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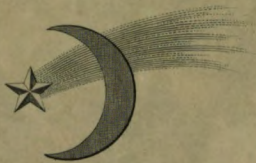


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THE  
POEM OF THE CID

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THE  
POEM OF THE CID

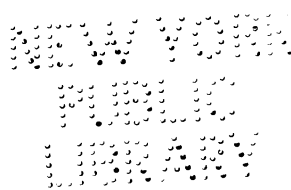
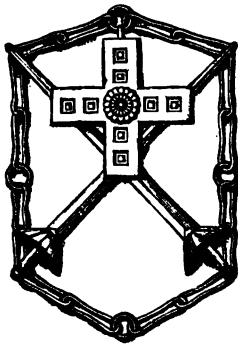
A Translation from the Spanish

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

JOHN ORMSBY

AUTHOR OF 'AUTUMN RAMBLES IN NORTH AFRICA'



'Ipse Rodericus, mio Cid semper vocatus,  
De quo cantatur quod ab hostibus haud superatus,  
Qui domuit Mauros, comites domuit quoque nostros'

*Contemporary Poem on the Siege of Almeria A.D. 1147*

LONDON  
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1879

E.L.S.

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TO

**DON PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS**

A TRIFLING TOKEN OF THE GRATITUDE WITH WHICH  
EVERY STUDENT OF SPANISH LITERATURE  
REGARDS HIS NAME

NEW YORK  
PUBLISHED  
BY  
DUNN

*Errata*

Page 7, line 20, *omit the period after mayo*

„ 17 (note), line 9 from foot, *for Gonzalez read Gomez*

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# POEM OF THE CID.



## INTRODUCTION.

THE composition which, in default of an authoritative title, we must be content to call 'The Poem of the Cid,' is in some respects the most remarkable production of mediæval literature that has come down to us. If not absolutely the oldest document in the Spanish language, it is unquestionably the oldest that can be claimed as belonging to the literature of Spain.<sup>1</sup> There are, it is true, ballads the antiquity of which, so far as their substance is concerned, is far greater, but none, in the form in which we now have them, of a date within two centuries of that of the Poem ; and the earliest specimens of cultivated, as distinguished from popular, poetry are at least half a century later. Thus 'The Poem of the Cid' stands at the very threshold of the literary history of Spain, the student's starting point, whether his object be the language or the letters of the

<sup>1</sup> The charters of Oviedo and Avilés are probably older, though only in a trifling degree. Of these, the former is undated, but the latter bears date A. D. 1155.



Spanish people. In it the literature of Spain springs into life at once, strong and vigorous, without passing through an infancy of rhyming chronicle or monkish hymn or legend; and it is in no small degree characteristic of a literature in which chivalry and romance play so leading a part, that, traced back to its remotest source, we should find it flowing from the achievements of the popular national hero.

But, independently of the interest attaching to it for this reason, it is also interesting as a contemporary picture of mediæval character and society such as neither *chanson de geste* nor chronicle gives us. Nowhere else have we the man-at-arms of the middle ages brought before us 'in his habit as he lived' with the vivid realism that inspires the painting of the poet of 'The Cid.'

It is strange that this, called by more than one critic the finest poem in the Spanish language, and regarded by all as a masterpiece, should have been so neglected in this country, which was the first to appreciate Don Quixote and which has always manifested such a lively sympathy with Spanish literature. In Germany the merits of 'The Cid' have been abundantly recognised by criticism, and it has been translated by Huber and O. L. B. Wolff. France, besides minor works more or less directly dealing with the poem, possesses the valuable edition and prose translation of M. Damas Hinard. But in England no notice has been taken of the existence of the Spanish epic except in the eulogies of Southey and in the pleasant little narrative of the Cid's life by George Dennis; while the fragments translated by the late John Hookham Frere are the only medium through which the English reader can gain any knowledge of the style and character of the poem.

I confess I should have felt some hesitation in attempting what may seem like a competition with Frere's spirited versions were they, fragmentary as they are, published in some more accessible form, instead of being buried in the appendix to Southey's 'Chronicle of the Cid,' or in that to his own collected works published in 1872. The spirit and vigour with which he has rendered his specimens of 'The Cid' are worthy of all praise, and have received it from such competent judges as Southey and Ticknor. Still it would be idle to deny that Frere's, apart from its incompleteness, is far from being a satisfactory translation. The carelessness to which it owes its dash and freedom is fatal to its fidelity. In this respect it somewhat resembles a kindred work, Lockhart's delightful 'Spanish Ballads;' with this difference, however, that while Frere is to the full as unscrupulous as Lockhart<sup>2</sup> in substituting his own ideas for those of his author, he makes no compensation in the shape of harmony or flowing verse. In the original Spanish, it is true, the versification is generally careless and often rude, and he may have felt himself bound to imitate its irregularity. If so, the imitation cannot be said to be a successful one. In the first place it is evident that some at least of this carelessness is to be laid to the charge, not of the old poet, but of the transcriber of the one MS. that has been preserved; and then, even in the most irregular passages, there is always a certain rhythm and cadence of which there is no trace in Frere's rough, jolting, jerky lines. In manner he is a still greater offender. The language of the poem is simple, unstudied, sometimes even homely, but never mean or un-

<sup>2</sup> See the note on 'Zara's earrings,' in Depping's *Romancero Castellano*, 1844. Vol. i. p. 411.

dignified. In Frere's versions simplicity is too frequently obtained at the cost of dignity, and, now and then, by a descent into something almost bordering on vulgarity. Ease and freedom are charming qualities in a translator, and well worth aiming at, but he overshoots the mark when he produces such very free and easy translations as:—

Cid, for mercy's sake what upon earth is this?  
Nothing at all, my worthy dame, nothing that comes amiss.

I must keep you with me to whet your appetite.

He was flushed and hot with breakfast and with drink ;

which are merely casual specimens of the familiar style of rendering that pervades Frere's fragments. There is, in short, in his treatment of the old Castilian poet, a provoking air of condescension, like that of an adult ostentatiously bringing down his intellect and phraseology to the level of a little child's limited capacity. Nor have these renderings of his the excuse of being close or faithful, for he is much given to making random shots at the meaning when the language is at all obscure or obsolete. One instance out of many will suffice to illustrate the kind of mistranslation this leads to. In one passage he has:—

You rushed out at the door and ran away so hard,  
You fell into the cesspool that was open in the yard ;  
We dragged you forth in all men's sight, dripping from the  
drain ;

For shame, never wear a mantle nor a knightly robe again.

In the original there is not a word about a 'cesspool,' or a 'drain,' or 'dragging.' Diego Gonzalez is simply taunted with mounting on the beam of a wine-press, and spoiling his fine mantle—a very natural consequence, as everyone who

has seen a Valencian wine-press will admit. Frere was apparently puzzled by 'viga lagar'—'wine-press beam,' and adopted the coarse version of the story given in a popular ballad intended to tickle the vulgar taste.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of my own versions, there are none arising from want of reverential affection for the old poet and his work. If there be any truth in the Spanish proverb, 'En largo camino y chico meson conosco el hombre su compañero'—'On a long road and in a small inn one comes to know one's comrade,'—I may fairly claim acquaintance with the poem; for the first volume of the 'Poesías Castellanas' of Sanchez, containing his edition of the 'Poema del Cid,' was my companion, and my one book, in a pedestrian ramble, some years ago, through the scenes of the Cid's exploits in Valencia, Aragon, and Castile. Companionship of this sort rarely ends in indifference. If you and your fellow-traveller do not quarrel, the chances are you become fast friends; if you do not fling your book aside as a bore, you read, re-read, and come to love it at last. Such at least was my experience of wanderings in the company of 'The Cid.' The stirring lines of the old bard lent an additional zest to the pilgrimage, and even now there are passages of the poem that still seem to have their background of brown sierra and blue sea, and that recall, somehow, the scent of the lonely pine-woods of the Albarracin.

Another result is that which the reader has before him. Not that I would ask indulgence for 'rhymes on the road:' a book that can only plead *in formâ pauperis* had better not come into court at all. Such as it is I submit it—to use a good old-fashioned phrase—'to the censure of the reader,' as an attempt to make him acquainted with an old Spanish

poem which in its original form may be beyond his reach. To have translated the entire poem, or even the greater portion of it, into English verse, would have been worse than useless, for 'The Cid,' like all long mediæval poems, is in many parts essentially prose, making no pretence to the character of poetry except in metrical arrangement,—'nisi quod pede certo differt sermoni, sermo merus.' It should be borne in mind that these compositions were not merely the poetry of the public to which they were addressed. They were in some degree also its drama, its novel, its history, and its biography ;<sup>3</sup> and if they were cast throughout in metrical form, it was simply because the medium of communication was the chant of the minstrel or jongleur who stood in the place of a book in the non-reading ages. The function of verse is more restricted now, and the translator who attempts to apply it indiscriminately to one of these productions will find himself repeatedly reduced to the alternative of laying on a poetic colouring for which there is no warrant in the original, or else saying in doggerel what could be far better said in prose. For this reason I have not given a translation in verse of any portions but those where the requirements of the Latin poet are complied with ; where the 'acer spiritus ac vis verbis aut rebus inest.' These I have endeavoured to render, as far as I could, line for line, and as literally as was compatible with justice to the original. For, as everyone who has attempted a task of the sort knows, there are occasions when absolute literality would defeat its own object, and paraphrase is the only

<sup>3</sup> 'Celebrant carminibus antiquis (quod unum apud illos memoriæ et annalium genus est) originem gentis conditoresque.'—Tacitus, *De Mor. Germ.* c. 2.

course open to the translator. For the rest I have given a condensed prose translation, preserving all that was required for maintaining the continuity of the narrative, or the character of the poem as a picture of mediæval life ; and omitting only those portions where prolixity or repetition in the original seemed to involve the risk of repelling the reader—omissions which do not interfere with his judgment or enjoyment of the work as a whole. The student of mediæval or Spanish literature will, of course, go to the original, so that his requirements need not be considered.

The date to which the composition of the poem should be assigned cannot be fixed with any degree of certainty. Only one manuscript is known to exist, that which the royal librarian Sanchez, attracted by references in Sandoval and Berganza, discovered at Bivar, the Cid's birthplace, and from which he printed his edition of the 'Poema del Cid,' published in 1779, in the first volume of his 'Coleccion de Poesías Castellanas.'<sup>4</sup> At the end of this are the words :—

Quien escriuió este libro del Dios parayso, amen.  
 Per abbat le escriuió en el mes de mayo.  
 En era de mill e CC \* XLV annos es el romanz  
 Ffecho.

All the authorities who have endeavoured to explain these perplexing lines are agreed that 'Per abbat' (probably 'the Abbot Pedro') here mentioned was not the author of the poem, but merely the transcriber of this particular

<sup>4</sup> The MS. dated 1596, mentioned by Sanchez, cannot be counted, as it is nothing more than a transcript, and a not very careful one, of the Bivar Codex.

manuscript. But there is some difference of opinion as to the date, and as to what it refers to, whether to the composition of the poem or to the completion of this copy of it. In the first place, there is a vacant space between the second c and the x, which in the original MS. shows signs of an erasure. The erased letter was no doubt either an 'e' (the old form of 'y'='and'), effaced by the writer when he perceived that it was unnecessary, or else a third c, which would make the date the era 1345 instead of 1245, *i.e.* A.D. 1307, instead of 1207.<sup>5</sup> Sanchez inclines to the belief that the erasure is owing to a slip of the pen of the transcriber, and that the true date is the Era 1245, or A.D. 1207, and in this opinion he is supported by so weighty an authority as Professor Dozy of Leyden. But he does not seem to have noticed, at least his edition omits, the words 'es el romanz fecho' with which the passage concludes, and by which its import is materially affected. He remarks, and the Padre Risco in his 'Life of the Cid' (1792) agrees with him, that had the writer been speaking of the *composition* of the poem he would not have employed the word 'escribió,' which was never used in that sense, but rather the verb 'fer' or 'facer.' In the omitted portion, however, we have the participle 'fecho,' which not only confirms the remark of Sanchez, but seems to apply the distinction with some emphasis to this particular case. As the passage stands, the meaning would appear to be that the Abbot Peter ('God grant him paradise') wrote this book in the month of May, but that the poem was composed (el romanz es fecho) in the era 1245, or A.D.

<sup>5</sup> In early Spanish chronology, up to the fourteenth century, dates are given according to the 'Era,' and to reduce a date so stated to the corresponding year A.D., 38 years must be subtracted.

1207 ; and the suggestion in the notes to the new edition of the poem in the 'Biblioteca de autores Españoles,' Madrid, 1864, seems a plausible one—that the transcriber, meaning to make a memorandum of the date of the poem, mechanically put down the century in which he wrote, by mistake for the previous one ; just as—to cite a case in point out of Spanish bibliography—the editor of the charming little Villalpando edition of Quevedo, printed in 1798, has put 1722 instead of 1622 in the dedication of the 'Visita de los Chistes.'

One thing, however, is certain. Whether 1345 was intended or not, it is not the date of the composition of the poem, which must have been in existence at least half a century earlier, for it was unquestionably used by Alfonso X. in the composition of his 'Cronica General,' which was written apparently before A.D. 1260. In the poem itself there are one or two allusions which throw some little light on the matter. The town of Monreal, which was not built till 1120, is mentioned as if it was a well-known place. Mention is also made of 'the Count Don Remond, father of the good Emperor.' The 'good Emperor' was Alfonso VII. of Castile, who did not assume that title till 1135. Another passage, which, however, cannot be relied on so surely, is that near the end, where, in celebrating the glory of the Cid, it is said that

Hoy los reyes de España sos parientes son.

To-day the kings of Spain are of his lineage.

This could not have been said with any regard for truth before the year 1157, when two of the Cid's great-grandchildren were on Spanish thrones, Sancho VI. of Navarre,



and his sister Doña Blanca, queen of Sancho III. of Castile ; or perhaps before 1158, when the infant son of the latter came to the Castilian throne as Alfonso VIII. On the other hand it is, to say the least, extremely improbable that the poem could have been written after Leon and Castile had been brought under one crown, that is to say, after 1230 ; for if the relations of the two kingdoms had been of a friendly nature it is inconceivable that the poet would have represented, or would have ventured to represent, two powerful and illustrious Leonese houses in the odious and contemptible light in which he shows the Gomez and Ordoñez families.

At any rate we are able to fix with some degree of certainty the limits of the period within which the poem must have been composed. It cannot have been written much, if at all, earlier than 1150, or later than 1250. Ferdinand Wolf of Vienna, a scholar to whom Spanish literature is more indebted than to any, except, perhaps, Gayangos and Ticknor, believes the period of its composition to have been between 1140 and 1160, and, basing his conjecture on the line already quoted, suggests that it may have been composed as a kind of epithalamium on the occasion of the marriage of the above-mentioned Blanca with the Infante Sancho in 1151. Sanchez, its first editor, holds the date to be 1150, 'or a little later.' Huber, who has bestowed so much labour and learning on the history of the Cid and his time, is of the same opinion. Ticknor considers 'there is no reasonable doubt that it was composed as early as the year 1200 ;' and Dozy, who was not aware of the words omitted by Sanchez, which go far to confirm his opinion, is inclined to adopt the MS. date, 1245, or A.D. 1207, but is

very positive in asserting that the poem cannot be of a later date. After these authorities, it is unnecessary to cite others ; but in truth the diversity of opinion is not great. The only reason for hesitation about accepting the date of 1207—for, of course, the penman of the Bivar MS. is not an unimpeachable authority—is that it would bring the composition somewhat too near to the time of Gonzalo de Berceo, who wrote *circa* 1250-60, and whose poems have every appearance of being separated by a wider interval from the 'Poem of the Cid.' Dozy says the language of the latter is 'un peu plus ancienne' than that of Gonzalo. He might, without fear of exaggeration, have said, 'much more ancient,' for Gonzalo's language indicates a very considerable advance in the formation of the Castilian. But the difference in structure is more striking still ; something like that between a canoe hewn from a single log and a craft built with ribs and planks. In fact, between 'The Cid' and the remains of Gonzalo de Berceo there is a difference, in kind as well as in degree, nearly as great as an English reader finds between Chaucer and the Earl of Surrey ; or at any rate one that demands a greater interval of time than half a century.<sup>6</sup> But after all, whether Dozy or Wolf be the nearer to the precise date, is a question of comparatively trifling importance, seeing that the age to which the poem belongs is established beyond all reasonable doubt.

Who or what the author was we have no means of ascertaining. We may presume that he was a Castilian, probably of Burgos or its neighbourhood ; and it is no unreasonable

<sup>6</sup> See Appendix iv.

conjecture to suppose him to have been a Churchman, like the writers of most, if not all, of the longer Spanish metrical productions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Few indeed, except ecclesiastics, in those days had at once the leisure and the qualifications for such pursuits. There are, besides, in the poem symptoms of a priestly pen in the approving emphasis with which all the Cid's acts of piety and liberality to the Church are recorded. But whoever he may have been, it is certain that, unlike epic poets in general, he lived very near the time of the events he celebrated. The Cid died in 1099, consequently, if Wolf, Huber, and Sanchez are right, the hero and his achievements must have been something much more vivid than mere matters of report or tradition to the author of the poem. He may not have looked upon the living Cid ; but it is quite possible that the imagination which comes to us across seven centuries in the stirring lines of the old poet may have been quickened by some recollection of how, in his childhood, there used to be a mysterious shape seen dimly in the half light, seated, sword in hand, beside the high altar of San Pedro de Cardena ; and of how it was whispered that this was he, the champion of Christendom and the scourge of the Moor. Of course it would be childish to claim historical accuracy for a work of this kind, but it would be equally uncritical to reject its statements merely because they occur in a poem. History is not the aim of the author, but when he cites events and occurrences which are not inconsistent with established facts, and are not introduced in furtherance of his object as a poet, it may be fairly presumed that he is, *pro tanto*, speaking historically, especially when, as in the present case, he is addressing an audience only a generation

or two removed from the time of his story. 'The Poem of the Cid' may therefore be accepted, not as an absolute authority on the life and history of the national hero of Spain, but at any rate as trustworthy corroborative testimony where it agrees with other accounts, and as evidence deserving respect where it stands alone.

A more interesting consideration, perhaps, is its relation to the history of poetry. As the reader will perceive, it was produced a full century before Dante's 'Divina Commedia,' and almost two before the poetry of Petrarch or Chaucer. It is somewhat earlier than the Nibelungenlied, at least in its connected form, and nearly contemporary with the first lays of the troubadours of Provence, and the first *chansons de geste* of the *trouvères* of France proper. It belongs, therefore, to the very dawn of our modern literature, when the poetic instinct of mediæval Europe, north and south, at once broke into song, as if it felt the coming light. Of the two forms in which this poetic impulse displayed itself, the one we should have supposed the more likely to influence Spain is the one with which 'The Poem of the Cid' has the least affinity. It is remarkable that, with all the advantages of propinquity, similarity of language, and constant intercourse between the two countries, the poetry of Provence, which exercised such an influence on the literature of Italy, never struck root in Spain, not even under the shelter of the Court of Aragon; and here, at the very outset, we have almost its exact opposite in 'The Poem of the Cid.' It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a much stronger contrast than that presented by the elaborate versification, far-fetched conceits, and high-flown, artificial sentiment of the Provençal poetry, and the unstudied, almost uncouth, verse, and Homeric simplicity,

directness, and, it may be added, Homeric fire, of the strains in which the old poet on the other side of the Pyrenees sings the deeds of the Castilian hero.

With the poetry of the other school, that of the *trouvères*, under which head may be included not only the *chansons de geste* proper, such as the 'Chanson de Roland,' but also productions like the quasi-historical poems of Wace, it is obvious that 'The Poem of the Cid' has a very close analogy—so close indeed that some critics have classified it as a Spanish member of the family. This is substantially the view of one at least whose authority will not be questioned by any student of Spanish literature, Don Pascual de Gayangos, who further, in a letter on the subject, which he was kind enough to send me, expresses an opinion that the poem was made up of 'cantares' or 'lays' of an earlier date, like the rhapsodies out of which the Iliad, according to the Wolfian theory, was constructed. But from their very nature these *chansons de geste*, to take the most comprehensive title, include a wide range of narrative poetry, from the mere lay made up of ballads inartistically tacked together, the 'mere fortuitous concourse of old songs,' to the epic in which the materials, whether in the form of lyric or legend, have been fused together, moulded into shape by an artist's hand, and animated by the spirit of a poet. Without going quite so far as M. Thalès Bernard, who in his 'Histoire de Poésie' (1864) maintains that 'toutes les grandes épopées ont eu pour base des ballades isolées comme celles du Romancéro,' we may admit that his theory of the genesis of epic poetry holds good in a sufficiently large number of cases. It would be difficult, and probably not worth while, to attempt to fix the precise

stage of development at which productions of this kind become entitled to be regarded as epic poems. The title must depend on the stamp of individuality which the constructor has contrived to impress upon his work, on the degree of success with which he has combined his materials so as to form a homogeneous whole, and, above all, on the evidence of a purpose or design furnishing a motive and governing the construction throughout. Thus we may fairly doubt whether the 'Chanson de Roland,' rich as it is in passages of genuine heroic poetry, has any claim to be considered as an epic poem. The poet, if we are to call him so, has done little more than to link together the ballads as he found them, in some instances inserting a second and a third version of absolutely the same incident.<sup>7</sup> His individuality manifests itself nowhere, the only unity binding the whole together is that of the subject, and of purpose or design there is nothing beyond the mere relation of the treachery of Ganelon and the death of Roland. With 'The Poem of the Cid' the case is altogether different. In it the process of assimilation is complete. It would be difficult for the most acute critical instinct to detect the joints of the structure or to attempt with any degree of certainty to separate it into constituent parts.<sup>8</sup> From first to last one

<sup>7</sup> M. Genin seems to consider these variations as intentional on the part of the poet, but his arguments cannot be called satisfactory.

