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RUIZ

SHERZER

## Jorge Manrique

1440-1479

In Spain during the xvth century, poetry follows two distinct and parallel courses. One is that of the popular ballad which is poetry of war and history, full of heroes and echoes of battles and great feats. But in the courts and palaces a new spirit had been diffused, which precisely because it found favor with the people of the court, was called courtly. And yet at the very core of this artificial poetry, we come upon the most profound, grave, sincere poet produced by the Spanish Middle Ages, Jorge Manrique. He came of a family of powerful Castilian nobles and was born about 1440. The Castilian nobles of that time were divided into irate factions that reflected the cupidity of the court. The national forces were exhausting their energy in fratricidal war. Jorge Manrique was involved in a net of palace intrigues and conflicts with other nobles. He participated in four campaigns, always in the service of the king, and met his death in 1479, at the age of thirty-nine, attacking the castle of the Marqués de Villena who was rebelling against the Catholic Monarchs.

He left behind him some fifty love poems, perfect expressions of the platitudes of his time. No one could perceive behind these rhymed subtleties a man or a poet. Yet Jorge Manrique was both. He was a great poet only once but in such a way that he will endure forever. His

stanzas commemorating the death of his father (1476) represent without doubt the greatest height attained by the elegaic lyric in our language.

The first thing that elicits our admiration is the perfect balance between the real fact that occasioned the poem, and the profound human generality and universal significance to which the poet rises from the circumstance. We should observe that the point of view is essentially different from that of narrative poetry, limpid, innocent, direct, without questioning and doubt. The poem of Jorge Manrique is quite the contrary: life, the reality of the world have already become the object of a deeper, more penetrating, scrutinizing glance, of disquieting interrogations, by a spirit anxious over its destiny. Jorge Manrique takes in this poem the first step in our lyric toward the inner life and its anguish. He goes straight to the core, the intimate conflict of every spiritual life. Our lives are compared to rivers carried to the sea into which flow brooks and great streams alike; death is the great final sea, equalizer of human destinies. Jorge Manrique is the exception to the general rule found in the sentiment of death in the xvth century. No egoism, no attachment to earthly things. Death is not considered the worst of all evils, but a good which is joyously accepted. Death is consoling, even more, liberating, in this superb poem on death as a passage to the higher life.

P. S.

## COPLAS POR LA MUERTE DE SU PADRE

Recuerde el alma dormida,  
abive el seso y despierte,  
contemplando  
cómo se passa la vida,  
cómo se viene la muerte  
tan callando;

cuán presto se va el plazer,  
cómo después de acordado,  
da dolor,  
cómo, a nuestro parescer,  
cualquiera tiempo passado  
fué mejor.

Pues si vemos lo presente  
cómo en un punto se es ido  
y acabado,  
si juzgamos sabiamente,  
daremos lo no venido  
por passado.

No se engañe nadie, no,  
pensando que ha de durar  
lo que espera  
más que duró lo que vió,  
pues que todo ha de passar  
por tal manera.

Nuestras vidas son los ríos  
que van a dar en la mar,  
que es el morir:  
allí van los señoríos  
derechos a se acabar  
y consumir;  
allí los ríos caudales,  
allí los otros medianos  
y más chicos,

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

O, let the soul her slumbers break!  
Let thought be quickened and awake,—  
Awake to see  
How soon this life is past and gone,  
And death comes softly stealing on,—  
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away:  
Our hearts recall the distant day  
With many sighs;  
The moments that are speeding fast  
We heed not; but the past— the past—  
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
Onward the constant current sweeps,  
Till life is done;  
And did we judge of time aright,  
The past and future in their flight  
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again  
That Hope and all her shadowy train  
Will not decay;  
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
Remembered like a tale that's told,  
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers gliding free  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave:  
Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll to be swallowed up and lost  
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,  
Thither the brook pursues its way,  
And tinkling rill.

allegados son iguales,  
los que biven por sus manos  
y los ricos.

