

SEVERAL POEMS

OF

Enrique Fernández Granados

TRANSLATED BY

✧ Alice Gray Cowan ✧



MEXICO

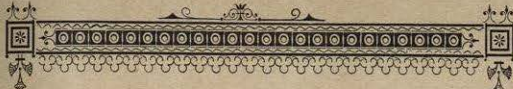
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## Enrique Fernández Granados.

IN every sense of the word he is a poet. Leigh Hunt called Edmund Spenser the "poet's poet," and in the galaxy of Mexican poets Granados is worthy of that name. Every line he writes is above the sordidness of "this dull spot which men call earth." His verses are light, airy, musical, like the notes of his favorite lark; and like that sweet songster he soars into the "blue empyrean" to sing his joyous songs.

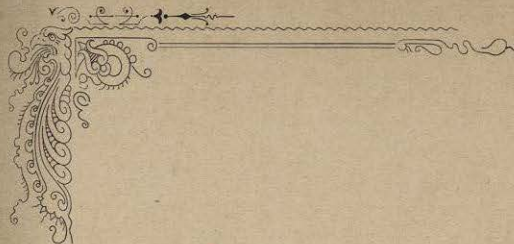
We hear a ripple of joy, followed by a touch of sadness to offset the natural gayety of his spirit and to accentuate the sweetness of his verse. "There's not a harp attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy." His Muse is distinctly Greek in character. We can see her pensive face, slender figure and flowing robes while her buskined feet move lightly along the fabled shores of the blue Ægean.

She is followed by troops of little loves; and nymphs and fauns dance merrily after her. It does not require a very great stretch of the imagination to hear the flute of Pan among the reeds, or to see the white columns of the Parthenon gleaming in the mellow sunshine.

Like the old Greeks Granados worships beauty. There is nothing sordid or profane in his verses, nothing doubtful or coarse. Their tone is healthful. He does not give way to morbid melancholy or indulge in long odes or addresses which are "sae wearifu" to the average reader. He spends very little time "meditating among the tombs," yet in his heart "memento mori" is clearly written. Life, buoyant, vigorous, responsive is his theme. His poems are "gleams and glints" of the beautiful

Like the sweet singers of other days Granados has his "loves." His most exquisite verses are addressed to "Laura." Evidently she is his inspiration. Other beautiful verses are addressed to Lelia, Lidia, Lesbia: and to Julia. He has published several small volumes of poems among which are "Margaritas," "Mirtos," "Antología," "Exóticas," and "Levia Carmina," but as the editions were limited it is difficult to obtain copies.

A. G. Cowan.



## Laura

Those who have never seen her,  
And to her are not related,  
Do not know the dainty maiden  
Who to love has been created

Eyes she has of purest azure,  
And her glances arch are sweet,  
Rays are they of light celestial,  
Though they wound and kiss and cheat.

Gold are her abundant tresses  
And of pearl those cheeks so fair  
Scarlet are those smiling lips,  
As Anahuac's myrtles are.

What delight to see her smile!  
And to hear her speech is sweet  
But to acknowledge all her charms  
Is a happiness complete.

When Laura goes to gather flowers  
So humble is the grass  
It bows beneath her dainty feet  
Wherever she may pass

The butterflies will follow her,  
The little birds all sing;  
The zephyrs kiss her happy face  
And perfumes to her cling

And "Laura," all the waters shout,  
"Laura" the vale replies,  
She is the sunshine of the place  
The light of all our eyes.

So Love has put it in my heart  
Her graces to extol;  
For her I hope for glory, fame,  
She is my muse, my soul.



## Invocation

Meanwhile the blue Ægean's limpid waves  
Seek the enchanting goddess to enclose;  
The nightingale within his bower of rose  
Of her rare charms in maddening music raves.

O, Inspiration fair, who ne'er deceives,  
The Loves will follow him who is her spouse,  
Blest Araby's sweet odors she bestows—  
Oh, that my brow her bridal kiss receives—

Incomparable and pure! Come goddess soul:  
Sweet muse, descend, and bid my accents free  
Assume a sonorous Hellenic strain.

Touch with thy torch my lips, my thoughts control  
And lighten me who am Obscurity—  
With the deep lights thine azure eyes contain.





## The Wine of Lesbos

If thou wouldst know the sweetest tones  
Of my poetic lyre,  
The fragrant wine of Lesbos bring  
That I may feel its fire.

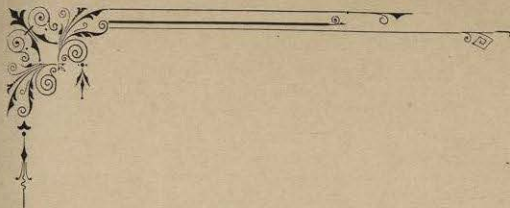
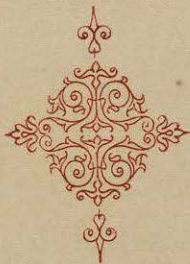
And if you wish that I should sing  
Of Love eternal, free,  
Come, sweetest Lelia, to my side  
And pour the wine for me.

