  
Nada me contenta, Hijo,  
Fuera de tu compañía.

*English*

As the loved-one in the lover  
Each in the other's heart resided:  
And the love that makes them one  
Into one of them divided,

Then with one and with the other  
Mated in such equality,  
Three Persons now and one Beloved  
They numbered, though they still were three.

There is one love in all three Persons:  
One lover all the Three provides;  
And the beloved is the lover  
Which in each of them resides.

The Being which all three possess  
Each of them does possess alone:  
And each of them loves what that Being  
Itself possesses of its own.

This very Being is Each One,  
And it alone, in its own way,  
Has bound them in that wondrous knot  
Whose mystery no man can say.

Thus lives undying and eternal  
The love that has entwined them so,  
Because one love the three united  
Which as their Essence now we know,  
And this one love, the more in one-ness,  
The more and more in love will grow.

ROMANCE II

*Of the communion of the three Persons*

Out of the love immense and bright  
That from the two had thus begun,  
Words of ineffable delight  
The Father spoke unto the Son:

Words of so infinite a rapture  
Their drift by none could be explained:  
Only the Son their sense could capture  
That only to Himself pertained.

What of them we can sense the clearest  
Was in this manner said and thought:  
Out of Your company, my Dearest,  
I can be satisfied by nought.

*Spanish*

Y si algo me contenta,  
En ti mismo lo quería;  
El que a ti más se parece,  
A mí más satisfacía.

Y el que nada te semeja,  
En mí nada hallaría;  
En ti sólo me he agradado,  
¡Oh vida de vida mía!

Eres lumbre de mi lumbre,  
Eres mi sabiduría,  
Figura de mi sustancia,  
En quien bien me complacía.

Al que a ti te amare, Hijo,  
A mí mismo le daría,  
Y el amor yo en ti tengo,  
Ese mismo en él pondría,  
En razón de haber amado  
A quien yo tanto quería.

ROMANCE III

*De la Creación*

Una esposa que te ame,  
Mi Hijo, darte quería,  
Que por tu valor merezca  
Tener nuestra compañía.

Y comer pan a una mesa,  
Del mismo que yo comía;  
Porque conozca los bienes  
Que en tal Hijo yo tenía.  
Y se congrese conmigo  
De tu gracia y lozanía.

Mucho lo agradezco, Padre,  
El Hijo le respondía;  
A la esposa que me dieres,  
Yo mi claridad daría,

Para que por ella vea  
Cuánto mi Padre valía,  
Y cómo el ser que poseo,  
De su ser le recibía.

Reclinarla he yo en mi brazo  
Y en tu amor se abrasaría,

*English*

But if aught please me, I as duly  
In You, Yourself, the cause construe.  
The one who satisfies Me truly  
Is him who most resembles You.

He who in nought resembles You  
Shall find of Me no trace or sign,  
Life of My Life! for only through  
Your own can I rejoice in Mine.

You are the brilliance of My light  
My wisdom and My power divine,  
The figure of My substance bright  
In whom I am well pleased to shine!

The man who loves You, O my Son,  
To him Myself I will belong.  
The love that in Yourself I won  
I'll plant in him and root it strong,  
Because he loved the very one  
I loved so deeply and so long.

ROMANCE III

*Of the Creation*

I wish to give You, My dear Son,  
To cherish You, a lovely bride,  
And one who for Your worth will merit  
To live forever by Our side.

And she will eat bread at our table  
The selfsame bread on which I've fed:  
That she may know the worth and value  
Of the Son whom I have bred,  
And there enjoy with Me forever  
The grace and glory that You shed.

'Thanks to You, Almighty Father,'  
The Son made answer to the Sire,  
'To the wife that You shall give Me  
I shall give My lustrous fire,

'That by its brightness she may witness  
How infinite My Father's worth  
And how My being from Your being  
In every way derived its birth.

'I'll hold her on My arm reclining  
And with Your love will burn her so



Y con eterno deleite  
Tu bondad sublimaría.

## ROMANCE IV

Hágase, pues, dijo el Padre,  
Que tu amor lo merecía:  
Y en este dicho que dijo,  
El mundo criado había.

Palacio para la esposa,  
Hecho en gran sabiduría;  
El cual, en dos aposentos,  
Alto y bajo, dividía.

El bajo de diferencias  
Infinitas componía;  
Mas el alto hermoseaba  
De admirable pedrería.

Porque conozca la esposa  
El Esposo que tenía,  
En el alto colocaba  
La angélica jerarquía;

Pero la natura humana  
En el bajo la ponía,  
Por ser en su compostura  
Algo de menor valía.

Y aunque el ser y los lugares  
De esta suerte los partía,  
Pero todos son un cuerpo  
De la esposa que decía:

Que el amor de un mismo Esposo  
Una Esposa los hacía:  
Los de arriba poseían  
El Esposo en alegría;

Los de abajo en esperanza  
De fe que les infundía,  
Diciéndoles que algún tiempo  
Él los engrandecería.

Y que aquella su bajeza  
Él se la levantaría,  
De manera que ninguno  
Ya la vituperaría.

That with an endless joy and wonder  
Your loving kindness she may know.'

## ROMANCE IV

'Let it be done, then,' said the Father,  
'For Your love's surpassing worth.'  
And the moment he pronounced it  
Was the creation of the Earth.

For the bride He built a palace  
Out of His knowledge vast and grand,  
Which in two separate compartments,  
One high, one low, He wisely planned.

The lower storey was of endless  
Differences composed: the higher  
He beautified with wondrous jewels,  
Refulgent with supernal fire.

That the bride might know her Bridegroom  
In the true glory of His power,  
In the top part He set the angels  
In shining hierarchy to tower.

But, tenant of the lower mansion  
Our human nature was assigned  
Because its human composition  
Falls short of the angelic kind.

And though the Being in two places  
He divided in this way,  
He composed of both one body  
To house the Bride, who thus did say:

That the love of one sole Bridegroom  
Made them into one sole Bride.  
Those of the upper part possessed Him  
In deathless joy beatified:

Those underneath, in hope and yearning,  
Born of the faith He brings to birth,  
By telling them that surely, sometime,  
His love will magnify their worth;

And all in them that's base and lowly  
He would exalt to such degree  
That none who after that beheld it  
Would scorn its first humility.

Porque en todo semejante  
Él a ellos se haría,  
Y se vendría con ellos,  
Y con ellos moraría.

Y que Dios sería hombre,  
Y que el hombre Dios sería,  
Y trataría con ellos,  
Comería y bebería.

Y que con ellos continuo  
Él mismo se quedaría,  
Hasta que se consumase  
Este siglo que corría.

Cuando se gozaran juntos  
En eterna melodía;  
Porque él era la cabeza  
De la Esposa que tenía.

A la cual todos los miembros  
De los justos juntaría,  
Que son cuerpo de la Esposa,  
A la cual él tomaría.

En sus brazos tiernamente,  
Y allí su amor la daría;  
Y que así juntos en uno  
Al Padre la llevaría.

Donde del mismo deleite  
Que Dios goza, gozaría;  
Que, como el Padre y el Hijo,  
Y el que de ellos procedía,

El uno vive en el otro;  
Así la esposa sería,  
Que, dentro de Dios absorta,  
Vida de Dios viviría.

