

La pell de brau

The Bull-Hide

XLVI

Sometimes

One man must die for a people,

But never a people

For one man:

Always remember this, Sfarad.

Let dialogue follow freely from point to point

And try to understand, to appreciate

Your sons' speech and their thoughts, different from your own.

Let rain fall in the fields, little by little,

And let the air move like an extended hand,

Gentle and kind, over the broad fields.

Let Sfarad live for all eternity

In order, in peace, in labor,

In noble and difficult

Freedom.

Translated by Burton Raffel