But not in carved Corinthian cups  
Upon a royal board —  
Dost know the precious Lesbian wine  
Was over roses poured?

Then Love will kindly drink to us  
And we who quaff the wine,  
Will feel our poet-souls expand  
In ecstasy divine.

Oh it is sweet as at the feast  
On fair Olympus' height,  
When Ganymede served the gods  
In heaven's golden light.—

Then, Lelia, come, enchanting maid,  
I'll sing thy many charms—  
With wine and roses what care we  
For all the world's alarms.



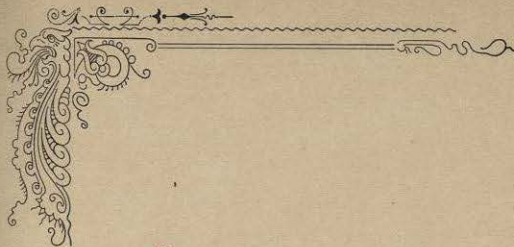
## In the Spring time

The bitter rage of winter now is past,  
And veiled in clouds of snowy shimmering mist.  
To this low grassy hill the sun has kissed.  
Down you blue mountain, lo, the spring makes haste.

The merry brook its limpid waves has cast  
Upon the lilies, all the birds sing, list!  
The vagrant chirping swallow will insist,  
On circling round the landscape to his nest.

In that fair garden bloom the orange flowers  
Their perfume Zephyr scatters far and near,  
Slowly and stately comes the violet Dawn.

Then mighty Phoebus smiles on all the bowers.  
Trembling with love the brilliant morning star  
Sinks, while the gray wood-dove repeats his moan.



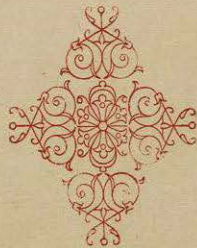
## Nocturne

Into the gold and purple clouds of Even,  
 The great sun speeds. See the horizon glow,  
 And fade Lo, like a fair white flower  
 The evening star is gleaming just below.

Majestically the snowy mists arise  
 From the warm hollows of Earth's ample breast;  
 To home and mate the swallow fieth fast,  
 And mocking birds trill on the oak's high crest,

The various nightly murmurs sweetly blend:  
 Astir are all the stately poplar's leaves;  
 Harmonious the zephyrs wake from sleep  
 To curl the edges of the limpid waves.

In the moist air see flitting to and fro  
 The fireflies with their strange unearthly gleam,  
 O suffering souls! wherefore is your unrest  
 Silently wandering in a woe supreme.



CARILLA ALBERTA  
 1887

The crystal waters smile beneath the sky,  
The flowers all their subtle perfumes throw  
And like an Orient queen the moon appears  
Above the snow on the volcano's brow.

It is the witching tempting hour of love,  
Before my longing eyes O maiden fair,  
The moon invests thee with her radiance  
Touching with burnished gold thy flowing hair.

O muse of love descend, and thus inspire  
The ardent verse that she doth long to hear.  
Love-songs are bursting from my faithful lyre  
Fly, Zephyrs, bear them to her eager ear.



## Go a Fountain

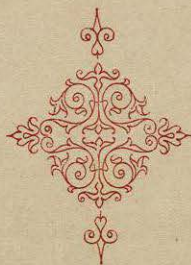
O crystal fountain, 'mid the sleeping flowers,  
Which lend their fragrance to the drowsy air,  
Deep in the forest flow thy waters clear  
Whose murmurs quiet me in troubled hours.—

The laughing loves through the dim moonlit bowers.  
In crowds among the merry nymphs appear.  
While from the thicket of green myrtles near  
The nightingale a flood of music pours—

Never doth winter with his icy veil  
Cover thy bosom; neither may the sun  
Of summer fiercely wound thy waves,

Aurora with her dew is prodigal,  
Whilst rosebuds nod beneath the young May moon  
I dream of thee amid the sighing leaves.





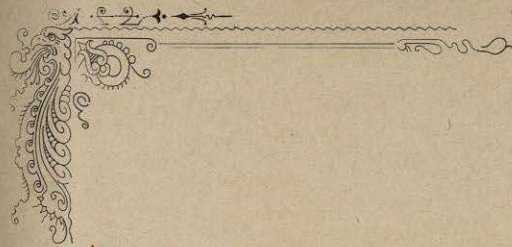
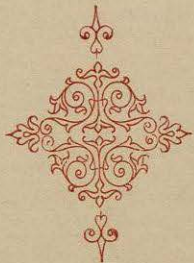
## In the Starry Night

Behold the clear heavens!  
Raise thy sweet laughing eyes  
And tell me dear heart,  
Which star I most prize.

