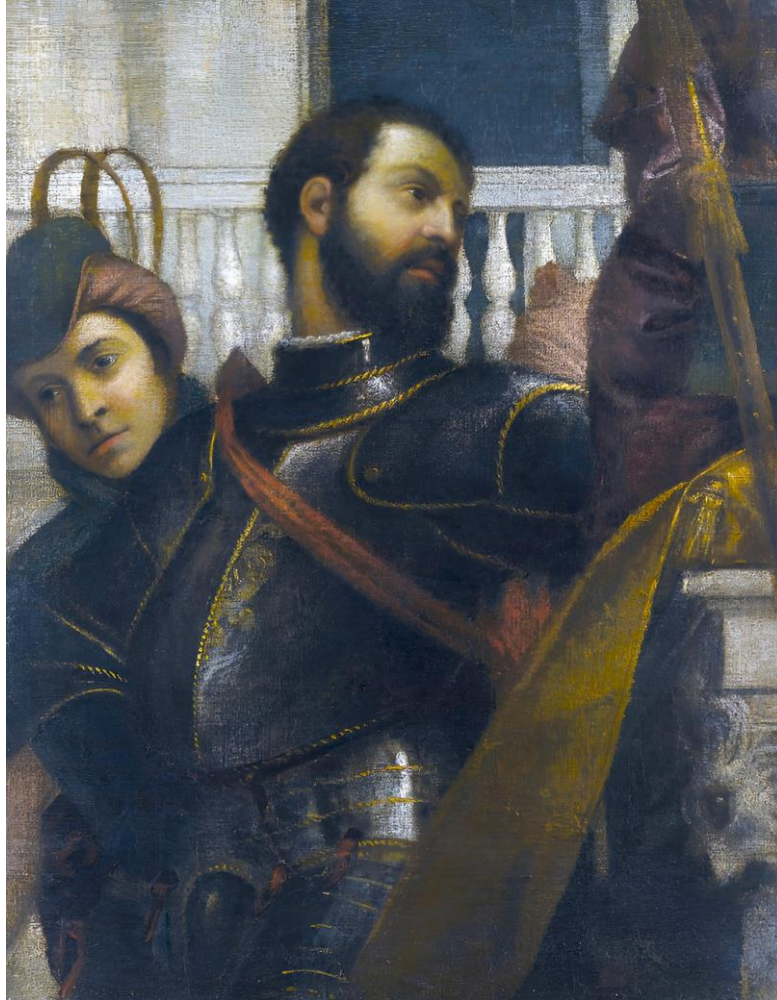


El Cantar de mío Cid

(The Song of My Lord)



‘A Knight And His Page - Paolo Veronese (Italian, 1528-1588)’

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Translator's Introduction

'*El Cantar del mío Cid*', or '*The Song of My Lord*' the oldest Castilian epic poem extant, and Spain's national epic, exists in a single fourteenth century codex, but was composed earlier, in the twelfth century, or as late as the early thirteenth. It tells of Rodrigo (Ruy) Díaz de

Vivar (c1043-1099AD), known as El Cid (*Lord*) and El Campeador (*Master of the Battlefield*). The poem is set in the eleventh century, an age of warfare amongst the northern Christian and the central and southern Muslim realms of Spain, marked by shifting alliances. Born in Vivar, near Burgos, Díaz served in the armies of both Christian and Muslim rulers, ultimately wresting the principality of Valencia from Muslim control, and ruling there until his death. His fraught relationship with Alfonso VI (c1040-1109AD), King of León and Castile, who twice exiled Díaz from his realm, was a central determinant in his military career. El Cid's rule of Valencia was tolerant of both Christian and Muslims alike, and won him popular support. He countered the attempts of the Almoravid Berbers, who had made successful incursion into Spain from North Africa in 1086AD, to conquer Valencia, and he inflicted on them their first major defeat, in 1094AD, on the plain of Cuarte (Quart de Poblet), outside the city. He died, his cause of death uncertain, on July 10th, 1099AD. The tomb of Díaz and his wife Jimena is located in Burgos cathedral. She and her retinue fled to Burgos, bearing the body of her husband, in 1101AD, prior to the fall of Valencia to the Almoravids in 1102AD. The poem begins with the departure of Rodrigo, from his home in Vivar, to the first of the two exiles decreed by Alfonso. In the poem his first exile (1081AD) and his second (1089AD) are merged, and are precursors to Rodrigo's campaigns in the Spanish Levant, ending in his conquest of Valencia, and the tale of his claim for justice against the (likely fictitious) infantes of Carrión.

Note: [*The Way of El Cid*](#) (*Camino del Cid*) extends from Castilla in the north-west of Spain to the Mediterranean coast in the south-east. The Way traces the legacy of Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, with the *El Cantar de mio Cid* providing the primary guide for the route. In order to assist readers interested in following the *Camino del Cid*, the initial occurrence of place names in each part of the text are linked to maps provided by OpenStreetMap - which clearly indicate the trail. Alternatively, you may view a [map of all locations](#) detailed in the text, provided by uMap.



'El Cantar del mío Cid'

Lines 1-14: Rodrigo Díaz leaves Vivar for Burgos

He turned his eyes towards them, and wept profusely,
 He turned his head away, and he gazed on it all.
 The open gates he saw, and the doors unbolted,
 Empty wooden hangers, void of clothes or furs,
 And the perches free of falcons and goshawks.
 My Cid sighed, burdened by heavy thoughts,
 My Cid spoke, in grave and measured speech:
 'Thanks be to you, Lord, Our Father, on high;
 All this, my evil foes have brought upon me!'

Now they spurred onwards, now they slacked their reins.
 Quitting [Vivar](#), noticed a crow upon the right,
 Entering [Burgos](#), noticed a crow upon their left.
 My Cid shrugged his shoulders, my Cid shook his head,

‘Fine tidings, Álvaro Fáñez, we’re exiled from this land!’

Lines 15-30: King Alfonso VI decrees that none grant him hospitality there

My Cid, Ruy Díaz, now made entry into Burgos,
Sixty pennons of his comrades raised about him,
And the men and women came out to view him.
Burghers and their wives, gazed from the windows.
Tears fell from their eyes, so deep their sorrow.
Words sprang from their mouths, all cried, as one:
‘Lord, if this good servant boasted as good a master!’
Gladly they’d have welcomed him, but none dared,
So dreadful the anger shown by the king, Alfonso,
Whose written decree reached Burgos, ere nightfall,
Heavily sealed, and conveyed with great caution:
‘That none give lodging to the Cid, Ruy Díaz,
On penalty of losing all they own and their lives,
And not their bodies only, but even their souls.’
Great sorrow they felt, all those Christian people,
Not daring to do a thing, they all hid from my Cid.

Lines 31-39: The door of his lodgings is bolted against him

The Campeador rode towards his old lodgings;
On reaching the door, he found it tightly bolted.
His hosts now feared Alonso, and all had agreed
The door be shut; he must break it down by force.
His comrades called aloud, but none responded;
From those within the house issued not a word.
My Cid rode closer; he approached the doorway,
Drew his foot from the stirrup, launched a blow,
And yet the door was strong, and failed to open.

Lines 40-49: A little girl, of nine years old, addresses Rodrigo

A little girl, nine years old, now came in sight:
‘Ah, Campeador, well it is you bear a sword!’

The king denies you, last night came his decree,
Heavily sealed, and borne here with great caution.
We dare not open the door now to admit you,
Or we will lose all we own, even our houses,
And even the two eyes that show in our faces.
Cid, amidst these evils, you can gain nothing,
Yet, may God and all his holy virtues aid you.’
And with this, the little girl returned to her house.

Lines 50-60: El Cid camps by the river Arlanzón, at the village of that name

Now the Cid, finding he’d lost the king’s favour,
Turned from the door, and spurred through Burgos.
He came to [Santa María](#), and there dismounted,
Knelt upon the ground, and prayed from his heart.
When the prayer was ended, then he remounted,
He rode through the gate; he camped at [Arlanzón](#);
He camped on the river bank, close to the village.
He ordered his tent pitched, and then dismounted.
My Cid, Ruy Díaz – well it was he bore his sword! –
Camped by the river, since none dared offer lodging,
While his goodly company camped, all, about him.

Lines 61-77: Martín Antolínez provides sustenance to the Cid

The Cid rested there as one does in the mountains.
They forbade him purchase, in the city of Burgos,
Of aught that might serve as supplies, nourishment;
Not a single penny’s-worth would they grant him.
Martín Antolínez, that noble citizen of Burgos,
Provided bread and wine to my Cid and his friends.
He purchased it not; he gave what he had with him;
With all that they needed he now supplied them.
My Cid, the Campeador, and all, were delighted,
Martín Antolínez spoke, you shall hear what he said:
‘Ah, Campeador, fair the hour when you were born!
Tonight let us rest here, and leave in the morning,
For accused shall I be of my kindness towards you.

I shall surely incur the wrath of King Alfonso.
Yet if I should escape with you, safe and sound,
Sooner or later, the king will seek my friendship;
And if not, what I leave behind's not worth a fig.'