## ROMANCE V

Con esta buena esperanza  
Que de arriba les venía,  
El tedio de sus trabajos  
Más leve se les hacía;

Pero le esperanza larga  
Y el deseo que crecía  
De gozarse con su Esposo  
Continuo les afligía.

Exactly, in all things like they are,  
He would cause Himself to be.  
He would traffic in their dealings  
And in their daily life agree.

And so the God would be the Man  
And the Man be the God: and then  
He would roam amongst them freely  
And eat and drink with other men.

He will stay with us forever.  
As a Comrade He will stay,  
Till the present dispensation  
Is consumed and fades away.

Then, to a deathless music sounding,  
Bride to Bridegroom will be pressed,  
Because He is the crown and headpiece  
Of the Bride that He possessed.

To her beauty all the members  
Of the just He will enlase  
To form the body of the Bride  
When taken into His embrace.

Tenderly in His arms He'll take her  
With all the force that God can give  
And draw her nearer to the Father  
All in one unison to live.

There with the single, same rejoicing  
With which God revels, she will thrill,  
Revelling with the Son, the Father,  
And that which issues from Their will,

Each one living in the other;  
Samely loved, clothed, fed, and shod.  
She, absorbed in Him forever,  
She will live the Life of God.

## ROMANCE V

With the blest hope of this union  
Coming to them from on high,  
All the tedium of their labour  
Seemed to glide more lightly by.

But the length of endless waiting  
And the increase of desire  
To enjoy the blessed Bridegroom  
Was to them affliction dire.



Por lo cual con oraciones,  
Con suspiros y agonía,  
Con lágrimas y gemidos  
Le rogaban noche y día

Que ya se determinase  
A les dar su compañía.  
Unos decían: ¡Oh, si fuese  
En mi tiempo el alegría!

Otros: Acaba, Señor;  
Al que has de enviar envía.  
Otros: Oh si ya rompíes  
Esos cielos, y vería

Con mis ojos, que bajases,  
Y mi llanto cesaría;  
Regad, nubes de lo alto,  
Que la tierra lo pedía,

Y ábrase ya la tierra,  
Que espinas nos producía,  
Y produzca aquella flor  
Con que ella florecería.

Otros decían: ¡Oh dichoso  
El que en tal tiempo sería,  
Que merezca ver a Dios  
Con los ojos que tenía,

Y tratarle con sus manos,  
Y andar en su compañía,  
Y gozar de los misterios  
Que entonces ordenaría!

## ROMANCE VI

En aquestos y otros ruegos  
Gran tiempo pasado había;  
Pero en los postreros años  
El fervor mucho crecía.

Cuando el viejo Simeón  
En deseo se encendía,  
Rogando a Dios que quisiese  
Dejalle ver este día.

Y así, el Espíritu Santo  
Al buen viejo respondía  
Que le daba su palabra  
Que la muerte no vería

Hasta que la vida viese,

So they made continual prayer  
With sighs of piteous dismay,  
And with groans and lamentations  
Pleaded with Him night and day

That He would decide with them  
To share His company at last.  
'Oh if but this thing could happen,'  
They cried, 'before our time be past.'

Others cried: 'Come Lord and end it!  
Him You have promised, send Him now!  
Others: 'If only You would sunder  
Those skies, and to my sight allow

'The vision of Yourself descending  
To make my lamentations cease;  
Cloud in the height, rain down upon us  
That the earth may find release.

'Let the earth be cleft wide open  
That bore us thorns so sharp and sour  
And now at last produce the Blossom  
With which it was ordained to flower.'

Others said: 'Oh happy people  
Who will be living in those years  
And will deserve to see the Bridegroom  
With their own eyes when He appears:

'Who with their own hands then will touch Him,  
And walk in friendship by His side,  
And there enjoy the sacred mysteries,  
That in His reign He will provide.'

## ROMANCE VI

In these and other supplications  
A long age went slowly past,  
But in later times the longing  
Grew so fervent that, at last,

The aged Simeon, taking fire  
With inward love, knelt down to pray,  
Beseeching God that He would grant him  
He might be spared to see the day.

And the Holy Spirit answering  
To his pleadings made reply  
Giving him His word that truly  
He would never come to die

Till from on high he should behold

Que de arriba descendía,  
Y que él en sus mismas manos  
Al mismo Dios tomaría,  
Y le tendría en sus brazos,  
Y consigo abrazaría.

## ROMANCE VII

*Prosigue la Encarnación*

Ya que el tiempo era llegado  
En que hacerse convenía  
El rescate de la esposa  
Que en duro yugo servía,

Debajo de aquella ley  
Que Moisés dado le había,  
El Padre con amor tierno  
De esta manera decía:

Ya ves, Hijo, que a tu esposa  
A tu imagen hecho había,  
Y en lo que a ti se parece  
Contigo bien convenía;

Pero difiere en la carne,  
Que en tu simple ser no había;  
En los amores perfectos  
Esta ley se requería,

Que se haga semejante  
El amante a quien quería,  
Que la mayor semejanza  
Más deleite contenía.

El cual sin duda en tu esposa  
Grandemente crecería  
Si te viere semejante  
En la carne que tenía.

Mi voluntad es la tuya,  
El Hijo le respondía,  
Y la gloria que yo tengo,  
Es tu voluntad ser mía.

Y a mí me conviene, Padre,  
Lo que tu Alteza decía,  
Porque por esta manera  
Tu bondad más se vería.

Veráse tu gran potencia,

The Light descending on its quest,  
Till he took in his own hands  
God Himself, to be caressed,  
Folded his arms about Him fondly  
And held Him closely to his breast.

## ROMANCE VII

*Continues the Incarnation*

Now that the time was truly come  
The ancient order to revoke  
And pay the ransom of the bride  
Serving in so hard a yoke,

Under that former law which Moses  
Of old upon her shoulders laid -  
The Father, in His love most tender,  
To the Son, His thought displayed:

'You see how Your beloved bride  
After Your image has been made.  
In what she most resembles You  
Her loveliness I have arrayed,

'Though differing from You by that flesh  
Your finer nature never knew;  
There is in every perfect love  
A law to be accomplished too:

'That the lover should resemble  
The beloved: and be the same.  
And the greater is the likeness  
Brighter will the rapture flame.

'That which to Your own beloved  
Greater rapture would provide  
Would be to behold that likeness  
In the flesh with her allied.'

The Son then answered to the Father,  
'My will is Yours and Yours alone,  
And the glory that I shine with  
Is My will to work Your own.

'That which Your Grace says, O My Father,  
In everything appears the best  
Since most clearly in this manner  
Can Your kindness be professed.

'Thus Your omnipotence, and justice,



Justicia y sabiduría,  
Irélo a decir al mundo,  
Y noticia le daría  
De tu belleza y dulzura  
Y de tu soberanía.

Iré a buscar a mi esposa,  
Y sobre mí tomaría  
Sus fatigas y trabajos,  
En que tanto padecía.

Y porque ella vida tenga,  
Y por ella moriría,  
Y sacándola del lago,  
A ti te la volvería.

## ROMANCE VIII

*Prosigue*

Entonces llamó un arcángel,  
Que San Gabriel se decía,  
Y enviólo a una doncella  
Que se llamaba María,

De cuyo consentimiento  
El misterio se hacía;  
En la cual la Trinidad  
De carne al Verbo vestía.

Y aunque tres hacen la obra.  
En el uno se hacía;  
Y quedó el Verbo encarnado  
En el vientre de María.