<sup>8</sup> Don Eugenio de Tapia did not think so, but Ticknor does not agree with him, nor does Wolf; and Huber confesses that with the utmost pains ('por mas que hayamos trabajado') he has been unable to discover the marks of patchwork. One break, indeed, on which Tapia especially relies, proves, if anything, the contrary of what he held it to prove, for, instead of being caused by the insertion of two distinct ballads, it is obviously an intentional division of the poem into two

hand is visible, one mind makes itself felt. But what more than all distinguishes the work, and raises it from the rank of an invertebrate string of lays or ballads to that of a developed poem, is the evidence of a purpose, something more than that of a mere narrator of heroic deeds, which underlies the narrative from beginning to end, which is never lost sight of, and to which everything directly or indirectly conduces. Like all primitive poetry, 'The Cid' was left by its author to make its way in the world without a name ; but if, in accordance with modern custom, a descriptive title had been prefixed to it, that title would have been 'The Triumph of the Cid.' The aim of the poet is to show how the Cid, banished from Castile through the machinations of his enemies, carved out his fortunes with his sword to such good purpose that he was at length recognised as almost an equal by his Sovereign, and his daughters sought in marriage by princes of the blood royal of Leon and kinsmen of his chief enemy ; and how, moreover, these princes, having proved themselves dastards and ruffians, were challenged and ignominiously defeated in combat by the champions of the Cid, and their brides bestowed upon worthier suitors of still more illustrious rank. Thus it will be seen there is a double motive inspiring the poem ; not only the exaltation of the hero, but also the abasement of his enemies. It should be noted, too, that of the marriages of the Cid's daughters, the first recorded in the poem, that with the Princes or Infantes of Carrion, is, there is little reason to doubt, entirely apocryphal, while the other is an historical fact, except that one of the bridegrooms was the Count of Barcelona, not, as the 'fits' or cantos, and made for the convenience of recitation by the poet to whom we owe the work in its present form.

poem states, a Prince of Aragon. That the poet should glorify so typical a Castilian hero as Ruy Diaz is natural, but why should he have gone out of his way, as he unquestionably has done, to glorify him at the expense of at least two noble Leonese names? For though the marriages and the events connected with them are fabulous, the families of Ordoñez and Gomez, to which latter the Infantes belonged, were at the time of the Cid and when the poem was composed at the very head of the nobility of Leon.<sup>9</sup> There can be little doubt that the explanation of this seemingly gratuitous bitterness is to be found in the relations subsisting at the time between the rival kingdoms of Castile and Leon; for such in truth they were, with occasional intervals of union and concord, up to 1230, when they were finally united under the rule of St. Ferdinand. It seems clear that from the beginning there was considerable jealousy between the

<sup>9</sup> Professor Dozy is not quite correct when, in the appendix to his valuable work, *Le Cid, d'après de nouveaux documents* (Leyden, 1860), he says, 'Le poète a confondu les Gomez avec une autre famille, non moins puissante, celle qui descendait de l'infante Christine et son époux l'infant Ordoño, fils de Ramire l'Aveugle.' The poet has not 'confondu' the two families: he represents them as *parientes*, kinsmen, which they were, being descended, according to Rodrigo Mendez Sylva (*Catologo real y genealogico de España*), from the two daughters of Aldonza Ordoñez, the issue of the marriage referred to by M. Dozy. Of these, one, Teresa Ordoñez, countess of Carrion, married Gonzalo Gomez, whence the patronymic of Gonzalez borne by the Infantes in the poem. The other, Fronilda, married Ordoño, natural son of Bermudo II., and from this marriage sprang the other branch, that of Ordoñez. According to Garibay all the descendants of Aldonza were called Infantes of Carrion. Nor was Ordoño son of Ramiro *l'aveugle*. It was he himself who was 'the blind,' and he was one of the sons of the usurper Fruela, all of whom were blinded by Ramiro when he had possessed himself of the crown of Leon.—*Vide* Garibay, Sylva, and Salazar de Mendoza.



two states. Oviedo and Leon, as the older formation, probably looked down upon Castile and its counts as a somewhat upstart community; indeed, Garibay mentions it as a standing grievance of the Castilians, that they always found themselves slighted—*despreciados*—at the court of the kings of Oviedo and Leon, where, no doubt, their determination to preserve their independence and semi-republican institutions could not have been looked upon with any degree of favour. Nor were overt acts wanting to stir up ill blood between the neighbours. The Castilians gave aid and comfort to the sons of Alfonso III. in their rebellion against their father; in the next reign but one a number of the leading nobles of Castile were treacherously murdered by Ordoño II., and later the idol of Castile, the Count Fernan Gonzalez, the hero of many a ballad, was seized, imprisoned, and narrowly escaped the like fate at the hands of Sancho I. The ballads bear ample testimony to the ill feeling between Leon and Castile.

Castellanos y Leoneses  
Tienen grandes divisiones,

is the beginning of one, and another ends with thanks to God for delivering 'honoured Castile from the subjection of Leon;' and in the 'Cronica Rimada' we have the difference explicitly stated: Leon claimed to be 'head of the realms, and Castile rose against it.' It seemed a happy settlement of these uneasy relations when Ferdinand I. of Castile succeeded to Leon in right of his wife; but unfortunately experience had not as yet taught the political prudence of a fixed rule of primogeniture, and, embarrassed by the claims of his children, he divided his dominions

among them. The eldest, Sancho, king of Castile, tried to repair his father's error by force of arms, and wrested, first, Galicia from his youngest brother García, and then Leon from the next, Alfonso, but only after a doubtful struggle in which he owed success to the generalship and tenacity of the Cid, who served him in his campaigns as *alferez*, or 'ancient,' a post which at that time seems to have corresponded with that of chief of the staff in a modern army where the sovereign is nominally commander-in-chief. But laying siege to the city of Zamora, which had been left to his sister Urraca, he was treacherously slain; and as he left no heir of his body, the Castilians found themselves reduced to acknowledge his brother Alfonso, the defeated king of Leon, against whom they had been in arms only a short time before. The position was a galling one, but they took care to make it equally so to the Leonese by compelling the king and twelve of the chief nobles of Leon to swear publicly at Burgos that they had no hand or part in the murder of King Sancho. The oath was administered by the Cid, who on this, as on other occasions, appears to have been the leading spirit among the Castilian nobility, and hence, according to the chronicles, the wrath that furnished the Spanish Homer with his theme. The poem does not mention the oath at Burgos as the origin of Alfonso's resentment, though very likely the earlier portion, which is now unfortunately lost, may have contained some reference to it. It merely attributes the anger of the king to the intrigues of enemies and talebearers (*mestureros*), who had poisoned his mind against the Cid, and in one place it hints that the accusation was that of having appropriated tribute

received from the Moors. The poet, indeed, takes no small pains to show Alfonso, 'el Castellano,' as he pointedly calls him, in as favourable a light as possible. After the first heat of anger has passed away he is represented as treating the Cid more like a brother prince than a subject, eager to show him honour and do him justice, and careful to protect his retainers against the violence or treachery of the other party. As a matter of fact it would seem that Alfonso, notwithstanding that he married his cousin Ximena to the Cid, was in reality as bitterly hostile to him as any of the Leonese lords, restoring him to favour only when he had need of his services, and casting him off again when he could dispense with them. But as a Castilian by birth, rightful king of Castile and Leon, and ancestor of the reigning sovereign, he would naturally receive far gentler treatment at the hands of the poet than his Leonese subjects. For ~~their~~ enmity to the Cid no cause is specified, unless it be in the case of the chief of them, Count García Ordoñez, 'the Cid's bitter enemy, who always sought to do him evil,' as the poem describes him, who is taunted with the defeat and humiliation he suffered at the hands of the hero in the battle of Cabra.

But the animus of the poet has evidently something deeper in it than mere partizanship on the side of his adopted hero. It is not merely that the Infantes of Carrion are represented as despicable characters in every way, inflated with family pride, but mean, covetous, and cowardly, requiting hospitality with treachery, guilty of brutal violence to women; or that García Ordoñez is always painted as jealous of the favour shown to the Cid, and drawing on himself the rebukes of the king for his petulant envy; or

that another kinsman, Asur Gonzalez, is, by a few graphic touches, put before us as a noisy drunken bully, 'mighty in tongue, but of little account in aught else;' but the whole clan or faction to which they belong is stigmatised as lawless, violent, and treacherous. They come to the cortes of Toledo intent on violence, and so well do the Cid and his retainers know their character, that they take care to meet them with hauberks and 'sweet trenchant swords' hidden beneath their robes. When the issue is to be tried by wager of battle they seek to decide the question by murdering the Cid's champions, and are only prevented by the king's precautions against their treachery; and when it has been decided against them, the king himself finds it necessary to send away the victors by night, and under escort. All this argues something more than the mere design of singing the glory of the Cid. It is difficult to resist the impression that the poem is, in fact, an expression of Castilian spirit finding vent, not only in the exaltation of a representative Castilian hero, but also in the depreciation of the hereditary enemies of Castile, represented by the highest of the nobility of Leon. There is probably no foundation whatever, in fact, for any of the charges brought against the Infantes and their kin. It is possible, of course, that there may have been some negotiation of marriage with the Cid's family broken off in a manner calculated to touch the Castilian *pundonor*; but the marriages themselves are unhistorical, and consequently everything arising out of them pure fiction. The story of the lion at Valencia, the aim of which is not to exalt the courage of the Cid, but to exhibit the poltroonery of the Infantes, the account of their savage attack on their brides in the oak-wood of Corpes, the description of the

cortes at Toledo, and of the combat in the lists of Carrion, have, one and all, unmistakably the air of productions of popular fancy dealing with an object of popular animosity ; and it is no unreasonable supposition that the poet caught and moulded into form such stray pasquinades as he found adaptable to his purpose. The period at which, according to the great majority of the critics, the poem was composed, certainly favours the idea that the glory of the Cid was not his sole incentive. As has been said already, almost all authorities are agreed in assigning the composition to the last half of the twelfth century, and at no time was a patriotic Castilian more likely to entertain a bitter feeling against Leon than during the long minority of Alfonso VIII., which began in 1158, when Ferdinand of Leon took advantage of the weakness of Castile to despoil his young nephew of a considerable portion of his inheritance.

The poem has no doubt materially helped to place the Cid in the position he occupies in the minds of his countrymen as a popular hero. In this respect, indeed, he has but one rival. Every one who is at all familiar with the peasantry of Spain will, I think, bear me out in saying that the true national hero of the Spaniards is Don Quixote ; for the creation of the novelist has become a reality to the popular mind as much as any of the personages of history or tradition. But unquestionably next to Don Quixote the Cid has the greatest hold on the imagination and the memory of the masses. Why it should be so is not immediately obvious, for in sober truth the claims of the Cid to hero-worship are not transcendent. Spain might fairly say in the words of

King Harry in 'Chevy Chase,' 'I have a hondrith captayns as good as ever was he.' He was in reality little more than a bold and successful *condottiere*, fighting for his own hand, or lending his sword to Moslem or Christian if the terms proposed were satisfactory. He was by no means insensible to the calls of patriotism or religion, but undoubtedly, as a general rule, he considered pay and plunder first, and even the poem that sings his praise admits as much. Nor were his actual achievements of a very imposing or important sort, and that one on which his fame as a warrior mainly depends was entirely barren of results to his country; for 'Valencia del Cid,' as it is called to this day, was reoccupied by the Moors immediately after his death, and it was Jaime of Aragon who more than a century later added it to Christian Spain. One important service he certainly did render, in demonstrating as he did that the chivalry of Castile under a skilful leader could afford to give the Moors liberal odds and yet beat them; and no doubt the memory of the Cid kept many a Spaniard from despair in the gloomy time between the terrible day of Alarcos and the reviving victory at Navas de Tolosa. But it is difficult to see how, except in this way, he served Spain in the great struggle that almost constitutes her entire history for eight centuries, or why she has placed his name so immeasurably above those of Fernan Gonzalez, Ferdinand I., St. Ferdinand, Jaime 'the conqueror,' 'the great captain' Gonsalvo of Cordova, Hernan Cortes, and many others to whom her debt is vastly greater. There can be little doubt, however, that the Cid's hold upon the affections of his fellow-countrymen is not altogether due to his achievements in the cause of Spain and the Faith. As in the poem he was put forward as the representative of

Castile, so at a later period he was adopted by popular tradition and popular poetry as the representative of Spanish democracy. The ballads have, so to speak, expanded the incident of the oath administered to Alfonso at Burgos, and sought to make resistance to the sovereign the governing trait in his character. They delight in representing him as bearding the king on every possible occasion, and making a dramatic show of insubordination, which is quite foreign to the Cid as he appears in the poem and in the chronicles. Nay, more : in their eagerness to make a popular hero of him, they endeavour, in more than one instance, to claim him as 'a man of the people,' calling him the son of a labourer, and a bastard, though, in reality, he was by birth the equal of any of the nobles of the kingdom, and in the female line descended from a common ancestor with the king himself.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that there are, properly speaking, two very distinct Cids. One is the Cid of romance, a figure so thickly incrustated with successive accretions of legend and fable that scarcely a feature of the original historical personage that formed its nucleus is any longer discernible. This is the Cid of the ballads and of the drama, of Guillen de Castro, Corneille, and Diamante ; the Cid who begins his career by cutting off the head of the Count 'Lozano'—as the ballads call him—to avenge an insult to his father, and then woos, or rather is wooed and won by, Ximena, Corneille's 'Chimène,' the daughter of the slain count ; who, on the road to Compostella, succours a leper, and is in consequence blessed by St. Lazarus ; who invades France, defies the Emperor, insults the Pope, and slays or vanquishes Moorish kings enough to form a battalion.

The other is the Cid who first appears to us in definite shape as the trusted counsellor and captain of King Sancho in his wars against his neighbours of Navarre and Aragon, and against his brethren of Galicia and Leon ; then as the leader of the nobles of Castile in their dictation of terms to Alfonso and the Leonese—that is if we accept the oath at Burgos as historical ; and afterwards as the expatriated soldier of fortune, carrying his experience and renown into the market of Moorish warfare, and disposing of them with the sagacity of a judicious investor. In this phase of the Cid, at any rate, we are on solid ground, and run little risk of drifting away into the regions of fable. [Between this, the historical Cid, and the Cid of romance, there are not many points of resemblance. He is bold, daring, at once prompt and prudent, a born leader of men in his power of inspiring his followers with implicit belief and confidence, not without certain touches of nobleness, but in the main crafty, unscrupulous, and cruel. Such is the Cid—a true picture of a mediæval border-warrior, as we pick him out of the authorities, a process at times somewhat resembling the unrolling of a mummy.

Among the sources, the 'Poem of the Cid' has a prominent place, but, as I have already said, seeing that, to the poet, historical accuracy was secondary to the glory and triumph of his hero, its statements are only to be accepted after they have passed a critical quarantine. The earliest document which throws any light upon the history of the Cid is his marriage settlement, preserved at Burgos, and bearing date 1074. The long list of his possessions in land which it contains satisfactorily proves him to have been a territorial magnate of no small consequence, and the facts



that the marriage took place little more than a year after Alfonso VI. had succeeded to the crown of Castile, that the bride was the king's first-cousin, and daughter of the count of Oviedo, that the king himself appears as one of the witnesses, and that the trustees are the Counts García Ordoñez, afterwards the Cid's bitter enemy, and Pedro Asurez, members of the same family and of the *haute noblesse* of Leon, all taken together make it somewhat more than likely that the match was a political one arranged by Alfonso with the object of conciliating his newly-acquired Castilian subjects, and forming a bond between them, or at least the most powerful of them, and Leon. Furthermore, this marriage with Ximena Diaz renders still more improbable the story of an earlier marriage with another Ximena; though it is scarcely worth while to consider the probability of what is so evidently a mere creation of some ballad-maker's brain.

The next record containing anything to the purpose is the Santiago 'Genealogía de Rodrigo Diaz,' which is described as 'written in the time of St. Ferdinand,' and speaks of Sancho VII., who died in 1234, as being 'now king of Navarre.' This is simply a short account of the family of the Cid, and a summary of the chief events of his life, including his share in the wars of Sancho and Alfonso of Castile, his banishment by the latter, his victory over Berenger of Barcelona, his conquest of Valencia, and the marriages of his daughters to the count of Barcelona and the Infante Ramiro of Navarre.

Of about the same or possibly of a still earlier date is a much more important document, the curious Latin chronicle, the 'Gesta Roderici Didaci Campidocti,' which was discovered at Leon by the Padre Manuel Risco late in the last

century, and attacked with so much acrimony by Masdeu in his 'Historia critica de España.' Masdeu was an historian of that school which tries to make scepticism do the work of research, and finding the history of the Cid full of inconsistencies and improbabilities, and having neither the patience nor the learning requisite for winnowing fiction from fact, he settled the matter by the easy method of treating the whole as a myth; an example followed by Dr. Dunham in Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.' The 'Gesta,' printed in Risco's 'Castilla' in 1792, was an awkward piece of evidence, but to a man who had summarily disposed of the existence of the hero, it was a trifling matter to dispose of a document in proof of it, and he declared Risco's discovery to be a myth likewise, and the so-called 'Gesta' to be, in point of fact, a forgery, asserting that he had searched for the original in vain at Leon. The MS. however exists, and is now in the custody of the Academy of History at Madrid, but after a series of adventures which almost suggest the agency of some mischievous spirit bent on supporting Masdeu's misrepresentations. It was stolen with several other MSS. from the convent of St. Isidore at Leon, where Risco found it, and bought in 1846 from a pedlar at Lisbon by a German savant, Dr. Gotthold Heyne, who subsequently fell fighting at the barricades in Berlin in 1848. Happily, however, the energy and perseverance of Don Paseual de Gayangos succeeded in tracing its wanderings, and at length restoring to Spain a national document second in interest and value only to the Bivar MS. of the 'Poem of the Cid.' Its genuineness is beyond dispute, and also its antiquity, for it cannot have been written later than 1238, the year in which Jaime of Aragon captured Valencia, as it

speaks of Valencia being still in the possession of the Moors. It agrees on the whole with the Genealogy as to the early facts of the Cid's life. Neither of them makes any mention of the duel with the count of Gormaz or of the marriage with his daughter, or of any other of the events in the reign of Ferdinand I. which form the staple of the earlier, Cid ballads. They agree in representing the Cid as commencing his career under Sancho, and serving for the first time at the relief of Saragossa when it was besieged by Ramiro of Aragon. Neither of them contains any allusion to the oath forced upon Alfonso at Burgos, which certainly tends to cast considerable doubt on the story ; for though the poem, in its Castilian eagerness to put Alfonso in a favourable light, might suppress it, there is no reason why two matter-of-fact chroniclers should be silent about an incident so remarkable, and so pregnant with consequences to the subject of their memoirs. Both agree with the poem in attributing the Cid's banishment to the intrigues and slanders of his enemies. The chief merit of the 'Gesta' lies in the account of the Cid's doings from the time of his banishment in 1081 to his death at Valencia in 1099. The narrative itself is dry and prosaic, very different from that of the old poet, whose enthusiasm always kindles at the clash of the swords and the war-cry of the Cid ; but it is for that reason all the more trustworthy, and if it does not deserve the implicit confidence in all its statements which Huber seems to consider its due, its general agreement with Arabic testimony, in substance if not in matters of detail, makes it an authority of undeniable weight.

It would be impossible here to deal in detail with the 'bella viriliter peracta' and the various enterprises in which

the Cid engaged during this period, and for these the reader must be referred to Professor Dozy's learned and accurate work, *Le Cid, d'après de nouveaux documents*, but a slight outline will be necessary for the better comprehension of the poem and comparison of the various accounts.

When the Ommiad Caliphate fell to pieces, Mohammedan Spain resolved itself into a vast number of independent states under petty kings. At the time of the Cid one of the most powerful, or least petty, of these was Moctadir (called in the 'Gesta' 'Almuctamir,') of the Beni Hud, who ruled over a considerable territory on both sides of the Ebro, and whose chief city was Saragossa. To him the Cid betook himself, apparently after having first sought employment with the count of Barcelona, and as Moctadir, like all his neighbours, lived in a chronic state of warfare, so useful an ally received a warm welcome. If we may trust the poem, he had at this time under his command above six hundred Castilians, who had followed him across the border, knowing, as the poet says, 'that he who serves a bold captain always prospers.' Moctadir, dying shortly after, left his dominions divided between his two sons Moutamin and Mondhir, the 'Almuctamam' and 'Alfagib' of the 'Gesta.' In the ensuing war between the brothers, the Cid took the side of the elder, Moutamin, king of Saragossa, while Mondhir secured as allies the king of Aragon and the count of Barcelona. The skill and daring of the Cid gave Moutamin the victory in spite of numbers; the allies were completely defeated at Almenara near Lerida, the count of Barcelona was taken prisoner, and the troops returned to Saragossa loaded with booty. In a second campaign on the south side of the

Ebro, chiefly in the wild mountain region which forms the northern boundary of the kingdom of Valencia, and has been so often since the scene of Carlist warfare, the Cid was equally successful, defeating with great loss the king of Aragon, who had marched to the aid of his ally. At the death of Moutamin in 1085, the Cid remained in the service of his son and successor Mostain, the 'Al Muzahen' of the 'Gesta,' and in alliance with him, some two or three years later, he commenced operations against Valencia. The temptation lay in the state of anarchy which at that time reigned in the city, and which was indirectly the result of the surrender of Toledo to Alfonso VI. in 1085. One of the conditions of this famous transfer, which was much more a commercial transaction than the martial triumph history generally represents it, was that Alfonso should put Cadir, the king of Toledo, in possession of Valencia, which was, in theory at least, a dependency of Toledo. This was accomplished, against the will of the Valencians, with the aid of the Castilian troops under the command of Alvar Fanez, the Cid's cousin. But the invasion of Spain by the Almoravides under Yusof (the 'Rey Yucef' of the Poem) made every fighting man he could dispose of necessary to Alfonso, and Cadir was deprived of his Christian supporters. This was the signal for a rising against his authority, not merely in Valencia itself, but also in the outlying towns and fortresses; and encouraged by some of the insurgents, Mondhir, the uncle of Mostain, proceeded to lay siege to the city. In this strait, Cadir applied for aid to Mostain, who, with the Cid, forthwith advanced on Valencia, ostensibly to support Cadir, but in reality to secure the kingdom for himself, there being, according to Arabic authorities, an agreement between

the confederates that Mostain was to have the city and the Cid and his men the plunder.<sup>1</sup> Mondhir, however, had no mind to try conclusions with his old antagonist, and raised the siege at their approach ; and Mostain, seeing no immediate prospect of effecting an entrance into Valencia, returned to Saragossa, leaving the Cid to watch the course of events. The latter, no doubt, desired nothing better. He had some three or four thousand seasoned troopers under his command, he was in what is still the garden, the *Huerta* of Spain, and was then a far richer garden in every way than it is now, and his position as protector of the rights of the lawful sovereign invested him with a kind of authority to deal as he pleased with all whom he chose to treat as insurgents. By degrees he overran the whole region lying between the Albarracin mountains on the north and the sierras on the south that divide Valencia from Alicante, lifting spoil or levying tribute according as the inhabitants resisted or made terms. He took care at the same time to fortify and garrison certain strongholds, such as Cebolla, identified by Don Manuel Malo de Molina with the castle-crowned hill of El Puig which rises out of the plain near Murviedro, and Peña Cadiella, or Pinnacatel, which served to guard the approaches on the south.<sup>2</sup> It is needless to say it

<sup>1</sup> Ibn Bassam, however, says that Mostain's object was to place the Cid in Valencia as a barrier against the advance of Yusof's troops.

<sup>2</sup> The site of this fortress, Señor Malo de Molina thinks, can no longer be identified ; but from my own observations on the spot I feel persuaded that it is to be found on the hill to the S.W. of Albayda, on the road from Jativa to Alcoy. On the summit of the hill there are the remains of a Moorish castle of considerable extent and strength. The position agrees with all the indications afforded by the poem, the 'Gesta,' and the Chronicles ; it commands the mouth of the chief pass in the rugged sierra that separates Murcia and Alicante from Valencia ; it is

was not in the interest of his patron, King Mostain, that the Cid took these precautions. He had, in fact, marked Valencia for his own. If the Arabic historians may be believed, he admitted as much with considerable *naïveté*, saying that neither he nor any of his family had ever possessed a kingdom, and that from the first time he had seen Valencia he had felt a strong desire to repair that omission of fortune. But he was compelled for the present to mask his intentions. To Alfonso he made earnest protestations of loyalty, acknowledging himself repeatedly the king's vassal, and declaring that his object was to put his sovereign in possession of the kingdom. At the same time he was assuring Mostain of his eagerness to serve *him*, giving promises of help to Mondhir, and urging Cadir to hold the city against all comers.<sup>3</sup> In justice to the Cid, however, it should be borne in mind that patriotism pointed in the same direction as self-interest. Alfonso did not want Valencia; and, in fact, declined to take it at the Cid's death, being too prudent a general to extend his front with such an enemy as Yusof before him. The Cid, therefore, as a good Castilian, was bound to prevent Valencia from falling into the hands of one like Mostain, or Mondhir, who was sure either to lose it to the Almoravides, or to become their ally and the enemy of Christian Spain. The time for action came at last. During his temporary absence at Saragossa the Cadi Ibn Djahhaf raised a revolt against Cadir, murdered him, and opened negotiations with the Almoravides. The Cid immediately returned to Valencia,

one which the Cid could not have afforded to neglect; and, lastly, the adjoining sierra is still called the 'Sierra de Benicadel.'

