

Triste España sin ventura

Triste España sin ventura.
todos te deben llorar.
Despoblada d'alegría,
para nunca en ti tornar.

Tormentas, penas, dolores,
te vinieron a poblar.
Sembrote Dios de placer
porque naciese pesar.

Hizote de mas dichosa
para mas te lastimar.
Tus victorias y triunfos
ha se hovieron de pagar.

Pues que tal pérdida pierdes,
dime en qué podrás ganar,
pierdes la luz de tu gloria
y el gozo te gozar.

Pierdes toda tu esperanza.
no te queda que esperar,
pierdes Pritan alto
hijo de Reyes sin par.

Llora, llora, pues perdiste
quien te había de ensalçar.
En su tierna juventud
te lo quiso Dios llevar.

Llevote todo tu bien,
dexote su desear,
porque mueras, porque penes,
sin dar fin a tu penar.

De tan penosa tristura
no te esperes consolar.

Sad, joyless Spain

Sad, joyless Spain,
everyone should weep for you.
Barren, devoid of happiness
that shall never return.

Storms, sorrows, pains
came and took residence in you.
God sowed pleasures in you
so pains would grow.

He made you happier
so as to better hurt you.
Your victories and achievements
you had to pay dearly.

Since you keep sustaining such losses,
tell me, what should you ever win?
you lose the light of your glory
and the joy of being joyful.

You lose all your hope,
and are left with nothing to hope for,
you lose Pritan, up high,
the son of peerless kings.

Cry, cry, for you lost
he who was to sing your praises.
In his tender youth
God saw fit to take him.

He took all good away from you,
and left you with his longing,
so you could die, so you could pine,
with no end to your grieving.

Of such a pitiful sadness
hope not to ever gain relief.