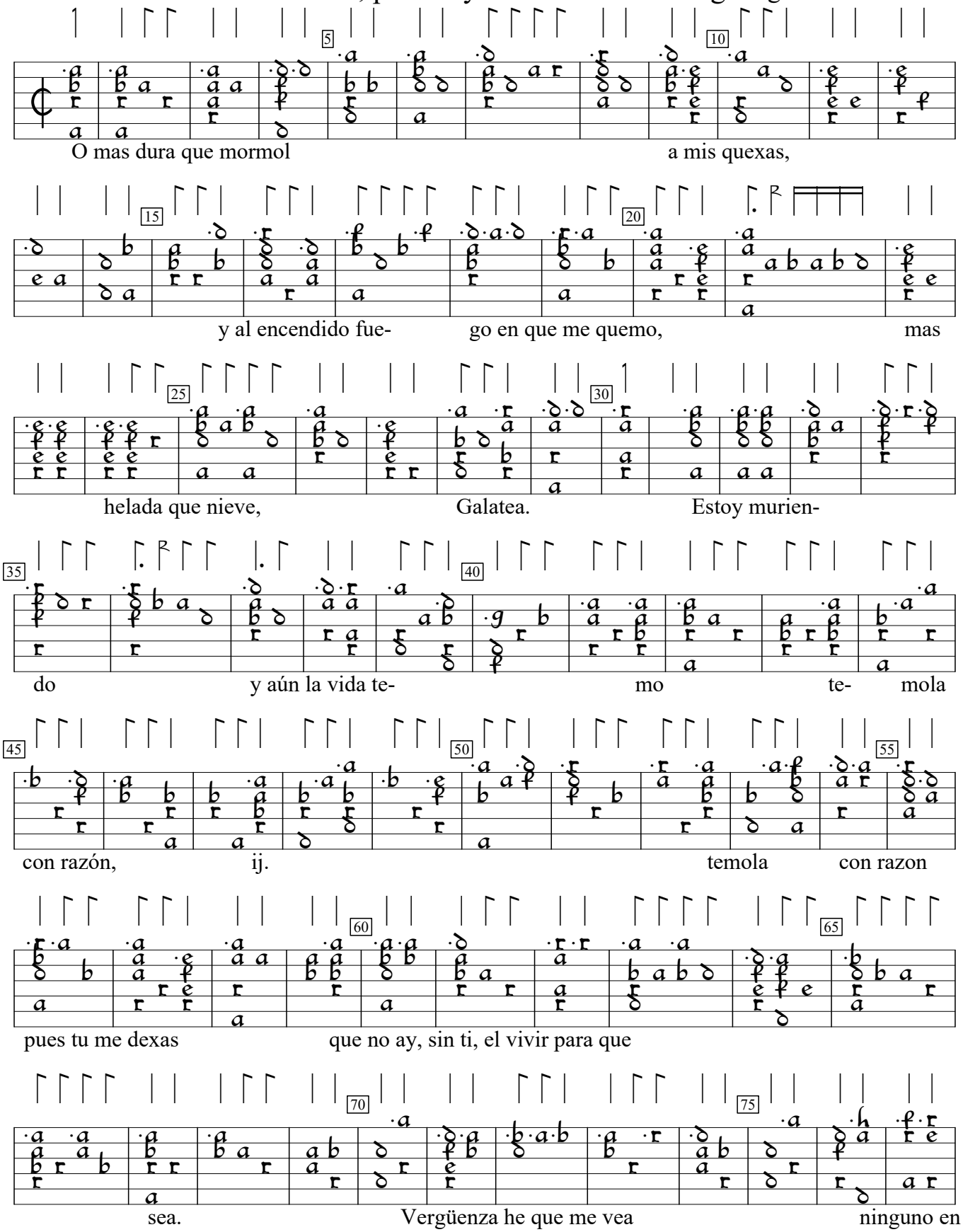
