THE

SPANISH BALLADS

AND THE

CHRONICLE OF THE CID.

THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS."

THE

SPANISH BALLADS.

TRANSLATED BY

J. G. LOCKHART, LL.B.

AND THE

CHRONICLE OF THE CID.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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PREFACE.

LOCKHART's translations of the Spanish Ballads appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and were published in a separate form in 1822, from which edition this volume has been printed. It contains two or three more Ballads than the later edition. Lockhart appropriately appended some of them, the same year, to his edition of Motteux's "Don Quixote."

The Publishers, in uniting with them Southey's fine translation of the "Chronicle of the Cid," believe that they are adding to the value and interest of these charming Ballads by presenting at the same time a perfect picture of the Spanish mind at the most striking and interesting period of the national history.

John Gibson Lockhart, the son of a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, was born 1794, and died 1854. He married the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott. From 1826 to 1853 he was the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He was the author of several novels and tales, "Valerius," "Reginald Dalton," &c., and of a very interesting "Life of Sir Walter Scott;" but he will probably be best known to posterity as the translator of the Spanish Ballads, to which his genius has given the spirit and life of an original work.

Southey, whose translation is here united with his, was a contemporary poet with him, though some twenty years older,

having been born in 1774. He was a voluminous writer—poet, historian, essayist, and biographer, and one of the best read men of the age. He married Caroline Bowles, the poetess, as his second wife; and died, after a life of unwearied literary toil, in 1843. He was Poet Laureate, and Sir Robert Peel offered him a baronetcy, which he declined.

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ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

INTRODUCTION.

The intention of this Publication is to furnish the English reader with some notion of that old Spanish minstrelsy, which has been preserved in the different *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros* of the sixteenth century.

That great mass of popular poetry has never yet received in its own country the attention to which it is entitled. While hundreds of volumes have been written about authors who were, at the best, ingenious imitators of classical or Italian models, not one, of the least critical merit, has been bestowed upon those older and simpler poets who were contented with the native inspirations of Castilian pride. No Spanish Percy, or Ellis, or Ritson, has arisen to perform what no one but a Spaniard can entertain the smallest hope of achieving.

Mr. Bouterwek, in his excellent History of Spanish Literature, complained that no attempt had ever been made even to arrange the old Spanish ballads in anything like chronological order. An ingenious countryman of his own, Mr. Depping, has since, in some measure, supplied this defect. He has arranged the historical ballads according to the chronology of the persons and events which they celebrate—for even this obvious matter had not been attended to by the original Spanish collectors—but he has modestly and judiciously refrained from attempting the chronological arrangement of them as *compositions;* feeling, of course, that no person can ever acquire such a delicate knowledge of a language not his own, as might enable him to distinguish, with accuracy, between the different shades of antiquity—or even perhaps to draw, with certainty and precision, the broader line between that which is of genuine antiquity, and that which is mere modern imitation. By far the greater part of the following translations is from pieces which the reader may find in Mr. Depping's Collection, published at Leipsig in 1817.

It is therefore, in the present state of things, quite impossible

to determine to what period the composition of the oldest Spanish ballads now extant ought to be referred. The first *Cancionero*, that of Ferdinand de Castillo, was published so early as 1510. In it a considerable number ot the historical and of the romantic class of ballads are included; and as the title of the book itself bears "Obras de todos o de los mas principales *Trobadores* de España, *assi antiguos como modernos*," it is clear that at least a certain number of these pieces were considered as entitled to the appellation of "ancient" in the year 1510.

The *Cancionero de Romances*, published a Antwerp in 1555, and afterwards often reprinted under the name of *Romancero*, was the earliest collection that admitted nothing but ballads. The *Romancero Historiado* of Lucas Rodriguez, appeared at Alcala in 1579:—the Collection of Lorenzo de Sepulveda, at Antwerp, in 1566. The ballads of the Cid were first published in a collected form in 1615, by Escobar.

But there are not wanting circumstances which would seem to establish, for many of the Spanish ballads, a claim to antiquity much higher than is to be inferred from any of these dates. In the oldest edition of the *Cancionero General*, for example, there are several pieces which bear the name of *Don Juan Manuel*. If they were composed by the celebrated author of Count Lucanor, (and it appears very unlikely that any person of less distinguished rank should have assumed that style without some addition or distinction,) we must carry them back at least as far as the year 1362, when the Prince Don Juan Manuel died. But this is not all. The ballads bearing the name of that illustrious author, are so far from appearing to be among the most ancient in the *Cancionero* that even a very slight examination must be sufficient to establish exactly the reverse. The regularity and completeness of their rhymes alone are in fact quite enough to satisfy any one who is acquainted with the usual style of the *redondillas*, that the ballads of Don Juan Manuel are among the most modern in the whole collection.*

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* A single stanza of one of them will be enough:—

Gritando va el caballero publicando su gran mal,
Vestidas ropas de luto, aforradas en sayal;
Por las montes sin camino con dolor y suspirar,
Llorando a pie descalço, jurando de no tornar, &c.

Compare this with such a ballad as

No te espantes, caballero, ni tengas *tamaña* grima
Hija soy del buen Rey y de la Reyna de Castilla, &c.

But indeed, whatever may be the age of the ballads now extant, that the Spaniards *had* ballads of the same general character, and on the same subjects, at a very early period of their national history, is quite certain. In the General Chronicle of Spain, which was compiled in the thirteenth century, at the command of Alphonso the Wise, allusions are perpetually made to the popular songs of the minstrels, or *Joglares*. Now, it is evident that the phraseology of compositions handed down orally from one generation to another, must have undergone, in the course of time, a great many alterations; yet, in point of fact, the language of by far the greater part of the Historical Ballads in the *Romancero*, does appear to carry the stamp of an antiquity quite as remote as that used by the compilers of the General Chronicle themselves. Nay, some of those very expressions from which Mr. Southey would seem to infer that the CHRONICLE OF THE CID is a more ancient composition than the GENERAL CHRONICLE OF SPAIN, (which last was written before 1384,) are quite of common occurrence in these same ballads, which Mr. Southey considers as of comparatively modern origin.

All this, however, is a controversy in which few English readers can be expected to take much interest. And, besides, even granting that the Spanish ballads were composed but a short time before the first *Cancioneros* were published, it would still be certain that they form by far the oldest, as well as largest, collection of popular poetry, properly so called, that is to be found in the literature of any European nation whatever. Had there been published in London in the reign of our Henry VIII., a vast collection of English ballads about the wars of the Plantagenets, what illustration and annotation would not that collection have received long ere now!

How the old Spaniards should have come to be so much more wealthy in this sort of possession than any of their neighbours, it is not very easy to say. They had their taste for warlike song in common with all the other members of the great Gothic family, and they had a fine climate, affording, of course, more leisure for amusement than could have been enjoyed beneath the rougher sky of the north. The flexibility of their beautiful language, and the extreme simplicity of the versification adopted in their ballads, must, no doubt, have lightened the labour, and may have consequently increased the number of their professional minstrels.

To tell some well-known story of love or heroism, in stanzas of four octosyllabic lines, the second and the fourth terminating

in the same rhyme, or in what the musical accompaniment could make to have *some appearance of being the same*—this was all that the art of the Spanish *copler*o, in its most perfect state, ever aspired to:—but a line of seven or of six syllables, was admitted whenever that suited the *maker* better than one of eight; the stanza itself varied from four to six lines, with equal ease; and, as for the matter of rhyme, it was quite sufficient that the two corresponding syllables contained the same *vowel.** In a language less abundant in harmonious vocables, such laxity could scarcely have satisfied the ear. But the Spanish is, like the sister Italian, music in itself, though music of a bolder character.

I have spoken of the structure of the *redondillas*, as Spanish writers generally speak of it, when I have said that the stanzas consist of four lines. But the distinguished German antiquarian, Mr. Grimm, who has published a little *sylva* of Spanish ballads, expresses his opinion that the stanza was composed in reality of two long lines, and that these had subsequently been cut into four, exactly as we know to have been the case in regard to our own old English ballad-stanza. Mr. Grimm, in his small, but very elegant collection, prints the Spanish verses in what he thus supposes to have been their original shape; and I have followed his example in the form of the stanza which I have for the most part used in my translations, as well as in quoting occasionally from the originals.

So far as I have been able, I have followed Mr. Depping in the classification of the specimens which follow.

The reader will find placed together at the beginning those ballads which treat of persons and events known in the authentic history of Spain.—A few concerning the unfortunate Don Roderick, and the Moorish conquest of the eighth century, form

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* For example:

Y arrastrando luengos lutos
Entraron treynta *fidalgos*
Escuderos de Ximena
Hija del conde *Loçano*.

Or,

A Don Alvaro de Luna
Condestable de *Castilla*
El rey Don Juan el Segundo
Con mal semblante lo *mira*, &c.

But indeed even this might be dispensed with.

the commencement; and the series is carried down, though of course with wide gaps and intervals, yet so as to furnish something like a connected sketch of the gradual progress of the Christian arms, until the surrender of Granada, in the year 1492, and the consequent flight of the last Moorish Sovereign from the Peninsula.

Throughout that very extensive body of historical ballads from which these specimens have been selected, there prevails an uniformly high tone of sentiment—such as might have been expected to distinguish the popular poetry of a nation proud, haughty, free, and engaged in continual warfare against enemies of different faith and manners, but not less proud and not less warlike than themselves. Those petty disputes and dissensions which so long divided the Christian princes, and consequently favoured and maintained the power of the formidable enemy whom they all equally hated—those struggles between prince and nobility, which were productive of similar effects after the crowns of Leon and Castile had been united—those domestic tragedies which so often stained the character and weakened the arms of the Spanish kings—in a word, all the principal features of the old Spanish history may be found, more or less distinctly shadowed forth, among the productions of these faithful and unflattering minstrels.

Of the language of Spain, as it existed under the reign of the Visigoth kings, we possess no monuments.—The laws and the chronicles of the period were equally written in Latin—and although both, in all probability, must have been frequently rendered into more vulgar dialects, for the use of those whose business it was to understand them, no traces of any such versions have survived the many storms and struggles of religious and political dissension, of which this interesting region has since been made the scene. To what precise extent, therefore, the language and literature of the Peninsula felt the influence of that great revolution which subjected the far greater part of her territory to the sway of a Mussulman sceptre—and how much or how little of what we at this hour admire or condemn in the poetry of Portugal, Arragon, Castile, is really not of Spanish but of Moorish origin—these are matters which have divided all the great writers of literary history, and which we, in truth, have little chance of ever seeing accurately or completely decided.—No one, however, who considers of what elements the Christian population of Spain was originally composed, and in what shapes the mind of nations, every way

kindred to that population, was expressed during the middle ages, can have any doubt that great and remarkable influence *was* exerted over Spanish thought and feeling—and, therefore, over Spanish language and poetry—by the influx of those Oriental tribes that occupied, for seven long centuries, the fairest provinces of the Peninsula.

Spain, although of all the provinces which owned the authority of the Caliphs she was the most remote from the seat of their empire, appears to have been the very first in point of cultivation;—her governors having, for at least two centuries, emulated one another in affording every species of encouragement and protection to all those liberal arts and sciences which first flourished at Bagdad under the sway of Haroon Al-Raschid, and his less celebrated, but, perhaps, still more enlightened son Al-Mamoun. Beneath the wise and munificent patronage of these rulers, the cities of Spain, within three hundred years after the defeat of King Roderick, had been everywhere penetrated with a spirit of elegance, tastefulness, and philosophy, which afforded the strongest of all possible contrasts to the contemporary condition of the other kingdoms of Europe. At Cordova, Granada, Seville, and many now less considerable towns, colleges and libraries had been founded and endowed in the most splendid manner—where the most exact and the most elegant of sciences were cultivated together with equal zeal. Averroes translated and expounded Aristotle at Cordova; Ben-Zaid and Aboul-Mander wrote histories of their nation at Valencia;—Abdel-Maluk set the first example of that most interesting and useful species of writing, by which Moreri* and others have since rendered services so important to ourselves; and even an Arabian Encyclopædia was compiled under the direction of Mohammed-Aba-Abdallah at Granada. Ibn-el-Beither went forth from Malaga to search through all the mountains and plains of Europe for everything that might enable him to perfect his favourite sciences of botany and lithology, and his works still remain to excite the admiration of all that are in a condition to comprehend their value. The Jew of Tudela was the worthy successor of Galen and Hippocrates: while chemistry, and other branches of medical science,

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* Louis Moreri, a French Priest, born 1643, published the great *Historical Dictionary* which bears his name, and which was, we are here told, preceded by a similar kind of work by this learned Moor. [Editor's note.]

almost unknown to the ancients, received their first astonishing developments from Al-Rasi and Avicenna. Rhetoric and poetry were not less diligently studied; and, in a word, it would be difficult to point out, in the whole history of the world, a time or a country where the activity of the human intellect was more extensively, or usefully, or gracefully exerted, than in Spain, while the Mussulman sceptre yet retained any portion of that vigour which it had originally received from the conduct and heroism of Tarifa.

Although the difference of religion prevented the Moors and their Spanish subjects from ever being completely melted into one people, yet it appears that nothing could, on the whole, be more mild than the conduct of the Moorish government towards the Christian population of the country, during this their splendid period of undisturbed dominion. Their learning and their arts they liberally communicated to all who desired such participation, and the Christian youth studied freely and honourably at the feet of Jewish physicians and Mahommedan philosophers. Communication of studies and acquirements, continued through such a space of years, could not have failed to break down, on both sides, many of the barriers of religious prejudice, and to nourish a spirit of kindliness and charity among the more cultivated portions of either people. The intellect of the Christian Spaniards could not be ungrateful for the rich gifts it was every day receiving from their misbelieving masters; while the benevolence with which instructors ever regard willing disciples, must have tempered in the minds of the Arabs the sentiments of haughty superiority natural to the breasts of conquerors.

By degrees, however, the scattered remnants of unsubdued Visigoths, who had sought and found refuge among the mountains of Asturias and Gallicia, began to gather the strength of numbers and of combination, and the Mussulmans saw different portions of their empire successively wrested from their hands by leaders whose descendants assumed the title of Kings in Oviedo and Navarre—and of Counts in Castile—Soprarbia—Arragon—and Barcelona. From the time when these governments were established, till all their strength was united in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella, a perpetual war may be said to have subsisted between the professors of the two religions; and the natural jealousy of Moorish governors must have gradually, but effectually, diminished the comfort of the Christians who yet lived under their authority. Were we to seek

our ideas of the period only from the *events* recorded in its chronicles, we should be led to believe that nothing could be more deep and fervid than the spirit of mutual hostility which prevailed among all the adherents of the opposite faiths: but external events are sometimes not the surest guides to the spirit whether of peoples or of ages, and the ancient popular poetry of Spain may be referred to for proofs, which cannot be considered as either of dubious or of trivial value, that the rage of hostility had not sunk quite so far as might have been imagined into the minds and hearts of very many that were engaged in the conflict.

There is, indeed, nothing more natural, at first sight, than to reason in some measure from a nation as it is in our own day, back to what it was a few centuries ago: but nothing could tend to the production of greater mistakes than such a mode of judging applied to the case of Spain. In the erect and high-spirited peasantry of that country, we still see the genuine and uncorrupted descendants of their manly forefathers—but in every other part of the population, the progress of corruption appears to have been not less powerful than rapid, and the higher we ascend in the scale of society, the more distinct and mortifying is the spectacle of moral not less than of physical deterioration. This universal falling off of men, may be traced very easily to an universal falling off in regard to every point of faith and feeling most essential to the formation and preservation of a national character. We have been accustomed to consider the modern Spaniards as the most bigoted and enslaved and ignorant of Europeans; but we must not forget, that the Spaniards of three centuries back were, in all respects, a very different set of beings. Castile, in the first regulation of her constitution, was as free as any nation needs to be, for all the purposes of social security and individual happiness. Her kings were her captains and her judges—the chiefs and the models of a gallant nobility, and the protectors of a manly and independent peasantry: But the authority with which they were invested, was guarded by the most accurate limitations,—nay—in case they should exceed the boundary of their legal power—the statute-book of the realm itself contained exact rules for the conduct of a constitutional insurrection to recal them to their duty, or to punish them for its desertion. Every order of society had, more or less directly, its representatives in the national council, and every Spaniard, of whatever degree, was penetrated with a sense of his own dignity as a freeman—his

own nobility as a descendant of the Visigoths. And it is well remarked by an elegant historian,* that, even to this hour, the influence of this happy order of things still continues to be felt in Spain—where manners, and language, and literature, have all received indelibly a stamp of courts, and aristocracy, and proud feeling—which affords a striking contrast to what may be observed in modern Italy, where the only freedom that ever existed had its origin and residence among citizens and merchants.

The civil liberty of the old Spaniards could scarcely have existed so long as it did, in the presence of any feeling so black and noisome as the bigotry of modern Spain; but this was never tried, for down to the time of Charles V. no man has any right to say that the Spaniards were a bigoted people. One of the worst features of their modern bigotry—their extreme and servile subjection to the authority of the Pope,—is entirely a-wanting in the picture of their ancient spirit.—In the 12th century, the Kings of Arragon were the protectors of the Albigenses; and their Pedro II. himself died in 1213, fighting bravely against the Red Cross, for the cause of tolerance. In 1268, two brothers of the King of Castile left the banners of *the Infidels* beneath which they were serving at Tunis, with 800 Castilian gentlemen, for the purpose of coming to Italy and assisting the Neapolitans in their resistance to the tyranny of the Pope and Charles of Anjou. In the great schism of the West, as it is called (1378,) Pedro IV. embraced the party which the Catholic Church regards as schismatic. That feud was not allayed for more than a hundred years, and Alphonso V. was well paid for consenting to lay it aside; while down to the time of Charles V., the whole of the Neapolitan Princes of the House of Arragon may be said to have lived in a state of open enmity against the Papal See—sometimes excommunicated for generations together—seldom apparently—never cordially reconciled. When Ferdinand the Catholic finally made his first attempt to introduce the Inquisition into his kingdom, almost the whole nation took up arms to resist him. The Grand Inquisitor was killed, and every one of his creatures was compelled to leave, for a season, the yet free soil of Arragon.

But the strongest and best proof of the comparative liberality of the old Spaniards is, as I have already said, to be found in

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* Sismondi's Littérature du Midi.

their Ballads. Throughout the far greater part of those compositions there breathes a certain spirit of charity and humanity towards those Moorish enemies with whom the combats of the national heroes are represented. The Spaniards and the Moors lived together in their villages beneath the calmest of skies, and surrounded with the most beautiful of landscapes. In spite of their adverse faiths—in spite of their adverse interests—they had much in common. Loves, and sports, and recreations—nay, sometimes their haughtiest recollections were in common, and even their heroes were the same. Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonsalez, the Cid himself—almost every one of the favourite heroes of the Spanish nation, had, at some period or other of his life, fought beneath the standard of the Crescent, and the minstrels of either nation might, therefore, in regard to some instances at least, have equal pride in the celebration of their prowess. The praises which the Arab poets granted to them in their *Mouwachchah*, or *girdle verses*, were repaid by liberal encomiums on Moorish valour and generosity in Castilian and Arragonese *Redondilleras*. Even in the ballads most exclusively devoted to the celebration of feats of Spanish heroism, it is quite common to find some redeeming compliment to the Moors mixed with the strain of exultation. Nay, even in the more remote and ideal chivalries celebrated in the Castilian Ballads, the parts of glory and greatness are almost as frequently attributed to Moors as to Christians;—Calaynos was a name as familiar as Gayferos. At somewhat a later period, when the conquest of Granada had mingled the Spaniards still more effectually with the persons and manners of the Moors, we find the Spanish poets still fonder of celebrating the heroic achievements of their old Saracen rivals; and, without doubt, this their liberality towards the "Knights of Granada, Gentlemen, albeit Moors,"

> Caballeros Granadinos
> Aunque Moros hijos d'algo,

must have been very gratifying to the former subjects of "The Baby King." It must have counteracted the bigotry of Confessors and Mollahs, and tended to inspire both nations with sentiments of kindness and mutual esteem.

Bernard del Carpio, above all the rest, was the common property and pride of both people. Of his all romantic life, the most romantic incidents belonged equally to both. It was with Moors that he allied himself when he rose up to demand vengeance from King Alphonso for the murder of his father. It

was with Moorish brethren in arms that he marched to fight against the Frankish army for the independence of the Spanish soil. It was in front of a half-Leonese, half-Moorish host, that Bernard couched his lance, victorious alike over valour and magic,

> When Rowland brave and Olivier,
> And every Paladin and Peer
> On Roncesvalles died.

A few ballads, unquestionably of Moorish origin, and apparently rather of the romantic than of the historical class, are given in a section by themselves. The originals are valuable, as monuments of the manners and customs of a most singular race.

Composed originally by a Moor or a Spaniard (it is often very difficult to determine by which of the two), they were sung in the village greens of Andalusia in either language, but to the same tunes, and listened to with equal pleasure by man, woman, and child—Mussulman and Christian. In these strains, whatever other merits or demerits they may possess, we are, at least, presented with a lively picture of the life of the Arabian Spaniard. We see him as he was in reality, "like steel among weapons, like wax among women,"

> Fuerte qual azero entre armas,
> Y qual cera entre las damas.

There came, indeed, a time, when the fondness of the Spaniards for their Moorish Ballads was made matter of reproach—but this was not till long after the period when Spanish bravery had won back the last fragments of the Peninsula from Moorish hands. It was thus that a Spanish poet of the after day expressed himself:—

> Vayase con Dios Gazul !*
> Lleve el diablo à Celindaxa ?
> Y buelvan estas marlotas
> A quien se las diŏ prestadas.
>
> Que quiere Doña Maria
> Ver baylar a Doña Juana,
> Una gallarda española,
> Que no ay dança mas gallarda :

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* In the original edition this name was printed Ganzul. We have changed it to Gazul, as a needful correction.

Y Don Pedro y Don Rodrigo
Vestir otras mas galanas
Ver quien son estos danzantes
Y conocer estas damas.

Y el señor Alcayde quiere
Saber quien es Abenamar.
Estos Zegris y Aliatares
Adulces, Zaydes, y Andallas.

Y de que repartimiento
Son Celinda y Guadalara,
Estos Moros y Estas Moras
Que en todas las bodas danzan.

Y por hablarlo mas claro
Assi tenguan buena pascua,
Ha venido à su noticia
Que ay Christianos en España.

But these sarcasms were not without their answer; for, says another poem in the *Romancero General*—

Si es español Don Rodrigo
Español fue el fuerte Andalla.
Y sepa el señor Alcayde
Que tambien lo es Guadalara.

But the best argument follows:—

No es culpa si de los Moros
Les valientes hechos cantan,
Pues tanto mas resplendecen
Neustras celebras hazañas.

The greater part of the Moorish Ballads refer to the period immediately preceding the downfall of the throne of Granada—the amours of that splendid Court—the bull-feasts and other spectacles in which its Lords and Ladies delighted no less than those of the Christian Courts of Spain—the bloody feuds of the two great families of the Zegris and the Abencerrages, which contributed so largely to the ruin of the Moorish cause—and the incidents of that last war itself, in which the power of the Mussulman was entirely overthrown by the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella. To some readers it may, perhaps, occur, that the part ascribed to Moorish females in these Ballads is not always exactly in the Oriental taste; but the pictures still extant on the walls of the Alhambra contain abundant proofs how unfair it

would be to judge from the manners of any Mussulman nation of our day, of those of the refined and elegant Spanish Moors. As a single example of what is meant—in one of those pictures, engraved in the "Arabian Antiquities of Spain," by Mr. Murphy, a Moorish Lady is represented, unveiled, bestowing the prize, after a tourney, on a kneeling Moorish Knight.

* * * * *

The specimens of which the third and largest section consists, are taken from amongst the vast multitude of miscellaneous and romantic ballads in the old *Cancioneros*. The subjects of a number of these are derived from the fabulous Chronicle of Turpin; and the Knights of Charlemagne's Round-Table appear in all their gigantic lineaments. But the greater part is formed precisely of the same sort of materials which supplied our own ancient ballad-makers, both the English and the Scottish.

In the original Spanish collections, *songs*, both of the serious and of the comic kind, are mingled without scruple among their romantic *ballads;* and one or two specimens of these also have been attempted towards the conclusion of the following pages.

EDINBURGH, *January* 3, 1823.

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

THE

LAMENTATION OF DON RODERICK.

The treason of Count Julian, and, indeed, the whole history of King Roderick, and the downfall of the Gothic Monarchy in Spain, have been so effectually made known to the English reader by Mr. Southey and Sir Walter Scott, that it would be impertinent to say anything of these matters here. The ballad, a version of which follows, appears to be one of the oldest, among the great number relating to the Moorish conquest of Spain. One verse of it is quoted, and several parodied, in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, in the inimitable chapter of the Puppet-show.

"'Hold, hold, sir,' cried the puppet-player, 'hold for pity's sake! What do you mean, sir? These are no real Moors that you cut and hack so, but poor harmless puppets made of pasteboard. Think of what you do, you ruin me for ever. Oh that ever I was born! you have broke me quite.' But Don Quixote, without minding his words, doubled and redoubled his blows so thick, and laid about him so outrageously, that in less than two credos he had cut all the strings and wires, mangled the puppets, and spoiled and demolished the whole motion. King Marsilius was in a grievous condition. The Emperor Charlemagne's head and crown were cleft in two. The whole audience was in a sad consternation. The ape scampered off to the top of the house. The scholar was frightened out of his wits; the page was very uneasy, and Sancho himself was in a terrible fright; for, as he swore after the hurricane was over, he had never seen his master in such a rage before.

"The general rout of the puppets being over, Don Quixote's fury began to abate; and with a more pacified countenance turning to the company, 'Now,' said he, 'I could wish all those incredulous persons here who slight knight-errantry might receive conviction of their error, and behold undeniable proofs of the benefit of that function; for how miserable had been the condition of poor Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra by this time, had I not been here and stood up in their defence! I make no question but those infidels would have apprehended

them, and used them barbarously. Well, when all is done, long live knight-errantry; long let it live, I say, above all things whatsoever in this world!'—'*Ay, ay,' said Master Peter in a doleful tone, 'let it live long for me, so I may die; for why should I live so unhappy as to say with King Roderigo, "Yesterday I was lord of Spain, to-day have not a foot of land I can call mine?" It is not half an hour, nay scarce a moment, since I had kings and emperors at command. I had horses in abundance, and chests and bags full of fine things; but now you see me a poor sorry undone man, quite and clean broke and cast down, and in short a mere beggar.* What is worst of all, I have lost my ape too, who I am sure will make me sweat ere I catch him again.'"

I.

THE hosts of Don Rodrigo were scattered in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;—
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turned him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

II.

His horse was bleeding, blind, and lame—he could no farther go;
Dismounted, without path or aim, the King stepped to and fro;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he staggered faint and sick.

III.

All stained and strewed with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Plucked from the flame Rodrigo shewed:—his sword was in his hand,
But it was hacked into a saw of dark and purple tint;
His jewelled mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

IV.

He climbed unto a hill top, the highest he could see,
Thence all about of that wide route his last long look took he;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drenched and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

V.

He looked for the brave captains that had led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain!
Where'er his eye could wander, all bloody was the plain,
And while thus he said, the tears he shed run down his cheeks like rain :—

VI.

"Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no king am I;
Last night fair castles held my train, to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee;
To-night not one I call mine own:—not one pertains to me.

VII.

'O luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursèd was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great signiory!
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night!
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite?"

THE

PENITENCE OF DON RODERICK.

THIS Ballad also is quoted in *Don Quixote*. "'And let me tell you again,' quoth Sancho Panza to the Duchess, 'if you don't think fit to give me an island because I am a fool, I will be so wise as not to care whether you do or no. It is an old saying, The Devil lurks behind the cross. All is not gold that glisters. From the tail of the plough, Bamba was made King of Spain; and from his silks and riches, was Roderigo cast to be devoured by the snakes, if the old ballads say true, and sure they are too old to tell a lie.'—'That they are indeed,' said Donna Rodriguez, the old waiting-woman, who listened among the rest, 'for I remember one of the ballads tells us, how Don Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards; and how, after two days, he was heard to cry out of the tomb in a low and doleful voice, "Now they eat me, now they gnaw me, in the part where I sinned most." And according to this the gentleman is in the right in saying he had rather be a poor labourer than a king, to be gnawed to death by vermin.'"

Cervantes would scarcely have made this absurd story the subject of conversation between any more intelligent personages, than Sancho Panza and the venerable Donna Rodriguez. Nevertheless, there is something very peculiar in the old ballad to which these interlocutors allude—enough, perhaps, to make it worth the trouble of translation. There is a little difference between the ballad, as it stands in the *Cancionero*, and the copy which Donna Rodriguez quotes; but I think the effect is better when there is only one snake, than when the tomb is full of them.

I.

IT was when the King Rodrigo had lost his realm of Spain,
In doleful plight he held his flight o'er Guadalete's plain;
Afar from the fierce Moslem he fain would hide his wo,
And up among the wilderness of mountains he would go.

II.

There lay a shepherd by the rill, with all his flock beside him;
He asked him where upon his hill a weary man might hide him.
"Not far," quoth he, "within the wood dwells our old Eremite;
He in his holy solitude will hide ye all the night."—

III.

"Good friend," quoth he, "I hunger."—"Alas!" the shepherd said,
"My scrip no more containeth but one little loaf of bread."—
The weary King was thankful, the poor man's loaf he took,
He by him sate, and while he ate, his tears fell in the brook.

IV.

From underneath his garment the King unlocked his chain,
A golden chain with many a link, and the royal ring of Spain;
He gave them to the wondering man, and with heavy steps and slow
He up the wild his way began, to the hermitage to go.

V.

The sun had just descended into the western sea,
And the holy man was sitting in the breeze beneath his tree;
"I come, I come, good father, to beg a boon from thee:
This night within thy hermitage give shelter unto me."—

VI.

The old man looked upon the King, he scanned him o'er and o'er;
He looked with looks of wondering, he marvelled more and more;
With blood and dust distained was the garment that he wore,
And yet in utmost misery a kingly look he bore.

VII.

"Who art thou, weary stranger? This path why hast thou ta'en?"
"I am Rodrigo;—yesterday men called me King of Spain;
I come to make my penitence within this lonely place;
Good father, take thou no offence, for God and Mary's grace."—

VIII.

The hermit looked with fearful eye upon Rodrigo's face,
"Son, mercy dwells with the Most High—not hopeless is thy case;
Thus far thou well hast chosen, I to the Lord will pray,
He will reveal what penance may wash thy sin away."

IX.

Now, God us shield! it was revealed that he his bed must make
Within a tomb, and share its gloom with a black and living snake.
Rodrigo bowed his humbled head when God's command he heard,
And with the snake prepared his bed, according to the word.

X.

The holy Hermit waited till the third day was gone,
Then knocked he with his finger upon the cold tombstone.
"Good king, good king," the Hermit said, "now an answer give to me,
How fares it with thy darksome bed and dismal company?"—

XI.

"Good father," said Rodrigo, "the snake hath touched me not,
Pray for me, holy Hermit, I need thy prayers, God wot;
Because the Lord his anger keeps, I lie unharmed here;
The sting of earthly vengeance sleeps; a worser pain I fear."—

XII.

The Eremite his breast did smite when thus he heard him say,
He turned him to his cell; that night he loud and long did pray;
At morning hour he came again, then doleful moans heard he,
From out the tomb the cry did come of gnawing misery.

XIII.

He spake, and heard Rodrigo's voice; "O Father Eremite,
He eats me now, he eats me now, I feel the adder's bite;
The part that was most sinning my bed-fellow doth rend,
There had my curse beginning, God grant it there may end!"—

XIV.

The holy man made answer in words of hopeful strain,
He bade him trust the body's pang would save the spirit's pain.
Thus died the good Rodrigo, thus died the King of Spain;
Washed from offence his spirit hence to God its flight hath ta'en.

THE

MARCH OF BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

Of Bernardo del Carpio, we find little or nothing in the French romances of Charlemagne. He belongs exclusively to Spanish History, or rather perhaps to Spanish Romance; in which the honour is claimed for him of slaying the famous Orlando, or Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, in the fatal field of Roncesvalles.

The continence which procured for Alonzo, who succeeded to the precarious throne of the Christians, in the Asturias, about 795, the epithet of the Chaste, was not universal in his family. By an intrigue with Sancho Dias, Count of Saldaña, or Saldenha, Donna Ximena, sister of this virtuous prince, bore a son. Some historians attempt to gloss over this incident, by alleging that a private marriage had taken place between the lovers: but King Alphonso, who was well nigh sainted for living only in platonic union with his wife Bertha, took the scandal greatly to heart. He shut up the peccant princess in a cloister, and imprisoned her gallant in the castle of Luna, where he caused him to be deprived of sight. Fortunately, his wrath did not extend to the offspring of their stolen affections, the famous Bernardo del Carpio. When the youth had grown up to manhood, Alphonso, according to the Spanish chroniclers, invited the Emperor Charlemagne into Spain, and having neglected to raise up heirs for the kingdom of the Goths in the ordinary manner, he proposed the inheritance of his throne as the price of the alliance of Charles. But the nobility, headed by Bernardo del Carpio, remonstrated against the king's choice of a successor, and would on no account consent to receive a Frenchman as heir of their crown. Alphonso himself repented of the invitation he had given Charlemagne, and when that champion of Christendom came to expel the Moors from Spain, he found the conscientious and chaste Alphonso had united with the infidels against him. An engagement took place in the renowned pass of Roncesvalles, in which the French were defeated, and the celebrated Roland, or Orlando, was slain. The victory was ascribed chiefly to the prowess of Bernardo del Carpio.

The following Ballad describes the enthusiasm excited among the Leonese, when Bernard first raised his standard to oppose the progress of Charlemagne's army.

I.

WITH three thousand men of Leon, from the city Bernard goes,
To protect the soil Hispanian from the spear of Frankish foes;
From the city which is planted in the midst between the seas,
To preserve the name and glory of old Pelayo's victories.

II.

The peasant hears upon his field the trumpet of the knight,
He quits his team for spear and shield, and garniture of might;
The shepherd hears it 'mid the mist—he flingeth down his crook,
And rushes from the mountain like a tempest-troubled brook.

III.

The youth who shews a maiden's chin, whose brows have ne'er been bound
The helmet's heavy ring within, gains manhood from the sound:
The hoary sire beside the fire forgets his feebleness,
Once more to feel the cap of steel a warrior's ringlets press.

IV.

As through the glen his spears did gleam, these soldiers from the hills,
They swelled his host, as mountain-stream receives the roaring rills;
They round his banner flocked, in scorn of haughty Charlemagne,
And thus upon their swords are sworn the faithful sons of Spain.

V.

"Free were we born," 'tis thus they cry, "though to our King we owe
The homage and the fealty behind his crest to go;
By God's behest our aid he shares, but God did ne'er command,
That we should leave our children heirs of an enslavèd land.

VI.

"Our breasts are not so timorous, nor are our arms so weak,
Nor are our veins so bloodless, that we our vow should break,
To sell our freedom for the fear of Prince or Paladin,—
At least we'll sell our birthright dear, no bloodless prize they'll win.

VII.

"At least King Charles, if God decrees he must be lord of Spain,
Shall witness that the Leonese were not aroused in vain;
He shall bear witness that we died, as lived our sires of old,
Nor only of Numantium's pride shall minstrel tales be told.

VIII.

"The LION* that hath bathed his paws in seas of Libyan gore,
Shall he not battle for the laws and liberties of yore?
Anointed cravens may give gold to whom it likes them well,
But steadfast heart and spirit bold Alphonso ne'er shall sell."

---

* The arms of Leon.

THE

COMPLAINT OF THE COUNT OF SALDENHA.

[This Ballad is intended to represent the feelings of Don Sancho, Count of Saldenha or Saldaña, while imprisoned by King Alphonso, and, as he supposed, neglected and forgotten, both by his wife, or rather mistress, Donna Ximena, and by his son, the famous Bernardo del Carpio.]

I.

THE Count Don Sancho Diaz, the Signior of Saldane,
Lies weeping in his prison, for he cannot refrain :—
King Alphonso and his sister, of both doth he complain,
But most of bold Bernardo, the champion of Spain.

II.

"The weary years I durance brook, how many they have been,
When on these hoary hairs I look, may easily be seen ;
When they brought me to this castle, my curls were black, I ween,
Wo worth the day! they have grown grey these rueful walls between.

III.

"They tell me my Bernardo is the doughtiest lance in Spain,
But if he were my loyal heir, there's blood in every vein
Whereof the voice his heart would hear—his hand would not gainsay ;—
Though the blood of kings be mixed with mine, it would not have all the sway.

IV.

"Now all the three have scorn of me—unhappy man am I!
They leave me without pity—they leave me here to die.
A stranger's feud, albeit rude, were little dole or care,
But he's my own, both flesh and bone ;—his scorn is ill to bear.

V.

"From Jailer and from Castellain I hear of hardiment
And chivalry in listed plain on joust and tourney spent;—
I hear of many a battle, in which thy spear is red,
But help from thee comes none to me where I am ill bested.

VI.

"Some villain spot is in thy blood to mar its gentle strain,
Else would it shew forth hardihood for him from whom 'twas ta'en;
Thy hope is young, thy heart is strong, but yet a day may be,
When thou shalt weep in dungeon deep, and none thy weeping see."

THE

FUNERAL OF THE COUNT OF SALDENHA.

The ballads concerning Bernardo del Carpio are, upon the whole, in accordance with his history as given in the *Coronica General.* According to the Chronicle, Bernardo being at last wearied out of all patience by the cruelty of which his father was the victim, determined to quit the court of his King, and seek an alliance among the Moors. Having fortified himself in the Castle of Carpio, he made continual incursions into the territory of Leon, pillaging and plundering wherever he came. The King at length besieged him in his stronghold, but the defence was so gallant, that there appeared no prospect of success; whereupon many of the gentlemen in Alphonso's camp entreated the King to offer Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, if he would surrender his castle.

Bernardo at once consented; but the King gave orders to have Count Sancho Diaz taken off instantly in his prison. "When he was dead they clothed him in splendid attire, mounted him on horseback, and so led him towards Salamanca, where his son was expecting his arrival. As they drew nigh the city, the King and Bernardo rode out to meet them; and when Bernardo saw his father approaching, he exclaimed,—O, God! is the Count of Saldaña indeed coming?'—'Look where he is,' replied the cruel King; 'and now go and greet him whom you have so long desired to see.' Bernardo went forward and took his father's hand to kiss it; but when he felt the dead weight of the hand, and saw the livid face of the corpse, he cried aloud, and said,—'Ah, Don Sandiaz, in an evil hour didst thou beget me!—Thou art dead, and I have given my stronghold for thee, and now I have lost all.'"

I.

All in the centre of the choir Bernardo's knees are bent,
Before him for his murdered sire yawns the old monument.

II.

His kinsmen of the Carpio blood are kneeling at his back,
With knightly friends and vassals good, all garbed in weeds of black.

III.

He comes to make the obsequies of a basely slaughtered man,
And tears are running down from eyes whence ne'er before they ran.

IV.

His head is bowed upon the stone; his heart, albeit full sore,
Is strong as when in days by-gone he rode o'er Frank and Moor;

V.

And now between his teeth he mutters, that none his words can hear;
And now the voice of wrath he utters, in curses loud and clear.

VI.

He stoops him o'er his father's shroud, his lips salute the bier;
He communes with the corse aloud, as if none else were near.

VII.

His right hand doth his sword unsheath, his left doth pluck his beard;—
And while his liegemen held their breath, these were the words they heard:—

VIII.

"Go up, go up, thou blessed ghost, into the arms of God;
Go, fear not lest revenge be lost, when Carpio's blood hath flowed;

IX.

"The steel that drank the blood of France, the arm thy foe that shielded,
Still, Father, thirsts that burning lance, and still thy son can wield it."

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

[The incident recorded in this ballad may be supposed to have occurred immediately after the funeral of the Count of Saldenha. As to what was the end of the knight's history, we are left almost entirely in the dark, both by the Chronicle and by the Romancero. It appears to be intimated, that after his father's death, he once more "took service" among the Moors, who are represented in several of the ballads as accustomed to exchange offices of courtesy with Bernardo.]

I.

WITH some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appeared
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying King to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned, and flame broke from his eyes.

II.

"A curse upon thee," cries the King, "who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?
His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our Champion brave
Make think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

III.

"Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

IV.

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompence abundant for it all.

V.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thanked the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

VI.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffened limb, were all they gave to me.

VII.

"The King that swerveth from his word hath stained his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a Liar's back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll shew—
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."—

VIII.

"Seize—seize him!"—loud the King doth scream—"There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What! Caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

IX.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death:—cries Bernard, "Here am I,
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Condé, or Grandee."

X.

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

XI.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."—
But Bernard turned upon his heel, and smiling passed away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

THE MAIDEN TRIBUTE.

The reign of King Ramiro was short, but glorious. He had not been many months seated on the throne, when Abderahman, the second of that name, sent a formal embassy to demand payment of an odious and ignominious tribute, which had been agreed to in the days of former and weaker princes, but which, it should seem, had not been exacted by the Moors while such men as Bernardo del Carpio, and Alphonso the Great, headed the forces of the Christians This tribute was *a hundred virgins per annum.* King Ramiro refused compliance, and marched to meet the army of Abderahman. The battle was fought near Albayda, (or Alveida,) and lasted for two entire days. On the first day, the superior discipline of the Saracen chivalry had nearly accomplished a complete victory, when the approach of night separated the combatants. During the night, Saint Iago stood in a vision before the King, and promised to be with him next morning in the field. Accordingly the warlike apostle made his appearance, mounted on a milk-white charger, and armed *cap-a-pee* in radiant mail, like a true knight. The Moors sustained a signal defeat, and the Maiden Tribute was never afterwards paid, although often enough demanded. Such is, in substance, the story, as narrated by Mariana, (see Book vii. chap. 13,) who fixes the date of the battle of Alveida in the year eight hundred and forty-four, being the second year after the accession of King Ramiro.

Mr. Southey says, that there is no mention of this battle of Alveida in the three authors who lived nearest the time; but adds, that the story of Santiago's making his first appearance in *a field of battle* on the Christian side, is related at length by King Ramiro himself, in a charter granting a perpetual tribute of wine, corn, &c. to the Church of Compostella. Mr. Southey says, that the only old ballad he has seen in the Portuguese language, is founded upon a story of a Maiden Tribute.—See *Chronicle of the Cid.*

I.

THE noble King Ramiro within the chamber sate,
One day, with all his barons, in council and debate,
When, without leave or guidance of usher or of groom,
There came a comely maiden into the council-room.

II.

She was a comely maiden—she was surpassing fair,
All loose upon her shoulders hung down her golden hair;
From head to foot her garments were white as white may be;
And while they gazed in silence, thus in the midst spake she.

III.

"Sir King, I crave your pardon, if I have done amiss
In venturing before ye, at such an hour as this;
But I will tell my story, and when my words ye hear,
I look for praise and honour, and no rebuke I fear.

IV.

"I know not if I'm bounden to call thee by the name
Of Christian, King Ramiro; for though thou dost not claim
A heathen realm's allegiance, a heathen sure thou art,
Beneath a Spaniard's mantle thou hidest a Moorish heart.

V.

"For he who gives the Moor-King a hundred maids of Spain,
Each year when in its season the day comes round again;
If he be not a heathen, he swells the heathen's train—
'Twere better burn a kingdom than suffer such disdain.

VI.

"If the Moslem *must* have tribute, make *men* your tribute-money,
Send idle drones to teaze them within their hives of honey:
For when 'tis paid with maidens, from every maid there spring
Some five or six strong soldiers, to serve the Moorish King.

VII.

"It is but little wisdom to keep our men at home,
They serve but to get damsels, who, when their day is come,
Must go, like all the others, the proud Moor's bed to sleep in—
In all the rest they're useless, and nowise worth the keeping.

VIII.

"And if 'tis fear of battle that makes ye bow so low,
And suffer such dishonour from God our Saviour's foe,—
I pray you, sirs, take warning,—ye'll have as good a fright,
If e'er the Spanish damsels arise themselves to right.

IX.

"'Tis we have manly courage, within the breasts of women,
But ye are all hare-hearted, both gentlemen and yeomen."—
Thus spake that fearless maiden; I wot when she was done,
Uprose the King Ramiro and his nobles every one.

X.

The King call'd God to witness, that, come there weal or woe,
Thenceforth no maiden-tribute from out Castile should go;—
"At least I will do battle on God our Saviour's foe,
And die beneath my banner before I see it so."—

XI.

A cry went through the mountains when the proud Moor drew near,
And trooping to Ramiro came every Christian spear;
The blessed Saint Iago, they called upon his name;—
That day began our freedom, and wiped away our shame.

THE

ESCAPE OF COUNT FERNAN GONSALEZ.

THE story of Fernan Gonsalez is detailed in the *Cronica Antiqua de España*, with so many romantic circumstances, that certain modern critics have been inclined to consider it as entirely fabulous. Of the main facts recorded, there seems, however, to be no good reason to doubt; and it is quite certain, that from the earliest times, the name of Fernan Gonsalez has been held in the highest honour by the Spaniards themselves, of every degree. He lived at the beginning of the 10th century. It was under his rule, according to the chronicles, that Castile first became an independent Christian state, and it was by his exertions that the first foundations were laid of that system of warfare, by which the Moorish power in Spain was at last overthrown.

He was so fortunate as to have a wife as heroic as himself, and both in the chronicles, and in the ballads, abundant justice is done to her merits.

She twice rescued Fernan Gonsalez from confinement, at the risk of her own life. He had asked her hand in marriage of her father, Garcias, King of Navarre, and had proceeded so far on his way to that prince's court, when he was seized and cast into a dungeon, in consequence of the machinations of his enemy, the Queen of Leon, sister to the King of Navarre. Sancha, the young princess, whose alliance he had solicited, being informed of the cause of his journey, and of the sufferings to which it had exposed him, determined, at all hazards, to effect his liberation; and having done so by bribing his jailer, she accompanied his flight to Castile.

Many years after, he fell into an ambush prepared for him by the same implacable enemy, and was again a fast prisoner in Leon. His Countess feigning a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, obtained leave, in the first place, to pass through the hostile territory, and afterwards, in the course of her progress, permission to pass one night in the castle where her husband was confined. She exchanged clothes with him; and he was so fortunate as to pass in his disguise through the guards who

attended on him—his courageous wife remaining in his place—exactly in the same manner in which the Countess of Nithsdale effected the escape of her lord from the Tower of London, on the 23rd of February, 1715.

There is, as might be supposed, a whole body of old ballads, concerning the adventures of Fernan Gonsalez. I shall, as a specimen, translate one of the shortest of these,—that in which the first of his romantic escapes is described.

THEY have carried afar into Navarre the great Count of Castile,
And they have bound him sorely, they have bound him hand and heel;
The tidings up the mountains go, and down among the valleys,
"To the rescue! to the rescue, ho! they have ta'en Fernan Gonsalez."—

A noble knight of Normandy was riding through Navarre,
For Christ his hope he came to cope with the Moorish scymitar;
To the Alcaydé of the Tower, in secret thus said he,
"These bezaunts fair with thee I'll share, so I this lord may see."—

The Alcaydé was full joyful, he took the gold full soon,
And he brought him to the dungeon, ere the rising of the moon;
He let him out at morning, at the grey light of the prime,
But many words between these lords had passed within that time.

The Norman knight rides swiftly, for he hath made him bowne
To a king that is full joyous, and to a feastful town;
For there is joy and feasting, because that lord is ta'en,—
King Garci in his dungeon holds the doughtiest lord in Spain.

The Norman feasts among the guests, but at the evening tide
He speaks to Garci's daughter, within her bower aside;
"Now God forgive us, lady, and God his mother dear,
For on a day of sorrow we have been blithe of cheer.

"The Moors may well be joyful, but great should be our grief,
For Spain has lost her guardian, when Castile has lost her chief;
The Moorish host is pouring like a river o'er the land,
Curse on the Christian fetters that bind Gonsalez' hand!

"Gonsalez loves thee, lady, he loved thee long ago,
But little is the kindness that for his love you show;
The curse that lies on Caba's* head, it may be shared by thee—
Arise, let love with love be paid, and set Gonsalez free."—

The lady answered little, but at the mirk of night,
When all her maids are sleeping, she hath risen and ta'en her flight;
She hath tempted the Alcaydé with her jewels and her gold,
And unto her his prisoner that jailer false hath sold.

She took Gonsalez by the hand at the dawning of the day,
She said, "Upon the heath you stand, before you lies your way;
But if I to my father go, alas! what must I do?
My father will be angry—I fain would go with you."—

He hath kissed the Infanta, he hath kissed her, brow and cheek,
And lovingly together the forest path they seek;
Till in the greenwood hunting they met a lordly priest,
With his bugle at his girdle, and his hawk upon his wrist.

"Now stop! now stop!" the priest he said, (he knew them both right well,)
"Now stop, and pay your ransom, or I your flight will tell;
Now stop, thou fair Infanta, for if my words you scorn,
I'll give warning to the foresters with the blowing of my horn."—

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* Caba, or Cava, the unfortunate daughter of Count Julian. No child in Spain was ever christened by that ominous name after the down fall of the Gothic kingdom.

* * * * *

The base priest's word Gonsalez heard, "Now, by the rood!"
quoth he,
"A hundred deaths I'll suffer, or ere this thing shall be."—
But in his ear she whispered, she whispered soft and slow,
And to the priest she beckoned within the wood to go.

It was ill with Count Gonsalez, the fetters pressed his knees,
Yet as he could he followed within the shady trees—
"For help, for help, Gonsalez!—for help," he hears her cry,
"God aiding, fast I'll hold thee, until my lord come nigh."

He has come within the thicket, there lay they on the green,
And he has plucked from off the grass the false priest's javelin;
Firm by the throat she held him bound, down went the weapon
sheer,
Down through his body to the ground, even as the boar ye
spear.

They wrapped him in his mantle, and left him there to bleed,
And all that day they held their way; his palfrey served their
need;—
Till to their ears a sound did come, might fill their hearts with
dread,
A steady whisper on the breeze, and horsemen's heavy tread.

The Infanta trembled in the wood, but forth the Count did go,
And, gazing wide, a troop descried upon the bridge below;
"Gramercy!" quoth Gonsalez—"or else my sight is gone,
Methinks I know the pennon yon sun is shining on.

"Come forth, come forth, Infanta, mine own true men they be,
Come forth, and see my banner, and cry *Castile!* with me:
My merry men draw near me, I see my pennon shine,
Their swords shine bright, Infanta, and every blade is thine."

THE SEVEN HEADS.

"It was in the following year, (nine hundred and eighty-six,) that the seven most noble brothers, commonly called the INFANTS OF LARA, were slain by the treachery of Ruy Velasquez, who was their uncle, for they were the sons of his sister, Donna Sancha. By the father's side, they were sprung from the Counts of Castile, through the Count Don Diego Porcellos. From whose daughter, as has been narrated above, and Nuño Pelchides, there came two sons, namely, Nuño Rasura, great-grandfather of the Count Garci Fernandez, and Gustio Gonzalez. The last-named gentleman was father of GONZALO GUSTIO, Lord of Salas of Lara; and his sons were those seven brothers famous in the history of Spain, not more by reason of their deeds of prowess, than of the disastrous death which was their fortune. They were all knighted in the same day by the Count Don Garcia, according to the fashion which prevailed in those days, and more especially in Spain.

"Now it happened that Ruy Velasquez, Lord of Villaren, celebrated his nuptials in Burgos with Donna Lambra, a lady of very high birth, from the country of Briviesca, and indeed a cousin-german to the Count Garci Fernandez himself. The feast was splendid, and great was the concourse of principal gentry; and among others were present the Count Garci Fernandez, and those seven brothers, with Gonzalo Gustio, their father.

"From some trivial occasion, there arose a quarrel between Gonzalez, the youngest of the seven brothers, on the one hand, and a relation of Donna Lambra, by name Alvar Sanchez, on the other, without, however, any very serious consequences at the time. But Donna Lambra conceived herself to have been insulted by the quarrel, and in order to revenge herself, when the seven brothers were come as far as Barvadiello, riding in her train, the more to do her honour, she ordered one of her slaves to throw at Gonzalez a wild cucumber soaked in blood, a heavy insult and outrage, according to the then existing customs and opinions in Spain. The slave, having done as he was bid, fled for protection to his lady, Donna Lambra; but that availed him nothing, for they slew him within the very folds of her garment.

"Ruy Velasquez, who did not witness these things with his own eyes, no sooner returned, than, filled with wrath on account of this slaughter, and of the insult to his bride, he began to devise how he might avenge himself of the seven brothers.

"With semblances of peace and friendship, he concealed his mortal hatred; and, after a time, Gonzalo Gustio, the father, was sent by him, suspecting nothing, to Cordova. The pretence was to bring certain monies which had been promised to Ruy Velasquez by the barbarian king, but the true purpose, that he might be put to death at a distance from his own country; for Ruy Velasquez asked the Moor to do this in letters written in the Arabic tongue, of which Gonzalo was made the bearer. The Moor, however, whether moved to have compassion on the grey hairs of so principal a gentleman, or desirous of at least making a shew of humanity, did not slay Gonzalo, but contented himself with imprisoning him. Nor was his durance of the strictest, for a certain sister of the Moorish King found ingress, and held communication with him there; and from that conversation, it is said, sprung Mudarra Gonzalez, author and founder of that most noble Spanish lineage of the Manriques.

"But the fierce spirit of Ruy Velasquez was not satisfied with the tribulations of Gonzalo Gustio; he carried his rage still farther. Pretending to make an incursion into the Moorish country, he led into an ambuscade the seven brothers, who had as yet conceived no thought of his treacherous intentions. It is true that Nuño Sallido, their grandfather, had cautioned them with many warnings, for he indeed suspected the deceit; but it was in vain, for so God willed or permitted. They had some two hundred horsemen with them, of their vassals, but these were nothing against the great host of Moors that set upon them from the ambuscade; and although when they found how it was, they acquitted themselves like good gentlemen, and slew many, they could accomplish nothing except making the victory dear to their enemies. They were resolved to avoid the shame of captivity, and were all slain, together with their grandfather Sallido. Their heads were sent to Cordova, an agreeable present to that king, but a sight of misery to their aged father, who, being brought into the place where they were, recognised them in spite of the dust and blood with which they were disfigured. It is true, nevertheless, that he derived some benefit therefrom; for the king, out of the compassion which he felt, set him at liberty to depart to his own country.

"Mudarra, the son born to Gonzalo (out of wedlock) by the

sister of the Moor, when he had attained to the age of fourteen years, was prevailed on by his mother to go in search of his father; and he it was that avenged the death of his seven brothers, by slaying with his own hand Ruy Velasquez, the author of that calamity. Donna Lambra likewise, who had been the original cause of all those evils, was stoned to death by him and burnt.

"By this vengeance which he took for the murder of his seven brothers, he so won to himself the good-liking of his step-mother Donna Sancha, and of all the kindred, that he was received and acknowledged as heir to the Signiories of his father. Donna Sancha herself adopted him as her son, and the manner of the adoption was thus, not less memorable than rude:—The same day that he was baptized and stricken knight by Garci Fernandez, Count of Castile, his father's wife being resolved to adopt him, made use of this ceremony,—she drew him within a very wide smock by the sleeve, and thrust his head forth at the neck-band, and then kissing him on the face, delivered him to the family as her own child. * * * *

"In the cloister of the Monastery of Saint Peter of Arlanza, they show the sepulchre of Mudarra. But concerning the place where his seven brothers were buried, there is a dispute between the members of that house and those of the Monastery of Saint Millan at Cogolla."—MARIANA, Book VIII. chap. 9.

Such is Mariana's edition of the famous story of the Infants of Lara, a story which, next to the legends of the Cid, and of Bernardo del Carpio, appears to have furnished the most favourite subjects of the old Spanish minstrels.

The ballad, a translation of which follows, relates to a part of the history briefly alluded to by Mariana. In the Chronicle we are informed more minutely, that after the seven infants were slain, Almanzor, King of Cordova, invited his prisoner, Gonzalo Gustio, to feast with him in his palace; but when the Baron of Lara came, in obedience to the royal invitation, he found the heads of his sons set forth in chargers on the table. The old man reproached the Moorish King bitterly for the cruelty and baseness of this proceeding, and suddenly snatching a sword from the side of one of the royal attendants, sacrificed to his wrath, ere he could be disarmed and fettered, thirteen of the Moors who surrounded the person of Almanzor. The whole of the far more copious account of the Infants of Lara, which occurs in the *Coronica General de España*, has been translated by Mr. Southey.

I.

"Who bears such heart of baseness, a king I'll never call—"
Thus spake Gonzalo Gustos within Almanzor's hall;
To the proud Moor Almanzor, within his kingly hall,
The grey-haired knight of Lara thus spake before them all:—

II.

"In courteous guise, Almanzor, your messenger was sent,
And courteous was the answer with which from me he went;
For why? I thought the word he brought of a knight and of a king,—
But false Moor henceforth never me to his feast shall bring.

III.

"Ye bade me to your banquet, and I at your bidding came,
And accursèd be the villany, and eternal be the shame—
For ye have brought an old man forth, that he your sport might be:—
Thank God I cheat you of your joy—Thank God, no tear you see.

IV.

"My gallant boys," quoth Lara, "it is a heavy sight,
These dogs have brought your father to look upon this night;
Seven gentler boys, nor braver, were never nursed in Spain,
And blood of Moors, God rest your souls, ye shed on her like rain.

V.

"Some currish plot, some trick (God wot,) hath laid you all so low,
Ye died not all together in one fair battle so;
Not all the misbelievers ever prick'd upon yon plain
The seven brave boys of Lara in open field had slain.

VI.

"The youngest and the weakest, Gonzalez dear, wert thou,
Yet well this false Almanzor remembers thee, I trow;
Oh, well doth he remember how on his helmet rung
Thy fiery mace, Gonzalez, although thou wert so young.

VII.

"Thy gallant horse had fallen, and thou hadst mounted thee
Upon a stray one in the field—his own true barb had he;
Oh, hadst thou not pursued his flight upon that runaway,
Ne'er had the caitiff 'scaped that night, to mock thy sire to-day!

VIII.

"False Moor, I am thy captive thrall; but when thou badest me forth,
To share the banquet in thy hall, I trusted in the worth
Of kingly promise.—Think'st thou not my God will hear my prayer?—
Lord! branchless be (like mine) his tree, yea, branchless, Lord, and bare!"—

IX.

So prayed the Baron in his ire, but when he looked again,
Then burst the sorrow of the sire, and tears ran down like rain;
Wrath no more could check the sorrow of the old and childless man,
And like waters in a furrow, down his cheeks the salt tears ran.

X.

He took their heads up one by one—he kiss'd them o'er and o'er,
And aye ye saw the tears down run—I wot that grief was sore.
He closed the lids on their dead eyes all with his fingers frail,
And handled all their bloody curls, and kissed their lips so pale.

XI.

"O had ye died all by my side upon some famous day,
My fair young men, no weak tears then had wash'd your blood away!
The trumpet of Castile had drowned the misbeliever's horn,
And the last of all the Laras' line a Gothic spear had borne."

XII.

With that it chanced a Moor drew near, to lead him from the place,
Old Lara stooped him down once more, and kiss'd Gonzalez' face;
But ere the man observed him, or could his gesture bar,
Sudden he from his side had grasped that Moslem's scymitar.

XIII.

Oh! swiftly from its scabbard the crooked blade he drew,
And, like some frantic creature, among them all he flew—
"Where, where is false Almanzor? back bastards of Mahoun!"—
And here, and there, in his despair, the old man hewed them down.

XIV.

A hundred hands, a hundred brands, are ready in the hall,
But ere they mastered Lara, thirteen of them did fall;
He has sent, I ween, a good thirteen of dogs that spurned his God,
To keep his children company, beneath the Moorish sod.

THE VENGEANCE OF MUDARRA.

[This is another of the many ballads concerning the Infants of Lara. One verse of it,

—— El espera que tu diste a los Infantes de Lara!
Aqui moriras traydor enemigo de Donna Sancha,

is quoted by Sancho Panza, in one of the last chapters of *Don Quixote.*]

I.

To the chase goes Rodrigo, with hound and with hawk;
But what game he desires is revealed in his talk,—
"O, in vain have I slaughtered the Infants of Lara:
There's an heir in his halls—there's the bastard Mudarra.
There's the son of the renegade—spawn of Mahoun—
If I meet with Mudarra, my spear brings him down."—

II.

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,
A stripling, armed cap-a-pee, crosses his path—
"Good morrow, young esquire."—"Good morrow, old knight."—
"Will you ride with our party, and share our delight?"—
"Speak your name, courteous stranger," the stripling replied;
"Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride."—

III.

"My name is Rodrigo," thus answered the knight;
"Of the line of old Lara, though barred from my right
For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir
Of our ancestor's castles and forestries fair,
A bastard, a renegade's offspring—Mudarra,
Whom I'll send, if I can, to the Infants of Lara."—

IV.

"I behold thee, disgrace to thy lineage!—with joy
I behold thee, thou murderer!"—answered the boy.
"The bastard you curse, you behold him in me;
But his brothers' avenger that bastard shall be;
Draw! for I am the renegade's offspring, Mudarra;
We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara!"—

V.

"I am armed for the forest-chase—not for the fight—
Let me go for my shield and my sword," cries the knight—
"Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,
Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold;
Die, foeman to Sancha—die, traitor to Lara!"
As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudarra

THE

WEDDING OF THE LADY THERESA.

The following passage occurs in Mariana's History, Book VIII. chap. 5 :—"There are who affirm that this Moor's name was Abdalla, and that he had to wife Donna Theresa, sister to Alphonso, King of Leon, with consent of that prince. Great and flagrant dishonour! The purpose was to gain new strength to his kingdom by this Moorish alliance; but some pretences were set forth that Abdalla had exhibited certain signs of desiring to be a Christian, that in a short time he was to be baptized, and the like.

"The Lady Theresa, deceived with these representations, was conducted to Toledo, where the nuptials were celebrated in great splendour with games and sports, and a banquet, which lasted until night. The company having left the tables, the bride was then carried to bed; but when the amorous Moor drew near to her,—'Away,' said she; 'let such heavy calamity, such baseness be far from me! One of two things must be—either be baptized, thou with thy people, and then come to my arms, or, refusing to do so, keep away from me for ever. If otherwise, fear the vengeance of men, who will not overlook my insult and suffering, and the wrath of God, above all, which will follow the violation of a Christian lady's chastity. Take good heed, and let not luxury, that smooth pest, be thy ruin.' But the Moor took no heed of her words, and lay with her against her will. The Divine vengeance followed swiftly, for there fell on him a severe malady, and he well knew within himself from what cause it arose. Immediately he sent back Donna Theresa to her brother's house, with great gifts which he had bestowed on her; but she made herself a nun in the Monastery of Saint Pelagius, in Leon, and there passed the remainder of her days in pious labours and devotions, in which she found her consolation for the outrage that had been committed on her."

The ballad, of which a translation follows, tells the same story:—

En los reynos de Leon el quinto Alfonso reynava, &c.

I.

'Twas when the fifth Alphonso in Leon held his sway,
King Abdalla of Toledo an embassy did send;
He asked his sister for a wife, and in an evil day
Alphonso sent her, for he feared Abdalla to offend;
He feared to move his anger, for many times before
He had received in danger much succour from that Moor.

II.

Sad heart had fair Theresa when she their paction knew,
With streaming tears she heard them tell she 'mong the Moors must go,
That she, a Christian damosell, a Christian firm and true,
Must wed a Moorish husband, it well might cause her wo;
But all her tears and all her prayers they are of small avail;
At length she for her fate prepares, a victim sad and pale.

III.

The King hath sent his sister to fair Toledo town,
Where then the Moor Abdalla his royal state did keep;
When she drew near, the Moslem, from his golden throne, came down
And courteously received her, and bade her cease to weep;
With loving words he pressed her, to come his bower within,
With kisses he caressed her, but still she feared the sin.

IV.

"Sir King, Sir King, I pray thee," 'twas thus Theresa spake,—
"I pray thee have compassion, and do to me no wrong;
For sleep with thee I may not, unless the vows I break
Whereby I to the holy Church of Christ my Lord belong;
But thou hast sworn to serve Mahoun, and if this thing should be,
The curse of God it must bring down upon thy realm and thee.

V.

"The angel of Christ Jesu, to whom my heavenly Lord
Hath given my soul in keeping, is ever by my side;
If thou dost me dishonour, he will unsheath his sword,
And smite thy body fiercely, at the crying of thy bride.
Invisible he standeth; his sword, like fiery flame,
Will penetrated thy bosom, the hour that sees my shame."—

VI.

The Moslem heard her with a smile; the earnest words she said,
He took for bashful maiden's wile, and drew her to his bower.
In vain Theresa prayed and strove—she pressed Abdalla's bed,
Perforce received his kiss of love, and lost her maiden flower.
A woeful Woman* there she lay, a loving lord beside,
And earnestly to God did pray her succour to provide.

VII.

The Angel of Christ Jesu her sore complaint did hear,
And plucked his heavenly weapon from out its sheath unseen,
He waved the brand in his right hand, and to the King came near,
And drew the point o'er limb and joint, beside the weeping Queen.
A mortal weakness from the stroke upon the King did fall,
He could not stand when daylight broke, but on his knees must crawl.

VIII.

Abdalla shuddered inly, when he this sickness felt,
And called upon his Barons, his pillow to come nigh;
"Rise up," he said, "my liegemen," as round his bed they knelt,
"And take this Christian lady, else certainly I die;
Let gold be in your girdles, and precious stones beside,
And swiftly ride to Leon, and render up my bride."—

IX.

When they were come to Leon, Theresa would not go
Into her brother's dwelling, where her maiden years were spent;
But o'er her downcast visage a white veil she did throw,
And to the ancient nunnery of Saint Pelagius went.
There long, from worldly eyes retired, a holy life she led;
There she, an aged saint, expired—there sleeps she with the dead.

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* *Dueña* El Moro la tornava.

THE YOUNG CID.

[The Ballads in the Collection of Escobar, entitled "Romancero e Historia del muy valeroso Cavallero El Cid Ruy Diaz de Bivar," are said by Mr. Southey to be in general possessed of but little merit. Notwithstanding the opinion of that great scholar and poet, I have had much pleasure in reading them; and have translated a very few, which may serve, perhaps, as a sufficient specimen.

The following is a version of that which stands fifth in Escobar :—

Cavalga Diego Laynez al buen Rey besar la mano, &c.]

I.

Now rides Diego Laynez, to kiss the good King's hand,
Three hundred men of gentry go with him from his land,
Among them, young Rodrigo, the proud Knight of Bivar;
The rest on mules are mounted, he on his horse of war.

II.

They ride in glittering gowns of soye—He harnessed like a lord;
There is no gold about the boy, but the crosslet of his sword;
The rest have gloves of sweet perfume,—He gauntlets strong of mail;
They broidered cap and flaunting plume,—He crest untaught to quail.

III.

All talking with each other thus along their way they passed,
But now they've come to Burgos, and met the King at last;
When they came near his nobles, a whisper through them ran,—
"He rides amidst the gentry that slew the Count Lozan."—

IV.

With very haughty gesture Rodrigo reined his horse,
Right scornfully he shouted, when he heard them so discourse,—
"If any of his kinsmen or vassals dare appear,
The man to give them answer, on horse or foot, is here."—

V.

"The devil ask the question!" thus muttered all the band;—
With that they all alighted, to kiss the good King's hand,—
All but the proud Rodrigo, he in his saddle stayed,—
Then turned to him his father (you may hear the words he said).

VI.

"Now, light, my son, I pray thee, and kiss the good King's hand,
He is our lord, Rodrigo; we hold of him our land."—
But when Rodrigo heard him, he looked in sulky sort,—
I wot the words he answered they were both cold and short.

VII.

"Had any other said it, his pains had well been paid,
But thou, sir, art my father, thy word must be obeyed."—
With that he sprung down lightly, before the King to kneel,
But as the knee was bending, out leapt his blade of steel.

VIII.

The King drew back in terror, when he saw the sword was bare;
"Stand back, stand back, Rodrigo, in the devil's name beware,
Your looks bespeak a creature of father Adam's mould,
But in your wild behaviour you're like some lion bold."

IX.

When Rodrigo heard him say so, he leapt into his seat,
And thence he made his answer, with visage nothing sweet,—
"I'd think it little honour to kiss a kingly palm,
And if my fathers kissed it, thereof ashamed I am."—

X.

When he these words had uttered, he turned him from the gate,
His true three hundred gentles behind him followed straight;
If with good gowns they came that day, with better arms they went;
And if their mules behind did stay, with horses they're content.

XIMENA DEMANDS VENGEANCE.

[This Ballad, the sixth in Escobar, represents Ximena Gomez as, in person, demanding of the King vengeance for the death of her father, whom the young Rodrigo de Bivar had fought and slain.]

I.

WITHIN the court at Burgos a clamour doth arise,
Of arms on armour clashing, and screams, and shouts, and cries;
The good men of the King, that sit his hall around,
All suddenly upspring, astonished at the sound.

II.

The King leans from his chamber, from the balcony on high—
"What means this furious clamour my palace-porch so nigh?"—
But when he looked below him, there were horsemen at the gate,
And the fair Ximena Gomez, kneeling in woeful state.

III.

Upon her neck, disordered, hung down the lady's hair,
And floods of tears were streaming upon her bosom fair.
Sore wept she for her father, the Count that had been slain;
Loud cursèd she Rodrigo, whose sword his blood did stain.

IV.

They turned to bold Rodrigo, I wot his cheek was red;—
With haughty wrath he listened to the words Ximena said—
"Good King, I cry for justice. Now, as my voice thou hearest,
So God befriend the children, that in thy land thou rearest.

V.

'The King that doth not justice hath forfeited his claim,
Both to his kingly station, and to his kingly name;
He should not sit at banquet, clad in the royal pall,
Nor should the nobles serve him on knee within the hall.

VI.

"Good King, I am descended from barons bright of old,
That with Castilian pennons, Pelayo did uphold;
But if my strain were lowly, as it is high and clear,
Thou still shouldst prop the feeble, and the afflicted hear.

VII.

"For thee, fierce homicide, draw, draw thy sword once more,
And pierce the breast which wide I spread thy stroke before;
Because I am a woman, my life thou needst not spare,—
I am Ximena Gomez, my slaughtered father's heir.

VIII.

"Since thou hast slain the Knight that did our faith defend,
And still to shameful flight all the Almanzors send,
'Tis but a little matter that I confront thee so,
Come, champion, slay his daughter, she needs must be thy foe."—

IX.

Ximena gazed upon him, but no reply could meet;
His fingers held the bridle, he vaulted to his seat.
She turned her to the nobles, I wot her cry was loud,
But not a man durst follow; slow rode he through the crowd.

THE

CID AND THE FIVE MOORISH KINGS.

[The reader will find the story of this Ballad in Mr. Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid." "And the Moors entered Castile in great power, for there came with them five Kings," &c. Book I. Sect. 4.]

I.

WITH fire and desolation the Moors are in Castile,
Five Moorish kings together, and all their vassals leal;
They've passed in front of Burgos, through the Oca-Hills they've run,
They've plundered Belforado, San Domingo's harm is done.

II.

In Najara and Lograno there's waste and disarray:—
And now with Christian captives, a very heavy prey,
With many men and women, and boys and girls beside,
In joy and exultation to their own realms they ride.

III.

For neither king nor noble would dare their path to cross,
Until the good Rodrigo heard of this skaith and loss;
In old Bivar the castle he heard the tidings told,
(He was as yet a stripling, not twenty summers old.)

IV.

He mounted Bavieca, his friends he with him took,
He raised the country round him, no more such scorn to brook;
He rode to the hills of Oca, where then the Moormen lay,
He conquered all the Moormen, and took from them their prey.

V.

To every man had mounted he gave his part of gain,
Dispersing the much treasure the Saracens had ta'en;
The Kings were all the booty himself had from the war,
Them led he to the castle, his stronghold of Bivar.

VI.

He brought them to his mother, proud dame that day was she :—
They owned him for their Signior, and then he set them free:
Home went they, much commending Rodrigo of Bivar,
And sent him lordly tribute, from their Moorish realms afar.

THE CID'S COURTSHIP.

[See Mr. Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid" (Book I. Sect. 5), for this part of the Cid's story, as given in the General Chronicle of Spain.]

I.

Now, of Rodrigo de Bivar great was the fame that run,
How he five Kings had vanquished, proud Moormen every one;
And how, when they consented to hold of him their ground,
He freed them from the prison wherein they had been bound.

II.

To the good King Fernando, in Burgos where he lay,
Came then Ximena Gomez, and thus to him did say:—
"I am Don Gomez' daughter, in Gormaz Count was he;
Him slew Rodrigo of Bivar in battle valiantly.

III.

"Now am I come before you, this day a boon to crave,
And it is that I to husband may this Rodrigo have;
Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damosell,
Much honoured shall I hold me, I shall be married well.

IV.

"I know he's born for thriving, none like him in the land;
I know that none in battle against his spear may stand;
Forgiveness is well pleasing in God our Saviour's view.
And I forgive him freely, for that my sire he slew."—

V.

Right pleasing to Fernando was the thing she did propose;
He writes his letter swiftly, and forth his foot-page goes;
I wot, when young Rodrigo saw how the King did write,
He leapt on Bavieca—I wot his leap was light.

VI.

With his own troop of true men forthwith he took the way,
Three hundred friends and kinsmen, all gently born were they;
All in one colour mantled, in armour gleaming gay,
New were both scarf and scabbard, when they went forth that day.

VII.

The King came out to meet him, with words of hearty cheer;
Quoth he, "My good Rodrigo, you are right welcome here;
This girl Ximena Gomez would have ye for her lord,
Already for the slaughter her grace she doth accord.

VIII.

"I pray you be consenting, my gladness will be great;
You shall have lands in plenty, to strengthen your estate."—
"Lord King," Rodrigo answers, "in this and all beside,
Command, and I'll obey you. The girl shall be my bride."—

IX.

But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand,
Rodrigo, gazing on her, his face could not command:
He stood and blushed before her;—thus at the last said he—
"I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villany:—

X.

"In no disguise I slew him, man against man I stood;
There was some wrong between us,* and I did shed his blood.
I slew a man, I owe a man; fair lady, by God's grace,
An honoured husband thou shalt have in thy dead father's place."

---

* The wrong was all on the side of Ximena's father. The cause of quarrel was a blow on the face given by Don Gomez, Count of Gormaz, to the Cid's father, Don Diego Laynez, an old and feeble man, whose injured honour the son was called on to avenge. The chivalrous delicacy of the reply to Ximena will strike the reader. [Edit.]

THE CID'S WEDDING.

[The following ballad, which contains some curious traits of rough and antique manners, is not included in Escobar's collection. There is one there descriptive of the same event, but apparently executed by a much more modern hand.]

I.

WITHIN his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?

II.

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate,
Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state;
The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go;—
For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

III.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

IV.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

V.

They lead the bulls before them all covered o'er with trappings;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

VI.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter.
They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after
For the King has hired the horned fiend for sixteen maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

VII.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the King he holds her hand;
And the Queen, and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land;
All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

VIII.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand,)
"'Tis a fine thing to be a King; but Heaven make me a Hand!"
The King was very merry, when he was told of this,
And swore the bride ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

IX.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to any thing he said;
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

THE CID AND THE LEPER.

[Like our own Robert the Bruce, the great Spanish hero is represented as exhibiting, on many occasions, great gentleness of disposition and compassion. But while old Barbour is contented with such simple anecdotes as that of a poor laundress being suddenly taken ill with the pains of childbirth, and the king stopping the march of his army rather than leave her unprotected, the minstrels of Spain, never losing an opportunity of gratifying the superstitious propensities of their audience, are sure to let no similar incident in their champion's history pass without a miracle.]

I.

He has ta'en some twenty gentlemen, along with him to go,
For he will pay that ancient vow he to Saint James doth owe;
To Compostella, where the shrine doth by the altar stand,
The good Rodrigo de Bivar is riding through the land.

II.

Where'er he goes, much alms he throws, to feeble folk and poor;
Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure;
For, God and Mary Mother, their heavenly grace to win,
His hand was ever bountiful: great was his joy therein.

III.

And there, in middle of the path, a leper did appear;
In a deep slough the leper lay, none would to help come near.
With a loud voice he thence did cry, "For God our Saviour's sake,
From out this fearful jeopardy a Christian brother take."—

IV.

When Roderick heard that piteous word, he from his horse came down;
For all they said, no stay he made, that noble champion;
He reached his hand to pluck him forth, of fear was no account,
Then mounted on his steed of worth, and made the leper mount.

V.

Behind him rode the leprous man; when to their hostelrie
They came, he made him eat with him at table cheerfully;
While all the rest from that poor guest with loathing shrunk away,
To his own bed the wretch he led, beside him there he lay.

VI.

All at the mid-hour of the night, while good Rodrigo slept,
A breath came from the leprous man, it through his shoulders crept;
Right through the body, at the breast, passed forth that breathing cold;
I wot he leaped up with a start, in terrors manifold.

VII.

He groped for him in the bed, but him he could not find,
Through the dark chamber groped he, with very anxious mind;
Loudly he lifted up his voice, with speed a lamp was brought,
Yet nowhere was the leper seen, though far and near they sought.

VIII.

He turned him to his chamber, God wot, perplexèd sore
With that which had befallen—when lo! his face before,
There stood a man, all clothed in vesture shining white:
Thus said the vision, "Sleepest thou, or wakest thou, Sir Knight?"—

IX.

"I sleep not," quoth Rodrigo; "but tell me who art thou,
For, in the midst of darkness, much light is on thy brow?"—
"I am the holy Lazarus, I come to speak with thee;
I am the same poor leper thou savedst for charity.

X.

"Not vain the trial, nor in vain thy victory hath been;
God favours thee, for that my pain thou didst relieve yestreen.
There shall be honour with thee, in battle and in peace,
Success in all thy doings, and plentiful increase.

XI.

"Strong enemies shall not prevail, thy greatness to undo;
Thy name shall make men's cheeks full pale—Christians and Moslem too;
A death of honour shalt thou die, such grace to thee is given,
Thy soul shall part victoriously, and be received in heaven."—

XII.

When he these gracious words had said, the spirit vanished quite,
Rodrigo rose and knelt him down—he knelt till morning light;
Unto the Heavenly Father, and Mary Mother dear,
He made his prayer right humbly, till dawned the morning clear.

BAVIECA.

Montaigne, in his curious Essay, entitled "Des Destriers," says that all the world knows everything about Bucephalus. The name of the favourite charger of the Cid Ruy Diaz, is scarcely less celebrated. Notice is taken of him in almost every one of the hundred ballads concerning the history of his master,—and there are two or three of these, of which the horse is more truly the hero than his rider. In one of these ballads, the Cid is giving directions about his funeral; he desires that they shall place his body "in full armour upon Bavieca," and so conduct him to the church of San Pedro de Cardeña. This was done accordingly; and, says another ballad—

Truxeron pues a Babieca;
Y en mirandole se puso
Tan triste como si fuera
Mas rasonable que bruto.

In the Cid's last will, mention is also made of this noble charger. "When ye bury Bavieca, dig deep," says Ruy Diaz; "for shameful thing were it, that he should be eat by curs, who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors."

I.

The King looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
Then to the King Ruy Diaz spake after reverence due,—
"O King, the thing is shameful, that any man beside
The liege lord of Castile himself should Bavieca ride:

II.

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
So good as he, and certes, the best befits my King.
But that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the Moor."—

III.

With that, the Cid, clad as he was in mantle furred and wide,
On Bavieca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his career,
Streamed like a pennon on the wind Ruy Diaz' minivere.

IV.

And all that saw them praised them—they lauded man and horse,
As matched well, and rivalless for gallantry and force;
Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight come near,
Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

V.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
He snapt in twain his hither rein:—"God pity now the Cid."
"God pity Diaz," cried the Lords,—but when they looked again,
They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him, with the fragment of his rein;
They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
Like a true lord commanding—and obeyed as by a lamb.

VI.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the King,
But "No," said Don Alphonso, "it were a shameful thing
That peerless Bavieca should ever be bestrid
By any mortal but Bivar—Mount, mount again, my Cid."

THE

EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

The last specimen I shall give of the Cid-ballads, is one the subject of which is evidently of the most apocryphal cast. It is, however, so far as I recollect, the only one of all that immense collection that is quoted or alluded to in Don Quixote. "Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "I am afraid of being excommunicated for having laid violent hands upon a man in holy orders, *Juxta illud; si quis suadente diabolo*, &c. But yet, now I think on it, I never touched him with my hands, but only with my lance; besides, I did not in the least suspect I had to do with priests, whom I honour and revere as every good Catholic and faithful Christian ought to do, but rather took them to be evil spirits. Well, let the worst come to the worst, I remember what befel the Cid Ruy Diaz, when he broke to pieces the chair of a king's ambassador in the Pope's presence, for which he was excommunicated; which did not hinder the worthy Rodrigo de Bivar from behaving himself that day like a valorous knight, and a man of honour."

I.

It was when from Spain across the main the Cid had come to Rome,
He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint Peter's dome.
"Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they;"—"Seven kings do sit thereon,
As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy Father's throne.

II.

"The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss his toe,
Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant show:
For his great puissance, the King of France next to the Pope may sit,
The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station fit."—

III.

"Ha!" quoth the Cid, "now God forbid! it is a shame, I wiss,
To see the Castle* planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.†
No harm, I hope, good Father Pope—although I move thy chair."
—In pieces small he kicked it all, ('twas of the ivory fair).

IV.

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day;
Above them all he planted it, and laughed right bitterly;
Looks sour and bad I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.

V.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry man,
His lips that night, with solemn rite, pronounced the awful ban;
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's head—
To hell and woe man's soul must go if once that curse be said.

VI.

I wot, when the Cid was aware of this, a woful man was he,
At dawn of day he came to pray at the blessèd Father's knee:
"Absolve me, blessèd Father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree."—

VII.

"Who is this sinner," quoth the Pope, "that at my foot doth kneel?"
—"I am Rodrigo Diaz—a poor Baron of Castile."—
Much marvelled all were in the hall, when that name they heard him say,
—"Rise up, rise up," the Pope he said, "I do thy guilt away;—

VIII.

"I do thy guilt away," he said—"and my curse I blot it out—
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout;—
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor."

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* The arms of Castile. † The arms of France

GARCI PEREZ DE VARGAS.

The crowns of Castile and Leon being at length joined in the person of King Ferdinand, surnamed *El Santo*, the authority of the Moors in Spain was destined to receive many severe blows from the united efforts of two Christian states, which had in former times too often exerted their vigour against each other. The most important event of King Ferdinand's reign was the conquest of Seville, which great city yielded to his arms in the year 1248, after sustaining a long and arduous siege of sixteen months.

Don Garci Perez de Vargas was one of the most distinguished warriors who on this great occasion fought under the banners of Ferdinand; and accordingly there are many ballads of which he is the hero. The incident celebrated in that which follows, is thus told, with a few variations, in the seventh chapter of the thirteenth book of Mariana:—

"Above all others, there signalized himself in these affairs that Garci Perez de Vargas, a native of Toledo, of whose valour so many marvellous, and almost incredible achievements, are related. One day about the beginning of the siege, this Garci Perez, and another with him, were riding by the side of the river, at some distance from the outposts, when, of a sudden, there came upon them a party of seven Moors on horseback. The companion of Perez was for returning immediately, but he replied, that 'never, even though he should lose his life for it, would he consent to the baseness of flight.' With that, his companion riding off, Perez armed himself, closed his visor, and put his lance in the rest. But the enemies, when they knew who it was, declined the combat.

"He had therefore pursued his way by himself for some space, when he perceived, that in lacing the head-piece and shutting the visor, he had, by inadvertence, dropt his scarf. He immediately returned upon his steps that he might seek for it. The King, as it happened, had his eyes upon Perez all this time, for the royal tent looked towards the place where he was riding, and he never doubted that the knight had turned back for the purpose of provoking the Moors to the combat. But they avoided him as before, and he, having regained his scarf, came in safety to the camp.

"The honour of the action was much increased by this circumstance, that although frequently pressed to disclose the name of the gentleman who had deserted him in that moment of danger, Garci Perez would never consent to do so, for his modesty was equal to his bravery."

A little farther on Mariana relates, that Garci Perez had a dispute with another gentleman, who thought proper to assert that Garci had no right to assume the coat-of-arms which he wore. "A sally having been made by the Moors, that gentleman, among many more, made his escape, but Garci stood firm to his post, and never came back to the camp until the Moors were driven again into the city. He came with his shield all bruised and battered to the place where the gentleman was standing, and pointing to the effaced bearing which was on it, said, 'Indeed, sir, it must be confessed that you show more respect than I do to this same coat-of-arms, for you keep yours bright and unsullied, while mine is sadly discoloured.' The gentleman was sorely ashamed, and thenceforth Garci Perez bore his achievement without gainsaying or dispute."

I.

King Ferdinand alone did stand one day upon the hill,
Surveying all his leaguer, and the ramparts of Seville;
The sight was grand, when Ferdinand by proud Seville was lying,
O'er tower and tree far off to see the Christian banners flying.

II.

Down chanced the King his eye to fling, where far the camp below
Two gentlemen along the glen were riding soft and slow;
As void of fear each cavalier seemed to be riding there,
As some strong hound may pace around the roebuck's thickest lair.

III.

It was Don Garci Perez, and he would breathe the air,
And he had ta'en a knight with him, that as lief had been elsewhere;
For soon this knight to Garci said, "Ride, ride we, or we're lost!
I see the glance of helm and lance—it is the Moorish Host."—

IV.

The Baron of Vargas turned him round, his trusty squire was near,
The helmet on his brow he bound, his gauntlet grasped his spear;
With that upon his saddle-tree he planted him right steady,
"Now come," quoth he, "whoe'er they be, I trow they'll find us ready."—

V.

By this the knight who rode with him had turned his horse's head,
And up the glen in fearful trim unto the camp had fled.
"Ha! gone?" quoth Garci Perez;—he smiled, and said no more,
But slowly with his esquire rode as he rode before.

VI.

It was the Count Lorenzo, just then it happened so,
He took his stand by Ferdinand, and with him gazed below;
"My liege," quoth he, "seven Moors I see a-coming from the wood,
Now bring they all the blows they may, I trow they'll find as good;
But it is Don Garci Perez, if his cognizance they know,
I guess it will be little pain to give them blow for blow."—

VII.

The Moors from forth the greenwood came riding one by one,
A gallant troop with armour resplendent in the sun;
Full haughty was their bearing, as o'er the sward they came,
While the calm Lord of Vargas his march was still the same.

VIII.

They stood drawn up in order, while past them all rode he,
For when upon his shield they saw the Red Cross and the Tree,
And the wings of the Black Eagle, that o'er his crest were spread,
They knew it was Garci Perez, and never a word they said.

IX.

He took the casque from off his head, and gave it to the squire,
"My friend," quoth he, "no need I see why I my brows should tire."—
But as he doffed the helmet, he saw his scarf was gone,—
"I've dropt it sure," quoth Garci, "when I put my helmet on."—

X.

He looked around and saw the scarf, for still the Moors were near,
And they had picked it from the sward, and looped it on a spear;
"These Moors," quoth Garci Perez, "uncourteous Moors they be—
Now, by my soul, the scarf they stole, yet durst not question me!

XI.

"Now, reach once more my helmet."—The esquire said him nay,
"For a silken string why should ye fling perchance your life away?"—
"I had it from my lady," quoth Garci, "long ago,
And never Moor that scarf, be sure, in proud Seville shall show."—

XII.

But when the Moslem saw him, they stood in firm array,
—He rode among their armed throng, he rode right furiously;
—"Stand, stand, ye thieves and robbers, lay down my lady's pledge!"—
He cried, and ever as he cried they felt his falchion's edge.

XIII.

That day when the Lord of Vargas came to the camp alone,
The scarf, his lady's largess, around his breast was thrown;
Bare was his head, his sword was red, and from his pommel strung,
Seven turbans green, sore hacked I ween, before Garci Perez hung.

THE POUNDER.

A BALLAD concerning another doughty knight of the same family and most probably, considering the date, a brother of Garci Perez de Vargas. Its story is thus alluded to in Don Quixote, in the chapter of *The Windmills*:—

"However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him; and as he was making his complaint about it to his squire, 'I have read,' said he, 'friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day, that he won himself and his posterity the sirname of The Pounder or Bruiser.* I tell this, because I intend to tear up the next oak, or holm-tree, we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe.'—'Heaven grant you may,' cried Sancho: 'I believe it all, because your worship says it.'"

I.

THE Christians have beleaguered the famous walls of Xeres,
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

II.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez.
No knight like Don Diego—no sword like his is found
In all the host, to hew the boast of Paynims to the ground.

---

* *Machuca*, from *Machucar*, to pound as in a mortar.

III.

It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain,
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain;
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

IV.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full nigh,
A comely tree with branches strong, close by the walls of Xeres—
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth Don Diego Perez.

V.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive strong,
Which o'er his head-piece brandishing, he spurs among the throng.
God wot! full many a Pagan must in his saddle reel!—
What leech shall cure, what priest shall shrive, if once that weight ye feel?

VI.

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, "I've seen some flail-armed man belabour barley so!
Sure mortal mould did ne'er enfold such mastery of power;
Let's call Diego Perez THE POUNDER* from this hour.

---

* MACHUCA.

THE

MURDER OF THE MASTER OF ST. IAGO.

The next four ballads relate to the history of Don Pedro, King of Castile, called The Cruel.

An ingenious person not long ago published a work, the avowed purpose of which was to prove that Tiberius was a humane and contemplative prince, who retired to the Island of Capreæ only that he might the better indulge in the harmless luxury of philosophic meditation:—and, in like manner, Pedro The Cruel has found, in these latter times, his defenders and apologists; above all, Voltaire.

There may be found, without doubt, in the circumstances which attended his accession, something to palliate the atrocity of several of his bloody acts. His father had treated his mother with contempt: He had not only entertained, as his mistress, in her lifetime, a lady of the powerful family of Guzman, but actually proclaimed that lady his queen, and brought up her sons as princes in his palace; nay, he had even betrayed some intentions of violating, in their favour, the order of succession, and the rights of Pedro. And, accordingly, no sooner was Alphonso dead, and Pedro acknowledged by the nobility, than Donna Leonora de Guzman, and her sons, whether from consciousness of guilt, or from fear of violence, or from both of these causes, betook themselves to various places of strength, where they endeavoured to defend themselves against the authority of the new King. After a little time, matters were so far accommodated by the interference of friends, that Donna Leonora took up her residence at Seville; but Pedro was suddenly, while in that city, seized with a distemper which his physicians said must, in all probability, have a mortal termination; and during his confinement, (which lasted for several weeks) many intrigues were set a-foot, and the pretensions of various candidates for the throne openly canvassed among the nobility of Castile.

