

Translations of Five Spanish Poems
and Comments

A Research Paper
Submitted to the Faculty
Of Saint Meinrad College Of Liberal Arts
In Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
For the Degree of Bachelor of Arts

Jose Antonio Valtierra
May, 1974
Saint Meinrad College
St. Meinrad, Indiana



Table of Contents

I	Introduction	1 - 2
II	Cantar a Nuestra Señora by Juan Alvarez Gato	3 - 8
	1. Introduction to Juan Alvarez Gato	
	2. Spanish Text	
	3. Translation	
	4. Comment on the poem	
III	Sólo El Hombre by Rafael Vega Albela	9 - 14
	1. Introduction to Rafael Vega Albela	
	2. Spanish Text	
	3. Translation	
	4. Comment on the poem	
IV	Cantar by Salómon De la Selva	15 - 19
	1. Introduction to Salomon De la Selva	
	2. Spanish Text	
	3. Translation	
	4. Comment on the poem	
V	Nocturno Sueño by Xavier Villaurrutia	20 - 26
	1. Introduction to Xavier Villaurrutia	
	2. Spanish Text	
	3. Translation	
	4. Comment on the poem	
VI	Romance by Lope Félix de Vega Carpio	27 - 38
	1. Introduction to Lope Felix de Vega Carpio	
	2. Spanish Text	
	3. Translation	
	4. Comment on the poem	
VII	Conclusion	39
	Footnotes	40
	Appendix	
	Bibliography	41

Introduction

Poetry is something which is appreciated by many people. There are poems that can make one laugh and still others that can make one stop and think of the things being said. This thesis contains five poems written by five different Spanish authors. Their works have been translated from the original Spanish into English. Along with the translations are included analyses and a little background on each author.

Part of the difficulty in translating any kind of literature from its original language is the fact that one cannot do it word for word. Another in the imagery which the translator must first discover in order to keep the same meaning of the poem the author intended it to have. Rhyme schemes which the poem originally had sometimes have to be lost in order to keep the reader interested in the poem and have him in the same mood as the reader of the native tongue would be in when reading the poem. Phrases, at times, have to be changed from imagery to literal phrasings because that is the only way to convey the meaning. Lines also have to be moved around in order to keep the poem flowing smoothly. Guillén said of poetry, "Simple poetry is never simple".¹

In translating a poem, the translator has to rework the translation several times. The first copy is a very rough translation. After the first draft is finished, the translator must work on the phrases to make them sound smooth. One poem can be and often must be reworked from two to six or even more times before it is a finished product.

The words used in the poem are good examples of the difficulties involved in translating. Some poems are written in old Spanish, which

2
means that many words no longer have the same meaning today. Spellings too have changed like in "juyzio" for "juicio", and "quexas" for "quejas". Some words ending in "i" have changed to "y" as in "di" for "dy". This modification occurs in the evolution of almost every language.

Another element that adds difficulty when translating a poem is the imagery. It would be easy for the translator to put down the words which are the usual translation of those words, but this can result in the loss of the meaning of the poem. By not carefully considering the context within the poem, (the word or phrase to be used) the poem may be flowing smoothly and then there will be a rough line or phrase that seems not to make sense. The translator must reconsider the phrase within the total meaning and work to find a meaning that fits in with the overall sense. Finally, he must try different combinations of words and/or phrases that flow rhythmically before he can say he has a good translation.

Once again, the translator must have command of the language from which he is translating in order to do a good job. He first has to work out a rough translation with which he continues working until he has a presentable and meaningful translation.

Thanks are due to Brother George Hogg, O.S.B., for his help with the translations.

Juan Alvarez Gato

Juan Alvarez Gato is believed to have been born in about 1433 in Madrid. Since he wrote numerous songs and canticles, he is believed to be a traditionist of song writers. Even though he lived in a courtly fashion, at times he had bad relationships with the monarchs. Gato not only wrote religious poems, but love poems and satirical ones as well. The satirical poems may have been the reason for the bad relationships he had with the monarchs.²

Cantar a Nuestra Señora

Dime, Señora, dy,
quando parta desta tierra,
sy te acordaras de my.

Quando ya sean publicados
mis tiempos en mal gastados
y todos quantos pecados
yo mesquino comety,
sy te acordaras de my.

En el siglo duradero
del juyzio postrimero,
do por mi remedio espero
los dulces ruegos de ty,
sy te acordaras de my.

Quando yo este en ell afrenta
de la my estrecha cuenta
de quantos bienes y renta,
de tu hijo resceby,
sy te acordaras de my.

Cabo
Quando mi alma cuytada,
temiendo ser condenada
de hallarse muy culpada,
terna mil queexas de sy,
sy te acordaras de my.

Canticle to Our Lady

Tell me, Virgin, tell me,
when I from this earth depart
if you will still remember me?

When my times and how badly
they were spent are known by all,
and the many sins
that I a poor creature did commit,
will you still remember me?

In the everlasting age
of the final judgement day,
where I await my cure
by your sweet prayers,
will you still remember me?

When I stand ashamed
of my poor account
of the few benefits
that from your son I have received,
will you still remember me?

When my anxious soul
fearing condemnation
will find itself very guilty,
groans three thousand groans,
will you still remember me?

Canticle to Our Lady

This poem is about a person asking the Blessed Virgin if she will remember him once he dies, but he is especially asking her to remember him even though he has led a dreadful life. Christianity had a strong hold in Spain in the 15th century. Some artists, painters, and writers alike, devoted a lot of their time to do works about the supernatural. It is in about this time that some of the most beautiful paintings and literature were done. "Cantar a Nuestra Señora" is then a typical work of that time. It is written in a serious tone and should be read slowly, but avoiding the singsongy tune.

The poem was developed very cleverly. The first stanza sets the mood for the entire poem. Death is mentioned, so one would know that it is going to be a serious poem.

The second stanza flows from this, because, now the speaker is starting to tell us why he wants the Virgin to remember him. The stanza ends with the speaker asking the Virgin if she will still remember him. The use of the last line (will you still remember me) in every stanza is quite effective, because it ties the poem together.

The third stanza deals with the final judgement day. Here the speaker is waiting and hoping for the Virgin's prayers, which will hopefully deny him any agony. Again, he ends by asking the Virgin to remember him.

Stanza four deals with the speaker having to give account for his actions while on earth. The last lines in this stanza contain some effective words (account, benefits, and received). This can be looked at

in the same manner that Christ spoke of the servants who were given money⁷ by their master and came back with profits, except for one. The benefits, in the poem, has to do with the many ways that Christ gave us in order to become better people, if they are taken advantage of. From the second stanza, one can see that the speaker perhaps stands in shame because he spent his times badly, which would result in a "poor account".

The final stanza is well put together. When we do something wrong during our lives, we fear the moment when we are going to be questioned about it. Here, the speaker, realizing that he has led a rather dreadful life, says that his anxious soul, fearing condemnation, will give out groans. This is typical even in our lives on earth.

An interesting thing about the poem is that during each stanza, one gets the feeling of moving closer and closer to something that one fears. One comforting thought is that one has something or someone to ask help from.