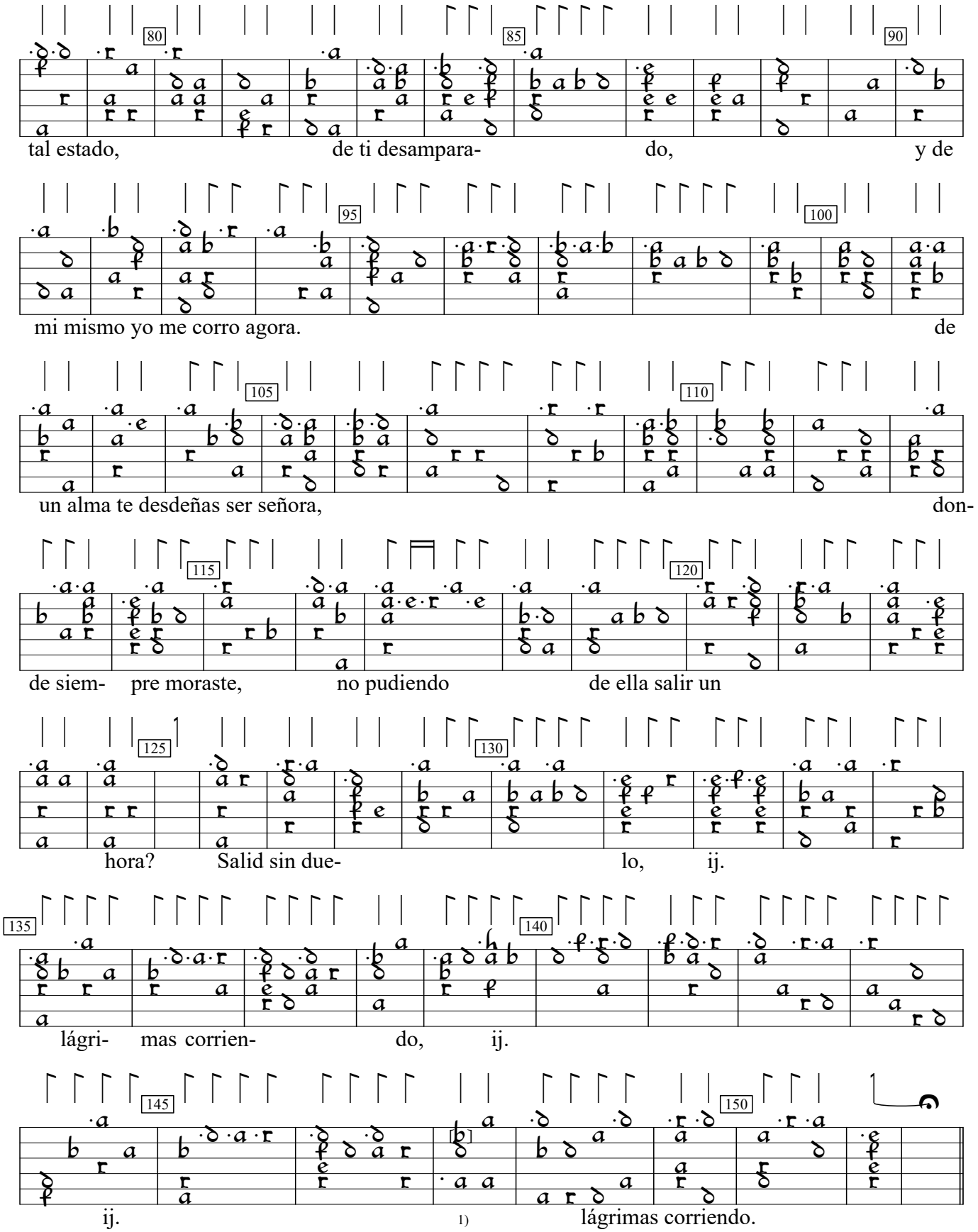
116. O mas dura

