

his capa, or cloak, who said, "Follow me; I will assist you in your search." He did so; and as soon as they were sheltered under the shadow of the church of Corpo Christo, the man removed his cloak and disclosed the face of our friend Francisco, exclaiming, "Do you know me?"

The merchant was thunder-struck, for the idea flashed across him at the instant, that Francisco was the person who executed the very robbery which he was then trying to investigate.

"Do you remember your promise?" said Francisco.

"I do," replied the merchant.

"Are you prepared to execute it?"

"I am, at all hazards."

"You alone have the right to go on the river at night and visit the shipping."

"I have."

"Meet me in an hour, and have your boat and crew at the stairs of the Praca de Commercio."

"I will. But, stay, Francisco; you are suspected of having robbed the convoy from Madrid, and I am employed to discover the perpetrators of the audacious undertaking."

"I know all that—but you are a Caballero de honor—meet me at the hour."

"But, Francisco——"

"Meet me, I say: your word is pledged—I do not doubt it."

The merchant did meet him at the same stairs—his boat, with a full crew, was in attendance. Not a word was exchanged until they were

seated in the stern. Francisco grasped his hand—the merchant's heart beat violently—but he returned the pressure of the robber's fingers. "Where to?" he at last whispered.

"To yonder vessel," was the reply.

They rowed in silence—the vessel was hailed—Francisco handed up his heavy saddle-bags, put his mouth to the merchant's ear, and said, "I did it! There is my share of the booty—I go to America—this ship has been chartered by me!—Adios para siempre—adios Caballero—hombre de honor!"—(Farewell for ever—farewell, Cavalier—man of honour!)

The anchor was weighed; Francisco left the Tagus, and is now a man of wealth and reputation in a distant colony.

LETRILLA.

ON the margin of a river,
Flowing swift in dulcet measure,
Love laid down his silver quiver,
Fell asleep in dreamy pleasure.

Lydia came from yonder mountain,
With bounding step—a wood-nymph wild,
Saw reflected in the fountain
The image of the beauteous child.

She stole his quiver—bow—and darts,
And would have pluck'd his rosy wing,
But pain disturb'd him with its smart—
He started up with youthful spring.

He saw her lovely as the morn,
Her eyes inspir'd with his own fires,
Shooting sparks of flame new-born,
Of youthful hope—of young desires.

Thoughtless maiden! do not borrow
From me that bow which gives such pain ;
Eyes wound deeper than the arrow,
Return me, then, those reeds again.

Why shouldst thou, maiden, seek those arms,
To wound or captivate each heart,
When Nature gives to thee such charms—
And every beauty bears its dart ?

BOLERA,
DEL
SIG. DON FERNANDO SOR.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, starting with a whole rest followed by a melodic phrase. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a forte dynamic marking 'f' and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

The second system continues the musical notation with three staves. The vocal line continues its melodic line. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system continues the musical notation with three staves. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system continues the musical notation with three staves. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA
JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

THE GARROTE.

JOSE CARDERO, whose portrait is prefixed to this sketch, was one of the most cruel of the Niños de Esija. It was our lot to see him and his companion, Juan Cuadra, executed at Madrid for a daring robbery, accompanied with acts of violence, they committed in the neighbourhood of the royal residence of Aranguez, to which district they had for a short time, while the court was at the Sitio, extended their depredations from their more legitimate quarter of the Sierra Morena.

They were convicted on the clearest evidence, and condemned to be publicly *garroted*. For three days before their execution, they were removed from the cell where they had been confined, to the Capilla, or chapel of the prison, to receive the consolations of religion, if so inclined,—or the luxuries which the Society of *Misericordia*, in mistaken charity, distributes to malefactors in that awful interval between the sentence and the grave. Cardero was penitent, and listened with an humble spirit to the words of the friar, who exhorted him to make

his peace with God, as there was no hope for him at this side of the grave. La Cuadra, a bold-faced villain, rejected everything like spiritual consolation, and incessantly called for fruit, for wine, for all the delicacies which the Misericordia could supply him with.

