COPLAS DE DON JORGE MANRIQUE POR LA MUERTE DE SU PADRE

I

Recuerde el alma dormida,

avive el seso e 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,

cualquiere tiempo passado

fue mejor.

II

Pues si vemos lo presente

cómo en un punto s'es ido

e acabado,

si juzgamos sabiamente,

daremos lo non venido

por passado.

Non se engañe nadi, no,

pensando que ha de durar

lo que espera

más que duró lo que vio,

pues que todo ha de passar

por tal manera.

III

Nuestras vidas son los ríos

que van a dar en la mar,

qu'es el morir;

allí van los señoríos

derechos a se acabar

e consumir;

allí los ríos caudales,

allí los otros medianos

e más chicos,

allegados, son iguales

los que viven por sus manos

e los ricos.

INVOCACIÓN

IV

Dexo las invocaciones

de los famosos poetas

y oradores;

non curo de sus ficciones,

que traen yerbas secretas

sus sabores.

Aquél sólo m'encomiendo,

Aquél sólo invoco yo

de verdad,

que en este mundo viviendo,

el mundo non conoció

su deidad.

V

Este mundo es el camino

para el otro, qu'es morada

sin pesar;

mas cumple tener buen tino

para andar esta jornada

sin errar.

Partimos cuando nascemos,

andamos mientra vivimos,

e llegamos

al tiempo que feneçemos;

assí que cuando morimos,

descansamos.

VI

Este mundo bueno fue

si bien usásemos dél

como debemos,

porque, segund nuestra fe,

es para ganar aquél

que atendemos.

Aun aquel fijo de Dios

para sobirnos al cielo

descendió

a nescer acá entre nos,

y a vivir en este suelo

do murió.

VII

Si fuesse en nuestro poder

hazer la cara hermosa

corporal,

como podemos hazer

el alma tan glorïosa

angelical,

¡qué diligencia tan viva

toviéramos toda hora

e tan presta,

en componer la cativa,

dexándonos la señora

descompuesta!

VIII

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 deshaze la edad,

dellas casos desastrados

que acaeçen,

dellas, por su calidad,

en los más altos estados

desfallescen.

IX

Dezidme: La hermosura,

la gentil frescura y tez

de la cara,

la color e la blancura,

cuando viene la vejez,

¿cuál se para?

Las mañas e ligereza

e la fuerça corporal

de juventud,

todo se torna graveza

cuando llega el arrabal

de senectud.

X

Pues la sangre de los godos,

y el linaje e la nobleza

tan crescida,

¡por cuántas vías e modos

se pierde su grand alteza

en esta vida!

Unos, por poco valer,

por cuán baxos e abatidos

que los tienen;

otros que, por non tener,

con oficios non debidos

se mantienen.

XI

Los estados e riqueza,

que nos dexen a deshora

¿quién lo duda?,

non les pidamos firmeza.

pues que son d'una señora;

que se muda,

que bienes son de Fortuna

que revuelven con su rueda

presurosa,

la cual non puede ser una

ni estar estable ni queda

en una cosa.

XII

Pero digo c'acompañen

e lleguen fasta la fuessa

con su dueño:

por esso non nos engañen,

pues se va la vida apriessa

como sueño,

e los deleites d'acá

son, en que nos deleitamos,

temporales,

e los tormentos d'allá,

que por ellos esperamos,

eternales.

XIII

Los plazeres e dulçores

desta vida trabajada

que tenemos,

non son sino corredores,

e la muerte, la çelada

en que caemos.

Non mirando a nuestro daño,

corremos a rienda suelta

sin parar;

desque vemos el engaño

y queremos dar la vuelta

no hay lugar.

XIV

Esos reyes poderosos

que vemos por escripturas

ya passadas

con casos tristes, llorosos,

fueron sus buenas venturas

trastornadas;

assí, que no hay cosa fuerte,

que a papas y emperadores

e perlados,

assí los trata la muerte

como a los pobres pastores

de ganados.

XV

Dexemos a los troyanos,

que sus males non los vimos,

ni sus glorias;

dexemos a los romanos,

aunque oímos e leímos

sus hestorias;

non curemos de saber

lo d'aquel siglo passado

qué fue d'ello;

vengamos a lo d'ayer,

que también es olvidado

como aquello.

XVI

¿Qué se hizo el rey don Joan?

Los infantes d'Aragón

¿qué se hizieron?

¿Qué fue de tanto galán,

qué de tanta invinción

como truxeron?