Lines 78-95: The ploy of the chests of sand

Then spoke my Cid – fair the hour he donned a sword:
'Martín Antolínez, a valiant lance-wielder are you!
If I should survive, then your wealth I will double.
I have spent all my gold, and all of my silver;
As you can clearly see, not a penny do I bear,
And any I had I would share among my friends.
This am I forced to do, or else I'll have nothing:
With your assistance, two chests we'll acquire;
Let us fill them with sand, so they feel heavy,
Covered all in leather, nailed firmly all around,
The leather, crimson, and the nails, well-gilded.
Go you secretly then, to Raquel and Vidas;
Burgos I'm denied; being banished by Alfonso.
Say my wealth is so great it can scarce be carried;
I will pawn it to them, for whatever is fitting.
Let them bear it by night, so no Christians see it.
Let the Lord above, and his saints alone view it.
I can do no other now; I am forced to do this.'

Lines 96-121: Martín Antolínez pursues the business of the chests

Martín Antolínez made his way, without pause,
To seek conversation with Raquel and Vidas.
He rode through Burgos, he entered the castle,
He sought conversation with Raquel and Vidas.
Raquel and Vidas he found there, seated together,
Counting the riches, they had gained at a profit.
Said Martín Antolínez, being a man of prudence:
'How are you, my dear friends, Raquel and Vidas?
I would like to speak with both of you in private.'
Without delay, all three moved inside, together.

'Raquel and Vidas, clasp my hand and affirm,
 That you'll not betray me to Christian or Moor.
 I'll make you so rich, you'll lack for nothing.
 The Campeador, he went to exact the tribute;
 He collected much, of inestimable worth.
 He took for himself all that seemed of value.
 It comes to this, that of such he stands accused.
 He has two chests, filled with golden treasure,
 And, since the king has declared him an exile,
 He's abandoned his land, his houses, and halls.
 He can't bear the chests away, lest he's discovered,
 So, the Campeador would leave them in your hands.
 Lend him such coinage, as seems to you fitting,
 And take both the chests into your safekeeping,
 And swear, the pair of you, with a solemn oath,
 Not to open those chests for the rest of this year.'

Lines 122-147: Raquel and Vidas respond to his request

Raquel and Vidas now consulted together:
 'We need to achieve a respectable profit.
 We both of us know that he gained great spoils,
 In the land of the Moors, great riches he gathered.
 He who bears such chests must attract suspicion.
 Let us take them both, and place them together
 In a hiding-place where they'll not be discovered.'
 To Martín they said: 'What will satisfy the Cid?
 What interest would he pay on the loan this year?'
 Said Martín Antolínez, ever a man of prudence:
 'My Cid will pay you whatever is most fitting.
 He asks little of you for his chests' safekeeping.
 From all parts, men are flocking to join him,
 And he needs six hundred marks to pay them.'
 Said Raquel and Vidas: 'We'll loan them gladly.'
 Said Martín: 'The night falls, his need is pressing.
 We need you to hand us the monies requested.'
 Said Raquel and Vidas: 'That's not how it's done;
 First comes the receiving, and then the giving.'

Said Martín Antolínez: 'That is fine by me.
Come both of you to see the great Campeador,
And we will assist you then, as is most fitting,
To bear the chests here for your safe-keeping,
All un-beknown to both Christians and Moors.'
Said Raquel and Vidas: 'That sits well with us.
Once the chests arrive, six hundred you shall have.'

Lines 148-165: They ride to El Cid's camp to ratify the agreement

Raquel and Vidas mounted willingly and gladly
And, with Martín Antolínez, they rode swiftly,
Not over the bridge there, but through the water,
So that none from Burgos might perceive them;
And behold them now in the Campeador's tent.
Upon entering there, they kissed the Cid's hand.
My Cid smiled; in these words, he addressed them:
'Ah, Don Raquel and Vidas, how you neglect me!
Now, I go from this land, banished by King Alfonso,
It seems that you will be guardians of my treasure;
For as long as you live, you'll never be in need.'
Don Raquel and Vidas kissed Rodrigo's hands,
And Martín Antolínez had sealed the agreement:
Six hundred marks for the riches he had pawned,
The chests to be guarded well throughout that year,
For so they'd agreed, and to him they'd sworn
Not to open the chests, or be known as perjurers,
Nor receive, from my Cid, one penny of interest.

Lines 166-181: The loaded chests are brought

Martín Antolínez said: 'Bring the chests, swiftly;
Take them Raquel and Vidas, into safekeeping,
And I will go with you, and return with the loan.
For my Cid must depart before the cock crows.'
Lifting those chests, there was joy on their faces,
Scarce could they do so, though they were strong.
Raquel and Vidas were pleased with the treasure,

For they might be rich now, as long they lived.
Raquel went to my Cid, to kiss my lord's hand,
'You go, Campeador, from Castile into exile.
Ah, fair was the hour when you donned a sword!
Such is your destiny that great are your gains.
Cid, I kiss your hand, and might I have as a gift
A red leather coat, one both Moorish and noble.'
'That is fine by me,' said the Cid, 'let it be so;
I'll bring one from exile, or charge it against me.'

Lines 182-200: The chests having been received, the loan is granted

In the midst of their house, the pair laid out a rug,
And over the rug spread a white linen bedsheet,
Then three hundred silver marks, at a stroke,
They heaped upon it, that Don Martín counted,
Un-weighed, and another three hundred in gold.
Martín's five squires then took up the payment;
You shall hear what he said, when all was done:
'Ah, Don Raquel and Vidas, the chests are yours.
I that arranged this, deserve a new pair of hose!'
Raquel and Vidas communed aside together:
'Let us grant him a fine gift, for arranging all.'
'Martín Antolínez, famed citizen of Burgos,
You deserve,' they cried, 'a fine gift from us.
For new hose, a rich fur, and a splendid mantle,
We'll give you thirty marks to buy those same.
You shall earn them, as is only right and proper,
You shall guarantee the agreement we've made.'
Don Martín thanked them, and received the loan,
Said farewell to both, and departed the house.

Lines 201-212: Rodrigo prepares to leave Arlanzón

Don Martín rode from Burgos, and reached Arlanzón,
And the tent of my Cid, that in a fair hour was born.
With open arms, Don Rodrigo now received him:
'Are you here, Martín Antolínez, faithful vassal?

May I live to see the day when I shall repay you!’
‘I am here, Campeador, and with all due caution.
You have gained six hundred marks, and I, thirty.
Now, order the tents struck, and let us go swiftly,
At cockcrow we’ll be in San Pedro de Cardena.
There we shall find your wife, that noble lady.
We’ll stay but a moment, then depart the kingdom,
As we must, for the grace-period shortly ends.’

Lines 213-225: Rodrigo utters his farewell to Burgos

Camp was struck, once these words were spoken.
My Cid and his companions, mounted swiftly.
His steed turned towards Santa María de Burgos,
He raised his hand, and made the sign of the cross:
‘I thank you, Lord, God of the earth and heavens!
May your virtue aid me, glorious Santa Maria!
I leave Castile now, since I’ve angered the king;
And know not if I’ll return, ere I end my days.
In exile, may your powers, noble lady, save me,
And defend and sustain me, by night and day.
If you do so, and you grant me good fortune,
Offerings I’ll send, rich and fine, to your altar;
And a thousand Masses I vow there, to be sung.’

Lines 226-241: El Cid departs for San Pedro de Cardena

The knight said farewell, both in mind and heart.
They loosened the reins, and spurred on their steeds.
Said Martín Antolínez: ‘My wife is my solace;
Her I must see, and tell her of all she must do
If the king, my master, should seek what I own.
Ere the sun sheds it light again, I’ll be with you.’
Martín Antolínez turned, while the Cid rode on,
Spurring hard as he could to [San Pedro de Cardena](#),
With those fair knights, whose service he enjoyed.
The cock crowed suddenly, the dawn was breaking,
When the noble Campeador arrived at San Pedro.

The abbot, Don Sancho, God's Christian servant,
Was saying the Matins, in the first light of dawn.
There was Doña Jimena, with five noble ladies,
Praying to Saint Peter, and likewise the Creator:
'You who guide us, aid my Cid, the Campeador.'

Lines 242-261: Don Sancho, the abbot, welcomes him

He knocked at the gate; they all heard his command.
Oh, how joyful, Lord, was Don Sancho, the abbot!
With torches and candles, they all rushed to the gate,
With joy they received the famous Commander.
'Thank the Lord, my Cid,' cried the abbot, Don Sancho,
'That I see you here, to take lodging now with me!'
'Thank you, abbot, I am in your debt,' said the Cid:
'I will need food prepared for my vassals and I.
Here are fifty marks, since I'm leaving this land.
If I should yet live, then the sum will be doubled,
For not one single penny shall the monastery lose.
Here's one hundred more, see, for Doña Jimena;
Her, her daughters, her ladies, for all of this year.
Shelter both my fair daughters, here, in your arms,
For I entrust them to you, Abbot Don Sancho;
Grant the best of care to both, and Doña Jimena.
If what I give you is spent, and more is needed,
Provide for them well, such I now command you;
And for every mark I'll grant the monastery four.'
All that he asked, the abbot granted him gladly.

Lines 262-286: Ruy greets his wife Doña Jimena

Behold, Doña Jimena there, with her daughters,
Each daughter led by a lady, her companion.
Before the Campeador, Doña Jimena knelt,
Weeping sore, as she reached to kiss his hands.
'Ah, Campeador, in a fair hour you were born!
Yet evil-wishers now drive you from this land.
Ah, Campeador, bearded in your splendour,

Here I am before you, I, and your daughters
Who are but children, young as yet in years,
And these my ladies who live to serve me.
I see you are already upon your journey,
And, all life long, we'll be parted from you.
Give us counsel, for love of the Virgin Mary!'
The Cid lowered his two hands to raise her,
He took both of his daughters into his arms,
Clasped them to his heart, for he loved them dearly,
And, his eyes brimming with tears, sighed deeply:
'Ah, Doña Jimena, my wife, my perfection,
I love you as deeply as I love my own soul!
Yet, as you see, we must part now, in this life,
For I must go hence, and you remain behind.
May it please the Lord, and the Virgin Mary,
That I may live to see my daughters wedded;
And that good fortune, and many years of life,
Be granted me to serve you, my noble lady.'