Not that star with blue rays,  
Nor the one with red,  
Nor the far-off star  
With the golden braid.

'Tis a pure white star  
Its source obscure:  
From a lotus 'twas born  
On old Nile's shore

It has left the East,  
It is coming near,  
It is shining now  
In thine eyes so clear.



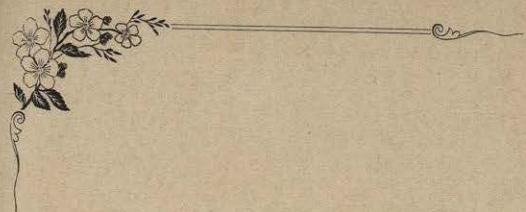
## In the Cemetery

See the volcano clothed in purple fire —  
While from the realm of Pluto seems to rise  
The king of all the stars, in royal guise  
Lily of light, behold the evenig star.

Clad in soft shadows with mysterious air  
The night steals o'er the fields with downcast eyes  
And smiling lips revealing no surprise  
Because the moon reings in the blue afar

Their dainty forms the modest wild flowers bend  
Between the marble dwellings fair and white  
Where sleep the dead safe from tormenting fears

The willow shall her drooping bougs extend  
While Philomel the minstrel of the night  
On a white cross bewails his love with tears.



## Grene

Her cheek has not the color of the rose;  
It wears that pallor, delicate, divine,  
Which antique marbles have. Dark curls  
In sweet disorder round her shoulders twine;  
Her eyebrows arched, the lashes long and curved  
Scarcely conceal the splendor, liquid, bright,  
Of her great eyes, so deep they are and clear,  
Whose color is of sapphire exquisite.

One day I saw that artful traitor Love  
On her pale cheek a tender kiss bestow;  
Ah me! the rosy wave that quickly spread  
Over the whiteness of her throat and brow.  
So did the ardent sun-god's first fond kiss  
Turn to life's hue the Cyprian's marble snow.





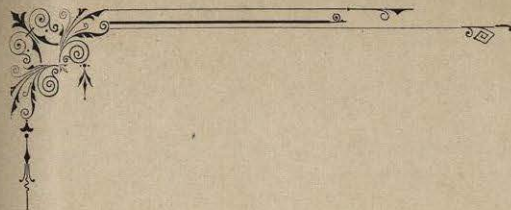
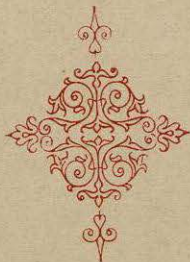
## On the Death of a Poet

Ah, Swallow, see'st thou not the rays of gold,  
Which the sun throws upon the snowy tomb  
Of Heberto? How quiet is that home!  
At thy love-call, lo, the flowers unfold.

Thou soarest where fierce lightnings are unrolled  
And sinkest in the fog-cloud's deepest gloom  
Thou wert his Muse and later didst become  
His trusted envoy. Secrets manifold

As messenger thou carried'st to his loves  
Thou knowest surely in what far-off sphere  
His genial soul at present gaily moves.

No need for him to shed regretful tears,  
For Spring hath borne him to her happy groves.  
He fears no more our earthly ills and cares.



## A Memory

Can I forget that summer night  
When the stars shone softly down  
And mellow rays of amber light  
Fell from the broad full moon.

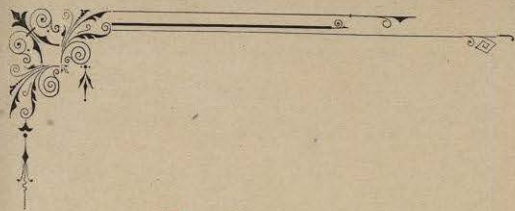
No cloud was in the boundless space  
The dusky wood was stilled,  
And roses sweet and wild woodbine  
The air with fragrance filled.

I waited, — ah, how anxiously;  
Her lattice was ajar;  
A whole life-time it seemed to me  
Before she would appear.

My trembling lips said much to her  
How tender her replies;  
And Love stretched out his tiny wings  
Our twin souls to disguise.

And then I slyly took her hand  
Dear little hand so white,  
"Ah, fly!" she whispered, "some one comes  
God keep thee safe, Good-night!"

But O, how glorious was the night,  
The lady moon how clear;  
The cloudless span of heaven o'erhead  
My soul without a fear.



