

[1] Qué dulcemente canta*Anonymous*

Qué dulcemente canta
un ruiseñor amante
Orfeo de los bosques
Anfión de los valles.

En la hermosa esmeralda
de la copa de un sauce
tristes quejas repite
en cláusulas suaves.

Canta no calles
que tu voz es alivio a mi pena
y del tuyo mi agravio es imagen.

Matizada avecilla
iris bello del aire
ramillete del viento
primavera volante.

Al céfiro los soplos
al agua los cristales
y lo que es más, suspendes
el curso a mis pesares.

Canta, no calles,
que tu voz es alivio a mi pena
y del tuyo mi agravio es imagen.

Sirena de las selvas
feliz quien te imitare
dando de sus dolores
tan dulcísimos ayes.

Bello clarín de pluma
tiorba de las aves
pues que son tan conformes
los tuyos a mis males.

Canta no calles
que tu voz es alivio a mi pena
y del tuyo mi agravio es imagen.

[2] ¿Qué quiere Amor?*Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)*

¿Que quiere Amor coronado de flores?
no las abraza, ya que las coge.

¿Que quiere el vendado niño Dios y ciego
armado de fuego y de nieve armado
si del monte al prado bajan sus ardores?
¿que quiere Amor...

Si nada hay seguro a donde Amor anda
ni la flor por blanda ni el tronco por duro,
si apenas hay muro contra sus rigores,
¿que quiere Amor...

Si con la mudanza pretende su engaño
hacer desengaño lo que fue esperanza
si la confianza convierte en temores,
¿que quiere Amor...

[3] Hermosa tortolilla*Anonymous*

Hermosa tortolilla

How Sweetly Sings*Anonymous*

How sweetly sings
a nightingale in love,
the Orpheus of the woods,
the Amphion of the valleys.

Amid the emerald charms
of the crown of a willow tree,
he repeats his sad laments
in gentle phrases.

Sing, hush not your voice,
for it brings solace to my pain
and my grief is reflected in yours.

Many-hued little bird,
fair rainbow of the air,
bouquet of the breeze,
winged herald of spring,

on your return,
the zephyr stops flurrying,
the raindrops stop falling
and my sorrows cease flowing.

Sing, hush not your voice,
for it brings solace to my pain
and my grief is reflected in yours.

Siren of the forests,
happy he who could imitate you
and express his sorrow
in a song so sweet.

Fair and feathered clarion,
theorbo of the birds,
since your woes are
so similar to mine,

sing, hush not your voice,
for it brings solace to my pain
and my grief is reflected in yours.

What Does Cupid Want?*Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)*

What does Cupid want, with his crown of flowers?
Let him not burn them as he picks them.

What does the blindfolded boy want, this blind god
armed with fire and armed with snow,
if his passion comes down from the peak to the meadow?
what does Cupid want, etc.

If there is nothing safe wherever Cupid walks,
neither the soft petal nor the hard tree trunk,
if there is scarce a wall that can withstand his rigours,
what does Cupid want, etc.

If by changing his form he aims to deceive
and turns hope into disillusion,
if he turns trust into fear,
what does Cupid want, etc.

Hermosa tortolilla*Anonymous*

Pretty little turtle dove,

que en esas ramas altas
dulces arrullos gimes
roncos gemidos cantas
funesta armonía representa
memorias de un amor que ya se ausenta.

Tu que en las verdes selvas
de diferentes plantas
gozas alegres días
gustosas fiestas pasas
huye al frondoso sitio que recrea
pasiones que el dolor las lisonjea.

Así tus plumas negras
que forman con las blancas
jardines al deseo
envidias a la gala
que temas los rigores de una suerte
que con halagos dulces da la muerte.

Así tu pico hermoso
veas con el que amas
eternamente unido
que mires como andas
no sea que vencida de un deseo
te inclinas a la ruina de otro empleo.

Traiciones te aperciben
como te ven incauta
previenen las saetas
encorvan las aljabas
no prenderán sus flechas si constante
te opones a las quejas de otro amante.

Si callas lo que quieres
si quieres quien te ama
no importa que procure
prisiones la arrogancia
si libre tu albedrío de sus iras
conduce tus acentos donde aspiras.

[4] Poco sabe de Filis
Anonymous

Poco sabe de Filis
quien hace juicio
que es locura el perderle
de haberla visto.

Cuando crespas ondas de oro
surca el pensamiento mío
si bebo en copos de nieve
todo el fuego que respiro.

Poco sabe...

Si paso a locos extremos
por ser en dulce peligro
blanco a las doradas flechas
de dos azules cupidos.

Poco sabe...

Si me suspendo al mirar
que en términos divididos
lucha el candor de los Alpes
con la púrpura de Tiro.

Poco sabe...

you who in those high boughs
so sweetly murmur
and sing your sad lament,
your mournful song portrays
the memory of a bygone love.

You who happily spend your days
and enjoy festivities
among the trees
of the green forests,
fly to the leafy place that recreates
passions worshipped by sorrow.

Thus your feathers,
black and white together,
form gardens for desire and
arouse envy of adornment,
you must fear the rigours of a fate
that kills with sweet flattery.

