SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ: POESIAS
POEMS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

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CONTENTS:
1 LP
1 program notes (16 p.)

CHRIST ON THE CROSS WITH THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN. WOODCUT BY ALBRECHT DÜRER
SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ: POESIAS

ENTREME DONDE NO SUPE
ROMANCE (I - IX)
SUPER FLUMINA BABYLONIS
UN PASTORCICO
AUNQUE ES DE NOCHE
POR TODA LA HERMOSURA
SUMA DE LA PERFECCION
TRAS DE UN AMOROSO LANCE
EN UNA NOCHE OSCURA
CANCIONES ENTRE EL ALMA Y EL ESPOSO
SIN ARRIMO Y CON ARRIMO
OH LLAMA DE AMOR VIVA
QUE MUERO PORQUE NO MUERO
San Juan De La Cruz: Poesias / St. John Of The Cross

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 F. Silverio de Santa Teresa, translated and edited by Professor C. 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 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 so much 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 likeness 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 Baena, 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 1583 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 1619.*

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 portrayed'. [Rejoice, my love, with me, p. 45] 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 1793. 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

Revel your presence clearly  
And fill 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 husked 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 the 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 the excited sharing of human love. Nevertheless just because God is love and man was made in the image of God, the symbol 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 love and beloved, bridegroom and bride, the cakes 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 neutralize 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 com-
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 Suenu" ("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 Merida, 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 Barrene. They spent a season in Paris, bringing Spanish theatre to the French capital.

Don Jose spent the next six years at the Teatro Español 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"), Goffredo ("Peleas y Mislase""); Zorrilla ("Don Juan Tenorio"), Marquita ("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 Gatsby" 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, Maria Encinares, Maria Fortuna, Tina Gasco and the perennial Catalina Barrene, in plays by Lillian Hellman ("The Little Foxes") and Marcel Achard ("Fifty Years of Happiness") at the Teatro Español, Teatro Intranst 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 return 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.

When you listen to Khigh 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", "Peachtree of the August Moon" and "Flower Drum Song".

Between parts, even between performances, Khigh 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 psychiatrist.

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 member 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.

Khigh 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, 1919-11), reprinted with his permission. It has previously appeared in England in, San Juan de la Cruz: Poetas, 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:

Side A-I Deep Rapture - verse 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 Romance (I-III) - St. John drew from 3 sources 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's 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 Man who validated. Side A-III St. John in his poem "Song of Babylon" - laments his own exile from the Kingdom of God - and in "Madrigal" contemplates Christ's sacrifice on Cross.

Side A-IV The 'Song of the Soul' that feels an aching within and '轴承' the cry of God.

Side A-V St. John has decided to "throw 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 "III" - 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 informs us by it "since I knew love - I have been taught He can perform most wondrous 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 express 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 similes, and from the abundance of their spirit pour out secrets and mysteries rather than rational explanations. If these stanzas 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....

Comentario

Si estas similitudes no se lean con la sencillez del espíritu de conocimiento y amor que contiene, pueden parecer absurdas mas que razonables expresiones....

Martin Donegan
(translated by Dra. Josefina Homo Arregui)
**Spanish**

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

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

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

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

Estaba tan embiedado,
Tan aborto y ajenado,
Que se quedó mi sentido
De todo sentir privado;
Y el espíritu dotado
De un entender no entendiendo,
Toda scienza trascendiendo.

El que allí llega de vero,
De si mismo desfallassa;
Cuanto sabía primero
Mucho bajo le parece;
Y su scienza tanto cresce,
Que se queda no sabiendo,
Toda scienza 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 scienza trascendiendo.

Este saber no sabiendo

---

**English**

**"Deep Rapture"**

Verses written after an ecstasy of high exaltation

I entered, 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,
Transcending 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 eye, though knowing naught,
Transcending knowledge with his thought.

This wisdom without understanding
Como amado en el amante
Uno en otro residía,
Y aquello 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.

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.

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 tho' 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 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 conocía los bienes
Que en tal Hijo yo tenía.

Y se congracié conmigo
De tu gracia y lozanía.

Mucho lo agradezco, Padre,
El Hijo le respondía;
A la esposa que me dieras,
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,

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.

Of the Creation III

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
**Spanish**

Y con eterno deleite
Tu bondad sublimaría.

**English**

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

**Romance IV**

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

**english**

'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 story 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.

**Spanish**

Porque en todo semejante
El 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
El mismo se quedaría,
Hasta que se consumase
Este siglo que corria.

Cuando se gozarán 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 absorba,
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
Continuó les afligía.

**English**

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 enlace
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 union to live.