One of the problems found in translating this poem is that the rhyme scheme it originally had cannot be applied, (stanza 1, ABA; stanza 2, CCAA; stanza 3, DDDAA; stanza 4 and 5, BBBAA). Fitting the translation into that rhyme scheme made the poem sound ridiculous and as a result it had to be turned into unrhymed verse. Another problem is trying to keep the same meter (stanza 1 - 6,7,7; stanzas 2,3,4,and5 - 8,8,8,7,7), because not only would it sound ridiculous, but some of the meaning would have been lost.

John Ciardi in an article on John Frederick Nims and his translation of Bernart de Ventadorn's poem "Era m cosselhatz, senhor..." has this to say; "He knows, therefore, how much in a poem refuses to cross the language border. The wonder remains how much he is yet able to smuggle

across. ... The more recent poet-translators have been willing to take responsibly balanced liberties in order to keep faith with the voice and the mood of the original poet."⁴

Rafael Vega Albela

Rafael Vega Albela was born on 1913 in Mexico. He was a journalist for a magazine entitled Taller, and was one of the most genuine poets during the generation of Huerta, Paz, and A.O. Alvarez. He lived his life without getting the same admiration as the others, but his soul burnt with truth and a generous love for others. Albela had a great deal of respect for his poetry and as a result wrote clean and well composed verses. During the last days of his life, he burnt all his original works and died as he wanted to, "llevando su rumor a la serna música nocturna,"⁵ (bearing away the murmur of his voice mingled with the soft nighttime music).

Sólo El Hombre

Sólo el hombre puede amar al hombre,
Sólo el hombre puede sufrir por el hombre,
Sólo el hombre puede hacer florecer su corazón.

Bajo las piedras,
en el llanto,
en el viento.

Sólo el hombre puede rescatar
la carne y la sangre crucificadas,
y levantar la catedral del mundo al cielo.

Sólo el hombre
puede derramar su sangre por el hombre,
y redimir los pecados del mundo.

Por lo que no es suyo,
por lo que no crece ni madura,
por lo marchito y destruido,
el hombre puede dar su sangre.

Contra las espinas,
contra el fuego,
contra el mar,
el hombre puede apretar su corazón.

Sólo la sangre, el llanto y el amor
puede dar el hombre por la tierra.

Only Man

Only man can love man,
only man can suffer for man,
only man can make his heart blossom,

under the rocks
in his tears
in the wind.

Only man can redeem
crucified flesh and blood
and lift up the cathedral from earth to heaven.

Only man
can pour out blood for man
and redeem the sins of the world.

For that which is not his own,
for that which neither grows nor ripens,
for the withered and destroyed
man can give his blood.

Against thorns,
against fire,
against the sea,
man can press his heart.

Only man
can give blood, tears, and love for his home.

Only Man

"Only Man" is a poem which contains some ideas of a man who gives some value to the meaning of life. After reading this poem, one can see that each stanza contains the idea of man giving something of himself. The last two lines in this poem could sum up the entire poem with the use of the words "man" and "home". Home, at first thought, is a dwelling place, but it can also mean people and country as well. When reading this poem, one should present it as if he or she were asked to give a definition of man.

In the last line of the first stanza, "make his heart blossom" is used very effectively because it ties together the two lines before. The author could have chosen "opened" instead of "blossom", but by using the latter, he has added more meaning.

If metaphors are used to make lines more effective, then the second stanza is a good example. "Under the Rocks" can be said to mean under burdens. Likewise, "in his tears" can mean in times of sorrows. Finally, "in the wind" can mean in times of troubles.

The word "crucified" in the third stanza does not necessarily mean being nailed to a cross. This "crucified" can be understood to mean tortured, oppressed, or martyred. "Cathedral" in the last line of this stanza is an interesting word because a cathedral is a building, but how can anyone lift up a cathedral from earth to heaven? "Cathedral" then would refer to the soul of man.

Stanza four might bring a picture of Jesus Christ to Christians.

Christ was sent down to earth, with a human body, so that he might die and redeem the sins of the world. At the same time, one must not get too involved with this idea, because there is no real evidence that the author had Christ in mind when he wrote the poem.

The fifth stanza adds to this meaning. If we take "man" as meaning Christ, we see that it fits him well. Christ did not have a single thing on earth that belonged to him, yet he gave up his blood, or better said, life. In the second line, "grows nor ripens" can refer to people. For example, take the parable of the "Sower and the Seed". Seeds were thrown on the ground, and some fell on rocks and were quickly burnt. Others fell in thorny areas and started to grow but were destroyed by the weeds. Some fell on good, fertile ground and grew. All this refers to people who listen to the word of God. The seeds that fell on rocks or thorny areas are those people who hear the word of God, but after a short time forget it, and in that sense they neither grow nor ripen. These people are the ones that Christ especially gave his life for. The "withered and destroyed" refers to the sick in body or spirit and the dead, (even for these people, Christ offered himself).

Stanza six once again is loaded with metaphors. "Thorns" refers to man's afflictions, "fire" refers to shame that man might have, and "sea" refers to the unsearchable or unreachable in man's life. Afflictions are all or some of the sufferings a person has during his life time. Shame is all the humiliations a man might have, and the unsearchable or unreachable is the understanding of how or why things happen the way they do. Man can in all reality keep himself from all these by not caring for his fellow man.

The last stanza, as was stated before, sums up the poem. Here, we have all the things that man can give of himself, and Christ did give all of these through his death. Once again, "home" in the last line would refer not only to a dwelling place but to people and their beliefs or country.

Salomón De la Selva

Salomón De la Selva was born in Nicaragua in 1893, but lived a period of time in Mexico. During this period, he wrote "El soldado desconocido" 1922, which was written in Spanish and translated into English either by himself or by someone else. Some of his works show a tendency to move into the modern world of poetry, while still others have the classical style. During his modern movement, some of the themes and meters showed a reluctance to this movement, and therefore we have poetic works that are simple and of vernacular inspiration.⁷

Cantar

Mar del Norte, Mar del Norte,
si en tí me ahogo,
laváme los sudores,
matame todos los piojos,
déjame la carne blanca
y los cabellos de oro!

Qué va a venir a tus playas
para buscarme, la novia:
¡No quieras que me tenga asco
cuando me bese la boca!

Mar del Norte, Mar del Norte,
si en tí me ahogo,
haz de cuenta que te han echado
un manojo de heliotropos,
¡que blanca tengo la carne
y los cabellos de oro!

Carne blanca que antes era
promesa para mi novia...
¡No quieras que me tenga asco
cuando me bese la boca! 8

Canticle

Sea of the North, Sea of the North,
if I in you do drown
wash away my sweat,
Kill the lice on me,
leave my flesh white
and my hair golden.

For she, my beloved, will come
looking for me in your beaches:
Don't let me be loathsome to her
when she kisses me on the lips!

Sea of the North, Sea of the North,
if I in you do drown,
make believe that they have thrown in you
a bouquet of heliotropes:
How white my flesh
and how golden my hair!

White flesh that was
an offering for my beloved....
Don't let me be loathsome to her
when she kisses me on the lips!

Canticle

This poem is about a sailor speaking to the North Sea, perhaps during a sea voyage. It is also like other sailor's songs because a sailor never really knows if he is going to come back alive. His request is that if he drowns, the sea will make him pleasant to look at. The one person he is worried about is his beloved. He asks that she will not loathe him, because of his appearance when she finds his body. This poem should be read with a lot of emotion, as if asking or begging someone to do something.

