

Em-vi-dia tie - ne la tierra, - - - y las es-

trel - las y el sol. - - - A los o - - jos e - chi-

ce - ros - - - de la her-mo - sa Le-o - nor -

A los o - - jos e chi - - ce - ros - - -

P.C. Monumental de la Alhambra y Generalife

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

de la her - mo - sa Le - o - nor

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are: "de la her - mo - sa Le - o - nor".

*Mas movido.*

Vi - va, vi - va, vi - va, sus glo - rias can - te - mos - -

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are: "Vi - va, vi - va, vi - va, sus glo - rias can - te - mos - -". The tempo marking "Mas movido." is placed above the first staff.

que en el ra mille te y la ga - la del E - - bro. D.C.

que en el ra mille te y la ga - la del E - - bro. D.C.

que en el ra mille te y la ga - la del E - - bro. D.C.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/8. The lyrics are: "que en el ra mille te y la ga - la del E - - bro. D.C.". The tempo marking "D.C." is placed at the end of the system.

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

JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

## THE AVENGING MOOR\*.

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THE din of Zargual's arms was heard—the trampling of his steed—  
As fast he fled, like felon hound, before the Moor's jereed ;  
He hath left his honour on the field—his faithful slaves have bled—  
And now he calls the wilderness to hide his craven head.

It may not be—it may not be—the recreant flies in vain—  
Stern Hassan's steed unerring tracks the path his foe hath ta'en ;  
Fast—fast he nears his shrinking prey—*Allah, il Allah !* now—  
What vengeance hot, and stern, and dark, is burning on his brow !

“ Ho ! Zargual—turn thee—caitiff, turn ! I dare thee to the fight !  
Thy God hath left thee, Infidel ! and Allah guards the right ! ”  
Thus spake the haughty Saracen, while prone upon his knee  
Sank down the recreant Christian, then—the scorn of Paynimrie.

No word he spake—no blade he bared—nor courted he the strife,  
His abject, cringing looks alone implored his forfeit life :—  
Fierce Hassan turn'd aside his eye—it was a sorry sight  
To see upon the blushing ground a yet unwounded knight !

“ Oh ! I have fought the Infidel for many summers now,  
But never have I met in fight with craven vile as thou !  
Hence ! take thy wretched life, and go—for, by great Osman's Lord,  
Thy blood would stain the spotless sheen of my unsullied sword ! ”

J. M.

\* The fight of Don Manoel Zargual, and the magnanimity of his pursuer, the Moor Hassan el Achbar, form the subject of many Andalusian lyrics. Who the caitiff knight was is a matter of some mystery ; nor would research avail much the character of Spanish chivalry in the olden time ;—besides,

“ Ye gods ! must one swear to the truth of a song ? ”

## DEATH AND LOVE.

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It was a cold night in the month of February, we know not how many ages ago, that two travellers, of a very opposite appearance, dismounted from their mules, and demanded a lodging at the well-known *Fonda de las Quatro Naciones*, at Aranguez. The same inn is now to be seen at the end of the market-place of the village, which borders upon the splendid summer palace of the Kings of Spain: the landlord an Englishman, who for his sins has turned miller and inn-keeper; and the patrona a French woman, who has a talent for running up a large score, and of talking more in a given space of time than any other personage in the province. If we are not believed, let one of our readers pay a visit the next summer to the Sitio, and if the noise of his wife's tongue does not exceed the noise of his mill-wheels in rapidity, we will admit that we have mistaken fiction for truth, and are not worthy of being believed in future.

Well, on the night in question, the two travellers knocked at the inn-gates, and the *Moso* conducted them with the usual ceremony

to the only room which chanced at that moment to be disengaged. They were both wrapped up in large cloaks, and though one was much shorter than the other, the waiter took no particular notice of either; but showing them their respective alcobas, said, that he would send in his mistress to consult with them on the subject of supper, that most essential consideration to a wearied traveller.