Whether the King had, on his recovery, discovered anything indicative of treasonous intentions in the recent conduct of Leonora and her family, (which, all things considered, seems

not improbable,) or whether he merely suffered himself, as was said at the time, to be over-persuaded by the vindictive arguments of his own mother, the queen-dowager, the fact is certain, that in the course of a few days, Donna Leonora was arrested, and put to death by Pedro's command, in the Castle of Talaveyra. Don Fadrique, (or Frederick,) one of her sons, who had obtained the dignity of Master of the order of St. Iago, fled upon this into Portugal, and fortified himself in the city of Coimbra; while another of them, Don Enrique, or Henry, Lord of Trastamara, took refuge at the Court of Arragon, openly renouncing his allegiance to the crown of Castile, and professing himself henceforth, in all things, the subject and vassal of the prince who gave him protection.

Henry of Trastamara was, from this time, the declared and active enemy of his brother; and in consequence of his influence, and that of his mother's kindred, but most of all, in consequence of Don Pedro's own atrocious proceedings, Castile itself was filled with continual tumults and insurrections.

Don Fadrique, however, made his peace with Pedro. After a lapse of many months, he was invited to come to the court at Seville, and take his share in the amusements of an approaching tournament. He accepted the invitation, but was received with terrible coldness, and immediately executed within the palace. The friends of Pedro asserted that the King had that very day detected Don Fadrique in a correspondence with his brother, Henry of Trastamara, and the Arragonese; while popular belief attributed the slaughter of the Master to the unhappy influence which the too celebrated Maria de Padilla had long ere this begun to exercise over Pedro's mind.

Maria was often, in consequence of her close intimacy with Jews, called by the name of their hated race; but she was in reality not only of Christian, but of noble descent in Spain. However that might be, Pedro found her in the family of his minister, Albuquerque, where she had been brought up, loved her with all the violence of his temper, and made her his wife in all things but the name. Although political motives induced him, not long afterwards, to contract an alliance with a princess of the French blood royal,—the unfortunate Blanche of Bourbon,—he lived with his young queen but a few days, and then deserted her for ever, for the sake of this beautiful, jealous and imperious mistress.

The reader will observe, that there is a strange peculiarity in the structure of the ballad which narrates the Murder of the

Master of Saint Iago. The unfortunate Fadrique is introduced in the beginning of it as telling his own story, and so he carries it on, in the first person, until the order for his execution is pronounced by Pedro. The sequel is given as if by another voice. I can suppose this singularity to have had a musical origin.

The Master was slain in the year 1358.

I.

"I SAT alone in Coimbra—the town myself had ta'en,—
When came into my chamber, a messenger from Spain;
There was no treason in his look, an honest look he wore;
I from his hand the letter took,—my brother's seal it bore.

II.

"'Come, brother dear, the day draws near,' ('twas thus bespoke the King),
'For plenar court and knightly sport, within the listed ring.'—
Alas! unhappy Master, I easy credence lent;
Alas! for fast and faster I at his bidding went.

III.

"When I set off from Coimbra, and passed the bound of Spain,
I had a goodly company of spearmen in my train;
A gallant force, a score of horse, and sturdy mules thirteen:
With joyful heart I held my course—my years were young and green.

IV.

"A journey of good fifteen days within the week was done,
I halted not, though signs I got, dark tokens many a one;
A strong stream mastered horse and mule, I lost my poniard fine,
And left a page within the pool, a faithful page of mine.

V.

"Yet on to proud Seville I rode; when to the gate I came,
Before me stood a man of God, to warn me from the same;
The words he spake I would not hear, his grief I would not see, seek, said I, my brother dear—I will not stop for thee.

VI.

"No lists were closed upon the sand, for royal tourney dight;
No pawing horse was seen to stand, I saw no armed knight;
Yet aye I gave my mule the spur, and hastened through the town,
I stopt before his palace-door, then gaily leapt I down.

VII.

"They shut the door, my trusty score of friends were left behind;
I would not hear their whispered fear, no harm was in my mind;
I greeted Pedro, but he turned—I wot his look was cold;
His brother from his knees he spurned—'Stand off, thou Master bold—

VIII.

"'Stand off, stand off, thou traitor strong,' 'twas thus he said to me,
'Thy time on earth shall not be long—what brings thee to my knee?
My Lady craves a New-year's gift, and I will keep my word;
Thy head methinks may serve the shift—Good yeoman, draw thy sword.'"

IX.

The Master lay upon the floor ere well that word was said,
Then in a charger off they bore his pale and bloody head;
They brought it to Padilla's chair, they bowed them on the knee,
"King Pedro greets thee, Lady fair, his gift he sends to thee."—

X.

She gazed upon the Master's head, her scorn it could not scare,
And cruel were the words she said, and proud her glances were;
"Thou now shalt pay, thou traitor base, the debt of many a year,
My dog shall lick that haughty face; no more that lip shall sneer."—

XI.

She seized it by the clotted hair, and o'er the window flung;
The mastiff smelt it in his lair, forth at her cry he sprung;
The mastiff that had crouched so low to lick the Master's hand,
He tossed the morsel to and fro, and licked it on the sand.

XII.

And ever as the mastiff tore, his bloody teeth were shown,
With growl and snort he made his sport, and picked it to the bone.
The baying of the beast was loud, and swiftly on the street
There gathered round a gaping crowd, to see the mastiff eat.

XIII.

Then out and spake King Pedro,—"What governance is this?
The rabble rout, my gate without, torment my dogs, I wiss."—
Then out and spake King Pedro's page, "It is the Master's head,
The mastiff tears it in his rage, therewith they him have fed."—

XIV.

Then out and spake the ancient Nurse, that nursed the brothers twain,
"On thee, King Pedro, lies the curse, thy brother thou hast slain;
A thousand harlots there may be within the realm of Spain,
But where is she can give to thee thy brother back again?"—

XV.

Came darkness o'er King Pedro's brow, when thus he heard her say;
He sorely rued the accursèd vow he had fulfilled that day;
He passed unto his paramour, where on her couch she lay,
Leaning from out her painted bower, to see the mastiff's play.

XVI.

He drew her to a dungeon dark, a dungeon strong and deep;
"My father's son lies stiff and stark, and there are few to weep.
Fadrique's blood for vengeance calls, his cry is in mine ear;
Thou art the cause, thou harlot false, in darkness lie thou here."

THE

DEATH OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

That Pedro was accessory to the violent death of this young and innocent Princess whom he had married, and immediately afterwards deserted for ever, there can be no doubt. This atrocious deed was avenged abundantly; for it certainly led, in the issue, to the downfall and death of Pedro himself.

Mariana says, very briefly, that the injuries sustained by Queen Blanche had so much offended many of Pedro's own nobility, that they drew up a formal remonstrance, and presented it to him in a style sufficiently formidable; and that he, his proud and fierce temper being stung to madness by what he considered an unjustifiable interference with his domestic concerns, immediately gave orders for the poisoning of Blanche in her prison.

In the old French Memoirs of Du Guesclin, a much more improbable story is told at great length. The Queen Blanche, according to this account, had been banished to Medina, the adjoining territory being assigned to her for her maintenance. One of her vassals, a Jew, presumed to do his homage in the usual fashion, that is by kissing Blanche on the cheek, ere his true character was suspected either by her or her attendants. No sooner was the man known to be a Jew, than he was driven from the presence of the Queen with every mark of insult; and this sunk so deeply into his mind, that he determined to revenge himself, if possible, by the death of Blanche. He told his story to Maria de Padilla, who prevailed on the King to suffer him to take his own measures; and he accordingly surprised the Castle of Medina by night, at the head of a troop of his own countrymen, and butchered the unhappy lady.

The ballad itself is, in all likelihood, as trustworthy as any other authority; but the true particulars of such a crime were pretty sure to be kept concealed.

"Maria de Padilla, be not thus of dismal mood,
For if I twice have wedded me, it all was for thy good;*

"But if upon Queen Blanche ye will that I some scorn should show,
For a banner to Medina my messenger shall go;

"The work shall be of Blanche's tears, of Blanche's blood the ground;
Such pennon shall they weave for thee, such sacrifice be found."—

Then to the Lord of Ortis, that excellent baron,
He said, "Now hear me, Ynigo, forthwith for this begone."—

Then answer made Don Ynigo, "Such gift I ne'er will bring,
For he that harmeth Lady Blanche doth harm my lord the king."

Then Pedro to his chamber went, his cheek was burning red,
And to a bowman of his guard the dark command he said.

The bowman to Medina passed; when the Queen beheld him near,
"Alas!" she said, "my maidens, he brings my death, I fear."—

Then said the archer, bending low, "The King's commandment take,
And see thy soul be ordered well with God that did it make.

"For lo! thine hour is come, therefrom no refuge may there be."—
Then gently spake the Lady Blanche, "My friend, I pardon thee;

"Do what thou wilt, so be the King hath his commandment given,
Deny me not confession—if so, forgive ye Heaven."—

---

* According to Mariana, Pedro had not declared himself married to Maria de Padilla, at the period of Queen Blanche's death.

Much grieved the bowman for her tears, and for her beauty's sake,
While thus Queen Blanche of Bourbon her last complaint did make;—

"Oh France! my noble country—oh blood of high Bourbon,
Not eighteen years have I seen out before my life is gone.

"The King hath never known me. A virgin true I die.
Whate'er I've done, to proud Castile no treason e'er did I.

"The crown they put upon my head was a crown of blood and sighs,
God grant me soon another crown more precious in the skies."—

These words she spake, then down she knelt, and took the bowman's blow—
Her tender neck was cut in twain, and out her blood did flow.

THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

The reader may remember, that when Don Pedro had, by his excessive cruelties, quite alienated from himself the hearts of the great majority of his people, Don Henry of Trastamara, his natural brother, who had spent many years in exile, returned suddenly into Spain with a formidable band of French auxiliaries, by whose aid he drove Pedro out of his kingdom. The voice of the nation was on Henry's side, and he took possession of the throne without further opposition.

Pedro, after his treatment of Queen Blanche, could have nothing to hope from the crown of France, so he immediately threw himself into the arms of England. And our Edward, the Black Prince, who then commanded in Gascony, had more than one obvious reason for taking up his cause.

The Prince of Wales marched with Don Pedro into Spain, at the head of an army of English and Gascon veterans, whose disciplined valour, Mariana very frankly confesses, gave them a decided superiority over the Spanish soldiery of the time. Henry was so unwise as to set his stake upon a battle, and was totally defeated in the field of Najara. Unable to rally his flying troops, he was compelled to make his escape beyond the Pyrenees; and Don Pedro once more established himself in his kingdom.—The battle of Najara took place in 1366.

But, in 1368, when the Black Prince had retired again into Gascony, Henry, in his turn, came back from exile with a small but gallant army, most of whom were French, commanded by the celebrated Bertram Du Gleasquin, or, as he is more commonly called, Du Guesclin—and animated, as was natural, by strong thirst of vengeance for the insults, which, in the person of Blanche, Pedro had heaped upon the royal line of their country, and the blood of Saint Louis.

Henry of Trastamara advanced into the heart of La Mancha, and there encountered Don Pedro, at the head of an army six times more numerous than that which he commanded, but composed in a great measure of Jews, Saracens, and Portuguese,—miscellaneous auxiliaries, who gave way before the ardour of the French chivalry, so that Henry remained victorious, and Pedro was compelled to take refuge in the neighbouring castle of

Montiel. That fortress was so strictly blockaded by the successful enemy, that the king was compelled to attempt his escape by night, with only twelve persons in his retinue,—Ferdinand de Castro being the person of most note among them.

As they wandered in the dark, they were encountered by a body of French cavalry making the rounds, commanded by an adventurous knight, called Le Bègue de Villaines. Compelled to surrender, Don Pedro put himself under the safeguard of this officer, promising him a rich ransom, if he would conceal him from the knowledge of his brother Henry. The knight, according to Froissart, promised him concealment, and conveyed him to his own quarters.

But in the course of an hour, Henry was apprized that he was taken, and came with some of his followers to the tent of Allan de la Houssaye, where his unfortunate brother had been placed. On entering the chamber, he exclaimed, "Where is that whore-son and Jew, who calls himself King of Castile?"—Pedro, as proud and fearless as he was cruel, stepped instantly forward and replied, "Here I stand, the lawful son and heir of Don Alphonso, and it is thou that art but a false bastard." The rival brethren instantly grappled like lions, the French knights and Du Guesclin himself looking on. Henry drew his poniard and wounded Pedro in the face, but his body was defended by a coat-of-mail; a violent struggle ensued:—Henry fell across a bench, and his brother being uppermost, had well-nigh mastered him, when one of Henry's followers seizing Don Pedro by the leg, turned him over, and his master, thus at length gaining the upper-hand, instantly stabbed the King to the heart.

Froissart calls this man the Vicompte de Roquebetyn, and others the Bastard of Anisse. Menard, in his History of Du Guesclin, says, that while all around gazed like statues on the furious struggle of the brothers, Du Guesclin exclaimed to this attendant of Henry, "What! will you stand by and see your master placed at such a pass by a false renegade?—Make forward and aid him, for well you may."

Pedro's head was cut off, and his remains were meanly buried. They were afterwards disinterred by his daughter, the wife of our own John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," and deposited in Seville, with the honours due to his rank. His memory was regarded with a strange mixture of horror and compassion, which recommended him as a subject for legend

and for romance. He had caused his innocent wife to be assassinated—had murdered three of his brothers,—and committed numberless cruelties upon his subjects. He had, which the age held equally scandalous, held a close intimacy with the Jews and Saracens, and had enriched him at the expense of the church. Yet, in spite of all these crimes, his undaunted bravery and energy of character, together with the strange circumstances of his death, excited milder feelings towards his memory.

The following ballad, which describes the death of Don Pedro, was translated by a friend.* It is quoted more than once by Cervantes in Don Quixote.

I.

HENRY and King Pedro clasping,
  Hold in straining arms each other;
Tugging hard, and closely grasping,
  Brother proves his strength with brother.

II.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,
  Blends not thus their limbs in strife;
Either aims, with rage infernal,
  Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

III.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
  Pedro holds Don Henry strait,
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
  That, despair and mortal hate.

IV.

Sole spectator of the struggle,
  Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase who bore his bugle,
  And who bore his sword in war.

---

* "Sir Walter Scott," says Lockhart himself, edition of 1853.

V.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
  Down upon the earth they go,
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,
  Stout Don Henry falls below.

VI.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
  Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
  Aiding thus the fallen man.

VII.

"King to place, or to depose him,
  Dwelleth not in my desire,
But the duty which he owes him,
  To his master pays the squire."—

VIII.

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
  Now King Pedro lies beneath,
In his heart his brother's poniard
  Instant finds its bloody sheath.

IX.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
  While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
  In a Christian bosom dwelled.

THE

PROCLAMATION OF KING HENRY.

The following ballad, taking up the story where it is left in the preceding one, gives us the Proclamation and Coronation of Don Henry, surnamed, from the courtesy of his manners, *El Cavallero*, and the grief of Pedro's lovely and unhappy mistress, Maria de Padilla. From its structure and versification, I have no doubt it is of much more modern origin than most of those in the first Cancionero.

The picture which Mariana gives us of Don Pedro, the hero of so many atrocious and tragical stories, is to me very striking. "He was pale of complexion," says the historian; "his features were high and well formed, and stamped with a certain authority of majesty, his hair red, his figure erect, even to stiffness; he was bold and determined in action and in council; his bodily frame sank under no fatigues, his spirit under no weight of difficulty or of danger. He was passionately fond of hawking, and all violent exercises.

"In the beginning of his reign, he administered justice among private individuals with perfect integrity. But even then were visible in him the rudiments of those vices which grew with his age, and finally led him to his ruin; such as a general contempt and scorn of mankind, an insulting tongue, a proud and difficult ear, even to those of his household. These faults were discernible even in his tender years; to them, as he advanced in life, were added avarice, dissolution in luxury, an utter hardness of heart, and a remorseless cruelty."—Mariana, Book XVI. ch. 10.

The reader will find almost the whole of Don Pedro's history clothed in a strain of glowing and elegant poetry, in the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. See his "Bertrand Du Guesclin, historisches ritter-gedicht."

I.

At the feet of Don Henrique now King Pedro dead is lying,
Not that Henry's might was greater, but that blood to Heaven was crying.
Though deep the dagger had its sheath within his brother's breast,
Firm on the frozen throat beneath Don Henry's foot is prest.

II.

So dark and sullen is the glare of Pedro's lifeless eyes,
Still half he fears what slumbers there to vengeance may arise.
So stands the brother, on his brow the mark of blood is seen,
Yet had he not been Pedro's Cain, his Cain had Pedro been.

III.

Close round the scene of cursèd strife, the armed knights appear
Of either band, with silent thoughts of joyfulness or fear;
All for a space, in silence, the fratricide survey,
Then sudden bursts the mingling voice of triumph and dismay.

IV.

Glad shout on shout from Henry's host ascends unto the sky;
"God save King Henry—save the King—King Henry!" is their cry.
But Pedro's Barons clasp their brows, in sadness stand they near,
Whate'er to others he had been, their friend lies murdered here.

V.

The deed, say those, was justly done—a tyrant's soul is sped;
These ban and curse the traitorous blow, by which a King is dead.
"Now see," cries one, "how Heaven's amand asserts the people's rights;"
Another—"God will judge the hand that God's anointed smites."—

VI.

"The Lord's vicegerent," quoth a priest, "is sovereign of the land,
And he rebels 'gainst heaven's behest, that slights his King's command."—
"Now Heaven be witness, if he sinned," thus speaks a gallant young,
"The fault was in Padilla's eye, that o'er him magic flung;—

VII.

"Or if no magic be her blame, so heavenly fair is she,
The wisest, for so bright a dame, might well a sinner be.
Let none speak ill of Pedro—No Roderick hath he been;
He dearly loved fair Spain, although 'tis true he slew the Queen."

VIII.

The words he spake they all might hear, yet none vouchsafe reply,
"God save great Henry—save the King—King Henry!" is the cry;
While Pedro's liegemen turn aside, their groans are in your ear,
Whate'er to others he hath been, our friend lies slaughtered here!"

IX.

No paltry souls are wanting among King Pedro's band,
That, now their King is dead, draw near to kiss his murderer's hand.
The false cheek clothes it in a smile, and laughs the hollow eye,
And wags the traitor tongue the while with flattery's ready lie.

X.

The valour of the King that *is*—the justice of his cause—
The blindness and the tyrannies of him the King that *was*—
All—all are doubled in their speech, yet truth enough is there
To sink the spirit shivering near, in darkness of despair.

XI.

The Murder of the Master,* the tender Infants'† doom,
And blessed Blanche's thread of life snapt short in dungeon's gloom,
With tragedies yet unrevealed, that stained the King's abode,
By lips his bounty should have sealed are blazoned black abroad.

XII.

Whom served he most at others' cost, most loud they rend the sky,
"God save great Henry—save our King—King Henry!" is the cry.
But still, amid too many foes, the grief is in your ear
Of dead King Pedro's faithful few—"Alas! our lord lies here."—

XIII.

But others' tears, and others' groans, what are they matched with thine,
Maria de Padilla—thou fatal concubine!
Because she is King Henry's slave, the damsel weepeth sore,
Because she's Pedro's widowed love, alas! she weepeth more.

XIV.

"O Pedro! Pedro!" hear her cry—"how often did I say
That wicked counsel and weak trust would haste thy life away!"—
She stands upon her turret top, she looks down from on high,
Where mantled in his bloody cloak she sees her lover lie.

XV.

Low lies King Pedro in his blood, while bending down ye see
Caitiffs that trembled ere he spake, crouched at his murderer's knee;
They place the sceptre in his hand, and on his head the crown,
And trumpets clear are blown, and bells are merry through the town.

---

* The Master of the order of Saint Iago.

† Two younger brothers, [sons of his father by Leonora de Guzman] who were taken off by Don Pedro, when irritated by the first rebellion of Don Enrique of Trastamara.

XVI.

The sun shines bright, and the gay rout with clamours rend the sky,
"God save great Henry—save the King—King Henry!" is the cry;
But the pale Lady weeps above, with many a bitter tear,
Whate'er he was, he was her love, and he lies slaughtered here.

XVII.

At first, in silence down her cheek the drops of sadness roll,
But rage and anger come to break the sorrow of her soul;
The triumph of her haters—the gladness of their cries,
Enkindle flames of ire and scorn within her tearful eyes.

XVIII.

In her hot cheek the blood mounts high, as she stands gazing down,
Now on proud Henry's royal state, his robe and golden crown,
And now upon the trampled cloak that hides not from her view
The slaughtered Pedro's marble brow, and lips of livid hue.

XIX.

With furious grief she twists her hands among her long black hairs,
And all from off her lovely brow the blameless locks she tears;
She tears the ringlets from her front, and scatters all the pearls
King Pedro's hand had planted among the raven curls.

XX.

"Stop, caitiff tongues!"—they hear her not—"King Pedro's love am I."
They heed her not—"God save the King—great Henry!" still they cry.
She rends her hair, she wrings her hands, but none to help is near,
"God look in vengeance on their deed, my lord lies murdered here!"—

XXI.

Away she flings her garments, her broidered veil and vest,
As if they should behold her love within her lovely breast—
As if to call upon her foes the constant heart to see,
Where Pedro's form is still enshrined, and evermore shall be.

XXII.

But none on fair Maria looks, by none her breast is seen,—
Save angry Heaven remembering well the murder of the Queen,
The wounds of jealous harlot rage, which virgin blood must stanch,
And all the scorn that mingled in the bitter cup of Blanche.

XXIII.

The utter coldness of neglect that haughty spirit stings,
As if a thousand fiends were there, with all their flapping wings;
She wraps the veil about her head, as if 'twere all a dream—
The love—the murder—and the wrath—and that rebellious scream;

XXIV.

For still there's shouting on the plain, and spurring far and nigh,
"God save the King—Amen! amen!—King Henry!" is the cry;
While Pedro all alone is left, upon his bloody bier,
Not one remains to cry to God, "Our lord lies murdered here!"

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

[The incident to which the following Ballad relates, is supposed to have occurred on the famous field of Aljubarrota, where King Juan the First of Castile was defeated by the Portuguese. The King, who was at the time in a feeble state of health, exposed himself very much during the action; and being wounded, had great difficulty in making his escape.—The battle was fought A.D. 1385.]

I.

"YOUR horse is faint, my King, my Lord, your gallant horse is sick,
His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye the film is thick;
Mount, mount on mine, oh, mount apace, I pray thee mount and fly!
Or in my arms I'll lift your grace—their trampling hoofs are nigh.

II.

"My King, my King, you're wounded sore; the blood runs from your feet,
But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to your seat:
Mount, Juan, for they gather fast—I hear their coming cry;
Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy—I'll save you though I die!

III.

"Stand, noble steed, this hour of need—be gentle as a lamb;
I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth—thy master dear I am.
Mount, Juan, mount, whate'er betide, away the bridle fling,
And plunge the rowels in his side—My horse shall save my King!

IV.

"Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it thine secures:
If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn on my grey head?

V.

"Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger of disdain,
And say—there's ONE that ran away when our good lords were slain,—
I leave Diego in your care—you'll fill his father's place:
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare—God's blessing on your grace!"—

VI.

So spake the brave Montañez, Butrago's Lord was he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfastness and glee;
He flung himself among them, as they came down the hill;
He died, God wot! but not before his sword had drunk its fill.

THE KING OF ARRAGON.

The following little ballad represents the supposed feelings of Alphonso, King of Arragon, on surveying Naples, after he had at last obtained possession of that city, and driven René of Anjou* from the south of Italy. "The King of Arragon," says Mariana, "entered Naples as victor on the morning of Sunday, the second of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand, four hundred, and forty-two."

The brother, whose death is represented as saddening the King's triumph, was Don Pedro of Arragon, who was killed "by the fourth rebound of a cannon-ball," very soon after the commencement of the siege of Naples. "When the King heard of these woeful tidings," says Mariana, "he hastened to the place where the body had been laid, and kissing the breast of the dead man, said, 'Alas! my brother, what different things had I expected of thee! God help thy soul!' And with that he wept and groaned, and then turning to his attendants, 'Alas,' said he, 'my comrades, we have lost this day the flower of all our chivalry.' Don Pedro died in the bloom of his youth, being just twenty-seven years old, and having never been married. He had been in many wars, and in all of them he had won honour."—Mariana, Book XXI. cap. 13.

Who was the favourite boy, (Pagezico,) whose death the King also laments in the ballad, I have not been able to find.

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* Joanna II. Queen of Naples, left her crown by will to René of Anjou, who had thus a double claim to it, for he was the descendant of the ancient Angevine dynasty, founded by Charles of Anjou, brother to Louis IX. of France, in 1265, but he never possessed it. The city and kingdom were conquered by Alphonso V. King of Arragon. René is well known to English readers as the father of Henry VI.'s brave Queen Margaret. [Editor's Note.]

I.

One day, the King of Arragon, from the old citadel,
Looked down upon the sea of Spain, as the billows rose and fell;
He looked on ship and galley, some coming and some going,
With all their prize of merchandize, and all their streamers flowing.

II.

Some to Castile were sailing, and some to Barbary—
And then he looked on Naples, that great city of the sea:
"O city!" saith the King, "how great hath been thy cost,
For thee I twenty years, my fairest years, have lost!

III.

"By thee I have lost a brother;—never Hector was more brave;
High cavaliers have dropped their tears upon my brother's grave:—
Much treasure hast thou cost me, and a little boy beside,
(Alas! thou woeful city!) for whom I would have died."

THE

VOW OF THE MOOR REDUAN.

THE marriage of Ferdinand the Catholic and Donna Isabella, having united the forces of Arragon and Castile, the total ruin of the Moorish power in Spain could no longer be deferred. The last considerable fragment of their once mighty possessions in the Peninsula, was Granada; but the fate of Malaga and Cadiz gave warning of its inevitable fall, while internal dissensions, and the weakness of King Boabdil, hastened and facilitated that great object of Ferdinand's ambition.

The following is a version of certain parts of *two ballads;* indeed, the Moor Reduan is the hero of a great many more. The subject is, as the reader will perceive, the rash vow and tragical end of a young and gallant soldier, allied, as it would appear, to the blood of the last Moorish King of Granada, Boabdil, or, as he is more generally called by the Spanish writers, *El rey Chiquito*, i.e. The Little King.

I.

THUS said before his Lords the King to Reduan,
"'Tis easy to get words, deeds get we as we can;
Remember'st thou the feast at which I heard thee saying,
'Twere easy in one night to make me Lord of Jaen?

II.

"Well in my mind I hold the valiant vow was said;
Fulfil it, boy, and gold shall shower upon thy head;
But bid a long farewell, if now thou shrink from doing,
To bower and bonnibell, thy feasting, and thy wooing."—

III.

"I have forgot the oath, if such I e'er did plight,
But needs there plighted troth to make a soldier fight?
A thousand sabres bring, we'll see how we may thrive."—
"One thousand!" quoth the King; "I trow thou shalt have five."—

IV.

They passed the Elvira gate,* with banners all displayed,
They passed in mickle state, a noble cavalcade;—
What proud and pawing horses, what comely cavaliers,
What bravery of targets, what glittering of spears!

V.

What caftans blue and scarlet, what turbans pleached of green;
What waving of their crescents and plumages between;
What buskins and what stirrups, what rowels chased in gold,
What handsome gentlemen, what buoyant hearts and bold!

VI.

In midst, above them all, rides he who rules the band,
Yon feather white and tall is the token of command.
He looks to the Alhambra,† whence bends his mother down;
"Now Alla save my boy, and merciful Mahoun!"

VII.

But 'twas another sight—when Reduan drew near
To look upon the height where Jaen's towers appear;
The fosse was wide and deep, the walls both tall and strong,
And keep was matched with keep the battlements along.

VIII.

It was a heavy sight, but most for Reduan;
He sighed, as well he might, ere thus his speech began,—
"O Jaen, had I known how high thy bulwarks stand,
My tongue had not outgone the prowess of my hand.

---

* One of the gates of Granada—that looking towards Elvira
† The famous Palace of the Moorish Kings of Granada.

IX.

"But since in hasty cheer I did my promise plight,
(What well might cost a year) to win thee in a night,—
The pledge demands the paying. I would my soldiers brave
Were half as sure of Jaen, as I am of my grave.

X.

"My penitence comes late, my death lags not behind;
I yield me up to fate, since hope I may not find."—
With that he turned him round;—"Now blow your trumpets high!"
But every spearman frowned, and dark was every eye.—

XI.

But when he was aware that they would fain retreat,
He spurred his bright bay mare, I wot her pace was fleet;
He rides beneath the walls, and shakes aloft his lance,
And to the Christians calls, if any will advance.

XII.

With that an arrow flew from o'er the battlement,
Young Reduan it slew, sheer through the breast it went.
He fell upon the green,—"Farewell, my bonny bay!"—
Right soon, when this was seen, broke all the Moor array.

THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA.

[The following ballad describes the final departure of the weak and unfortunate Boabdil from Granada.

In point of fact, the Moorish King came out and received Ferdinand and Isabella in great form and pomp, at the gates of his lost city, presenting them with the keys on a cushion, and in abject terms entreating their protection for his person.

The valley of Purchena, in Murcia, was assigned to him for his place of residence, and a handsome revenue provided for the maintenance of him and his family; but after a little while, "not having resolution," as Mariana expresses it, "to endure a private life in the country where he had so long reigned a King," he went over to Barbary.*

The entrance of Ferdinand and Isabella into Granada took place on Friday the 6th of January, 1492.]

I.

THERE was crying in Granada when the sun was going down,
Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun;
Here passed away the Koran, there in the Cross was borne,
And here was heard the Christian bell, and there the Moorish horn;

II.

Te Deum Laudamus was up the Alcala sung:
Down from the Alhambra's minarets were all the crescents flung;
The arms thereon of Arragon they with Castile's display;
One king comes in in triumph, one weeping goes away.

III.

Thus cried the weeper, while his hands his old white beard did tear,
"Farewell, farewell, Granada! thou city without peer;
Woe, woe, thou pride of Heathendom, seven hundred years and more
Have gone since first the faithful thy royal sceptre bore.

---

* He took service under the King of Fez, and died fighting with that monarch's enemies.

IV.

"Thou wert the happy mother of an high renowned race;
Within thee dwelt a haughty line that now go from their place;
Within thee fearless knights did dwell, who fought with mickle glee—
The enemies of proud Castile, the bane of Christientie.

V.

"The mother of fair dames wert thou, of truth and beauty rare,
Into whose arms did courteous knights for solace sweet repair;—
For whose dear sakes the gallants of Afric made display
Of might in joust and battle on many a bloody day:

VI.

"Here gallants held it little thing for ladies' sake to die,
Or for the Prophet's honour, and pride of Soldanry;—
For here did valour flourish, and deeds of warlike might
Ennobled lordly palaces, in which was our delight.

VII.

"The gardens of thy Vega,* its fields and blooming bowers—
Woe, woe! I see their beauty gone, and scattered all their flowers.—
No reverence can he claim the King that such a land hath lost,
On charger never can he ride, nor be heard among the host—
But in some dark and dismal place, where none his face may see,
There weeping and lamenting, alone that King should be."—

VIII.

Thus spake Granada's King as he was riding to the sea,
About to cross Gibraltar's Strait away to Barbary:—
Thus he in heaviness of soul unto his Queen did cry.—
(He had stopped and ta'en her in his arms, for together they did fly.)

IX.

"Unhappy King! whose craven soul can brook"—(she 'gan reply,)
"To leave behind Granada,—who hast not heart to die—
Now for the love I bore thy youth thee gladly could I slay,
For what is life to leave when such a crown is cast away?"

---

* The plain of Granada.

THE

DEATH OF DON ALONZO OF AGUILAR.

The Catholic zeal of Ferdinand and Isabella was gratified by the external conversion at least of a great part of the Moors of Granada; but the inhabitants of the Sierra of Alpuxarra, a ridge of mountainous territory at no great distance from that city, resisted every argument of the priests who were sent among them, so that the royal order for Baptism was at last enforced by arms.

These Moorish mountaineers resisted for a time, in several of their strongholds; but were at last subdued, and in great part extirpated. Among many severe losses sustained by the Spanish forces in the course of this hill warfare, none was more grievous than that recorded in the following ballad. Don Alonzo of Aguilar, was the elder brother of that Gonsalvo Hernandez y Cordova of Aguilar, who afterwards became so illustrious as to acquire the name of The Great Captain.

The circumstances of Don Alonzo's death are described somewhat differently by the historians. (See in particular, Mariana, Book XXVII. chapter 6, where no mention is made of the Moors throwing down stones on him and his party, as in the ballad.) This tragic story has been rendered familiar to all English readers by the Bishop of Dromore's exquisite version of "Rio Verde, Rio Verde."*

I.

Fernando, King of Arragon, before Granada lies,
With dukes and barons many a one, and champions of emprize;
With all the captains of Castile that serve his lady's crown,
He drives Boabdil from his gates, and plucks the crescent down.

---

* See Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

II.

The cross is reared upon the towers, for our Redeemer's sake;
The King assembles all his powers, his triumph to partake,
Yet at the royal banquet, there's trouble in his eye—
"Now speak thy wish, it shall be done, great King," the lordlings cry.

III.

Then spake Fernando, "Hear, grandees! which of ye all will go,
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuxar to blow?
Those heights along, the Moors are strong; now who, by dawn of day,
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the dogs away?"—

IV.

Then champion on champion high, and count on count doth look;
And faltering is the tongue of lord, and pale the cheek of duke;
Till starts up brave Alonzo, the knight of Aguilar,
The lowmost at the royal board, but foremost still in war.

V.

And thus he speaks: "I pray, my lord, that none but I may go;
For I made promise to the Queen, your consort, long ago,
That ere the war should have an end, I, for her royal charms,
And for my duty to her grace, would shew some feat of arms."—

VI.

Much joyed the King these words to hear—he bids Alonzo speed—
And long before their revel's o'er the knight is on his steed;
Alonzo's on his milk-white steed, with horsemen in his train—
A thousand horse, a chosen band, ere dawn the hills to gain.

VII.

They ride along the darkling ways, they gallop all the night;
They reach Nevada ere the cock hath harbingered the light,
But ere they've climbed that steep ravine the east is glowing red,
And the Moors their lances bright have seen, and Christian banners spread.

VIII.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow;
There, o'er the path, the heathen range their ambuscado's line,
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

IX.

There nought avails the eagle-eye, the guardian of Castile,
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel,
The arm of strength that wielded well the strong mace in the fray,
Nor the broad plate, from whence the edge of falchion glanced away.

X.

Not knightly valour there avails, nor skill of horse and spear,
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear;
Down—down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.

XI.

Alonzo, with a handful more, escapes into the field,
There like a lion stands at bay, in vain besought to yield;
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draws near to fight;
Afar with bolt and javelin they pierce the steadfast knight.

XII.

A hundred and a hundred darts are hissing round his head;
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts, their blood had all been shed;
Faint and more faint he staggers, upon the slippery sod,
At last his back is to the earth, he gives his soul to God.

XIII.

With that the Moors plucked up their hearts to gaze upon his face,
And caitiffs mangled where he lay the scourge of Afric's race;
To woody Oxijera then the gallant corpse they drew,
And there upon the village-green they laid him out to view.

XIV.

Upon the village-green he lay as the moon was shining clear,
And all the village damsels to look on him drew near;
They stood around him all a-gaze, beside the big oak-tree,
And much his beauty they did praise, though mangled sore was he.

XV.

Now, so it fell, a Christian dame that knew Alonzo well,
Not far from Oxijera did as a captive dwell,
And hearing all the marvels, across the woods came she,
To look upon this Christian corpse, and wash it decently.

XVI.

She looked upon him, and she knew the face of Aguilar,
Although his beauty was disgraced with many a ghastly scar;
She knew him, and she cursed the dogs that pierced him from afar,
And mangled him when he was slain—the Moors of Alpuxar.

XVII.

The Moorish maidens, while she spake, around her silence kept,
But her master dragged the dame away—then loud and long they wept;
They washed the blood, with many a tear, from dint of dart and arrow,
And buried him near the waters clear of the brook of Alpuxarra.

THE

DEPARTURE OF KING SEBASTIAN.

[The reader is acquainted with the melancholy story of Sebastian King of Portugal.* It was in 1578 that his unfortunate expedition and death took place.

The following is a version of one of the Spanish ballads, founded on the history of Sebastian. There is another, which describes his death, almost in the words of a ballad already translated, concerning King Juan I. of Castile.]

I.

It was a Lusitanian Lady, and she was lofty in degree,
Was fairer none, nor nobler, in all the realm than she;
I saw her that her eyes were red, as, from her balcony,
They wandered o'er the crowded shore and the resplendent sea.

II.

Gorgeous and gay, in Lisbon's Bay, with streamers flaunting wide,
Upon the gleaming waters Sebastian's galleys ride,
His valorous armada (was never nobler sight)
Hath young Sebastian marshalled against the Moorish might.

---

* It is just possible that the story of Sebastian (once well known to the general public through Miss Jane Porter's novel) may *not* be equally in the memory of all the present readers of the "Ballads." Sebastian, chivalrous and romantic, sailed for Africa with the flower of his nobility in 1578, to do battle on their own soil with the Moors. He was then only 23 years of age. A battle took place at Alcacer-el-Xebir, in which the young king displayed remarkable valour. He rushed into the midst of the Moorish ranks, where he disappeared, and is supposed to have been slain. So bravely did the Portuguese fight to rescue their sovereign that only fifty of the gallant army Sebastian had brought over survived that fatal battle. The mystery which surrounded the fate of the young king led to several claimants appearing, who professed to be Sebastian, escaped from Moorish thraldom. Over one of these, something of the same doubt hovers, which attended on Perkin Warbeck. The story of Sebastian has very recently (in 1866) produced a very interesting work entitled, "Les faux Don Sébastien. Etude sur l'histoire de Portugal, par Don Miguel d'Antas," to which we refer our readers. [Editor's note.]

III.

The breeze comes forth from the clear north, a gallant breeze there blows;
Their sails they lift, then out they drift, and first Sebastian goes.
"May none withstand Sebastian's hand—God shield my King!" she said;
Yet pale was that fair Lady's cheek, her weeping eyes were red.

IV.

She looks on all the parting host, in all its pomp arrayed,
Each pennon on the wind is tost, each cognizance displayed;
Each lordly galley flings abroad, above its armèd prow,
The banner of the Cross of God, upon the breeze to flow.

V.

But one there is, whose banner, above the Cross divine,
A scarf upholds, with azure folds, of love and faith the sign:
Upon that galley's stern you see a peerless warrior stand,
Though first he goes, still back he throws his eye upon the land.

VI.

Albeit through tears she looks, yet well may she that form descry,
Was never seen a vassal mien so noble and so high;
Albeit the Lady's cheek was pale, albeit her eyes were red,
"May none withstand my true-love's hand! God bless my Knight!" she said.

VII.

There are a thousand Barons, all harnessed cap-a-pee,
With helm and spear that glitter clear above the dark-green sea;—
No lack of gold or silver, to stamp each proud device
On shield or surcoat—nor of chains and jewellery of price.

VIII.

The seamen's cheers the Lady hears, and mingled voices come,
From every deck, of glad rebeck, of trumpet, and of drum;—
"Who dare withstand Sebastian's hand? what Moor his gage may fling
At young Sebastian's feet?" she said.—"The Lord hath blessed my King."

MOORISH BALLADS.

[It is sometimes very difficult to determine which of the Moorish Ballads ought to be included in the Historical, which in the Romantic class: and for this reason, the following five specimens are placed by themselves. Several Ballads, decidedly of Moorish origin, such as REDUAN'S VOW,—THE FLIGHT FROM GRANADA, &c. have been printed in the preceding Section.]

THE BULL-FIGHT OF GAZUL.

[Gazul is the name of one of the Moorish heroes who figure in the *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Grenada.* The following Ballad, is one of very many in which the dexterity of the Moorish cavaliers in the Bull-fight, is described. The Reader will observe, that the shape, activity, and resolution of the unhappy animal, destined to furnish the amusement of the spectators, are enlarged upon,—just as the qualities of a modern race-horse might be among ourselves: nor is the bull without his *name.*]

I.

KING ALMANZOR of Granada, he hath bid the trumpet sound,
He had summoned all the Moorish Lords, from the hills and plains around;
From Vega and Sierra, from Betis and Xenil,
They have come with helm and cuirass of gold and twisted steel.

II.

'Tis the holy Baptist's feast they hold in royalty and state,*
And they have closed the spacious lists, beside the Alhambra's gate;
In gowns of black with silver laced within the tented ring,
Eight Moors to fight the bull are placed in presence of the King.

* The day of the Baptist is a festival among the Mussulmans, as well as among Christians.

III.

Eight Moorish lords of valour tried, with stalwart arm and true,
The onset of the beasts abide, come trooping furious through;
The deeds they've done, the spoils they've won, fill all with hope and trust,
Yet ere high in heaven appears the sun, they all have bit the dust.

IV.

Then sounds the trumpet clearly, then clangs the loud tambour,
Make room, make room for Gazul—throw wide, throw wide the door;—
Blow, blow the trumpet clearer still, more loudly strike the drum,
The Alcaydé of Agalva to fight the bull doth come.

V.

And first before the King he passed, with reverence stooping low,
And next he bowed him to the Queen, and the Infantas all a-rowe;
Then to his lady's grace he turned, and she to him did throw
A scarf from out her balcony was whiter than the snow.

VI.

With the life-blood of the slaughtered lords all slippery is the sand,
Yet proudly in the centre hath Gazul ta'en his stand;
And ladies look with heaving breast, and lords with anxious eye,
But the lance is firmly in its rest, and his look is calm and high.

VII.

Three bulls against the knight are loosed, and two come roaring on,
He rises high in stirrup, forth stretching his rejón;
Each furious beast upon the breast he deals him such a blow,
He blindly totters and gives back across the sand to go.

VIII.

"Turn, Gazul, turn," the people cry—the third comes up behind,
Low to the sand his head holds he, his nostrils snuff the wind;—
The mountaineers that lead the steers, without stand whispering low,
"Now thinks this proud Alcaydé to stun Harpado so?"—

IX.

From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalarif of the plain, or Barves of the hill;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak trees was he nursed, this proud and stately steer.

X.

Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

XI.

Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull, like daggers they appear;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shagged mane, like billows curled, ye see.

XII.

His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as night,
Like a strong flail he holds his tail in fierceness of his might;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock,
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcaydé's shock.

XIII.

Now stops the drum—close, close they come—thrice meet, and thrice give back;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black—
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun—
Once more advance upon his lance—once more, thou fearless one!

XIV.

Once more, once more;—in dust and gore to ruin must thou reel—
In vain, in vain thou tearest the sand with furious heel—
In vain, in vain, thou noble beast, I see [illegible] thee stagger,
Now keen and cold thy neck must hold the stern Alcaydé's dagger!

XV.

They have slipped a noose around his feet, six horses are brought in,
And away they drag Harpado with a loud and joyful din.—
Now stoop thee, lady, from thy stand, and the ring of price bestow
Upon Gazul of Agalva, that hath laid Harpado low.

THE ZEGRI'S BRIDE.

[The reader cannot need to be reminded of the fatal effects which were produced by the feuds subsisting between the two great families, or rather races, of the Zegris and the Abencerrages of Granada. The following ballad is also from the *Guerras Civiles*]

I.

Of all the blood of Zegri, the chief is Lisaro,
To wield rejón like him is none, or javelin to throw;
From the place of his dominion, he ere the dawn doth go,
From Alcala de Henares, he rides in weed of woe.

II.

He rides not now as he was wont, when ye have seen him speed
To the field of gay Toledo, to fling his lusty reed;
No gambeson of silk is on, nor rich embroidery
Of gold-wrought robe or turban—nor jewelled tahali.*

III.

No amethyst nor garnet is shining on his brow,
No crimson sleeve, which damsels weave at Tunis, decks him now;
The belt is black, the hilt is dim, but the sheathed blade is bright;
They have housened his barb in a murky garb, but yet her hoofs are light.

IV.

Four horsemen good, of the Zegri blood, with Lisaro go out;
No flashing spear may tell them near, but yet their shafts are stout;
In darkness and in swiftness rides every armèd knight,—
The foam on the rein ye may see it plain, but nothing else is white.

---

* Scimitar.

V.

Young Lisaro, as on they go, his bonnet doffeth he,
Between its folds a sprig it holds of a dark and glossy tree;
That sprig of bay, were it away, right heavy heart had he—
Fair Zayda to her Zegri gave that token privily.

VI.

And ever as they rode, he looked upon his lady's boon.
"God knows," quoth he, "what fate may be — I may be slaughtered soon;
Thou still art mine, though scarce the sign of hope that bloomed whilere,
But in my grave I yet shall have my Zayda's token dear."—

VII.

Young Lisaro was musing so, when onwards on the path,
He well could see them riding slow; then pricked he in his wrath.—
The raging sire, the kinsmen of Zayda's hateful house,
Fought well that day, yet in the fray the Zegri won his spouse.

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

[The following Ballad has been often imitated by modern poets, both in Spain and in Germany : —

—— Pon te a las rejas azules, dexa la manga que labras,
Melancholica Xarifa, veras al galan Andalla, &c.]

I.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air:
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

II.

"Arise, arise, Xarifa, I see Andalla's face,
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace,
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquiver
Rode forth Bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely never.
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow of azure mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night;
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the Town.

III.

"What aileth thee, Xarifa, what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the Town?
I've heard you say on many a day, and sure you said the truth,
Andalla rides without a peer, among all Granada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow;
Then rise, oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the Town."—

IV.

The Zegri Lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the Town;—
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove;
One bonny rose-bud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye.
"No—no," she sighs—"bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing Town."

V.

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing Town?
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry.—
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh why?"
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was my lover?
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing Town."

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

[I have taken the liberty to omit, in translating this ballad, certain lines, in which mention is made of "the Mass" and "the Marquisses.' Depping considers these as the interpolations of a Spaniard unskilfully rendering a Moorish song.]

I.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."—
'Twas thus Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter,
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water—
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

II.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget,
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale—
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

III.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

IV.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

V.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well,
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

VI.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well."

THE

LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH OF CELIN.

[This ballad, which celebrates the untimely fate of a Zegri cavalier, by name of Celin, or Selim,

Por la puerta de la vega, &c.

consists, as it stands in the *Romancero*, of many more stanzas than I have translated. But M. Depping points out sufficient evidence that some of them had been added in the time of Montemayor.]

I.

At the gate of old Granada, when all its bolts are barred,
At twilight at the Vega gate there is a trampling heard;
There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe.
"What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing?"—
"A tower is fallen, a star is set. Alas! alas for Celin!"—

II.

Three times they knock, three times they cry, and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery. "Alas! alas for Celin!"—

III.

Him yesterday a Moor did slay of Bencerraje's blood,
'Twas at the solemn jousting, around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were there, and the ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament, the ladies are bewailing,
For he was Granada's darling knight. "Alas! alas for Celin!"—

IV.

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters, each wrapped in sable veil,
Between the tambour's dismal strokes take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people, far and near, cry—"Alas! alas for Celin!"—

V.

Oh lovely lies he on the bier above the purple pall,
The flower of all Granada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail,
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for Celin!"—

VI.

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands, the Moor stands at his door,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore—
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments of crimson, green, and blue—
Before each gate the bier stands still, then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for Celin!"—

VII.

An old old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry;
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye.
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast, that nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament, but soon she well shall know.
With one deep shriek she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas for Celin!"

ROMANTIC BALLADS.

THE MOOR CALAYNOS.

[In the following version I have taken liberty to omit a good many of the introductory stanzas of the famous *Coplas de Calainos.* The reader will remember that this ballad is alluded to in Don Quixote, where the Knight's nocturnal visit to Toboso is described.

It is generally believed to be among the most ancient, and certainly was among the most popular, of all the ballads in the Cancionero.]

I.

"I HAD six Moorish nurses, but the seventh was not a Moor,
The Moors they gave me milk enow, but the Christian gave me lore;
And she told me ne'er to listen, though sweet the words might be,
Till he that spake had proved his troth, and pledged a gallant fee."—

II.

"Fair damsel," quoth Calaynos, "if thou wilt go with me,
Say what may win thy favour, and thine that gift shall be.
Fair stands the castle on the rock, the city in the vale,
And bonny is the red red gold, and rich the silver pale."—

III.

"Fair sir," quoth she, "virginity I never will lay down
For gold, nor yet for silver, for castle, nor for town;
But I will be your leman for the heads of certain peers—
And I ask but three—Rinaldo's—Roland's—and Olivier's."—

IV.

He kissed her hand where she did stand, he kissed her lips also,
And "Bring forth," he cries, "my pennon, for to Paris I must go."—
I wot ye saw them rearing his banner broad right soon,
Whereon revealed his bloody field its pale and crescent moon.

V.

That broad bannere the Moore did rear, ere many days were gone,
In foul disdain of Charlemagne, by the church of good Saint John;
In the midst of merry Paris, on the bonny banks of Seine,
Shall never scornful Paynim that pennon rear again.

VI.

His banner he hath planted high, and loud his trumpet blown,
That all the twelve might hear it well around King Charles's throne;
The note he blew right well they knew; both Paladin and Peer
Had the trumpet heard of that stern lord in many a fierce career.

VII.

It chanced the King, that fair morning, to the chace had made him bowne,
With many a knight of warlike might, and prince of high renown;
Sir Reynold of Montalban, and Claros' Lord, Gaston,
Behind him rode, and Bertram good, that reverend old Baron.

VIII.

Black D'Ardennes' eye of mastery in that proud troop was seen,
And there was Urgel's giant force, and Guarinos' princely mien;
Gallant and gay upon that day was Baldwin's youthful cheer,
But first did ride, by Charles's side, Roland and Olivier.

IX.

Now in a ring around the King, not far in the greenwood,
Awaiting all the huntsman's call, it chanced the nobles stood;
"Now list, mine earls, now list!" quoth Charles, "yon breeze will come again,
Some trumpet-note methinks doth float from the bonny banks of Seine."—

X.

He scarce had heard the trumpet, the word he scarce had said,
When among the trees he near him sees a dark and turbaned head;
"Now stand, now stand at my command, bold Moor," quoth Charlemagne,
"That turban green, how dare it be seen among the woods of Seine?"—

XI.

"My turban green must needs be seen among the woods of Seine,"
The Moor replied, "since here I ride in quest of Charlemagne—
For I serve the Moor Calaynos, and I his defiance bring
To every lord that sits at the board of Charlemagne your King.

XII.

"Now lordlings fair, if anywhere in the wood ye've seen him riding,
O tell me plain the path he has ta'en—there is no cause for chiding;
For my lord hath blown his trumpet by every gate of Paris—
Long hours in vain, by the bank of Seine, upon his steed he tarries."—

XIII.

When the Emperor had heard the Moor, full red was his old cheek,
"Go back, base cur, upon the spur, for I am he you seek—
Go back, and tell your master to commend him to Mahoun,
For his soul shall dwell with him in hell, or ere yon sun go down.

XIV.

"Mine arm is weak, my hairs are grey," (thus spake King Charlemagne,)
"Would for one hour I had the power of my young days again,
As when I plucked the Saxon from out his mountain den—
O soon should cease the vaunting of this proud Saracen!

XV.

"Though now mine arm be weakened, though now my hairs be grey,
The hard-won praise of other days cannot be swept away—
If shame there be, my liegemen, that shame on you must lie—
Go forth, go forth, good Roland; to-night this Moor must die."—

XVI.

Then out and spake rough Roland—"Ofttimes I've thinned the ranks
Of the hot Moor, and when all was o'er have won me little thanks;
Some carpet knight will take delight to do this doughty feat,
Whom damsels gay shall well repay with their smiles and whispers sweet!"—

XVII.

Then out and spake Sir Baldwin—the youngest peer was he,
The youngest and the comeliest—"Let none go forth but me;
Sir Roland is mine uncle, and he may in safety jeer,
But I will shew the youngest may be Sir Roland's peer."—

XVIII.

"Nay, go not thou," quoth Charlemagne, "thou art my gallant youth,
And braver none I look upon; but thy cheek it is too smooth;
And the curls upon thy forehead they are too glossy bright;—
Some elder peer must couch his spear against this crafty knight."—

XIX.

But away, away goes Baldwin, no words can stop him now,
Behind him lies the greenwood, he hath gained the mountain's brow,
He reineth first his charger, within the church-yard green,
Where, striding slow the elms below, the haughty Moor is seen.

XX.

Then out and spake Calaynos—"Fair youth, I greet thee well:
Thou art a comely stripling, and if thou with me wilt dwell,
All for the grace of thy sweet face, thou shalt not lack thy fee,
Within my lady's chamber a pretty page thou'lt be."—

XXI.

An angry man was Baldwin, when thus he heard him speak,
"Proud knight," quoth he, "I come with thee a bloody spear to break."—
Oh, sternly smiled Calaynos, when thus he heard him say,—
O loudly as he mounted his mailèd barb did neigh.

XXII.

One shout, one thrust, and in the dust young Baldwin lies full low—
No youthful knight could bear the might of that fierce warrior's blow;
Calaynos draws his falchion, and waves it to and fro,
"Thy name now say, and for mercy pray, or to hell thy soul must go."—

XXIII.

The helpless youth revealed the truth. Then said the conqueror—
"I spare thee for thy tender years, and for thy great valour;
But thou must rest thee captive here, and serve me on thy knee,
For fain I'd tempt some doughtier peer to come and rescue thee."

XXIV.

Sir Roland heard that haughty word, (he stood behind the wall,)
His heart, I trow, was heavy enow, when he saw his kinsman fall;
But now his heart was burning, and never a word he said,
But clasped his buckler on his arm, his helmet on his head.

XXV.

Another sight saw the Moorish knight, when Roland blew his horn,
To call him to the combat in anger and in scorn;
All cased in steel from head to heel, in the stirrup high he stood,
The long spear quivered in his hand, as if athirst for blood.

XXVI.

Then out and spake Calaynos—"Thy name I fain would hear;
A coronet on thy helm is set; I guess thou art a Peer."—
Sir Roland lifted up his horn, and blew another blast,
"No words, base Moor," quoth Roland, "this hour shall be thy last."—

XXVII.

I wot they met full swiftly, I wot the shock was rude;
Down fell the misbeliever, and o'er him Roland stood;
Close to his throat the steel he brought, and plucked his beard full sore—
"What devil brought thee hither?—speak out or die, false Moor!"—

XXVIII.

"Oh! I serve a noble damsel, a haughty maid of Spain,
And in evil day I took my way, that I her grace might gain;
For every gift I offered, my lady did disdain,
And craved the ears of certain Peers that ride with Charlemagne."—

XXIX.

Then loudly laughed rough Roland—"Full few will be her tears,
It was not love her soul did move, when she bade thee beard THE PEERS."—
With that he smote upon his throat, and spurned his crest in twain,
"No more," he cries, "this moon will rise above the woods of Seine."

THE ESCAPE OF GAYFEROS.

[The story of Gayfer de Bourdeaux is to be found at great length in the Romantic Chronicle of Charlemagne; and it has supplied the Spanish minstrels with subjects for a long series of ballads.

In that which follows, Gayferos, yet a boy, is represented as hearing from his mother the circumstances of his father's death; and as narrowly escaping with his own life, in consequence of his step-father's cruelty.]

I.

BEFORE her knee the boy did stand, within the dais so fair,
The golden shears were in her hand, to clip his curlèd hair;
And ever as she clipped the curls, such doleful words she spake,
That tears ran from Gayferos' eyes, for his sad mother's sake.

II.

"God grant a beard were on thy face, and strength thine arm within,
To fling a spear, or swing a mace, like Roland Paladin!
For then, I think, thou wouldst avenge thy father that is dead,
Whom envious traitors slaughtered within thy mother's bed.

III.

"Their bridal-gifts were rich and rare, that hate might not be seen;
They cut me garments broad and fair—none fairer hath the Queen."—
Then out and spake the little boy—"Each night to God I call,
And to his blessèd Mother, to make me strong and tall!"—

IV.

The Count he heard Gayferos, in the palace where he lay;—
"Now silence, silence, Countess! it is falsehood that you say;
I neither slew the man, nor hired another's sword to slay;—
But, for that the mother hath desired, be sure the son shall pay!"—

V.

The Count called to his esquires, (old followers were they,
Whom the dead Lord had nurtured for many a merry day)—
He bade them take their old Lord's heir, and stop his tender breath—
Alas! 'twas piteous but to hear the manner of that death.

VI.

"List, esquires, list, for my command is offspring of mine oath—
The stirrup-foot and the hilt-hand see that ye sunder both;—
That ye cut out his eyes 'twere best—the safer he will go—
And bring a finger and the heart, that I his end may know."—

VII.

The esquires took the little boy aside with them to go;
Yet, as they went, they did repent—"O, God! must this be so?
How shall we think to look for grace, if this poor child we slay,
When ranged before Christ Jesu's face at the great judgment-day?"—

VIII.

While they, not knowing what to do, were standing in such talk,
The Countess' little lap-dog bitch by chance did cross their walk;
Then out and spake one of the 'squires, (you may hear the words he said,)
"I think the coming of this bitch may serve us in good stead—

IX.

"Let us take out the bitch's heart, and give it to Galvan;
The boy may with a finger part, and be no worser man."—
With that they cut the joint away, and whispered in his ear,
That he must wander many a day, nor once those parts come near.

X.

"Your uncle grace and love will show; he is a bounteous man;"—
And so they let Gayferos go, and turned them to Galvan.
The heart and the small finger upon the board they laid,
And of Gayferos' slaughter a cunning story made.

XI.

The Countess, when she hears them, in great grief loudly cries:
Meantime the stripling safely unto his uncle hies:—
"Now welcome, my fair boy," he said, "what good news may they be
Come with thee to thine uncle's hall?"—"Sad tidings come with me—

XII.

"The false Galvan had laid his plan to have me in my grave;
But I've escaped him, and am here, my boon from thee to crave:
Rise up, rise up, mine uncle, thy brother's blood they've shed;
Rise up—they've slain my father within my mother's bed."*

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* There is another ballad which represents Gayferos, now grown to be a man, as coming in the disguise of a pilgrim to his mother's house, and slaying his step-father with his own hand. The Countess is only satisfied as to his identity by the circumstance of *the finger*—

El dedo bien es aqueste, aqui lo vereys faltar
La condesa que esto oyera empezole de abraçar.

MELISENDRA.

The following is a version of another of the ballads concerning Gayferos.—It is the same that is quoted in the chapter of the Puppet-show in Don Quixote.—

"'Child, child,' said Don Quixote, 'go on directly with your story, and don't keep us here with your excursions and ramblings out of the road. I tell you there must be a formal process, and legal trial, to prove matters of fact.'—'Boy,' said the master from behind the show, 'do as the gentleman bids you. Don't run so much upon flourishes, but follow your plain song, without venturing on counterpoints, for fear of spoiling all.'—'I will, sir,' quoth the boy, and so proceeding: 'Now, sirs, he that you see there a-horseback, wrapt up in the Gascoign-cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, whom his wife, now revenged on the Moor for his impudence, seeing from the battlements of the tower, takes him for a stranger, and talks with him as such, according to the ballad,

'Quoth Melisendra, if perchance,
Sir Traveller, you go for France,
For pity's sake, ask when you're there,
For Gayferos, my husband dear.'

"'I omit the rest, not to tire you with a long story. It is sufficient that he makes himself known to her, as you may guess by the joy she shows; and, accordingly, now see how she lets herself down from the balcony, to come at her loving husband, and get behind him; but, unhappily, alas! one of the skirts of her gown is caught upon one of the spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs and hovers in the air miserably, without being able to get down. But see how Heaven is merciful, and sends relief in the greatest distress! Now Don Gayferos rides up to her, and, not fearing to tear her rich gown, lays hold on it, and at one pull brings her down; and then at one lift sets her astride upon his horse's crupper, bidding her to sit fast, and clap her arms about him, that she might not fall; for the lady Melisendra was not used to that kind of riding.

"'Observe now, gallants, how the horse neighs, and shews how proud he is of the burden of his brave master and fair

mistress. Look, now, how they turn their backs, and leave the city, and gallop it merrily away towards Paris. Peace be with you, for a peerless couple of true lovers! may ye get safe and sound into your own country, without any lett or ill chance in your journey, and live as long as Nestor, in peace and quietness among your friends and relations.'—'Plainness, boy!' cried Master Peter, 'none of your flights, I beseech you, for affectation is the devil.'—The boy answered nothing, but going on; 'Now, sirs,' quoth he, 'some of those idle people, that love to pry into every thing, happened to spy Melisendra as she was making her escape, and ran presently and gave Marsilius notice of it; whereupon he straight commanded to sound an alarm; and now mind what a din and hurly-burly there is, and how the city shakes with the ring of the bells backwards in all the mosques!'—'There you are out, boy,' said Don Quixote: 'The Moors have no bells, they only use kettle-drums, and a kind of shaulms like our waits or hautboys; so that your ringing of bells in Sansueña is a mere absurdity, good Master Peter.'—'Nay, sir, said Master Peter, giving over ringing, 'if you stand upon these trifles with us, we shall never please you. Don't be so severe a critic: Are there not a thousand plays that pass with great success and applause, though they have many greater absurdities, and nonsense in abundance? On, boy, on, let there be as many impertinences as motes in the sun; no matter, so I get the money.'—'Well said,' answered Don Quixote.—'And now, sirs,' quoth the boy, 'observe what a vast company of glittering horse comes pouring out of the city, in pursuit of the Christian lovers; what a dreadful sound of trumpets, and clarions, and drums, and kettle-drums there is in the air. I fear they will overtake them, and then will the poor wretches be dragged along most barbarously at the tails of their horses, which would be sad indeed."

"Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such an alarm, thought it high time to assist the flying lovers; and starting up, 'It shall never be said while I live,' cried he aloud, 'that I suffered such a wrong to be done to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Forbear, then, your unjust pursuit, ye base-born rascals! Stop, or prepare to meet my furious resentment!' Then drawing out his sword, to make good his threats, at one spring he gets to the show, and with a violent fury lays at the Moorish puppets, cutting and slashing in a most terrible manner: some he overthrows, and beheads others; maims this, and cleaves that in pieces. Among

the rest of his merciless strokes, he thundered one down with such a mighty force, that had not Master Peter luckily ducked and squatted down, it had certainly chopped off his head as easily as one might cut an apple."

I.

At Sansueña,* in the tower, fair Melisendra lies,
Her heart is far away in France, and tears are in her eyes;
The twilight shade is thickening laid on Sansueña's plain,
Yet wistfully the lady her weary eyes doth strain.

II.

She gazes from the dungeon strong, forth on the road to Paris,
Weeping, and wondering why so long her Lord Gayferos tarries,
When lo! a knight appears in view—a knight of Christian mien,
Upon a milk-white charger he rides the elms between.

III.

She from her window reaches forth her hand a sign to make,
"O if you be a knight of worth, draw near for mercy's sake;
For mercy and sweet charity, draw near, Sir Knight to me,
And tell me if ye ride to France, or whither bowne ye be.

IV.

"O, if ye be a Christian knight, and if to France you go,
I pr'ythee tell Gayferos that you have seen my woe;
That you have seen me weeping, here in the Moorish tower,
While he is gay by night and day, in hall and lady's bower.

V.

"Seven summers have I waited, seven winters long are spent,
Yet word of comfort none he speaks, nor token hath he sent;
And if he is weary of my love, and would have me wed a stranger,
Still say his love is true to him—nor time nor wrong can change her."—

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* Sansueña is the ancient name of Zaragoza.

VI.

The knight on stirrup rising, bids her wipe her tears away,—
"My love, no time for weeping, no peril save delay—
Come, boldly spring, and lightly leap—no listening Moor is near us,
And by dawn of day we'll be far away"—so spake the Knight Gayferos.

VII.

She hath made the sign of the Cross divine, and an Ave she hath said,
And she dares the leap both wide and deep—that damsel without dread;
And he hath kissed her pale pale cheek, and lifted her behind,
Saint Denis speed the milk-white steed—no Moor their path shall find.

LADY ALDA'S DREAM.

[The following is an attempt to render one of the most admired of all the Spanish ballads.

> En Paris esta Doña Alda, la esposa de Don Roldan,
> Trecientas damas con ella, para la accompañar,
> Todas visten un vestido, todas calçan un calçar, &c.

In its whole structure and strain it bears a very remarkable resemblance to several of our own old ballads—both English and Scottish.]

I.

In Paris sits the lady that shall be Sir Roland's bride,
Three hundred damsels with her, her bidding to abide;
All clothed in the same fashion, both the mantle and the shoon,
All eating at one table, within her hall at noon:
All, save the Lady Alda, she is lady of them all,
She keeps her place upon the dais, and they serve her in her hall;
The thread of gold a hundred spin, the lawn a hundred weave,
And a hundred play sweet melody within Alda's bower at eve.

II.

With the sound of their sweet playing, the lady falls asleep,
And she dreams a doleful dream, and her damsels hear her weep;
There is sorrow in her slumber, and she waketh with a cry,
And she calleth for her damsels, and swiftly they come nigh.
"Now, what is it, Lady Alda," (you may hear the words they say,)
"Bringeth sorrow to thy pillow, and chaseth sleep away?"—
"O, my maidens!" quoth the lady, "my heart it is full sore!
I have dreamt a dream of evil, and can slumber never more.

III.

"For I was upon a mountain, in a bare and desert place,
And I saw a mighty eagle, and a falcon he did chase;
And to me the falcon came, and I hid it in my breast,
But the mighty bird, pursuing, came and rent away my vest;
And he scattered all the feathers, and blood was on his beak,
And ever, as he tore and tore, I heard the falcon shriek:—
Now read my vision, damsels, now read my dream to me,
For my heart may well be heavy that doleful sight to see."—

IV.

Out spake the foremost damsel was in her chamber there—
(You may hear the words she says,) "Oh! my lady's dream is fair—
The mountain is St. Denis' choir; and thou the falcon art,
And the eagle strong that teareth the garment from thy heart,
And scattereth the feathers, he is the Paladin—
That, when again he comes from Spain, must sleep thy bower within;—
Then be blythe of cheer, my lady, for the dream thou must not grieve,
It means but that thy bridegroom shall come to thee at eve."—

V.

"If thou hast read my vision, and read it cunningly"—
Thus said the Lady Alda, "thou shalt not lack thy fee."—
But wo is me for Alda! there was heard, at morning hour,
A voice of lamentation within that lady's bower;
For there had come to Paris a messenger by night,
And his horse it was a-weary, and his visage it was white;
And there's weeping in the chamber, and there's silence in the hall,
For Sir Roland has been slaughtered in the chase of Roncesval.

THE ADMIRAL GUARINOS.

[This is a translation of the Ballad which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, when at Toboso, overheard a peasant singing, as he was going to his work at daybreak.—"Iba cantando," says Cervantes, "aquel romance que dice,

Mala la vistes Franceses la caça de Roncesvalles."]

I.

THE day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two.
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer,
In fray or fight, the dust did bite, beneath Bernardo's spear.

II.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall;
Seven times, when all the chace was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

III.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize,
Above all the wealth of Araby, he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner.

IV.

"Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us.
Two daughters have I—all the day thy handmaid one shall be,
The other (and the fairer far) by night shall cherish thee.

V.

"The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave;
The other—she the pretty—shall deck her bridal-bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower.

VI.

"If more thou wishest, more I'll give—speak boldly what thy thought is."—
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes;—
But not a moment did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian Captain was:

VII.

"Now, God forbid! Marlotes, and Mary, his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ, and bind me to another.
For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain;
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain."—

VIII.

Wroth waxèd King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded, he should be led away;
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vault to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

IX.

With iron bands they bound his hands. That sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doomed never more to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

X.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom,
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

XI.

On three high feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be,
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of the flowers.

XII.

Days come and go of gloom and show. Seven years are come and gone,
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage due;
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

XIII.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear,
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it with the spear;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish lance so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

XIV.

Wroth waxèd King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail,
The whisker trembled on his lip, and his cheek for ire was pale;
And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town,—
"Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled down."—

XV.

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet's haughty sound,
Did send an echo to the vault where the admiral was bound.
"Now, help me God!" the captive cries, "what means this din so loud?
O, Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!

XVI.

"O! is it that some Pagan gay doth Marlotes' daughter wed,
And that they bear my scornèd fair in triumph to his bed?
Or is it that the day is come—one of the hateful three,
When they, with trumpet, fife, and drum, make heathen game of me?"—

XVII.

These words the jailer chanced to hear, and thus to him he said,
"These tabors, Lord, and trumpets clear, conduct no bride to bed;
Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right,
Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people's sight.

XVIII.

"This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist's day,
When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation's way;
But now our King commands that none his banquet shall begin,
Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman's prize do win."—

XIX.

Then out and spake Guarinos, "O! soon each man should feed,
Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed.
O! were I mounted as of old, and harnessed cap-a-pee,
Full soon Marlotes' prize I'd hold, whate'er its price may be.

XX.

"Give me my horse, mine old grey horse, so be he is not dead,
All gallantly caparisoned, with plate on breast and head,
And give the lance I brought from France, and if I win it not,
My life shall be the forfeiture—I'll yield it on the spot."—

XXI.

The jailer wondered at his words. Thus to the knight said he,
"Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee;
There's never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear;
An' if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the King repair."—

XXII.

The jailer put his mantle on, and came unto the King,
He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring;
Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

XXIII.

That, were he mounted but once more on his own gallant grey,
And armed with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles' day,
What never Moorish knight could pierce, he would pierce it at a blow,
Or give with joy his life-blood fierce, at Marlotes' feet to flow.

XXIV.

Much marvelling, then said the King, "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
And in the Grange go seek ye for his grey steed of worth;
His arms are rusty on the wall—seven years have gone, I judge,
Since that strong horse has bent his force to be a carrion drudge.

XXV.

"Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the enfeebled lord
Essay to mount that ragged steed, and draw that rusty sword;
And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die,
So, jailer, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh."—

XXVI.

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they've clasped,
And they've barred the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance hath grasped,
And they have caught the old grey horse, the horse he loved of yore,
And he stands pawing at the gate—caparisoned once more.

XXVII.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laughed the King,
For the horse he pranced and capered, and furiously did fling;
But Guarinos whispered in his ear, and looked into his face,
Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

XXVIII.

Oh! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
Again the heathen laughed aloud—"All hail, sir knight," quoth he,
"Now do thy best, thou champion proud. Thy blood I look to see."—

XXIX.

With that Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode.
Now ride, now ride, Guarinos—nor lance nor rowel spare—
Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life.—The land of France lies *there!*

THE LADY OF THE TREE.

[The following is one of the few old Spanish ballads in which mention is made of *the Fairies*. The sleeping child's being taken away from the arms of the nurse, is a circumstance quite in accordance with our own tales of Fairyland; but the seven years' enchantment in the tree reminds us more of those oriental fictions, the influence of which has stamped so many indelible traces on all the imaginative literature of Spain.]

I.

THE knight had hunted long, and twilight closed the day,
His hounds were weak and weary, his hawk had flown away
He stopped beneath an oak, an old and mighty tree,
Then out the maiden spoke, and a comely maid was she.

II.

The knight 'gan lift his eye, the shady boughs between;
She had her seat on high, among the oak-leaves green;
Her golden curls lay clustering above her breast of snow;
But when the breeze was westering, upon it they did flow.

III.

"O, fear not, gentle knight; there is no cause for fear;
I am a good king's daughter, long years enchanted here;
Seven cruel fairies found me—they charmed a sleeping child;
Seven years their charm hath bound me, a damsel undefiled.

IV.

"Seven weary years are gone since over me charms they threw;
I have dwelt here alone—I have seen none but you.
My seven sad years are spent;—for Christ that died on rood,
Thou noble Knight, consent, and lead me from the wood!

V.

"O! bring me forth again from out this darksome place!
I dare not sleep for terror of the unholy race.
O, take me, gentle sir! I'll be a wife to thee—
I'll be thy lowly leman, if wife I may not be."—

VI.

"Till dawns the morning, wait, thou lovely lady, here;
I'll ask my mother straight, for her reproof I fear."—
"O, ill beseems thee, knight!" said she, that maid forlorn,
"The blood of kings to slight—a lady's tears to scorn."—

VII.

He came when morning broke, to fetch the maid way,
But could not find the oak wherein she made her stay;
All through the wilderness he sought in bower and tree—
Fair lordlings, will ye guess what weary heart had he.

VIII.

There came a sound of voices from up the forest glen,
The King had come to find her with all his gentlemen;
They rode in mickle glee—a joyous cavalcade—
Fair in the midst rode she, but never word she said.

IX.

Though on the green he knelt, no look on him she cast—
His hand was on the hilt ere all the train were past.
"O shame to knightly blood! O scorn to chivalry!
I'll die within the wood! No eye my death shall see!"

THE FALSE QUEEN.

[The following is a version of the ballad,

A tan alta va la Luna
Como el sol en media dia.—

It is in the Cancionero of Antwerp. Mr. Depping, the German collector, supposes the "German Lord," (Condé Aleman) to be the famous Baldwin, nephew to the Marquis of Mantua—now perhaps best known to the English reader from the many allusions to his tragical death in Don Quixote.]

Up on high the moon was riding,
High as the sun in blaze of day,
When, within her chamber hiding,
With the Queen the Condé lay.

No one knows it, knight or lady,
In the good King's court that dwelleth,
Save but one, the pale Infanta;
She to none her sorrow telleth.

Out and spake the blushing mother,
To the maiden wan and weeping,
"Daughter, thou my shame wilt cover;
Lo! my life is in thy keeping!

"Child, my German lord hath gold,—
Gold and pearl he'll give to thee;
Gowns and mantles manifold,
Blazoned with embroidery."—

"May an evil fire consume them!"—
Out and spake the damosel;
"There's a false man in thy chamber,
While my father loves thee well.'—

* * * * *

THE AVENGING CHILDE.

[The ballad of the *Infante Vengador* is proved to be of very high antiquity by certain particulars in its language. The circumstance of the *tiled* floor, and some others of the same sort, will not escape the notice of the antiquarian reader.]

I.

HURRAH! hurrah! avoid the way of the Avenging Childe;
His horse is swift as sands that drift—an Arab of the wild;
His gown is twisted round his arm—a ghastly cheek he wears;
And in his hand, for deadly harm, a hunting knife he bears.

II.

Avoid that knife in battle-strife, that weapon short and thin;
The dragon's gore hath bathed it o'er, seven times 'twas steeped therein;
Seven times the smith hath proved its pith, it cuts a coulter through—
In France the blade was fashionèd, from Spain the shaft it drew.

III.

He sharpens it, as he doth ride, upon his saddle bow,
He sharpens it on either side, he makes the steel to glow.
He rides to find Don Quadros, that false and faitour knight,
His glance of ire is hot as fire, although his cheek be white.

IV.

He found him standing by the King within the judgment-hall;
He rushed within the Barons' ring—he stood before them all.
Seven times he gazed and pondered, if he the deed should do,
Eight times distraught he looked and thought, then out his dagger flew.

V.

He stabbed therewith at Quadros—the King did step between,
It pierced his royal garment of purple wove with green;
He fell beneath the canopy, upon the tiles he lay.
"Thou traitor keen, what dost thou mean? thy King why wouldst thou slay?"—

VI.

"Now, pardon, pardon," cried the Childe, "I stabbed not, King, at thee,
But him, that caitiff, blood-defiled, who stood beside thy knee;
Eight brothers were we—in the land might none more loving be—
They all are slain by Quadros' hand—they are all dead but me.

VII.

"Good King, I fain would wash the stain—for vengeance is my cry;
This murderer with sword and spear to battle I defy."—
But all took part with Quadros, except one lovely May,
Except the King's fair daughter, none word for him would say.

VIII.

She took their hands, she led them forth into the court below;
She bade the ring be guarded; she bade the trumpet blow;
From lofty place, for that stern race, the signal she did throw—
"With truth and right the Lord will fight—together let them go."—

IX.

The one is up, the other down, the hunter's knife is bare;
It cuts the lace beneath the face, it cuts through beard and hair;
Right soon that knife hath quenched his life—the head is sundered sheer;
Then gladsome smiled the Avenging Childe, and fixed it on his spear.

X.

But when the King beholds him bring that token of his truth,
Nor scorn nor wrath his bosom hath—"Kneel down, thou noble youth;
Kneel down, kneel down, and kiss my crown, I am no more thy foe;
My daughter now may pay the vow she plighted long ago."

COUNT ARNALDOS.

[This ballad is in the Cancionero of Antwerp, 1555. I should be inclined to suppose that

more is meant than meets the ear,

that some religious allegory is intended to be shadowed forth.]

I.

WHO had ever such adventure,
  Holy priest, or virgin nun,
As befel the Count Arnaldos
  At the rising of the sun?

II.

On his wrist the hawk was hooded,
  Forth with horn and hound went he,
When he saw a stately galley
  Sailing on the silent sea.

III.

Sail of satin, mast of cedar,
  Burnished poop of beaten gold—
Many a morn you'll hood your falcon
  Ere you such a bark behold.

IV.

Sails of satin, masts of cedar,
  Golden poops may come again,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
  To yon grey-haired sailor's strain.

V.

Heart may beat, and eye may glisten,
  Faith is strong, and Hope is free,
But mortal ear no more shall listen
  To the song that rules the sea.

VI.

When the grey-haired sailor chanted,
  Every wind was hushed to sleep—
Like a virgin's bosom panted
  All the wide reposing deep.

VII.

Bright in beauty rose the star-fish
  From her green cave down below,
Right above the eagle poised him—
  Holy music charmed them so.

VIII.

"Stately galley! glorious galley!
  God hath poured his grace on thee!
Thou alone mayst scorn the perils
  Of the dread devouring sea!

IX.

"False Almeria's reefs and shallows,
  Black Gibraltar's giant rocks,
Sound and sand-bank, gulf and whirlpool,
  All—my glorious galley mocks!"—

X.

"For the sake of God, our maker!"—
  (Count Arnaldos' cry was strong,)
"Old man, let me be partaker
  In the secret of thy song!"—

XI.

"Count Arnaldos! Count Arnaldos!
  Hearts I read, and thoughts I know—
Wouldst thou learn the ocean secret,
  In our galley thou must go."

SONG FOR THE MORNING OF THE DAY OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The Marquis du Palmy said, many years ago, in his ingenious Essay, "Sur la vie privée des François,"—"Les feux de la Saint Jean fondés sur ce qu'on lit dans le Nouveau Testament,* que les nations se rejouiront à la Naissance de Saint Jean, sont presque éteintes par tout."

Both in the northern and the southern parts of Europe, there prevailed of old a superstitious custom, of which the traces probably linger to this day, in many simple districts. The young women rose on this sacred morning ere the sun was up, and collected garlands of flowers, which they bound upon their heads; and according as the dew remained upon these a longer or a shorter time, they augured more or less favourably of the future constancy of their lovers.

That the day of the Baptist was a great festival among the Spanish Moors, the reader may gather from many passages in the foregoing Ballads, particularly that of The Admiral Guarinos. There are two in the Cancionero which show, that some part at least of the amorous superstitions of the day were also shared by them. The one of them begins,

> La mañana de San Juan, salen a coger guirnaldas.
> Zara muger del Rey Chico, con sus mas queridas damas, &c.

The other,

> La mañana de Sant Juan, a punta que alboreava,
> Gran fiesta hazen los Moros por la vega de Granada,
> Rebolviendo sus cavallos, y jugando con las lanzas
> Ricos pendones en ellas, labrados por las amadas.—
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> *El moro que amores tiene, señales dellos monstrava,*
> *Y el que amiga no tenia, alli no escaramuçava, &c.*

The following song is one that was used to be sung by the Spanish country-girls, as they went out to gather their dew and

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* Thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth. —St. Luke, chap. i. ver. 14.

their flowers, on St. John's day in the morning. There are many of the same kind; such as that beginning

> Este dia de San Juan
> Ay de mi!
> Que no solia ser ansi! &c.

And that other,

> Yo no me porne guirnalda
> La mañana de San Juan
> Pues mis amores se van, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens,'tis the day of good St. John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon,
And let us all go forth together, while the blessèd day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the woodlands all are green,
And the little birds are singing the opening leaves between,
And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by the stream,
Ere the face of Guadalquiver glows beneath the strengthening beam.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away
The blessèd blessèd morning of the holy Baptist's day;
There's trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lee,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is calm and cool,
And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected in the pool;
The violets and the roses, and the jasmines all together,
We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong and lovely wether.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather myrtle boughs,
And we all shall learn from the dews of the fern, if our lads
will keep their vows.
If the wether be still,* as we dance on the hill, and the dew
hangs sweet on the flowers,
Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the
Baptist's blessing is ours.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St. John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessèd day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has
dried the dew.

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* "They enclose the wether in a hut of heath," says Depping, "and if he remains quiet while the girl sings, all is well; but if he puts *his horns* through the frail wall or door, then the lover is false-hearted."

JULIANA.

[The following ballad is inserted in this place on account of an allusion it contains to the ancient custom which forms the subject of the preceding one.

It seems to represent the frenzy of a Spanish knight, who has gone mad, in consequence of his mistress having been carried off in the course of a Moorish foray.

Arriba! canes, arriba! que rabia mala os mate,
En jueves matays el puerco, y en viernes comeys la carne, &c.]

I.

"Off! off! ye hounds!—in madness an ill death be your doom!
The boar ye killed on Thursday on Friday ye consume!
Aye me! and it is now seven years I in this valley go;
Barefoot I wander, and the blood from out my nails doth flow.

II.

"I eat the raw flesh of the boar, I drink his red blood here,
Seeking, with heavy heart and sore, my Princess and my dear.
'Twas on the Baptist's morning the Moors my Princess found,
While she was gathering roses upon her father's ground."—

III.

Fair Juliana heard his voice where by the Moor she lay,
Even in the Moor's encircling arms she heard what he did say;
The lady listened, and she wept within that guarded place,
While her Moor Lord beside her slept the tears fell on his face.

THE SONG OF THE GALLEY.

[This is from a song in the Cancionero of Valencia, 1511.

Galeristas de España
Parad los remos, &c.]

I.

"Ye mariners of Spain,
Bend strongly on your oars,
And bring my love again,
For he lies among the Moors.

II.

"Ye galleys fairly built,
Like castles on the sea,
O great will be your guilt,
If ye bring him not to me.—

III.

"The wind is blowing strong,
The breeze will aid your oars;
O swiftly fly along,
For he lies among the Moors.

IV.

"The sweet breeze of the sea
Cools every cheek but mine;
Hot is its breath to me,
As I gaze upon the brine.

V.

"Lift up, lift up your sail,
And bend upon your oars;
O lose not the fair gale,
For he lies among the Moors.

VI.

"It is a narrow strait,
I see the blue hills over;
Your coming I'll await,
And thank you for my lover.

VII.

"To Mary I will pray,
While ye bend upon your oars;
'Twill be a blessed day,
If ye fetch him from the Moors."

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG.

[In the Cancionero of Antwerp, 1555.

Mis arreos son las armas
Mi descanso el pelear.]

I.

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star:

II.

"My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

III.

"I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee."

MINGUILLO.

[From the collection of Juan de Linares, entitled Flor de Enamorados.

Pues por besarte Minguillo
Me riñe mi madre a mi.
Vuelveme presto, carillo
Aquel beso que te di, &c.]

I.

SINCE for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling;
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

II.

If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have nought to say.

III.

Do—she keeps so great a pother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

IV.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;
Give me back the two, my darling,
Give them, for my mother's sake!

SERENADE.

[From the Romancero General of 1604.

Mientras duerme mi niña, &c.]

I.

While my lady sleepeth,
  The dark blue heaven is bright,
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
  Round her bower all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze,
  While my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
  Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.

II.

Should ye, breathing numbers
  That for her I weave,
Should ye break her slumbers,
  All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze,
And gain her lattice' height
  O'er yon poplar trees,
But be your echoes light
  As hum of distant bees.

III.

All the stars are glowing
  In the gorgeous sky,
In the stream scarce flowing
  Mimic lustres lie:—
Blow, gentle, gentle breeze,
  But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
  Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

MINGUELA'S CHIDING.

[From the Romancero General of 1604.

Riño con Juanilla
Su hermana Minguela
Palabras le dice
Que mucho le duelan, &c.]

I.

Her sister Minguela
Thus chid Juanilla,
The words that she said
Brought no peace to her pillow.

II.

"Heretofore you went gadding
As gay as the rest,
Your new mantle clad in,
And fine crimson vest.

III.

"But now you sit moping,
You look and you stare,
Sighing over your needle,
As if no one was there.

IV.

"When beside you I'm lying,
I cannot get sleeping;
When you give over sighing,
I'm sure that you're weeping.

V.

"When one loves, I've been told,
It is sighing that shows it;—
How our mother will scold
At us both, if she knows it!

VI.

"She will close all the windows,
And bolt every door;
When the fiddles are playing,
We shall join them no more.

VII.

"The old nurse will attend,
When we go to the mass;
What an eye she will bend
On whoever may pass!

VIII.

"No new gossip we'll learn,
If help it she can;
How she'll frown if we turn,
To look after a man!

IX.

"As we sit at our work,
From the lattice she'll peer,
And be sure to remark
If a gallant comes near.

X.

"O look up as you did,
For I'll suffer with you;
And I'm loth to be chid,
When it is not my due."—

XI.

"O sister Minguela,
How little you know!
You guess at my love,
But you read not my woe.

XII.

"Young Pedro (you know
'Tis the son of old Juan),
Promised love long ago,
But has left me in ruin.

XIII.

"Had he loved as he swore,
He'd have married me yet:
Oh, I love him no more,
But I cannot forget!"

THE

CAPTIVE KNIGHT AND THE BLACKBIRD.

The following is a translation of a ballad in the Cancionero of Antwerp, 1555.

Pues el mes era de Mayo, &c.

There is one in the Cancionero General of Valencia, 1511, of which this would seem to have been no more than an expansion. The older is perhaps the finer of the two. It is, at all events, so short, that I shall transcribe it.

Que por Mayo era por Mayo
Cuando los blandos calores
Cuando los enamorados
Van servir a sus amores;
Sino yo, triste Mezquino,
Que yago en estas prisiones
Que ni se cuando es de dia
Ni menos cuando es de Noche;
Sino por una avecilla
Que me cantaba al albor;
Matumelo un ballestero
Delo Dios mal galardon!

I.

"'Tis now, they say, the month of May, 'tis now the moons are bright;
'Tis now the maids, 'mong greenwood shades, sit with their loves by night;
'Tis now the hearts of lovers true are glad the groves among;
'Tis now they sit the long night through, and list the thrush's song.

II.

"Woe dwells with me, in spite of thee, thou gladsome month of May;
I cannot see what stars there be, I know not night from day.
There *was* a bird, whose voice I heard, oh, sweet my small bird sung,
I heard its tune when night was gone, and up the morning sprung.

III.

"To comfort me in darkness bound, comes now no voice of cheer,
Long have I listened for the sound, there is no bird to hear.
Sweet bird! he had a cruel heart, whose steel thy bosom tore;
A ruffian hand discharged the dart, that makes thee sing no more.

IV.

"I am the vassal of my King—it never shall be said
That I even *hence* a curse could fling against my liege's head;
But if the jailer slew my merle, no sin is in the word,
God look in anger on the churl that harmed my harmless bird!

V.

"O, should some kindly Christian bring another bird to me,
Thy tune I in his ear would sing till he could sing like thee;
But were a dove within my choice, my song would soon be o'er,
For he would understand my voice, and fly to Leonore.

VI.

"He would fly swiftly through the air, and though he could not speak,
He'd ask a file, which he could bear within his little beak;
Had I a file, these fetters vile I from my wrist would break,
And see right soon the fair May moon shine on my lady's cheek."—

VII.

It chanced while a poor captive knight, within yon dungeon strong,
Lamented thus the arrow's flight that stopped his blackbird's song,
(Unknown to him) The King was near; he heard him through the wall,—
"Nay, since he has no merle to hear, 'tis time his fetters fall."

VALLADOLID.

[This is a translation from one of the Ballads in Sepulveda's collection, (Antwerp, 1580)—the author's name unknown.

En los tempos que me vi, &c. p. 219.]

I.

My heart was happy when I turned from Burgos to Valladolid ;
My heart that day was light and gay, it bounded like a kid.
I met a Palmer on the way, my horse he bade me rein—
" I left Valladolid to-day, I bring thee news of pain !—
The lady-love whom thou dost seek in gladness and in cheer,
Closed is her eye, and cold her cheek, I saw her on her bier.

II.

" The Priests went singing of the Mass;—my voice their song did aid ;
A hundred knights with them did pass to the burial of the maid ;
And damsels fair went weeping there, and many a one did say,
Poor Cavalier ! he is not here—'tis well he's far away."—
I fell when thus I heard him speak,—upon the dust I lay,
I thought my heart would surely break, I wept for half a day.

III.

When evening came I rose again, the Palmer held my steed,
And swiftly rode I o'er the plain to dark Valladolid.
I came unto the sepulchre where they my love had laid,
I bowed me down beside the bier, and there my moan I made:
" O take me, take me to thy bed, I fain would sleep with thee !
My love is dead, my hope is fled,—there is no joy for me !"—

IV.

I heard a sweet voice from the tomb, I heard her voice so clear,
" Rise up, rise up, my knightly love, thy weeping well I hear ;
Rise up and leave this darksome place,—it is no place for thee,
God yet will send thee helpful grace, in love and chivalry ;
Though in the grave my bed I have, for thee my heart is sore,
'Twill ease my heart if thou depart—thy peace may God restore !"

THE ILL-MARRIED LADY.

[This is from another ballad, also in Sepulveda's Collection. "La bella mal maridada" must have been very popular, for I have seen many different *glosses* of it, executed in the time when that species of poetical trifling prevailed among the Spanish wits.]

I.

"Lovely lady, married ill, though fairest of the fair thou be,
Grief within thine eye is seated, well thy lonely grief I see.
If thou seek another lover, seek not farther, rest with me,
While thy faithless lord is wandering, faith and love I'll give to thee.

II.

"All the day thy husband wanders 'midst the damsels of the town,
He to play and prado squires them, while thy bosom's peace is flown;
Yesternight I heard them sporting, merry jibes on thee they threw,—
Soon, he said, thy days he'll finish, and another lady woo."—

III.

Out and spake the lovely lady, "Thou my sorrow well hast read;
Take me with thee, gentle stranger, let me quit my lonely bed;
Careless eye and cruel tongue, weary am I of them both,
Let me swear to be thy love, and faithfully I'll keep mine oath.

IV.

"I will serve thee late and early, with an handmaid's humble cheer,
I will dress our capon neatly, I will pour our wine so clear;
I will deck our bed so fairly, all with sheets of Holland fine—
Take me where thou wilt, I'm weary of this faithless lord of mine."—

V.

While the stranger kissed the lady in her chamber o'er and o'er,
Hush! the husband hears their voices; ha! he open knocks the door,—
"Traitress false, and foul adulterer, have I caught ye in the deed?
Now to God commend your spirits, great of mercy is your need!"—

VI.

"Husband, bright thy sword is gleaming!—must I, must I die to-day?
Save thyself, with mortal lover, till this hour I never lay.
But if blood thy sword must drink, hear my last request, I pray,
Harm not him that owed thee nothing; let me all the forfeit pay!

VII.

"Though thou whip me with thy bridle, silently the pain I'll bear;
Though thou hang me in my girdle, anger shall not stain my prayer;
Let the youth go free, and slay me—grant the only boon I crave!
Lay me in the orange garden,—there I fain would have my grave.

VIII.

