



Poem by Rosalía de Castro.
Watch the video, click the text to listen,
then choose the correct words.



They say that the _____ do not speak, not the brooks, nor the _____ ,
Nor the waves with their roar, not with their brilliance the _____ ,
So they say: but one cannot be sure, for always when I go by,
They whisper about me and say: Ah, there goes the madwoman dreaming,
Of the everlasting springtide of life and the fields,
And yet soon, very soon, her _____ will be grey,
And trembling, frozen, she sees that the frost is upon the grass.

There are grey hairs in my _____ , there is frost on the lawns,
But I press on dreaming, poor incurable somnambulist,
With the eternal _____ of life that goes
And the perennial freshness of the fields and souls,
Although some were scorched and although others scorch.

(. . .)