



G. K. Chesterton

Escritor

Gilbert Keith Chesterton, más conocido como G. K. Chesterton, fue un escritor y periodista británico de inicios del siglo XX. Cultivó, entre otros géneros, el ensayo, la narración, la biografía, la lírica, el periodismo y el libro de viajes. [Wikipedia](#)

Fecha de nacimiento: 29 de mayo de 1874, Kensington, Londres, Reino Unido

Fecha de la muerte: 14 de junio de 1936, Beaconsfield, Reino Unido

Cónyuge: Frances Blog (m. 1901–1936)

Nominaciones: Premio Nobel de Literatura

Influencias: Charles Dickens, Tomás de Aquino, Hilaire Belloc, Más

Recital cantado de "Lepanto" (Chesterton). En el 444º Aniversario de la salvación de Europa por España

Source: *The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton* (1927)

El texto

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard;
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips;
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.

In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain--hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees;
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,

Whose strong obedience broke the sky

When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,

From the temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;

They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea

Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be,

On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,

Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;

They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,--

They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.

And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk can hide,

And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,

And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,

For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.

We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,

Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done.

But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know

The voice that shook our palaces--four hundred years ago:

It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows not Fate;

It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey at the gate!

It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,

Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."

For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,

(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)

Sudden and still--hurrah!

Bolt from Iberia!

Don John of Austria

Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michaels on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north

(Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.)

Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift

And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;

The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;

The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes,

And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,

And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,

And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,

And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,--

But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse

Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,

Trumpet that sayeth ha!

Domino gloria!

Don John of Austria

Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck

(Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.)

The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,

And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,

He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,

And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey

Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,

And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,

But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.

Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed--

Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.

Gun upon gun, ha! ha!

Gun upon gun, hurrah!

Don John of Austria

Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,

(Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.)

The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,

The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.

He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea

The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;

They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,

They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;

And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,

And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,

Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that sweat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stair-ways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.

They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign--
(But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.

Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath
(Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,

Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade....
(But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)

LEPANTO

G.K. Chesterton

Versión de Jorge Luis Borges

(Publicada originalmente en el primer número -noviembre de 1938- de la revista argentina Sol y Luna)

Blancos los surtidores en los patios del sol;
El Sultán de Estambul se ríe mientras juegan.
Como las fuentes es la risa de esa cara que todos temen,
Y agita la boscosa oscuridad, la oscuridad de su barba,
Y enarca la media luna sangrienta, la media luna de sus labios,
Porque al más íntimo de los mares del mundo lo sacuden sus barcos.
Han desafiado las repúblicas blancas por los cabos de Italia,
Han arrojado sobre el León del Mar el Adriático,
Y la agonía y la perdición abrieron los brazos del Papa,
Que pide espadas a los reyes cristianos para rodear la Cruz.
La fría Reina de Inglaterra se mira en el espejo;
La sombra de los Valois bosteza en la Misa;
De las irreales islas del ocaso retumban los cañones de España,
Y el Señor del Cuerno de Oro se está riendo en pleno sol.
Laten vagos tambores, amortiguados por las montañas,
Y sólo un príncipe sin corona, se ha movido en un trono sin nombre,
Y abandonando su dudoso trono e infamado sitial,
El último caballero de Europa toma las armas,
El último rezagado trovador que oyó el canto del pájaro,
Que otrora fue cantando hacia el sur, cuando el mundo entero era joven.
En ese vasto silencio, diminuto y sin miedo
Sube por la senda sinuosa el ruido de la Cruzada.
Mugan los fuertes gongs y los cañones retumban,
Don Juan de Austria se va a la guerra.
Forcejean tiesas banderas en las frías ráfagas de la noche,
Oscura púrpura en la sombra, oro viejo en la luz,
Carmesí de las antorchas en los atabales de cobre.
Las clarinadas, los clarines, los cañones y aquí está él.
Ríe Don Juan en la gallarda barba rizada.
Rechaza, estribando fuerte, todos los tronos del mundo,