"Underneath the spreading branches, where the blossoms bright are shed,
Deeply dig for one that loved thee long and well, a peaceful bed;
Lay a marble stone above, and let its golden legend be,—
Ladies, shrink from love unholy, warned by her whose tomb you see.'"

DRAGUT.

[The reader of Don Quixote will remember the description of the Captain Viedma's landing in Spain after his Moorish captivity. Dragut was a celebrated corsair of Algiers.]

I.

O SWIFTLY, very swiftly, they up the Straits have gone,
O swiftly flies the corsair, and swift the cross comes on,
The cross upon yon banner, that streams unto the breeze,
It is the sign of victory, the cross of the Maltese.

II.

"Row, row, my slaves," quoth Dragut," the knights, the knights are near,
Row, row, my slaves, row swiftly, the star-light is too clear,
The stars they are too bright, and he that means us well,
He harms us when he trims his light—yon Moorish sentinel."—

III.

There came a wreath of smoke from out a culverine,
The corsair's poop it broke, and it sunk in the brine;
Stout Dragut swims ashore, but many a one goes down;
Down goes the fettered Christian with the servant of Mahoun.

IV.

But one of Dragut's captives, a happy man is he,
The Christian sailors see him struggling in the sea,
They hear the captive praying in the Christian tongue,
And a rope from the galley they down to him have flung.

V.

It was a Spanish knight, who had long been in Algiers,
From ladies high descended, and noble cavaliers,
But forcèd, for a season, a false Moor's slave to be,
Upon the shore his gardener, his galley-slave at sea.

VI.

But now his heart is dancing, he sees the Spanish land,
And all his friends advancing to meet him on the strand.—
His heart was full of gladness, but his eyes they ran o'er,
For he wept as he stepped upon the Christian shore.

COUNT ALARCOS AND THE INFANTA SOLISA.

[Mr. Bouterweck has analysed this ballad, and commented upon it at some length, in his History of Spanish Literature. See Book I. Section 1.

He bestows particular praise upon a passage, which the reader will find attempted in the fourth line of stanza xxxi of the following version—

Dedes me aça este hijo amamare por despedida.

"What modern poet," says he, "would have dared to imagine that *trait*, at once so natural and touching?"

Mr. Bouterweck seems to be of opinion that the story of the ballad had been taken from some prose romance of chivalry; but I have not been able to find any trace of it.]

I.

ALONE, as was her wont, she sate,—within her bower alone;—
Alone, and very desolate, Solisa made her moan,
Lamenting for her flower of life, that it should pass away,
And she be never wooed to wife, nor see a bridal day.

II.

Thus said the sad Infanta—"I will not hide my grief,
I'll tell my father of my wrong, and he will yield relief."—
The King, when he beheld her near, "Alas! my child," said he,
"What means this melancholy cheer?—reveal thy grief to me."—

III.

"Good King," she said, "my mother was buried long ago,
She left me to thy keeping, none else my griefs shall know;
I fain would have a husband, 'tis time that I should wed,—
Forgive the words I utter, with mickle shame they're said."—

IV.

'Twas thus the King made answer,—"This fault is none of mine,
You to the Prince of Hungary your ear would not incline;
Yet round us here where lives your peer?—nay, name him if you can,—
Except the Count Alarcos, and he's a married man."—

V.

"Ask Count Alarcos, if of yore his word he did not plight
To be my husband evermore, and love me day and night?
If he has bound him in new vows, old oaths he cannot break—
Alas! I've lost a loyal spouse, for a false lover's sake."—

VI.

The good King sat confounded in silence for some space,
At length he made this answer, with very troubled face,—
"It was not thus your mother gave counsel you should do;
You've done much wrong, my daughter; we're shamed, both I and you.

VII.

"If it be true that you have said, our honour's lost and gone;
And while the Countess is in life, remeed for us is none.
Though justice were upon our side, ill-talkers would not spare—
Speak, daughter, for your mother's dead, whose counsel eased my care."

VIII.

"How can I give you counsel?—but little wit have I;
But certes, Count Alarcos may make this Countess die:
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
And then let Count Alarcos come and ask me for his wife.
What passed between us long ago, of that be nothing said;
Thus none shall our dishonour know, in honour I shall wed."—

IX.

The Count was standing with his friends, thus in the midst he spake—
"What fools we be! what pains men dree for a fair woman's sake!
I loved a fair one long ago;—though I'm a married man,
Sad memory I can ne'er forego, how life and love began."—

X.

While yet the Count was speaking, the good King came full near;
He made his salutation with very courteous cheer.
"Come hither, Count Alarcos, and dine with me this day,
For I have something secret I in your ear must say."—

XI.

The King came from the chapel, when he had heard the mass;
With him the Count Alarcos did to his chamber pass;
Full nobly were they servèd there, by pages many a one;
When all were gone, and they alone, 'twas thus the King begun.—

XII.

"What news be these, Alarcos, that you your word did plight,
To be a husband to my child, and love her day and night?
If more between you there did pass, yourself may know the truth,
But shamed is my grey-head—alas!—and scorned Solisa's youth.

XIII.

"I have a heavy word to speak,—a lady fair doth lie
Within my daughter's rightful place, and certes! she must die.—
Let it be noised that sickness cut short her tender life,
Then come and woo my daughter, and she shall be your wife:—
What passed between you long ago, of that be nothing said,
Thus, none shall my dishonour know—in honour you shall wed."—

XIV.

Thus spake the Count Alarcos—"The truth I'll not deny,
I to the Infanta gave my troth, and broke it shamefully;
I feared my King would ne'er consent to give me his fair daughter;—
But, oh! spare her that's innocent—avoid that sinful slaughter."—

XV.

"She dies, she dies," the King replies;—"from thine own sin it springs,
If guiltless blood must wash the blot which stains the blood of kings:
Ere morning dawn her life must end, and thine must be the deed—
Else thou on shameful block must bend: thereof is no remeed."—

XVI.

"Good King, my hand thou mayst command, else treason blots my name!
I'll take the life of my dear wife—(God! mine be not the blame!)
Alas! that young and sinless heart for others' sin should bleed!
Good King, in sorrow I depart."——"May God your errand speed!"—

XVII.

In sorrow he departed, dejectedly he rode
The weary journey from that place, unto his own abode;
He grieved for his fair Countess, dear as his life was she;
Sore grieved he for that lady, and for his children three.

XVIII.

The one was yet an infant upon its mother's breast,
For though it had three nurses, it liked her milk the best;
The others were young children, that had but little wit,
Hanging about their mother's knee while nursing she did sit.

XIX.

"Alas!" he said, when he had come within a little space,
"How shall I brook the cheerful look of my kind lady's face?—
To see her coming forth in glee to meet me in my hall,
When she so soon a corpse must be, and I the cause of all!"—

XX.

Just then he saw her at the door with all her babes appear—
(The little page had run before to tell his lord was near)
"Now welcome home, my lord, my life!—Alas! you droop your head:
Tell, Count Alarcos, tell your wife, what makes your eyes so red?"—

XXI.

"I'll tell you all—I'll tell you all: It is not yet the hour;
We'll sup together in the hall—I'll tell you in your bower."—
The lady brought forth what she had, and down beside him sate;
He sat beside her pale and sad, but neither drank nor ate.

XXII.

The children to his side were led (he loved to have them so),
Then on the board he laid his head, and out his tears did flow:—
"I fain would sleep—I fain would sleep,"—the Count Alarcos said:—
Alas! be sure, that sleep was none that night within their bed.

XXIII.

They came together to the bower where they were used to rest,
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast:
The Count had barred the chamber doors, they ne'er were barred till then;
"Unhappy lady," he began, "and I most lost of men!"

XXIV.

"Now, speak not so, my noble lord, my husband and my life,
Unhappy never can she be, that is Alarcos' wife."—
"Alas! unhappy lady, 'tis but little that you know,
For in that very word you've said is gathered all your woe.

XXV.

"Long since I loved a lady,—long since I oaths did plight,
To be that lady's husband, to love her day and night;
Her father is our lord the King, to him the thing is known,
And now, that I the news should bring! she claims me for her own.

XXVI.

"Alas! my love, alas! my life, the right is on their side;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride;
But, oh! that I should speak the word—since in her place you lie,
It is the bidding of our Lord, that you this night must die."—

XXVII.

"Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal?—
O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel!—
But send me to my father's house, where once I dwelt in glee,
There will I live a lone chaste life, and rear my children three."—

XXVIII.

"It may not be—mine oath is strong—ere dawn of day you
die!"—
"O! well 'tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I—
My father is an old frail man,—my mother's in her grave,—
And dead is stout Don Garcia—Alas! my brother brave!

XXIX.

"'Twas at this coward King's command they slew my brother dear,
And now I'm helpless in the land:—It is not death I fear,
But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my children so—
Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them ere I go."—

XXX.

"Kiss him that lies upon thy breast—the rest thou mayst not
see."—
"I fain would say an Ave."—"Then say it speedily."—
She knelt her down upon her knee: "O, Lord! behold my case—
Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace."—

XXXI.

When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose—
"Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose—
And now give me my boy once more upon my breast to hold,
That he may drink one farewell drink, before my breast be
cold."—

XXXII.

"Why would you waken the poor child? you see he is asleep—
Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep."—
"Now hear me, Count Alarcos! I give thee pardon free—
I pardon thee for the love's sake wherewith I've lovèd thee.

XXXIII.

"But *they* have not my pardon, the King and his proud
daughter—
The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter!—
I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
To meet me in the realm of death, and at God's awful throne!"—

XXXIV.

He drew a kerchief round her neck, he drew it tight and strong,
Until she lay quite stiff and cold her chamber floor along;
He laid her then within the sheets, and, kneeling by her side,
To God and Mary Mother in misery he cried.

XXXV.

Then called he for his esquires:—oh! deep was their dismay,
When they into the chamber came, and saw her how she lay;—
Thus died she in her innocence, a lady void of wrong,
But God took heed of their offence—his vengeance stayed not long.

XXXVI.

Within twelve days, in pain and dole, the Infanta passed away,
The cruel King gave up his soul upon the twentieth day;
Alarcos followed ere the Moon had made her round complete,—
Three guilty spirits stood right soon before God's judgment-seat.

CHRONICLE OF THE CID,

RODRIGO DIAZ DE BIVAR,

THE CAMPEADOR.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PREFACE.

THIS Chronicle of the Cid is wholly translation, but it is not the translation of any single work. The three following have been used.

I. CRONICA DEL FAMOSO CAVALLERO CID RUYDIEZ CAMPEADOR. *Burgos*, 1593.

The first and only other edition of this Chronicle was printed in 1552. The Infante Don Fernando, who was afterwards Emperor, seeing the manuscript at Cardeña, ordered the Abbot Don Fr. Juan de Velorado to publish it, and obtained an order from his grandfather Fernando the Catholic King to the same effect. The Abbot performed his task very carelessly and very inaccurately, giving no account of the manuscript, and suffering many errors to creep into the text, which might have been corrected by collating it with the original.

Beuther, Escolano, and others, ascribe it to Abenalfarax, the nephew of Gil Diaz. Berganza is of opinion that the main part was written by Gil Diaz himself, because the manuscript at Cardeña says, "Then Abenfax the Moor, who wrote this Chronicle in Arabic, set down the price of food:" And Abentaxi, according to him, was the name of Gil Diaz before his conversion. Abenalfarax is named in the end of the book as the author: he concludes therefore that it was completed by him; . . and this the *Coronica General* confirms by saying, *Segun cuenta la Estoria del Cid, que de aqui adelante compuso Aben Alfarax su sobrino de Gil Diaz en Valencia.* The printed Chronicle however says Abenalfarax where Berganza reads Abenfax, and writes Alfaraxi for the Moorish name of Gil Diaz. This question is not easily decided. There is nothing Arabian in the style of the Chronicle, except the lamentation for Valencia, which is manifestly so. It is most probably the work of a Spaniard, who used Arabic documents.

It is equally impossible to ascertain the age of this Chronicle. The Abbot who published it judged that it was as old as the

days of the Cid himself. This supposition is absurd. Lucas of Tuy and the Archbishop Rodrigo are frequently cited in it. It was however an old manuscript in 1552. A much older was seen in 1593 by Don Gil Ramirez de Arellano, which according to his account was in Portuguese, but agreed in the main with that which had been published. The older the language, the more it would resemble Portuguese. Another question is, whether it has been inserted in the *Coronica General*, or extracted from it: for that the one copied from the other is certain: but it is equally certain from the variations, that each must have had some other original; . . perhaps the Arabic. If the *Cronica del Cid* be extracted from the General Chronicle, which is giving it the latest date, even in that case it was written before the end of the thirteenth century; that is, little more than 150 years after the Cid's death; and whatever fiction has been introduced into the story, must have been invented long before, or it would not have been received as truth, and incorporated into the general history of Spain. This question has not been, and perhaps cannot be decided. There are some errors in the Chronicle of the Cid which are corrected in the General Chronicle, and sometimes it contains passages which are necessary to explain an after circumstance, but are not found in the other.*

II. *Las quatro partes enteras de la Cronica de España, que mando componer el Serenissimo Rey Don Alonso llmado el sabio, donde se contienen los acontescimientos y hazañas mayores y mas señaladas que suçedieron en España, desde su primera poblacion hasta casi los tiempos del dicho señor Rey. Vista y emendada mucha parte de su impresion por el maestro Florian Docampo Cronista del emperador rey nuestro señor. Con previlegio imperial.*

Fue impressa la presente Cronica general de España en la magnifica, noble y antiquissima cibdad de Zamora: por los honrrados varones Augustin de paz y Juan Picardo compañeros inpressores de libros, vezinos de la dicha cibdad. A costa y espensas del virtuoso varon Juan de Spinosa mercader de libros vezino de Medina pel Campo. Acabose en nueve dias del mes de deziembre.

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* The language of the *Cr. del Cid* is sometimes of greater antiquity than the other, . . for instance; . . *E tamaño fue el plazer del Rey D. Fernando e de los suyos quamaño fue el pesar del Rey D. Ramiro de Aragon e de los suyos.*

In the *Cor. Ger. quan grande* and *tan grande* are the phrases. But this is a subject which none but a Spaniard can properly investigate.

Año del nascimiento de nuestro salvador Jesu Cristo de mill y quinientos y quarenta y un años. Reynando en España el Emperador Don Carlos nuestro Señor y Rey natural.

Florian de Ocampo relates the history of this first edition in his epistle dedicatory to Don Luys de Stuniga y Avila. The printers of Zamora, he says, came to him and besought him to give them something which they might publish to the use and glory of those kingdoms whereof they and he were natives. He had at that time in his house a manuscript of this Chronicle, which had been lent him by the Licentiate Martin de Aguilar. Aguilar joyfully gave up the manuscript to the printers, and Ocampo undertook to correct the press as far as he could in those hours which he could spare from his studies and pursuits: this, says he, I did with such fidelity that I would never permit the style, nor order, nor antique words to be changed, holding any such alteration to be an offence committed upon the work of another. Notwithstanding this becoming respect for antiquity, Ocampo passes a censure upon the style at the end of the *Sumario.* He says, *Todas estas cosas sobredichas van escritas en estas quatro partes con plabras antiguas y toscas, segun las usavan los Españoles al tiempo que las hazian, quando se presciavan mas de bien obrar que de bien hablar; puesto que siempre fue y sera gran alabança bien hablar a los que bien obran.*

The Spanish Chronicles were all villanously printed, because the printers made use of the first manuscript they could find, and the correctors did their best to bring the language to that of their own times, after the newest and most approved fashion. This mischief Ocampo prevented as far as he could, but he should have done more; Ocampo was not a common Corrector of the Press; he was Chronicler to the King of Castile, and any manuscript in the kingdom which he had asked for would have been put into his hands as readily as that of his friend Aguilar. The copy which he implicitly followed happened to be remarkably faulty. Words and sentences are omitted in almost every column, whole chapters are wanting, and even one entire reign. Zurita collated the printed book with a manuscript of great antiquity, which had once belonged to the famous Marques de Santillana; and this copy, in which he had with his own hand inserted all the omissions, was in the possession of the Marques de Mondejar. An imperfect manuscript, which is likewise of great antiquity, is at Salamanca, in the Collegio de S. Bartolome; some man of letters has prefixed a note to it, saying that it contains many chapters which are not to be found in the printed

book . . *y tiene tambien otra utilidad que es, el hallarse aqui los vocablos y voces castellanas antiguas en su pureza, sin haberse limado al tiempo presente, como la imprimio Florian de Ocampo.* If this writer be accurate, the copier of Aguilar's manuscript had modernized the book as well as mutilated it.

Ocampo calls this work *la Cronica de España, que mando componer el Serenissimo Rey D. Alonso.* The manuscript which Zurita collated has *la Estoria de España que fizo el mui noble Rey D. Alonso.* The Marques de Mondejar possessed three manuscripts, neither of which supported Ocampo's reading, nor afforded the slightest ground for supporting it. On the other hand, Don Juan Manuel, Alonso's nephew, expressly says that the King made the Chronicle, and in the Prologue the King says so himself. That Florian de Ocampo, who printed the Prologue, should have overlooked this, is inconceivable; and why he should deny the King wrote it, in direct contradiction of the King's own authority, is what he has not explained, and what nobody can explain for him. Don Francisco Cerda y Rico says, the real author was Maestre Jofre de Loaysa, Archdeacon of Toledo, and afterwards Abbot of Santander; and this he says he has proved in a dissertation which was ready for the press. I know not whether this dissertation has appeared, neither do I know that at the distance of more than five centuries any proof can possibly be obtained to show that Alonso the Wise did not write the history, which he himself says he wrote, and which we know he was capable of writing.

The printed Chronicle is divided into four parts, and the last part is not Alonso's work. Ocampo gives it as his own opinion, and that of many other intelligent persons, that it was not written by the author of the three former, because it contained nothing but what was to be found in other books; because the style was different, and the language ruder, . . the whole being in fact composed of fragments put together without any attempt at improving them, and because in many places the writer expressed himself as if he had been contemporary with the persons whose feats he was then recording. There is no doubt that this opinion is right. It ends with the death of King St. Fernando, Alonso's father. It is in this part that the history of the Cid is contained.

This very curious work was reprinted at Valladolid in 1604. It is the later edition which I have used.

III. Poema del Cid.

Sandoval first mentioned this poem, which is preserved at Bivar, and gave the four first lines, calling the whole "*Versos Barbaros y Notables.*" Berganza afterwards inserted seventeen lines in his *Antiguedades.* The notice which they thus gave of its existence excited the curiosity of Sanchez, to whom Spanish literature has been so greatly indebted, and he published it in the first volume of his *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas Anteriores al Siglo XV.*

Some leaves are wanting at the beginning of the manuscript, and one in the middle. The whole fragment consists of 3744 lines, the three last of which are added by the transcriber:

Quien escribio este libro del' Dios paraiso : Amen.
Per abbat le escribio en el mes de mayo
En era de mill e CC . . XLV. años.

Who Per Abbat was, and whether Abbat implied his rank or his name, cannot now be known: . . it is certain that he was the copier of the book, not the author, by the language, which is much older than the date of the manuscript. But there is a difficulty concerning the date. There is a space between the CC and the XLV; and that space is just as much as another C would have filled. Perhaps, says Sanchez, the copier put one C too much, and erased it; perhaps he placed the conjunction *e*, part of the date being expressed by words and part by figures, and afterwards erased it as superfluous; or possibly some person thought to give the manuscript greater value by obliterating one C, to make it appear a century older. The writing seems to be of the fourteenth century. It is of little consequence; even upon that supposition the date is 1307; and no person can doubt that the language of the poem is considerably older than that of Gonzalo de Berceo, who flourished about 1220; . . . a century is hardly sufficient to account for the difference between them. Sanchez is of opinion that it was composed about the middle of the twelfth century, some fifty years after the death of the Cid; . . . there are some passages which induce me to believe it the work of a contemporary. Be that as it may, it is unquestionably the oldest poem in the Spanish language. In my judgment it is as decidedly and beyond all comparison the finest.

One other source of information remains to be mentioned, the popular ballads of the Cid.

Romances del Cid.

Sarmiento (*Mem. para la Hist. de la Poesia*, § 546. 548. 550.) delivers it as his opinion, that the popular ballads of the Twelve Peers, Bernardo del Carpio, Fernan Gonzalez, the Cid, &c. were composed soon after the age of the heroes whom they celebrate, and were what the *Copleros*, Trouveurs, Joculars, and all the common people, sung at their entertainments. That these being orally preserved, were subject to frequent alterations as the language of the country altered; and thus when at length they were committed to writing, their language was materially different, but their substance remained the same. In support of this authority which he assigns to them in point of fact, he observes that the *Cor. General* frequently cites the *Joglares* or popular poets. Their present form he assigns to the end of the fifteenth century.

Sarmiento describes the collection which he had seen of the Ballads of the Cid as containing one hundred and two ballads, in old style, and in eight-syllable verse. This is the *Historia del muy valeroso Cavallero el Cid Ruy Diez de Bivar, en Romances, en lenguage antiguo, recopilados por Juan de Escobar. Sevilla*, 1632. The ballads in this little volume are chronologically arranged; it is, I believe, the only separate collection, and by no means a complete one. Two which Escobar has overlooked are among the *Romances nuevamente sacados de Historias Antiguas de la Cronica de España por Lorenzo de Sepulveda vezino de Sevilla. Van añadidos muchos nunca vistos, compuestos por un Cavallero Cesario, cuyo nombre se guarda para mayores cosas. Anvers*, 1566. This volume contains forty-one ballads of the Cid, scattered through it without any regular order. There are thirty-two in the *Romancero General, en que se contienen todos los Romances que andan impressos en las nueve partes de Romanceros. Aora nuevamente impresso, añadido, y emendado. Medina del Campo*, 1602. Twelve of these are not in Escobar's collection; and probably others which he has overlooked may be found in other *Romanceros*. Many of these ballads are evidently little older than the volumes in which they are contained; very few of them appear to me to bear any marks of antiquity, and the greater part are utterly worthless. Indeed the heroic ballads of the Spaniards have been over-rated in this country: they are infinitely and every way inferior to our own. There are some spirited ones in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, from which the rest have been estimated; but excepting these, I know

none of any value among the many hundreds which I have perused. I have very seldom availed myself of the *Romances del Cid.*

The Chronicle of the Cid is the main web of the Story of the Cid. I have omitted such parts as relate to the general history of Spain but have no reference to Ruydiez, and I have incorporated with it whatever additional circumstances, either of fact or costume, are contained in the *Cronica General* or the *Poema del Cid.* The poem is to be considered as metrical history, not metrical romance. It was written before those fictions were invented which have been added to the history of the Cid, and which have made some authors discredit what there is not the slightest reason to doubt. I have preferred it to the Chronicles sometimes in point of fact, and always in point of costume; for as the historian of manners, this poet, whose name unfortunately has perished, is the Homer of Spain. A few material additions have been made from other authentic sources, and the references are given, section by section, with exemplary minuteness.

INTRODUCTION.

If any country might have been thought safe from the Saracens, it was Spain. The Wisi-Goths had been nearly three centuries in possession of it: during that time the independent kingdoms which were founded by the first conquerors, had been formed into one great monarchy, more extensive and more powerful than any other existing at the same time in Europe; they and the conquered were blended into one people; their languages were intermingled, and the religion and laws of the peninsula had received that character which they retain even to the present day. The Wisi-Goths themselves were a more formidable enemy than the Mahommedans had yet encountered; in Persia, Syria, and Egypt, they had found a race always accustomed to oppression, and ready for the yoke of the strongest; among the Greeks a vicious and effeminated people, a government at once feeble and tyrannical, and generals who either by their treachery or incapacity, afforded them an easy conquest; in Africa they overrun provinces which had not yet recovered from the destructive victories of Belisarius. But the Spanish Goths were a nation of freemen, and their strength and reputation unimpaired. Yet in two battles their monarchy was subverted; their cities fell as fast as they were summoned, and in almost as little time as the Moors could travel over the kingdom, they became masters of the whole, except only those mountainous regions in which the language of the first Spaniards found an asylum from the Romans, and which were now destined to preserve the liberties and institutions of the Goths.

No country was ever yet subdued by foreign enemies, unless the badness of its government, or the folly of its governors, prepared the way for them. The laws of succession among the Wisi-Goths were ill-defined and worse observed. There were claimants to the crown abject enough to be willing to accept it from the hand of the Moorish Conqueror, and fools enough to suppose that a conqueror would give it them; actuated by this

vile hope, and by the desire of destroying their rival, though the utter overthrow of their country should be brought about by the same means, they invited the invaders, and aided them with all their influence. These wretches are inexcusable. Count Julian was provoked by heavier injuries to pursue the same unhappy course. Rodrigo the reigning King had forcibly violated his daughter. An act of manly vengeance would have been recorded with applause; but he betrayed his country and renounced his religion to revenge an individual wrong, and for him too there is no excuse. There is little for those Arians and other persecuted sectaries with whom Spain abounded, who welcomed the Moors, or willingly submitted to them—weak and miserable men, to rejoice in ruin, because it fell heavier upon their oppressors than themselves! But there were two classes in Spain, the Jews and the slaves, whom the grievances which they endured justified in forwarding any revolution that afforded them even a chance of change, and in joining any invaders as their deliverers. The persecution which the Jews endured from the Wisi-Goth Kings, was more atrocious than any to which that persecuted race had yet been exposed: . . . the fiendish system of extirpation, which has since been pursued against them in the same country, was little more than a renewal of the execrable laws enacted by Sisebuto, Suinthela, Recesuinto, and Egica. If they were detected in observing any custom or ceremony of their religion, they were to be killed upon the spot, or stoned, or burnt; . . . and finally, upon an absurd accusation that they had conspired with the Jews of Africa and other provinces to rise against the Christians and destroy them, they were all condemned to slavery, and their children above the age of seven taken from them, and baptized. The laws respecting slaves were iniquitous in the highest degree. At one time they were not admitted as witnesses, and the law which disqualified them, classed them with thieves, murderers, and poisoners. If in spite of this law their evidence was taken, it was not to be believed, though it had been forced from them by torture. When it was found that this disqualification too frequently obstructed the course of justice, they were allowed to be heard in trifling actions, and upon any deadly fray, provided no free witnesses could be found. In questions of adultery, treason, coining, murder, and poisoning, they might be tortured to extort evidence against their masters: he who gave it under the torture suffered with the criminal, but if he gave it without compulsion, he escaped; this law must often have oc-

casioned the condemnation of the innocent. If a slave who had been transferred accused his former master, that master had the privilege of repurchasing him to punish him at pleasure. A law was made to keep the children of slaves, slaves like their parents, because, said the legislator, there is a great confusion of lineage when the son is not like the father, and as the root is even so must the branch be. By a still greater injustice, if a runaway slave of either sex married a free person, under pretence of being free, the children of that marriage became slaves to the owner of the fugitive. If a woman married her slave, or one who having been her slave had been emancipated, both were to be burnt. The very sanctuary was forbidden them; they used to fly to the churches, that the clergy might hear their complaints and compel their merciless owners to sell them; but even this refuge was taken away, and it was enacted that they should be given up to punishment. There was a penalty for harbouring fugitive slaves; and whosoever admitted one into his house, though the runaway called himself free, and did not immediately carry him before a judge for examination, was to receive a hundred stripes and pay the owner a pound; the neighbours were liable to the same penalties, if they did not supply his neglect; all persons therefore were bound to examine a suspicious stranger, and torture him to find out who he was. If they omitted to do this, men or women, of whatever race, family, or rank, were to suffer two hundred stripes, churchmen and officers of justice three hundred, and Bishop or Lord who was thus guilty, either for compassion or for a bribe, was to forfeit three pounds to the King, and do penance during thirty days, like one who had been excommunicated. The monstrous severity of this law proves how frequently these unhappy people fled from their masters, and the legislator complains that there was neither city, castle, burgh, nor village, in which runaway slaves were not concealed. Such were the laws of the Spanish Goths respecting slavery! where such a system was established, the first invader could not but be victorious, because he found recruits in every house. The kingdom deserved to fall, and it fell.

The Mahommedans made many proselytes in Spain as well as everywhere else where they established themselves. But the growth and decline of all Mahommedan empires are necessarily connected with the civil and religious institutions of Islamism, and may be traced to them.

In forming a new religion, Mahommed aimed at making its ritual less burthensome, its morality more indulgent, and its

creed more rational than those of other nations. It was not however enough to appeal to the reason, nor even to the passions of mankind, without at the same time profiting by their credulity. To the Jews he announced himself as the Messiah, the conqueror in whom their prophecies centered; to the Christians as the Paraclete who was to accomplish the yet unfulfilled system of revelation. The mere robber would soon have been crushed, the mere philosopher would have been neglected, and he who had attempted to preach the incommunicable nature of Deity either among Pagan or Christian Idolaters, would hardly have escaped death as a blasphemer. God is God, was a tenet to which none would have listened without the daring addition that Mahommed was his prophet. The impiety of one reasonable doubt would have shocked and terrified those who believed the impudence of an asserted mission. Reason was too weak to stand alone, and clung to fanaticism for support.

No traces of a disordered mind are discoverable either in the life or in the doctrines of Mahommed. The pure theism which he preached he probably believed; but his own claims proceeded from ambition, not from self-deceit. Persevering in his object, he varied the means, and never scrupled at accommodating his institutions to the established prejudices of the people. At first Jerusalem was chosen to be the metropolis of his religion, and the point toward which all the faithful should turn their faces in prayer. This privilege he transferred to Mecca, and though he destroyed the Idols of the Caaba, he suffered the black stone which was the great object of idolatrous worship, to retain its honours. Those founders or reformers of religion who were inspired, and those who believed themselves to be so, have spared neither the prejudices, nor passions, nor feelings, nor instincts, which opposed them. Mahommed attempted no such conquest over human nature: he did not feel himself strong enough to conquer. His conduct displayed the versatility of a statesman, not the inflexibility of an honest fanatic.

The Moslem, in proof of their religion, appeal to the plenary and manifest inspiration of the Koran. They rest the divinity of their holy Book upon its inimitable excellence; but instead of holding it to be divine because it is excellent, they believe its excellence because they admit its divinity. There is nothing in the Koran which affects the feelings, nothing which elevates the imagination, nothing which enlightens the understanding, nothing which ameliorates the heart: it contains no beautiful narrative, no proverbs of wisdom or axioms of morality; it is a

chaos of detached sentences, a mass of dull tautology. Not a solitary passage to indicate the genius of a poet can be found in the whole volume. Inspired by no fanaticism, of a meagre mind, and with morals of open and impudent profligacy, Mahommed has effected a revolution which in its ruinous consequences still keeps in barbarism the greatest and finest part of the old world. His were common talents, and it is by common talents that great revolutions have most frequently been effected; when the train is ready there needs no lightning to kindle it, any spark suffices. That his character was not generally mistaken, is evident from the number of imitators who started up: there is also reason to suspect that it was as well understood by many of his friends as by his enemies. Ali indeed believed in him with all the ardour of youth and affection; but they who were convinced by the sword are suspicious converts, and among these are Abbas and Amrou and Caled, the holiest heroes of Islamism. Ambition and the hope of plunder soon filled his armies, and they who followed him for these motives could teach their children what they did not believe themselves.

The political and moral system of the Impostor, if system it may be called, is such as might be expected from one who aimed only at his own aggrandizement, and had no generous views or hopes beyond it. That his language and his institutions have spread together is not to be attributed to him: this great political advantage necessarily arises when nations are either civilized or converted by force, and it is only by force that this religion has been propagated; its missionaries have marched in armies, and its only martyrs are those who have fallen in the field of battle. Mahommed attempted nothing like a fabric of society: he took abuses as he found them. The continuance of polygamy was his great and ruinous error; where this pernicious custom is established, there will be neither connubial, nor paternal, nor brotherly affection; and hence the unnatural murders with which Asiatic history abounds. The Mahommedan imprisons his wives, and sometimes knows not the faces of his own children; he believes that despotism must be necessary in the state, because he knows it to be necessary at home: thus the domestic tyrant becomes the contented slave, and the atrocity of the ruler and the patience of the people proceed from the same cause. It is the inevitable tendency of polygamy to degrade both sexes; wherever it prevails, the intercourse between them is merely sexual. Women are only instructed in wantonness, sensuality becomes the characteristic of whole

nations, and humanity is disgraced by crimes the most loathsome and detestable. This is the primary and general cause of that despotism and degradation which are universal throughout the East: not climate, or the mountaineers would be free and virtuous; not religion, for through all the changes of belief which the East has undergone, the evil and the effect have remained the same.

Mahommed inculcated the doctrine of fatalism, because it is the most useful creed for a conqueror. The blind passiveness which it causes has completed the degradation, and for ever impeded the improvement of all Mahommedan nations. They will not struggle against oppression, for the same reason that they will not avoid the infection of the plague. If from this state of stupid patience they are provoked into a paroxysm of brutal fury, they destroy the tyrant; but the tyranny remains unaltered. Oriental revolutions are like the casting a stone into a stagnant pool; the surface is broken for a moment, and then the green weeds close over it again.

Such a system can produce only tyrants and slaves, those who are watchful to commit any crime for power, and those who are ready to endure any oppression for tranquillity. A barbarous and desolating ambition has been the sole motive of their conquering chiefs; the wisdom of their wisest sovereigns has produced nothing of public benefit: it has ended in idle moralizings, and the late discovery that all is vanity. One Tyrant at the hour of death asserts the equality of mankind; another, who had attained empire by his crimes, exposes his shroud at last, and proclaims that now nothing but that is left him. I have slain the Princes of men, said Azzud ad Dowlah, and have laid waste the palaces of Kings. I have dispersed them to the East and scattered them to the West, and now the Grave calls me, and I must go! and he died with the frequent exclamation, What avails my wealth? my empire is departing from me! . . . When Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, was dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, he ordered that all his treasures should be brought out to amuse him. They were laid before him, silk and tapestry, jewels, vessels of silver and gold, coffers of money, the spoils of the nations whom he had plundered: it was the spectacle of a whole day, . . but pride yielded to the stronger feeling of nature; . . Mahmoud recollected that he was in his mortal sickness, and wept and moralized upon the vanity of the world.

It were wearying to dwell upon the habitual crimes of which

their history is composed; we may estimate their guilt by what is said of their virtues. Of all the Abbassides, none but Mutaded equalled Almanzor in goodness. A slave one day, when fanning away the flies from him, struck off his turban, upon which Mutaded only remarked that the boy was sleepy; but the Vizir who was present fell down and kissed the ground, and exclaimed, O Commander of the Faithful, I never heard of such a thing! I did not think such clemency had been possible! . . for it was the custom of this Caliph, when a slave displeased him, to have the offender buried alive.

The Mahommedan sovereigns have suffered their just punishment; they have been miserable as well as wicked. For others they can feel no sympathy, and have learnt to take no interest: for themselves there is nothing but fear; their situation excludes them from hope, and they have the perpetual sense of danger, and the dread of that inevitable hour wherein there shall be no distinction of persons. This fear they have felt and confessed; in youth it has embittered enjoyment, and it has made age dreadful. A dream, or the chance words of a song, or the figures of the tapestry, have terrified them into tears. Haroun Al Raschid opened a volume of poems, and read, Where are the Kings, and where are the rest of the world? They are gone the way which thou shalt go. O thou who chusest a perishable world, and callest him happy whom it glorifies, take what the world can give thee, but death is as the end! And at these words, he who had murdered Yahia and the Barmecides, wept aloud.

In these barbarous monarchies the people are indolent, because if they acquire wealth they dare not enjoy it. Punishment produces no shame, for it is inflicted by caprice not by justice. They who are rich or powerful become the victims of rapacity or fear. If a battle or fortress be lost, the Commander is punished for his misfortune; if he become popular for his victories, he incurs the jealousy and hatred of the ruler. Nor is it enough that wealth, and honour, and existence are at the Despot's mercy; the feelings and instincts must yield at his command. If he take the son for his eunuch, and the daughter for his concubine; if he order the father to execute the child, it is what Destiny has appointed, and the Mahommedan says, . . God's will be done. But insulted humanity has not unfrequently been provoked to take vengeance; the monarch is always in danger, because the subject is never secure; these are the consequences of that absolute power and passive obedience which

have resulted from the doctrines of Mahommed; and this is the state of society wherever his religion has been established.

But when Islamism entered Spain, it was in its youth and vigour; its destructive principles had not yet had time to develope themselves; and its military apostles could safely challenge corrupted Christianity to a comparison of creeds. No nation had yet been able to resist them; they had gone on from victory to victory. With the majority of mankind the successful cause passes for the right one; and when there were so many motives for conversion, it is not to be wondered at that the greater number of the Spanish Goths became converts to a triumphant faith. When in the first years of that faith Amrou led an army against Gaza, the Governor asked, for what reason the city was attacked. Our Master, replied Amrou, has sent us to conquer you, unless ye receive our religion; do this and ye shall be our companions and brethren. If ye refuse this, pay a yearly tribute for ever, and we will protect you against all invaders. If neither of these terms be accepted, there can be only the sword between us, and we must war upon you in obedience to the command of the Lord. This was the system of the Mahommedans, and hitherto no policy could have succeeded better. The Christians who retained their religion became a kind of Helots, who supplied the revenue and cultivated the land; they were everywhere the minority, and as Mahommedan states grew round them on all sides, it was not long before they disappeared. The Moors found the same obsequiousness in Spain as they had done in Africa and in the East. The main part of the men apostatized, and the women contentedly learnt a new creed, to qualify themselves for foreign husbands, or for the renegados who profited by the ruin of their country. But there yet remained Gothic valour and Gothic genius. Pelayo baffled them with a troop of mountaineers, the wreck and remnant of the nation. This hero was strengthened by the accident of his royal descent; but it was not for his birth that his fellow soldiers lifted him upon a shield, and in the hour of difficulty and danger acclaimed him King. In a strong country, with the defiles of which he was well acquainted, he maintained himself against the neighbouring Moors. His own weakness was his best security; foes like these were beneath the notice of the conqueror; he who had overthrown the kingdom of the Goths did not stop to exterminate a handful of banditti. Once already had Musa crost the Pyrenees and advanced as far as Carcassonne: he now proposed to overrun France, proceed through Germany and

Hungary to Constantinople, and by this line of conquests, connect Spain with the Saracen empire. For this enterprise he was preparing when a courier seized the bridle of his horse, and commanded him in the Caliph's name to set out for Damascus. There was retribution in this. Musa had imprisoned Tarif because he envied his glory; he himself was now arrested in his own career, and detained in Syria, while secret orders were sent to destroy his whole family. All who were in Africa were cut off. His son Abdalazis, a man worthy of a better fate, had been left governor in Spain; but the commanders of every town at this time exercised independent authority, and his power was little more than nominal. To strengthen himself by conciliating the Christians, he married Egilona, widow of the late King; her foolish bigotry was one occasion of his ruin. Finding it impossible to convert her husband, she placed saint-images in all her apartments, and made the doors so low that he could not enter, without bowing his head before her idols. The Moorish Chiefs interpreted this as an artifice on his part to entrap them into a gesture which was an acknowledgment of their inferiority. His views were too generous for their comprehension. He wished to introduce the Gothic forms of freedom, and with that view assembled them in a Cortes. They murdered him, that the anarchy might continue. His head was sent to Damascus, and the Caliph bade Musa look, if he knew the face. The broken-hearted old man retired to Mecca, seeking there for that consolation which, such is the blessed nature of religion, every religion however corrupted, can in some degree bestow; and there he ended his days.

Spain was so distant from the capital of the Caliphs, that they were continually exerting their authority there, lest their weakness should be discovered. For this reason it was their policy frequently to change the Governor, a system every way pernicious, which allowed integrity no time to be useful, and hurried avarice into rapacity. A few plundering expeditions were made beyond the Pyrenees, while tyranny and extortion provoked frequent commotions at home. At length Abderrahman, as well to employ a restless people as to gratify his own ambition, collected a prodigious army, and burst into France. The cause of civilized society has never been exposed to equal danger, since the Athenians preserved it at Salamis. Charles Martel met him by Tours, and destroyed him and his army. To revenge this defeat was for awhile the great object of the Moors, and Christendom was still saved by the same hero. Dissen-

sions broke out between the original conquerors, and the Moors who had flocked over from Africa: an army of Syrians was called in, and they soon became a third party. Meantime Pelayo and the Spaniards strengthened themselves in Asturias. Wherever they advanced they found a number of Christians ready to assist in recovering their country. Under Alonso the Catholic, they became formidable, and then in their turn weakened themselves. His successor, Froyla, murdered one brother, and was himself murdered by another, who seized the throne. The insecure Usurper made himself vassal to the Moors, and his only wars were against the slaves in his own kingdom, who had risen upon their Christian masters.

The revolution which established the Abbassides in Syria, erected another dynasty and a new empire in Spain. Abdoulrahman, one of the Ommiades, fled from the massacre of his family, and hid himself, with his child and his brother, in a forest beside the Euphrates, A.D. 749. They were discovered, the boy was slain, the two brethren rode into the river. One, allured by the promise of his pursuers to spare him, turned back from the dangerous passage, and was immediately murdered. Abdoulrahman swam on, and effected his escape. He got into Africa, and had found adherents there who promised to protect him against the Governor, when deputies came over from the Spanish Moors to invite him to the kingdom of Spain as his inheritance. His reign was a perpetual warfare against those who transferred their loyalty with the throne of the Caliphs, or against chiefs who fought for their own aggrandizement, and called it the cause of the Abbassides. Almanzor made one direct effort, and sent Ala with troops from Africa, and the whole weight of his authority, to destroy the last of a rival race. He was at Mecca when the head of Ala, salted and filled with camphor, was nailed against his palace door, and the sight made him rejoice that the sea rolled between him and his enemy. The Ommiade triumphed over every opposer; established his throne at Cordova, and left the undisputed sovereignty of all the Spanish Moors to his son. The race of Abdoulrahman should not go without their fame. An astrologer predicted to his successor Haccham, a happy and glorious reign, but only of eight years. In the belief of this prediction he reigned with the wholesome fear of death before his eyes, and no act of injustice or cruelty is of him recorded. Two elder brethren, to whom he had been wisely preferred by his father, attempted to dethrone him: he subdued them, and then settled ample

revenues upon these dangerous rivals, when they were at his mercy. Haccham's armies were filled by soldiers who loved him; and when a father died, the sons received his pay till they also were of an age to serve. The Christians resisted him with courage; but he pursued them into their mountains, and burnt the palace of their Kings, and so reduced them, that when a wealthy Moor bequeathed his treasures to ransom his countrymen who were in captivity among the Spaniards, none could be found to profit by the bequest. The Pyrenees did not bound his exploits; he completed the great Mosque at Cordova with the spoils of Narbonne. The liberality of this Caliph was as dangerous to the Christians as his arms. Of his body guard, which consisted of five thousand men, three thousand were renegados.

The reign of the second Haccham was more troubled. Always in arms either against the Leonese, or his own rebellious subjects, he was alike terrible to both. A revolt threw Toledo into the hands of the Christians, who were too feeble to keep the metropolis which they had thus recovered. Another mutiny of the citizens incensed Haccham, and the vengeance which he planned was in the spirit and upon the scale of Asiatic barbarity. Their fellow citizen Amrouz was made Governor; he lured the affections of the people, and tempted them to plot another rebellion in which he should be their leader; and he persuaded them that a citadel would be necessary for their defence. They built one, and within it, a palace for their new Chief. This citadel was designed to keep the people in obedience, and Amrouz made the workmen dig a pit secretly within the walls, deep and wide and long. When everything was prepared, Haccham sent his son to Toledo, on some specious pretext. Amrouz entertained him and invited all who possessed either authority or influence in the town to a feast. As they entered, they were seized; the massacre lasted from morning till midday, and the ready grave was filled with five thousand bodies. No provocation can palliate a crime like this; yet all that his subjects complained of in Haccham, were his sloth, his excesses at table, and above all his love of wine. New mutinies excited him to new cruelty; meantime the Christians insulted his border. A female Moor as she was led away into captivity, called upon Haccham to deliver her. Her appeal was reported to him, and it roused his pride. He entered the Christian territories at the head of a victorious army, sought out the woman, and with his own hand broke her chains.

A second Abdoulrahman succeeded. He is called the Victorious, though he was more fortunate against his own rebellious subjects than against the Christians, who gained upon his frontier, or the Normans who plundered his coast. Mahommed, the next in succession, left thirty-three sons; one of his forty-four brethren broke the line of inheritance and seized his nephew's throne. The Usurper was the third Abdoulrahman, the most magnificent of the Moorish Kings of Spain. His history is like a tale of Eastern splendour, with an Eastern moral at the end. To gratify the vanity of a favourite slave, he built a town and called it after her name, Zehra, which signifies the ornament of the world. There were in its palace a thousand and fourteen columns of African and Spanish marble, nineteen from Italian quarries, and a hundred and forty beautiful enough to be presents from the Greek Emperor. The marble walls of the Hall of the Caliph were inlaid with gold; birds and beasts of gold, studded with jewels, spouted water into a marble basin in its centre; the basin was the work of the best Greek sculptors, and above it hung the great pearl which had been sent to Abdoulrahman by the Emperor Leon. The extent of the buildings may be imagined by the size of his seraglio, which contained six thousand three hundred persons. This was his favourite abode. After the chase, to which twelve thousand horsemen always accompanied him, he used to rest in a pavilion in the gardens; the pillars were of pure white marble, the floor of gold and steel and jewellery, and in the midst there was a fountain of quicksilver. Yet Abdoulrahman left a writing which contained this testimony against the vanity of the world. "From the moment when I began to reign, I have recorded those days in which I enjoyed real and undisturbed pleasure: they amount to fourteen. Mortal man, consider what this world is, and what dependence is to be placed upon its enjoyments! Nothing seems wanting to my happiness; . . riches, honours, to say everything, sovereign power. I am feared and esteemed by my contemporary princes, they envy my good fortune, they are jealous of my glory, they solicit my friendship. Fifty years have I reigned, and in so long a course of time can count but fourteen days which have not been poisoned by some vexation."

The reign of his son Haccham was short and splendid and peaceful. He wanted to enlarge his palace at Zehra: the ground adjoining was the property of a poor woman, who would not for any price sell the inheritance of her fathers; the workmen took possession by force, and she went to the Cadi Ibn

Bechir with her complaint. Ibn Bechir took a large sack, mounted his ass, and rode to the Caliph, whom he found sitting in a pavilion which had been built upon the place; he prostrated himself and asked permission to fill the sack with earth. Having obtained leave, he filled it, and then requested the Prince would help him to lift it upon the ass. Haccham attempted, but found it too heavy. 'Prince,' then said the Cadi, 'this is but a small part of that land whereof you have wrongfully deprived one of your subjects; . . how will you at the last judgment bear the burthen of the whole!' He restored the ground, and gave with it the buildings which had already been erected there.

The Christians acquired strength during the disturbed reign of the second Haccham. A race of able kings succeeded Alfonso the Chaste. Ramiro, Ordoño, and another Alfonso, called the Great: then came a feebler line, and the Christians were divided. New states were erected in Navarre, in Catalonia, and in Arragon: if these sometimes rivalled the Kings of Leon they were more dangerous to the Moors, and the common cause was strengthened. But the separation of Castile from Leon, was a dismemberment, an actual loss of strength. The bond of unity once broken, jealousies and wars followed, and the example was mischievous. Galicia was ambitious of becoming independent like Castile, and frequent rebellions were the consequence. Abdoulrahman profited little by these dissensions: his power was employed in gratifying a passion for splendour, for which he is better remembered than he would have been for a life of greater activity. His son made only one campaign. A sickly boy succeeded him. Mahommed, who was appointed his guardian, was called after the manner of the Orientals, Alhagib, or the Eyelid; he soon acquired and deserved the name of Almanzor the Victorious, by which he is remembered in history. The genius of this man well nigh proved fatal to the Spanish Christians, weakened as they were by their own divisions. The Leonese looked on with unconcern or with satisfaction while he ravaged Castile, and the Castilians were consoled when Leon suffered in its turn. Two and fifty times did he lead his armies into their country, and return with their spoils. Such terror had he struck into them, that Bermudo retreated with the seat of government from Leon back among the mountains to Oviedo, the bodies of the Kings his predecessors were taken from their graves and removed, and the relics of the Saints and Martyrs packed up for flight. This fear was not without cause. Alman-

zor appeared before the walls. Count Guillen was in the city, so far spent with sickness that he could not stand; nevertheless when he heard that the Moors had make a breach, he ordered his men to arm him and carry him in his bed to the place of danger. There he encouraged the Leonese, more by his presence than by his weak efforts; but there he maintained the breach three days, and there when another quarter had been forced, he perished sword in hand, in his bed. The conqueror carried his arms farther and ravaged Galicia. Santiago, the tutelary Saint of Spain, the God of their battles, could not defend his own Church. Almanzor sent the great bells from Compostella to be his trophies, and hung them up as lamps in the Mosque of Cordova. During one of his expeditions, the Christians took advantage of a fall of snow, and occupied the mountain passes to intercept his return. The Moor calmly pitched his camp in the valley, and prepared to make it his dwelling-place. He ploughed and sowed the ground, and so harassed the country behind him, that the Christians offered him a price for his coming harvest, and implored him to depart.

They who could not triumph over him while living, insulted him with lying legends when he was no more. They asserted that the Saints whose churches he had profaned, struck him with his mortal sickness, and that when he died the Devil was heard bewailing him along the banks of the Guadalquivir. But the Moors wrote truly upon his monument, What he was is seen in his actions; such a Defender of Spain will not be found after him.

Yet the ascendancy which Almanzor obtained by these triumphs eventually ruined the Spanish Moors. Their King had still the nominal authority; whatever splendour his state required, and whatever luxuries could tend to amuse or effeminate him, were amply afforded him; but he was actually a prisoner; he never went beyond the precincts of the palace, and none except the governor's friends were admitted to see him. For a character thus helpless and enfeebled, the people could feel no respect; and they repeatedly offered the throne to Almanzor; he was satisfied with the substantial sovereignty which he enjoyed, nor could he be tempted by the wish of leaving a legitimate title to his son Abdalmelic, a man not unworthy of such a father. That son was supported during a short administration by his own moderation and his father's fame. His brother, who succeeded, had less talent and less virtue; he usurped the royal title, abused his power, and was soon destroyed. Civil wars

ensued; the Spanish Moors espoused the cause of one adventurer, the Africans who had flocked to follow Almanzor's victories, fought for another; the race of Abdoulrahman was cut off, and his empire was divided. The petty tyrant of every town now called himself King, and crimes and miseries multiplied with the title. The lower the sceptre sunk, the more hands were stretched out to reach it. Ambition takes no warning from example. Hymeya, one of these wretches, asked the Cordovans to make him King, just as the last puppet had been murdered. They replied, "Do you not see the tumultuous state of the city? the populace will destroy you." "Obey me to-day," said he, "and kill me to-morrow." Such was the drunken lust for power.

The Moors brought with them into Spain the causes of their own destruction, . . despotism and polygamy; consumptive principles, which suffered indeed the body to mature, but when the growing energy had ceased, immediately began their morbid and mortal action. These causes produced their inevitable effects, the war of brother against brother, the revolt of towns and provinces, the breaking up of kingdoms. The Spaniards meantime were free; they were inferior in numbers, they were less civilized than their enemies, and their history is sullied by acts of worse barbarity; . . but they were a Christian and a free people. The moral institutions of Christianity gave them a decided and increasing advantage. Even its corruptions were in their favour. Mahommed won his first victory by calling for an army of Angels, when his troops were giving way. He galloped forward, and casting a handful of sand among the enemy, exclaimed, "Let their faces be covered with confusion!" The Moslem believed that the armies of God obeyed his call, and in that faith they were victorious. The deliverers of Spain encouraged their followers by coarser frauds; a hermit had promised them victory, . . or they had seen visions, . . or the Cross which was their banner, had appeared to them in the sky. The invention of a tutelary Saint to fight their battles, not metaphorically, but in person, was a bolder and more animating fiction. Ramiro had fought a whole day long with the Moors; he kept the field at night with a broken and dispirited army, who were compelled to abide the next morning's danger, because they were surrounded and could not fly. The King called them together and told them that Santiago had appeared to him in a dream, and had promised to be with them in the battle, visibly and bodily, on a white steed, bearing a white banner with a red cross. The Leonese, who before this had lost all hope, began

the attack, shouting God and Santiago. A knight led them on, riding a white steed, and bearing a white banner with a bloody cross. They utterly defeated the Moors. A general tribute in bread and wine was granted to the Saint's church for ever, and a knight's portion from the spoils of every victory which the Christians should gain.

This pious fraud was the resource of genius in distress; but it had been preluded by deceit, and was systematized into a national mythology. The body of Santiago had been discovered under Ramiro's predecessor; his grandson Alfonso rebuilt the church of the Apostle with greater magnificence than the Christian Kings before him had ever displayed; and its priesthood exercised their ingenuity in inventing legends to the honour of their patron Saint, and to their own emolument. This they did so successfully that Compostella became the great point of European pilgrimage. The merit of this pilgrimage was enhanced by the difficulty and danger of the journey; the pilgrims soon became so numerous that parties of Moorish, and perhaps also of Christian banditti, associated to plunder them. On the other hand, the Canons of St. Eloy erected guest-houses for their accommodation along the road from France, and money and estates were often bequeathed to endow them by individuals and princes. After their example a few hidalgos who were equally devout and warlike, joined their property, and formed themselves into a religious brotherhood for the purpose of protecting the pilgrims. War never stops at defence. They soon found it their duty to attack the Misbelievers: and hence, about fourscore years after the death of the Cid, arose the order of Santiago, which was so long the scourge of the Moors.

A regular system of deceit practised by the priests for their own immediate interest, continually freshened and invigorated the enthusiasm of the people. To obtain the profits of a favourite altar was the motive which influenced the inventor of a Martyr's body, or of an Image; but where Chapels were thus founded, cities sometimes grew. A shepherd told his fellows that he had followed a dove towards a rock, whither by her frequent flight, and turning back to him upon the wing, she seemed to invite him: there he had discovered a cavern and an image of the Virgin, at whose feet the Dove remained undisturbed, being conscious of divine protection. Such was the devotion of the people that a town was soon built there. St. Maria la Blanca was deserted by all its inhabitants for this holier place of residence, but the priests and people go yearly

among its ruins to perform a service for the souls of their forefathers who are buried there. A pious Spaniard employed his life in improving the great road to Compostella, opening thickets and building bridges along the way. About twenty paces from his little hermitage he made his own tomb. The pilgrims' gratitude did not cease when their benefactor died. His tomb became a place of popular devotion; a splendid church was at length erected over it, and that church is now the Cathedral of a City, which is called St. Domingo de la Calzada, after his name. A hermit, by name Juan, fixed his dwelling on Mount Uruela, not far from Jaca: he built a chapel on one of its summits, and dedicated it to John the Baptist. Four other Monks joined him: the fame of their piety was bruited abroad, and their chapel became the chosen spot for the devotion of the Christians round about. When Juan died a great multitude assembled at his funeral; six hundred hidalgos were among them; they saw their numbers and the strength of the country; the feeling which had brought them together excited them, they elected a leader, and founded the kingdom of Navarre.

The local deities whom their Pagan ancestors had worshipped were less numerous than the Saints who patronized the churches of the Spanish Christians. Every town, almost every village, had been hallowed by the death or burial of Martyrs, to whose wonder-working bodies the faithful were led sometimes by the song of Angels, more frequently by lights hovering over their holy graves. Above all, the Virgin Mother was lavish in her favours to Spain. Once, she descended in person upon a stone pillar, which she left behind her, and which is held at this day in as high veneration by thousands and tens of thousands of Catholics, as the black stone at Mecca is by the Mahommedans. Sometimes she sent her image down from Heaven. Sometimes a dove guided the chosen discoverer to the cavern where she had been hidden; or the hunted beast who ran to her ruined altar was protected by her pity, or struck dead for his intrusion. In the number of her titles the deified Mary exceeded the many-named Diana, as well as in the extent and effect of her worship. In perusing the attested history of any one of her images, the reader might think she had imparted to it all her power, did not the Goddess of the next great shrine afford a catalogue of wonders, equally splendid, equally attested, and equally authentic. These miracles were easily managed in darkness, and amid the wilds and ruins of a desolated country. The clergy sometimes, in the confidence of talent, ventured

upon a more public and general exhibition. Fernando the Great, A.D. 1063, sent to Benabet King of Seville, requesting that he would let him have the body of St. Justa to remove to Leon. Three Counts and two Bishops were the ambassadors to beg this boon. Benabet said he knew nothing about it, he had never heard of St. Justa, but they were very welcome to her body if they could find it. Upon this Alvito the Bishop of Leon said they would pray three days for a revelation. At the close of the third day Alvito fell asleep at his prayers, and there appeared to him in a dream an old man, who told him that St. Justa must not be removed. Seville was not to be deprived of a treasure reserved for its glory when it should again become a Christian city, . . but they might have his body instead. . . . And who was he? . . He was St. Isidore. Alvito humbly entreated him to be dreamt of twice more, that he might be sure this was not merely a dream; and the dead Bishop gave the desired proof. At his last appearance he struck the ground thrice with his crosier, saying, "You will find me here, here, here." In the morning three holes were seen in the ground, and upon digging there they discovered his body in full odour. The court and clergy went out from Leon in procession to meet the relics; the King and his three sons bore the body barefooted; all the Monks and Clergy of the city were feasted upon the occasion, and Fernando and the Queen served them at the board.

The zeal with which these patron Saints were worshipped was proportionate to the beneficial power which they possessed. They could preserve their own district from pestilence, and if for the sins of the people they sometimes suffered the Infidels to violate their sanctuaries, they never failed to punish the violation. In their beatitude they were still influenced by human feelings, by gratitude, and by national and local affection. A Saint was the representative of his townsmen in Heaven, where he was supposed to receive their prayers, and exert all his influence in their behalf.

The religious fervour of the Moors meanwhile was abating. Fanaticism in a few generations becomes bigotry. The belief which the first Mahommedans had chosen was inherited by their children; in the fathers it had the life and ardour of a new passion; in the sons it was become habit, inveterate indeed, but cold. This process has been exemplified in every age, and by every sect. The Dominicans and Franciscans of the present day profess the same tenets which their predecessors practised

at the massacre and the auto da fé. There are analogies in nature; the wolf has been tamed into the dog: and swine were once formidable in the forest.

In the first years of the Moorish conquest the Christians carried on a perpetual war against their invaders. There was no alternative between hostilities and submission; but during the anarchy which soon weakened the conquerors, their little kingdom acquired a respectable strength, and they could venture to rest from war when peace was convenient. A righteous national hatred was encouraged by their leaders, and this hatred was increased by religious contempt and abhorrence. Yet even these feelings readily gave way whenever either public or individual interest required their sacrifice. A frequent intercourse necessarily subsisted between the two peoples; discontented chiefs fled to a Moorish Court for protection, and the Christian princes, when at war with each other, scrupled not to invite Moorish assistance. It has even been said, that when the kingdom of Arragon was founded, and that compact established between the sovereign and the people which the Arragonese have struggled so nobly, but unsuccessfully to maintain, one of the privileges proposed to them was, that they might choose either a Christian, or a Mahommedan King, at pleasure; but they rejected it as a thing which ought not to be thought of.

Still the war between the two nations was a war of extermination. Peace was never named, never thought of as a thing possible; but because perpetual hostilities, would have destroyed both by famine, they made occasional truces by common consent to recover strength for renewing the contest; or the weaker power purchased a respite by paying tribute, till he believed himself strong enough to revolt. These intervals were short; the Spaniards could never long endure to be idle; they had to recover the country of their fathers, an honourable and a holy object; and war also was the business, the amusement, the passion of the age. It was in war that the chiefs found their sport and their spoil; that the King at once employed and gratified a turbulent nobility; that the people indulged their worst passions, and believed that they were at the same time atoning for their sins. And what a warfare! it was to burn the standing corn, to root up the vine and the olive, to hang the heads of their enemies from the saddle-bow, and drive mothers and children before them with the lance; to massacre the men of a town in the fury of assault; to select the chiefs that they might be murdered in cold blood; to reserve the women for

violation, and the children for slavery: . . and this warfare year after year, till they rested from mere exhaustion. The soldiers of Fernan Gonzalez complained that they led a life like Devils like those in Hell who rested neither day nor night: Our Lord, said they, is like Satan, and we are like his servants, whose whole delight is in separating soul from body. The Spaniards on their part suffered retaliated cruelties, and the perpetual sense of danger. At one time Knights, Nobles, and Kings, never slept without having the war-horse ready-saddled in the chamber.

In the beginning of the eleventh century, Navarre, Arragon, and Castile, were united under Sancho the Great. But experience had not taught the Christian Kings good policy, and when accident had joined the separate states, the possessor divided them at his death, desirous that his sons should all be Kings, though thereby they inevitably became enemies. Sancho left Navarre to his eldest son Garcia, Arragon to his bastard son Ramiro, and Castile to Fernando; and these latter states, which had long been independent, now first received the appellation of kingdom.

Sancho had compelled Bermudo the King of Leon to give his sister in marriage to Fernando; the King of Leon had no children, his sister was his heir, and the kingdom therefore would fall to her husband. Leon had long been declining; but when the territories of Sancho were divided at his death, Bermudo hoped to recover its old ascendancy, and declared war against his brother-in-law. Fernando called Garcia to his aid, and an obstinate battle was fought. Bermudo, who was a brave man, and confident in his own strength, and in that of his horse Pelayuelo, rode into the Castilian army, meaning to engage Fernando man to man; he was slain in the attempt, and Fernando possessed himself of Leon by the double right of conquest and inheritance.

The elder brother regarded with impatience the division of his father's kingdoms. Fernando had excited some dispute respecting their boundary, and though no enmity was yet avowed, no fraternal affection existed. It happened that Garcia fell sick; the Castilian went to visit him at Najara, he discovered that his brother designed to imprison him, and extort a cession of territory for his ransom, and he hastily departed, and then sent to excuse his departure on the plea of urgent business. He soon feigned sickness and requested Garcia to come and see him; the King of Navarre came, and was immediately made prisoner: by the help of money he effected his escape, and open war fol-

lowed. Garcia invited the Moors to his assistance, and entered Castile. The armies met about four leagues from Bourgos, near Atapuerca. St. Iñigo, the Abbot of Oña, endeavoured to persuade Garcia to peace; the good old man was revered by him, and though his persuasions were vain, still continued in the camp, hoping he might yet succeed in his mediation. An old knight called Fortun Sanchez tried also to reconcile the brethren; he was Garcia's foster-father, and had loved them both from infancy. When he found that his advice and entreaties were of no avail, knowing the danger of Garcia, and that he could not prevent it, the old man threw off his defensive armour, and with only his sword and spear, went foremost among the enemy to die, that he might not behold the overthrow and destruction of his foster-child. Before the battle began, two knights whom Garcia had unjustly stript of their possessions came to him and demanded that he would redress their wrongs, and for the future respect their privileges. The demand was just, but Garcia gave no ear to it, perhaps provoked that it should be made like a menace in his hour of need. They then renounced their allegiance, and went over to the Castilian army. The other knights who had joined with them in their remonstrance, did not indeed desert the King, but they served him without good will, and without exertion. There was a band of Leonese, who directed their efforts against him to revenge Bermudo; the two knights whom Garcia had wronged, fought in their company, and one of them thrust him through with a lance. The wound was mortal. He died upon the field with his head between the Abbot's knees, the pious old man holding it, and praying and weeping over him as he expired A great stone was set up as a monument, by the brook side where he was slain. In consequence of this victory Fernando became the most powerful of all the Kings of Spain, Moor or Christian. It was in his days that the Cid began to distinguish himself.

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THE

CHRONICLE OF THE CID.

BOOK I.

I. King Don Ferrando succeeded to the states of Castile after the death of his father King Don Sancho el Mayor, in the era 1072, which was the year of the Incarnation 1034, and from the coming of the Patriarch Tubal to settle in Spain 3197, and from the general deluge 3339, and from the creation of the world 4995, according to the computation of the Hebrews, and from the beginning of the false sect of the Moors 413. And in the year 1037 Ferrando slew Bermudo the King of Leon in battle, who was his wife's brother, and conquered his kingdom, and succeeded to it in right of his wife Doña Sancha. So he was the first person who united the states of Castile and Leon, and the first who was called King of Castile; for till this time the lords of that country had been called Counts. He was a good king, and one who judged justly and feared God, and was bold in all his doings. Before he reigned he had by Doña Sancha his wife the Infanta Doña Urraca, his eldest daughter, who was a right excellent lady, of good customs and bounty and beauty; and after her he had the Infante Don Sancho, his eldest son and heir; and then the Infanta Doña Elvira, whom after the death of the King her father, her brother King Don Alfonso married to the Count Don Garci de Cabra. And after he became King he had the Infante Don Alfonso, and the Infante Don Garcia, who was the youngest of all. And he put his sons to read, that they might be of the better understanding, and he made them take arms, and be shown how to demean themselves in battle and to be huntsmen. And he ordered that his daughters should be brought up in the studies beseeming dames, so that they might be of good customs, and instructed in devotion and in all things which it behoved them to know.

II. In those days arose Rodrigo of Bivar, who was a youth

strong in arms and of good customs; and the people rejoiced in him, for he bestirred himself to protect the land from the Moors. Now it behoves that ye should know whence he came, and from what men he was descended, because we have to proceed with his history. Ye are to know therefore, that after the treason which King Don Ordoño the Second committed upon the Counts of Castile, that country remained without a chief: the people therefore chose two judges, of whom the one was called Nuño Rasuera, and the other Layn Calvo, who married Nuño's daughter, Elvira Nuñez. From Nuño Rasuera King Don Ferrando descended, and from Layn Calvo, Diego Laynez, who took to wife Doña Teresa Rodriguez, the daughter of Don Rodrigo Alvarez, Count and Governor of Asturias, and had by her this Rodrigo. In the year of the Incarnation 1026 was Rodrigo born, of this noble lineage, in the city of Burgos, and in the street of St. Martin, hard by the palace of the Counts of Castile, where Diego Laynez had his dwelling. In the church of St. Martin was he baptized, a good priest of Burgos, whose name was Don Pedro de Pernegas, being his godfather: and to this church Rodrigo was always greatly affectionate, and he built the belfry tower thereof.

III. At this time it came to pass that there was strife between Count Don Gomez the Lord of Gormaz, and Diego Laynez the father of Rodrigo; and the Count insulted Diego and gave him a blow. Now Diego was a man in years, and his strength had passed from him, so that he could not take vengeance, and he retired to his home to dwell there in solitude and lament over his dishonour. And he took no pleasure in his food, neither could he sleep by night, nor would he lift up his eyes from the ground, nor stir out of his house, nor commune with his friends, but turned from them in silence as if the breath of his shame would taint them. Rodrigo was yet but a youth, and the Count was a mighty man in arms, one who gave his voice first in the Cortes, and he was held to be the best in the war, and so powerful that he had a thousand friends among the mountains. Howbeit all these things appeared as nothing to Rodrigo when he thought of the wrong done to his father, the first which had ever been offered to the blood of Layn Calvo. He asked nothing but justice of Heaven, and of man he asked only a fair field; and his father seeing of how good heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing. The sword had been the sword of Mudarra in former times, and when Rodrigo held its cross in his hand, he thought within himself that his arm was not weaker than Mudarra's.

And he went out and defied the Count and slew him, and smote off his head and carried it home to his father. The old man was sitting at table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and pointing to the head which hung from the horse's collar, dropping blood, he bade him look up, for there was the herb which should restore to him his appetite. The tongue, quoth he, which insulted you, is no longer a tongue, and the hand which wronged you is no longer a hand. And the old man arose and embraced his son and placed him above him at the table, saying, that he who had brought home that head should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo.

IV. After this Diego being full of years fell asleep and was gathered to his fathers. And the Moors entered Castile, in great power, for there came with them five Kings, and they passed above Burgos, and crossed the mountains of Oca, and plundered Carrion, and Vilforado, and Saint Domingo de la Calzada, and Logroño, and Najara, and all that land; and they carried away many captives both male and female, and brood mares, and flocks of all kinds. But as they were returning with all speed, Rodrigo of Bivar raised the country, and came up with them in the mountains of Oca, and fell upon them and discomfited them, and won back all their booty, and took all the five Kings prisoners. Then he went back to his mother, taking the Kings with him, and there he divided the whole spoil with the hidalgos and his other companions, both the Moorish captives and all the spoil of whatever kind, so that they departed right joyfully, being well pleased with what he had done. And he gave thanks to God for the grace which had been vouchsafed to him, and said to his mother, that he did not think it good to keep the Kings in captivity, but to let them go freely; and he set them at liberty and bade them depart. So they returned each to his own country, blessing him for their deliverance, and magnifying his great bounty; and forthwith they sent him tribute and acknowledged themselves to be his vassals.

V. King Don Ferrando was going through Leon, putting the Kingdom in order, when tidings reached him of the good speed which Rodrigo had had against the Moors. And at the same time there came before him Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the Count, who fell on her knees before him and said, Sir, I am the daughter of Count Don Gomez of Gormaz, and Rodrigo of Bivar has slain the Count my father, and of three daughters whom he has left I am the youngest. And, Sir, I come to crave of you a boon, that you will give me Rodrigo of Bivar to be my husband, with whom

I shall hold myself well married, and greatly honoured; for certain I am that his possessions will one day be greater than those of any man in your dominions. Certes, Sir, it behoves you to do this, because it is for God's service, and because I may pardon Rodrigo with a good will. The King held it good to accomplish her desire; and forthwith ordered letters to be drawn up to Rodrigo of Bivar, wherein he enjoined and commanded him that he should come incontinently to Palencia, for he had much to communicate to him, upon an affair which was greatly to God's service, and his own welfare and great honour.

VI. When Rodrigo saw the letters of his Lord the King he greatly rejoiced in them, and said to the messengers that he would fulfil the King's pleasure, and go incontinently at his command. And he dight himself full gallantly and well, and took with him many knights, both his own and of his kindred and of his friends, and he took also many new arms, and came to Palencia to the King with two hundred of his peers in arms, in festival guise; and the King went out to meet him, and received him right well, and did him honour; and at this were all the Counts displeased. And when the King thought it a fit season, he spake to him and said, that Doña Ximena Gomez, the daughter of the Count whom he had slain, had come to ask him for her husband; and would forgive him her father's death; wherefore he besought him to think it good to take her to be his wife, in which case he would show him great favour. When Rodrigo heard this it pleased him well, and he said to the King that he would do his bidding in this, and in all other things which he might command; and the King thanked him much. And he sent for the Bishop of Palencia, and took their vows and made them plight themselves each to the other according as the law directs. And when they were espoused the King did them great honour, and gave them many noble gifts, and added to Rodrigo's lands more than he had till then possessed: and he loved him greatly in his heart, because he saw that he was obedient to his commands, and for all that he had heard him say.

VII. So Rodrigo departed from the King, and took his spouse with him to the house of his mother, and gave her to his mother's keeping. And forthwith he made a vow in her hands that he would never accompany with her, neither in the desert nor in the inhabited place, till he had won five battles in the field. And he besought his mother that she would love her even as she loved himself, and that she would do good to her and show her great honour, for which he should ever serve her with the better

good will. And his mother promised him so to do; and then he departed from them and went out against the frontier of the Moors.

VIII. Now the history relates that King Don Ferrando contended with King Don Ramiro of Arragon for the city of Calahorra, which each claimed as his own; in such guise that the King of Arragon placed it upon the trial by combat, confiding in the prowess of Don Martin Gonzalez, who was at that time held to be the best knight in all Spain. King Don Ferrando accepted the challenge, and said that Rodrigo of Bivar should do battle on his part, but that he was not then present. And they plighted homage on both parts to meet and bring each his knight, and the knight who conquered should win Calahorra for his Lord. Having ratified this engagement, they returned into their own lands. And immediately Ferrando sent for Rodrigo of Bivar, and told him all the matter as it then stood, and that he was to do battle. Well pleased was Rodrigo when he heard this, and he accorded to all that the King had said that he should do battle for him upon that cause; but till the day arrived he must needs, he said, go to Compostella, because he had vowed a pilgrimage; and the King was content therewith, and gave him great gifts.

IX. Rodrigo forthwith set out upon the road, and took with him twenty knights. And as he went he did great good, and gave alms, feeding the poor and needy. And upon the way they found a leper struggling in a quagmire, who cried out to them with a loud voice to help him for the love of God; and when Rodrigo heard this, he alighted from his beast and helped him, and placed him upon the beast before him, and carried him with him in this manner to the inn where he took up his lodging that night. At this were his knights little pleased. And when supper was ready he bade his knights take their seats, and he took the leper by the hand, and seated him next himself, and ate with him out of the same dish. The knights were greatly offended at this foul sight, insomuch that they rose up and left the chamber. But Rodrigo ordered a bed to be made ready for himself and for the leper, and they twain slept together. When it was midnight and Rodrigo was fast asleep, the leper breathed against him between his shoulders, and that breath was so strong that it passed through him, even through his breast; and he awoke, being astounded, and felt for the leper by him, and found him not; and he began to call him, but there was no reply. Then he arose in fear, and called for light, and it was brought him; and he looked for the leper and could see nothing; so he

returned into the bed, leaving the light burning. And he began to think within himself what had happened, and of that breath which had passed through him, and how the leper was not there. After awhile, as he was thus musing, there appeared before him one in white garments, who said unto him, Sleepest thou or wakest thou, Rodrigo? and he answered and said, I do not sleep: but who art thou that bringest with thee such brightness and so sweet an odour? Then said he, I am Saint Lazarus, and know that I was the leper to whom thou didst so much good and so great honour for the love of God; and because thou didst this for his sake hath God now granted thee a great gift; for whensoever that breath which thou hast felt shall come upon thee, whatever thing thou desirest to do, and shalt then begin, that shalt thou accomplish to thy heart's desire, whether it be in battle or aught else, so that thy honour shall go on increasing from day to day; and thou shalt be feared both by Moors and Christians, and thy enemies shall never prevail against thee, and thou shalt die an honourable death in thine own house, and in thy renown, for God hath blessed thee;—therefore go thou on, and evermore persevere in doing good; and with that he disappeared. And Rodrigo arose and prayed to our lady and intercessor St. Mary, that she would pray to her blessed son for him to watch over both his body and soul in all his undertakings; and he continued in prayer till the day broke. Then he proceeded on his way, and performed his pilgrimage, doing much good for the love of God and of St. Mary.

X. Now the day came which had been appointed for the combat concerning Calahorra, between Rodrigo and Don Martin Gonzalez, and Rodrigo was not arrived: therefore his cousin Alvar Fañez Minaya undertook the battle in his stead, and ordered his horse to be harnessed right well. While he was arming himself Rodrigo came up and took the horse of Alvar Fañez, and entered the lists; Don Martin Gonzalez did the same, and the judges placed them fairly, each in his place, so that neither should have the sun in his eyes. They ran their career, one against the other, and met so fiercely that their lances brake, and both were sorely wounded; but Don Martin began to address Rodrigo, thinking to dismay him. Greatly dost thou now repent, Don Rodrigo, said he, that thou hast entered into these lists with me; for I shall so handle thee that never shalt thou marry Doña Ximena thy spouse, whom thou lovest so well, nor ever return alive to Castile. Rodrigo waxed angry at these words, and he replied, You are a good knight,

Don Martin Gonzalez, but these words are not suitable to this place, for in this business we have to contend with hands and not with empty speeches; and the power is in God who will give the honour as he thinketh best. And in his anger he made at him, and smote him upon his helmet, and the sword cut through and wounded as much of the head as it could reach, so that he was sorely hurt and lost much blood. And Don Martin Gonzalez struck at Rodrigo, and the sword cut into the shield, and he plucked it towards him that with main force he made Rodrigo lose the shield; but Rodrigo did not forget himself, and wounded him again in the face. And they both became greatly enraged, and cruel against each other, striking without mercy, for both of them were men who knew how to demean themselves. But while they thus struggled Don Martin Gonzalez lost much blood, and for very weakness he could not hold himself upon his horse, but fell from his horse upon the ground; and Rodrigo alighted and went to him and slew him: and when he had slain him he asked the judges if there was anything more to be done for the right of Calahorra: and they made answer that there was not. Then came the King Don Ferrando to him, and alighted by him, and helped to disarm him and embraced him much; and when he was disarmed he went with him from the field, he and all the Castilians greatly rejoicing; but as great as was the pleasure of King Don Ferrando and his people, so great was the sorrow of King Don Ramiro of Arragon and of his. And he ordered them to take up Don Martin Gonzalez, and they carried the body into his own lands, and he went with it, and Calahorra remained in the power of King Don Ferrando.

XI. But when the Counts of Castile saw how Rodrigo increased day by day in honour, they took counsel together that they should plot with the Moors, and fix a day of battle with them on the day of the Holy Cross in May, and that they should invite Rodrigo to this battle, and contrive with the Moors that they should slay him; by which means they should be revenged upon him, and remain masters of Castile, which now because of him they could not be. This counsel they sent to communicate to the Moors and to the Moorish Kings who were Rodrigo's vassals, being those whom he had made prisoners and set at liberty. But they, when they saw this counsel and the falsehood which was devised, took the letters of the Counts, and sent them to Rodrigo their Lord, and sent to tell him all the secret of the treason. And Rodrigo thanked them greatly for

their good faith, and took the letters and carried to the King, and showed him all the enmity of the Counts, and especially of the Count Don Garcia, who was afterwards called of Cabra. When the King saw this as it was, he was astonished at their great falsehood, and he issued his letters in which he ordered them to leave his dominions; then he went to Santiago on a pilgrimage, and ordered Rodrigo to cast these Counts out of the land; and Rodrigo did as the King commanded him. Then Doña Elvira his kinswoman, the wife of the Count Don Garcia, came and fell on her knees before him; but Rodrigo took her by the hand and raised her up, and would not hear her till she was arisen. And when he had raised her up she said, I beseech you, Cousin, since you have banished me and my husband, that you would give us a letter to some King who is one of your vassals, enjoining him to befriend us, and give us something for your sake whereon we may live. So he gave her a letter to the King of Cordova, who received her and her husband well for the love of Rodrigo, and gave Cabra to him, that he and his people might dwell therein. This Count was afterwards so ungrateful to the King of Cordova that he made war upon him from Cabra which the King had given him, till Rodrigo came and took it.

XII. The history relateth that at this time while the King was in Galicia, the Moors entered Estremadura, and the people called upon Rodrigo of Bivar to help them. And when he heard the summons he made no delay, but gathered together his kinsmen and his friends, and went against the misbelievers. And he came up with them between Atienza and San Estevan de Gormaz, as they were carrying away a great booty in captives and in flocks, and there he had a brave battle with them in the field; and in fine Rodrigo conquered, smiting, and slaying, and the pursuit lasted for seven leagues, and he recovered all the spoil, which was so great that two hundred horses were the fifth, for the whole spoil was worth a hundred times a thousand maravedis. Rodrigo divided the whole among his people without covetousness, and returned with great honour.

XIII. Now the greater part of these Moors had been they of Merida, Badajoz, Beja, and Evora, and the King was minded to requite them in their own land according to their deeds; and he entered into the heart of their country, carrying with him fire and sword, and pressed them sorely so that they yielded vassalage. Then turning through Portugal, he won the town of Sea, which was upon the western slope of the Serra da

Estrella: and also another town called Gamne, the site whereof cannot now be known, for in course of years names change and are forgotten. And proceeding with his conquests he laid siege to the City of Viseu, that he might take vengeance for the death of King Don Alfonso, his wife's father, who had been slain before that city. But the people of Viseu, as they lived with this fear before their eyes, had fortified their city well, and stored it abundantly with all things needful, and moreover, they put their trust in their Alcayde, who was an African, by name Cid Alafum, a man tried in arms. He encouraged them, saying that the city could not be taken in ten years, by a greater power than the Christians; and there were many good arbalisters in the city, who shot so strong that neither shield nor armour availed against their quarrels. King Don Ferrando therefore ordered mantles to be made, and also pavaises to protect his people; and moreover he enjoined them to fasten boards upon their shields, so that the quarrels from the cross-bows might not pierce through. And he continued for eighteen days to combat the city, keeping such good watch, that neither could they within receive help from without, nor themselves issue forth; and on the eighteenth day, which was the Vesper of St. Peter's, he won the city by force of arms; and few were they who escaped from the sword of the conquerors, except those who retreated with Alafum into the Castle. And on the following day at the hour of tierce they also came to terms, and yielded themselves to his mercy, saving their lives. In this manner was Viseu recovered by the Christians, and never after did that city fall into the hands of the barbarians. And the Moor who had slain King Don* Alfonso fell into Ferrando's power, and the King took vengeance and punished him in all the parts which had offended; he cut off the foot which had pressed down the† Armatost, and lopped off the hands which had held the bow and fitted the quarrel, and plucked out the eyes which had taken the mark; and the living trunk was then set up as a butt for the archers.

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* Alfonso V. having laid siege to Viseu, he rode out one day to reconnoitre, with nothing on but his shirt and his cloak on account of the heat. This Moor took aim at him, and though he was at a considerable distance from the walls, shot him between the shoulders,—being, says Morales, the first and last of our Kings who died in war against the Moors. He was slain in the year 1027.

† The *Armatoste* was an instrument used for charging the cross-bow at this time, as they were not made of steel, says Brito. According to this author the foot was used to press the bow down.

XIV. In all these wars there was not a man who bore greater part, or did better feats in arms, than Rodrigo of Bivar. And the King went up against Lamego, and besieged it. Now Zadan Aben Huim, son of Huim Alboazem, the King thereof, was mightier than all the Kings who had reigned before him in Lamego, and he had peopled many places from the Douro even to the rivers Tavora and Vouga. And because he was well beloved and his city well stored and strong, all the chief Moors in that district being dismayed by the fall of Viseu, retired into it, to be under his protection. But maugre all their power, King Don Ferrando girt the city round about, and brought against it so many engines, and so many bastilles, that Zadan submitted, and opened his gates on the twenty-second of July, the day of St. Mary Magdalene, being twenty-five days after the capture of Viseu. And Zadan became tributary to the King, and the King took with him many of the Moors, to be employed in building up the churches which had fallen to ruin since the land was lost.

XV. All this while was Coimbra in the power of the misbelievers. And the Abbot of Lorvam took counsel with his Monks, and they said, Let us go to King Ferrando and tell him the state of the city. And they chose out two of the brethren for this errand. When the Moors therefore who came to hunt among the mountains took up their lodging in the Monastery as they were wont to do, these twain said unto them, We would go to the holy *Dominicum*, to say prayers there for our sins. So feigning this to be their errand they set forth, and came to the King in the town of Carrion, and spake unto him in council, saying, Sir King, we come to you through waters and over mountains and by bad ways, to tell you concerning Coimbra in what plight it is, if you desire to know, and in what guise the Moors dwell therein, what they are and how many, and with how little heed they keep the city. And he said unto them, I beseech you, for the love of God, say on. Then told they him what they knew: and the King took counsel upon this matter with Rodrigo of Bivar, and Rodrigo said, that certes the Lord would help him to win the city; and he said that he would fain be knighted by the King's hand, and that it seemed to him now that he should receive knighthood at his hand in Coimbra. A covenant was then made with the two monks that they should go with the army against the city in the month of January without fail. Now this was in October. Incontinently the King sent to summon his Knights and people, and when one part of them had assembled at Santa Maria, he bade them do all the damage

they could against Coimbra, and ravage the country, which accordingly they did. In the meantime the King made a pilgrimage to Santiago, as Rodrigo had exhorted him to do; and he remained there three days and nights in prayer, offering great gifts, and taking upon himself great devotion, that it might please God to fulfil his desire. And with the help of Santiago he gathered together a great host, and went up against Coimbra in the month of January, even as he had covenanted, and laid siege to it. And he fought against the city all February, and March, and April, May and June, five months did he fight, and could not prevail against it. And when July came the food of the besiegers failed them, insomuch that they had only the dole for a few days left: then the baggage was made ready, and the sumpter-beasts and serving-men were ordered to depart for Leon, and proclamation was made in the camp that the army should remain yet four days, and on the fifth they might break up and depart every one to his own house. But then the Monks of Lorvam and the Abbot consulted together and said, Let us now go to the King and give him all the food which we have, both oxen and cows, and sheep and goats and swine, wheat and barley and maize, bread and wine, fish and fowl, even all that we have; for if the city, which God forbid, should not be won by the Christians, we may no longer abide here. Then went they to the King and gave him all their stores, both of flocks and herds, and pulse, and wine beyond measure, which they had for a long time stored. Then was there abundance in the camp; but they who were within the city waxed feeble for hunger and long suffering, because the Christians beset them on all sides, and warred upon them hotly, and brought their engines to bear on every part, and the walls of the city were broken down. When the Moors saw this they came to the King, and fell at his feet, and besought him of his mercy that he would let them depart, leaving to him the city and all that they had therein, for they asked for nothing but their lives. And the King had compassion upon them and granted their prayer; and the city was yielded to him on a Sunday at the hour of tierce, which was before a week had run out since the Monks of Lorvam had succoured the host.

XVI. Now it came to pass that while the King lay before Coimbra, there came a pilgrim from the land of Greece on pilgrimage to Santiago; his name was Estiano, and he was a Bishop. And as he was praying in the church he heard certain of the townsmen and of the pilgrims saying that Santiago was

wont to appear in battle like a knight, in aid of the Christians. And when he heard this it nothing pleased him, and he said unto them, Friends, call him not a knight, but rather a fisherman. Upon this it pleased God that he should fall asleep, and in his sleep Santiago appeared to him with a good and cheerful countenance, holding in his hand a bunch of keys, and said unto him, Thou thinkest it a fable that they should call me a knight, and sayest that I am not so: for this reason am I come unto thee that thou never more mayest doubt concerning my knighthood; for a knight of Jesus Christ I am, and a helper of the Christians against the Moors. While he was thus saying, a horse was brought him the which was exceeding white, and the Apostle Santiago mounted upon it, being well clad in bright and fair armour, after the manner of a knight. And he said to Estiano, I go to help King Don Ferrand who has lain these seven months before Coimbra, and to-morrow, with these keys which thou seest, will I open the gates of the city unto him at the hour of tierce, and deliver it into his hand. Having said this he departed. And the Bishop when he awoke in the morning called together the clergy and people of Compostella, and told them what he had seen and heard. And as he said, even so did it come to pass; for tidings came that on that day and at the hour of tierce, the gates of the city had been opened.

XVII. King Don Ferrando then assembled his Counts and chief captains, and told them all that the Monks of Lorvam had done, in bringing him to besiege the city, and in supplying his army in their time of need: and the Counts and chief captains made answer and said, Certes, O King, if the Monks had not given us the stores of their Monastery, thou couldest not have taken the city at this time. The King then called for the Abbot and the brethren, for they were with him in the host, and said the hours to him daily, and mass in St. Andre's, and buried there and in their Monastery as many as had died during the siege, either of arrow-wounds or by lances, or of their own infirmities. So they came before him and gave him joy of his conquest; and he said unto them, Take ye now of this city as much as ye desire, since by God's favour and your council I have won it. But they made answer, Thanks be to God and to you, and to your forefathers, we have enough and shall have, if so be that we have your favour and dwell among Christians. Only for the love of God, and for the remedy of your own soul, give us one church with its dwelling houses within the city, and confirm unto us the gifts made to us in old times by your fore-

fathers, and the good men to whom God give a happy rest. With that the King turned to his sons and his soldiers, and said, Of a truth, by our Creator, these who desire so little are men of God. I would have given them half the city, and they will have only a single church! Now therefore, since they require but this, on the part of God Almighty let us grant and confirm unto them what they ask, to the honour of God and St. Mamede. And the brethren brought him their charters of King Ramiro, and King Bermudo, and King Alfonso, and of Gonzalo Moniz, who was a knight and married a daughter of King Bermudo, and of other good men. And the King confirmed them, and he bade them make a writing of all which had passed between him and them at the siege of Coimbra; and when they brought him the writing, they brought him also a crown of silver and of gold, which had been King Bermudo's, and which Gonzalo Moniz had given to the Monastery in honour of God and St. Mamede. The King saw the crown, how it was set with precious stones, and said to them, To what end bring ye hither this crown? And they said, That you should take it, Sire, in return for the good which you have done us. But he answered, Far be it from me that I should take from your Monastery what the good men before me have given to it! Take ye back the crown, and take also ten marks of silver, and make with the money a good cross, to remain with you for ever. And he who shall befriend you, may God befriend him; but he who shall disturb you or your Monastery, may he be cursed by the living God and by his Saints. So the King signed the writing which he had commanded to be made, and his sons and chief captains signed it also, and in the writing he enjoined his children and his children's children, as many as should come after him, to honour and protect the Monastery of Lorvam, upon his blessing he charged them so to do, because he had found the brethren better than all the other Monks in his dominions.

XVIII. Then King Don Ferrando knighted Rodrigo of Bivar in the great mosque of Coimbra, which he dedicated to St. Mary. And the ceremony was after this manner: the King girded on his sword, and gave him the kiss,* but not the blow. To do him more honour the Queen gave him his horse, and the Infanta

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* The blow was given with the hand upon the neck, and with these words, *Despertad, y no os durmais en las cosas de Cavalleria,*—Awake, and sleep not in affairs of knighthood.—*Berganza*, 5, 11, § 142. He adds that the King omitted this, knowing well that the Cid needed no such exhortation.

Doña Urraca fastened on his spurs; and from that day forth he was called Ruydiez.* Then the King commanded him to knight nine noble squires with his own hand; and he took his sword before the altar, and knighted them. The King then gave Coimbra to the keeping of Don Sisnando, Bishop of Iria; a man, who having more hardihood than religion, had by reason of his misdeeds gone over to the Moors, and sorely infested the Christians in Portugal. But during the siege he had come to the King's service, and bestirred himself well against the Moors; and therefore the King took him into his favour, and gave him the city to keep, which he kept, and did much evil to the Moors till the day of his death. And the King departed and went to Compostella to return thanks to Santiago.

XIX. But then Benalfagi, who was the Lord of many lands in Estremadura, gathered together a great power of the Moors and built up the walls of Montemor, and from thence waged war against Coimbra, so that they of Coimbra called upon the King for help. And the King came up against the town, and fought against it, and took it. Great honour did Ruydiez win at that siege; for having to protect the foragers, the enemy came out upon him, and thrice in one day was he beset by them; but he, though sorely prest by them, and in great peril, nevertheless, would not send to the camp for succour, but put forth his manhood and defeated them. And from that day the King gave more power into his hands, and made him head over all his household.

XX. Now the men of Leon besought the King that he would repeople Zamora, which had lain desolate since it was destroyed by Almanzor. And he went thither and peopled the city, and gave to it good privileges. And while he was there came messengers from the five Kings who were vassals to Ruydiez of Bivar, bringing him their tribute; and they came to him, he being with the King, and called him Cid, which signifieth Lord, and would have kissed his hands, but he would not give them his hand till they kissed the hand of the King. And Ruydiez took the tribute and offered the fifth thereof to the King, in token of his sovereignty; and the King thanked him, but would not

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* Ruy is merely the abbreviation of Rodrigo. Berganza infers from this passage, that they who aspired to knighthood were called only by their baptismal names, and did not assume the patronymic till they had received the order—in signification that they were not to pride themselves upon hereditary honour till they were able to support it.

receive it, and from that time he ordered that Ruydiez should be called the Cid, because the Moors had so called him.