Lines 287-310: The gathering of El Cid's forces

They prepared a great feast for the Campeador.
The bells of San Pedro raised a mighty clamour.
All throughout Castile, those tidings were heard,
That my Cid, the Campeador, must leave the land.
Some men left their houses, others their fiefdoms,
And upon that day, at the bridge of Arlanzón,
A hundred and fifteen knights met together,
All enquiring after the Campeador, my Cid.
Martín Antolínez now joined their company;
To San Pedro they rode, to one born in a fair hour.
Now, when my Cid, Díaz de Vivar, learned of this,
That all of his forces were gathering in strength,
He mounted his steed, and went forth to greet them.
He broke into a smile; they all came towards him.
They moved to kiss his hands; he spoke forcefully:
'You, who leave your land and your homes for me,
I pray to God and, likewise, to the Holy Spirit,

That I might do you some good before I die,
Such that you may regain twice what you've lost.'
It pleased my Cid to see how his forces grew.
And pleased the others, all of those about him.
Six days of the period of grace had now passed.
Know this: they had three days left and no more.
The king had ordered that the Cid be watched,
So, he might be seized, when the moment came;
Not for all his gold or silver, should he escape.

Lines 311-324: The Cid prepares to depart San Pedro

The day was done, and the night about to fall.
The Cid commanded all his knights to gather:
'Listen friends, don't be burdened by regret.
Little I bring, I wish to give you your share.
Be careful now as to how you all behave.
In the morning, as the cock begins to crow,
Brook no delay, but have the horses saddled,
The abbot, in San Pedro, will ring for Matins,
He will chant the Mass of the Holy Trinity.
Once Mass is said, then let us be on our way,
For the time is near, and we have far to ride.'
All those there now did as the Cid commanded:
The night well-nigh done, and dawn drawing nigh,
As the cock was crowing, they prepared to ride.

Lines 325-365: Doña Jimena's prayer

Now the bells were rung speedily for Matins.
My Cid and his wife went quickly to church.
Doña Jimena knelt on the steps before the altar,
Praying, to the Lord above, in her own manner,
That He keep my Cid, the Campeador, from harm.
'O Glorious Father, our Lord that is in heaven,
You who made the sky, and the earth, and sea,
The stars, the moon, and the sun for warmth,
You became incarnate in your Mother Mary,

Born there in Bethlehem, as was your will.
The shepherds glorified you, and praised you,
Three Kings of Arabia came to adore you,
Melchior, Caspar, Balthasar; they offered
Gold, incense, and myrrh, as was your will.
You saved Jonah, who was swallowed by the sea;
You saved Daniel, from out of the lions' den;
You saved Saint Sebastian, pierced in Rome;
You saved Saint Susanna, from false witness.
For thirty years, Lord, you walked this earth,
Miracles you performed, of which we tell:
From water you made wine, from stones bread,
And, at your will, raised Lazarus from the dead;
Taken captive, you were nailed upon the cross,
On Mount Calvary, the place they called Golgotha,
And, with you, two thieves, one on either side;
One gained paradise; the other could not enter.
You performed a miracle, there, on the cross.
Longinus was blind; never had his eyes seen;
With a lance he pierced your side, your blood flowed;
The blood ran down the shaft, it wet his hands.
He lifted his hands, he raised them to his face,
He opened his eyes, and saw, all, about him,
And, freeing himself from evil, believed in you.
In the sepulchre, resurrected, you then arose,
And entered Hell itself, for such was your will;
And broke the gates, to rescue the holy fathers.
You are the king of kings, and the world's father.
I adore and believe in you with all my heart,
And I pray to Saint Peter to aid my prayer,
That you keep my Cid, the Campeador, from harm.
Though we part, today, in this life, yet, unite us!'

Lines 366-390: The Cid takes his departure



‘...the prayer so ended, They left the church; the Cid prepared to ride’

The Mass completed, and the prayer so ended,
 They left the church; the Cid prepared to ride.
 Rodrigo moved to embrace Doña Jimena;
 Doña Jimena moved to kiss Rodrigo’s hands,
 Weeping so sore she knew not what to do,
 While he turned to look again at his daughters.
 ‘I commend you to God, and the Holy Spirit.
 Now, we part; God knows if we’ll meet again.’
 Weeping more sorrowfully than ere was seen,
 They parted as fingernails part from the flesh.
 My Cid now sought to leave with his vassals;
 As they waited, the Cid kept turning his head.
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez spoke, with great wisdom:
 ‘Cid, born in a fair hour, where’s your strength!
 Cease your grieving, and let us be on our way.
 All of these sorrows will later turn to joy.

God that granted us souls, will grant His aid.'
Once again, they gave counsel to Don Sancho;
How to help Doña Jimena and her daughters,
And all of the ladies that they had with them,
For which aid he knew he'd gain his reward.
Álvar Fáñez spoke, as Don Sancho turned back:
'Now, Abbot, if you see folk who would join us
Tell them to ride, and to follow our hoofprints,
And seek us in townships, or open country.'

Lines 391-412: El Cid's dream

They slackened the reins, and began their journey,
For the time drew near to depart the kingdom.
My Cid halted and rested at [Espinaz de Can](#),
And next day, in the dawn, recommenced his ride.
Men from everywhere had joined him that night;
The faithful Campeador was leaving the kingdom.
On the left was [San Esteban](#), that splendid city,
On the right were the towers built by the Moors.
He passed [Alcubilla](#), now on Castile's border;
He crossed the causeway that's named Quinea;
He crossed the Duero, close to [Navapalos](#);
And, at La Figueruela, my Cid then made camp.
Men from everywhere came there to join him;
And there, after his supper, my Cid sought rest.
A sweet dream came to him, he slept so deeply;
The angel Gabriel appeared to him, in dream:
'Ride onwards, Cid, the finest of Campeadors,
For at never so fair a time did any man ride.
All shall go well with you, as long as you live.'
When the Cid woke, he made the sign of the cross;
He crossed himself, commending himself to God,
His mind eased by the dream he had dreamed.

Lines 413-453: Rodrigo sends a raiding party, southwards

Early next morning they rode on their way;

Know, they'd one day of grace, and no more.
In the mountains of [Miedes](#), they made camp.
It was daylight as yet, for the sun had not set.
Then my Cid, the Campeador, held a review,
He counted three hundred lances with pennons,
Without the brave men, the foot-soldiers, there:
'Prepare the food early, may God save you all!
Eat whoever would; and who would not, ride.
We'll cross the mountains, so wild and high,
For, tonight, we will leave Alfonso's kingdom.
And then let whoever seeks us come find us!'
They crossed the mountains ere the light of dawn,
And, down from the ridge, they began to ride.
There, amidst a wilderness vast and marvellous,
My Cid ordered the tents pitched, and food given.
He told them all he would ride through the night,
And, such vassals as those, they took it to heart,
For all would obey the command of their lord.
Before night fell, they set out upon their ride,
My Cid rode at night so none might view them.
They rode all that night; denied themselves rest.
At the town named [Castejón](#), upon the Henares,
My Cid, with the troops he had, set up an ambush,
And all night that man, born in fair hour, lay hid,
For so Minaya Álvar Fáñez had advised him:
'Ah, Cid, in a fair hour you'll bear the sword!
You and a hundred fine men of our company,
Since at Castejón we must set up an ambush...'
'You, with two hundred, go raid,' cried the Cid,
'And take Álvar Salvadórez, and Álvar Álvarez,
And Galín García, a bold man with the lance,
And let the best knights here accompany Minaya.
Go and plunder at will, and fear not to take all.
Go down from [Hita](#), go through [Guadalajara](#),
Go as far as Alcalá, and gather the spoils,
Leave naught behind through fear of the Moors.
I'll be here, in the rear with my hundred men,
I'll take Castejón here, where we'll be secure.

If you meet with trouble while you are raiding
Send a message swiftly, to us here in the rear,
And all Spain will hear the tale of your rescue.'

Lines 454-476: He captures the town of Castejón

Those who would go on the raid they established,
And those who would stay with the Cid at the rear.
Now dawn was breaking, the daylight advancing,
The sun leapt forth (Lord, how lovely a sight!)
While in Castejón all the folk were now waking,
And opening their doors, and making their way
Forth to the fields, to view the crops on their land.
The people went forth, leaving the gate wide open,
So that few remained in the town of Castejón.
The folk were all scattered far, outside the town.
The Campeador burst forth, swiftly, from hiding;
He plundered, most fully, the town of Castejón.
Moorish men and women he held as captives,
And took all the cattle that he found grazing.
My Cid, Don Rodrigo, had charged the gates,
The guards who had found themselves attacked,
Trembling with fear, then abandoned their post.
My Cid, Ruy Díaz, through that path, made entry;
He came bearing his naked blade in his hand.
He killed fifteen of the Moors he encountered.
He won Castejón, and its gold and silver.
His knights brought Ruy Díaz their plunder,
And abandoned it there, like a prize of no worth.