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

Each one living in the other;
Namely 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 tedious 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.
Spanish

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, sí fuese  
En mi tiempo el alegria!  

Otros: Acaba, Señor;  
Al que has de enviar envía.  
Otros: ¿Oh si ya rompieses  
Esos cielos, y vería  
Con mis ojos, que bajasen,  
Y mi llanto cesaría.  
Regad, nubes de lo alto,  
Que la tierra lo pedía.  
Y tbrase 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 estos y otros ruegos  
Gran tiempo pasado había;  
Pero en los posteros 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,

English

So they made continual prayer  
With sighs of piteous dismay,  
And with groans and lamentations  
Plead 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 clothed with spring  
That these shall shorn to 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

Spanish

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

PROSIQUE 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 convendría;  

Pero difiere en la carne,  
Que en tu simple ser no habla;  
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 vieres 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.  

Verése tu gran potencia,

English

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 close to his breast.

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 belov’d: 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,
Spanish

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

Iré a buscar a mi esposa,
Y sobre mis hombros
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

Proís de

Entonces llamó un arcángel,
Que San Gabriel se decía,
Y envió 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
El 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 described,
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 unsheiled,
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 haba,
 Así como desposado
De su átalo salía,
Abrazado con su esposa,
Que en sus brazos la tráía,
Al cual la graciosa Madre
En un pesebre ponía,
Entre unos animales
Que a la sazon 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 tráía;
Y la Madre estaba en pasmo
De que tal trueque veía;
El llanto del hombre en Dios
Y en el hombre la alegría,
Lo cual del uno y el otro
Tan ajenó 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 woe 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 gazèd 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.
Dijiste que me matase,
Pues de tal suerte llagaba:
Yo me metía en su fuego,
Sabiendo que me abrasaba,
Desculpando el avejiga
Que en el fuego se acababa;
Estábame en mi muriendo,
Y en ti sólo respiraba,
En mi por tí me moría,
Y por tí resucitaba,
Que la memoria de ti
Daba vida y la quitaba.

Gozábamse los extraños
Entre quien cautivo estaba.
Preguntábame cantares
De lo que an Sion cantaba;
Canta de Sion un himno,
Veamos cómo sonaba.
Decid: ¿Cómo en tibera ajena,
Donde por Sion lloraba,
Cantaré yo la alegría
Que en Sion se me quedaba?
Echaríala en olvido
Si en la ajena me gozaba.

Con mi paladar se junté
La lengua con que hablaba,
Si de ti yo me olvidare,
En la tierra do moraba.
Sion, 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 la festejaba.
¡Oh hija de Babilonia,
Miseria y desventurada!
Bienaventurado era
Aquel en quien confiaba,
Que te ha de dar el castigo
Que de tu mano llevaba.
Y junta 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 fledgling bird excusing
Who would perish in the fire,
In myself I may be dying.
Yet from you my life expire.
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 chasiment
Of your own hand will be paid.
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 pastorcito solo está penado,
Ajenio de placer y de contento,
Y en su pastora puesto el pensamiento,
Y el pecho del amor muy lastimado.
No llora por haberte 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 Pastorcito: ¡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 bellíos,
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.

A quella 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,

Other songs concerning Christ and the soul

"Madrigal"

A shepherd lad was mourning his distress,
Far from all comfort, friendless and forlorn.
He fixed his thought upon his shepherdesse,
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 shepherdesse, 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 escurcida,  
Y sé que toda luz de ella es venida,  
Aunque es de noche.

Sé ser tan caudalosas sus corrientes,  
Que infiernos, 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.

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

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

---

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

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

No os maravilloséis de aquesto,  
Que el gusto se quede tal,  
Porque es la causa del mal  
Ajen 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 en hermosura,  
Que sólo se ve por fe,  
Gustado allá 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 arribo 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,
Spanish
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 comprenderse,
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.

English
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.

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

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

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 di a la caza alcance.

English
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.
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.

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.

Spanish
Suma de la perfección

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

Otras del mismo a lo divino

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

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

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

English
Capsule of perfection

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

Of *Falconry*

Other verses with a divine meaning
by the same author

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Aquésta me guíaba
Más cierto que la luz del mediodía,

English

Dark Night

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

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.

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.

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

12
Spanish

A donde me esperaba
Quien yo bien me sabía,
En parte donde nadie parecía.

¡Oh noche, que guiaste,
Oh noche amable más que el alborada:

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

En mi pecho flórido,
Que entero para él sólo se guardaba,
Allí quedó dormido,
Y yo le regalaba,
Y el ventall de cedros afe daba.

El aire de la almena,
Cuando yo sus cabellos espacía,
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.