The place of execution at Madrid is the public market of the Plaza de Cebada. A platform of twenty feet square is erected in the centre of it; two strong bars cross the stage, to which an upright bar is attached—two chairs are placed against that bar. That is the whole preparation. Unless it were previously explained, no one could imagine that the dread punishment of the law could be administered in so simple a manner.

Military, both horse and foot, form a square on each side of the platform; the crowd, among which a number of women are to be seen, extend in a deep mass far behind the troops. The front rank is composed of the worst part of the population of Madrid, many of whom are robbers by profession, who come to watch the last moments of the malefactor, and determine whether he meets death in a manner consistent with his previous reputation. The balconies and windows of the Plaza are hired out on this occasion, and filled often by persons of a respectable rank in society, whose better feelings are stifled by curiosity—a curiosity which, even in more refined countries, cannot be resisted.

It was prompted by the same motive that, during our residence at Madrid, we were induced to attend the execution of the two malefactors we have named.

At twelve o'clock the tinkling of a small bell announced that the procession had left the prison, and in a short time the sensation produced among the crowd indicated its near approach. It was preceded by a party of dragoons, who cleared the way among the unresisting mob,—and headed by three Alguazils, whose slouched hats, long black cloaks, and dismal appearance, forcibly brought to mind the days of the Inquisition, and the terrors of the old Spanish law.

Next came some members of the Society of Misericordia, whose business it was to purchase the body of the criminal from the executioner, in order that it might receive Christian burial; then the chaplain of the prison, and lastly one of the unfortunate men, who was so soon to pay the forfeit of his crimes. He was dressed in a long white robe, seated on an ass, and supported on each side by friars of the Carmelite order, who poured spiritual consolation into his ears, tried to occupy his attention, and distract it from the spectacle of horrors which lay before him.

The wretched man appeared to listen to what they said, and held up a crucifix between him and the scaffold, as if to hide from his sight the dread preparations of the law; but as the low murmur of the crowd intimated to him that he approached it, we saw him glance for a moment above the crucifix, and then withdraw his eye, with a distinct shudder of the whole frame.

He was penitent, and supported with a certain degree of firmness the horror of his situation—giving his whole thoughts to the words

of hope, which the sublime Author of the Christian religion has left as a legacy for the repentant sinner. He moved through the crowd, unconscious of the sensation which he produced, and alighted at the foot of the scaffold without assistance, amid a silence the most profound, and well suited to the work of death.

He then knelt down, the chaplain hearing his last confession. He took his leave of the world and all that it contained, and then, supported at each side, and preceded by the executioner, walked slowly up the steps of the platform, and was placed sitting in one of the chairs, which we have before described as attached to the centre bar of the stage.

The executioner unfolded his shirt-collar; exhibited a little iron ring, in which his neck was inclosed, and then, connecting it with the screw which passed through the centre bar, gave two turns to the rivet that acted on it, and, with the quickness of thought, the man was dead.

Not a movement took place in any member of his frame, not a struggle was visible; the discolouration of the face, which instantly took place by the stagnation of the blood, could not be seen, as the hood of the white garment had previously been thrown over it; and there the corpse continued to sit in the attitude of life, motionless, and infinitely more appalling than if death had been accompanied with its usual agony.

Happily, not having witnessed any such dreadful spectacle pre-

vious to that occasion, we were unconscious that the last act of the tragedy had been completed; and it was not till we inquired from our guide when the execution would begin, that we were informed that the unfortunate man was no more.

In the mean time a similar procession with the other malefactor, Juan La Cuadra, arrived at the square, and the crowd received it in the same deep and awful silence. But what a contrast there was between his manner, and that of his unfortunate companion who preceded him! He had kept up a bold and desperate bearing to the moment when he was summoned by the executioner to his last account. Then, it appears, his courage totally gave way, and he sunk into the most abject state of cowardice.