‘He came bearing his naked blade in his hand. He killed fifteen of the Moors he encountered’

Lines 477-505: Minaya Álvar Fáñez returns from the raid



‘Minaya’s banner flies downriver, far as Alcalá’

Behold the two hundred and three raid, fearlessly.
Minaya’s banner flies downriver, far as [Alcalá](#),
And back they ride upstream bearing their plunder,
Along the Henares’ bank, through Guadalajara.
What a wealth of plunder, what herds of livestock,
Fine sheep and cattle, garments and other riches,
Minaya Álvaro Fáñez’ banner there, flying on high,
While none dare attack his raiders from the rear!
With that wealth of plunder, the company returns,
Behold them in Castejón, before their Commander,
Who leaves the gates wide open, and rides forth.

He goes out to welcome them, amidst his guards,
With arms wide-open, he greets the brave Minaya:
'You are here, Álvar Fáñez, the valiant lancer!
I have hopes of plunder, wherever I send you.
A fifth of the haul is yours, if you wish, Minaya.'
'I thank you, Campeador, for that,' he answered,
'For the offer of a fifth of the plunder we bear.
Such a thing might please Alfonso of Castile,
But I render it all to you, and right willingly.
This claim I make to God, to the Lord on high:
As long as I'm able still to ride my steed,
And fight with the Moors on the open field,
Wield my lance, and grasp my sword in hand,
As, from my elbow, the crimson blood runs down
In sight of Ruy Díaz, my famed Commander,
Then I'll not accept a single bad penny from you,
Not until I've brought you something of worth.
So, I shall leave my fifth in your own two hands.'

Lines 506-523: Rodrigo distributes the plunder

The various spoils then were gathered together.
My Cid (he that was born in a fortunate hour)
Mused on the likely approach of Alfonso's army
And that he would seek to do him utmost harm.
The Cid ordered four-fifths of the spoils divided,
And for his apportioners to do so to the letter.
Each of his vassals thus gained a small fortune,
For a hundred marks' worth fell to every knight,
And half of that amount to each foot-soldier,
While the fifth part was reserved for El Cid.
It could not be sold in, or handed to Castejón,
Nor did he want his force burdened with captives.
He thus sent word to Hita, and Guadalajara,
Asking what they'd pay for the fifth remaining;
Whatever they paid they stood to make a profit.
The Moors offered three thousand silver marks,
And my Cid was pleased indeed with the offer,

So, on the third day, the exchange was made.

Lines 524-538: El Cid prepares to leave Castejón for the Jalón river-valley

My Cid, with his whole company, considered
That they could not rest there in the fortress,
Which, though defensible, lacked fresh water.
'Though at peace with the Moors, by written truce,'
Said the Cid, 'King Alfonso will follow in force.
Hark, Minaya and all, to me; I'll leave Castejón!
Now, don't take these words, that I utter, badly,
For there's no way that we could hold Castejón.
King Alfonso draws near, and will pursue us,
Nor do I seek to raze the castle to the ground.
I wish to set free these hundred captive Moors,
Men and women, so they'll not speak ill of me.
You've had your spoils, none remains without,
Tomorrow, let us ride forth, in the morning;
For I would not fight against my lord Alfonso.'

Lines 539-572: He camps (at Cerro Torrecid) on the right bank of the Jalón

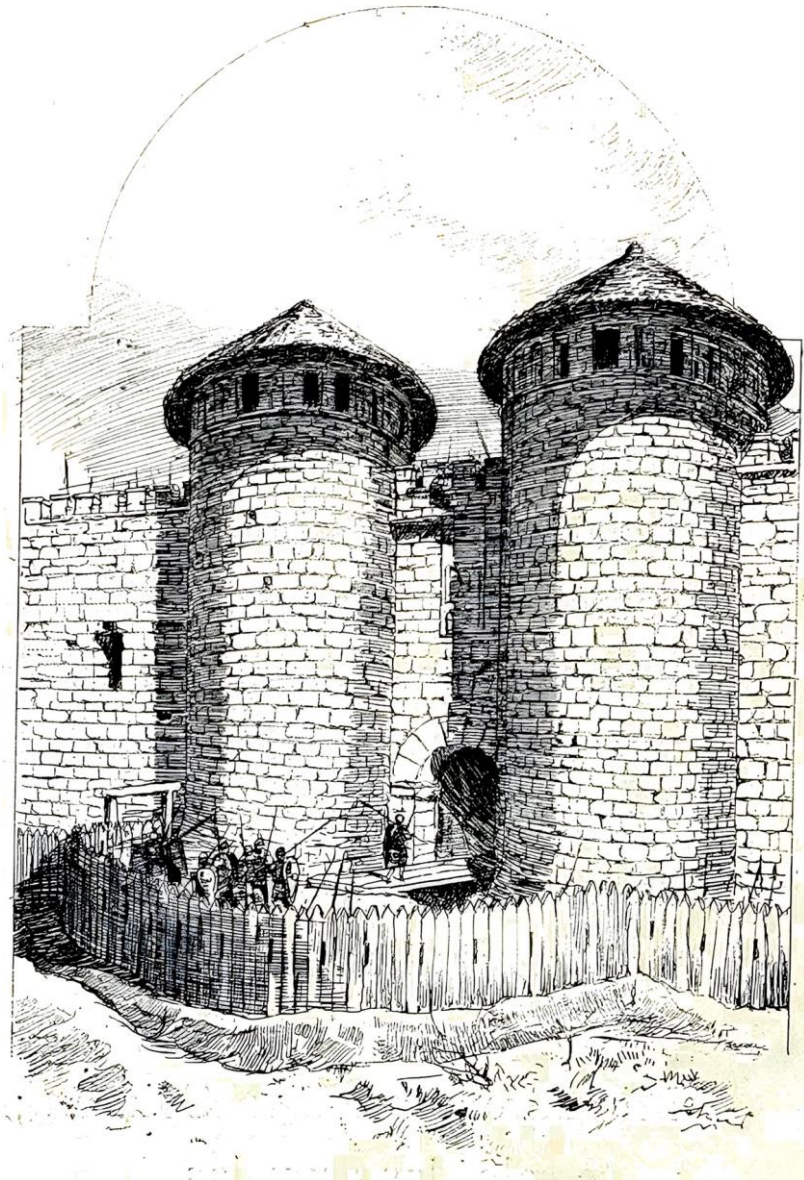
The company were content with what he'd said.
Rich, they parted from the castle they'd taken,
While the Moorish men and women blessed them.
They rode swiftly upstream by the Henares;
They crossed the Alcarria, and forged ahead;
They rode, passing by the caves of [Anguita](#),
Over the rivers, reached the fields of Toranz,
And rode, fast as they could, through that country.
El Cid made camp twixt [Ariza](#) and [Cetina](#),
Great the plunder he'd gained everywhere.
The Moors were unaware of his intentions,
And next day my Lord of Vivar moved on.
He crossed to [Alhama](#), down the gorge he went,
Passed [Bubierca](#) and, further on, [Ateca](#).
Near the [castle of Alcocer](#), my Cid made camp,
On a rounded hill that was both steep and high.

Nearby runs the Jalón; he would take Alcocer;
My Cid, Don Rodrigo, wished to take Alcocer.
He positioned his force, he lodged there securely,
Some facing the hills, and others facing the water,
The good Campeador, who in fair hour was born,
Ordered his troops to dig deep, and make a moat,
All about the hill there, and close to the river,
So, they'd not be surprised, by day or night,
And all might know the Cid was entrenched there.
The news soon travelled throughout that land,
That my Cid, the Campeador, was now installed.
He had left the Christian realm for the Moorish;
None dared till the fields in that neighbourhood.
My Cid, and his band of vassals, now kept watch.
The castle of Alcocer rendered him tribute,
Those of Alcocer rendered him tribute, freely,
And the folk of Ateca, and those of [Terrer](#);
While on [Calatayud](#), that debt weighed heavily.

Lines 573-610: El Cid takes the castle of Alcocer on the Jalón's left bank

There Rodrigo lay, for full fifteen weeks.
When my Cid saw Alcocer would not yield,
He devised a plan, for immediate action.
He left one tent pitched, the others he lowered,
And, with banner raised, rode down the Jalón,
His men well-armoured, their swords girded,
Like prudent folk, to draw the enemy forth.
Alcocer's folk saw. Lord, how they rejoiced!
'The Cid has no flour for the baking of bread.
He has left one tent, scarce can carry the rest.
The Cid flees, as if he's escaped from a rout.
Let's pursue him now, and we'll gain the spoils,
Ere those of Terrer come, who'll leave us none.
And the tribute we gave we'll gain twice over.'
From Alcocer, the folk rushed forth en masse,
And my Cid, when he saw, fled as if in retreat.
He and his troops, they rode on down the Jalón.

Those of Alcocer cried: 'Our prize is escaping!'
The great and the small issued forth, in pursuit,
So eager to catch him, they cared for nothing else;
They left the gates open, and none to guard them.
The good Campeador turned his gaze behind him.
He saw that his foes were now far from the castle.
He turned, and spurred back, his banner waving:
'My knights, strike at them, strike them fearlessly!
With the aid of the Lord, then the battle is ours!'
They clashed with their foes in the midst of the plain.
Dear God, how great was the joy in the morning!
My Cid, and Álvar Fáñez, led the host in attack.
They rode fine steeds, I say, sped as they wished;
Between themselves and the castle were their foes,
The vassals of my Cid struck and showed no mercy,
They killed three hundred Moors in no time at all.
Those that led the attack were whooping loudly,
They turned their chargers, they sped for the castle,
With bared swords they halted there, at the gates.
And the rest soon followed, for the battle was over;
And thus, the Cid, with a ruse, captured Alcocer.