In the mean time the travellers held on their cloaks, bowing with great ceremony, and wondering what their respective business could be; and it was not until the Señora appeared, that they thought proper, out of respect to her, to lay aside their capas, and to display themselves as they really were. They did so; but what was the horror of the good lady, as the heavy mantle descended from the shoulders of the tall stranger, to see that he was a gaunt, disjointed figure, with eyes as it were sightless—a walking skeleton more than a living man! She started back in affright; but the stranger, with a hollow voice, begged of her to be composed. “May I ask you, Sir,” said she, gathering a little courage, “what is your name?”

“Death!” replied the skeleton—“Para servir usted.”

“What a funny old fellow!” exclaimed the other traveller, also letting drop his manta, and displaying the rosy cheeks of a youth scarcely sixteen.—“What a funny old fellow!” again roared he.

Death turned his ghastly countenance to reprove the boy; but the lad was not afraid, and though ready to split his sides with laughing, he incessantly repeated—“What a funny old fellow! What a funny old chap!”

“And pray, my young giggling master,” said the patrona, “may I also beg the favour of your titles and distinctions?”

"Oh, I am called Love!" carelessly replied the youth: "perhaps you have heard of me before now."

"Death and Love!" muttered the hostess—"in the Fonda of the Four Nations!—If the town knew who my lodgers were, all the old folk would be off, as fast as their legs could carry them, to Madrid, and my house would be crammed with the maids of honour and the young caballeros of the court."

"I am hungry," groaned out Death.

"I want my supper—aye, good dame, look sharp," chimed in the youngster;—"this gentleman and I have done our work to-day. Let us have the best the house affords."

"I live upon cold meat," says Death.

"Cold meat!" echoed the patrona.

"And I upon grilled kidneys," says Love; "keep perpetually broiling."

"Cold meat first, and a broil after;—'tis the way of all flesh," quoth the hostess.

"I am very hungry," roared out Death, extending his wide jaws from ear to ear.

"Amiga," smiled the urchin, "like a good soul, send in the supper."

The patrona retired, and in the course of half an hour a cold shoulder of mutton for Death, and a grilled pullet for Love, were on the table.

Both the travellers set to with a good appetite.—"Amigo, your

good health," broke in the youth, pouring out a bumper of the Val de Penas, which filled a great magnum at his side.

"Your health," said Death, drawing a skull from under his garment, and filling it to the brim.

The red wine looked like blood drunk from the skull—and Love shuddered at the sight, but he was not a lad to be down-hearted, and he soon threw off the awkward feeling.

"I hope you are bound my road," says the youth; "I am going to Andalusia. The spring is just commenced; I am in great request in the south of Spain, particularly in the spring and summer."

"Winter is my time," grinned Death; "I am now going to Madrid—this is the season for *Pulmonias*. The chill blasts of Guadarama are only waiting my coming to descend upon the capital."

"You had better change the road," replied Love; "I hate those chilling blasts you speak of—we have only zephyrs at Seville."

"I always visit Seville in the dog-days," said Death;—"the town is too hot then to hold you, young gentleman. I ever follow you, my child."

"Yes," replied Love, "you put up with my cast-off patients. When people are done with me, then you pounce upon them."

"None of your insolence," retorted Death; "I'd have you to know, I deal with the first people in the land; your society is limited, but I shake hands with all the world."

"Yes, you make acquaintance," laughed Love, "with the old and the ugly, with skin and bone;—my friends are all in the prime of

life—youth and beauty are my companions. My way is strewed with flowers;—pleasure attends me. I am welcomed wherever I go.”

“Why, you little brat,” said Death, “can you compare your portion to mine?—you step in at the cottage, but the palace is shut in your face. You are welcomed by the poor, but laughed at by the rich. Who can refuse my acquaintance? who leave the world without a parting word from me?”

“Do you call me a little brat?” cried Love, slipping a bow from under his coat, and putting an arrow to it; “I will soon teach you that I am your master.”

With that, drawing the shaft home, he let fly across the table at Death. The barbed point rattled against the bones of the old gentleman's chest, and dropped blunted on the ground.

“Shot for shot!” groaned Death, drawing his bow also from under his coat, and fitting to it a blood-stained arrow.