Y el que tenía sólo Padre,  
Ya también Madre tenía,  
Aunque no como cualquiera  
Que de varón concebía;

Que de las entrañas de ella  
Él su carne recibía:  
Por lo cual Hijo de Dios  
Y del hombre se decía.

## ROMANCE IX

*Del Nacimiento*

Ya que era llegado el tiempo

And wisdom will be well descried,  
I will tell it to the world,  
And spread the tidings far and wide  
Of Your beauty, power, and sweetness  
In one sovereignty allied.

'I will go now and seek My bride,  
And take upon My shoulders strong  
The cares, the weariness, and labours  
Which she has suffered for so long.

'And that she may win new life  
I myself for her will die,  
Rescue her from the burning lake,  
And bear her back to You on high.'

## ROMANCE VIII

*The same*

Then He summoned an archangel;  
Saint Gabriel: and when he came,  
Sent him forth to find a maiden,  
Mary was her name.

Only through her consenting love  
Could the mystery be preferred  
That the Trinity in human  
Flesh might clothe the Word.

Though the three Persons worked the wonder  
It only happened in the One.  
So was the Word made incarnation  
In Mary's womb, a son.

So He who only had a Father  
Now had a Mother undefiled,  
Though not as ordinary maids  
Had she conceived the Child.

By Mary, and with her own flesh  
He was clothed in His own frame:  
Both Son of God and Son of Man  
Together had one name.

## ROMANCE IX

*The Birth of Christ*

Now that the season was approaching

En que de nacer había,  
Así como desposado  
De su tálamo salía,

Abrazado con su esposa,  
Que en sus brazos la traía,  
Al cual la graciosa Madre  
En un pesebre ponía,

Entre unos animales  
Que a la sazón allí había:  
Los hombres decían cantares,  
Los ángeles melodía,

Festejando el desposorio  
Que entre tales dos había;  
Pero Dios en el pesebre  
Allí lloraba y gemía,

Que eran joyas que la esposa  
Al desposorio traía;  
Y la Madre estaba en pismo  
De que tal trueque veía;

El llanto del hombre en Dios,  
Y en el hombre la alegría,  
Lo cual del uno y del otro  
Tan ajeno ser solía.

*Otro del mismo que va por  
'Super flumina Babylonis'*

Encima de las corrientes,  
Que en Babilonia hallaba,  
Allí me senté llorando,  
Allí la tierra regaba.  
Acordándome de ti,  
Oh Sión, a quien amaba,  
Era dulce tu memoria,  
Y con ella más lloraba.  
Dejé los trajes de fiesta,  
Los de trabajo tomaba,  
Y colgué en los verdes sauces  
La música que llevaba.  
Poniéndola en esperanza  
De aquello que en ti esperaba;

Of His long-expected birth,  
Like a bridegroom from his chamber  
He emerged upon our earth

Clinging close to His beloved  
Whom He brought along with Him.  
While the gracious Mary placed them  
In a manger damp and dim.

Amongst the animals that round it  
At that season stretched their limbs,  
Men were singing songs of gladness  
And the angels chanting hymns,

To celebrate the wondrous marriage  
By whose bond such two were tied,  
But the wee God in the manger  
He alone made moan and cried;

Tears were the jewels of the dowry  
Which the bride with her had brought.  
And the Mother gazed upon them  
Nearly fainting at the thought.

The tears of Man in God alone,  
The joy of God in men was seen.  
Two things so alien to each other,  
Or to the rule, had never been.

*Ballad of Babylon  
A poem by the same author which  
paraphrases the Psalm,  
'Super flumina Babylonis'*

Over the streams of running water  
Which by Babylon are crowned,  
There I sat, with bitter teardrops  
Watering the alien ground.

I was full of your remembrance,  
Sion, whom I loved of yore,  
And the sweeter your remembrance  
Bitterly I wept the more.

I cast off my costly garments,  
Donned the working clothes you see,  
And the harp that was my music  
Hung upon a willow tree.

There to wait for the fulfilment  
Of the hope I hoped in you.



Allí me hirió el amor,  
Y el corazón me sacaba.  
Díjeme que me matase,  
Pues de tal suerte llagaba:  
Yo me metía en su fuego,  
Sabiendo que me abrasaba,  
Desculpando el aveca  
Que en el fuego se acababa;  
Estábame en mí muriendo,  
Y en ti sólo respiraba.  
En mí por ti me moría,  
Y por ti resucitaba,  
Que la memoria de ti  
Daba vida y la quitaba.  
Gozábanse los extraños  
Entre quien cautivo estaba.  
Preguntábanme cantares  
De lo que an Sión cantaba;  
Canta de Sión un himno,  
Veamos cómo sonaba.  
Decid: ¿Cómo en tiberia ajena,  
Donde por Sión lloraba,  
Cantaré yo la alegría  
Que en Sión se me quedaba?  
Echaría en olvido  
Si en la ajena me gozaba.  
Con mi paladar se junte  
La lengua con que hablaba,  
Si de ti yo me olvidare,  
En la tierra do moraba.  
Sión, por los verdes ramos  
Que Babilonia me daba,  
De mí se olvide mi diestra,  
Que es lo que en ti más amaba,  
Si de ti no me acordare,  
En lo que más me gozaba,  
Y si yo tuviere fiesta,  
Y sin ti la festejaba.  
¡Oh hija de Babilonia,  
Miserable y desventurada!  
Bienaventurado era  
Aquel en quien confiaba,  
Que te ha de dar el castigo  
Que de tu mano llevaba.  
Y juntará sus pequeños,  
Y a mí, porque en ti lloraba,  
A la piedra que era Cristo,  
Por el cual yo te dejaba.

There did love so sorely wound me  
And my heart from me withdrew.  
I entreated him to kill me  
Since he'd wounded me so sore.  
And I leaped into his fire  
Knowing it would burn the more.  
Now the fledgeling bird excusing  
Who would perish in the fire,  
In myself I may be dying,  
Yet from you my life inspire.  
In myself for you I perished  
Yet through you revive once more,  
Whose remembrance gives me life  
Which it took from me before.  
When the aliens were carousing  
Where a captive I was found,  
They would ask me for a ditty  
From my Country's distant bound:  
'Sing for us a hymn of Sion,  
Let us hear how well they sound.'  
How can I sing here in exile  
Where I weep against my choice  
For my Sion, and the raptures  
Which in Sion thrilled my voice.  
I would hurl her to oblivion  
If abroad I could rejoice.  
May it join unto my palate -  
This same tongue with which I speak,  
If to slight my native country  
I should ever prove so weak!  
Sion, by the deep green branches  
Which in Babylon I see,  
May my own right hand forget me  
Which I loved the most when free,  
If I let slip from my remembrance  
What I most enjoyed in you,  
Or I celebrate one feast-day  
Save it be within your view.  
Daughter of the Babylonians  
Luckless and unhappy maid!  
Bless'd and happy was the Person  
Upon whom my trust was laid,  
By whom the weary chastisement  
Of your own hand will be repaid.  
He will join me with his children,  
Because to you my tears were due,  
And bring me to the Rock of Jesus  
By which I have escaped from you.

*Otras canciones a lo divino  
(del mismo autor) de Cristo y el alma*

Un pastorcico solo está penado,  
Ajeno de placer y de contento,  
Y en su pastora puesto el pensamiento,  
Y el pecho del amor muy lastimado.