Yergue la cabeza como bandera de los libres.
Luz de amor para España ¡hurrá!
Luz de muerte para África ¡hurrá!
Don Juan de Austria
Cabalga hacia el mar.
Mahoma está en su paraíso sobre la estrella de la tarde
(Don Juan de Austria va a la guerra.)
Mueve el enorme turbante en el regazo de la hurí inmortal,
Su turbante que tejieron los mares y los ponientes.
Sacude los jardines de pavos reales al despertar de la siesta,
Y camina entre los árboles y es más alto que los árboles,
Y a través de todo el jardín la voz es un trueno que llama
A Azrael el Negro y a Ariel y al vuelo de Ammon:
Genios y Gigantes,
Múltiples de alas y de ojos,
Cuya fuerte obediencia partió el cielo
Cuando Salomón era rey.
Desde las rojas nubes de la mañana, en rojo y en morado se precipitan,
Desde los templos donde cierran los ojos los desdeñosos dioses
amarillos;
Ataviados de verde suben rugiendo de los infiernos verdes del mar
Donde hay cielos caídos, y colores malvados y seres sin ojos;
Sobre ellos se amontonan los moluscos y se encrespan los bosques
grises del mar,
Salpicados de una espléndida enfermedad, la enfermedad de la perla;
Surgen en humaredas de zafiro por las azules grietas del suelo,-
Se agolpan y se maravillan y rinden culto a Mahoma.
Y él dice: Haced pedazos los montes donde los ermitaños se ocultan,
Y cernid las arenas blancas y rojas para que no quede un hueso de santo
Y no déis tregua a los rumíes de día ni de noche,
Pues aquello que fue nuestra aflicción vuelve del Occidente.
Hemos puesto el sello de Salomón en todas las cosas bajo el sol
De sabiduría y de pena y de sufrimiento de lo consumado,
Pero hay un ruido en las montañas, en las montañas y reconozco La voz
que sacudió nuestros palacios -hace ya cuatro siglos:
¡Es el que no dice "Kismet"; es el que no conoce el Destino,

Es Ricardo, es Raimundo, es Godofredo que llama!
Es aquel que arriesga y que pierde y que se ríe cuando pierde;
Ponedlo bajo vuestros pies, para que sea nuestra paz en la tierra.
Porque oyó redoblar de tambores y trepidar de cañones.
(Don Juan de Austria va a la guerra)
Callado y brusco -¡hurrá!
Rayo de Iberia
Don Juan de Austria
Sale de Alcalá.
En los caminos marineros del norte, San Miguel está en su montaña.
(Don Juan de Austria, pertrechado, ya parte)
Donde los mares grises relumbran y las filosas marcas se cortan
Y los hombres del mar trabajan y las rojas velas se van.
Blande su lanza de hierro, bate sus alas de piedra;
El fragor atraviesa la Normandía; el fragor está solo;
Llenan el Norte cosas enredadas y textos y doloridos ojos
Y ha muerto la inocencia de la ira y de la sorpresa,
Y el cristiano mata al cristiano en un cuarto encerrado
Y el cristiano teme a Jesús que lo mira con otra cara fatal
Y el cristiano abomina de María que Dios besó en Galilea.
Pero Don Juan de Austria va cabalgando hacia el mar,
Don Juan que grita bajo la fulminación y el eclipse,
Que grita con la trompeta, con la trompeta de sus labios,
Trompeta que dice ¡ah!
¡Domino Gloria!
Don Juan de Austria
Les está gritando a las naves.
El rey Felipe está en su celda con el Toisón al cuello
(Don Juan de Austria está armado en la cubierta)
Terciopelo negro y blando como el pecado tapiza los muros
Y hay enanos que se asoman y hay enanos que se escurren.
Tiene en la mano un pomo de cristal con los colores de la luna,
Lo toca y vibra y se echa a temblar
Y su cara es como un hongo de un blanco leproso y gris
Como plantas de una casa donde no entra la luz del día,
Y en ese filtro está la muerte y el fin de todo noble esfuerzo,

