**Ten poems from *Cancionero* by Don Miguel de Unamuno**

Translated by Susan Bassnett and Salvador Ortiz-Carboneres

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|  7 Soñé que acababa el sueñoy desperté; estaba oscuro;no había luna ni estrellasy estaba solo en el mundo.Volví hacia atrás la miraday al no ver mi fe se puso;la gané al mirar de frente;sólo se cree en el futuro. 28-II-28 |  7I dreamed that my dream was ended and I woke up. It was dark.There was no moon, no stars,  I was alone in the world.I turned, looked back behind me and my faith went down like the sun. I won it back looking forward, just believing in a future. 28-II-28 |

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 *Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself.* Ephesians, Book I verse 9.

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| Señor, que te arrepentiste de habernos hecho, recuerda-y eso que estando presente todo en Ti, ya no te quedani consuelo de memoria-;Señor, si puedes, recuerdaque un día de los que pasan-no por Ti, sino que quedan-con mano de luz me hicistey en esta tu pobre tierrame dejaste al albedríodel ángel y de la bestia.Desde entonces busco locotu mano de luz que esperay que ante mí como sombra tiende la esperanza incierta.Señor, que te arrepentiste de habernos hecho, recuerdaque en un rinconcito oscurome dejaste, tu poema.  16-III-28 | Lord, remember, once You regrettedhaving created us,- and since all is ever-presentwholly in You, now You do not even havethe comfort of being able to forget .Lord, if You can, rememberthat one of these transient days - which stay unchanged for You-You made me with Your hand of light,then on this poverty-stricken earthYou abandoned me to the whimsof beasts and angels.Since then I have searched wildlyfor that hand of light, which waitsholding out uncertain hopeahead me, in shadow.Lord, remember, once You regrettedhaving created us, that in some small dark cornerYou left me your poem. 16-III-28 |

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*And all the trees of the field shall know that I the LORD have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish. I the Lord have spoken and have done it.* Ezekiel, 17, 24

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| Íbame a espigar estrellas;las cerní con mis pestañas;-soñaba y era de noche-me las guardé en las entrañas.Cantábanme las estrellascon sus alas, las cigarras,y la luz de sus cancionesiba brizándome el alma;y el alma se me hizo cieloy el cielo se me hizo alma;en medio de las estrellascantaban de Dios las alas.  28-III-28 | I went out to glean starssifting them through my eyelashes.-It was night, I was dreaming-,I stored them in my bowels.Winged stars sang to me,- cicadas in infinity -the light of their songslulled my soul to sleep.My soul became heaven,heaven became my soul .Out there, among the stars,the wings raised songs to God. 28-III-28 |

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| Al pie del cielo las nubes,al pie de los montes los ríos,al pie del alma los sueños,al pie de Dios los gemidos;al pie del árbol la sombra,al pie de la sombra olvido,al pie del olvido muerte,al pie de la muerte el nido. 18-VII-28 | At the foot of heaven - cloudsat the foot of mountains - riversat the soul’s feet - dreamsat God’s feet -groaningat the foot of trees - shadowat the foot of shadow - forgetfulnessat forgetfulness’ feet - deathat the death’s foot - a nest. 18-VII-28 |

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|  319Verde puro, sin azul,sin amarillo,sin cielo ni tierra, sóloverde nativo, verde de yerba que sueña,verde sencillo,verde de conciencia humana,sobre camino,sin suelo, orilla ni término,verde vacío, verde de verdor que pasa,de roble altivo,para mis ojos sedientosabismos místicos. 4-VIII-28 |  319Clear green, with no blueno yellowno heaven or earth, onlyessential green,green of dreaming grass,simple green,green of human consciencealong the highway,with no base, no banks, no end,insubstantial green,green of melting greenness,of proud oaks,immense mystic depthsfor my hungering eyes. 4-VIII-28 |
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|  384El amor viejo nunca envejece,es siempre niño, fuera de edad;nació ya eterno y así perece,¡su vida toda es eternidad!Dicen que es ciego, mas su ceguerave en las tinieblas del más allá;no le deslumbra la luz y esperaque un alba eternal le llevará.El amor viejo es niño eterno,es flor de flores, flor de verdad;nunca se agosta por ser de invierno,de primavera de eternidad!  8-IX-28 |  384Old love never agesit stays childlike, forever out of time.Born eternal, perishing the same,its whole life compassed in eternity.They say that love is blind, but its blindnesssees in the shadows of the after-world.Light does not dazzle it. It is waitingto be swept away into perpetual dawn.Old love is an eternal child,flower of flowers, flower of truth.No winter can wither Its eternal springtime.  8-IX-28  |
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|  828 Me destierro a la memoria,voy a vivir del recuerdo;buscadme, si me os pierdoen el yermo de la historia.Que es enfermedad la viday muero viviendo enfermo;me voy, pues, me voy al yermodonde la muerte me olvida.Y os llevo conmigo, hermanos,para probar mi desierto;cuando me creáis más muertoretemblaré en vuestras manos.Aquí os dejo mi alma-libro,hombre-mundo verdadero;cuando vibres todo enterosoy yo, lector, que en ti vibro. 9-III-29 |  828I exile myself into memoryI'll live on past thoughts. Look for me if I get lostin the wasteland of history.Since life is a living sickness,I'm wasting away alive,so I'm off to the wastelandwhere death can forget me.Brothers, I’ll take you with meto share in this desert of mine.Then when you're quite sure I'm deadI’ll stir again in your hands. I leave you here my soul-book,true world-man that you are.When your whole being trembles,it’ll be me, reader, stirring within you.  9-III-29 |

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|  1.360Sufro, mi Dios, todo tu pesoal perderme en tu Creación;es mucha agua la mar; por esose me hace fuego el corazón. 1-XII-29 |  1.360 Lord, I bear all Your weightinesslosing myself in Your Creation. The sea is full of water, so my heart bursts into flames. 1-XII-29 |

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|  1.376Con sueños estás tejido,corazón;tu tela suelta un gemidoal rasgarla la razón.Cantaba Dios al tejerte; su telarera el cantar de la muerte,el canto del despertar.En su envés puso pintadacreación; pintó en tu revés la nada,retrato de su pasión.  6-XII-29 |  1.376You were woven with thread ofdreams, my heart.The cloth groansas reason rips it apart.God sang as He wove you,His weavingwas a singing of death,a song of reawakening.On one side He depictedCreation,on the other Nothingness,a portrait of His passion.  6-XII-29 |

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|  1.475Misterio; la noche brillade Dios, polvo de sus huellas;el corazón se arrodillay se da un baño de estrellas. 27-VI-30 |  1.475Mystery. The night gleamswith God, spread with the dust of His footsteps. The heart kneels downto bathe itself in stars.  27-VI-30 |