No llora por haberle amor llagado,  
Que no le pena verse así afligido,  
Aunque en el corazón está herido;  
Mas llora por pensar que está olvidado.

Que sólo de pensar que está olvidado  
De su bella pastora, con gran pena  
Se deja, maltratar en tierra ajena,  
El pecho del amor muy lastimado.

Y dice el Pastorcico: ¡Ay, desdichado  
De aquel que de mi amor ha hecho ausencia,  
Y no quiere gozar la mi presencia,  
Y el pecho por su amor muy lastimado!

Y a cabo de un gran rato se ha encumbrado  
Sobre un árbol do abrió sus brazos bellos,  
Y muerto se ha quedado, asido de ellos,  
El pecho del amor muy lastimado.

*Cantar del alma que se huelga de conocer  
a Dios por fe*

Que bien sé yo la fonte que mana y corre,  
Aunque es de noche.

Aquella eterna fonte está escondida,  
Que bien sé yo do tiene su manida,  
Aunque es de noche.

Su origen no lo sé, pues no le tiene,  
Mas sé que todo origen de ella viene,  
Aunque es de noche.

Sé que no puede ser cosa tan bella,  
Y que cielos y tierra beben de ella,  
Aunque es de noche.

Bien sé que suelo en ella no se halla,

*" Madrigal "*

*Other songs concerning Christ and the soul*

A shepherd lad was mourning his distress,  
Far from all comfort, friendless and forlorn.  
He fixed his thought upon his shepherdess  
Because his breast by love was sorely torn.

He did not weep that love had pierced him so,  
Nor with self-pity that the shaft was shot,  
Though deep into his heart had sunk the blow,  
It grieved him more that he had been forgot.

Only to think that he had been forgotten  
By his sweet shepherdess, with travail sore,  
He let his foes (in foreign lands begotten)  
Gash the poor breast that love had gashed before.

'Alas! Alas! for him,' the Shepherd cries,  
'Who tries from me my dearest love to part  
So that she does not gaze into my eyes  
Or see that I am wounded to the heart.'

Then, after a long time, a tree he scaled,  
Opened his strong arms bravely wide apart,  
And clung upon that tree till death prevailed,  
So sorely was he wounded in his heart.

*Song of the soul*

How well I know that fountain's rushing flow  
Although by night

Its deathless spring is hidden. Even so  
Full well I guess from whence its sources flow  
Though it be night.

Its origin (since it has none) none knows:  
But that all origin from it arose  
Although by night.

I know there is no other thing so fair  
And earth and heaven drink refreshment there  
Although by night.

Full well I know its depth no man can sound



Y que ninguno puede vadealla,  
Aunque es de noche.

Su claridad nunca es escurecida,  
Y sé que toda luz de ella es venida,  
Aunque es de noche.

Sé ser tan caudalosas sus corrientes,  
Que infernos, cielos riegan, y las gentes,  
Aunque es de noche.

El corriente que nace de esta fuente,  
Bien sé que es tan capaz y omnipotente,  
Aunque es de noche.

El corriente que de estas dos procede  
Sé que ninguna de ellas le precede,  
Aunque es de noche.

Aquesta eterna fonte está escondida  
En este vivo pan por darnos vida,  
Aunque es de noche.

Aquí se está llamando a las criaturas,  
Y de esta agua se hartan, aunque a oscuras,  
Porque es de noche.

Aquesta viva fuente, que deseo,  
En este pan de vida yo la veo,  
Aunque de noche.

*Glosa a lo divino del mismo autor*

Por toda la hermosura  
Nunca yo me perderé,  
Si no por un no sé qué  
Que se alcanza por ventura.

Sabor de bien que es finito,  
Lo más que puede llegar,  
Es cansar el apetito  
Y estragar el paladar;  
Y así, por toda dulzura  
Nunca yo me perderé,  
Sino por un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

El corazón generoso  
Nunca cura de parar

And that no ford to cross it can be found  
Though it be night.

Its clarity unclouded still shall be:  
Out of it comes the light by which we see  
Though it be night.

Flush with its banks the stream so proudly swells;  
I know it waters nations, heavens, and hells  
Though it be night.

The current that is nourished by this source  
I know to be omnipotent in force  
Although by night.

From source and current a new current swells  
Which neither of the other twain excels  
Though it be night.

The eternal source hides in the Living Bread  
That we with life eternal may be fed  
Though it be night.

Here to all creatures it is crying, hark!  
That they should drink their fill though in the dark,  
For it is night.

This living fount which is to me so dear  
Within the bread of life I see it clear  
Though it be night.

*The Hunter's Quest*

*With a divine intention, by the same author*

For all the beauty life has got  
I'll never throw myself away  
Save for one thing I know not what  
Which lucky chance may bring my way.

The savour of all finite joy  
In the long run amounts to this –  
To tire the appetite of bliss  
And the fine palate to destroy.  
So for life's sweetness, all the lot,  
I'll never throw myself away  
But for a thing, I know not what,  
Which lucky chance may bring my way.

The generous heart upon its quest  
Will never falter, nor go slow,

Donde se puede pasar,  
Sino en más dificultoso;  
Nada le causa hartura,  
Y sube tanto su fe,  
Que gusta de un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

El que de amor adolece,  
Del divino ser tocado,  
Tiene el gusto tan trocado,  
Que a los gustos desfallece;  
Como el que con calentura  
Fastidia el manjar que ve,  
Y apetece un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

No os maravilléis de aquesto,  
Que el gusto se quede tal,  
Porque es la causa del mal  
Ajena de todo el resto;  
Y así, toda criatura  
Enajenada se ve,  
Y gusta de un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

Que estando la voluntad  
De Divinidad tocada,  
No puede quedar pagada  
Sino con Divinidad;  
Mas, por ser tal su hermosura,  
Que sólo se ve por fe,  
Gústala en un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

Pues de tal enamorado,  
Decidme si habréis dolor,  
Pues que no tiene sabor  
Entre todo lo criado;  
Sólo, sin forma y figura,  
Sin hallar arrimo y pie,  
Gustando allá un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

No penséis que el interior,  
Que es de mucha más valía,  
Halla gozo y alegría  
En lo que acá da sabor;  
Mas sobre toda hermosura,  
Y lo que es y será y fué,  
Gusta de allá un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

Más emplea su cuidado  
Quien se quiere aventajar,

But pushes on, and scorns to rest,  
Wherever it's most hard to go.  
It runs ahead and wearies not  
But upward hurls its fierce advance  
For it enjoys I know not what  
That is achieved by lucky chance.

He that is growing to full growth  
In the desire of God profound,  
Will find his tastes so changed around  
That of mere pleasures he is loth,  
Like one who, with the fever hot,  
At food will only look askance  
But craves for that, he knows not what,  
Which may be brought by lucky chance.

Do not amaze yourself at this  
That pleasure is of earthly things  
That cause from which most evil springs  
And most the enemy of bliss.  
And so all creatures earth-begot  
Begin from it to turn their glance  
And seek a thing, I know not what,  
Which may be won by lucky chance.

For once the will has felt the hand  
Of the Divine upon it set,  
It never ceases to demand,  
Divinity must pay the debt.  
But since its loveliness to scan  
Only true faith may steal a glance,  
It finds it out as best it can  
By risking on a lucky chance.