Pero Don Juan de Austria ha disparado sobre el turco.
Don Juan está de caza y han ladrado sus lebreles-
El rumor de su asalto recorre la tierra de Italia.
Cañón sobre cañón, ¡ah, ah!
Cañón sobre cañón, ¡hurrá!
Don Juan de Austria
Ha desatado el cañoneo.
En su capilla estaba el Papa antes que el día o la batalla rompieran.
(Don Juan está invisible en el humo)
En aquel oculto aposento donde Dios mora todo el año,
Ante la ventana por donde el mundo parece pequeño y precioso.
Ve como en un espejo en el monstruoso mar del crepúsculo
La media luna de las crueles naves cuyo nombre es misterio.
Sus vastas sombras caen sobre el enemigo y oscurecen la Cruz y el
Castillo
Y velan los altos leones alados en las galeras de San Marcos;
Y sobre los navíos hay palacios de morenos emires de barba negra;
Y bajo los navíos hay prisiones, donde con innumerables dolores,
Gimen enfermos y sin sol los cautivos cristianos
Como una raza de ciudades hundidas, como una nación en las ruinas,
Son como los esclavos rendidos que en el cielo de la mañana
Escalonaron pirámides para dioses cuando la opresión era joven;
Son incontables, mudos, desesperados como los que han caído o los que
huyen
De los altos caballos de los Reyes en la piedra de Babilonia.
Y más de uno se ha enloquecido en su tranquila pieza del infierno
Donde por la ventana de su celda una amarilla cara lo espía,
Y no se acuerda de su Dios, y no espera un signo-
(¡Pero Don Juan de Austria ha roto la línea de batalla!)
Cañonea Don Juan desde el puente pintado de matanza.
Enrojece todo el océano como la ensangrentada chalupa de un pirata,
El rojo corre sobre la plata y el oro.
Rompen las escotillas y abren las bodegas,
Surgen los miles que bajo el mar se afanaban
Blancos de dicha y ciegos de sol y aielados de libertad.
¡Vivat Hispania!

¡Domino Gloria!

¡Don Juan de Austria

Ha dado libertad a su pueblo!

Cervantes en su galera envaina la espada

(Don Juan de Austria regresa con un lauro)

Y ve sobre una tierra fatigada un camino roto en España,

Por el que eternamente cabalga en vano un insensato caballero flaco,

Y sonrío (pero no como los Sultanes), y envaina el acero...

(Pero Don Juan de Austria vuelve de la Cruzada.)

PUBLICADO POR JUAN LLAMA EN 16:49

ETIQUETAS: LITERATURA CLÁSICA

NO HAY COMENTARIOS:

PUBLICAR UN COMENTARIO EN LA ENTRADA

Lepanto

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

White founts falling in the courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross,
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attained stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young,
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunset and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees,
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,—
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago:
It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows not Fate ;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
Sudden and still—hurrah!
Bolt from Iberia!
Don John of Austria

Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his mountain in the sea-roads of the north

(Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.)

Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift

And the sea folk labour and the red sails lift.

He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;

The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;

The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes

And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,

And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,

And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,

And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,

But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.

Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse

Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,

Trumpet that sayeth ha!

Domino gloria!

Don John of Austria

Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck

(Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.)

The walls are hung with velvet that, is black and soft as sin,

And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.

He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,

He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,

And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey

Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,

And death is in the phial, and the end of noble work,

But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.

Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—

Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid

Gun upon gun, ha! ha!

Gun upon gun, hurrah!

Don John of Austria

Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,
They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that sweat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stair-ways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,
And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign—
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino Gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.*)
And he sees across a weary land a stragglng road in Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade....
(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)
Source: *The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton* (1927)

[back to top](#)

RELATED CONTENT

Discover this poem's context and related poetry, articles, and media.

POET [G. K. Chesterton](#) 1874–1936

POET'S REGION [England](#)

SCHOOL / PERIOD [Georgian](#)

SUBJECTS [War & Conflict](#), [Nature](#), [Heroes & Patriotism](#), [Religion](#), [History & Politics](#), [Social Commentaries](#), [Christianity](#), [Seas, Rivers, & Streams](#)