In the first stanza we get the first part of the person's request of the sea. He realizes that if he drowns at sea, he will be wrinkled and decayed by the salt. Another thing he fears is the lice that will feed off his body, and he realizes that eventually his body will be found by either other sailors at sea or ashore by someone else. Knowing then what happens to a dead body while floating at sea, he requests to be washed clean. In asking to be left with white flesh and golden hair, he is more or less asking to have an appearance like that of an angel.

In stanza two we see that this sailor has a girlfriend. He is taking into account that once he fails to return, his beloved will go to the beaches every time a ship arrives, in hope of finding him. Still with the fear that he might drown, the sailor makes the wish that she be not disgusted when she kisses him. He wants to arrive perhaps as she last saw him, which is of course, the wish of every sailor.

In the third stanza, we can see the turning point in the poem. Again, he is making a request to the sea by asking that it pretend that someone is throwing in a bouquet of heliotropes (flowers of a moderate reddish purple). By using "bouquet of heliotropes", the author has added effectiveness to the stanza by using a concert image. The reader can picture a bouquet being thrown into the sea, but it represents the sailor. The last two lines of this stanza give the impression that the sea has heard his requests and is granting them. Here, we must keep in mind that these are only his thoughts and is not really happening. To explain it better, we can look at the daydreaming we do. We want something to happen in our favor and it does, but only in the daydream.

The last stanza repeats two lines, "Don't let me be loathsome to her when she kisses me on the lips!", which helps remain us that he wants to appear attractive in the eye of his beloved. This is a clever way to end this poem because that is really what he wanted and asked of the sea.

Xavier Villaurrutia

Xavier Villaurrutia was born in Mexico City in 1903. In 1935 he received a Rockefeller Foundation grant to study dramatic composition at Yale University. After returning home, Villaurrutia taught at the University of Mexico and wrote some of his best known plays and poem. In his poetic work Nostalgia de la muerte 1938, he denies the objective world and seeks in vain to discover a deeper, more intimate reality hidden within his own consciousness. In 1948, Villaurrutia's writing shifted from death to an unbridled amorous passion, but it did not have the same effectiveness as his 1938 writing.⁹

Nocturno Sueño

Abría las salas
profundas el sueño
y voces delgadas
corrientes de aire
entraban

Del barco del cielo
del papel pautado
caía la escala
por donde mi cuerpo
bajaba

El cielo en el suelo
como en un espejo
la calle azogada
dobló mis palabras

Me robó mi sombra
la sombra cerrada
Quito de silencio
oí que mis pasos
pasaban

El frío de acero
a mi mano ciega
armó con su daga
Para darme muerte
la muerte esperaba

Y al doblar la esquina
un segundo largo
mi mano acerada
encontró mi espalda

Sin gota de sangre
sin ruido ni peso
a mis pies clavados
vino a dar mi cuerpo

Lo tomé en los brazos
lo llevé a mi lecho

Cerraba las alas
profundas el sueño¹⁰

Nocturnal Dream

Sleep opened its dense halls,
and thin voices
like waves of air
entered.

From the heavenly bark
from the lined paper
down came the ladder
by which my body
descended.

The heaven on earth
like a mirror,
this silvered street
echoed my words.

My shadow
stole my concealed spirit.
Released from silence
I heard my footsteps passing.

With coldness of steel
it armed my closed hand
with its dagger
to give me death,
the death I awaited.

And on turning the corner
in a long lasting second
my steeled hand
encountered my back.

Without a drop of blood,
without noise or weight,
at my nailed feet
my body came to rest.

I took it in my arms
and took it to my bed,

Sleep now closed its dense wings.

Nocturnal Dream

We have dreams every night, but whether we remember them or not is another story. They can be pleasant or they can turn into nightmares. This poem is a good example of a dream which is rather frightening. The poet has done a fine job in writing it, because it is presented in the same way that a dream appears to be, that is, short and confusing. One difficulty in translating this poem is that the poet added no punctuation. The translator has to rely on his own experience and make the poem take shape in order to get the full significance of every line.

The form of the poem adds to the sense of unreality and dream that it conveys. One good example is the particular use of sounds in the Spanish text which cannot be brought out in the translation. The repetition of the letter "s" sound in stanzas 1, 3, 4, 7, and the last line emphasizes the silent movements of the dream. Another example is the repetition of vowels to give the dream an eerie atmosphere of uncertainty. The harsh sounds of "g", "r", and "rr" help to strengthen the impact of the death-dealing dagger.

This poem should be read with a low, mysterious voice.

Stanza one starts the poem by mentioning "sleep" in the first line. Along with "sleep" we also find "dense halls". The choice of these words was well thought out because it sets the mood of the poem. Also in this stanza we get the feeling, by the words "dense halls", that it is not going to be a peaceful dream. It is not a peaceful dream because halls bring to

one's mind a vacant area and having dense to modify halls, just adds more area which would tend to make a person a little insecure.

In the next stanza, we get an idea of what is going to be involved in the dream. We see that the dream's body has descended from a heavenly bark.

The third stanza is very interesting because of the way it is put together. In the first two lines we have, "The heaven on earth like a mirror," which means that the ground is covered with either rain or dew and as a result, the earth would act as a mirror and reflect the skies. The next line, "this silvered Street," refers again to the ground. With the word "echoed", we get the impression that the dreamer is alone.

The following stanza gives actual life to the shadow of the dreamer since it stole his concealed spirit. (The poet has written many poems in which he talks about the life hereafter being much better than here on earth. He also considered the human body as an evil dwelling place for the spirit, which is always trying to find a way out of the body.) By saying that the shadow stole the dreamer's spirit, the poet is saying that the spirit is free and that it is in the shadow itself. In the last two lines we see that the shadow or spirit has left the dreamer's body to go on its own way.

Stanza five is quite confusing because we do not know which hand the poet is talking about until the following stanzas. The interpretation of this stanza is that the dreamer's body armed the hand of the spirit with a dagger. In the last two lines of this stanza, we can see that the dreamer is actually awaiting death, because only through death will he be totally free. Death is mentioned because it is part of everyone's

wish to eliminate the evil part in one's life and through death, this can be accomplished.

Stanza six is the climax of the poem, as it were. Since the shadow is armed with a weapon, it can rid itself of the evil part (which is the body). The second line of the stanza refers to the one moment right before we take the final step to achieve our goal. The last lines only serve to tell us that the shadow followed through with its intentions.

The last stanza is again one of those things that happen only in a dream. With the goal being accomplished, the shadow takes the dreamer's body and places it on the bed, and the poem ends with sleep closing its wings. The last line is very effective because at the very beginning of the poem the lines were, "Sleep opened its dense halls," which as mentioned before, gives a little feeling of insecurity. By ending with "Sleep now closed its dense wings", we get the feeling of a young bird or chick, which feels comforted and secured under its mother's wing.