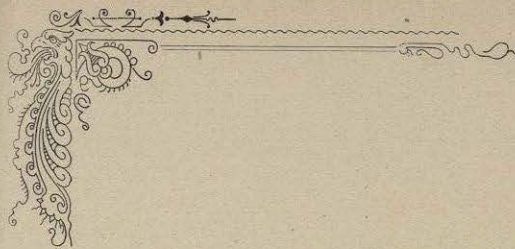
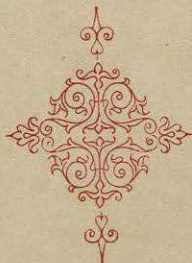
## At Dawn

See the pale Dawn in the far East appear!  
Wild on the wind her hair disordered streams;  
Between light clouds of gold and opal gleams  
Venus, herself, a beacon strong and clear.

Listen! The river's joyous murmur hear  
Its shores are still The azure surface seems  
Another sky. The air with fragrance teems.  
Sparkling with dew behold the violets rare.

Lo, now the happy birds their nests forsake,  
And midst the roses and the myrtles bright,  
Their little loves and torments gaily sing:

The vagrant zephyrs soft advances make,  
Turning the poplar leaves with kiss so light  
They seem like butterflies upon the wing.



## Breezes and Leaves

IN MEMORY OF A POETESS.

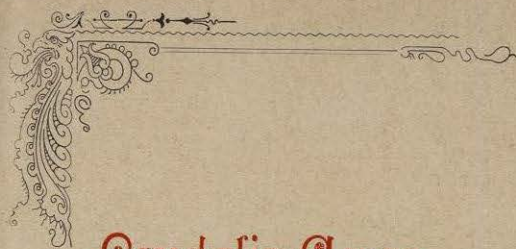
Wake from thy happy dreams sweet lark, the day  
Comes heralded by Dawn's first rosy light,  
And zephyrs kiss the leaves in artless play;  
O breath of Spring! O world so fair and bright!

Awake and sing, O lark. The cold mist's spray  
Shake from thy glossy wings in upward flight  
Fill the calm air with thy wild melody,  
Nor think upon the meadow's misty night.

— Silence, O April breezes nor display  
Your grief that she your music hears no more.  
A skillful archer has made her his prey.

The splendor of Earth's sun for her is o'er;  
From her loved home she has been torn away  
To wander pallid on the Stygian shore.





## Cruelis Amor

“I will be conqueror,” Death the mighty said,  
And aimed an arrow at a lover’s heart—  
He fell to earth pierced by the cruel dart;  
To joyous Life, “Help me!” he dying cried.

Lo, she whom he adored by Love was led  
To him. Pale, mute, at first she stood apart  
Then kissed him, weeping, and by every art  
Sought to restore him Love wakes not the dead—

Ah, that dread silence. Shuddering with cold  
She holds upon her heart the breathless clay;  
His soul the Parcae in their arms enfold —

Alas, she, frantic, brooking no delay  
Stabbed her white breast, and lo, her spirit bold  
With his fled far beyond Death’s cruel sway.







# Ideal

Then suddenly appeared a maiden fair  
 Encircled by the amber rays of dawn,  
 Her bright hair waved, and on her forehead shone  
 Like full-blown rose the brilliant morning star.

I asked "Who art thou? I could not forbear  
 Seeing the image of a love by-gone  
 That poisoned my young life, Ah faithless one!  
 Daphne who fled and left me to despair —

She spoke to me in such a winning voice  
 My heart long cynical was deeply stirred;  
 Like angel's hymn it sounded through the skies.

Smiling she said, "I am your earliest choice,  
 Dream of your dreams, the tender whispered word,  
 Your kiss so sweet, the lovelight in your eyes."



CARILLA ALFONSO



## A Vision of Sorrow

I see her often in my feverish dreams.  
A single glance to me she will not deign  
But passes into shadows deep and still  
Leaving a memory of love—and pain.

Lo, often in her spotless trailing robes  
I see her near, and then afar she flies,  
But unmistakably a grief I read  
In the clear azure depths of those sweet eyes.

And then, I feel within my soul's great deep  
A strong desire aloud to her to cry  
"O sorrowing one forsake this tiresome world  
Where mire soils your white robes continually."

Yet though I see her and thus mourn with her  
She is the same dear one who long ago  
Came down to me with rose and myrtle crowned  
Smiling and happy. What has changed her so?

An awful mystery, some occult power  
Maliciously pursues her, hurls her down  
From fairest heaven to the abyss beneath:  
Whom hast thou so offended, angel one?



S

## Ô Laura

I take the book that holds my ardent verse,  
As in a casket there my whole heart lies;  
Pale little flowrets of the field they were  
That opened to the light of her dear eyes.

But oh, with what emotion tender, deep,  
And some amazement now I scan each line;  
They fill my soul with infinite regret;  
Sharp stings there are - and memories divine.

And then I cease to read my open heart  
Musing upon the past, I bow my head,  
And lo, her image so bewitching, dear,  
Is resting on the page that I have read

I hear the voice that I cannot forget;  
"What thou dost ask, I cannot give thee; Love.  
Ah poor deluded soul, sing thy sweet songs!  
Sing of those eyes blue as the heaven above."