<sup>3</sup> Dozy: *Le Cid, d'après de nouveaux documents*, p. 134.

and, after sundry fruitless *pourparlers*, took possession of the suburbs and proceeded to lay siege to the city. Having failed in one or two attempts to take it by assault, he set himself to reduce it by famine, and at length, on June 15, 1094, was made master of it by capitulation. The terms he is represented as having offered were liberal, indeed almost improbably liberal, but at any rate it is certain they were not kept. Ibn Djahhaf, whose person and property were to have been respected, was burned alive with several others in the market-place. Of this there can be no doubt, for besides the testimony of Arabic writers—one of them an eyewitness writing very shortly after the event—there is the admission of the Spanish Chronicles. Nor can the deed be palliated as merely vengeance for the treacherous murder of the Cid's ally Cadir, for it took place nearly a year after the surrender of the city, and even the *Cronicas* admit that the proximate cause was Ibn Djahhaf's concealment of treasure that had belonged to Cadir. In the other matters in which he broke faith, as, for example, the promised restoration to their original owners of the lands occupied by his men during the siege, he is not perhaps to blame for anything more than promising what, when the time came, he was unable to perform. He was not left undisturbed in his conquest. The Almoravides, chafing at the spectacle of Valencia under Christian rule, made more than one attempt to wrest it from him, but they were signally defeated, first at Quarte under the walls, and a year or two later in a battle fought in the Alcoy valley. His reign after all was but a brief one. He died in July 1099, after a short illness, brought on, according to Arabic authorities, by grief at the defeat of his troops by Ibn Ayicha at Alcira. His widow



Ximena, with the aid of the Bishop Jerome and Alvar Fanez, held the city for nearly three years after his death, and then, finding that the Moors pressed hard upon her, and that Alfonso was unwilling to take the burden upon himself, she and her followers withdrew, leaving Valencia behind them in flames. The embalmed body of the chieftain was borne in front; mounted on his trusty Babieca, according to his last will and testament, and once more, says the legend, the Moors fled before the face of Ruy Diaz. Then the cortége took its way across the mountains to San Pedro de Cardena, near Burgos, where for ten years the form of 'My Cid' sat enthroned beside the high altar in the monastery chapel. He had been restless in life, and restlessness has been the lot of his remains. Seven times removed since that journey from Valencia, they repose at last, a show for tourists, in a huge teacaddy at Burgos.

A few words must be given here to the other authorities illustrating the life and deeds of the Cid. The 'Cronica General de España,' the 'Cronica del Cid,' the 'Cronica Rimada,' and the ballads composing the 'Romancero del Cid,' are the chief sources from which we derive the story of the legendary, as distinguished from the historical Cid. Of these, the two first may be regarded as practically one work, for it is now generally admitted that the 'Cronica del Cid,' first printed in 1512, from a MS. found at Cardena, is nothing more than that portion of the general Chronicle of Alfonso el Sabio which refers to the Cid, extracted, corrected, and somewhat expanded, probably by some monk of San Pedro, zealous for the fame of the tutelary hero of

the monastery. There can be no doubt that it is of a considerably later date than the 'General,' and while it gives substantially the same narrative, and for the most part in precisely the same words, it corrects sundry mistakes made by the compiler of the other.<sup>4</sup> In both the Cid is represented as already distinguished in arms in the reign of Ferdinand I., and though the year of his birth is not mentioned, it is apparently on their authority that 1026 has been so generally adopted, notwithstanding that by the test of historical facts it is evidently some fifteen years too early. They give in full detail his marriage with Ximena Gomez, but ignore completely the historical marriage with Ximena Diaz, and they record as a matter of fact the interview with Lazarus, in which the Cid's future career is revealed to him. In short, this earlier portion of the Cid's history in the *Cronicas* is obviously founded on the legends with which the popular imagination had already amplified the life of the hero, and which Alfonso accepted or did not care to examine. Even in the later portions there are signs of the popular ballads having been used as materials. For example, the passage describing the administration of the oath to Alfonso VI. in Santa Gadea, has undergone scarcely any change from its original ballad form. From the period of the banishment onwards, the 'Poem of the Cid' is freely used by the chronicles, especially in the battle-scenes and descriptive and dramatic parts, in which at times whole passages of the 'Poema' appear with little more than verbal alterations. It has been questioned by some (Ticknor for instance) whether the Latin chronicle, the 'Gesta,' was made use of,

<sup>4</sup> Ticknor, *Hist. Span. Lit.* vol. i. p. 151 (ed. 1863). Dozy, *Le Cid*, &c. p. 52. Malo de Molina, *Rodrigo el Campeador*, p. xxvii.

but I think there can be little doubt that it was among the sources from which Alfonso's chronicle was compiled. The battle of Tebar, for instance, in which the Cid defeated the count of Barcelona, is recorded twice. The first time the chronicler follows closely the spirited narrative of the poem, adopting repeatedly its very words and phrases ; but farther on he describes a second battle with the count in the same locality, under the same circumstances, and with the same result, which is in fact nothing more than the battle of Tebar over again, as given in the dry colourless account in the 'Gesta.' The author of the poem places the encounter before the Cid's descent on Valencia, while the author of the 'Gesta,' with, it must be admitted, less probability, makes it occur at a later period ; and this difference in chronology, joined with the differences of detail and treatment, blinded the chronicler to the fact that the 'Poema' and the 'Gesta' were speaking of one and the same event. On the whole, however, the obligations of the *Cronicas* to the 'Gesta' are not great, probably because for the period covered by the 'Gesta' the chronicler had fuller sources of information at hand. For a long time this portion of the history of the Cid as given in the *Cronicas* was regarded with suspicion. No authority for many of its statements could be found, they were often damaging to the character of the hero, and always represented it in a light very different from that of tradition. But Conde, Gayangos, Malo de Molina, and Dozy, have placed it beyond a doubt that the chronicler had access to Arabic authorities and records, and made free use of them, softening as far as was possible the harsh lines of the picture which the Moorish annalists drew of the enemy of their race and faith. The most interesting and

remarkable of the corroborative documents is unquestionably the fragment of the Dhākhira of Ibn Bassam, discovered by Professor Dozy at Gotha in 1844. In this, written at Seville in the year 1109, only ten years after the death of the Cid, there is a long and full account, partly in the words of an eyewitness, of the siege and capitulation of Valencia, the sufferings of the inhabitants, the duplicity of the Cid, and the execution of the Cadi Ibn Djahhaf. But perhaps the part which has the greatest interest for us is that which gives a contemporary portrait of the Cid drawn from the life. When the king of Saragossa, it says, saw himself threatened by the soldiers of the Emir el Moslemin (*i.e.* Yusof), he 'set at them a Galician dog,'<sup>5</sup> one Roderic, surnamed the Canbitur. He was the scourge of the country. He had fought many battles with the petty Arab kings of the Peninsula, doing them much mischief. It was the Beni Hud who raised him out of obscurity, availing themselves of his help to execute their wicked projects, and they delivered over to him divers provinces of the Peninsula, so that he overran the plains like a conqueror, and planted his banner in the fairest cities. His power grew very great, nor was there any district that he did not ravage. I have it from one who heard him, that he said, "This Peninsula was conquered under one Roderic, but another Roderic shall deliver it." Nevertheless this man, the scourge of his time, was one of the marvels of the Lord in his love of glory, the strength of his character, and his heroic courage. Victory always followed his banner—God's curse be on him. He triumphed over the barbarians, and in various encounters en-

<sup>5</sup> With the Moors Galicia was generally the equivalent for Christian Spain.

gaged their chiefs, such as García, nicknamed "Wrymouth," the count of Barcelona, and the son of Ramiro,<sup>6</sup> putting their armies to flight and slaying their soldiers with his small band of warriors. It is said that they used to read in his presence the books of the deeds and achievements of the ancient heroes of Arabia, and that he was in ecstasies of delight when they came to the story of Mohallab.' In this rough etching from a hostile hand we get—who can doubt it?—a thousand times a clearer view of the true features of the Cid than chronicler or poet has contrived to give us; and there is something of the heroic in the portrait. The limner, who pauses to curse but cannot withhold his admiration, lets us into the secret of how it was that the Cid, an outlaw, led an army and ruled a kingdom.

The 'Cronica Rimada,' first published in 1846 by M. Francisque Michel, from a MS. discovered by Ochoa in the National Library in Paris, is a fragment of a metrical chronicle somewhat like those of Wace. The MS. is of the fifteenth century, but the composition is no doubt of earlier date. M. Dozy thinks it must have been written before 1230, in which case it would be only by a trifling degree a later production than the 'Poem of the Cid;' but both Ticknor and Duran are of a different opinion, and the former believes it

\* The sobriquet (*foum el maoudj*) given to García Ordoñez is probably of Moorish origin. Had it been current in Christian Spain it would no doubt have been freely utilised in the poem and afterwards in the *Cronicas* and ballads. The son of Ramiro (*Ibn Radmir*) was Sancho Ramirez, the second king of Aragon. The statement of *Ibn Bassam* tends to corroborate the account in the 'Gesta' of the Cid's victory over the king of Aragon in the neighbourhood of Morella (*ante*, p. 30), which, as well as the others, Masdeu treated as entirely apocryphal.

to have borrowed from the poem. But whatever its antiquity, its claims either as a poem or an historical document are but slight. As far as the Cid is concerned, and he is the principal figure in the narrative, it only deals with the mythical portion of his career in the reign of Ferdinand I., breaking off in the account of the fabulous invasion of France, which plays such a prominent part in the story of the legendary Cid.

As might be expected in a country where the feeling of the people found vent in ballads so freely as it did in Spain, a hero whose adventures appealed so strongly to the popular imagination and sympathy became before long a favourite theme with the popular minstrels. The ballads which had the Cid and his deeds for their subject formed so conspicuous a feature in the *Romanceros* and *Cancioneros* of the 16th century, that as early as 1612, Juan de Escobar found it worth while to collect and issue them separately as the '*Romancero del Cid*,' which has been succeeded by edition after edition, each adding something to the collection of its predecessor, till we come to the admirable variorum edition of Carolina Michaelis (Leipzig, 1871), containing no less than 205 ballads. The Cid ballads, however, it must be confessed, impress us 'more by their number than their light,' for they do but little towards the illustration of the Cid either as a picturesque hero of romance or as a characteristic figure of mediæval history. Southey has been accused of injustice in his estimate of this series of ballads, but no one who examines them with any degree of care will deny that his judgment is at least substantially just. Considered as a whole, and compared with the pieces belonging to the best period of Spanish ballad poetry, the Cid ballads must

be rated as poor. The first thing that strikes us is that in this large number of ballads there is not one which, considered as poetry, rises to the level of those on the Charlemagne cycle, on Bernardo del Carpio, the Infantes of Lara, or Fernan Gonzalez, not to mention ballads of a higher order like the 'Count Alarcos,' or the 'Conde Claros ;' and next we are struck by the fact that there are very few of which the antiquity is not at least doubtful. Of course comparatively modern language, or even ideas, in a ballad are no conclusive proof that it is not of ancient origin. A ballad, owing its preservation to oral transmission, not manuscript, has necessarily undergone modifications to make it intelligible to successive generations of hearers, and what comes to us is merely the shape in which it was current in the time of the first collector or editor. It is substantial, not surface anachronism of this sort, that indicates the true age of a ballad, and it is in this way that—to quote the words of M. Dozy—'la plupart de ces romances (the Cid ballads) accusent leur origine moderne.' Huber, who has analysed the group with great care, divides them into three classes. First, those which are older than the oldest collections made in the beginning of the sixteenth century ; second, those which are nothing more than versified epitomes of certain passages in the *Cronica General* or *Cronica del Cid* ; and, third, those which are rather imitations of the ballad than true ballads, and are compositions of the literary period at the end of the sixteenth and at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when ballad manufacture had been stimulated by the popularity of the *Romanceros* and *Cancioneros*. Of these classes the two last include by far the greater number of the Cid ballads. In the first, Huber can only enumerate thirty-seven, and of these

several are doubtful, as, for instance, 'Guarte, guarte, Rey Don Sancho,' and 'De Zamora sale Dolfos,' which Ticknor considers to have been taken from the Cronica; and 'No me culpedes,' 'Non es de sesudos homes,' 'Cabalga Diego Lainez,' and others, which Don Antonio Alcalá-Galiano shows in the notes to Depping's 'Romancero Castellano' to be more modern than they at first sight seem to be. I have already referred to the anti-royalist spirit that pervades the Cid ballads as a whole, and their tendency to make the Cid a mouthpiece for democratic sentiments, and put him forward as the type of resistance to the sovereign. Another characteristic to be noticed is a certain tendency to vulgarise and degrade tradition down to the level of the popular taste. The ballad version of the adventure with the lion at Valencia is an illustration of this. In the 'Poem of the Cid,' so far as we know, the earliest source of the legend, the Infantes of Carrion are represented as taking refuge, one under the Cid's couch, the other upon the beam of a wine-press in the courtyard. The ballad-maker, not content with this, improves the occasion with a coarse jest in the one case, and in the other by substituting for the wine-press 'un lugar asaz deshonesto y perfumado.'

It will be seen that the 'Poem of the Cid' occupies in some measure a middle place between the romantic and the historical accounts of the hero. The foundation which the poet has laid down is historical, but the superstructure he has raised upon it is either a creation of his own, or, more probably, a fabric constructed out of legends which had already grown up round the memory of the Cid. In that part which refers to the great achievement of the Cid's life, the invasion of the Valencian territory and capture and



occupation of the city, he hurries somewhat rapidly over the ground, evidently eager to get to his main subject, the Infantes of Carrion and the Cid's triumph over them. But though hasty, the account agrees in all important points with the 'Gesta' and the Moorish authorities. It is at variance with the former as to the time of the battle of Tebar, and it puts Murviedro among the Cid's earliest conquests, whereas he did not become master of it until some time after the fall of Valencia. It describes Valencia as surrendering under pressure of famine, and not taken by assault, as the other authorities represent it; but here the poet is right and the chroniclers, Spanish and Moorish, are wrong, for the contemporary narrative of Ibn Bassam corroborates the passage of the poem where the situation is, in a few simple words, painted with the force and pathos of a Greek dramatist. In the account of the battles which took place after the occupation of the city, the poet avails himself a little of the licence of his order. In the first, fought soon after the arrival of Ximena and her daughters, the Moors are said to have been commanded by Yusof himself, the great leader of the Almoravides; and in the second, by his cousin Abu Bekr (Rey Bucar). The first statement is certainly, and the second most probably, a misrepresentation of facts.<sup>7</sup> At any rate it is certain that Abu Bekr did not fall under the Cid's hand, as the poem says, and that the battle was not fought close under the walls of Valencia, but beyond the mountains to the south,

<sup>7</sup> Dozy and Malo de Molina are of opinion, and apparently with good reason, that in both attempts to recover Valencia from the Cid the Almoravides were commanded by Mohammed Ibn Ayicha, the nephew of Yusof.

between Alcoy and Gandía. It is remarkable, however, that the poem stands alone in its account of the Cid's doings immediately after his banishment, his first exploits on Moorish soil, the capture of Castejon, and the brilliant victory at Alcocer. The *Cronicas*, it is true, adopt, as they generally do, the narrative of the poem; but the 'Gesta' and the Moorish authorities are silent as regards any battles by the Cid previous to his arrival at Saragossa. The explanation probably is that these affairs were regarded as mere free-booting raids not worth mentioning (indeed, in the 'Gesta' it is expressly said that the campaigns of Roderic and his soldiers '*non sunt omnia scripta in hoc libro*'); for the narrative in the poem is too circumstantial, and too accurate in all its geographical and topographical details, to have had no more solid foundation than popular or individual invention.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> It would be easy to give instances illustrating the topographical accuracy of the poem: one, however, may be mentioned, as Damas Hinard, Huber, and others are mistaken in their identification of the spot referred to. The 'Poyo de Myo Cid' is described (l. 863) as a lofty hill above Monreal on which the Cid established himself, and from which he levied tribute on 'Daroca behind, Molina on the other side, and Teruel farther on.' There is no 'Poyo del Cid' marked on the maps, but near Montalvan there is a 'Peña del Cid,' which Huber somewhat hastily assumed to be the place meant, an assumption which led him to substitute Montalvan for Monreal in his edition of the *Cronica*. The correction was an unnecessary one, for there, on the road from Daroca to Teruel, stands the Poyo for all men to see, a conical hill rising some 500 feet above the river Jiloca, within a mile or two of Monreal, and an easy day's march of each of the three places mentioned in the poem. On the summit there are remains of a rude fortification surrounded by a trench, but whether these be relics of the occupation by the Cid and his men, there can be no doubt that this is the spot to which the poet refers. In his time, he tells us, the hill was

The Cid himself, too, as he appears in the poem, is a character intermediate between the Cid of romance and the Cid of history ; though of the two he is far more like the grim guerrillero that Ibn Bassam describes, than the melodramatic figure that pervades the ballads. The poet certainly makes no mention of the acts of cruelty or bad faith charged against the Cid on his occupation of Valencia, but it is not likely that he was restrained by any feeling that they were discreditable to his hero. To anyone about to write a history of morals, the 'Poem of the Cid' may be recommended as a curious study illustrating the peculiar morality of the Middle Ages. The poet, who boasts that no perfidy was ever found in his hero, represents him as pledging for six hundred marks two chests filled with sand, which he declared to be filled with gold. He is made to lament the necessity which drove him ; but afterwards, when he is in funds, and sending lavish gifts to the king and to the monastery of San Pedro, he never troubles himself about repaying his swindled creditors, and all the comfort his messenger Alvar Fanez gives them is that perhaps the Cid will see about it. The poet seems to look upon this as simply legitimate spoiling of the Egyptians. It is instructive to note the improvement in morality at a later period when the Cronica and the ballads come to deal with the legend, and Alvar Fanez is represented as not only refunding

called, by Moors as well as Christians, 'El poyo de Myo Cid.' That title has disappeared, but the village on the slope of the hill still preserves the name of El Poyo, and the height itself is called the 'Cerro of El Poyo'—the hill of the hill ; for 'poyo' of course is the old Spanish equivalent of the French 'puy,' as in Puy de Dôme, Puy de Sancy, &c.

scrupulously, but also apologising humbly for the cheat of the chests—‘*el engaño de las arcas.*’<sup>9</sup>

Nor does the Cid show to much greater advantage, at least according to modern ideas, in the cortes at Toledo, when he deludes his sons-in-law into the notion that his only object is the recovery of his property. In fact, if the poem is to be relied on, it would seem that craft and cunning, so far from being reckoned unheroic in the Middle Ages, were esteemed, as they are by the Red Indians, admirable virtues in a hero.

It is not easy to say whether the abject loyalty to the sovereign which the poem attributes to the Cid is to be regarded as characteristic of the age, or merely as the expression of the political bias of the poet ; but it is, at any rate, a very remarkable point of difference between the earlier and the later portraits of the hero.

But what, above all, distinguishes the ‘Poem of the Cid’ from the ballads, and not only from them, but from all the early narrative poetry with which it can be properly compared, is the strong human interest pervading it, and the lifelike individuality of its portraiture. Nowhere, indeed, except in Homer, until we come to comparatively modern literature, do we find a group of figures so natural, so real, so ‘*wirkliche menschen mit fleisch und blut,*’ to borrow the forcible words of Ferdinand Wolf, as that of the Cid and his comrades as they stand before us, drawn with unconscious art in the lines of the old Castilian poet. The Cid

<sup>9</sup> There is something very sophistical in the gloss of the ballad—

‘*Quedó soterrado en ella  
El oro de mi verdad—*’

‘The gold of my truth lay buried there.’

himself is no mere embodiment of heroic qualities, no mere personification of exalted valour combined with muscle. There is something very human in the portrait presented to us, even in the first glimpse we get of the tough warrior moved to tears as he stands before his wrecked homestead ; and all through the poem we see the tender-hearted husband and father, from whose thoughts his wife and children are never absent, in all his schemes of ambition and cares and anxieties. Very naïve and natural is his pride in having them for spectators as he goes to battle, and his belief that they have brought him good luck ; and not less so is his satisfaction when the sons-in-law, of whom he has such sore misgivings, acquit themselves creditably in the tilting field, and when by the good-natured deceit of Pero Bermuez he is led to believe that they are not wanting in courage. Of a very different stamp is his lieutenant, Alvar Fanez, his 'right arm,' *diestro brazo*, as he calls him—the very type of the practical soldier of fortune whose whole soul is in his trade. And then Pero Bermuez, 'Pero Mudo, Dumb Peter,' slow in speech, hot in blood—it is hard to say whether it would be more pleasant to believe in him as an historical personage, or to regard him simply as a creation of the old romancer's brain, and thus a kind of ancestor of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Except in one passage in the *Cronica Rimada* we have no record of his existence save what is evidently based upon the poem ; but, fact or fiction, he is equally delightful from the first time we make his acquaintance, when the Cid gives him the standard at Alcocer. Most men would have said something about being faithful to the trust ; but Pero was not the one to waste time in unnecessary talk, with a battle toward and

the enemy at the gate. He 'kissed the Champion's hand and took the standard.' Characteristic, too, is his silence on the poltroonery of Ferrando Gonzalez, until the moment comes for breaking it with effect in his one speech (the best in the debate) at the cortes of Toledo. An artistic unity like this could hardly come out of a mere congeries of ballads by different hands, such as Tapia believed the 'Poem of the Cid' to be. Nor should we overlook stout Bishop Jerome, the analogue of the Archbishop Turpin in the 'Chanson de Roland,' who comes from the East, that he may do honour to his order and his hand by slaying a Moor or two—'algun moro.' Sir Walter Scott is said to have regretted that he did not become acquainted with the 'Civil Wars of Granada' in time to enable him to make Spain the scene of one of his tales. Few, I imagine, will read the 'Poem of the Cid' without a feeling of regret of the same sort regarding it. If the melodramatic romance of Hita could have stimulated the novelist's imagination, how much more would the vigorous life and vivid realism of the poem have stirred one whose sympathies with the Middle Ages were like those of Scott. His own beloved borderland could not have furnished a subject fitter for his hand than the outlawed Castilian noble, half bandit half monarch, nor his favourite chroniclers a more suggestive figure than the stately Ximena. It needs no great effort of fancy to see the development of the fighting bishop of Valencia; or how the outline of Pero Bermuez might have grown into a portrait worthy of a place in that gallery which will continue to delight young and old as long as the English language lasts. Certainly he would have found no lack of scenes and incidents such as his soul loved. Indeed, at times the very

spirit of Scott seems to be speaking to us in the voice of the old Castilian.<sup>1</sup>

But books which have not been written open even a wider and more unprofitable field for speculation than events which have never happened. As sententious Tom Cecial says to Sancho Panza : ‘Pues tenemos hogazas no busquemos tortas,’—‘Having loaves, let us not hanker after cakes.’ From what we might have had let us turn to what we have.

<sup>1</sup> Compare, for instance, the Cid before the battle of Tebar—

‘Ciento cavalleros devemos vencer aquellas mesnadas—

with Roland Cheyne before the battle of Harlaw—

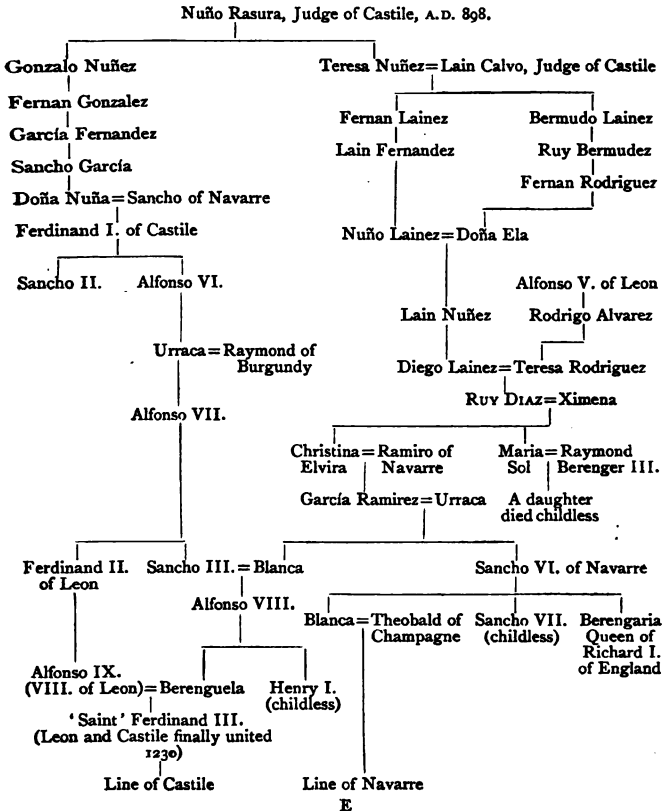
‘If they hae twenty thousand blades,  
And we twice ten times ten,  
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,  
And we are mail-clad men.