Lope Félix de Vega Carpio

Born in Madrid in 1562, Lope de Vega astonished his own contemporaries by his productivity, and his accomplishments evoke no less amazement in our times. His works include dramatic novels, long narrative poems, and innumerable lyric poems. He is also remarkable for his sympathetic and unpatronizing presentation of peasants. Lope de Vega lived in such a manner that he encouraged scandal throughout his life. Although he enjoyed immense literary prestige, his life was tragic. He experienced the death of two wives, the blindness and madness of his last mistress, the death of two favorite sons, and the abduction of a daughter by a courtier who was under royal protection.¹¹

Romance

A mis soledades voy,
de mis soledades vengo,
porque para andar conmigo
me bastan mis pensamientos.

No sé que tiene la aldea
donde vivo y donde muero,
que con venir de mí mismo
no puedo venir más lejos!

Ni estoy bien ni mal conmigo,
mas dice mi entendimiento
que un hombre que todo es alma
está cautivo en su cuerpo.

Entiendo lo que me basta,
y solamente no entiendo
cómo se sufre a sí mismo
un ignorante soberbio.

De cuantas cosas me cansan,
fácilmente me defiendo,
pero no puedo guardarme
de los peligros de un necio.

El dirá que yo lo soy,
pero con falso argumento;
que humildad y necedad
no caben en un sugeto.

La diferencia conozco,
porque en él y en mi contemplo,
su locura en su arrogancia,
mi humildad en su desprecio.

O sabe natureleza
mas que supo en otro tiempo,
o tantos que nacen sabios
es porque lo dicen ellos.

Sólo sé que no sé nada,
dijo un filósofo, haciendo
la cuenta con su humildad,
adonde lo mas es menos.

No me precio de entendido,
de desdichado me precio;
que los que no son dichosos,
cómo pueden ser discretos?

No puede durar el mundo,
porque dicen, y lo creo,
que suena a vidrio quebrado
y que ha de romperse presto.

Señales son del juicio
ver que todos le perdemos,
unos por carta de mas,
otros por carta de menos.

Dijeron que antiguamente
se fue la verdad al cielo:
tal la pusieron los hombres
que desde entonces no ha vuelto.

En dos edades vivimos
los propios y los ajenos,
la de plata los extraños,
y la de cobre los nuestros.

A quién no darda cuidado,
si es espanol verdadero,
ver los hombres a lo antiguo
y el valor a lo moderno?

Dijo Dios que comería
su pan el hombre primero
con el sudor de su cara,
por quebrar su mandamiento;

y algunos inobedientes
a la vergüenza y al miedo
con las prendas de su honor
han trocado los efectos.

Virtud y filosofía
peregrinan como ciegos;
el uno se lleva al otro,
llorando van y pidiendo.

Dos polos tiene la tierra,
universal movimiento,
la mejor vida el favor,
la mejor sangre el dinero.

Oigo tañer las campanas,
y no me espanto, aunque puedo,
que en lugar de tantas cruces
haya tantos hombres muertos.

Mirando estoy los sepulcros,
cuyos mármoles eternos
están diciendo sin lengua
que no lo fueron sus dueños.

Oh bien haya quien los hizo,
porque solamente en ellos
de los poderosos grandes
se vengaron los pequeños!

Fea pintan a la envidia;
yo confieso que la tengo
de unos hombres que no saben
quien vive pared en medio.

Sin libros y sin papeles,
sin tratos, cuentas ni cuentas,
cuando quieren escribir
piden prestado el tintero.

Sin ser pobres ni ser ricos,
tienen chimenea y huerto;
no los despiertan cuidados,
ni pretensiones, ni pleitos.

Mi murmurar del grande,
ni ofendieron al pequeño;
nunca, como yo, firmaron
parabien, ni Pascuas dieron.

Con esta envidia que digo,
y lo que paso en silencio,
a mis soledades voy,
de mis soledades vengo. 12

Romance

To my loneliness I go,
from my loneliness I come,
because my thoughts suffice
to be with me.

I know nothing of the village
where I live and where I die,
for coming to self from self;
farther, I cannot come.

I am neither good nor bad in myself,
but my understanding tells me
that a man who is all spirit
is captive within himself.

I understand what suffices me
but I do not understand,
how the proud and ignorant man
tolerates himself.

I can easily fend off
so many things that tire me,
but I cannot protect myself
from the dangers of a fool.

He will say that I am one
but with invalid reasoning,
that humility and foolishness
do not belong in one person.

The difference, I understand,
because in him and in myself, I contemplate
his madness in his arrogance,
my humility in his disdain.

Either human nature knows today
more than it did of old,
or so many are born wise
because they say so themselves.

I only know that I know nothing,
a philosopher once said, making
an account of his humility
where the most is least.

I do not regard myself as learned
but as an unfortunate creature,
for those who are not happy,
how can they be wise?

The world cannot last
because they say, and I believe it,
that it sounds like cracked glass
and it will soon force itself apart.

Auguries belong to fate,
to see that we all lose to it;
some because they attempt more,
others because they attempt less.

They say that in olden times
Truth went to heaven,
and that man has put it in such a state
that since then, it has not returned.

We live in two ages,
ourselves and those others;
theirs an age of silver,
ours an age of bronze.

Who would not be concerned
if he is a true Spaniard,
to see the ancient ways of men
and the values of their times.

God said that the first man
would eat his bread
by the sweat of his face,
for having broken his commandment;

And some of these disobedient ones,
in shame and fear
with pledges of their virtue
have changed the effects.

Virtue and philosophy
wander together like blind men,
one supporting the other,
crying and begging as they go.

The earth has two poles,
a universal movement,
the best life has grace,
the best blood has money.

I hear the bells toll
and I am not afraid, though I'm able,
that in this place of so many crosses
so many dead men lie.

I am looking at the graves
whose eternal marble stones
are saying without speech
what their owners never were.

Oh, he has done well who made them,
because only through them
have the little men avenged themselves
on the great and powerful.

Envy they paint as ugly,
and I confess that I am envious
of some men who do not know
who lives in their neighbour's house.

Without books and paper,
without style, story or tally,
when they want to write
they ask the loan of an inkstand.

Without being poor or rich
they have a hearth and garden,
cares do not disturb them,
neither do pretenses nor disputes.

Neither do they slander the great
nor offend the little ones,
never, like me, do they sign
congratulations, nor give season's greetings.

With this envy that I tell
and what I pass over in silence,
to my loneliness I go,
from my loneliness I come.

Romance

Almost everyone has often thought of sitting down and writing a poem that has a deep significant meaning which will cause the reader to stop and think and take a long look at himself. Very few of us would accomplish this as well as Lope de Vega does. He starts the "Romance" talking about himself, then goes on to consider the way we live and what life is about. He concludes by telling the reader to go through life minding his own business and not interfering with those who are better off without his help. The last stanza ends with the opening lines that tie the poem together. The entire poem is something that can be reflected on, so it should be read in a serious, slow, but not dragging pace and with a feeling that would give the reader an impression of being taken on a guided tour.

