



# AURIC

## - SONGS FROM A GOLDEN AGE -

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Based on texts by Calderón de la Barca, Miguel de Cervantes and Lope de Vega



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The book AURIC (Songs From A Golden Age) presents a selection of texts from Spanish Golden Age authors which I have translated and adapted to English. These texts were originally created for the Gig-Theatre show AURIC (Songs From A Golden Age), an experience that merges spoken-word and experimental music composed by Arthur Astier.

Authors such as Miguel de Cervantes, Calderón de la Barca and Lope de Vega wrote the masterpieces of their time reflecting on universal matters as a profound dissection on the human condition.

As all good classics, these texts still resonate strongly. My main objective is to tell the urgent subject matters of the Spanish Golden Age in an accessible way to today's international audience. I have given special attention in recreating the Spanish meter, as well as incorporating the vast imagery of these pieces, in order to bring them to life in all of their dimensions and immense beauty.

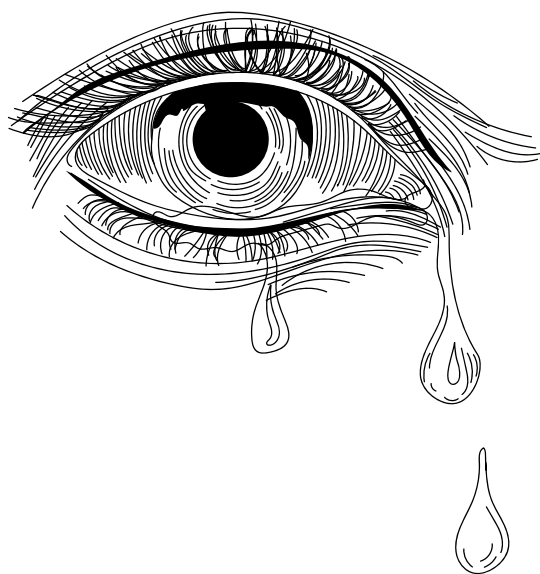
Thanks to all those who have supported us in the creation of this book. Special thanks to Ben Naylor who mentored the translation and adaptation of all the Songs.

Paula Rodríguez

Desmayarse, atreverse, estar furioso,  
áspero, tierno, liberal, esquivo,  
alentado, mortal, difunto, vivo,  
leal, traidor, cobarde y animoso;  
no hallar fuera del bien centro y reposo,  
mostrarse alegre, triste, humilde, altivo,  
enojado, valiente, fugitivo,  
satisfecho, ofendido, receloso;  
huir el rostro al claro desengaño,  
beber veneno por licor süave,  
olvidar el provecho, amar el daño;  
creer que un cielo en un infierno cabe,  
dar la vida y el alma a un desengaño;  
esto es amor, quien lo probó lo sabe.

*Lope de Vega*





To faint and to dare and to be outrageous,  
elusive, liberal, deadly, and exultant,  
encouraged and detached, tender and distant,  
loyal, traitorous, afraid and courageous:  
to lack rest and focus, to feel ravenous,  
to be sad, cheerful, humble, and arrogant,  
angry and peaceful, fugitive, and constant,  
satisfied, offended, suspicious, jealous.  
To, smiling, face the clear disappointment,  
to drink poison as the sweetest infusion,  
to neglect the prize and take the punishment.  
To think that hell can fit the whole firmament;  
to give your life and soul to an illusion,  
To starve the reason and feed the argument.  
To speak to eat to breathe in strange conditions,  
to understand the world through a blurred glass,  
to hide from daylight under your dark past,  
to accept the challenge without restrictions.  
To sweat to dream and to wake from delusions,  
to tell the same old tale and play the parts,  
to go to bed and pray for greener grass,  
to passionately search for some solutions.  
To train your stomach to hunger and sorrow,  
to bite your nails, your lips, to grow your hair,  
to listen to songs waiting for tomorrow,  
to wish to find a simple sign to follow,  
to try, to seek, to look, to think, and care,  
to be a patient with a life to borrow.  
To feel the spell coming from the river's mist,  
to sing and dance and shout, to stop the time,  
to banish and go wander for a while.  
To be a magician and an alchemist,  
to delete your name from every single list.





