

F. Tyutchev / El corrector ortográfico no reconoce a este poeta ruso /

Σιλεντιυμ! / No se incluirá en la lista de palabras incorrectas porque está escrita con caracteres griegos. /

Speak not, lie hidden, and conceal

The way you dream, the things you feel. / En "feel" se usó la ee rusa, en lugar de la ee en inglés/

Deep in your spirit let them rise

Akin to stars in krystal skies / debe ser "crystal"

/ El corrector ortográfico marca las letras "ee" como un error, pero no se incluirán en el archivo de resultados porque su longitud es menor que el valor umbral, en este caso es 4. /

That set before the night is blurred:

Delight in them and speak no word.

How can a heart expression find?

How should another know your mind?

Will he discern what quickens you?

A thought once uttered is untrue. / La palabra "untrue" se marcó como danés, pero el texto es inglés/

Dimmed is the fountainhead when stirred: / Es la exacta traducción de Nabokov /

Drink at the source and speak no word.

Live in your iner self alone / debe ser "inner" /

Within your soul a world has grown,

The magic of veiled thoughts that might

Be blinded by the outer light,

Drowned in the noise of day, unheard...

Take in their song and speak no word.

Fyodor Tyutchev / No se incluirá en la lista de palabras incorrectas porque está marcada con #SkipColor /
translated by Vladimir Nabokov

IF

1

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too; / debe ser "allowance" /
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

2

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master; / la palabra "dream" está marcada en francés /
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken / debe ser "truth" /
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

3

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew / debe ser "force" /
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

4

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a Man, my son!