The first part of this poem is the first seven stanzas. He gives us a picture of his thoughts and how he regards himself. In the first stanza, we see that the poet in the poem spends quite an amount of time by himself. He then says that he does not know the people in the village, because he keeps to himself and therefore cannot tell us of them. The second line, "where I live and where I die" confirms that he lives in the village because "live" and "die" often refer to life and death. In the third stanza he admits that he is not a saint, but at the same time, not an evil person. He also realizes that a person who is always trying to help other people, "a man who is all spirit," cannot help himself in his

own interests. The next stanza says that he knows or realizes when he is not wanted by other people. This could be because at times he might become boastful or witless. The last lines in this stanza say that he does not understand how boastful or witless people can go on being the way they are. He then says that he can stop doing things that bore him, but he cannot avoid the predicaments that a simpleton may put him in. At the same time, a fool may call him one, but the reasons are invalid. The poet can say this because it is very rare or almost impossible to find a person with humility and foolishness in his personality at the same time. He can see the difference between himself and a fool because he has reasoned it out. The fool has let his superiority rule his actions, while the poet because of his humility, is more thoughtful of other people.

The second part of the poem is a reflection on life itself. Stanza eight says that men know more today because of the studies done on past history. The last two lines make a remark of the people who are intelligent: to say that they are born wise is a foolish statement, because they are disregarding all the knowledge that is available to them in order to become wise. The next stanza is very effective because a philosopher is one who is considered a wise person who often reflects and thinks things through; therefore it is quite ironical for him to make the statement that he knows nothing. The next two lines say that once the philosopher made an account or review of his humility, he found that the things he did most did not really show his humility and that is why he ends with "where the most is least". He then asks: how can people who are not happy be wise? If someone is wise, then he could by some means find a way to avoid the things that trouble him. He, for one, is not happy and

therefore considers himself as an unfortunate creature. The word "wise" does not refer to factual knowledge but to common sense. In stanza eleven he says "sounds like cracked glass and it will soon force itself apart," in referring to the world. The reason for this statement is that the countries are always arguing or fighting about something, and as a result there is some disunion among them, like a piece of glass that is cracked. The following stanza is a statement on what to do. Rewards come from what we attempt to do, and whether we succeed or not is left up to fate. We gain rewards by doing what we are capable of doing, but if we do more than we can handle or less, then there is the chance that we will fail in our goal. "Truth" in the next stanza refers to that which is righteousness. The reason given that it has not returned to earth is that man has lost a lot of values or morals. Therefore, the stanza is explained simply by saying that Christ, who is considered Truth went to heaven and many men have fallen into different sins because they do not look to Christ's life on earth as a guideline. Stanzas fourteen and fifteen refer to two ages which are also explained as ourselves and others. Here, we have the notion that we modern men have lowered our standards or ideals; "their..... silver, ours.....bronze". The word "Spaniard" can be substituted for any ethnic race, but since the poet was a Spaniard, he used Spaniard. The older people often remark that we have it easier than they did. One typical example of this is that they had to walk so many miles through the snow in order to get to school, while we now have buses. Granted, that in past times man got along as best he could, but at the same time, why should we not search for better ways of doing things? The following two stanzas contain a Christain tradition: Adam and Eve broke the one

commandment God gave them, and as result, man would have to work for anything that he wanted. Since God saw that man did almost everything possible to regain His favor, He promised to send His son for our salvation.

Stanzas eighteen through twenty-seven are the last part of the poem and the author uses it to tell us not to interfere with people who are getting along by themselves. Stanza eighteen refers to virtue and philosophy as blind men because Christain men are searching for ways to make themselves eligible to enter the "gates" of heaven, but they can only hope that they are doing the right things. The next stanza is similar to stanza fourteen in that it refers to the lives we lead. The reference to "the best life has grace," is about people who take time to develop their manners. These are people who are born into nobility. The last line, "the best blood has money" refers to the people who are born into a wealthy family. The difference between these two types of people is that the "best blood" does not necessarily have to have grace about the way they live because they can "afford" it. On the other hand, the "best life" are educated to be graceful. Stanza twenty says that even though the poet hears the bell tolling, he is not afraid, although it would be rather easy for him to be. This can mean that he realizes that his life on earth may end, but he will continue to live in the after-life stage. The next two lines and the following stanza refer to a cemetery. All the crosses that he sees in the cemetery represent the men that have died. He sees the tombs and realizes that some contain nice passages that perhaps say what the persons never were while alive. To support this, tombstones, if any passage is inscribed on them, always have something nice to say about the

person whether he was good or bad. Then, in the next stanza, he goes on to say that because of the tombstones, the less fortunate people have a chance to be equal to the rich or powerful, and in that way, they are avenged. The next stanza refers to the phrase about keeping up with the Joneses. The author is envious of the man (the less fortunate) who does not worry about who lives next door to him and would therefore not try to outdo his neighbour. With the next stanza we see that the less fortunate manage to get done whatever they want without having the necessary item to get it done. This stanza not only refers to just an inkstand, but other things as well. These same people manage to support themselves in their own way as is seen in stanza twenty-five. They are also not bothered with worries that might cause distress to the rich because they know that they cannot do anything about it (this refers to the less fortunate). In stanza twenty-six we see that these people are content with what they do and what they have. They do not speak of the well-to-do people in a slanderous way, nor do they offend the people who are even less fortunate than they. By the next two lines in this stanza, the author says that they do not send out congratulation cards when someone has achieved their goal just because it is the thing to do; nor do they send out season's greetings for the same reason. Now the author brings the poem to an end in a very effective way by ending with the opening lines. He also says, "With this envy that I tell and what I pass over in silence," because he did confess that he was envious, but at the same time he did not come right out and say that we should do things in a certain way or that we even had to do anything.

Conclusion

Doing translations has many values and rewards. However, the values of translating are in proportion to what the student has put into the translations. The student can, because he has done his own translations, appreciate the poems better because he has a basic understanding of the poem in two languages. This gives him a much deeper and clearer understanding of the poem than if he would read either a translation or the original.

The student can also learn the differences and similarities in both languages. Why should a person be limited to only one version of a poem and miss the other insights a poem, which can be had, by translating it? The student learns that some words that have little life in one language, will blossom in another. At the same time, he will learn that some words or phrases cannot be taken literally because the idea might not come across in the way the author intended.

Lastly, the student learns a lot by doing a research paper of this kind. He has to study texts on translating in order to get the different insights on how to go about doing the translations. This opportunity gives the student a chance to increase his vocabulary in the language from which he is translating. At the same time that he is learning, he is giving other people a chance to share in his knowledge and appreciation.

Footnotes

1. Jorge Guillén, Language and Poetry, p. 27.
2. James Fitzmaurice Kelly, The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse, p. 482.
3. Ibid., pp. 42-43.
4. John Ciardi, "Manner of Speaking" Saturday Review, Sept. 20, 1969,
p. 52.
5. Antonio Castro Leal, La Poesía Mexicana Moderna, p. 402.
6. Ibid., pp. 404-405.
7. Enrique Anderson-Imbert, Spanish-American Literature, pp. 334-335.
8. Antonio Castro Leal, La Poesía Mexicana, p. 500.
9. Enrique Anderson-Imbert, Spanish-American Literature, pp. 430-432,
10. Antonio Castro Leal, La Poesía Mexicana, p. 954.
11. Anthony Thorlby, ed., European Literature, pp. 485-487.
12. James Fitzmaurice Kelly, Oxford Book of Spanish Verse, pp. 198-201.