¿Fueron sino devaneos,

qué fueron sino verduras

de las eras,

las justas e los torneos,

paramentos, bordaduras

e çimeras?

XVII

¿Qué se hizieron las damas,

sus tocados e vestidos,

sus olores?

¿Qué se hizieron las llamas

de los fuegos encendidos

d'amadores?

¿Qué se hizo aquel trovar,

las músicas acordadas

que tañían?

¿Qué se hizo aquel dançar,

aquellas ropas chapadas

que traían?

XVIII

Pues el otro, su heredero

don Anrique, ¡qué poderes

alcançaba!

¡Cuánd blando, cuánd halaguero

el mundo con sus plazeres

se le daba!

Mas verás cuánd enemigo,

cuánd contrario, cuánd cruel

se le mostró;

habiéndole sido amigo,

¡cuánd poco duró con él

lo que le dio!

XIX

Las dávidas desmedidas,

los edeficios reales

llenos d'oro,

las vaxillas tan fabridas

los enriques e reales

del tesoro,

los jaezes, los caballos

de sus gentes e atavíos

tan sobrados

¿dónde iremos a buscallos?;

¿qué fueron sino rocíos

de los prados?

XX

Pues su hermano el innocente

qu'en su vida sucesor

se llamó

¡qué corte tan excellente

tuvo, e cuánto grand señor

le siguió!

Mas, como fuesse mortal,

metióle la Muerte luego

en su fragua.

¡Oh jüicio divinal!,

cuando más ardía el fuego,

echaste agua.

XXI

Pues aquel grand Condestable,

maestre que conoscimos

tan privado,

non cumple que dél se hable,

mas sólo como lo vimos

degollado.

Sus infinitos tesoros,

sus villas e sus lugares,

su mandar,

¿qué le fueron sino lloros?,

¿qué fueron sino pesares

al dexar?

XXII

E los otros dos hermanos,

maestres tan prosperados

como reyes,

c'a los grandes e medianos

truxieron tan sojuzgados

a sus leyes;

aquella prosperidad

qu'en tan alto fue subida

y ensalzada,

¿qué fue sino claridad

que cuando más encendida

fue amatada?

XXIII

Tantos duques excelentes,

tantos marqueses e condes

e varones

como vimos tan potentes,

dí, Muerte, ¿dó los escondes,

e traspones?

E las sus claras hazañas

que hizieron en las guerras

y en las pazes,

cuando tú, cruda, t'ensañas,

con tu fuerça, las atierras

e desfazes.

XXIV

Las huestes inumerables,

los pendones, estandartes

e banderas,

los castillos impugnables,

los muros e balüartes

e barreras,

la cava honda, chapada,

o cualquier otro reparo,

¿qué aprovecha?

Cuando tú vienes airada,

todo lo passas de claro

con tu flecha.

XXV

Aquel de buenos abrigo,

amado, por virtuoso,

de la gente,

el maestre don Rodrigo

Manrique, tanto famoso

e tan valiente;

sus hechos grandes e claros

non cumple que los alabe,

pues los vieron;

ni los quiero hazer caros,

pues qu'el mundo todo sabe

cuáles fueron.

XXVI

Amigo de sus amigos,

¡qué señor para criados

e parientes!

¡Qué enemigo d'enemigos!

¡Qué maestro d'esforçados

e valientes!

¡Qué seso para discretos!

¡Qué gracia para donosos!

¡Qué razón!

¡Qué benino a los sujetos!

¡A los bravos e dañosos,

qué león!

XXVII

En ventura, Octavïano;

Julio César en vencer

e batallar;

en la virtud, Africano;

Aníbal en el saber

e trabajar;

en la bondad, un Trajano;

Tito en liberalidad

con alegría;

en su braço, Aureliano;

Marco Atilio en la verdad

que prometía.

XXVIII

Antoño Pío en clemencia;

Marco Aurelio en igualdad

del semblante;

Adriano en la elocuencia;

Teodosio en humanidad

e buen talante.

Aurelio Alexandre fue

en desciplina e rigor

de la guerra;

un Constantino en la fe,

Camilo en el grand amor

de su tierra.

XXIX

Non dexó grandes tesoros,

ni alcançó muchas riquezas

ni vaxillas;

mas fizo guerra a los moros

ganando sus fortalezas

e sus villas;

y en las lides que venció,

cuántos moros e cavallos

se perdieron;

y en este oficio ganó

las rentas e los vasallos

que le dieron.

