

ELS TRES CANTS DE LA GUERRA

ELS ADÉUS

Que senyals d'adéu han fet
mans esteses cap al mar,
vers els barcos que fugien
amb les cobertes massa carregades,
5 cap allà on les onades lluïen
retorcent-se i bramant assoleiades!

Quants adéus des d'aquell adéu primer,
quan Caí, havent fet la mort,
menjà al vespre un bocí a l'endiablada,
10 el bastó al puny, cenyida la cintura,
voltat de plors de nins, i la muller,
que li deia amb lament:
«No vagis cap a Ponent!»

Mes ell, la cara adusta i ja fatal
15 girada envers la posta,
marxà, no fent cabal
de les mans que es movien enlaire
en va, sense resposta.

THREE SONGS OF WAR

THE GOOD-BYES

Now those were good-byes, waving
hands reaching for the sea,
out to the ships pushing off,
with decks that were overfilled,
5 bound for glimmering sea-swells
twisting and wailing bright in the sun!

So many good-byes since that first good-bye,
when Cain, having given death,
ate little that evening, devilishly pressed,
10 gripping his staff and belt drawn tight,
circled by children's cries, and wife,
pleading:
“Don't go the road the sun takes!”

But he, grim-faced and resigned to his fate,
15 and turning to the sunken sun,
set out, striding past
the hands that moved in the air
to no avail, and that got no answer.

ODA A ESPANYA

Escolta, Espanya, — la veu d'un fill
 que et parla en llengua — no castellana:
 parlo en la llengua — que m'ha donat
 la terra aspra;
 5 en 'questa llengua — pocs t'han parlat;
 en l'altra, massa.

T'han parlat massa — dels seguntins
 i dels qui per la pàtria moren;
 les teves glòries — i els teus records,
 10 records i glòries — només de morts:
 has viscut trista.

Jo vull parlar-te — molt altrament.
 Per què vessar la sang inútil?
 Dins de les venes — vida és la sang,
 15 vida pels d'ara — i pels que vindran;
 vessada, és morta.

Massa pensaves — en ton honor
 i massa poc en el teu viure:
 tràgica duies — a mort els fills,
 20 te satisfeies — d'honres mortals
 i eren tes festes — els funerals,
 oh trista Espanya!

Jo he vist els barcos — marxar replens
 dels fills que duies — a que morissin:

ODE TO SPAIN

Hear me out, Spain, a son's voice
speaking a language that isn't Spanish:
I speak the language given me
by the rugged land;
5 few in such words have addressed you—
too many in others.

On and on they've gone about Saguntians
and those that died for *la patria*,
and your glories and your memories,
10 memories and glories: only of death—
you live in sadness.

I want to talk to you differently.
Why shed blood so needlessly?
In the veins blood is life,
15 life for those now, and those to come;
spilled, it dies.

So much thought about your honor,
so little about your living:
tragic, you shipped your sons away to die,
20 you fed yourself on honors post-mortem,
and funerals were your festivals,
sad Spain.

I've seen your ships shoving off, filled
with sons you ferried to their deaths:

25 somrients marxaven — cap a l'atzar;
i tu cantaves — vora del mar
com una folla.

On són els barcos? — On són els fills?
Pregunta-ho al Ponent i a l'ona brava:
30 tot ho perderes, — no tens ningú.
Espanya, Espanya, — retorna en tu,
arrenca el plor de mare!

Salva't, oh!, salva't — de tant de mal;
que el plor et torni feconda, alegre i viva;
35 pensa en la vida que tens entorn:
aixeca el front,
somriu als set colors que hi ha en els núvols.

On ets, Espanya? — No et veig enlloc.
No sents la meva veu atronadora?
40 No entens aquesta llengua — que et parla entre perills?
Has després d'entendre an els teus fills?
Adéu, Espanya!

25 off they went, smiling, come what might,
while there along the shore you sang
like a madwoman.

Where are those ships? those sons?
Go ask the dropping sun and rolling waves—
30 you lost everything, have no one.
Pull yourself together, Spain:
let out the mother's cry!

Get out from under all this pain.
Your tears will turn you fertile, happy, alive;
35 think of the life that thrives all around you:
lift up your face,
and smile at the sevenfold colors arching the clouds.

Where are you, Spain? I can't see you anywhere.
Don't you hear my voice coming through?
40 Don't you grasp the speech I speak at risk?
Have you unlearned your children's words?
Adéu, Espanya!

CANT DEL RETORN

Tornem de batalles, — venim de la guerra,
 i no portem armes, pendons ni clarins;
 vençuts en la mar, — vençuts en la terra,
 som una desferra.

5 Duem per estela taurons i dofins.

Germans que en la platja plorant espereu,
 ploreu, ploreu!

Pel mar se us avança — la host malicenta
 que branda amb el brand de la nau que la duu.

10 Adéu, oh tu, Amèrica, terra furienta!

Som dèbils per tu.

Germans que en la platja plorant espereu,
 ploreu, ploreu!

Venim tots de cara — al vent de la costa,
 15 encara que ens mati per fred i per fort,
 encara que restin en sense resposta
 més d'un crit de mare quan entrem al port.

Germans que en la platja plorant espereu,
 ploreu, ploreu!

20 De tants com ne manquen duem la memòria
 de lo que sofrien — de lo que hem sofert,
 de la trista lluita sense fe ni glòria
 d'un poble que es perd.

Germans que en la platja plorant espereu,
 25 ploreu, ploreu!

SONG OF RETURN

- We come home from battle, return from the war,
we carry no arms, no banners or bugles;
defeated at sea, defeated on land,
we come back in shambles,
- 5 with nothing but sharks and dolphins in tow.
Brothers and sisters, waiting in grief along the shore,
let go your tears.
- Now steaming homeward, we haggard hosts
but brandish the glint of the ship that brings us.
- 10 Good-bye, Americas, wrathful lands!
To you we are weak.
Brothers and sisters, waiting in grief along the shore,
let go your tears.
- We now set our faces to the coastal wind,
15 though it blast and freeze us to death,
and though coming to dock, more than one
mother's calling should raise no reply.
Brothers and sisters, waiting in grief along the shore,
let go your tears.
- 20 Of those who are absent we bring the memory
of all that they suffered, and all that we've suffered,
and the sorry struggle, faithless and unglorious,
of a lost and losing people.
Brothers and sisters, waiting in grief along the shore,
25 let go your tears.

Digueu-nos si encara la pàtria és prou forta
per oir les gestes — que li hem de contar;
digueu-nos, digueu-nos si és viva o si és morta
la llengua amb què l'haurem de fer plorar

- 30 Si encara és ben viu el record d'altres gestes,
si encara les serres que ens han d'enfortir
s'aixequen serenes damunt les tempestes
i bramen llurs boscos al vent ponentí,
germans que en la platja plorant espereu,
35 no ploreu: rieu, canteu!

Say whether our country might still have the strength
to hear of the deeds that we have to tell;
say whether the words we'll be using to bring
tears to her eyes are living, or have died.

- 30 And if the memory of other deeds lives on,
if the marching peaks that make us all strong
still rise and show serene above the storm
and their forests still wail in the west wind,
then brothers and sisters, waiting in grief along the shore,
35 dry your tears: let go a laugh and break out in song!