XXI. In those days Pope Victor II. held a council at Florence, and the Emperor Henry there made his complaint against King Don Ferrando, that he did not acknowledge his sovereignty, and pay him tribute like all other Kings; and he besought the Pope to admonish him so to do. And the Pope being a German, and the friend of Henry, sent to the King to admonish him, and told him, that unless he obeyed he would proclaim a crusade against him; and in like manner the Emperor, and the King of France, and the other Kings, sent to exhort him to obedience, defying him if he should refuse. When the King saw their letters he was troubled, for he knew that if this thing were done, great evil would follow to Castile and Leon. And he took counsel with his honourable men. They seeing on the one hand the great power of the Church and on the other the great evil that it would be if Castile and Leon should be made tributary, knew not what counsel to give; howbeit at length they said to him that he should do the Pope's bidding. At this council the Cid was not present, for he had lately completed his marriage with Doña Ximena Gomez, and was then with her; but at this time he arrived, and the King showed him the letters, and told him the matter how it then stood, and what had been the advice of his good men, and besought him to speak his advice, as a good and true vassal to his Lord. When the Cid heard what had passed it grieved him to the heart, more for the counsel which had been given to the King, than because of the Pope's commands; and he turned to the King and said, In an ill day, Sir, were you born in Spain, if it be in your time to be made tributary, which it never was before; for all the honour which God hath given you, and whatever good he hath done to you, is lost if it should be so. And, Sir, whoever hath given you this counsel is not a true man, neither one who regardeth your honour nor your power. But send to defy them since they will have it so, and let us carry the war home to them. You shall take with you five thousand knights, all of whom are hidalgos, and the Moorish Kings who are your vassals will give you two thousand knights; and, Sir, you are such a one as God loves, and he will not that your honour should perish. And the King thought that he was well counselled by him, for the King was of a great heart.

XXII. Then the King ordered letters to be written, in which he besought the Pope not to proceed farther against him without

just cause, for Spain had been conquered by those who dwelt therein, by the blood of them and of their fathers, and they had never been tributary, and never would be so, but would rather all die. Moreover he sent his letters to the Emperor and to the other Kings, telling them that they well knew the wrong which the Emperor did him, having no jurisdiction over him, nor lawful claim; and he besought them to let him alone that he might continue to wage war against the enemies of the faith; but if they persisted to speak against him he then sent them back their friendship, and defied them, and where they all were, there would he go to seek them. While this reply was on its way he gathered together his people, as he and the Cid had advised, and set forward with eight thousand and nine hundred knights, both of his own and of the Cid, and the Cid led the advanced guard. When they had passed the passes of Aspa they found that the country was up, and the people would not sell them food; but the Cid set his hand to, to burn all the country before him, and plunder from those who would not sell, but to those who brought food he did no wrong. And after such manner did he proceed, that wherever the King and his army arrived they found all things of which they could stand in need; and the news went sounding throughout all the land, so that all men trembled.

XXIII. Then Count Remon, Lord of Savoy, with the power of the King of France, gathered together twenty thousand knights and came beyond Tolosa, to hold the road against King Don Ferrando. And he met with his harbinger the Cid, who went before him to prepare lodgings, and they had a hard battle; and the men of the Count were discomfited, and he himself made prisoner and many with him, and many were slain. And the Count besought the Cid of his mercy to set him free, saying that he would give him a daughter he had, the which was right fair; and the Cid did as he besought him, and the daughter was given to him, and he set the Count free. And by this woman King Don Ferrando had his son the Cardinal Ferrando, who was so honourable a man.

XXIV. After this the Cid had another battle with all the power of France, and discomfited them, and at neither of these battles did the king and his main army arrive. So the news went sounding before them to the council, of the fierceness of the Cid; and as they all knew that he was the conqueror of battles, they knew not what to advise; and they besought the Pope that he would send to them, begging them to turn back, and saying that they did not require tribute. These letters came to the King when he had past Tolosa, and he took counsel

with the Cid and with his good men, and they advised that he should send two of his good men to the Pope, who should tell him to send a Cardinal with power to make a covenant, that persons from the Emperor and from the other Kings also should come to ratify this, and meanwhile he would abide where he was. But if they did not come he would go on to them. Count Don Rodrigo, and Alvar Fañez Minaya, and certain learned men, were sent with this bidding. And when they came to the Pope and gave him their letters, he was much dismayed, and he assembled the good and honourable men of the council, and asked of them what he should do. And they made answer that he must do as the King willed him, for none was so hardy as to fight against the good fortune of his vassal the Cid. Then the Pope sent Master Roberto, the Cardinal of St. Sabina, with full powers, and the representatives of the Emperor and of the other Kings came also and signed the covenant, that this demand should never again be made upon the King of Spain. And the writings which they made were confirmed by the Pope and by the Emperor and the other Kings, and sealed with their seals.

XXV. While this was doing the King abode where he was, beyond Tolosa; six months did he abide there. And the Pope sent to ask of him the daughter of Count Remon; and she was then five months gone with child; and by the advice of his vassal the Cid the King sent her, and sent to tell the Pope the whole truth, requesting that he would see she was taken care of: and the Pope ordered that she should be taken care of till the event should be. And she was delivered of the Abbot Don Ferrando; the Pope was his godfather, and brought him up right honourably, and dispensed with his bastardy that he might hold any sacred dignity; and in process of time he was made an honourable Cardinal. So the King* returned with great honour into his own land, and from that time he was called Don Ferrando the Great, the Emperor's Peer; and it was said of him in songs that he had passed the passes of Aspa in despite of the Frenchmen.

XXVI. Many other things did King Don Ferrando, which are written in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Spain, enriching churches and monasteries, and honouring the saints and martyrs and making war upon the misbelievers. And it came to pass when he was waxed old, that as he was one day saying his prayers, the confessor St. Isidro appeared unto him, and told

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* Berganza believes everything in the history of this expedition, except the episode of the Lord of Savoy's daughter, which he attributes with good reason to the Joculars.

him the day and hour when he should die, to the intent that he might make ready and confess his sins, and make atonement for them, and take thought for his soul, so that he might appear clean from offence before the face of God. From that day he, being certain that his end was at hand, began to discharge his soul. And he devised within himself how to dispose of the kingdoms which God had given him, that there might be no contention between his sons after his death; and he thought it best to divide his lands among them; but this which he thought best proved to be the worst, and great evil came thereof, for better had it been that he had left all to the eldest. Howbeit it was his pleasure to divide them: he had three sons, Don Sancho who was the eldest, and Don Alfonso who was the second born, and Don Garcia who was the youngest; and two daughters, Doña Urraca and Doña Elvira. The manner in which he divided his lands was this: he gave to Don Sancho the kingdom of Castile as far as to the river Pisuerga, on the side of Leon, with the border, which included the dioceses of Osma, and Segovia, and Avila, and on the side of Navarre as far as the Ebro, as he had won it from his nephew Don Sancho Garcia, King of Navarre. To Don Alfonso he gave the kingdom of Leon, and in Asturias as far as the river Deva, which runs by Oviedo, and part of Campos as far as Carrion and the river Pisuerga, with the border, which contained the dioceses of Zamora, Salamanca, and Ciudad Rodrigo, and the city of Astorga, and other lands in Galicia, with the town of Zebreros. To Don Garcia he gave the kingdom of Galicia, and all the lands which he had won in Portugal, with the title of King of Galicia, which country had had no King of its own since the kingdom of the Suevi had been overthrown by King Leovegildo. And to Doña Urraca he gave the city of Zamora with all its dependencies, and with half the Infantazgo; and the other half, with the city of Toro and its dependencies, to Doña Elvira.

XXVII. When the Infante Don Sancho knew that the King his father had made this allotment it displeased him, for he was the eldest son; and he said to his father that he neither could nor ought to make this division; for the Gothic Kings had in old time made a constitution for themselves, that the kingdom and empire of Spain never should be divided, but remain one dominion under one Lord. But the King replied that he would not for this forbear to do as he had resolved, for he had won the kingdom: then the Infante made answer, Do as you will, being my father and Lord: but I do not consent unto it. So the King made this division against the right of the Infante Don

Sancho, and it displeased many in the kingdom, and many it pleased; but they who were of good understanding perceived the evil which would arise.

XXVIII. After this the King fell sick with the malady whereof he died. And he made himself be carried to Leon, and there on his knees before the bodies of the saints he besought mercy of them. And putting his crown upon his head before the holy body of St. Isidro he called upon God, saying, O Lord Jesus Christ, thine is the power over all, and thine is the kingdom, for thou art King of all kingdoms, and of all Kings, and of all nations, and all are at thy command. And now Lord I return unto thee the kingdom which thou hast given me, but I beseech thee of thy mercy that my soul may be brought to the light which hath no end. Having said thus, he stript himself of the royal robes adorned with gold in which he was arrayed, and took the crown from his head and placed it upon the altar; and he put sackcloth upon the carrion of his body, and prayed to God, confessing all the sins which he had committed against him, and took his acquittal from the Bishops, for they absolved him from his sins; and forthwith he there received extreme unction, and strewed ashes upon himself. After this, by his own order he was carried to St. Mary of Almazan in pilgrimage, and there he remained thrice nine days, beseeching St. Mary that she would have mercy upon him and intercede with her blessed Son for his soul. From thence they carried him to Cabezon, and there the Abbot Don Ferrando came to him, an honourable man, and many other honourable men of his realms, and the Cid Ruydiez, whom the King commended to the Infante Don Sancho, his son. And after he had put all his affairs in order he remained three days lamenting in pain, and on the fourth, being the day of St. John the Evangelist, he called for the Cardinal abbot, and commended Spain and his other sons to him, and gave him his blessing, and then at the hour of sexts he rendered up his soul without stain to God, being full of years. So they carried him to Leon and buried him near his father, in the Church of St. Isidro, which he had built. Thirty and one years did King Don Ferrando the Great, who was Peer with the Emperor, reign over Castile. The Queen his wife lived two years after him, leading a holy life; a good Queen had she been and of good understanding, and right loving to her husband: alway had she counselled him well, being in truth the mirror of his kingdoms, and the friend of the widows and orphans. Her end was a good end, like that of the King her husband: God give them Paradise for their reward. Amen.

BOOK II.

I. The history relates how after the death of King Don Ferrando, the three Kings his sons reigned each in his kingdom, according to the division made by their father, who had divided that which should all by right have descended to the King Don Sancho. Now the Kings of Spain were of the blood of the Goths, which was a fierce blood, for it had many times come to pass among the Gothic Kings, that brother had slain brother upon this quarrel; from this blood was King Don Sancho descended, and he thought that it would be a reproach unto him if he did not join together the three kingdoms under his own dominion, for he was not pleased with what his father had given him, holding that the whole ought to have been his. And he went through the land setting it in order, and what thing soever his people asked at his hand that did he grant them freely, to the end that he might win their hearts.

II. Now when King Don Sancho of Navarre saw that there was a new King in Castile, he thought to recover the lands of Bureva and of old Castile as far as Laredo, which had been lost when the King his father was defeated and slain at Atapuerca in the mountains of Oca. And now seeing that the kingdom of Ferrando was divided, he asked help of his uncle Don Ramiro, King of Arragon; and the men of Arragon and of Navarre entered Castile together. But King Don Sancho gathered together his host, and put the Cid at their head; and such account did he give of his enemies, that he of Navarre was glad to enjoy Rioja in peace, and lay no farther claim to what his father had lost. Now the King of Castile was wroth against the King of Arragon, that he should thus have joined against him without cause; and in despite of him he marched against the Moors of Zaragoza, and laying waste their country with fire and sword, he came before their city, and gave orders to assault it, and began to set up his engines. When the King of Zaragoza saw the great will which the King had to do evil unto him, and that there was none to help him, he thought it best to come to his mercy, paying tribute, or serving him, or in any

manner whatsoever. And he sent interpreters to King Don Sancho saying, that he would give him much gold and silver, and many gifts, and be his vassal, and pay him tribute yearly. The King received them right honourably, and when he had heard their bidding he answered resolutely, being of a great heart, All this which the King of Zaragoza sends to say unto me is well, but he hath another thing in his heart. He sends to bid me break up the siege and depart from his land, and as soon as I should have departed, he would make friends unto himself among Christians and among Moors, and fail me in all which he covenants. Nevertheless I will do this thing which your King requires of me; but if in the end he lie, I will come back upon him and destroy him, trusting in God that he cannot defend himself against me. And when the interpreters heard this they were greatly dismayed, and they returned and told their King all that he had said. And the Moors seeing that they could not help themselves, made such terms with him as it pleased him to grant, and gave him hostages that they might not be able to prove false. And they gave him gold and silver and precious stones in abundance, so that with great riches and full honourably did he and all his men depart from the siege.

III. Greatly was the King of Arragon displeased at this which King Don Sancho had done, thinking that it was to his great injury and abasement, for Zaragoza he held to be within his conquest. And he came out with all his power to cut off the King's return, and took possession of the way, and said unto him that he should not pass till he had made amends for the great dishonour which he had wrought him, in coming into his conquest and against his vassals: the amends which he required was, that he should yield unto him all the spoil, and all which the King of Zaragoza had given him, else should he not pass without battle. When King Don Sancho heard this, being a man of great heart, he made answer, that he was the head of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, and all the conquests in Spain were his, for the Kings of Arragon had no conquests appertaining unto them, being by right his tributaries, and bound to appear at his Cortes. Wherefore he counselled him to waive this demand, and let him pass in peace. But the King of Arragon drew up his host for battle, and the onset was made, and heavy blows were dealt on both sides, and many horses were left without a master. And while the battle was yet upon the chance, King Don Sancho riding right bravely through the battle, began to call out Castile! Castile! and charged the main

body so fiercely that by fine force he broke them; and when they were thus broken the Castilians began cruelly to slay them, so that King Don Sancho had pity thereof, and called out unto his people not to kill them, for they were Christians. Then King Don Ramiro being discomfited, retired to a mountain, and King Don Sancho beset the mountain round about, and made a covenant with him that he should depart, and that the King of Zaragoza should remain tributary to Castile; and but for this covenant the King of Arragon would then have been slain, or made prisoner. This was the battle whereof the Black Book of Santiago speaketh, saying, that in this year, on the day of the Conversion of St. Paul, was the great slaughter of the Christians in Porca. In all these wars did my Cid demean himself after his wonted manner; and because of the great feats which he performed the King loved him well, and made him his Alferez; so that in the whole army he was second only to the King. And because when the host was in the field it was his office to choose the place for encampment, therefore was my Cid called the Campeador.

IV. While King Don Sancho was busied in these wars, King Don Garcia of Galicia took by force from Doña Urraca his sister a great part of the lands which the King their father had given her. And when she heard this she began to lament aloud, saying, Ah King Don Ferrando, in an evil hour didst thou divide thy kingdom, for thereby will all the land be brought to destruction. And now also will be accomplished that which my fosterer Arias Gonzalo said, for now that King Don Garcia who is my younger brother, hath dispossessed me and broken the oath which he made unto my father, what will not the elder do, who made the vow by compulsion, and alway made protestation against the division! God send that as thou hast disherited me, thou mayest speedily thyself in like manner be disherited, Amen! But when King Don Sancho heard what his brother had done he was well pleased thereat, thinking that he might now bring to pass that which he so greatly desired; and he assembled together his Ricos-omes and his knights, and said unto them, The King my father divided the kingdoms which should have been mine, and therein he did unjustly; now King Don Garcia my brother hath broken the oath and disherited Doña Urraca my sister; I beseech ye therefore counsel me what I shall do, and in what manner to proceed against him, for I will take his kingdom away from him. Upon this Count Don Garcia Ordoñez arose and said, There is not a man in the

world, Sir, who would counsel you to break the command of your father, and the vow which you made unto him. And the King was greatly incensed at him and said, Go from before me for I shall never receive good counsel from thee. The King then took the Cid by the hand and led him apart, and said unto him, Thou well knowest, my Cid, that when the King my father commended thee unto me, he charged me upon pain of his curse that I should take you for my adviser, and whatever I did that I should do it with your counsel, and I have done so even until this day; and thou hast alway counselled me for the best, and for this I have given thee a county in my kingdom, holding it well bestowed. Now then I beseech you advise me how best to recover these kingdoms, for if I have not counsel from you I do not expect to have it from any man in the world.

V. Greatly troubled at this was the Cid, and he answered and said, Ill, Sir, would it behove me to counsel you that you should go against the will of your father. You well know that when I went to Cabezon unto him, after he had divided his kingdoms, how he made me swear to him that I would alway counsel his sons the best I could, and never give them ill counsel; and while I can, thus must I continue to do. But the King answered, My Cid, I do not hold that in this I am breaking the oath made to my father, for I ever said that the partition should not be, and the oath which I made was forced upon me. Now King Don Garcia my brother hath broken the oath, and all these kingdoms by right are mine: and therefore I will that you counsel me how I may unite them, for from so doing there is nothing in this world which shall prevent me, except it be death. Then when the Cid saw that he could by no means turn him from that course, he advised him to obtain the love of his brother King Don Alfonso, that he might grant him passage through his kingdom to go against Don Garcia: and if this should be refused he counselled him not to make the attempt. And the King saw that his counsel was good, and sent his letters to King Don Alfonso beseeching him to meet him at Sahagun. When King Don Alfonso received the letters he marvelled to what end this might be: howbeit he sent to say that he would meet him. And the two Kings met in Sahagun. And King Don Sancho said, Brother, you well know that King Don Garcia our brother hath broken the oath made unto our father, and disherited our sister Doña Urraca; for this I will take his kingdom away from him, and I beseech you join with me. But

Don Alfonso answered that he would not go against the will of his father, and the oath which he had sworn. Then King Don Sancho said, that if he would let him pass through his kingdom he would give him part of what he should gain: and King Don Alfonso agreed to this. And upon this matter they fixed another day to meet; and then forty knights were named, twenty for Castile and twenty for Leon, as vouchers that this which they covenanted should be faithfully fulfilled on both sides.

VI. Then King Don Sancho gathered together a great host, Castilians and Leonese, and they of Navarre and Biscay, Asturians and men of Arragon and of the border. And he sent Alvar Fañez, the cousin of the Cid, to King Don Garcia, to bid him yield up his kingdom, and if he refused to do this to defy him on his part. Alvar Fañez, albeit unwillingly, was bound to obey the bidding of his Lord, and he went to King Don Garcia and delivered his bidding. When King Don Garcia heard it he was greatly troubled, and he cried out in his trouble and said, Lord Jesus Christ, thou rememberest the oath which we made to our father! for my sins I have been the first to break it, and have disherited my sister. And he said to Alvar Fañez, Say to my brother, that I beseech him not to break the oath which he made to our father; but if he will persist to do this thing I must defend myself as I can. And with this answer Alvar Fañez returned. Then King Don Garcia called unto him a knight of Asturias, whose name was Ruy Ximenez, and bade him go to his brother King Don Alfonso and tell him what had past and how King Don Sancho would take away his kingdom from him; and to beseech him as a brother that he would not let him pass through his dominions. And King Don Alfonso replied, Say to my brother that I will neither help King Don Sancho, nor oppose him: and tell him that if he can defend himself I shall be well pleased. And with this answer, Ruy Ximenez returned, and bade the King look to himself for defence, for he would find no help in his brother.

VII. Now Don Garcia was not beloved in his kingdom of Galicia, neither in Portugal, for as much as he showed little favour to the hidalgos, both Galegos and Portuguese, and vexed the people with tributes which he had newly imposed. The cause of all this was a favourite, by name Verna, to whom the King gave so much authority, that he displeased all the chief persons in his dominions, and hearkened unto him in all things; and by his advice it was that he had despoiled his sister Doña Urraca of her lands, and his sister Doña Elvira also, and had

done other things, whereby Portugal and Galicia were now in danger to be lost. And the knights and hidalgos took counsel together how they might remedy these evils, and they agreed that the King should in the name of them all be advised how ill he was served, and entreated to put away his favourite. Don Rodrigo Frojaz was the one named to speak unto the King; for being a man of approved valour, and the Lord of many lands, it was thought that the King would listen more to him than to any other. But it fell out otherwise than they had devised, for Verna had such power over the mind of the King, that the remonstrance was ill received, and Don Rodrigo and the other hidalgos were contumeliously treated in public by the King. Don Rodrigo would not bear this, being a right loyal and valiant man; and he went one day into the palace, and finding Verna busied in affairs of state, he drew forth his sword and slew him; then leaving the palace, for none cared to lay hands on him, he left Portugal, and took the road toward France: many of his vassals and kinsmen and friends following him, to seek their fortunes in a country where valour would be esteemed, for they were weary of the bad government of King Don Garcia.

VIII. But when King Don Garcia knew of the league which his brethren had made to divide his kingdom between them, it was a greater trouble to him than the death of Verna, and he called his chief captains together and consulted with them; and they advised him that he should send to recall Don Rodrigo Frojaz, for having him the realm would be secure, and without him it was in danger to be lost. So two hidalgos were sent after him, and they found him in Navarre, on the eve of passing into France. But when he saw the King's letters, and knew the peril in which he then stood, setting aside the remembrance of his own wrongs, like a good and true Portuguese, he turned back, and went to the King at Coimbra. In good time did he arrive, for the captains of King Don Sancho had now gained many lands in Galicia and in the province of Beira, finding none to resist them, and the Count Don Nuño de Lara, and the Count of Monzon, and Don Garcia de Cabra, were drawing nigh unto Coimbra. When Don Rodrigo heard this and knew that the Castilians were approaching, and who they were, he promised the King either to maintain his cause, or die for it; and he besought him not to go into the battle himself, having so many vassals and so good; for it was not fitting that he should expose himself when there was no King coming against him. And it came to pass that when the scouts gave notice that the Castilians

were at hand, he ordered the trumpets to be sounded, and the Portuguese sallied, and a little below the city, at the place which is now called Agoa de Mayas, the two squadrons met. Then was the saying of Arias Gonzalo fulfilled, that kinsmen should kill kinsmen, and brother fall by his brother's hand. But the Portuguese fought so well, and especially Don Rodrigo, and his brothers Don Pedro and Don Vermui Frojaz, that at length they discomfited the Castilians, killing of them five hundred and forty, of whom three hundred were knights, and winning their pennons and banners. Howbeit this victory was not obtained without great loss to themselves; for two hundred and twenty of their people were left upon the field, and many were sorely wounded, among whom, even to the great peril of his life, was Don Rodrigo Frojaz, being wounded with many and grievous wounds. In this battle was slain the Count Don Fafes Sarracem de Lanhoso, with many of his vassals, he from whom the Godinhos are descended: he was a right good knight.

IX. A sorrowful defeat was that for King Don Sancho, more for the quality of the slain than for their number; and he put himself at the head of his army, and hastened through the midst of Portugal, to go against his brother. And King Don Garcia hearing of his approach, called together his knights and hidalgos, and said unto them, Friends, we have no land whereunto to fly from the King Don Sancho my brother, let us therefore meet him in battle, and either conquer him, or die; for better is it to die an honourable death than to suffer this spoiling in our country. And to the Portuguese he said, Friends, ye are right noble and haughty knights, and it is your custom to have among you few lords and good ones; now therefore make me a good one, which will be to your own great honour and profit; and if I come out of this struggle well, I shall guerdon ye well, so that ye shall understand the will I have to do good towards ye. And they made answer and said they would stand by him to the last, and that he should not be put down by their default. Then spake he to the Galegos, and said, Friends, ye are right good and true knights, and never was it yet said that lord was forsaken by you in the field. I put myself in your hands, being assured that ye will well and loyally advise me, and help me to the utmost of your power. Ye see how King Don Sancho my brother presses upon us, and we have nothing left us but to die or to conquer; but if ye know any other counsel, I beseech ye tell it now. And the Galegos answered, that they would serve and defend him loyally, and that they held it best to fight.

Nevertheless they were too few in number to stand against the King Don Sancho: so they retired before him. And Don Garcia took with him three hundred horsemen, and went to the Moors, and besought them to lend him aid against his brother, saying that he would give them the kingdom of Leon. And the Moors made answer, O King, thou canst not defend thyself; how then canst thou give unto us the kingdom of Leon? Howbeit they did him honour and gave him great gifts, and he returned to his people and recovered many of the castles which he had lost.

X. Then King Don Sancho came against his brother to besiege him in Santarem. And the Portuguese and Galegos took counsel together what they should do; for some were of advice that it was better to defend the cities and fortresses which they held, and so lengthen out the war; others that they should harass the army of the Castilians with frequent skirmishes and assaults, and never give them battle power to power, thinking that in this manner they might baffle them till the winter came on. Don Rodrigo Frojaz was at this time recovering of the wounds which he had received at Agoa de Mayas, and he said unto the King that it behoved him above all things to put his kingdom upon the hazard of a battle; for his brother being a greater lord of lands than he, and richer in money and more powerful in vassals, could maintain the war longer than he could do, who peradventure would find it difficult another year to gather together so good an army as he had now ready. For this cause he advised him to put his trust in God first, and then in the hidalgos who were with him, and without fear give battle to the King his brother, over whom God and his good cause would give him glorious victory. And to show his own good will to the King, he besought of him the leading of the van for himself and the Counts Don Pedro and Don Vermui Frojaz his brethren, and his two nephews. Greatly was the King Don Garcia encouraged by his gallant cheer, and he bade his host make ready to give battle to King Don Sancho, as soon as he should arrive; and he marched out from the city, and took his stand near unto it in a field where afterwards were the vineyards of the town. And when the banners of the Castilians were seen advancing, the Galegos and Portuguese drew up in battle array, Don Rodrigo and his brethren having the van, as he had requested, and a body of chosen knights with them.

XI. Count Don Garcia came in the front of King Don Sancho's army, and in the one wing was the Count de Monzon

and Count Don Nuño de Lara; and the Count Don Fruela of Asturias in the other; and the King was in the rear, with Don Diego de Osma, who carried his banner: and in this manner were they arrayed on the one side and on the other, being ready for the onset. And King Don Garcia bravely encouraged his men, saying, Vassals and friends, ye see the great wrong which the King my brother doth unto me, taking from me my kingdom; I beseech ye help me now to defend it; for ye well know that all which I had therein I divided among ye, keeping ye for a season like this. And they answered, Great benefits have we received at your hands, and we will serve you to the utmost of our power. Now when the two hosts were ready to join battle, Alvar Fañez came to King Don Sancho and said to him, Sir, I have played away my horse and arms; I beseech you, give me others for this battle, and I will be a right good one for you this day; if I do not for you the service of six knights hold me for a traitor. And the Count Don Garcia, who heard this, said to the King, Give him, Sir, what he asketh; and the King ordered that horse and arms should be given him. So the armies joined battle bravely on both sides, and it was a sharp onset; many were the heavy blows which were given on both sides, and many were the horses that were slain at that encounter, and many the men. Now my Cid had not yet come up into the field.

XII. Now Don Rodrigo Frojaz and his brethren and the knights who were with them had resolved to make straight for the banner of the King of Castile. And they broke through the ranks of the Castilians, and made their way into the middle of the enemy's host, doing marvellous feats of arms. Then was the fight at the hottest, for they did their best to win the banner, and the others to defend it; the remembrance of what they had formerly done, and the hope of gaining more honours heartened them; and with the Castilians there was their King, giving them brave example as well as brave words. The press of the battle was here; here died Gonzalo de Sies, a right valiant Portuguese, on the part of Don Garcia; but on Don Sancho's part the Count Don Nuño was sorely wounded and thrown from his horse; and Count Don Garcia Ordoñez was made prisoner, and the banner of King Don Sancho was beaten down, and the King himself also. The first who encountered him was Don Gomes Echiguis, he from whom the old Sousas of Portugal derived their descent; he was the first who set his lance against King Don Sancho, and the other one was Don Moninho Hermigis, and Don

Rodrigo made way through the press and laid hands on him and took him. But in the struggle his old wounds burst open, and having received many new ones he lost much blood, and perceiving that his strength was failing, he sent to call the King Don Garcia with all speed. And as the King came, the Count Don Pedro Frojaz met him and said, An honourable gift, Sir, hath my brother Don Rodrigo to give you, but you lose him in gaining it. And tears fell from the eyes of the King, and he made answer and said, It may indeed be that Don Rodrigo may lose his life in serving me, but the good name which he hath gained, and the honour which he leaveth to his descendants, death cannot take away. Saying this, he came to the place where Don Rodrigo was, and Don Rodrigo gave into his hands the King Don Sancho his brother, and asked him three times if he was discharged of his prisoner; and when the King had answered Yes, Don Rodrigo said, For me, Sir, the joy which I have in your victory is enough; give the rewards to these good Portuguese, who with so good a will have put their lives upon the hazard to serve you, and in all things follow their counsel, and you will not err therein. Having said this he kissed the King's hand, and lying upon his shield, for he felt his breath fail him, with his helmet for a pillow, he kissed the cross of his sword in remembrance of that on which the incarnate Son of God had died for him, and rendered up his soul into the hands of his Creator. This was the death of one of the worthy knights of the world, Don Rodrigo Frojaz. In all the conquests which King Don Ferrando had made from the Moors of Portugal, great part had he borne, insomuch that that King was wont to say that other Princes might have more dominions than he, but two such knights as his two Rodrigos, meaning my Cid and this good knight, there was none but himself who had for vassals.

XIII. Then King Don Garcia being desirous to be in the pursuit himself, delivered his brother into the hands of six knights that they should guard him, which he ought not to have done. And when he was gone King Don Sancho said unto the knights, Let me go and I will depart out of your country and never enter it again; and I will reward ye well as long as ye live. But they answered him, that for no reward would they commit such disloyalty, but would guard him well, not offering him any injury, till they had delivered him to his brother the King Don Garcia. While they were parleying Alvar Fañez Minaya came up, he to whom the King had given horse and arms before the

battle; and he seeing the King held prisoner cried out with a loud voice, let loose my Lord the King: and he spurred his horse and made at them; and before his lance was broken he overthrew two of them, and so bestirred himself that he put the others to flight; and he took the horses of the two whom he had smote down, and gave one to the King, and mounted upon the other himself, for his own was hurt in the rescue; and they went together to a little rising ground where there was yet a small body of the knights of their party, and Alvar Fañez cried out to them aloud, Ye see here the King our Lord, who is free; now then remember the good name of the Castilians, and let us not lose it this day. And about four hundred knights gathered about him. And while they stood there they saw the Cid Ruydiez coming up with three hundred knights, for he had not been in the battle, and they knew his green pennon. And when King Don Sancho beheld it his heart rejoiced, and he said, Now let us descend into the plain, for he of good fortune cometh; and he said, Be of good heart, for it is the will of God that I should recover my kingdom, for I have escaped from captivity, and seen the death of Don Rodrigo Frojaz who took me, and Ruydiez the fortunate one cometh. And the King went down to him and welcomed him right joyfully, saying, In happy time are you come, my fortunate Cid; never vassal succoured his Lord in such season as you now succour me, for the King my brother had overcome me. And the Cid answered, Sir, be sure that you shall recover the day, or I will die; for wheresoever you go, either you shall be victorious or I will meet my death.

XIV. By this time King Don Garcia returned from the pursuit, singing as he came full joyfully, for he thought that the King his brother was a prisoner, and his great power overthrown. But there came one and told him that Don Sancho was rescued and in the field again, ready to give him battle a second time. Bravely was that second battle fought on both sides; and if it had not been for the great prowess of the Cid, the end would not have been as it was; in the end the Galegos and Portuguese were discomfited, and the King Don Garcia taken in his turn. And in that battle the two brethren of Don Rodrigo Frojaz, Don Pedro and Don Vermui, were slain, and the two sons of Don Pedro, so that five of that family died that day. And the King Don Sancho put his brother in better ward than his brother three hours before had put him, for he put him in chains and sent him to the strong castle of Luna.

XV. When King Don Sancho had done this he took unto

himself the kingdom of Galicia and of Portugal, and without delay sent to his brother King Don Alfonso, commanding him to yield up to him the kingdom of Leon, for it was his by right. At this was the King of Leon troubled at heart; howbeit he answered that he would not yield up his kingdom, but do his utmost to defend it. Then King Don Sancho entered Leon, slaying and laying waste before him, as an army of infidels would have done; and King Don Alfonso sent to him to bid him cease from this, for it was inhuman work to kill and plunder the innocent: and he defied him to a pitched battle, saying that to whichsoever God should give the victory, to him also would he give the kingdom of Leon: and the King of Castile accepted the defiance, and a day was fixed for the battle, and the place was to be Lantada, which is near unto Carrion. The chief counsellor of King Don Alfonso was Don Pero Ansures, a notable and valiant knight, of the old and famous stock of the Ansures, Lords of Monzon which is nigh unto Palencia; the same who in process of time was Count of Carrion and of Saldaña and Liebana, and Lord of Valladolid, a city which was by him greatly increased. This good knight commanded the army of his King Don Alfonso, and on the part of King Don Sancho came Ruydiez the Cid. Both Kings were in the field that day, and full hardily was the battle contested, and great was the mortality on either side, for the hatred which used to be between Moors and Christians was then between brethren. And that day also was the saying of Arias Gonzalo fulfilled. But in the end the skill and courage of my Cid prevailed, and King Don Alfonso was fain to avail himself of his horse's feet to save himself.

XVI. Nevertheless the power of King Don Alfonso was not yet destroyed, and he would not yield up his kingdom: and he sent to his brother a second time to bid him battle, saying that whosoever conquered should then certainly remain King of Leon; and the place appointed was at Vulpegera, beside the river Carrion. And the two armies met and joined battle, and they of Leon had the victory, for my Cid was not in the field. And King Don Alfonso had pity upon the Castilians because they were Christians, and gave orders not to slay them; and his brother King Don Sancho fled. Now as he was flying, my Cid came up with his green pennon: and when he saw that the King his Lord had been conquered it grieved him sorely: howbeit he encouraged him saying, This is nothing, Sir! to fail or to prosper is as God pleases. But do you gather together

your people who are discomfited, and bid them take heart. The Leonese and Galegos are with the King your brother, secure as they think themselves in their lodging, and taking no thought of you; for it is their custom to extol themselves when their fortune is fair, and to mock at others, and in this boastfulness will they spend the night, so that we shall find them sleeping at break of day, and will fall upon them. And it came to pass as he had said. The Leonese lodged themselves in Vulpegera, taking no thought of their enemies, and setting no watch; and Ruydiez arose betimes in the morning, and fell upon them, and subdued them before they could take their arms. King Don Alfonso fled to the town of Carrion, which was three leagues distant, and would have fortified himself there in the Church of St. Mary, but he was surrounded and constrained to yield.

XVII. Now the knights of Leon gathered together in their flight, and when they could not find the King they were greatly ashamed, and they turned back and smote the Castilians; and as it befell, they encountered King Don Sancho and took him prisoner, not having those in his company whom he should have had, for his people considered the victory as their own, and all was in confusion. And thirteen knights took him in their ward and were leading him away,—but my Cid beheld them and galloped after them; he was alone, and had no lance, having broken his in battle. And he came up to them, and said, Knights, give me my Lord and I will give unto you yours. They knew him by his arms, and they made answer, Ruydiez, return in peace and seek not to contend with us, otherwise we will carry you away prisoner with him. And he waxed wroth and said, Give me but a lance and I will, single as I am, rescue my Lord from all of ye: by God's help I will do it. And they held him as nothing because he was but one, and gave him a lance. But he attacked them therewith so bravely that he slew eleven of the thirteen, leaving two only alive, on whom he had mercy; and thus did he rescue the King. And the Castilians rejoiced greatly at the King's deliverance: and King Don Sancho went to Burgos, and took with him his brother prisoner.

XVIII. Great was the love which the Infanta Doña Urraca bore to her brother King Don Alfonso, and when she heard that he was made prisoner, she feared lest he should be put to death: and she took with her the Count Don Peransures, and went to Burgos. And they spake with the Cid, and besought him that he would join with them and intercede with the King that he should release his brother from prison, and let him

become a Monk at Sahagun. Full willing was the Cid to serve in anything the Infanta Doña Urraca, and he went with her before the King. And she knelt down before the King her brother, and besought mercy for Don Alfonso, his brother and hers. And the King took her by the hand and raised her from her knees, and made her sit beside him, and said unto her, Now then, my sister, say what you would have. And she besought him that he would let their brother Don Alfonso take the habit of St. Benedict, in the royal Monastery of Sahagun, and my Cid, and Count Peransures and the other chief persons who were there present, besought him in like manner. And the King took my Cid aside, and asked counsel of him what he should do; and the Cid said, that if Don Alfonso were willing to become a Monk, he would do well to set him free upon that condition, and he besought him so to do. Then King Don Sancho, at my Cid's request, granted to Doña Urraca what she had asked. And he released King Don Alfonso from prison, and Don Alfonso became a Monk in the Monastery at Sahagun, more by force than of free will. And being in the Monastery he spake with Don Peransures, and took counsel with him, and fled away by night from the Monks, and went among the Moors to King Alimaymon of Toledo. And the Moorish King welcomed him with a good will, and did great honour to him, and gave him great possessions and many gifts.

XIX. When Doña Urraca knew that her brother King Don Alfonso had fled to Toledo, she sent to him three good men of the kingdom of Leon, that they should be his counsellors, for she loved him well. These were Don Pero Ansures, and Don Ferran Ansures, and Don Gonzalo Ansures, all three brethren: and they went with King Don Sancho's permission, for it was God's pleasure. Now Alimaymon rejoiced in the King Don Alfonso, and loved him as if he had been his own son. And Don Alfonso made a covenant with him to love him and defend him and serve him alway, so long as he should remain with him, and not to depart from him without his leave; and the King covenanted on his side to love him and honour him, and defend him to the utmost of his power. And Alimaymon ordered fair palaces to be edified for him, by the wall of the Alcazar, on the outer part, that the Moors of the city might do no displeasure neither to him nor to his companions: and they were hard by a garden of the King's that he might go out and disport himself therein whensoever it pleased him. And for these things King Don Alfonso loved to serve King Alimaymon. Nevertheless when he saw

the great honour of the King of Toledo, and how powerful he was and that he was the Lord of so great chivalry, and of the noblest city which had belonged unto the Gothic Kings, from whom he himself was descended, it grieved him in his heart to see that city in the hand of the Moors: and he said within his heart, Lord God and Father Jesus Christ, it is wholly in thy power to give and to take away, and right it is that thy will should be done, even as thou hast done it to me, to whom thou gavest a kingdom, and it was thy will to take it away from me, and thou hast made me come hither to serve the enemies who were at the service of the King my father. Lord, I put my hope in thee that thou wilt deliver me from this servitude, and give me a land and kingdom to command, and that thou wilt show unto me such favour that this land and this city shall by me be won, that thy holy body may be sacrificed in it to the honour of Christendom. This prayer he made with great devotion and with many tears; and the Lord God heard him, as hereafter you shall hear in this history. In those days King Alimaymon was at war with other Moorish Kings his enemies, and King Don Alfonso fought against them on his side, and did such good service that he quelled their power, and they durst no longer offend him. And in time of peace Don Alfonso and his companions went fowling along the banks of the Tagus, for in those days there was much game there, and venison of all kinds; and they killed venison among the mountains. And as he was thus sporting he came to a place which is now called Brihuega, and it pleased him well, for it was a fair place to dwell in, and abounded with game, and there was a dismantled castle there, and he thought that he would ask the King for this place. And he returned to Toledo and asked it of the King, and King Alimaymon gave it him, and he placed there his huntsmen and his fowlers who were Christians, and fortified the place as his own. And the lineage of these people continued there till Don Juan, the third archbishop of Toledo, enlarged it, and peopled the parish of St. Pedro.

XX. It came to pass after this that both the Kings one day came out of Toledo, and passed over the bridge of Alcantara, and went into the royal garden to disport themselves therein and take their pleasure. And at evening Don Alfonso lay down upon a bed to sleep, and King Alimaymon fell in talk with his favourites concerning his city of Toledo, how strong it was and how well provided with all things, and that he feared neither war of Moor nor Christian against it; and he asked them if it could by any means be lost in war. Then one of them answered

and said, Sir, if you would not hold it ill, I would tell you how it might be lost, and by no other manner in the world could it be so. And the King bade him say on. And the favourite then said, If this city were beset for seven years, and the bread and the wine and the fruits should be cut down year by year, it would be lost for lack of food. All this King Don Alfonso heard, for he was not sleeping, and he took good heed of it. Now the Moors knew not that he was lying there. And when they had thus spoken Alimaymon arose to walk in the palace, and he saw King Don Alfonso lying there as if he were sleeping: and it troubled him, and he said to his favourites, We did not heed Alfonso who is lying there, and has heard all that we have said. And the favourites made answer, Kill him, Sir. But the King said, How shall I go against my true promise? moreover he sleepeth, and peradventure hath heard nothing. And they said to him, Would you know whether or not he sleepeth? and he answered, Yea: and they said, Go then and wake him, and if he have drivelled he hath slept, but if not he hath been awake and hath heard us. Then King Don Alfonso immediately wetted the pillow, and feigned hard to be awakened, so that Alimaymon thought he slept.

XXI. And when the Easter of the Sheep* was come, which the Moors celebrate, the King of Toledo went out of the city to kill the sheep at the place accustomed, as he was wont to do, and King Don Alfonso went with him. Now Don Alfonso was a goodly personage and of fair demeanour, so that the Moors liked him well. And as he was going by the side of the King, two honourable Moors followed them, and the one said unto the other, How fair a knight is this Christian, and of what good customs! well doth he deserve to be the lord of some great land. And the other made answer, I dreamed a dream last night, that this Alfonso entered the city riding upon a huge boar, and many swine after him, who rooted up all Toledo with their snouts, and even the Mosques therein. Certes, he will one day become King of Toledo. And while they were thus communing every hair upon King Don Alfonso's head stood up erect, and Alimaymon laid his hand upon them to press them down, but so soon as his hand was taken off they rose again: and the two Moors held it for a great token, and spake with each other concerning it, and one of King Alimaymon's favourites heard all which they said. And after the sheep had

* The Bairem of the Turks, on which a sheep was sacrificed.

been sacrificed they returned into the city, and the favourite told the King what he had heard the two Moors say; and the King sent for them forthwith, and questioned them, and they repeated to him what they had said, even as ye have heard. And King Alimaymon said unto them, What then shall I do? and they made answer, that he should put Don Alfonso to death; but the King replied, that this he would not do, nor do against the true promise which he had given him, but that he would so deal that no evil should ever come towards himself from Alfonso. So he sent for Don Alfonso and bade him swear that he would never come against him, nor against his sons, and that no evil should come against them from him; and King Don Alfonso did as Alimaymon required, and did him homage to this effect. And thenceforth was the King of Toledo more secure of him, and held him even in greater favour than before. All this while did King Don Alfonso govern himself by the advice of Count Peransures, who alway advised him discreetly and well.

XXII. But when King Don Sancho heard how his brother had fled from the Monastery, he drew out his host and went against the city of Leon. The Leonese would fain have maintained the city against him, but they could not and he took the city of Leon, and all the towns and castles which had been under the dominion of his brother King Don Alfonso. And then he put the crown upon his head, and called himself King of the three kingdoms. He was a fair knight and of marvellous courage, so that both Moors and Christians were dismayed at what they saw him do, for they saw that nothing which he willed to take by force could stand against him. And when the Infanta Doña Urraca, and the men of Zamora, saw that he had quiet possession of both his brothers' kingdoms they feared that he would come against them and disherit his sister also. And for this reason they took Don Arias Gonzalo to be their chief captain, Doña Urraca's foster-father, that by his means they might protect themselves, if need should be. And it came to pass as they had feared, for King Don Sancho knew that his sisters greatly loved Don Alfonso, and he thought that by their counsel he had fled from the Monastery, especially by Doña Urraca's, because Don Alfonso guided himself in all things by her counsel, holding her in place of a mother, for she was a lady of great understanding. And he went forth with his army, and took from the Infanta Doña Elvira the half of the Infantazgo which she possessed, and also from Doña Urraca the other half. And he went against Toro, the city of Doña Elvira, and

took it; and then he went to Zamora to Doña Urraca, bidding her yield him up the city, and saying that he would give her lands as much as she required in the plain country. But she returned for answer, that she would in no manner yield unto him that which the King her father had given her; and she besought him that he would suffer her to continue to dwell peaceably therein, saying that no disservice should ever be done against him on her part.

XXIII. Then King Don Sancho went to Burgos, because it was not the season for besieging a town, being winter. And he sent his letters through all the land, calling upon his vassals to assemble together upon the first day of March in Sahagun, upon pain of forfeiting his favour. Now though the King was yet but a young man, whose beard was but just coming, he was of so great courage that the people feared him, and dared not do otherwise than as he commanded. And they assembled together in Sahagun on the day appointed; and when the King heard in what readiness they were, it gladdened him, and he lifted up his hands to God and said, Blessed be thy name, O Lord, because thou hast given me all the kingdoms of my father. And when he had said this he ordered proclamation to be made through the streets of Burgos, that all should go forth to protect the host and the body of the King their Lord. And the day in which they left Burgos they took up their lodging at Fromesta; and the next day they came to Carrion, but the King would not lodge there, and he went on to Sahagun, where the army awaited him, and took up his lodging without the town; and on the following morning he bade the host advance, and they made such speed that in three days they arrived before Zamora, and pitched their tents upon the banks of the Douro; and he ordered proclamation to be made throughout the host that no harm should be done until he had commanded it. And he mounted on horseback with his hidalgos and rode round the town, and beheld how strongly it was situated upon a rock, with strong walls, and many and strong towers, and the river Douro running at the foot thereof; and he said unto his knights, Ye see how strong it is, neither Moor nor Christian can prevail against it; if I could have it from my sister either for money or exchange, I should be Lord of Spain.

XXIV. Then the King returned to his tents, and incontinently he sent for the Cid, and said unto him, Cid, you well know how manifoldly you are bound unto me, both by nature, and by reason of the breeding which the King my father gave

you; and when he died he commended you to me, and I have ever shown favour unto you, and you have ever served me as the loyalest vassal that ever did service to his Lord; and I have for your good deserts given unto you more than there is in a great county, and have made you the chief of all my household. Now therefore I beseech you as my friend and true vassal, that you go to Zamora to my sister Doña Urraca, and say unto her again, that I beseech her to give me the town either for a price, or in exchange, and I will give to her Medina de Rio-seco, with the whole Infantazgo, from Villalpando to Valladolid, and Tiedra also, which is a good Castle; and I will swear unto her, with twelve knights of my vassals, never to break this covenant between us; but if she refuseth to do this I will take away the town from her by force. And my Cid kissed the hand of the King and said unto him, This bidding, Sir, should be for other messenger, for it is a heavy thing for me to deliver it; for I was brought up in Zamora by your father's command, in the house of Don Arias Gonzalo, with Doña Urraca and with his sons, and it is not fitting that I should be the bearer of such bidding. And the King persisted in requiring of him that he should go, insomuch that he was constrained to obey his will. And he took with him fifteen of his knights and rode towards Zamora, and when he drew nigh he called unto those who kept guard in the towers not to shoot their arrows at him, for he was Ruydiez of Bivar, who came to Doña Urraca with the bidding of her brother King Don Sancho. With that there came down a knight who was nephew to Arias Gonzalo, and had the keeping of the gate, and he bade the Cid enter, saying that he would order him to be well lodged while he went to Doña Urraca to know if she would be pleased to see him. So the Cid went in, and the knight went to the Infanta, and told her that Ruydiez of Bivar was come with a message from King Don Sancho; and it pleased her well that he should be the messenger, and she bade him come before her that she might know what was his bidding; and she sent Arias Gonzalo and the other knights of her party to meet him and accompany him. And when the Cid entered the palace Doña Urraca advanced to meet him, and greeted him full well, and they seated themselves both upon the Estrado. And Doña Urraca said unto him, Cid, you well know that you were brought up with me here in Zamora, in the house of Don Arias Gonzalo, and when my father was at the point of death he charged you that you should alway counsel his sons the best you could. Now therefore tell me I beseech you what is

it which my brother goes about to do, now that he has called up all Spain in arms, and to what lands he thinks to go, whether against Moors or Christians. Then the Cid answered and said, Lady, to messenger and a letter no wrong should be done; give me safe assurance and I will tell unto you that which the King your brother hath sent me to say. And she said she would do as Don Arias Gonzalo should advise her. And Don Arias answered that it was well to hear what the King her brother had sent to say. Peradventure, said he, he goeth against the Moors, and requires aid of you, which it would be right to give; and for such service I and my sons would go with him, and I would give fifteen of my people well mounted and armed, and supply them with food for ten years, if he needed them. Doña Urraca then said to the Cid, that he might speak his bidding safely. Then said my Cid, the King your brother sends to greet you, and beseeches you to give him this town of Zamora, either for a price or in exchange; and he will give to you Medina de Rio-seco, with the whole Infantazgo, from Villalpando to Valladolid, and the good castle of Tiedra, and he will swear unto you, with twelve knights his vassals, never to do you hurt or harm; but if you will not give him the town, he will take it against your will.

XXV. When Doña Urraca heard this she was sorely grieved, and in her great sorrow she lamented aloud, saying, Wretch that I am, many are the evil messages which I have heard since my father's death! He hath disherited my brother King Don Garcia of his kingdom, and taken him, and now holds him in irons as if he were a thief or a Moor: and he hath taken his lands from my brother King Don Alfonso, and forced him to go among the Moors, and live there exiled as if he had been a traitor; and would let none go with him except Don Peransures and his brethren, whom I sent: and he hath taken her lands from my sister Doña Elvira against her will, and now would he take Zamora from me also! Now then let the earth open and swallow me, that I may not see so many troubles! And with that, in her strong anger against her brother King Don Sancho, she said, I am a woman, and well know that I cannot strive with him in battle; but I will have him slain either secretly or openly. Then Don Arias Gonzalo stood up and said, Lady Doña Urraca, in thus complaining and making lamentation you do inconsiderately; for in time of trouble it befits us to take thought of what best is to be done, and so must we do. Now then, Lady, give order that all the men of Zamora assemble in St. Salvador's

and know of them whether they will hold with you, seeing that your father gave them to you to be your vassals. And if they will hold with you, then give not you up the town, neither for a price, nor in exchange; but if they will not, let us then go to Toledo among the Moors, where your brother King Don Alfonso abideth. And she did as her foster-father had advised, and it was proclaimed through the streets that the men of Zamora should meet in council at St. Salvador's. And when they were all assembled, Doña Urraca arose and said, Friends and vassals, ye have seen how my brother King Don Sancho hath disherited all his brethren, against the oath which he made to the King my father, and now he would disherit me also. He hath sent to bid me give him Zamora, either for a price or in exchange. Now concerning this I would know whereunto ye advise me, and if you will hold with me as good vassals and true, for he saith that he will take it from me whether I will or no; but if ye will keep my career I think to defend it by God's mercy and with your help. Then by command of the council there rose up a knight who was called Don Nuño, a man of worth, aged, and of fair speech; and he said, God reward you, Lady, this favour which you have shown us in thinking good to come to our council, for we are your vassals, and should do what you command. And we beseech you give not up Zamora, neither for price nor for exchange, for he who besieges you upon the rock would soon drive you from the plain. The council of Zamora will do your bidding, and will not desert you neither for trouble nor for danger which may befall them, even unto death. Sooner, Lady, will we expend all our possessions, and eat our mules and horses, yea sooner feed upon our children and our wives, than give up Zamora, unless by your command. And they all with one accord confirmed what Don Nuño had said. When the Infanta Doña Urraca heard this she was well pleased, and praised them greatly; and she turned to the Cid and said unto him, You were bred up with me in this town of Zamora, where Don Arias Gonzalo fostered you by command of the King my father, and through your help it was that the King my father gave it unto me to be my inheritance. I beseech you help me now against my brother, and entreat him that he will not seek to disinherit me; but if he will go on with what he hath begun, say to him that I will rather die with the men of Zamora, and they with me, than give him up the town, either for price or exchange. And with this answer did the Cid return unto the King

XXVI. When King Don Sancho heard what the Cid said, his anger kindled against him, and he said, You have given this council to my sister because you were bred up with her. And my Cid answered and said, Faithfully have I discharged your bidding, and as a true vassal. Howbeit, O King, I will not bear arms against the Infanta your sister, nor against Zamora, because of the days which are past;—and I beseech you do not persist in doing this wrong. But then King Don Sancho was more greatly incensed, and he said unto him, If it were not that my father left you commended to me, I would order you this instant to be hanged. But for this which you have said I command you to quit my kingdom within nine days. And the Cid went to his tent in anger, and called for his kinsmen and his friends, and bade them make ready on the instant to depart with him. And he set forth with all the knights and esquires of his table, and with all their retainers horse and foot, twelve hundred persons, all men of approved worth, a goodly company;—and they took the road to Toledo, meaning to join King Don Alfonso among the Moors. And that night they slept at Castro Nuño. But when the Counts and Ricos-omes, and the other good men of the host saw this, they understood the great evil and disservice which might arise to the King, and to the land, from the departure of the Cid, who went away in wrath. And they went to the King and said unto him, Sir, wherefore would you lose so good a vassal, who has done you such great service? If he should go unto your brother Don Alfonso among the Moors, he would not let you besiege this city thus in peace. And the King perceived that they spake rightly, and he called for Don Diego Ordoñez, the Son of Count Don Bermudo, who was the son of the Infante Don Ordoño of Leon, and bade him follow the Cid, and beseech him in his name to return; and whatever covenant he should make it should be confirmed unto him; and of this he ordered his letters of credence to be made out. And Don Diego Ordoñez went to horse, and rode after the Cid, and overtook him between Castro Nuño and Medina del Campo. And when it was told unto the Cid that Don Diego Ordoñez was coming, he turned to meet him, and greeted him well, and asked him wherefore he was come. And he delivered the King's bidding, and showed unto him his letters of credence, and said unto him that the King besought him not to bear in mind the words which he had spoken unto him, being in anger. Then the Cid called together his kinsmen and friends, and asked them what they should do. And they counselled him that he should return to

the King, for it was better to remain in his land and serve God, than to go among the Moors. And he held their counsel good, and called for Don Diego, and said unto him that he would do the will of the King: and Don Diego sent to the King to tell him how he had sped. And when the Cid drew nigh unto the host, the King went out with five hundred knights to meet him, and received him gladly, and did him great honour. And the Cid kissed his hand and asked him if he confirmed what Don Diego had said; and the King confirmed it before all the knights who were there present, promising to give him great possessions. And when they came to the army great was the joy because of the Cid's return, and great were the rejoicings which were made: but as great was the sorrow in Zamora, for they who were in the town held that the siege was broken up by his departure. Nevertheless my Cid would not bear arms against the Infanta, nor against the town of Zamora, because of the days which were past.

XXVII. And the King ordered proclamation to be made throughout the host that the people should make ready to attack the town. And they fought against it three days and three nights so bravely that all the ditches were filled up, and the barbicans thrown down, and they who were within fought sword in hand with those without, and the waters of the Douro, as they past below the town, were all discoloured with blood. And when Count Don Garcia de Cabra saw the great loss which they were suffering, it grieved him; and he went unto the King and told him that many men were slain, and advised him to call off the host that they should no longer fight against the town, but hold it besieged, for by famine it might soon be taken. Then the King ordered them to draw back, and he sent to each camp to know how many men had died in the attack, and the number was found to be a thousand and thirty. And when the King knew this he was greatly troubled for the great loss which he had received, and he ordered the town to be beleaguered round about, and in this manner he begirt it, that none could enter into it, neither go out therefrom; and there was a great famine within the town. And when Don Arias Gonzalo saw the misery, and the hunger, and the mortality which were there, he said to the Infanta Doña Urraca, You see, Lady, the great wretchedness which the people of Zamora have suffered, and do every day suffer to maintain their loyalty; now then call together the Council, and thank them truly for what they have done for you, and bid them give up the town within nine days

to the King your brother. And we, Lady, will go to Toledo to your brother King Don Alfonso, for we cannot defend Zamora; King Don Sancho is of so great heart and so resolute, that he will never break up the siege, and I do not hold it good that you should abide here longer. And Doña Urraca gave orders that the good men of Zamora should meet together in Council; and she said unto them, Friends, ye well see the resoluteness of King Don Sancho my brother; and already have ye suffered much evil and much wretchedness for doing right and loyally, losing kinsmen and friends in my service. Ye have done enough, and I do not hold it good that ye should perish; I command ye therefore give up the town to him within nine days, and I will go to Toledo to my brother King Don Alfonso. The men of Zamora when they heard this had great sorrow, because they had endured the siege so long, and must now give up the town at last; and they determined all to go with the Infanta, and not remain in the town.

XXVIII. When Vellido Dolfos heard this, he went to Doña Urraca and said, Lady, I came here to Zamora to do you service with thirty knights, all well accoutred, as you know; and I have served you long time, and never have I had from you guerdon for my service, though I have demanded it; but now if you will grant my demand I will relieve Zamora, and make King Don Sancho break up the siege. Then said Doña Urraca, Vellido, I shall repeat to thee the saying of the wise man, A man bargains well with the slothful and with him who is in need; and thus you would deal with me. I do not bid thee commit any evil thing, if such thou hast in thy thought; but I say unto you, that there is not a man in the world to whom if he should relieve Zamora, and make the King my brother raise the siege, I would not grant whatsoever he might require. And when Vellido heard this he kissed her hand, and went to a porter who kept one of the gates of the town, and spake with him, saying, that he should open the gate unto him when he saw him flying toward it, and he gave him his cloak. Then went he to his lodging and armed himself, and mounted his horse, and rode to the house of Don Arias Gonzalo, and cried with a loud voice, We all know the reason, Don Arias Gonzalo, why you will not let Doña Urraca exchange Zamora with her brother; it is because you deal with her as with a harlot, like an old traitor. When Arias Gonzalo heard this, it grieved him to the heart, and he said, In an evil day was I born, that so shameful a falsehood as this should be said to me

in mine old age, and there should be none to revenge me! Then his sons arose and armed themselves hastily, and went after Vellido, who fled before them toward the gate of the town. The porter when he saw him coming opened the gate, and he rode out and galloped into the camp of the King Don Sancho, and the others followed him till they were nigh the camp, but farther they did not venture. And Vellido went to the King and kissed his hand, and said unto him these false words with a lying tongue: Sir, because I said to the Council of Zamora that they should yield the town unto you, the sons of Arias Gonzalo would have slain me, even as you have seen. And therefore come I to you, Sir, and will be your vassal, if I may find favour at your hands. And I will show you how in a few days you may have Zamora, if God pleases; and if I do not as I have said, then let me be slain. And the King believed all that he said, and received him for his vassal, and did him great honour. And all that night they talked together of his secrets, and he made the King believe that he knew a postern by means of which he would put Zamora into his hands.

XXIX. On the morrow in the morning, one of the knights who were in the town went upon the wall, and cried out with a loud voice, so that the greater part of the host heard him, King Don Sancho, give ear to what I say; I am a knight and hidalgo, a native of the land of Santiago; and they from whom I spring were true men and delighted in their loyalty, and I also will live and die in my truth. Give ear, for I would undeceive you, and tell you the truth, if you will believe me. I say unto you, that from this town of Zamora there is gone forth a traitor to kill you; his name is Vellido Dolfos; he is the son of Adolfo, who slew Don Nuño like a traitor, and the grandson of Laino, another traitor, who killed his gossip and threw him into the river; and this is as great a traitor as the rest of his race; look to yourself therefore and take heed of him. I say this to you, that if peradventure evil should befall you by this traitor, it may not be said in Spain that you were not warned against him. Now the name of this knight was Bernal Diañez de Ocampo. And the men of Zamora sent also to the King to bid him beware of Vellido, and the King took their warning in good part, and sent to say unto them, that when he had the town he would deal bountifully with them, for this which they had done; nevertheless he gave no heed to the warning. And Vellido, when he heard this went to the King, and said, Sir, the old

Arias Gonzalo is full crafty, and hath sent to say this unto you, because he knows that by my means you would have won the town. And he called for his horse, feigning that he would depart because of what had been said. But the King took him by the hand and said, Friend and vassal, take no thought for this; I say unto you, that if I may have Zamora, I will make you chief therein, even as Arias Gonzalo is now. Then Vellido kissed his hand and said, God grant you life, Sir, for many and happy years, and let you fulfil what you desire. But the traitor had other thoughts in his heart.

XXX. After this Vellido took the King apart and said to him, If it please you, Sir, let us ride out together alone; we will go round Zamora, and see the trenches which you have ordered to be made; and I will show unto you the postern which is called the Queen's, by which we may enter the town, for it is never closed. When it is night you shall give me a hundred knights who are hidalgos, well armed, and we will go on foot, and the Zamorans because they are weak with famine and misery, will let us conquer them, and we will enter and open the gate, and keep it open till all your host shall have entered in; and thus shall we win the town of Zamora. The King believed what he said, and they took horse and went riding round the town, and the King looked at the trenches, and that traitor showed him the postern whereof he had spoken. And after they had ridden round the town the King alighted upon the side of the Douro; now he carried in his hand a light hunting spear which was gilded over, even such as the Kings from whom he was descended were wont to bear; and he gave this to Vellido to hold it while he went aside, to cover his feet. And Vellido Dolfos, when he saw him in that guise, took the hunting spear and thrust it between his shoulders, so that it went through him and came out at his breast. And when he had stricken him he turned the reins and rode as fast as he could toward the postern; this was not the first treason which he had committed, for he had killed the Count Don Nuño treacherously. Now it chanced that the Cid saw him riding thus, and asked him wherefore he fled, and he would not answer; and then the Cid understood that he had done some treason, and his heart misgave him that he had slain the King; and he called in haste for his horse, but while they were bringing it, Vellido had ridden far away; and the Cid being eager to follow him, took only his lance and did not wait to have his spurs buckled on. And he followed him to the postern

and had well nigh overtaken him, but Vellido got in; and then the Cid said in his anger, Cursed be the knight who ever gets on horseback without his spurs. Now in all the feats of the Cid never was fault found in him save only in this, that he did not enter after Vellido into the town; but he did not fail to do this for cowardice, neither for fear of death, or of imprisonment; but because he thought that peradventure this was a device between him and the King, and that he fled by the King's command; for certes, if he had known that the King was slain, there was nothing which would have prevented him from entering the town, and slaying the traitor in the streets, thereright.

XXXI. Now the history saith, that when Vellido Dolfos had got within the postern, he was in such fear both of those who were in the town and of those who were without, that he went and placed himself under the mantle of the Infanta Doña Urraca. And when Don Arias Gonzalo knew this, he went unto the Infanta and said, Lady, I beseech you that you give up this traitor to the Castilians, otherwise be sure that it will be to your own harm; for the Castilians will impeach all who are in Zamora, and that will be greater dishonour for you and for us. And Doña Urraca made answer, Counsel me then so that he may not die for this which he hath done. Don Arias Gonzalo then answered, Give him unto me, and I will keep him in custody for three days, and if the Castilians impeach us we will deliver him into their hands; and if they do not impeach us within that time, we will thrust him out of the town so that he shall not be seen among us. And Don Arias Gonzalo took him from thence, and secured him with double fetters, and guarded him well.

XXXII. Meantime the Castilians went to seek their King, and they found him by the side of the Douro, where he lay sorely wounded, even unto death; but he had not yet lost his speech, and the hunting spear was in his body, through and through, and they did not dare to take it out lest he should die immediately. And a master of Burgos came up who was well skilled in these things, and he sawed off the ends of the spear, that he might not lose his speech, and said that he should be confessed, for he had death within him. Then Count Don Garcia de Cabra, the curly-haired one of Grañon, said unto him, Sir, think of your soul, for you have a desperate wound. And the King made answer, Blessed be you, Count, who thus counsel me, for I perceive that I am slain; the traitor Vellido has killed me, and I

well know that this was for my sins, because I broke the oath which I made unto the King my father. And as the King was saying this the Cid came up and knelt before him and said: I, Sir, remain more desolate than any other of your vassals, for for your sake have I made your brethren mine enemies, and all in the world who were against you, and against whom it pleased you to go. The King your father commended me to them as well as to you, when he divided his kingdoms, and I have lost their love for your sake, having done them great evil. And now neither can I go before King Don Alfonso your brother, nor remain among the Christians before Doña Urraca your sister, because they hold that whatsoever you have done against them was by my counsel. Now then, Sir, remember me before you depart. The King then commanded that they should raise him up in the bed, and the Counts and Ricos-omes stood round about him, and the Bishops and Archbishops who had come thither to make accord between him and his sister Doña Urraca, and they heard what the Cid said, and knew that he said truly; for whatever good speed King Don Sancho had had in his doings was all by means of my Cid. And the King said unto them, I beseech all ye who are here present, Counts and Ricos-omes, and all my other vassals, that if my brother King Don Alfonso should come from the land of the Moors, ye beseech him to show favour unto you, my Cid, and that he always be bountiful unto you, and receive you to be his vassal; and if he alway doth this and listen unto you, he will not be badly advised. Then the Cid arose and kissed his hand, and all the chief persons who were there present did the like. And after this the King said unto them, I beseech ye entreat my brother King Don Alfonso to forgive me whatever wrong I have done him, and to pray to God to have mercy upon my soul. And when he had said this he asked for the candle, and presently his soul departed. And all who were there present made great lamentation for the King.

BOOK III.

I. Now when the King was dead, the townsmen who were in the camp forsook their tents and fled, and much did they lose in their flight; but the noble Castilians, thinking rather of what they were bound to do as men who had alway preserved their loyalty, like their ancestors before them, would not depart from Zamora, nor break up the siege thereof, but remained bravely before it, though they had lost their Lord. And they summoned all the Bishops, and took the body of the King and sent it full honourably to the Monastery of Oña, and buried him there as beseemed a King: and while one part of the chief men of the host accompanied the body, the rest remained in the camp before Zamora. And when the prelates and good men had returned to the army, they took counsel together how they should proceed against the men of Zamora for this great treason which had been committed. Then Count Don Garcia de Cabra arose and said, Friends, ye see that we have lost our Lord the King Don Sancho; the traitor Vellido, being his vassal, slew him, and they of Zamora have received and harboured him within their walls; and therefore as we think, and as has been said unto us, he did this treason by their counsel. Now then if there be one here who will impeach them for this thing, we will do whatever may be needful that he may come off with honour, and the impeachment be carried through. Then Don Diego Ordoñez arose, the son of Count Don Ordoño, a man of royal lineage and great hardihood; and he said unto them, If ye will all assent to this which ye have heard, I will impeach the men of Zamora, for the death of the King our Lord: and they all assented, promising to fulfil what had been said. Now my Cid did not make this impeachment against the people of Zamora, because of the oath which he had sworn.

II. Then Don Diego Ordoñez went to his lodging and armed himself well, and armed his horse also, and mounted and rode toward Zamora. And when he drew nigh unto the town, he covered himself with his shield that they might not hurt him from the walls, and began to cry aloud, asking if Don Arias

Gonzalo were there, for he would speak with him. A squire who was keeping guard upon the wall went to Don Arias and told him that there was a knight well armed calling for him, without the walls, and he said that if it pleased Don Arias he would shoot at him with a cross-bow, and strike him or kill his horse: but Don Arias forbade him, saying that he should no ways harm him. And Don Arias Gonzalo went with his sons upon the wall to see who called for him, and he spake to the knight, saying, Friend, what wouldst thou? And Don Diego Ordoñez answered, The Castilians have lost their Lord; the traitor Vellido slew him, being his vassal, and ye of Zamora have received Vellido and harboured him within your walls. Now therefore I say that he is a traitor who hath a traitor with him, if he knoweth and consenteth unto the treason. And for this I impeach the people of Zamora, the great as well as the little, the living and the dead, they who now are and they who are yet unborn; and I impeach the waters which they drink and the garments which they put on; their bread and their wine, and the very stones in their walls. If there be any one in Zamora to gainsay what I have said, I will do battle with him, and with God's pleasure conquer him, so that the infamy shall remain upon you. Don Arias Gonzalo replied, If I were what thou sayest I am, it had been better for me never to have been born; but in what thou sayest thou liest. In that which the great do the little have no fault, nor the dead for the deeds of the living, which they neither see nor hear: but setting aside these and the things which have no understanding, as to the rest I say that thou liest, and I will do battle with thee upon this quarrel, or give thee one in my stead. But know that you have been ill advised in making this impeachment, for the manner is, that whosoever impeacheth a Council must do battle with five, one after another, and if he conquer the five he shall be held a true man, but if either of the five conquer him, the council is held acquitted and he a liar. When Don Diego heard this it troubled him; howbeit he dissembled this right well, and said unto Don Arias Gonzalo, I will bring twelve Castilians, and do you bring twelve men of Zamora, and they shall swear upon the Holy Gospel to judge justly between us, and if they find that I am bound to do battle with five, I will perform it. And Don Arias made answer that he said well, and it should be so. And truce was made for three times nine days, till this should have been determined and the combat fought.

III. Then when the truce was made, Don Arias Gonzalo went out from the town into the host of the Castilians, and his sons with him, and many of the knights of the town; and all the Ricos-omes and knights who were in the host assembled together with them, and consulted what was to be done in this impeachment. And they chose out twelve alcaldes on the one part, and twelve on the other, who should decide in what manner he was bound to perform combat who impeached a Council. And the four and twenty alcaldes accorded concerning what was the law in this case; and two of them who were held the most learned in these things arose, the one being a Castilian and the other of Zamora, and said that they had found the law as it was written to be this: That whosoever impeacheth the Council of a town which was a bishop's seat, must do battle with five in the field, one after another; and that after every combat there should be given unto him fresh arms and horse, and three sops of bread, and a draught either of wine or of water, as he chose. And in this sentence which the twain pronounced, the other twenty and two accorded.

IV. On the morrow before the hour of tierce, the four and twenty alcaldes marked out the lists upon the sand beside the river, at the place which is called Santiago, and in the middle of the lists they placed a bar, and ordained that he who won the battle should lay hand on the bar, and say that he had conquered: and then they appointed a term of nine days for the combatants to come to those lists which had been assigned. And when all was appointed as ye have heard, Don Arias returned to Zamora, and told the Infanta Doña Urraca all that had been done, and she ordered a meeting to be called, at which all the men of the town assembled. And when they were gathered together, Don Arias Gonzalo said unto them, Friends, I beseech ye, if there be any here among ye who took counsel for the death of King Don Sancho, or were privy thereunto, that ye now tell me, and deny it not; for rather would I go with my sons to the land of the Moors, than be overcome in the field, and held for a traitor. Then they all replied, that there was none there who knew of the treason, nor had consented unto it. At this was Don Arias Gonzalo well pleased, and he bade them go each to his house; and he went to his house also with his sons, and chose out four of them to do combat, and said that he would be the fifth himself; and he gave them directions how to demean themselves in the lists, and said, that he would enter first; and if, said he, what the Castilian saith be true, I would die first, not to see the infamy;

but if what he saith be false, I shall conquer him, and ye shall ever be held in honour.

V. When the day appointed was come, Don Arias Gonzalo early in the morning armed his sons, and they armed him; and it was told him that Don Diego Ordoñez was already in the lists. Then he and his sons mounted their horses, and as they rode through the gates of their house, Doña Urraca, with a company of dames met them, and said to Don Arias, weeping, Remember now how my father, King Don Ferrando, left me to your care, and you swore between his hands that you would never forsake me; and lo! now you are forsaking me. I beseech you remain with me, and go not to this battle; for there is reason enough why you should be excused, and not break the oath which you made unto my father. And she took hold on him, and would not let him go, and made him be disarmed. Then came many knights around him, to demand arms of him, and request that they might do battle in his stead; nevertheless he would give them to none. And he called for his son Pedro Arias, who was a right brave knight, though but of green years, and who had greatly entreated his father before this, that he would suffer him to fight in his stead. And Don Arias armed him completely with his own hands, and instructed him how to demean himself, and gave him his blessing with his right hand, and said unto him, that in such a point he went to save the people of Zamora, as when our Lord Jesus Christ came through the Virgin Mary, to save the people of this world, who were lost by our father Adam. Then went they into the field, where Don Diego Ordoñez was awaiting them, and Pedrarias entered the lists, and the judges placed them each in his place, and divided the sun between them, and went out, leaving them in the lists.

VI. Then they turned their horses one against the other, and ran at each other full bravely, like good knights. Five times they encountered, and at the sixth encounter their spears brake, and they laid hand upon their swords, and dealt each other such heavy blows that the helmets failed; and in this manner the combat between them continued till noon. And when Don Diego Ordoñez saw that it lasted so long, and he could not yet conquer him, he called to mind that he was there fighting to revenge his Lord, who had been slain by a foul treason, and he collected together all his strength. And he lifted up his sword and smote Pedrarias upon the helmet, so that he cut through it, and through the hood of the mail also, and made a

wound in the head. And Pedrarias with the agony of death, and with the blood which ran over his eyes, bowed down to the neck of the horse; yet with all this he neither lost his stirrups, nor let go his sword. And Don Diego Ordoñez seeing him thus, thought that he was dead, and would not strike him again; and he called aloud, saying, Don Arias, send me another son, for this one will never fulfil your bidding. When Pedrarias heard this, grievously wounded as he was, he wiped the blood away with the sleeve of his mail, and went fiercely against him: and he took the sword in both hands, and thought to give it him upon his head; but the blow missed, and fell upon the horse, and cut off great part of his nostrils, and the reins with it; and the horse immediately ran away because of the great wound which he had received. And Don Diego had no reins wherewith to stop him, and perceiving that he should else be carried out of the lists, he threw himself off. And while he did this, Pedrarias fell down dead, just without the mark. And Don Diego Ordoñez laid hand on the bar, and said, Praised be the name of God, one is conquered. And incontinently the judges came and took him by the hand, and led him to a tent and disarmed him, and gave him three sops, and he drank of the wine and rested awhile. And afterwards they gave him other arms, and a horse that was a right good one, and went with him to the lists.

VII. Then Don Arias Gonzalo called for another son, whose name was Diego Arias, and said unto him, To horse! and go fight to deliver this Council and to revenge the death of your brother: and he answered, For this am I come hither. Then his father gave him his blessing and went with him to the lists. And the judges took the reins of the two champions and led them each to his place, and went out and left them in the lists. And they ran against each other with such force that both shields failed, and in another career they brake their lances. Then laid they hand on their good swords, and delivered such blows that their helmets were cut away, and the sleeves of the mail. And at length Diego Arias received such a blow near the heart that he fell dead. And Don Diego Ordoñez went to the bar and laid hold on it, and cried out to Don Arias Gonzalo, Send me another son, for I have conquered two, thanks be to God. Then the judges came and said that the dead knight was not yet out of the lists, and that he must alight and cast him out. And Don Diego Ordoñez did as they had directed him, and alighted from his horse and took the dead man by the leg, and dragged him to the line, and then letting the leg fall he thrust him out of the lists

with his feet. And then he went and laid hand upon the bar again, saying that he had liefer fight with a living man than drag a dead one out of the field. And then the judges came to him, and led him to the tent, and disarmed him, and gave him the three sops and the wine, as they had done before, and sent to say to Don Arias Gonzalo that this son also was slain, and that he should send another.

VIII. Then Don Arias Gonzalo, in great rage and in great trouble called for his son Rodrigo Arias, who was a good knight, right hardy and valiant, the elder of all the brethren; he had been in many a tournament, and with good fortune. And Don Arias said unto him, Son, go now and do battle with Diego Ordoñez, to save Doña Urraca your Lady, and yourself, and the Council of Zamora; and if you do this, in happy hour were you born. Then Rodrigo Arias kissed his hand and answered, Father, I thank you much for what you have said, and be sure that I will save them, or take my death. And he took his arms and mounted, and his father gave him his blessing, and went with him to the lists; and the judges took his reins and led him in. And when the judges were gone out, they twain ran at each other, and Don Diego missed his blow, but Rodrigo Arias did not miss, for he gave him so great a stroke with the lance that it pierced through the shield, and broke the saddle-bow behind, and made him lose his stirrups, and he embraced the neck of his horse. But albeit that Don Diego was sorely bested with that stroke, he took heart presently, and went bravely against him, and dealt him so great a blow that he broke the lance in him; for it went through the shield and all his other arms, and great part of the lance remained in his flesh. After this they laid hand to sword, and gave each to the other great blows, and great wounds with them. And Rodrigo Arias gave so great a wound to Diego Ordoñez, that he cut his left arm through to the bone. And Don Diego Ordoñez, when he felt himself so sorely wounded, went against Rodrigo Arias and delivered him a blow upon the head which cut through the helmet and the hood of the mail, and entered into his head. When Rodrigo Arias felt himself wounded to death, he let go the reins and took his sword in both hands, and gave so great a blow to the horse of Don Diego that he cut his head open. And the horse in his agony ran out of the lists, and carried Don Diego out also, and there died. And Rodrigo Arias fell dead as he was following him. Then Don Diego Ordoñez would have returned into the field to do battle with the other two, but the

judges would not permit this, neither did they think good to decide whether they of Zamora were overcome in this third duel or not. And in this manner the thing was left undecided. Nevertheless, though no sentence was given, there remained no infamy upon the people of Zamora. But better had it been for Don Arias Gonzalo if he had given up Vellido to the Castilians, that he might have died the death of a traitor; he would not then have lost these three sons, who died like good men, in their duty. Now what was the end of Vellido the history sayeth not, through the default of the Chroniclers; but it is to be believed, that because the impeachment was not made within three days, Don Arias Gonzalo thrust him out of the town as Doña Urraca had requested, and that he fled into other lands, peradventure among the Moors. And though it may be that he escaped punishment in this world, yet certes he could not escape it in hell, where he is tormented with Dathan and Abiram, and with Judas the Traitor, for ever and ever.

IX. In the meantime the Infanta Doña Urraca wrote letters secretly and sent messengers with them to Toledo to King Don Alfonso, telling him that King Don Sancho his brother was dead, and had left no heir, and that he should come as speedily as he could to receive the kingdoms. And she bade her messengers deliver these privately that the Moors might not discover what had taken place, lest they should seize upon King Don Alfonso, whom she dearly loved. Moreover the Castilians assembled together and found that as King Don Sancho had left no son to succeed him they were bound by right to receive King Don Alfonso as their Lord; and they also sent unto him in secret. Howbeit, certain of those spies who discover to the Moors whatever the Christians design to do, when they knew the death of King Don Sancho, went presently to acquaint the Moors therewith. Now Don Peransures, as he was a man of great understanding and understood the Arabic tongue, when he knew the death of King Don Sancho, and while he was devising how to get his Lord away from Toledo, rode out every day, as if to solace himself, on the way towards Castile, to see whom he might meet, and to learn tidings. And it fell out one day that he met a man who told him he was going with news to King Alimaymon, that King Don Sancho was dead; and Don Peransures took him aside from the road as if to speak to him, and cut off his head. And Peransures returned into the road and met another man coming with the same tidings to the King, and he slew him in like

manner. Nevertheless the tidings reached King Alimaymon. Now Peransures and his brethren feared that if the Moor knew this he would not let their Lord depart, but would seize him and make hard terms for his deliverance; and on the other hand, they thought that if he should learn it from any other than themselves, it would be yet worse. And while they were in doubt what they should do, King Don Alfonso, trusting in God's mercy, said unto them, When I came hither unto this Moor, he received me with great honour, and gave to me abundantly all things of which I stood in need, even as if I had been his son; how then should I conceal from him this favour which it hath pleased God to show me? I will go and tell it unto him. But Don Peransures besought him not to tell him of his brother's death. And he went to King Alimaymon and said unto him, that he would fain go into his own country, if it pleased him, to help his vassals, who stood greatly in need of him, and he besought him that he would give him men. The death of King Don Sancho he did not make known. And King Alimaymon answered that he should not do this, because he feared that King Don Sancho his brother would take him. And King Don Alfonso said, that he knew the ways and customs of his brother, and did not fear him, if it pleased the King to give him some Moors to help him. Now Alimaymon had heard of the death of King Don Sancho, and he had sent to occupy the roads and the passes, that King Don Alfonso might be stopped if he should attempt to depart without his knowledge. Howbeit he did not fully believe the tidings, seeing that King Don Alfonso did not speak of it; and he rejoiced in his heart at what the King said, and he said unto him, I thank God, Alfonso, that thou hast told me of thy wish to go into thine own country; for in this thou hast dealt loyally by me, and saved me from that which might else have happened, to which the Moors have alway importuned me. And hadst thou departed privily thou couldest not have escaped being slain or taken. Now then go and take thy kingdom; and I will give thee whatever thou hast need of to give to thine own people and win their hearts that they may serve thee. And he then besought him to renew the oath which he had taken, never to come against him nor his sons, but always to befriend them; and this same oath did the King of Toledo make unto him. Now Alimaymon had a grandson whom he dearly loved, who was not named in the oath, and King Don Alfonso therefore was not bound to keep it towards him. And King Don Alfonso

made ready for his departure, and Alimaymon and the chief persons of the court went out from the city with him and rode with him as far as the Sierra del Dragon, which is now called Valtome; and he gave him great gifts, and there they took leave of each other with great love.

X. As soon as King Don Alfonso arrived at Zamora, he pitched his tents in the field of Santiago, and took counsel with his sister. And the Infanta Doña Urraca, who was a right prudent lady and a wise, sent letters throughout the land, that a Cortes should assemble and receive him for their Lord. And when the Leonese and the Galegos knew that their Lord King Don Alfonso was come, they were full joyful, and they came to Zamora and received him for their Lord and King. And afterwards the Castilians arrived, and they of Navarre, and they also received him for their Lord and King, but upon this condition, that he should swear that he had not taken counsel for the death of his brother King Don Sancho. Howbeit they did not come forward to receive the oath, and they kissed his hands in homage, all, save only Ruydiez, my Cid. And when King Don Alfonso saw that the Cid did not do homage and kiss his hand, as all the other chief persons and prelates and Councils had done, he said, Since now ye have all received me for your Lord, and given me authority over ye, I would know of the Cid Ruydiez why he will not kiss my hand and acknowledge me; for I would do something for him, as I promised unto my father King Don Ferrando, when he commended him to me and to my brethren. And the Cid arose and said, Sir, all whom you see here present, suspect that by your counsel the King Don Sancho your brother came to his death; and therefore, I say unto you that, unless you clear yourself of this, as by right you should do, I will never kiss your hand, nor receive you for my Lord. Then said the King, Cid, what you say pleases me well; and here I swear to God and to St. Mary, that I never slew him, nor took counsel for his death, neither did it please me, though he had taken my kingdom from me. And I beseech ye therefore all, as friends and true vassals, that ye tell me how I may clear myself. And the chiefs who were present said, that he and twelve of the knights who came with him from Toledo, should make this oath in the church at St. Gadea at Burgos, and that so he should be cleared.

XI. So the King and all his company took horse and went to Burgos. And when the day appointed for the oath was come, the King went to hear mass in the church of Gadea, and

his sisters the Infantas Doña Urraca and Doña Elvira with him, and all his knights. And the King came forward upon a high stage that all the people might see him, and my Cid came to him to receive the oath; and my Cid took the book of the Gospels and opened it, and laid it upon the altar, and the King laid his hands upon it, and the Cid said unto him, King Don Alfonso, you come here to swear concerning the death of King Don Sancho your brother, that you neither slew him nor took counsel for his death; say now you and these hidalgos, if ye swear this. And the King and the hidalgos answered and said, Yea, we swear it. And the Cid said, If ye knew of this thing, or gave command that it should be done, may you die even such a death as your brother the King Don Sancho, by the hand of a villain whom you trust; one who is not a hidalgo, from another land, not a Castilian; and the King and the knights who were with him said Amen. And the King's colour changed; and the Cid repeated the oath unto him a second time, and the King and the twelve knights said Amen to it in like manner, and in like manner the countenance of the King was changed again. And my Cid repeated the oath unto him a third time, and the King and the knights said Amen; but the wrath of the King was exceeding great, and he said to the Cid, Ruydiez, why dost thou thus press me, man? To-day thou swearest me, and to-morrow thou wilt kiss my hand. And from that day forward there was no love towards my Cid* in the heart of the King.

XII. After this was King Don Alfonso crowned King of Castile, and Leon, and Galicia, and Portugal; and he called himself King and Emperor of all Spain, even as his father had done before him. And in the beginning of his reign he did in all things according to the counsel of the Infanta Doña Urraca his sister; and he was a good King, and kept his kingdom so well, that rich and poor alike dwelt in peace and security, neither did one man take arms against another, nor dare to do it, if he valued the eyes in his head. And if the King was noble and high of lineage, much more was he of heart; and in his days justice abounded in the land so, that if a woman had gone alone throughout the whole of his dominions, bearing gold and silver in her hand, she would have found none to hurt her, neither in the waste, nor in the peopled country. The merchants and

* The Cid when he repeated the oath seems only to have enforced the law of Castile.

pilgrims also who passed through his lands were so well protected, that none durst do them wrong. Never while the kingdom was his, had they of his land to do service to any other Lord. And he was a comforter of the sorrowful, and an increaser of the faith, and a defender of the churches, and the strength of the people; a judge without fear; there was not in Spain a consoler of the poor and of those who were oppressed, till he came. Now there was a mortal enmity between my Cid and Count Garcia Ordoñez, and in this year did my Cid gather together those of his table, and all his power, and entered into the lands of Logroño, and Navarre, and Calahorra, burning and spoiling the country before him. And he laid siege to the Castle of Faro and took it. And he sent messengers to the Count his enemy, to say that he would wait for him seven days, and he waited. And the mighty men of the land came to the Count Don Garcia, but come against my Cid that they dared not do, for they feared to do battle with him.

XIII. In the second year of the reign of King Don Alfonso, the King of Cordova made war upon Alimaymon King of Toledo, and did great damage in his land, and held him besieged in Toledo; and King Don Alfonso drew forth a great host and went to help the King of Toledo. When Alimaymon knew that he was coming with so great a power, he was greatly dismayed, thinking that he came against him; and he sent to remind him of the love and the honour which he had shown unto him in the days of his brother King Don Sancho, and of the oath which he had taken; and to beseech him that he would continue in peace with him. And the King detained his messengers, giving them no reply, and went on advancing into the land, doing no hurt therein. And when he came to Olias, he ordered the whole army to halt. And when the King of Cordova knew that King Don Alfonso was coming, he rose up from before Toledo, and fled away, and the men of Toledo pursued him and inflicted great loss upon him in his flight.

XIV. And when the army had halted at Olias, the King called for the messengers of Alimaymon, and took with him five knights, and rode to Toledo. And when they came to the gate which is called Visagra, the messengers who went with him made him enter the town, and he sent one of them to tell the King that he was there, and went on in the meantime towards the Alcazar. And when King Alimaymon heard this, he would not wait till a beast should be brought him that he might ride, but set out on foot and went to meet him · and as he was going

out he met King Don Alfonso, and they embraced each other. And the King of Toledo kissed King Don Alfonso's shoulder, 'or the joy and pleasure that he had in his heart at seeing him; and he gave thanks to God for what he had done to King Don Alfonso, and thanked him also for the truth which was in him in coming thus to his deliverance, and for remembering the oath which they had made each to the other. And they rejoiced together all that night, and great was the joy of the people of Toledo, because of the love which King Don Alfonso bore toward their Lord. But great was the sorrow in the host of the Castilians, for they never thought to see their Lord again; and they thought that he had committed a great folly in thus putting himself into the power of the Moors.

XV. On the morrow, King Don Alfonso besought King Alimaymon that he would go and eat with him at Olias, and see how he came to help him. And they went both together with a little company, and when they of the host saw their Lord they were all right joyful, and the two Kings went through the camp, and they sat down to eat in the tent of the King, which was a large one. And while they were at meat King Don Alfonso gave order in secret that five hundred knights should arm themselves and surround the tent. And when the King of Toledo saw these armed knights, and that the tent was surrounded, he was in great fear, and he asked of King Don Alfonso what it should be; and the King bade him eat, and said, that afterwards they would tell him. And after they had eaten, King Don Alfonso said to Alimaymon, You made me swear and promise when you had me in Toledo in your power, that no evil should ever come against you on my part; now since I have you in my power I will that you release me from this oath and covenant. And the King of Toledo consented to release him, and besought him to do him no other wrong, and he acquitted him from the promise three times. And when he had done this King Don Alfonso called for the book of the Gospels, and said unto him, Now then that you are in my power, I swear and promise unto you never to go against you, nor against your son, and to aid you against all other men in the world. And I make this oath unto you because there was reason why I should have broken that other one, seeing that it was made when I was in your hands; but against this I must not go, for I make it when you you are in mine, and I could do with you even whatever pleased me; and he laid his hands upon the book, and swore even as he had said. Right joyful was the King of Toledo at this which

King Don Alfonso had done, for the loyalty which he had shown towards him. And they remained that night together; and on the morrow Alimaymon returned to his city full gladly, and King Don Alfonso made his host move on towards Cordova, and Alimaymon went with him; and they overran the land, and burnt towns and villages, and destroyed castles, and plundered whatever they could find; and they returned each into his own country with great spoils. And from thenceforward the King of Cordova durst no more attack the King of Toledo.

XVI. In the following years nothing is found to be related, save that my Cid did battle by command of the King with a knight called Ximen Garcia de Tiogelos, who was one of the best of Navarre: they fought for the castle of Pazluengas, and for two other castles, and my Cid conquered him, and King Don Alfonso had the castles. And after this my Cid did battle in Medina Celi, with a Moor called Faras, who was a good knight in arms, and he defeated and slew him and another also. And in the fifth year of the reign of King Don Alfonso, the King sent the Cid to the Kings of Seville and of Cordova, for the tribute which they were bound to pay him. Now there was at this time war between Almocanis King of Seville, and Almundafar King of Granada, and with Almundafar were these men of Castile, the Count Don Garcia Ordoñez, and Fortun Sanchez, the son-in-law of King Don Garcia of Navarre, and Lope Sanchez his brother, and Diego Perez, one of the best men of Castile; and they aided him all that they could, and went against the King of Seville. And when my Cid knew this it troubled him, and he sent unto them requiring them not to go against the King of Seville, nor to destroy his country, because he was King Don Alfonso's vassal; otherwise the King must defend him. And the King of Granada and the Ricos-omes who were with him cared nothing for his letters, but entered boldly into the land of Seville, and advanced as far as Cabra, burning and laying waste before them. When the Cid saw this he gathered together what Christians he could and went against them. And the King of Granada and the Christians who were with him, sent to tell him that they would not go out of the country for him. And the wrath of the Cid was kindled, and he went against them, and fought with them in the field, and the battle lasted from the hour of tierce even until the hour of sexts; and many died upon the part of the King of Granada, and at length my Cid overcame them and made them take to flight. And Count Garcia Ordoñez was taken prisoner, and

Lope Sanchez, and Diego Perez, and many other knights, and of other men so many that they were out of number; and the dead were so many that no man could count them; and the spoils of the field were very great. And the Cid held these good men prisoners three days and then set them free, and he returned with great honour and great riches to Seville. And King Almocanis received him full honourably, and gave him great gifts for himself, and paid him the full tribute for the King; and he returned rich to Castile, and with great honour. And King Don Alfonso was well pleased with the good fortune of the Cid in all his feats; but there were many who wished ill to him, and sought to set the King against him.