He was borne from the prison more dead than alive, and was supported at each side, as he sat unconsciously on the ass, by the charitable friars, who in vain tried to excite his sensations, and prepare him for his dread destiny. His cheeks were colourless; his eyes gazed on vacancy; his lips were bloodless; no doubt the pulsation of his heart could not be felt. He was dead to the world, and was carried unconsciously to the scaffold, to have the last spark of vitality extinguished in a frame from which the active principle of life seemed already to have departed.

He was lifted by the executioner from the ass, and placed on his knees at the feet of the chaplain, who should have received his confession if he had been able to make it—but his lips moved not; he would have fallen, had not the friars held him fast to receive the last

rites of the church: and as the priest laid his hand on his forehead to pass him into eternity, a shudder passed through the crowd, more awful than if the doomed man had excited their feelings by the exhibition of strong physical agony.

He was then taken by the ministers of the law, assisted by the friars, and placed in the vacant chair; his head was covered with the cowl of his funeral robe, and, with a turn of the screw, the flickering flame of life was extinguished.

The chaplain of the jail then advanced to the front of the platform, and made a short address to the assembled crowd, explaining the justice of the sentence under which these miserable men had died—pointing out the evil course of their lives, which had led to the commission of crimes deserving a punishment, and imploring every one who witnessed the execution, to let the lesson sink deeply into their hearts, and to believe that the vengeance of Heaven was fulfilled against the murderer and the robber in this world, as in the next.

The crowd heard this exhortation in silence; and, from the commencement of the dread ceremony to the last word uttered by the clergyman, a mournful decorum was observed. Whether the fate of the two malefactors produced its due effect, and the pious words of the preacher sunk into the souls of any of the crowd, we will not pretend to determine. We can only speak of the outward show of propriety which pervaded the mass of the assembled people, and of the awfulness of the silence they maintained.

A guard was now stationed near the scaffold, and the most horrible part of the spectacle was accomplished. The two cowls which covered the heads of the criminals were withdrawn, and their faces, black as the death which had fallen on them, were exposed to the gaze of the awe-struck assembly.

The impression of that sight can never be removed from any person who beheld it;—and even now, these two bodies, sitting upright in the rigidity of death, but in the form of life, covered in white, except where the blackened countenances were displayed, float before us as we write. We hasten to exclude the associations which recall so disagreeable a visitation; and our readers will thank us that we no further dwell on a picture which can but give pain.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

YOUNG LOVE.

YOUNG Love he lives in bowers
Of roses and sweet flowers,
Refresh'd by gentle showers—

The incense of the dew :

Each nymph his couch disposes
With lilies and sweet posies,
Or heaps of blushing roses

Of bright and glowing hue.

No care his sleep encumbers,
But sounds of lulling numbers
Allure him to fresh slumbers,

And visions of delight.

His life 's a life of leisure,

His only labour pleasure—

Of joy, full draught and measure

He takes from morn till night.

Yes—Love he lives in bowers
Of roses and sweet flowers,
Refresh'd by gentle showers—

The incense of the dew.

TIRANA.

POR DON PABLO DEL MORAL.

Yba un chus-co ca - le - se - ro por un

ca - mi - no can - tan - do, - - por un ca - mi - no can - tan - do

al son de las cam - pa - nil - las - - que - lle

va - ba su ca - ba - llo - - que - lle - va - ba su ca - ba - llo

A - - dios a - do - ra - da

pren - - da ay A - - dios he - chi

zo ado - ra - - do a - - - cuer - - da - te

de este tris - - te ay! que por

ti - va - sus - pi - ran - - - do Due - le -

te de mis pe - sa - - - res Due - le - te de

mis - que - bran - - - tos de - mis que -

bran - - - tos. de esta suer - te el po - bre - ci - to

se con - so - la - ba can - tan - do y ali - via - ba del

ca - mi - - - no las pe - nas y los tra - ba - - - jos,

las pe - nas y los tra - - - ba - - - - jos.