Thus may you see
your pretty beak eternally united
with the one you love,
but watch out as you go
that overcome by desire
you do not destroy another love.

Betrayals warn you
as they see you, incautious dove;
they prepare their arrows,
ready their quivers,
they will not grasp their darts if with constancy
you resist the laments of another lover.

If you speak not of that which you love,
if you love the one who loves you,
it matters not that arrogance
may procure shackles
if your will, free from its wrath,
guides your songs to their intended target.

He Who Holds
Anonymous

He who holds
that it is madness to lose your mind
after having seen her,
knows little of Phyllis.

Those rippling waves of gold
disturb my thoughts;
if I drink in snowflakes
yet breathe out only fire,

he who holds...

If I go to foolish extremes
to put myself in sweet danger
and become a target for the golden arrows
of two charming blue eyes,

he who holds...

If I watch enthralled
as the battle lines are drawn
between Alpine whiteness
and Tyrian purple,

he who holds...

Si no me tienen por cuerdo
pues ambicioso codicio
blancas perlas en la concha
de un breve Rubí partido.

Poco sabe...

Si al engolfarse el cuidado
por espacios cristalinos
aun no cabe lo que siento
en todo lo que no digo.

Poco sabe...

[5] Con la pasión amorosa
Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

Con la pasión amorosa
que sin esperanza luchas
si en no tener resistencia
sus victorias asegura.

No a la razón se reduce
no el desengaño la inmuta
no a los consejos atiende
no la amenaza la asusta.

Que loca, que ciega
que sorda, que muda,
ni advierte, ni mira,
ni habla ni escucha.

Ya las llamas de tu enojo
las ha reducido a una
el fuego que lo que abrasa
quiere que no se consuma.

¿como a términos pretendes
reducir su amante furia
si limita la razón
a sueldos de su locura?

que osada, cobarde
suave y sañuda,
alienta, desmaya,
obliga y disgusta.

Si ya está en la obligación
su actividad más robusta
queja que le halle gigante
para que niño le busca.

De los celos que más
sus tiranas flechas culpan
la variedad la defiende
con lo mismo que la injuria.

Que altiva, halagüeña,
traidora y segura
desprecia, agasaja,
ofende y adula.

De que te sirve el cuidado
pues cuando más te asegura
te consigue una evidencia
que hace más noble la duda

y para que la sospecha
no se atreva a tu hermosura
la vanidad la desprecie

If others think I have lost my wits
because I ambitiously yearn for
white pearls in the shell
of a small, broken ruby,

he who holds...

If care is buried
in crystalline spaces,
even if all that I feel cannot be expressed
in all that I do not say,

he who holds...

In Vain Do You Battle
Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

In vain do you battle
the passion of love,
for by putting up no resistance
it guarantees its victories.

For passion is not mere reason,
disillusion affects it not,
it takes no heed of advice,
it is not daunted by threats.

For mad, blind,
deaf and dumb,
it heeds not, sees not,
speaks not and listens not.

It has already reduced the blaze
of your anger to a single flame,
it does not want the fire
that burns it to be consumed.

How do you hope to reduce
its loving fury to words
when reason must lower itself
to serving its madness?

For intrepid, cowardly,
gentle and furious,
it encourages, discourages,
compels and upsets.

If its most robust activity
feels like an obligation,
it seems gigantic
but a child could find it.

Variety both defends it from
and slanders it about
the suspicions blamed most
by its tyrannous arrows.

For proud, flattering,
treacherous and loyal,
it despises, honours,
offends and praises.

What good does concern do you
if in trying to give you assurance
love actually provides you with proof
that makes doubt more noble

and in order that suspicion
challenge not your beauty
it scorns vanity

pues la presunción deslustra

y cuerda, constante,
atenta y astuta,
ignora, desmiente
calla y disimula.

[6] Filis, el miedo ha de ser
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

Filis, el miedo ha de ser
quien más explique mi amor,
pues ¿cuándo no fue el temor
el lenguaje del querer?
y a mi entender
tus ojos lo han de hablar,
que ojos que saben matar
¿por qué no se han de temer?

Tú piensas agradecer
las finezas con olvidos,
y por tus ojos bellidos
piensas que te han de querer.
Y habrá de ser
en quien los quiera mirar,
que ojos que saben matar
¿por qué no se han de temer?

De tu soberano arder
mal me defiende el huir,
pues es quitarle al vivir
la mayor dicha del ver;
conque he de hacer
mi defensa de mi amar,
que ojos que saben matar
¿por qué no se han de temer?

De mi amante padecer
no quieras Filis vengarte,
que si es ofensa el amarte
yo sólo te se ofender.
Y no hay poder
que me lo pueda estorbar,
que ojos que saben matar
¿por qué no se han de temer?

[7] ¡Ay que sí, ay que no!
Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

Ay que si, ay que no
todo soy enigma de amores
y aun me ignoro yo
que soy jilguerillo de dulce voz
que cuando canta mi pena
de si misma se enajena
y al eco de mis suspiros
se suspende mi atención.
Ay que si, ay que no
todo soy enigma de amores
y aun me ignoro yo.