XVII. After this King Don Alfonso assembled together all his power and went against the Moors. And the Cid should have gone with him, but he fell sick and perforce therefore abode at home. And while the King was going through Andalusia, having the land at his mercy, a great power of the Moors assembled together on the other side, and entered the land, and besieged the castle of Gormaz, and did much evil. At this time the Cid was gathering strength; and when he heard that the Moors were in the country, laying waste before them, he gathered together what force he could, and went after them; and the Moors, when they heard this, dared not abide his coming, but began to fly. And the Cid followed them to Atienza, and to Siguenza, and Fita, and Guadalajara, and through the whole land of St. Esteban, as far as Toledo, slaying and burning, and plundering and destroying, and laying hands on all whom he found, so that he brought back seven thousand prisoners, men and women; and he and all his people returned rich and with great honour. But when the King of Toledo heard of the hurt which he had received at the hands of the Cid, he sent to King Don Alfonso to complain thereof, and the King was greatly troubled. And then the Ricos-omes who wished ill to the Cid, had the way open to do him evil with the King, and they said to the King, Sir, Ruydiez hath broken your faith, and the oath and promise which you made to the King of Toledo: and he hath done this for no other reason but that the Moors of Toledo may fall upon us here, and slay both you and us. And the King believed what they said, and was wroth against the Cid, having no love towards him because of the oath which he had pressed upon him at Burgos concerning the death of King Don Sancho his brother. And he went with all speed to Burgos, and sent from thence to bid the Cid come unto him.

XVIII. Now my Cid knew the evil disposition of the King towards him, and when he received his bidding, he made answer that he would meet him between Burgos and Bivar. And the King went out from Burgos and came nigh unto Bivar; and the Cid came up to him and would have kissed his hand, but the King withheld it, and said angrily unto him, Ruydiez, quit my land. Then the Cid clapped spurs to the mule upon which he rode, and vaulted into a piece of ground which was his own inheritance, and answered, Sir, I am not in your land, but in my own. And the King replied full wrathfully, Go out of my kingdoms without any delay. And the Cid made answer, Give me then thirty days time, as is the right of the hidalgos; and the King said he would not, but that if he were not gone in nine days time he would come and look for him. The Counts were well pleased at this; but all the people of the land were sorrowful. And then the King and the Cid parted. And the Cid sent for all his friends and his kinsmen and vassals, and told them how King Don Alfonso had banished him from the land, and asked of them who would follow him into banishment, and who would remain at home. Then Alvar Fañez, who was his cousin-german, came forward and said, Cid, we will all go with you, through desert and through peopled country, and never fail you. In your service will we spend our mules and horses, our wealth and our garments, and ever while we live be unto you loyal friends and vassals. And they all confirmed what Alvar Fañez had said; and the Cid thanked them for their love, and said that there might come a time in which he should guerdon them.

XIX. And as he was about to depart he looked back upon his own home, and when he saw his hall deserted, the household chests unfastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon the perches, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, My enemies have done this . . God be praised for all things. And he turned toward the East, and knelt and said, Holy Mary Mother, and all Saints, pray to God for me, that he may give me strength to destroy all the Pagans, and to win enough from them to requite my friends therewith, and all those who follow and help me. Then he called for Alvar Fañez and said unto him, Cousin, the poor have no part in the wrong which the King hath done us; see now that no wrong be done unto them along our road: and he called for his horse. And then an old woman who was standing at her door said, Go in a lucky minute, and make spoil of whatever you wish. And with this proverb he rode on, saying,

Friends, by God's good pleasure we shall return to Castile with great honour and great gain. And as they went out from Bivar they had a crow on their right hand, and when they came to Burgos they had a crow on the left.

XX. My Cid Ruydiez entered Burgos, having sixty streamers in his company. And men and women went forth to see him, and the men of Burgos and the women of Burgos were at their windows, weeping, so great was their sorrow; and they said with one accord, God, how good a vassal if he had but a good Lord! and willingly would each have bade him come in, but no one dared so to do. For King Don Alfonso in his anger had sent letters to Burgos, saying that no man should give the Cid a lodging; and that whosoever disobeyed should lose all that he had, and moreover the eyes in his head. Great sorrow had these Christian folk at this, and they hid themselves when he came near them because they did not dare speak to him; and my Cid went to his Posada, and when he came to the door he found it fastened, for fear of the King. And his people called out with a loud voice, but they within made no answer. And the Cid rode up to the door, and took his foot out of the stirrup, and gave it a kick, but the door did not open with it, for it was well secured; a little girl of nine years old then came out of one of the houses and said unto him, O Cid, the King hath forbidden us to receive you. We dare not open our doors to you, for we should lose our houses and all that we have, and the eyes in our head. Cid, our evil would not help you, but God and all his Saints be with you. And when she had said this she returned into the house. And when the Cid knew what the King had done he turned away from the door and rode up to St. Mary's, and there he alighted and knelt down, and prayed with all his heart; and then he mounted again and rode out of the town, and pitched his tent near Arlanzon, upon the Glera, that is to say, upon the sands. My Cid Ruydiez, he who in a happy hour first girt on his sword, took up his lodging upon the sands, because there was none who would receive him within their door. He had a good company round about him, and there he lodged as if he had been among the mountains.

XXI. Moreover the King had given orders that no food should be sold them in Burgos, so that they could not buy even a pennyworth. But Martin Antolinez, who was a good Burgalese, he supplied my Cid and all his company with bread and wine abundantly. Campeador, said he to the Cid, to-

night will we rest here, and to-morrow we will be gone: I shall be accused for what I have done in serving you, and shall be in the King's displeasure; but following your fortunes, sooner or later, the King will have me for his friend, and if not, I do not care a fig for what I leave behind. Now this Martin Antolinez was nephew unto the Cid, being the son of his brother, Ferrando Diaz. And the Cid said unto him, Martin Antolinez, you are a bold Lancer; if I live I will double you your pay. You see I have nothing with me, and yet must provide for my companions. I will take two chests and fill them with sand, and do you go in secret to Rachel and Vidas, and tell them to come hither privately; for I cannot take my treasures with me because of their weight, and will pledge them in their hands. Let them come for the chests at night, that no man may see them. God knows that I do this thing more of necessity than of wilfulness; but by God's good help I shall redeem all. Now Rachel and Vidas were rich Jews, from whom the Cid used to receive money for his spoils. And Martin Antolinez went in quest of them, and he passed through Burgos and entered into the Castle; and when he saw them he said, Ah, Rachel and Vidas, my dear friends! now let me speak with ye in secret. And they three went apart. And he said to them, Give me your hands that you will not discover me neither to Moor nor Christian! I will make you rich men for ever. The Campeador went for the tribute and he took great wealth, and some of it he has kept for himself. He has two chests full of gold; ye know that the King is in anger against him, and he cannot carry these away with him without their being seen. He will leave them therefore in your hands, and you shall lend him money upon them, swearing with great oaths and upon your faith, that ye will not open them till a year be past. Rachel and Vidas took counsel together and answered, We well knew he got something when he entered the land of the Moors; he who has treasures does not sleep without suspicion; we will take the chests, and place them where they shall not be seen. But tell us with what will the Cid be contented, and what gain will he give us for the year? Martin Antolinez answered like a prudent man, My Cid requires what is reasonable; he will ask but little to leave his treasures in safety. Men come to him from all parts. He must have six hundred marks. And the Jews said, We will advance him so much. Well then, said Martin Antolinez, ye see that the night is advancing; the Cid is in haste, give us the marks. This is not the way of business,

said they; we must take first, and then give. Ye say well, replied the Burgalese; come then to the Campeador, and we will help you to bring away the chests, so that neither Moors nor Christians may see us. So they went to horse and rode out together, and they did not cross the bridge, but rode through the water that no man might see them, and they came to the tent of the Cid.

XXII. Meantime the Cid had taken two chests, which were covered with leather of red and gold, and the nails which fastened down the leather were well gilt; they were ribbed with bands of iron, and each fastened with three locks; they were heavy, and he filled them with sand. And when Rachel and Vidas entered his tent with Martin Antolinez, they kissed his hand; and the Cid smiled and said to them, Ye see that I am going out of the land, because of the King's displeasure; but I shall leave something with ye. And they made answer, Martin Antolinez has covenanted with us, that we shall give you six hundred marks upon these chests, and keep them a full year, swearing not to open them till that time be expired, else shall we be perjured. Take the chests, said Martin Antolinez; I will go with you, and bring back the marks, for my Cid must move before cockcrow. So they took the chests, and though they were both strong men they could not raise them from the ground; and they were full glad of the bargain which they had made. And Rachel then went to the Cid and kissed his hand and said, Now, Campeador, you are going from Castile among strange nations, and your gain will be great, even as your fortune is. I kiss your hand, Cid, and have a gift for you, a red skin; it is Moorish and honourable. And the Cid said, It pleases me: give it me if ye have brought it, if not reckon it upon the chests. And they departed with the chests, and Martin Antolinez and his people helped them, and went with them. And when they had placed the chests in safety, they spread a carpet in the middle of the hall, and laid a sheet upon it, and they threw down upon it three hundred marks of silver. Don Martin counted them, and took them without weighing. The other three hundred they paid in gold. Don Martin had five squires with him, and he loaded them all with the money. And when this was done he said to them, Now Don Rachel and Vidas, you have got the chests, and I who got them for you well deserve a pair of hose. And the Jews said to each other, Let us give him a good gift for this which he has done; and they said to him, We will give you enough for hose and for a rich doublet and a

good cloak; you shall have thirty marks. Don Martin thanked them and took the marks, and bidding them both farewell, he departed right joyfully.

XXIII. When Martin Antolinez came into the Cid's tent he said unto him, I have sped well, Campeador! you have gained six hundred marks, and I thirty. Now then strike your tent and be gone. The time draws on, and you may be with your Lady Wife at St. Pedro de Cardeña, before the cock crows. So the tent was struck, and my Cid and his company went to horse at this early hour. And the Cid turned his horse's head toward St. Mary's, and with his right hand he blessed himself on the forehead, and he said, God be praised! help me, St. Mary. I go from Castile because the anger of the King is against me, and I know not whether I shall ever enter it again in all my days. Help me, glorious Virgin, in my goings, both by night and by day. If you do this and my lot be fair, I will send rich and goodly gifts to your altar, and will have a thousand masses sung there. Then with a good heart he gave his horse the reins. And Martin Antolinez said to him, Go ye on; I must back to my wife and tell her what she is to do during my absence. I shall be with you in good time. And back he went to Burgos, and my Cid and his company pricked on. The cocks were crowing amain, and the day began to break, when the good Campeador reached St. Pedro's. The Abbot Don Sisebuto was saying matins, and Doña Ximena and five of her ladies of good lineage were with him, praying to God and St. Peter to help my Cid. And when he called at the gate and they knew his voice, God, what a joyful man was the Abbot Don Sisebuto! Out into the courtyard they went with torches and with tapers, and the Abbot gave thanks to God that he now beheld the face of my Cid. And the Cid told him all that had befallen him, and how he was a banished man; and he gave him fifty marks for himself, and a hundred for Doña Ximena and her children. Abbot, said he, I leave two little girls behind me, whom I commend to your care. Take you care of them and of my wife and of her ladies: when this money be gone, if it be not enough, supply them abundantly: for every mark which you expend upon them I will give the Monastery four. And the Abbot promised to do this with a right good will. Then Doña Ximena came up and her daughters with her, each of them borne in arms, and she knelt down on both her knees before her husband, weeping bitterly, and she would have kissed his hand; and she said to him, Lo, now you are banished from the land

by mischief-making men, and here am I with your daughters, who are little ones and of tender years, and we and you must be parted, even in your lifetime. For the love of St. Mary tell me now what we shall do. And the Cid took the children in his arms, and held them to his heart and wept, for he dearly loved them. Please God and St. Mary, said he, I shall yet live to give these my daughters in marriage with my own hands, and to do you service yet, my honoured wife, whom I have ever loved, even as my own soul.

XXIV. A great feast did they make that day in the Monastery for the good Campeador, and the bells of St. Pedro's rung merrily. Meantime the tidings had gone through Castile how my Cid was banished from the land, and great was the sorrow of the people. Some left their houses to follow him, others forsook their honourable offices which they held. And that day a hundred and fifteen knights assembled at the bridge of Arlanzon, all in quest of my Cid; and there Martin Antolinez joined them, and they rode on together to St. Pedro's. And when he of Bivar knew what a goodly company were coming to join him, he rejoiced in his own strength, and rode out to meet them and greeted them full courteously; and they kissed his hand, and he said to them, I pray to God that I may one day requite ye well, because ye have forsaken your houses and your heritages for my sake, and I trust that I shall pay ye twofold. Six days of the term allotted were now gone, and three only remained: if after that time he should be found within the King's dominions, neither for gold nor for silver could he then escape. That day they feasted together, and when it was evening the Cid distributed among them all that he had, giving to each man according to what he was; and he told them that they must meet at mass after matins, and depart at that early hour. Before the cock crew they were ready, and the Abbot said the mass of the Holy Trinity, and when it was done they left the church and went to horse. And my Cid embraced Doña Ximena and his daughters, and blessed them; and the parting between them was like separating the nail from the quick flesh: and he wept and continued to look round after them. Then Alvar Fañez came up to him and said, Where is your courage, my Cid? In a good hour were you born of woman. Think of our road now; these sorrows will yet be turned into joy. And the Cid spake again to the Abbot, commending his family to his care;—well did the Abbot know that he should one day receive good guerdon. And as he took leave of the Cid, Alvar Fañez said to him, Abbot,

if you see any who come to follow us, tell them what route we take, and bid them make speed, for they may reach us either in the waste or in the peopled country. And then they loosed the reins and pricked forward.

XXV. That night my Cid lay at Spinar de Can, and people flocked to him from all parts, and early on the morrow he set out; Santestevan lay on his left hand, which is a good city, and Ahilon on the right, which belongs to the Moors, and he passed by Alcobiella, which is the boundary of Castile. And he went by the Calzada de Quinea, and crossed the Douro upon rafts. That night, being the eighth, they rested at Figeruela, and more adventurers came to join him. And when my Cid was fast asleep, the Angel Gabriel appeared to him in a vision, and said, Go on boldly and fear nothing; for everything shall go well with thee as long as thou livest, and all the things which thou beginnest, thou shalt bring to good end, and thou shalt be rich and honourable. And the Cid awoke and blessed himself: and he crossed his forehead and rose from his bed, and knelt down and gave thanks to God for the mercy which he had vouchsafed him, being right joyful because of the vision. Early on the morrow they set forth; now this was the last day of the nine. And they went on towards the Sierra de Miedes. Before sunset the Cid halted and took account of his company; there were three hundred lances, all with streamers, beside foot soldiers. And he said unto them, Now take and eat, for we must pass this great and wild Sierra, that we may quit the land of King Alfonso this night. To-morrow he who seeks us may find us. So they passed the Sierra that night.

BOOK IV.

I. Now hath my Cid left the kingdom of King Don Alfonso, and entered the country of the Moors. And at daybreak they were near the brow of the Sierra, and they halted there upon the top of the mountains, and gave barley to their horses, and remained there until evening. And they set forward when the evening had closed, that none might see them, and continued their way all night, and before dawn they came near to Castrejon, which is upon the Henares. And Alvar Fañez said unto the Cid, that he would take with him two hundred horsemen, and scour the country as far as Fita and Guadalajara and Alcala, and lay hands on whatever he could find, without fear either of King Alfonso or of the Moors. And he counselled him to remain in ambush where he was, and surprise the castle of Castrejon: and it seemed good unto my Cid. Away went Alvar Fañez, and Alvar Alvarez with him, and Alvar Salvadores, and Galin Garcia, and the two hundred horsemen; and the Cid remained in ambush with the rest of his company. And as soon as it was morning, the Moors of Castrejon, knowing nothing of these who were so near them, opened the castle gates, and went out to their work as they were wont to do. And the Cid rose from ambush and fell upon them, and took all their flocks, and made straight for the gates, pursuing them. And there was a cry within the castle that the Christians were upon them, and they who were within ran to the gates to defend them, but my Cid came up sword in hand; eleven Moors did he slay with his own hand, and they forsook the gate and fled before him to hide themselves within, so that he won the castle presently, and took gold and silver, and whatever else he would.

II. Alvar Fañez meantime scoured the country along the Henares as far as Alcala, and he returned driving flocks and herds before him, with great stores of wearing apparel, and of other plunder. He came with the banner of Minaya, and there were none who dared fall upon his rear. And when the Cid

knew that he was nigh at hand he went out to meet him, and praised him greatly for what he had done, and gave thanks to God. And he gave order that all the spoils should be heaped together, both what Alvar Fañez had brought, and what had been taken in the castle; and he said to him, Brother, of all this which God hath given us, take you the fifth, for you well deserve it; but Minaya would not, saying, You have need of it for our support. And the Cid divided the spoil among the knights and foot-soldiers, to each his due portion; to every horseman a hundred marks of silver, and half as much to the foot-soldiers: and because he could find none to whom to sell his fifth, he spake to the Moors of Castrejon, and sent to those of Fita and Guadalajara, telling them that they might come safely to purchase the spoil, and the prisoners also whom he had taken, both men-prisoners and women, for he would have none with him. And they came, and valued the spoil and the prisoners, and gave for them three thousand marks of silver, which they paid within three days: they bought also much of the spoil which had been divided, making great gain, so that all who were in my Cid's company were full rich. And the heart of my Cid was joyous, and he sent to King Don Alfonso, telling him that he and his companions would yet do him service upon the Moors.

III. Then my Cid assembled together his good men and said unto them, Friends, we cannot take up our abode in this Castle, for there is no water in it, and moreover the King is at peace with these Moors, and I know that the treaty between them hath been written; so that if we should abide here he would come against us with all his power, and with all the power of the Moors, and we could not stand against him. If therefore it seem good unto you, let us leave the rest of our prisoners here, for it does not beseem us to take any with us, but to be as free from all incumbrance as may be, like men who are to live by war, and to help ourselves with our arms. And it pleased them well that it should be so. And he said to them, Ye have all had your shares, neither is there anything owing to any one among ye. Now then let us be ready to take horse betimes on the morrow, for I would not fight against my Lord the King. So on the morrow they went to horse and departed, being rich with the spoils which they had won; and they left the castle to the Moors, who remained blessing them for this bounty which they had received at their hands. Then my Cid and his company went up the Henares as fast as they could go, and they

passed by the Alcarias,* and by the caves of Anquita, and through the waters, and they entered the plain of Toranció, and halted between Fariza and Cetina; great were the spoils which they collected as they went along. And on the morrow they passed Alfama, and leaving the Gorge below them they passed Bobierca, and Teca which is beyond it, and came against Alcocer. There my Cid pitched his tents upon a round hill, which was a great hill and a strong; and the river Salon ran near them, so that the water could not be cut off. My Cid thought to take Alcocer; so he pitched his tents securely, having the Sierra on one side, and the river on the other, and he made all his people dig a trench, that they might not be alarmed, neither by day nor by night.

IV. When my Cid had thus encamped, he went to look at the Alcazar, and see if he could by any means enter it. And the Moors offered tribute to him if he would leave them in peace; but this he would not do, and he lay before the town. And news went through all the land that the Cid was come among them, and they of Calatayud were in fear. And my Cid lay before Alcocer fifteen weeks; and when he saw that the town did not surrender, he ordered his people to break up their camp, as if they were flying, and they left one of their tents behind them, and took their way along the Salon, with their banners spread. And when the Moors saw this they rejoiced greatly, and there was a great stir among them, and they praised themselves for what they had done in withstanding him, and said, that the Cid's bread and barley had failed him, and he had fled away, and left one of his tents behind him. And they said among themselves, Let us pursue them and spoil them, for if they of Teruel should be before us the honour and the profit will be theirs and we shall have nothing. And they went out after him, great and little, leaving the gates open and shouting as they went; and there was not left in the town a man who could bear arms. And when my Cid saw them coming he gave orders to quicken their speed, as if he was in fear, and would not let his people turn till the Moors were far enough from the town. But when he saw that there was a good distance between them and the gates, then he bade his banner turn, and spurred towards them, crying, Lay on, knights; by God's mercy the

* Alcaria signifies a cottage. The word however is used in the Poem as the name of a place, as we should speak of a few dwelling-houses standing together in an open country.

spoil is our own. God! what a good joy was theirs that morning! My Cid's vassals laid on without mercy;—in one hour, and in a little space, three hundred Moors were slain, and the Cid and Alvar Fañez had good horses, and got between them and the Castle, and stood in the gateway sword in hand, and there was a great mortality among the Moors; and my Cid won the place, and Pero Bermudez planted his banner upon the highest point of the Castle. And the Cid said, Blessed be God, and all his Saints, we have bettered our quarters both for horses and men. And he said to Alvar Fañez and all his knights, Hear me, we shall get nothing by killing these Moors;—let us take them and they shall show us their treasures which they have hidden in their houses, and we will dwell here and they shall serve us. In this manner did my Cid win Alcocer, and take up his abode therein.

V. Much did this trouble the Moors of Teca, and it did not please those of Teruel, nor of Calatayud. And they sent to the King of Valencia to tell him that one who was called Ruydiez the Cid, whom King Don Alfonso had banished, was come into their country, and had taken Alcocer; and if a stop were not put to him, the King might look upon Teca and Teruel and Calatayud as lost, for nothing could stand against him, and he had plundered the whole country, along the Salon on the one side, and the Siloca on the other. When the King of Valencia, whose name was Alcamin, heard this, he was greatly troubled. And incontinently he spake unto two Moorish Kings who were his vassals, bidding them take three thousand horsemen, and all the men of the border, and bring the Cid to him alive, that he might make atonement to him for having entered his land.

VI. Fariz and Galve were the names of these two Moorish Kings, and they set out with the companies of King Alcamin from Valencia, and halted the first night in Segorve, and the second night at Celfa de Cenal. And they sent their messengers through the land to all the Councils thereof, ordering all men at arms, as well horsemen as footmen, to join them, and the third night they halted at Calatayud, and great numbers joined them; and they came up against Alcocer, and pitched their tents round about the Castle. Every day their host increased, for their people were many in number, and their watchmen kept watch day and night; and my Cid had no succour to look for except the mercy of God, in which he put his trust. And the Moors beset them so close that they cut off their water, and albeit the Castilians would have sallied against them, my Cid

forbade this. In this guise were my Cid and his people besieged for three weeks, and when the fourth week began, he called for Alvar Fañez, and for his company, and said unto them, Ye see that the Moors have cut off our water, and we have but little bread; they gather numbers day by day, and we become weak, and they are in their own country. If we would depart they would not let us, and we cannot go out by night because they have beset us round about on all sides, and we cannot pass on high through the air, neither through the earth which is underneath. Now then if it please you let us go out and fight with them, though they are many in number, and either defeat them or die an honourable death.

VII. Then Minaya answered and said, We have left the gentle land of Castile, and are come hither as banished men, and if we do not beat the Moors they will not give us food. Now, though we are but few, yet are we of a good stock, and of one heart and one will; by God's help let us go out and smite them to-morrow, early in the morning, and you who are not in a state of penitence, go and shrive yourselves and repent ye of your sins. And they all held that what Alvar Fañez had said was good. And my Cid answered, Minaya, you have spoken as you should do. Then ordered he all the Moors, both men and women, to be thrust out of the town, that it might not be known what they were preparing to do; and the rest of that day and the night also they passed in making ready for the battle. And on the morrow at sunrise the Cid gave his banner to Pero Bermudez, and bade him bear it boldly like a good man as he was, but he charged him not to thrust forward with it without his bidding. And Pero Bermudez kissed his hand, being well pleased. Then leaving only two foot soldiers to keep the gates, they issued out; and the Moorish scouts saw them and hastened to the camp. Then was there such a noise of tambours as if the earth would have been broken, and the Moors armed themselves in great haste. Two royal banners were there, and five city ones, and they drew up their men into great bodies, and moved on, thinking to take my Cid and all his company alive; and my Cid bade his men remain still and not move till he should bid them.

VIII. Pero Bermudez could not bear this, but holding the banner in his hand, he cried, God help you, Cid Campeador; I shall put your banner in the middle of that main body; and you who are bound to stand by it—I shall see how you will succour it. And he began to prick forward. And the Campeador

called unto him to stop as he loved him, but Pero Bermudez replied he would stop for nothing, and away he spurred and carried his banner into the middle of the great body of the Moors. And the Moors fell upon him that they might win the banner, and beset him on all sides, giving him many and great blows to beat him down; nevertheless his arms were proof, and they could not pierce them, neither could they beat him down, nor force the banner from him, for he was a right brave man and a strong, and a good horseman, and of great heart. And when the Cid saw him thus beset he called to his people to move on and help him. Then placed they their shields before their hearts, and lowered their lances with the streamers thereon, and bending forward, rode on. Three hundred lances were they, each with its pendent, and every man at the first charge slew his Moor. Smite them, knights, for the love of charity, cried the Campeador. I am Ruydiez, the Cid of Bivar! Many a shield was pierced that day, and many a false corselet was broken, and many a white streamer dyed with blood, and many a horse left without a rider. The Misbelievers called on Mahomet, and the Christians on Santaiago, and the noise of the tambours and of the trumpets was so great that none could hear his neighbour. And my Cid and his company succoured Pero Bermudez, and they rode through the host of the Moors, slaying as they went, and they rode back again in like manner; thirteen hundred did they kill in this guise. If you would know who they were, who were the good men of that day, it behoves me to tell you, for though they are departed, it is not fitting that the names of those who have done well should die, nor would they who have done well themselves, or who hope so to do, think it right; for good men would not be so bound to do well, if their good feats should be kept silent. There was my Cid, the good man in battle, who fought well upon his gilt saddle; and Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Martin Antolinez the Burgalese of prowess, and Muno Gustios, and Martin Munoz who held Montemayor, and Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvadores, and Galin Garcia the good one of Arragon, and Felez Munoz the nephew of the Campeador. Wherever my Cid went, the Moors made a path before him, for he smote them down without mercy. And while the battle still continued, the Moors killed the horse of Alvar Fañez, and his lance was broken, and he fought bravely with his sword afoot. And my Cid, seeing him, came up to an Alguazil who rode upon a good horse, and smote him with his sword under the right arm, so that he cut him through and through, and he

gave the horse to Alvar Fañez, saying, Mount, Minaya, for you are my right hand.

IX. When Alvar Fañez was thus remounted, they fell upon the Moors again, and by this time the Moors were greatly disheartened, having suffered so great loss, and they began to give way. And my Cid, seeing King Fariz, made towards him, smiting down all who were in his way; and he came up to him, and made three blows at him; two of them failed, but the third was a good one, and went through his cuirass, so that the blood ran down his legs. And with that blow was the army of the Moors vanquished, for King Fariz, feeling himself so sorely wounded, turned his reins and fled out of the field, even to Teruel. And Martin Antolinez the good Burgalese came up to King Galve, and gave him a stroke on the head, which scattered all the carbuncles out of his helmet, and cut through it even to the skin; and the King did not wait for another such, and he fled also. A good day was that for Christendom, for the Moors fled on all sides. King Fariz got into Teruel, and King Galve fled after him, but they would not receive him within the gates, and he went on to Calatayud. And the Christians pursued them even to Calatayud. And Alvar Fañez had a good horse; four and thirty did he slay in that pursuit with the edge of his keen sword, and his arm was all red, and the blood dropped from his elbow. And as he was returning from the spoil he said, Now am I well pleased, for good tidings will go to Castile, how my Cid has won a battle in the field. My Cid also turned back; his coif was wrinkled, and you might see his full beard; the hood of his mail hung down upon his shoulders, and the sword was still in his hand. He saw his people returning from the pursuit, and that of all his company fifteen only of the lower sort were slain, and he gave thanks to God for this victory. Then they fell to the spoil, and they found arms in abundance, and great store of wealth; and five hundred and ten horses. And he divided the spoil, giving to each man his fair portion, and the Moors whom they had put out of Alcocer before the battle, they now received again into the castle, and gave to them also a part of the booty, so that all were well content. And my Cid had great joy with his vassals.

X. Then the Cid called unto Alvar Fañez and said, Cousin, you are my right hand, and I hold it good that you should take of my fifth as much as you will, for all would be well bestowed upon you; but Minaya thanked him, and said, that he would take nothing more than his share. And the Cid said unto him,

I will send King Don Alfonso a present from my part of the spoils. You shall go into Castile, and take with you thirty horses, the best which were taken from the Moors, all bridled and saddled, and each having a sword hanging from the saddle-bow; and you shall give them to the King, and kiss his hand for me, and tell him that we know how to make our way among the Moors. And you shall take also this bag of gold and silver, and purchase for me a thousand masses in St. Mary's at Burgos, and hang up there these banners of the Moorish Kings whom we have overcome. Go then to St. Pedro's at Cardeña, and salute my wife Doña Ximena, and my daughters, and tell them how well I go on, and that if I live I will make them rich women. And salute for me the Abbot Don Sisebuto, and give him fifty marks of silver; and the rest of the money, whatever shall be left, give to my wife, and bid them all pray for me. Moreover the Cid said unto him, This country is all spoiled, and we have to help ourselves with sword and spear. You are going to gentle Castile; if when you return you should not find us here, you will hear where we are.

XI. Alvar Fañez went his way to Castile, and he found the King in Valladolid, and he presented to him the thirty horses, with all their trappings, and swords mounted with silver hanging from the saddle-bows. And when the King saw them, before Alvar Fañez could deliver his bidding, he said unto him, Minaya, who sends me this goodly present? and Minaya answered, My Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador, sends it, and kisses by me your hands. For since you were wroth against him, and banished him from the land, he being a man disherited, hath helped himself with his own hands, and hath won from the Moors the Castle of Alcocer. And the King of Valencia sent two Kings to besiege him there, with all his power, and they begirt him round about, and cut off the water and bread from us so that we could not subsist. And then holding it better to die like good men in the field, than shut up like bad ones, we went out against them, and fought with them in the open field, and smote them and put them to flight; and both the Moorish Kings were sorely wounded, and many of the Moors were slain, and many were taken prisoners, and great was the spoil which we won in the field, both of captives and of horses and arms, gold and silver and pearls, so that all who are with him are rich men. And of his fifth of the horses which were taken that day, my Cid hath sent you these, as to his natural Lord, whose favour he desireth. I beseech you, as God shall help you, show favour

unto him. Then King Don Alfonso answered, This is betimes in the morning for a banished man to ask favour of his Lord; nor is it befitting a King, for no Lord ought to be wroth for so short a time. Nevertheless, because the horses were won from the Moors, I will take them, and rejoice that my Cid hath sped so well. And I pardon you, Minaya, and give again unto you all the lands which you have ever held of me, and you have my favour to go when you will, and come when you will. Of the Cid Campeador, I shall say nothing now, save only that all who choose to follow him may freely go, and their bodies and goods and heritages are safe. And Minaya said, God grant you many and happy years for his service. Now I beseech you, this which you have done for me, do also to all those who are in my Cid's company, and show favour unto them also, that their possessions may be restored unto them. And the King gave order that it should be so. Then Minaya kissed the King's hand and said, Sir, you have done this now, and you will do the rest hereafter.

XII. My Cid remained awhile in Alcocer, and the Moors of the border waited to see what he would do. And in this time King Fariz got well of his wound, and my Cid sent to him and to the Moors, saying, that if they would give him three thousand marks of silver, he would leave Alcocer and go elsewhere. And King Fariz and the Moors of Techa, and of Teruel, and of Calatayud, were right glad of this, and the covenant was put in writing, and they sent him the three thousand marks. And my Cid divided it among his company, and he made them all rich, both knights and esquires and footmen, so that they said to one another, He who serves a good Lord, happy man is his dole. But the Moors of Alcocer were full sorry to see him depart, because he had been to them a kind master and a bountiful; and they said unto him, Wherever you go, Cid, our prayers will go before you: and they wept both men and women when my Cid went his way. So the Campeador raised his banner and departed, and he went down the Salon, and crossed it; and as he crossed the river they saw good birds, and signs of good fortune. And they of Za and of Calatayud were well pleased, because he went from them. My Cid rode on till he came to the knoll above Monte-Real; it is a high hill and strong, and there he pitched his tents, being safe on all sides. And from thence he did much harm to the Moors of Medina and of the country round about; and he made Daroca pay tribute, and Molina also, which is on the other side, and Teruel also, and

Celfa de Canal, and all the country along the river Martin. And the news went to the King of Zaragoza, and it neither pleased the King nor his people.

XIII. Ever after was that knoll called the Knoll of the Cid. And when the Perfect one had waited a long time for Minaya and saw that he did not come, he removed by night, and passed by Teruel and pitched his camp in the pine-forest of Tebar. And from thence he infested the Moors of Zaragoza, insomuch that they held it best to give him gold and silver and pay him tribute. And when this covenant had been made, Almudafar, the King of Zaragoza, became greatly his friend, and received him full honourably into the town. In three weeks time after this came Alvar Fañez from Castile. Two hundred men of lineage came with him, every one of whom wore a sword girt to his side, and the foot-soldiers in their company were out of number. When my Cid saw Minaya he rode up to him, and embraced him without speaking, and kissed his mouth and the eyes in his head. And Minaya told him all that he had done. And the face of the Campeador brightened, and he gave thanks to God and said, It will go well with me, Minaya, as long as you live! God, how joyful was that whole host because Alvar Fañez was returned! for he brought them greetings from their kinswomen and their brethren, and the fair comrades whom they had left behind. God, how joyful was my Cid with the fleecy beard, that Minaya had purchased the thousand masses, and had brought him the biddings of his wife and daughters! God, what a joyful man was he!

XIV. Now it came to pass that while my Cid was in Zaragoza the days of King Almudafar were fulfilled; and he left his two sons Zulema and Abenalfange, and they divided his dominions between them; and Zulema had the kingdom of Zaragoza, and Abenalfange the kingdom of Denia. And Zulema put his kingdom under my Cid's protection, and bade all his people obey him even as they would himself. Now there began to be great enmity between the two brethren, and they made war upon each other. And King Don Pedro of Arragon, and the Count Don Ramon Berenguer of Barcelona, helped Abenalfange, and they were enemies to the Cid because he defended Zulema. And my Cid chose out two hundred horsemen and went out by night, and fell upon the lands of Alcañiz; and he remained out three days in this inroad, and brought away great booty. Great was the talk thereof among the Moors; and they of Monzon and of Huesca were troubled, but they of Zaragoza rejoiced, because

they paid tribute to the Cid, and were safe. And when my Cid returned to Zaragoza he divided the spoil among his companions, and said to them, Ye know, my friends, that for all who live by their arms, as we do, it is not good to remain long in one place. Let us be off again to-morrow. So on the morrow they moved to the Puerto de Alucant, and from thence they infested Huesca and Montalban. Ten days were they out upon this inroad; and the news was sent everywhere how the exile from Castile was handling them, and tidings went to the King of Denia and to the Count of Barcelona, how my Cid was overrunning the country.

XV. When Don Ramon Berenguer the Count of Barcelona heard this, it troubled him to the heart, and he held it for a great dishonour, because that part of the land of the Moors was in his keeping. And he spake boastfully saying, Great wrong doth that Cid of Bivar offer unto me; he smote my nephew in my own court and never would make amends for it, and now he ravages the lands which are in my keeping, and I have never defied him for this nor renounced his friendship; but since he goes on in this way I must take vengeance. So he and King Abenalfange gathered together a great power both of Moors and Christians, and went in pursuit of the Cid, and after three days and two nights they came up with him in the pine-forest of Tebar, and they came on confidently, thinking to lay hands on him. Now my Cid was returning with much spoil, and had descended from the Sierra into the valley when tidings were brought him that Count Don Ramon Berenguer and the King of Denia were at hand, with a great power, to take away his booty, and take or slay him. And when the Cid heard this he sent to Don Ramon saying, that the booty which he had won was none of his, and bidding him let him go on his way in peace: but the Count made answer, that my Cid should now learn whom he had dishonoured, and make amends once for all. Then my Cid sent the booty forward, and bade his knights make ready. They are coming upon us, said he, with a great power both of Moors and Christians, to take from us the spoils which we have so hardly won, and without doing battle we cannot be quit of them; for if we should proceed they would follow till they overtook us: therefore let the battle be here, and I trust in God that we shall win more honour, and something to boot. They come down the hill, dressed in their hose, with their gay saddles, and their girths wet; we are with our hose covered and on our Galician saddles;—a hundred such as we ought to

beat their whole company. Before they get upon the plain ground let us give them the points of our lances; for one whom we run through, three will jump out of their saddles; and Ramon Berenguer will then see whom he has overtaken to-day in the pine-forest of Tebar, thinking to despoil him of the booty which I have won from the enemies of God and of the faith.

XVI. While my Cid was speaking, his knights had taken their arms, and were ready on horseback for the charge. Presently they saw the pendants of the Frenchmen coming down the hill, and when they were nigh the bottom, and had not yet set foot upon the plain ground, my Cid bade his people charge, which they did with a right good will, thrusting their spears so stiffly, that by God's good pleasure not a man whom they encountered but lost his seat. So many were slain and so many wounded, that the Moors were dismayed forthwith, and began to fly. The Count's people stood firm a little longer, gathering round their Lord; but my Cid was in search of him, and when he saw where he was, he made up to him, clearing the way as he went, and gave him such a stroke with his lance that he felled him down to the ground. When the Frenchmen saw their Lord in this plight they fled away and left him; and the pursuit lasted three leagues, and would have been continued farther if the conquerors had not had tired horses. So they turned back and collected the spoils, which were more than they could carry away. Thus was Count Ramon Berenguer made prisoner, and my Cid won from him that day the good sword Colada, which was worth more than a thousand marks of silver. That night did my Cid and his men make merry, rejoicing over their gains. And the Count was taken to my Cid's tent, and a good supper was set before him; nevertheless he would not eat, though my Cid besought him so to do. And on the morrow my Cid ordered a feast to be made, that he might do pleasure to the Count, but the Count said that for all Spain he would not eat one mouthful, but would rather die, since he had been beaten in battle by such a set of ragged fellows. And Ruydiez said to him, Eat and drink, Count, of this bread and of this wine, for this is the chance of war; if you do as I say you shall be free; and if not you will never return again into your own lands. And Don Ramon answered, Eat you, Don Rodrigo, for your fortune is fair and you deserve it; take you your pleasure, but leave me to die. And in this mood he continued for three days, refusing all food. But then my Cid said to him, Take food, Count, and be sure that I will set you free, you and any two of your knights, and

give you wherewith to return into your own country. And when Don Ramon heard this, he took comfort and said, If you will indeed do this thing I shall marvel at you as long as I live. Eat then, said Ruydiez, and I will do it: but mark you, of the spoil which we have taken from you I will give you nothing; for to that you have no claim, neither by right nor custom, and besides we want it for ourselves, being banished men, who must live by taking from you and from others as long as it shall please God. Then was the Count full joyful, being well pleased that what should be given him was not of the spoils which he had lost; and he called for water and washed his hands, and chose two of his kinsmen to be set free with him; the one was named Don Hugo, and the other Guillen Bernalto. And my Cid sat at the table with them, and said, If you do not eat well, Count, you and I shall not part yet. Never since he was Count did he eat with better will than that day! And when they had done he said, Now, Cid, if it be your pleasure let us depart. And my Cid clothed him and his kinsmen well with goodly skins and mantles, and gave them each a goodly palfrey, with rich caparisons, and he rode out with them on their way. And when he took leave of the Count he said to him, Now go freely, and I thank you for what you have left behind; if you wish to play for it again let me know, and you shall either have something back in its stead, or leave what you bring to be added to it. The Count answered, Cid, you jest safely now, for I have paid you and all your company for this twelvemonths, and shall not be coming to see you again so soon. Then Count Ramon pricked on more than apace, and many times looked behind him, fearing that my Cid would repent what he had done, and send to take him back to prison, which the Perfect one would not have done for the whole world, for never did he do disloyal thing.

XVII. Then he of Bivar returned to Zaragoza, and divided the spoil, which was so great that none of his men knew how much they had. And the Moors of the town rejoiced in his good speed, liking him well, because he protected them so well that they were safe from all harm. And my Cid went out again from Zaragoza, and rode over the lands of Monzon and Huerta and Onda and Buenar. And King Pedro of Arragon came out against him, but my Cid took the Castle of Monzon in his sight; and then he went to Tamarit: and one day as he rode out hunting from thence with twelve of his knights, he fell in with a hundred and fifty of the King of Arragon's people, and he

fought with them and put them to flight, and took seven knights prisoners, whom he let go freely. Then he turned towards the sea-coast, and won Xerica and Onda and Almenar, and all the lands of Borriana and Murviedro; and they in Valencia were greatly dismayed because of the great feats which he did in the land. And when he had plundered all that country he returned to Tamarit, where Zulema then was.

XVIII. Now Zulema had sent for my Cid, and the cause was this. His brother the King of Denia had taken counsel with Count Ramon Berenguer, and with the Count of Cardona, and with the brother of the Count of Urgel, and with the chiefs of Balsadron and Remolin and Cartaxes, that they should besiege the Castle of Almenar, which my Cid had refortified by command of King Zulema. And they came up against it while my Cid was away, besieging the Castle of Estrada, which is in the rivers Tiegio and Sege, the which he took by force. And they fought against it and cut off the water. And when my Cid came to the King at Tamarit, the King asked him to go and fight with the host which besieged Almenar; but my Cid said it would be better to give something to King Abenalfange that he should break up the siege and depart; for they were too great a power to do battle with, being as many in number as the sands on the sea shore. And the King did as he counselled him, and sent to his brother King Abenalfange, and to the chiefs who were with him, to propose this accord, and they would not. Then my Cid, seeing that they would not depart for fair means, armed his people, and fell upon them. That was a hard battle and well fought on both sides, and much blood was shed, for many good knights on either party were in the field; howbeit he of good fortune won the day at last, he who never was conquered. King Abenalfange and Count Ramon and most of the others fled, and my Cid followed, smiting and slaying for three leagues; and many good Christian knights were made prisoners. Ruydiez returned with great honour and much spoil, and gave all his prisoners to King Zulema, who kept them eight days, and then my Cid begged their liberty and set them free. And he and the King returned to Zaragoza, and the people came out to meet them, with great joy, and shouts of welcome. And the King honoured my Cid greatly, and gave him power in all his dominions.

XIX. At this time it came to pass that Almofalez, a Moor of Andalusia, rose up with the Castle of Rueda, which was held for King Don Alfonso. And because he held prisoner there the

brother of Adefir, another Moor, Adefir sent to the King of Castile, beseeching him to come to succour him, and recover the Castle. And the King sent the Infante Don Ramiro his cousin, and the Infante Don Sancho, son to the King of Navarre, and Count Don Gonzalo Salvadores, and Count Don Nuño Alvarez, and many other knights with them; and they came to the Castle, and Almofalez said he would not open the gates to them, but if the King came he would open to him. And when King Don Alfonso heard this, incontinently he came to Rueda. And Almofalez besought him to enter to a feast which he had prepared; howbeit the King would not go in, neither would his people have permitted him so to have risked his person. But the Infante Don Sancho entered, and Don Nuño, and Don Gonzalo, and fifteen other knights; and as soon as they were within the gate, the Moors threw down great stones upon them and killed them all. This was the end of the good Count Don Gonzalo Salvadores, who was so good a knight in battle that he was called He of the Four Hands. The bodies were ransomed, seeing that there was no remedy, the Castle being so strong, and Don Gonzalo was buried in the Monastery of Oña, according as he had appointed in his will; and the Infante Don Sancho with his forefathers the Kings of Navarre, in the royal Monastery of Naxara.

XX. Greatly was King Don Alfonso troubled at this villany, and he sent for the Cid, who was in those parts; and the Cid came to him with a great company. And the King told him the great treason which had been committed, and took the Cid into his favour, and said unto him that he might return with him into Castile. My Cid thanked him for his bounty, but he said he never would accept his favour unless the King granted what he should request; and the King bade him make his demand. And my Cid demanded, that when any hidalgo should be banished, in time to come, he should have the thirty days, which were his right, allowed him, and not nine only, as had been his case; and that neither hidalgo nor citizen should be proceeded against till they had been fairly and lawfully heard; also, that the King should not go against the privileges and charters and good customs of any town or other place, nor impose taxes upon them against their right; and if he did, that it should be lawful for the land to rise against him, till he had amended the misdeed. And to all this the King accorded, and said to my Cid that he should go back into Castile with him; but my Cid said he would not go into Castile till he had won that castle of Rueda, and de-

livered the villanous Moors thereof into his hands, that he might do justice upon them. So the King thanked him greatly, and returned into Castile, and my Cid remained before the castle of Rueda. And he lay before it so long, and beset it so close, that the food of the Moors failed, and they had no strength to defend themselves; and they would willingly have yielded the castle, so they might have been permitted to leave it and go whither they would; but he would have their bodies, to deliver them up to the King. When they saw that it must be so, great part of them came out, and yielded themselves prisoners; and then my Cid stormed the castle, and took Almofalez and they who held with him, so that none escaped; and he sent him and his accomplices in the treason to the King. And the King was right glad when they were brought before him, and he did great justice upon them, and sent to thank my Cid for having avenged him.

XXI. After my Cid had done this good service to King Don Alfonso, he and King Zulema of Zaragoza entered Arragon, slaying, and burning, and plundering before them, and they returned to the Castle of Monzon with great booty. Then the Cid went into King Abenalfange's country, and did much mischief there; and he got among the mountains of Moriella, and beat down everything before him, and destroyed the Castle of Moriella. And King Zulema sent to bid him build up the ruined Castle of Alcala, which is upon Moriella; and the Cid did so. But King Abenalfange being sorely grieved hereat, sent to King Pedro of Arragon, and besought him to come and help him against the Campeador. And the King of Arragon gathered together a great host in his anger, and he and the King of Denia, came against my Cid, and they halted that night upon the banks of the Ebro; and King Don Pedro sent letters to the Cid, bidding him leave the castle which he was then edifying. My Cid made answer, that if the King chose to pass that way in peace, he would let him pass, and show him any service in his power. And when the King of Arragon saw that he would not forsake the work, he marched against him, and attacked him. Then was there a brave battle, and many were slain; but my Cid won the day, and King Abenalfange fled, and King Don Pedro was taken prisoner, and many of his Counts and knights with him. My Cid returned to Zaragoza with this great honour, taking his prisoners with him; and he set them all freely at liberty, and having tarried in Zaragoza a few days, set forth for Castile, with great riches and full of honours.

XXII. Having done all these things in his banishment, my Cid returned to Castile, and the King received him well, and gave him the Castle of Dueñas, and of Orcejon, and Ybia, and Campo, and Gaña, and Berviesca, and Berlanga, with all their districts. And he gave him privileges with leaden seals appendant, and confirmed with his own hand, that whatever castles, towns, and places, he might win from the Moors, or from any one else, should be his own, quit and free for ever, both for him and for his descendants. Thus was my Cid received into the King's favour, and he abode with him long time, doing him great services, as his Lord.

BOOK V.

I. In these days King Yahia reigned in Toledo, the grandson of King Alimaymon, who had been the friend of King Don Alfonso; for Alimaymon was dead, and his son Hicem also. Now Yahia was a bad King, and one who walked not in the ways of his fathers. Insolent he was towards the elders, and cruel towards his people: and his yoke was so heavy that all men desired to see his death, because there was no good in him. And the people seeing that he did not protect them, and that their lands were ravaged safely, went to him and said, Stand up, Sir, for thy people and thy country, else we must look for some other Lord who will defend us. But he was of such lewd customs that he gave no heed to their words. And when they knew that there was no hope of him, the Moors sent to the King of Badajoz, inviting him to come and be their protector, saying that they would deliver the city into his hands in spite of Yahia. And the Muzarabes who dwelt in the city sent to King Don Alfonso, exhorting him to win Toledo, which he might well do, now that he was no longer bound by his oath. Then both Kings came, thinking to have the city: and the King of Badajoz came first, and the gates were opened to him in despite of Yahia. Howbeit King Don Alfonso speedily arrived, and the King of Badajoz, seeing that he could not maintain Toledo against him, retreated, and King Don Alfonso pursued him into his own dominions, and gave orders that he should be attacked along the whole of his border, and did not leave him till he had plainly submitted. In this manner was Yahia delivered from the King of Badajoz; but King Don Alfonso knowing how that city was to be taken, contented himself with overrunning the country, and despoiling it, even to the walls of the city; and thus he did for four years, so that he was master of the land.

II. In all this time did my Cid do good service to King Don Alfonso. And in these days King Don Alfonso fought at Consuegra with King Abenalfange of Denia, and in this battle the Christians were defeated and Diego Rodriguez, the son of my

Cid, was slain. Greatly was his death lamented by the Christians, for he was a youth of great hope, and one who was beginning to tread in the steps of his father. And King Don Alfonso was fain to retire into the Castle of that town. And Abenalfange gathered together the greatest power of the Moors that he could, and entered the land of the Christians, and passed the mountains, and came even to Medina del Campo, and there Alvar Fañez Minaya met him. Minaya had but five and twenty hundred horse with him, and of the Moors there were fifteen thousand; nevertheless by God's blessing he prevailed against them. And by the virtue of God Alvar Fañez gave King Abenalfange a cruel wound in the face so that he fled away. Great honour did Minaya win for this victory.

III. Now had King Don Alfonso for many years cut down the bread and the wine and the fruits in all the country round about Toledo, and he made ready to go against the city. The tidings of this great enterprise spread far and wide, and adventurers came from all parts to be present: not only they of Castile and Leon, Asturias and Nagera, Galicia and Portugal, but King Sancho Ramirez of Arragon came also, with the flower of Arragon and Navarre and Catalonia, and Franks and Germans and Italians, and men of other countries, to bear their part in so great and catholic a war. And the King entertained them well, being full bountiful, insomuch that he was called He of the Open Hand. Never had so goodly a force of Christians been assembled in Spain, nor so great an enterprise attempted, since the coming of the Moors. And of this army was my Cid the leader. So soon as the winter was over they began their march. And when they came to a ford of the Tagus, behold the river was swollen, and the best horsemen feared to try the passage. Now there was a holy man in the camp, by name Lesmes, who was a monk of St. Benedict's; and he being mounted upon an ass rode first into the ford, and passed safely through the flood; and all who beheld him held it for a great miracle.

IV. Greatly to be blamed are they who lived in those days for not handing down to everlasting remembrance the worthy feats which were achieved at this siege. For not only was Toledo a strong city, both by nature and in its walls and towers, but the flower of the chivalry of all Spain and of all Christendom was there assembled, and the Moors of Spain also, knowing that this was, as it were, the heart of their empire, did all they could to defend it: greatly to be blamed are they who neglected

to transmit to us the memory of their deeds, and greatly have they wronged the worthy knights whose exploits should else have gained for them a never-dying renown. Nothing more, owing to their default, can we say of this so notable a siege, than that when Don Cambrian, the Bishop of Leon, was earnestly engaged in prayer for the success of the Christian arms, the glorious St. Isidro appeared unto him, and certified that in fifteen days the city should be surrendered; and even so it came to pass, for the gates were opened to the King on Thursday the twenty-fifth of May, in the year of the era 1123, which is the year of Christ 1085. The first Christian banner which entered the city was the banner of my Cid, and my Cid was the first Christian Alcayde of Toledo. Of the terms granted unto the Moors, and how they were set aside for the honour of the Catholic faith, and of the cunning of the Jews who dwelt in the city, and how the Romish ritual was introduced therein, this is not the place to speak; all these things are written in the Chronicles of the Kings of Spain.

V. Now Yahia, when he saw that he could by no means hold Toledo, because on the one hand the Moors would give it to the King of Badajoz, and on the other King Don Alfonso warred against it, he made a covenant with King Don Alfonso to yield the city to him, if he with the help of Alvar Fañez would put him in possession of Valencia, which had belonged unto Hicem and Alimaymon, his fathers, but which the Guazil Abdalla Azis held now as his own, calling himself King thereof. And he covenanted that King Don Alfonso should also put into his hand Santa Maria de Albarrazin, and the Kingdom of Denia; and the King assented to the covenant, thinking that in this manner the land would all be his own. Yahia therefore sent Abenfarat, who was his cousin, to Valencia, to spy out what the Guazil would do, whether he would peaceably deliver up the kingdom unto him, or whether he would oppose his coming, which he greatly doubted, because it was rumoured that he was about to give his daughter in marriage to the King of Zaragoza. Abenfarat went his way, and took up his abode in the house of a Moor who was called Abenlupo; and while he sojourned there the marriage of the Guazil's daughter was effected, and the Guazil himself fell sick and died. Then Abenfarat tarried yet awhile to see what would be the issue, for the men of Valencia were greatly troubled because of the death of their King. He left two sons, between whom there was no brotherly love during his life, and now that he was dead

there was less. And they divided between them all that he left, even the least thing did they divide, each being covetous to possess all that he could; and they made two factions in the town, each striving to possess himself of the power therein. But the men of Valencia who were not engaged on their side, and they also who held the castles round about, were greatly troubled because of this strife which was between them; and they also were divided between two opinions, they who were of the one wishing to give the kingdom to the King of Zaragoza, and they who were of the other to yield themselves unto Yahia the grandson of Alimaymon, because of the covenant which King Don Alfonso had made with him. When Abenfarat knew these things he returned unto Yahia, and told him all even as it was: and Yahia saw that he should have the city, because of the discord which was therein.

VI. Then Yahia gathered together all his people, knights, and cross-bow men, and foot soldiers, and they of his board, and the officers of his household which are the eunuchs; and he set forward on the way toward Valencia, and Alvar Fañez and his body of Christians with him. And he sent to the townsmen greeting them, and saying that he was coming to dwell among them and to be their King, and that he would deal bountifully by them; and that he should wait awhile in the town which was called Sera. The chief men of the town took counsel together what they should do, and at length they agreed to receive him for their Lord; and this they did more in fear of King Don Alfonso and of Alvar Fañez than for any love towards him. This answer they sent him by Aboeza the Alcayde. Now Aboeza would fain have departed from Valencia when the Guazil Abdalla Azis died, because of the strife which was in the city, and he thought to betake himself to his own Castle of Monviedro and dwell there, away from the troubles which were to come. Upon this purpose he took counsel with his friend Mahomed Abenhayen the Scribe, for there was great love between them; and when the Scribe heard what he purposed to do he was grieved thereat, and represented unto him that it was not fitting for him to forsake the city at such a time, so that Aboeza was persuaded. And they twain covenanted one to the other, to love and defend each other against all the men in the world, and to help each other with their persons and possessions; and Aboeza sent trusty men of his kinsfolk and friends to keep the Castles of Monviedo and Castro and Santa Cruz, and other Castles which were in his possession, and he himself abode in

Valencia. And now he went out to Yahia to give unto him the keys of the city, and the good men of the city went out with him, and they made obeisance to him and promised to serve him loyally. Then Yahia, the grandson of Alimaymon, set forth with all his company from Sera, and all the people of Valencia, high and low, went out to meet him with great rejoicings. And Aboeza adorned the Alcazar right nobly, that Yahia and his women and they of his company might lodge within. The most honourable of his knights took up their lodging in the town, and the cross-bow men and others of low degree lodged round about the Alcazar, and in certain dwellings which were between it and the Mosque, and Alvar Fañez and the Christians who were with him, in the village which was called Ruzaf.

VII. Yahia being now King in Valencia, made Aboeza his Guazil, and gave him authority throughout all his kingdom. Nevertheless he bore displeasure against him in his heart, because he had served Abdalla Azis; and on his part also Aboeza secretly feared the King, and knew not whether it were better to depart from him, or not; howbeit he thought it best to remain and serve him right loyally and well, that so he might win his good will; and when the King perceived this, his anger abated and was clean put out of mind. And he made Aboeza his favourite, and made a vow unto him and confirmed it by a writing, that he would never take away his favour from him, nor change him for another, nor do anything in his dominions without him. With this was Aboeza satisfied, and the fear which he felt in his heart was removed. And they who held the castles brought great gifts to Yahia, with much humility and reverence, such as the Moors know how to put on. This they did to set his heart at rest, that he might confide in them, and send away Alvar Fañez into his own country, and not keep him and his people at so great a charge, for it cost them daily six hundred maravedis, and the King had no treasure in Valencia, neither was he so rich that he could support his own company and supply this payment; and for this reason the Moors complained of the great cost. But on the other hand, Yahia feared that if he should send away Alvar Fañez, the Moors would rise against him; and to maintain him he laid a great tax upon the city and its district, saying that it was for barley. This tax they levied upon the rich as well as the poor, and upon the great as well as the little, which they held to be a great evil and breach of their privileges, and thought that by his fault Valencia would be lost, even as Toledo had been. This

tribute so sorely aggrieved the people, that it became as it were a bye word in the city, Give the barley. They say there was a great mastiff, with whom they killed beef in the shambles, who, whenever he heard, 'Give the barley,' began to bark and growl: upon which a Trobador said, Thanks be to God, we have many in the town who are like the mastiff.

VIII. When they who held the castles sent presents to King Yahia, there was one among them, by name Abenmazot, who held Xativa, who neither sent him gifts, nor came to offer obedience. And the King sent to bid him come before him. But then Abenmazot sent a messenger with letters and full rich presents, saying that he could by no means come himself, and this not from any feigning, and that he would alway do him service with a true good will. And he besought him as his Lord to let him remain in Xativa, and he would give him the rents thereof; but if it was his pleasure to appoint some other in his stead, he besought that he would then give him something for himself and his company to subsist upon, seeing that he desired nothing but the King's favour to be well with him. Then the King took counsel with Aboeza the Guazil, and the Guazil advised him to do unto Abenmazot even as he had requested, and let him keep Xativa; and to send away Alvar Fañez because of the great charge it was to maintain him, and to live in peace, and put his kingdom in order; in all which he advised him like a good counsellor and a true. But the King would not give heed to him; instead thereof he communicated his counsel to the two sons of Abdalla Azis who had submitted unto him, and whom he had taken into his favour, and they told him that Aboeza had advised him ill, and that it behoved him to lead out his host and bring Abenmazot to obedience. And the King believed them and went out and besieged Xativa. And the first day he entered the lower part of the town, but Abenmazot retired to the Alcazar and the fortresses, and defended the upper part; and the King besieged him there for four months, attacking him every day, till food began to fail both in the army of the King and in the town. And they of Valencia could not supply what was to be paid to Alvar Fañez and his company, much less what the King wanted. Then the King understood that he had been ill advised, and for this reason he condemned one of the sons of Abdalla Azis to pay Alvar Fañez for thirty days; and he seized a Jew who was one of his Almoxarifes in Valencia, that is to say, one who collected the taxes, and took from him all that he had, because

he had advised him ill, and while this lasted the people of Valencia had some respite.

IX. When Abenmazot saw that the King was bent upon destroying him, and that every day he pressed him more and more, he sent to Abenalfange who was King of Denia and Tortosa, saying, that if he would come and help him, he would make him Lord of Xativa and of all his other Castles, and would be at his mercy; and this he did to escape from the hands of Yahia. When Abenalfange heard this it pleased him well, and he sent one of his Alcaydes, who was called the Left-handed, to enter the Alcazar, and help to defend it till he could collect a company of Christians who might deal with Alvar Fañez. So that Left-handed one entered the Alcazar with his company, and the Lord of the Castle which was called Almenar, was already there to help Abenmazot, and encourage him that he should not submit. Then Abenalfange gathered together all his host and his cavalry, and brought with him Giralte the Roman, with a company of French knights, and came towards Xativa, as a hungry lion goes against a sheep, or like the coming of a flood in its hour; so that Yahia was dismayed at the tidings of his approach, and fled as fast as he could to the Isle of Xucar, and though that Isle was so near, he thought he had done a great thing; and from thence he went to Valencia, holding himself greatly dishonoured. Then Abenalfange had Xativa and all its Castles, so that it was all one kingdom as far as Denia. And he took Abenmazot with all his women and his household and all that he had, to Denia, and gave him possessions there, and did him much honour. And when it was seen that King Yahia was thus dishonoured, and that Alvar Fañez had not helped him as had been looked for, they who held the Castles lost all fear of him, so that their hearts were changed towards him, as well they of Valencia as of the other Castles, and they said that they would rather belong to Abenalfange than to him, because the town could not bear the charge of the Christians, nor the oppressions which they suffered because of them.

X. Abenalfange abode some days in Xativa, and then moved on towards Valencia, thinking to win the city; for he knew how greatly the people were oppressed because of the Christians, and that they could not bear it, and that there was no love between them and their Lord. And he passed by a place which was an oratory of the Moors in their festivals, which they call in Arabic Axera, or Araxea; and he halted near Valencia, so that they in

the town might see him; and he went round about the town, to the right and to the left, wheresoever he would. The King of Valencia with his knights was near the wall watching him, and Alvar Fañez and his company were in readiness lest the French should defy them. And after Abenalfange had stayed there awhile he drew off and went his way to Tortosa. And Yahia was perplexed with Alvar Fañez, and sought for means to pay him; and he threw the two sons of Abdalla Azis into prison, and many other good men of the town also, and took from them great riches. Then he made a covenant with Alvar Fañez that he should remain with him, and gave him great possessions. And when the Moors saw that Alvar Fañez was in such power, all the ruffians and lewd livers in the town flocked unto him, so that Valencia was in the hands of him and his followers; and the Moors being desperate of remedy deserted the town, and went whither they could, setting at nought their inheritances, for no man was safe, neither in his goods nor person. Then Alvar Fañez made an inroad into the lands of Abenalfange, and overran the lands of Buriana, and other parts; and there went with him a great company of those Moorish desperadoes, who had joined with him, and of other Moorish Almogavares,* and they stormed towns and castles, and slew many Moors, and brought away flocks and herds both of cattle and of brood mares, and much gold and silver, and store of wearing apparel, all which they sold in Valencia.

XI. Now when one of the sons of Abdalla Azis was loosed from prison, he placed his love upon Alvar Fañez and gave him goodly gifts, and upon Aboeza the King's Guazil, and upon a Jew who was a messenger from King Don Alfonso. And they all sent to King Don Alfonso to beseech him that he would take

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* These men winter and summer lay upon the bare earth, they consorted in the camp with none but their fellows, their manners were sullen like savages, they spake little, but when they went to battle were like wild beasts let loose, and kindled with joy. Winter and summer they wore the same dress of skins girt with a cord of *esparto*. Shoes, bonnet, and scrip were of the same skin as their dress; they carried spear, sword, and dagger, some of them a mace (*porrimaza*), and without any defensive armour attacked horse or foot, generally the horse. The Almogavar, when a horseman ran at him, rested the end of his lance against his right foot, bent forward, and let the horse spit himself;—in a moment he was upon the fallen horseman with his dagger, or rather knife. If he could kill the man and save the horse, his reward was to become a horse-soldier himself, for they were as skilful when mounted as when a-foot.

the son of Abdalla Azis and all that he had under his protection, so that Yahia might do no evil unto him, neither take by force from him anything that was his; and for this protection he promised to give the King thirty thousand maravedis yearly. This request King Don Alfonso granted, and incontinently he took him under his protection, and sent to the King of Valencia to request that he would do him no wrong. Therefore the son of Abdalla Azis was from that time held in more honour because of the love of King Don Alfonso; nevertheless, he was still kept under a guard in his own house, that he should not issue forth. And because of this confinement not thinking himself safe, he made a hole through the wall and got out by night in woman's apparel, and lay hid all the next day in a garden, and on the following night mounted on horseback and rode to Monviedro. When the Guazil knew this he took his son and his uncle as sureties for him for the thirty thousand maravedis, which the Jew was now come to receive for King Don Alfonso. And they went to Monviedro to him, and communed with him, and accorded with him that he should pay the one half immediately, and whenever he returned to Valencia and was safe there in possession of all his rents and inheritances, that then he should pay the remainder: so he paid the fifteen thousand forthwith in silver and in rings of gold, and in cloth, and in strings of pearls, and the Jew returned therewith to King Don Alfonso. At this time his brother was released from prison by desire of the King of Zaragoza, and he went unto him; and many of the rich men of the city also betook themselves to Monviedro, because they were not secure neither in their possessions nor in their bodies.

XII. In these days the Almoravides arose in Barbary. The rise of this people and all that they did in Spain are not for me to relate in this place. Suffice it to say, that King Don Alfonso being in great danger, sent for Alvar Fañez and all his company; and that he had so much to do for himself that he took no thought for Valencia. And when they who had the keeping of Yahia's Castles saw this they rose against him, so that few remained unto him, and they of his vassals in whom he put the most trust proved false, so that the heart of the King of Denia and Tortosa grew, and he thought to win Valencia. The chief persons of the town also sent unto him, saying, that if he would come they would give the city into his hands. So he gathered together his host, and a company of French also, and sent them forward under the command of his uncle, saying that he would follow and join them on a certain day. But they went forward,

and Yahia thinking that if he could conquer them he should be secure, went out and fought against them ; and he was defeated and lost a great part of his people and of his arms, and returned into the city with great loss. When Abenalfange, who was a day's journey off, heard this, he marched all night, and came before Valencia. And King Yahia knew not what to do, and was minded to yield up to the town. And he took counsel with his people, and they advised him to send for help to King Don Alfonso, and also to the King of Zaragoza, and he did accordingly. And an Arrayaz of Cuenca, whose name was Abencaño, who was a native of Valencia, went to Zaragoza, and told the King that if he would go thither he would deliver the city into his hands, for it appertained unto him rather than to Abenalfange.

XIII. And in those days my Cid gathered together a great force, and went to the borders of Arragon, and crossed the Douro, and lodged that night in Fresno. From thence he went to Calamocha, where he kept Whitsuntide. While he lay there the King of Albarrazin, being in great fear of him, sent to him requesting that they might meet. And when they saw each other they established great love between them, and the King from that day became tributary to the Cid. Then the Cid went to Zaragoza, where he was full honourably received. And when Abencaño came to Zaragoza inviting King Almescahen to go and take Valencia, and King Yahia sent also to beg succour at his hands, the King asked the Cid to go with him, and gave him whatever he demanded. So greatly did this King desire to have Valencia, that he looked not whether his force was great or little, nor whether that of the Cid was greater than his own, but went on as fast as he could. When the King of Denia heard that he was coming and the Cid with him, he durst not abide them. And he thought that the King of Zaragoza by the Cid's help would win the city, and that he should remain with the labour he had undergone, and the costs. Then he placed his love upon King Yahia, and sent him all the food he had, and besought him to help him, saying that he would supply him with whatever he needed. King Yahia was well pleased with this, though he well understood the reason, and firm writings were made to this effect, and then Abenalfange went to Tortosa.

XIV. When the King of Zaragoza and the Cid drew nigh unto Valencia, Yahia went out to welcome them, and thanked them greatly for coming to his assistance; and he lodged

them in the great garden, which was called the Garden of Villa Nueva, and honoured them greatly and sent them great presents: and he invited them afterwards to come with their honourable men and be his guests in the Alcazar. But the King of Zaragoza all this while had his eye upon the town, thinking that it would be given up to him as Abencaño had promised; but he saw no sign of this, neither knew he how he could win it. Moreover Yahia had placed his love upon the Cid, and had sent him full noble gifts when he was upon the road, in secret, so that the King of Zaragoza knew not thereof. And the King of Zaragoza asked counsel of the Cid how he might get Valencia into his hands, and besought the Cid to help him. But the Cid made answer, how could that be, seeing that Yahia had received it from the hands of King Don Alfonso, who had given it unto him that he might dwell therein. If indeed King Don Alfonso should give it to the King of Zaragoza, then might the King win it, and he would help him so to do; otherwise he must be against him. When the King heard this he perceived how the Cid stood in this matter: and he left an Alcayde with a body of knights to assist King Yahia, and also to see if he could win the town: and he himself returned to Zaragoza.

XV. Then the Cid went to besiege the Castle called Xerica, by advice of the King of Zaragoza, that he might have a frontier against Monviedro. This he did because, when the King came to relieve Valencia, Aboeza had covenanted to give up Monviedro unto him, the which he had not done; and the King thought that if he made war upon these Castles they must either yield unto him, or be at his mercy, because they did not belong to the King of Denia. But when Aboeza knew this he sent to Abenalfange the King of Denia, saying that he would give him the Castle; and the King of Denia incontinently came and took possession of it, and Aboeza became his vassal. When the Cid saw this he understood that Valencia must needs be lost, and thought in his heart that he could win the city for himself, and keep it. Then sent he letters to King Don Alfonso, in which he besought him of his mercy not to think it ill that the people who were with him should remain with him, for he would do God service, and maintain them at the cost of the Moors, and whensoever the King stood in need of their service, he and they would go unto him and serve him freely; and at other times they would make war upon the Moors, and break their power, so that the King might win the land. Well was King Don Alfonso pleased at this, and he sent to say that they who were in the Cid's

company might remain with him, and that as many as would might go join him. And my Cid went to the King to commune with him, and while my Cid was with him, Don Ramon Berenguer, Lord of Barcelona, came to Zaragoza; and the King gave him great gifts, that he might not place his love upon any other for want; for the King had now put away his love from the Cid, thinking that because of him he had lost Valencia. And presently he sent a force to besiege Valencia under Don Ramon Berenguer; and he had two Bastiles built, one in Liria, which King Yahia had given him when he came to relieve him, and the other in Juballa, and he thought to build another on the side of Albuhera, so that none might enter into the city, neither go out from it. And he re-edified the Castle of Cebolla, that the Count might retire thither if it should be needful, and every day the Count attacked the city, and King Yahia defended himself, looking for the coming of the Cid to help him, according to the covenant which was between them.

XVI. When the Cid returned from Castile and knew that Valencia was besieged by the French, he went to Tares which is near Monviedro, and encamped there with his people, who were many in number. And when the Count knew that the Cid was so near, he feared him, holding him to be his enemy. And the Cid sent to him to bid him move from that place and raise the siege of Valencia. The Count took counsel with his knights, and they said that they would rather give battle to the Cid. Howbeit the Cid had no wish to fight with them, because the Count was related to King Don Alfonso, and moreover he had defeated him and made him prisoner heretofore; so he sent a second time, bidding him depart. And the Count seeing that he could not abide there in the Cid's despite, broke up the siege and went his way by Requena, for he would not pass through Zaragoza. Then the Cid went to Valencia, and King Yahia received him full honourably, and made a covenant with him to give him weekly four thousand maravedis of silver, and he on his part was to reduce the Castles to his obedience, so that they should pay the same rents unto him as had been paid unto the former Kings of Valencia; and that the Cid should protect him against all men, Moors or Christians, and should have his home in Valencia, and bring all his booty there to be sold, and that he should have his granaries there. This covenant was confirmed in writing, so that they were secure on one side and on the other. And my Cid sent to all those who held the Castles, commanding them to pay their

rents to the King of Valencia as they had done aforetime, and they all obeyed his command, every one striving to have his love.

XVII. When the Cid had thus set the land in order he went against the King of Denia, and warred against Denia and against Xativa; and he abode there all the winter, doing great hurt, insomuch that there did not remain a wall standing from Orihuela to Xativa, for he laid everything waste; and all his booty and his prisoners he sold in Valencia. Then he went towards Tortosa, destroying everything as he went; and he pitched his camp near unto the city of Tortosa, in a place which in Arabic is called Maurelet, and he cut down everything before him, orchards and vines and corn. When King Abenalfange saw that the land was thus destroyed, and that neither bread, nor wine, nor flocks would be left him, he sent to Count Ramon Berenguer, beseeching him to gather together a great force, and drive the Cid out of the land, for which service he would give him whatever he might stand in need of. And the Count, thinking now to be revenged of the Cid for his former defeat, and because he had taken from him the rents which he used to receive from the land of Valencia, took what the King gave him, and assembled a great host of the Christians. This was so great a power when the Moors had joined, that they surely thought the Cid would fly before them; for the Moors held that these Frenchmen were the best knights in the world, and the best appointed, and they who could bear the most in battle. When the Cid knew that they came resolved to fight him, he doubted that he could not give them battle because of their great numbers, and sought how he might wisely disperse them. And he got among the mountain valleys, whereunto the entrance was by a narrow strait, and there he planted his barriers, and guarded them well that the Frenchmen might not enter. The King of Zaragoza sent to tell him to be upon his guard, for Count Ramon Berenguer would without doubt attack him: and the Cid returned for answer, Let him come. On the morrow the Count came nearer, and encamped a league off, in sight of him, and when it was night he sent his spies to view the camp of Ruydiez the Cid. The next day he sent to bid him come out and fight, and the Cid answered, that he did not want to fight nor to have any strife with him, but to pass on with his people. And they drew nearer and invited him to come out, and defied him, saying that he feared to meet them in the field; but he set nothing by all this. They thought he did

it because of his weakness, and that he was afraid of them; but what he did was to wear out their patience.

XVIII. Then the Count sent a letter to the Cid after this fashion: I count Don Ramon Berenguer of Barcelona, and all my vassals with me, say unto thee, Ruydiez, that we have seen thy letter to King Almescahen of Zaragoza, which thou toldest him to show unto us, that we might have the more cause of quarrel against thee. Before this thou hast done great displeasure unto us, so that we ought at all times to bear ill will against thee. And now while thou hast our goods in thy possession as booty, thou sendest thy letter to King Almescahen, saying that we are like our wives. God give us means to show thee that we are not such. And thou saidst unto him, that before we could be with thee thou wouldst come to us; now we will not alight from our horses till we have taken vengeance on thee, and seen what sort of Gods these mountain crows and daws are, in whom thou puttest thy trust to fight with us; whereas we believe in one God alone, who will give us vengeance against thee. Of a truth, to-morrow morning we will be with thee, and if thou wilt leave the mountain and come out to us in the plain, then wilt thou be, as they call thee, Rodrigo the Campeador. But if thou wilt not do this, thou wilt then be what according to the custom of Castile is called *alevoso*, and *bauzador* according to the custom of France; that is to say, a false traitor. And if thou wilt not come down from the mountain it shall not avail thee, for we will not depart from hence till we have thee in our hands, either dead or alive, and we will deal with thee as thou hast done by us, and God in his mercy now take vengeance upon thee for his churches which thou hast destroyed.

XIX. When the Cid had read this letter he wrote another in reply after this manner: I Ruydiez and my vassals: God save you Count! I have seen your letter in which you tell me that I sent one to King Almescahen of Zaragoza speaking contumeliously of you and of all your vassals; and true it is that I did so speak, and I will tell you for what reason. When you were with him you spake contumeliously of me before him, saying of me the worst you could, and affirming that I did not dare enter the lands of Abenalfange for fear of you. Moreover Ramon de Bajaran, and other of your knights who were with him, spake ill of me and of my vassals before King Don Alfonso of Castile, and you also after this went to King Don Alfonso, and said that you would have fought with me, and driven me

out of the lands of Abenalfange, but that I was dismayed, and did not dare do battle with you; and you said unto him, that if it had not been for the love of him, you would not have suffered me to be one day in the land. Now then I say that I thank you because you no longer let me alone for the love of him. Come! here I am; this is the plainest ground among these mountains, and I am ready to receive you. But I know you dare not come, for Moors and Christians know that I conquered you once, and took you and your vasssals, and took from ye all that ye had with ye: and if ye come now ye shall receive the same payment at my hands as heretofore. As for what thou sayest that I am a false traitor, thou liest, and art a false traitor thyself.

XX. Greatly was the Count enraged when he read this letter, and he took counsel with his vassals, and in the night time took possession of the mountain above the camp of the Cid, thinking that by this means he might conquer him. On the morrow the Cid sent away certain of his company as if they were flying, and bade them go by such ways that the French might see them, and instructed them what to say when they should be taken. When the French saw them, they pursued and took them, and carried them before the Count, and he, asked of them what the Cid would do. Then made they answer that he meant to fly, and had only remained that day to put his things in order for flight, and as soon as night came he would make his escape by way of the mountain. Moreover they said that the Cid did not think Count Ramon had it so much at heart to give him battle, or he would not have awaited till his coming; and they counselled the Count to send and take possession of the passes by which he meant to escape, for so he might easily take him. Then the Frenchmen divided their host into four parts, and sent them to guard the passes, and the Count himself remained with one part at the entrance of the straits. The Cid was ready with all his company, and he had sent the Moors who were with him forward to the passes whither his men had directed the Frenchmen, and they lay in ambush there; and when the Frenchmen were in the strong places, and had begun to ascend, little by little, as they could, they rose upon them from the ambush and slew many, and took others of the best, and among the prisoners was Guirabent the brother of Giralte the Roman, who was wounded in the face. And the Cid went out and attacked the Count, and the battle was a hard one; the Count was beaten from his horse, nevertheless his men re-

mounted him, and he bade them stand to it bravely, and the battle lasted a long time; but at the end, he who was never conquered won the day. And the Cid took a good thousand prisoners; among them was Don Bernalte de Tamaris, and Giralte the Roman, and Ricarte Guillen. And he put them all in irons, and reproached them saying, that he well knew what his chivalry was, and his hardihood, and that he should thus beat them all down; and he said to them that he was in God's service, taking vengeance for the ills which the Moors had done unto the Christians, and had done them no wrong; but they being envious of him, had come to help the Moors, therefore God had helped him, because he was in His service. And he took their tents, and their horses, and their arms, which were many and good; and much gold and silver, and fine linen, and all that they had, so that he and all his company were rich men with the spoils. And when Count Ramon heard in his flight that the Cid had taken all his chief captains, and that well-nigh all his power was either slain or taken, he thought it best to come unto the Cid and trust unto his mercy, and he came full humbly and put himself into his hands. And the Cid received him full well and honoured him greatly, and let him go into his own country. And the Count offered a price for the prisoners which was a full great ransom, and moreover the swords precious above all others, which were made in other times. Bountiful was the Cid when he received this ransom, and great part of it he returned unto them again, and showed them great courtesy, and they did homage to him never to come against him with any man in the world.

XXI. When Abenalfange the King of Denia and Tortosa heard this, he was so sorely grieved that he fell sick and died. He left one son who was a little one, and the sons of Buxar were his guardians. One of these held Tortosa for the child, and the other held Xativa, and one who was their cousin held Denia. And they knowing that they could neither live in peace, nor yet have strength for war, unless they could have the love of the Cid, sent humbly to say unto him that if he would do no hurt to their lands they would do whatever he pleased, and pay him yearly what he should think good. And the Cid demanded of them fifty thousand maravedis of silver every year: and the covenant was made between them, and the whole country from Tortosa to Orihuela was under his protection and at his command. And he fixed the tribute which each Castle was to pay, that it should be certain; and it was as you shall be told. The

Lord of Albarrazin was to pay ten thousand, according to covenant as you heard heretofore, and the Lord of Alfuente ten thousand, and Monviedro eight thousand, and Segorbe six thousand, and Xerica four thousand, and Almenara three thousand. Liria at that time paid nothing, for it was in the Lordship of Zaragoza; but the Cid had it in his heart to fight with that King. For every thousand maravedis a hundred more were paid for a Bishop, whom the Moors called Alat Almarian. And you are to know that whatever my Cid commanded in Valencia was done, and whatever he forbad was forbidden. And because the King was sick of a malady which continued upon him long time, so that he could not mount on horseback, and was seen by none, Valencia remained under the command of his Guazil Abenalfarax, whom the Cid had appointed. And then the Cid appointed trusty men in the city who should know to how much the rents amounted, as well those of the land as of the sea; and in every village he placed a knight to protect it, so that none dared do wrong to another, nor take anything from him. Each of these knights had three maravedis daily. And the people complained greatly of what they gave these knights, and of that also which they paid to King Yahia. Yet were they withal abundantly supplied with bread, and with flocks which the Christians brought in, and with captives both male and female, and with Moorish men and women, who gave great sums for their ransom.

XXII. Then the Cid sent to the King of Zaragoza, bidding him yield up the Bastiles which he had built against Valencia; and the King returned for answer that he would not until King Yahia had paid him the whole cost which he had been at, when he came to his succour against King Abenalfange. Then the Cid besieged Liria, and the people submitted unto him, that they should pay him yearly two thousand maravedis. And he overran the whole of the King of Zaragoza's country, and brought great spoils to Valencia. Now at this time a Moor called Ali Abenaxa, the Adelantado of the Almoravides, that is to say, of the Moors from beyond sea, came with a great power of the Moors of Andalusia to besiege the Castle of Aledo. This he did because he knew that King Don Alfonso would come to its relief, and he thought that peradventure the King would bring with him so small a force that he might slay or take him. But when the King heard of it he assembled a great host, and sent to the Cid, bidding him come and aid him. And the Cid went to Requena, believing that he should meet the King there;

but the King went another way, and the Cid not knowing this tarried some days in Requena expecting him, because that was the road. And when the Moors knew that King Don Alfonso was coming with so great a host to relieve the Castle, they departed, flying. And King Don Alfonso came to the Castle, and when he came there he found that he was short of victuals, and returned in great distress for want of food, and lost many men and many beasts who could not pass the Sierra. Nevertheless he supplied the Castle well with arms, and with such food as he could.

XXIII. Now they who hated the Cid spake leasing of him to King Don Alfonso, saying that he had tarried in Requena, knowing that the King was gone another way, that so he might give the Moors opportunity to fall upon him. And the King believed them, and was wroth against the Cid, and ordered all that he had in Castile to be taken from him, and sent to take his wife, and his daughters. When the Cid heard this he sent presently a knight to the King to defend himself, saying, that if there were Count or Rico-ome or knight who would maintain that he had a better and truer will to do the King service than he had, he would do battle with him body to body, but the King being greatly incensed would not hear him. And when they who hated the Cid saw this, and knew that the Cid was gone against a Castle in Zaragoza, they besought the King to give them a force to go against him; howbeit this the King would not. At this time Ali Abenaxa, the Adelantado of the Almoravides, besieged Murcia, and there was a dearth in the city, and Alvar Fañez who should have relieved them did not, and they were so closely beset that they were compelled to yield up the town. As soon as he had taken Murcia, he went against the Castle of Aledo, of which you have heard, and assaulted it vigorously, and took it by force and by famine. And when he had won Murcia and Aledo, he wished to have Valencia also, and they of Valencia, because of the yoke of the Cid, longed to be his vassals, even as the sick man longeth after health. When King Don Alfonso heard what Ali Abenaxa had done, he made ready to go against him. And the Queen his wife, and certain knights who were friends to the Cid, wrote to him that he should now come and serve the King in such a season, that the King might thank him greatly and lay aside his wrath. Having seen these letters the Cid set out from Zaragoza where he was, and went his way with a great host, and advanced as far as Martos, where he found the King. And the King received him honourably, and they continued together till the King passed the

Sierra de Elvira, and the Cid went in the plain below before him. And they who wished ill to him said to the King, The Cid came after you like one who was wearied, and now he goes before you. And after this manner they set the King again against him, so that his displeasure was greatly moved. And the Moors did not venture to give him battle, but left the Castle of Aledo and retreated to Murcia, and the King returned to Ubeda. And when the Cid saw that the heart of the King was changed, he returned to Valencia, and the King went back to Toledo.

XXIV. After this King Don Alfonso drew forth a great host and went towards Valencia, and sent to all the Castles in that land, saying that for five years they should pay him the tribute which they were wont to pay unto the Cid. When the Cid knew this he sent to the King, saying, he marvelled why the King should thus seek to dishonour him, and that he trusted in God soon to make him know how ill he was advised by those about him. And presently the Cid gathered together a full great host both of Moors and of Christians, and entered the land of King Don Alfonso, burning and destroying whatever he found, and he took Logroño, and Alfaro also, and sacked it. While he was at Alfaro, Count Garci Ordoñez and certain other Ricos-omes of Castile sent to say to him, that if he would tarry for them seven days, they would come and give him battle. He tarried for them twelve days, and they did not dare to come; and when the Cid saw this he returned to Zaragoza. Now when King Don Alfonso knew what the Cid had done in his land, and that the Ricos-omes had not dared fight against him, he saw that he had taken an evil counsel when he set his heart against him. And he sent his letters to the Cid saying, that he forgave him all that he had done, seeing that he himself had given the occasion; and he besought him to come to Castile, where he should find all things free which appertained unto him. Much was the Cid rejoiced at these tidings, and he wrote to the King thanking him for his grace, and beseeching him not to give ear to bad counsellors, for he would alway be at his service.

XXV. Now it came to pass, that by reason of certain affairs the Cid tarried a long time in Zaragoza. And they of Valencia being no longer kept in awe by his presence, complained one to another of the oppressions and wrongs which they endured from him and from his servants, and from Abenalfarax, the Guazil whom he had appointed; and they conspired with an Alcayde

who was called Abeniaf. And when Abenalfarax the Guazil understood how Abeniaf cast about to disturb the peace of the city, he would have taken him and cast him in prison; but this he dared not do till the Cid should come, and moreover he weened that upon his coming the disturbance would cease. Now Abeniaf knew that the Guazil was minded to seize him if he could have dared so to do, and he sent his messengers to Ali Abenaxa the Adelantado of the Almoravides, who was now Lord of Murcia, telling him to come to Valencia, and he would deliver the city into his hands. Moreover he took counsel with the Alcayde of Algezira de Xucar, that the Alcayde also should send to Ali Abenaxa, exhorting him to make good speed himself, or to send an Alcayde with a fitting power, and to come to Algezira, which was near, and then presently proceed to Valencia. So soon as Ali Abenaxa had received this message he made speed to come, and as many Castles as were upon his road submitted unto him. When the Alcayde of Denia heard of his coming and that all these Castles had submitted, he durst not abide there, but fled to Xativa; and Ali Abenaxa took possession of Denia, and he sent his Alcayde to Algezira de Xucar, and took possession of that also. When these tidings came to Valencia, the Bishop who was there, and the forty knights who were with the messenger of the King of Arragon because of the friendship between their King and the Cid, and all the other Christians who were in the city, would no longer abide there, but took of their goods each as much as he could, and went away in fear. And the Guazil was greatly dismayed, neither knew he what course to take, and Yahia the King, though he was now healed of his malady, neither mounted on horseback, nor appeared abroad. Abenalfarax went unto him and told him the peril in which they stood. And their counsel was, that they should remove all that they had from Valencia and go to the Castle of Segorbe. Then they sent away many beasts laden with goods and with riches, under the care of a nephew of the Guazil and many others, to the Castle of Benaecab, that is to say, the Castle of the Eagle, to be in charge of the Alcayde thereof. And the King and the Guazil bestirred themselves and gathered together foot soldiers and crossbow men to defend the Alcazar, and sent speedily to Zaragoza, telling the Cid to come; but he could not set forth so speedily as need was: and the stir which was in the city endured for full twenty days. Then that Alcayde of Ali Abenaxa, who was in Algezira de Xucar set forward in the first of the night with twenty horsemen of the Almoravides, and as many more of

Algezira, all clad alike in green, that they might all be taken for Almoravides; and they came by daybreak to Valencia to the gate of Tudela, and sounded their drums, and the rumour in the town was that there were full five hundred knights of the Almoravides, and the Guazil was in great fear. And he went to the Alcazar to take counsel with the King, and they gave order that the gates of the town should be barred, and that the walls should be manned.

XXVI. Then the King's soldiers went to the house of Abeniaf the Alcayde who had sent for the Almoravides, and called unto him to come forth that they might take him before the King; but he was trembling in great fear, and would not come out. And the men of the town came to his help, and when he saw the company that were on his side, he came forth and went with them to the Alcazar, and entered it and took the Guazil of the Cid. And the townsmen ran to the gates and drove away those of the King's party who guarded them; and they strove to beat the gates down, but they could not, and they set fire to them and burnt them. And others let down ropes from the walls, and drew up the Almoravides. King Yahia put on woman's apparel, and fled with his women, and hid himself in a dwelling near unto a bath. And the Almoravides took possession of the Alcazar, and plundered it. One Christian they slew who guarded the gates, and another who was of St. Maria de Albarrazin, who guarded one of the towers of the wall. In this manner was Valencia lost.

XXVII. Now when Abenaif saw that all the people were on his side, and obeyed him, his heart grew and he was puffed up, insomuch that he despised those who were as good as himself or better. Albeit he was of good parentage, for his fathers before him had all been Alcaydes ever since Valencia was in the hands of the Moors. And because he knew that the King had not fled out of the town, he made search for him, and found him in the house where he had hidden himself with his women. Now the King when he fled from the Alcazar had taken with him the best of his treasures, pearls, among which was one the most precious and noble that could be, so that nowhere was there a better one to be found, nor so good; and precious stones, sapphires and rubies and emeralds; he had with him a casket of pure gold full of these things; and in his girdle he had hidden a string of precious stones and of pearls, such that no King had so rich and precious a thing as that carkanet. They say that in former times it had belonged to Queen Seleyda, who was wife to Abanarrexit King of Belcab, which is beyond sea; and afterwards it had

come to the Kings called Benivoyas, who were Lords of Andalusia; after that King Alimaymon of Toledo possessed it, and gave it to his wife, and she gave it to the wife of her son, who was the mother of this Yahia. Greatly did Abeniaf covet these treasures and this carkanet, and incontinently he thought in his heart that he might take them and none know thereof, which could no ways be done unless he slew King Yahia. When therefore it was night he gave order to cut off his head, and to throw it into a pond near the house in which he had been taken. This was done accordingly, and Abeniaf took the treasures, and they who were set over King Yahia to guard him and murder him, took also each what he could, and concealed it. And the body lay where it had been slain till the following day; but then a good man who grieved for the death of his Lord took it up, and laid it upon the cords of a bed, and covered it with an old horsecloth, and carried it out of the town, and made a grave for it in a place where camels were wont to lie, and buried it there, without graveclothes and without any honours whatsoever, as if the corpse had been the corpse of a villein.

BOOK VI.

I. When Abeniaf had slain his Lord, as you have heard, he became haughty like a King, and gave no thought to anything save to building his own houses, and setting guards round about them by day and by night; and he appointed secretaries who should write his secret letters, and chose out a body from among the good men of the city to be his guard. And when he rode out he took with him many knights and huntsmen, all armed, who guarded him like a King; and when he went through the streets the women came out to gaze at him, and shouted and rejoiced in him; and he being elated and puffed up with these vanities, demeaned himself in all things after the manner of a King. This he did for the sake of abasing a certain kinsman of his, who was chief Alcayde, and who was better and wiser than he. Moreover he made no account of the Alcayde of the Almoravides who held the Alcazar, neither took counsel with him concerning anything, and he gave no heed to him except to supply him and his company with their charges, which he did right sparingly.

II. But when King Yahia was slain, his servants and eunuchs and they of his household fled to Juballa, a Castle which was held by a kinsman of the Guazil Abenalfarax, who lay in prison; other some fled to Zaragoza, and told the Cid all that had befallen. The Cid was greatly grieved when he heard it, and without delay he set forth with all his people, and went as fast as he could go to Juballa, and there they who had escaped from Valencia met him, and besought him to help them to revenge the death of their Lord, saying that they would follow him for life or for death, and do whatsoever he commanded them. Then the Cid sent letters to Abeniaf, saying disdainfully unto him, that by God's help he had kept his Lent well, and accomplished his fast with a worthy sacrifice by murdering the King his master! and he reproached him for the shame he had done the King in casting his head into the pond and letting the body be buried in a dunghill; and at the end of the letter he bade Abenaif give him his corn which he had left in his granaries at

Valencia. Abeniaf returned for answer that his granaries had all been plundered, and that the city now belonged to the King of the Almoravides; and he said that if the Cid would serve that King he would do his best to help him that he might win his love. When the Cid read this letter he saw that Abeniaf was a fool, for he had sent to reproach him for the death of his Lord, and the answer which he had returned was concerning another matter; and he then knew that Abeniaf was not a man to keep the power which he coveted. So he sent other letters to him, calling him and all who were with him traitors, and saying that he would never leave from making war against them till he had taken vengeance for the death of King Yahia.