With love of One so high elated,  
Tell me, if you would find great harm  
If the servants He created  
Did not rival Him in charm?  
Alone, without face, form, or features,  
Foothold, or prop, you would advance  
To love that thing, beyond all creatures,  
Which may be won by happy chance.

Think not that the interior sprite  
Which is of vastly greater worth,  
Can find among the joys of earth  
Much for amusement or delight.  
This world no beauty can advance  
Which is, or ever was begot,  
To vie with that, I know not what,  
Which may be won by lucky chance.

The man who strains for wealth and rank  
Employs more care, and wastes more health



En lo que está por ganar,  
Que en lo que tiene ganado;  
Y así, para más altura  
Yo siempre me inclinaré  
Sobre todo a un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

Por lo que por el sentido  
Puede acá comprehenderse,  
Y todo lo que entenderse,  
Aunque sea muy subido,  
Ni por gracia y hermosura  
Yo nunca me perderé,  
Sino por un no sé qué  
Que se halla por ventura.

For riches that elude his stealth  
Than those he's hoarded in the bank;  
But I my fortune to advance  
The lowlier stoop my lowly lot  
Over some thing, I know not what,  
Which may be found by lucky chance.

For that which by the sense down here  
Is comprehended as our good,  
And all that can be understood  
Although it soars sublime and sheer;  
For all that beauty can enhance -  
I'll never lose my happy lot:  
Only for that, I know not what,  
Which can be won by lucky chance.

## SIDE II

## Spanish

## English

## Suma de la perfección

## Capsule of perfection

Olvido de lo criado,  
Memoria del Criador,  
Atención a lo interior  
Y estarse amando al Amado.

The whole of creation forgotten;  
It's maker remembered forever.  
Inward the gaze of the Spirit  
Forever in Love with the Lover.

## Otras del mismo a lo divino

Of Falconry  
Other verses with a divine meaning  
by the same author

Tras de un amoroso lance,  
Y no de esperanza falto,  
Volé tan alto, tan alto,  
Que le dí a la caza alcance.

Not without hope did I ascend  
Upon an amorous quest to fly  
And up I soared so high, so high,  
I seized my quarry in the end.

Para que yo alcance diese  
A aqueste lance divino,  
Tanto volar me convino,  
Que de vista me perdiese;  
Y con todo, en este trance  
En el vuelo quedé falto;  
Mas el amor fué tan alto,  
Que le dí a la caza alcance.

As on this falcon quest I flew  
To chase a quarry so divine,  
I had to soar so high and fine  
That soon I lost myself from view.  
With loss of strength my plight was sorry  
From straining on so steep a course.  
But love sustained me with such force  
That in the end I seized my quarry.

Cuando más alto subía,  
Deslumbróseme la vista,  
Y la más fuerte conquista

The more I rose into the height  
More dazzled, blind, and lost I spun.  
The greatest conquest ever won

En oscuro se hacía;  
Mas por ser de amor el lance  
Dí un ciego y oscuro salto,  
Y fui tan alto, tan alto,  
Que le dí a la caza alcance.

I won in blindness, like the night.  
Because love urged me on my way  
I gave that mad, blind, reckless leap  
That soared me up so high and steep.  
That in the end I seized my prey.

Cuanto más alto llegaba  
De este lance tan subido,  
Tanto más bajo y rendido  
Y abatido me hallaba.  
Dije: No habrá quien alcance;  
Y abatíme tanto, tanto,  
Que fui tan alto, tan alto.  
Que le dí a la caza alcance.

The steeper upward that I flew  
On so vertiginous a quest  
The humbler and more lowly grew  
My spirit, fainting in my breast.  
I said 'None yet can find the way'  
But as my spirit bowed more low,  
Higher and higher did I go  
Till in the end I seized my prey.

Por una extraña manera  
Mil vuelos pasé de un vuelo,  
Porque esperanza de cielo  
Tanto alcanza cuanto espera;  
Esperé sólo este lance,  
Y en esperar no fui falto,  
Pues fui tan alto, tan alto,  
Que le dí a la caza alcance.

By such strange means did I sustain  
A thousand starry flights in one,  
Since hope of Heaven yet by none  
Was ever truly hoped in vain.  
Only by hope I won my way  
Nor did my hope my aim belie,  
Since I soared up so high, so high,  
That in the end I seized my prey.

Canciones del alma que se goza de haber  
llegado al alto estado de la perfección,  
que es la unión con Dios, por el camino  
de la negación espiritual

## Dark Night

Songs of the soul in rapture at having arrived  
at the height of perfection, which is union  
with God by the road of spiritual negation

En una noche oscura,  
Con ansias en amores inflamada,  
¡Oh dichosa ventura!  
Salí sin ser notada,  
Estando ya mi casa sosegada.

Upon a gloomy night,  
With all my cares to loving ardours flushed,  
(O venture of delight!)  
With nobody in sight  
I went abroad when all my house was hushed.

A oscuras, y segura,  
Por la secreta escala disfrazada,  
¡Oh dichosa ventura!  
A oscuras, y en celada,  
Estando ya mi casa sosegada.

In safety, in disguise,  
In darkness up the secret stair I crept,  
(O happy enterprise!)  
Concealed from other eyes  
When all my house at length in silence slept.

En la noche dichosa,  
En secreto, que nadie me veía,  
Ni yo miraba cosa,  
Sin otra luz y guía,  
Sino la que en el corazón ardía.

Upon that lucky night  
In secrecy, inscrutable to sight,  
I went without discerning  
And with no other light  
Except for that which in my heart was burning

Aquésta me guiaba  
Más cierto que la luz del mediodía,

It lit and led me through  
More certain than the light of noonday clear



A donde me esperaba  
 Quien yo bien me sabía,  
 En parte donde nadie parecía.  
 ¡Oh noche, que guiate,  
 Oh noche amable más que el alborada:

Oh noche, que juntaste  
 Amado con amada,  
 Amada en el Amado transformada!

En mi pecho florido,  
 Que entero para él sólo se guardaba,  
 Allí quedó dormido,  
 Y yo le regalaba,  
 Y el ventalle de cedros aire daba.

El aire de la almena,  
 Cuando yo sus cabellos esparcía,  
 Con su mano serena  
 En mi cuello hería,  
 Y todos mis sentidos suspendía.

Quedéme, y olvidéme,  
 El rostro recliné sobre el Amado,  
 Cesó todo, y dejéme,  
 Dejando mi cuidado  
 Entre las azucenas olvidado.

### *Canções entre el alma y el Esposo*

#### ESPOSA

¿A dónde te escondiste,  
 Amado, y me dejaste con gemido?  
 Como el ciervo huiste,  
 Habiéndome herido;  
 Salí tras ti clamando, y eras ido.

Pastores, los que fuerdes  
 Allá por las majadas al otero,  
 Si por ventura vierdes  
 Aquel que yo más quiero,  
 Decidle que adolezco, peno y muerdo.

Buscando mis amores,  
 Iré por esos montes y riberas,  
 Ni cogeré las flores,  
 Ni temeré las fieras,  
 Y pasaré los fuertes y fronteras.

To where One waited near  
 Whose presence well I knew,  
 There where no other presence might appear.

Oh night that was my guide!  
 Oh darkness dearer than the morning's pride,

Oh night that joined the lover  
 To the beloved bride  
 Transfiguring them each into the other.

Within my flowering breast—  
 Which only for himself entire I save  
 He sank into his rest  
 And all my gifts I gave  
 Lulled by the airs with which the cedars wave.