*Vide p. 82.*

## APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

## I.

## ANCESTORS AND DESCENDANTS OF THE CID.





The only issue of the marriage of the Cid's daughter Maria with Raymond Berenger III. was a daughter who died childless. By the marriage of Blanca, daughter of Alphonso VIII., to Louis VIII. of France, the blood of the Cid passed into the French line. The Bourbons inherited it by two channels, through Blanca the mother of St. Louis, and through Joanna, heiress of Navarre and mother of Henri IV. ; and thus the line of the Cid is continued on the Spanish throne in the person of Alphonso XII. It passed into the House of Hapsburg through Ferdinand, the brother of Charles V., and it was brought into our own Royal Family by Eleanor of Castile, in whose great-grandson, the Black Prince, it showed itself again on Spanish soil at Najera, a battle fought and won thoroughly in the style of the Cid.

According to the Santiago Genealogía and the *Cronicas* the Cid had also a son, Diego, who was slain, a mere child, at the battle of Consuegra in 1081, but the assertion is not supported by anything with a semblance to evidence. It is also stated by Rodrigo Mendez Sylva, and in the notes to the 'Poema del Cid,' in the *Biblioteca de Autores españoles*, that the Cid's daughter Maria was, before her marriage to Raymond Berenger, married to the Infante Pedro of Aragon. This is an error due to the poem. The Infante Pedro, only son of Pedro I. of Aragon, the Cid's ally, died in early childhood.

The termination *ez*, *az*, or *iz*, recurring so frequently in the above table, and in all collections of Spanish names, is merely the sign of the patronymic. Rodrigo (or Ruy) Diaz is simply Roderick the son of Diego, as the latter was Diego Lainez, or James the son of Lain. The Cid's wife is Ximena Diaz, the daughter of Diego, and his son, if he had one, would have been Diego Rodriguez, or Ruiz. But in process of time it came occasionally to indicate a family, like our corresponding termination in such cases as Roberts, Williams, Matthews, &c.

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## II.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE AND TIME OF  
THE CID.

1040. (*circa*) Ruy Diaz born at Bivar near Burgos.
1063. Expedition of Sancho to Saragossa.
1064. First mention of Ruy Diaz in a charter of Ferdinand I.
- 1065-70. Wars of Sancho II. with Aragon, Navarre, and Galicia.
1071. Battle of Llantada : Alfonso taken prisoner and banished to Toledo.
1072. Siege of Zamora : Sancho II. slain by Vellido Dolfos.
1073. Alfonso VI. King of Castile, Leon, and Galicia.
1074. Marriage of the Cid to Ximena, daughter of Diego, Count of Oviedo.
1079. (?) Battle at Cabra in Andalusia : García Ordoñez taken prisoner by the Cid.
- 1080-1. Banishment of the Cid.
1082. Battle at Almenara : the Count of Barcelona taken prisoner.
1084. Campaign in the mountains south of the Ebro.
1085. Surrender of Toledo to Alfonso VI.
1086. Invasion of the Almoravides under Yusof : battle of Zalaca.
1088. Incursion of the Cid into Valencian territory.
1090. Battle of Tebar : Berenger Raymond taken prisoner. (According to the poem the battle was fought a couple of years earlier.)
1092. Forays in Valencian territory ; occupation of Peña Cadella, or Pinnacatel.
1093. Occupation of Cebolla (El Puig).
1094. Capitulation of Valencia.
1095. Battle of Quarte ; the Almoravides defeated.
1096. The Cid in alliance with Pedro I. of Aragon.
1097. Battle near Gandía ; the Almoravides defeated.

1098. Murviedro taken. (According to the poem taken before Valencia.)  
 1099. Defeat of the Cid's troops at Alcira ; death of the Cid in July.  
 1102. Evacuation of Valencia by Ximena and the Cid's followers.

## III.

## THE TITLES OF THE CID.

'Mio Cid,' the title under which Ruy Diaz is most frequently mentioned, is nothing more than a half Arabic half Spanish rendering of سیدی, Sid-y = 'My Lord,' and there can be no doubt it was originally given to him by his Mohammedan subjects in Valencia, though it is never applied to him in any of the Arabic documents in which he is mentioned. It seems, however, to have been in vogue in Christian Spain at a comparatively early period, for in a Latin poem, written little more than half a century after his death, he is described as

Ipse Rodericus, mio Cid semper vocatus.

The origin of 'Campeador' is not so obvious. M. Dozy inclines to the explanation given in another old Latin poem,—

Hoc fuit primum singulare bellum,  
 Cum adolescens devicit Navarrum ;  
 Hinc Campidoctor dictus est maiorum  
 Ore virorum,

and holds that a 'campeador' was one who in Oriental fashion challenged a warrior of the enemy to single combat in the presence of the two armies. The title may therefore be roughly translated 'champion.' But, as M. Dozy points out, it has nothing to do with 'campus,' its root being the same as that of the German 'kampf.' This, curiously enough, is the name by which the Cid is always described by the Moorish authorities,

while the Spaniards show a decided preference for the Arabic title. In the Moorish accounts of Valencia he is always called Rodric el-Canbitur (الكنيطور); but sometimes written with the 3̣ instead of ك); and it is generally added, 'God's curse be on him.'

Besides these, he bears a variety of epithets in the poem, to the frequent use of which it owes some of its Homeric flavour. The commonest are 'El que en buen ora násco,'—'He that was born in a good hour,' and 'He that girt on his sword in a good hour;' but he is also called 'The good one of Bivar,' 'The Castilian,' 'The conqueror of Valencia,' 'The fighter'—'El lidiador,' 'The perfect one'—'El caboso,' 'The bonny beard'—'Barba belida,' and so forth. It is worth notice that he is only once or twice called *The Cid*.

The name of Roderic or Ruy he apparently derived from his maternal grandfather, Rodrigo Alvarez, said by some to have been an illegitimate son of Alfonso V. of Leon.

The design on the title-page, copied from the tomb at San Pedro de Cardeña, shows the arms attributed to the Cid. The crossed swords represent Colada and Tizon; the field vert enclosed in a chain is emblematic of his conquest of Valencia while under sentence of banishment; and the suspended cross is copied from that which, according to tradition, he wore in battle, and which contained a piece of the true cross in the central ornament. It is hardly necessary to say that these arms were never borne by Ruy Diaz, and are probably the invention of Alfonso X. 'el Sabio,' who erected the tomb in 1272. A device of some sort, such as the Bishop Jerome means when he speaks of 'armas de señal,' may have been usual, but arms, properly so called, did not come into use in Spain until more than a century after the Cid's time.

## IV.

## STRUCTURE AND VERSIFICATION OF THE POEM.

UNTIL—what is now scarcely to be hoped for—another ancient MS. of the Poem of the Cid be discovered, the Bivar Codex must remain the sole authority for the text, and unfortunately Per Abbat, or whoever was the penman, does not seem to have been a very careful or skilful transcriber. Of printed texts there are, first, that of Sanchez (Madrid, 1779), which contains many inaccuracies, not, apparently, due to carelessness, but rather to want of practice in deciphering old writing. Secondly, M. Damas Hinard's (Paris, 1858), which follows Sanchez, correcting conjecturally, and sometimes happily, many of his errors. And, lastly, that printed in vol. 57 of the *Biblioteca de Autores españoles* (Madrid, 1864), under the care of Don Florencio Janer and the Marqués de Pidal, which reproduces scrupulously the text of the Bivar MS., now in the possession of the last-named distinguished Spanish scholar. A critical text, however, or at least one which, without yielding to the temptations of conjectural emendation, would rectify the obvious corruptions of copyist or reciter, is still a desideratum. It would, at any rate, remove much of the ruggedness and irregularity of versification, and a good deal of the confusion and obscurity due to the repetition, transposition, or misplacement of lines, which are so common in the Poem of the Cid as we now have it.

The Bivar MS. is, unfortunately, imperfect. It wants the beginning, and also a leaf, or about fifty lines, in the middle of the poem. The missing leaf is, however, in a measure supplied by a later passage; and, as the subject of the poem is obviously not the Cid's life, but his triumph over his enemies, in all probability not much has been lost at the beginning; nothing more, perhaps, than the story of the cabal against him in the court, which is alluded to more than once, his fall from favour, and the sack of his castle of Bivar, which the poem seems to suggest was an act of personal vengeance on the part of his enemies.

As it stands the poem contains 3,735 lines, and is divided into two 'cantares' or 'fits,' being of course much too long for recitation without a break. This division, which has been cited as a proof that the poem is nothing more than a congeries of ballads loosely strung together, is, in fact, a strong proof that, whatever may have been the original materials, what we have before us is an individual work constructed throughout in accordance with a design. Nothing could be more artistic than the way in which the division is managed; the first part leaving the Cid master of Valencia, reconciled to the king, and content with the brilliant marriages his daughters have made, but not without an intimation of an impending shock to his contentment; the second opening dramatically with the adventure of the lion, which was the cause of the vengeance and final discomfiture of the Counts of Carrion. A string of independent ballads could never produce a symmetrical and coherent result like this. Another division has been supposed to be indicated in an earlier portion of the poem; but as I have said in a note on the passage, the context shows that the word 'gesta,' on which the supposition is founded, is there used in the original sense of 'achievement,' not in the secondary meaning of 'tale' or 'story.'

The poetry of the period to which 'The Cid' belongs may be considered as divided into two schools, one making form its primary object, the other treating it as altogether secondary. The first was the school of the 'langue d'oc,' of the troubadours, from which in process of time came the sonnet, the sestina, the rondel, the villanelle, and the various elaborate shapes poetic art assumes when it expends itself on the envelope rather than on the thought enveloped. The second was that of the narrative and epic minstrels with whom versification and rhyme were but means to an end, the end being to secure the sympathy of their audience with the tale, deed, or hero they presented to it. The Poem of the Cid is of this school and on this principle. The poet acknowledges poetic law, but his allegiance sits light upon him; he casts it off whenever he finds it irksome, 'numerisque fertur lege solutis,' a fitting bard for the lay of a free-lance. He does not entirely break loose from the 'troublesome and modern bondage of rhiming,' as Milton called it, but when the consonant rhyme proves 'a vexation, hindrance, and constraint,' he betakes

himself to the easier assonant—the rhyme in which the consonants are disregarded and the accented vowels alone have power ; and throughout the poem these two struggle for the mastery. In the first twenty lines, which are appended as a specimen of the original, the reader will perceive that the assonant rhyme prevails, as it does on the whole, but not, however, to such an extent as to make its prevalence a characteristic of the poem. This struggle of rhymes in the oldest piece of Spanish poetry in existence is interesting in its bearing on the nature and origin of the assonant rhyme which is so conspicuous a feature in the popular poetry of Spain. Ticknor, however, is not quite correct in saying that this rhyme ‘may be claimed to have its origin in Spain,’ for it is to be found in the ‘Chanson de Roland,’ which is probably at least half a century earlier than the Poem of the Cid, and in other early French works, such as the ‘Lay of the Loherains’ and ‘Aucassin and Nicolette.’ Nor can it be said to be a characteristic of Spanish poetry in general. It very rarely occurs in the verses of any of the old poets of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, from Gonzalo de Berceo and the archpriest of Hita down to the Marquis of Santillana and Juan de Mena ; and of course it was not employed by the poets of the Italian school, Garcilaso, Boscan, Mendoza, Francisco de la Torre, or the Argensolas. The only recognised poets who had recourse to it were those who, like Lope, Gongora, and Quevedo, occasionally adopted the ballad measures, and wrote in distinct imitation of the old national ballads ; and its employment, in short, is practically confined to popular poetry and to imitations of it in the ballad form or in the drama. There can be no doubt it had its origin in the recitative of the primitive minstrels, in which the assonant rhyme, however imperfect to the ear or eye of a reader, would be just as effective as the consonant ; and which, moreover, in the early narrative poetry of the Romance languages, seems to have been mostly a monorhymic chant, the same rhyme or assonance being generally carried on to the end of the division corresponding with the paragraph in prose, so that a considerable licence in rhyming would be often unavoidable. This structure is apparent throughout the Poem of the Cid, though not nearly so well defined there as in the ‘Chanson de Roland.’

In metre the poem is even more lawless than in rhyme. It almost seems at first sight to obey no metrical rule whatever. The lines vary in length in a most arbitrary manner, ranging from ten syllables to twenty. Some, however, of this irregularity is, as I have already said, due to the transcriber. In the appended specimen, for instance, there can be little doubt that line sixteen should end with 'levava,' and it is possible that in line six the unnecessary 'grandes' may be a mere penman's interpolation. At any rate there are abundant proofs on almost every page that addition, subtraction, and division have been at work upon the lines. What we may call the standard line, that which the poet would have adhered to if it had been his humour to observe metrical uniformity, is one of fifteen syllables, with a cæsural pause at the eighth: an octameter catalectic, in short; and iambic, while the ballads and popular poetry are always trochaic. To an English ear it will be best represented, perhaps, by the metre of the once popular song—

A cap|tain bold | of Ha|lifax | who lived | in coun|try quar|ters,

which is exactly the same as that of—

De los | sos oi|os tan | fuer|te-mi|entre | loran|do  
Torna|va la | cabe|ça e | esta|ba-los | catan|do.<sup>1</sup>

But the incomplete foot at the end is not, of course, *de rigueur*, and the line may be, and repeatedly is, the simple fourteen-syllable iambic which I have used in translation. The measure deserves notice because it is that in which the great bulk of the Spanish poetry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is written. In the compositions which succeed the Poem of the Cid, however, it is employed in a manner which argues a considerable advance in poetic art. In these the lines are arranged in quatrains with a single rhyme, a structure which the author of the long poem of 'Apollonius,' written in the thirteenth century, calls significantly the 'nueva maestría.' But a specimen of this 'new mastery' will give a better idea of its form.

<sup>1</sup> The *i* in 'oios' of course stands for the guttural *j*, representing the *c* in 'oculus.'



Quiero fer una prosa en roman paladino,  
 En qual suele el pueblo hablar a su veçino,  
 Ca non so tan letrado por fer otro latino,  
 Bien valdrá, commo creo, un vaso de bon vino.

Or—freely translated and imitated—

I mean to tell a homely tale, a commonplace narration  
 Told in the tongue the people use in common conversation,  
 But though I am not clerk enough to try latinization,  
 A cup of wine it merits if it gives you recreation.

Volume 57 of the *Biblioteca de Autores españoles* contains about 11,000 of these quatrains, written between 1250 and 1400. The specimen quoted above is from the beginning of the 'Life of St. Domingo de Silos' by Gonzalo de Berceo, already referred to (Int. p. 11), who died about the year 1270. The difference in structure as well as in language between it and the Poem of the Cid will be apparent even to the eye, and were no other evidence forthcoming would suffice to establish approximately the period to which the composition of the latter must belong.

De los sos oios tan fuerte-mientre lorando  
 Tornaua la cabeça e estaua-los catando.  
 Vió puertas abiertas e vços sin cannados,  
 Alcandaras uazias sin pielles e sin mantos,  
 E sin falcones e sin adtores mudados.  
 Sospiró Myo Cid ca mucho auie grandes cuydados.  
 Ffabló Myo Cid bien e tan mesurado :  
 Grado a ti sennor padre que estas en alto,  
 Esto me an buelto myos enemigos malos.  
 Allí pienssan de aguiiar, allí sueltan las riendas :  
 A la exida de Biuar ouieron la corneia diestra,  
 E entrando a Burgos ouieron la siniestra.  
 Meció Myo Cid los ombros e engrameó la tiesta :  
 Albricia Albar Ffanez ca echados somos de tierra.  
 Myo Cid Ruy Diaz por Burgos entraua.  
 En su companna LX pendones leuaua : exien-lo  
 ver mugieres e uarones.

Burgeses e burgesas por las finiestras son puestos,  
 Plorando de los oios, tanto auyen el dolor.  
 De las sus bocas todos dizian una razon :  
 Dios, que buen vassallo si ouiesse buen sennor !

As I have given the original text, I may as well add a verbatim translation, which will enable the reader to judge how far the exigences of verse enforce a departure from strict literality :

From his eyes thus sorely weeping,  
 He turned his head and stood gazing at them.  
 He saw open doors and coffers without padlocks,  
 The racks<sup>2</sup> empty, without fur robes and without mantles,  
 And without falcons and without hawks in mew.  
 My Cid sighed, for very great grief had he.  
 My Cid spoke well and very measuredly.  
 ' Thanks to thee, Lord Father, who art on high,  
 This turn mine evil enemies have done me.'  
 Then they resolve to give the spur, then they slacken rein :  
 At the going forth from Bivar they had the crow on the right,  
 And entering Burgos they had it on the left.  
 My Cid shrugged his shoulders and raised his head,  
 ' A guerdon for good news ! Alvar Fanez, for we are cast  
 forth from the land.'  
 My Cid Ruy Diaz entered into Burgos.  
 In his company he carried sixty pennons : women and men  
 go forth to see it.  
 The townfolk, men and women, are posted at their windows,  
 Weeping from their eyes, such sorrow had they.  
 From their mouths all spoke one sentiment :  
 ' God ! what a good vassal if he had a good lord !'

<sup>2</sup> The same word, ' Alcantaras,' serves for the racks or pegs used for hanging up garments in the hall, as well as for the perches on which the hawks were kept.



POEM OF THE CID.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain.—*Twelfth Night*.

## POEM OF THE CID.

WITH tearful eyes he turned to gaze upon the wreck behind :  
His rifled coffers, bursten gates, all open to the wind :  
Nor mantle left, nor robe of fur ; stript bare his castle hall :  
Nor hawk nor falcon in the mew, the perches empty all.  
Then forth in sorrow went my Cid, and a deep sigh  
sighed he ;

Yet with a measured voice, and calm, my Cid spake loftily—  
' I thank thee God our Father, thou that dwellest upon high,  
I suffer cruel wrong to-day, but of mine enemy.'

As they came riding from Bivar <sup>1</sup> the crow was on the right,  
By Burgos gate, upon the left, the crow was there in sight.<sup>2</sup>  
My Cid he shrugged his shoulders and he lifted up his  
head :

' Good tidings ! Alvar Fanez ;<sup>3</sup> we are banished men !' he  
said.

<sup>1</sup> Bivar, now a small hamlet about three miles to the north of Burgos, on the Santander road. A few stones near the river are said to mark the site of the Cid's castle.

<sup>2</sup> The Cid's belief in augury is more than once alluded to in the poem, and he is taunted with it in a letter from the Count of Barcelona quoted in the *Gesta*. It seems, however, to have been common in Spain at the time, for in the *Cento Novelle Antiche* Messer Imberal del Balzo is described as much given to augury 'a guisa spagnuola.'

<sup>3</sup> Albricia (Arabic, Al-baschara), a fee claimed by the bringer of

With sixty lances in his train my Cid rode up the town,  
The burghers and their dames from all the windows looking  
down ;

And there were tears in every eye, and on each lip one  
word :

‘ A worthy vassal—would to God he served a worthy lord !’  
Fain would they shelter him, but none durst yield to his  
desire.

Great was the fear through Burgos town of King Alfonso’s  
ire.

Sealed with his royal seal hath come his letter to forbid  
All men to offer harbourage or succour to my Cid.

And he that dared to disobey, well did he know the cost—  
His goods, his eyes, stood forfeited, his soul and body lost.

A hard and grievous word was that to men of Christian  
race ;

And, since they might not greet my Cid, they hid them  
from his face.

He rode to his own mansion gates ;<sup>4</sup> shut firm and fast they  
were,

Such the king’s rigour, save by force, he might not enter  
there ;

And loudly though his henchmen call, within no sound is  
heard,

No answer to their call ; my Cid up to the threshold spurred,

news. Alvar Fanez (or Fernandez), son of Fernan Lainez, was the  
Cid’s cousin, and next to him the most distinguished warrior of the  
time in Moorish warfare ; and as such is celebrated in the old poem on  
the taking of Almería.

<sup>4</sup> The Cid’s town house (su posada) was in the Calle Alta near the  
Arco de San Martin. The site is marked by three pillars of modern  
date.

His foot from out the stirrup raised and on the door smote  
hard :

It yielded not beneath the stroke, 'twas stout and strongly  
barred :

But from a chamber window high a damsel's voice im-  
plored :

' O thou that in a happy hour didst gird thee with the sword,  
It is the order of the king ; we dare not, O my lord !

Sealed with his royal seal hath come his letter to forbid

The Burgos folk to open door, or shelter thee, my Cid.

Our goods, our homes, our very eyes, in this are all at stake ;  
And small the gain to thee, though we meet ruin for thy  
sake.

Go, and God prosper thee in all that thou dost undertake.'  
So spake the little damsel, and she hurried from the place.  
Then knew my Cid no hope was left of King Alfonso's  
grace.

And turning away he spurred on through Burgos to Santa Maria, and passing through the gate he halted beside the Arlanzon, and my Cid Ruy Diaz, he who girt on the sword in a good hour, with a goodly company around him, pitched his tent there in the Glera,<sup>5</sup> as if he were on a mountain-side, since there was no house open to him. Moreover, he was forbidden to buy food of any sort in Burgos, nor durst any man sell him a farthing's-worth. But Martin Antolinez, the worthy Burgalese, brought them bread and wine of his own, and my Cid and his men were refreshed. And said Martin Antolinez, 'Campeador, born in a good hour, we must go forth this night, for I shall be held to account, and earn the wrath of King Alfonso, because I have served you. But if I escape safe with you, sooner or later the king will be glad to have me for a friend ; if not, I care not

<sup>5</sup> The Glera is the gravelly plain to the east of Burgos, through which the Arlanzon river flows.



a fig for what I leave behind.' Said my Cid, 'Martin Antolinez, a stout lance art thou ; if I live I will repay thee double ; but my gold and silver are spent ; money have I none, and I need it for my troop, and have it I must ; for nothing is obtained for nothing. With your help I will make two chests, and we will fill them with sand, so that they be heavy, and they shall be covered with red leather and studded with gilt nails,<sup>6</sup> and thou shalt go to Rachel and Vidas, and say that I cannot carry with me my treasure, for it is very weighty, and that I would pawn it for what may be reasonable. I call God and all his Saints to witness, that I cannot help this, and do it against my will.' And Martin Antolinez without delay passed through Burgos and entered the castle and sought out Rachel and Vidas. And Rachel and Vidas were together, counting their wealth and profits. In friendly fashion Martin Antolinez came to them : ' Rachel and Vidas, my dear friends, give me your hands that ye will not discover me to Christian or to Moor. I am come to make you rich for ever with no risk of loss. The Campeador has levied much tribute, and has carried away great and rich treasure, on account of which he has been accused. He has two chests full of fine gold. These he cannot carry with him unseen, and he would leave them in your hands if ye will lend him what money may be reasonable, and put the chests in your place of safety,<sup>7</sup> swearing and pledging yourselves both that ye will not look into them for this year to come.' Rachel and Vidas consulted together. ' We must seek profit by every means. We know well he has wealth : what rich treasure he took when he entered the lands of the Moors. He who has money sleeps not without care. We will take these chests and put them where they shall not be seen ; but tell us what will content the Cid, and what interest will he give us for the year ?' Said Martin Antolinez in friendly fashion, ' My Cid desires what is reasonable, and asks little for leaving his treasure in your hands. Needy men are gathering to him from all sides.

<sup>6</sup> One of these chests, long since stripped of its red leather and gilt nails, is still seen, or, to use a safer word, shown, in the sacristy of Burgos Cathedral.

<sup>7</sup> Literally, 'in your safe'—'en vuestro salvo.'