III. And the Cid sent letters to all the Castles round about, bidding them supply his host with victuals, and do it speedily, or he would do all he could to destroy them. And there was none to gainsay him: and all obeyed his commands in this matter, saving Aboeza Abenlupo, for he was a discreet man, and perceived what was to come, and in what this was to end: moreover he feared that if he should not do as the Cid commanded, the Cid would put him out of the world, and no one would be able to protect him; and if he should do it, then he feared least he should be banished. So he sent to the Cid to say he would do his pleasure, and he sent also to Abenrazin, the Lord of Albarrazin, saying that he would give him Monviedro and the other Castles in his possession, and bidding him make his terms with the Cid, for as touching himself, he desired to have no dispute, but to come off with his company and his own person in peace. When Abenrazin heard this he was well pleased; and he went to Monviedro with all speed, and took possession of the Castle. From the time that King Yahia was slain till this time, was twenty and six days. And when Abenrazin had got possession of the Castle of Monviedro he came to the Cid, and established love with him, and made a covenant that there should be buying and selling between his castles and the host, and that he would provide food, and that the Cid should not make war upon him. And upon this they made their writings, which were full fast; and Abenrazin returned to his own land, and left one to keep Monviedro for him; and Abenlupo went with him, taking with him his wives and his children and his people and all that he had, and he thought himself well off that he had escaped with his body, for he desired to have nothing to do with the Cid. And the Cid lay before Juballa, and sent out to his foragers towards Valencia twice

a day; one party went in the morning, and another towards night; and they slew many Moors, and made many prisoners, and made prey of all the flocks which they found without the walls; nevertheless the Cid commanded that no hurt should be done to those of the land of Moya, nor to the husbandmen, but that they who laboured to produce bread and wine should be protected and encouraged; and this he did thinking that what they raised would be for him when he should lay siege unto the town; and he said this to his knights and Adalides and Almocadenes, and took homage of them that he should obey him therein. All this time the Cid held that Castle besieged, so that none could enter in nor come out thereof; and it is said that terms had secretly been made with him to yield it up, but that it was so to be done that the other Moors might believe they had yielded from great necessity, for it was not stored so as to be able to hold out long. And while the Cid lay before Juballa, all the spoil which his Almogavares took they brought to the host, and from the host it was taken and sold at Monviedro. Many laden beasts came every day, and there was plenty in the host.

IV. Abeniaf gathered together the knights who were natives of the city and vassals to the King whom he had slain, and sent for others who were in Denia, so that in all they were three hundred knights, and maintained them with the bread which was in the granaries of the Cid Ruydiez, and with the rents and possessions of those who had been the King's officers, and who were gone from Valencia, and with the Customs; from all these did he give these knights whatsoever they stood in need of. And he took no counsel with the Alcayde of the Almoravides concerning anything which he did, neither with any one, nor did he care a jot for them. And when the Alcayde and the Almoravides saw that he made himself master in the city, and how everything that he did was by his own will, they were offended therewith. The sons of Aboegib were offended also: and they and the Almoravides placed their love upon each other, and took counsel together against him, and became of one party, and they bare great hatred against him, and he against them. All this while the Cid lay before Juballa, and every day he scoured the country to the gates of Valencia, early in the morning, and at noon day, and at night, so that he never let them rest. And the three hundred knights whom Abeniaf had collected went out against his foragers, with the men of the town, and the Christians slew many of them, so that there were

lamentations daily within the walls, and wailings over the dead that were brought in. And in one of these skirmishes, a rich Moor was taken who was Alcayde of Acala, which is near Torralva, and they gave him grievous torments till he ransomed himself for ten thousand marks of silver; and moreover he gave the houses which he had in Valencia, which were called the houses of Añaya, to be theirs if peradventure the town should be yielded up.

V. When the Cid knew that there was great hatred between Abeniaf and the Almoravides and the sons of Aboegib, he devised means how to set farther strife between them, and sent privily to proffer his love to Abeniaf on condition that they should expel the Almoravides out of the town; saying, that if he did this, he would remain Lord thereof, and the Cid would help him in this, and would be good to him, as he knew he had been to the King of Valencia, and would defend him. When Abeniaf heard this he was well pleased, thinking that he should be King of Valencia. And he took counsel with Abenalfarax the Guazil of the Cid, whom he held prisoner, and Abenalfarax, with the hope of getting out of prison, counselled him to do thus, and to accept the love of the Cid. Then sent he to the Cid, saying that he would do all which he commanded to gain his love, and he began to stop the allowance of the Almoravides, saying that he could give them nothing, for he had nothing whereof to give; this did he to the end that they might go their way, for he lacked not means.

VI. At this time Ali Abenaxa, the Alcayde who was in Denia, sent to Abeniaf, saying unto him that he should send of that treasure, and of those jewels which he had taken from King Yahia, to the Miramamolin beyond sea; with the which he would gather together a great power, and cross the sea, and come against the Cid, to help the people of Valencia, and protect them against the Cid, who did so much evil to them all. And Abeniaf took counsel with the men of Valencia concerning this matter, whether he should send this to the Miramamolin beyond sea or not. And the old men advised him that he should, and the others that he should not. And Abeniaf took the treasures, and hid the best part thereof for himself, for none knew what it was; and the rest he sent by his messengers, Abenalfarax the Guazil of the Cid being one; and they took their departure from Valencia with great secrecy, least the Cid should know it and overtake them upon the road. But Abenalfarax devised means to let the Cid know, and sent him a messenger. And the Cid sent horsemen to follow their track, who caught them, and

took the treasure, and brought it to the Cid. Greatly did he thank Abenalfarax for having served him so well at that season, and putting the treasure into his hands, and he promised him goodly guerdon; and he made him chief over all the Moors who were his subjects. At this time the Alcayde of Juballa yielded up the Castle to the Cid, and the Cid placed another therein, and went up with his host against Valencia, and encamped in a village which is called Deroncada. And as the seed time was now over, he burnt all the villages round about, and wasted all that belonged to Abeniaf and his lineage, and he burnt the mills, and the barks which were in the river. And he ordered the corn to be cut, for it was now the season, and he beset the city on all sides, and pulled down the houses and towers which were round about, and the stone and wood thereof he sent to Juballa, to make a town there beside the Castle.

VII. At this time there came the Guazil of the King of Zaragoza to the host of the Cid, bringing with him great treasures which the King had sent for the redemption of the captives, for ruth which he had of them, and also that he might have his reward from God in the other world. He came also to talk with Abeniaf and counsel him that he should give up the city to the King of Zaragoza, and they would send away the Almoravides, and the King would protect him; but Abeniaf would give no ear to this, and the Guazil said unto him that he would repent not having taken this advice. On the second day after this Guazil had arrived, the Cid attacked the suburb which is called Villa Nueva, and entered it by force, and slew many Moors, both men of Andalusia and Almoravides, and plundered all that they found, and pulled down the houses, and the wood and stone the Cid sent to Juballa, and he set a guard there that the Moors might not recover the place. On the morrow the Cid attacked another suburb, which is called Alcudia, and there were a great body of the Moors gathered together there. And he sent a part of his host against the gate of Alcantara, bidding them attack the gate, while he fought against them in Alcudia; and he thought that by God's mercy peradventure he should enter the town. And the Cid with his company rode among that great multitude of the Moors, smiting and slaying without mercy, and the Cid's horse trampled over the dead, and stumbled among them and fell, and the Cid remained afoot. Howbeit they brought him to horse again, and he continued smiting and laying on strenuously, so that the Moors were amazed at the great mortality which he made among them, and maugre all they

could do, were fain to fly into the town. And they whom he had sent against the gate of Alcantara, attacked it so bravely that they would have entered the city, if it had not been for the boys and the women who were upon the wall and in the towers, and threw down stones upon them. And this while the cry went forth in the city, and many horsemen sallied forth and fought with the Christians before the bridge, and the battle lasted from morning until mid-day, and when they separated, the Cid returned to his camp. And when the Cid had taken food, he returned after the *siesta* to attack the suburb of Alcudia; and this attack was so vigorous that they who dwelt therein thought the place would be forced, and they began to cry out, Peace! peace! being in great fear. Then the Cid bade his men give over the attack, and the good men of the suburb came out to him, and whatsoever terms of security they asked, he granted them; and he took possession of the suburb that night, and set his guards therein; and he commanded his people that they should do no wrong to them of Alcudia, and if any one offended he said that his head should be smitten off: so he returned that night to the camp. And on the morrow he came there, and assembled together the Moors of that place, and comforted them much with his speeches, and promised that he would favour them greatly and not oppress them, and bade them till their fields and tend their flocks securely, saying that he would take only a tenth of the fruit thereof, as their law directed. And he placed a Moor there named Yucef, to be his Almoxarife, that is to say, his Receiver. And he gave orders that all Moors who would come and dwell therein might come securely, and they also who would bring food thither for sale, and other merchandize. So much food and much merchandize were brought there from all parts, and that suburb became like a city, and there was plenty therein.

VIII. Now when the Cid Ruydiez had gotten possession of the suburbs, he cut off from Valencia both the ingress and the egress, and they of the town were greatly straitened, and knew not what they should do, and they repented them that they had not listened to what the King of Zaragoza sent to counsel them, for they had none to help them; and the Almoravides were in the like strait, for they had none to look to, and the pay which they were wont to receive failed, both to them and to the other knights. All this time Abeniaf secretly continued his love with the Cid, for he had not departed from the promise which he had made him to send away the Almoravides, and put himself under his protection. And they took counsel together

in this distress, both the Almoravides and the men of the town, how they might obtain the love of the Cid, in whatever manner they could, so that they might remain in peace in the city till they had sent to the Miramamolin beyond sea, and received his commands; and they sent to the Cid to say this. But he made answer that he would make no treaty with them till they had sent away the Almoravides. And they of the town told the Almoravides what the Cid had said, and these Africans were well pleased, being full weary of that place, and said that they would go their way, and that it would be the happiest day of their lives, that wherein they should depart. So they made their covenant that the Almoravides should be placed in safety, and that they should pay the Cid for all the corn which was in his granaries at the time when King Yahia was slain. And moreover the thousand maravedis per week which they were wont to pay him should be paid for the whole time which they had been in arms, and also from that time forth. And that the suburb which he had won should be his; and that his host should remain in Juballa so long as they continued in that land. And upon this they made their writings, and confirmed them. And the Almoravides departed from Valencia, and horsemen were sent with them, who conducted them in safety, and the Moors of Valencia were left in peace.

IX. Then the Cid went with all his host to Juballa, leaving none but such as were to collect his rents with his Almoxarife. And Abeniaf cast about how he might pay the Cid for the corn, and also what else was to be given him. And he made terms with those who held the Castles round about Valencia, that they should pay him the tenth of all their fruits and of all their other rents. Now this was the season for gathering in the fruit, and he appointed men in every place, who should look to it, and see it valued, and receive the tenth; a Moor and a Christian did he appoint in every place, who were to receive this, and to gather the corn also into the granaries: and this was done after such manner that the Cid had his tribute well paid. At this time came tidings to Valencia, that the Almoravides were coming again with a great power, and the Cid devised how he might prevent their coming, or if they came how he might fight against them. And he sent to tell Abeniaf to forbid them from coming, for if they should enter the town he could not be Lord thereof, which it was better he should be, and the Cid would protect him against all his enemies. Well was Abenaif pleased at this: and he held a talk with the Alcayde of Xativa, and with him who

held the Castle of Carchayra; and they agreed to be of one voice. And they came to Valencia, and the Cid came to his suburb; and they confirmed love with him in great secresy. But he who had the Castle of Algezira would not be in this covenant with them, and the Cid sent parties into his lands, and did him much evil; and the Alcayde of Juballa went against him, and cut down all his corn and brought it to Juballa, which the Cid had made a great town with a church and with towers, and it was a goodly place; and there he had his corn and his other things, and his rents were all brought thither, and it abounded with all things; and men held it for a great marvel that in so short time he had made so great a town, which was so rich and so plentiful. And the Cid thought to have Valencia if the Almoravides did not come, and for this reason did all that he could to prevent their coming.

X. At this time Abenrazin the Lord of Albarrazin covenanted with the King of Arragon that the King should help him to win Valencia, and he would give him great treasures; and he gave him in pledge a Castle which is called Toalba. And in this which he did he gained nothing, but he lost the Castle. Now this Abenrazin had made covenant with the Cid, so that they were friends, and the Cid had never done hurt in his lands. And when he knew this that he had done with the King of Arragon he held himself to have been deceived and dealt falsely with; howbeit he dissembled this, and let none of his company wit, till they had gathered in all the corn from about Algezira de Xucar, and carried it to Juballa. When this was done, he bade his men make ready, and he told them not whither they were to go, and he set forward at night toward Albarrazin, and came to the Fountain. Now that land was in peace, and the dwellers thereof kept neither watch nor ward; and his foragers slew many, and made many prisoners, and drove great flocks and herds, sheep and kine, and brood mares, and prisoners all together, and they carried away all the corn; and they sent all the spoil to Juballa, and it was so great that Valencia and Juballa and all their dependencies were rich with cattle and with other things. While the Cid lay before Albarrazin, as he one day rode forth with five of his knights to disport himself, there came twelve knights out of the town, thinking to slay him or take him. And he pricked forward against them, and encountered them so bravely that he slew twain, and other twain he overthrew, so that they were taken, and the rest were put to flight: but he remained with a wound in his throat from the

push of a spear, and they thought he would have died of that wound; and it was three weeks before it was healed.

XI. Now came true tidings to Valencia that the host of the Almoravides were coming, and that they were now at Lorca, and the son-in-law of the Miramamolin at their head, for he himself could not come, by reason that he ailed. They of Valencia took courage at these tidings, and waxed insolent, and began to devise how they should take vengeance upon Abeniaf, and upon all those who had oppressed them. And Abeniaf was in great trouble at this which was said openly concerning him, and he sent privily to the Cid, telling him to come as soon as might be. The Cid was then before Albarrazin, doing all the evil that he could, and he brake up his camp and came with his host to Juballa; and Abeniaf and the Alcaydes of Xativa and Carchayra came unto him, and they renewed their covenant to stand by each other, and be of one voice. And they took counsel and made a letter for the leader of the army of the Almoravides, wherein they told him that the Cid had made a treaty with the King of Arragon, whereby the King bound himself to help him against them; and they bade him beware how he came towards Valencia, unless he chose to do battle with eight thousand Christian horsemen, covered with iron, and the best warriors in the world. This did they thinking that he would be dismayed and turn back: but the Moor did not cease to advance, notwithstanding this letter.

XII. There was a garden nigh unto Valencia which had belonged to Abenalhazis, and the Cid asked Abeniaf to give it him, that he might take his pleasure there when he was disposed to solace himself. This he did cunningly, that when the Almoravides heard how this garden had been given him which was so nigh unto the city, they should ween that the men of Valencia had given it, and that they were better pleased with his company than with theirs. Abeniaf granted it. And the Cid was wary, and would not enter it till a gateway had been opened into the garden, for the entrance was through narrow streets, and the Cid would not trust himself in those strait places: so Abeniaf ordered the gate to be made, and told the Cid that he would be his host on a day appointed. And Abeniaf bedecked the gate of this garden full richly, and spread costly carpets, and ordered the way to be strewn with rushes, and made a great feast, and expected him all the day, but he did not come. And when it was night he sent to say that he was sick and could not come: and he prayed him to hold him excused. This he did to see

whether they of Valencia would murmur against him. And the sons of Aboegib and all the people murmured greatly, and would fain in their hearts have risen against Abeniaf, but they durst not because of the Cid, with whom they would not fall out lest he should lay waste all that was without the walls. And they looked daily for the Almoravides, and one day they said, Lo! now they are coming: and on the morrow they said, They are coming not. And in this manner some days passed on. And the murmur which there had been concerning the garden died away; and then the Cid entered it, and took possession of the whole suburb of Alcudia round about it: and this he did peaceably, for the Moors and Christians dwelt there together.

XIII. Now came true tidings that the host of the Almoravides, which was at Lorca, was coming on through Murcia, and that the tarriance which they had made had been by reason of their Captain, who had fallen sick, but he was now healed, and they were advancing fast. And the sons of Aboegib and great part of the people rejoiced in these tidings, and took heart: and Abeniaf was in great fear, and he began to excuse himself to the men of the town, and said unto them to pacify them, that they did him wrong to complain of him for the garden which the Cid had asked of him, inasmuch as he had only given it him to disport himself therein for some days and take his pleasure, and that he would make him leave it again whenever it should please them. Moreover he said, that seeing they were displeased with what he had done, he would take no farther trouble upon him; but would send to break off his covenant with the Cid, and send to bid him look out for others to collect his payments, for he would have the charge no longer. This he said in his cunning, thinking that he should pacify them; but they understood his heart, and they cried aloud against him that they would not stand to his covenant, nor by his counsel, but that the sons of Aboegib should counsel them, and whatsoever they should think good, that would they do. And they gave order to fasten the gates of the town, and to keep watch upon the towers and walls. When Abeniaf saw this he ceased to do as he had been wont for fear of the people and of the sons of Aboegib, and took unto himself a greater company to be his guard. And the war was renewed between the Cid and the people of Valencia.

XIV. Now came true tidings that the host of the Almoravides was nigh unto Xativa; and the people of Valencia were glad and rejoiced, for they thought that they were now delivered from their great misery, and from the oppression of the Cid. And

when he heard these tidings he left the garden and went to the place where his host was encamped, which was called Xarosa, and remained there in his tents, and he was at a stand what he should do, whether to abide the coming of the Almoravides, or to depart; howbeit he resolved to abide and see what would befall. And he gave order to break down the bridges and open the sluices, that the plain might be flooded, so that they could only come by one way, which was a narrow pass. Tidings now came that the host of the Almoravides was at Algezira de Xucar, and the joy of the people of Valencia increased, and they went upon the walls and upon the towers to see them come. And when night came they remained still upon the walls, for it was dark, and they saw the great fires of the camp of the Almoravides, which they had pitched near unto a place called Bacer; and they began to pray unto God, beseeching him to give them good speed against the Christians, and they resolved as soon as the Almoravides were engaged in battle with the Cid, that they would issue forth and plunder his tents. But our Lord Jesus Christ was not pleased that it should be so, and he ordered it after another guise; for he sent such a rain that night, with such a wind and flood as no man living remembered, and when it was day the people of Valencia looked from the wall to see the banners of the Almoravides and the place where they had encamped, and behold they could see nothing: and they were full sorrowful, and knew not what they should do, and they remained in such state as a woman in her time of childing, till the hour of tierce, and then came tidings that the Almoravides had turned back, and would not come unto Valencia. For the rains and floods had dismayed them, and they thought the waters would have swept them away, and that the hand of God was against them, and therefore they turned back. And when the people of Valencia heard this they held themselves for dead men, and they wandered about the streets like drunkards, so that a man knew not his neighbour, and they smeared their faces with black like unto pitch, and they lost all thought like one who falls into the waves of the sea. And then the Christians drew nigh unto the walls, crying out unto the Moors with a loud voice like thunder, calling them false traitors and renegados, and saying, Give up the town to the Cid Ruydiez, for ye cannot escape from him. And the Moors were silent, and made no reply because of their great misery.

XV. Then Abenalfarax, a Moor of Valencia, he who wrote this history in Arabic, took account of the food which was in

the city, to see how long it could hold out. And he says that the *cafiz* of wheat was valued at eleven *maravedis*, and the *cafiz* of barley at seven *maravedis*, and that of pulse or other grain at six; and the *arroba* of honey at fifteen *dineros;* and the *arroba* of carobs the third of a *maravedi*, and the *arroba* of onions two thirds of a *maravedi*, and the *arroba* of cheese two *maravedis* and a half, and the measure of oil which the Moors call *maron*, a *maravedi*, and the *quintal* of figs five *maravedis*, and the pound of mutton six *dineros* of silver, and the pound of beef four. These *maravedis* were silver ones, for no other money was current among them. The Moors who dwelt in the suburbs carried all the best of their goods into the city, and the rest they buried. And when the Cid was certain that the Almoravides were not coming, he returned again to lodge in the garden, and gave order to spoil the suburbs, save that of Alcudia, because the inhabitants of that had received him without resistance: and the Moors fled into the city with their wives and children. And when the Christians began to plunder the suburbs they of the town came out and plundered also those houses which were nearest unto the walls, so that everything was carried away and nothing but the timbers left: and then the Christians took that to build them lodgments in the camp; and when the Moors saw this they came out, and carried away what timber they could into the city. And the Christians pulled down all the houses, save only such as could be defended with arrows, and these which they dared not pull down they set fire to by night. And when all the houses had been levelled they began to dig in the foundations, and they found great wealth there, and store of garments, and hoards of wheat; and when the Cid saw this he ordered them to dig everywhere, so that nothing might be lost. And when all had been dug up the Cid drew nearer to the city, and girt it round about, and there was fighting every day at the barriers, for the Moors came out and fought hand to hand, and many a sword-stroke was given and many a push with the spear. While the Moors were thus beleaguered came letters from the Captain of the Almoravides, saying that he had not turned back to Algezira de Xucar for fear, nor for cowardice, neither as one who fled, but for lack of food, and also by reason of the waters; and that it was his set purpose at all events to succour them and deliver them from the oppression which they endured, and he was preparing to do this with all diligence. And he bade them take courage, and maintain the city. And when the Moors of Valencia heard these letters they took heart,

and joined with the sons of Aboegib, and their resolve was that they would be firm and maintain the city. And they said that Abeniaf had made the Almoravides retreat, because he had told them that there was discord in the town. And Abeniaf kept great watch, having a great guard to secure him, least the people should attempt aught against him. And the price of all things in Valencia was doubled.

XVI. Then the Cid drew nearer to the walls, so that no man could either enter in or issue out, but whosoever attempted it was either slain or taken. And he gave orders to till all the lands which lay round about Alcudia, for this was now become a great place, even like a city, and the Moors who dwelt there were safe; and tents and shops were made there for all kinds of merchandize, and merchants came there safely from all parts to buy and to sell, so that they who dwelt there were greatly enriched. And justice was administered to all full righteously, so that there was none who could complain of the Cid nor of his Almoxarife, nor of any of his people; and the Moors were judged by their own law, and were not vexed, and he took from them only a tenth. Now came true tidings from Denia that the Almoravides had returned into their own country, and that there was no hope of succour at their hands. And when they of Valencia heard this they were greatly troubled. And they who held the Castles round about came humbly to the Cid, to place their love upon him, and besought him that he would accept tribute from them, and have them under his protection; and he gave orders that they might travel the roads in peace: and in this manner his rents increased, so that he had plenty to give. And he sent to them who held the Castles, bidding them provide him with cross-bow men, and foot soldiers, to fight against the city; and there was none who dared disobey his bidding, and they sent him cross-bow men and foot-men in great numbers, with their arms and provisions. Thus was Valencia left desolate, and forsaken by all the Moorish people; and it was attacked every day, and none could enter in, neither could any come out; and they were sore distressed, and the waves of death compassed them round about.

XVII. Then was there a Moor in the city who was a learned man and a wise, and he went upon the highest tower, and made a lamentation, and the words with which he lamented he put in writing, and it was rendered afterwards from the Arabic into the Castilian tongue, and the lamentation which he made was this:

Valencia! Valencia! trouble is come upon thee, and thou art

in the hour of death; and if peradventure thou shouldst escape, it will be a wonder to all that shall behold thee.

But if ever God hath shown mercy to any place, let him be pleased to show mercy unto thee; for thy name was joy, and all Moors delighted in thee and took their pleasure in thee.

And if it should please God utterly to destroy thee now, it will be for thy great sins, and for the great presumption which thou hadst in thy pride.

The four corner stones whereon thou art founded would meet together and lament for thee, if they could!

Thy strong wall which is founded upon these four stones trembles, and is about to fall, and hath lost all its strength.

Thy lofty and fair towers which were seen from far, and rejoiced the hearts of the people, . . little by little they are falling.

Thy white battlements which glittered afar off, have lost their truth with which they shone like the sunbeams.

Thy noble river Guadalaver, with all the other waters with which thou hast been served so well, have left their channel, and now they run where they should not.

Thy water courses, which were so clear and of such great profit to so many, for lack of cleansing are choked with mud.

Thy pleasant gardens which were round about thee; . . the ravenous wolf hath gnawn at the roots, and the trees can yield thee no fruit.

Thy goodly fields, with so many and such fair flowers, wherein thy people were wont to take their pastime, are all dried up.

Thy noble harbour, which was so great honour to thee, is deprived of all the nobleness which was wont to come into it for thy sake.

The fire hath laid waste the lands of which thou wert called Mistress, and the great smoke thereof reacheth thee.

There is no medicine for thy sore infirmity, and the physicians despair of healing thee.

Valencia! Valencia! from a broken heart have I uttered all these things which I have said of thee.

And this grief would I keep unto myself that none should know it, if it were not needful that it should be known to all.

XVIII. Now all the trouble and distress which the men of Valencia endured, pleased Abeniaf well, because they had forsaken him and followed the sons of Aboegib; and he said that it did not behove a man to give advice unto those who would not listen to it, and that if the people had hearkened to him they would not have been brought to this misery; and what evil

they endured was because of the sons of Aboegib, who lacked wit to be well with any one, or to do anything. These things Abeniaf said daily to all who came to visit him: so that the people great as well as little began to talk thereof, saying that Abeniaf spake truly. And the Christians fought against them every day, and pressed them close, and the price of food increased daily; and they withdrew themselves from the love of the sons of Aboegib, and thought that they had been ill-advised to follow their counsel, and that because of them all this evil was come upon them, and they held them for fools. And the people cried out upon Abeniaf that he should forgive them for having forsaken him, and that he should protect them, and devise means for their deliverance from this great trouble. And Abeniaf said that he would have nothing to do with them more than as one of them; for if they were in trouble, so was he: and what they stood in fear of, that did he fear also; and that he could not give counsel to men who were divided among themselves; and he said unto them that they must agree among themselves, and be all of one mind to do one of these two things; . . either to forsake the sons of Aboegib and their counsel, or to stand by it. And when he should see that they no longer opposed him with their evil counsels and the bad way in which they were going on, that he would then take counsel for them in such guise that they should be at peace; for they knew how they had sped so long as they let him direct them, and he trusted in God so to speed as that they should have no war with the Cid, neither with any other. And they made answer with one accord that they would trust in him and obey him, and do all which he should command, for it had alway been well with them when they followed his advice.

XIX. Then the men of Valencia made Abeniaf their Adelantado, and promised to abide by his counsel; howbeit this could not lightly be done, for many of the people held with the others. And when Abeniaf saw that they would have him for their chief, he said that they should make a writing, and the chief persons of the town confirm it with their names; and the people accorded that it should be so, and it was done accordingly. Then he made offers to the Cid that they should pay him tribute, and took counsel with him how to put the sons of Aboegib, and those who held with them, out of the town; and their counsel was, that the Cid should draw nigh to the walls, and speak unto the men of the town, saying, that so long as they followed after the ways of the sons of Aboegib,

he would never grant them his love; and all the evil which he did unto them was because of them, and because they were guided by them and by their evil counsel. And if they desired to speed well they should send away the sons of Aboegib, and take Abeniaf to be their chief, and give ear unto him. And the Cid came nigh unto the walls and said these things, and moreover that he had great ruth for them, for he loved them well: and if they would do according to his words he would help them and protect them, as he had been wont to do in the days of King Yahia; and he bade them look well to what they were doing, and not suffer themselves to be brought to destruction. And Abeniaf also said these things to those of his household and to all those who talked with him, and asked of them why they would let themselves be brought to destruction by the counsel of foolish men and unwise. And this he said so often that they thought it was truth, and they besought him that as he was their Adelantado now, he would devise means for their deliverance, and how they might live in peace; and he made answer that they were not to think he had forgotten this, for he had laboured greatly with the Cid to obtain his love for them, but the Cid had sworn that they should never have his love till they had put the sons of Aboegib out of the town; when they had done that, he would do whatsoever they should think good, but till they had done it there should be no covenant between him and them. But when the men of the town heard this they murmured greatly, and said that he demanded a hard thing, and that it were better they should all die than do this; and they talked concerning this matter three days, being in doubt what they should do. And when Abeniaf saw that the people were thus at a stand, he took counsel privily with the Cid, and with the knights, and the good men who were on his side, how he might take them. And one of the chief persons of Abeniaf's household went out with a great company of horse and foot to seize the sons of Aboegib; and they when they knew this, took shelter in the house of an Alfaqui, that is to say, one learned in the law, who was held in much honour by the Moors; and in this house, which was surrounded with an embattled wall, they thought with the little company that they had with them, to defend themselves, till the cry could go forth through the city, and their friends come to their succour. And they who went to take them set fire to the outer gates, and many of the baser sort gathered together to see what the stir was. And they ascended the roof and threw

down tiles upon the assailants till they made them take shelter under the eaves, and then the house was forced, and they plundered all that they could find, and laid hands on the sons of Aboegib and carried them to prison. All this was done before the cry could go forth through the town; and all the kinsmen of the sons of Aboegib were taken also: they were kept that day in prison, and when it was night they were taken to the Cid, to his lodging in Alcudia, and delivered into his hands.

XX. On the morrow there was a great stir among the men of the town, and they were greatly troubled at this foul thing which Abeniaf had done. But Abeniaf thinking that he should now have his desire, and that all was done, took horse and rode forth with all his company to the Bridge-end, to see Ruydiez the Cid. And the Bishop, as he was called, of Albarrazin, came to meet him with a great company of knights, being the chiefs of the company of the Cid, and they did great honour unto him, thinking that he would give them something. And they brought him to the lodging of the Cid, which was in the Garden of the new town; and the Cid came out to meet him at the garden gate, and embraced him, and made much of him. And the first thing which he said, was, to ask him why he had not put on kingly garments, for King he was: and he bade him take off the coif which he wore, for it was not what beseemed him now, and made semblance as if he would have held his stirrups. And they stood talking awhile. Now the Cid thought that Abeniaf would not come to him with empty hands, and looked that he should give him of the treasures and jewels that he had taken from King Yahia whom he had slain; but when he saw that he brought nothing, then began the Cid to talk of terms, and said unto him that if he desired to have his love, and that there should be peace between them, he must divide with him the rents of the town, as well what was collected within as without, and that he would have his own Almoxarife to see to this and collect his share. And Abeniaf made answer that it should be so. And the Cid demanded of him his son as hostage, that he might keep him in Juballa, for otherwise he said he could not be secure. And Abeniaf agreed to this also; so they parted for that day, having appointed that they should meet on the morrow, and confirm this covenant by writings so that it should be good. Then Abeniaf returned into the city full sorrowful and taking great thought; and then he saw the foolishness that he had done in sending away the Almoravides out

of the land, and in putting his trust in men of another law. And on the morrow the Cid sent for him that he should come out and confirm the covenant; but Abeniaf sent him word that he would not give him his son, even though he knew he should lose his head for refusing. And the Cid sent him a letter with great threats, saying, that since he had thus deceived him, there should never more be love between them, nor would he ever believe aught which he should say. And then the hatred between them waxed very great. And the Cid sent unto that Moor who had taken the sons of Aboegib and bade him leave the town, and go unto the Castle which was called Alcala; and he obeyed and went thither, for he dared not do otherwise than as the Cid commanded. And he did great honours to the sons of Aboegib and to their kinsmen, and gave orders that they should be provided with all things which they needed, and gave them garments, and promised that he would be their great friend. At this time three good men of Valencia died, who were the most honourable of the town and of the most discretion, and Abeniaf was left as Chief, for there was none to gainsay him.

XXI. And the Cid made war afresh upon the city as cruelly as he could, and the price of bread was now three times as great as it had been at the beginning; the load of wheat was worth an hundred *maravedis* of silver, and the pound of flesh was a *maravedi.* And the Cid drew nigh unto the walls, so as to fight hand to hand with the townsmen. And Abeniaf waxed proud and despised the people, and when any went to make complaint before him, and ask justice at his hands, he dishonoured them, and they were evil entreated by him. And he was like a King, retired apart, and troubadours and gleemen and masters disported before him which could do the best, and he took his pleasure. And they of the town were in great misery, from the Christians who warred upon them from without, and the famine whereof they died within. Moreover Abeniaf oppressed them greatly, and he took unto himself all the goods of those who died, and he made all persons equal, the good and the bad, and took from all all that he could; and those who gave him nothing he ordered to be tormented with stripes, and cast into rigorous prisons, till he could get something from them. And he had no respect neither for kinsman nor friend. There was but one measure for all, and men cared nothing now for their possessions, so that the sellers were many and the buyers none. And with all these miseries the price of food became exceeding great, for the *cafiz* of wheat was priced at ninety *maravedis*, and that of barley at eighty,

and that of painick* eighty and five, and that of all pulse sixty, and the *arroba* of figs seven, and of honey twenty, and of cheese eighteen, and of carobs sixteen, and of onions twelve, and the measure of oil twenty: flesh there was none, neither of beast nor of anything else; but if a beast died, the pound was worth three *maravedis*. And they were so weak with hunger that the Christians came to the walls and threw stones in with the hand, and there was none who had strength to drive them back.

XXII. And the Cid having it at heart to take the town, let make an engine, and placed it at one of the gates, and it did great hurt both to the walls and within the town; and the Moors made other engines, with the which they brake that of the Cid. And the Cid in his anger let make three engines, and placed them at the three gates of the town, and they did marvellous great hurt. And food waxed dearer every day, till at last dear nor cheap it was not to be had, and there was a great mortality for famine; and they ate dogs and cats and mice. And they opened the vaults and sewers of the town, and took out the stones of the grapes which they had eaten, and washed them, and ate them. And they who had horses fed upon them. And many men, and many women, and many children watched when the gates were open, and went out and gave themselves into the hands of the Christians, who slew some, and took others, and sold them to the Moors in Alcudia; and the price of a Moor was a loaf and a pitcher of wine: and when they gave them food and they took their fill, they died. Them that were stronger they sold to merchants who came there by sea from all parts. And the Moors of Alcudia, and of the town which the Cid had made there, had plenty of all things, and as great as was their abundance, even so great was the misery of those in the town: and they spake the verse which sayeth, If I go to the right the water will destroy me, and if I go to the left the lion will kill me; and if I turn back there is the fire.

XXIII. Now the Moors of Valencia being in this great misery because of the siege which the Cid laid unto the town, Abeniaf bethought him that he would send a messenger to the King of Zaragoza, and beseech him to come to his succour, even as he had succoured the grandson of Alimaymon, when the Lord of Denia and Tortosa came against him. And the good men of the town took counsel whether they should say in these letters, To you

* A grain resembling millet.

the King, or whether they should humble themselves before him and call him Lord; and they debated upon this for three days, and agreed that they would call him Lord, that he might have the more compassion upon them. And though Abeniaf was troubled at heart at this determination, nevertheless he said in the letter as they had appointed. And he called a Moor who spake the mixed language, and instructed him how to get out of the city by night, so that the Christians might not see him, and told him that when he had given that letter to the King of Zaragoza, the King would give him garments, and a horse, and a mule to ride on, and that he himself would show favour unto him as long as he lived. So the messenger departed with the letter. And the famine in the town waxed greater, and food was not now bought by the *cafix*, neither by the *fanega*, but by ounces, or at most by the pound. And the pound of wheat cost a *maravedi* and a half, and that of barley a *maravedi*, and that of painick a *maravedi* and a quarter, and of pulse a *maravedi*, and of flax-seed three parts of a *maravedi*, and of cheese three *dineros*, and of honey three, and of figs one; and the *panilla* of oil was eight *dineros*, and the pound of colewort five, and the ounce of carobs three parts of a *dinero*, and the ounce of onions the same, and the head of garlick the same; and a pound of beast's flesh was six *maravedis*, and grape-stones were half a *dinero* the pound, and the skins of kine and of beasts five *dineros:* the *dinero* was silver, for there was no money current save silver and gold.

XXIV. When the King of Zaragoza saw the letter which Abeniaf and the men of Valencia had sent him, he gave no heed to it, neither cared he for the messenger, neither did he give him even a draught of water for his reward. And the messenger waited for his answer from day to day for three weeks, and he dared not depart without it for fear lest Abeniaf should slay him; and he thought also that some of the King's people would come out after him and slay him upon the way: and he was urgent for his answer, and began at last to cry aloud at the gate of the King's house, so that the King asked of what that messenger was making his complaint. Then they told the King that he wanted his answer that he might be gone. And the King wrote an answer and said, that this aid which they besought of him he could not give till he had sent to ask help of King Don Alfonso of Castile, for he could not else venture to do battle with the Cid. And he exhorted them to defend themselves the best they could while he procured horsemen from King Don

Alfonso to help them, and that they should from time to time send him word how they went on. So the messenger returned in great sorrow that he had sped no better, and that nothing had been given him as Abeniaf had promised: and all this which the King of Zaragoza said was only delay, and meant nothing. And the famine now waxed so great that there was no food to sell, and many died of hunger. And many for great misery went out to the Christians, recking not whether they should be made captive, or slain, for they thought it better to be slain than to perish for lack of food. And Abeniaf searched all the houses in the town for food, and where he found any store, he left only what would suffice for a fortnight, and took the rest, saying that in that time the King of Zaragoza would come and relieve them, for that he only tarried to collect great store of food, that he might bring it with him. This he said to keep the people quiet, and to encourage them. And of the food which he carried away, he took the most part for himself and for his guards, and the rest he ordered to be sold in such manner that none should buy more than would suffice him for the day. And what he took he did not pay for, and when the people demanded payment he put them off till another day; and he bade them not complain, for they would be relieved from this misery, and then he would pay them well. And they who had any food left buried it for fear, and for this reason there was none to be bought, neither dear nor cheap. And they who had nothing else, ate herbs, and leather, and electuaries from the apothecaries which they bought at a great price, and the poor ate the dead bodies.

XXV. Now Abeniaf had no hope of succour save only from the King of Zaragoza, who had sent to bid him hold out; and he sent to him every night to tell him of the great misery which there was in Valencia, and the King of Zaragoza returned for answer that King Don Alfonso had sent him a great body of horsemen with Garcia Ordoñez, and would come himself after them; and he sent in this letter another letter written with his own hand, and which was to be shown to the good men of the town, privily; and he said therein, with great oaths to confirm it, that he would without fail come and deliver them, for it was a great grief to him to think what they endured, and that this was as great sorrow to him, as theirs could be. And certain of the King's favourites wrote to Abeniaf also after the same manner, telling him that he would surely come; howbeit one of his favourites who had compassion

upon the men of Valencia sent a covert message to warn them, saying, that the King of Zaragoza would build a tower in Alcudia de Tudela; the meaning of this was, that all the King said, was only to put them off. Abeniaf did not understand it, and sent to ask him what it was that he had said: but the other made him no reply. Then the King of Zaragoza sent two messengers to the Cid with jewels and rich presents, and besought him that he would not distress the men of Valencia so greatly, and also that he would let his messengers enter the town that they might speak with Abeniaf. This the Cid would not permit; howbeit they found means to send in a letter, saying, Wit ye that I send to entreat the Cid that he will not do so great evil unto you, and I give him jewels and rich presents that he may do my will in this, and I believe that he will do it. But if he should not, I will gather together a great host, and drive him out of the land. Howbeit these were but dissembling words, for the King of Zaragoza and the Cid were friends and were of one accord, that the Cid should take Valencia and give it the King, who should give him great treasures in return.

XXVI. Then the Cid began to treat with a great Moor of the town, named Abenmoxiz that he should rise up against Abeniaf, and kill him or deliver him into his hands, and that he would make him Lord over Valencia, and the country as far as Denia. And Abenmoxiz took counsel with his friends, and they advised him that he should do this; but Abeniaf knew of their counsel, and took them, and put them in prison, and gave them in charge to two of his household in whom he had great trust. And Abenmoxiz talked with his keepers, and told them all that he purposed to do, and promised them, if they would release him, to reward them greatly when he had succeeded, saying, that he undertook this with the consent and advice of the King of Zaragoza; so they were persuaded and promised to join with him. And when it was night Abenmoxiz and his friends and the two keepers agreed to seize the Alcazar, which was the place wherein they were imprisoned, and to beat the alarm, and raise a cry for the King of Zaragoza: and they thought the men of the town would join with them, and then they would go to the house of Abeniaf and lay hands on him. And they did accordingly, and beat a drum, and sent a crier upon the tower of the Mosque to bid all the people assemble at the Alcazar. And when the people heard the drum and that crier they were in great fear, and knew not what to think; and

they assembled some to guard their own houses, other some to guard the tower, till they knew what it was. And when Abeniaf heard it, he was greatly dismayed, and he asked of all whom he found at his gates, what the uproar was, and what this thing might be. In short time all they who were on his side, both horse and foot, assembled together, and then they knew what it was; and he bade them go to the Alcazar and take Abenmoxiz, and all that held with him. Abenmoxiz this while was at the gate of the Alcazar with his little company, thinking that the whole town would join him; and behold Abeniaf's company came up and charged him; and he thought to defend himself with the few that were with him, but the most part fled, and he with four others were taken; and they led them with great shame to the house of Abeniaf, who sent him to prison, and gave orders to smite off the heads of the others. And Abeniaf sent to lay hands on all whom he suspected, and took from them all that they had. And he sent messengers to the King of Zaragoza to tell him what had chanced, and they took with them Abenmoxiz prisoner, and they were charged to remain at Zaragoza, and send him true tidings from thence.

XXVII. Now there was no food to be bought in the city, and the people were in the waves of death: and men were seen to drop and die in the streets, and the Place of the Alcazar round about the walls thereof was full of graves, and there was no grave which had fewer than ten bodies in it. As many as could fled out of the town, and delivered themselves up to the Christians to be made prisoners. The Cid thought that they who were the Chiefs within the walls, thrust out the poor and feeble, that they might be able to hold out longer; and it troubled him, for he thought to take the town by starving it, and he feared the coming of the Almoravides. Sometimes it troubled him, and at other times he seemed pleased that the Moors should come out and give themselves prisoners to his people. Now it befel that once, at such time as it seemed to please him, some of the chief men of the town came out in this manner, and counselled him that he should attack it, for they said the men at arms were few, and weak for hunger, and that he might presently win it: and the Cid took thought upon this matter and resolved to do as they said; and he gathered together his host and advanced against the gate which is called Belfanhanes, that is to say, the Gate of the Snake, and they drew nigh unto the wall. And all the people of the town assembled, even all the force which was

therein, and threw down stones from the gate and from the wall, and shot their arrows, so that neither stone nor arrow fell in vain; and the Cid and they who had advanced with him went into a bath which was near the wall, to be under cover from the arrows. And Abeniaf's company opened the gate and sallied out, seeing that the stones and arrows from the wall had hurt many, and made the Christians draw back; and the Cid and they who were with him remained in the bath, being shut up there, for they could not go out by the door whereat they had entered, and they broke through the wall on the other side, and the Cid escaped that way, being thus put to rout. Then he thought himself ill-advised in having attacked the town, and in putting himself into a place from whence he had escaped with such great danger; and he held that the worst war which he could make upon the men of Valencia was to let them die of hunger. So he ordered proclamation to be made so loud that all the Moors upon the walls could hear, bidding all who had come out from the town to return into it, or he would burn as many as he should find; and saying also that he would slay all who came out from that time forth. Nevertheless they continued to let themselves down from the walls, and the Christians took them without his knowledge. But as many as he found he burnt alive before the walls, so that the Moors could see them; in one day he burnt eighteen, and cast others alive to the dogs, who tore them in pieces. They who could hide any sent them away by sea and by land to be sold; the most whom they sent were young men and girls, for others they would not take; and many virgins they kept for themselves. And if they knew that any who came out had left kinsmen or friends in the town who would give anything for them, they tortured them before the walls, or hung them from the towers of the Mosques which were without the city, and stoned them; and when they in the town saw this they gave ransom for them, that they might be permitted to dwell in Alcudia with the Moors who were in peace with the Cid. This continued for two months, till there were only four beasts left in the town, and one was a mule of Abeniaf's, and another was a horse of his son's; and the people were so wasted that there were but few who had strength to mount the wall.

XXVIII. The company of Abeniaf and of his kinsmen despaired now of holding out, and of the help of the King of Zaragoza, or of the Almoravides, and they desired rather to die than endure this misery. And the good men of the city, as many as were left, went to an Alfaqui, who was a good man,

and one who was held in great esteem, and besought him to give them counsel, for he saw their great distress, and how they were out of all hope of succour; and they besought him that he would go to Abeniaf, and know of him what he thought to do, or what hope he had, that he let them all perish thus. The Alfaqui gave ear to them, and said that if they would all hold together, and be of one heart, and show great anger at having been brought to this misery, he would do all he could to relieve them; and they promised to do whatever he should advise. Now Abeniaf knew of the talk which the good men of the town had had with the Alfaqui, and understood that it was because of the great misery which they endured; and he thought in his heart that he would humble himself, and do whatever his people should think good. And the Alfaqui thought that happy man was his dole now that the people had committed themselves to his guidage, and he went to Abeniaf and communed with him, and their accord was to give up all hope of succour. And Abeniaf put himself in the hands of the Alfaqui, that he should go between him and the Cid and the people of Valencia, and make the best terms for them that he could, seeing that they could no longer hold out, and maintain the town.

XXIX. Here the history relates that at this time Martin Pelaez the Asturian came with a convoy of laden beasts, carrying provisions to the host of the Cid; and as he passed near the town the Moors sallied out in great numbers against him; but he, though he had few with him, defended the convoy right well, and did great hurt to the Moors, slaying many of them, and drove them into the town. This Martin Pelaez who is here spoken of, did the Cid make a right good knight, of a coward, as ye shall hear. When the Cid first began to lay siege to the city of Valencia, this Martin Pelaez came unto him; he was a knight, a native of Santillana in Asturias, a hidalgo, great of body and strong of limb, a well-made man and of goodly semblance, but withal a right coward at heart, which he had shown in many places when he was among feats of arms. And the Cid was sorry when he came unto him, though he would not let him perceive this; for he knew he was not fit to be of his company. Howbeit he thought that since he was come he would make him brave whether he would or not. And when the Cid began to war upon the town, and sent parties against it twice and thrice a day, as ye have heard, for the Cid was alway upon the alert, there was fighting and tourneying every day. One day it fell out that the Cid and his kinsmen and friends and

vassals were engaged in a great encounter, and this Martin Pelaez was well armed; and when he saw that the Moors and Christians were at it, he fled and betook himself to his lodging, and there hid himself till the Cid returned to dinner. And the Cid saw what Martin Pelaez did, and when he had conquered the Moors he returned to his lodging to dinner. Now it was the custom of the Cid to eat at a high table, seated on his bench, at the head. And Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and other precious knights, ate in another part, at high tables, full honourably, and none other knights whatsoever dared take their seats with them, unless they were such as deserved to be there; and the others who were not so approved in arms ate upon *estrados*, at tables with cushions. This was the order in the house of the Cid, and every one knew the place where he was to sit at meat, and every one strove all he could to gain the honour of sitting to eat at the table of Don Alvar Fañez and his companions, by strenuously behaving himself in all feats of arms; and thus the honour of the Cid was advanced. This Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his badness, washed his hands in turn with the other knights, and would have taken his place among them. And the Cid went unto him, and took him by the hand and said, You are not such a one as deserves to sit with these, for they are worth more than you or than me; but I will have you with me: and he seated him with himself at table. And he, for lack of understanding, thought that the Cid did this to honour him above all the others. On the morrow the Cid and his company rode towards Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney; and Martin Pelaez went out well armed, and was among the foremost who charged the Moors, and when he was in among them he turned the reins, and went back to his lodging; and the Cid took heed to all that he did, and saw that though he had done badly he had done better than the first day. And when the Cid had driven the Moors into the town he returned to his lodging, and as he sat down to meat he took this Martin Pelaez by the hand, and seated him with himself, and bade him eat with him in the same dish, for he had deserved more that day than he had the first. And the knight gave heed to that saying and was abashed; howbeit he did as the Cid commanded him: and after he had dined he went to his lodging and began to think upon what the Cid had said unto him, and perceived that he had seen all the baseness which he had done; and then he understood that for this cause he would not let him sit at board with the other knights

who were precious in arms, but had seated him with himself, more to affront him than to do him honour, for there were other knights there better than he, and he did not show them that honour. Then resolved he in his heart to do better than he had done heretofore. Another day the Cid and his company and Martin Pelaez rode toward Valencia, and the Moors came out to the tourney full resolutely, and Martin Pelaez was among the first, and charged them right boldly; and he smote down and slew presently a good knight, and he lost there all the bad fear which he had had, and was that day one of the best knights there: and as long as the tourney lasted there he remained, smiting and slaying and overthrowing the Moors, till they were driven within the gates, in such manner that the Moors marvelled at him, and asked where that Devil came from, for they had never seen him before. And the Cid was in a place where he could see all that was going on, and he gave good heed to him, and had great pleasure in beholding him, to see how well he had forgotten the great fear which he was wont to have. And when the Moors were shut up within the town, the Cid and all his people returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez full leisurely and quietly went to his lodging also, like a good knight. And when it was the hour of eating the Cid waited for Martin Pelaez, and when he came, and they had washed, the Cid took him by the hand and said, My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me from henceforth, but sit you here with Don Alvar Fañez, and with these other good knights, for the good feats which you have done this day have made you a companion for them; and from that day forward he was placed in the company of the good. And the history said that from that day forward this knight Martin Pelaez was a right good one, and a right valiant, and a right precious, in all places where he chanced among feats of arms, and he lived alway with the Cid, and served him right well and truly. And the history saith, that after the Cid had won the city of Valencia, on the day when they conquered and discomfited the King of Seville, this Martin Pelaez was so good a one, that setting aside the body of the Cid himself, there was no such good knight there, nor one who bore such part, as well in the battle as in the pursuit. And so great was the mortality which he made among the Moors that day, that when he returned from the business the sleeves of his mail were clotted with blood, up to the elbow; insomuch that for what he did that day his name is written in this history, that it may never die. And when the Cid saw him

come in that guise, he did him great honour, such as he never had done to any knight before that day, and from thenceforward gave him a place in all his actions and in all his secrets, and he was his great friend. In this knight Martin Pelaez was fulfilled the example which saith, that he who betaketh himself to a good tree, hath good shade, and he who serves a good Lord winneth good guerdon; for by reason of the good service which he did the Cid, he came to such good state that he was spoken of as ye have heard: for the Cid knew how to make a good knight, as a good groom knows how to make a good horse. The history now leaves to speak of him, and returns to the accord of the Alfaqui and Abeniaf, which they propounded unto the Cid.

XXX. This Alfaqui sent his messengers to an Almoxarife of the Cid whose name was Abdalla Adiz, who was a good man and one whom the Cid loved, and who never left him after he had obtained his favour. And when Abdalla Adiz heard that they wished to propose terms, he spake with the Cid upon this matter, and the Cid bade him enter the town, and speak with them, and know of them what they would have. And he went into the town, and spake with them as the Cid had commanded, and came out again, and reported unto him what they had said, till he had made terms between them. Abeniaf sent three good men with him to confirm the terms which were made, and the covenant was after this manner, that they of Valencia should send messengers to the King of Zaragoza, and to Ali Abenaxa who was Adelantado of the Almoravides and Lord of Murcia, beseeching them to succour them within fifteen days; and if within that time they were not succoured they should then give up the city to the Cid, with such conditions, that Abeniaf should remain mighty in the town, as he had been before, his person being secure and all that he had, and his wives, and his children, and that he should remain *Veedor*, that is to say, Overseer, of all the rents of the town, he and the Almoxarife of the Cid, and a Moor who was called Musa should be Guazil of the town: this Musa had looked after the affairs of the Cid in the time of King Yahia, and never forsook him after the death of the King his Lord; and the Cid made him Alcayde of a Castle, and alway found him loyal, and at his service, and for this reason trusted he in him so as to make him Guazil, who should keep the keys of the town, with a guard of Almocadenes, and of Christian footmen of Almogavares who had been born in the land of the Moors. And it was

appointed that the Cid should dwell in Juballa, in the town which he had made, and that he should alter none of their privileges, nor of their customs, nor the rents which they paid, nor their money.

XXXI. Presently on the morrow they sent five good men as messengers to the King of Zaragoza, and as many more to Murcia; and it had been covenanted that neither of these messengers should take with him more than fifty *maravedis* for his journey, and that they should go by sea as far as Denia, in a ship of the Christians, and from thence by land. These messengers embarked with their company on board that ship, and the Cid sent orders to the master thereof not to sail till he came; and the Cid came himself in his own body and bade them search the messengers to see if they took with them more than had been agreed; and he found upon them great riches in gold and in silver and in pearls and in precious stones; part was their own, and part belonged to other merchants in the city, who thought to send it to Murcia, not being minded to abide in Valencia: and he took it all, leaving them no more than fifty *maravedis* each, according to the covenant. This was the price of food on the day when these messengers departed: the pound of wheat was three *maravedis*, and the pound of barley one and a half, and the pound of painick three, saving a quarter; the ounce of cheese three *dineros*, and the ounce of hemp seed four, and the pound of colewort one *maravedi* and two *dineros* of silver, and the pound of neat-skin one *maravedi*. In the whole town there was only one mule of Abeniaf's, and one horse: another horse which belonged to a Moor he sold to a butcher for three hundred and eighty *doblas* of gold, bargaining that he should have ten pounds of the flesh. And the butcher sold the flesh of that horse at ten *maravedis* the short pound, and afterwards at twelve, and the head for twenty *doblas* of gold.

XXXII. The Moors of Valencia were now something comforted, for they weened that they should receive help, and the Christians did not now war upon them; nevertheless they kept guard, and went the rounds, as before, and waited for the day appointed, as one who looked to be released from prison. And for this reason men began to bring out the food which they had hidden, and to sell of it, and thus they went on till the time expired, and the messengers were not returned. And Abeniaf besought them that they would wait yet three days more, but they made answer that they would not, for they could

bear it no longer. And the Cid sent unto them bidding them yield up the town, as they had covenanted to do; and he swore with great oaths, that if they delayed a single hour after the time was expired, he would not keep the terms which he had made, and moreover that he would slay the hostages; nevertheless they let a day pass over and above the term. And then they who made the covenant with the Cid went out unto him and besought him to come and receive the town, but the Cid said wrathfully to them that he was not bound to keep the terms, seeing they had let the time appointed pass; and they yielded themselves into his hands that he should do with them according to his pleasure; then he was moved to compassion, and had pity upon them. And Abeniaf and other good men came out, and the writings were made and were confirmed on both sides, by the Chiefs of the Christians and of the Moors, and the gates were opened at the hour of noon, upon Thursday the last day of June, after the feast of St. John, which the Moors call Alhazaro. And when the gate was opened Abeniaf was there within, with a great company round about him, both of his own people and of those of the town; and the Christians as they entered ascended the walls and towers. And Abeniaf asked why so many went up, for it was not in the terms; but they would not cease for that, and they took possession of all, little to his liking.

BOOK VII.

I. And all the people of the town gathered together, like men risen from their graves, . . yea, like the dead when the trumpet shall sound for the day of judgment, and men shall come out of their graves and be gathered together before the Majesty of God. And hucksters came from Alcudia and brought bread and pulse to sell, and others of the town went out to Alcudia to buy food; and they who were poor, and had not wherewith to buy, plucked of the herbs of the field and ate them, and they held themselves rich because they could go out when they would, and enter in again without fear. And such as were wise among them abstained from taking much food, fearing what would happen, and they took it little by little till they had gotten strength; all they who took their fill died, and the mortality among them was so great that all the fields were full of graves.

II. On the following day after the Christians had taken possession of the town, the Cid entered it with a great company, and he ascended the highest tower of the wall, and beheld all the city; and the Moors came unto him, and kissed his hand, saying he was welcome. And the Cid did great honour unto them. And then he gave order that all the windows of the towers which looked in upon the town should be closed up, that the Christians might not see what the Moors did in their houses; and the Moors thanked him for this greatly. And he commanded and requested the Christians that they should show great honour to the Moors, and respect them, and greet them when they met: and the Moors thanked the Cid greatly for the honour which the Christians did them, saying that they had never seen so good a man, nor one so honourable, nor one who had his people under such obedience.

III. Now Abeniaf thought to have the love of the Cid; and calling to mind the wrath with which he had formerly been received, because he had not taken a gift with him, he took now great riches which he had taken from those who sold bread for so great a price during the siege of Valencia, and this he carried

to the Cid as a present. Among those who had sold it were some men from the Islands of Majorca, and he took from them all that they had. This the Cid knew, and he would not accept his gifts. And the Cid caused proclamation to be made in the town and throughout the whole district thereof, that the honourable men and knights and castellans should assemble together in the garden of Villa Nueva, where the Cid at that time sojourned. And when they were all assembled, he went out unto them, to a place which was made ready with carpets and with mats, and he made them take their seats before him full honourably, and began to speak unto them saying, I am a man who have never possessed a kingdom, neither I nor any man of my lineage. But the day when I first beheld this city I was well pleased therewith, and coveted it that I might be its Lord: and I besought the Lord our God that he would give it me. See now what his power is, for the day when I sat down before Juballa I had no more than four loaves of bread, and now by God's mercy I have won Valencia. And if I administer right and justice here God will let me enjoy it, but if I do evil, and demean myself proudly and wrongfully, I know that he will take it away. Now then let every one go to his own lands, and possess them even as he was wont to have and to hold them. He who shall find his field, or his vineyard, or his garden, desert, let him incontinently enter thereon; and he who shall find his husbanded, let him pay him that hath cultivated it the cost of his labour, and of the seed which he hath sown therein, and remain with his heritage, according to the law of the Moors. Moreover I have given order that they who collect my dues take from you no more than the tenth, because so it is appointed by the custom of the Moors, and it is what ye have been wont to pay. And I have resolved in my heart to hear your complaints two days in the week, on the Monday and the Thursday; but if causes should arise which require haste, come to me when ye will and I will give judgment, for I do not retire with women to sing and to drink, as your Lords have done, so that ye could obtain no justice, but will myself see to these things, and watch over ye as friend over his friend, and kinsman over his kinsman. And I will be Cadi and Guazil, and when dispute happens among ye I will decide it. When he had said these things they all replied that they prayed God to preserve him through long and happy years, and four of the most honourable among them rose and kissed his hands, and the Cid bade them take their seats again.

IV. Then the Cid spake unto them and said, It is told me that Abeniaf hath done much evil, and committed great wrong toward some of ye, in that he hath taken great riches from ye to present them to me, saying, that this he did because ye sold food for a great price during the siege. But I will accept of no such gift; for if I were minded to have your riches, I could take them, and need not ask them neither from him nor from any other; but thing so unseemly as to take that which is his from any one, without just cause, I will not do. They who have gotten wealth thus, God hath given it them; let them go to Abeniaf, and take back what he hath forced from them, for I will order him to restore the whole. Then he said, Ye see the riches which I took from the messengers who went to Murcia; it is mine by right, for I took it in war because they brake the covenant which they had made, and would have deceived me: nevertheless I will restore it to the uttermost farthing, that nothing thereof shall be lost. And ye shall do homage to me that ye will not withdraw yourselves, but will abide here, and do my bidding in all things, and never depart from the covenant which ye make with me; for I love ye, and am grieved to think of the great evil and misery which ye endured from the great famine, and of the mortality which there was. And if ye had done that before which ye have done now, ye would not have been brought to these sufferings and have bought the *cafiz* of wheat at a thousand *maravedis;* but I trust in God to bring it to one *maravedi.* Be ye now secure in your lands, and till your fields, and rear cattle; for I have given order to my men that they offer ye no wrong, neither enter into the town to buy nor to sell; but that they carry on all their dealings in Alcudia, and this I do that ye may receive no displeasure. Moreover I command them not to take any captive into the town, but if this should be done, lay ye hands on the captive and set him free, without fear, and if any one should resist, kill him and fear not. I myself will not enter your city nor dwell therein, but I will build me a place beside the Bridge of Alcantara, where I may go and disport myself at times, and repair when it is needful. When he had said these things he bade them go their way.

V. Well pleased were the Moors when they departed from him, and they marvelled at the greatness of his promises, and they set their hearts at rest, and put away the fear which they had had, thinking all their troubles were over; for in all the promises which the Cid had made unto them, they

believed that he spake truth; but he said these things only to quiet them, and to make them come to what he wished, even as came to pass. And when he had done, he sent his Almoxarife, Abdalla Adiz, to the Custom House, and made him appoint men to collect the rents of the town for him, which was done accordingly. And when the Cid had given order concerning his own affairs at his pleasure, the Moors would fain have entered again into possession of their heritages as he told them; but they found it all otherwise, for of all the fields which the Christians had husbanded, they would not yield up one; albeit they let them enter upon such as were left waste: some said that the Cid had given them the lands that year, instead of their pay, and other some that they rented them and had paid rent for the year. So the Moors seeing this, waited till Thursday, when the Cid was to hear complaints, as he had said unto them. When Thursday came all the honourable men went to the Garden, but the Cid sent to say unto them that he could not come out that day, because of other causes which he had to determine; and he desired that they would go their way for that time, and come again on the Monday: this was to show his mastery. And when it was Monday they assembled again in the Garden, and the Cid came out to them, and took his seat upon the *estrado*, and the Moors made their complaint. And when he had heard them, he began to make similitudes, and offer reasons which were not like those which he had spoken the first day, for he said to them, I ask of ye, whether it is well that I should be left without men? for if I were without them, I should be like unto one who hath lost his right arm, or to a bird that hath no wings, or to one who should do battle and hath neither spear nor sword. The first thing which I have to look to is to the well-being of my people, that they may live in wealth and honour, so that they may be able to serve me, and defend my honour: for since it has pleased God to give me the city of Valencia, I will not that there be any other Lord here than me. Therefore I say unto you and command you, if you would be well with me, and would that I should show favour unto you, that ye see how to deliver that traitor Abeniaf into my hands. Ye all know the great treason which he committed upon King Yahia, his Lord and yours, how he slew him, and the misery which he brought upon you in the siege; and since it is not fitting that a traitor who hath slain his Lord should live among you, and that his treason should

be confounded with your loyalty, see to the obeyment of my command.

VI. When the honourable Moors heard this they were dismayed; verily they knew that he spake truth touching the death of the King, but it troubled them that he departed from the promise which he had made; and they made answer that they would take counsel concerning what he had said, and then reply. Then five of the best and most honourable among them withdrew, and went to Abdalla Adiz, and said unto him, Aread us thy read now the best and truest that thou canst, for thou art of our law, and oughtest to do this; and the reason why we ask counsel of thee is this. The Cid promised us many things, and now behold he says nothing to us of what he said before, but moveth other new reasons, at which great dismay hath seized us. And because thou better knowest his ways, tell us now what is his pleasure, for albeit we might wish to do otherwise, this is not a time wherein anything but what he shall command can be done. When the Almoxarife heard this he made answer, Good men, it is easy to understand what he would have, and to do what should be done. We all know the great treason which Abeniaf committed against ye all in killing your Lord the King: for albeit at that time ye felt the burden of the Christians, yet was it nothing so great as after he had killed him, neither did ye suffer such misery. And since God hath brought him who was the cause to this state, see now by all means how ye may deliver him into the hands of the Cid. And fear not, neither take thought for the rest; for though the Cid may do his pleasure in some things, better is it to have him for Lord, than this traitor who hath brought so much evil upon ye. Moreover the things of this world soon pass away, and my heart tells me that we shall ere long come out of the bondage of the Cid, and of the Christians, for the Cid is well nigh at the full of his days, and we who remain alive after his death, shall then be masters of our city. When the good men heard what he said, they thanked him much, and held themselves to be well advised, and said that they would do willingly what he bade them: and they returned forthwith to the Cid, and said unto him that they would fulfil his commandment. Incontinently did the good men dispeed themselves of the Cid, and they went into the city, and gathered together a great posse of armed men, and went to the place where Abeniaf dwelt; and they assaulted the house and brake the doors, and entered in and laid hands on him, and his

son, and all his company, and carried them before the Cid. And the Cid ordered Abeniaf to be cast into prison, and all those who had taken counsel with him for the death of King Yahia.

VII. When this was done, the Cid said unto the good men, Now that ye have fulfilled my bidding, I hold it good to show favour unto you in that which ye yourselves shall understand to be fitting for me to grant. Say therefore what ye would have, and I will do that which I think behoveth me: but in this manner, that my dwelling place be within the city of Valencia, in the Alcazar, and that my Christian men have all the fortresses in the city. And when the good men heard this, they were greatly troubled; howbeit they dissembled the sorrow which they resented, and said unto him, Sir Cid, order it as you think good, and we consent thereto. Then said he unto them that he would observe towards them all the uses and customs of their law, and that he would have the power, and be Lord of all; and they should till their fields and feed their flocks and herds, and give him his tenth, and he would take no more. When the Moors heard this they were well pleased, and since they were to remain in the town, and in their houses and their inheritances, and with their uses and customs, and that their Mosques were to be left them, they held themselves not to be badly off. Then they asked the Cid to let their Guazil be the same as he had first appointed, and that he would give them for their Cadi the Alfaqui Alhagi, and let him appoint whom he would to assist him in distributing justice to the Moors; and thus he himself would be relieved of the wearisomeness of hearing them, save only when any great occasion might befall. This Alhagi was he who made the lamentation for Valencia, as ye have heard; and when the Cid was peaceably established in Valencia, he was converted, and the Cid made him a Christian. And the Cid granted this which they required, and they kissed his hand, and returned into the town. Nine months did the Cid hold Valencia besieged, and at the end of that time it fell into his power, and he obtained possession of the walls, as ye have heard. And one month he was practising with the Moors that he might keep them quiet, till Abeniaf was delivered into his hands; and thus ten months were fulfilled, and they were fulfilled on Thursday the last day of June, in the year of the era one thousand one hundred and thirty and one, which was in the year one thousand ninety and three of the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. And when

the Cid had finished all his dealings with the Moors, on this day he took horse with all his company in good array, his banner being carried before him, and his arms behind: and in this guise, with great rejoicings, he entered the city of Valencia. And he alighted at the Alcazar, and gave order to lodge all his men round about it, and he bade them plant his banner upon the highest tower of the Alcazar. Glad was the Campeador, and all they who were with him, when they saw his banner planted in that place. And from that day forth was the Cid possessed of all the Castles and fortresses which were in the kingdom of Valencia, and established in what God had given him, and he and all his people rejoiced.

VIII. On the morrow the Cid sent Abeniaf to Juballa, and they gave him great tortures till he was at the point of death; and they kept him there two days, and then brought him to Valencia to the Garden of the Cid, and the Cid gave order that he should write with his own hand an account of all that he had. And he did this, and wrote down the carcanets, and rings, and costly garments, and rich apparel which he had, and also many other precious household things, and the debts which were due unto him. This the Cid did that he might see if all was there which Abeniaf had taken when he slew the King his Master; and the writing was read before the Cid. And the Cid sent for certain Moors who were good and honourable men, and made Abeniaf be brought before him, and demanded of him if he had nothing more than what was there written down; and he answered that he had not: and he bade him swear this before the Moors, and Abeniaf swore accordingly. Then the Cid sent privily to make search in all the houses of the friends of Abeniaf, swearing unto them, that if they had anything of his and denied it, and it should afterwards be discovered, he would put them to death, and moreover take from them all that they had. And they when they heard this, partly in the fear of the Cid, and partly that they might find favour with him, brought each of them great riches, saying, Sir, Abeniaf gave us this in keeping, that if it might be saved he might share it with us. And he gave order to search and dig in the houses of Abeniaf, and they found great treasure there in gold and in silver, and in pearls, and in precious stones, all which a servant discovered unto them. And when the Cid saw it all before him it pleased him much, and he called for the Moors before whom Abeniaf had taken the oath, and he took his seat upon the *estrado* full nobly, and there in the presence of Christians and Moors he ordered Abeniaf

and all the other prisoners to be brought forth. And he bade that Alfaqui whom he had made Cadi, and the other good men, judge by what death he who had slain his Lord deserved to die, according to their law, and who moreover was perjured, for he had sworn that he possessed nothing more than what he had set down in writing; and the Cadi and the other Moors said that according to their law, he and his accomplices should be stoned: This, they said, we find in our law, but you will do as you think good. Nevertheless we ask mercy of you for his son, who is but a child; may it please you to set him free, for he hath no fault in what his father hath done. And the Cid answered, that for the love of them he pardoned the child, but that he should depart from the city, for he would not have the son of a traitor dwell therein. And he commanded them that they should stone Abeniaf and all them who had taken counsel with him for the death of the King, according as they had given sentence. Then the honourable Moors rose and kissed his feet and his hands for the mercy which he had shown to the son of Abeniaf; and they took out Abeniaf to stone him, and other twenty and two with him. And the Cid bade them come again to him on the morrow, and he would appoint what should be the manner of his dwelling among them.

IX. That night the Cid spake with Alvar Fañez and with Pero Bermudez, and all them who were of his council, and they resolved in what manner they would live among the Moors. And on the morrow the honourable Moors of Valencia assembled together in the Alcazar as they had been commanded to do, and the Cid took his seat upon the *estrado*, and all the honourable men round about him, and he spake unto them after this manner: Good men of the Aljama of Valencia, ye know how I served and defended King Yahia your Lord, and ye also, until his death. And I had great sorrow for him, and strove to revenge him, as ye know, and endured great hardships in winning Valencia. And since God hath thought it good that I should be Lord thereof, I will have it for myself, and for those who have holpen me to win it, saving the sovereignty of King Don Alfonso of Castile, my Lord, whom God preserve for his service long and happy years. Ye are all now in my power, to do with ye whatever I will, both with your persons and your riches, and your wives and your children; but I will not do thus. And I hold it good that the honourable men among ye who have alway been loyal, remain in the city in their dwellings and with all their family: and that none among ye keep more than one beast,

which shall be a mule, and that ye do not use arms, neither have them in your possession, except when it is needful and I shall give command. And all the rest of the people shall go out of the town and dwell in the suburb of Alcudia, where I was wont to be. Ye shall have two Mosques, one in the city and one in the suburb; and ye shall have your Alfaquis and follow your own law; and ye shall have your Cadiz, and your Guazil, as I have appointed; and ye shall have your inheritances, and pay me the tenth of the fruits thereof as your service; and the power of justice shall be mine, and I will order such money to be coined as I shall think good. Do ye therefore who are minded to abide with me in the land, abide: and let those who are not, go, in God's name, and good luck with them, but they shall take only their own persons, and I will give command to see them escorted in safety. When the Moors of Valencia heard this they were full sorrowful: howbeit it was now a time when they could do no otherwise than as he commanded. And incontinently they began to go out of the city with their wives and children, all except those whom the Cid had commanded to abide there; and as the Moors went out the Christians who dwelt in Alcudia entered in. And the history saith, that so great was the multitude which departed, that they were two whole days in going out. Great was the joy of the Cid and his people that day, and from thenceforward he was called My Cid the Campeador, Lord of Valencia.

X. Now was it bruited abroad throughout all lands, how the Cid Ruydiez had won the noble city of Valencia. And when Ali Abenaxa the Adelantado of the Almoravides knew it, he sent his son-in-law the King of Seville to besiege him in Valencia, and gave him thirty thousand men at arms. And this King came in great haste to Valencia, and besieged the Cid therein. And the Cid made ready with all his people, and went out to fight him. And the battle was nigh unto Valencia, beside the garden which is called the Garden of Villa Nueva; and it was a good battle, and at length he of the good fortune conquered; and the pursuit continued as far as Xativa; even so far did the Christians pursue them, smiting and slaying. And at the passage of the Xucar there might you have seen confusion, and there the Moors without liking it drank plenty of water. They say that fifteen thousand Moors died in the river; and the King of Seville fled with three great blows. This day did Martin Pelaez the Asturian approve himself a right good one: there was no knight so good that day in arms as he, nor who bore away

such honour. And when the pursuit was ended the Cid returned to the field of battle, and ordered the spoils of the field and of the tents to be collected. Be it known that this was a profitable day's work. Every foot soldier shared a hundred marks of silver that day. And the Cid returned full honourably to Valencia. Great was the joy of the Christians in the Cid Ruydiez, he who was born in a good hour. His beard was grown, and continued to grow a great length. My Cid said of his chin, For the love of King Don Alfonso, who hath banished me from his land, no scissors shall come upon it, nor shall a hair be cut away, and Moors and Christians shall talk of it.

XI. That night the Cid took counsel with Alvar Fañez, who departed not from his side, and with the other honourable men who were of his counsel, concerning what should be done: for now that his people were all rich, he feared lest they should return into their own country, for my Cid saw that if they might go they would. And Minaya advised him that he should cause proclamation to be made through the city, that no man should depart without permission of the Cid, and if any one went who had not dispeeded himself and kissed his hand, if he were overtaken he should lose all that he had, and moreover be fixed upon a stake. And that they might be the more certain, he said unto Minaya that he would take account of all the people who were with him, both horsemen and foot, and Pero Bermudez and Martin Antolinez made the roll; and there were found a thousand knights of lineage, and five hundred and fifty other horsemen, and of foot soldiers four thousand, besides boys and others; thus many were the people of my Cid, he of Bivar. And his heart rejoiced, and he smiled and said, Thanks be to God, Minaya, and to Holy Mary Mother! . . . we had a smaller company when we left the house of Bivar!

XII. At this time there came a crowned one from the parts of the East, that is to say, one who was shaven and shorn; his name was the Bishop Don Hieronymo, a full learned man and a wise, and one who was mighty both on horseback and a-foot: and he came inquiring for the Cid, wishing that he might see himself with the Moors in the field, for if he could once have his fill of smiting and slaying them, Christians should never lament him. And when the Cid knew this it pleased him in his heart, and he took horse and went to visit him, and rejoiced greatly that he was come; and he resolved to make Valencia a bishopric and give it to this good Christian. And they took counsel, and it was that on the morrow the Bishop and his clergy should turn

the Mosques into Churches, wherein they might sing masses, and sacrifice the body of Jesus Christ. And rents were appointed for the table of the Bishop and for his Canons, and for all the clergy in the city of Valencia. And nine parish Churches were made. And the greatest was called St. Pedro's, and another was called St. Mary of the Virtues. This was near the Alcazar, and there the Cid went oftenest to hear service. After this manner the Cid ordered his city that it should be a Bishopric, for the honour of the Catholic faith. God! how joyful was all Christendom that there was a Lord Bishop in the land of Valencia!

XIII. Now the Cid bethought him of Doña Ximena his wife, and of his daughters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, whom he had left in the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña; and he called for Alvar Fañez and Martin Antolinez of Burgos, and spake with them, and besought them that they would go to Castile, to King Don Alfonso his Lord, and take him a present from the riches which God had given them; and the present should be a hundred horses, saddled and bridled; and that they would kiss the King's hand for him, and beseech him to send him his wife Doña Ximena, and his daughters, and that they would tell the King all the mercy which God had shown him, and how he was at his service with Valencia and with all that he had. Moreover he bade them take a thousand marks of silver to the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, and give them to the abbot, and thirty marks of gold for his wife and daughters, that they might prepare themselves and come in honourable guise. And he ordered three hundred marks of gold to be given them, and three hundred marks of silver, to redeem the chests full of sand which he had pledged in Burgos to the Jews; and he bade them ask Rachel and Vidas to forgive him the deceit of the sand, for he had done it because of his great need: and he said, You, Martin Antolinez, were aiding and abetting herein, but praised be the name of the Lord for ever, he hath let me quit myself truly; tell them that they shall have more profit than they asked. And he bade them each take with him his whole company, that they might be better advised and accompanied, and that Doña Ximena might come with the greater honour: and the company was this: two hundred knights who were of Don Alvar Fañez, and fifty of Martin Antolinez: and he ordered money to be given them for their disbursement, and for all things needful, in abundance.

XIV. Alvar Fañez and Martin Antolinez went their way, and

they found the King in the city of Palencia. When they arrived he was coming from mass, and seeing this goodly company of horsemen he stopped in the church porch, and asked who they were. And it was told him that they were people of the Cid, who came to him with a full great present. And Alvar Fañez and Martin Antolinez alighted, and came to the King, and kissed his hand; and he received them right well, and said, What tidings bring ye me of the Cid, my true vassal, the most honourable knight that ever was knighted in Castile? Well was Minaya pleased when he heard this, and he said, A boon, Sir King Don Alfonso, for the love of your Maker! My Cid sendeth to kiss your hands and your feet, as his natural Lord, at whose service he is, and from whom he expecteth much bounty and good. You banished him from the land; but though in another's country, he hath only done you service. Five pitched battles hath he won since that time, some with Moors and some with bad Christians; and he hath taken Xerica, and Ondra, and Almenar, and Monviedro which is a bigger place, and Cebola also, and Castrejon, and Peña Cadiella which is a strong eminence, and with all the right noble city of Valencia, for the honour of the faith of Jesus Christ, and of you our Lord and King; and he hath made it a Bishopric, and made the honourable Don Hieronymo Bishop thereof with his own hand. And behold here are a hundred horses of the spoils which he hath won; they are great and swift, and all are bridled and saddled, and he kisseth your hand and beseecheth you as his natural Lord to receive them. When the King heard this he was greatly astonished, and he lifted up his right hand and blessed himself, and said, As St. Isidro shall keep me, I rejoice in the good fortune of the Cid, and receive his gift full willingly. But though this pleased the King it did not please Garci Ordoñez, and he said, It seemeth there is not a man left in the land of the Moors, that the Cid can thus do his pleasure! And the King said unto him, Hold thy peace, for in all things he serves me better than thou. Then Alvar Fañez kissed the King's hand again, and said, Sir, the Cid beseecheth you of your bounty that he may have his wife Doña Ximena and his two daughters, that they may go to Valencia unto him, from the Monastery where he left them, for it is many days since he saw them, and if it please you this would rejoice him. And the King made answer, It pleases me well, and I will give them a guard throughout my dominions, that they may be conducted honourably to the border: when they have passed it, the Campeador himself will look to them. And he said, Hear me.

all those whom I have disseized of their inheritances for following the Campeador, I restore again to the possession thereof, and all those who desire to serve him I freely licence: let them go in the grace of God. Moreover the King said, I grant him Valencia and all that he hath won and shall win hereafter, that he be called Lord thereof, and that he hold it of no other Lordship save of me, who am his liege Lord. Alvar Fañez and Martin Antolinez kissed his hand for this in the Cid's name. And the King called a porter, who should go with them, bearing a writing from the King, that all things needful should be given unto them so long as they were in his lands. Then Alvar Fañez and Martin Antolinez dispeeded themselves of the King, and took their way towards Burgos.

XV. When they reached Burgos they sent for Rachel and for Vidas, and demanded from them the chests, and paid unto them the three hundred marks of gold and the three hundred of silver as the Cid had commanded, and they besought them to forgive the Cid the deceit of the chests, for it was done because of his great necessity. And they said they heartily forgave him, and held themselves well paid; and they prayed God to grant him long life and good health, and to give him power to advance Christendom, and put down Pagandom. And when it was known through the city of Burgos the goodness and the gentleness which the Cid had shown to these merchants in redeeming from them the chests full of sand and earth and stones, the people held it for a great wonder, and there was not a place in all Burgos where they did not talk of the gentleness and loyalty of the Cid; and they besought blessings upon him, and prayed that he and his people might be advanced in honour. When they had done this, they went to the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, and the porter of the King went with them, and gave order everywhere that everything which they wanted should be given them. If they were well received, and if there was great joy in St. Pedro de Cardeña over them, it is not a thing to ask, for Doña Ximena and her daughters were like people beside themselves with the great joy which they had, and they came running out on foot to meet them, weeping plenteously for great joy. And Alvar Fañez and Martin Antolinez, when they saw them coming, leaped off their horses, and went to them, and Minaya embraced Doña Ximena and both his cousins, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, and so great was the rejoicing which they made together that no man can tell it you. And when this great joy

was somewhat abated, Doña Ximena asked how the Cid fared, for since he had parted from her she had heard no news of him. And Alvar Fañez said he had left him safe and sound in Valencia; and he bade her and her daughters thank God for the great favour that he had shown him, for he had won sundry castles from the Moors, and the noble city of Valencia, whither he was now come to carry her and her daughters, for the Cid had sent for them, and when he should see them his heart's desire would be accomplished. When Doña Ximena and her daughters heard this, they set their knees to the ground, and lifted up their hands and thanked God for the favour he had shown to the Cid, and to them with him, in giving him the Lordship of Valencia. While they were preparing for the journey, Alvar Fañez sent three knights to the Cid to tell him how they had sped with the King, and of the great favour which they had found at his hands, and how he only tarried now to equip Doña Ximena, that she might come full honourably. That good one Minaya then began to deck them out for the journey with the best trappings which could be found in Burgos: right noble garments did he provide for them, and a great company of damsels, and good palfreys, and great mules, which were not bad ones. And he gave the Abbot the thousand marks of silver which the Cid had sent for the Monastery, with which to discharge all the debt that Doña Ximena and his daughters had contracted. Great was the stir throughout all that land of the honour of the Cid, and of the licence which the King gave to as many as should choose to join him; and for this reason full sixty knights came to St. Pedro de Cardeña, and a great number of squires on foot. Don Alvar Fañez was well pleased to see them, and he promised them that he would obtain the Cid's grace for them, and would befriend them all he could. Great dole did the Abbot make when they departed; and he said, As God shall help you, Minaya, kiss the hand of the Campeador for me. This Monastery will never forget him, to pray for him every day in the year. The Cid will alway prosper more and more. Minaya promised to do this, and dispeeded himself, and they went their way. Five days they travelled, and then they came to Medina Celi; and alway the porter of the King was with them, and made all that they wanted be given unto them, even as the King had commanded.

XVI. Now the three knights whom Alvar Fañez had sent, came to the Cid and delivered their message. When my Cid

heard it his heart rejoiced and he was glad, and he spake with his mouth and said, He who sends good messengers looks for good tidings. Blessed be the name of God, since King Don Alfonso rejoices in my good fortune. And he called for Muño Gustios, and Pero Bermudez, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and bade them take a hundred knights lest there should be need to fight, and go to Molina, to Abencaño, who was his friend and vassal, and bid him take another hundred knights, and go with them to Medina Celi as fast as they could go. There, said he, ye will find Alvar Fañez and my wife and daughters; bring them to me with great honour: I will remain here in Valencia which has cost me so much; great folly would it be if I were to leave it: I will remain in it, for I hold it for my heritage. And they did as he commanded them. And when they came to Molina, Abencaño received them right well, and did them great honour; and though the Cid had bidden him take only one hundred horse, he took two. On the morrow they went to horse: they crossed the mountains which are great and wild, and they passed Mata de Toranz without fear, and they thought to come through the valley of Arbuxedo. There was good look out kept in Medina, and Alvar Fañez sent two knights to know who they were. They made no tarriance in doing this, for they had it at heart; one tarried with them, and the other returned, and said it was the host of the Campeador with Pero Bermudez, and Muño Gustios, and the Bishop Hieronymo, and the Alcayaz Abencaño. This instant, said Minaya, let us to horse; incontinently this was done, for they would make no delay. And they rode upon goodly horses with bells at their poitrals and trappings of sandal silk, and they had their shields round their necks, and lances with streamers in their hands. Oh, how Alvar Fañez went out from Castile with these ladies! They who pricked forward, couched their spears and then raised them, and great joy was there by Salon where they met. The others humbled themselves to Minaya: when Abencaño came up he kissed him on the shoulder, for such was his custom. In a good day, Minaya, said he, do you bring these ladies, the wife and daughters of the Cid, whom we all honour. Whatever ill we may wish him we can do him none; . . in peace or in war he will have our wealth, and he must be a fool who does not acknowledge this truth. Alvar Fañez smiled and told him he should lose nothing by this service which he had done the Cid; and now, said he, let us go rest, for the supper is

ready. Abencaño said he was well pleased to partake it, and that within three days he would return him the entertainment twofold. Then they entered Medina, and Minaya served them; all were full glad of the service which they had undertaken, and the King's porter paid for all. The night is gone, morning is come, mass is said, and they go to horse. They left Medina and passed the river Salon, and pricked up Arbuxuelo, and they crossed the plain of Torancio. That good Christian the Bishop Don Hieronymo, night and day here guarded the ladies; on a goodly horse he rode, and they went between him and Alvar Fañez. They came to Molina and they were lodged in a good and rich house, and Abencaño the Moor waited on them. Nothing did they want which they could wish to have: he even had all their beasts new shod, and for Minaya and the ladies, Lord! how he honoured them! On the morrow they left Molina, and the Moor went with them. When they were within three leagues of Valencia, news of their coming was brought to the Cid. Glad was the Cid, never was he more joyful, never had he such joy, for tidings were come to him of what he loved best. Two hundred knights did he order out to meet them, others he bade to keep the Alcazar, and the other high towers, and all the gates and entrances. And he commanded that they should bring him Bavieca.* It was but a short time since he had won this horse; my Cid, he who girt on sword in a happy hour, did not yet know if he was a good goer, and if he stopped well. The Bishop Don Hieronymo, he pricked forward and entered the city. He left his horse and went to the Church, and collected all the clergy; they put on their surplices, and with crosses of silver went out to meet the ladies, and that good one Minaya. He who was born in happy hour made no tarriance; they saddled him Bavieca, and threw his trappings on. My Cid wore light armour, and his surcoat over it: long was his beard. He went out upon this horse, and ran a career with him; Bavieca was the name of the horse, and when he was running all marvelled at him: from that day Bavieca was famous all over Spain. At the end of the course my Cid alighted and went toward his wife and his daughters. Who can tell the joy

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* This is the first mention of this famous horse in the Poem: an old history to which Berganza often refers as beginning with King Fruela, says Bavieca was won in the battle with the King of Seville, which may well agree with the Poem.

that was made at their meeting? They fell at his feet, and their joy was such that they could not speak. And he raised them up and embraced them, and kissed them many times, weeping for joy that he saw them alive. Hear what he said who was born in happy hour! You dear and honoured wife, and ye my daughters, my heart and my soul; enter with me into Valencia; . . this is the inheritance which I have won for you While they were thus rejoicing the Bishop Don Hieronymo came with the procession. Doña Ximena brought good relics and other sacred things, which she gave to ennoble the new church of Valencia. In this guise they entered the city. Who can tell the rejoicings that were made that day, throwing at the board, and killing bulls! My Cid led them to the Alcazar, and took them up upon the highest tower thereof, and there they looked around and beheld Valencia, how it lay before them, and the great Garden with its thick shade, and the sea on the other side; and they lifted up their hands to thank God. Great honour did the Cid do to Abencaño the Lord of Molina, for all the service which he had done to Doña Ximena. Then said Abencaño, This, Sir, I was bound to do, for since I have been your vassal I have alway been respected, and defended from all my enemies, and maintained in good estate; how then should I do otherwise than serve you? If I did not, I should lack understanding. And the Cid thanked him for what he had done, and what he had said, and promised also to show favour unto him. And Abencaño took his leave and returned to Molina.

XVII. The winter is passed, and March is coming in. Three months Doña Ximena had been in Valencia, when tidings came to the Cid from beyond sea, that King Yucef, the son of the Miramamolin, who dwelt in Morocco, was coming to lay siege unto Valencia with fifty thousand men. When the Cid heard this he gave command to store all his Castles, and had them well repaired. And he had the walls of the city prepared, and stored it well with food and with all things needful for war, and gathered together a great power of Christians and of the Moors of his seignory. Hardly had he done this before he heard that Yucef was near at hand, and coming as fast as he could come. Then the Cid assembled together the Christians in the Alcazar, and when they were assembled, he rose upon his feet, and said, Friends and kinsmen and vassals, praised be God and holy Mary Mother, all the good which I have in the world I have here in Valencia; with hard labour I won the

city, and hold it for my heritage, and for nothing less than death will I leave it. My daughters and my wife shall see me fight, . . they shall see with their own eyes our manner of living in this land, and how we get our bread. We will go out against the Moors and give them battle, and God who hath thus far shown favour unto us will still continue to be our helper. When they heard this they cried out with one accord that they would do his bidding, and go out with him and fight under his banner, for certain they were that by his good fortune the Moors would be overthrown.

XVIII. On the morrow the Cid took Doña Ximena by the hand, and her daughters with her, and made them go up upon the highest tower of the Alcazar, and they looked toward the sea and saw the great power of the Moors, how they came on and drew nigh, and began to pitch their tents round about Valencia, beating their tambours and with great uproar. And Ximena's heart failed her, and she asked the Cid if peradventure God would deliver him from these enemies. Fear not, honoured woman, said he; you are but lately arrived, and they come to bring you a present, which shall help marry your daughters. Fear not, for you shall see me fight by the help of God and holy Mary Mother; my heart kindles because you are here! the more Moors the more gain. The tambours sounded now with a great alarum, and the sun was shining . . . Cheer up, said my Cid; . . this is a glorious day. But Ximena was seized with such fear as if her heart would have broken; she and her daughters had never been in such fear since the day that they were born. Then the good Cid Campeador stroked his beard and said, Fear not, all this is for your good. Before fifteen days are over, if it please God, those tambours shall be laid before you, and shall be sounded for your pleasure, and then they shall be given to the Bishop Don Hieronymo, that he may hang them up in the Church of St. Mary, Mother of God. This vow the Cid Campeador made. Now the Moors began to enter the gardens which were round about the town, and the watchmen saw them and struck the bell. My Cid looked back and saw Alvar Salvadores beside him, and he said, Go now, take two hundred horse, and sally upon yonder Moors who are entering the gardens; let Doña Ximena and her daughters see the good will you have to serve them. Down went Alvar Salvadores in great haste, and ordered a bell to be rung which was a signal for two hundred knights to make ready; for the history saith, that the Cid, by reason that he was alway in war, had appointed such signals for

his people, that they knew when one hundred were called for, and when two, and so forth. Presently they were ready at the place of meeting, and the gate was opened which was nearest the gardens where the Moors had entered, without order; and they fell fiercely upon them, smiting and slaying. Great was the pleasure of the Cid at seeing how well they behaved themselves. And Doña Ximena and her daughters stood trembling, like women who had never seen such things before; and when the Cid saw it he made them seat themselves, so as no longer to behold it. Great liking had the Bishop Don Hieronymo to see how bravely they fought. Alvar Salvadores and his companions bestirred themselves so well that they drove the enemy to their tents, making great mortality among them, and then they turned back, whereat my Cid was well pleased; but Alvar Salvadores went on, hacking and hewing all before him, for he thought the ladies were looking on, and he pressed forward so far, that being without succour he was taken. The others returned to the city, falling back in brave order till they were out of reach of the enemy: and they had done no little in that exploit, for they slew above two hundred and fifty Moors. When my Cid saw that they who eat his bread were returned, he went down from the tower, and received them right well, and praised them for what they had done like good knights: howbeit he was full sorrowful for Alvar Salvadores that he should be in the hands of the Moors, but he trusted in God that he should deliver him on the morrow.

XIX. And the Cid assembled his chief captains and knights and people, and said unto them, Kinsmen and friends and vassals, hear me: to-day has been a good day, and to-morrow shall be a better. Be you all armed and ready in the dark of the morning; mass shall be said, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo will give us absolution, and then we will to horse, and out and smite them in the name of the Creator and of the Apostle Santiago. It is fitter that we should live than that they should gather in the fruits of this land. But let us take counsel in what manner we may go forth, so as to receive least hurt, for they are a mighty power, and we can only defeat them by great mastery in war. When Alvar Fañez Minaya heard this he answered and said, Praised be God and your good fortune, you have achieved greater things than this, and I trust in God's mercy that you will achieve this also. Give me three hundred horse, and we will go out when the first cock crows, and put ourselves in ambush in the valley of Albuhera; and when you

have joined battle we will issue out and fall upon them on the other side, and on one side or the other God will help us. Well was the Cid pleased with this counsel, and he said that it should be so; and he bade them feed their horses in time and sup early, and as soon as it was cock-crow come to the Church of St. Pedro, and hear mass, and shrive themselves, and communicate, and then take horse in the name of the Trinity, that the soul of him who should die in the business might go without let to God.

