

¿Quién eres, que te miro y no lo sé,  
porque a la Fe he escuchado sin la Fe?  
[...]

Mas ya seas la flor de Jericó,  
ya seas de los valles el clavel,  
blanco maná que el Cielo nos llovió,  
blando rocío que mojó la piel,  
áspid pendiente, llama que alumbró,  
fruta vedada, derretida miel,  
yo no te alcanzo ni tu enigma sé,  
porque a la Fe he escuchado sin la fe.

Y así, corra a tu blanco singular  
él que pueda su precio conseguir,  
que yo siempre tu ser he de dudar,  
que nunca he yo tu luz de percibir,  
porque la Hostia no eres de mi altar,  
porque no eres el sol de mi nadir,  
porque tu oscura cifra no alcancé  
porque a la Fe he escuchado sin la fe.

*Tocan todos los instrumentos músicos, chirimías y  
atabalillas, cajas y trompetas, y salen coronados  
con hojas todos, y lanzas, como de ristre, al compás  
del clarín [...].*

Who are you, that I see you and I do not know it,  
because I have listened to Faith without faith?  
[...]

But surely you must be the flower of Jericho,  
surely you must be the lily of the valleys,  
white manna that rained from Heaven for us,  
pale dew that dampened the fleece,  
dangling serpent, fire that showed the way,  
forbidden fruit, rejected honey,  
I cannot comprehend you nor know your enigma,  
because I have listened to Faith without faith.

And so, let him run to your singular goal  
who can appraise your value,  
for I will always doubt your being,  
for I will never perceive your light,  
because you are not the Host of my altar,  
because you are not the sun of my setting,  
because your dark cipher I did not comprehend,  
because I have listened to Faith without faith.

*All the musical instruments play, shawms and  
snares, drums and trumpets, and everyone enters  
crowned with leaves, and with lances, as for battle,  
to the measure of the clarion.*