



Collected Poems

Federico García Lorca, Christopher Maurer (Editor), Catherine Brown (Translator)

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A revised edition of this major writer's complete poetical work

*"And I who was walking
with the earth at my waist,
saw two snowy eagles
and a naked girl.
The one was the other
and the girl was neither."*

--from "Qasida of the Dark Doves"

Federico García Lorca is the greatest poet of twentieth-century Spain and one of the world's most influential modernist writers. Christopher Maurer, a leading Lorca scholar and editor, has substantially revised FSG's earlier edition of the collected poems of this charismatic and complicated figure, who--as Maurer says in his illuminating Introduction--"spoke unforgettably of all that most interests us: the otherness of nature, the demons of personal identity and artistic creation, sex, childhood, and death."

Collected Poems Details

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Karim Hikal says

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Sean A. says

just about as awesome as i remember when i read it is a younger, teenage poet. full of dark mystery, the moon, the half moon, spikenard, adultery, horses and so forth. the love poems are longing and enigmatic and a lot of it contains ample scenery of days that are lost to me. roving countrysides and mysterious horses and horseman. yet if you read this whole thing or make yr way thru lorca's collection, watchout to when he comes to new york! the anxieties of modern life are there in full effect all of a sudden in the 'poet in new york' section.
beautiful and inspiring.

Peter Crofts says

Wow, a massive volume with a great introduction. I don't know what it is with me but I'm always going for the collected works of any poet I'm interested in. I don't know if that is always a good idea as it can be quite overwhelming to encounter a volume such as the size of this one which exceeds a thousand pages. That being said it also features the original language on the facing page which I always like to have when I hit thorny areas, it's also great fun to occasionally try and translate a poem into English for yourself. Lorca is considered one of the great modern poets, that in itself shows that the term modern is so broad as to mean almost anything. I suppose in his attempt to find an authentic vitality rather than nostalgia, sentimentality or a long past expiry date romanticism he is definitely experimental. Yet there is no doubt that the blood that runs through his work is deep red and of high temperature. Lorca was a poet who wanted his work to feel like it had grown out of the place which was so much of what he was, in this way he's somewhat like Frost. Although they "feel" very different for both the complexity of their thought is ingeniously hidden behind what at first would appear to be rather prosaic sentiments. I absolutely love this book, I wish I had known of Lorca many years ago when I traveled through southern Spain. It would be enjoyable to read them within the atmosphere that inspired them. There is a Selected Poems of Lorca from FSG that may appeal to some who want to give him a try but are a bit wary of the heft of this volume. My only complaint is that, as often seems to be the case, FSG has bound it very cheaply. You bend the spine at your own risk as the book tends to

come apart. Considering this publisher is one of the most expensive out there I find it highly frustrating that their books are often very cheaply made.

Eric says

I lugged this beast across Cuba 11 years ago. I'm curious to go back to the Hennepin Country Library and see if that copy still has all the sand and stains it accumulated (though if it wasn't checked in the year after I retuned it, it was probably de-accessioned).

'Guadalquivir, high tower
and wind in the orange groves.'

It was very strange to be traveling in a foreign country, overwhelmed with impressions, and to be in the midst of bookish raptures at the same time. You open your book, and look down from a new world in another new world. Cuba was called 'the Andalusia of the New World,' and reading Lorca in the Cuban countryside was fitting, and disorienting.

Megan says

When I first discovered the poetry of Federico García Lorca, I was immediately taken in by its beautiful language use. I was particularly struck by "Romance sonámbulo," which is included in the collection known as *Primer Romancero Gitano* (the Gypsy Ballads), perhaps Lorca's most famous collection. It remains my favorite poem of all time. While I had read some of the poems included in this book previously, most were new to me and gave me a renewed appreciation of Lorca's artistic brilliance and linguistic mastery.

This book compiles all of the known poems by Lorca for the first time and includes many poems not previously published. The collection is impressive, as is the quality of the translations. A dozen translators contributed to this work; their knowledge of Lorca and expertise with linguistic nuance were evident throughout. The bilingual edition allows readers to enjoy the original Spanish poems next to the English translations and compare the two versions. I enjoyed seeing how the works were translated and the word choices of the translators. Equally enjoyable are the Preface and extensive notes and bibliography at the end, which provide additional context for the poems and the times in which they were written.