XX. Day is gone, and night is come. At cock-crow they all assembled together in the Church of St. Pedro, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo sung mass, and they were shriven and assoyled, and howselled. Great was the absolution which the Bishop gave them: He who shall die, said he, fighting face forward, I will take his sins, and God shall have his soul. Then said he, A boon, Cid Don Rodrigo; I have sung mass to you this morning: let me have the giving the first wounds in this battle! and the Cid granted him this boon in the name of God. Then being all ready they went out through the gate which is called the Gate of the Snake, for the greatest power of the Moors was on that side, leaving good men to guard the gates. Alvar Fañez and his company were already gone forth, and had laid their ambush. Four thousand, lacking thirty, were they who went out with my Cid, with a good will, to attack fifty thousand. They went through all the narrow places, and bad passes, and leaving the ambush on the left, struck to the right hand, so as to get the Moors between them and the town. And the Cid put his battles in good array, and bade Pero Bermudez bear his banner. When the Moors saw this they were greatly amazed; and they harnessed themselves in great haste, and came out of their tents. Then the Cid bade his banner move on, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo pricked forward with his company, and laid on with such guise, that the hosts were soon mingled together. Then might you have seen many a horse running about the field with the saddle under his belly, and many a horseman in evil plight upon the ground. Great was the smiting and slaying in short time; but by reason that the Moors were so great a number, they bore hard upon the Christians, and were in the hour of overcoming them. And the Cid began to encourage them with a loud voice, shouting God and Santiago! And Alvar Fañez at this time issued out from ambush, and fell upon them, on the side which was nearest the sea; and the Moors thought that a great power had arrived to the Cid's

succour, and they were dismayed and began to fly. And the Cid and his people pursued, punishing them in a bad way. If we should wish to tell you how every one behaved himself in this battle, it is a thing which could not be done, for all did so well that no man can relate their feats. And the Cid Ruydiez did so well, and made such mortalilty among the Moors, that the blood ran from his wrist to his elbow! great pleasure had he in his horse Bavieca that day, to find himself so well mounted. And in the pursuit he came up to King Yucef, and smote him three times: but the King escaped from under the sword, for the horse of the Cid passed on in his course, and when he turned, the King being on a fleet horse was far off, so that he might not be overtaken; and he got into a Castle called Guyera, for so far did the Christians pursue them, smiting and slaying, and giving them no respite, so that hardly fifteen thousand escaped of fifty that they were. They who were in the ships, when they saw this great overthrow, fled to Denia.

XXI. Then the Cid and his people returned to the field and began to plunder the tents. And the spoil was so great that there was no end to the riches, in gold and in silver, and in horses and arms, so that men knew not what to leave and what to take. And they found one tent which had been King Yucef's; never man saw so noble a thing as that tent was; and there were great riches therein, and there also did they find Alvar Salvadores, who had been made prisoner the yesterday, as ye have heard. Greatly did the Cid rejoice when he saw him alive and sound, and he ordered his chains to be taken off: and then he left Alvar Fañez to look to the spoil, and went into Valencia with a hundred knights. His wrinkled brow was seen, for he had taken off his helmet, and in this manner he entered, upon Bavieca, sword in hand. Great joy had Doña Ximena and her daughters who were awaiting him, when they saw him come riding in; and he stopped when he came to them, and said, Great honour have I won for you, while you kept Valencia this day! God and the Saints have sent us goodly gain, upon your coming. Look, with a bloody sword, and a horse all sweat, this is the way that we conquer the Moors! Pray God that I may live yet awhile for your sakes, and you shall enter into great honour, and they shall kiss your hands. Then my Cid alighted when he had said this, and the ladies knelt down before him, and kissed his hand, and wished him long life. Then they entered the Palace with him, and took their seats upon the

precious benches. Wife Doña Ximena, said he, these damsels who have served you so well, I will give in marriage to these my vassals, and to every one of them two hundred marks of silver, that it may be known in Castile what they have got by their services. Your daughters' marriage will come in time. And they all rose and kissed his hand; and great was the joy in the Palace, and it was done according as the Cid had said.

XXII. Alvar Fañez this while was in the field writing and taking account of the spoil: but the tents and arms and precious garments were so many that they cannot be told, and the horses were beyond all reckoning; they ran about the field, and there was nobody to take them, and the Moors of the land got something by that great overthrow. Nevertheless so many horses were taken that the Campeador had to his share of the good ones a thousand and five hundred. Well might the others have good store when he had so many. And my Cid won in this battle from King Yucef, his good sword Tizona, which is to say, the firebrand. The tent of the King of Morocco, which was supported by two pillars wrought with gold, he gave order not to be touched, for he would send it to Alfonso the Castilian. The Bishop Don Hieronymo, that perfect one with the shaven crown, he had his fill in that battle, fighting with both hands; no one could tell how many he slew. Great booty came to him, and moreover the Cid sent him the tithe of his fifth. Glad were the Christian folk in Valencia for the great booty which they had gotten, and glad was Doña Ximena and her daughters, and glad were all those ladies who were married.

XXIII. King Yucef, after the pursuit was given over, and he saw that he might come forth from the Castle, fled to Denia, and embarked in his ships, and returned to Morocco. And thinking every day how badly he had sped, and how he had been conquered by so few, and how many of his people he had lost, he fell sick and died. But before he died he besought his brother, who was called Bucar, that for the tie there was between them, he would take vengeance for the dishonour which he had received from the Cid Campeador before Valencia; and Bucar promised to do this, and swore also upon the Koran, which is the book of their law. And accordingly he came afterwards across the sea, with nine and twenty Kings, as shall be related when the time comes.

XXIV. Then the Cid sent Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez

with a present to King Alfonso his Lord. And the present which he sent was two hundred horses saddled and bridled, with each a sword hanging from the saddle-bow: and also the noble tent which he had won from King Yucef of Morocco. This present he gave, because the King had sent him his wife and daughters when he asked for them, and because of the honour which he had done them, and that the King might not speak ill of him who commanded in Valencia. Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez went their way towards Castile, over sierras and mountains and waters; and they asked where the King was, and it was told them that he was at Valladolid, and thither they went. And when they drew nigh unto the city, they sent to let him know of their coming, and to ask of him whether he thought it good for them to come into the city unto him, or if he would come out to them, for they were a great company, and the present a full great one, which he would see better without, than in the town. And the King thought this best, and he went to horse, and bade all the hidalgos who were with him do the like. Now the Infantes of Carrion were there, Diego Gonzalez, and Ferrando Gonzalez, the sons of Count Don Gonzalo. And they found the company of the Cid about half a league from the town, and when the King saw how many they were, he blessed himself, for they seemed like a host. And Minaya and Pero Bermudez pricked on when they saw him, and came before him, and alighted, and knelt down, and kissed the ground and kissed both his feet: and he bade them rise and mount their horses, and would not hear them till they had mounted, and taken their places one at his right hand, and the other at his left. And they said, Sir, the Cid commends himself to your grace as his liege Lord, and thanks you greatly for having sent him with such honour his wife and daughters. And know, Sir, that since they arrived, he hath achieved a great victory over the Moors, and their King Yucef of Morocco, the Miramamolin, who besieged him in Valencia with fifty thousand men. And he went out against them, and smote them, and hath sent you these two hundred horses from his fifth. Then Alvar Fañez gave order that the horses should be led forward. And this was the manner in which they came. The two hundred horses came first, and every one was led by a child, and every one had a sword hanging from the saddle, on the left side; and after them came the pages of all the knights in company, carrying their spears, and then the company, and after them an hundred couple with spears in rest. And when they

had all passed by, the King blessed himself again, and he laughed and said that never had so goodly a present been sent before to King of Spain by his vassal. And Alvar Fañez said more over, Sir, he hath sent you a tent, the noblest that ever man saw, which he won in this battle: and the King gave order that the tent should be spread, and he alighted and went into it, he and all his people, and he was greatly pleased; and they all said that they had never seen so noble a tent as this; and the King said he had won many from the Moors, but never such as this. But albeit that all the others were well pleased, Count Don Garcia was not so; and he and ten of his lineage talked apart, and said that this which the Cid had done was to their shame, for they hated the Cid in their hearts. And King Don Alfonso said, Thanks be to God and to Sir Saint Isidro of Leon, these horses may do me good service; and he gave three of them to Minaya, and Pero Bermudez, and bade them choose, and he ordered food and clothing to be given them while they remained, and said that he would give them complete armour when they returned, such as was fit for them to appear in before my Cid. And they were lodged, and all things that were needful provided for them and their people.

XXV. When the Infantes of Carrion, Diego Gonzalez and Ferrando Gonzalez, saw the noble present, which the Cid had sent unto the King, and heard how his riches and power daily increased, and thought what his wealth must needs be when he had given those horses out of the fifth of one battle, and moreover that he was Lord of Valencia: they spake one with the other, and agreed, that if the Cid would give them his daughters to wife, they should be well married, and become rich and honourable. And they agreed together that they would talk with the King in private upon this matter. And they went presently to him, and said, Sir, we beseech you of your bounty to help us in a thing which will be to your honour; for we are your vassals, and the richer we are the better able shall we be to serve you. And the King asked of them what it was they would have, and they then told him their desire. And the King thought upon it awhile, and then came to them, and said, Infantes, this thing which you ask lies not in me, but in the Cid; for it is in his power to marry his daughters, and peradventure he will not do it as yet. Nevertheless that ye may not fail for want of my help, I will send to tell him what ye wish. Then they kissed his hand for

this favour. And the King sent for Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez, and went apart with them, and praised the Cid, and thanked him for the good will which he had to do him service, and said that he had great desire to see him. Say to him, he said, that I beseech him to come and meet me, for I would speak with him concerning something which is to his good and honour. Diego and Ferrando, the Infantes of Carrion, have said unto me that they would fain wed with his daughters, if it seemeth good to him; and methinks this would be a good marriage. When Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez heard this, they answered the King, and said, Certain we are, Sir, that neither in this, nor in anything else will the Cid do aught but what you, Sir, shall command or advise. When ye have your meeting ye will agree concerning it as is best. Then they kissed his hand, and took their leave.

XXVI. On the morrow the messengers of the Cid departed from Valladolid, and took their way towards Valencia; and when the Cid knew that they were nigh at hand he went out to meet them, and when he saw them he waxed joyful; and he embraced them, and asked what tiding of his Lord Alfonso. And they told him how they had sped, and how greatly the King loved him; and when we departed, said they, he bade us beseech you to come and meet him anywhere where you will appoint, for he desireth to speak with you, concerning the marriage of your daughters with the Infantes of Carrion, if it should please you so to bestow them: now by what the King said it seemeth unto us that this marriage pleaseth him. And when the Cid heard this he became thoughtful, and he said to them after awhile, What think ye of this marriage? And they answered him, Even as it shall please you. And he said to them, I was banished from my own country, and was dishonoured, and with hard labour gained I what I have got; and now I stand in the King's favour, and he asketh of me my daughters for the Infantes of Carrion. They are of high blood and full orgullous, and I have no liking to this match; but if our Lord the King adviseth it we can do no otherwise: we will talk of this, and God send it for the best. So they entered Valencia, and the Cid spake with Doña Ximena touching this matter, and when she heard it it did not please her; nevertheless she said, if the King thought it good they could do no otherwise. Then the Cid gave order to write letters to the King, saying, that he would meet the King as he commanded, and whatever the King wished that he would do. And he sealed the letters well, and sent two knights with them. And

when the King saw the letters he was well pleased, and sent others to say that the time of their meeting should be three weeks after he received these letters, and the place appointed was upon the Tagus, which is a great river.

XXVII. Now began they to prepare on both sides for this meeting. He who should relate to you the great preparations, and the great nobleness which were made for the nonce, would have much to recount. Who ever saw in Castile so many a precious mule, and so many a good-going palfrey, and so many great horses, and so many goodly streamers set upon goodly spears, and shields adorned with gold and with silver, and mantles, and skins, and rich sendals of Adria? The King sent great store of food to the banks of the Tagus, where the place of meeting was appointed. Glad were the Infantes of Carrion, and richly did they bedight themselves; some things they paid for, and some they went in debt for: great was their company, and with the King there were many Leonese and Galegos, and Castilians out of number. My Cid the Campeador made no tarriance in Valencia; he made ready for the meeting: there was many a great mule, and many a palfrey, and many a good horse, and many a goodly suit of arms, cloaks, and mantles both of cloth and of peltry; . . . great and little are all clad in colours. Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Pero Bermudez, and Martin Munoz, and Martin Antolinez that worthy Burgalese, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo that good one with the shaven crown, and Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvadores, and Muño Gustios that knight of prowess, and Galind Garcia of Arragon; all these and all the others made ready to go with the Cid. But he bade Alvar Salvadores and Galind Garcia and all those who were under them, remain and look with heart and soul to the safety of Valencia, and not open the gates of the Alcazar neither by day nor by night, for his wife and daughters were there, in whom he had his heart and soul, and the other ladies with them; he like a good husband gave order that not one of them should stir out of the Alcazar till he returned. Then they left Valencia and pricked on more than apace; more than a thousand knights, all ready for war, were in this company. All those great horses that paced so well and were so soft of foot, my Cid won; they were not given to him.

XXVIII. King Don Alfonso arrived first by one day at the place of meeting, and when he heard that the Cid was at hand, he went out with all his honourable men, more than a long league to meet him. When he who was born in a good hour

had his eye upon the King, he bade his company halt, and with fifteen of the knights whom he loved best he alighted, and put his hands and his knees to the ground, and took the herbs of the field between his teeth, as if he would have eaten them, weeping for great joy; . . thus did he know how to humble himself before Alfonso his Lord; and in this manner he approached his feet and would have kissed them. And the King drew back and said, The hand, Cid Campeador, not the foot! And the Cid drew nigh upon his knees and besought grace, saying, In this guise grant me your love, so that all present may hear. And the King said that he forgave him, and granted him his love with his heart and soul. And the Cid kissed both his hands, being still upon his knees; and the king embraced him, and gave him the kiss of peace. Well pleased were all they who beheld this, save only Alvar Diez and Garcia Ordoñez, for they did not love the Cid. Then went they all toward the town, the King and the Cid talking together by the way. And the Cid asked the King to eat with him, and the King answered, Not so, for ye are not prepared; we arrived yesterday, and ye but now. Eat you and your company therefore with me, for we have made ready. To-day, Cid Campeador, you are my guest, and to-morrow we will do as pleases you. Now came the Infantes of Carrion up and humbled themselves before the Cid, and he received them well, and they promised to do him service. And the company of the Cid came up and kissed the King's hand. So they alighted and went to meat; and the King said unto the Cid that he should eat with him at his table; howbeit he would not. And when the King saw that he would not take his seat with him, he ordered a high table to be placed for the Cid and for Count Don Gonzalo, the father of the Infantes of Carrion. All the while that they ate the King could never look enough at the Cid, and he marvelled greatly at his beard, that it had grown to such length. And when they had eaten they were merry, and took their pleasure. And on the morrow the King and all they who went with him to this meeting, ate with the Cid, and so well did he prepare for them that all were full joyful, and agreed in one thing, that they had not eaten better for three years. There was not a man there who did not eat upon silver, and the King and the chief persons ate upon dishes and trenchers of gold. And when the Infantes saw this they had the marriage more at heart than before.

XXIX. On the morrow as soon as it was day, the Bishop Don Hieronymo sung mass before the King, in the oratory

of the Cid; and when it was over, the King said before all who were there assembled, Counts and Infanzones and knights, Hear what I shall say unto the Cid. Cid Ruydiez, the reason wherefore I sent for you to this meeting was twofold; first, that I might see you, which I greatly desired, for I love you much because of the many and great services which you have done me, albeit that at one time I was wroth against you and banished you from the land. But you so demeaned yourself that you never did me disservice, but contrariwise great service both to God and to me, and have won Valencia, and enlarged Christendom, wherefore I am bound to show favour unto you and to love you alway. The second reason was, that I might ask you for your two daughters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, that you would give them in marriage to the Infantes of Carrion, for this methinks would be a fit marriage, and to your honour and good. When the Cid heard this, he was in a manner bound to consent, having them thus demanded from him; and he answered and said, Sir, my daughters are of tender years, and if it might please you, they are yet too young for marriage. I do not say this as if the Infantes of Carrion were not worthy to match with them, and with better than they. And the King bade him make no excuse, saying, that he should esteem himself well served if he gave his consent. Then the Cid said, Sir, I begat them, and you give them in marriage, both I and they are yours, . . give them to whom you please, and I am pleased therewith. When the King heard this he was well pleased, and he bade the Infantes kiss the hand of the Cid Campeador, and incontinently they changed swords before the King, and they did homage to him, as sons-in-law to their father-in-law. Then the King turned to the Cid, and said, I thank thee, Ruydiez, that thou hast given me thy daughters for the Infantes of Carrion; and here I give them to the Infantes to be their brides; I give them and not you, and I pray God that it may please him, and that you also may have great joy herein. The Infantes I put into your hands; they will go with you, and I shall return from hence, and I order that three hundred marks of silver be given to them for their marriage, and they and your daughters will all be your children.

XXX. Eight days this meeting lasted; the one day they dined with the King, and the other with the Cid. Then was it appointed that on the morrow at sunrise every one should depart to his own home My Cid then began to give to every one who would take his gifts, many a great mule, and many

a good palfrey, and many a rich garment, . . every one had what he asked, . . he said no to none. Threescore horses did my Cid give away in gifts; well pleased were all they who went to that meeting. And now they were about to separate, for it was night. The King took the Infantes by the hand, and delivered them into the power of my Cid the Campeador, . . See here your sons: from this day, Campeador, you will know what to make of them. And the Cid answered, Sir, may it please you, seeing it is you who have made this marriage for my daughters, to appoint some one to whom I may deliver them, and who may give them, as from your hand, to the Infantes. And the King called for Alvar Fañez Minaya, and said, You are sib to the damsels: I command you, when you come to Valencia, to take them with your own hands, and give them to the Infantes, as I should do if that I were there present: and be you the brides' father. Then said the Cid, Sir, you must accept something from me at this meeting. I bring for you twenty palfreys, these that are gaily trapped, and thirty horses fleet of foot, these that are well caparisoned, . . take them, and I kiss your hand. Greatly have you bound me, said King Don Alfonso: I receive this gift, and God and all Saints grant that it may well be requited; if I live you shall have something from me. Then my Cid sprung up upon his horse Bavieca, and he said, Here I say before my Lord the King, that if any will go with me to the wedding, I think they will get something by it! and he besought the King that he would let as many go with him as were so minded; and the King licensed them accordingly. And when they were about to part, the company that went with the Cid was greater than that which returned with the King. And the Cid kissed the King's hand and dispeeded himself with his favour, and the King returned to Castile.

XXXI. My Cid went his way towards Valencia, and he appointed Pero Bermudez and Muño Gustios, than whom there were no better two in all his household, to keep company with the Infantes of Carrion and be their guard, and he bade them spy out what their conditions were; and this they soon found out. The Count Don Suero Gonzalez went with the Infantes; he was their father's brother, and had been their *Ayo* and bred them up, and badly had he trained them, for he was a man of great words, good of tongue, and of nothing else good; and full scornful and orgullous had he made them, so that the Cid was little pleased with them, and would willingly have broken off

the marriage; but he could not, seeing that the King had made it. And when they reached Valencia, the Cid lodged the Infantes in the suburb of Alcudia, where he had formerly lodged himself; and all the company who were come to the marriage were quartered with them. And he went to the Alcazar.

XXXII. On the morrow the Cid mounted his horse and rode into Alcudia, and brought the Infantes his sons-in-law from thence with him into the city to the Alcazar, that they might see their brides Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. Doña Ximena had her daughters ready to receive them in full noble garments, for since midnight they had done nothing but prink and prank themselves. Full richly was the Alcazar set out that day, with hangings both above and below, purple and samite, and rich cloth. The Cid entered between the Infantes, and all that noble company went in after them; and they went into the chief hall of the Alcazar, where Doña Ximena was with her daughters; and when they saw the Cid and the Infantes, they rose up and welcomed them right well. And the Cid took his seat upon his bench with one of the Infantes on one side of him, and one on the other, and the other honourable men seated themselves on the *estrados*, each in the place where he ought to be, and which belonged to him; and they remained awhile silent. Then the Cid rose and called for Alvar Fañez and said, Thou knowest what my Lord the King commanded; fulfil now his bidding, . . take thy cousins, and deliver them to the Infantes, for it is the King who gives them in marriage, and not I. And Alvar Fañez arose and took the damsels one in each hand, and delivered them to the Infantes, saying, Diego Gonzalez, and Ferrando Gonzalez, I deliver unto you these damsels, the daughters of the Cid Campeador, by command of King Don Alfonso my Lord, even as he commanded. Receive you them as your equal helpmates, as the law of Christ enjoineth. And the Infantes took each his bride by the hand, and went to the Cid and kissed his hand, and the same did they to their mother Doña Ximena Gomez: and the Bishop Don Hieronymo espoused them, and they exchanged rings. When this was done, the Cid went and seated himself on the *estrado* with the ladies, he and Doña Ximena in the middle, and beside him he placed Doña Elvira his eldest daughter, and by her, her spouse the Infante Diego Gonzalez; and Doña Sol was seated on the other side, by her mother, and the Infante Ferrando by her. And when they had solaced themselves awhile, the Cid said that

now they would go eat, and that the marriage should be performed on the morrow, and he besought and commanded the Bishop Don Hieronymo to perform it in such a manner that no cost should be spared, but that everything should be done so completely, that they who came from Castile to this wedding might alway have something to tell of.

XXXIII. On the morrow they went to the Church of St. Mary, and there the Bishop Don Hieronymo sat awaiting them, and he blessed them all four at the altar. Who can tell the great nobleness which the Cid displayed at that wedding, the feasts and the bull-fights, and the throwing at the target, and the throwing canes, and how many joculars were there, and all the sports which are proper at such weddings? As soon as they came out of Church they took horse and rode to the Glera; three times did the Cid change his horse that day; seven targets were set up on the morrow, and before they went to dinner all seven were broken. Fifteen days did the feasts at this wedding continue; then all they who had come there to do honour to the Cid took leave of him and of the Infantes. Who can tell the great and noble gifts which the Cid gave to them, both to great and little, each according to his quality, vessels of gold and silver, rich cloth, cloaks, furs, horses, and money beyond all reckoning, so that all were well pleased. And when it was told in Castile with what gifts they who had been to the wedding were returned, many were they who repented that they had not gone there.

BOOK VIII.

I. Now the history relateth that Gilbert, a sage who wrote the history of the Moorish Kings who reigned in Africa, saith, that Bucar remembering the oath which he had made to his brother King Yucef, how he would take vengeance for him for the dishonour which he had received from the Cid Ruydiez before Valencia, ordered proclamation to be made throughout all the dominions of his father, and gathered together so great a power of Moors, that among the Captains of his host there were twenty and nine Kings; this he could well do, for his father was Miramamolin, which is as much as to say Emperor. And when he had gathered together this mighty host, he entered into his ships and crossed the sea, and came unto the port of Valencia, and what there befel him with the Cid the history shall relate in due time.

II. Two years after their marriage did the Infantes of Carrion sojourn in Valencia in peace and pleasure, to their own great contentment, and their uncle Suero Gonzalez with them; and at the end of those two years, there came to pass a great misadventure, by reason of which they fell out with the Cid, in whom there was no fault. There was a lion in the house of the Cid who had grown a large one, and a strong, and was full nimble: three men had the keeping of this lion, and they kept him in a den which was in a court yard, high up in the palace; and when they cleansed the court they were wont to shut him up in his den, and afterward to open the door that he might come out and eat: the Cid kept him for his pastime, that he might take pleasure with him when he was minded so to do. Now it was the custom of the Cid to dine every day with his company, and after he had dined, he was wont to sleep awhile upon his seat. And one day when he had dined there came a man and told him that a great fleet was arrived in the port of Valencia, wherein there was a great power of the Moors, whom King Bucar had brought over, the son of the Miramamolin of Morocco. And when the Cid heard this, his heart rejoiced and he was glad, for

it was nigh three years since he had had a battle with the Moors. Incontinently he ordered a signal to be made that all the honourable men who were in the city should assemble together. And when they were all assembled in the Alcazar and his sons-in-law with them, the Cid told them the news, and took counsel with them in what manner they should go out against this great power of the Moors. And when they had taken counsel the Cid went to sleep upon his seat, and the Infantes and the others sat playing at tables and chess. Now at this time the men who were keepers of the lion were cleaning the court, and when they heard the cry that the Moors were coming, they opened the den, and came down into the palace where the Cid was, and left the door of the court open. And when the lion had ate his meat and saw that the door was open he went out of the court and came down into the palace, even into the hall where they all were; and when they who were there saw him, there was a great stir among them; but the Infantes of Carrion showed greater cowardice than all the rest. Ferrando Gonzalez having no shame, neither for the Cid nor for the others who were present, crept under the seat whereon the Cid was sleeping, and in his haste he burst his mantle and his doublet also at the shoulders. And Diego Gonzalez, the other, ran to a postern door, crying, I shall never see Carrion again! this door opened upon a court-yard where there was a wine-press, and he jumped out, and by reason of the great height could not keep on his feet, but fell among the lees and defiled himself therewith. And all the others who were in the hall wrapt their cloaks around their arms, and stood round about the seat whereon the Cid was sleeping, that they might defend him. The noise which they made awakened the Cid, and he saw the lion coming towards him, and he lifted up his hand and said, What is this? . . . . and the lion hearing his voice stood still; and he rose up and took him by the mane as if he had been a gentle mastiff, and led him back to the court where he was before, and ordered his keepers to look better to him for the time to come. And when he had done this he returned to the hall and took his seat again; and all they who beheld it were greatly astonished.

III. After some time Ferrando Gonzalez crept from under the seat where he had hidden himself, and he came out with a pale face, not having yet lost his fear, and his brother Diego got from among the lees: and when they who were present saw them in this plight you never saw such sport as they made

but my Cid forbade their laughter. And Diego went out to wash himself and change his garments, and he sent to call his brother forth, and they took counsel together in secret, and said to each other, Lo now, what great dishonour this Ruydiez our father-in-law hath done us, for he let this lion loose for the nonce, to put us to shame. But in an evil day were we born if we do not revenge this upon his daughters. Badly were we matched with them, and now for the after-feast he hath made this mockery of us! But we must keep secret this which we bear in mind, and not let him wit that we are wrath against him, for otherwise he would not let us depart from hence, neither give us our wives to take with us, and he would take from us the swords Colada and Tizona which he gave us. . . . We will therefore turn this thing into merriment before him and his people, to the end that they may not suspect what we have at heart. While they were thus devising their uncle Suero Gonzalez came in, and they told him of their intent. And he counselled them to keep their wrath secret, as they said, till this stir of the Moors from beyond sea was over, and then they should demand their wives of the Cid that they might take them to their own country; This, said he, the Cid can have no reason to deny, neither for detaining ye longer with him; and when ye are got away far out of his land, then may ye do what ye will with his daughters, and ill will ye do if ye know not how to revenge yourselves; so shall ye remove the dishonour from yourselves, and cast it upon him and his children. This wicked counsel did Suero Gonzalez give unto his nephews, which he might have well excused giving, and then both he and they would not have come off so badly as the history will in due season relate.

IV. After Suero Gonzalez and his nephews had taken this evil counsel together, they went to their lodging, and on the morrow they went to the Alcazar and came to the Cid where he was preparing for business. And when they drew nigh, the Cid rose and welcomed them right well, and they carried a good countenance towards him, and made sport of what had happened about the lion. And the Cid began to give order in what array they should go out to battle. While they were in this discourse, a great cry was heard in the town and a great tumult, and this was because King Bucar was come with his great power into the place which is called the Campo del Quarto, which is a league from Valencia, and there he was pitching his tents; and when this was done the camp made

a mighty show, for the history saith that there were full five thousand pavilions, besides common tents. And when the Cid heard this, he took both his sons-in-law and Suero Gonzalez with them, and went upon the highest tower of the Alcazar, and showed them the great power which King Bucar of Morocco had brought; and when he beheld this great power he began to laugh and was exceeding glad: but Suero Gonzalez and his nephews were in great fear: howbeit they would not let it be seen. And when they came down from the tower the Cid went foremost, and they tarried behind and said, If we go into this battle we shall never return to Carrion. Now it so chanced that Muño Gustios heard them, and he told it to the Cid, and it grieved the Cid at heart; but he presently made sport of it, and turned to his sons-in-law, and said, You my sons shall remain in Valencia and guard the town, and we who are used to this business will go out to battle; and they when they heard this were ashamed, for they weened that some one had overheard what they said; and they made answer, God forefend, Cid, that we should abide in Valencia! we will go with you to the work, and protect your body as if we were your sons, and you were the Count Don Gonzalo Gomez our father. And the Cid was well pleased hearing them say this.

V. While they were thus saying, word was brought to the Cid that there was a messenger from King Bucar at the gate of the town, who would fain speak with him. The name of this Moor was Ximen de Algezira, and the Cid gave order that he should be admitted. Now the history saith, God had given such grace to my Cid that never Moor beheld his face without having great fear of him; and this Ximen began to gaze upon his countenance, and said nothing, for he could not speak. And so great was the fear which came upon him that the Cid perceived it, and bade him take courage and deliver the bidding of his Lord, without fear or shame, for he was a messenger. And when the Moor heard this he laid aside his fear, and recovered heart, and delivered his bidding fully, after this wise. Sir Cid Campeador, King Bucar my Lord hath sent me to thee saying, great wrong hast thou done him in holding Valencia against him, which belonged to his forefathers; and moreover thou hast discomfited his brother King Yucef. And now he is come against thee with twenty and nine Kings, to take vengeance for his brother, and to win Valencia from thee in spite of thee and of all who are with thee. Nevertheless, King Bucar saith,

that inasmuch as he hath heard that thou art a wise man and of good understanding, he will show favour unto thee, and let thee leave Valencia with all the lands thereof, and go into Castile, and take with thee all that is thine. And if thou wilt not do this he sends to say that he will fight against Valencia, and take thee and thy wife and thy daughters, and torment thee grievously, in such manner that all Christians who shall hear tell of it shall talk thereof for evermore. This is the bidding of my Lord King Bucar.

VI. When the Cid heard this, notwithstanding he was wroth at heart, he would not manifest it, but made answer in few words and said, Go tell thy Lord King Bucar I will not give him up Valencia: great labour did I endure in winning it, and to no man am I beholden for it in the world, save only to my Lord Jesus Christ, and to my kinsmen and friends and vassals who aided me to win it. Tell him that I am not a man to be besieged, and when he does not expect it I will give him battle in the field; and would that even as he has brought with him twenty and nine Kings, so he had brought all the Moors of all Pagandom, for with the mercy of God in which I trust, I should think to conquer them all. Bear this answer to your Lord, and come here no more with messages, neither on this account nor on any other. When Ximen de Algezira, the Moorish messenger, heard this, he left Valencia, and went unto his Lord and told him before the twenty and nine Kings all that the Cid had said. And they were astonished at the brave words of the Cid, for they did not think that he would have resisted, so great was their power, neither did they ween that he would so soon come out to battle. And they began to give order to set their siege round about Valencia, as the history, and as Gilbert also relateth. This King Bucar and his brother King Yucef were kinsmen of Alimaymon, who had been King of Toledo and Valencia, and this was the reason why Bucar said that Valencia had belonged to his forefathers.

VII. No sooner had Ximen, the messenger of King Bucar, left the city, than the Cid ordered the bell to be struck, at the sound of which all the men at arms in Valencia were to gather together. Incontinently they all assembled before the Cid, and he told them all to be ready full early on the morrow to go out and give battle to the Moors. And they made answer with one accord that they were well pleased to do this, for they trusted in God and in his good fortune that they should overcome them. On the morrow therefore at the first cock-crow, they confessed

and communicated, as was their custom, and before the morning brake they went forth from Valencia. And when they had got through the narrow passes among the gardens, the Cid set his army in array. The van he gave to Alvar Fañez Minaya, and to Pero Bermudez who bore his banner; and he gave them five hundred horsemen, and a thousand and five hundred men a-foot. In the right wing was that honourable one with the shaven crown, Don Hieronymo the Bishop, with the like number both of horse and foot; and in the left Martin Antolinez of Burgos and Alvar Salvadores, with as many more. The Cid came in the rear with a thousand horsemen all in coats of mail, and two thousand five hundred men a-foot. And in this array they proceeded till they came in sight of the Moors. As soon as the Cid saw their tents he ordered his men to slacken their pace, and got upon his horse Bavieca, and put himself in the front before all his army, and his sons-in-law the Infantes of Carrion advanced themselves with him. Then the Bishop Don Hieronymo came to the Cid and said, This day have I said the mass of the Holy Trinity before you. I left my own country and came to seek you, for the desire I had to kill some Moors, and to do honour to my order and to my own hands. Now would I be the foremost in this business; I have my pennon and my armorial bearing, and will employ them by God's help, that my heart may rejoice. And my Cid, if you do not for the love of me grant this I will go my ways from you. But the Cid bade him do his pleasure, saying that it would please him also. And then the great multitude of the Moors began to come out of their tents, and they formed their battle in haste, and came against the Christians, with the sound of trumpets and tambours, and with a great uproar; and as they came out upon the alarm, not expecting that the Cid would come against them so soon, they did not advance in order as King Bucar had commanded. And when the Cid saw this, he ordered his banner to be advanced, and bade his people lay on manfully. The Bishop Don Hieronymo he pricked forward; two Moors he slew with the two first thrusts of the lance; the haft broke, and he laid hand on his sword. God, . . how well the Bishop fought! two he slew with the lance, and five with the sword; the Moors came round about him and laid on loads of blows, but they could not pierce his arms. He who was born in happy hour had his eyes upon him, and he took his shield and placed it before him, and lowered his lance. and gave Bavieca the spur, that good horse. With heart and

soul he went at them, and made his way into their first battle; seven the Campeador smote down, and four he slew. In short time they joined battle in such sort that many were slain and many overthrown, on one side and on the other, and so great was the din of strokes and of tambours that none could hear what another said; and they smote away cruelly, without rest or respite.

VIII. Now it came to pass in this battle that the Infante Diego Gonzalez encountered a Moor of Africa who was of great stature and full valiant withal, and this Moor came fiercely against him; and when the Infante saw how fiercely he was coming, he turned his back and fled. No one beheld this but Felez Muñoz the nephew of the Cid, who was a squire; he set himself against the Moor with his lance under his arm, and gave him such a thrust, in the breast, that the streamer of the lance came out all red with blood between his shoulders, and he downed with the dead man and took his horse by the bridle, and began to call the Infante Diego Gonzalez. When the Infante heard himself called by his name he turned his head to see who called him, and when he saw that it was his cousin Felez Muñoz, he turned and awaited him. And Felez Muñoz said, Take this horse, cousin Diego Gonzalez, and say that you killed the Moor; nobody shall ever know otherwise from me, unless you give just cause. While they were talking the Cid came up, after another Moorish knight, whom he reached just as he came up to them, and smote him with his sword upon the head, so that he split it down to the teeth. When Felez Muñoz saw the Cid, he said, Sir, your son-in-law Don Diego Gonzalez hath great desire to serve and help you in this day's work, and he hath just slain a Moor from whom he hath won this horse: and this pleased the Cid much, for he weened that it was true. And then they all three advanced themselves toward the midst of the battle, giving great strokes, and smiting and slaying. Who can tell how marvellously the Bishop Don Hieronymo behaved himself in this battle, and how well all the rest behaved, each in his way, and above all, the Cid Campeador, as the greatest and best of all! nevertheless the power of the Moors was so great that they could not drive them to flight, and the business was upon the balance even till the hour of nones. Many were the Christians who died that day among the foot soldiers; and the dead, Moors and Christians together, were so many, that the horses could scant move among their bodies. But after the hour of nones

the Cid and his people smote the Moors so sorely that they could no longer stand against them, and it pleased God and the good fortune of the Cid that they turned their backs; and the Christians followed, hewing them down, and smiting and slaying: and they tarried not to lay hands on those whom they felled, but went on in pursuit as fast as they could. Then might you have seen cords broken, and stakes plucked up as the Christians came to the tents; my Cid's people drove King Bucar's through their camp, and many an arm with its sleeve-mail was lopt off, and many a head with its helmet fell to the ground; and horses ran about on all sides without riders. Seven full miles did the pursuit continue. And while they were thus following their flight the Cid set eyes upon King Bucar, and made at him to strike him with the sword, and the Moorish King knew him when he saw him coming. Turn this way Bucar, cried the Campeador, you who came from beyond sea, to see the Cid with the long beard. We must greet each other and cut out a friendship! God confound such friendship, cried King Bucar, and turned his bridle, and began to fly towards the sea, and the Cid after him, having great desire to reach him. But King Bucar had a good horse and a fresh, and the Cid went spurring Bavieca who had had hard work that day, and he came near his back; and when they were nigh unto the ships, and the Cid saw that he could not reach him, he darted his sword at him, and struck him between the shoulders; and King Bucar being badly wounded rode into the sea, and got to a boat, and the Cid alighted and picked up his sword. And his people came up, hewing down the Moors before them, and the Moors in their fear of death ran into the sea, so that twice as many died in the water as in the battle: nevertheless so many were they who were slain in the field, that they were thought to be seventeen thousand persons and upward: but a greater number died in the sea. And so many were they who were taken prisoner, that it was a wonder; and of the twenty and nine kings who came with King Bucar, seventeen were slain. And when the Cid saw that of the Moors some had gotten to the ships and the others were slain or taken, he returned toward their tents.

IX. My Cid Ruydiez the Campeador returned from the slaughter; the hood of his mail was thrown back and the coif upon his head bore the marks of it. And when he saw his sons-in-law the Infantes of Carrion, he rejoiced over them, and said to them to do them honour, Come here my sons, for by your

help we have conquered in this battle. Presently Alvar Fañez came up: the shield which hung from his neck was all battered; more than twenty Moors had he slain, and the blood was running from his wrist to his elbow. Thanks be to God, said he, and to the Father who is on high, and to you, Cid, we have won the day. All these spoils are yours and your vassals. Then they spoiled the field, where they found great riches in gold, and in silver, and in pearls, and in precious stones, and in sumptuous tents, and in horses, and in oxen, which were so many that it was a wonder. The poorest man among the Christians was made full rich that day. So great was the spoil that six hundred horses fell to the Cid as his fifth, besides sumpter beasts and camels, and twelve hundred prisoners; and of the other things which were taken no man can give account, nor of the treasure which the Cid won that day in the Campo del Quarto. God be praised! said the Campeador . . . once I was poor, but now am I rich in lands and in possessions, and in gold and in honour. And Moors and Christians both fear me. Even in Morocco, among their Mosques, do they fear lest I should set upon them some night. Let them fear it! I shall not go to seek them, but here I will be in Valencia, and by God's help they shall pay me tribute. Great joy was made in Valencia for this victory, and great was the joy of the Infantes of Carrion; five thousand marks came to them for their portion of the spoil. And when they saw themselves so rich, they and their uncle Suero Gonzalez took counsel together, and confirmed the wicked resolution which they had taken.

X. One day the companions of the Cid were talking before him of this victory, and they were saying who were the young knights that had demeaned themselves well in the battle and in the pursuit, and who had not; but no mention was made of the Infantes; for though some there were who whispered to each other concerning them, none would speak ill of them before the Cid. And the Infantes saw this, and took counsel with their uncle, who ought not to have given them the evil counsel that he did, and they determined forthwith to put their wicked design in execution. So they went before the Cid, and Ferran Gonzalez, having enjoined silence, began to say thus. Cid, thou knowest well the good tie which there is between thee and us, for we hold thee in the place of a father, and thou didst receive us as thy sons on the day when thou gavest us thy daughters to be our wives; and from that day we have alway abode with thee, and have alway endeavoured to do that which was to thy service;

and if we have at any time failed therein it hath not been wilfully, but for lack of better understanding. Now inasmuch as it is long time since we departed from Castile, from our father and from our mother, and because neither we know how it fares with them, nor they how it fares with us, we would now, if you and Doña Ximena should so think good, return unto them, and take our wives with us: so shall our father and our mother and our kinsmen see how honourably we are mated, and how greatly to our profit, and our wives shall be put in possession of the towns which we have given them for their dower, and shall see what is to be the inheritance of the children whom they may have. And whensoever you shall call upon us, we will be ready to come and do you service. Then the Cid made answer, weening that this was spoken without deceit, My sons, I am troubled at what ye say, for when ye take away my daughters ye take my very heart-strings: nevertheless it is fitting that ye do as ye have said. Go when ye will, and I will give unto you such gifts that it shall be known in Gallicia and in Castile and in Leon, with what riches I have sent my sons-in-law home.

XI. When the Cid had made this reply, he rose from his seat and went to Doña Ximena his wife, and spake with her and with Alvar Fañez, and told them what had passed with his sons-in-law, and what answer he had given. Greatly was Doña Ximena troubled at this, and Alvar Fañez also, that he had consented to what they asked; and she said, I do not think it is wisely done to let them take our daughters from us, and carry them into another country; for these our sons-in-law are traitorous and false at heart, and if I aread them right they will do some dishonour to our daughters, when there will be none there to call them to account. And Alvar Fañez was of the same mind; but the Cid was displeased at this, and marvelled greatly at what they said; and he bade them speak no more thereof, for God would not let it be so, . . neither were the Infantes of such a race as that they should do this; neither, quoth he, would it come into their minds to do it, if only because our Lord King Don Alfonso was he who made the marriage; but if the Devil should tempt them, and they should commit this wickedness, dearly would it cost them!

XII. So the Infantes of Carrion made ready for their departure, and there was a great stir in Valencia. And the two sisters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, came and knelt before the Cid

and before Doña Ximena their mother, and said, You send us to the lands of Carrion, and we must fulfil your command; now then give us your blessing, and let us have some of your people with us in Carrion, we beseech you. And the Cid embraced them and kissed them, and the mother kissed them and embraced them twice as much, and they gave them their blessing, and their daughters kissed their hands. And the Cid gave unto his sons-in-law great store of cloth of gold, and of serge, and of wool, and an hundred horses bridled and saddled, and an hundred mules with all their trappings, and ten cups of gold, and an hundred vessels of silver, and six hundred marks of silver in dishes and trenchers and other things. When all this was done they took their departure and went out of Valencia, and the Cid rode out a long league with them. He looked at the birds, and the augury was bad, and he thought that these marriages would not be without some evil. And his heart smote him, and he began to think on what Doña Ximena had said, and to fear lest evil should befall him from these sons-in-law, for the manner of their speech was not as it was wont to be. Where art thou my nephew, where art thou Felez Muñoz? thou art the cousin of my daughters, said he, both in heart and in soul. Go with them even unto Carrion, and see the possessions which are given them, and come back with tidings thereof. And Felez Muñoz said that he would do this. And the Cid bade him salute the Moor Abengalvon in his name, with whom they should tarry a night at Molina, and bid him do service unto his daughters, and his sons-in-law, and accompany them as far as Medina; and for all that he shall do, said the Cid, I will give him good guerdon. And when the ladies came to take their leave of their father the Cid, and of their mother Doña Ximena, great were the lamentations on both sides, as if their hearts had divined the evil which was to come; and the Cid strove to comfort them, saying, that he should alway think of them, and would maintain them in good estate: and he gave them his blessing and turned back toward Valencia, and they went their way with their husbands, and that parting was like plucking the nail from the flesh.

XIII. So the Infantes of Carrion went their way, by the Campo del Quarto to Chiva, and to Bonilla, and to Requena, and to Campo-Robres, and they took up their lodging at Villa Taxo. And on the morrow they took the road to Amaja, and leaving it on the right came to Adamuz, and passed by Colcha, and rested at Quintana. And when Abengalvon knew that the

daughters of the Cid were coming, he went out joyfully from Molina to meet them, and pitched tents for them in the field, and had food brought there in abundance. God, how well he served them! and on the morrow the Moor gave full rich and noble gifts to the daughters of his Lord the Cid, and to each of the Infantes he gave a goodly horse. And he took horse himself and rode on with them, having two hundred knights in his company. They crossed the mountains of Luzon and passed Arbuxuelo, and came to Salon, and the Moor lodged them in the place which is called Ansarera; all this he did for the love of the Cid Campeador. Now the Infantes seeing the riches which this Moor had with him, took counsel together for treason, and said, Lo, now if we could slay this Moor Abengalvon, we should possess all these riches as safely as if we were in Carrion, and the Cid could never take vengeance. And a Moor who understood the Latin of the country, heard them and knew what they said, and he went to Abengalvon, and said unto him, *Acaiaz*, that is to say, Sire, take heed, for I heard the Infantes of Carrion plotting to kill thee. Abengalvon the Moor was a bold Baron, and when this was told him, he went with his two hundred men before the Infantes, and what he said to them did not please them. Infantes of Carrion, he said, tell me, what have I done? I have served ye without guile, and ye have taken counsel for my death. If it were not for the sake of my Cid, never should you reach Carrion! I would carry back his daughters to the loyal Campeador, and so deal with you that it should be talked over the whole world. But I leave ye for traitors as ye are. Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, I go with your favour. God grant that this marriage may please your father! Having said this the good Moor returned to Molina.

XIV. They went on by Valdespino, and by Parra, and Berrocal, and Val de Endrinas, and they left Medina Celi on the right, and crossed the plain of Barahona, and passed near Berlanga; and they crossed the Douro by a ford below the town, and rode on and came into the Oak-wood of Corpes. The mountains were high, and the trees thick and lofty, and there were wild beasts in that place. And they came to a green lawn in the midst of that oak forest, where there was a fountain of clear water, and there the Infantes gave order that their tent should be pitched; and they passed the night there, making show of love to their wives, which they badly fulfilled when the sun was risen, for this was the place where they thought to put them to shame. Early in the morning they ordered the sumpter

beasts to be laden, and the tent struck, and they sent all their company on, so that none remained with them, neither man nor woman, but they and their wives were left alone that they might disport with them at pleasure. And Doña Elvira said to her husband, Why wouldst thou that we should remain alone in this place? And he said, Hold thy peace, and thou shalt see! And the Infantes tore away the mantles from off their wives, and the garments which they wore, save only their inner garment, and they held them by the hair of their head with one hand, and with the other took the girths of their horses. And the women said, Don Diego and Don Ferrando, ye have strong swords and of sharp edge; the one is called Colada and the other Tizona; cut off our heads and we shall become martyrs! But set not this evil example upon us, for whatever shame ye do unto us shall be to your own dishonour. But the Infantes heeded not what they said, and beat them cruelly with the saddle-girths, and kicked them with their spurs, so that their garments were torn and stained with blood. Oh, if the Cid Campeador had come upon them at that hour! And the women cried out, and called upon God and Holy Mary to have mercy upon them; but the more they cried, the more cruelly did those Infantes beat and kick them, till they were covered with blood, and swooned away. Then the Infantes took their mantles and their cloaks, and their furs of ermine and other garments, and left them for dead, saying, Lie there, daughters of the Cid of Bivar, for it is not fitting that ye should be our wives, nor that ye should have your dower in the lands of Carrion! We shall see how your father will avenge you, and we have now avenged ourselves for the shame he did us with the Lion. And they rode away as they said this, leaving them to the mountain birds and to the beasts of the forest. Oh, if the Cid Campeador had come upon them at that hour! And the Infantes rode on, glorying in what they had done, for they said that the daughters of the Cid were worthy to be their harlots, but not their wives.

XV. When the Infantes, before they committed this great cruelty, ordered their company to ride forward, Felez Muñoz the nephew of the Cid rode on with the rest: but this order nothing pleased him, and he was troubled at heart, insomuch that he went aside from his companions, and struck into the forest, and there waited privily till he should see his cousins come, or learn what the Infantes had done to them. Presently he saw the Infantes, and heard what they said to each other.

Certes if they had espied him he could not have escaped death. But they pricked on not seeing him, and he rode back to the fountain, and there he found the women lying senseless, and in such plight as ye have heard. And he made great lamentation over them, saying, Never can it please God that ye my cousins should receive such dishonour! God and St. Mary give them who have done this an evil guerdon! for ye never deserved this, neither are ye of a race to deserve that this or any other evil should betide ye! By this time the women began to come to themselves, but they could not speak for their hearts were breaking. And Felez Muñoz called out to them, Cousins! Cousins! Doña Elvira! Doña Sol! for the love of God rouse yourselves that we may get away before night comes, or the wild beasts will devour us! and they came to themselves and began to open their eyes, and saw that he who spake to them was Felez Muñoz: and he said to them, For the love of God take heart and let us be gone; for the Infantes will soon seek for me, and if God do not befriend us we shall all be slain. And Doña Sol said to him in her great pain, Cousin, for all that our father hath deserved at your hands, give us water. Felez Muñoz took his hat and filled it with water and gave it to them. And he comforted them and bade them take courage, and besought them to bear up. And he placed them upon his horse, and covered them both with his cloak, and led them through the oak forest, into the thickest part thereof, and there he made a bed of leaves and of grass, and laid them on it, and covered them with his cloak, and he sat down by them and began to weep, for he knew not what he should do; for he had no food, and if he went to seek it, great danger was there because they were wounded and bloody, that the wild beasts and the birds of the mountain would attack them; and on the other hand, unless he went to his uncle the Cid, to tell him of this wickedness, none other knew what had been done, and thus there would be no vengeance taken.

XVI. While Felez Muñoz was in this great trouble the Infantes joined their company, and their spurs were bloody and their hands also from the wounds which they had given their wives. And when their people saw them in this plight, and that their wives were not with them, they weened that some wickedness had been done; and all they who were of good heart and understanding among them went apart to the number of an hundred, with one who was named Pero Sanchez; and he spake unto them, saying, Friends, these Infantes have done a foul

deed upon their wives, the daughters of our Lord the Cid; and they are our liege Ladies, for we did homage to them before their father, and accepted them as such; and the Cid made us knights that we should discharge the duty which we owe to them. Now then, it behoveth us that we arm ourselves, and demand of the Infantes what they have done with our ladies, and require them at their hands. And if they will not deliver them to us, then will we fight against them even to death; for thus shall we do right, and otherwise we shall be ill spoken of, and not worthy to live in the world. This was the counsel which Pero Sanchez gave, and they all held it good and did accordingly. And the Infantes, when they saw them coming and heard their demand, were greatly afraid, and they said, Go to the fountain in the Oak-forest of Corpes, and there ye may find them; we left them safe and sound, and no harm have we done unto them; but we would not take them with us. Ill have ye done, replied those knights, to forsake such wives, and the daughters of such a father, and ill will ye fare for it! And from henceforward, we renounce all friendship with ye, and defy ye for the Cid, and for ourselves, and for all his people. And the Infantes could not reply. And when they saw that the Infantes did not answer, they said, Get ye gone for traitors and false caitiffs; there is no way in the world by which ye can escape from the enemies whom ye have now made! But for all this the Infantes made no reply, and went their way.

XVII. Pero Sanchez and those other knights rode back to the green lawn in the Oak-forest, where they had left the dames; and when they came to the fountain they saw that there was blood round about, but the dames were not there; and they were greatly troubled, and knew not where to seek them. And they went about the forest seeking them, calling them aloud and making great lamentation for the ill that had befallen, and also because they could not find them. Now Felez Muñoz and the women heard their voices, and were in great fear, for they weened that it was the Infantes and their company, who were returned with intent to kill them; and in their great fear they remained still, and would fain have been far from that place. So Pero Sanchez and they who were with him went about seeking them in vain. Then spake up a knight called Martin Ferrandez, who was a native of Burgos, saying, Friends, it boots us to turn back from hence and follow after the Infantes, and do battle with them, even unto death, because of this wicked ess which they have committed, rather than return to

the Cid; for if we do not strive to take vengeance, we are not worthy to appear before him. And if, peradventure, we cannot come up with them upon the road, let us go before the King Don Alfonso, and discover unto him this foul deed, and tell him the truth thereof, to the intent that he may order justice to be done for such a thing; for certes, greatly will he be troubled when he knoweth it, and greatly will he be incensed against them, inasmuch as he it was who besought the Cid to give them his daughters to wife. And we will not depart from the King's house, nor take unto ourselves any other Lord till the Cid shall have obtained justice in this matter. And all those knights held this counsel to be good and agreed to do so. And they took their way and followed after the Infantes as fast as they could, taking no rest; but the Infantes had ridden away full speed, and they could not overtake them. And when they saw this they went their way to King Don Alfonso who was at Palencia, and they came before him and kissed his hands, and then with sorrowful hearts told him of the evil which had befallen the Cid, in this dishonour done unto his daughters by the Infantes of Carrion. And when the King heard it he was grievously offended, as one who had great part therein; and he said unto them, It must needs be, that before many days we shall receive tidings of this from the Cid Campeador, and then upon his complaint we will enter into the business in such wise, that every one shall have justice. Then Pero Sanchez and the other knights kissed the King's hands for what he had said; and they abode in his court, waiting tidings from the Cid.

XVIII. When Felez Muñoz saw that the voices which they heard had ceased, he went after awhile to a village which was at hand, to seek food for the dames and for himself; and in this manner he kept them for seven days. And in that village he found a good man, who was a husbandman, and who lived a godly life with his wife and with his daughters; and this good man knew the Cid Ruydiez, for the Cid had lodged in his house, and he had heard tell of his great feats. And when Felez Muñoz knew this he took the man aside, seeing how good a man he was, and how well he spake of the Cid, and told him what had befallen those dames, and how he had hidden them in the wood. And when the good man heard it he had great ruth for them, but he held himself a happy man in that he could do them service; and he took two asses and went with Felez Muñoz to the place where they were hidden, and took with him his two sons, who were young men. And when the dames saw them

they marvelled who they might be, and were ashamed and would have hidden themselves; but they could not. And the good man bent his knees before them, weeping, and said, Ladies, I am at the service of the Cid your father, who hath many times lodged in my house, and I served him the best I could, and he alway was bountiful toward me. And now, this young man, who saith his name is Felez Muñoz, hath told me the great wrong and dishonour which your husbands, the Infantes of Carrion, have done unto you. And when I heard it I was moved to great sorrow, and for the great desire I have to do service to the Cid and to you, I am come hither, to carry you, if you will be so pleased, upon these beasts, to my house; for you must not remain in this wild forest, where the beasts would devour you. And when you are there, I and my wife and my daughters will serve you the best we can; and you may then send this squire to your father, and we will keep you secretly and well till your father shall send for you; this place is not fit for you, for you would die of cold and hunger. When the good man had said this, Doña Sol turned to Doña Elvira and said, Sister, the good man saith well, and it is better that we should go with him than remain and die here, for so shall we see the vengeance which I trust in God our father will give us. So they gave thanks to God, and to that good man. And he set them upon his beasts, and led them to the village, when it was now night; and they entered his house secretly, so that none knew of their coming save the good man and his family, whom he charged that they should tell no man thereof. And there his wife and his daughters ministered unto them with pure good will.

XIX. Then these dames wrote a letter to their father the Cid, which was a letter of credence, that he should believe the tidings which Felez Muñoz would deliver, and they wrote it with the blood from their wounds. And Felez Muñoz went his way toward Valencia; and when he came to Santesteban he spake with Diego Tellez, who had been of the company of Alvar Fañez, and told him what had befallen. He, so soon as he heard this great villany, took beasts and seemly raiment, and went for those dames, and brought them from the house of that good man to Santesteban, and did them all honour that they could. They of Santesteban were always gentle men; and they comforted the daughters of the Cid, and there they were healed of their hurts. In the meantime Felez Muñoz proceeded on his journey; and it came to pass that he met Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Pero Bermudez on the way,

going to the King with a present which the Cid had sent him; and the present was this, . . two hundred horses, from those which he had won in the battle of Quarto from King Bucar, and an hundred Moorish prisoners, and many good swords, and many rich saddles. And as Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez rode on in talk, they thought that it was he, and marvelled greatly; and he when he drew nigh began to tear his hair, and make great lamentation, so that they were greatly amazed. And they alighted, asking him what it was. And he related unto them all that had befallen. But when they heard this, who can tell the lamentation which they made? And they took counsel together what they should do, and their counsel was this, . . that they should proceed to the King, and demand justice at his hands in the name of the Cid, and that Felez Muñoz should proceed to Valencia. So he told them the name of the good man with whom he had left the dames, and the place where he dwelt, and also how he had spoken with Diego Tellez at Santesteban, and then they parted.

XX. Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez held on their way, and came to the King, whom they found in Valladolid. And he received them right well, and asked them for the Cid, and they kissed his hand and said, Sir, the Cid commends himself to your grace; he hath had a good affair with King Bucar of Morocco, and hath defeated him, and nine and twenty Kings who came with him, in the field of Quarto, and great booty did he gain there in gold and in silver, and in horses and tents and cattle; and he hath slain many and taken many prisoners. And in acknowledgment of you as his natural Lord, he sends you two hundred horses, and an hundred black Moors, and many rich saddles and precious swords, beseeching you to accept them at his hand, in token of the desire he hath to do service to God and to you, maintaining the faith of Jesus Christ. And King Don Alfonso made answer and said, that he took the present of the Cid with a right will, as of the truest and most honourable vassal that ever Lord had: and he gave order to his people to receive it, and bade Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez seat themselves at his feet. After awhile Alvar Fañez rose and said, Sir, when we departed from the Cid we left him in great honour and prosperity; but on our way we met a squire who is his nephew, by name Felez Muñoz, and he hath told us the evil and the dishonour which both we and the Cid endure in the villany which the Infantes of Carrion have committed upon his daughters. You, Sir, know how

great this villany hath been, and how nearly it toucheth you, for the marriage was of your appointment, and I gave them by your command to the Infantes. Pero Sanchez hath told you that the dames were dead, as he believed them to be; but we, Sir, know that they are yet alive, having been grievously hurt and wounded with bridles and spurs, and stripped of their garments, . . in which plight Felez Muñoz found them. Certes such a thing as this cannot please God in Heaven, and ought to offend you who are a Lord here in your own realm. Now therefore we beseech you that you take justice for yourself, and give us and the Cid ours. And let not the Cid be dishonoured in your time, for blessed be God, he hath never been dishonoured yet, but hath gone on alway advancing in honour since King Don Ferrando your father knighted him in Coimbra. To this the King made answer and said, God knoweth the trouble which I resent for this dishonour which hath been done to the Cid, and the more I hear of it the more doth it trouble me, and many reasons are there why it should; for my own sake, and for the sake of the Cid, and for the sake of his daughters; but since they are yet alive the evil is not so great, for as they have wrongfully put to shame, nothing meriting such a treatment, they may be rightfully avenged, as my Cortes shall determine. Moreover it is a grief to me that my vassals the Infantes of Carrion should have erred so badly and with such cruelty; but since it hath been so I cannot but do justice. I hold it good therefore to summon them to my Cortes, which I will assemble for this matter in Toledo, and the time assigned them shall be three months from this day; and do ye tell the Cid to come there with such of his people as he shall think good. Glad were Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez of this reply, and they kissed his hand, and dispeeded themselves. And the King ordered mules to be given them for the dames, with right noble saddles and trappings of gold and cloth of gold and of wool, with menever and gris.

XXI. Then Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez went their way, and Pero Sanchez and his company departed with them. They went up Val de Esgueva to Peñafiel, and by Roa and Arrueco, and they entered the Oak-forest of Corpes, and Pero Sanchez showed the place beside the fountain where the villany had been committed; and they made such lamentation there as if they had seen the dames lie dead before them. Then rode they to the village where the good man dwelt, and went to his dwelling, and good guerdon did they give unto him for

the service which he had done, so that he was full well requited. And they took with them the two sons and the two daughters of the good man, that they might recompense them for the good deeds of their father; and the dames gave them in marriage, and made them full rich, and held them even as brothers and as sisters, because of the service which they had received from them. When it was known at Santesteban that Minaya was coming for his kinswomen, the men of that town welcomed him and his company, and they brought him in payment the *efurcion*, that is to say, the supper-money, and it was full great. But Minaya would not accept it at their hands, and he thanked them and said, Thanks, men of Santesteban, for what ye have done, and my Cid the Campeador will thank ye, as I do, and God will give ye your guerdon. Then went they to visit their kinswomen, and when they saw the dames, who can tell the great lamentation which was made on both sides? albeit that they rejoiced to see each other. And Minaya said unto them, By God, cousins He knoweth the truth, and your father and mother know it also, . . I misdoubted this when you went away with those false ones; and it grieved me when your father said that he had given his consent that ye should go, and your mother gainsaid it also; but we could not prevail, for he said he had consented. Howbeit, since ye are alive, of evils let us be thankful for the least; you have lost one marriage, and may gain a better, and the day will come when we shall avenge ye. That night they rested at Santesteban, and on the morrow they set forward and took the road towards Atienza, and the men of Santesteban escorted them as far as the river Damor, to do them pleasure. And they passed Alcoceba, and went on to the King's Ford, and there took up their lodging at the Casa de Berlanga. On the morrow they lodged at Medina Celi, and from thence they went to Molina, and Abengalvon came out with a right good will to welcome them, for love of the Cid, and he did them all the honour that he could. And it was accorded between them that the dames should rest there some days, because of their weakness, and that they should send and let the Cid know what had been done.

XXII. Then Pero Bermudez went on to Valencia, and Alvar Fañez and the rest of his company abode with the dames in Molina. And when Pero Bermudez arrived he found the Cid Ruydiez just risen with his chivalry from dinner, and when the Cid saw him he welcomed him right well; howbeit he could not refrain from weeping; for before this Felez Muños had told him

all. And he stroked his beard and said, Thanks be to Christ, the Lord of this world, by this beard which no one hath ever cut, the Infantes of Carrion shall not triumph in this! And he began to take comfort, hearing how King Don Alfonso had appointed the Cortes. And he took Pero Bermudez by the hand and led him to Doña Ximena, who wept greatly at seeing him, and said, Ah, Pero Bermudez, what tidings bringest thou of my daughters? And he comforted her and said, Weep not, Lady, for I left them alive and well at Molina, and Alvar Fañez with them; by God's blessing you shall have good vengeance for them! Then the Cid seated himself near his wife, and Pero Bermudez took his seat before them, and told them all that he had done, and how the King had summoned them to the Cortes at Toledo. And he said unto the Cid, My uncle and Lord, I know not what to say, but ill is my luck that I could not take vengeance before I returned here; and certes, if I could have found them I would have died, or have completed it: but they when they had done this villany dared not appear before the King, neither in his Court, and therefore he hath issued this summons to them that they should come. Manifestly may it be seen that the King well inclineth to give you justice, if you fail not to demand it. Now then I beseech you tarry not, but let us to horse and confront them and accuse them, for this is not a thing to be done leisurely. And the Cid answered and said, Chafe not thyself, Pero Bermudez, for the man who thinketh by chafing to expedite his business, leaveth off worse than he began. Be you certain, that if I die not I shall take vengeance upon those traitors, and I trust in God not to die till I have taken it. Now therefore, give me no more anger than I feel in my own heart, for Felez Muñoz hath given me enough. I thank my Lord King Don Alfonso for the answer which he gave you, and for appointing the Cortes, and in such guise will I appear there as shall gall them who wish ill to me. God willing, we will take our departure in good time! Do you now return to Molina, and bring on my daughters, for I would fain see them; and I will talk with them that they may tell me the whole truth of this thing, that I may know the whole when I go to the court of the King to demand vengeance.

XXIII. Pero Bermudez returned the next day to Molina, where Abengalvon had done great honour to the dames, and to Alvar Fañez, and all that were with him. And they departed from Molina, and Abengalvon with them, for he would not leave them till he had brought them to Valencia to his Lord the Cid.

And when the Cid knew that they were drawing nigh he rode out two leagues to meet them, and when they saw him they made great lamentation, they and all his company, not only the Christians but the Moors also who were in his service. But my Cid embraced his daughters and kissed them both, and smiled and said, Ye are come, my children, and God will heal you! I accepted this marriage for you, but I could do no other; by God's pleasure ye shall be better mated hereafter. And when they reached Valencia and went into the Alcazar to their mother Doña Ximena, who can tell the lamentation which was made by the mother over her daughters, and the daughters with their mother, and by the women of their household. Three days did this great lamentation last. And the Cid thanked Abengalvon, his vassal, for the honour which he had shown to his children and their company, and promised to protect him from all who should come against him. And Abengalvon returned to Molina well pleased.

BOOK IX.

I. My Cid the Campeador made ready to appear at the Cortes in Toledo, and he left the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Martin Pelaez the Asturian, to command in Valencia, and five hundred knights with them, all hidalgos. And he spake with his daughters, and commanded and besought them to tell him the whole truth, how this matter had been, and not say the thing which was false; and they did accordingly, and related unto him all, even as it had befallen them. And the Cid departed from Valencia, and with him went Alvar Fañez Minaya with two hundred knights, and Pero Bermudez with one hundred, and Martin Antolinez with fifty, and Martin Fernandez with other fifty, and Felez Ferruz and Benito Sanchez with fifty each; . . these were five hundred knights. And there went fifty with Martin Garcia and Martin Salvadores, and fifty with Pero Gonsalvez and Martin Muñoz, and Diego Sanchez of Arlanza went with fifty, and Don Nuño, he who colonized Cubiella, and Alvar Bermudez he who colonized Osma, went with forty, and Gonzalo Muñoz of Orbaneja, and Muño Ravia, and Yvañez Cornejo with sixty, and Muño Fernandez the Lord of Monteforte, and Gomez Fernandez he who colonized Pampliega with sixty; and Don Garcia de Roa and Serrazin his brother, Lord of Aza, with ninety; and Antolin Sanchez of Soria took with him forty knights who were his children or his kin: . . nine hundred knights were they in all. And there went with them five hundred esquires on foot, all hidalgos, beside those who were bred in his household, and beside other footmen, who were many in number. All these went well clad in right good garments, and with good horses, to serve the Cid both in the Cortes and in war.

II. King Don Alfonso made no delay, but sent out his letters through Leon and Santiago, to the Portuguese and the Galicians, and they of Carrion, and the Castilians, that he would hold a Cortes in Toledo at the end of seven weeks, and that they who did not appear should no longer be accounted his vassals. At this greatly were the Infantes of Carrion troubled, for they feared

the coming of my Cid the Campeador. And they took counsel with their kin and prayed the King that he would hold them excused from that Cortes; and the King made answer, that nothing but God should excuse them from it, for the Campeador was coming to demand justice against them, and he, quoth the King, who will not appear, shall quit my kingdoms. So when they saw that they must needs appear, they took counsel with the Count Don Garcia, the enemy of my Cid, who alway wished him ill, and they went with the greatest company that they could assemble, thinking to dismay my Cid the Campeador. And they arrived before him.

III. When my Cid drew nigh unto Toledo, he sent Alvar Fañez forward to kiss the King's hand, and let him wit that he should be there that night. When the King heard this it rejoiced his heart, and he took horse and went out with a great company to meet him who was born in happy hour; and there went with him his sons-in-law, the Count Don Anrrich, and the Count Don Remond; this one was the father of the good Emperor. When they came in sight, the Cid dismounted and fell to the ground, and would have abased himself to honour his Lord, but the King cried out to him and said, By St. Isidro this must not be to-day! Mount, Cid, or I shall not be well pleased! I welcome you with heart and soul; . . and my heart is grieved for your grief. God send that the court be honoured by you! Amen, said my Cid the Campeador, and he kissed his hand, and afterwards saluted him. And the Cid said, I thank God that I see you, Sir; and he humbled himself to Count Don Anrrich, and Count Don Remond, and the others, and said, God save all our friends, and chiefly you, Sir! my wife Doña Ximena kisses your hand, and my daughters also, that this thing which hath befallen us, may be found displeasing unto you. And the King said, That will it be, unless God prevent. So they rode toward Toledo. And the King saith unto him, I have ordered you to be lodged in my Palaces of Galiana, that you may be near me. And the Cid answered, Gramercy, Sir! God grant you long life and happy, but in your Palaces there is none who should be lodged save you. When you hold your Cortes let it be in those Palaces of Galiana, for there is better room there than in the Alcazar. I will not cross the Tagus to-night, but will pass the night in St. Servans on this side, and hold a vigil there. To-morrow I will enter the city, and be in the court before dinner. The King said that it

pleased him well, and he returned into Toledo. And the Cid went into the Church of St. Servans, and ordered candles to be placed upon the altar, for he would keep a vigil there; and there he remained with Minaya and the other good ones, praying to the Lord, and talking in private. The tents of his company were pitched upon the hills round about. Any one who beheld them might well have said, that it looked like a great host.

IV. When the King entered the city, he bade his seneschal Benito Perez, make ready the Palaces of Galiana for the next day, when the Cortes should begin; and he fitted the great Palace after this manner. He placed *estrados* with carpets upon the ground, and hung the walls with cloth of gold. And in the highest place he placed the royal chair in which the King should sit; it was a right noble chair and a rich, which he had won in Toledo, and which had belonged to the Kings thereof; and round about it right noble *estrados* were placed for the Counts and honourable men who were come to the Cortes. Now the Cid knew how they were fitting up the Palaces of Galiana, and he called for a squire, who was a young man, one whom he had brought up and in whom he had great trust; he was an hidalgo, and hight Ferran Alfonso: and the Cid bade him take his ivory seat which he had won in Valencia, and which had belonged to the Kings thereof, and place it in the Palace, in the best place, near the seat of the King; and that none might hurt or do dishonour unto it, he gave him a hundred squires, all hidalgos, to go with him, and ordered them not to leave it till he should come there the next day. So when they had dined, they made the seat be taken up, and went with it to the Palaces of Galiana, and placed it near the seat of the King, as the Cid had commanded; and all that day and night they remained there guarding the ivory seat, till the Cid should come and take his place thereon; every one having his sword hung from his neck. This was a right noble seat, and of subtle work, so that whoso beheld it would say it was the seat of a good man, and that it became such a one as the Cid. It was covered with cloth of gold, underneath which was a cushion.

V. On the morrow, after the King had heard mass, he went into the Palace of Galiana, where the Cortes was to assemble, and the Infantes of Carrion and the other Counts and Ricosomes with him, save the Cid who was not yet come; and when they who did not love the Cid beheld his ivory seat, they

began to make mock of it. And Count Garcia said to the King, I beseech your Grace, tell me, for whom that couch is spread beside your seat: for what dame is it made ready; will she come drest in the *almexia* . . or with white *alquinales* on her head, or after what fashion will she be apparelled? Sir, a seat like that is fit for none but your Grace: give order to take it for yourself, or that it be removed. When Ferran Alfonso, who was there to guard the ivory seat heard this, he answered and said, Count, you talk full foolishly, and speak ill of one against whom it behoves you not to talk. He who is to sit upon this seat is better than you, or than all your lineage; and he hath ever appeared a man to all his enemies, not like a woman as you say. If you deny this I will lay hands upon you, and make you acknowledge it before my Lord the King Don Alfonso who is here present. And I am of such a race that you cannot acquit yourself by saying I am not your peer, and the vantage of half your arms I give you! At these words was the King greatly troubled, and the Counts also, and all the honourable men who were there present. And Count Garcia who was an angry man, wrapt his mantle under his arm, and would have struck Ferran Alfonso, saying, Let me get at the boy who dares me! And Ferran Alfonso laid hand upon his sword and came forward to meet him, saying, that if it were not for the King, he would punish him thereright for the folly which he had uttered. But the King seeing that these words went on from bad to worse, put them asunder that farther evil might not happen, and he said, None of ye have reason to speak thus of the seat of the Cid; he won it like a good knight and a valiant, as he is. There is not a King in the world who deserves this seat better than my vassal the Cid, and the better and more honourable he is, the more am I honoured through him. This seat he won in Valencia, where it had belonged to the Kings thereof; and much gold and silver, and many precious stones hath he won; and many a battle hath he won both against Christians and Moors; and of all the spoil which he hath won, he hath alway sent me part, and great presents and full rich, such as never other vassal sent to his Lord; and this he hath done in acknowledgment that I am his Lord. Ye who are talking here against him, which of ye hath ever sent me such gifts as he? If any one be envious, let him achieve such feats as he hath done, and I will seat him with myself to do him honour.

VI. Now the Cid had performed his vigil in the Church of

St. Servan, matins and primes were said, and mass performed; and then he made ready to go to the Cortes, and with him went Alvar Fañez Minaya, whom he called his right arm, and Pero Bermudez, and Muño Gustios, and Martin Antolinez that doughty Burgalese, and Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvadores, and Martin Muñoz, and Felez Muñoz the Cid's nephew, and Malanda who was a learned man, and Galin Garciez the good one of Arragon: these and others made ready to go with him, being an hundred of the best of his company. They wore *velmezes* under their harness, that they might be able to bear it, and then their mail, which was as bright as the sun: over this they had ermine or other skins, laced tight that the armour might not be seen, and under their cloaks, their swords which were sweet and sharp. He who was born in happy hour made no tarriance; he drew on his legs hose of fine cloth, and put on over them shoes which were richly worked. A shirt of *ranzal* he wore which was as white as the sun; all the fastenings were wrought with gold and silver: over this a *brial* of gold tissue; and over this a red skin with points of gold. My Cid the Campeador alway wore it. On his head he had a coif of scarlet wrought with gold, which was made that none might clip the hair of the good Cid. His was a long beard, and he bound it with a cord. And he bade Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez assemble their companions, and when he saw them he said, If the Infantes of Carrion should seek a quarrel, where I have a hundred such as these I may be well without fear! And he said, Let us mount now and go to the Cortes. We go to make one defiance, and peradventure it may be two or three, through the folly of those who may stir against us. Ye will be ready to aid me, saying and doing as I shall call upon ye, alway saving the honour and authority of King Don Alfonso our Lord; see now that none of ye say or do ought amiss, for it would be unseemly. Then called he for his horse, and bestrode it, and rode to the Cortes.

VII. My Cid and his company alighted at the gate of the Palaces of Galiana, and he and his people went in gravely, he in the midst and his hundred knights round about him. When he who was born in happy hour entered, the good King Don Alfonso rose up, and the Counts Don Anrrich and Don Remond did the like, and so did all the others, save the curly-headed one of Granon, and they who were on the side of the Infantes of Carrion All the others received him with great honour, and he said unto the King, Sir, where do you bid me sit with these my kinsmen and friends who are come with me? And the

King made answer, Cid, you are such a one, and have passed your time so well to this day, that if you would listen to me and be commanded by me, I should hold it good that you took your seat with me; for he who hath conquered Kings, ought to be seated with Kings. But the Cid answered, That, Sir, would not please God, but I will be at your feet: for by the favour of the King your father Don Ferrando was I made, his creature and the creature of your brother King Don Sancho am I, and it behoveth not that he who receiveth bounty should sit with him who dispenseth it. And the King answered, Since you will not sit with me, sit on your ivory seat, for you won it like a good man; and from this day I order that none except King or Prelate sit with you, for you have conquered so many high-born men, and so many Kings, both Christians and Moors, that for this reason there is none who is your peer, or ought to be seated with you. Sit therefore like a King and Lord upon your ivory seat. Then the Cid kissed the King's hand, and thanked him for what he had said, and for the honour which he had done him; and he took his seat, and his hundred knights seated themselves round about him. All who were in the Cortes sat looking at my Cid and at his long beard which he had bound with a cord; but the Infantes of Carrion could not look upon him for shame.

VIII. When they were all seated the King gave command that they should be silent; and when the Cid saw that they were all still, he rose and spake after this manner. Sir King Don Alfonso, I beseech you of your mercy that you would hear me, and give command that I should be heard, and that you would suffer none to interrupt me, for I am not a man of speech, neither know I how to set forth my words, and if they interrupt me I shall be worse. Moreover, Sir, give command that none be bold enough to utter unseemly words, nor be insolent towards me, lest we should come to strife in your presence. Then King Don Alfonso rose and said, Hear me, as God shall help you! Since I have been King I have held only two Cortes, one in Burgos, and one in Carrion. This third I have assembled here in Toledo for the love of the Cid, that he may demand justice against the Infantes of Carrion for the wrongs which we all know. The Counts Don Anrrich and Don Remond shall be Alcaldes in this cause; and these other Counts who are not on either side, give ye all good heed, for ye are to take cognizance that the right may be decreed. And I give order, and forbid any one to speak without my command, or to utter ought insolent against the Cid;

and I swear by St. Isidro, that whosoever shall disturb the Cortes shall lose my love and be banished from the kingdom. I am on the side of him who shall be found to have the right. Then those Counts who were appointed Alcaldes were sworn upon the Holy Gospels, that they would judge between the Cid and the Infantes of Carrion, rightly and truly, according to the law of Castile and Leon.

IX. When this was done the King bade the Cid make his demand; and the Cid rose and said, Sir, there is no reason for making long speeches here, which would detain the Cortes. I demand of the Infantes of Carrion, before you, two swords which I gave into their keeping; the one is Colada and the other Tizona. I won them like a man, and gave them to the keeping of the Infantes that they might honour my daughters with them, and serve you. When they left my daughters in the Oak-forest of Corpes they chose to have nothing to do with me, and renounced my love; let them therefore give me back the swords, seeing that they are no longer my sons-in-law. Then the King commanded the Alcaldes to judge upon this demand according as they should find the right; and they took counsel and judged, that the swords should be restored unto the Cid. And Count Don Garcia said they would talk concerning it; and the Infantes of Carrion talked apart with those who were on their side, and they thought that they were well off; for that the Cid would demand nothing more of them, but would leave the Cortes when he had recovered the swords. So they brought the swords Colada and Tizona, and delivered them to the King. The King drew the swords, and the whole Court shone with their brightness: their hilts were of solid gold; all the good men of the Cortes marvelled at them. And the Cid rose and received them, and kissed the King's hand, and went back to his ivory seat; and he took the swords in his hand and looked at them; they could not change them, for the Cid knew them well, and his whole frame rejoiced, and he smiled from his heart. And he laid them upon his lap and said, Ah, my swords, Colada and Tizona, truly may I say of you, that you are the best swords in Spain; and I won you, for I did not get you either by buying or by barter. I gave ye in keeping to the Infantes of Carrion that they might do honour to my daughters with ye. But ye were not for them! they kept ye hungry, and did not feed ye with flesh as ye were wont to be fed. Well it is for you that ye have escaped that thraldom and are come again to my hands, and happy man am I to recover you. Then Alvar Fañez rose and kissed

the hand of the Cid, and said, I beseech you give Colada into my keeping while this Cortes shall last, that I may defend you therewith: and the Cid gave it him and said, take it, it hath changed its master for the better. And Pero Bermudez rose and made the same demand for the sword Tizona, and the Cid gave it him in like manner. Then the Cid laid hand upon his beard as he was wont to do, and the Infantes of Carrion and they who were of their side thought that he meant to disturb the Cortes, and they were greatly afraid; but he sat still like a man of good understanding, for he was not one who did things lightly.

X. Then the Cid rose and said, Thanks be to God and to you, Sir King, I have recovered my swords Colada and Tizona. I have now another demand against the Infantes of Carrion. King Don Alfonso, you well know that it was your pleasure to bid me meet you at Requeña, and I went there in obedience to your command. And you asked of me my daughters in marriage for the Infantes, and I did not refuse, in that I would not disobey your command; and you bade me deliver them to my kinsman here Don Alvar Fañez, and he gave them to the Infantes to be their wives, and the blessing was given them in the church of St. Mary, according to the law of Rome. You, Sir, gave them in marriage, not I; and you did it for good, not for evil; but what they did was after another wise. And though they are of great blood and honourable, yet would I not have given my daughters to them, unless in obedience to your command; and this, Sir, you well know, for so I said unto you. I gave them, when they took my daughters from Valencia, horses and mules, and cups and vessels of fine gold, and much wrought silver, and many noble garments, and other gifts, three thousand marks of silver in all, thinking that I gave it to my daughters whom I loved. Now, Sir, since they have cast my daughters off, and hold themselves to have been dishonoured in marrying them, give command that they restore unto me this which is my own, or that they show cause why they should not. Then might you have seen the Infantes of Carrion in great chafing. And Count Don Remond called upon them to speak; and they said, We gave his swords to the Cid Campeador, that he might ask nothing more of us, if it please the King. But the King said that they must answer to the demand. And they asked to consult together concerning it; and the King bade them take counsel and make answer incontinently. So they went apart, and with them eleven Counts and Ricos-omes who were on their

side, but no right or reason could they find for opposing this demand which the Cid had made. Howbeit Count Don Garcia spake for them and said, Sir, this which the Cid demands back from them, it is true that he gave it, but they have expended it in your service: we hold therefore that they are not bound to make restitution of it, seeing how it hath been expended. Nevertheless if you hold it to be lawful that they should restore this money, give order that time be given them to make the payment, and they will go to Carrion, their inheritance, and there discharge the demand as you shall decree. When the Count had thus said he sat down. And the Cid arose and said, Sir, if the Infantes of Carrion have expended aught in your service, it toucheth not me. You and the Alcaldes whom you have appointed have heard them admit that I gave them this treasure, and this excuse which they set up; I pray you let judgment be given whether they are bound to pay it or not. Then King Don Alfonso answered and said, If the Infantes of Carrion have expended aught in my service, I am bound to repay it, for the Cid must not lose what is his own: and he bade the Alcaldes consult together and judge according to what they should find right. And the Alcaldes having taken counsel gave judgment, that seeing the Infantes acknowledged the Cid had given them this treasure with his daughters, and they had abandoned them they must needs make restitution in the Cortes of the King there-right: and the King confirmed this sentence, and the Cid rose and kissed the King's hand. Greatly were the Infantes of Carrion troubled at this sentence, and they besought the King that he would obtain time for them from the Cid, in which to make their payment; and the King besought him to grant them fifteen days, after this manner, that they should not depart from the Court till they had made the payment, and that they should plight homage for the observance of this. And the Cid granted what the King desired, and they plighted homage accordingly in the hands of the King. Then made they their account with the King, and it was found that what they had expended for his service was two hundred marks of silver, and the King said that he would repay this, so that there remained for them two thousand and eight hundred to pay. Who can tell the trouble in which the Infantes were, to pay this treasure to the Cid, they and all their kindred and friends, for it was full hard for them to accomplish. And they took up upon trust horses and mules and wrought silver, and other precious things, and as they could get them, delivered them

over to the Cid. Then might you have seen many a good-going horse brought there, and many a good mule, and many a good palfrey, and many a good sword with its mountings. And they sent to Carrion to their father and mother to help them, for they were in great trouble; and they raised for them all they could, so that they made up the sum within the time appointed. And then they thought that the matter was at an end, and that nothing more would be demanded from them.

XI. After this payment had been made the Cortes assembled again, and the King and all the honourable men being each in his place, the Cid rose from his ivory seat, and said, Sir, praise be to God and your favour, I have recovered my swords, and my treasure; now then I pray you let this other demand be heard which I have to make against the Infantes. Full hard it is for me to make it, though I have it rooted in my heart! I say then, let them make answer before you, and tell why it was that they besought you to marry them with my daughters, and why they took them away from me from Valencia, when they had it in heart to dishonour me, and to strike them, and leave them as they were left, in the Oak-forest of Corpes? Look, Sir, what dishonour they did them! they stripped them of the garments which they had not given them, as if they had been bad women, and the children of a bad father. With less than mortal defiance I shall not let them go! . . . How had I deserved this, Infantes, at your hands? I gave you my daughters to take with you from Valencia; with great honour and great treasures gave I them unto you; . . Dogs and Traitors, . . ye took them from Valencia when ye did not love them, and with your bridles ye smote, and with your spurs ye spurned and wounded them, and ye left them alone in the Oak-forest, to the wild beasts, and to the birds of the mountain! King Don Alfonso, they neither remembered God, nor you, nor me, nor their own good fortune! And here was fulfilled the saying of the wise man, that harder it is for those who have no understanding to bear with good than with evil. Praise be to God and to your grace, such a one am I, and such favour hath God shown me, from the day when I first had horse and arms, until now, that not only the Infantes of Carrion, but saving yourself, Sir, there is not a King in Christendom who might not think himself honoured in marrying with either of my daughters, . . how much more then these traitors! . . . I beseech you give me justice upon them for the evil and dishonour which they have done me! And if you and your Cortes will not right me, through the mercy of God and my own good

cause, I will take it myself, for the offence which they have committed against God and the faith, and the truth which they promised and vowed to their wives. I will pull them down from the honour in which they now are; better men than they have I conquered and made prisoners ere now! and with your licence, Sir, to Carrion will I follow them, even to their inheritance, and there will I besiege them, and take them by the throat, and carry them prisoners to Valencia to my daughters, and there make them do penance for the crime which they have committed, and feed them with the food which they deserve. If I do not perform this, call me a flat traitor. When the King heard this he rose up and said, that it might be seen how he was offended in this thing. Certes, Cid Ruydiez Campeador, I asked your daughters of you for the Infantes of Carrion, because, as they well know, they besought me to do so, I never having thought thereof. It well seemeth now that they were not pleased with this marriage which I made at their request, and great part of the dishonour which they have done you, toucheth me. But seeing ye are here in my presence, it is not fitting that you make your demand in any other manner than through my Cortes; do you therefore accuse them, and let them acquit themselves if they can before my Alcaldes, who will pass sentence according to what is right. And the Cid kissed the King's hand, and returned to his place upon the ivory seat.

XII. Then the Cid arose and said, God prosper you, Sir, in life, and honour, and estate, since you have compassion for me and for the dishonour which my daughters have received. And he turned towards the Infantes of Carrion, and said, Ferrando Gonzalez and Diego Gonzalez, I say that ye are false traitors for leaving your wives as ye left them in the Oak-forest; and here before the King I attaint you as false traitors, and defy you, and will produce your peers who shall prove it upon you, and slay you or thrust you out of the lists, or make you confess it in your throats. And they were silent. And the King said, that seeing they were there present, they should make answer to what the Cid had said. Then Ferrando Gonzalez the elder arose and said, Sir, we are your subjects, of your kingdom of Castile, and of the best hidalgos therein, sons of the Count Don Gonzalo Gonzalez; and we hold that men of such station as ourselves were not well married with the daughters of Ruydiez of Bivar. And for this reason we forsook them, because they come not of blood fit for our wives, for one lineage is above another. Touching what he

says, that we forsook them, he saith truly; and we hold that in so doing we did nothing wrong, for they were not worthy to be our wives, and we are more to be esteemed for having left them, than we were while they were wedded with us. Now then, Sir, there is no reason why we should do battle upon this matter with any one. And Diego Gonzalez his brother arose and said, You know, Sir, what perfect men we are in our lineage, and it did not befit us to be married with the daughters of such a one as Ruydiez; and when he had said this he held his peace and sat down. Then Count Don Garcia rose and said, Come away, Infantes, and let us leave the Cid sitting like a bridegroom in his ivory chair: . . he lets his beard grow and thinks to frighten us with it! . . The Campeador put up his hand to his beard, and said, What hast thou to do with my beard, Count? Thanks be to God, it is long because it hath been kept for my pleasure: never son of woman hath taken me by it; never son of Moor or of Christian hath plucked it, as I did yours in your castle of Cabra, Count, when I took your castle of Cabra, and took you by the beard; there was not a boy of the host but had his pull at it, what I plucked then is not yet methinks grown even! . . And the Count cried out again, Come away, Infantes, and leave him! Let him go back to Rio de Ovierna, to his own country, and set up his mills, and take toll as he used to do! . . he is not your peer that you should strive with him. At this the knights of the Cid looked at each other with fierce eyes and wrathful countenances; but none of them dared speak till the Cid bade them, because of the command which he had given.

XIII. When the Cid saw that none of his people made answer he turned to Pero Bermudez and said, Speak, Pero Mudo, what art thou silent for? He called him Mudo, which is to say, Dumb-ee, because he snaffled and stuttered when he began to speak; and Pero Bermudez was wroth that he should be so called before all that assembly. And he said, I tell you what, Cid, you always call me Dumb-ee in Court, and you know I cannot help my words; but when anything is to be done, it shall not fail for me. And in his anger he forgot what the Cid had said to him and to the others that they should make no broil before the King. And he gathered up his cloak under his arm and went up to the eleven Counts who were against the Cid, to Count Garcia, and when he was nigh him he clenched his fist, and gave him a blow which brought him to the ground. Then was the whole Cortes in an uproar by reason of that blow, and

many swords were drawn, and on one side the cry was Cabra and Grañon, and on the other side it was Valencia and Bivar; but the strife was in such sort that the Counts in short time voided the Palace. King Don Alfonso meantime cried out aloud, forbidding them to fight before him, and charging them to look to his honour; and the Cid then strove what he could to quiet his people, saying to the King, Sir, you saw that I could bear it no longer, being thus maltreated in your presence; if it had not been before you, well would I have had him punished. Then the King sent to call those Counts who had been driven out; and they came again to the Palace, though they fain would not, complaining of the dishonour which they had received. And the King said unto them that they should defend themselves with courtesy and reason, and not revile the Cid, who was not a man to be reviled; and he said that he would defend as far as he could the rights of both parties. Then they took their seats on the estrados as before.

XIV. And Pero Bermudez rose and said to Count Garcia, Foul mouth, in which God hath put no truth, thou hast dared let thy tongue loose to speak of the Cid's beard. His is a praiseworthy beard, and an honourable one, and one that is greatly feared, and that never hath been dishonoured, nor overcome! and if you please, you may remember when he fought against you in Cabra, hundred to hundred, he threw you from your horse, and took thee by the beard, and made thee and thy knights prisoners, and carried thee prisoner away across a packsaddle; and his knights pulled thy beard for thee, and I who stand here had a good handful of it: how then shall a beard that hath been pulled speak against one that hath alway been honourable! If you deny this, I will fight you upon this quarrel before the King our Lord. Then Count Suero Gonzalez rose in great haste and said, Nephews, go you away and leave these rascally companions: if they are for fighting, we will give them their fill of that, if our Lord the King should think good so to command; that shall not fail for us, though they are not our peers. Then Don Alvar Fañez Minaya arose and said, Hold thy peace, Count Suero Gonzalez! you have been to breakfast before you said your prayers, and your words are more like a drunkard's than one who is in his senses. Your kinsmen like those of the Cid! . . . if it were not out of reverence to my Lord the King, I would teach you never to talk again in this way. And then the King saw that these words were going on to worse, and moreover that they were nothing to the business;

and he commanded them to be silent, and said, I will determine this business of the defiance with the Alcaldes, as shall be found right; and I will not have these disputes carried on before me, lest you should raise another uproar in my presence.