He requires six hundred marks.' Said Rachel and Vidas, 'We will give them willingly.' Said Martin, 'Night is coming on, and my Cid is pressed: we would that ye give us the marks.' 'But,' said Rachel and Vidas, 'business is not done thus; but by first taking and then giving.' 'Good,' said Martin Antolinez, 'let us all three to the Campeador, and we will help you to carry the chests and put them in your place of safety, so that neither Moor nor Christian may know.' With that they betook themselves to the tent of the Campeador, and they kissed his hands, and my Cid said smiling, 'Don Rachel and Vidas, ye have forgotten me. I am exiled now, and under the wrath of the king, but ye will have somewhat of my substance, and while ye live ye shall never suffer loss.' Then Martin Antolinez set forth the agreement that they should give him six hundred marks on those chests, and keep them safely till the end of the year, and pledge themselves by oath not to look into them meanwhile; else that they should be forsworn, and that my Cid should not give them a farthing of the interest. Then said Martin Antolinez, 'Take up the chests and carry them away, and I will go with you to bring back the marks, for my Cid has to march before the cock crows.' You might see how glad they were when they came to move the chests. They were not able to hoist them on their shoulders, strong as they were. And in the palace they spread a carpet, and over it a sheet of white linen, whereon they paid down three hundred marks in silver and other three hundred in gold. And Don Martin counted them, taking them without weighing, and with them he loaded five squires he had with him. This done, he said, 'Now, Don Rachel and Vidas, that the chests are in your hands, I who have brought you this gain have fairly earned breeches.' And Rachel and Vidas said between themselves, 'Let us give him a good gift, for it was he who sought us out.' 'You deserve something,' they said, 'and we will give you wherewithal you may get breeches and a fur robe and a fair mantle; we will give you thirty marks; you have earned them, and it is reasonable, and you will testify to what we have agreed.' Don Martin received the marks with thanks and took his leave, glad to quit the house; and passed through Burgos and across the Arlanzon, and came to the tent of the Cid, who received him with open arms.

‘Campeador,’ he said, ‘I bring good tidings. You have gained six hundred marks and I thirty. Now bid them strike the tents and let us go at once. At San Pedro de Cardeña<sup>8</sup> ere the cock crow we shall see your high-born lady, and we will take rest and then quit the kingdom, for the day of grace draws to a close.’ With that the tents were struck, and my Cid and his band mounted and rode forth. When the good Campeador reached San Pedro, the Abbot Don Sancho was chanting matins at day-break, and Doña Ximena and her five ladies were praying to St. Peter and the Creator to aid my Cid the Campeador. With great joy they received him of the good hour, and said the Cid, ‘Sir Abbot, as I am going forth from the land, I give you fifty marks, and if I live they shall be doubled. I do not wish to cause expense to the monastery. And here for Doña Ximena I give you a hundred marks, that you maintain her and her daughters and ladies for this year; and if this should not suffice, let them want for nothing, I charge you. For one mark that you spend I will give four to the monastery.’ Ximena sank on her knees, weeping, and kissing his hands. ‘Campeador, born in a good hour, by wicked tale-bearers art thou driven from the land. For the love of the blessed Mary give us counsel.’ And he took his daughters in his arms. ‘Ximena,’ said he, ‘wife whom I love as my soul, I have to go, and ye must remain behind; but please God and the blessed Mary I shall yet bestow these my daughters in marriage, if fortune does not desert me, and some days of life are left to me.’ Meanwhile, through Castile it was noised abroad that my Cid the Campeador was quitting the land. And some left houses and others honours, and that day on the bridge of Arlanzon a hundred and fifteen cavaliers assembled, asking for my Cid. Martin Antolinez joined them, and they went to San Pedro. And when my Cid was aware of it, he rode forth to meet them, and said: ‘I pray God that to you, who have left houses and heritages for me, I may be able to restore doubled what you have lost. To-morrow, when the cocks crow, the good Abbot will ring to matins in San Pedro, and, mass said,

<sup>8</sup> The monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña stands about six miles south-east of Burgos. It contains the tomb, but not the bones, of the Cid and Ximena.

we will mount ; for the day of grace is nearly at an end, and we have far to go.' The night passed and morning came, and with the first cocks they prepared to mount, while the bells were ringing to matins. And my Cid and his wife entered the church, and Ximena threw herself on the steps before the altar, praying fervently to God to protect my Cid Campeador from evil.

The prayer was said, the mass was sung, they mounted to depart ;

My Cid a moment stayed to press Ximena to his heart :  
Ximena kissed his hand, as one distraught with grief was she :

He looked upon his daughters : 'These to God I leave,'  
said he ;

'Unto our Lady and to God, Father of all below ;  
He knows if we shall meet again :—and now, sirs, let us go.'  
As when the finger-nail from out the flesh is torn away,  
Even so sharp to him and them the parting pang that day.  
Then to his saddle sprang my Cid, and forth his vassals led ;  
But ever as he rode, to those behind he turned his head.  
Minaya with small favour this so tender yearning viewed.  
'Thou in the good hour born !' he cried, 'where is thy  
fortitude ?

Our thoughts should now be for our road, and thine are  
wandering ;

Out of this sorrow of to-day to-morrow joy will spring.  
God who hath given souls to us will give us guidance too.'  
To Abbot Sancho then they turn, and charge him to be true,  
And serve Ximena loyally and her young daughters twain,  
Themselves and all their following, the ladies of their train.  
And well the Abbot knew the charge would bring his house  
much gain.

‘Should any come to join our band, if to our trail they hold,  
They’ll find us,’ said Minaya, ‘in the waste or on the wold.’  
With that they give their steeds the rein and on their way  
they ride ;  
The day of grace is well-nigh sped ; no longer may they  
bide.

And thus an exile from the land the loyal Champion went :  
Over against Spinár de Can<sup>9</sup> that night he pitched his tent :  
The good town San Estéban<sup>1</sup> next upon the left they sight :  
The Moorish towers of Ahilon<sup>2</sup> rise far upon their right :  
Then quitting Alcobilla, of Castilian towns the last,  
And the highway of Quinea, they on rafts<sup>3</sup> the Duero  
passed.

At Higeruela my Cid halted, while men came to him from  
all sides. And as he laid him down after supper a sweet vision  
visited him in his sleep. The angel Gabriel came to him in a  
dream, saying, ‘Mount, Cid, brave Campeador. Never mounted  
knight ~~in~~ so good a case : whilst thou livest thou shalt prosper.’

The next day—it was the last of the day of grace—they halted  
at the Sierra de Miedes,<sup>4</sup> and there the Campeador mustered his  
men, and besides men on foot he counted three hundred pennoned  
lances. By night they crossed the Sierra and went down the  
Loma and descended upon Castejon on the Henares. And my

<sup>9</sup> Spinár de Can—probably now Espinosa.

<sup>1</sup> San Estéban de Gormaz and Alcobilla, towns on the right bank  
of the Duero.

<sup>2</sup> Ahilon—now Ayllon.

<sup>3</sup> ‘On rafts’—‘sobre navas de palos.’ But near this spot is a place  
called ‘Navapalos’ on Coello’s map, which may be a reminiscence of  
the Cid’s passage of the river at this point ; or, on the other hand, may  
be the name of a place where even in the Cid’s time there was a rude  
raft ferry.

<sup>4</sup> The Sierra de Miedes is an eastern continuation of the Guadarrama  
range, which divides Old from New Castile.

Cid, by the advice of Alvar Fanez, placed himself in ambush with a hundred of his company, while he despatched Alvar Fanez, and Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvadores, and Galin Garcia, with two hundred, on a foray towards Hita and Guadalajara as far as Alcalá.<sup>5</sup> Dawn broke and the sun rose—God ! how splendid he showed !—And the men of Castejon arose and opened their gates, and sallied forth to their labours and their fields, leaving the gates open and but few people in Castejon. Then the Campeador issued from the ambush and rushed upon Castejon. And those that held the gate were panic-stricken and left it undefended, and Ruy Diaz entered by the gate with naked sword in hand, and slew eleven of those he encountered, and won Castejon with its gold and silver. The fifth part of the spoil fell to my Cid, but it could not be sold here, nor did he care to have captive men or women in his company. So he spoke with those of Castejon, and he sent to Hita and Guadalajara to know for how much this fifth part would be bought. And the Moors appraised it at three thousand marks of silver. And my Cid was pleased with the offer, and on the third day the money was paid. And my Cid agreed with his company not to remain in the castle, as King Alfonso was near ; and they departed rich from the castle they had taken, the Moorish men and women blessing them ; and with the utmost speed they went up the Henares and across the Alcarias by the caves of Anquita and the plain of Torancio and Fariza and Cetina. Great was the spoil my Cid took as he went : little did the Moors know what daring they had. Next my Cid passed by Alhama<sup>6</sup> down the valley to Bubierca and Ateca and planted himself over against Alcocer<sup>7</sup> upon a round hill, lofty and strong, near to the Salon, so

<sup>5</sup> Guadalajara was really taken from the Moors by Alvar Fanez about this time, and in grateful memory preserves his mounted effigy on the town-hall, but when he took it he was in the service of Alfonso, not under the Cid. ‘Alcalá’ is Alcalá de Henares, afterwards the birthplace of Cervantes.

<sup>6</sup> Alhama, now a popular watering-place, ‘the Bath’ or ‘Baden’ of Aragon : not to be confounded with the more famous Alhama of the ballads, near Granada. The Cid’s line of march corresponds exactly with the line of the Madrid and Saragossa railway.

<sup>7</sup> Generally confounded with the Alcocer south of the Tagus, about

that they could not cut him off from the water, for it was his purpose to take Alcocer. And he levied tribute upon the people of Alcocer and Ateca and Terrel.<sup>8</sup> There my Cid abode fifteen weeks, but when he saw that Alcocer would not surrender, he devised a stratagem. He left one tent pitched, and took the others and marched his men down the Salon in their armour, with their swords at their sides. When they of Alcocer saw it, God! how they exulted. 'Bread and barley have failed my Cid, and he retreats like one defeated, leaving a tent behind him. Let us haste and seize the spoil before they of Terrel take it.' So they sallied out of Alcocer, great and small, so eager to seize the prey, that they thought of nothing else, leaving the gates open and no one to guard them. When the good Campeador saw a wide space between them and the Castle, he ordered the standard to be turned and gave his horse the spur, crying, 'Strike home, gentlemen, without faltering: by God's grace, the spoil is ours!' and wheeled upon them in the middle of the plain. God! how great was the joy of that morning! My Cid and Alvar Fanez on their good steeds charged forwards, and got between them and the Castle, and my Cid's vassals fell upon them without mercy, and in a small space slew three hundred Moors. Those who were in advance made for the Castle, and sword in hand seized the gate, and soon the remainder came up, for the rout was complete; and in this manner, look you, my Cid won Alcocer. Pero Bermuez, who bore the standard, planted it on the highest part; and said my Cid: 'Thanks be to the God of Heaven and all his Saints, now shall we have better lodgings for both man and horse. As for the Moors, we cannot sell them, and we shall gain nothing by cutting off their heads. Let us drive them in, for we have the

seventy miles distant. The name, which is simply another form of Alcazar 'the castle,' has disappeared from the locality here referred to; but there can be no doubt that the Alcocer of the poem was a Moorish stronghold on the site of the existing Castle of Ateca on the River Jalon or Salon (the Salo of Martial), about seven miles above Calatayud.

<sup>8</sup> Written 'Teruel' in the MS., the transcriber having apparently confounded it with Teruel on the Guadalaviar (v. p. 79). The place meant is now Terrer, a village about three miles from Calatayud.

mastery, and take possession of their houses and make them serve us.' A heavy blow it was to them of Ateca ; nor did it please them of Terrel or of Calatayud. They sent word to the king of Valencia, how one whom they call my Cid Ruy Diaz of Bivar, banished in anger by King Alfonso, had posted himself over against Alcozer, and taken the Castle. 'Give help,' they said, 'or thou wilt lose Ateca and Terrel and Calatayud, which cannot escape ; and it will go hard with all the Salon-side, and along the Siloca too.'<sup>9</sup> And when King Tamin heard it, he despatched three thousand Moors, saying, 'Take him alive and bring him to me, for he must render account for entering my lands.' And they marched by Segorbe and Celfa, and came to Calatayud, great numbers joining them as they went, and under the two kings, named Fariz and Galve, they came and surrounded the good Cid in Alcozer, and took up positions and pitched tents. And day and night the Moorish scouts patrolled around, and mighty was their host. And my Cid's men were cut off from the water. And they wished to go forth to battle, but he strictly forbade them ; so for three weeks complete they were besieged, and at the beginning of the fourth, my Cid turned to take counsel with his men.

'From water they have cut us off, our bread is running low ;  
If we would steal away by night, they will not let us go ;  
Against us there are fearful odds if we make choice to fight ;  
What would ye do now, gentlemen, in this our present  
plight ?'

Minaya was the first to speak : said the stout cavalier,  
'Forth from Castile the Gentle thrust, we are but exiles  
here ;

Unless we grapple with the Moor bread he will never yield ;  
A good six hundred men or more we have to take the field ;  
In God's name let us falter not, nor countenance delay,  
But sally forth and strike a blow upon to-morrow's day.'

<sup>9</sup> Siloca, now the Jiloca, an affluent of the Jalon above Calatayud.



'Like thee the counsel,' said my Cid ; 'thou speakest to my  
mind ;

And ready to support thy word thy hand we ever find.'

Then all the Moors that bide within the walls he bids to go  
Forth from the gates, lest they, perchance, his purpose  
come to know.

In making their defences good they spend the day and night,  
And at the rising of the sun they arm them for the fight.

Then said my Cid : 'Let all go forth, all that are in our  
band ;

Save only two of those on foot, beside the gate to stand.

Here they will bury us if death we meet on yonder plain,

But if we win our battle there, rich booty shall we gain.

And thou Pero Bermuez, this my standard thou shalt hold ;

It is a trust that fits thee well, for thou art stout and bold ;

But see that thou advance it not unless I give command.'

Bermuez took the standard and he kissed the Champion's  
hand.

Then bursting through the Castle gates upon the plain they  
show ;

Back on their lines in panic fall the watchmen of the foe.

And hurrying to and fro the Moors are arming all around,

While Moorish drums go rolling like to split the very  
ground ;

And in hot haste they mass their troops behind their  
standards twain,

Two mighty bands of men-at-arms—to count them it were  
vain.

And now their line comes sweeping on, advancing to the  
fray,

Sure of my Cid and all his band to make an easy prey.

'Now steady, comrades,' said my Cid; 'our ground we  
have to stand;

Let no man stir beyond the ranks until I give command.'

Bermuez fretted at the word, delay he could not brook;

He spurred his charger to the front, aloft the banner shook:

'O loyal Cid Campeador, God give thee aid! I go

To plant thy ensign in among the thickest of the foe;

And ye who serve it, be it yours our standard to restore.'

'Not so--as thou dost love me, stay!' called the Cam-  
peador.

Came Pero's answer: 'Their attack I cannot, will not  
stay.'

He gave his horse the spur and dashed against the Moors'  
array.

To win the standard eager all the Moors await the shock:

Amid a rain of blows he stands unshaken as a rock.

Then cried my Cid--'In charity, on to the rescue--ho!'

With bucklers braced before their breasts, with lances point-  
ing low,

With stooping crests and heads bent down above the saddle-  
bow,

All firm of hand and high of heart they roll upon the foe.

And he that in a good hour was born, his clarion voice  
rings out,

And clear above the clang of arms is heard his battle shout,  
'Among them, gentlemen! Strike home, for the love of  
charity!

The Champion of Bivar is here--Ruy Diaz--I am he!'

Then bearing where Bermuez still maintains unequal fight,  
Three hundred lances down they come, their pennons flicker-  
ing white;

Down go three hundred Moors to earth, a man to every  
blow ;

And when they wheel, three hundred more, as charging  
back they go.

It was a sight to see the lances rise and fall that day ;  
The shivered shields and riven mail, to see how thick they  
lay ;

The pennons that went in snow-white come out a gory  
red ;

The horses running riderless, the riders lying dead ;  
While Moors call on Mohammed, and 'St. James !' the  
Christians cry,

And sixty score of Moors and more in narrow compass lie.

Above his gilded saddle-bow there played the Champion's  
sword ;

And Minaya Alvar Fanez, Zurita's gallant lord ;<sup>1</sup>

And Martin Antolinez the worthy Burgalese ;

And Muño Gustioz his squire—all to the front were these.

And there was Martin Muñoz, he who ruled in Mont  
Mayor ;

And there was Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvador ;

And the good Galin Garcia, stout lance of Aragon ;

And Feliz Muñoz, nephew of my Cid the Champion :

Well did they quit themselves that day, all these and many  
more,

In rescue of the standard for my Cid Campeador.

<sup>1</sup> I follow the reading given in Pidal and Janer's edition, 'que Çorita mandó.' Sanchez printed 'que corta mandó,' which M. Damas Hinard translates 'donne l'ordre de couper'—a rather needless order at the time. According to Salazar de Mendoza (*Dignidades de Castilla*) Alvar Fanez was in fact Lord of Zurita.

But Minaya Alvar Fanez—the Moors have slain his steed ;  
And crowding on the Christians come to aid him in his  
need ;

His lance lies shivered, sword in hand he showers blows  
around,

As, giving back, he, inch by inch, on foot contests the  
ground.

He saw it, the Campeador, Ruy Diaz of Castile :

Athwart him on a goodly steed there came an Alguacil ;

With one strong stroke of his right hand he cleft the Moor  
in twain ;

And plucked him from the saddle, and flung him on the  
plain.

‘ Now mount, Minaya, mount,’ quoth he, ‘ for thou art my  
right arm ;

I have much need of thee to-day, thou must not come to  
harm ;

The Moors maintain a front as yet ; unbroken still they  
stand.’

Mounted again Minaya goes against them sword in hand.

With strength renewed he wields his blade as he his way  
doth wend,

Cleaving a path like one who means to make a speedy end.

And he that in a good hour was born at Fariz deals three  
blows ;

Two glance aside, but full and fair the third one home it  
goes ;

Forth spurting flies the blood ; the streams down the king’s  
hauberk run ;

He turns the rein to quit the plain—that stroke the field  
hath won.

And Martin Antolinez, he at Galve dealt a stroke ;  
 Through the carbuncles <sup>2</sup> of the casque the sword descend-  
 ing broke,  
 And cleaving down right to the crown, in twain the helmet  
 shore ;  
 Well wot ye, sirs, that Galve had no lust to stay for more.  
 And now are both king Galve and Fariz in retreat ;  
 Great is the day for Christendom, great is the Moors' defeat !

King Fariz found refuge in Terrel, but Galve fled onward, and the pursuit continued up to Calatayud. Bravely went the steed of Alvar Fanez : thirty and four Moors he slew, and he came back with his trenchant sword and his arm from the elbow downwards dripping blood. ' Now am I content,' said Minaya, ' for the good tidings will reach Castile that Ruy Diaz has won a pitched battle.' Back came my Cid on his good steed, his coif twisted, his scarf round his loins, his sword in hand. God ! what a beard he bore ! ' Thanks be to God,' he said, ' for the great victory we have won.' And in the camp his men took great spoil of shields and arms and other goods ; and they found five hundred and ten horses. Great was the joy of the Christians ; but of their own men fifteen were missing. And my Cid made distribution of the money and other treasure to his vassals, and even to the Moors he gave somewhat. To my Cid in his fifth share there fell a hundred horses. ' Hear me, Minaya,' said he, ' I would send you to Castile with tidings of the battle we have won ; and of this wealth that God has given us, to offer a gift to King Alfonso of thirty horses saddled and bridled, with as many swords slung upon the saddle bows : and here is a wallet full of gold and silver, that in Santa Maria at Burgos you pay for a thousand masses. What is left, give to my wife and daughters, that they may pray for me night and

<sup>2</sup> The carbuncle was a favourite gem with mediæval warriors for the ornamentation of helmets and shields. In the *Chanson de Roland* it is mentioned more than once, for instance, ' L'elme li freint à li carbuncle luisent,' civ.

day : if I live they shall be rich ladies. And to our friends you can say that God gives us aid and we conquer. On your return, if you find us not here, follow us. By lance and sword we must maintain ourselves, else in this narrow land we cannot live.'

So on the morrow Minaya departed. But the land was narrow and full of evil, and the Moors of the frontier and the people beyond kept watch against my Cid and plotted with King Fariz ; so he bargained with them of Ateca and Terrel and Calatayud, and sold them Alcocer for three thousand marks. When my Cid left Alcocer the Moors, men and women, raised lamentations. 'Our prayers go before thee,' they said, 'we are left prosperous by thy means.' And raising his standard the Campeador passed down the Salon, and on quitting the Salon he had many good omens. And he pushed forward and planted himself on a hill which is above Mont'real.<sup>3</sup> Marvellous and high was the hill, and safe from attack on every side ; and thence he laid under tribute Daroca, which is behind, and Molina, which is on the other side, and Teruel, which is farther on, and in his hand he held Celfa de Canal.<sup>3</sup> Alvar Fanez went to Castile and presented the thirty horses to the king. Said the king, 'It is too soon at the end of three weeks to take into favour a man who has earned the wrath of his lord, but since it comes from the Moors I accept this gift, and I am even glad my Cid has won such spoil. For you, Minaya, I release your lands and honours, and give you my pardon ; but as to my Cid, I say nothing save this, that throughout my kingdom any stout and valiant men who may wish to join my Cid, I leave free both as to their persons and estates.'

Meanwhile he who was born and girt on the sword in a good hour took up his abode on this hill, and, whether the people be Moorish or Christian, it will be called 'The hill of my Cid' in all writings. There he remained fifteen full weeks, levying tribute over a wide country. But when he saw that Minaya delayed, he made a night march, and passing by Teruel, he fixed himself in the pine-wood of Tebar, and all the lands that side he laid under tribute, up to Saragossa. Thence he moved to the pass

<sup>3</sup> Mont'real.—See Introduction p. 43 (note). Celfa de Canal is apparently Alcalá de la Selva, to the east of Teruel.

of Alucant,<sup>4</sup> and on every side the tale was spread that the outlaw of Castile was doing much harm.

The Count of Barcelona,<sup>5</sup> when the tidings met his ear  
 How that my Cid Ruy Diaz made forays far and near,  
 And laid the country waste, with wrath his inmost soul was  
     . stirred,

And in his anger hastily he spake a braggart word—  
 ‘ He cometh to insult me, doth my Cid, he of Bivar.  
 Up to my very court, methinks, he means to carry war.  
 My nephew he hath wronged ; the wrong remaineth unre-  
     paired :

And now the lands that I protect to harry hath he dared.  
 No challenge have I sent to him, nor sought him for my  
     foe ;

But now I call him to account, since he will have it so.’  
 Great mustering there is of Moors and Christians through  
     the land,

A mighty host of men-at-arms he hath at his command.  
 Two days, three nights, they march to seek the Good One  
     of Bivar,

<sup>4</sup> The Puerto de Alucant M. Damas Hinard supposes to have been in the mountains between Navarre and Aragon ; but the context shows that it must have been on the south side of the Ebro. The present Alacon on the Rio Martin is most likely the place meant.

<sup>5</sup> The poet is in error when he calls this Count of Barcelona ‘ Raymond Berenger.’ There were two Counts of Barcelona, brothers, Raymond Berenger and Berenger Raymond. The former, who was probably the Cid’s antagonist at Almenara, was assassinated in December 1082, leaving an infant son, the nephew referred to lower down. It was the other, Berenger Raymond, who attacked the Cid on this occasion. The nephew was the Count Raymond Berenger III., who afterwards married the Cid’s daughter Maria, and by his second marriage with Countess Dulce became Count of Provence.

To snare him where he harbours in the Pine-wood of Tebar ;<sup>6</sup>

And such the speed of their advance, that, cumbered with his spoils,

And unaware, my Cid well nigh was taken in the toils.

The tidings reached my Cid as down the sierra side he went,

Then straightway to Count Raymond he a friendly message sent :

' Say to the Count that he, meseems, to me no grudge doth owe :

Of him I take no spoil, with him in peace I fain would go.'

' Nay,' said the Count, ' for all his deeds he hath to make amends :

This outlaw must be made to know whose honour he offends.'