Over the ramparts fanned  
 While the fresh wind was fluttering his tresses,  
 With his serenest hand  
 My neck he wounded, and  
 Suspended every sense with its caresses.

Lost to myself I stayed  
 My face upon my lover having laid  
 From all endeavour ceasing:  
 And all my cares releasing  
 Threw them amongst the lilies there to fade.

### *Spiritual Cantic*

### *Songs between the soul and the bridegroom*

#### BRIDE

Where can your hiding be,  
 Beloved, that you left me thus to moan  
 While like the stag you flee  
 Leaving the wound with me?  
 I followed calling loud, but you had flown.

O shepherds, you that, yonder,  
 Go through the sheepfolds of the slope on high,  
 If you, as there you wander,  
 Should chance my love to spy,  
 Then tell him that I suffer, grieve, and die.

My loves to search for there,  
 Amongst these mountains and ravines I'll stray,  
 Nor pluck flowers, nor for fear  
 Of prowling beasts delay,  
 But pass through forts and frontiers on my way.

#### PREGUNTA A LAS CRIATURAS

Oh bosques y espesuras,  
 Plantadas por la mano del Amado,  
 Oh prado de verduras,  
 De flores esmaltado,  
 Decid si por vosotros ha pasado.

#### RESPUESTA DE LAS CRIATURAS

Mil gracias derramando,  
 Pasó por estos sotos con presura,  
 Y yéndolos mirando,  
 Con sola su figura  
 Vestidos los dejó de hermosura.

#### ESPOSA

¡Ay, quién podrá sanarme!  
 Acaba de entregarte ya de vero.  
 No quieras enviarme  
 De hoy más ya mensajero,  
 Que no saben decirme lo que quiero.

Y todos cuantos vagan,  
 De ti me van mil gracias refiriendo  
 Y todos más me llagan,  
 Y déjame muriendo  
 Un no sé qué que quedan balbuciendo.

Mas, ¿cómo perseveras,  
 Oh vida, no viviendo donde vives,  
 Y haciendo porque mueras,  
 Las flechas que recibes,  
 De lo que del Amado en ti concibes?

¿Por qué, pues has llagado  
 A aqueste corazón, no le sanaste?  
 Y pues me le has robado,  
 ¿Por qué así le dejaste,  
 Y no tomas el robo que robaste?

Apaga mis enojos,  
 Pues que ninguno basta a deshacellos,  
 Y véante mis ojos,  
 Pues eres lumbre dellos,  
 Y sólo para ti quiero tenellos.

Descubre tu presencia,  
 Y máteme tu vista y hermosura;  
 Mira que la dolencia  
 De amor, que no se cura  
 Sino con la presencia y la figura.  
 ¡Oh cristalina fuente,  
 Si en esos tus semblantes plateados,  
 Formases de repente  
 Los ojos deseados,

#### QUESTION TO ALL CREATURES

O thickets, densely-trammelled,  
 Which my love's hand has sown along the height:  
 O field of green, enamelled  
 With blossoms, tell me right  
 If he has passed across you in his flight.

#### REPLY OF THE CREATURES

Diffusing showers of grace  
 In haste among these groves his path he took,  
 And only with his face,  
 Glancing around the place,  
 Has clothed them in his beauty with a look.

#### BRIDE

Oh who my grief can mend!  
 Come, make the last surrender that I yearn for,  
 And let there be an end  
 Of messengers you send  
 Who bring me other tidings than I burn for.

All those that haunt the spot  
 Recount your charm, and wound me worst of all  
 Babbling I know not what  
 Strange rapture, they recall,  
 Which leaves me stretched and dying where I fall.

How can you thus continue  
 To live, my life, where your own life is not?  
 With all the arrows in you  
 And, like a target, shot  
 By that which in your breast he has begot.

Why then did you so pierce  
 My heart, nor heal it with your touch sublime?  
 Why, like a robber fierce,  
 Desert me every time  
 And not enjoy the plunder of your crime?

Come, end my sufferings quite  
 Since no one else suffices for physician:  
 And let mine eyes have sight  
 Of you, who are their light,  
 Except for whom I scorn the gift of vision.

Reveal your presence clearly  
 And kill me with the beauty you discover,  
 For pains acquired so dearly  
 From Love, cannot recover  
 Save only through the presence of the lover.  
 O brook of crystal sheen,  
 Could you but cause, upon your silver fine,  
 Suddenly to be seen  
 The eyes for which I pine



Que tengo en mis entrañas dibujados!

Apártalos, Amado,  
Que voy de vuelo.

## ESPOSO

Vuélvete, paloma,  
Que el ciervo vulnerado  
Por el otero asoma,  
Al aire de tu vuelo, y fresco toma.

## ESPOSA

Mi Amado, las montañas,  
Los valles solitarios nemorosos,  
Las ínsulas extrañas,  
Los ríos sonoros,  
El silbo de los aires amorosos.

La noche sosegada  
En par de los levantes de la aurora,  
La música callada,  
La soledad sonora,  
La cena, que recrea y enamora.

Nuestro lecho florido,  
De cuevas de leones enlazado,  
En púrpura tendido,  
De paz edificado,  
De mil escudos de oro coronado.

A zaga de tu huella  
Las jóvenes discurren al camino  
Al toque de centella,  
Al adobado vino,  
Emisiones de bálsamo Divino.

En la interior bodega  
De mi amado bebí, y cuando salía  
Por toda aquesta vega,  
Ya cosa no sabía,  
Y el ganado perdí, que antes seguía.

Allí me dió su pecho,  
Allí me enseñó ciencia muy sabrosa,  
Y yo le dí de hecho  
A mí, sin dejar cosa;  
Allí le prometí de ser su esposa.

Mi alma se ha empleado,  
Yo todo mi caudal en su servicio:  
Ya no guardo ganado,  
Ni ya tengo otro oficio;  
Que ya sólo en amar es mi ejercicio.

Which in my inmost heart my thoughts design!

Withhold their gaze, my Love.  
For I take wing.

## BRIDEGROOM

Turn, Ringdove, and alight,  
The wounded stag above  
The slope is now in sight  
Fanned by the wind and freshness of your flight.

## BRIDE

My Love's the mountain range,  
The valleys each with solitary grove,  
The islands far and strange,  
The streams with sounds that change,  
The whistling of the lovesick winds that rove.

Before the dawn comes round  
Here is the night, dead-hushed with all its glammers,  
The music without sound,  
The solitude that clamours,  
The supper that revives us and enamours.

Now flowers the marriage bed  
With dens of lions fortified around it,  
With tent of purple spread,  
In peace securely founded,  
And by a thousand shields of gold surmounted.

Tracking your sandal-mark  
The maidens search the roadway for your sign,  
Yearning to catch the spark  
And taste the scented wine  
Which emanates a balm that is divine.

Deep-cellared is the cavern  
Of my love's heart, I drank of him alive:  
Now, stumbling from the tavern,  
No thoughts of mine survive,  
And I have lost the flock I used to drive.

He gave his breast; seraphic  
In savour was the science that he taught;  
And there I made my traffic  
Of all, withholding naught,  
And promised to become the bride he sought.

My spirit I prepare  
To serve him with her riches and her beauty.  
No flocks are now my care,  
No other toil I share,  
And only now in loving is my duty.