XV. Then the King arose and called to the Alcaldes, and went apart with them into a chamber, and the Cid and all the others remained in the Hall. And when the King and the Alcaldes had taken counsel together concerning what was right in this matter, they came out from the chamber, and the King went and seated himself in his chair, and the Alcaldes each in his place, and they commanded all persons to be silent and hear the sentence which the King should give. Then the King spake thus: I have taken counsel with these Counts whom I appointed to be Alcaldes in this cause between the Cid and the Infantes of Carrion, and with other honourable and learned men: and this is the sentence which I give; that both the Infantes and Count Suero Gonzalez their fosterer and uncle, forasmuch as it is given me to understand that he was the adviser and abettor in the dishonour which they did unto the daughters of the Cid, shall do battle with such three of the Cid's people as it may please him to appoint, and thereby acquit themselves if they can. When the King had given this sentence, the Cid rose and kissed his hand and said, May God have you, Sir, in his holy keeping long and happy years, seeing you have judged justly, as a righteous King and our natural Lord. I receive your sentence; and now do I perceive that it is your pleasure to show favour unto me, and to advance mine honour, and for this reason I shall ever be at your service. Then Pero Bermudez rose up and went to the Cid and said, A boon, Sir! I beseech you let me be one of those who shall do battle on your part, for such a one do I hold myself to be, and this which they have done is so foul a thing, that I trust in God to take vengeance for it. And the Cid made answer that he was well pleased it should be so, and that he should do battle with Ferrando Gonzalez the eldest; and upon that Pero Bermudez kissed his hand. Then Martin Antolinez of Burgos rose and besought the Cid that he might be another, and the Cid granted his desire, and said that he should do battle with Diego Gonzalez the younger brother. And then Muño Gustioz of Linquella rose and besought the Cid that he might be the third, and the Cid granted it, and appointed him to do battle with Count Suero Gonzalez. And when the Cid had appointed his three champions, the King gave command that the combat

should be performed on the morrow; but the Infantes were not prepared to fight so soon, and they besought him of his favour that he would let them go to Carrion, and that they would come prepared for the battle. And the King would not allow this time which they requested; howbeit the Counts Don Anrrich and Don Remond his sons-in-law, and Count Don Nuño, spake with him, and besought him of his grace that he would allow them three weeks; and the King at their entreaty granted it with the pleasure of the Cid.

XVI. Now when all this had been appointed, as ye have heard, and while they were all in the court, there came unto the Palace messengers from the Kings of Arragon and of Navarre, who brought letters to King Don Alfonso, and to the Cid Campeador, wherein those Kings sent to ask the daughters of the Cid in marriage, the one for the Infante Don Sancho of Arragon, the other for the Infante Garcia Ramirez of Navarre. And when they came before the King, they bent their knees and gave him the letters, and delivered their message; the like did they to the Cid. Much were the King and the Cid also pleased at this news, and the King said unto him, What say you to this? And the Cid answered, I and my daughters are at your disposal, do you with us as you shall think good. And the King said, I hold it good that they wed with these Infantes, and that from henceforward they be Queens and ladies; and that for the dishonour which they have received, they now receive this honour. And the Cid rose and kissed the hands of the King, and all his knights did the like. These messengers hight, he of Arragon Yñigo Ximenez, and he of Navarre Ochoa Perez. And the King gave order that his letters of consent to these marriages should be given, and the Cid did the like. And those knights did homage before the King, that in three months from that day the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre should come to Valencia, to the Cid, to be wedded to his daughters. Great joy had the companions of the Cid that these marriages were appointed, seeing how their honour was increased; and contrariwise, great was the sorrow of the Infantes of Carrion and their friends, because it was to their confusion and great shame. And King Don Alfonso said aloud unto the Cid before them all, Praised be the name of God because it hath pleased him that the dishonour which was done to me and to you in your daughters, should thus be turned into honour: for they were the wives of the sons of Counts, and now shall they be the wives of the sons of Kings, and Queens hereafter. Great

was the pleasure of the Cid and his company at these words of the King, for before they had sorrow, and now it was turned into joy. And the Infantes went away from the Palace full sadly, and went to their lodging, and prepared to go to Carrion that they might make ready for the combat, which was to be in three weeks from that time.

XVII. Then the Cid said unto the King, Sir, I have appointed those who are to do battle with the Infantes and their uncle for the enmity and treason which they committed against me and my daughters; and now, Sir, as there is nothing more for me to do here, I will leave them in your hand, knowing that you will not suffer them to receive any displeasure or wrong soever, and that you will defend their right. And if it please you I would fain return to Valencia, where I have left my wife and daughters, and my other companions; for I would not that the Moors should rise up against me during my absence, thinking peradventure that I have not sped so well in this matter as I have done, praised be God and you. And moreover I have to make ready for these marriages which you have now appointed. And the King bade him go when he pleased, and good fortune with him, and said that he would protect his knights and maintain his right in all things. Then the Cid kissed the King's hand for this which he had said, and commended the knights to his keeping. And the King called for Count Don Remond his son-in-law, and gave the knights of the Cid to his charge, and bade them not depart from him; and then the King rose and returned to the Alcazar.

XVIII. Then the Cid took off his coif of *ranzal*, which was as white as the sun, and he loosed his beard, and took it out of the cord with which it was bound. All they who were there could not be satisfied with looking at him. And the Counts Don Anrrich and Don Remond came up to him, and he embraced them, and thanked them and the other good men who had been Alcaldes in this business, for maintaining his right; and he promised to do for them in requital whatever they might require; and he besought them to accept part of his treasures. And they thanked him for his offer, but said that it was not seemly. Howbeit he sent great presents to each of them, and some accepted them and some did not. Who can tell how nobly the Cid distributed his treasure before he departed! And he forgave the King the two hundred marks which should have been paid on account of the Infantes. And to the knights who

had come from Arragon and Navarre concerning the marriages, he gave many horses, and money in gold, and sent them with great honour into their own country.

XIX. On the morrow the Cid went to take leave of the King, and the King went some way out of the town with him, and all the good men who were in the court also, to do him honour as he deserved. And when he was about to dispeed himself of the King they brought him his precious horse Bavieca, and he turned to the King and said, Sir, I should depart ill from hence if I took with me so good a horse as my Bavieca, and did not leave him for you, for such horse as this is fit for you and for no other master: and that you may see what he is, I will do before you what it is long since I have done except in the battles which I have had with my enemies. Then he mounted his horse, with his ermine housings, and gave him the spur. Who can tell the goodness of the horse Bavieca, and of the Cid who rode him? And as the Cid was doing this the horse brake one of his reins, yet he came and stopped before the King as easily as if both the reins had been whole. Greatly did the King and all they who were with him marvel at this, saying that they had never seen or heard of so good a horse as that. And the Cid besought the King that he would be pleased to take the horse, but the King answered, God forbid that I should take him! . . rather would I give you a better if I had one, for he is better bestowed on you than on me or any other, for upon that horse you have done honour to yourself, and to us, and to all Christendom, by the good feats which you have achieved. Let him go as mine, and I will take him when I please. Then the Cid kissed the King's hand and dispeeded himself, and the King embraced him and returned to Toledo.

XX. Now when the Cid had taken leave of the King and of the other honourable men and Counts, and Ricos-omes who were with him, Pero Bermudez and Martin Antolinez and Muño Gustioz went on yet awhile with him: and he counselled them how to demean themselves so as to clear him of the shame which had been done him, and to be held for good knights themselves, and to take vengeance for King Don Alfonso, and for him, and for themselves, that he might receive good tiding from them in Valencia. And they took his counsel well, as they afterwards manifested when there was occasion. But Martin Antolinez made answer, Why do you say this, Sir? we have undertaken the business and we shall go through it: and they said unto him,

God have you in his guidance, Sir, and be you sure and certain, that by the mercy and help of God we shall so demean ourselves as to come to you without shame. But if for our sins it should betide otherwise, never more shall we appear before you dead or living, . . for slain we may be, but never vanquished. Then he bade them return to the King, praying to God to have them in his keeping, and assist them in fulfilling their demand, as he knew that their cause was right.

BOOK X.

I. Now King Alfonso misdoubted the Infantes of Carrion that they would not appear at the time appointed, and therefore he said that he would go to Carrion, and the battle should be fought there. And he took with him the Counts whom he had appointed Alcaldes, and Pero Bermudez and Martin Antolinez, and Muño Gustioz went with the Count Don Remond, to whose charge the King had given them. And on the third day after the Cid departed from Toledo, the King set forth for Carrion; but it so chanced that he fell sick upon the road, and could not arrive within the three weeks, so that the term was enlarged to five. And when the King's health was restored he proceeded and reached Carrion, and gave order that the combat should be performed, and appointed the day, and named the plain of Carrion for the place thereof. And the Infantes came there with a great company of all their friends and kindred, for their kinsmen were many and powerful; and they all came with one accord, that if before the battle they could find any cause they would kill the knights of the Cid: nevertheless, though they had determined upon this they dared not put it in effect, because they stood in fear of the King.

II. And when the night came, of which the morrow was appointed for the combat, they on one side and on the other kept vigil in the Churches, each in that Church to which he had the most devotion. Night is passed away, and the dawn is now breaking; and at daybreak a great multitude was assembled in the field, and many Ricos-omes came there for the pleasure which they would have in seeing this battle, and the King sent and commanded the champions to make ready. Moreover he made the two Counts his sons-in-law, Don Anrrich and Don Remond, and the other Counts and their people, arm themselves and keep the field, that the kinsmen of the Infantes might not make a tumult there. Who can tell the great dole and sorrow of Count Gonzalo Gonzalez for his sons the Infantes of Carrion, because they had to do battle this day! and in the fulness of his heart he cursed the day and the hour in which he was born, for his

heart divined the sorrow which he was to have for his children. Great was the multitude which was assembled from all Spain to behold this battle. And there in the field near the lists the champions of the Cid armed themselves on one side, and the Infantes on the other. And Count Don Remond armed the knights of the Cid, and instructed them how to do their devoir, and Count Garci Ordoñez helped arm the Infantes of Carrion and their uncle Suero Gonzalez, and they sent to ask the King of his favour that he would give command that the swords Colada and Tizona should not be used in that combat. But the King would not, and he answered that each must take the best sword and the best arms that he could, save only that the one should not have more than the other. Greatly were they troubled at this reply, and greatly did they fear those good swords, and repent that they had taken them to the Cortes of Toledo. And from that hour the Infantes and Suero Gonzalez bewrayed in their countenances that they thought ill of what they had done, and happy men would they have thought themselves if they had not committed that great villany, and he if he had not counselled it; and gladly would they have given all that they had in Carrion so it could now have been undone.

III. And the King went to the place where the Infantes were arming, and said unto them, If ye feared these swords ye should have said so in the Cortes of Toledo, for that was the place, and not this; . . there is now nothing to be done but to defend yourselves stoutly, as ye have need against those with whom ye have to do. Then went he to the knights of the Cid, whom he found armed; and they kissed his hand and said unto him, Sir, the Cid hath left us in your hand, and we beseech you see that no wrong be done us in this place, where the Infantes of Carrion have their party; and by God's mercy we will do ourselves right upon them. And the King bade them have no fear for that. Then their horses were brought, and they crossed the saddles, and mounted, with their shields hanging from the neck; and they took their spears, each of which had its streamer, and with many good men round about they went to the lists; and on the other side the Infantes and Count Suero Gonzalez came up with a great company of their friends and kinsmen and vassals. And the King said with a loud voice, Hear what I say, Infantes of Carrion! . . this combat I would have had waged in Toledo, but ye said that ye were not ready to perform it there, and therefore I am come to this which is your native place, and have brought the knights of the Cid with

me. They are come here under my safeguard. Let not therefore you nor your kinsmen deceive yourselves, thinking to overpower them by tumult, or in any other way than by fair combat; for whosoever shall begin a tumult, I have given my people orders to cut him in pieces upon the spot, and no inquiry shall be made touching the death of him who shall so have offended. Full sorrowful were the Infantes of Carrion for this command which the King had given. And the King appointed twelve knights who were hidalgos to be true-men, and place the combatants in the lists, and show them the bounds at what point they were to win or to be vanquished, and to divide the sun between them. And he went with a wand in his hand, and saw them placed on both sides; then he went out of the lists, and gave command that the people should fall back, and not approach within seven spears-length of the lines of the lists.

IV. Now were the six combatants left alone in the lists, and each of them knew now with whom he had to do battle. And they laced their helmets, and put shield upon the arm, and laid lance in rest. And the knights of my Cid advanced against the Infantes of Carrion, and they on their part against the champions of the Campeador. Each bent down with his face to the saddle-bow, and gave his horse the spur. And they met all six with such a shock, that they who looked on expected to see them all fall dead. Pero Bermudez and Ferrando Gonzalez encountered, and the shield of Pero Bermudez was pierced, but the spear passed through on one side, and hurt him not, and brake in two places; and he sat firm in his seat. One blow he received, but he gave another; he drove his lance through Ferrando's shield, at his breast, so that nothing availed him. Ferrando's breast-plate was threefold; two plates the spear went clean through, and drove the third in before, with the *velmez* and the shirt, into the breast, near his heart; . . and the girth and the poitral of his horse burst, and he and the saddle went together over the horse's heels, and the spear in him, and all thought him dead. Howbeit Ferrando Gonzalez rose, and the blood began to run out of his mouth, and Pero Bermudez drew his sword and went against him; but when he saw the sword Tizona over him, before he received a blow from it, he cried out that he confessed himself conquered, and that what Pero Bermudez had said against him was true. And when Pero Bermudez heard this he stood still, and the twelve true-men came up and heard his confession, and pronounced him vanquished.

This Ferrando did thinking to save his life; but the wound which he had got was mortal.

V. Martin Antolinez and Diego Gonzalez brake their lances on each other, and laid hand upon their swords. Martin Antolinez drew forth Colada, the brightness of which flashed over the whole field, for it was a marvellous sword; and in their strife he dealt him a back-handed blow which sheared off the crown of his helmet, and cut away hood and coif, and the hair of his head and the skin also: this stroke he dealt him with the precious Colada. And Diego Gonzalez was sorely dismayed therewith, and though he had his own sword in his hand he could not for very fear make use of it, but he turned his horse and fled: and Martin Antolinez went after him, and dealt him another with the flat part of the sword, for he missed him with the edge, and the Infante began to cry out aloud, Great God, help me and save me from that sword! And he rode away as fast as he could, and Martin Antolinez called out after him, Get out, Don Traitor! and drove him out of the lists, and remained conqueror.

VI. Muño Gustioz and Suero Gonzalez dealt each other such strokes with their spears as it was marvellous to behold. And Suero Gonzalez being a right hardy knight and a strong, and of great courage, struck the shield of Muño Gustioz and pierced it through and through; but the stroke was given aslant, so that it passed on and touched him not. Muño Gustioz lost his stirrups with that stroke, but he presently recovered them and dealt him such a stroke in return that it went clean through the midst of the shield, and through all his armour, and came out between his ribs, missing the heart; then laying hand on him he wrenched him out of the saddle, and threw him down as he drew the spear out of his body; and the point of the spear and the haft and the streamer all came out red. Then all the beholders thought that he was stricken to death. And Muño Gustioz turned to smite again. But when Gonzalo Ansures his father saw this, he cried out aloud for great ruth which he had for his son, and said, For God's sake do not strike him again, for he is vanquished. And Muño Gustioz, like a man of good understanding, asked the true-men whether he were to be held as conquered for what his father said, and they said not, unless he confirmed it with his own mouth. And Muño Gustioz turned again to Suero Gonzalez where he lay wounded, and lifted his spear against him, and Suero Gonzalez cried out, Strike me not, for I am vanquished. And the judges said it was enough, and that the combat was at an end.

VII. Then the King entered the lists, and many good knights and hidalgos with him, and he called the twelve true-men, and asked them if the knights of the Cid had aught more to do to prove their accusation: and they made answer that the knights of the Cid had won the field and done their devoir; and all the hidalgos who were there present made answer, that they said true. And King Don Alfonso lifted up his voice and said, Hear me, all ye who are here present: inasmuch as the knights of the Cid have conquered, they have won the cause; and the twelve true-men made answer, that what the King said was the truth, and all the people said the same. And the King gave command to break up the lists, and gave sentence that the Infantes of Carrion and their uncle Suero Gonzalez were notorious traitors, and ordered his seneschal to take their arms and horses. And from that day forth their lineage never held up its head, nor was of any worth in Castile; and they and their uncle fled away, having been thus vanquished and put to shame. And thus it was that Carrion fell to the King after the days of Gonzalo Gonzalez, the father of the Infantes. Great was their shame, and the like or worse betide him who abuseth fair lady, and then leaveth her.

VIII. Then the King went to meat, and he took the knights of the Cid with him; and great was the multitude which followed after them, praising the good feat which they had achieved. And the King gave them great gifts, and sent them away by night, and with a good guard to protect them till they should be in safety: and they took their leave of the King, and travelled by night and day, and came to Valencia. When the Cid knew that they drew nigh, he went out to meet them, and did them great honour. Who can tell the great joy which he made over them? And they told him all even as it had come to pass, and how the King had declared the Infantes of Carrion and their uncle to be notorious traitors. Great was the joy of the Cid at these tidings, and he lifted up his hands to Heaven and blest the name of God because of the vengeance which he had given him for the great dishonour which he had received. And he took with him Martin Antolinez and Pero Bermudez and Muño Gustioz, and went to Doña Ximena and her daughters, and said to them, Blessed be the name of God, now are you and your daughters avenged! and he made the knights recount the whole unto them, even as it had come to pass. Great was the joy of Doña Ximena and her daughters, and they bent their knees to the ground, and praised the name of Jesus Christ,

because he had given them this vengeance for the dishonour which they had received; and Doña Elvira and Doña Sol embraced those knights many times, and would fain have kissed their hands and their feet. And the Cid said unto Doña Ximena, Now may you without let marry your daughters with the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre, and I trust in God that they will be well and honourably married, better than they were at first. Eight days did the great rejoicings endure which the Cid made in Valencia, for the vengeance which God had given him upon the Infantes of Carrion, and their uncle Suero Gonzalez, the aider and abettor in the villany which they had committed.

IX. Now it came to pass after this, that the great Soldan of Persia, having heard of the great goodness of the Cid, and of his great feats in arms, and how he had never been vanquished by mortal man, and how he had conquered many Kings, Moor and Christian, and had won the noble city of Valencia, and had defeated King Bucar Lord of Africa and Morocco, and twenty nine Kings with him, all these things made him greatly desirous of his love. And holding him to be one of the noble men of the world, he sent messengers to him with great gifts, which will be recounted hereafter, and with them he sent one of his kinsmen, a full honourable man, with letters of great love. When this kinsman reached the port of Valencia, he sent word to the Cid that he was arrived there with a message from the Great Soldan of Persia, who had sent a present by him; and when the Cid knew this he was well pleased. And in the morning the Cid took horse, and went out with all his company, all nobly attired, and his knights rode before him with their lances erect. And when they had gone about a league they met the messenger of the Soldan coming to Valencia: and when he beheld them in what order they came, he understood what a noble man the Cid Campeador was. And when he drew nigh, the Cid stopped his horse Bavieca, and waited to receive him. And when the messenger came before the Cid and beheld him, all his flesh began to tremble, and he marvelled greatly that his flesh should tremble thus; and his voice failed him, so that he could not bring forth a word. And the Cid said that he was welcome, and went towards him to embrace him; but the Moor made him no reply, being amazed. And when he had somewhat recovered and could speak, he would have kissed the Cid's hand, but the Cid would not give it him: and he thought this was done for haughtiness, but

they made him understand that it was to do him honour; then was he greatly rejoiced, and he said, I humble myself before thee, O Cid, who art the fortunate, the best Christian, and the most honourable that hath girded on sword or bestrode horse these thousand years. The Great Soldan of Persia, my Lord, hearing of thy great fame and renown, and of the great virtue which is in thee, hath sent me to salute thee and receive thee as his friend, even as his best friend, the one whom he loveth and prizeth best. And he hath sent a present by me who am of his lineage, and beseecheth thee to receive it as from a friend. And the Cid made answer that he thanked him greatly.

X. Then the Cid bade his people make way that the sumpter beasts which carried the present might pass, and also the strange animals which the Soldan had sent, the like whereof were not in that land. And when they were passed he and his company returned towards the town, and the messenger with him. And whensoever the messenger spake to the Cid, it came into his mind how his voice had failed and his flesh trembled when he beheld him; and he marvelled thereat, and would fain have asked the Cid why it should be. And when they entered Valencia, great was the crowd which assembled to see the sumpter-beasts, and the strange animals, for they had never seen such before, and they marvelled at them. And the Cid gave order that the beasts should be taken care of, and he went to the Alcazar and took the Moor with him; and when they came to Doña Ximena the Moor humbled himself before her and her daughters, and would have kissed her hand, but she would not give it him. Then he commanded that the camels and other beasts of burthen should be unloaded in their presence, and he began to open the packages and display the noble things which were contained therein. And he laid before them great store of gold and of money, which came in leathern bags, each having its lock; and wrought silver in dishes and trenchers and basins, and pots for preparing food; all these of fine silver and full cunningly wrought, the weight whereof was ten thousand marks. Then he brought out five cups of gold, in each of which were ten marks of gold, with many precious stones set therein, and three silver barrels, which were full of pearls and of precious stones. Moreover he presented unto him many pieces of cloth of gold, and of silk, of those which are made in Tartary, and in the land of Calabria. And moreover, a pound of myrrh and of balsam, in little caskets of gold; this was a

precious thing, for with this ointment they were wont to anoint the bodies of the Kings when they departed, to the end that they might not corrupt, neither the earth consume them: and with this was the body of the Cid embalmed after his death. Moreover he presented unto him a chess board, which was one of the noble ones in the world; it was of ivory riveted with gold, and with many precious stones round about it; and the men were of gold and silver, and the squares also were richly wrought with stones of many virtues. This was a full rich, and great and noble present, so that no man could tell the price thereof.

XI. When the Moor had produced all these things before the Cid, he said unto him, All this, Sir, with the animals which thou hast seen, my Lord the Soldan of Persia hath sent unto thee, because of the great fame which he hath heard of thy goodness and loyalty; and, Sir, he beseecheth thee to accept it for the love of him. And the Cid thanked him, taking great pleasure therein, and said that he would fain do him greater honour than he had ever yet done to any one. And then he embraced him in the name of the Soldan, and said, that if he were a Christian he would give him the kiss of peace; and he asked whether among those things there was aught which had belonged to the person of the Soldan, that if so he might kiss it in his honour, and in token that if he were there present, he would kiss him on the shoulder, according to the custom of the Moors, for he knew that his Lord was one of the noblest men in all Pagandom. When the kinsman of the Soldan heard this he was greatly rejoiced because of the great courtesy with which the Cid had spoken, and he perceived how noble a man he was. And he said unto him, Sir Cid, if you were present before my Lord the Soldan, he would do you full great honour, and would give you the head of his horse to eat, according to the custom of our country; but seeing that this is not the custom of this country, I give you my living horse, which is one of the best horses of Syria; and do you give order that he be taken in honour of my Lord the Soldan, and he will be better than his head would be boiled. And I kiss your hand, Sir Ruydiez, and hold myself more honoured and a happier man than ever I have been heretofore. And the Cid accepted the horse, and gave consent to the Moor that he should kiss his hand. And then he called for his Almoxarife, and bade him take with him this kinsman of the Soldan, and lodge him in the Garden of Villa Nueva, and do him even such honour and service as he would to himself.

XII. Great was the honour which the Almoxarife of the Cid

Ruydiez did unto the kinsman of the Soldan, and he served him even as he would have served his Lord the Cid. And when they had disported and taken solace together, the kinsman of the Soldan asked him concerning the Cid, what manner of man he was. And the Almoxarife answered that he was the man in the world who had the bravest heart, and the best knight at arms, and the man who best maintained his law; and in the word which he hath promised he never fails; and he is the man in the world who is the best friend to his friend, and to his enemy he is the mortallest foe among all Christians; and to the vanquished he is full of mercy and compassion; and full thoughtful and wise in whatsoever thing he doeth; and his countenance is such that no man seeth him for the first time without conceiving great fear. And this, said the Almoxarife, I have many times witnessed, for when any messengers of the Moors come before him, they are so abashed that they know not where they are. When the messenger of the Soldan heard this he called to mind how it had been with him, and he said unto the Almoxarife, that as they were both of one law he besought him to keep secret what he should say, and he would tell him what had befallen him himself. And the Almoxarife said that he would do as he desired. And with that he began to say that he marvelled greatly at what he had heard, for even as he had now told him that it happened unto other messengers, even so had he himself found it the first time that he had seen the Cid; for so great was the fear which he conceived at the sight of his countenance, that for long time he had no power of speech; and according to his thinking, this could only proceed from the grace of God towards the Cid, that none of his enemies might ever behold his face without fear. When the kinsman of the Soldan had said this, the Almoxarife perceived that he was a wary man, and one of good understanding; and he began to talk with him, and asked him whether he would tell him what he should ask, and the messenger replied that he would. Then the Almoxarife asked of him if he knew what was the reason which had moved his Lord the Soldan to send so great a present to the Cid Campeador, and why he desired to have his love when he was so far away, beyond sea. Now the messenger of the Soldan conceived that the Almoxarife sought to know the state of the lands beyond sea, and he feared that this had been asked of him by command of the Cid; and he made answer, that so great was the renown of the Cid, and the report which they had heard in the lands beyond sea of his great feats in arms, that it had moved the

Soldan to send him that present and desire his love. But when the Almoxarife heard this, he said that he could not believe that this had been the reason, but that some other intention had moved him. And when the messenger perceived that the Almoxarife understood him, and that he desired to know the whole of the matter, he said that he would tell him, but he besought him to keep it secret. And the Almoxarife promised to do this. Then he told him that the land beyond sea was in such state that they weened it would be lost, and that the Christians would win it; so great a Crusade had gone forth against it from Germany, and from France, and from Lombardy, and Sicily, and Calabria, and Ireland, and England, which had won the city of Antioch, and now lay before Jerusalem. And my Lord the Great Soldan of Persia, hearing of the great nobleness of the Cid, and thinking that he would pass over also, was moved to send him this present to gain his love, that if peradventure he should pass there he might be his friend. And when the Almoxarife of the Cid heard this, he said that of a truth he believed it.

XIII. While yet that messenger of the Soldan of Persia abode in Valencia, tidings came to the Cid that the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre were coming to celebrate their marriage with his daughters, according as it had been appointed at the Cortes of Toledo. He of Navarre hight Don Ramiro, and he was the son of King Don Sancho, him who was slain at Rueda; and he married with Doña Elvira, the elder: and the Infante of Arragon who married Doña Sol, the younger, hight Don Sancho, and was the son of King Don Pedro. This King Don Pedro was he whom the Cid Ruydiez conquered and made prisoner, as the history hath related; but calling to mind the great courtesy which the Cid had shown in releasing him from prison, and how he had ordered all his own to be restored unto him, and moreover the great worth and the great goodness of the Cid, and the great feats which he had performed, he held it good that his son should match with his daughter, to the end that the race of so good a man might be preserved in Arragon. Howbeit it was not his fortune to have a son by Doña Sol, for he died before he came to the throne, and left no issue. When the Cid knew that the Infantes were coming, he and all his people went out six leagues to meet them, all gallantly attired both for court and for war; and he ordered his tents to be pitched in a fair meadow, and there he awaited till they came up. And the first day the Infante Don Sancho of Arragon came

up, and they waited for the Infante Don Ramiro; and when they were all met they proceeded to Valencia. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo came out to meet them with a procession, full honourably. Great were the rejoicings which were made in Valencia because of the coming of the Infantes, for eight days before the marriage began. And the Cid gave order that they should be lodged in the Garden of Villa Nueva, and supplied with all things in abundance.

XIV. When eight days were overpast the Bishop Don Hieronymo married the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre to the daughters of the Cid in this manner: the Infante Don Ramiro of Navarre to Doña Elvira, and the Infante Don Sancho of Arragon to Doña Sol. And on the day after they had been espoused they received the blessing in the great church of St. Peter, as is commanded by the law of Jesus Christ, and the Bishop said mass. Who can tell the great rejoicings which were made at those marriages, and the great nobleness thereof? Certes there would be much to tell; for during eight days that they lasted, there was feasting every day, full honourably and plentifully, where all persons did eat out of silver; and many bulls were killed every day, and many of those wild beasts which the Soldan sent; and many sports were devised, and many garments and saddles and noble trappings were given to the jocularis. And the Moors also exhibited their sports and rejoicings, after such divers manners, that men knew not which to go to first. So great was the multitude which was there assembled, that they were counted at eight thousand hidalgos. And when the marriage was concluded, the Cid took his sons-in-law and led them by the hand to Doña Ximena, and showed them all the noble things which the Soldan had sent him; and they when they beheld such great treasures and such noble things were greatly astonished, and said that they did not think there had been a man in Spain so rich as the Cid, nor who possessed such things. And as they were marvelling from whence such riches could have come, both of gold and silver, and of precious stones and pearls, the Cid embraced them and said, My sons, this and all that I have is for you and for your wives, and I will give unto you the noblest and most precious things that ever were given with women for their dowry: for I will give you the half of all that you see here, and the other half I and Doña Ximena will keep so long as we live, and after our death all shall be yours; and my days are now well nigh full. Then the Infantes made answer, that they prayed God to grant him life for many

and happy years yet, and that they thanked him greatly, and held him as their father; and that they would ever have respect to his honour and be at his service, holding themselves honoured by the tie that there was between them. Three months these Infantes abode with the Cid in Valencia, in great pleasure. And then they dispeeded themselves of the Cid and of their mother-in-law Doña Ximena, and took each his wife and returned into their own lands with great riches and honour. And the Cid gave them great treasures, even as he had promised, and gave them certain of those strange beasts which the Soldan had sent. And he rode out with them twelve leagues. And when they took leave of each other there was not a knight of all those who came with the Infantes to whom the Cid did not give something, horse, or mule, or garments, or money, so that all were well pleased; and he gave his daughters his blessing, and commended them to God, and then he returned to Valencia, and they went to their own country.

XV. After the Cid had seen his sons-in-law depart, he sent for the messenger of the Soldan, and gave him many of the rare things of his country to carry unto his Lord. And he gave him a sword which had the device of the Soldan wrought in gold, and a coat of mail and sleeve armour, and a noble gipion which was wrought of knots; and his letters of reply, which were full of great assurances of friendship. Much was the messenger of the Soldan pleased with the Cid for the great honour which he had shown him, and much was he pleased also at seeing how honourably the marriage of his daughters had been celebrated. So he departed and went to the port, and embarked on board his ship, and went to his Lord the Soldan.

XVI. After this the Cid abode in Valencia, and he laboured a full year in settling all the Castles of the Moors who were subject unto him in peace, and in settling the Moors of Valencia well with the Christians; and this he did so that their tribute was well paid from this time till his death. And all the land from Tortosa to Origuela was under his command. And from this time he abode in peace in Valencia; and laboured alway to serve God and to increase the Catholic faith, and to make amends for the faults he had committed towards God, for he weened that his days now would be but few. And it came to pass one day, the Cid having risen from sleep and being in his Alcazar, there came before him an Alfaqui whom he had made Alcalde of the Moors; his name was Alfaraxi, and he it was

who made the lamentation for Valencia, as is recorded in this history. This Alfaqui had served the Cid well in his office of Alcalde over the Moors of Valencia: for he kept them in peace, and made them pay their tribute well, being a discreet man and of great prudence, so that for this and for his speech he might have been taken for a Christian; and for this reason the Cid loved him and put great trust in him. And when the Cid saw him he asked him what he would have; and he like a prudent man bent his knees before him, and began to kiss his hand, and said, Sir Cid Ruydiez, blessed be the name of Jesus Christ who hath brought you to this state that you are Lord of Valencia, one of the best and noblest cities in Spain. What I would have is this. Sir, my forefathers were of this city, and I am a native hereof; and when I was a little lad the Christians took me captive, and I learnt their tongue among them, and then my will was to be a Christian, and to abide there in the land of the Christians; but my father and mother being rich persons, released me. And God showed me such favour, and gave me such understanding and so subtle, that I learnt all the learning of the Moors, and was one of the most honourable and best Alfaquis that ever was in Valencia till this time, and of the richest, as you know, Sir; and you in your bounty made me Alcalde, and gave me your authority over the Moors, of which peradventure I was not worthy. And now, Sir, thinking in my heart concerning the law in which I have lived, I find that I have led a life of great error, and that all which Mahommed the great deceiver gave to the Moors for their law, is deceit: and therefore, Sir, I turn me to the faith of Jesus Christ, and will be a Christian and believe in the Catholic faith. And I beseech you of your bounty give order that I may be baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, and give me what name you will. And from this time forward I will live the life of a Christian, and fulfil what is written in the Gospel, and forsake wife and children and kin, and all that there is in the world, and serve God, and believe in his faith and holy law, as far as the weakness of my body can bear. When the Cid Ruydiez heard this he began to smile for very pleasure; and he rose up and took Alfaraxi with him to Doña Ximena, and said, Here is our Alcalde, who will be a Christian, and our brother in the faith of Jesus Christ: I beseech you therefore give order to provide all things that may be needful. When Doña Ximena heard this she rejoiced greatly, and gave order that all things should be full nobly prepared

And on the morrow the Bishop Don Hieronymo baptized him, and they gave him the name of Gil Diaz: and his godfathers were Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and Martin Antolinez of Burgos; and Doña Ximena, with other honourable dames, were his godmothers. And from that time forward Gil Diaz was in such favour with the Cid, that he trusted all his affairs to his hands, and he knew so well how to demean himself, both towards him and all those of his company, that they all heartily loved him.

BOOK XI.

I. It is written in the history which Abenalfarax, the nephew of Gil Diaz, composed in Valencia, that for five years the Cid Ruydiez remained Lord thereof in peace, and in all that time he sought to do nothing but to serve God, and to keep the Moors quiet who were under his dominion; so that Moors and Christians dwelt together in such accord, that it seemed as if they had alway been united; and they all loved and served the Cid with such good will that it was marvellous. And when these five years were over tidings were spread far and near, which reached Valencia, that King Bucar the Miramamolin of Morocco, holding himself disgraced because the Cid Campeador had conquered him in the field of Quarto near unto Valencia, where he had slain or made prisoners all his people, and driven him into the sea, and made spoil of all the treasures which he had brought with him; . . King Bucar calling these things to mind, had gone himself and stirred up the whole Paganism of Barbary, even as far as Montes Claros, to cross the sea again, and avenge himself if he could; and he had assembled so great a power that no man could devise their numbers. When the Cid heard these tidings he was troubled at heart; howbeit he dissembled this, so that no person knew what he was minded to do; and thus the matter remained for some days. And when he saw that the news came thicker and faster, and that it was altogether certain that King Bucar was coming over sea against him, he sent and bade all the Moors of Valencia assemble together in his presence, and when they were all assembled he said unto them, Good men of the Aljama, ye well know that from the day wherein I became Lord of Valencia, ye have alway been protected and defended. and have passed your time well and peaceably in your houses and heritages, none troubling you nor doing you wrong; neither have I who am your Lord ever done aught unto you that was against right. And now true tidings are come to me that King Bucar of Morocco is arrived from beyond sea, with a mighty power of Moors, and that he is coming against me to take from me this city which I won with so great labour.

Now therefore, seeing it is so, I hold it good and command that ye quit the town, both ye and your sons, and your women, and go into the suburb of Alcudia and the other suburbs, to dwell there with the other Moors, till we shall see the end of this business between me and King Bucar. Then the Moors, albeit they were loth, obeyed his command; and when they were all gone out of the city, so that none remained, he held himself safer than he had done before.

II. Now after the Moors were all gone out of the city, it came to pass in the middle of the night that the Cid was lying in his bed, devising how he might withstand this coming of King Bucar, for Abenalfarax saith that when he was alone in his palace his thoughts were of nothing else. And when it was midnight there came a great light into the palace, and a great odour, marvellous sweet. And as he was marvelling what it might be, there appeared before him a man as white as snow; he was in the likeness of an old man, with grey hair and crisp, and he carried certain keys in his hand; and before the Cid could speak to him he said, Sleepest thou, Rodrigo, or what art thou doing? And the Cid made answer, What man art thou who askest me? And he said, I am St. Peter the Prince of the Apostles, who come unto thee with more urgent tidings than those for which thou art taking thought concerning King Bucar, and it is, that thou art to leave this world, and go to that which hath no end; and this will be in thirty days. But God will show favour unto thee, so that thy people shall discomfit King Bucar, and thou, being dead, shalt win this battle for the honour of thy body; this will be with the help of Santiago, whom God will send to the business: but do thou strive to make atonement for thy sins, and so thou shalt be saved. All this Jesus Christ vouchsafeth thee for the love of me, and for the reverence which thou hast alway shown to my Church in the Monastery of Cardeña. When the Cid Campeador heard this he had great pleasure at heart, and he let himself fall out of bed upon the earth, that he might kiss the feet of the Apostle St. Peter; but the Apostle said, Strive not to do this, for thou canst not touch me; but be sure that all this which I have told thee will come to pass. And when the blessed Apostle had said this he disappeared, and the palace remained full of a sweeter and more delightful odour than heart of man can conceive. And the Cid Ruydiez remained greatly comforted by what St. Peter had said to him, and as certain that all this would come to pass, as if it were already over.

III. Early on the morrow he sent to call all his honourable

men to the Alcazar; and when they were all assembled before him, he began to say unto them, weeping the while, Friends and kinsmen and true vassals and honourable men, many of ye must well remember when King Don Alfonso our Lord twice banished me from his land, and most of ye for the love which ye bore me followed me into banishment and have guarded me ever since. And God hath shown such mercy to you and to me, that we have won many battles against Moors and Christians; those which were against Christians, God knows, were more through their fault than my will, for they strove to set themselves against the good fortune which God had given me, and to oppose his service, helping the enemies of the faith. Moreover we won this city in which we dwell, which is not under the dominion of any man in the world save only of my Lord the King Don Alfonso, and that rather by reason of our natural allegiance than of anything else. And now I would have ye know the state in which this body of mine now is; for be ye certain that I am in the latter days of my life, and that thirty days hence will be my last. Of this I am well assured; for, for these seven nights past I have seen visions. I have seen my father Diego Laynez, and Diego Rodriguez my son; and every time they say to me, You have tarried long here, let us go now among the people who endure for ever. Now notwithstanding man ought not to put his trust in these things, nor in such visions, I know this by other means to be certain, for Sir St. Peter hath appeared to me this night, when I was awake and not sleeping, and he told me that when these thirty days were over, I should pass away from this world. Now ye know for certain that King Bucar is coming against us, and they say that thirty and six Moorish Kings are coming with him; and since he bringeth so great a power of Moors, and I have to depart so soon, how can ye defend Valencia! But be ye certain, that by the mercy of God I shall counsel ye so, that ye shall conquer King Bucar in the field, and win great praise and honour from him, and Doña Ximena, and ye and all that ye have, go hence in safety; how ye are to do all this I will tell ye hereafter, before I depart.

IV. After the Cid had said this he sickened of the malady of which he died. And the day before his weakness waxed great, he ordered the gates of the town to be shut, and went to the Church of St. Peter; and there the Bishop Don Hieronymo being present, and all the clergy who were in Valencia, and the knights and honourable men and honourable dames, as

many as the Church could hold, the Cid Ruydiez stood up, and made a full noble preaching, showing that no man whatsoever, however honourable or fortunate they may be in this world, can escape death; to which, said he, I am now full near: and since ye know that this body of mine hath never yet been conquered, nor put to shame, I beseech ye let not this befall it at the end, for the good fortune of man is only accomplished at his end. How this is to be done, and what ye all have to do, I will leave in the hands of the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez. And when he had said this he placed himself at the feet of the Bishop, and there before all the people made a general confession of all his sins, and all the faults which he had committed against our Lord Jesus Christ. And the Bishop appointed him his penance, and assoyled him of his sins. Then he arose and took leave of the people, weeping plenteously, and returned to the Alcazar, and betook himself to his bed, and never rose from it again; and every day he waxed weaker and weaker, till seven days only remained of the time appointed. Then he called for the caskets of gold in which was the balsam and the myrrh which the Soldan of Persia had sent him; and when these were put before him he bade them bring him the golden cup, of which he was wont to drink; and he took of that balsam and of that myrrh as much as a little spoonful, and mingled it in the cup with rose-water, and drank of it; and for the seven days which he lived he neither ate nor drank aught else than a little of that myrrh and balsam mingled with water. And every day after he did this, his body and his countenance appeared fairer and fresher than before, and his voice clearer, though he waxed weaker and weaker daily, so that he could not move in his bed.

V. On the twenty-ninth day, being the day before he departed, he called for Doña Ximena, and for the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Don Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Pero Bermudez, and his trusty Gil Diaz; and when they were all five before him, he began to direct them what they should do after his death; and he said to them, Ye know that King Bucar will presently be here to besiege this city, with seven and thirty Kings whom he bringeth with him, and with a mighty power of Moors. Now therefore the first thing which ye do after I have departed, wash my body with rose-water many times and well, as blessed be the name of God it is washed within and made pure of all uncleanness to receive His Holy Body to-morrow, which will be my last day. And when it has been well washed and made

clean, ye shall dry it well, and anoint it with this myrrh and balsam, from these golden caskets, from head to foot, so that every part shall be anointed, till none be left. And you my Sister Doña Ximena, and your women, see that ye utter no cries, neither make any lamentation for me, that the Moors may not know of my death. And when the day shall come in which King Bucar arrives, order all the people of Valencia to go upon the walls, and sound your trumpets and tambours, and make the greatest rejoicings that ye can. And when ye would set out for Castile, let all the people know in secret, that they make themselves ready, and take with them all that they have, so that none of the Moors in the suburb may know thereof; for certes ye cannot keep the city, neither abide therein after my death. And see ye that sumpter beasts be laden with all that there is in Valencia, so that nothing which can profit may be left. And this I leave especially to your charge, Gil Diaz. Then saddle ye my horse Bavieca, and arm him well; and ye shall apparel my body full seemlily, and place me upon the horse, and fasten and tie me thereon so that it cannot fall: and fasten my sword Tizona in my hand. And let the Bishop Don Hieronymo go on one side of me, and my trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he shall lead my horse. You, Pero Bermudez, shall bear my banner, as you were wont to bear it; and you, Alvar Fañez, my cousin, gather your company together, and put the host in order as you are wont to do. And go ye forth and fight with King Bucar; for be ye certain and doubt not that ye shall win this battle; God hath granted me this. And when ye have won the fight, and the Moors are discomfited, ye may spoil the field at pleasure. Ye will find great riches. What ye are afterwards to do I will tell ye to-morrow, when I make my testament.

VI. Early on the morrow the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and Martin Antolinez, came to the Cid. Gil Diaz and Doña Ximena were alway with him; and the Cid began to make his testament. And the first thing which he directed, after commending his soul to God, was, that his body should be buried in the Church of St. Pedro de Cardeña, where it now lies; and he bequeathed unto that Monastery many good inheritances, so that that place is at this day the richer and more honourable. Then he left to all his company and household according to the desert of every one. To all the knights who had served him since he went out of his own country, he gave great wealth in abundance. And to the other knights who had not served him so long, to some a thousand

marks of silver, to others two, and some there were to whom he bequeathed three, according who they were. Moreover, to the squires who were hidalgos, to some five hundred, and others there were who had a thousand and five hundred. And he bade them, when they arrived at St. Pedro de Cardeña, give clothing to four thousand poor, to each a skirt of *escanforte* and a mantle. And he bequeathed to Doña Ximena all that he had in the world that she might live honourably for the remainder of her days in the Monastery de St. Pedro de Cardeña; and he commanded Gil Diaz to remain with her and serve her well all the days of her life. And he left it in charge to the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Doña Ximena his wife, and Don Alvar Fañez, and Pero Bermudez, and Felez Muñoz, his nephews, that they should see all this fulfilled. And he commanded Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez, when they had conquered King Bucar, to proceed forthwith into Castile and fulfil all that he had enjoined. This was at the hour of sexts. Then the Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador of Bivar, bade the Bishop Don Hieronymo give him the body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and he received it with great devotion, on his knees, and weeping before them all. Then he sat up in his bed and called upon God and St. Peter, and began to pray, saying, Lord Jesus Christ, thine is the power and the kingdom, and thou art above all Kings and all nations, and all Kings are at thy command. I beseech thee therefore pardon me my sins, and let my soul enter into the light which hath no end. And when the Cid Ruydiez had said this, this noble Baron yielded up his soul, which was pure and without spot, to God, on that Sunday which is called Quinquagesima, being the twenty and ninth of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand and ninety and nine, and in the seventy and third year of his life. After he had thus made his end they washed his body twice with warm water, and a third time with rose water, and then they anointed and embalmed it as he had commanded. And then all the honourable men, and all the clergy who were in Valencia, assembled and carried it to the Church of St. Mary of the Virtues, which is near the Alcazar, and there they kept their vigil, and said prayer and performed masses as was meet for so honourable a man.

VII. Three days after the Cid had departed King Bucar came into the port of Valencia, and landed with all his power, which was so great that there is not a man in the world who could give account of the Moors whom he brought. And there

came with him thirty and six Kings, and one Moorish Queen, who was a negress, and she brought with her two hundred horsewomen, all negresses like herself, all having their hair shorn save a tuft on the top, and this was in token that they came as if upon a pilgrimage, and to obtain the remission of their sins; and they were all armed in coats of mail, and with Turkish bows. King Bucar ordered his tents to be pitched round about Valencia, and Abenalfarax who wrote this history in Arabic, saith, that there were full fifteen thousand tents; and he bade that Moorish negress with her archers to take their station near the city. And on the morrow they began to attack the city, and they fought against it three days strenuously; and the Moors received great loss, for they came blindly up to the walls and were slain there. And the Christians defended themselves right well, and every time that they went upon the walls, they sounded trumpets and tambours, and made great rejoicing, as the Cid had commanded. This continued for eight days or nine, till the companions of the Cid had made ready everything for their departure, as he had commanded. And King Bucar and his people thought that the Cid dared not come out against them, and they were the more encouraged, and began to think of making bastilles and engines wherewith to combat the city, for certes they weened that the Cid Ruydiez dared not come out against them, seeing that he tarried so long.

VIII. All this while the company of the Cid were preparing all things to go into Castile, as he had commanded before his death; and his trusty Gil Diaz did nothing else but labour at this. And the body of the Cid was prepared after this manner: first it was embalmed and anointed as the history hath already recounted, and the virtue of the balsam and myrrh was such that the flesh remained firm and fair, having its natural colour, and his countenance as it was wont to be, and the eyes open, and his long beard in order, so that there was not a man who would have thought him dead if he had seen him and not known it. And on the second day after he had departed, Gil Diaz placed the body upon a right noble saddle, and this saddle with the body upon it he put upon a frame; and he dressed the body in a *gambax** of fine sendal, next the skin. And he took two boards and fitted them to the body, one to the breast and the other to the shoulders; these were so hollowed out and fitted that they met at the sides and under the arms, and the hind one

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* A kind of shirt.

came up to the pole, and the other up to the beard; and these boards were fastened into the saddle, so that the body could not move. All this was done by the morning of the twelfth day; and all that day the people of the Cid were busied in making ready their arms, and in loading beasts with all that they had, so that they left nothing of any price in the whole city of Valencia, save only the empty houses. When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well: and the body sat so upright and well that it seemed as if he was alive. And it had on painted hose of black and white, so cunningly painted that no man who saw them would have thought but that they were grieves and cuishes, unless he had laid his hand upon them; and they put on it a surcoat of green sendal, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment, which was cunningly painted that every one might have believed it to be iron; and his shield was hung round his neck, and they placed the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm, and fastened it up so subtilly that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo went on one side of him, and the trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he led the horse Bavieca, as the Cid had commanded him. And when all this had been made ready, they went out from Valencia at midnight, through the gate of Roseros, which is towards Castile. Pero Bermudez went first with the banner of the Cid, and with him five hundred knights who guarded it, all well appointed. And after these came all the baggage. Then came the body of the Cid with an hundred knights, all chosen men, and behind them Doña Ximena with all her company, and six hundred knights in the rear. All these went out so silently, and with such a measured pace, that it seemed as if there were only a score. And by the time that they had all gone out it was broad day.

IX. Now Alvar Fañez Minaya had set the host in order, and while the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz led away the body of the Cid, and Doña Ximena, and the baggage, he fell upon the Moors. First he attacked the tents of that Moorish Queen the Negress, who lay nearest to the city; and this onset was so sudden, that they killed full a hundred and fifty Moors before they had time to take arms or go to horse. But that Moorish Negress was so skilful in drawing the Turkish bow, that it was held for a marvel, and it is said that they called her in Arabic *Nugueymat Turya*, which is to say, the Star of the Archers.

And she was the first that got on horseback, and with some fifty that were with her, did some hurt to the company of the Cid; but in fine they slew her, and her people fled to the camp. And so great was the uproar and confusion, that few there were who took arms, but instead thereof they turned their backs and fled toward the sea. And when King Bucar and his Kings saw this, they were astonished. And it seemed to them that there came against them on the part of the Christians full seventy thousand knights, all as white as snow; and before them a knight of great stature upon a white horse with a bloody cross, who bore in one hand a white banner, and in the other a sword which seemed to be of fire, and he made a great mortality among the Moors who were flying. And King Bucar and the other Kings were so greatly dismayed that they never checked the reins till they had ridden into the sea; and the company of the Cid rode after them, smiting and slaying and giving them no respite; and they smote down so many that it was marvellous, for the Moors did not turn their heads to defend themselves. And when they came to the sea, so great was the press among them to get to the ships, that more than ten thousand died in the water. And of the six and thirty Kings, twenty and two were slain. And King Bucar and they who escaped with him hoisted sails and went their way, and never more turned their heads. Then Alvar Fañez and his people when they had discomfited the Moors, spoiled the field, and the spoil thereof was so great that they could not carry it away. And they loaded camels and horses with the noblest things which they found, and went after the Bishop Don Hieronymo and Gil Diaz, who with the body of the Cid, and Doña Ximena, and the baggage, had gone on till they were clear of the host, and then waited for those who were gone against the Moors. And so great was the spoil of that day, that there was no end to it; and they took up gold, and silver, and other precious things as they rode through the camp, so that the poorest man among the Christians, horsemen, or on foot, became rich with what he won that day. And when they were all met together, they took the road toward Castile; and they halted that night in a village which is called Siete Aguas, this is to say, the Seven Waters, which is nine leagues from Valencia.

X. Abenalfarax, he who wrote this history in Arabic, saith, that the day when the company of the Cid went out from Valencia, and discomfited King Bucar and the six and thirty Kings who were with him, the Moors of Alcudia and of the

suburbs thought that he went out alive, because they saw him on horseback, sword in hand; but when they saw that he went towards Castile, and that none of his company returned into the town, they were astonished. And all that day they remained in such amaze, that they neither dared go into the tents which King Bucar's host had left, nor enter into the town, thinking that the Cid did this for some device; and all night they remained in the same doubt, so that they dared not go out from the suburbs. When it was morning they looked towards the town, and heard no noise there; and Abenalfarax then took horse, and taking a man with him, went toward the town, and found all the gates thereof shut, till he came to that through which the company of the Cid had gone forth; and he went into the city and traversed the greater part thereof, and found no man therein, and he was greatly amazed. Then he went out and called aloud to the Moors of the suburbs, and told them that the city was deserted by the Christians; and they were more amazed than before: nevertheless they did not yet dare either to go out to the camp or to enter into the town, and in this doubt they remained till it was midday. And when they saw that no person appeared on any side, Abenalfarax returned again into the town, and there went with him a great company of the best Moors; and they went into the Alcazar, and looked through all the halls and chambers, and they found neither man nor living thing; but they saw written upon a wall in Arabic characters by Gil Diaz, how the Cid Ruydiez was dead, and that they had carried him away in that manner to conquer King Bucar, and also to the end that none might oppose their going. And when the Moors saw this they rejoiced and were exceeding glad, and they opened the gates of the town, and sent to tell these tidings to those in the suburbs. And they came with their wives and children into the town, each to the house which had been his before the Cid won it. And from that day Valencia remained in the power of the Moors till it was won by King Don Jayme of Arragon, he who is called the Conqueror, which was an hundred and seventy years. But though King Don Jayme won it, it is alway called *Valencia del Cid.* On the morrow they went into the tents of King Bucar and found there many arms: but the tents were deserted, save only that they found certain women who had hid themselves, and who told them of the defeat of King Bucar. And the dead were so many that they could scarcely make way among them. And they went on through this great mortality to the port, and there they saw no ships, but so many Moors lying

dead that tongue of man cannot tell their numbers; and they began to gather up the spoils of the field, which were tents, and horses, and camels, and buffaloes, and flocks, and gold and silver, and garments, and store of provisions, out of all number, so that they had wherewith to suffice the city of Valencia for two years, and to sell to their neighbours also: and they were full rich from that time.

XI. When the company of the Cid departed from the Siete Aguas, they held their way by short journeys to Salvacañete. And the Cid went alway upon his horse Bavieca, as they had brought him out from Valencia, save only that he wore no arms, but was clad in right noble garments; and all who saw him upon the way would have thought that he was alive, if they had not heard the truth. And whenever they halted they took the body off, fastened to the saddle as it was, and set it upon that frame which Gil Diaz had made, and when they went forward again, they placed it in like manner upon the horse Bavieca. And when they reached Salvacañete, the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Doña Ximena, and Alvar Fañez, and the other honourable men, sent their letters to all the kinsmen and friends of the Cid Ruydiez, bidding them come and do honour to his funeral; and they sent letters also to his sons-in-law, the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre, and to King Don Alfonso. And they moved on from Salvacañete and came to Osma, and then Alvar Fañez asked of Doña Ximena if they should not put the body of the Cid into a coffin covered with purple and with nails of gold; but she would not, for she said that while his countenance remained so fresh and comely, and his eyes so fair, his body should never be placed in a coffin, and that her children should see the face of their father; and they thought that she said well, so the body was left as it was. And at the end of fifteen days the Infante of Arragon arrived, with Doña Sol his wife, and they brought with them an hundred armed knights, all having their shields reversed hanging from the saddle bow, and all in grey cloaks, with the hoods rent. And Doña Sol came clad in linsey-woolsey, she and all her women, for they thought that mourning was to be made for the Cid. But when they came within half a league of Osma, they saw the banner of the Cid coming on, and all his company full featly apparelled. And when they drew nigh they perceived that they were weeping, but they made no wailing; and when they saw him upon his horse Bavieca, according as ye have heard, they were greatly amazed. But so great was the sorrow of the Infante that he and all his company began to

lament aloud. And Doña Sol, when she beheld her father, took off her tire, and threw it upon the ground and began to tear her hair, which was like threads of gold. But Doña Ximena held her hand and said, Daughter, you do ill, in that you break the command of your father, who laid his curse upon all who should make lamentation for him. Then Doña Sol kissed the hand of the Cid and of her mother, and put on her tire again, saying, Lady mother, I have committed no fault in this, forasmuch as I knew not the command of my father. And then they turned back to Osma, and great was the multitude whom they found there assembled from all parts to see the Cid, having heard in what manner he was brought, for they held it to be a strange thing; and in truth it was, for in no history do we find that with the body of a dead man hath there been done a thing so noble and strange as this. Then they moved on from Osma, and came to Santesteban de Gormaz. And there after few days the King of Navarre came with the Queen Doña Elvira his wife; and they brought with them two hundred knights; howbeit their shields were not reversed, for they had heard that no mourning was to be made for the Cid. And when they were within half a league of Santesteban, the company of the Cid went out to meet them, as they had the Infante of Arragon; and they made no other lamentation, save that they wept with Doña Elvira; and when she came up to the body of her father she kissed his hand, and the hand of Doña Ximena her mother. And greatly did they marvel when they saw the body of the Cid Ruydiez how fair it was, for he seemed rather alive than dead. And they moved on from Santesteban, towards San Pedro de Cardeña. Great was the concourse of people to see the Cid Ruydiez coming in that guise. They came from Rioja, and from all Castile, and from all the country round about, and when they saw him their wonder was the greater, and hardly could they be persuaded that he was dead.

XII. At this time King Don Alfonso abode in Toledo, and when the letters came unto him saying how the Cid Campeador was departed, and after what manner he had discomfited King Bucar, and how they brought him in this goodly manner upon his horse Bavieca, he set out from Toledo, taking long journeys till he came to San Pedro de Cardeña, to do honour to the Cid at his funeral. The day when he drew nigh the Infante of Arragon and the King of Navarre went out to meet him, and they took the body of the Cid with them on horseback, as far as the Monastery of San Christoval de Ybeas, which is a league

from Cardeña; and they went, the King of Navarre on one side of the body, and the Infante of Arragon on the other. And when King Don Alfonso saw so great a company and in such goodly array, and the Cid Ruydiez so nobly clad and upon his horse Bavieca, he was greatly astonished. Then Alvar Fañez and the other good men kissed his hand in the name of the Cid. And the King beheld his countenance, and seeing it so fresh and comely, and his eyes so bright and fair, and so even and open that he seemed alive, he marvelled greatly. But when they told him that for seven days he had drank of the myrrh and balsam, and had neither ate nor drank of aught else, and how he had afterwards been anointed and embalmed, he did not then hold it for so great a wonder, for he had heard that in the land of Egypt they were wont to do thus with their Kings. When they had all returned to the Monastery they took the Cid from off his horse, and set the body upon the frame, as they were wont to do, and placed it before the altar. Many were the honours which King Don Alfonso did to the Cid in masses and vigils, and other holy services, such as are fitting for the body and soul of one who is departed. Moreover he did great honour to the King of Navarre, and to the Infante of Arragon, ordering that all things which were needful should be given to them and their companies.

XIII. On the third day after the coming of King Don Alfonso, they would have interred the body of the Cid, but when the King heard what Doña Ximena had said, that while it was so fair and comely it should not be laid in a coffin, he held that what she said was good. And he sent for the ivory chair which had been carried to the Cortes of Toledo, and gave order that it should be placed on the right of the altar of St Peter; and he laid a cloth of gold upon it, and upon that placed a cushion covered with a right noble *tartari*, and he ordered a graven tabernacle to be made over the chair, richly wrought with azure and gold, having thereon the blazonry of the Kings of Castile and Leon, and the King of Navarre, and the Infante of Arragon, and of the Cid Ruydiez the Campeador. And he himself, and the King of Navarre and the Infante of Arragon, and the Bishop Don Hieronymo, to do honour to the Cid, helped to take his body from between the two boards, in which it had been fastened at Valencia. And when they had taken it out, the body was so firm that it bent not on either side, and the flesh so firm and comely, that it seemed as if he were yet alive. And the King thought that what they purported to do and had

thus begun, might full well be effected. And they clad the body in a full noble *tartari*, and in cloth of purple, which the Soldan of Persia had sent him, and put him on hose of the same, and set him in his ivory chair; and in his left hand they placed his sword Tizona in its scabbard, and the strings of his mantle in his right. And in this fashion the body of the Cid remained there ten years and more, till it was taken thence, as the history will relate anon. And when his garments waxed old, other good ones were put on.

XIV. King Don Alfonso, and the sons-in-law of the Cid, King Don Ramiro of Navarre, and the Infante Don Sancho of Arragon, with all their companies, and all the other honourable men, abode three weeks in St. Pedro de Cardeña, doing honour to the Cid. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and the other Bishops who came with King Don Alfonso, said every day their masses, and accompanied the body of the Cid there where it was placed, and sprinkled holy water upon it, and incensed it, as is the custom to do over a grave. And after three weeks they who were there assembled began to break up, and depart to their own houses. And of the company of the Cid, some went with the King of Navarre, and other some with the Infante of Arragon; but the greater number, and the most honourable among them, betook themselves to King Don Alfonso, whose natural subjects they were. And Doña Ximena and her companions abode in San Pedro de Cardeña, and Gil Diaz with her, as the Cid had commanded in his testament. And the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Pero Bermudez, remained there also till they had fulfilled all that the Cid Ruydiez had commanded in his testament to be done.

XV. Gil Diaz did his best endeavour to fulfil all that his Lord the Cid Ruydiez had commanded him, and to serve Doña Ximena and her companions truly and faithfully; and this he did so well, that she was well pleased with his faithfulness. And Doña Ximena fulfilled all that the Cid had commanded her; and every day she had masses performed for his soul, and appointed many vigils, and gave great alms for the soul of the Cid and of his family. And this was the life which she led, doing good wherever it was needful for the love of God; and she was alway by the body of the Cid, save only at meal times and at night, for then they would not permit her to tarry there, save only when vigils were kept in honour of him. Moreover Gil Diaz took great delight in tending the horse Bavieca, so that there were few days in which he did not lead him to water, and bring him

back with his own hand. And from the day in which the dead body of the Cid was taken off his back, never man was suffered to bestride that horse, but he was always led when they took him to water, and when they brought him back. And Gil Diaz thought it fitting that the race of that good horse should be continued, and he bought two mares for him, the goodliest that could be found, and when they were with foal, he saw that they were well taken care of, and they brought forth the one a male colt and the other a female; and from these the race of this good horse was kept up in Castile, so that there were afterwards many good and precious horses of his race, and peradventure are at this day. And this good horse lived two years and a half after the death of his master the Cid, and then he died also, having lived, according to the history, full forty years. And Gil Diaz buried him before the gate of the Monastery, in the public place, on the right hand; and he planted two elms upon the grave, the one at his head and the other at his feet, and these elms grew and became great trees, and are yet to be seen before the gate of the Monastery. And Gil Diaz gave order that when he died they should bury him by that good horse Bavieca, whom he had loved so well.

XVI. Four years after the Cid had departed that noble lady Doña Ximena departed also, she who had been the wife of that noble baron the Cid Ruydiez, the Campeador. At that time Don Garcia Tellez was Abbot of the Monastery, a right noble monk, and a great hidalgo. And the Abbot and Gil Diaz sent for the daughters of the Cid and Doña Ximena to come and honour their mother at her funeral, and to inherit what she had left. Doña Sol, who was the younger, came first, because Arragon is nearer than Navarre, and also because she was a widow; for the Infante Don Sancho, her husband, had departed three years after the death of the Cid, and had left no child. King Don Ramiro soon arrived with the other dame, Queen Doña Elvira his wife, and he brought with him a great company in honour of his wife's mother, and also the Bishop of Pamplona, to do honour to her funeral; and the Infante Don Garcia Ramirez, their son, came with them, being a child of four years old. Moreover there came friends and kinsmen from all parts. And when they were all assembled they buried the body of Doña Ximena at the feet of the ivory chair on which the Cid was seated; and the Bishop of Pamplona said mass, and the Abbot Don Garcia Tellez officiated. And they tarried there seven days, singing many masses, and doing much good for

her soul's sake. And in that time the Bishop Don Hieronymo arrived, who abode with King Don Alfonso, and he came to do honour to the body of Doña Ximena; for so soon as he heard that she was departed, he set off taking long journeys every day. And when the seven days were over, King Don Ramiro and Queen Doña Elvira his wife, and her sister Doña Sol, set apart rents for the soul of Doña Ximena, and they appointed that Gil Diaz should have them for his life, and that then they should go to the Monastery for ever: and they ordained certain anniversaries for the souls of the Cid and of Doña Ximena. After this was done they divided between them what Doña Ximena had left, which was a great treasure in gold and in silver, and in costly garments; . . the one half Queen Doña Elvira took, and Doña Sol the other. And when they had thus divided it, Doña Sol said that all which she had in the world should be for her nephew the Infante Don Garcia Ramirez, and with the good will of Queen Elvira his mother, she adopted him then to be her son, and she took him with her to Arragon, to the lands which had been given her in dower, and bred him up till he became a young man; and after the death of his father he was made King of Navarre, as may be seen in the book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Spain. And when all these things were done they departed each to his own home, and Gil Diaz remained, serving and doing honour to the bodies of his master the Cid and Doña Ximena his mistress.

XVII. Now Don Garcia Tellez the Abbot, and the trusty Gil Diaz, were wont every year to make a great festival on the day of the Cid's departure, and on that anniversary they gave food and clothing to the poor, who came from all parts round about. And it came to pass when they made the seventh anniversary, that a great multitude assembled as they were wont to do, and many Moors and Jews came to see the strange manner of the Cid's body. And it was the custom of the Abbot Don Garcia Tellez, when they made that anniversary, to make a right noble sermon to the people: and because the multitude which had assembled was so great that the Church could not hold them, they went out into the open place before the Monastery, and he preached unto them there. And while he was preaching there remained a Jew in the Church, who stopped before the body of the Cid, looking at him to see how nobly he was there seated, having his countenance so fair and comely, and his long beard in such goodly order, and his sword Tizona in its scabbard in his left hand, and the strings of his mantle in his right, even in

such manner as King Don Alfonso had left him, save only that the garments had been changed, it being now seven years since the body had remained there in that ivory chair. Now there was not a man in the Church save this Jew, for all the others were hearing the preachment which the Abbot made. And when this Jew perceived that he was alone, he began to think within himself and say, This is the body of that Ruydiez the Cid, whom they say no man in the world ever took by the beard while he lived. . . . I will take him by the beard now, and see what he can do to me. And with that he put forth his hand to pull the beard of the Cid; . . but before his hand could reach it, God, who would not suffer this thing to be done, sent his spirit into the body, and the Cid let the strings of his mantle go from his right hand, and laid hand on his sword Tizona, and drew it a full palm's length out of the scabbard. And when the Jew saw this, he fell upon his back for great fear, and began to cry out so loudly, that all they who were without the Church heard him, and the Abbot broke off his preachment and went into the Church to see what it might be. And when they came they found this Jew lying upon his back before the ivory chair, like one dead, for he had ceased to cry out, and had swooned away. And then the Abbot Don Garcia Tellez looked at the body of the Cid, and saw that his right hand was upon the hilt of the sword, and that he had drawn it out a full palm's length; and he was greatly amazed. And he called for holy water, and threw it in the face of the Jew, and with that the Jew came to himself. Then the Abbot asked him what all this had been, and he told him the whole truth; and he knelt down upon his knees before the Abbot, and besought him of his mercy that he would make a Christian of him, because of this great miracle which he had seen, and baptize him in the name of Jesus Christ, for he would live and die in his faith, holding all other to be but error. And the Abbot baptized him in the name of the Holy Trinity, and gave him to name Diego Gil. And all who were there present were greatly amazed, and they made a great outcry and great rejoicings to God for this miracle, and for the power which he had shown through the body of the Cid in this manner; for it was plain that what the Jew said was verily and indeed true, because the posture of the Cid was changed. And from that day forward Diego Gil remained in the Monastery as long as he lived, doing service to the body of the Cid.

XVIII. After that day the body of the Cid remained in the same posture, for they never took his hand off the sword, nor

changed his garments more, and thus it remained three years longer, till it had been there ten years in all. And then the nose began to change colour. And when the Abbot Don Garcia Tellez and Gil Diaz saw this, they weened that it was no longer fitting for the body to remain in that manner. And three Bishops from the neighbouring provinces met there, and with many masses and vigils, and great honour they interred the body after this manner. They dug a vault before the altar, beside the grave of Doña Ximena, and vaulted it over with a high arch, and there they placed the body of the Cid seated as it was in the ivory chair, and in his garments, and with the sword in his hand, and they hung up his shield and his banner upon the walls.

XIX. After the body of the noble Cid Campeador had been thus honourably interred, Gil Diaz his trusty servant abode still in the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, doing service to the graves of the Cid and Doña Ximena, and making their anniversaries, and celebrating masses, and giving great alms to the poor both in food and clothing, for the good of their souls; and in this manner he lived while Don Garcia Tellez was Abbot, and two others after him, and then he died. And his deportment had alway been such in that Monastery, that all there were his friends, and lamented greatly at his death because he had led so devout and good a life, and served so trustily at the graves of his master and mistress. And at the time of his death he gave order that they should lay his body beside the good horse Bavieca whom he had loved so well, in the grave which he had made there for himself while he was living. And Diego Gil remained in his place, doing the same service which he had done, till he departed also. And the history saith that though Gil Diaz was good, Diego Gil was even better.

XX. Eighty and six years after the death of the Cid Campeador, that is to say, in the year of the Era 1223, which is the year of the Incarnation 1185, it came to pass, that there was war between the Kings of Leon and Navarre on the one part, and the King of Castile on the other, notwithstanding this King Don Sancho of Navarre was uncle to the King of Castile, being his mother's brother. And this King Don Sancho entered into the lands of his nephew King Don Alfonso of Castile, and advanced as far as Burgos, and with his sword he struck a great stroke into the elm tree which is before the Church of St. John at Burgos, in token that he had taken possession of all that land; and he carried away with him a

great booty in flocks and herds and beasts of the plough, and whatever else he could find, and with all this booty went his way toward Navarre. Now he had to pass nigh the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, where the body of the Cid Campeador lay. And at that time the Abbot of the Monastery, whose name was Don Juan, was a good man, and a hidalgo, and stricken in years; and he had been a doughty man in arms in his day. And when he saw this great booty being driven out of Castile, he was sorely grieved at the sight, and though he was now an old man, and it was long since he had got on horseback, he went to horse now, and took ten monks with him, and bade the strongest among them take down the banner of the Cid from the place where it was hung up, and he went after King Don Sancho who was carrying away the spoil. And the King when he saw him coming marvelled what banner this might be, for in those days there was no banner like unto that borne by any man in all the kingdoms of Spain; and perceiving how few they were who came with it, he halted to see what it might be. And the Abbot humbled himself before him when he came up, and said, King Don Sancho of Navarre, I am the abbot of this Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, wherein lies the body of the Cid Campeador, your great grandfather; and for that reason presuming on your bounty and favour, I am come hither with this banner, which was borne before him in his battles, to beseech you that you would leave this booty for the honour of this banner and of the body of the Cid. And when King Don Sancho heard this, he marvelled at the great courage of the man, that he should thus without fear ask of him to restore his booty. And he said unto him after awhile, Good man, I know you not: but for what you have said I will give back the booty, for which there are many reasons. For I am of the lineage of the Cid, as you say, and my father King Don Garcia being the son of Doña Elvira his daughter, this is the first reason; and the second is for the honour of his body which lies in your Monastery; and the third is in reverence to this his banner, which never was defeated. And if none of these were of any avail, yet ought I to restore it were it only for this, that if he were living there is none who could drive away the spoils of Castile, he being so near. For the love of God therefore, and of my forefather the Cid, I give it to him, and to you, who have known so well how to ask it at my hands. When the Abbot heard this he was as joyful as he could be, and would have kissed the hand of King Don Sancho, but the King would not

suffer this because he was a priest of the mass. Then the King ordered the spoil to be driven to the Monastery, and went himself with it, and saw the banner hung up again in its place, and abode there three weeks, till all that booty had been restored to the persons from whom it was taken. And when this was done he offered to the Monastery two hundred pieces of gold for the soul of his forefather the Cid, and returned into his kingdom of Navarre, and did no more evil at that time in the realm of Castile. This good service the Cid Ruydiez did to Castile after his death.

XXI. Moreover when the Miramamolin brought over from Africa against King Don Alfonso, the eighth of that name, the mightiest power of the misbelievers that had ever been brought against Spain since the destruction of the Kings of the Goths, the Cid Campeador remembered his country in that great danger. For the night before the battle was fought at the Navas de Tolosa, in the dead of the night, a mighty sound was heard in the whole city of Leon, as if it were the tramp of a great army passing through. And it passed on to the Royal Monastery of St. Isidro, and there was a great knocking at the gate thereof, and they called to a priest who was keeping vigils in the Church, and told him, that the Captains of the army whom he heard were the Cid Ruydiez, and Count Ferran Gonzalez, and that they came there to call up King Don Ferrando the Great, who lay buried in that church, that he might go with them to deliver Spain. And on the morrow that great battle of the Navas de Tolosa was fought, wherein sixty thousand of the misbelievers were slain, which was one of the greatest and noblest battles ever won over the Moors.

XXII. The body of the Cid remained in the vault wherein it had been placed as ye have heard, till the year of the Incarnation 1272, when King Don Alfonso the Wise, for the great reverence which he bore the memory of the Cid his forefather, ordered a coffin to be made for him, which was hewn out of two great stones; and in this the body of the Cid was laid, and they placed it on that side where the Epistle is read; and before it in a wooden coffin, they laid the body of Doña Ximena. And round about the stone coffin these verses were graven, in the Latin tongue, being, according as it is said, composed by King Don Alfonso himself.

BELLIGER, INVICTUS, FAMOSUS MARTE TRIUMPHIS,
CLAUDITUR HOC TUMULO MAGNUS DIDACI RODERICUS.

And upon his tomb he ordered these verses to be graven also:

QUANTUM ROMA POTENS BELLICIS EXTOLLITUR ACTIS,
VIVAX ARTHURUS FIT GLORIA QUANTUM BRITANNIS,
NOBILIS E' CAROLO QUANTUM GAUDET FRANCIA MAGNO,
TANTUM IBERIA DURIS CID INVICTUS CLARET.

And upon the walls it was thus written. I who lie here interred am the Cid Ruydiez, who conquered King Bucar with six and thirty Kings of the Moors; and of those six and thirty, twenty and two died in the field. Before Valencia I conquered them, on horseback, after I was dead being the seventy and second battle which I won. I am he who won the swords Colada and Tizona. God be praised, Amen.

XXIII. The body of the Cid remained here till the year of the Incarnation 1447, when the Abbot Don Pedro del Burgo ordered the old Church to be pulled down that a new one might be built in its place. And then as all the sepulchres were removed, that of the Cid was removed also, and they placed it in front of the Sacristy, upon four stone lions. And in the year 1540 God put it in the heart of the Abbot and Prior, Monks, and Convent of the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, for the glory of God, and the honour of St. Peter and St. Paul and of the Cid and other good knights who lay buried there, and for the devotion of the people, to beautify the Great Chapel at the said Monastery with a rich choir and stalls, and new altars, and goodly steps to lead up to them. And as they were doing this they found that the tomb of the blessed Cid, if they left it where it was, which was in front of the door of the Sacristy, before the steps of the altar, it would neither be seemly for the service of the altar, because it was in the way thereof, nor for his dignity, by reason that they might stumble against it; . . moreover it was fallen somewhat to decay, and set badly upon the stone lions which supported it; and there were other knights placed above him. Whereupon the Abbot, Prior, Monks, and Convent resolved that they would translate his body, and remove the other tombs to places convenient for them, holding that it was not meet that those who neither in their exploits nor in holiness had equalled him in life, should have precedency of him after death. And they were of accord that the day of this translation should not be made public, knowing how great the number would be of knights and other persons who would be desirous of being at this festival, for which cause they doubted

lest some misadventure would betide of tumults and deaths, or scandals, such as are wont to happen on such occasions; they were therefore minded to do this thing without giving knowledge thereof to any but those who were in the Monastery, who were of many nations and conditions, and who were enow to bear testimony when it was done; for there was no lack there besides the religious, of knights, squires, hidalgos, labourers, and folk of the city and the district round about, and Biscayans and mountaineers, and men of Burgundy and of France.

XXIV. So on Thursday, the eighth day of Epiphany, being the thirteenth day of January in the year of our Lord 1541, and at the hour of complines, the Abbot and Convent being assembled, together with serving-men and artificers who are called for this purpose, they made that night wooden biers that the tomb might be moved more easily and reverently, and with less danger. And on the morrow, which was Friday, the fourteenth day of the said month and year, the Convent having said primes and the mass of Our Lady, according to custom, and the Abbot Fray Lope de Frias, who was a native of Velorado, having confessed and said mass, the doors of the Church being open, and the altar richly dressed, and the bells ringing as they are wont to do upon great festivals, at eight in the morning there assembled in the Church all the brethren of the Monastery, nineteen in number, the other fifteen being absent each in his avocation; and there were present with them Sancho de Ocaña, Merino and Chief Justice of the Monastery; Juan de Rosales, Pedro de Ruseras, and Juan Ruyz, squires of the house; master Ochoa de Artiaga, a mason, with his men; Andres de Carnica, and Domingo de Artiaga, master Pablo and master Borgoñon, stone-cutters, with their men; and master Juan, a smith, with his; and all the other workmen and serving-men and traders who were in the house. And the Abbot being clad in rich vestments, and the ministers and acolytes with him, with cross, candles, and torches burning, went all in procession to Our Lady's altar, where the sacrament was at that time kept, because of the repairs which were going on in the Great Chapel; and all kneeling on their knees, and having recited the Paternoster and Ave-maria, the Abbot gave a sign, and the Precentor of the Convent began in plain descant the antiphony *Salvator Mundi*. And when the whole Convent had sung this, the Abbot said the verse *Ostende nobis*, and the verse *Post partum virgo*, and the prayer *Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui es omnium dubitantium certitudo*, and the prayer *Deus qui salutis æternæ,*

demanding the grace and favour of the Lord. When this was done they returned in procession to the Great Chapel, before the tomb of the blessed Cid, and then the choir began the anthem *Mirabilis Deus*, saying it to the organ. And while this was singing in great accord, the workmen stood ready with their instruments in hand, to lift off the upper stone of the coffin, because it was well nigh impossible to remove the whole together, and also because the Abbot, Prior, and Convent had resolved to see that holy body and relics, by reason of the devotion which they bore to the blessed Cid, and that they might bear testimony in what manner he lay in that tomb, wherein he had been deposited so many years ago, as behoved them for the honour of the Cid and the authority of the Monastery.

XXV. When the anthem was finished, the Abbot said the verse *Exultabunt sancti in gloria,* and the prayer *Deus qui es tuorum gloria servorum.* And when all had said Amen, the Abbot himself, with a little bar of iron, began first to move the lid of the stone coffin; and then the workmen and others easily lifted it off upon the bier, and thus the tomb was laid open and there appeared within it a coffin of wood fastened down with gilt nails, the hair of the coffin being entirely gone, and great part of the wood decayed also. Within this coffin was the holy body, now well nigh consumed, nothing but the bones remaining entire. On some of the bones the flesh was still remaining, not discoloured, but with a rosy colour, and the bones were of the same rosy colour, and the flesh also which had fallen from them. The body was wrapt in a sendal wrought after the Moorish fashion, with sword and spear by its side, as tokens of knighthood. As soon as the coffin was opened there issued forth a good odour, and comforting fragrance. It appeared that no part of the body was wanting; but this was not narrowly examined, by reason of the reverence which they bore it. After all this had been seen well and leisurely by all those who were present, the Abbot and his ministers passed a clean sheet under the coffin, and collecting into it all the bones and holy dust, covered it with another sheet, and took it out, and laid it upon the high altar, with candles and torches on each side: and in this manner it remained there all day, till it was time to deposit it in the tomb. And all this while the choristers sung to the organ, and the organ responded. And when the body was laid upon the altar, the Abbot said the verse *Mirabilis Deus*, and the prayer *Magnificet te Domine sanctorum tuorum beata solemnitas.* And when this was done he went and disrobed himself of his sacred

vestments. And the workmen went and removed the stone lions, and placed them in the place where they were to be, and the tomb upon them. And the Convent went to perform divine service, which was celebrated that day at all the hours with a full choir. And at the hour accustomed, after this was done, the Abbot and the Convent invited all who were there present to be their guests, giving a right solemn feast to all; and the chief persons dined with the Convent in the Refectory. And that same day in the evening, after vespers, when it was about four o'clock, the workmen had removed the stone lions, and placed the tomb upon them, and laid the lid of the tomb hard by, and made all ready to fasten it down, so soon as the holy body should be laid in it. And at that time, the bells ringing again, and all being again assembled, the Abbot having put on again his vestments, which were of white brocade, and his ministers with him, went to the altar whereon they had laid the holy body, which had been right nobly guarded and accompanied. And the singers singing the while, he and his ministers took it and laid it with great reverence in the tomb, all seeing it when it was laid there, wrapt up and covered with the sheets. And in the presence of all, the workmen put on the lid and fastened it down. Then the Abbot began the *Te Deum laudamus*, and the singers continuing it, they went in procession to Our Lady's Chapel, where the most holy sacrament then was, as ye have heard. And the Abbot said the verse *Benedicamus Patrem et Filium cum Sancto Spiritu*, and the prayer *Deus ad quem digne laudandum*, and they all returned thanksgiving to the Lord. And the Abbot and the ministers went into the Sacristy, and took off their sacred vestments; and then he returned and again invited all who were there to a collation in the Refectory, which had been prepared by the servants of the Monastery. And when this was over they separated, each going with great content to his several occupation, praising God.

XXVI. It was a thing of great consolation that there was not a person in that Monastery, who did not all that day feel great joy and delight in his soul. And there befell a thing of which many took notice, and which ought not to be passed over in silence, and it was this. There was a great want of rain in the land of Rioja and Bureva, and the district of Cardeña also was in want of water, though not in such great need, for it was long since any rain had fallen; and it pleased God that on the aforesaid Thursday, the eve of the translation, at the very hour when the Abbot and his people began to prepare

the bier, and make all things ready for opening and removing the tomb, a soft and gentle rain began, such a rain that to those who were out of doors it was nothing troublesome, and to the country greatly profitable, and pleasant unto all; and it lasted all that night, and all the day following, till the holy business of the translation was accomplished, and then it ceased. Now it was found that this rain had fallen at the same time and in the same manner, both in the country below Burgos, and also in Bureva, albeit that it rarely hath happened for rain to fall at one time in both provinces, because they are wont to have rain with different winds. It seemeth therefore that this blessed knight, who while he lived protected and defended that country with his person and his arms, beholding the service which was done him, and how he was remembered, favoured it at that time in heaven with his holy intercession, by sending that thing whereof it had then most need, which was water from heaven, in order that it might be made manifest that he never ceased to show favour to those who trusted in him, and to that Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña. And an account of this translation, and of all this which befell, was drawn up by the Abbot Fray Lope de Frias, and signed by all the brethren of the Monastery, and all the chief persons there present.

XXVII. Now albeit this translation of the body of the blessed Cid had been made with such honour and reverence, they were many who murmured against it; and Don Pero Fernandez de Velasco, Duke of Frias, who was then Constable of Castile, and the Municipality of Burgos, sent advice thereof to the Emperor Charles V. who was at that time in Flanders, beseeching him to give order that the tomb of the Cid might be translated back to its former place, and that of Doña Ximena also, which had been removed into the Cloisters of the Monastery. Hereupon the Emperor despatched letters to his Govenor, Cardinal Juan, bidding him see that the petition of the Constable and of the city of Burgos was fulfilled, and the Cardinal in obedience thereunto despatched the provision here following.

The King.

Venerable Abbot, Monks and Convent of St. Pedro de Cardeña, know ye that we have ordered to be given, and do hereby give our edict unto you, to the following tenor. The Council, Justice, and Regidores, Knights, Esquires, Artificers, and Good Men of the City of Burgos, have made a memorial to us the King, showing, that we well know the fame, nobleness, and ex-

ploits of the Cid, which are notorious to all, from whose valour there redoundeth honour to all Spain, and especially to that city whereof he was a native, and where he had his origin and birth place; and that one of the principal things which they who pass through that city, both natives of these kingdoms and strangers also, desire to see, is his tomb and the place wherein he and his ancestors are interred, for his greatness and the antiquity thereof: and that it is now some thirty or forty days since ye, not having respect to this, neither bearing in mind that the Cid is our progenitor, nor the possessions which he left to your house, nor the authority that it is to the said Monastery that he should there have been interred, have removed and taken away his tomb from the middle of the Great Chapel, where it had stood for more than four hundred years, and placed it near a staircase, in a place unseemly, and unlike that where it was placed heretofore, both in authority and honour. Moreover ye have removed with him the tomb of Doña Ximena his wife, and placed it in the Cloisters of the said Monastery, full differently from where it was. The which that city, as well because it toucheth us as for her honour, doth greatly resent; and albeit that as soon as it was known the Corregidor and three of the Regidores thereof went there to prevail with ye that ye should restore the said bodies to the place where they were wont to be, ye would not be persuaded; whereof the said city holdeth itself greatly aggrieved; and moreover it is a thing of bad example for Monasteries and Religioners, who, seeing how lightly the tomb of so famous a person hath been removed, may venture to remove and change any monuments and memorials, whereby great evil would accrue to our kingdoms. And the said City supplicateth and beseeching us of our grace, that we would be pleased to give command that ye should restore the bodies of the Cid and of his wife to the same place and form as heretofore. And the Cid having been so signal a person, and one from whom the Royal Crown of Castile hath received such great and notable services, we marvel that ye should have made this alteration in their tombs, and we command you if it be so that their bodies or their tombs have been indeed removed, as soon as ye receive this, to restore them to the same place, and in the same form and manner as they were before; and in case they have not yet been removed, that ye do not move nor touch them, neither now nor at any time to come. And having first complied with this order, if ye have any cause or reason for making this removal, ye are to send us an

account thereof, and also how ye have restored the said bodies and tombs to their former place within forty days, to the end that we may give order to have this matter inspected, and provide as shall be most convenient. Done in Madrid, the 8th day of the Month of July, in the year 1541. Johannes Cardinalis, by command of his Majesty, Governor in his name.

XXVIII. This provision having been notified unto them, the Abbot and Monks made answer that they were ready to obey it, and that he would go and give account to the Lord Governor of what had been done. And the Abbot went accordingly to Court, and informed the Cardinal Governor of the translation which had been made; and that the tomb of the Cid had been removed to a place more decorous, and nearer the High Altar, and answering the site where King Don Alfonso VI. had commanded him to be placed in his ivory chair before he was first interred; and where the vault had been made wherein he had lain many years. And that the reason why the tomb had been moved was, that the passage from the Sacristy to the choir and to the High Altar might be cleared; and that the reason why it had not been placed in the middle of the Great Chapel, was, that if that place were occupied, it seemed due to Queen Doña Sancha the foundress of that House, or to King Don Ramiro, who had held that place in the old Church. But notwithstanding all these reasons which the Abbot alleged, the Cardinal ordered him to obey the King's command. Hereupon the Abbot returned to the Monastery and determined to place the tombs of the Cid and of Doña Ximena in the middle of the Great Chapel, before it should be known in Burgos that the translation was to take place; and accordingly when those persons who would fain have been present made inquiry, they were told that the thing was done.

XXIX. Now there have not been wanting over-curious persons who, because the Monastery of Cardeña is the first under the royal patronage, by reason that it is a foundation of Queen Doña Sancha, who is the first royal personage that ever founded a Monastery in Spain, and because King Don Alfonso the Great re-edified it, and Garci Ferrandez the Count of Castile restored it, have said, that the Cid hath taken the place of these patrons. And when King Carlos II. was in this Monastery in the year 1679, he asked whose the tomb was which occupied the middle of the Great Chapel; and Fray Joseph del Hoyo, who was at that time Abbot, made answer, Sir, it is the tomb of Rodrigo Diaz, the Cid Campeador. Why then, said one of the

Grandees, doth the Cid occupy the best place, seeing that this Monastery is a royal foundation? Upon this the Abbot made answer, that the Emperor Charles V. had ordered the Abbot and Monks to place him in that place; and King Carlos II. said, The Cid was not a King, but he was one who made Kings. And from that time till the present day the tomb of the Cid hath remained in the same place and that of Doña Ximena beside it; and with such veneration and respect are they preserved, that they are alway covered and adorned with two cloths, whereof the upper one is of silk, and on great festivals they are adorned with one still more precious.

XXX. Many are the things which belonging to Ruydiez the Cid Campeador, which are still preserved with that reverence which is due to the memory of such a man. First, there are those good swords Colada and Tizona, which the Cid won with his own hand. Colada is a sword of full ancient make: it hath only a cross for its hilt, and on one side are graven the words *Si, Si* . . . that is to say, Yea, Yea: and on the other, *No, No.* And this sword is in the Royal Armoury at Madrid. That good sword Tizona is in length three quarters and a half, some little more, and three full fingers wide by the hilt, lessening down to the point; and in the hollow of the sword, by the hilt, is this writing in Roman letters, *Ave Maria Gratia plena, Dominus,* and on the other side, in the same letters, I am Tizona, which was made in the era 1040, that is to say, in the year 1002. This good sword is an heirloom in the family of the Marquisses of Falces. The Infante Don Ramiro, who was the Cid's son-in-law, inherited it, and from him it descended to them. Moreover the two coffers which were given in pledge to the Jews Rachel and Vidas are kept, the one in the Church of St. Agueda at Burgos, where it is placed over the principal door, in the inside, and the other is in the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, where it is hung up by two chains on the left of the dome; on the right and opposite to this coffer, is the banner of the Cid, but the colour thereof cannot now be know, for length of time and the dampness of the Church have clean consumed it. In the middle is his shield hanging against the wall, covered with skin, but now so changed that no blazonry or device is to be seen. In the Sacristy there are the keys of the coffer, a great round chest of satin wood, the setting of the amethyst cup which he used at table, and one of the caskets which the Soldan of Persia sent with the myrrh and balsam; this is of silver, and gilt in the inside, and it is in two parts, the lid closing over the other

part; its fashion is like that of the vessels in which the three Kings of the East are represented, bringing their offerings to Christ when he was newly born. On the upper part is graven the image of our Redeemer holding the world in his hand, and on the other the figure of a serpent marvellously contorted, peradventure in token of the victory which Jesus achieved over the enemy of the human race. That noble chess-board, the men whereof were of gold and silver, was also in the Monastery in the days of King Don Alfonso the Wise, but it hath long since been lost, no man knoweth how. Moreover there is in this Sacristy a precious stone of great size, black and sparkling; no lapidary hath yet known its name. The Convent have had an infant Jesus graven thereon, with the emblem of the Passion, that it might be worthily employed. It is thought also that the great cross of crystal which is set so well and wrought with such great cunning, is made of different pieces of crystal which belonged to the Cid. But the most precious relic of the Cid Ruydiez which is preserved and venerated in this Monastery, is the cross which he wore upon his breast when he went to battle; it is of plain silver, in four equal parts, and each part covered with three plates of gold, and in the flat part of each five sockets set with precious stones of some size, and with other white ones which are smaller; of these little ones, some are still left fastened in with filigrane. In the middle of the cross is a raised part, after the manner of an artichoke, ending in white and green enamel; and it is said that in the hollow thereof are certain relics, with a piece of the holy wood of the true cross. Verily, that part of the writing which can still be read implieth this, for thus much may at this day be discerned, . . CRUCIS SALVATOR * * SANCTI PETRI * * PORTO. Of the four limbs of this cross the upper one is wanting. King Don Alfonso, the last of that name, asked for it. and had it made into a cross to wear himself when he went to battle, because of the faith which he had that through it he should obtain the victory: of the lower limb little more is left than that to which the plates of silver and gold were fastened on. From point to point this cross is little more than a quarter.

XXXI. There is no doubt that the soul of the blessed Cid resteth and reigneth with the blessed in Heaven. And men of all nations and at all times have come from all parts to see and reverence his holy body and tomb, being led by the odour of his fame, especially knights and soldiers, who when they have fallen upon their knees to kiss his tomb, and scraped a little of the

stone thereof to bear away with them as a relic, and commended themselves to him, have felt their hearts strengthened, and gone away in full trust that they should speed the better in all battles into which they should enter from that time with a good cause. By reason of this great devotion, and the great virtues of my Cid, and the miracles which were wrought by him, King Philip II. gave order to his ambassador Don Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, to deal with the Court of Rome concerning the canonization of this venerable knight Rodrigo Diaz. Now Don Diego was a person of great learning, and moreover, one of the descendants of the Cid; and being greatly desirous that this thing should be effected, he sent to the Monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, and had papers and depositions sent from thence, and made a memorial of the virtues and miracles of the Campeador, showing cause why this blessed knight should be canonized. But before the matter could be proceeded in, the loss of Sienna took place, whereupon he was fain to leave Rome; and thus this pious design could not be brought about. Nevertheless the Cid hath alway been regarded with great reverence as an especial servant of God; and he is called the Blessed Cid, and the Venerable Rodrigo Diaz. Certes, his soul resteth and reigneth with the blessed in Heaven. Amen.

THE END.

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