Dexo las invocaciones  
de los famosos poetas  
y oradores;  
no curo de sus ficciones,  
que traen yervas secretas  
sus sabores.

Aquel solo me encomiendo,  
aquel solo invoco yo  
de verdad,  
que en este mundo biviendo,  
el mundo no conoció  
su deidad.

Este mundo es el camino  
para el otro, que es morada  
sin pesar;  
mas cumple tener buen tino  
para andar esta jornada  
sin errar.

Partimos cuando nascemos,  
andamos mientras bivimos,  
y llegamos  
al tiempo que fenescemos;  
assí que cuando morimos  
descansamos.

Este mundo bueno fué  
si bien usássemos dél  
como devemos,  
porque, según nuestra fe,  
es para ganar aquel  
que atendemos.

There all are equal. Side by side,  
The poor man and the son of pride  
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng  
Of orators and sons of song,  
The deathless few;  
Fiction entices and deceives,  
And sprinkling o'er her fragrant leaves  
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,—  
The Eternal Truth,— the Good and Wise:  
To Him I cry,  
Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above;  
So let us choose that narrow way  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place;  
In life we run the onward race,  
And reach the goal;  
When, in the mansions of the blest,  
Death leaves to its eternal rest  
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each wandering thought  
To its high state.  
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
Up to the better world on high  
For which we wait.

Y aun aquel fijo de Dios,  
para sobirnos al cielo,  
descendió  
a nacer acá entre nos,  
y a bivar en este suelo  
do murió.

Ved de cuán poco valor  
son las cosas tras que andamos  
y corremos,  
que, en este mundo traidor,  
aun primero que muramos  
las perdemos:  
dellas desfaze la edad,  
dellas casos desastrados  
que acaescen,  
dellas, por su calidad,  
en los más altos estados  
desfallecen.

Dezidme, la fermosura,  
la gentil frescura y tez  
de la cara,  
la color y la blancura,  
cuando viene la vejez  
¿cuál se para?

Las mañas y ligereza  
y la fuerça corporal  
de joventud,  
todo se torna graveza  
cuando llega al arraval  
de senectud.

Pues la sangre de los godos,  
y el linage y la nobleza  
tan crescida,  
¡por cuántas vías y modos  
se sume su grand alteza  
en esta vida!

Yes,— the glad messenger of love,  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour came;  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
The shapes we chase,  
Amid a world of treachery!  
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,— chances strange,  
Disastrous accidents, and change,  
That come to all:  
Even in the most exalted state,  
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;  
The strongest fall.

Tell me,— the charms that lovers seek  
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,—  
The hues that play  
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,—  
When hoary age approaches slow,  
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,  
The glorious strength that youth imparts  
In life's first stage,—  
These shall become a heavy weight,  
When Time swings wide his outward gate  
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,  
Heroes emblazoned high to fame  
In long array,—  
How, in the onward course of time,  
The landmarks of that race sublime  
Were swept away!

Unos, por poco valer,  
¡por cuán baxos y abatidos  
que los tienen!  
Y otros, por no tener,  
con oficios no devidos  
se mantienen.

Los estados y riqueza,  
que nos dexan a desora,  
¿quién lo duda?  
No les pidamos firmeza  
pues que son de una señora  
que se muda;  
que bienes son de Fortuna  
que rebuelve con su rueda  
presurosa,  
la cual no puede ser una  
ni estar estable ni queda  
en una cosa.

Pero digo que acompañen  
y lleguen hasta la huessa  
con su dueño:  
por esso no nos engañen,  
pues se va la vida apriessa  
como sueño.

Y los deleites de acá  
son, en que nos deleitamos,  
temporales,  
y los tormentos de allá,  
que por ellos esperamos,  
eternales.

Los plazerés y dulçores  
desta vida trabajada  
que tenemos,  
¿qué son sino corredores,  
y la muerte la celada  
en que caemos?