\* The exact position of the Pine-wood of Tebar (or Iber, as it is called in the *Gesta*) can no more be identified than that of the adjacent Ibera where the Scipios defeated Hasdrubal. Clearly, however, it was in the intricate mountain region to the N.E. of Teruel, between the basins of the Ebro and Guadalaviar. According to the poem, it was in the neighbourhood of Montalvan and the valley of the Rio Martin, and according to the *Gesta* it lay between Morella and Calamocha. Combining these indications, we may conjecture that it was somewhere near Segura (where there are still remains of an extensive pine forest), and that the head of the Martin valley may have been that comparatively level ground, ' qui planior in cunctis terris istis videtur esse,' on which, according to the *Gesta*, the Cid challenged Berenger to attack him ; while the long ridge of the Sierras of Cucalon and San Just might well be the ' immensum Hab'ntiarum montem,' from the summit of which Berenger's scouts, sent out from Calamocha, discovered the Cid's camp, and from behind which the Count himself made the sudden descent described in both the Poem and the *Gesta*. It is worth notice that the Peña del Cid, mistaken by Huber and Damas Hinard for the Poyo (v. Int. p. 43), is within a few miles of Segura on the road to Montalvan.



With utmost speed the messenger Count Raymond's answer  
brought ;

Then of a surety knew my Cid a battle must be fought.

'Now, cavaliers,' quoth he, 'make safe the booty we have  
won.

Look to your weapons, gentlemen ; with speed your armour  
don.

On battle bent Count Raymond comes ; a mighty host hath  
he

Of Moors and Christians ; fight we must if hence we would  
go free.

Here let us fight the battle out, since fight we must perforce.

On with your harness, cavaliers, quick ! saddle, and to  
horse !

Yonder they come, the linen breeks,<sup>7</sup> all down the mountain  
side,

For saddles they have Moorish pads, with slackened girths  
they ride :

Our saddles are Galician make, our leggings tough and  
stout :

A hundred of us gentlemen should scatter such a rout.

Before they gain the level plain, home with the lance charge  
we,

And then, for every blow we strike, we empty saddles three.

Count Raymond Berenger shall know with whom he has  
to do ;

And dearly in Tebar to-day his raid on me shall rue.'

In serried squadron while he speaks they form around my  
Cid.

<sup>7</sup> 'Calças : ' probably short and loose linen drawers, like those worn  
by the Valencian peasantry at the present day.

Each grasps his lance, and firm and square each sits upon  
his steed.

Over against them down the hill they watch the Franks  
descend,

On to the level ground below, where plain and mountain  
blend.

Then gives my Cid the word to charge—with a good will  
they go :

Fast ply the lances ; some they pierce, and some they over-  
throw.

And he that in a good hour was born soon hath he won the  
field ;

And the Count Raymond Berenger he hath compelled to  
yield ;

And reaping honour for his beard a noble prize hath  
made ;

A thousand marks of silver worth, the great Colada blade.<sup>8</sup>

Unto his quarters under guard the captive Count he sent,  
While his men haste to gather in their spoils in high con-  
tent.

Then for my Cid Don Roderick a banquet they prepare ;  
But little doth Count Raymond now for feast or banquet  
care.

They bring him meat and drink, but he repels them with  
disdain.

‘No morsel will I touch,’ said he, ‘for all the wealth of  
Spain.

<sup>8</sup> One of the treasures of the splendid Armeria at Madrid is a sword which tradition asserts to be the identical Colada of the Cid. The blade, which is of moderate length, and broad, straight, and double-edged, may well be of the eleventh century, but the hilt is probably of the fifteenth or sixteenth.

Let soul and body perish now ; life why should I prolong,  
 Conquered and captive at the hands of such an ill-breeched  
 throng ? ’

‘ Nay, ’ said my Cid ; ‘ take bread and wine ; eat, and thou  
 goest free ;

If not, thy realms in Christendom thou never more shalt  
 see. ’

‘ Go thou, Don Roderick, ’ said the Count, ‘ eat if thou wilt,  
 but I

Have no more lust for meat or drink : I only crave to die. ’  
 Three days, while they the booty share, for all that they  
 entreat,

The Count his purpose holds unchanged, refusing still to  
 eat.

Then said my Cid, ‘ I pray thee, Count, take food and trust  
 to me ;

Thyself and two knights of thy train I promise to set free. ’  
 Glad was Count Raymond in his heart when he the promise  
 heard—

‘ A marvel that will be, my Cid, if thou dost keep thy word. ’

‘ Then, Count, take food, and when I see thy hunger satisfied,  
 My word is pledged to let thee go, thyself and two beside.

But understand, one farthing’s worth I render not again  
 Of what has been in battle lost and won on yonder plain.

I give not back the lawful spoils I fairly win in fight ;  
 But for mine own and vassals’ wants I hold them as my  
 right.

My followers are needy men ; I cannot if I would ;  
 For spoil from thee and others won is all our livelihood.  
 And such, while God’s good will it is, must be our daily life,  
 As outcasts forced to wander, with an angry king at strife. ’

With lighter heart Count Raymond called for water for his hands,

And then with his two gentlemen, sent by the Cid's commands,

He blithely sat him down to meat : God ! with what gust ate he !

And glad was the Campeador such heartiness to see.

Quoth he, ' Until thou eat thy fill we part not, Count, to-day.'

' Nor loth am I,' Count Raymond said, ' such bidding to obey.'

So he and his two cavaliers a hearty meal they made :

It pleased my Cid to watch his hands, how lustily they played.

' Now, if thou wilt,' Count Raymond said, ' that we are satisfied,

Bid them to lead the horses forth, that we may mount and ride.

Never since I have been a Count have I yet broken fast

With such a relish ; long shall I remember this repast.'

Three palfreys with caparisons of costly sort they bring,

And on the saddles robes of fur and mantles rich they fling.

Thus, with a knight on either hand, away Count Raymond rides ;

While to the outposts of the camp his guests the Champion guides,

' Now speed thee, Count ; ride on,' quoth he, ' a free Frank as thou art.'<sup>9</sup>

For the brave spoil thou leavest me I thank thee from my heart ;

\* ' Aguisa de muy franco : ' there seems to be something in the nature of a pun here on the double meaning of the word ' franco,'— ' free,' and ' Frank ; ' in which latter sense it is already applied to Berenger's Catalan troopers.

And if to win it back again perchance thou hast a mind,  
Come thou and seek me when thou wilt ; I am not far to  
find.

But if it be not to thy taste to try another day,  
Still, somewhat, be it mine or thine, thou carriest away.'  
—'Nay ! go in peace for me, my Cid : no more I seek of  
thee ;

And thou, I think, for one year's space hast won enough  
of me.'

He spurred his steed, but, as he rode, a backward glance  
he bent,

Still fearing to the last my Cid his promise would repent :  
A thing, the world itself to win, my Cid would not have  
done :

No perfidy was ever found in him, the Perfect One.

When the Count had departed, he of Bivar turned to his  
men and set them to collect together the spoils they had won.  
Here beginneth the achievement of my Cid of Bivar ;<sup>1</sup> leaving

<sup>1</sup> 'Aquis conpieça la gesta de Myo Cid el de Biuar.' These words have been generally held to indicate the commencement of one of the 'cantares' or lays out of which the poem was composed. I think, however, it is far more likely that the word 'gesta,' on which the assumption rests, is here used merely in its strict and original sense of 'achievement ;' as it is, for instance, in the poem of the 'Libro de Alexandre'—'Que ouo de su gesta dictador tan onrrado ;' and the context bears out the supposition. For it is, in fact, at this point that begins what was in strictest truth the achievement of the Cid's life, his conquest of Valencia. By the defeat of Berenger he had secured the sinews of war for a campaign, and disposed of the only enemy who could interfere with his advance, and so, quitting the scenes of his former forays, he began a new enterprise,—'began,' as the poet adds, 'to make war towards the salt sea' ('*começó de guerrear*'). The other interpretation involves the necessity of treating 'gesta' as the equivalent of 'chanson de geste,' for which it would be difficult to show any authority.

Saragossa and the lands on that side, and Huesca,<sup>2</sup> and the lands of Montalvan, he began to make war towards the salt sea. The sun rises in the east, and he turned in that direction, and took Xerica and Onda and Almenar, and conquered all the lands of Burriana, and moreover Murviedro.<sup>3</sup> Then did my Cid see that God was aiding him. Within Valencia there was no little fear, and they of Valencia took counsel together, and marching by night, they came and encamped against Murviedro. When my Cid saw them he said, 'We are in their lands and we do them much evil : we drink their wine and eat their bread : if they come to besiege us, they have a right to do it. Let a summons be sent to Xerica and Alucant and Onda and Almenar and Burriana, to all who are bound to aid us.' And on the third day all were brought together, and said my Cid, 'To-morrow will we go forth to meet this host, like exiles from a far country : then it will be seen who deserves his pay.' With the dawn my Cid attacked them, in the name of God, and of the Apostle Santiago, crying, 'Strike home, gentlemen, with heart and good will ! I am Ruy Diaz, my Cid, he of Bivar !' And then you might see tent-ropes broken, and poles plucked up and tents overturned. On the other side, Alvar Fanez fell upon them, and despite of themselves they had to give back and flee. Two Moorish kings were slain in the pursuit and it continued up to Valencia. Great were the spoils which my Cid made, and he took Cebolla<sup>4</sup> and all that lies beyond ; and my Cid and all his company were glad, and his horsemen began to make forays by night, reaching to Cullera and Xativa,<sup>5</sup> and even as far as

<sup>2</sup> Most likely Huesa, near Segura, on the south side of the Ebro, not Huesca, to the north of Saragossa. It should be noted that the poet ignores, as foreign to his purpose, the Cid's relations with the King of Saragossa and his battles beyond the Ebro.

<sup>3</sup> Places on or near the coast to the north of Valencia. The poet, however, is in error about Murviedro, which held out against the Cid until after his occupation of Valencia,

<sup>4</sup> Cebolla, now El Puig, near Murviedro.

<sup>5</sup> Xativa, Jativa, or San Felipe, about half way between Valencia and Alicante, one of the most extensive and picturesque of the Moorish strongholds of southern Spain.

Denia. All the land of the Moors they harried as far as the sea-shore, and they took Peña Cadiella<sup>6</sup> with the outlets and entrances. In winning these cities my Cid spent three years. They of Valencia were disheartened, nor durst they go forth to meet him. He reaped their fields and in each of these years he took away their bread from them. Bitter were the lamentations in Valencia, for they knew not what to do, nor was there any side from which food might come to them; nor could father help son nor son father, nor friend give comfort to friend. When the bread runs low, to see the women and children die of hunger,—sirs, it is a piteous tale. Those outside saw their misery, but could not help them. They sent word to the King of Morocco, for they were in great friendship with him of the Bright Mountains,<sup>7</sup> but he gave them no help nor came to aid them, and my Cid knew it and was glad of heart. And he caused it to be proclaimed through Navarre and Aragon and Castile: 'Whoso would rid himself of care and be rich, let him come to my Cid, who purposes to beleaguer Valencia, to give it to the Christians.' Great numbers flocked to him out of fair Christendom, and when my Cid saw them collected he marched against Valencia and beleaguered it closely, suffering none to go in or out: but he granted a day of grace in case any should come to relieve it. Nine months complete he sat before it, and when the tenth came they had to surrender. Great was the rejoicing when my Cid entered Valencia. Those who were on foot became cavaliers, and the gold and the silver—who could

<sup>6</sup> This I believe to be the hill close to Albayda, which commands the mouth of the pass connecting Xativa with Alcoy and Alicante. There are the remains of a Moorish fortress on the top. See Introduction, p. 31 (note).

<sup>7</sup> In the MS. 'Con el de los montes claros auyen grra tan grand.' The editors in the *Bib. Aut. Esp.* read 'guerra,' and think that 'he of the bright mountains' means the Cid. M. Damas Hinard reads 'gracia,' and believes the 'King of Morocco' to be meant. The Montes Claros certainly appear to have been beyond the Straits from a passage in the poem of Fernan Gonzalez (c. 37), and another in that of Alfonso XI. (c. 2437); and, besides, we know from Ibn Bassam that at this time Yusof was much interested in the fate of Valencia, but too far off to send timely help when appealed to.

count it? All were rich, as many as were there. Thirty thousand marks in money fell to my Cid in his fifth part, and the other wealth, who could count it? And joyful was my Cid and all his men when his standard rested on the summit of the Alcazar. Word was brought to the king of Seville how Valencia was taken, and he came with thirty thousand men-at-arms, and gave battle on the Huerta, and he of the long beard routed them. Up to Xativa the rout continued, and you might have seen a struggle at the passage of the Jucar,<sup>8</sup> and the Moors drinking their fill of water in spite of themselves. Rich was the spoil when they took Valencia, but much more gainful, look you, was this victory: even to the least of them, there fell a hundred marks of silver. Now was the beard of my Cid growing great and increasing in length, and said he, 'For the love of King Alfonso who hath banished me neither shall scissors come near it, nor a hair of it be plucked, and it shall be famous among Moors and Christians.' And to Minaya he said: 'I desire to send you to Castile, to King Alfonso, my natural lord, with a hundred horses of this spoil, that you kiss his hand for me and pray that of his grace he allow me to bring my wife and daughters to this distant land that we have won.' Meanwhile there had come from the east a holy man, the Bishop Don Jerome by name,<sup>9</sup> one of learning and repute, and valiant both on foot and on horseback, who came to my Cid's gates in the hope of seeing Moors in the field and having his fill of fighting. My Cid was pleased, and he said to Alvar Fanez: 'Since God is willing to aid us, we should show our gratitude. In these lands of Valencia will I make a bishopric and give it to this good Christian: it will be good news to bring when you go to Castile.' Minaya departed for Castile: I will not enumerate his halting-places, but he came to the king and kissed

<sup>8</sup> The chief river of Valencia, rising in the Albarracin and flowing into the Mediterranean to the south of Valencia city.

<sup>9</sup> Jerome, the first Bishop of Valencia, was a native of Périgord, brought into Spain by Bernard, the Archbishop of Toledo. After the evacuation of Valencia in 1102, he was translated to Zamora, with which see he afterwards held that of Salamanca. His tomb is still to be seen in the latter city, in the old cathedral he helped to raise.



his hand, and showed how my Cid was prospering in a far country, and had won Xerica and Murviedro and Castellon, and the strong fortress Peña Cadiella, and withal was Lord of Valencia, and had made a bishop with his hands, and fought and won five pitched battles, and gained much booty, in token whereof he sent these hundred horses to the king. And the king was pleased, but Count García Ordoñez<sup>1</sup> was vexed. 'Methinks,' he said, 'there cannot be a man in the land of the Moors, for my Cid does as he pleases.' But the king said, 'Be silent; for in every way he serves me better than you.' And he gave leave for Doña Ximena and her daughters to depart from the monastery, and ordered an escort to attend them while they should be in his dominions. At this the Infantes of Carrion said between themselves: 'My Cid is growing in importance. It would be well for us to marry his daughters, but we dare not think of it, for he is of Bivar and we are Counts of Carrion.'<sup>2</sup> They said nothing of this to any one, but they bade Minaya to give their salutations to my Cid of Bivar. And Rachel and Vidas came to Minaya and fell at his feet saying, 'The Cid has undone us, look you, if he does not help us.' 'I will see to it with my Cid,' said Minaya: 'what you have done he will take into consideration.' 'God grant it,' said Rachel and Vidas: 'if not, we shall leave Burgos and go to seek him.' And Minaya and the ladies departed, and passed by Medina and came to Molina,<sup>3</sup> where the Moor Abengalvon ruled, and well did he serve them; they had no lack of anything they desired. And when they were within three leagues of Valencia, the news was brought to my Cid, and he was joyful more than ever he had been, having tidings of what he loved best. And they led forth Babioca, then lately won, and as yet my Cid knew not whether he was swift or well managed. And he leaped upon him and ran a course so marvellous that all wondered, and from that day Babioca was held to be worth all Spain.<sup>3</sup> Then he dismounted

<sup>1</sup> For Count García Ordoñez and the Counts of Carrion, see Introduction, p. 17, and note.

<sup>2</sup> Medinaceli and Molina de Aragon.

<sup>3</sup> This is the earliest mention of the Cid's celebrated charger, Babioca or Bavioca. The ballads, however, which always make the most of everything, represent Babioca as carrying the Cid from the very com-

and went to meet his wife and daughters, and fondly embraced them, while their eyes were filled with tears through the joy they felt. Then said he who was born in a good hour, 'My heart and soul come with me into Valencia, this heritage I have won for you.' And my Cid went with them to the Alcazar, and led them up to the highest part, and with their bright eyes they looked around. They beheld Valencia, how the city lay, and on the other side the sea, and the great broad Huerta; and they lifted up their hands, thanking God for a prize so fair.

Now winter was past and March was coming in, and King Yucef of Morocco, being wroth with my Cid Don Roderick, collected his forces, and with fifty thousand men-at-arms put to sea and came to Valencia and pitched his tents. Said my Cid: 'I thank God and the blessed Mary mother, that I have my wife and daughters here: they shall see me fight, and how we sojourn and win our bread in the land of the stranger.' And he took them up to the Alcazar, and when they saw the pitched tents, they said, 'Cid, God be with you, what is this?' 'Fear not, honoured wife,' he said: 'it is marvellous great wealth that comes to us. Scarcely have you arrived but they bring a gift to you—a dowry against the marriage of your daughters. Fear not to see me fight; my heart swells within me, because ye are by, and with God's help I shall win this battle.' And my Cid sprang upon Babieca, and taking the standard, they sallied forth from Valencia. Four thousand less thirty followed my Cid, and they went forth joyfully to attack fifty thousand. My Cid plied his lance and sword; and, from the elbow downwards dripping blood, he slew so many Moors they could not be counted, and he dealt three blows at King Yucef, who escaped by the speed of his horse and took refuge in Cullera. All the spoil remained in his hands; the fifty thousand were reckoned by counting, and not more than a hundred and four had escaped. Between gold and silver, they found three thousand marks, and of other spoils there was no count. Back upon Babieca came my Cid, sword in hand, and before the ladies, who were waiting for him, he drew rein. 'My homage to you, ladies,' he said; 'great mement of his career and surviving him; in which case the steed would have attained, according to their chronology, the patriarchal age of over sixty years.

booty have I won for you. While ye held Valencia, I have won on the plain. It was the will of God and all his Saints ; since at your coming they have granted us such spoil. Behold my gory sword and sweating steed ; thus are Moors vanquished on the field.' He gave orders to preserve the tent of the king of Morocco : ' this,' said he, ' will I send to Alfonso of Castile, that he may believe the tales of my Cid's booty.' And he said to Minaya : ' To-morrow shall you go with these two hundred horses of my fifth share as a present, that King Alfonso may not speak ill of the ruler of Valencia.' He bade Pero Bermuez to accompany him, and travelling day and night across sierras and forests and rivers, they came to Valladolid, where the king was. And the king was pleased. ' Willingly,' said he, ' I receive the gift my Cid has sent me, and may the day come when he shall be reconciled with me.' But the Count Don García was wroth, and withdrawing apart, with ten of his kinsmen, he said : ' It is a marvel, how the honour of the Cid increases : by it are we humiliated—by this insolent conquering of kings in battle, and sending horses as if he had found them dead.' But said the Infantes of Carrion, taking counsel together privily, ' The fame of my Cid is growing great : let us ask his daughters in marriage ; so shall we increase in honour and advance ourselves.' So they came to King Alfonso with this design, saying, ' We seek a favour of you as our king and natural lord, that you demand for us the Campeador's daughters, that we marry them, to their honour and to our advantage.' For a good hour the king thought and considered. ' I have banished the good Campeador, and while I have done him evil, he has rendered me good service. I know not whether this marriage will be to his taste ; but since ye desire it, let us enter into negotiation.' And he sent for Minaya Alvar Fanez and Pero Bermuez, and took them aside into a chamber. ' My Cid the Campeador,' said he, ' serves me, and he shall have pardon of me. Diego and Ferrando the Infantes of Carrion have a mind to wed with his two daughters. Be true messengers I bid ye, and tell the good Campeador that he will grow in honour by an intermarriage with the Infantes of Carrion.' And Minaya and Pero said : ' We will make the demand as you bid us ; let the Cid do as pleases him.' So they took leave of the king, and departed

for Valencia with their company. And the good Campeador went forth to meet them, and he embraced them, saying, 'Welcome, Minaya, and thou, Pero Bermuez. In few lands are there two such barons.' How is the health of my Lord Alfonso? is he content, and doth he receive my gift?' Said Minaya, 'Heart and soul he is content, and he gives you his love.' 'Thanks be to God,' said my Cid; and with that they opened the proposal of Alfonso of Leon, that he should give his daughters to the Infantes of Carrion. When my Cid heard it, he thought and considered a good hour. 'For this,' said he, 'I give thanks to Christ my Lord; I was banished and stripped of honour, and with great toil have I won what I possess. Thanks be to God for the king's grace, and that he asks my daughters for the Infantes of Carrion. They are haughty, and have a faction in the Court. I would have no taste for the match, but since he, who is mightier than we, advises, let us consent and be silent; and may God in Heaven direct us for the best.' Then they wrote a letter to the king, that what he desired, that would the Campeador do. And the king was glad, and said: 'Let the meeting be three weeks hence. If I am alive, I will go without fail.' And my Cid made preparation for the meeting, and they set forth from Valencia. And when King Alfonso knew the good Campeador was coming, he went forth to receive him with honour. And when he who was born in a good hour beheld him, he ordered all his men to halt, and placed himself hands and knees upon the earth, and took the grass of the field in his teeth, shedding tears from his eyes, so great was the joy he felt, and thus did he do homage to Alfonso his lord. But it grieved the king. 'Rise,' he said, 'Cid Campeador, kiss my hands, not my feet. If you do so, you shall not have my love.' Still on his bended knees, said the Campeador, 'I ask grace of you, my natural lord, that you will here grant me your love, so that all present may hear it. Said the king: 'That will I with heart and soul. Here do I pardon you, and grant you my love throughout my kingdom from this day forth.' Said my Cid: 'I thank God of Heaven, and next to him, you, Alfonso, my lord, and this present company.' And on bended knees he kissed his hand, and rising to

‘Tales dos varones.’

his feet saluted him on the mouth. That day my Cid Ruy Diaz was the guest of the king, who could not satisfy himself in showing him affection, ever gazing on his beard, which had grown so mighty ; and all that were there marvelled at my Cid. And the next day my Cid ordered his men to prepare a banquet for as many as were present, and in such fashion did he entertain them, that all agreed they had not feasted better for three years back. On the morrow, when they came forth from mass, the king opened the negotiation. 'Give ear, all ye in attendance, counts and gentlemen. I make a request of my Cid the Campeador. Christ grant that it be for his advantage. I ask your daughters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol for wives for the Infantes of Carrion—an honourable and fitting marriage, as it seems to me.' Said the Campeador in answer : 'I have no marriageable daughters, for they are of tender age ; but I and they are in your hands. Give them as it pleases you ; I am content.' Then the Infantes of Carrion rose and kissed his hand, and said the king : 'I thank you, Cid, that you give me your daughters for the Infantes of Carrion.' But said my Cid : 'It is you who give my daughters in marriage, not I. I will not give them from my hand, nor shall they vaunt themselves of it.' The king made answer : 'Here is Alvar Fanez ; let him take them from your hands and give them to the Infantes.' With that my Cid took his leave of King Alfonso, and set forth for Valencia, giving the Infantes in charge to Don Pero and Muño Gustioz. Doña Ximena and his daughters met him, and he said : 'By this marriage of yours we shall increase in honour ; but, look you, it was not I that brought it about. My lord Alfonso demanded you so earnestly, that I knew not how to say no, and in his hands have I placed you, my daughters. Believe me, it is he who bestows you in marriage, not I.' Then they set about preparing the palace. From top to bottom it was adorned with hangings of purple and samite and choice cloth. You would have relished living and eating in that palace. Then they sent for the Infantes, who rode forth to the palace arrayed in rich raiment. God ! how meekly they entered. My Cid and his vassals received them, and they did homage to him and to his wife, and seated themselves upon a costly couch. Then said the Campeador, rising to his feet : 'As we have somewhat to do, why

do we delay? Come hither, Alvar Fanez, whom I love and esteem : here are my two daughters, I place them in your hands. You know what the king hath commanded. I would not fail in aught that has been agreed. Give them to the Infantes of Carrion, with your blessing, and let us proceed.' Then said Minaya to the Infantes : ' By the hand of King Alfonso, who has laid the charge upon me, I give you these ladies of high degree, that ye take them for wives in honour and respect.' This done, they went forth from the palace to Santa Maria, and the bishop, Don Jerome, received them at the door of the church and gave them his benediction and chanted the mass. And from the church they rode out to the Glera of Valencia. God ! how gallantly my Cid and his vassals bore their arms. He that was born in a good hour changed three horses, and with what he saw he was well content, for the Infantes of Carrion rode well ; and the next day my Cid set up seven shields, and before they returned to dine, they broke them all. Rich was the wedding festival in the honoured Alcazar, and it lasted for fifteen days. And then those who had arrived for the marriage returned to Castile, taking their leave of Ruy Diaz and the ladies and gentlemen. And my Cid and his sons-in-law remained in Valencia, and there the Infantes abode well nigh two years. Great was the affection shown to them, and the Cid was glad, and all his vassals. The blessed Mary and our Father grant that my Cid may have joy of this marriage.

