The works of ... Lord Byron

Child Harold's pilgrimage [canto IV]

Byron, George Gordon

Zwickau, 1819

Poems.

P O E M S.

The effect of the original ballad (which existed both in Spanish and Arabic) was such that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO

DEL

SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA, EL QUAL DEZIA EN ARAVIGO ASSI.

1.

Passeavase el Rey Moro
Por la ciudad de Granada,
Desde las puertas de Elvira
Hasta las de Bivarambla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

2.

Cartas le fueron venidas
Que Alhama era ganada.
Las cartas echò en el fuego,
Y al mensagero matava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD

ON THE

SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA,

Which, in the Arabic language, is to the following purport.

1.

The Moorish King rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town,
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!

2.

Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama's city fell;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

3.

Descavalga de una mula,
Y en un cavallo cavalga
Por el Zacatin arriba
Subido se avia al Alhambra.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

4.

Como en el Alhambra estuvo,
Al mismo punto mandava
Que se toquen las trompetas
Con añafiles de plata.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

5.

Y que atambores de guerra
Apriessa toquen alarma;
Por que lo oygan sus Moros,
Los de la Vega y Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

3.

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course;
Through the street of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama!

4.

When the Alhambra walls he gained,
On the moment he ordained
That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.
Woe is me, Alhama!

5.

And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,
Woe is me, Alhama!

6.

Los moros que el son oyeron,
Que al sangriento Marte llama,
Uno a uno, y dos a dos,
Un gran esquadron formavan.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

7.

Alli hablò un Moro viejo;
Desta manera hablava: —
Para que nos llamas, Rey?
Para que es este llamada?
Ay de mi, Alhama!

8.

Aveys de saber, amigos,
Una nueva desdichada:
Que Cristianos, con braveza,
Ya nos han tomado Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

6.

Then the Moors by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
In increasing squadrons flew.
Woe is me, Alhama!

7.

Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before,
«Wherefore call on us, oh king?
«What may mean this gathering?»
Woe is me, Alhama;

8.

«Friends! ye have alas! to know
«Of a most disastrous blow,
«That the Christians, stern and bold,
«Have obtained Alhama's hold.»
Woe is me, Alhama!

9.

Alli hablò un viejo Alfaqui,
De barba crecida y cana: —
Bien se te emplea, buen Rey,
Buen Rey; bien se te empleava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

10.

Mataste los Bencerrages,
Que era la flor de Granada;
Cogiste los tornadizos
De Cordova la nombrada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

11.

Por esso mereces, Rey
Una pena bien doblada;
Que te pierdas tu y el reyno,
Y que se pierda Granada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

9.

Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see,
«Good King! thou art justly served,
«Good King! this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama!

10.

« By thee were slain, in evil hour,
«The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;
«And strangers were received by thee
«Of Cordova the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama!

11.

«And for this, oh King! is sent
«On thee a double chastisement,
«Thee and thine, thy crown and realm
«One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama

12.

Si no se respetan leyes,
Es ley que todo se pierda;
Y que se pierda Granada,
Y que te pierdas en ella.
Ay de mi. Alhama!

13.

Fuego por los ojos vierte.
El Rey que esto oyera.
Y como el otro de leyes
De leyes tambien hablava.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

14.

Sabe un Rey que no ay leyes
De darle a Reyes disgusto. —
Esso dize el Rey Moro
Relinchando de colera.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

12.

«He who holds no laws in awe,
«He must perish by the law;
«And Grenada must be won,
«And thyself with her undone.»
Woe is me, Alhama!

13.

Fire flashed from out the old Moor's eyes,
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama!

14.

«There is no law to say such things
«As may disgust the ear of kings:» —
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish King, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama!

15.

Moro Alfaqui, Moro Alfaqui,
El de la vellida barba,
El Rey te manda prender,
Por la perdida de Alhama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

16.

Y cortarte la cabeza,
Y ponerla en el Alhambra,
Por que a ti castigo sea,
Y otros tiemblen en miralla.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

17.

Cavalleros, hombres buenos,
Dezid de mi parte al Rey,
Al Rey Moro de Granada,
Como no le devo nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

15.

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!
Though thy beard so hoary be,
The King hath sent to have thee seized,
For Alhama's loss displeased,
Woe is me, Alhama!

16.

And to fix thv head upon
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;
That this for thee should be the law,
And others tremble when they saw.
Woe is me, Alhama!

17.

«Cavalier! and man of worth!
«Let these words of mine go forth;
«Let the Moorish Monarch know,
«That to him I nothing owe:
Woe is me, Alhama!

18.

De averse Alhama perdido
A mi me pesa en el alma.
Que si el Rey perdiò su tierra,
Otro mucho mas perdiera,
Ay de mi, Alhama!

19.

Perdieran hijos padres,
Y casados las casadas:
Las cosas que mas amara
Perdiò l' un y el otro fama.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

20.

Perdi una hija donzella
Que era la flor d' esta tierra,
Cien doblas dava por ella,
No me las estimo en nada.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

18.

«But on my soul Alhama weighs,
«And on my inmost spirit preys;
«And if the King his land hath lost,
«Yet others may have lost the most.
Woe is me, Alhama!

19.

«Sires have lost their children, wives
«Their lords, and valiant men their lives;
«One what best his love might claim
«Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.
Woe is me, Alhama!

20.

«I lost a damsel in that hour,
«Of all the land the loveliest flower;
«Doubloons a hundred I would pay,
«And think her ransom cheap that day.»
Woe is me, Alhama!

21.

Diziendo assi al hacen Alfaqui,
Le cortaron la cabeça,
Y la elevan al Alhambra,
Assi come el Rey lo manda.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

22.

Hombres, niños y mugeres,
Lloran tan grande perdida.
Lloravan todas las damas
Quantas en Granada avia.
Ay de mi, Alhama!

23.

Por las calles y ventanas
Mucho luto parecia;
Llora el Rey como fembra,
Qu' es mucho lo que perdia.
Ay de mi Alhama!

21.

And as these things the old Moor said,
They severed from the trunk his head;
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.
Woe is me, Alhama,

22.

And men and infants therein weep
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;
Granada's ladies, all she rears
Within her walls, burst into tears.
Woe is me, Alhama!

23.

And from the windows o'er the walls
The sable web of mourning falls;
The King weeps as a woman o'er
His loss, for it is much and sore.
Woe is me, Alhama!

SONETTO DI VITTORELLI.

PER MONCA.

Sonetto composto in nome di un genitore, a cui era morta poco innanzi una figlia appena maritata; è diretto al genitore della sacra sposa.

Di due vaghe donzelle, oneste, accorte
Lieti e miseri padri il ciel ne feo,
Il ciel, che degne di più nobil sorte
L' una e l' altra veggendo, ambo chiedeo.
La mia fu tolta da veloce morte
A le fumanti tede d' imeneo:
La tua, Francesco, in sugellate porte
Eterna prigioniera or si rendeo.
Ma tu almeno potrai da la gelosa
Irremeabil soglia, ove s' asconde,
La sua tenera udir voce pietosa.
Io verso un fiume d' amarissim' onda,
Corro a quel marmo, in cui la figlia or posa,
Batto, e ribatto, ma nessun risponde.

TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI.

ON A NUN.

Sonnet composed in the name of a father whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,
And gazing upon *either*, *both* required.
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly fired
Becomes extinguished, soon—too soon—expires:
But thine, within the closing grate retired,
Eternal captive, to her God aspires.
But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,
May'st hear her sweet and pious voice once more:
I to the marble, where *my daughter* lies,
Rush, — the swoln flood of bitterness I pour,
And knock, and knock, and knock — but none replies.