‘With bared swords they halted there, at the gates’

Part II, Conflict with Valencia and Barcelona

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Lines 611-622: El Cid decides to hold Alcocer

Came Pero Bermúdez, with the banner in hand,
And, upon the topmost point, set it on high.
Then spoke my Lord Cid, the famed Campeador:
'Give thanks to God now, and His saints above,
Here are better lodgings for steeds and their masters.
Hear me, Álvar Fáñez, and all of you knights,
We have gained great spoils in seizing this castle.
The Moors are defeated, I see few still living.
The men and women that are left I'll not sell,
While by their deaths there's naught to be gained.

Let them live with us, for the ownership's ours;
We'll seize their houses, and they can serve us.'

Lines 623-642: The Moors send word to the King of Valencia

Now, my Cid, with his troops, lay in [Alcocer](#);
Having sent for the tents that he'd left behind.
This burdened [Ateca](#), and pleased not [Terrer](#),
And weighed hard on [Calatayud](#), as we know.
To the King of Valencia, they bore the tidings,
That a man called El Cid, one Ruy Díaz de Vivar,
In disgrace with Alfonso, who'd ordered his exile,
Had camped in a useful place, near Alcocer,
Trapped them in ambush, and taken the castle:
'Help us not, and you'll lose Terrer and Ateca;
And you'll lose Calatayud, for it cannot escape.
And all will go ill, on the banks of our river,
And upon the Jiloca, that flows to the Jalón.'
When King Tamin heard this, his heart weighed heavy:
'Three Moorish kings I see standing before me.
Brook no delay, and let two of you march there;
Three thousand Moors you may take, fully-armed,
While those on the border will surely assist you.
Take this warrior alive, and bring him before me.
He entered my realm; he can pay compensation.'

Lines 643-664: King Tamin's army marches on Alcocer

Three thousand Moors mounted, and set forth to ride,
By night, reached [Segorbe](#), and camped on the spot.
Next day, in the morning, they rode forth again,
And by night came to [Cella](#), where they remained,
Sending word for those on the border to gather.
Without hesitation, those men came and joined them.
They rode from Cella, the place named 'del Canal',
And they rode all that day, for they brooked no rest,
Till they reached Calatayud, and there they made camp.
Through all of those lands, the news soon passed,

That a vast host of warriors had joined together
With those under the two kings, Fáriz and Galve,
To besiege, at Alcocer, my brave leader, the Cid.
The foe took up position; they set up their camp.
Their force was growing, their people were many,
And many the scouts that the Moors could deploy.
Day and night, they rode out, clad in full armour;
Full many the scouts, and vast the kings' forces.
And they cut off the water supply to the fortress.
My Cid's men desired to go forth and do battle,
But he, that was born in a fair hour, forbade it.
For three full weeks they remained under siege.



‘For three full weeks they remained under siege’

Lines 665-681: The Cid seeks counsel from his captains

After three weeks, as the fourth week commenced,
Ruy gathered his captains, and sought their counsel:
‘They deny us water, our stores we’ve exhausted,
If we try to depart in the night, they’ll prevent us;
While vast is their army if we should seek battle,
Advise me, my captains, what action to take.’
First to speak was that worthy general, Minaya:
‘We few are now exiled from fairest Castile;
Our survival depends on us fighting the Moors.
We have six hundred warriors, and a few over;
In the name of the Lord, what else can we do?
Let us fight them tomorrow, and brook no delay!’
Said the Campeador: ‘You speak to my liking;
You seek honour, Minaya, as I would expect!’
He expelled the Moorish men, and their women,
So that his foes might not learn his intention.
Day and night, they set themselves to prepare.

Lines 682-703: El Cid attacks the army of the two kings

Early next morn, as the bright sun was rising,
The Cid armed himself, and his forces likewise.
And Rodrigo then spoke as you will hear tell:
‘Let all go forth, now; let no man remain here,
Except for two, to stand guard on the gateway.
If we die in the field, our foes enter the castle;
If we win this battle, then all will be wealthy.
You, Pero Bermúdez, take good hold of the banner;
Fine knight that you are, you’ll bear it steadfastly,
But don’t spur ahead, now, unless I so order.’
Pero kissed the Cid’s hand, and raised the banner;
They opened the gate, and then, swiftly, went forth.



‘They opened the gate, and then, swiftly, went forth’

The Moorish scouts saw, and fled to their camp.
How quickly the Moors were roused, and re-armed!
The earth seemed to quake, at the sound of the drums,
As the Moors formed up, grasping their weapons.
Over their ranks, there now fluttered two banners,
Over twin formations of countless foot-soldiers.
The ranks of the Moors now marched forth to battle,
Seeking to capture my Cid, and his captains.
‘Wait,’ cried the Cid, ‘and maintain good order,
And let no man break ranks, till I so command!’

Lines 704-721: Pero Bermúdez pierces the enemy ranks

But Pero Bermúdez could stand it no longer,
And, banner in hand, he spurred on his steed:
‘Cid, faithful Campeador, may God aid you,

Into the heart of their ranks goes your banner,
 Those who hold true, let us see how you follow!’
 ‘For heaven’s sake, hold you still!’ cried the Cid.
 ‘It waits upon none!’ answered Pero Bermúdez.
 He spurred on his steed, and he entered their ranks,
 As the Moors attacked him, to win the Cid’s banner.
 They dealt mighty blows but failed to unseat him.
 ‘For heaven’s sake, aid him!’ commanded the Cid.
 They raised their shields to their chests then, as one,
 They lowered their lances, the pennons a-flutter,
 Over their saddlebows, bowed down their faces,
 And, hearts full of courage, they rode to attack.
 He that was born in a fair hour, cried loudly:
 ‘For love of charity, strike home my knights!
 El Cid, Ruy Díaz de Vivar, your leader, am I.’

Lines 722-743: The roll-call of Christian captains

They all struck at the foes about Pero Bermúdez,
 Three hundred lancers, with pennons a-fluttering,
 And many a Moor there was killed at a blow;
 And as many, I say, died, as they charged again.
 Many a lance you’d have seen raised and lowered;
 Many a shield struck, and pierced right through;
 Many a chain-mail coat broken and shattered;
 Many a white pennon trailing, blood-smeared;
 And many a steed, straying, shorn of its rider!
 The Moors cried ‘Mahomet!’, our men ‘Santiago!’,
 Thirteen hundred Moors, in a brief space, fell dead.
 How well he fought, high on his gilded saddle,
 My Cid, Ruy Díaz, much the finest of warriors!
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez, who commanded Zorita,
 Martín Antolínez, that fine citizen of [Burgos](#),
 Muño Gustioz, the Cid’s faithful attendant,
 And Martín Muñoz, who ruled Montemayor,
 Álvar Álvarez, and Álvar Salvadórez,
 Galín García, that fine Aragónese,
 Félez Muñoz, the Campeador’s nephew,

With all the brave knights that were there, about him,
Rallied to the flag, and the Campeador.

Lines 744-771: El Cid aids Álvaro Fáñez and fights Fáriz

Minaya Álvaro Fáñez saw his horse slain beneath him;
The Christian troops raced, at once, to his rescue.
His lance now broken, he drew his sharp blade,
And, though on foot, struck many a fierce blow.
My Cid, Ruy Díaz of Castile, viewed his efforts;
He drew nigh a vizier, who rode a fine steed,
And with his right arm dealt a stroke of his sword
That cut him in two, and felled him to the ground.
He rode on, gave the steed to Minaya Álvaro Fáñez.
'Ride on, brave Minaya, my right arm today!
This very hour, in your deeds I find succour.'
Yet the Moors stood firm, not one foe fled the field,
As Minaya rode on, his good sword in his hand,
Fighting fiercely amid the ranks of the enemy,
And slaying, swiftly, every warrior he met.
My Cid Ruy Díaz, the one born in a fair hour,
Launched three mighty blows against King Fáriz.
Two missed their mark, but the third struck home,
And the blood flowed down from the coat of mail.
The king then drew rein, and turned quickly to flee.
With that one fine blow, the Moors were defeated.
Martín Antolínez aimed a stroke at King Galve;
The gemstones on his helm, he broke them asunder;
He shattered the casque, and so left the scalp bare,
But he waited not, there, to receive a reply!
King Fáriz and King Galve, both were defeated.
And, for Christendom's ranks, fine was that day,
As, on every side, now, the Moors fled the field!

Lines 772-809: El Cid celebrates victory over the Moors

The forces of El Cid attacked them; they ran;
While the king, Fáriz, in Terror sought refuge,

Though that place it failed to welcome Galve,
Who sought Calatayud, as swift as he could.
The Campeador followed, at once, in pursuit,
And to Calatayud he chased the king thus.
Meanwhile Minaya Álvar Fáñez' steed ran well,
And he slew a full thirty-four Moorish foes,
Slashing with his blade, gore drenching his arm,
From his elbow the crimson blood running down.
'I am content,' cried Minaya Álvar Fáñez,
'For, now, the dire tidings will reach Castile,
That my Cid, Ruy Díaz, has gained the battle.'
A host of Moors now lay dead; few survived,
As, unafraid, their foes chased them down.
The band returned, the Campeador's company;
My Cid mounted proudly, upon his fine steed;
His head-gear sharp-creased; full-bearded was he,
His mail-hood thrown back, his sword in his hand,
As he viewed his brave warriors on their return:
'Thanks be to the Lord, who dwells high above,
For full mighty it was, the battle we've gained!'
His men had stripped all the spoils from the foe;
Shields, arms, and the rest, from the enemy camp;
They'd five hundred and ten steeds in their hands.
Great was the joy then, among all the Christians,
For no more than fifteen of their own had been lost.
They brought countless sacks of gold and silver,
Rich in spoils was that band of armed Christians.
The kings had sought safety, there in their castles,
While my Cid commanded the spoils to be shared;
And great was my Cid's joy midst his vassals,
As he ordered the steeds and the wealth divided.
In his fifth, he received a good hundred horses;
Lord, how well he now repaid all his vassals,
Both the soldiers afoot and the mounted knights!
The famed Campeador shared the spoils, fairly,
Satisfying all those who'd marched with him to war.