XXX

Pues por su honra y estado,

en otros tiempos passados

¿cómo s'hubo?

Quedando desamparado,

con hermanos e criados

se sostuvo.

Después que fechos famosos

fizo en esta misma guerra

que hazía,

fizo tratos tan honrosos

que le dieron aun más tierra

que tenía.

XXXI

Estas sus viejas hestorias

que con su braço pintó

en joventud,

con otras nuevas victorias

agora las renovó

en senectud.

Por su gran habilidad,

por méritos e ancianía

bien gastada,

alcançó la dignidad

de la grand Caballería

dell Espada.

XXXII

E sus villas e sus tierras,

ocupadas de tiranos

las halló;

mas por çercos e por guerras

e por fuerça de sus manos

las cobró.

Pues nuestro rey natural,

si de las obras que obró

fue servido,

dígalo el de Portogal,

y, en Castilla, quien siguió

su partido.

XXXIII

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 d'Ocaña

vino la Muerte a llamar

a su puerta,

XXXIV

diziendo: "Buen caballero,

dexad el mundo engañoso

e su halago;

vuestro corazón d'azero

muestre su esfuerço famoso

en este trago;

e pues de vida e salud

fezistes tan poca cuenta

por la fama;

esfuércese la virtud

para sofrir esta afruenta

que vos llama."

XXXV

"Non se vos haga tan amarga

la batalla temerosa

qu'esperáis,

pues otra vida más larga

de la fama glorïosa

acá dexáis.

Aunqu'esta vida d'honor

tampoco no es eternal

ni verdadera;

mas, con todo, es muy mejor

que la otra temporal,

peresçedera."

XXXVI

"El vivir qu'es perdurable

non se gana con estados

mundanales,

ni con vida delectable

donde moran los pecados

infernales;

mas los buenos religiosos

gánanlo con oraciones

e con lloros;

los caballeros famosos,

con trabajos e aflicciones

contra moros."

XXXVII

"E pues vos, claro varón,

tanta sangre derramastes

de paganos,

esperad el galardón

que en este mundo ganastes

por las manos;

e con esta confiança

e con la fe tan entera

que tenéis,

partid con buena esperança,

qu'estotra vida tercera

ganaréis."

[Responde el Maestre:]

XXXVIII

"Non tengamos tiempo ya

en esta vida mesquina

por tal modo,

que mi voluntad está

conforme con la divina

para todo;

e consiento en mi morir

con voluntad plazentera,

clara e pura,

que querer hombre vivir

cuando Dios quiere que muera,

es locura."

[Del maestre a Jesús]

XXXIX

"Tú que, por nuestra maldad,

tomaste forma servil

e baxo nombre;

tú, que a tu divinidad

juntaste cosa tan vil

como es el hombre;

tú, que tan grandes tormentos

sofriste sin resistencia

en tu persona,

non por mis merescimientos,

mas por tu sola clemencia

me perdona".

FIN

XL

Assí, con tal entender,

todos sentidos humanos

conservados,

cercado de su mujer

y de sus hijos e hermanos

e criados,

dio el alma a quien gela dio

(el cual la ponga en el cielo

en su gloria),

que aunque la vida perdió,

dexónos harto consuelo

su memoria.

Jorge Manrique, 1477

The Coplas on the Death of His Father,

the Grand-Master of Santiago

The Introit

Let from its dream the soul awaken,

And reason mark with open eyes

The scene unfolding,—

How lightly life away is taken,

How cometh Death in stealthy guise,—

At last beholding;

What swiftness hath the flight of pleasure

That, once attained, seems nothing more

Than respite cold;

How fain is memory to measure

Each latter day inferior

To those of old.

Beholding how each instant flies

So swift, that, as we count, 'tis gone

Beyond recover,

Let us resolve to be more wise

Than stake our future lot upon

What soon is over.

Let none be self-deluding, none,—

Imagining some longer stay

For his own treasure

Than what today he sees undone;

For everything must pass away

In equal measure.

Our lives are fated as the rivers

That gather downward to the sea

We know as Death;

And thither every flood delivers

The pride and pomp of seigniory

That forfeiteth;

Thither, the rivers in their splendor;

Thither, the streams of modest worth,—

The rills beside them;

Till there all equal they surrender;

And so with those who toil on earth,

And those who guide them.