2 Estrib.

Andaba muy poco a poco
 El pobre de su caballo (*Bis.*)
 Porque le pesaban mucho
 Los cuidados de su amo. (*Bis.*)

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

LEGENDS OF THEIR TIME.—“EL ULTIMO SUSPIRO DEL MORO.”

WHILST other nations are daily brought more and more to a uniform standard of society, the Spanish of our time presents characteristics as deeply marked as in the age of Cervantes; the ruling passions and master traits of the people giving a “couleur locale” even to those ideas and habits it borrows from other countries: what was borrowed but yesterday becoming scarce recognisable to-day in its new garb. This peculiarity of mind and of habits, of thinking and acting, is due to the influence of the Moors, once so predominant: their blood was mixed at the fountain-head with that of the Spaniards. They have left behind their deep gutturals in the language—their pride and gravity—their love of sedentary habits—their dark spirit of jealousy, and of vengeance only to be quenched by retribution. The dark flashing glance, the swarthy complexion of the men; the liquid voluptuous Asiatic eyes, the small feet and ankles showing Arab blood, and jet-black tresses of the Andalusian women—no less remind the traveller at every step of the features of the Moor.

A castle, perched upon a hill, commanding a gorge or pass, is ever and anon pointed out to the traveller through the Sierras, as the stronghold of some Moorish knight or chieftain; spots where they long withstood the attacks of Christian chivalry, and from which they descended to impose the yoke upon the followers of the Cross. But this Arabian nation, once so renowned for its polished chivalry, and its love of letters—the pursuit of astronomy and chemistry, and their mysterious children, astrology and alchemy—for that devotion to the beautiful art of architecture, from which we derive the type of our venerable Gothic fanes:—this exiled nation has left also in the plains of Spain, monuments of surpassing beauty, to attest their former power and magnificence. It is in Grenada that these trophies of a past age, a past civilization, and a past nation, are most numerous and resplendent. These are too well known to require description at our hands. Many an author, from Florian to Chateaubriand and Washington Irving, has shed flowers on this grave of a departed race.

Little attention, however, has been given to the interesting and melancholy legends belonging to the hills and valleys that surround Grenada and Cordova. We here give a specimen of these legends, such as they are in the mouth of every goatherd or cultivator of a soil, barren of all, but some of the “greenest spots in memory’s waste.” The following verses were dropped in a moment of leisure from the graceful pen of a gentleman, whose literary talents are devoted to graver subjects. They contain a reminiscence of his residence in Spain, and enshrine a legend of Boabdil, last king of Grenada.

Boabdil had passed his youth in carrying on dark intrigues,

domestic broils, and intestine war. By his treason to his country, his rebellions against his father—by his conspiracy with the fierce Zegrís, to destroy the chivalric Abencerrages, who figure so brightly on the page of history,—Boabdil had prepared the conquests of the Christians, and the banishment of his countrymen from the fairest bowers of Spain. The hour of retribution soon arrived; the Christian host, headed by Ferdinand and Isabella, and commanded by Gonsalvo of Cordova, surnamed the “Great Captain,” after driving the Moorish armies from the open country, besieged them in Grenada, their last home.

Vainly, then, did Boabdil exert his military talents and prowess to defend the nation, on whose energies his passions had preyed. Driven from intrenchment to intrenchment, the last hour of evening one day showed the banner of Arragon and Castile floating triumphant on every minaret; and Boabdil, escaping from the city, accompanied by the few brave followers who had survived the battle, surrounding the Queen, his lion-hearted mother, and his beautiful trembling wives. On the last height in the neighbourhood of Grenada, the goatherds show the spot where the fugitive warrior turned his looks towards the fair city—the last home in Spain of his race—the last spot that was left of the land they had conquered. It was there that, amidst an agony of contrition, rage, and regret, he gave forth from his throbbing breast “*El ultimo Suspiro del Moro!*” and rushing down the opposite declivity, was never heard of more.