Love held up the great bottle of Val de Penas, and turned the arrow in its flight.—“Wine is the shield of Love—Love never dies,” cried he—

“Death is never in love,” chuckled the other.

“A truce!” exclaimed both together.

“I shall go to bed,” says Death; “I hate the society of people of your age.”

“Go to the Demonio!” said Love, “I never kept such dull company before.”

“Patrona, Patrona!” roared both at the same moment;—“here,



lock up our bows and arrows for the night—call us betimes in the morning ; we have both a long journey to make.”

Death lay down in his alcoba, but was awake half the night, plotting mischief, and feasting his imagination on the prospect of a good business at Madrid.

Love rolled himself into a heap, wrapped the bed-clothes about him, and was fast asleep in a moment.

The patrona snatched up their bows and arrows, and tumbled them into an old closet ; the arrows fell out of the quivers, and became mixed together on the floor.

Early the next morning Death and Love awoke at the same hour, and both called up the landlady, and paid their bills. Each wrapped himself in his cloak and mounted his mule.

“ My bow and arrows !” screamed Death.

“ My bow and arrows !” exclaimed Love, at the same instant.

The patrona, flurried at their impatience, gathered them all up in a heap, and then divided them the best she could, handing each his bow and one half the bundle of arrows.

“ Adios, Patrona !” said Death.

“ Adio, Hermosissima !” said Love.

“ Para siempre !” whimpered the hostess.

“Si Signora!” replied Love.

“No,” said Death, “no, not for ever;—I will return this way with the cholera.”

The travellers pursued their respective routes. Death passed on through Val de Moros to Madrid; Love went on by Toledo to Seville.

Death beheld an old man sitting on the road-side in the last stage of poverty—he claimed him as his victim, and pierced him with his dart. “Oh, Juliana!” exclaimed the wretch;—“beloved Juliana! I languish in the extremity of my passion—I am dying for love!”

Death could not believe his ears—for the first time in his *life* his arrows failed him. Love, at the same hour, was whistling as he passed over the bridge of the Tagus, and took a fancy to try one of his darts on the heart of an old maid, who was going by demurely to church. The victim dropped a corpse at his feet. The urchin ran away in affright.

Whenever we see an old man or an old woman expiring, not in the arms of death, but mocking the passion of love by the evidence of being its victim, it is certain that Death has, in mistake for one of his own darts, shot home with the arrow of his late companion.

And whenever we see the young and the blooming suddenly car-

ried off to the grave, as it were, from the steps of the altar, we may be assured that Love has armed his quiver with some of the fatal shafts of his grim associate in the Posada of Aranguez.

“ Y desde entonces aca  
Mata el amor con su vira  
Mozos, que ninguno pasa  
De los veinte cinco arriba,  
A los ancianos a quien  
Matar la muerte solia,  
Ahora los enamora  
Con las saetas que tira.

Mirad cuál esta ya el mundo

Vuelto lo de abaxo arriba,

Amor por da vida—mata,

Muerte por matar, da vida.”



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## THE MAID OF ANDALUSIA.

MAID of the land to which belong  
Glories, that Time hath made his booty !  
Alas ! what recollections throug  
Around thee, Andalusian Beauty !

Maid of the bright and burning clime—  
And barb-like step, and glittering eye !  
That country's name may yield to Time,  
But thine is one that cannot die !

What though Spain's chivalry be fled,  
Swept by Cervantes' smile away \* ;  
Thy country's spirit is not dead—  
I read it in that dark eye's ray.  
Thou still art fair, as when thy glance  
Pointed the steel to Moorish slaughter—  
When Roland's brand and Roderick's lance  
Dealt death for Andalusia's daughter !

Thou still art fair as when thine eye  
Lighted the heroic Cid to glory ;  
And was the star that beam'd on high,  
O'er many a field renown'd in story.

Be, then, that eye the lodestar still,  
That points to honour and to duty ;  
A beacon on the pathless hill  
To Spain's sons, Andalusian Beauty !

\* Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.—BYRON.