Here end the verses of this lay. The Creator and all his Saints be with you.

My Cid was in Valencia, with his vassals and his sons-in-law the Infantes of Carrion. Stretched upon a couch, the Campeador was sleeping, when, wot ye, a mishap befel them. The lion broke loose and escaped from the cage, and in sore fear were they in the midst of the court. They of the Campeador wrapped their mantles upon their arms, and gathered round the couch, and stood over their lord. But Ferran Gonzalez seeing no place of safety, neither open chamber nor tower, crept beneath the couch, so great was his fear, and Diego Gonzalez fled through the door, crying : ' I shall never see Carrion more,' and

in his terror threw himself across a wine-press beam, with his mantle and robe all besmeared. Thereupon he who was born in a good hour awoke, and seeing the couch surrounded by his good barons, he said : ' What means this, comrades ? what would ye ? ' ' Honoured lord,' said they, ' it is the lion gives us dread.' Then my Cid rose to his feet, and drew his mantle on his neck, and advanced on the lion. And the lion, when he saw him, was abashed and bent his head before my Cid, and Don Roderick grasped him by the mane, and dragging him put him in the cage : a marvel to all that were by. And returning to the palace through the court, he asked for his sons-in-law, but found them not. Despite of calling, there came no answer. And when they were found, they came back so pale, that laughter,—you never saw the like—ran round the court. My Cid the Campeador bade it cease, but the Infantes of Carrion held themselves grievously insulted.

While matters stood so, a thing befel, which gave them sore trouble. The army of Morocco, and King Bucar,<sup>5</sup> if you have heard tell of him, came and beleaguered Valencia with fifty thousand pitched tents. My Cid and all his barons were glad. Thanks to God, it was more spoil for them. But, look you, the Infantes of Carrion were troubled at heart to see so many tents of the Moors, for which they had no relish. ' We look for booty,' said they, ' and not loss. Now we shall have to go forth to battle, and it is certain we shall never see Carrion again, and the Campeador's daughters will be left widows.' Muño Gustioz heard their discourse, and carried the news to my Cid. ' See how your sons-in-law are afeared ; how courageous they are : at the prospect of battle they are longing for Carrion. Go give them heart, and God speed you.' And my Cid Don Roderick went out smiling. ' God be with you, sons-in-law,' said he. ' Battle is my desire, Carrion is yours. In your arms ye have my daughters, bright as the sun. Rest in Valencia at your will. I know how to deal with the Moors, and with God's grace I will endeavour to overthrow them.'

<sup>5</sup> King Bucar.—The person here meant is the Almoravide general, Abu Bekr, the lieutenant of Yusof ; but it is very doubtful whether he commanded in this battle. See Introduction, p. 42.

[The break, owing to the abstraction of a leaf from the Bivar Codex, occurs at this point. The defect in the narrative is partially supplied further on by the speech of Pero Bermuez at the Cortes of Toledo. We may assume that the brothers, or at least Ferrando, stung by the imputation of cowardice, make some demonstration of zeal, which leads to the encounter described by Pero.]

‘ May the time come when I may deserve as much of both of you.’<sup>6</sup> They went back together, and as Don Pero agreed, the honour was bestowed upon Ferrando. My Cid and his vassals rejoiced. ‘ Please God,’ said he, ‘ both my sons-in-law will yet bear themselves stoutly in battle,’ and so say his followers all.

Loud from among the Moorish tents the call to battle comes,

And some there are, unused to war, awed by the rolling drums.

Ferrando and Diego most : of troubled mind are they ;  
Not of their will they find themselves before the Moors  
that day.

‘ Pero Bermuez,’ said the Cid, ‘ my nephew stanch and true,

Ferrando and Diego do I give in charge to you ;

<sup>6</sup> These are the last words of Pero’s reply to Ferran Gonzalez, who had probably expressed his gratitude. There is, perhaps, a touch of dry contemptuous sarcasm in the answer, which would be very characteristic of Pero and his estimate of the Infantes. The line has an interest for English readers, for by means of a conjectural emendation of it, known only to himself and the Marquis de la Romana, Frere was able to accredit a confidential messenger to the latter when in the French service in Denmark. He proposed to read ‘ que vos merescades’ in place of ‘ que vos meresca dos.’ Frere’s emendation is ingenious. It is a decided improvement in construction, and perhaps in sense also, if we take it to mean ‘ when you may deserve the like thanks of me.’



Be yours the task in this day's fight my sons-in-law to shield,  
For, by God's grace, to-day we sweep the Moors from off  
the field.'

'Nay,' said Bermuez, 'Cid, for all the love I bear to thee,  
The safety of thy sons-in-law no charge of mine shall be.  
Let him who will the office fill ; my place is at the front,  
Among the comrades of my choice to bear the battle's-  
brunt ;

As it is thine upon the rear, against surprise to guard,  
And ready stand to give support where'er the fight goes  
hard.'

Came Alvar Fanez : 'Loyal Cid Campeador,' he cried,  
'This battle surely God ordains—He will be on our side ;  
Now give the order of attack as seems to thee the best,  
And, rust me, every man of us will do his chief's béhest.'  
But lo ! all armed from head to heel the Bishop Jerome  
shows ;

He ever brings good fortune to my Cid where'er he goes.  
'Mass have I said, and now I come to join you in the  
fray ;

To strike a blow against the Moor in battle if I may,  
And in the field win honour for my order and my hand.  
It is for this that I am here, far from my native land.  
Unto Valencia did I come to cast my lot with you,  
All for the longing that I had to slay a Moor or two.  
And so, in warlike guise I come, with blazoned shield, and  
lance,

That I may flesh my blade to-day, if God but give the  
chance.

Then send me to the front to do the bidding of my heart :  
Grant me this favour that I ask, or else, my Cid, we part.'

'Good!' said my Cid. 'Go, flesh thy blade; there stand thy Moorish foes.

Now shall we see how gallantly our fighting Abbot goes.'

He said; and straight the Bishop's spurs are in his charger's flanks,

And with a will he flings himself against the Moorish ranks.

By his good fortune, and the aid of God, that loved him well,

Two of the foe before his point at the first onset fell.

His lance he broke, he drew his sword—God! how the good steel played!

Two with the lance he slew, now five go down beneath his blade.

But many are the Moors, and round about him fast they close,

And on his hauberk, and his shield, they rain a shower of blows.

He in the good hour born beheld Don Jerome sorely pressed;

He braced his buckler on his arm, he laid his lance in rest, And aiming where beset by Moors the Bishop stood at bay,

Touched Babieca with the spur and plunged into the fray; And flung to earth unhorsed were seven, and lying dead were four,

Where breaking through the Moorish ranks came the Campeador.

God, it so pleased, that this should be the finish of the fight;

Before the lances of my Cid the fray became a flight;

And then to see the tent-ropes burst, the tent-poles prostrate flung !

As the Cid's horsemen crashing came the Moorish tents among.

Forth from the camp King Bucar's Moors they drove upon the plain,

And charging on the rout, they rode and cut them down amain ;

Here severed fell the mail-clad arm, there lay the steel-capped head,

And here the charger, riderless, ran trampling on the dead.

Behind King Bucar, as he fled, my Cid came spurring on ;

'Now, turn thee, Bucar, turn !' he cried ; 'here is the Bearded One ;

Here is that Cid you came to seek, King from beyond the main,

Let there be peace and amity to-day between us twain.'

Said Bucar, 'Nay ; thy naked sword, thy rushing steed, I see ;

If these mean amity, then God confound such amity.'<sup>7</sup>

Thy hand and mine shall never join unless in yonder deep,

If the good steed that I bestride his footing can but keep.'

Swift was the steed, but swifter borne on Babieca's stride,

Three fathoms from the sea my Cid rode at King Bucar's side ;

Aloft his blade a moment played, then on the helmet's crown,

Shearing the steel-cap dight with gems, Colada he brought down.

<sup>7</sup> Confonda Dios tal amistad.'

Down to the belt, through helm and mail, he cleft the  
Moor in twain.

And so he slew King Bucar, who came from beyond the  
main.

This was the battle, this the day, when he the great sword  
won,

Worth a full thousand marks of gold—the famous Brand,  
Tizon.<sup>8</sup>

And as my Cid came back from the slaughter, he lifted up his eyes and saw Diego and Ferrando coming, and he rejoiced, smiling brightly.<sup>9</sup> 'Welcome, sons-in-law,' said he : 'my sons are ye both. I know now that ye delight in battle. Good news of you will go to Carrion, how we have vanquished King Bucar.' Then came Minaya Alvar Fanez, from the elbow down dripping with blood, for twenty Moors and more had he slain ; his shield upon his neck all dented ; little recked he of the lance-thrusts ; those who had given them had not profited by them. 'To God be thanks,' said he, 'and to you, Cid, born in a good hour. You have slain Bucar, we have won the field, and your sons-in-law have fleshed their swords in battle with the Moors.' Said my Cid : 'I too am glad. Now that they are brave, henceforth will they be esteemed.' With good intent he said it, but they took it ill. They withdrew apart : verily they were brothers. 'Let us,' said they, 'have no regard for what they say. Let us depart for Carrion ; we delay too long here. Great and rich is the wealth we have gained. While we live we cannot spend it. Let us demand our wives of the Cid, that we take them to the lands of Carrion, to show them our heri-

<sup>8</sup> Tizon, the second of the Cid's swords, was, in Rodrigo Mendez Sylva's time, and, according to Don Manuel Malo de Molina, still is preserved as an heirloom in the family of the Marqueses de Falces. The word, to suit the trochaic trip of the ballads, was altered into Tizona, and its signification thereby lost. It means simply 'the brand.'

<sup>9</sup> 'Smiling brightly : 'fermoso sonrisando'—'belement en riant,' *Chanson de Roland*, lix.

tage. Let us remove them from Valencia and from the power of the Campeador, and afterwards on the road we will do our will, so that they reproach us no more with the affair of the lion. We will flout the daughters of the Campeador. With this wealth we shall be rich for ever ; we shall be able to wed the daughters of kings or emperors, for by birth we are Counts of Carrion.' With this design they returned, and said Ferran Gonzalez : ' God be with you, Cid Campeador. May it please Doña Ximena, and you, and Minaya Alvar Fanez, and all present : give us our wives, that we take them to our lands of Carrion and establish them in the towns we give them for portions and honours, so that your daughters may see what we possess and what will be the possessions of the sons we beget.' Said the Campeador, ' I will give you my daughters and somewhat of my wealth ;' for the Cid cared not to be thus slighted. ' Ye give them towns and lands for portions in the lands of Carrion, and I as a marriage portion give them three thousand marks of silver, and to you I give mules and palfreys and horses strong and swift, and raiment of cloth and robes, and two swords, Colada and Tizon : well you know I won them in knightly fashion. My sons are ye, since I give you my daughters, and in them ye take from me the core of my heart.<sup>1</sup> Let them of Galicia, and Castile, and Leon know how I have sent my sons-in-law home with wealth.' Thus did they go forth from Valencia the Bright, and held their way across the Huerta. Cheerful went my Cid and all his company ; but he who girt the sword in a good hour saw in the omens that these marriages would not be without some mishap, but it was vain to repent of having made them. And he said : ' Feliz Muñoz, thou art my nephew and the cousin of my daughters. I charge thee go with them even unto Carrion, and see the heritage given to them, and return with the tidings. Take ye your way by Molina, and salute my friend Abengalvon the Moor, that he receive my sons-in-law with honour, and for love of me escort them as far as Medina.' The parting was as that of the nail from the flesh, and then he of the good hour returned to Valencia. And the Infantes of Carrion took their way by Santa Maria de

<sup>1</sup> Literally, ' the web of my heart '—' telas del corazon.'

Albarracin and came to Molina, to the Moor Abengalvon, who received them with great joy, and on the morrow rode forth with them with two hundred cavaliers, to escort them through the forest of Luzon and Arbuxuelo, till they reached the Salon. But the brothers, seeing the wealth the Moor carried, plotted treachery together : ' If we could slay the Moor Abengalvon, we might possess ourselves of his wealth, and hold it as surely as our possessions of Carrion ; and the Cid Campeador could never have satisfaction of us.' But a Moor versed in Latin<sup>2</sup> overheard the plot, and said to Abengalvon : ' Have a care, my lord. The Infantes of Carrion plot thy death.' And Abengalvon was very wroth, and with his two hundred men he presented himself, arms in hand, before the Infantes. ' Say, Infantes of Carrion, what have I done to you ? Without guile am I serving you, and ye plot my death. Were it not for my Cid of Bivar, I would serve you so that the world should ring with it. I would restore his daughters to the loyal Campeador, and ye should never set foot in Carrion. Here I leave you as villains and traitors. Under your favour, Ladies Elvira and Sol, I will depart. God the Lord of the earth give the Campeador joy of this marriage.' So saying the Moor returned across the Salon towards Molina, and the Infantes moved forward and crossed the Sierra of Miedes, and leaving Griza on the left and San Estéban on the right, but far beyond, they entered the oak wood of Corpes,<sup>3</sup>—a tall forest, where branches lifted themselves to the clouds, and fierce beasts roamed around. They found a glade with a clear fountain, and they caused the tents to be pitched, and there they passed the night with their wives in their arms, making a show of love, which they ill proved at sunrise. Then they ordered the mules to be loaded and their servants to go forward, and when they four were left alone, then did the Infantes do a cruel wrong. ' Here,' said they, ' in this wild forest, do we cast you off, and the Cid Campeador shall know that this is our

<sup>2</sup> 'Un Moro latinado.' It probably means merely one acquainted with the languages of Christian Spain.

<sup>3</sup> 'Torpes' and 'Tormes' in other authorities. Sylva, in the *Poblacion general de España*, says it was near Berlanga, on the south side of the Duero, but neither name nor wood is to be found there now.

vengeance for the affair of the lion.' Then plucking off mantles and pelisses, the cruel traitors strip them to their smocks and undercoats, and seize the hard strong saddle-girths. Seeing this, said Doña Sol, 'For God's sake we entreat you, as ye have trenchant swords in your hands, rather cut off our heads, and let us be martyrs. If we are beaten, ye will be reviled of Moors and Christians, and called to answer it in Council or in Cortes.' But all their entreaties availed them nothing, for straightway the Infantes began to lash them with the saddle-girths and sharp spurs, tearing their linen and their flesh till the bright blood ran down their clothing. 'Ah!' thought the ladies in their hearts, 'if it were God's will, what fortune it would be if the Campeador should now appear.' Then, weary of striking and striving which could give the hardest blows, the Infantes left Elvira and Sol for dead, a prey to the beasts and birds of the forest. O for the Cid Campeador to come upon them that hour! Then the Infantes went on their way rejoicing through the wood. 'Now are we avenged of our marriages,' said they. 'Thus is the dishonour of the lion avenged.' But I must tell you of Feliz Muñoz, the nephew of the Cid. They bade him go forward, and against his will he went. His heart smote him as he followed the road, and he drew aside from the others, and hid himself in a thicket to watch whether his cousins came, and what the Infantes did. He saw them pass and heard their talk: had they seen him, look you, he had not escaped death. But they spurred onwards, and he turned back and found his cousins in a swoon, and sprang from his horse, crying, 'Cousins! cousins! for the love of God, waken while it is yet day, that the savage beasts of the forest devour us not.' Coming to themselves, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol opened their eyes and saw Feliz Muñoz, and in sore pain said Doña Sol: 'If our father the Campeador deserve aught of you, for God's sake give us water.' And with his hat (new and fresh was it when he brought it out of Valencia) he fetched water and gave it to his cousins, and urging them and encouraging them, he set them upon his horse, and they took their way through the oak wood of Corpes, and by nightfall they issued forth from the wood and reached the waters of Duero. He left them at the Tower of Doña Urraca, and came to San Estéban, where he found Diego Tellez, kinsman

of Alvar Fanez. He, when he heard it, was grieved to the heart ; and he took beasts and proper raiment, and fetched Doña Elvira and Doña Sol and lodged them in San Estéban, showing them all the honour he could. They of San Estéban are ever courteous, and it grieved them to the heart when they knew of the matter, and they comforted the daughters of the Cid and tended them till they were restored. These tidings came to Valencia, and when they were told to my Cid, he thought and pondered a full hour : and he raised his hand and grasped his beard, saying, 'Christ be thanked, since the Infantes of Carrion have done me such honour. By this beard that none hath reaped, the Infantes of Carrion shall not profit by this, and well shall I marry my daughters.' And he ordered Minaya and Pero Bermuez and Martin Antolinez to go with two hundred cavaliers to bring back his daughters to Valencia. When Doña Elvira and Doña Sol saw Minaya, 'We are as thankful to see you,' said they, 'as if we had seen the Creator ; and give ye thanks unto him that we are alive. When we are on our journey, we will tell you all our grievance.' And said Pero Bermuez, 'Be of good cheer, since ye are alive and well and without other hurt. Ye have lost a good marriage, but ye can win a better, and may we see the day when we shall be able to avenge you.' And the next day they set forth, they of San Estéban attending them with loving kindness as far as the river-side.<sup>4</sup> And Minaya and the ladies passed through Alcoceba to the right of San Estéban de Gormaz and halted at the King's ford at the Casa de Berlanga, and the next day they reached Medina, and the next Molina. The Moor Abengalvon was glad, and went forth to

<sup>4</sup> 'Ffata rio damor dando-les solaz.' M. Damas Hinard makes a curious mistake here. He treats 'Rio Damor' (so printed by Sanchez) as a proper name, and says it is 'un petit ruisseau, affluent du Duéro, à une lieue et demie de San Estéban.' This is something like Warton's interpretation of 'faucon brode' (i.e. a broad falchion) by 'falcon bird.' 'Damor' is of course only 'de amor'—'lovingly,' or 'out of love.' Nor is this his only contribution to Spanish topography. In a former passage he explains 'la Foz' by saying it is an affluent of the Jalon. 'Foz' is nothing more than 'fossa,' the hollow in which the river runs, and 'foz ayuso' is simply 'down the valley'—(p. 71.)



receive them, and made them a rich supper for the love of the Cid. Thence they went to Valencia, and he in the good hour born went forth to meet them, and he embraced them and kissed them. 'Welcome, my daughters,' said he. 'God keep you from evil. I accepted this marriage, for I dared not gainsay it. God grant that I see you better married hereafter, and that I have my revenge of my sons-in-law of Carrion.' Then he took counsel with his followers, and he said to Muño Gustioz, 'Carry the tidings to Castile, to King Alfonso, of this dishonour the Infantes have done me. It will cut the good king to the heart, for he and not I gave my daughters in marriage, and if any dishonour falls on us, great or small it falls on my lord. Let him summon me the Infantes of Carrion to council, assembly, or cortes, that I have justice of them, for heavy is the grievance on my heart.' And Muño Gustioz set forth, travelling day and night, and found the king at Sahagun. And the king was silent and meditated a good hour. 'Sooth to tell,' said he, 'it grieves me to the heart, for it was I married his daughters to the Infantes of Carrion. I did it for his advantage, but to-day I wish the match had not been made. It is his right that I should aid him: so my heralds shall go through all my kingdom to summon my court to Toledo. And I shall summon the Infantes of Carrion, that they do justice to my Cid the Campeador, so that he have no grievance if I can prevent it. Tell the Campeador to come to me to Toledo at the end of seven weeks. For the love of him do I summon this court.' Then without delay Alfonso of Castile sent letters to Leon and Santiago, to the Portuguese and Galicians, and to them of Carrion, and to the barons of Castile, that the honoured king would hold a court in Toledo at the end of seven weeks, and that he who came not to the court should not be esteemed his vassal. It weighed heavily upon the Infantes of Carrion, for they feared my Cid the Campeador would come; and they entreated the king to excuse them this court. 'That will I not do,' said the king, 'so help me God: my Cid the Campeador will come, and you have to render him justice, for he has a grievance against you. He who will not come to my court, let him quit my kingdom, for I relish him not.' Then the Infantes saw there was no help for it, and they took counsel with their

kinsmen ; and the Count Don García, the enemy of my Cid, who always sought to do him harm, was among them.