Pues ya si en el ejido  
De hoy más no fuere vista ni hallada,  
Diréis que me he perdido,  
Que andando enamorada,  
Me hice perdida, y fui ganada.

De flores y esmeraldas  
En las frescas mananas escogidas,  
Haremos las guirnaldas,  
En tu amor florecidas,  
Y en un cabello mío entretejidas.

En solo aquel cabello,  
Que en mi cuello volar consideraste,  
Mirástele en mi cuello,  
Y en él preso quedaste,  
Y en uno de mis ojos te llagaste.

Cuando tú me mirabas,  
Tu gracia en mí tus ojos imprimían:  
Por eso me adamabas,  
Y en eso merecían  
Los míos adorar lo que en ti vían.

No quieras despreciarme,  
Que si color moreno en mí hallaste,  
Ya bien puedes mirarme,  
Después que me miraste,  
Que gracia y hermosura en mí dejaste.

Cogednos las raposas,  
Que está ya florecida nuestra vifia,  
En tanto que de rosas  
Hacemos una piña,  
Y no parezca nadie en la montiña.

Detente, Cierzo muerto;  
Ven, Austro, que recuerdas los amores,  
Aspira por mi huerto,  
Y corran sus olores,  
Y pacará el Amado entre las flores.

## ESPOSO

Entrádose ha la Esposa  
En el ameno huerto deseado,  
Y a su sabor reposa,  
El cuello reclinado  
Sobre los dulces brazos del Amado.

Debajo del manzano,  
Allí conmigo fuiste desposada,  
Allí te dí la mano,  
Y fuiste reparada,  
Donde tu madre fuera violada.  
A las aves ligeras,

So now if from this day  
I am not found among the haunts of men,  
Say that I went astray  
Love-stricken from my way,  
That I was lost, but have been found again.

Of flowers and emeralds sheen,  
Collected when the dews of dawning shine,  
A wreath of garlands green  
(That flower for you) we'll twine  
Together with one golden hair of mine.

One hair (upon my nape  
You loved to watch it flutter, fall, and rise)  
Preventing your escape,  
Has snared you for a prize  
And held you, to be wounded from my eyes.

When you at first surmised me  
Your gaze was on my eyes imprinted so,  
That it effeminized me,  
And my eyes were not slow  
To worship that which set your own aglow.

Scorn not my humble ways,  
And if my hue is tawny do not loathe me.  
On me you well may gaze  
Since, after that, the rays  
Of every grace and loveliness will clothe me.

Chase all the foxes hence  
Because our vine already flowers apace:  
And while with roses dense  
Our posy we enlance,  
Let no one on the hillside show his face.

Cease, then, you arctic gale,  
And come, recalling love, wind of the South:  
Within my garden-pale  
The scent of flowers exhale  
Which my Beloved browses with his mouth.

## BRIDEGROOM

Now, as she long aspired,  
Into the garden comes the bride, a guest:  
And in its shade retired  
Has leant her neck to rest  
Against the gentle arm of the Desired.

Beneath the apple-tree,  
You came to swear your troth and to be mated,  
Gave there your hand to me,  
And have been new-created  
There where your mother first was violated.  
You birds with airy wings,



Leones, ciervos, gamos saltadores,  
Montes, valles, riberas,  
Aguas, aires, ardores,  
Y miedos de las noches veladores:  
Por las amenas liras  
Y canto de serenas os conjuro  
Que cesen vuestras iras,  
Y no toquéis al muro,  
Porque la Esposa duerma más seguro.

## ESPOSA

Oh ninfas de Judea,  
En tanto que en las flores y rosales  
El ámbar perfumea,  
Mora en los arrabales,  
Y no queráis tocar nuestros umbrales.  
Escóndete, Carillo,  
Y mira con tu haz a las montañas,  
Y no quieras decillo:  
Mas mira las compaías  
De la que va por insulas extrañas.

## ESPOSO

La blanca palomica  
Al Arca con el ramo se ha tornado,  
Y ya la tortolica  
Al socio deseado  
En las riberas verdes ha hallado.

En soledad vivía,  
Y en soledad ha puesto ya su nido,  
Y en soledad la guía  
A solas su querido,  
También en soledad de amor herido.

## ESPOSA

Gocémonos, Amado,  
Y vámonos a ver en tu hermosura  
Al monte y al collado,  
Do mana el agua pura;  
Entremos más adentro en la espesura.

Y luego a las subidas  
Cavernas de la piedra nos iremos,  
Que están bien escondidas,  
Y allí nos entraremos,  
Y el mosto de granadas gustaremos.

Allí me mostrarías  
Aquello que mi alma pretendía,  
Y luego me darías  
Allí tú, vida mía,  
Aquello que me diste el otro día.

El aspirar del aire,

Lions, and stags, and roebucks leaping light,  
Hills, valleys, creeks, and springs,  
Waves, winds, and ardours bright,  
And things that rule the watches of the night:  
By the sweet lyre and call  
Of sirens, now I conjure you to cease  
Your tumults one and all,  
Nor echo on the wall  
That she may sleep securely and at peace.

## BRIDE

Oh daughters of Judea,  
While yet our flowers and roses in their flesh hold  
Ambrosia, come not here;  
But keep the outskirts clear,  
And do not dare to pass across our threshold.  
Look to the mountain peak,  
My darling, and stay hidden from the view,  
And do not dare to speak  
But watch her retinue  
Who sails away to islands strange and new.

## BRIDEGROOM

The dove so snowy-white,  
Returning to the Ark, her frond bestows:  
And seeking to unite  
The mate of her delight  
Has found him where the shady river flows.

In solitude she bided,  
And in the solitude her nest she made:  
In solitude he guided  
His loved-one through the shade  
Whose solitude the wound of love has made.

## BRIDE

Rejoice, my love, with me  
And in your beauty see us both reflected:  
By mountain-slope and lea,  
Where purest rills run free,  
We'll pass into the forest undetected:

Then climb to lofty places  
Among the caves and boulders of the granite,  
Where every track effaces,  
And, entering, leave no traces,  
And revel in the wine of the pomegranate.

Up there, to me you'll show  
What my own soul has longed for all the way:  
And there, my love, bestow  
The secret which you know  
And only spoke about the other day.

The breathing air so keen;

El canto de la dulce Filomena,  
El soto y su donaire,  
En la noche serena  
Con llama que consume y no da pena.  
Que nadie lo miraba,  
Aminadab tampoco parecía,  
Y el cerco sosegaba,  
Y la caballería  
A vista de las aguas descendía.

## Glosa a lo divino

Sin arrimo y con arrimo,  
Sin luz y a oscuras viviendo,  
Todo me voy consumiendo.

Mi alma está desasida  
De toda cosa criada,  
Y sobre sí levantada,  
Y en una sabrosa vida,  
Sólo en su Dios arrimada.  
Por eso ya se dirá  
La cosa que más estimo,  
Que mi alma se ve ya  
Sin arrimo y con arrimo.

Y aunque tinieblas padezco  
En esta vida mortal,  
No es tan crecido mi mal;  
Porque, si de luz carezco,  
Tengo vida celestial;  
Porque el amor de tal vida,  
Cuando más ciego va siendo,  
Que tiene al alma rendida,  
Sin luz y a oscuras viviendo.

