

# Una sañosa porfía

Juan del Encina (1468 - 1529 or 1530)

Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

1. I have reached a luck - less harsh - ness, A mis - for - tune and vex -  
 2. For - tune stole my rich do - mi - nion, Cold - ly chose my de - pri -  
 3. His ar - til - le - ry was dread - ful, Smash - ing walls to ru - in -  
 4. Hear the land and sea la - ment - ing As he comes in do - mi -

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 town and for - ti - fi - ca - - - - - tion.  
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5. See his cavalry that glitters,  
 Shining steel's illumination,  
 As its laborers and army  
 Fill the air with their agitation.

6. He destroys the Moorish Quarter,  
 Brings my fields annihilation,  
 Sends my soldiers and commanders  
 To their deaths or harsh devastation.

7. Now Muhammad's mosques are churches,  
 Fouled with full reconsecration;  
 Moorish ladies cry in terror,  
 Held as slaves in lewd subjugation.

8. And they shout it to the heavens:  
 "King Fernando, our salvation!  
 To the Lioness a long life!  
 Raise the Queen in true exaltation!"

9. Generous and free, the Virgin  
 Gave them brave determination,  
 And a knight of fame and honor  
 Swiftly flies before the formation,

10. With a cross of deep vermilion,  
 Sword that shines with inspiration,  
 And a cloak of lavish fabric,  
 Leading all the folk of the nation.