I decided to use this book to check off two different categories for the reading challenges that I'm working on this year. For the Book Riot Read Harder Challenge, I'm using this for "Read a collection of poetry in translation on a theme other than love." Just about any of the fourteen collections contained in this edition would work perfectly for that. For the Popsugar Reading Challenge, I used this for the advanced prompt "A book that's more than 800 pages." Weighing in at 1,056 pages, that seemed like a win to me. Knowing it would take me awhile to finish such an 800+ page book, I wanted to make sure that I picked one I would want to spend a lot of time with; this definitely checked the box in that regard.

Julio Pérez says

Siempre está en el sofá junto a El libro de los abrazos invitándome a tomar pausa... siempre estarán en currently reading.

Lucas says

a cock blooms in a well. it is small and bright. then it gets big. it shoots up the well & kisses children yelling down. they retain the memory of this flashing cock forever. the word "oblong" is beautiful to them forever.

Victoria Nicholson says

The parts I read of him in translation were cliche . I did not even find it sweet cliche. "The river flows sideways like a flute..." so what? vomit. I think I am off Hemingway and bullfights now too. I heard the horses are drugged in the bullring anyway. Why breed a bull to be more cruel and less domesticated? Prefer new world Borges, Saint Juan de la Cruz, Theresa da Avilia, Dante, Bauldaire , and Rimbaud to this drivel. "Believe or explode" Patti Smith. I prefer Johnny Cash to Lorca too and Lennon even Lennon deserves laurels compared to this stuff in English. I am not bothering to learn Old World Spanish at all. Cervantes told much of what was going to happen as chapter heads. I was less inspired to read the actual chapters in fact I did not bother. I just need Borges " Book of Sand " was great. I can learn New Wold Espanol on Rosetta Stone. I'd take Rimbaud or Marlon Brando over Picasso anyday. I'd also take Borges far before Lorca if he was straight.Rimbaud might have been homosexual and not bisexual and if he was then good for him.

ilknur a.k.a. iko ? says

bu kitab?n öyle ac? hikayesi var ki geçen seneki fuardan üf. fuarda çal???yorum ak?ama ekip geldi geziyoruz. kitab? buldum cüzdanda para yok, 15 tl dedi, dedim abi geliyorum. gitmedim, gidemedim, yan?mdakilerden de para isteyemedim. bir saat sonra durdu?um stantta kendimden 3 ya? küçük patronumdan yevmiyemi erken ald?m. gittim. K?TAP YOK. kim ald?ysa abv ?u anda nadirkitapta 50tl fln kitap. nys pdfi var.

kendim basar?m asfasdfasd :((:(:(:(:(

Kathe Koja says

Federico Garcia Lorca's voice is unique, is universal, flows like spring water, like blood, like air in a closed room: he will never not be alive. An essential collection from a transcendent poet.

metaphor says

South Wind.
Dark and burning,
Soaked with orange blossoms,
You come over my flesh,
Bringing me seed
Of brilliant gazes.

You turn the moon red,
Make captive poplars moan,
But you've come
too late!
I've already scrolled up the night
Of my tale on the shelf!

Without any wind
-Look sharp!-
Turn, heart.
Turn, my heart.

Northern air,
While bear of the wind!
You come over my flesh
Shivering with boreal
auroras,
with your cape of phantom
captains,
laughing aloud at Dante.
Oh polisher of the stars!
But you've come
too late.
My case is musty
And I've lost my key.

Without any wind
-Look sharp!-
Turn, heart.
Turn, my heart.

Gnome breezes and winds
From nowhere.
Mosquitoes of the rose
With pyramid petals.
Trade winds weaned
among rough trees,
flutes in the storm,
begone!

My memory is chained;
captive the bird
that sketches the evening
in song.

Things that go away never return-
Everybody knows that.
And in the bright crowd of the winds there's no use complaining!
Am I right, poplar, teacher of the breeze?
There's no use complaining!

Without any wind
-Look sharp!
Turn, heart.
Turn, my heart.

Rinda Elwakil says

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to be reviewed.