Appendix

Juan Álvarez Gato

Canticle to Our Lady

Tell me, O Virgin, tell me:
when I from this earth depart,
if you will still remember me?

When my times and how badly
they were spent are known by all,
and all the many sins
that I a ~~wretch~~ committed, *poor creature did*
will you still remember me?

In the everlasting century *age*
of the final judgement day,
where I await my cure
of your sweet prayers *ERS*
will you still remember me?

When I stand in shame
because of my ~~narrow list~~ *poor accounting*
of the ~~many fortunes~~ *few* and profits *riches*
that from your son I have received,
will you still remember me?

~~(and)~~ *anxious*
When my ~~wretched~~ soul
fearing being condemned *condemnation*
will find itself with much *very guilty*
but ~~will have~~ *three thousand complaints*, *groans*
will you still remember me?

*inquiring
question?*

age

prayers

*question? many?
few?*

also: Envoi?

*very guilty
but not*

groans

Only Man

Only man can love man,
Only man can suffer for man,
Only man can ^{make} his heart blossom.

Under the rocks,
in ~~the~~ weeping,
in the wind.

Only man can redeem
the flesh and blood crucified
and lift up the ^{soul} ~~clay~~ from the earth to heaven.

Only man
can pour out his blood for man,
and redeem the sins of the world.

For what is not his;
For what neither grows nor ripens,
For what is decayed and destroyed
Man can give his blood.

Against the temptation afflictions affliction
Against the ~~sin~~ ^{sin} shame,
Against the ~~sea~~ unsearchable
man can express his heart.

Only his blood, his weeping, his love
can man give for the world.

Only Man

Only man can love man
only man can suffer for man
only man can ~~blossom his heart~~ make his heart blossom.

Under the rocks
in his ~~weeping~~ tears
in the wind

Only man can redeem
→ ~~the~~ flesh and blood which is crucified
and lift up the soul from earth to heaven

Only man
can pour out his blood for man
and redeem the sins of the world

~~For what~~ ^{that which} is not his ~~own~~,
~~for what~~ ^{that which} neither grows nor ripens,
for what is ~~decayed~~ ^{withered} and destroyed,
can man give his blood.

Against the afflictions,
against the shame,
against the unsearchable,
man can oppress his heart.

Only his blood, his weeping, and his love⁴
can man give for his land.

ONLY MAN
CAN GIVE blood, tears, and love for his land home

ok

Canticle

Sea of the North, Sea of the North,
if I in you do drown,
wash away my fatigues,
kill the lice on me,
leave my flesh white,
and my hair golden.

Because the ~~for~~ girlfriend will come
looking for me in your beaches:
Don't let ~~me be loathsome~~
when she kisses my ~~lips~~ ^{lips!}

Sea of the north, Sea of the North,
if I in you do drown,
make believe that they have thrown in you
a faggot of heliotropes;
~~how white my flesh is~~
~~how white my flesh is,~~
~~and how golden my hair~~
~~and how golden my hair!~~

While I think that before me once
an offering ~~to my girlfriend~~
Don't let ~~me be loathsome~~
when she kisses my lips.

Canticle

Sea of the North, Sea of the North,
if I in you do drown
wash away my ~~fatigues~~ sweat,
kill the lice on me,
leave my flesh white
and my hair golden.

For she my love,
~~Because the girlfriend~~ will come
looking for me in your beaches:
Don't let me be loathsome ~~to her~~
when she kisses ~~my~~ ^{me on} lips!

bouquet
Sea of the North, Sea of the North,
if I in you do drown
make believe that they have thrown in you
a ~~bagot~~ ^{bouquet} of heliotropes;
How white my flesh ~~is~~
and how golden my hair!

White flesh that before was ~~once~~
an offering ~~to my girlfriend~~ ^{for my love}...
Don't let me be loathsome ~~to her~~
when she kisses ~~my~~ ^{me on} lips!

Nocturnal Dream

I opened the ^{deeper} halls
to ~~sleep~~ sleep
and their voices,
waves of the air ~~entered~~,
entered.

From the ~~the~~ heavenly barge,
From the patterned paper,
fell the stair case
from which my body
~~descended~~ descended.

The heaven on earth
like ⁱⁿ a mirror,
the tinneel street
folded my words.

It ~~robbed~~ stole my spirit
this conceal spirit.
stilled with silence
I heard that my footsteps
were passing.

The coldness of steel
fell into my hand,
armed with its dagger
to give me death
I awaited death.

And at turning the corner
~~for~~ during a long second,
my steeled hand
found my back.

Without a drop of blood
without noise or ~~see~~ weight,
to my planted feet
my body came to rest.

I took it in my arms,
* I took it to my bed.

I closed the deep halls
* sleep.

Nocturnal Dream

I opened the halls
deep the sleep
and ^{provs.} voices
waves of air
entered

From the barge ^{of} from heaven
from the scaled pages
fell the star-rose
from which my body
~~ascended~~ ~~ascend~~ descended

The heaven on the ground
like a mirror
the tinne'd street
folded my words

It stole my spirit
the spirit concealed
still with silence
& that my footsteps
were pausing

The ~~st~~ coldness of steel
fell ~~to~~ in my hand
armed with its dagger
to give me death
Death arrived

And at turning the corner
one long second
my stilled hand
found my back

Without a drop of blood
Without a noise or weight
to my planted feet
came to rest my body

I took ^{it} from my ~~st~~ arms
I took it to my bed

I closed these ^{deep} halls
~~at this~~ to ~~the~~ dream sleep -

Nocturnal Dream

Sleep opened the ^{dense} deep halls,
and thin voices
like waves of air
entered

From the heavenly barge → back
from the ~~pattered~~ ^{lined} paper
fell the staircase ladder
by ~~which~~ ^{down} which my body
descended

The heaven on earth
like in a mirror
the ~~tinned street~~
folded my words

It stole my spirit shadow
this concealed spirit.
Stilled with silence
I heard that my footsteps
were passing

The coldness of steel
my blind hand
it armed with its dagger
to give me death
death was waiting

And at turning the corner
in a long lasting second
my steeled hand
encountered my back

Without a drop of blood,
without noise or weight
to my planted feet
my body came to rest

I took it in my arms
and took it to my bed
Sleep closed the ^{dense wings} ~~deep halls~~

ruled paper
Jacob's ladder?

delivered
(as a mirror)

mirror?

"you had
a green"

echoed

stole my
Released from

Romance

I ~~to~~ To my loneliness I go
~~from~~ my loneliness I come,
 because my thoughts are enough
 to ~~work~~ with me.

II I do not know what troubles the village
 where I live and where I die,
 that with coming from myself
 I can not come afar.

III ~~but~~ I am neither good nor bad within myself,
~~and~~ my intellect tells me
 that a man who is all heart
 is captive within himself.

I know what is enough for me
 but I do not understand,
 how anyone can suffer
 from a proudness that is blind.

IV I can easily defend myself
~~from~~ the many things that tire me,
 but I can not guard myself
 from the dangers of a fool.

V He will say that I'm a fool,
 but with false argument,
 that meekness and stupidity
 do not belong in one subject.

VI The difference, I understand
 because in it, and in me, I contemplate
 its craziness in its courage,
 my meekness in its scorn.

