

Emerging from the waves afire,  
Beaming down from mountainous height  
Was Sun, when Salicio sprawled  
At the foot of one tall beech midst verdant spread  
Through which clear water sang and ran  
Across a meadow fresh and green.  
With a hymn in tune  
To the rumour that sounded  
From the water that bounded  
He launched his plea so sweetly then  
As if the one who bore the guilt of his sharp pain  
Were not from there absent,  
As if she were in fact present.  
And thus he reasoned with her, saying:

Oh, harder than marble to my pleas  
And to the blazing flames in which I burn,  
More frozen than snow you are, oh Galatea!  
I'm dying and still it's life I fear;  
Fear it fairly since you abandon me  
Sowing a life that can't be called a life in honesty.

Ashamed I am so to be seen,  
In such a state,  
By you ungirded  
And from myself I race.  
You now disdain to be the lady of a soul  
Where you once dwelt, then lacking power  
To wander from for even hours.  
Pour freely tears, pour down.

The sun extends its beams of light  
Through peaks and valleys,  
Waking birds and animals and men.  
Which by clear air take flight;  
Which by green valley or high rock  
Graze freely and secure;  
Which with the sun present  
Return to tasks  
And undertakings asked  
By obligation and sweet inclination too.  
Always in tears is this poor soul  
When dusk the world goes covering

Or light reveals.

Pour freely tears, pour down.

Oh you who fast forget,

Decline to show the slightest knowledge, feeling

That due to you sad Salicio is reeling;

You'd allow into the wind unknown

Be whisked the love and faith that to be saved

Eternally will fall to me alone.

Oh God! Why

(Since You from your great vantage see)

Does this cruel perjurer who

Wreaks demise on a close friend –

Why does she feel no penalty flung from above?

If death's my pay for love,

What might an enemy bring 'round?

Pour freely tears, pour down.

Because of you these forest shadows,

Because of you a solitary peak's

Elusive isolation seemed so sweet;

For you I loved green grass, cool breeze,  
White iris and the crimson rose  
And splendid, honey spring.  
Ay! so badly did I fool myself!  
Ay! So of a different breed  
With so different needs  
Was nested in your lying breast a seed!  
Clear enough he rasped in my stone ear –  
The gloating raven, that is, warning and predicting  
This misadventure mine, this evil test.  
Pour freely tears, gush down.

How many times, sleeping midst the bushes,  
And dismissing fears as asinine  
Did I, pathetic wretch, see my catastrophe in dreams?  
Dreamt that in the summertime  
I brought, to spend siesta's hours,  
My flocks to in the Tajo water.  
Only to see, not knowing  
Through which art accomplished,  
By a dried-out sleeve

To a brand new route the water cleave;  
Burning in the summer heat  
I chased the rushing, glassy sheet  
Of fugitive stream.  
Pour freely tears, pour down.

In whose ear does your sweet talk now sound?  
To whom are your eyes tuned?  
With scorn, for whom have I been dumped?  
Removing faith, where is it newly stored?  
Which is the neck that as in links  
Of your beautiful arms is wound?  
There is no heart alive  
Though it be of stone  
That seeing my beloved ivy  
Ripped away from me and on another wall displayed  
Or in another beech enmeshed  
Would fail to stutter from dark grief,  
Then melt to icy death.  
Pour freely tears, gush down.

What's not to be expected next,  
Difficult or uncertain as it may be,  
Unpleasant and with unlimited capacity to vex?  
And more: What's to hold as true?  
And what will lovers fail to fear,  
Given all the demons that you've reared?  
When you lost your bearings  
And from me sped,  
What motives you gave  
And example to all beings covered by wide sky!  
That the most assured must henceforth dread the loss  
Of all they hoped to cherish till they died.  
Pour freely down,  
Pour freely tears, gush down.

**Garcilaso de la Vega**, from the *First Eclogue*