To grow in self-esteem and touch the sublime  
and fall from grace in the blink of an eye,  
to fantasise about being touched and kissed,  
to release your body in the cold white sheets.  
To smoke to drink t'interrogate the night,  
to find new words to name nature's sweet gifts.  
To be happy, mental, to be at peace,  
eternal, brief, godless, to see the light,  
to call the fire brigade and the police.  
To cancel your appointments and your diet,  
to be curious, nervous, present, and gone,  
to rise before the sun reaches the dawn,  
to work out how to rock the rocket science,  
to hate and to enjoy the clinking silence.  
To look at the predictions for Capricorn,  
to feel like Martin Luther King and Eva Peron  
and find your self, for no reason, crying.  
To let your senses and desires grow,  
to be holy, jolly, like a true angel,  
to fall, to fly, to float, with the tide's flow.  
To whisper to the birds while the sun glows,  
to fear all or nothing, to court danger,  
this is Love! Those who tried it, they shall know.



*LOVE based on a sonnet by Lope de Vega*





Ya que quieres, crüel, que se publique  
de lengua en lengua y de una en otra gente  
del áspero rigor tuyo la fuerza,  
haré que el mesmo infierno comunique  
al triste pecho mío un son doliente,  
con que el uso común de mi voz tuerza.  
Y al par de mi deseo, que se esfuerza  
a decir mi dolor y tus hazañas,  
de la espantable voz irá el acento,  
y en él mezcladas, por mayor tormento,  
pedazos de las miseras entrañas.  
Escucha, pues, y presta atento oído,  
no al concertado son, sino al ruido  
que de lo hondo de mi amargo pecho,  
llevado de un forzoso desvarío,  
por gusto mío sale y tu despecho.  
El rugir del león, del lobo fiero  
el temeroso aullido, el silbo horrendo  
de escamosa serpiente, el espantable  
baladro de algún monstruo, el agorero  
graznar de la corneja, y el estruendo  
del viento contrastado en mar instable;  
del ya vencido toro el implacable  
bramido, y de la viuda tortolilla  
el sentible arrullar; el triste canto  
del envidiado búho, con el llanto  
de toda la infernal negra cuadrilla,  
salgan con la doliente ánima fuera,  
mezclados en un son, de tal manera,  
que se confundan los sentidos todos,  
pues la pena cruel que en mí se halla  
para cantalla pide nuevos modos.  
De tanta confusión no las arenas  
del padre Tajo oirán los tristes ecos,  
ni del famoso Betis las olivas,  
que allí se esparcirán mis duras penas  
en altos riscos y en profundos huecos,  
con muerta lengua y con palabras vivas,  
o ya en oscuros valles o en esquivas  
playas, desnudas de contrato humano,  
o adonde el sol jamás mostró su lumbre,  
o entre la venenosa muchedumbre  
de fieras que alimenta el libio llano.



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Que puesto que en los páramos desiertos  
los ecos roncacos de mi mal inciertos  
suenen con tu rigor tan sin segundo,  
por privilegio de mis cortos hados,  
serán llevados por el ancho mundo.  
Mata un desdén, atierra la paciencia,  
o verdadera o falsa, una sospecha;  
matan los celos con rigor más fuerte;  
desconcierta la vida larga ausencia;  
contra un temor de olvido no aprovecha  
firme esperanza de dichosa suerte...  
En todo hay cierta, inevitable muerte;  
mas yo, ¡milagro nunca visto!, vivo  
celoso, ausente, desdeñado y cierto  
de las sospechas que me tienen muerto,  
y en el olvido en quien mi fuego avivo,  
y, entre tantos tormentos, nunca alcanza  
mi vista a ver en sombra a la esperanza,  
ni yo, desesperado, la procuro,  
antes, por estremarme en mi querella,  
estar sin ella eternamente juro.  
¿Puédese, por ventura, en un instante  
esperar y temer, o es bien hacello  
siendo las causas del temor más ciertas?  
¿Tengo, si el duro cielo está delante,  
de cerrar estos ojos, si he de vello  
por mil heridas en el alma abiertas?  
¿Quién no abrirá de par en par las puertas  
a la desconfianza, cuando mira  
descubierto el desdén, y las sospechas,  
¡oh amarga conversión!, verdades hechas,  
y la limpia verdad vuelta en mentira?  
Canción desesperada, no te quejes  
cuando mi triste compañía dejes;  
antes, pues que la causa do naciste  
con mi desdicha aumenta su ventura,  
aun en la sepultura no estés triste.



