



## SEMINARIO IILP-UJI

Seminario del Departamento de Traducción y Comunicación,  
Facultad de Ciencias Humanas y Sociales, Universitat Jaume I

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*Poesía y Naturaleza: un recorrido con varios poetas en inglés,  
del siglo XIX a la actualidad*





All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

[...]

For thou art with me, here, upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister!

[...]

Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee: and in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; Oh! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,  
If I should be, where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream  
We stood together; and that I, so long  
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,  
Unwearied in that service: rather say  
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal  
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
That after many wanderings, many years  
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
More dear, both for themselves, and for thy sake.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(W. Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge *Lyrical Ballads* 1798)

[http://www.rc.umd.edu/editions/LB/editions.LB.2015.0025\\_1798-1.html](http://www.rc.umd.edu/editions/LB/editions.LB.2015.0025_1798-1.html)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O8ggFhBafUg>

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lines\\_Written\\_a\\_Few\\_Miles\\_above\\_Tintern\\_Abbey#/media/File:Tintern-abbey-by-william-havell.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lines_Written_a_Few_Miles_above_Tintern_Abbey#/media/File:Tintern-abbey-by-william-havell.jpg)

## TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
    Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
    With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;  
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,  
    And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
    To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
    And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
    Until they think warm days will never cease,  
    For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
    Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
    Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,  
    Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
    Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
    Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
    Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
    Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
    And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;  
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
    Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
    Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
    The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
    And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS (1819)

*(Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St Agnes and Other Poems 1820)*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lZwSqndKwDw>

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:John Keats - To Autumn Manuscript 1 unrestored.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:John_Keats_-_To_Autumn_Manuscript_1_unrestored.jpg)

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:John Keats - To Autumn Manuscript 2 unrestored.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:John_Keats_-_To_Autumn_Manuscript_2_unrestored.jpg)

**From *The Waste Land***

The river's tent is broken: the last fingers of leaf  
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind  
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.  
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.  
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,  
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends  
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.  
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors;  
Departed, have left no addresses.

T.S. ELIOT  
(III. The Fire Sermon 173-181 *The Waste Land* 1922)

<http://www.archive.org/stream/wasteland00elio#page/26/mode/2up>

[...]  
There, in a meadow, by the river's side,  
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,  
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,  
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untied,  
As each had been a bride;  
And each one had a little wicker basket,  
Made of fine twigs, entrained curiously,  
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,  
And with fine fingers cropt full featously  
The tender stalks on high.  
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,  
They gathered some; the violet pallid blue,  
The little daisy, that at evening closes,  
The virgin lily, and the primrose true,  
With store of vermeil roses,  
To deck their bridegrooms' posies  
Against the bridal day, which was not long:  
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.  
[...]

EDMUND SPENSER  
(*Prothalamion* 1596)

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/45217/prothalamion-56d224a0e2feb>

## THE HORSES

I climbed through woods in the hour-before-dawn dark.  
Evil air, a frost-making stillness,

Not a leaf, not a bird—  
A world cast in frost. I came out above the wood

Where my breath left tortuous statues in the iron light.  
But the valleys were draining the darkness

Till the moorline— blackening dregs of the brightening grey—  
Halved the sky ahead. And I saw the horses:

Huge in the dense grey— ten together—  
Megalith-still. They breathed, making no move,

With draped manes and tilted hind-hooves,  
Making no sound.

I passed: not one snorted or jerked its head.  
Grey silent fragments  
Of a grey still world.

I listened in emptiness on the moor-ridge.  
The curlew's tear turned its edge on the silence.

Slowly detail leafed from the darkness. Then the sun  
Orange, red, red erupted

Silently, and splitting to its core tore and flung cloud,  
Shook the gulf open, showed blue,

And the big planets hanging—  
I turned

Stumbling in a fever of a dream, down towards  
The dark woods, from the kindling tops,

And came the horses.  
There, still they stood,  
But now steaming, and glistening under the flow of light,

Their draped stone manes, their tilted hind-hooves  
Stirring under a thaw while all around them

The frost showed its fires. But still they made no sound.  
Not one snorted or stamped,

Their hung heads patient as the horizons,  
High over valleys, in the red levelling rays—

In din of the crowded streets, going among the years, the faces,  
May I still meet my memory in so lonely a place

Between the streams and the red clouds, hearing curlews,  
Hearing the horizons endure.

TED HUGHES  
(*The Hawk in the Rain* 1957)

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mytholmroyd#/media/File:Mytholmroyd\\_vista.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mytholmroyd#/media/File:Mytholmroyd_vista.jpg)

## **BROAGH**

Riverbank, the long rigs  
ending in broad docken  
and a canopied pad  
down to the ford.

The garden mould  
bruised easily, the shower  
gathering in your heemark  
was the black *O*

in *Broagh*,  
its low-tattoo  
among the windy boortrees  
and rhubarb-blades

ended almost  
suddenly, like that last  
*gh* the strangers found  
difficult to manage.

SEAMUS HEANEY  
(*Wintering Out* 1972)

<http://www.logainm.ie/en/58419>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aykv6QCWaEc> [2:03]



## THE PRESENT

I shove up through the old plantation — larch  
out of season, drab, drained of all greenness,  
widowed princesses in moth-eaten furs —  
and stride out onto the lap of the moor.  
Rotten and rusted, a five-bar gate  
lies felled in the mud, letting the fields escape.

Winter is late, and light this year, thin snow  
half puddled, sun still trapped in the earth,  
sludge underfoot all the way to the ridge.

And no sign of the things I came here to find,  
except in a high nick at the valley head  
where a wet north-facing lintel of rock  
has cornered and cupped enough of the wind  
for dripping water to freeze. Icicles:

once, I unrooted some six-foot tusk  
from the waterfall's crystallised overhang,  
lowered it down and stood it on end, then stared  
at an ice age locked in its glassy depths,  
at far hills bottled in its weird lens.

These are brittle and timid and rare, and weep  
in my gloved fist as I ferry them home.  
I'd wanted to offer my daughter  
a taste of the glacier, a sense of the world  
being pinned in place by a diamond-like cold  
at each pole, but I open my hand  
and there's nothing to pass on, nothing to hold.

SIMON ARMITAGE  
(*The Unaccompanied* 2017)

<https://www.nationaltrust.org.uk/visit/yorkshire/marsden-moor/marsden-deer-hill-walk>

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