The Invocation

I turn me from the praise and singing

Of panegyrists, and the proud

Old poets' stories;

I would not have them hither bringing

Their artful potions that but cloud

His honest glories;

On Him Alone I lay my burden—

Him only do I now implore

In my distress,—

Who came on earth and had for guerdon

The scorn of man that did ignore

His Godliness.

This world is but a highway going

Unto that other, the abode

Without a sorrow;

The wise are they who gird them, knowing

The guideposts set along that road

Unto tomorrow.

We start with birth upon that questing;

We journey all the while we live,

Our goal attaining

The day alone that brings us resting,

When Death shall last quiétus give

To all complaining.

This were a hallowed world indeed,

Did we but give it the employ

That was intended;

For by the precepts of our Creed

We earn hereby a life of joy

When this is ended.

The Son of God Himself on earth

Came down to raise our lowly race

Unto the sky;

Here took upon Him human birth;

Here lived among us for a space;

And here did die.

Behold what miserable prize—

What futile task we set upon,

Whilst greed awakes us!

And what a traitor world of lies

Is this, whose very gifts are gone

Ere Death o'ertakes us!

Some through increasing age deprived,

Some by unhappy turn of fate

Destroyed and banished,

Some, as with blight inherent rived

At topmost of their branching state,

Have failed and vanished.

Yea, tell me shall the lovely blason,

The gentle freshness and contour

Of smiling faces,—

The blush and pallor's sweet occasion,—

Of all—shall one a truce secure

From Time's grim traces?

The flowing tress, the stature slender,

The corporal litheness, and the strength

Of gallant youth,—

All, all,—to weariness surrender

As o'er them falls the shadow's length

Of age in truth.

The Visigoths whose lineage kingly

Whose feats of war and mighty reign

Were so exalted,—

What divers ways did all and singly

Drop down to the obscure again

And were defaulted!

Some through their worthlessness (How lowly

And base among the rabble came

Their estimation!)

Whilst others as a refuge solely

In offices they only shame

Maintain their station.

Estate and luxury's providing

Can leave us pauper—who may doubt?—

Within an hour;

Let us not count on their abiding,

Since there is nothing sure about

Dame Fortune's dower.

Hers are the gifts of one unstable

Upon her globe as swift as light

Revolving ever;

Who to be constant is unable,

Who cannot stay nor rest from flight

On aughtsoever.

And though, say I, her highest favor

Should follow to the tomb and heap

With wreaths her master;

Let not our solid judgment waver

Since life is like a dream and sleep

Flies nothing faster.

The soft occasions of today

Wherein we find our joy and ease

Are but diurnal;

Whilst the dread torments that must pay

The cost of our iniquities

Shall be eternal.

The pleasures light, the fond evasions

That life on troubled earth deploys

For eyes of mortals,

What are they but the fair persuasions

Of labyrinths where Death decoys

To trap-like portals?

Where heedless of the doom ensuing

We hasten laughing to the snare

Without suspicion.

Until aghast at our undoing,

We turn to find the bolt is there,

And our perdition.

Could we but have procured the power

To make our faded youth anew

Both fresh and whole,

As now through life's probation hour

'Tis ours to give angelic hue

Unto the soul,—

What ceaseless care we then had taken,

What pains had welcomed, so to bring

A health but human,—

Our summer bloom to re-awaken,

Our stains to clear,—outrivalling

The arts of woman!

The kings whose mighty deeds are spacious

Upon the parchments of the years,

Alas!—the weeping

That overtook their boast audacious.

And swept their thrones to grime and tears

And sorrow's keeping!

Naught else proves any more enduring;

Nor are the popes, nor emperors,

Nor prelatries

A longer stay or truce securing

Than the poor herdsman of the moors

From Death's decrees.

Recount no more of Troy, or foeman

The echo of whose wars is now

But far tradition;

Recount no more how fared the Roman

(His scroll of glories we allow)

Nor his perdition;

Nor here rehearse the homely fable

Of such as yielded up their sway

These decades gone;

But let us say what lamentable

Fate the lords of yesterday

Have fallen upon.

Of fair Don Juan the king that ruled us,—

Of those hight heirs of Aragon,—

What are the tidings?

Of him, whose courtly graces schooled us,

Whom song and wisdom smiled upon,

Where the abidings?

The jousts and tourneys where vaunted

With trappings, and caparison,

And armor sheathing,—

Were they but phantasies that taunted,—

But blades of grass that vanished on

A summer's breathing?

What of the dames of birth and station,

Their head-attire, their sweeping trains,

Their vesture scented?