When the appointed day came, among the first went the good King Don Alfonso, and the Count Don Anrrich, and the Count Don Remond, the father of the good Emperor,<sup>5</sup> and the Count Don Vella, and the Count Don Beltran, and many other prudent men of the kingdom. With the Infantes were the Count Don García, and Asur Gonzalez, and Gonzalo Asurez, and a great band, which they brought to the court, thinking to overawe my Cid. On the fifth day came my Cid (he had sent Alvar Fanez before him), and when he saw the good King Alfonso, he lighted down to humble himself and honour his lord. Said the king, 'By San Esidro, I will have none of that. Mount, Cid ! With heart and soul I salute you. What grieves you, pains me to the heart.' That night my Cid did not cross the Tagus, but lodged in San Servan,<sup>6</sup> for he wished to watch and pray in that sanctuary and commune with Minaya and his trusty men. When morning came he said to Minaya, 'Let a hundred of my good men get ready, with vests under the hauberks bright as the sun, and over the hauberks ermines and furs, the girdles bound tight, so that the arms show not, and sweet trenchant swords under the mantles. In this wise will I go to the court to demand my rights and plead my plea, and, if the Infantes of Carrion try treachery, with a hundred such I shall have no fear.' He himself put on breeches of fine cloth, and bravely wrought shoes, and a linen shirt white as the sun, with loops of gold and silver at the wrists, for so he would have it. And over that, and under the surcoat, a tunic embroidered with gold, and next a

<sup>5</sup> 'The good Emperor' was Alfonso VII. of Castile, who assumed that title in 1135. Don Anrrich and Don Remond were the Burgundian Counts Henry and Raymond, the former of whom married Theresa, the natural daughter of Alfonso VI., receiving as her dower the county of Portugal. The latter married the Infanta Urraca, who succeeded her father. *Vide App. I.*

<sup>6</sup> San Servan, now called the Castle of Cervantes, the picturesque ruin on the south side of the Tagus, which forms such a striking feature in the grand view of Toledo, one of the most characteristic of Spain in all Spain, that opens to the eye on the ascent from the railway station.

robe of red fur with border of gold, which the Campeador always wore ; and over his hair a coif of rich scarlet worked with gold, for the hair of the good Campeador was not cut. Long was the beard he bore, and he bound it with a cord, so doing because he would fain preserve it ; and over all he threw a mantle of great price. Then mounting quickly, he issued forth from San Servan, and thus arrayed did my Cid go to the court. When they saw him enter, the good King Don Alfonso and the Count Don Anrrich and the Count Don Remond, and all the others, rose to their feet. But the Crespo de Grañon<sup>7</sup> would not rise, nor they of the party of the Infantes of Carrion. My Cid seated himself upon a couch, and the hundred who guarded him placed themselves around him ; and all that were in the court were gazing at my Cid and at the long beard he bore bound in a cord. In his port he looked a true baron, but for shame the Infantes of Carrion could not look upon him. Then the king rose to his feet. 'But two Cortes have I held since I have been king, one in Burgos, the other in Carrion. This third have I summoned to Toledo this day for the love of my Cid, him that was born in a good hour, that he have justice of the Infantes, who, as we all know, have done him a wrong. Let the Count Don Anrrich and the Count Don Remond and the other counts that are not of the party be judges in this matter ; and give ye your minds to it, to search out the right, for wrong I will not have. Let us have peace on each side. I swear by San Esidro, he who disturbs my court shall quit my kingdom and forfeit my love, and he who shall prove his right, on his side am I. Now let the Cid make his demand, and we will hear what answer the Infantes make.' My Cid kissed the king's hand and rose to his feet. 'Much do I thank you, my lord and king, that in love of me you have summoned this court. This do I

<sup>7</sup> 'Crespo de Grañon.'—There can be no doubt that this is here a title of Count García Ordoñez ; but in the *Cronica Rimada* Count Garci *Fernandes* is called 'Crespo de Grañon,' while Count García de Cabra is mentioned in the preceding line. According to most authorities the Cid's enemy was Count of Najera and Cabra, but Sandoval seems to have some doubt whether the two titles belonged to the same individual.

demand of the Infantes of Carrion. It is not I that am dishonoured because they deserted my daughters, for it was you, O king, who married them, and you will know what to do to-day. But when they carried away my daughters from Valencia the Great, I, of the love I bore them, gave them two swords that I won in knightly fashion, Colada and Tizon, that with them they might do honour to themselves and service to you. When they deserted my daughters in the oak-wood of Corpes, they meant to have nought of mine. Let them restore my swords, since they are no longer my sons-in-law.' And the judges agreed it was just. Then said the Count Don García, 'We must speak about this ;' and going aside with their kinsmen, the Infantes said, 'Still does the Cid bear love to us, since he urges not against us the dishonour of his daughters. Easily shall we reconcile ourselves with the king. Let us give him his swords, since this is the end of the dispute. When he has them, he will quit the court.' And returning to the court they said, 'So please ye, King Alfonso, we cannot deny that he gave us two swords, and as he desires them, we give them up in your presence.' And they drew forth the swords Colada and Tizon and placed them in the hands of the king. And he drew the swords and dazzled all the court ; of gold were the pummels and guards. And all that were in the court marvelled. The Cid, receiving the swords, held them in his hands, gazing on them. They could not change them, for he knew them well. And his whole body was glad, and from his heart he smiled, and grasping his beard, the beard that none had reaped, 'Thus,' said he, 'are Doña Elvira and Doña Sol being avenged.' Then he called his nephew, and stretching forth his arm, gave him the sword Tizon. 'Take it,' he said, 'and it will have a better master.' And to Martin Antolinez, the worthy Burgalese, he gave the sword Colada. 'Take Colada,' he said : 'I won it from a brave master, the Count Don Remont Berengel of Barcelona ; therefore do I give it to you, that you take good care of it. I know if you have the chance with it, you will win honour and glory.' Then he rose to his feet. 'Thanks be to God and you, my lord the king, I am satisfied in my swords, but I have another grievance against the Infantes of Carrion. When they carried away my daughters from Valencia, I gave them three thousand marks in gold and

silver. Let them restore my treasure, since they are no longer my sons-in-law.' Then made answer the Infantes, 'We gave him back his swords, that he should make no further demand, and that the dispute should end here. This, if it please the king, is our answer.' But said the king, 'Ye must satisfy the Cid in his demand.' With that the Infantes retired apart, perplexed in mind, for the sum was great and they had spent all. 'The conqueror of Valencia bears hard on us,' said they, 'in this eagerness to seize our possessions. We must pay out of our heritage in the lands of Carrion.' Said the judges, 'If this please the Cid we will not refuse it, but our judgment is that ye make restitution here in the court.' Said Ferran Gonzalez, 'We have no money.' The Count Don Remond made answer, 'Ye have spent the gold and silver; then our award before King Alfonso is that ye pay him in kind, and that the Campeador accept it.' Then the Infantes saw there was no help, and you might see them bring many a swift steed and stout mule and trained palfrey, and good sword with its furniture. My Cid received them on the appraising of the court, and the Infantes paid him, borrowing of others, for their own means sufficed not. Ill did they come, and scoffed at, look you, out of this debate. My Cid received the appraisements, and his men took charge of them; but when this was done, they turned to another matter.

'So please your Grace! once more upon your clemency I call;

A grievance yet remains untold, the greatest grief of all.  
And let the court give ear, and weigh the wrong that hath  
been done.

I hold myself dishonoured by the Lords of Carrion.  
Redress by combat they must yield; none other will I take.  
How now, Infantes! what excuse, what answer do ye make?  
Why have ye laid my heartstrings bare? In jest or earnest,  
say,

Have I offended you? and I will make amends to-day.

My daughters in your hands I placed the day that forth ye  
went,

And rich in wealth and honours from Valencia were ye sent.  
Why did ye carry with you brides ye loved not, treacherous  
curs?

Why tear their flesh in Corpes wood with saddle-girths and  
spurs,

And leave them to the beasts of prey? Villains throughout  
were ye!

What answer ye can make to this 'tis for the court to see.'

The Count García was the first that rose to make reply.

'So please ye, gracious king, of all the Kings of Spain most  
high;

Strange is the guise in which my Cid before you hath  
appeared;

To grace your summoned court he comes, with that long  
straggling beard;

With awe struck dumb, methinks, are some; some look as  
though they feared.

The noble Lords of Carrion of princely race are born;

To take the daughters of my Cid for lemans they should  
scorn;

Much more for brides of equal birth: in casting them  
aside—

We care not for his blustering talk—we hold them justified.'

Upstood the Champion, stroked his beard, and grasped it  
in his hands.

'Thanks be to God above,' he cried, 'who heaven and  
earth commands,

A long and lordly growth it is, my pleasure and my pride;

In this my beard, García, say, what find you to deride?

Its nurture since it graced my chin hath ever been my care;  
 No son of woman born hath dared to lay a finger there;  
 No son of Christian or of Moor hath ever plucked a hair.  
 Remember Cabra, Count! of thine the same thou canst not  
 say :

On both thy castle and thy beard I laid my hand that day :  
 Nay! not a groom was there but he his handful plucked  
 away.

Look, where my hand hath been, my lords, all ragged yet it  
 grows !'

With noisy protest breaking in Ferran Gonzalez rose : —  
 'Cid, let there be an end of this ; your gifts you have again,  
 And now no pretext for dispute between us doth remain.  
 Princes of Carrion are we, with fitting brides we mate ;  
 Daughters of emperors or kings, not squires of low estate :  
 We brook not such alliances, and yours we rightly spurned.'  
 My Cid, Ruy Diaz, at the word, quick to Bermuez turned.  
 'Now is the time, Dumb Peter,<sup>s</sup> speak, O man that sittest  
 mute !

My daughters' and thy cousins' name and fame are in  
 dispute :

To me they speak, to thee they look to answer every word.  
 If I am left to answer now, thou canst not draw thy sword.'  
 Tongue-tied Bermuez stood, awhile he strove for words in  
 vain,

But, look you, when he once began he made his meaning  
 plain.

'Cid, first I have a word for you : you always are the same,  
 In Cortes ever jibing me, "Dumb Peter" is the name :

\* 'Dumb Peter,'—'Pero Mudo.'

It never was a gift of mine, and that long since you  
knew ;

But have you found me fail in aught that fell to me to do ?  
You lie, Ferrando ; lie in all you say upon that score.  
The honour was to you, not him, the Cid Campeador ;  
For I know something of your worth, and somewhat I can  
tell.

That day beneath Valencia wall—you recollect it well—  
You prayed the Cid to place you in the forefront of the  
fray ;

You spied a Moor, and valiantly you went that Moor to  
slay ;

And then you turned and fled—for his approach you would  
not stay.

Right soon he would have taught you 'twas a sorry game to  
play,

Had I not been in battle there to take your place that day.

I slew him at the first onfall ; I gave his steed to you ;

To no man have I told the tale from that hour hitherto.

Before my Cid and all his men you got yourself a name,

How you in single combat slew a Moor—a deed of fame ;

And all believed in your exploit : they wist not of your  
shame.

You are a craven at the core ; tall, handsome, as you  
stand :

How dare you talk as now you talk, you tongue without a  
hand ?<sup>9</sup>

Again, Ferrando, call to mind—another tale for you—

That matter of the lion ; it was at Valencia too.

<sup>9</sup> ' Lengua sin manos, cuemo osas fablar ?'



My Cid lay sleeping when you saw the unchained lion near ;  
 What did you do, Ferrando, then, in your agony of fear ?  
 Low did you crouch behind the couch whereon the Cham-  
 pion lay :

You did, Ferrando, and by that we rate your worth to-day.  
 We gathered round to guard our lord, Valencia's conqueror.  
 He rose, and to the lion went, the brave Campeador ;  
 The lion fawned before his feet and let him grasp its mane ;  
 He thrust it back into the cage ; he turned to us again :  
 His trusty vassals to a man he saw around him there :  
 Where were his sons-in-law ? he asked, and none could tell  
 him where.

Now take thou my defiance as a traitor, trothless knight :  
 Upon this plea before our King Alfonso will I fight ;  
 The daughters of my lord are wronged, their wrong is mine  
 to right.

That ye those ladies did desert, the baser are ye then ;  
 For what are they ?—weak women ; and what are ye ?—  
 strong men.

On every count I deem their cause to be the holier,  
 And I will make thee own it when we meet in battle here.  
 'Traitor thou shalt confess thyself, so help me God on high,  
 And all that I have said to-day my sword shall verify.'

Thus far these two. Diego rose, and spoke as ye shall hear :  
 'Counts by our birth are we, of stain our lineage is clear.  
 In this alliance with my Cid there was no parity.  
 If we his daughters cast aside, no cause for shame we see.  
 And little need we care if they in mourning pass their lives,  
 Enduring the reproach that clings to scorned rejected wives.  
 In leaving them we but upheld our honour and our right,  
 And ready to the death am I, maintaining this, to fight.'

Here Martin Antolinez sprang upon his feet : ' False hound !  
Will you not silent keep that mouth where truth was never  
found ?

For you to boast ! the lion scare have you forgotten too ?  
How through the open door you rushed, across the court-  
yard flew ;

How sprawling in your terror on the wine-press beam you  
lay ?

Ay ! never more, I trow, you wore the mantle of that day.<sup>1</sup>  
There is no choice ; the issue now the sword alone can try ;  
The daughters of my Cid ye spurned ; that must ye justify.  
On every count I here declare their cause the cause of  
right,

And thou shalt own thy treachery the day we join in fight.'  
He ceased, and striding up the hall Assur Gonzalez passed ;  
His cheek was flushed with wine, for he had stayed to  
break his fast ;

Ungirt his robe, and trailing low his ermine mantle hung ;  
Rude was his bearing to the Court, and reckless was his  
tongue.

' What a to-dó is here, my lords ! was the like ever seen ?  
What talk is this about my Cid—him of Bivar I mean ?  
' To Riodourna let him go to take his millers' rent,  
And keep his mills agoing there,<sup>2</sup> as once he was content.

<sup>1</sup> Frere translates this : ' For shame, never wear a mantle nor a knightly robe again.'

<sup>2</sup> Frere translates : ' Has he been to Riodivirna to besiege the windmills there ?' Seeing that the mills (not wind- but water-mills) were his own, the Cid was not likely to besiege them. ' Molino picar ' is simply to work a mill. Riodourna is now the Rio Ovierna, which flows past Bivar.

He, forsooth, mate his daughters with the Counts of Carrion !'  
 Upstarted Muño Gustioz : ' False, foul-mouthed knave, have done !  
 Thou glutton, wont to break thy fast without a thought of prayer,  
 Whose heart is plotting mischief when thy lips are speaking fair ;  
 Whose plighted word to friend or lord hath ever proved a lie ;  
 False always to thy fellow-man, falser to God on high.  
 No share in thy good will I seek ; one only boon I pray,  
 The chance to make thee own thyself the villain that I say.'  
 Then spoke the king : ' Enough of words : ye have my leave to fight,  
 The challenged and the challengers ; and God defend the right.'

But lo ! two cavaliers came into court ; one, Oiarra by name, the other Yenego Simenez ; the one the Infante of Navarre, the other the Infante of Aragon.\* They kiss King Alfonso's hand, and ask the daughters of my Cid the Campeador for Queens of Navarre and Aragon ; whereat the Court was silent and gave ear. My Cid rose to his feet. ' So please your grace, King Alfonso, for this do I thank the Creator, that from Navarre and Aragon they ask them of me. You gave them in marriage before, not I. My daughters are in your hands. Without your command, I will do nothing.' The king rose and bade the Court keep silence. ' Of you, Cid, noble Campeador, I ask consent that this marriage be ratified to-day in this court, for it brings to you honour and territory.' Said my Cid : ' Since it is pleasing to you, I agree to it.' Then said the king, ' I ratify

\* As has been already said, this is an error on the part of the poet. Oiarra and Iñigo Simenez are, of course, the names of the envoys.

this marriage of the daughters of my Cid, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, with the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon. Let this debate end ; and to-morrow, at the rising of the sun, shall be the combat, three against three, of those engaged by challenge in the court.' But said the Infantes of Carrion hastily : ' Grant us time, O king, for to-morrow it cannot be : they of the Campeador have arms and horses, but we must first go to our domains of Carrion.' Said the king to the Campeador, ' This combat shall be when you command.' But said my Cid, ' I will take no part in it. I love Valencia more than the lands of Carrion.' Then said the king : ' Campeador, leave your cavaliers and arms with me, fearing nothing. I will take care, as vassal would for his lord, that neither of count nor squire they suffer violence, and at the end of three weeks they shall engage in this combat in the vega of Carrion in my presence. He who appears not at the expiration of the time, shall lose his cause, be held vanquished, and pass for a traitor.' My Cid kissed the king's hand and said, ' I am content, my lord : my three gentlemen are in your hands : they are ready to do their duty. Send them to me to Valencia with honour, for the love of the Creator.' Then the Campeador took off his coif, and removed the cord and released his beard ; nor could all they that were in the court refrain from gazing on him. And he approached the Counts Don Anrrich and Don Remond, and embraced them, entreating them to take what they pleased of his wealth—they and the others that were well disposed. And some there were who took and some not. Then my Cid kissed the king's hand, and moved towards his horse. Said he, ' You bid me mount the courser Babieca. Among Moors or Christians there is not such another to-day. As a gift I give him to you ; deign to accept him, my lord.' ' That will I not,' said the king. ' If I took him from you, the horse would not have so good a lord. A horse like that is for the like of you, to beat the Moors off the field and press them in pursuit. God speed not the man who would take him from you, for by you and your steed do we gain honour.' And the Campeador laid charge on them who were to fight. ' Martin Antolinez, and you, Pero Bermuez, and Muño Gustioz, bear yourselves stoutly on the field like men, that good news of you come to me in Valencia.' Said Martin

Antolinez, 'Why say that, my lord? We have accepted the duty, and it is for us to go through with it. You may hear of us dead, but not conquered.' Glad at this was he in the good hour born; and so my Cid departed for Valencia and the king for Carrion.

And now the three weeks of truce were passed, and the champions of the Campeador were ready to do their lord's behest. Two days they waited for the Infantes of Carrion; who came well provided with horses and arms, and with them all their kinsmen, so that, if haply they could separate the Cid's champions, they might slay them to the dishonour of their lord. Evil was the design, but it was not attempted, for they were in great fear of Alfonso of Leon. Through the night they watched their arms and prayed. When the night was passed and the dawn broke, there came a multitude of men of substance, eager to see the fight.

They of the Campeador donned their armour all together, being all of one lord. And, on the other side, the Infantes armed themselves, the Count García Ordoñez giving them counsel. And they pleaded with King Alfonso that the trenchant swords Colada and Tizon should not be used in battle, and that the Campeador's champions should not fight with them. Sorely did the Infantes repent that they had restored them. So said they to the king, but he gave them no comfort. 'Had ye not swords with you when we held the Court? Wield them well, and they will serve your needs, and suffice against those of Campeador. Arise, and go to the field, Infantes of Carrion. Ye have need to fight like men, for there will be no shortcoming on the side of the Campeador. If ye come well out of the field, ye will have great honour: if ye are vanquished, ye cannot charge it to us, for all know it was your own seeking.' Then did the Infantes of Carrion repent of what they had done: for all Carrion they would not have done it. They of the Campeador all three were armed, and King Alfonso went to see them. 'We kiss your hands as our king and lord,' they said. 'Be just to them and to us to-day, and aid us in the right, not in the wrong. The Infantes have their faction here; we know not what they will do, but our lord put us in your hand. Then hold to the right, for the love of the Creator.' Then they led them forth their horses, strong

and swift; they signed the cross upon their saddles, and mounted stoutly, their well-bossed shields about their necks, and their pennoned lances with trenchant blades in their hands. So they went forth to the plain where the bounds were set, all three agreed to strike well home each at his man. On the other side came the Infantes of Carrion, well attended, for their kinsmen were many. The king assigned them marshals to decide the right and wrong, so that there should be no dispute, and from his seat upon the field said King Alfonso : 'Hear what I say, Infantes of Carrion. This combat ye should have fought at Toledo ; but ye would not : so I have brought these three cavaliers of my Cid in safety to the lands of Carrion. Take your right, seek no wrong : who attempts it, ill betide him.' Then the marshals and the king mark out the bounds, and to all the six they point out that he who should pass the bound should be held vanquished : and all the people withdraw six lance-lengths, and they portion out the field and the sun for them by lot.

The marshals leave them face to face and from the lists are  
gone ;<sup>4</sup>

Here stand the champions of my Cid, there those of  
Carrion ;

Each with his gaze intent and fixed upon his chosen  
foe,

Their bucklers braced before their breasts, their lances  
pointing low,

Their heads bent down, as each man leans above his saddle-  
bow.

Then with one impulse every spur is in the charger's side,  
And earth itself is felt to shake beneath their furious  
stride ;

<sup>4</sup> Ticknor points out the resemblance between this passage and the description of the combat between Palamon and Arcite in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*.

Till, midway meeting, three with three, in struggle fierce  
they lock,

While all account them dead who hear the echo of the  
shock.

Ferrando and his challenger, Pero Bermuez, close ;  
Firm are the lances held, and fair the shields receive the  
blows.

Through Pero's shield Ferrando drove his lance, a bloodless  
stroke ;

The point stopped short in empty space, the shaft in  
splinters broke.

But on Bermuez, firm of seat, the shock fell all in vain ;  
And while he took Ferrando's thrust he paid it back again.  
The armoured buckler shattering, right home his lance he  
pressed,

Driving the point through boss and plate against his foe-  
man's breast.

'Three folds of mail Ferrando wore,<sup>b</sup> they stood him in good  
stead ;

Two yielded to the lance's point, the third held fast the head.  
But forced into the flesh it sank a hand's-breadth deep or  
more,

Till bursting from the gasping lips in torrents gushed the  
gore.

Then, the girths breaking, o'er the croup borne rudely to  
the ground,

He lay, a dying man it seemed to all who stood around.

<sup>b</sup> This is translated by Frere : 'Two breastplates Fernando wore and a coat of mail.' Why, it would be hard to say ; for the original is plain enough, 'tres dobles de loriga tenie Fernando.' Furthermore, a knight in plate armour at this period is an anachronism. In an earlier passage, too, he translates 'loriga' by 'breastplates.'

Bermuez cast his lance aside, and sword in hand came on ;  
Ferrando saw the blade he bore, he knew it was Tizon :  
Quick ere the dreaded brand could fall, 'I yield me,' came  
the cry.

Vanquished the marshals granted him, and Pero let him lie.

And Martin Antolinez and Diego—fair and true  
Each struck upon the other's shield, and wide the splinters  
flew.

Then Antolinez seized his sword, and as he drew the blade,  
A dazzling gleam of burnished steel across the meadow  
played ;

And at Diego striking full, athwart the helmet's crown,  
Sheer through the steel plates of the casque he drove the  
falchion down,

Through coif and scarf, till from the scalp the locks it razed  
away,

And half shorn off and half upheld the shattered head-piece  
lay.

Reeling beneath the blow that proved Colada's cruel might,  
Diego saw no chance but one, no safety save in flight :

He wheeled and fled, but close behind him Antolinez drew ;  
With the flat blade a hasty blow he dealt him as he flew ;

But idle was Diego's sword ; he shrieked to Heaven for aid :  
'O God of glory, give me help ! save me from yonder  
blade !'

Unreined, his good steed bore him safe and swept him past  
the bound,

And Martin Antolinez stood alone upon the ground.

'Come hither,' said the king ; 'thus far the conquerors are  
ye.'

And fairly fought and won the field the marshals both agree.



So much for these, and how they fought : remains to tell  
you yet

How meanwhile Muño Gustioz Assur Gonzalez met.

With a strong arm and steady aim each struck the other's  
shield,

And under Assur's sturdy thrust the plates of Muño's yield ;

But harmless passed the lance's point, and spent its force in  
air.

Not so Don Muño's ; on the shield of Assur striking fair,  
Through plate and boss and foeman's breast his pennoned  
lance he sent,

Till out between the shoulder blades a fathom's length it  
went.<sup>6</sup>

Then, as the lance he plucked away, clear from the saddle  
swung,

With one strong wrench of Muño's wrist to earth was  
Assur flung ;

And back it came, shaft, pennon, blade, all stained a gory  
red ;

Nor was there one of all the crowd but counted Assur sped,  
While o'er him Muño Gustioz stood with uplifted brand.

Then cried Gonzalo Assurez : ' In God's name hold thy  
hand !

Already have ye won the field ; no more is needed now.'

And said the marshals, ' It is just, and we the claim allow.'

\* 'Una braza,' which exactly corresponds with our fathom, being the length of the extended arms from finger tip to finger tip. A man through whom that length of lance had been driven and withdrawn would not, according to modern notions, need intercession on his behalf, but, as the reader has probably noticed, the heroes of the Poema del Cid have a Homeric capacity for cold steel.

And then the King Alfonso gave command to clear the  
ground,

And gather in the relics of the battle strewed around.

And from the field in honour went Don Roderick's cham-  
pions three.

Thanks be to God, the Lord of all, that gave the victory.

But fearing treachery, that night upon their way they went,  
As King Alfonso's honoured guests in safety homeward  
sent,

And to Valencia city day and night they journeyed on,

To tell my Cid Campeador that his behest was done.

But in the lands of Carrion it was a day of woe,<sup>7</sup>

And on the lords of Carrion it fell a heavy blow.

He who a noble lady wrongs and casts aside—may he

Meet like requital for his deeds, or worse, if worse there be.

But let us leave them where they lie—their meed is all  
men's scorn.

Turn we to speak of him that in a happy hour was born.

Valencia the Great was glad, rejoiced at heart to see

The honoured champions of her lord return in victory :

And Ruy Diaz grasped his beard : 'Thanks be to God,'  
said he,

'Of part or lot in Carrion now are my daughters free ;

Now may I give them without shame who'er the suitors be.'

And favoured by the king himself, Alfonso of Leon,

Prosperous was the wooing of Navarre and Aragon.

The bridals of Elvira and of Sol in splendour passed ;

Stately the former nuptials were, but statelier far the last.

<sup>7</sup> In several instances the lines seem to have been transposed here, and I have not thought it necessary to follow the arrangement of the original.

And he that in a good hour was born, behold how he hath  
sped !

His daughters now to higher rank and greater honour wed :  
Sought by Navarre and Aragon for queens his daughters  
twain ;

And monarchs of his blood to-day upon the thrones of  
Spain.

And so his honour in the land grows greater day by day.  
Upon the feast of Pentecost from life he passed away.

For him and all of us the Grace of Christ let us implore.

And here ye have the story of my Cid Campeador.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> 'Estas son las nuevas de myo Cid el Campeador.'

The Bivar MS. concludes with the lines quoted in the introduction,  
p. 7, to which is added the distich—

'dat nos del vino si non tenedes dinneros,  
Ca mas podré, que bien vos lo dixieron labielos.'

This probably was a customary 'tag' addressed by the minstrel or  
jongleur to his audience at the conclusion of his recitation or chant.  
From other poems of the period it would appear that a cup of wine  
was a common honorarium.









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