Lines 810-836: He sends Minaya to Castile

'Hark, Minaya, my right arm', said the Cid,
 'Take as much in your hands, now, as you wish
 Of these spoils granted us, by the Creator.
 I would have you carry the news to Castile
 Of this conflict, and the great battle we've won.
 To him who has banished me, King Alfonso,
 I would send thirty horses, as a peace offering,
 All complete with a splendid saddle and bridle,
 And a sword hanging down from the saddlebow.'
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez said: 'I'll gladly do so.'
 'Here's a boot full of gold, mingled with silver,
 Said the Cid, 'so go, naught is lacking, arrange,
 There in Burgos cathedral, a thousand masses;
 What remains retain for my wife and daughters;
 Ask that they pray for me each night and day.
 If I live, they shall be the wealthiest of ladies.'
 Minaya Álvar was pleased with his mission,
 And those were named to ride in company.
 They all dined; full soon came the darkness;
 He took counsel, my Cid Ruy Díaz, with his men:
 'Now, Minaya, when you have come to Castile,
 Give these good tidings to all who are friends;
 Say God aided us, and so we won the battle.
 On your return join us here, or ride on,
 If we've left, and find us wherever we've gone.
 We'll defend ourselves with lance and sword,
 Or we'll not survive in this harsh, bitter land.'

Lines 837-851: King Fáriz sells Alcocer to the Moors of the borderland

This agreed, Minaya Álvar left next morning,
 As the Cid withdrew his men from the field.
 That land was harsh indeed, bitter and bare,
 And the Moors of the borderlands, and others,
 Both night and day, kept good watch on my Cid.
 Fáriz was well; the border folk met with him.
 Those of Ateca, and the men from Terror,

And those of the richest place, Calatayud,
Set down Alcocer's true value on parchment;
Three thousand silver marks they paid for it.
In Alcocer was ensconced the Campeador.
How well the Cid recompensed his vassals,
For his knights and foot-soldiers he'd made rich!
Among all his men, you'd not find a poor one.
He who serves a good lord ever lives in joy!

Lines 852-870: El Cid campaigns south of the Jalón

When my Cid now sought to leave Alcocer,
The Moors, both men and women, lamented:
'You will leave us, El Cid? Our prayers go with you!
Sire, we were content with your rulership here.'
When my Cid, he of Vivar, departed the castle,
The Moors, men and women, stood there and wept.
My Cid raised his banner; Ruy Díaz rode forth,
Crossed south of the Jalón, and rode straight ahead.
On his leaving the Jalón, the omens seemed good.
It pleased all Terror, Calatayud's folk more,
But dismayed Alcocer, to which he'd done good.
My Cid spurred onwards; he rode straight ahead;
He lodged, on a hill, by [Monreal del Campo](#),
The site being wondrously steep there, and high,
Thus, from either flank, the Cid feared no attack.
First, from [Daroca](#) he demanded full tribute,
Then [Molina de Aragón](#), there, to the west,
And later, southwards, the town of [Teruel](#),
Holding Cella del Canal, twixt these, in his hands.
My Cid, Ruy Díaz, may the Lord show him grace!

Lines 871-897: Minaya's audience with King Alfonso, in Castile

Gone to Castile, was Minaya Álvar Fáñez;
He presented the thirty steeds, there, to the king.
The king viewed them; he smiled with pleasure:
'By the Lord, who gives them to me, Minaya?'

‘My Cid, Ruy Díaz, in fair hour a sword-bearer,
 Has defeated two kings of the Moors in battle.
 Abundant, Sire, were the spoils that he gained.
 To you, your majesty, he sends these fair gifts.
 He kisses your feet, Sire, he kisses your hands,
 That he might know your favour, God aid you!’
 Said the king: ‘It’s too soon to forgive an exile,
 A man out of favour, a mere three weeks later.
 But since they are Moorish spoils, I accept them.
 I’m pleased with El Cid, he that has gained them.
 In addition to that, I forgive you, Minaya;
 Your land and possessions to you are restored.
 Come and go, as you wish; you have my favour,
 But I’ll say naught, as yet, of the Campeador.
 In addition to all that, here’s my word, Minaya,
 That for all my reign, the good men and valiant,
 That wish to march, and to give aid to my Cid,
 I free them bodily, granting them their estates.’
 Minaya Álvaro Fáñez, he kissed the king’s hands:
 ‘I thank you, my lord by natural right, Sire.
 This you do now; more may you do later.’
 ‘Go through Castile; by my grace, go Minaya;
 Ride without fear, to my Cid, and seek riches.’

Lines 898-913: El Cid campaigns north-east and south-west of Monreal

I tell of the one who bore sword in a fair hour;
 As long as Christian or Moor holds the place,
 The hill on which he camped will be known,
 And quite rightfully so, as [El Poyo de mío Cid](#).
 While he dwelt there, he captured much land,
 Garnering tribute from the Martín valley.
 In [Zaragoza](#), the news of all this was received,
 To the Moors’ displeasure; heavy it weighed.
 For a full fifteen weeks, my Cid camped there.
 When he found that Minaya was badly delayed,
 Abandoning the site, he departed El Poyo,
 And he and his troops marched through the night,

Such that, having ventured beyond Teruel,
In the pine-woods of [Tébar](#), Don Ruy camped.
All of the land, north-east, south-west, he pillaged,
And demanded full tribute from Zaragoza.

Lines 914-933: Minaya returns from Castile

After all this, when three weeks had passed,
Minaya returned from his tasks in Castile.
Two hundred men bearing swords marched with him,
And soldiers on foot, their number past counting.
When El Cid saw Minaya arrive at the gallop,
He sped to embrace his companion, warmly.
He kissed his mouth, and the eyes in his face.
Minaya hid naught, saying what had transpired;
Ruy, the Campeador, smiled with pleasure:
'Thanks be to the Lord, and his sacred powers;
For as long as I live, all shall go well, Minaya!'
My God, how happy were all the companions,
On the arrival there of Minaya Álvaro Fáñez,
Bringing news of their siblings and nephews,
And word from the friends they had left behind!
My God, the delight of their bearded leader,
That Minaya had paid for a thousand Masses,
And brought him news of his wife and daughters.
My God, with what pleasure, he showed his joy:
'May you live for many a day, Álvaro Fáñez!'

Lines 934-952: El Cid campaigns around Alcañiz

The famed Campeador he brooked no delay,
But laid waste to the land about Alcañiz,
Plundering the villages in that whole region,
And then, on the third day, he made his return.
Now the tidings spread throughout the land,
Troubling the north, from [Monzón](#) to [Huesca](#)!
Since they paid welcome tribute to Zaragoza,
They'd feared no harm from my Cid, Ruy Díaz.

His men returned to his camp with the plunder,
All were content with the spoils they had brought,
Which pleased my Cid, and Minaya, greatly.
Unable to stop himself, Ruy Díaz smiled.
'Ah, my knights, true is this that I say now:
He who's rooted to one spot, his wealth may wane.
In the dawn light, tomorrow, prepare to ride,
Let us leave this encampment, and issue forth.'
To the pass of [Alacón](#), the Cid removed;
[Montalbán](#), and Huesca, he raided from there,
Spending ten full days on that same campaign.

Lines 953- 965: The Count of Barcelona, Berenguer Ramon II, hears of his predations

The tidings were spread through every region:
The exile from Castile was dealing them harm.
The tidings were spread through every region,
Till the news reached the Count of Barcelona,
That Ruy Díaz was marauding midst his realm.
It troubled him, since it brought great dishonour.
The count, being vain, said a most foolish thing:
'El Cid of Vivar, has brought on me much shame;
At my court, he once did me a grave offence,
Striking my nephew, without making amends.
Now he harms the folk under my protection.
I attacked him not, nor have thought him my foe,
But if it's a reckoning he seeks, he shall find it!'

Lines 966-983: The Count sends his forces against the Cid



‘Came a host of warriors, Moors and Christians’

Great were his forces, and swift they arrived.
Came a host of warriors, Moors and Christians,
And rode forth gainst my Cid, the knight of Vivar.
For three whole days and nights they advanced,
And found my Cid in the pine-woods of Tébar,
Their force so mighty they thought to hold him.
My Cid, Don Rodrigo, was bearing much wealth.
He rode down from the mountains into a valley.
A message he’d had from the count, Don Ramon,
And the Cid, on receiving it, gave his reply:
‘Tell the Count not to view my presence, wrongly;

I take naught; he should let me pass by in peace.'
The Count replied: 'That, in truth, shall not happen!
For this, and for that past deed, he shall pay me.
The exile will find who it is he's dishonoured!'
Back went the messenger, swift as he could.
My Cid, knight of Vivar, saw how things stood,
That they'd not escape without a fierce battle.