Quien sabe de un jilguerillo
de dulce y sonora voz
que por hallar lo que adora
anda perdido de amor.

En las ramas de un jazmín
solía esperar al sol
para quejarse a su luz
de la pena de su amor.

and tarnishes conceit?

For sane, constant,
attentive and cunning,
it ignores, denies,
stays silent and dissembles.

Phyllis, It Must Be Fear
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

Phyllis, it must be fear
that best explains my love,
for when was fear
not the language of love?
And I believe
your eyes must speak it,
for why would eyes that know
how to kill not be feared?

You think you can repay
kindness by ignoring it,
and because of your fair eyes
believe you have to be loved.
And this is what will happen
to anyone who wishes to look at them,
for why would eyes that know
how to kill not be feared?

I can scarce defend fleeing
from your sovereign passion
since it means depriving life
of the supreme joy of seeing;
thus I shall defend
my continued love,
for why would eyes that know
how to kill not be feared?

Phyllis, do not long to take revenge
on the suffering caused by my love,
for if it is an offence to love you
I know only how to offend you.
And there is no power
that could prevent my loving you,
for why would eyes that know
how to kill not be feared?

Ah Yes, Ah No
Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

Ah yes, ah no,
I am an enigma of love
and do not even understand myself.
I am a little goldfinch, sweet of voice:
when I sing of my woes
I lose my reason
and my attention wanders,
lost in the echo of my sighs.
Ah yes, ah no,
I am an enigma of love
and do not even understand myself.

Who knows of a little goldfinch
of sweet and melodious voice
who flutters, lost in love,
seeking the object of his adoration.

He used to wait among the jasmine
flowers for the sun to rise
so as to lament in its light
the sorrows of his love.

Tal vez le vieron las rosas
al desplegar su botón
beber en sus carmesíes
perlas que el alba lloró.

Herido va el jilguerillo
de una flecha que tiró
para quitarle la vida
el mismo que se la dio.

Adonde vas avecilla
si te sigue tu afición
si para huir tienes alas
también tiene alas amor.

Vuélvete pues pajarillo
que es desairar tu dolor
querer que el aire te alivie
lo que el fuego te causó.

Ay que si, ay que no
todo soy enigma de amores
y aun me ignoro yo
que soy jilguerillo de dulce voz
que cuando canta mi pena
de si misma se enajena
y al eco de mis suspiros
se suspende mi atención.
Ay que si, ay que no
todo soy enigma de amores
y aun me ignoro yo.

[8] Si descubro mi dolor
Anonymous

Si descubro mi dolor
temo un injusto castigo
y muero si no lo digo
¿que me aconsejas amor?

Ansias que el pecho angustiáis
penas que el alma oprimís
a que todas me afligís
si todas no me matáis
acaso me atormentáis
inducidas de un amor
que tenido con temor
es un laberinto adonde
el alivio se me esconde
si descubro mi dolor.

Premia mi justo desvelo
amor sin ser importuno
mas ¿cómo podrás siendo uno
si no quiere todo un cielo?
amante ha de ser mi anhelo
hasta ver si le mitigo
pero si ver no consigo
mi idolatrado imposible
con acasos de posible
temo un injusto castigo.

Cual centella reprimida
que desde su primer ser
busca por dónde nacer
y no encuentra la salida
así mi llanto homicida
de la esperanza que sigo
es un mal tan enemigo

Perhaps, as they opened up
their buds, the roses saw him
drink from their scarlet petals
the pearls wept by the dawn.

The goldfinch has been wounded
by an arrow fired
to take away his life
by the very one who first gave it to him.

Where are you going little bird
if your affection follows you,
if you have wings to carry you away,
so too does love.

So come back, little bird,
for wanting the air to ease
the pain a fire has caused you
is to disregard that pain.

Ah yes, ah no,
I am an enigma of love
and do not even understand myself.
I am a little goldfinch, sweet of voice:
when I sing of my woes
I lose my reason
and my attention wanders,
lost in the echo of my sighs.
Ah yes, ah no,
I am an enigma of love
and do not even understand myself.

If I Reveal My Sorrow
Anonymous

If I reveal my sorrow
I fear an unjust punishment
yet I will die if I say nothing;
what is your counsel, love?

You troubles who burden my heart,
you sorrows who oppress my soul,
why do you all torture me
but not kill me?
Perhaps you torment me
induced by a love
which bound by fear
forms a labyrinth in which
solace is waiting, hidden, for me,
if I reveal my sorrow.

Without being untimely, love rewards
all my worthy efforts,
but how can you go on alone
if a whole world rejects you?
I must continue to long for love
until I can quell my yearning,
but if I see there is no chance
at all of my attaining
the unattainable object of my worship,
I fear an unjust punishment.

Like a spark repressed
that from its very beginnings
seeks somewhere to be born
and can find no way out,
so my murderous tears
for the hope I pursue
are so inimical and clearly

y a todas luces tan fiero
que si lo digo me muero
y muero si no lo digo.

Ya para mi ha fenecido
todo linaje de gloria
pues aun la de la memoria
hasta aquí no he merecido
mas de qué tan afligido
si en medio de mi dolor
no me ha faltado valor
para llorar y gemir
y si no puedo sufrir
¿qué me aconsejas amor?.