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,  
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,  
Shall rise no more;  
Others by guilt and crime maintain  
The scutcheon that without a stain  
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,  
With what untimely speed they glide,  
How soon depart!  
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,—  
The vassals of a mistress they,  
Of fickle heart.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;  
Her swift-revolving wheel turns round,  
And they are gone!  
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save  
Its gilded baubles, till the grave  
Reclaimed its prey,  
Let none on such poor hopes rely;  
Life, like an empty dream flits by,  
And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust  
Are passions springing from the dust,—  
They fade and die;  
But, in the life beyond the tomb,  
They seal the immortal spirit's doom—  
Eternally!

The pleasure and delights which mask  
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,  
What are they all,  
But the fleet coursers of the chase,—  
And death an ambush in the race,  
Wherein we fall?

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No mirando nuestro daño,  
corremos a rienda suelta  
sin parar;  
desque vemos el engaño  
y queremos dar la buelta,  
no hay lugar.

Si fuese en nuestro poder  
tornar la cara fermosa  
corporal,  
como podemos fazer  
el ánima gloriosa,  
angelical,  
¡qué diligencia tan biva  
toviéramos toda hora,  
y tan presta,  
en componer la cativa,  
dexándonos la señora  
descompuesta!

Essos reyes poderosos  
que vemos por escrituras  
ya passadas,  
con casos tristes, llorosos,  
fueron sus buenas venturas  
trastornadas:

assí que no hay cosa fuerte,  
que a papas y emperadores  
y perlados,  
assí los trata la Muerte  
como a los pobres pastores  
de ganados.

Dexemos a los troyanos,  
que sus males no los vimos,  
ni sus glorias;  
dexemos a los romanos,  
aunque oímos y leímos  
sus estorias,

No foe, no dangerous pass we heed,  
Brook no delay,— but onward speed,  
With loosened rein;  
And when the fatal snare is near,  
We strive to check our mad career,  
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,  
And fashion with a cunning art  
The human face,  
As we can clothe the soul with light,  
And make the glorious spirit bright  
With heavenly grace,—

How busily, each passing hour,  
Should we exert that magic power!  
What ardor show  
To deck the sensual slave of sin,  
Yet leave the freeborn soul within  
In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,  
Famous in history and in song  
Of olden time,  
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,  
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate  
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? Who the strong?  
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?  
On these shall fall  
As heavily the hand of Death,  
As when it stays the shepherd's breath  
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,—  
Neither its glory nor its shame  
Has met our eyes;  
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,—  
Though we have heard so oft, and read,  
Their histories.

no curemos de saber  
lo de aquel siglo passado  
qué fué dello;  
vengamos a lo de ayer,  
que tan bien es olvidado  
como aquello.

¿Qué se fizo el rey don Juan?  
Los infantes de Aragón,  
¿qué se fizieron?  
¿Qué fué de tanto galán?  
¿Qué fué de tanta invención  
como truxieron?

Las justas y los torneos,  
paramentos, bordaduras,  
y cimeras,  
¿fueron sino devaneos?  
¿qué fueron sino verduras  
de las eras?

¿Qué se fizieron las damas,  
sus tocados, sus vestidos,  
sus olores?  
¿Qué se fizieron las llamas  
de los fuegos encendidos  
de amadores?

¿Qué se fizo aquel trobar,  
las músicas acordadas  
que tañían?  
¿Qué se fizo aquel dançar,  
aquellas ropas chapadas  
que traían?

Pues el otro su heredero,  
don Enrique, ¡qué poderes  
alcançava!  
¡Cuán blando, cuán falaguero  
el mundo con sus plazer  
se le dava!

Little avails it now to know  
Of ages past so long ago,  
Nor how they rolled;  
Our theme shall be of yesterday  
Which to oblivion sweeps away,  
Like days of old.