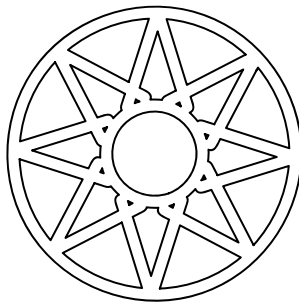
*Don Quijote de la Mancha, Cervantes*



On far high cliffs and under dark hard stone,  
with deadly tongue and with some living words,  
in earth's deep places and beyond the clouds.  
Where human contact is profoundly unknown.  
Where the sunlight never touches the birds,  
or in the middle of poisonous crowds.  
Where the beasts feed from the innocent mouse,  
where deserts have no end and have no source.  
There, the hoarse echoes of this evil song  
should sound with such a rigor such a tone,  
that bending every second, every force,  
should blow and take the ear of the world.  
Listen to this broken, unpleasant song  
and let your voice tremble and raise your cup,  
for though we are breathing now we know we'll die,  
for though we are falling now we will rise up.  
Fear is everywhere waiting for us.  
We live in a suspicion that is false.  
Honesty is a fantasy; truth is dead.  
And this sad, fierce and absurd world has  
been absent and slept while growing small  
with hesitations that have turned it deaf.  
And in the oblivion of its silent clef  
and among so many other wild torments  
this world keeps seeking for hope through the shadows,  
desperately seeks; with a mind so narrow  
that seems as if there are not unravelments  
and finds no answer nor no bow no arrow.  
The lies are rising flames, the point is shallow  
and I can feel the frailty of my soul  
and I can see uncertainty being certain  
and I can touch the limits of this hole.  
How to redeem my anger how to know  
whether this words I am speaking now are wrong,  
I heard it in my sleep there was a voice.

But my fever was high and my calm low.  
There are not enough verses in this song  
and there is too much light and too much noise  
and now I know that I don't have a choice  
but to discover all fears and doubts,  
all suspicions, all nightmares and all myths  
turning into victorious, glorious hymns  
followed by the masses and the White House.  
Listen to your podcasts and your kings,  
they have the right to get into our skins  
and feel the slow conversion of our worries  
with dexterous precision becoming true  
and let this ballad whisper of our furies.

*DESPERATE SONG based on Grisostomo's  
Desperate Song. Don Quixote by Cervantes*



Y, en esto, por un lado descubrióse  
del sitio un escuadrón de ninfas bellas,  
con que infinito el rubio dios holgóse.  
Venía en fin y por remate dellas  
una resplandeciendo, como hace  
el sol ante la luz de las estrellas;  
la mayor hermosura se deshace  
ante ella, y ella sola resplandece  
sobre todas, y alegra y satisface.  
Bien así semejaba cual se ofrece  
entre líquidas perlas y entre rosas  
la Aurora que despunta y amanece;  
la rica vestidura, las preciosas joyas  
que la adornaban, competían  
con las que suelen ser maravillosas.  
Las ninfas que al querer suyo asistían,  
en el gallardo brío y bello aspecto,  
las artes liberales parecían;  
todas con amoroso y tierno afecto,  
con las ciencias más claras y escondidas,  
le guardaban santísimo respecto;  
mostraban que en servirla eran servidas,  
y que por su ocasión de todas gentes  
en más veneración eran tenidas.  
Su influjo y su reflujo las corrientes  
del mar y su profundo le mostraban,  
y el ser padre de ríos y de fuentes.  
Las yerbas su virtud la presentaban;  
los árboles, sus frutos y sus flores;  
las piedras, el valor que en sí encerraban.