Si descubro mi dolor
temo un injusto castigo
y muero si no lo digo
¿que me aconsejas amor?

[9] Culpas son Nise Hermosa
Anonymous

Culpas son Nise hermosa
mi retiro gustoso
y solo le disculpe
si es culpa el estar solo
que ogaño me soy bobo
y antaño lo era y todo.

Que es madre de los vicios
la ociosidad conozco
pero tengo dos pleitos
para no estar ocioso.

La casa donde junta
tanto concurso el ocio
huyo porque depende
mi juicio de los otros.

De todos soy amigo
estrechando con pocos
porque he temido siempre
lo mal que pagan todos.

No mormuro de nadie
ni maldicientes oigo
ni de la culpa ajena
fabrico mis abonos.

Ni sigo pretensiones
donde el ruego es estorbo
pues las tiene suspensas
enjambre de ambiciosos.

Logre sus falsedades
el discreto en mi oprobio
y el no trocar mi ofensa
a la quietud que gozo.

Sin ser santo no busco
empleos amorosos
pues labró el desengaño
templo para el reposo.

No me debe visita
o muerte o matrimonio
del que muere me pesa
del que se casa y todo.

so fierce an enemy
that if I talk of them I will die,
yet I will die if I say nothing.

Any hope of glory
is now over for me,
since I have not even merited
the glory of memory thus far,
but why should I be so afflicted
if in the midst of my suffering
I have not lacked the valour
to weep and groan
and if I cannot suffer,
what is your counsel, love?

If I reveal my sorrow
I fear unjust punishment
yet I will die if I tell it not,
what is your counsel, love?

Fair Nysa
Anonymous

Fair Nysa, sins are for me
a pleasant retreat
which can only be forgiven
if it is a sin to be alone,
for these days I am foolish
and in the past I was too.

I know that idleness
is the mother of vices
but I have two strategies
for resisting its temptations.

I flee the house in which
idleness dwells,
because my judgement
is influenced by others.

I am a friend to everyone
but close to few
because I have always feared
the evil that all men enjoy.

I do not spread rumours about anyone
nor do I listen to gossips
nor do I make profit
from the sins of others.

Nor do I pursue claims
where there is a hindrance
because they have been blocked
by a throng of ambitious folk.

I shall overcome their falsehood,
suffering dishonour with discretion,
and not letting offence disturb
the peace that I enjoy.

Without being a saint I do not
seek out love affairs
since disillusion has built
a temple for repose.

Neither death nor marriage
owe me a visit;
I grieve for the dead man
and for the married man too.

Inútiles parientes
no veo porque noto
que abundancia de sangre
hace un cuerpo achacoso.

No logra el paseo
que le aceche curioso
donde solo es aplauso
de la mula el retozo.

Niégame a regocijos
sin reservar los toros
porque fiesta de fuertes
deleita los dichosos.

Así mi vida paso
Nisi y si yerro el modo
que el orgullo celebra
discúlpeme con todos.

[10] No hay razón que a lo bello
Anonymous

No hay razón que a lo bello
no se convenza
luego no hay hermosa
sin ser discreta,
y si el entendimiento
por sí enamora
luego no hay discreta
sin ser hermosa.

La que de necia procura
acreditar la verdad
es consolar la fealdad
por desconfiar la hermosura
mas qué razón o cordura
no convenció la belleza
luego no hay hermosa
sin ser discreta.

Consigue la discreción
con la hermosura igual palma
que es la perfección del alma
alma de la perfección
y pues con igual razón
rinde, hiere y aprisiona,
luego no hay discreta
sin ser hermosa.

Por si sola es la beldad
un sofístico argumento
que pone el entendimiento
por vencer la voluntad
¿quién halló contrariedad
aun a su muda elocuencia?
luego no hay hermosa
sin ser discreta.

Amor en varios sentidos
les previno a sus despojos
discreción para los ojos
beldad para los oídos
y pues de iguales rendidos
con la discreción blasona
luego no hay discreta
sin ser hermosa.

Cuando las almas zozobran
de la belleza en el mar

I do not see useless
relatives because I note
that an abundance of blood
leads to a sickly body.

One who stalks full of curiosity
will not join the parade
in which only the mule's
frolicking is applauded.

I refuse to rejoice
until the bulls perform,
because a celebration of strength
delights happy folk.

Thus do I spend my life,
Nysa and if my way
of celebrating my pride is wrong,
ask everyone to forgive me.

There Is No Reason
Anonymous

There is no reason
not to convince beauty,
for there is no beautiful woman
who is not discreet,
and if understanding
in itself inspires love,
then there is no discreet woman
who is not beautiful.

The foolish woman
who tries to prove the truth
simply consoles ugliness
by not trusting in beauty,
but if beauty did not convince
either reason or good sense,
then there is no beautiful woman
who is not discreet.

Discretion is as much
to be valued as beauty,
for perfection of the soul
is the soul of perfection,
and since with equal reason
it conquers, wounds and imprisons,
then there is no discreet woman
who is not beautiful.