Where is the king Don Juan? Where  
Each royal prince and noble heir  
Of Aragón?  
Where are the courtly gallantries?  
The deeds of love and high emprise,  
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,  
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,  
And nodding plume,—  
What were they but a pageant scene?  
What but the garlands, gay and green  
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and where  
Their gay attire and jewelled hair,  
And odors sweet?  
Where are the gentle knights, that came  
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,  
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?  
Where are the lute and gay tambour  
They loved of yore?  
Where is the mazy dance of old,—  
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,  
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,  
Henry, whose royal court displayed  
Such power and pride,—  
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,  
The world its various pleasures laid  
His throne beside!

Mas veréis cuán enemigo,  
cuán contrario, cuán cruel  
se le mostró,  
aviéndole sido amigo,  
cuán poco duró con él  
lo que le dió.

Las dádivas desmedidas,  
los edificios reales  
llenos de oro,  
las vaxillas tan febridas,  
los enriques y reales  
del tesoro,  
los jaezes, los cavallos  
de su gente, y atavíos  
tan sobrados,  
¿dónde iremos a buscarlos?  
¿qué fueron sino rocíos  
de los prados?

Pues su hermano el inocente  
que en su vida successor  
se llamó,  
¡qué corte tan excelente  
tuvo, y cuánto grand señor  
le siguió!

Mas, como fuese mortal,  
metióle la Muerte luego  
en su fragua.  
¡O, juicio divinal!  
cuando más ardía el fuego,  
echaste agua.

Pues aquel grand condestable,  
maestre que conoscimos  
tan privado,  
no cumple que dél se fable,  
sino sólo que lo vimos  
degollado.

But, O, how false and full of guile  
That world, which wore so soft a smile  
But to betray!  
She, that had been his friend before,  
Now from the fated monarch tore  
Her charms away.

The countless gifts,— the stately walls,  
The royal palaces, and halls  
All filled with gold;  
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,  
Chambers with ample treasures fraught  
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,  
The gallant lord, and stalwart knight,  
In rich array;—  
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!  
Like the bright dew-drops on the grass,  
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal  
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,  
Unskilled to reign,—  
What a gay, brilliant court had he,  
When all the flower of chivalry  
Was in his train!

But he was mortal, and the breath  
That flamed from the hot forge of Death  
Blasted his years;  
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,  
When raging fierce and fearfully,  
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable,— the true  
And gallant Master,— whom we knew  
Most loved of all,—  
Breathe not a whisper of his pride;  
He on the gloomy scaffold died,—  
Ignoble fall!



Sus infinitos tesoros,  
sus villas y sus lugares,  
su mandar,  
¿qué le fueron sino lloros?  
¿qué fueron sino pesares  
al dexar?

Pues los otros dos hermanos,  
maestros tan prosperados  
como reyes,  
que a los grandes y medianos  
truxieron tan sojuzgados  
a sus leyes;  
aquella prosperidad  
que tan alta fué sobida  
y ensalçada,  
¿qué fué sino claridad  
que estando más encendida  
fué amatada?

Tantos duques excelentes,  
tantos marqueses y condes  
y varones  
como vimos tan potentes,  
di, Muerte, ¿dó los escondes  
y traspones?

Y las sus claras hazañas  
que fizieron en las guerras  
y en las pazes,  
cuando tú, cruda, te ensañas,  
con tu fuerça las atierras  
y desfazes.

Las huestes innumerables,  
los pendones y estandartes  
y vanderas,  
los castillos impunables,  
los muros y baluartes  
y barreras,

The countless treasures of his care,  
His hamlets green and cities fair,  
His mighty power,—  
What were they all but grief and shame,  
Tears and a broken heart, when came  
The parting hour?

His other brothers, proud and high,—  
Masters, who, in prosperity,  
Might rival kings,—  
Who made the bravest and the best  
The bondsmen of their high behest,  
Their underlings,—

What was their prosperous estate,  
When high exalted and elate  
With power and pride?  
What, but a transient gleam of light,—  
A flame, which, glaring at its height,  
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,  
Marquis and count of spotless fame,  
And baron brave,  
That might the sword of empire wield,—  
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed  
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,  
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,  
When thou dost show,  
O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
Can overthrow!