El santo amor, castísimos amores;  
la dulce paz, su quïetud sabrosa;  
la guerra amarga, todos sus rigores.  
Mostrábasele clara la espaciosa  
vía por donde el sol hace contino  
su natural carrera y la forzosa.  
La inclinación o fuerza del destino,  
y de qué estrellas consta y se compone,  
y cómo influye este planeta o signo,  
todo lo sabe, todo lo dispone  
la santa y hermosísima doncella,  
que admiración como alegría pone.  
Ella abre los secretos y los cierra,  
toca y apunta de cualquiera ciencia  
la superficie y lo mejor que encierra.  
Mira con más ahínco su presencia:  
verás cifrada en ella la abundancia  
de lo que en bueno tiene la excelencia;  
moran con ella en una misma estancia  
la divina y moral filosofía,  
el estilo más puro y la elegancia;  
puede pintar en la mitad del día  
la noche, y en la noche más oscura  
el alba bella que las perlas cría;  
el curso de los ríos apresura,  
y le detiene; el pecho a furia incita,  
y le reduce luego a más blandura;  
por mitad del rigor se precipita  
de las lucientes armas contrapuestas,  
y da vitorias y vitorias quita.

*Viaje al Parnaso, Cervantes*

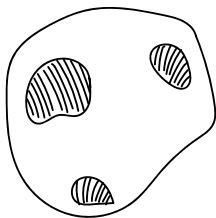


She shines without limits and with no control,  
before her, the great power is undone.  
She satisfies the eyes and stills your soul.  
The clothes, the precious jewels that adorn  
her ears, her neck, her hair, and endless limbs,  
compete with the golden spark of the Sun.  
She influences the tides and the winds,  
diving into the deepest of the seas  
to give birth to the rivers and the springs.  
She knows the remedy hidden in weeds,  
in all flowers, trees, fruits, and in all stones,  
they offer her their virtue and their seeds.  
The holy love, offers her its chastity;  
the bitter war, its rigorous victories,  
the sweet peace, its tasty quiet mystery.  
The sun reveals to her the untold stories,  
invites her into his own burning chamber  
to celebrate their pure celestial glories.  
He tells her about all that he remembers;  
his inclinations and his true destiny,  
his past, his dreams, his fears, and his hard labour.  
She knows it all in its great complexity  
and she has everything and she needs none.  
She is full and empty, she knows not enemy,  
for no one can hurt her, she knows not harm.  
She shares the room of the soul and of the mind  
with the divine and moral philosophy.  
She paints the day in the middle of night,  
where the darkness seems the brightest honesty  
and transforms daylight into silent dusk.  
The flow of the floods she takes to ecstasy,  
she rules among the streams- and waterfalls,  
she reduces wild fury to gentleness  
and reconciles opponents, without laws.

She gives and takes the weapon and caress,  
she opens all the secrets, but to close them,  
in her there are no limits no defence.  
Look at her closely, see the purest gem  
and witness the abundance of excellence.  
Nothing to hide, to fight or to condemn,  
in her there are no fears to be cleansed.

*NYMPH based on a text from Journey to  
Parnassus by Cervantes*

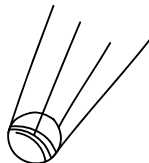


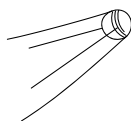


Esos rasgos de luz, esas centellas  
que cobran con amagos superiores  
alimentos del sol en resplandores,  
aquello viven, si se duelen dellas.  
Flores nocturnas son; aunque tan bellas,  
efimeras padecen sus ardores;  
pues si un día es el siglo de las flores,  
una noche es la edad de las estrellas.  
De esa, pues, primavera fugitiva,  
ya nuestro mal, ya nuestro bien se infiere;  
registro es nuestro, o muera el sol o viva.  
¿Qué duración habrá que el hombre espere,  
o qué mudanza habrá que no reciba  
de astro que cada noche nace y muere?