Soneto à 4, poem by Garcilaso de la VegaMiguel de Fuenllana

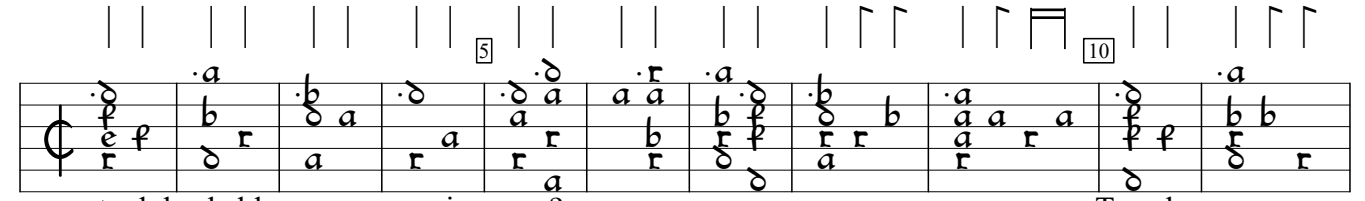


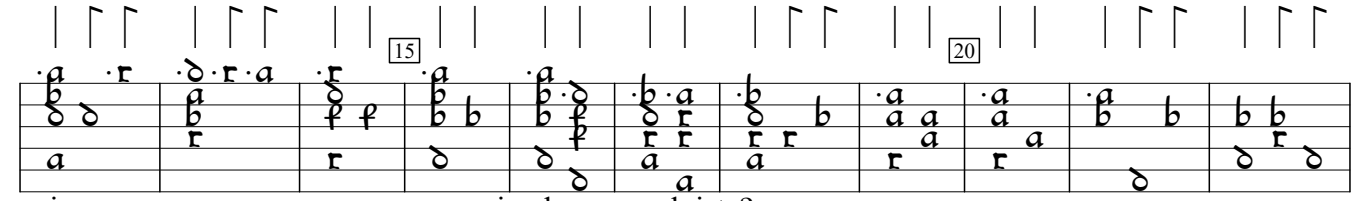
Orphenica Lyra (1554), f.123v. Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.

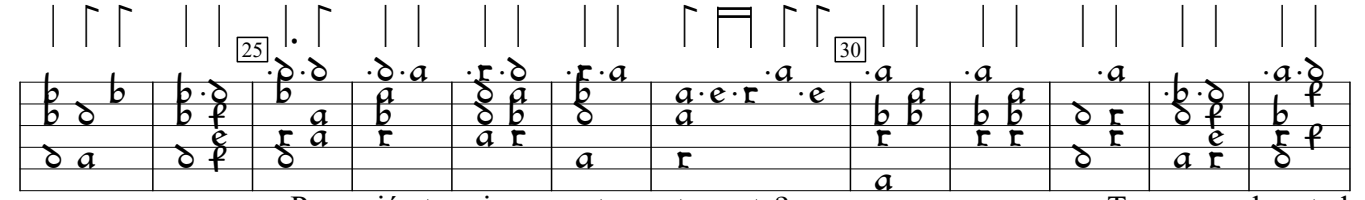


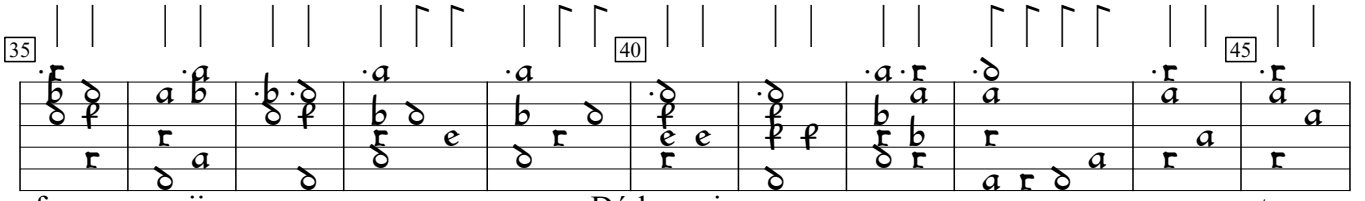
1) Note indistinct. Could be a "d"D.

