

Estío

Cantar del agua del río.
Cantar continuo y sonoro,
arriba bosque sombrío
y abajo arenas de oro.
Cantar...
de alondra escondida
entre el oscuro pinar.
Cantar...
del viento en las ramas
floridas del retamar.
Cantar...
de abejas ante el repleto
tesoro del colmenar.
Cantar...
de la joven tahonera
que al río viene a lavar.
Y cantar, cantar, cantar
de mi alma embriagada y loca
bajo la lumbre solar.

Juana de Ibarbourou
Uruguay (1892-1979)

Summer

Singing of the river's water,
resonant and constant singing,
up the stream the shaded forest
and down the sands of gold.
Singing...
of the hidden lark
in the dark pine forest.
Singing...
of the breeze in the branches
of the thicket, in full bloom.
Singing...
of the bees on the overflowing
treasure of the bee-hive.
Singing...
of the young miller's wife
that in the river comes to wash.
Singing, singing, singing
of my mad enraptured soul
under the sun's light.

Juana de Ibarbourou
Uruguay (1892-1979)