*El Príncipe Constante, Calderón*





Those dots of light, those burning planets  
that with superior manner transform the Sun's  
nourishment into the miracle of man,  
hiding our mysteries and our mechanics.  
Those flowers of the night the orbs inhabit,  
ephemeral, expiring as they burn;  
for if the flower's live of days but one,  
the stars take but one only night to vanish.  
What shock and domination do we not suffer  
from the good and evil in those spheres?  
What prayers and hopes do we not offer?  
In those fugitive remote glowing tears  
our destinies are written kind or rougher,  
for man is made of stardust and of fears.  
Those enlightened watchers of our dreams  
are hanging from our perspective, inverse.  
Looking down onto us as if we were cursed,  
knowing better than we do of our extremes.  
We should attend the stars, for still it seems  
that in our brains we own the universe,  
we make ourselves and keep our promises  
but only they withhold what our life means.  
Around that distant cosmos we are floating,  
inside us there is a question and a find  
but we are part of it and we are hoping  
to understand the message as it shines,  
to perceive ourselves in time and space glowing,  
to expand the constellation of our minds.



*TO THE STARS based on a sonnet from The  
Constant Prince by Calderon*





Amor, no te llame amor  
el que no te corresponde,  
pues que no hay materia adonde  
no imprima forma el favor.  
Naturaleza, en rigor,  
conservó tantas edades  
correspondiendo amistades;  
que no hay animal perfeto  
si no asiste a su conceto  
la unión de dos voluntades.  
De los espíritus vivos  
de unos ojos procedió  
este amor, que me encendió  
con fuegos tan excesivos.  
No me miraron altivos,  
antes, con dulce mudanza,  
me dieron tal confianza,  
que, con poca diferencia,  
pensando correspondencia,  
engendra amor esperanza.  
Ojos, si ha quedado en vos  
de la vista el mismo efeto,  
amor vivirá perfeto,  
pues fue engendrado de dos;  
pero si tú, ciego dios,  
diversas flechas tomaste,  
no te alabes que alcanzaste  
la victoria que perdiste  
si de mí solo naciste,  
pues imperfeto quedaste.



*El Caballero de Olmedo, Lope de Vega*



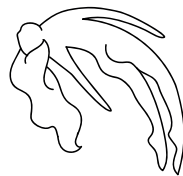


Love, don't let them call you love  
those who don't believe in you,  
for in all matter, in truth  
fancy, can a deep print carve.  
Nature, and all gods above  
have been for so many ages  
arranging the heart's exchanges  
so there is no perfect animal  
whose birth is not attainable  
by the union of two strangers.  
The living spirits of your eyes  
lightened this pure love in me  
and with a flaming so free  
that these lavish fires raise.  
You did not look with proud eyes,  
your sweet sight had no defence  
and gave me such confidence  
that, with so little implied  
the tricks and hopes of the mind  
think and breathe correspondence.  
Eyes, if it has stayed with you  
the same effect from my sight,  
love will have a perfect life,  
for it was devised of two.  
But if the blind gods are cruel  
enough to miss their clear target  
and your heart's fruits had not harvest,  
then their victory is deformed.  
If from me only love was born,  
my eyes will remain in darkness.

*EYES based on a text from The Knight  
of Olmedo by Lope de Vega*

Ir y quedarse y con quedar partirse,  
partir sin alma y ir con alma ajena;  
oír la dulce voz de una sirena  
y no poder del árbol desasirse;  
arder como la vela y consumirse  
haciendo torres sobre tierna arena;  
caer de un cielo y ser demonio en pena  
y de serlo jamás arrepentirse;  
hablar entre las mudas soledades,  
pedir prestada sobre fé paciencia  
y lo que es temporal llamar eterno;  
creer sospechas y negar verdades  
es lo que llaman en el mundo ausencia:  
fuego en el alma y en la vida infierno.