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,—  
Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
And flag displayed,—  
High battlements intrenched around,  
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,  
And palisade,

la cava honda, chapada,  
o cualquier otro reparo,  
¿qué aprovecha?  
que si tú vienes airada,  
todo lo passas de claro  
con tu flecha.

¡Oh, mundo! Pues que nos matas,  
fuera la vida que diste  
toda vida;  
mas según acá nos tratas,  
lo mejor y menos triste  
es la partida  
de tu vida, tan cubierta  
de tristezas y dolores,  
despoblada;  
de los bienes tan desierta,  
de placeres y dulzores  
despojada.

Es tu comienzo lloroso,  
tu salida siempre amarga  
y nunca buena,  
lo de enmedio trabajoso,  
y a quien das vida más larga  
das más pena.

Así los bienes—muriendo  
y con sudor—se procuran  
y los das;  
los males vienen corriendo;  
después de venidos, duran  
mucho más.

Aquel de buenos abrigo,  
amado por virtuoso  
de la gente,  
el maestre don Rodrigo  
Manrique, tanto famoso  
y tan valiente;

And covered trench, secure and deep,—  
All these cannot one victim keep,  
O Death, from thee,  
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
Unerringly!

O world! so few the years we live,  
Would that the life which thou dost give  
Were life indeed!  
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,  
Our happiest hour is when, at last,  
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,  
And sorrows neither few nor brief  
Veil all in gloom;  
Left desolate of real good,  
Within this cheerless solitude  
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,  
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,  
Or dark despair;  
Midway so many toils appear,  
That he who lingers longest here  
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,  
By the hot sweat of toil alone,  
And weary hearts;  
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,  
But with a lingering step and slow -  
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,  
To whom all hearts their homage paid,  
As Virtue's son,—  
Rodrick Manrique, — he whose name  
Is written on the scroll of Fame,  
Spain's champion;

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sus grandes fechos y claros  
no cumple que los alabe,  
pues los vieron,  
ni los quiero fazer caros,  
pues el mundo todo sabe  
cuáles fueron.

¡Qué amigo de sus amigos!  
¡Qué señor para criados  
y parientes!  
¡Qué enemigo de enemigos!  
¡Qué maestro de esforçados  
y valientes!  
¡Qué seso para discretos!  
¡Qué gracia para donosos!  
¡Qué razón!  
¡Qué benigno a los sujetos!  
y a los bravos y dañosos,  
un léon!

En ventura Octaviano,  
Julio César en vencer  
y batallar;  
en la virtud, Africano,  
Aníbal en el saber  
y trabajar;  
en la bondad, un Trajano,  
Tito en liberalidad  
con alegría;  
en su brazo, Aureliano,  
Marco Atilio en la verdad  
que prometía.

Antonio Pío en clemencia,  
Marco Aurelio en igualdad  
del semblante;  
Adriano en elocuencia,  
Teodosio en umildad  
y buen talante.

His signal deeds and prowess high  
Demand no pompous eulogy,—  
Ye saw his deeds!  
Why should their praise in verse be sung?  
The name that dwells on every tongue  
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend;—how kind to all  
The vassals of this ancient hall  
And feudal fief!  
To foes how stern a foe was he!  
And to the valiant and the free  
How brave a chief!

What prudence with the old and wise!  
What grace in youthful gayeties!  
In all how sage!  
Benignant to the serf and slave,  
He showed the base and falsely brave  
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,  
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car  
At battle's call;  
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill  
And the indomitable will  
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness; his  
A Titus' noble charities  
And righteous laws;  
The arm of Hector, and the might  
Of Tully, to maintain the right  
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine;  
Aurelius' countenance divine  
Firm, gentle, still;  
The eloquence of Adrian;  
And Theodosius' love to man,  
And generous will;

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Aurelio Alexandre fué,  
en diciplina y rigor  
de la guerra;  
un Constantino en la fe,  
Camilo en el grand amor  
de su tierra.

