**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 sueño  y desperté; estaba oscuro;  no había luna ni estrellas  y estaba solo en el mundo.  Volví hacia atrás la mirada  y al no ver mi fe se puso;  la gané al mirar de frente;  sólo se cree en el futuro.  28-II-28 | 7  I 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 queda  ni consuelo de memoria-;  Señor, si puedes, recuerda  que un día de los que pasan  -no por Ti, sino que quedan-  con mano de luz me hiciste  y en esta tu pobre tierra  me dejaste al albedrío  del ángel y de la bestia.  Desde entonces busco loco  tu mano de luz que espera  y que ante mí como sombra  tiende la esperanza incierta.  Señor, que te arrepentiste  de habernos hecho, recuerda  que en un rinconcito oscuro  me dejaste, tu poema.  16-III-28 | Lord, remember, once You regretted  having created us,  - and since all is ever-present  wholly in You, now You do not even have  the comfort of being able to forget .  Lord, if You can, remember  that one of these transient days  - which stay unchanged for You-  You made me with Your hand of light,  then on this poverty-stricken earth  You abandoned me to the whims  of beasts and angels.  Since then I have searched wildly  for that hand of light, which waits  holding out uncertain hope  ahead me, in shadow.  Lord, remember, once You regretted  having created us,  that in some small dark corner  You 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 estrellas  con sus alas, las cigarras,  y la luz de sus canciones  iba brizándome el alma;  y el alma se me hizo cielo  y el cielo se me hizo alma;  en medio de las estrellas  cantaban de Dios las alas.  28-III-28 | I went out to glean stars  sifting 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 songs  lulled 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 - clouds  at the foot of mountains - rivers  at the soul’s feet - dreams  at God’s feet -groaning  at the foot of trees - shadow  at the foot of shadow - forgetfulness  at forgetfulness’ feet - death  at the death’s foot - a nest.  18-VII-28 |

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| 319  Verde puro, sin azul,  sin amarillo,  sin cielo ni tierra, sólo  verde 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 sedientos  abismos místicos.  4-VIII-28 | 319  Clear green, with no blue  no yellow  no heaven or earth, only  essential green,  green of dreaming grass,  simple green,  green of human conscience  along the highway,  with no base, no banks, no end,  insubstantial green,  green of melting greenness,  of proud oaks,  immense mystic depths  for my hungering eyes.  4-VIII-28 |
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| 384  El 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 ceguera  ve en las tinieblas del más allá;  no le deslumbra la luz y espera  que 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 | 384  Old love never ages  it 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 blindness  sees in the shadows of the after-world.  Light does not dazzle it. It is waiting  to 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 pierdo  en el yermo de la historia.  Que es enfermedad la vida  y muero viviendo enfermo;  me voy, pues, me voy al yermo  donde la muerte me olvida.  Y os llevo conmigo, hermanos,  para probar mi desierto;  cuando me creáis más muerto  retemblaré en vuestras manos.  Aquí os dejo mi alma-libro,  hombre-mundo verdadero;  cuando vibres todo entero  soy yo, lector, que en ti vibro.  9-III-29 | 828  I exile myself into memory  I'll live on past thoughts.  Look for me if I get lost  in the wasteland of history.  Since life is a living sickness,  I'm wasting away alive,  so I'm off to the wasteland  where death can forget me.  Brothers, I’ll take you with me  to share in this desert of mine.  Then when you're quite sure I'm dead  I’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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| 1.360  Sufro, mi Dios, todo tu peso  al perderme en tu Creación;  es mucha agua la mar; por eso  se me hace fuego el corazón.  1-XII-29 | 1.360  Lord, I bear all Your weightiness  losing myself in Your Creation.  The sea is full of water, so  my heart bursts into flames.  1-XII-29 |

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

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