Canciones entre el alma y el Esposo

ESPOSA
¡A dónde te escondiste,
Amado, y me dejaste con gemido?
Como el ciervo huiste,
Habiéndome herido;
Salt 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, pero ay muero.

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

Spanish

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.

Espiritual Canticle

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 shepholds of the slope on high,
If you, at 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.

Spanish

PREGUNTA A LAS CRIATURAS
Oh bosques y espesuras,
Plantadas por la mano del Amado,
Oh prado de verduras,
De flors 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 quiero 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 dejame muriendo
Un no sé que que quedan balbuciando.

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

¿Por qué, pues has llegado
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 veante mis ojos,
Y 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,

ESPOSA
QUESTION TO ALL CREATURES
O thickens, 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.
Spanish

Que tengo en mis entrañas dibujados!
Apártalos, Amado,
Que voy de vuelo.

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

ESPOSA
Mi Amado, las montañas,
Los valles solitarios morosos,
Las insulas extrañas,
Los ríos sonorosos,
El silbo de los árboles amosados.

La noche sosegada
En par de los levantos 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 saga de tu huella
Las jóvenes discurrin al camino
Al toque de centella,
Al abadabo vino,
Emisiones de balsamo Divino.

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

Allí me dió su pecho,
Allí me enseñó ciencia muy sabrosa,
Y yo le di 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.

English

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 whispering of the love birds winds that rove.

Before the dawn comes round
Here is the night, dead-hushed with all its glories,
The music without sound,
The solitude that glories,
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 toll I share,
And only now in loving is my duty.

Spanish

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

De flores y esmeraldas
En las frescas mananitas escondidas,
Haremos las guirnaldas,
En tu amor florecidas,
Y en un cabello mi entretejidas.

En solo aquel calzado,
Que en mi cuello volar consideraste,
Miraste en mi cuello,
Y en él preso quedaste,
Y en uno de mis ojos te llamaste.

Cuando tú me mirabas,
Tu gracia en mi tus ojos imprímian:
Por eso me adorabas,
Y en eso merecían
Los míos adorar lo que en ti vían.

No quieres despreciarme,
Que si color Moreno en mi hallaste,
Ya bien puedes mirarme,
Después que me miraste,
Que gracia y hermosura en mi dejaste.

Cogednos las raposas,
Que está ya florécida nuestra vita,
En tanto que de rosas
Hacemos una piña,
Y no parece nadie en la montaña.

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

ESPOSO
Entrándose 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 convino fuiste desposada,
Allí te di la mano,
Y fuiste reparada,
Donde tu madre fuera violada.

A las aves ligeras,

English

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 enlace,
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,
Spanish
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 liras,
Y no toques al miuro,
Porque la Esposa duerma más seguro.

ESPOSA
Oh ninfa de Judea,
En tanto que en las flores y rosales
El ámbar perfume,
Mora en los arrabales,
Y no quieras tocar nuestros umbrales.
Encóntate, Carillo,
Y mira con tu haz a las montañitas,
Y no quieras decirlo:
Mas mira las compañías
De la que va por insulas extrañas.

EBRA
La blanca palomita
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 vámmonos 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 entrearemos,
Y el mosto de granadas gustaremos.
Allí me mostrarás
Aquello que mi alma pretendía,
Y luego me darías
Allí tú, vida mía,
Aquello que me diste el otro día.
El aspirar del aire,

English
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 retire
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 bides,
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 purer 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;

Spanish
El canto de la dulce Filomena,
El soto y su donaire,
En la noche serena
Con llama que consume y no da pena.

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

Spanish
El canto de la dulce Filomena,
El soto y su donaire,
En la noche serena
Con llama que consume y no da pena.

Without and with Mainstay
With a divine intention

English
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 cævilacides descending
Were seen within the precinct of the waters.

English
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,
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 bennightedly 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.

15
**Spanish**

*Canciones del alma en la íntima 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 no eres esquiva,
Acaba ya si quieres,
Rompé la tela deste dulce encuentro.

¡Oh cautero suave!
¡Oh regalada llama!
¡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 obscuro 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 rest,
Cuán delicadamente me enamoras!

**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 woe!
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 conjoin 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!

**Spanish**

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

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

El pez que del agua sale,
Aun de alivio no careces,
Que en la muerte que padeces,
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,
Házmelo 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 tesor,
Y esperando como espero,
Muérome porque no muero.

Sácame de aquesta muerte,
Mi Dios, y dame la vida;
No me tengas impedida
En este lago tan fuerte;
Mira que pena 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 ver:
Vivo ya porque no muero.

**English**

*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 dreed 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!