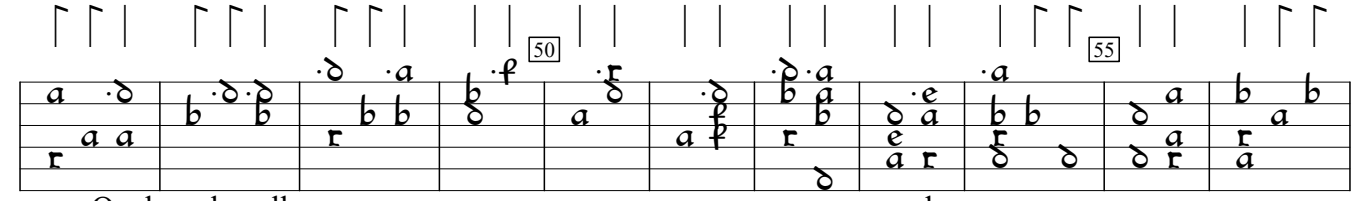
Part 2

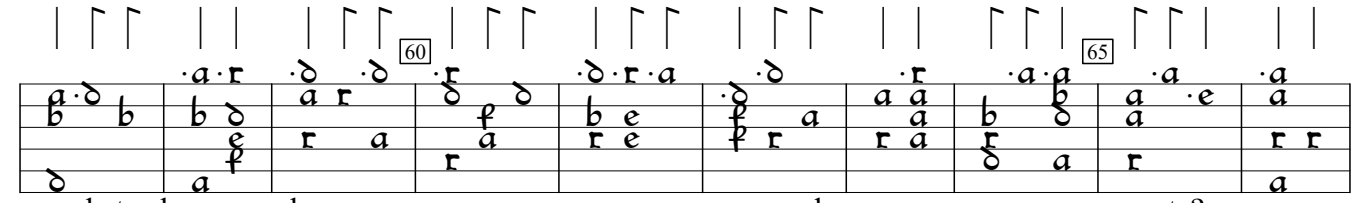

5
10
tu dulce habla ¿en cuya oreja suena?
Tus claros

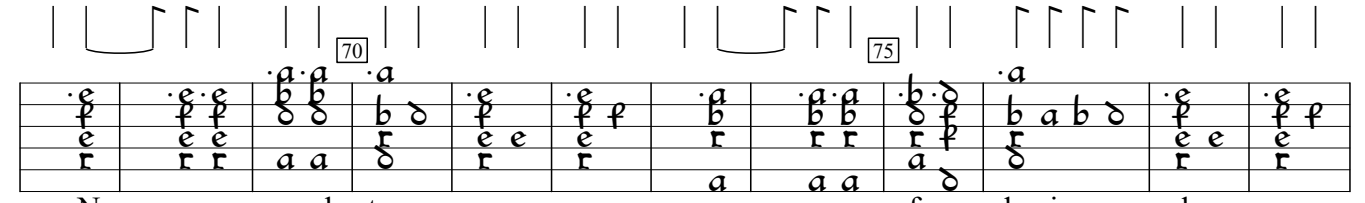

15
20
ojos
¿a quien los volviste?


25
30
¿Pos quién tan sin respecto me trocaste?
Tu quebrantada


35
40
45
fe ij.
¿Dó la pusi-
ste


50
55
¿Qual es el cuello que como en ca-
dena,


60
65
de tus hermosos brazos
anuda-
ste?


70
75
No ay corazon que baste,
aunque fuesse de pie-
dra,

viendo mi amada hie- dra, de mi arrancada,

ij. ij. en otro muro asi-

da, y mi parra en otro olmo entretexi- da,

que no se este con llantos desha- zien- do hasta acabar

la vi- da. Salid sin duelo, lagrimas, cór-

riendo, ij. ij. lagrimas, cor-

rien- do.

Translation:

Oh Galatea, harder than marble to my repinings
colder than snow
to the blazing flame I burn in
I die but must endure a living death
because you left
the pont of life has gone with your rejection
ashamed am I thus to be seen
by you cast off
I blush with shame

You now scorn the soul wherein you used to dwell
Unable to leave it for an hour.

Flow tears, shamelessly.

On whose ears does your sweet voice now sing
Into whose eyes do your fair eyes respond?
For whom so cruelly did you exchange your slave
your broken faith, where did you bestow it
whose is the neck your silken arms entwine?

There is no heart that could endure
Even it were made of stone
To feel its ivy like beloved
Prune out, and to another wall firmly climbing,
Its vine on to another elm entwined?
There is no heart that would no melt in tears
Until its life would, thus, consume.

Flow tears, shamelessly.