Beauty is in its own right
a subtle argument
that promotes understanding
by defeating the will.
Has anyone found a way of
contradicting its silent eloquence?
Then there is no beautiful woman
who is not discreet.

Love in various ways
gave fair warning
that discretion should be for the eyes
and beauty for the ears,
and if when equally devoted
she boasts of discretion,
then there is no discreet woman
who is not beautiful.

When souls founder
in the sea of beauty,

¿cómo había de faltar
el alma a quien tantas sobran?
si todas las almas cobran
nuevo aliento en la belleza
luego no hay hermosa
sin ser discreta.

Ya la cuestión no es dudosa
pues por ti Clori decreta
que es la hermosura discreta
y la discreción hermosa
con prueba tan generosa
diga amor con evidencia,
no hay razón que a lo bello
no se convenza
luego no hay hermosa
sin ser discreta
y si el entendimiento
por si enamora
luego no hay discreta
si ser hermosa.

[11] De la sierra morena
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

De la sierra morena
contemplaba los riscos
menos firmes al viento
que mi amor al herido.

Apenas te vi cuando
estuvieron conmigo
los pesares de asiento
los gustos de camino.

¡Ay del que sin sentido
tiene lejos el bien
y el mal vecino!.

Ya que no puedo verte
por consuelo te envió
si allá llegan mis penas
toda el alma en suspiros.

Admítela por firme
que tendré por alivio
en mi mortal ausencia
saber que estás conmigo.

¡Ay del que sin sentido
tiene lejos el bien
y el mal vecino!.

Esto a su ausente dueño
cantaba un pastorcillo
bien hallado en sus penas
perdiéndose en si mismo.

[12] Diz que era como una nieve
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

Diz que era como una nieve
Marica la de Berlinches
y viene el demonio y ¿que hace?
que su mal gusto la tizne.

Era Marica en su aldea
la que inventó los esguinces
y quiso dar en ser onza
cansada ya de ser tigre.

how could a soul be lacking
in one who has beauty to spare?
If all souls can find
new breath in beauty,
then there is no beautiful woman
who is not discreet.

This question is no longer in doubt
since because of you Chloris decrees
that beauty is discreet
and discretion is beautiful;
with such persuasive evidence,
let love clearly say:
there is no reason
not to convince beauty,
for there is no beautiful woman
who is not discreet,
and if understanding
in itself inspires love,
then there is no discreet woman
who is not beautiful.

From The Dark Mountains
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

From the dark mountains
I gazed upon crags
more vulnerable to the wind
than my love is to a wound.

I had barely seen you when
I was struck by
the sorrow of staying put
and the desire to travel onwards.

Woe betide anyone who senselessly
keeps good at a distance
and evil close at hand!

Now that I cannot see you
as consolation I send you,
if my sorrows can travel that far,
all of my soul in sighs.

Accept it and keep it
for it will bring me solace
in my mortal absence
to know that you are with me.

Woe betide anyone who senselessly
keeps good at a distance
and evil close at hand!

This was sung to his absent master
by a young shepherd
comfortable with his pain,
becoming lost in himself.

They Say She Was Like The Snow
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

They say she was like the snow,
that Marica from Berlinches,
but then the devil came along
and out of wickedness tainted her.

It was Marica in her village
who invented tricks and ruses,
and she wanted to become a lynx,
having tired of being a tigress.

Llegó Benito de fuera
zagal de pocos abriles
muy pobre para mudable
y muy verde para firme.

Porque a todos dice
que es para ella
el peor ninguno
el mejor cualquiera.

De este corazón se paga
porque tal vez lo que eligen
las presumidas de hermosas
algún diablo se lo dice.

Con este quiere casarse
para que nadie la envidie
aprisionando lo hermoso
con retención de lo libre.

Para la beca de esposo
le hace pruebas de apacible
pues antes para cordero
que para pastor le elige.

Porque a todos dice
que es para ella
el peor ninguno
el mejor cualquiera.

[13] En los floridos páramos
Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

En los floridos páramos
de este ameno pensil
cuyas estancias fértiles
del Mayo son país.

Trepaba por un álamo
una amorosa vid
queriendo con sus pámpanos
abrazando subir.

Corre entre verdes céspedes
un arroyo sutil
que sus amores lícitos
celebra con reír.

Y una esperanza tímida
dijo viéndola así:
"sólo venturas fáciles
consigue el que es feliz".

Pero pobre de ti
que tus finezas débiles
duran sólo un abril
vinculándose en mí
sino con fin tan próspero
un adorado fin.

Mirábase en lo líquido
del cristal competir
con esperanzas trémulas
el amoroso ardid.

Sin voz su amante anhelito
querían aplaudir
ciento a ciento los árboles
las flores mil a mil.

Benito arrived from elsewhere,
a young shepherd lad,
too poor to be fickle,
too green to be steady.

For she says to everyone
that she'll take
none of the worst
but any of the best.

She's happy with this heart
because perhaps it's the devil
who tells some pretty girls
who to choose.

She wants to marry this one
so that no one will envy her,
trapping her beauty
but keeping her freedom.

For the post of husband
she tests out his tameness,
for she's chosen him to be a lamb
rather than to be a shepherd.