Lines 984-1010: El Cid defeats the Count and his army

El Cid cried: 'My knights, lay the spoils aside now,
And don your armour, and take up your weapons,
For this Count Don Ramon, he offers us battle,
Of Moors and Christians, he's gathered a host.
He'll not let us escape without forcing a battle;
Soon or late, it must come; and so, let it be here.
Cinch the horses' girths then, and don your armour,
Downhill they will come, likely wearing but hose,
Their steeds' cinches loosened, on riding-saddles.
Galician saddles are ours, and we all ride booted;
With a mere hundred knights we shall defeat them.
Before they can reach the plain, present lances;
For each that you'll strike, three saddles go empty.
This Berenguer Ramon will learn whom he chases,
Seeking my spoils, in the pine-woods of Tébar!'
All readied themselves, once the Cid had ceased,
Donning their armour, they mounted their horses,
Viewing the Frankish force riding downhill.
As their foe reached the valley, close to the plain,
My Cid, born in a fair hour, called them to strike.
This his warriors did, most willingly and gladly,
Their lances, pennons a-fluttering, well-handled.
They wounded some, and unseated the others.
The one, in a fair hour born, gained the battle,
And held, as his prisoner, Count Berenguer Ramon.
My Cid won the fight, to his lasting honour,
And Colada, the sword worth a hundred in silver.

Lines 1011-1031: He holds the Count captive

He captured the Count, and took him to his camp,
And he ordered his faithful servants to guard him.
From his tent he went forth, no more than a step
Before his warriors had gathered about him.
My Cid was most pleased, for the spoils were great;
A fine feast they prepared for my Cid, Don Rodrigo.
Count Berenguer Ramon thought little of this;
Though they brought the dishes, set them before him,
He scorned the feast, and refused to partake:
'For the wealth that's in Spain, I'd not eat a morsel,
I would quit my body, and lose my soul, rather;
Tis an ill-shod rabble has seized me in battle.'
You shall hear the reply, from my Cid, Ruy Díaz:
'Eat of this bread, Count, and drink of my wine;
If you do as I seek, you'll be captive no more;
Choose not to do so: you'll forego your freedom.'
Count Ramon gave answer: 'You eat; and enjoy it;
I shall look to die, since I've no wish to dine so.'
For the space of three days, amidst which the spoils,
Which proved immense, were shared between them,
El Cid failed to persuade him to eat of his bread.

Lines 1032-1064: He then grants the Count his freedom

'Count, come, eat a morsel of bread, now' he said,
'Choose not to do so: you forego your freedom.
While if you but receive this small plea of mine,
The bodies I'll free, of yourself and two nobles,
And grant you your liberty, of my own will.'
On hearing these words, the Count was delighted:
'If you do this, my Cid, if you do as you've said,
I shall spend my whole life admiring the deed.'
'Then eat, Count, and when you've thus dined,
I'll grant yourself and two noblemen freedom.
But of all you've lost, all I've gained in the field,
I'll not deign to return you a single penny.

No, I'll not give back the spoils I've acquired,
 Since I need them all for myself and my vassals,
 Who've suffered hardship with me; all is mine!
 As one in exile, who endures the king's anger,
 By taking from others, like this, I'll survive;
 While it pleases the Holy Father, I'll live so.'
 The Count now sought water, to bathe his hands,
 Which was brought swiftly, then gladly he ate.
 How well the Count and the two nobles dined,
 All at liberty now, to eat, thus, as free men!
 The famed Campeador looked on beside them:
 'Unless you dine well, in accord with my wishes,
 Here, Count, we'll remain, and never be parted.'
 'Willingly, gladly, I'll do so,' the Count said,
 As he ate, hastily, between his companions,
 And my Cid, who looked on, was truly content,
 As Don Ramon's hands went this way and that.
 'If it please you,' said the Count, 'we are done;
 Have our horses brought, and then we shall ride.
 Since I became Count, I've ne'er dined so well,
 And the pleasure of this shall ne'er be forgotten.'

Lines 1065-1085: The Count of Barcelona departs

They were granted three, well-saddled palfreys,
 Fine clothes, and furs, and most splendid mantles,
 Then Count Don Ramon rode away twixt the two,
 Our Castilian leading, till the three left the camp.
 Said El Cid, 'Count, you depart as a free man.
 I'm grateful for all that you leave behind you.
 If you decide you would seek your revenge
 And search for me, yet you'll fail to find me.
 Send forth men, I'll gain something of yours,
 If they should fail to gain something of mine.'
 'Be content, Ruy Díaz, from me you are safe,
 I've gained satisfaction enough for this year,
 Nor would I dream of attempting to seek you.'
 The Count now spurred his steed on its way,

Yet kept turning his head, and glancing back,
Fearing the Cid might reverse his intention,
Who'd never have done so for aught on this earth,
Since, an act of ill-faith he'd never committed.
The Count was gone; he of Vivar returned
And joined his men, to view the shares dealt
Of all the vast, wondrous spoils they had won.

Part III: The Conquest of Valencia

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Lines 1086-1102: El Cid campaigns along the coast, north of Valencia

I tell of the further deeds of my Cid of Vivar.
His men were now rich beyond comprehension.
My Cid was encamped at the pass of [Alacón](#).
He quit [Zaragoza](#) now, and that neighbourhood;
He quit [Huesca](#), and the land round [Montalbán](#),
And began a fresh campaign towards the coast.
He turned his mind to the east, and the sunrise.
My Cid won [Jérica](#), and [Onda](#), and [Almenara](#);
The lands round [Burriana](#), he gained them all.
God above helped him, the Lord of the Heavens,
And he took, with all those places, [Murviedro](#);
Thus, the Cid perceived how the Lord helped him,
And, within Valencia, there arose no little fear;
It displeased all, and weighed heavily on them.

They took counsel and, planning to besiege him,
Rode all night, and next day, in the dawn-light,
Pitching their tents there, close to Murviedro.

Lines 1103-1128: He decides to confront the Valencian besiegers

My Cid viewed this, and was filled with wonder:
‘Thanks to you, Our Lord, and the Holy Spirit;
We are in their lands, and here we wreak havoc.
We drink their wine, and eat their bread gladly.
Should they attack us, they are right to do so,
For without a battle, naught will be decided.
Let messengers go forth, to all our forces,
Send some to Jérica, others to Alacón,
And, from here, to Onda and Almenara,
And gather men swiftly from all Burriana;
That we might fight the foe in the open field.
I trust to God that this will swell our army.’
By the third day, all his men had gathered,
And he, born in a fair hour, rose to speak:
‘Hearken, men, and may the Lord save you!
Since we left the true land of Christendom,
(We liked it not, but we could do no other)
Our cause has advanced, thanks be to God.
The Valencians desire to besiege us now,
And if we wish for survival in this land,
We must fiercely oppose those that attack us.
When the night is past, and morning comes,
Don your armour, and hold your steeds ready,
And, as a band of exiles, in a foreign land,
We will attack their encampment, yonder,
And then we shall see who’ll earn his pay.’

Lines 1129-1155: Minaya suggests a plan of attack

Hear what Minaya Álvaro Fáñez suggested:
‘Campeador, we will execute your pleasure.
Grant me a hundred knights, I ask no more.

You, with the rest, attack their ranks head-on,
And strike them hard, as you do, fearlessly,
While I, with my hundred, take them in the rear,
And, I trust in God, the field will then be ours.’
The Campeador was pleased with all he’d said.
It was morning, and they donned their armour,
Each one knowing what it was they had to do.
As dawn broke, the Cid moved against the foe.



‘As dawn broke, the Cid moved against the foe’

‘In the name of the Lord, and the apostle James,

Attack, my knights, ardently, willingly, gladly,
For I am Rodrigo Díaz, El Cid de Vivar!’
Many a broken tent-rope you’d have seen there,
The stakes uprooted, the centre-poles downed,
Many were the Moors now seeking to re-group,
As Álvaro Fáñez attacked them from the rear.
Aggrieved, the Moors were forced to yield or flee.
Great was the joy that spread throughout the field;
Two kings of the Moors they slew in that pursuit,
While they chased their foes as far as Valencia.
Great were the spoils that my Cid now gained.
[Cebolla](#), he took, and the land that lies beyond.
Those who could escaped, as one, at the gallop,
His men plundered the battlefield and returned,
Re-entering Murviedro, with a heap of spoils.

Lines 1156-1188: The Cid campaigns south of Valencia

Know that news of the Cid’s deeds was spreading.
In Valencia, they were petrified with fear,
And folk bore the ill-tidings beyond the sea.
The Cid and his band of warriors were pleased
That God had helped them and brought victory.
He sent his company on many a night-raid.
They reached [Cullera](#), and they reached [Játiva](#),
And, further south, the township of [Denia](#).
He plundered the Moorish lands along that coast.
He took [Carbonera Castle](#), its entrances and exits;
Peña Cadiella it was named; when he did so,
Greatly troubled were both Játiva and Cullera,
And indescribable the fear in Valencia.
Three years my Cid spent taking those places,
Plundering, conquering the lands of the Moors,
Sleeping by day, and raiding through the night.
Those folk in Valencia, he made them suffer,
All afraid to sally forth, and so confront him.
He razed the orchards, and did them great harm.
He denied them grain for bread, year on year.

The Valencians grieved, uncertain what to do.
Grain for their bread he denied them everywhere.
Fathers failed to aid their sons, sons their fathers,
Nor could friends grant consolation to each other.
Tis a dreadful thing, my lords, to lack for bread,
To see one's wife and children die of hunger!
They viewed the suffering, devoid of succour,
And were forced to appeal to Morocco's king,
But so great had been past conflict between them
He neither supported them nor came to their aid.
My Cid learned of this, and it warmed his heart.
He left Murviedro at night and, without halting,
Morning found him in the land about [Monreal](#).