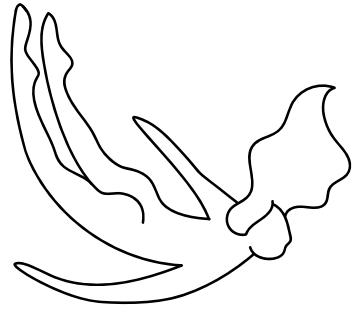
*Lope de Vega*

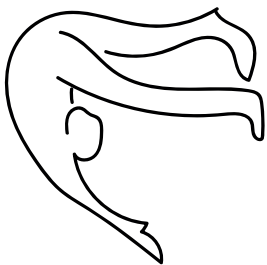




To depart and by the act of leaving to stay,  
to go soulless bearing another soul along,  
to listen to the echo of a mermaid's song  
and keep the shore unable to turn away.  
To embark on adventure with no clear aim  
by making towers of sand for too long.  
To be a fallen fiend, who's done no wrong  
and joyfully embrace the sweet-sour pain.  
To deny what's true, and its contrary  
speaking to yourself when you are alone,  
to test your patience and your faith  
calling eternal what is temporary.  
This we all know as loneliness of the soul,  
fire of the spirit, and hell in a life's breath.

*TO DEPART AND TO STAY based on  
a sonnet by Lope de Vega*

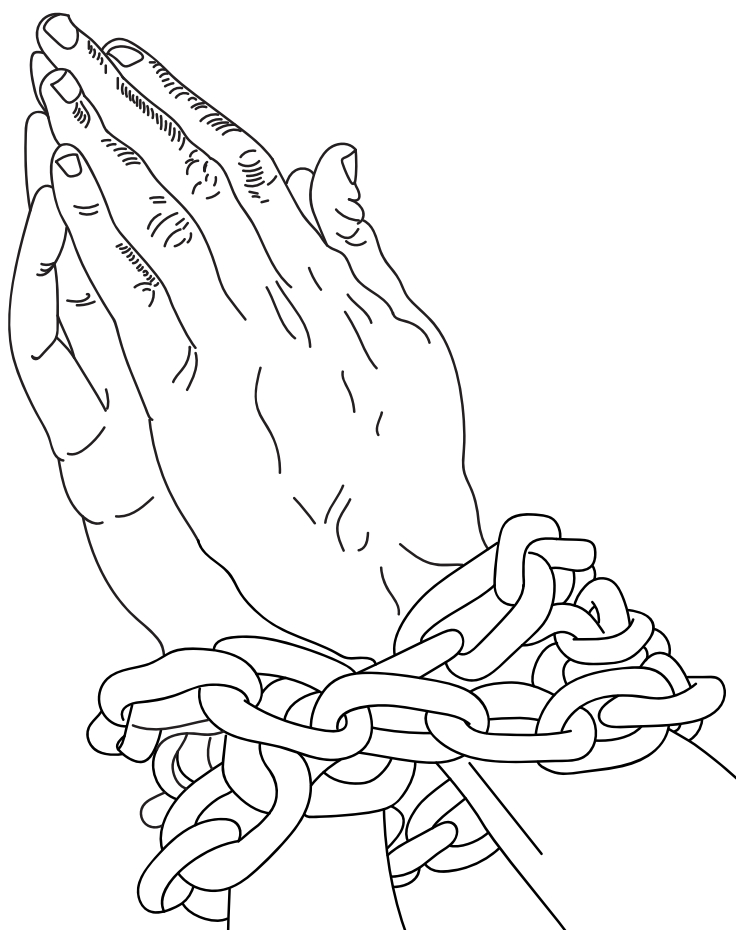




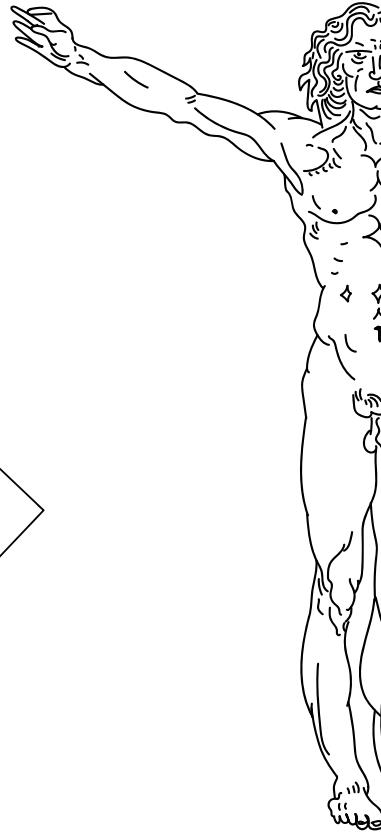
¡Ay misero de mí, y ay infelice!  
Apurar, cielos, pretendo,  
ya que me tratáis así,  
qué delito cometí  
contra vosotros naciendo.  
Aunque si nací, ya entiendo  
qué delito he cometido;  
bastante causa ha tenido  
vuestra justicia y rigor,  
pues el delito mayor  
del hombre es haber nacido.  
Sólo quisiera saber  
para apurar mis desvelos  
—dejando a una parte, cielos,  
el delito del nacer—,  
¿qué más os pude ofender,  
para castigarme más?  
¿No nacieron los demás?  
Pues si los demás nacieron,  
¿qué privilegios tuvieron  
