

HERO Y LEANDRO

On Hellespont, guilty of true-love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos high.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies.
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she wore a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,

De un fiel amor culpable de la sangre,
dos ciudades bañaba el Helesponto
a la vista una de otra, frente a frente,
partidas por la fuerza de Neptuno:
Abidos era una, Sestos otra.
En Sestos habitaba, hermosa, Hero,
y Apolo, enamorado de su pelo,
por dote le ofreció su trono ardiente,
donde ver a los hombres desde arriba.
Por fuera eran de lino sus ropajes,
el forro seda roja, con doradas
estrellas dibujadas; verdes mangas
lucían su cenefa con un bosque
que Venus recorría en su desnuda
gloria, para gustar al desdeñoso
Adonis que ante ella duerme ufano.
Azul era la túnica, manchada
con la sangre de amantes desdichados.
De mirto Hero llevaba una guirnalda,
y un velo le caía hasta la tierra
hecho con flores y hojas de artificio
que engañan a los hombres y a las bestias.
Y muchos ensalzaban el aroma

When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebblestone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silvered used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perched of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold.
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would chirrup through the bills.
Some say for her the fairest Cupid pined
And looking in her face was strooken blind.
But this is true: so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother.
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rocked, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,

que dejaba a su paso, cuando era
fragancia que su aliento despedía;
en vano miel buscaba allí la abeja
y, yéndose, de nuevo se posaba.
Pendían de su cuello piedrecillas
en cadenas que, al ser iluminadas
por el cuello, brillaban cual diamantes.
Guantes no llevaba: ni el sol ni el viento
quemaban o secaban a sus manos
si no era de su gusto, mas tampoco
daban calor o frío, pues amaban
jugar con esas manos tan blanquísimas.
Y coturnos de conchas plateadas
usaba, con corales sonrojados
trepando de la planta a la rodilla,
donde iban gorriones a posarse
de perla hueca y oro, prodigiosos.
A menudo los llena su doncella
con agua dulce, y crecen sus gorjeos.
Se dice que por ella padecía
Cupido, el más hermoso, mal de amores,
y que al mirar su rostro quedó ciego.
Esto es verdad: tan parecidas eran,
que él pensó que Hero era su madre,
y mil veces volara hasta su seno,
y arrojara los brazos a su cuello
poniendo sobre el pecho la cabeza,
y con suaves jadeos se dormía.
Tan bella era Hero, fiel sacerdotisa

As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft.
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(whose tragedy divine Musaeus sung,
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the vent'rous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipped out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpassed
The white of Pelop's shoulder. I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint
That runs along his back, but my rude pen

de Venus, que Natura sollozó
al verse despojada, pues tomaba
más de ella de lo que le dejaba
y de tanta hermosura le privó:
por tanto, como signo de la ruina
que sufrió su tesoro, medio mundo
oscuro está. Leandro el amoroso
joven y bello (su tragedia canta
el divino Museo) era de Abidos;
desde entonces ninguno vivió allí
a quien tanto lloraran las edades.
Sus trenzas que jamás se recortara,
segadas y llevadas a la Cólquide
hubiesen incitado a la aventura
a los jóvenes griegos más que el lance
del Vellochino de Oro. Cintia ansiaba
que los brazos de él fueran su esfera;
de angustia palidece en la distancia.
Enhiesto era su cuerpo cual la vara
de Circe, y de su mano habría bebido
Júpiter néctar. Como deliciosa
la carne al gusto es, así su cuello
al tacto, y superaba la blancura
de los hombros de Penélope. Podría
hablaros de lo suave de su pecho,
lo blanco de su vientre, y qué inmortales
dedos grabaron, celestial, la senda
que corre por su espalda entre curiosas
muescas; pero mi ruda pluma apenas

Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods. Let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes,
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leaped into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen
Enamoured of his beauty had he been.
His presence made the rudest peasant melt
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt.
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with nought,
Was moved with him and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
«Leander, thou art made for amorous play.
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall.»

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
(For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis) kept a solemn feast.
Thither resorted many a wandering guest

los amores humanos cantar sabe,
y menos de los dioses poderosos.
Baste con que sus ojos, perezosa,
mi musa alabe, y los rojizos pómulos
y labios, que superan los de aquel
que al agua se lanzó para besar
su propia sombra, y despreciando a muchas
murió sin el amor gozar de nadie.
Si Hipólito lo hubiera contemplado,
lo habría enamorado su belleza;
Leandro ablandaba al campesino
más tosco que morara en la montaña.
El bárbaro guerrero de la Tracia,
a quien no conmovía nada, ansiaba,
por él sí conmovido, sus favores.
Juran que era doncella en ropas de hombre,
pues era su beldad lo que desean
los hombres todos: ojos elocuentes
y mejillas sonrientes, placenteras,
y frente que es festín para el amor;
y al ver que él era un hombre le decían:
—Para juegos ardientes estás hecho,
¿cómo es que no amas tú, si te aman todos?
Hermoso, no seas tú tu propio esclavo.

En la próspera Sestos cada año
por el rosado Adonis, tan querido
de su diosa, festejos celebraban.
Allí acudían muchos visitantes