"EL ULTIMO SUSPIRO DEL MORO."

"THROW wide Alhambra's gates to every son
 Of brave Castile—the Infidel is gone!
 Enter! and quaff its pleasures without fear,
 The Moor no longer reigns or revels here."
 So spake Fernando when he sheath'd the sword
 Which gave Grenada to its rightful lord.
 O'er vale and sierra of romantic Spain,
 Freed from the remnant of her Moorish chain,
 With drums and cymbals, joyous shouts and bells,—
 Hark! how the mingled voice of triumph swells!
 For all the sports that flock in Pleasure's train
 Have burst their bonds in rapture o'er the plain.
 Here, jousting knights, and steeds encount'ring steeds—
 There, the fierce bull in festive combat bleeds—
 The dark Castilian beauty bending here,
 Crowns, with a blush, the kneeling cavalier.
 And lo! the Church, exulting in the day,
 Pours forth the peaceful pomp of her array;
 Around the symbol of redeeming love
 She rears the trophies of her saints above,
 And seems to hear, in echoes from the sky,
 Responsive pæans for her victory.
 In brief, Iberia has one only care,
 Triumph! which all of Spanish race must share,
 Nor trace of sadness more remain behind,
 With Moslem griefs, all scatter'd with the wind.

What band is this advancing from the west,
 With turban'd helm, and beard, and flowing vest?



Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
 CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

No heralds of the general joy are these ;
 Their clouded looks show hearts but ill at ease.
 And who are they, whose features, never fair,
 A darker shade have borrow'd from despair ?
 An empire's wreck !—the sole surviving brave !
 Now left to mourn what valour could not save ;
 Whom, even now, the past may render proud,
 Not always under fickle Fortune's cloud ;
 And, as the light of memory breaks the while
 Athwart the gloom—the Moor may sternly smile—
 Smile ! as the clamours of the Christian crew
 His parting steps from these proud scenes pursue.
 And he, their lord, (in whose majestic mien,
 Shorn of his state, the monarch still is seen)—
 Boabdil ! dearly has he made them pay
 The wresting of those lineal rights away.
 And long he battled with the hostile star,*
 Whose scope foredoom'd his empire from afar ;
 Nor hope, nor aim, unthwarted by that doom—
 Chill'd in the bud, or blasted in the bloom.
 In every chance, its withering spell reveal'd ;
 Through broils at home—disasters in the field,—
 Did "El Zogoybi," heritor of woe,
 Confirm the presage that had nam'd him so.
 And now his course of destin'd sorrow sped—
 His sway departed—its defenders dead—
 (Save those who've clung through every storm till now,
 These few last leaves upon his wintry bough,)
 He seeks the asylum purchased by his sword,
 Which Spain's respect—perhaps her fears afford.

* The astrologers, who were appointed to take his horoscope, predicted the calamities of his reign, whence he was styled "El Zogoybi," or the Unlucky.

'Twas sunset—as they reach'd the Sierra's crown,
 Whence oft the goatherd linger'd to look down—
 Where, far in pomp of Arabesques displayed,
 Gleam'd the Alhambra, midst embow'ring shade.
 There he, tho' harbour'd, with the mountain hind,
 May turn and gaze on all he leaves behind.
 The ancestral halls, that still from age to age
 Rose with the pride of the Abencerrage—
 Whence, of their warriors and their kings, the last,
 He with the glory of his house hath pass'd.
 See where they rise ! and peerless as before,
 (Though Muezzin chant and Crescent beam no more)
 In Eastern grandeur crown the Vega's plain,
 With dome and minaret, spire and gilded fane !
 And who with secret transport would not glow,
 To see the banquet Nature spreads below ;
 Where her best gifts luxuriously combine,
 Olive and orange, pomegranate and vine ?
 What living thing would tempt its fate to roam
 From this, in hope to find as blest a home ?
 Ev'n senseless things seem happy with their lot,
 Cast in the splendour of this heavenly spot.
 When, in the morning of their faith and zeal,
 With hands that grasp'd the Koran and the steel—
 The desert sent its fiery children forth
 To win a Paradise in heaven or earth ;
 They *here* beheld the seat for which they sigh'd,
 And fix'd their tents along the Xenil's tide :
 Here, when the turban'd conqueror sought repose
 Among its groves, the mosque and harem rose.
 And now, (the dream of blissful centuries o'er,)
 They quit the garden for the wild once more.
 And *still*, the Xenil's crystal windings lave
 The trees that fan them—warbling as they wave ;—