VII Either instinct now knows
 more than it did in another time,
 or all who are born wise
 is because they say it does.

VIII *Either instinct now knows
 more than it did in other times,
 or all who are born wise
 are the ones who say it does.*

~~VII~~
Either instinct now knows
more than it did in ~~another~~ times,
or all who are born wise
are the ones who say it does.

after the custom of the ancient
after the custom of the modern

I To my loneliness I go
To my loneliness I come
Because my thoughts are enough
to be with me

IX I do not regard myself as learned
but as a sorry creature I do,
but those who are not happy
how can they be wise?

13 They ~~will~~^{may} say that since long ago
the truth has gone to heaven.
and man has put it in such a state
that since then, it has not returned.

14 We are living in two ages,
the owners and the owned;
the rare are made of silver
and we are made of bronze.

15. Who would not be concerned
if he be truly spanish
to see man in the ways of old
and courage in the new.

16. God once told the first man
that man shall eat his bread
by the sweat from his face
for having broken his commandments

17. and ~~to~~ to some rebels
to whom He gave shame and fear,
through the pledges of their worship
have changed the effects.

18. Virtue and philosophy
are searching like the blind;
one overtaking the other,
Crying and begging they go.

20. I hear the toll bells ring
but I'm not ^{afraid} ~~frightened~~, though I'm able
that in the place of the many crosses
are that many dead men.

#26

Neither slander the great
nor offend the small
never, like I, sign
congratulations, ~~or~~ nor give Greetings

I only know that I know nothing,
 a philosopher once said, making
 an account with his meekness
 where the more is less.

I do not regard myself as learned
 but as a sorry creature I do,
 that those who are not successful happy
 how can they be ~~prudent~~ (wise?)

The world can not last
 because they say, and I believe it,
 that it sounds like broken glass
 and it will quickly force itself apart.

Augurys belong to fate
 to see that we all lose to it;
 some because they attempt more,
 others because they attempt less.

They ~~will~~ say, that ~~anciently~~ (Long Ago)
 the truth has gone to heaven,
 in such a manner man has put it first (man has put it in such a state,
 that since then it has not returned.

In two ages ~~we~~ ^{are} living
 the owners and the owned;
 of silver the foreign
 and ~~we~~ of bronze.

Who would not ~~be~~ be concerned
 if he ~~be~~ truly Spanish
 to see backwardness in man
 and courage in the modern man?

God, said that man must
 first eat his bread
 with the sweat from his face
 for having broken his commandment;

and some disobedient
 to ~~revenge~~ ^{shame} and fear
 with the security of his honor
 have changed the effects.

Virtue and philosophy
 they search like the blind
 one calls the other
 they go crying and begging.

"True courage
 after the manner of
 the ancients
 and courage of
 the moderns
 are two different things."

part
3

Israel

supports

the earth has two poles

19 Two poles has the earth
a universal movement,
the better ^{the favor} ~~the favor~~
the better blood ~~the~~ money.

explain in Writing

20 I wish to hear the toll bells ring
though I am able to be afraid, I am not —
that in place of so many crosses
are so many dead man.

21 I am looking at the graves
whose eternal marble ~~sculptures~~
are ~~saying~~ without a tongue
what their owners are not ~~never were~~.

22 Oh happy ~~the~~ ^{they} who ~~in his son~~ made them
because only through ~~him~~ ^{they}
of the greatly rich
the small will ~~avenge~~ ^{will} the small ~~avenge themselves~~

23 I confess that I have it
of some men who do not know are not aware that
they lives walled ~~by~~ fear.

24 Without books and without paper
without ~~contracts~~ ^{a trader}, ~~accounts~~ ^{without} nor accounts
when they want to write
they ask to be ~~loaned~~ a ink table ~~inkstand~~.

the loan of

25 Without being poor or being rich
they have a chimney and a vegetable garden;
do not ~~waken~~ ^{presumptions} ~~be careful~~,
do not make ~~demands~~ ^{presumptions}, or ~~disputes~~ ^{disputes} ~~stander~~

21 Do not gossip the majestic ~~they~~ ^{Do not gossip about the majestic}
or offend the small
never like I sign
for good nor gave greetings.

27 With this envy that I say
and what I pass in silence
to my loneliness I go
to my loneliness I come.

Romance

To my loneliness I go
to my loneliness I come,
because my thoughts are ~~enough~~ *suffice*
to be with me.

farther I ~~do not know~~ *nothing of the* ~~what troubles the~~ village
where I live and where I die,
~~that with coming from myself for coming to self from self~~
I can not come afar.

I am neither good nor bad ~~within~~ *understanding* myself,
but my ~~intellect~~ *understanding* tells me
that a man who is all ~~heart~~ *heart* spirit
is captive within himself.

understand *suffices*
I ~~know~~ *understand* what ~~is enough~~ *suffices* for me
but I do not understand,
how anyone can suffer *how the proud and ignorant man*
from a ~~proudness~~ *tolerates himself* that is blind.

so I can easily ~~defend myself off~~ *defend myself*
from the many things that tire me,
but I can not ~~protect~~ *protect* myself
from the dangers of a fool.

He will say that I'm a fool ~~am one~~
but with ~~false argument~~ *invalid reasoning*,
that ~~weakness and stupidity~~ *humility and foolishness*
do not belong in one ~~subject~~ *person*.

The difference, I understand,
because in ~~him~~ *himself*, and in ~~me~~ *myself*, I contemplate;
~~its craziness in its courage, his madness in his arrogance,~~
my ~~weakness in its scorn~~ *humility his disdain*.

Either instinct knows
more than it did in other times,
or all who are born wise
are the ones who say it does.

I only know that I know nothing,
 a philosopher once said, making
 an account ~~with his meekness~~ ^{humility}
 to where ~~the hope is less~~. ~~GREAT~~ ^{becomes the small}.

I do not regard myself as learned
 but as a ~~sorry~~ ^{unhappy} creature I do,
~~but~~ ^{for} those who are not happy
 how can they be wise?

The world can not last
 because they say, and I believe it,
 that it sounds like ~~broken~~ ^{cracked} glass
 and it will ~~quickly~~ ^{soon} force itself apart.

Augurys belong to fate
 to see that we all lose to it;
 some because they attempt more,
 others because they attempt less.

They may say that since long ago
 the truth has gone to heaven,
 and that man has put it in such a state
 that since then, it has not returned.

We are living in two ages,
 the owners and the owned;
 the rare are made of silver
 and we are made of bronze.

Who would not be concerned
 if he ~~is~~ ^{isn't} truly ~~Spaniard~~ ^{Spaniard}
 to see man in the ways of old
 and courage in the new.

~~God once told the first man~~
^{said that}
~~that man shall eat his bread~~
~~by the sweat from his face~~
~~for having broken his commandment;~~

~~but even to these REBELS~~
~~and to some rebels~~
 to whom He gave shame and fear,
 through the pledges of their worship
 have changed the effects.

Virtue and philosophy
 are searching like the blind;
 one ~~overturning~~ ^{carrying} the other,
 crying and begging they go.

to see courage
 in two ways,
 old & new.

✓ translation (not Bro. George.