No dexó grandes tesoros,  
ni alcançó muchas riquezas  
ni vaxillas,  
mas fizo guerra a los moros,  
ganando sus fortalezas  
y sus villas;  
y en las lides que venció,  
muchos moros y cavallos  
se perdieron;  
y en este oficio ganó  
las rentas y los vassallos  
que le dieron.

Pues por su onra y estado,  
en otros tiempos passados  
¿cómo se huvo?  
Quedando desamparado,  
con hermanos y criados  
se sostuvo.

Después que fechos famosos  
fizo en esta dicha guerra  
que fazia,  
fizo tratos tan onrosos  
que le dieron aun más tierra  
que tenía.

Estas sus viejas estorias  
que con su braço pintó  
en joventud,  
con otras nuevas victorias  
agora las renovó  
en senectud.

In tented field and bloody fray,  
An Alexander's vigorous sway  
And stern command;  
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,—  
The fervent love Camillus bore  
His native land.

He left no well filled treasury,  
He heaped no pile of riches high,  
Nor massive plate;  
He fought the Moors,— and, in their fall,  
City and tower and castled wall  
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground  
Brave steeds and gallant riders found  
A common grave;  
And there the warrior's hand did gain  
The rents, and the long vassal train,  
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed  
The honored and exalted grade  
His worth had gained,  
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,  
In the stern warfare which of old  
'Twas his to share,  
Such noble leagues he made, that more  
And fairer regions than before  
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,  
Which with the hand of youth, he traced  
On history's page;  
But with fresh victories he drew  
Each fading character anew  
In his old age.

Por su grand habilidad,  
por méritos y ancianía  
bien gastada,  
alcanzó la dignidad  
de la grand cavallería  
del Espada.

Y sus villas y sus tierras  
ocupadas de tiranos  
las falló,  
mas por cercos y por guerras  
y por fuerça de sus manos  
las cobró.

Pues nuestro rey natural,  
si de las obras que obró  
fué servido,  
dígalo el de Portugal  
y en Castilla quien siguió  
su partido.

Después de puesta la vida  
tantas vezes por su ley  
al tablero,  
después de tan bien servida  
la corona de su rey  
verdadero,

después de tanta hazaña  
a que non puede bastar  
cuenta cierta,  
en la su villa de Ocaña  
vino la Muerte a llamar  
a su puerta,

diziendo: " Buen cavallero,  
dexad el mundo engañoso  
y su halago;  
vuestro corazón de azero  
muestre su esfuerço famoso  
en este trago;

By his unrivalled skill, by great  
And veteran service to the state,  
By worth adored,  
He stood, in his high dignity,  
The proudest knight of chivalry,—  
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains  
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains  
And cruel power;  
But, by fierce battle and blockade,  
Soon his own banner was displayed  
From every tower.

By the tried valor of his hand  
His monarch and his native land  
Were nobly served;—  
Let Portugal repeat the story,  
And proud Castile, who shared the glory  
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,  
His life upon the fatal throw  
Had been cast down,—  
When he had served, with patriot zeal  
Beneath the banner of Castile,  
His sovereign's crown,—

And done such deeds of valor strong,  
That neither history nor song  
Can count them all;  
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
Death at his portal came to knock,  
With sudden call,—

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare  
To leave this world of toil and care  
With joyful mién;  
Let thy strong heart of steel this day  
Put on its armour for the fray,—  
The closing scene.

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y pues de vida y salud  
 fezistes tan poca cuenta  
 por la fama,  
 esfuércese la virtud  
 para sufrir esta afrenta  
 que vos llama.

" No se os faga tan amarga  
 la batalla temerosa  
 que esperáis,  
 pues otra vida más larga  
 de la fama gloriosa  
 acá dexáis.

Aunque esta vida de onor  
 tampoco no es eternal  
 ni verdadera,  
 mas, con todo, es muy mejor  
 que la otra temporal,  
 perescadera.

