

“Rima XII”

By Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer

Tu pupila es azul y cuando ríes
su claridad suave me recuerda
el trémulo fulgor de la mañana
que en el mar se refleja.

Tu pupila es azul y cuando lloras
las transparentes lágrimas en ella
se me figuran gotas de rocío
sobre una violeta.

Tu pupila es azul y si en su fondo
como un punto de luz radia una idea
me parece en el cielo de la tarde
una perdida estrella.

“Rhyme XIII. How blue your eyes are”

Translated by Richard Haney-Jardine

How blue your eyes are, and when you laugh
How their soft clarity reminds me
Of the tremulous shine of morning
The sea reflects upon its waters.

How blue your eyes are, and when you cry
How the crystal tears that well up in them
seem to me the drops of dew
That collect upon a violet.

How blue your eyes are, and how their depths
Can radiate an idea like a point of light,
How much they seem to me a lost star
In the evening sky! Oh!

“Rhyme XIII”

Anonymous Translation

Your eye is blue, and when you laugh
its soft brightness reminds me
Of the shimmering glint of morning
that is reflected in the sea.

Your eye is blue, and when you cry,
the transparent tears in it
seem to me drops of dew
upon a violet.

Your eye is blue, and if in its depths
like a point of light an idea radiates,
it seems to me a
lost star in the evening sky! Ah!

“Rhyme XIII”

Google Translate

Your pupil is blue and, when you laugh,
its clarity süave reminds me
the shimmering morning glow
that in the sea is reflected.

Your pupil is blue and, when you cry,
the transparent tears in it
I see drops of dew
on a víoleta.

Your pupil is blue, and if in your background
as a point of light radiates an idea,
it seems to me in the evening sky
a lost star.