Hace tal obra el amor,  
Después que le conocí,  
Que, si hay bien o mal en mí,  
Todo lo hace de un sabor,  
Y al alma transforma en sí;  
Y así, en su llama sabrosa,  
La cual en mí estoy sintiendo,  
Aprieta, sin quedar cosa,  
Todo me voy consumiendo.

The song of Philomel: the waving charm  
Of groves in beauty seen:  
The evening so serene,  
With fire that can consume yet do no harm.

With none our peace offending,  
Aminadab has vanished with his slaughters:  
And now the siege had ending,  
The cavalcades descending  
Were seen within the precinct of the waters.

Without and with Mainstay  
With a divine intention

Without support, yet well supported,  
Though in pitch-darkness, with no ray,  
Entirely I am burned away.

My spirit is so freed from every  
Created thing, that through the skies,  
Above herself, she's lifted, flies,  
And as in a most fragrant reverie,  
Only on God her weight applies.  
The thing which most my faith esteems  
For this one fact will be reported -  
Because my soul above me streams  
Without support, yet well-supported.

What though I languish in the shades  
As through my mortal life I go,  
Not over-heavy is my woe  
Since if no glow my gloom invades,  
With a celestial life I glow.  
The love of such a life, I say,  
The more benightedly it darkens,  
Turns more to that to which it hearkens,  
Though in pitch-darkness, with no ray.

Since I knew Love, I have been taught  
He can perform most wondrous labours.  
Though good and bad in me are neighbours  
He turns their difference to naught  
Then both into Himself, so sweetly,  
And with a flame so fine and fragrant  
Which now I feel in me completely  
Reduce my being, till no vagrant  
Vestige of my own self can stay.  
And wholly I am burned away.



*Canciones del alma en la intima  
comunicación de unión de amor de Dios.*

*Del mismo autor*

¡Oh llama de amor viva,  
Que tiernamente hieres  
De mi alma en el más profundo centro!  
Pues ya no eres esquiva,  
Acaba ya si quieres,  
Rompe la tela deste dulce encuentro.

¡Oh cauterio suave!  
¡Oh regalada llaga!  
¡Oh mano blanda! ¡Oh toque delicado,  
Que a vida eterna sabe,  
Y toda deuda paga!  
Matando, muerte en vida la has trocado.

¡Oh lámparas de fuego,  
En cuyos resplandores  
Las profundas cavernas del sentido,  
Que estaba oscuro y ciego,  
Con extraños primores  
Calor y luz dan junto a su querido!

¡Cuán manso y amoroso  
Recuerdas en mi seno,  
Donde secretamente solo moras:  
Y en tu aspirar sabroso  
De bien y gloria lleno  
Cuán delicadamente me enamoras!

*Coplas del alma que pena por ver a Dios,  
del mismo autor*

Vivo sin vivir en mí,  
Y de tal manera espero,  
Que muero porque no muero.

En mí yo no vivo ya,  
Y sin Dios vivir no puedo;  
Pues sin él y sin mí quedo,  
Este vivir ¿qué será?  
Mil muertes se me hará,  
Pues mi misma vida espero,  
Muriendo porque no muero.

*Living Flame of Love  
Songs of the soul in intimate communication  
and union with the love of God*

Oh flame of love so living,  
How tenderly you force  
To my soul's inmost core your fiery probe!  
Since now you've no misgiving,  
End it, pursue your course  
And for our sweet encounter tear the robe!

Oh cautery most tender!  
Oh gash that is my guerdon!  
Oh gentle hand! Oh touch how softly thrilling!  
Eternal life you render,  
Raise of all debts the burden  
And change my death to life, even while killing!

Oh lamps of fiery blaze  
To whose refulgent fuel  
The deepest caverns of my soul grow bright,  
Late blind with gloom and haze,  
But in this strange renewal  
Giving to the belov'd both heat and light.

What peace, with love enwreathing,  
You conjure to my breast  
Which only you your dwelling place may call:  
While with delicious breathings  
In glory, grace, and rest,  
So daintily in love you make me fall!

*Life No Life  
Verses about the soul which suffers with  
impatience to see God*

I live without inhabiting  
Myself - in such a wise that I  
Am dying that I do not die.

Within myself I do not dwell  
Since without God I cannot live.  
Reft of myself, and God as well,  
What serves this life (I cannot tell)  
Except a thousand deaths to give?  
Since waiting here for life I lie  
And die because I do not die.

Esta vida que yo vivo  
Es privación de vivir;  
Y así, es continuo morir  
Hasta que viva contigo.  
Oye, mi Dios, lo que digo,  
Que esta vida no la quiero;  
Que muero porque no muero.

Estando absente de ti,  
¿Qué vida puedo tener,  
Sino muerte padecer,  
La mayor que nunca vi?  
Lástima tengo de mí,  
Pues de suerte persevero,  
Que muero porque no muero.

El pez que del agua sale,  
Aun de alivio no carece,  
Que en la muerte que padesce,  
Al fin la muerte le vale.  
¿Qué muerte habrá que se iguale  
A mi vivir lastimero,  
Pues si más vivo más muero?

Cuando me pienso aliviar  
De verte en el Sacramento,  
Hácame más sentimiento  
El no te poder gozar;  
Todo es para más penar,  
Por no verte como quiero,  
Y muero porque no muero.

Y si me gozo, Señor,  
Con esperanza de verte,  
En ver que puedo perderte  
Se me dobla mi dolor:  
Viviendo en tanto pavor,  
Y esperando como espero,  
Muérome porque no muero.

Sácame de aquesta muerte,  
Mi Dios, y dame la vida;  
No me tengas impedida  
En este lazo tan fuerte;  
Mira que peno por verte,  
Y mi mal es tan entero,  
Que muero porque no muero.

Lloraré mi muerte ya,  
Y lamentaré mi vida  
En tanto que detenida  
Por mis pecados está.  
¿Oh mi Dios! ¿cuándo será?  
Cuando yo diga de vero:  
Vivo ya porque no muero.

This life I live in vital strength  
Is loss of life unless I win You:  
And thus to die I shall continue  
Until in You I live at length.  
Listen (my God!) my life is in You.  
This life I do not want, for I  
Am dying that I do not die.

Thus in your absence and your lack  
How can I in myself abide  
Nor suffer here a death more black  
Than ever was by mortal died.  
For pity of myself I've cried  
Because in such a plight I lie  
Dying because I do not die.

The fish that from the stream is lost  
Derives some sort of consolation  
That in his death he pays the cost  
At least of death's annihilation.  
To this dread life with which I'm crossed  
What fell death can compare, since I,  
The more I live, the more must die.

When thinking to relieve my pain  
I in the Sacrament behold You  
It brings me greater grief again  
That to myself I cannot fold You.  
And that I cannot see you plain  
Augments my sorrow, so that I  
Am dying that I do not die.

If in the hope I should delight,  
Oh Lord, of seeing You appear,  
The thought that I might lose Your sight,  
Doubles my sorrow and my fear.  
Living as I do in such fright,  
And yearning as I yearn, poor I  
Must die because I do not die.

Oh rescue me from such a death  
My God, and give me life, not fear;  
Nor keep me bound and struggling here  
Within the bonds of living breath.  
Look how I long to see You near,  
And how in such a plight I lie  
Dying because I do not die!

I shall lament my death betimes,  
And mourn my life, that it must be  
Kept prisoner by sins and crimes  
So long before I am set free:  
Ah God, my God, when shall it be?  
When I may say (and tell no lie)  
I live because I've ceased to die?