What of that gallant conflagration

They made of lovers' hearts whose pains

Were uncontented?

And what of him, that troubadour

Whose melting lutany and rime

Was all their pleasure?

Ah, what of her who danced demure,

And trailed her robes of olden time

So fair a measure?

Then Don Enriqué, in succession,

His brother's heir,—think, to what height

Was he annointed!

What blandishment and sweet possession

The world prepared for his delight,

As seemed appointed!

Yet see what unrelenting foeman,

What cruel adversary, Fate

To him became;

A friend befriended as was no man—

How brief for him endured the state

His birth might claim.

The golden bounties without stinting,

The strongholds and the lairs of kings

With treasure glutted;

The flagons of their wassail glinting,

The sceptres, orbs, and crowns, and rings

With which they strutted;

The steeds, the spurs, and bits to rein them,

The pillions draped unto the ground

Beneath their paces,—

Ah, whither must we fare to gain them?—

That were but as the dews around

The meadow places.

His brother then, the unoffending,

Who was intruded on his reign

To act as heir,—

What gallant court was round him bending,

How many a haughty lord was fain

To tend him there!

Yet as but mortal was his station,

Death for his goblet soon distilled

A draught for draining;

O Thou Divine Predestination!—

When most his blaze the world had filled

Thou sent'st the raining!

And then, Don Alvaro, Grand-Master

And Constable, whom we have known

When loved and dreaded,—

What need to tell of his disaster,

Since we behold him overthrown

And swift beheaded!

His treasures that defied accounting,

His manors and his feudal lands,

His boundless power,—

What more than tears were their amounting?

What more than bonds to tie his hands

At life's last hour?

That other twain, Grand-Masters solely,

Yet with the fortunes as of kings

Fraternal reigning,—

Who brought the high as well as lowly

Submissive to their challengings

And laws' ordaining.

And what of all their power and prize

That touched the very peaks of fame

That none could limit?—

A conflagration 'gainst the skies,

Till at its brightest ruthless came

Death's hand to dim it.

The dukes so many and excelling,

The marquises, and counts, the throng

Of barons splendid,

Speak, Death, where hast thou hid their dwelling?

The sway we saw them wield so strong—

How was it ended?

What fields upon were they engaging,—

What prowess showing us in war

Or its cessation,

When thou, O Death, didst come outraging

Both one and all, and swept them o'er

With desolation.

Their warriors' unnumbered hosting,

The pennon, and the battle-flag,

And bannered splendor,—

The castles with their turrets boasting,

Their walls and barricades to brag

And mock surrender,—

The cavern's ancient crypt of hiding,

Or secret passage, vault, or stair,—

What use affords it?

Since thou upon thy onslaught striding

Canst send a shaft unerring where

No buckler wards it!

O World that givest and destroyest

Would that the life which thou hast shown

Were worth the living!

But here, as good or ill deployest,

The parting is with gladness known

Or with misgiving.

Thy span is so with griefs encumbered

With sighing every breeze so steeped,

With wrongs so clouded,

A desert where no boon is numbered,

The sweetness and allurement reaped

And black and shrouded.

Thy highway is the road of weeping;

Thy long farewells are bitterness

Without a morrow;

Adorn thy ruts and ditches keeping

The traveller who doth most possess

Hath most of sorrow.

Thy chattels are but had with sighing;

With sweat of brow alone obtained

The wage they give;

In myriads thine ills come hieing,

And once existence they have gained,

They longest live.

And he, the shield and knightly pastor

Of honest folk, beloved by all

The unoffending,—

Don Roderic Manrique, Master

Of Santiago,—Fame shall call

Him brave unending!

Not here behooves to chant his praises

Or laud his valor to the skies,

Since none but knows them;

Nor would I crave a word that raises

His merit higher than the prize

The world bestows them.

O what a comrade comrades found him!

Unto his henchmen what a lord!

And what a brother!

What foeman for the foes around him!

His peer as Master of the Sword

There was no other!

What precious counsel 'mid the knowing!

What grace amid the courtly bower!

What prudence rare!

What bounty to the vanquished showing!

How 'mid the brave in danger's hour

A lion there!

In destiny a new Augustus;

A Caesar for his victories

And battle forces;

An Africanus in his justice;

A Hannibal for energies

And deep resources;

A Trajan in his gracious hour;

A Titus for his open hand

And cheer unfailing;

His arm, a Spartan king's in power;

His voice, a Tully's to command

The truth's prevailing!

