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**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| ¡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 manidaaunque es de noche!Su origen no lo sé pues no le tienemas sé que todo origen della vieneaunque es de noche.Sé que no puede ser cosa tan bella,y que cielos y tierra beben dellaaunque es de noche.Bien sé que suelo en ella no se hallay que ninguno puede vadeallaaunque es de noche.Su claridad nunca es escureciday sé que toda luz de ella es venidaaunque es de noche.Sée ser tan caudalosos sus corrientes,que infiernos cielos riegan y a las gentesaunque es de noche.El corriente que nace desta fuentebien sé que es tan capaz y omnipotenteaunque es de noche.El corriente que de estas dos procedesé que ninguna de ellas le precedeaunque es de noche.Aquesta eterna fonte está escondidaen este vivo pan por darnos vidaaunque es de noche.Aquí se está llamando a las criaturasy de esta agua se hartan, aunque a escurasporque es de noche.Aquesta viva fuente que deseoen este pan de vida yo la veoaunque es de noche.   | How well I know the fountain that flows and runsThough it's nightThat eternal fountain is hiddenHow well I know where it has its lairThough it's nightI don't know its origin, well it has noneBut I know that everything's origin comes from itThough it's nightI know that there can’t be anything so beautifulAnd that heavens and earth drink from itThough it's nightI know well that there is no soil in itAnd that no one can cross through itThough it's nightIts brightness is never darkenedAnd all light comes from itThough it's nightAnd so plentiful are its streamsThat heavens, hells water, and peopleEvеn though it is nightThe stream that rises from this fountainI know wеll that it is easily able and omnipotentThough it's nightThe stream that from these two proceedsI know that neither of them precedes itThough it is nightThat eternal fountain is hiddenIn this living bread to give us lifeThough it is nightHere the creatures are being calledAnd of this water they fill themselves, though in the darkBecause it is nightIn this living fountain of desireIn this bread of life, I see herThough it is night  |