For she says to everyone
that she'll take
none of the worst
but any of the best.

Amid The Blossom
Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

Amid the blossom adorning
this delightful place,
whose fertile lands are home
to the month of May,

a loving vine wound its way
around a poplar tree,
desiring to embrace it
with its tendrils as it climbed.

A gentle stream
runs between green banks,
its laughing waters celebrating
the plant's rightful love.

And, seeing the vine,
a timid hope said:
"Only one who is happy
can achieve easy joys."

But poor you,
for your fragile beauty
lasts only one April,
your fate bound to mine
with such a fortunate outcome,
a much-loved result.

The loving plant
gazed into the waters
and saw itself
competing with tremulous hopes.

Though lacking a voice
the hundreds of trees
and thousands of flowers
wanted to praise its loving ways.

Un risco solo árido
de envidioso le vi
que apacentaba víboras
su arrugada cerviz.

Ay vid y cuantos júbilos
te admiro presumir
coronada del cándido
primitivo carmín.

Pero pobre de ti
que tus finezas débiles
duran sólo un abril
vinculándose en mí
sino con fin tan próspero
un adorado fin.

[14] Despertando estaba el sol
Anonymous

Despertando estaba el sol
en su lecho de cristal
el alba a gritos de perlas
la mañana de San Juan.

Perezoso el arrebol
comenzaba a desplegar
rayo a rayo y luz a luz
soñolienta claridad.

Los dos párpados del día
el sol iba abriendo ya
vio lo ojos de Amarillis
y volvióllos a cerrar.

No lo echó menos la aurora
que con su belleza mas
resplandores dio a los prados
de oro nieve y de coral.

Viendo amarillis en quien
tan cierta la luz está
volvió a florecer el campo
y las aves a cantar.

Bien puede volverse el sol
a esconder pues claro está
que competir con sus rayos
solo lo pudo soñar.

[15] Corazón que en prisión
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

Corazón que en prisión de respetos
cautivo te miras
ya que el lazo de tanta cadena
te oprime y fatiga
suspira, descansa, alienta, respira.

¿De que le sirve a tu incendio
el llanto que solicita
si el agua llamas enciende
sobre no apagar cenizas?.

En el aire hallarás
mas remedio
si bien lo examinas
pues es paso a la esfera del fuego
que amante acaricia

I looked enviously at
a lone and arid crag,
for its gnarled nape
attracted only vipers.

Ah, vine, how many marvels
I see you boast,
crowned in pure
and primitive scarlet!

But poor you,
for your fragile beauty
lasts only one April,
your fate bound to mine
with such a fortunate outcome,
a much-loved result.

With Pearly Cries
Anonymous

With pearly cries
the sun was rousing the dawn
from its crystal bed
on the feast of St John.

Lazily the red glow
began to unfurl,
beam by beam, glimmer by glimmer,
into somnolent daylight.

The sun was gradually opening
the eyelids of the day
when it saw Amaryllis's eyes
and closed them again.

The dawn shone with equal radiance,
its beauty filling the meadows
with a brilliant lustre
of gold, white and coral.

Seeing Amaryllis,
whose light is so steady,
the field began to flower again
and the birds to sing.

Well may the sun hide itself
away again for it of course
can only dream
of competing with her charms.

Heart, You Who Find Yourself
José Marín (c. 1619-1699)

Heart, you who find yourself captive
in a prison of respect,
now that such heavy chains
oppress and weary you,
sigh, rest, take in air, breathe.

What use to your fire
are the tears it begs for
if their water stokes its flames
and douses not its ashes?

You will find a better remedy
in the air
if you look closely
for it is closer to the sphere of fire
that lovingly caresses;

suspira, descansa, alienta, respira.

¡Qué mudas flecheras voces
tu sosiego tiranizan
que la mal curada llaga
con dulce crueldad avivan!.

Pero cobra alentado las alas
que un tiempo batías
que es morir del remedio
buscarle en la cobardía
suspira, descansa, alienta, respira.

¡Qué vanamente engañado
viviste si presumías
que leves descuidos borran
los cuidados de una vida!

Pero ya el desengaño te muestra
cuan mal se acredita
deslucir aparente lisonja
verdad escondida
suspira, descansa, alienta, respira

Pena que al sueño se rinde
bien puede engañar la vista
mas si descansa en el alma
nunca estará bien dormida.

Rompa pues corazón el cuidado
que te martiriza
que no es bien que al partido de infaustas
tus ansias se rindan
suspira, descansa, alienta, respira.

[16] Ya los caballos
Cristóbal Galán (?-1684)

Ya los caballos de jazmín y rosa
doy a vuestro lamento
desterrando del término del viento
la noche tenebrosa.

Huya la sombra perezosa y fría
del candor de la aurora
que lo que el alba soñolienta llora
es gorjeo del día.

Cobren la luz las apagadas flores
que pierden las estrellas
encendiendo desoladas centellas
sus marchitos colores.

Vuelvan con acechanzas más suaves
a murmurar ufanas
las fuentes que guardaron cortesanas
el sueño de las aves.

El arroyuelo la opresión tirana
del hielo desabroche
y del castigo que le dio la noche
se queje a la mañana.