In mildness Antoninus Pius;

A Marc Aurelius in the light

Of calm attending;

A Hadrian to pacify us;

A Theodosius in his right

And high intending;

Aurelius Alexander stern

In discipline and laws of war

Among his legions;

A Constantine in faith eterne;

Gamaliel in the love he bore

His native regions.

He left no weighty chests of treasure,

Nor ever unto wealth attained

Nor store excelling;

To fight the Moors was all his pleasure

And thus his fortresses he gained,

Demesne, and dwelling.

Amid the lists where he prevailed

Fell knights and steeds into his hands

Through fierce compression,

Whereby he came to be regaled

With vassals and with feudal lands

In fair possession.

Ask you how in his rank and station

When first he started his career

Himself he righted?

Left orphan and in desolation

His brothers and his henchmen dear

He held united.

And ask you how his course was guided

When once his gallant deeds were famed

And war was ended?

His high contracting so provided

That broader, as his honors claimed,

His lands extended.

And these, the proud exploits narrated

In chronicles to show his youth

And martial force,

With triumphs equal he was fated

To re-affirm in very sooth

As years did course.

Then for the prudence of his ways,

For merit and in high award

Of service knightly,

His dignity they came to raise

Till he was Master of the Sword

Elected rightly.

Finding his father's forts and manors

By false intruders occupied

And sore oppressed,

With siege and onslaught, shouts and banners,

His broad-sword in his hand to guide,

He re-possessed.

And for our rightful king how well

He bore the brunt of warfare keen

In siege and action,

Let Portugal's poor monarch tell,

Or those who in Castile have been

Among his faction.

Then having risked his life, maintaining

The cause of justice in the fight

For law appointed,

With years in harness spent sustaining

The royal crown of him by right

His lord anointed,

With feats so mighty that Hispania

Can never make account of all

In number mortal,—

Unto his township of Ocaña

Came Death at last to strike and call

Against his portal:

Speaketh Death

“Good Cavalier,”—he cried,—“divest you

Of all this hollow world of lies

And soft devices;

Let your old courage now attest you,

And show a breast of steel that vies

In this hard crisis!

“And since of life and fortune's prizes

You ever made so small account

For sake of honor,

Array your soul in virtue's guises

To undergo this paramount

Assault upon her!

“For you, are only half its terrors

And half the battles and the pains

Your heart perceiveth;

Since here a life devoid of errors

And glorious for noble pains

To-day it leaveth;

“A life for such as bravely bear it

And make its fleeting breath sublime

In right pursuing,

Untainted, as is their's who share it

And put their pleasure in the grime

Of their undoing;

“The life that is The Everlasting

Was never yet by aught attained

Save meed eternal;

And ne'er through soft indulgence casting

The shadow of its solace stained

With guilt infernal;

“But in the cloister holy brothers

Besiege it with unceasing prayer

And hard denial;

And faithful paladins are others

Who 'gainst the Moors to win it bear

With wound and trial.

“And since, O noble and undaunted,

Your hands the paynim's blood have shed

In war and tourney,—

Make ready now to take the vaunted

High guerdon you have merited

For this great journey!

“Upon this holy trust confiding,

And in the faith entire and pure

You e'er commended,

Away,—unto your new abiding,

Take up the Life that shall endure

When this is ended!”

Respondeth the Grand-Master

“Waste we not here the final hours

This puny life can now afford

My mortal being;

But let my will in all its powers

Conformable approach the Lord

And His decreeing.

“Unto my death I yield, contenting

My soul to put the body by

In peace and gladness;

The thought of man to live, preventing

God's loving will that he should die,

Is only madness.”

The Supplication

O Thou who for our weight of sin

Descended to a place on earth

And human feature;

Thou who didst join Thy Godhead in

A being of such lowly worth

As man Thy creature;

Thou who amid Thy dire tormenting

Didst unresistingly endure

Such pangs to ease us;

Not for my mean deserts relenting,

But only on a sinner poor,

Have mercy, Jesus!

The Codicil

And thus, his hopes so nobly founded,

His senses clear and unimpaired

So none could doubt him,—

With spouse and offspring fond surrounded,

His kinsmen and his servants bared

And knelt around him,—

He gave his soul to Him who gave it,

(May God in heaven ordain it place

And share of glory!)

And left our life as balm to save it,

And dry the tears upon our face!

His deathless story.

—Thomas Walsh (translator).

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