" El bivar que es perdurable  
 no se gana con estados  
 mundanales,  
 ni con vida deleitable  
 en que moran los pecados  
 infernales;

mas los buenos religiosos  
 gánanlo con oraciones  
 y con lloros;  
 los cavalleros famosos,  
 con trabajos y aslicciones  
 contra moros.

" Y pues vos, claro varón,  
 tanta sangre derramastes  
 de paganos,  
 esperad el galardón  
 que en este mundo ganastes  
 por las manos;

" Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,  
 So prodigal of health and life,  
     For earthly fame,  
 Let virtue nerve thy heart again;  
 Loud on the last stern battle-plain  
     They call thy name.

" Think not the struggle that draws near  
 Too terrible for man, nor fear  
     To meet the foe;  
 Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,  
 Its life of glorious fame to leave  
     On earth below.

" A life of honor and of worth  
 Has no eternity on earth,—  
     'Tis but a name;  
 And yet its glory far exceeds  
 That base and sensual life which leads  
     To want and shame.

" The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
 Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high  
     And proud estate;  
 The soul in dalliance laid,— the spirit  
 Corrupt with sin,— shall not inherit  
     A joy so great.

" But the good monk, in cloistered cell,  
 Shall gain it by his book and bell,  
     His prayers and tears;  
 And the brave knight, whose arm endures  
 Fierce battle, and against the Moors  
     His standard rears.

" And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured  
 The life-blood of the pagan horde  
     O'er all the land,  
 In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,  
 The guerdon of thy earthly strength  
     And dauntless hand.

y con esta confiança,  
y con la fe tan entera  
que tenéis,  
partid con buena esperanza  
que estotra vida tercera  
ganaréis."

—"No gastemos tiempo ya  
en esta vida mezquina  
por tal modo,  
que mi voluntad está  
conforme con la divina  
para todo;

y consiento en mi morir  
con voluntad plazentera,  
clara y pura,  
que querer ombre bivar  
cuando Dios quiere que muera,  
es locura.

"Tú, que por nuestra maldad,  
tomaste forma servil  
y baxo nombre,  
Tú, que a tu divinidad  
juntaste cosa tan vil  
como el ombre;

Tú, que tan grandes tormentos  
sofriste sin resistencia  
en tu persona,  
no por mis merescimientos,  
mas por tu sola clemencia  
me perdona."

Assí con tal entender,  
todos sentidos humanos  
conservados,  
cercado de su muger,  
de sus hijos y hermanos  
y criados,

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,  
Strong in the faith entire and pure  
Thou dost profess,  
Depart,— thy hope is certainty;—  
The third—the better life on high  
Thou shalt possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay!  
My spirit longs to flee away  
And be at rest,—  
The will of Heaven my will shall be,—  
I bow to the divine decree,  
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,—  
No thought rebels,— the obedient heart  
Breathes forth no sigh;  
The wish on earth to linger still  
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will  
That we shall die.

"O thou, that for our sins didst take  
A human form, and humbly make  
Thy home on earth!  
Thou, that to thy divinity  
A human nature didst ally  
By mortal birth,—

"And in that form didst suffer here  
Torment, and agony, and fear,  
So patiently!  
By thy redeeming grace alone,  
And not for merits of my own,  
O, pardon me!"

As thus the dying warrior prayed,  
Without one gathering mist or shade  
Upon his mind,—  
Encircled by his family,  
Watched by affection's gentle eye,  
So soft and kind,—

*Jorge Manrique*

TEN CENTURIES

dió el alma a quien gela dió,  
el cual la ponga en el cielo  
en su gloria,  
y aunque la vida murió,  
nos dexó harto consuelo  
su memoria.

OF SPANISH POETRY

1440-1479

His soul to Him who gave it rose.  
God lead it to its long repose,  
    Its glorious rest!  
And, though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet,  
    Bright, radiant, blest.

*Henry W. Longfellow*

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