Los dulces, los amantes ruiseñores
en sonoro concierto
pues vive en ellos el amor despierto
entonen sus amores.

Vuelan a su desvelo los amantes
descansando en su olvido

sigh, rest, take in air, breathe.

What silent, barbed voices
threaten your tranquillity,
poking and prodding with sweet cruelty
at your unhealed wound!

But be brave, and fold the wings
that you once spread,
for if you seek a cure
in cowardice it will kill you;
sigh, rest, take in air, breathe.

How vainly deceived
you have lived if you thought
small distractions could efface
the cares of a lifetime!

But already disillusion is showing you
how it can discredit
what appears to be flattery
and tarnish a hidden truth;
sigh, rest, take in air, breathe.

Grief that yields to sleep
can easily deceive the sight,
but if it rests in the soul
it will never sleep deeply.

Shatter then, o heart, the anguish
that is torturing you,
for it is wrong for your woes
to yield to the side of the ill-fated;
sigh, rest, take in air, breathe.

I Give To Your Lament
Cristóbal Galán (?-1684)

I give to your lament
the steeds of jasmine and rose,
driving the dark night far away
from the land of the wind.

May the chill and idle shadows
flee the bright light of morning,
for the tears of drowsy dawn
are the song that greet the day.

May the dull flowers borrow the light
that is ebbing away from the stars,
desolate sparks bringing
their faded colours to life once more.

May the springs that have watched over
the birds as they sleep,
return with gentler aspect
to murmur with pride.

May the little brook break through
the rigid oppression of the ice
and complain to the morning
of the punishment dealt it by the night.

May sweet and loving nightingales
in melodious concert –
since love awakened lives in them –
sing their tales of love.

Lovers fly to their daily cares,
while those who think love still slumbers

los que presumen al amor dormido
de su engaño ignorantes.

Y ya que ve mi resplandor el suelo
reciba ser segundo
cobre color de mi color el mundo
el ejemplar del cielo.

[17] Canta pajarillo

Anonymous

Canta pajarillo
dulce ruiseñor
que ha salido Carlos
y ha salido el sol.

Dulce animado instrumento
que sin temer la prisión
desde tu nido ceceas
al astuto cazador.

Sinceridad generosa
que del peligro mayor
haces desprecio fiado
en que canta al sol tu voz.

Mira que la confianza
no es alhaja de primor
y aunque la prisión sea de oro
no deja de ser prisión.

Canta pajarillo
dulce ruiseñor
que ha salido Carlos
y ha salido el sol.

Esparce al viento las alas
no desprecies el temor
porque el osar demasiado
toca en desesperación.

Mas dirásme pajarillo
que a Carlos saludas hoy
y que es guarda generosa
a tu dulce suspensión.

Prosigue, no te receles
que si te asiste este sol
fulminará con sus rayos
al que tu ofensa intentó.

Canta pajarillo
dulce ruiseñor
que ha salido Carlos
y ha salido el sol.

[18] Detén los rayos

Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

Detén los rayos
celestial prodigio
y pues me matas
sea dejándome
vivir en el martirio.

Tirano dueño del alma
en cuyo desdén esquivo
el noble apacible ceño
está llamando al cariño.

are resting, oblivious
and unaware of their misconception.

And now that the ground sees my light
may fate look kindly on me,
let the world take colour from my colour
and echo that of heaven.

Sing, Little Bird

Anonymous

Sing, little bird,
sweet nightingale,
for Charles has risen,
and with him the sun.

Sweet, living instrument,
you who without fearing prison
sing from your nest
to the cunning hunter.

Generous sincerity,
you who scorn
greater danger
as you sing to the sun.

See how trust
is not a finely wrought gem
and though a prison is made of gold
it remains a prison.

Sing, little bird,
sweet nightingale,
for Charles has risen,
and with him the sun.

Spread your wings to the wind,
do not despise fear
because too much daring
borders on desperation.

But you will tell me, little bird,
that today you greet Charles,
and that you keep generous watch,
perched high upon your branch.

Continue, and fear not,
for if this sun shines on you
it will strike with its rays
anyone who has tried to offend you.

Sing, little bird,
sweet nightingale,
for Charles has risen,
and with him the sun.

Hold Back Your Light

Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

Hold back your light,
heavenly wonder,
and since you are killing me,
let it be by leaving me
to live in torment.

Tyrannical master of the soul,
in whose elusive disdain
nobility and serenity
are calling for affection,

En todo tu rostro y talle
tienes tan oculto hechizo
que en tu hermosura hacer viene
lo menos bello lo lindo.

Si es culpa en mí el adorarle
no la tiene el albedrío
escóndeme la razón
y excusarasme el delito.

Para no volver a verte
quisiera hallar el camino
pues no menos que una vida
me cuesta el haberte visto.

Detén los rayos
celestial prodigio
y pues me matas
sea dejándome
vivir en el martirio.

[19] Tente, Siques, espera
Juan de Navas (1647-1719)

Tente, Siques, espera,
no le despiertes
porque descansa el mundo
cuando Amor duerme.
Tema, tirana, teme,
que si tu le despiertas
él te desvele.