Parque Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
 CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

And *still*, the sun seems eager to invest
Each thing with glory, pausing in the west ;
And lingers o'er the scene his beams adorn,
For he shall view no spot like this—till morn !

And can the Moor for ever say farewell,
With soul unsoftened, as he breaks the spell
That binds all things that live, or breathe, or move,
In the enchantment of its zone of love ?
Ah ! more than stranger's passing sympathy
With scenes like these arrest his gleaming eye,
And long-remember'd haunts assert their claim
On lips that murmur each familiar name,
As, one by one, he turns to hall and grot,
Terrace, and fount, and every charmed spot,
Mark'd by the boy's caprice—the lover's bliss,
Sharing the secret of his earliest kiss ;
Or where his manhood, at the trumpet's sound,
Burst from the barriers o'er the listed ground ;
Or haply where (Oh, fate of earthly things !)
Wave the last trophies of a line of kings !
Can he behold the objects which create
Visions like these, and not feel desolate ?
His looks, his limbs all lock'd in marble, seem
Absorb'd in memory's protracted dream ;
A thousand thoughts inflict a thousand stings,
His cheeks are delug'd from a thousand springs—
Voice he has none—but to articulate,
In falt'ring accents, " God ! Oh, God is great !"
Ye who have quail'd to him, Christian cavaliers !
Come hither, and avenge your former fears !
All ye, whose shatter'd shield and cloven crest,
The fame which crowns yon Paynim chief attest ;

Behold him now in his own sorrows drown'd,
 Beneath whose lance your boldest bit the ground!
 See there! what passions with conflicting sway
 Rend his proud heart—then turn in ruth away!
 Aw'd by the wild supremacy of grief,
 That scorns alike concealment or relief,
 His followers gather'd silent, and aloof,
 Yet few against the bitter moment proof,
 When there, upon the barren mountain's stance,
 Their eyes encounter'd in their low'ring glance
 The smiling features of their native land,
 By God deliver'd to the stranger's hand!
 While every eye, upon its beauty cast,
 Forgot its fierceness, as it gazed its last.

Yet one there was, whom that indignity—
 A king in tears! it fill'd with scorn to see,
 Ayxa, his mother, of unconquer'd soul:
 From her dark eye no tear of softness stole,
 T' upbraid the fate, by which a queen was driven,
 An exil'd wand'rer 'neath the cope of Heaven;
 Through all the pangs that search the heart or brain,
Feel as she might—she only *look'd* disdain.
 She stood amidst the harem's shrinking flowers—
 The unveil'd mysteries of its broken bowers—
 Boabdil's brides, who shar'd his fortune's beam,
 Now with its wreck abandon'd to the stream.
 They gaze and tremble, as a troop of sheep
 Gaze on the track thro' which they are to sweep.
 Yet midst that troop, with grief and terror wild,
 Serenely stood stern Ali-Atar's child;
 Or, if the matron's brow betray'd a care,
 'Twas but for him who sham'd his manhood there.



