

# De Antequera sale el moro

Cristóbal de Morales (c. 1500-1553)

Arr. Miguel de Fuenllana (c. 1500-1579)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

1. Came the Moor from An - te - que - ra, Rid - ing from that  
 2. And the words in blood were writ - ten, Not for lack of  
 3. He was now one hun - dred twen - ty, But two hun - dred  
 4. And his bald - ness shone in sun - light, So his head was  
 5. Wov - en by a Moor - ish la - dy, By his sweet - heart

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ci - ty an - cient: And the let - ter that he car - ried  
 ink thus paint - ed. And the Moor who clutched them tight - ly  
 seemed, and a - ged, For his beard was long and thin - ning;  
 near - ly nak - ed, Save the cloth in which he wrapped it,  
 kind and gra - cious. And he rode a mare of spi - rit,

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With dark mes sa ges was la den.  
Six score years of life had tast ed.  
To his waist it fell in gray ness,  
Worth a price be yond all pay ment,  
Fine ly bred, be yond all pay ment,

6. Not for lack of horses ridden;  
Many horses filled his stables,  
And the tassels on his headcloth  
Were of finest silk created.

7. Seven ambushes they plotted,  
But all seven he evaded.  
Through the fields of Archidona  
Crying loudly, he declaimed it:

8. "Moorish King, if you knew something  
Of my sad communications,  
Then your hair would be disheveled  
And your beard in disarrangement."

9. To the town once called Elvira,  
With his actions this outrageous,  
Went he to Grenada's palace  
Where the Moorish King awaited.

10. He at last had reached the palace,  
Who from the Alhambra hastened  
With two hundred knights of valor,  
All his best and most courageous.

11. In to see the King he entered,  
And he bowed his head to say this:  
"God in Heaven keep Your Highness  
And Your Lordship grant salvation."

12. "Peace to you, Old Moor, and welcome.  
You for days I have awaited.  
Of my city, Antequera,  
Tell me, Moor, what news is latest?"

13. "My good King, I fear to tell you;  
Swear my life will not be taken."  
"Tell me, Moor, and do not fear me.  
You are safe; my word is sacred."

14. "King, you know it is not good news;  
All my news with grief is tainted,  
For the prince, that Don Fernando,  
Antequera has blockaded.

15. "Many knights are sworn to serve him;  
Every day the battle rages.  
With them rides Juan de Valasco  
And Enriquez, who is famous,

16. "He from Rojas and Narvaez,  
Knights stouthearted, strong, and brazen.  
They attack by day and nightly  
Dig beneath the walls' foundations.

17. "All the Moors inside were eating  
Leather to avoid starvation.  
If, O King, you do not help her,  
Then your city will be taken."