Enamorado de Siques
baja Amor a los vergeles
que las campañas del aire
fabrican y desvanecen.

En los brazos de la ninfa
dormido el ardor suspende
que estando favorecido
no es mucho que se durmiese.

Entre las sombras oculto
Amor su beldad desmiente
porque es tirano volcán
que sin alumbrar enciende.

Verle Siques solicita
mas en vano lo pretende
que nadie fuera infeliz
si el Amor dejara verse.

De los floridos pensiles
le imagina áspid aleve
y lo que de Amor presume
le dice verdad y miente.

Con luz y puñal intenta
mirarle y darle la muerte
luz y puñal son tus ojos
que mas matarle que verle.

Llega la luz y al mirarle
el odio en piedad se vuelve
que quien con Amor se enoja
sus mismas armas le ofenden.

Despierta y huye Cupido
y Siques lamenta al verle
que cuando la deja Amor

there are such hidden charms
in your face and figure
that your beauty transforms
ugliness into loveliness.

If it is a sin that I adore you
it is a sin beyond my control;
conceal the reason from me
and forgive me my wrongdoing.

I wish I could find a way
never to see you again,
for seeing you has cost me
no less than my life.

Hold back your light,
heavenly wonder,
and since you are killing me,
let it be by leaving me
to live in torment.

Wait, Psyche, Be Patient
Juan de Navas (1647-1719)

Wait, Psyche, be patient,
do not awaken him,
for the world rests
when Cupid is asleep.
Live in dread, tyrannous girl,
that if you wake him
he will unveil you.

Enamoured of Psyche,
Cupid flew down to the orchards
that appear and vanish
at the whim of the air.

Asleep in the arms of his beloved
he holds back his passion,
but having enjoyed his favour
he quite naturally sank into sleep.

Hidden in darkness,
Cupid conceals his beauty,
because he is a wild volcano
that burns without being lit.

Psyche begs to gaze on him
but in vain does she claim
that no one would be unhappy
if Cupid let himself be seen.

She believes him to be a treacherous serpent
from the verdant meadows,
and what she assumes about Cupid
is both truth and falsehood.

With a lamp and dagger she intends
to see him at last and then kill him,
lamp and dagger are your eyes
that kill him more than they see him.

She shines the lamp on him and the sight
turns her hatred to merciful love,
for whoever becomes angry with Cupid
is then wounded in turn by his weapons.

Cupid awakes and flies away
and Psyche weeps on seeing him,
for this abandonment

es solo cuando le tiene.

Tente, Siques, espera,
no le despiertes
porque descansa el mundo
cuando Amor duerme.
Tema, tirana, teme,
que si tu le despiertas
él te desvele.

[20] Aunque sabes, Nise
Anonymous

Aunque sabes Nise
matar sin querer,
deja verte, no huyas
que me moriré.

Con mil donaires tus ojos
me obligan a padecer,
no te los duermas mirando
con tan esquivo desdén,
no, no, que me moriré.

En el clavel de tu boca
toda mi gloria miré,
no me la niegues pues gusto
en tus pucheros beber,
no, no, que me moriré.

Esa garganta de nieve
mi destrago viene a ser,
no la descotes pues tanto
me abrasa su candidez,
no, no, que me moriré.

Aunque sabes Nise
matar sin querer,
deja verte, no huyas
que me moriré.

En el cristal de tus manos
mi vida morir se ve,
no las enseñes matando
que te acreditas cruel,
no, no, que me moriré.

De tu talle delicado
me cautiva el no se qué,
no le descubras, que hechizas
toda mi vida con él,
no, no, que me moriré.

Mi mayor encanto ha sido,
el hechizo de tu pie,
no tan pulido te calces
porque me arrastran tus pies,
no, no, que me moriré.

Aunque sabes Nise
matar sin querer,
deja verte, no huyas
que me moriré.

is the only time she has him.

Wait, Psyche, be patient,
do not awaken him,
for the world rests
when Cupid is asleep.
Live in dread, tyrannous girl,
that if you wake him
he will unveil you.

Nysa, Although You Can Kill
Anonymous

Nysa, although you can
kill unthinkingly,
let me see you, do not run away,
for I shall die.

With a thousand charms your eyes
compel me to suffer,
do not fall asleep gazing at me
with such scorn and disdain,
no, no, for I shall die.

I have put all my glory
in the carnation of your mouth,
deny me it not since I love
to drink from your lips,
no, no, for I shall die.

That snow-white throat
has proved to be my undoing,
do not uncover it, since its
whiteness burns me so,
no, no, for I shall die.

Nysa, although you can
kill unthinkingly,
let me see you, do not run away,
for I shall die.

In your crystalline hands,
my life is ebbing away,
do not show them by killing
or you will reveal your cruelty,
no, no, for I shall die.

The unknown charms
of your fragile figure captivate me,
do not reveal them, for with them
you enchant my entire life,
no, no, for I shall die.

What has most beguiled me
is the beauty of your feet,
do not hide them away in shoes,
for your feet delight me,
no, no, for I shall die.

Nysa, although you can
kill unthinkingly,
let me see you, do not run away,
for I shall die.