que yo no gocé jamás?  
Nace el ave, y con las galas  
que le dan belleza suma,  
apenas es flor de pluma,  
o ramillete con alas,  
cuando las etéreas salas  
corta con velocidad,  
negándose a la piedad  
del nido que deja en calma;  
¿y teniendo yo más alma,  
tengo menos libertad?  
Nace el bruto, y con la piel  
que dibujan manchas bellas,  
apenas signo es de estrellas  
—gracias al docto pincel—,  
cuando, atrevido y crüel,  
la humana necesidad  
le enseña a tener crueldad,  
monstruo de su laberinto;  
¿y yo, con mejor instinto,  
tengo menos libertad?

Nace el pez, que no respira,  
aborto de ovas y lamas,  
y apenas bajel de escamas  
sobre las ondas se mira,  
cuando a todas partes gira,  
midiendo la inmensidad  
de tanta capacidad  
como le da el centro frío;  
¿y yo, con más albedrío,  
tengo menos libertad?  
Nace el arroyo, culebra  
que entre flores se desata,  
y apenas sierpe de plata,  
entre las flores se quiebra,  
cuando músico celebra  
de las flores la piedad  
que le dan la majestad  
del campo abierto a su huída;  
¿y teniendo yo más vida,  
tengo menos libertad?  
En llegando a esta pasión,  
un volcán, un Etna hecho,  
quisiera sacar del pecho  
pedazos del corazón.  
¿Qué ley, justicia o razón  
negar a los hombres sabe  
privilegio tan süave  
excepción tan principal,  
que Dios le ha dado a un cristal,  
a un pez, a un bruto y a un ave?

