CRUZ, San Juan de la   
  
 **Dark Night of the Soul / En una noche obscura**  
 One dark night,

fired with love’s urgent longings

— ah, the sheer grace! —

I went out unseen,

my house being now all stilled.

In darkness, and secure,

by the secret ladder, disguised,

— ah, the sheer grace! —

in darkness and concealment,

my house being now all stilled.

On that glad night,

in secret, for no one saw me,

nor did I look at anything,

with no other light or guide

than the one that burned in my heart.

This guided me

more surely than the light of noon

to where he was awaiting me

— him I knew so well —

there in a place where no one appeared.

O guiding night!

O night more lovely than the dawn!

O night that has united

the Lover with his beloved,

transforming the beloved in her Lover.

Upon my flowering breast

which I kept wholly for him alone,

there he lay sleeping,

and I caressing him

there in a breeze from the fanning cedars.

When the breeze blew from the turret,

as I parted his hair,

it wounded my neck

with its gentle hand,

suspending all my senses.

I abandoned and forgot myself,

laying my face on my Beloved;

all things ceased; I went out from myself,

leaving my cares

forgotten among the lilies.  
  
  
**O flame of living love / Llama de amor viva**  
O flame of living love,

that at its deepest centre

wounds now my soul with tenderness!

Since you no more remove,

end then, if you intend to;

tear now the veil of mutual sweetness!

O cautery so sweet!

O wound’s caress!

O soothing hand! O delicate the touching,

that signals life complete,

pays every debt,

changes death to life in its ending!

O fiery light,

in whose resplendencies

deep caves of purest feeling,

that once were eyeless night,

with rarest beauties

shed warmth and light on the loving.

How lovingly, how gently

you return now to my breast

where you live all secret and alone

and filled with virtue’s glory

how your sweetest breath

delicately pierces to the bone!

**Aunque es de noche / Though it is Night**

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| --- | --- |
| ¡Qué bien sé yo la fonte que mana y corre,  aunque es de noche!.  Aquella eterna fonte está ascondida.  ¡Que bien sé yo do tiene su manida  aunque es de noche!  Su origen no lo sé pues no le tiene  mas sé que todo origen della viene  aunque es de noche.  Sé que no puede ser cosa tan bella,  y que cielos y tierra beben della  aunque es de noche.  Bien sé que suelo en ella no se halla  y que ninguno puede vadealla  aunque es de noche.  Su claridad nunca es escurecida  y sé que toda luz de ella es venida  aunque es de noche.  Sée ser tan caudalosos sus corrientes,  que infiernos cielos riegan y a las gentes  aunque es de noche.  El corriente que nace desta fuente  bien sé que es tan capaz y omnipotente  aunque es de noche.  El corriente que de estas dos procede  sé que ninguna de ellas le precede  aunque es de noche.  Aquesta eterna fonte está escondida  en este vivo pan por darnos vida  aunque es de noche.  Aquí se está llamando a las criaturas  y de esta agua se hartan, aunque a escuras  porque es de noche.  Aquesta viva fuente que deseo  en este pan de vida yo la veo  aunque es de noche. | How well I know the fountain that flows and runs  Though it's night  That eternal fountain is hidden  How well I know where it has its lair  Though it's night  I don't know its origin, well it has none  But I know that everything's origin comes from it  Though it's night  I know that there can’t be anything so beautiful  And that heavens and earth drink from it  Though it's night  I know well that there is no soil in it  And that no one can cross through it  Though it's night  Its brightness is never darkened  And all light comes from it  Though it's night  And so plentiful are its streams  That heavens, hells water, and people  Evеn though it is night  The stream that rises from this fountain  I know wеll that it is easily able and omnipotent  Though it's night  The stream that from these two proceeds  I know that neither of them precedes it  Though it is night  That eternal fountain is hidden  In this living bread to give us life  Though it is night  Here the creatures are being called  And of this water they fill themselves, though in the dark  Because it is night  In this living fountain of desire  In this bread of life, I see her  Though it is night |