Two poles has the earth,
a universal movement,
the better life has grace,
the better blood has money.

and I hear the toll bells ring;
~~but~~ I'm not afraid, though I'm able,
AND ~~that~~ in the place of some many crosses
are that many dead men.

I am looking at the ~~graves~~
whose eternal marble sculptures
are telling without a tongue
what their owners never were.

Oh happy be he who made them,
because only through them
will the small avenge themselves
on the very rich!

Envy they paint ~~ugly~~,
and I confess that I ~~have it~~ *am envious*
of some men who ~~are~~ not aware that ~~now~~
who ~~they~~ lives ~~in~~ *enveloped* by fear. ~~then~~

Without books ~~and~~ without paper,
without a trade and without accounts,
when they want to write
they ask to be loaned an inkstand.

Without being poor or being rich
they have a chimney and a vegetable garden;
do not awaken them, be careful,
do not make presumptions or disputes.

Neither slander the great
nor offend the small,
never, nor give Greetings,
but, like I, sign congratulations.

With this envy that I ~~say~~ *restate* (A)
and what I pass in silence, ~~ever~~ (B)
to my loneliness I go
from to my loneliness I come.

Lope De Vega Carpio

1562-1635

Romance

To my ^{loneliness} ~~solitudes~~ I go,
from my ^{loneliness} ~~solitude~~ I come,
because my thoughts are enough
to walk with me.

I don't know what tribe the village
where I live and where I die,
that with coming ~~from myself~~ (from myself)
I can not come far.

I am neither good nor bad ^{up in} myself,
and my intellect tells me
that a man who is all ~~and~~ heart
is captive ^{up in} ~~his body~~ himself.

I ^{know} ~~understand~~ what is enough for me,
but I don't understand
how ^{any} ~~one~~ can suffer
from a ~~proudness~~ that is empty
of ~~ignorant~~ ~~proudness~~.

I can easily defend myself
of the many things that tire me,
but I can not guard myself
from the dangers of a fool.

He will say that I am a fool,
 but with the argument;
 that meekness and stupidity
 do not ^{belong} ~~fit~~ in a subject.

The difference, I understand
 because in it and in me I contemplate,
 its greatness in its courage
 my ~~humility~~ ^{meekness} in its scorn.

Either instinct ^{now} knows
 more than it did in another time,
 or all who are born wise
 is because they say it is.

I only know that I know nothing,
 a philosopher once said, making
 an account with his meekness,
 to where the more is less.

I don't regard myself as learned,
 but as a sorry creature I do;
 that those who are not successful,
 how can they be prudent?

The world can not last,
 because they say, and I believe it,
 that it sounds like broken glass
 and it will quickly force itself apart.

Lope De Vega Carpio

1562-1635

Romance

To my solitudes I go,
from my solitudes I come,
because to walk with me

By my thoughts ~~are~~ are enough.

I don't know what's the matter ~~thru~~ the village
where I live or where I die,
That having come from I myself
I can not come any farther!

I am neither good nor bad with myself,
My understanding says more
that a man who is all soul
is ~~a~~ a captive in his ~~so~~ body.

I understand that that is enough?
and I don't understand
how anyone could suffer
an ignorant ~~so~~ proudness.

Of how many things true me,
I easily define myself,
but I can't guard myself against
the dangers of a fool.

I will say it (that I'm a fool);
but with false argument;
that humility and necessity
do not fit in one subject.

The difference I know (understand),
because in it and in me I ~~some~~ contemplate,
its craziness in its loftiness,
my humility in its dispraise?

Of nature (~~instinct~~ inclination)?
that knew more in another time,
of ~~or~~ all that are born ~~with~~ ~~and~~ wise!
is because they say it is.

All I know is that I know nothing,
said a philosopher, ~~to~~ writing?
an account of his humility,
to where no more is no less.

I don't ^{regard} esteem myself of being learned;
of I wretch I do regard myself;
those that are not fortunately
how can they be prudent?

The world can not last,
because they say, and I believe,
~~for~~ that sounds like broken glass
and that it will ~~for~~ ^{break} ~~break~~ quick.

Tokens belong to judgment
to see that all lose ~~these~~ (it?),
some because they attempt more
others because they attempt less.

They will say that anciently
the truth has gone to heaven:
in such manner ^(whereas) man has put it that
~~in that way the~~ of man
since then it has ^{not} returned.

In two ages we live
the owners and the owned,
of silver the ~~strangers~~ foreign,
and ^{of} ~~the~~ bronze
~~the~~ ^{the} copper.

Who would not care,
if he is truly a spanish
to see ~~old of the~~ backwardness in man
and ~~the~~ ^{in the} courage to the ~~modern~~ modern man?

God said the man must
first eat his bread
with the sweat from his face,
~~for~~ for ~~breaking~~ having broken his commandment;
and ~~as~~ some disobedient
to revenge and fear
with the security of his honor
have changed the effects.

(power?)

Virtue and philosophy
they search like the blind;
one calls the other,
they go crying and begging.

Two poles has the earth,
a universal movement,
? → the better life the favor?
the better blood the money.

→ I wish hear the bells ring,
and I am not afraid, enough though I am able,
that in place of all so many crosses
are so many dead men.

I am looking at the graves,
whose eternal carved marble
are saying without a tongue
what their ~~own~~ owners were not.

O how happy those who in ^{his} ~~their~~ sons,
because only through him
of the greatly rich
he ~~will~~ the small will avenge!

They paint Ugly the paint envy;
I confess that I have it
of some man who don't know
who live walked in fear.

Without books and without papers
without contracts, accounts ^{or} accounts
when they want to write
they ask to be ~~lended~~ loaned a ^{ink-table?} inkwell.

Without being poor or being rich
they have a chimney and a vegetable garden;
don't awaken them, ~~be~~ careful,
don't ^{make} ~~give~~ demands, or debates.

Don't gossip the majestic,
or offend the small?
never, like I, sign?

for good, no gave Greetings.

With this ^{empty} ~~full~~ that I say,
and what I pass in silence
to ^{my} ~~more~~ loneliness I go,
to my loneliness I come.

Bibliography

- Benjamin, Robert L., Semantics and Language Analysis. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1970.
- Giardi, John, "Manner of Speaking," Saturday Review. September 20, 1969, vol. 52, p. 52, pt. 2.
- Fitzmaurice, James, and Trend, J.B., eds., The Oxford Book of Spanish Verse. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1940.
- Guillén, Jorge, Language and Poetry. Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1961.
- Imbert, Enrique Anderson, Spanish-American Literature, translated by John V. Falconieri. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1963.
- Leal, Antonio Castro, La Poesía Mexicana Moderna. Mexico: Fondo De Cultura Economica, 1953.
- Ley, Charles David, Spanish Poetry Since 1939. Washington D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press, 1962.
- Paz, Santiago, and Calonja, J.R., eds., Diccionario De Sinónimos. London: George G. Harrap and Co. Ltd., 1966.
- Riguer, Martin De, ed., Tesoro de la lengua Castellano o Española. Barcelona: S.A. Horta, I.E., 1943.
- The Gospel Story, translated by Ronald Know^x, ed. Ronald Cox. New York: Sheed and Ward, 1958.
- Thorlby, Anthony, ed., European Literature. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1969.