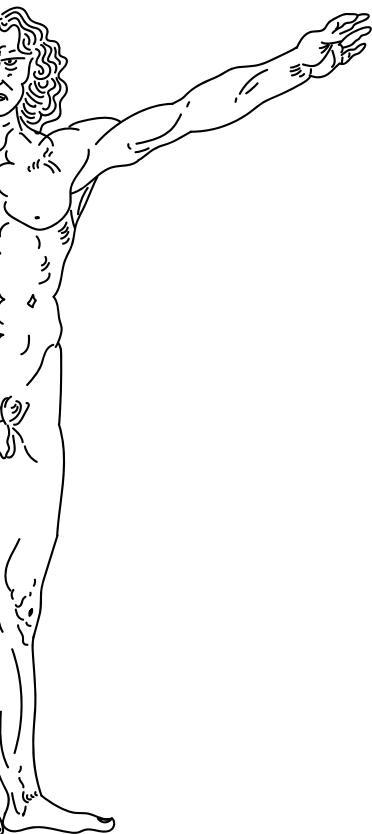
*La Vida es Sueño, Calderón*



Oh wretched me, oh miserable me.  
Heavens themselves I would question:  
Why would you treat me like this?  
What was my foul mortal sin?  
To be born was my transgression?  
Now I see in this bleak passion  
our greatest crime is to be.  
For we are condemned as we see  
the first light of this dull world  
and the justice of its law  
as I was born, sentenced me.  
So I ask you heavens tell me:  
Apart from the great sin of life,  
what else I've done in your eyes  
that you forsake me like this?  
What destiny waits on me?  
What do you punish me for?  
If all creatures free are born,  
why is this prison my home?  
What privilege others own  
that I haven't been worthy of?  
Birds are free, the bird that sings  
and that with no effort flies,  
cutting the frames of the skies  
by only shaking his wings,  
challenging all of the winds,  
leaving the warmth of his nest  
to become horizon's guest,  
taking his ethereal road.  
And with a more complex soul,  
must then my freedom be less?  
Beasts are free, the beast that roars  
and grunts with a savage nature,  
made of bone and flesh, a creature,  
whether a hog, hound or horse,  
used by man in all his wars.







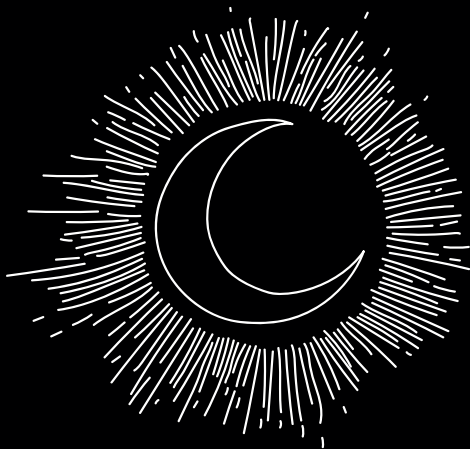
Brutes are tamed by human need,  
their instincts turned in cruelty.  
Beasts don't rule in their own force.  
And with a drive better more,  
why my freedom less should be?  
Fish are free, the spawn that breeds  
where the tender seaweed float,  
under the hull of the boat,  
water lives and water breathes.  
When from wave to wave it speeds,  
measuring the mighty sea,  
testing its profundity  
to its depths so dim and chill.  
And with so much freer will,  
why my freedom less should be?  
Streams are free, those silver snakes  
that to the rivers give birth,  
feeding the veins of the earth  
with crystal that never breaks  
and with a song that awakes  
the flowers to every season,  
like some benevolent demon  
pouring new paths on their ways.  
And with a life that awaits,  
why can not I have my freedom?  
Thinking of this I do feel  
a volcano in my chest,  
I could pluck from out my breast  
bit by bit my burning me;  
For what justice can decree  
sentence, repress and deny,  
freedom from a life like mine?  
A sweet gift which is bestowed  
to the crystal stream that flows,  
to fish that swim, birds that fly?

*FREEDOM based on a text from Life Is  
a Dream by Calderón de la Barca.*



Noche, fabricante de embelecos,  
Loca, imaginativa, quimerista,  
que muestra al que en ti su bien conquista  
los montes llanos y los mares secos.

*Lope de Vega*





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Night, fabricator of mysterious lies,  
mad, gifted, imaginative, fanciful.  
You show all lovers who do trust in you  
the far mountains flat and the oceans dry.  
You carry your dominions through the skies,  
where thunders roar and echoes do obey.  
You cry your nightmares on the thin dark air  
and let mortals sleep with wet open eyes.  
Your wishes become clearer with the light  
of sweet new morning that reveals  
thin shadows and pale ghosts among the fields,  
where landscapes of reality seem bright.  
Oh night, you curse me with your proud beauty,  
I want to stay all silent and all still,  
to feel you deeper in this lonely chill.  
You speak no words as I perform my duty.  
I am blindly obedient to your will,  
I do not want to wake beyond your hour,  
for all seems better under your soft power,  
your tender blanket cures me of my ills.

*NIGHT based on a poem by Lope de Vega*