Garth Mailman says

When writing in Spanish, a language where most nouns end in either an 'a' or an 'o' the greater challenge would be the attempt to avoid rhyme. In English his translators make no attempt to duplicate his rhyme scheme. I look forward to hearing this poetry read in its original Spanish. In English one gets only a sense of the poet's thought. The poems are deeply personal and reveal a rather depressive personality of one who is self-absorbed and obsessive. One begins to understand why he would not keep silent for his own good when he returned to Spain. Like so many dissidents before and after him he might have survived in exile but separation from his native soil would have been intolerable. Some men seem to be born to be martyrs.

There are notes supplied in an end appendix but since the poems are not numbered and there are only rough page references following them is not easy. I claim no expertise in Spanish but in rendering the title La balada del agua del mar rather than Seawater Ballad or Salt Water Ballad I'd have said Sea Chanty. These may be Lorca's Collected Verse but what they most reveal is a rather undisciplined cluttered personality leaving many versions of the same poems with no definitive indications of his preference or even completed

versions of most poems. An editor's nightmare it would seem.

Lorca was born to wealth and privilege but was not ashamed to associate with the local peasants in the countryside surrounding Granada though beyond writing about it no mention is made of his efforts to improve their lot.

Everything about this book is monumental including the sixty-four page introduction. In paperback the binding cannot survive the reading of it.

Zebardast Zebardast says

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Jsavett1 says

When you highlight or underline every word, phrase, sentence and stanza on a page, you might as well just put the mind that wants to hold them poems in the hand to rest.

Lorca is an incantatory force of nature.

I'm happy that I've overcome my squeamishness about reading poetry in translation. It's not that I was wrong--what I've just finished reading are NOT the poems Lorca actually wrote. All translations are poems the translators wrote inspired by the original poems. The poems themselves have slippery enough language as it is! But alas, these echoes of Lorca are enough for me. This wonderful new edition has the Spanish originals on the left side of the page and the English on the right. My Spanish isn't good enough to get the texture of the originals; I can do nothing more than look over once in a while and either do a bleak word to word translation with my rusty memory of high school Spanish (not fun), OR, just SAY the Spanish poem out loud after I've read the English version. I found this incredibly rewarding. So much of Lorca is found in sound, and this way, I could get little peaks at his voice.

This version also begins with an EXCELLENT introduction to Lorca's socio-poetic heritage, interests, and legacy. I found myself flipping back to parts of the intro when making my way through the poems because Christopher Maurer provides a fine survey/analysis of some of Lorca's most common imagery and techniques: the moon, water, green etc...

But enough. To try and "figure" these poems is to miss the point. To do so is to "order the loves that soon become photographs" Lorca sighs in "Poet In New York."

These poems have changed my life. They have changed the way I'm writing poetry. They have changed the way I wake up. They have increased my Post-It flag consumption beyond all decorum. Lorca breaks the chains of our mirrors and our language. Even with all that said, I'm glad I didn't read him until this time in my life. I wasn't ready. I'm still not really. But he was the right poet at the exact right time for me as he was

for the world.

If you're ready, buy this book and love it and let it love you. If, like me, you would be coming to Lorca having only read a few scraps of anthologized poetry, I suggest beginning with the Introduction and then diving into The Tamarit Divan. I'd follow that, in order, with Poet In New York, Songs, Gypsy Ballads, then Suites. After that, just pick a page a start reading.

I'm off to my bookshelf to meet Neruda or Paz.

Beth says

The biographical and literary introduction that begins this book is worth reading in itself to familiarize readers with Garcia Lorca's life and art.

The poems themselves, provided in the original Spanish on the left-hand page and in English on the right-hand page, are both simple and rich, pastoral and passionate. They are like eating a sensually ripe, warmed fruit that is sometimes sweet, sometimes tangy.

Lynette says

I think this book will be on my "currently reading" shelf forever - similar to the way some people keep a Bible on their nightstand... I love picking this up - and having the Spain of the 1920s & 30s wash over me... "Dry Land, quiet land of immense nights ... (Wind in the olive grove, wind in the sierra.)....." sigh...

Patrick T. Randolph says

This collection makes the soul dance in great grins!

Todd says

In an interview during the Spanish Civil war Lorca was asked if he was revolutionary. To which he responded, "All poets are revolutionaries.". Great works from a great artist.

Clare says

If you are going to get a book of Lorca's poetry, this is the absolute best you can get. It's a bilingual edition and it contains pretty much everything other than his plays. I wish I had been around to see him speak and perform his poetry.