And now she draws the afflicted monarch near,
Her scornful lip inclining to his ear;
And steep'd in gall, the words her whispers speak,
The med'cine of strong minds unto the weak.
"Oh, well!" she said, "by woman's tears deplor'd
A realm, the soldier kept not with his sword!"
He heard—yet shook not off his sorrow's load—
Sunk 'neath their weight—he heeded not the goad—
Amidst a flood of unregarded brine,
He only sigh'd—"What woes e'er equall'd mine?"

Perchance he never had surviv'd that hour
Which left him naked of demesne and power—
Alive, perchance, he never would have cross'd
What seem'd the threshold of the land he'd lost;—
But at that instant kindling flashes broke
From high Alhambra's towers, and wreaths of smoke,
With the light ord'nance rolling in their cloud,
A moment wrapt them in their dusky shroud:
And when that veil had drifted with the wind,
St. Jago's banner proudly waved behind.
He saw it, and his spirit at the sight
Had spread its wing for its eternal flight;
But all the feelings of the warrior then
Ebb'd fiercely in their wonted course again;
And that, which rous'd to frenzy, also came
In timely rescue of his sinking frame.
His swarthy visage burnt with shame and ire—
From his sunk eye-balls shook indignant fire;
And then, as if, in flying from the place,
He sought oblivion of that hour's disgrace,
He dash'd the rowels in his courser's flank—
Wheel'd fiercely to each quickly-mustering rank—

Rose on his stirrups—waved his mailed hand—
Where are they now?—Boabdil and his band!
Years upon years have gather'd since they then
Swept like an eddy into yonder glen;
Yet the devourer—'neath whose deep indent
Is half consum'd yon gorgeous monument
Of Moorish state—now mould'ring all away—
Cloth'd in the verdant livery of decay—
Time spares the legend of this lonely spot,
By none the meanest of Spain's sons forgot.
The peasant's finger still will mark you where
Boabdil breath'd the sigh of his despair—
His quick eyes sparkling with his country's pride,
He'll tell you, it was here the Moor last sigh'd.

A. J. L.

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA



EL LELE,

CANCION ANDALUZA.

The musical score is written in 3/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: 'Por que sa-bes que te quie ro tu - te ha - ces de ro - gar. Y la cuer - da ti - ras tan - to que al fin se ven -'.

Por que sa-bes

que te quie ro tu - te ha - ces de ro - gar.

Y la cuer - da ti - ras tan - to que al fin se ven -

dra á que - brar. Ay Le - lé, ay Le -

lé, no - me mue - la us - ted Ay Le - lé, ay Le -

lé si al fin - ha de ser mas si us - ted no tiene em -

pe - nó yo - - tam' po - co lo ten - 'dré que mu -

I.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife
CONSEJERÍA DE CULTURA

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

ge - res - - - en el mundo hay - - de so-bra en que - - esco -

ger. Ay Le - lé, ay Le - lé, ay Le - lé,

ay Le - lé, ay Le - lé, ay Le - lé.

2º. Estribº.

No me seas retrechera,
 Pues te habré de comparar
 Con el reloj de Pamplona,
 Que apunta pero no da.
 Ay Lele, &c.

3º. Estribº.

En contiendas amorosas
 Aconseja cierto autor :
 Herrar, ó quitar el banco,
 Y yo sigo esta opinion.
 Ay Lele, &c.

THE MATADOR.

This sketch is perfection*. It is impossible to give a more powerful representation of the most interesting moment of the bull-fight. The bull is supposed to be rushing on the apparently devoted Matador—his eyes glowing like living coals—his nostrils breathing fire, and the loud bellow which he gives in his fury harrowing up the feelings of the excited spectators.

The Matador stands cool and collected, his eye fixed on the bull, straining to anticipate his movement—the left leg advanced so as to place the body on the centre of gravity—the right is thrown back to give force to the meditated blow—the left arm has just dropped the red flag which excites the wild monster's rage—the right arm is poised with unerring certitude, so that the advancing sword shall touch the neck, and enter between the cartilages at the moment that the bull exerts his tremendous force to fling into the air whatever object resists him.

* See Frontispiece.