Lines 1189-1207: He lays siege to the city

El Cid sent throughout Aragon and Navarre;
To the kingdom of Castile, he sent his message:
'Whoso would quit poverty, and find riches,
Come to El Cid, who is eager to ride forth,
Lay siege to Valencia, and Christianize it.
Whoso will go with me, and besiege Valencia,
(All shall come freely; no man shall be forced)
I'll await them, for three days, in Canal de [Cella](#).'
So said Ruy Díaz, El Cid, the great Campeador.
He returned to Murviedro, the place now his.
Those messengers went forth to every region,
For, eager for spoils, El Cid brooked no delay.
Many came, of the warriors of Christendom.
The wealth of my Cid of Vivar kept increasing.
He viewed his gathering army, and was pleased.
My Cid, Don Ruy, indeed brooked no delay;
He marched for [Valencia](#) and besieged the city.
He surrounded it wholly, none could escape him,
He stopped all from entering or leaving there.

Lines 1208-1223: El Cid captures Valencia

The news of the Cid's deeds spread everywhere.
More came to join El Cid than abandoned him.
He set the siege's term, lest the foe sought rescue.
Know that for nine months he penned them there.
When the tenth arrived, they were forced to yield.
Great was the joy that spread throughout the city,
When my Cid triumphed on entering Valencia.
Men that had fought on foot were dubbed knights,
Who could count the gold and the silver there?
They were now rich, those men of his company,
My Cid, Don Ruy, ordered his fifth be brought;
Thirty thousand marks, in coins, fell to his share.
As for the other treasures, who could count them?
The Campeador, and his company, were happy,
Now that his banner flew high o'er the alcázar;
And my Cid was at ease, with all his company.

Lines 1224-1244: He routs the army of the King of Seville

Grave tidings thus reached the king of Seville,
That Valencia was lost, all defence had ceased.
He advanced to attack, with thirty thousand men,
And a battle was fought among the orchards;
My Cid, of the full beard, saw to their defeat.
The pursuit drove those left as far as Játiva.
All was confusion at the passage of the Júcar;
Fighting its flow, the Moors drank unwillingly.
Seville's monarch escaped with a trio of wounds;
My Cid returned with the spoils he had gained.
Great the plunder when he conquered Valencia,
But more came from this victory he achieved,
A hundred silver marks went to every soldier.
Behold, how far the fame of Ruy Díaz spread!
Great contentment there was, midst the Christians,
With my Cid, Ruy Díaz, born in fortunate hour.
And my Cid grew his beard, and wore it longer,
And these were the words that fell from his lips:
'For love of Alfonso, who drove me from his land,

No scissors shall enter here, nor a hair be cut!
And let Moors and Christians be aware of this.'

Lines 1245-1272: He shares out the wealth and property gained

My Cid, Don Rodrigo, rested in Valencia,
With ever by his side, Minaya Álvar Fáñez.
Those who had left their lands behind were rich,
Having been granted properties in Valencia,
In confirmation of El Cid's love for his men.
Those who'd left Castile with him were pleased,
As were the rest, and so my Cid allowed them,
If they wished, to leave with their riches, freely,
But this my Cid decreed, on Minaya's advice:
All that failed to seek leave and kiss his hand,
If they were detected, or were caught thereafter,
Would lose their riches, and would be impaled.
Lo, all this was arranged, as he had ordered;
And he sat, with Minaya Álvar Fáñez, in counsel:
'If you would, Minaya, please record the names
Of those now here that have gained wealth with us.
Set it down in writing, record them, every one,
So that if any are found missing, and desert us,
They must release their wealth to those of mine
Who patrol round Valencia, and guard the city.'
Álvar Fáñez replied: 'That seems wise counsel.'
Ruy ordered his warriors to gather at his court.
Once there, Minaya saw their names recorded.
Three thousand six hundred men had El Cid;
His heart was eased; he smiled his contentment:
'Thanks be to God, Minaya, and his Mother Mary;
With far fewer men than these we left [Vivar](#).
Now we are rich, and will be far richer later.'

Lines 1273-1289: Minaya is asked to undertake a mission to Castile

'If it pleases you, Minaya, and seems no burden,
I would send to Castile, where we own property,

To King Alfonso there, who is rightly our lord,
 Out of the many spoils that we have gained here,
 A hundred fine steeds, and you shall take them.
 There, kiss his hand; be so bold as to ask him
 To let my wife, and daughters, journey to me.
 I'll ask for them; you shall bear the message:
 El Cid's wife, and his two young daughters,
 To be escorted here, and with all due honour,
 To dwell in the foreign realm we have gained.'
 And 'Willingly, I shall do so,' said Minaya.
 After they'd spoken thus, all was made ready,
 Rodrigo granted Minaya one hundred men,
 To serve him on the way, as he might wish,
 And a thousand silver marks, for San Pedro,
 To be handed there to the abbot, Don Sancho.

Lines 1290-1309: Don Jerónimo is appointed bishop of Valencia

Amidst all the celebrations in Valencia,
 A cleric arrived there from eastern parts;
 Bishop Don Jerónimo, the man was named.
 He was well-versed in letters, and was wise,
 And a forceful knight, on foot or horseback.
 He asked there about the deeds of my Cid,
 For he yearned to meet the Moors in the field,
 So that, having had his fill of striking them,
 No Christian might bewail him at his death.
 Hearing of the bishop, my Cid, was pleased:
 'Hark, Minaya Álvaro Fáñez, by the Lord on high,
 Tis good to thank Him, when He favours us so.
 I'll create a bishopric, in Valencia's realm,
 And appoint to it this worthy Christian man,
 And you can bear the good news to Castile.'
 Minaya was pleased with all that Don Ruy said.
 So, they appointed Don Jerónimo as bishop,
 And gave him the means to adorn Valencia.
 Lord, how delighted was all of Christendom,
 That a bishop now dwelt in Valencia's realm!

Lines 1310-1352: Minaya seeks audience with King Alfonso

Minaya was happy, took his leave, and departed.
Once the realm of Valencia was thus at peace,
Minaya Álvar Fáñez made his way to Castile;
I'll not tell of his route, not seeking to recount it.
He enquired as to where King Alfonso might be,
Who to Sahagún had gone, a brief while before,
And returned now, it seems, by way of [Carrión](#).
Álvar Fáñez was happy to seek the king there,
And, with that in mind, took to the road again.
Lo, Minaya arrived at that town, most opportunely,
At the moment that Alfonso was leaving Mass.
Before all the court, Minaya fell to his knees,
With a serious gaze, he knelt before Alfonso,
Kissed the king's hands, and spoke most fittingly:
'Grace, my lord Alfonso, for love of the Lord;
My Cid, the Campeador, thus kisses your hands,
Your feet also, as one does before their master,
And asks your mercy, so may the Lord aid you!
You drove him from your realm, he lacks your love;
Though he's achieved much in a foreign realm.
He has taken Jérica, and Onda, in all but name,
Seized Almenara, and Murviedro what is more;
As he has Cebolla and, [Castellón](#), further north,
And Carbonera castle, amidst its rugged cliffs.
With all of these, he's now Valencia's master;
The Campeador has appointed a bishop there;
Has fought five clear battles and won them all.
Great are the spoils that the Lord has brought him;
And here is the proof that all I've said is true,
A hundred horses, both strong and swift of pace,
All fully equipped with fine saddles and bridles.
He kisses your hands, and asks you to accept them,
He calls himself your vassal, and you, his master.'
The king, hand raised, made the sign of the cross.
'By Saint Isidore, I feel joy in my very heart,

At the great wealth the Campeador has won.
I am most pleased with the tidings he sends,
And accept the horses he offers me as a gift.'
He was pleased, but less so García Ordóñez:
'There'll be none left alive in the land of Moors,
It would seem, if the Campeador has his way!'
Said the king to the count: 'Leave off such talk;
For he serves me better, in all ways, than you.'

Lines 1353-1386: He makes his request regarding El Cid's wife and daughters

Minaya then spoke up, forcefully, like a man:
'El Cid makes this request, if it pleases you,
As regards Doña Jimena, and his two daughters.
They would leave the nunnery where he left them,
And go to Valencia, to join the Campeador.'
At once the king replied: 'That would please me;
I shall order an escort, to guide them on their way,
To protect them from ill-doers, and dishonour.
And when these ladies cross my kingdom's border,
Take care how you and the Campeador serve them.
Hearken to me, my followers, and all my court,
I'd not have the Campeador lose a single spoil;
And all those followers that call him their lord,
I release to them all I dispossessed them of;
May their wealth serve him, where'er he goes.
I'll protect their persons, from all ill and harm,
And I do all this so they may serve their master.'
Minaya Álvar Fáñez kissed the king's hands.
The king smiled, and full eloquently he spoke:



‘The king smiled, and full eloquently he spoke’

‘To those who wish to serve the Campeador
I grant leave; with God’s grace they may go;
We’ll gain more by this means than any other.’
Those grandees, the infantes of Carrión, said:
‘The fame of El Cid, the Campeador, increases;
It would be to our profit to wed his daughters,
Though we dare not undertake to raise the issue.
El Cid is of Vivar, we are counts of Carrión.’
They spoke so privately, but dropped the matter.
Minaya Álvar Fáñez took his leave of the king.
‘Minaya, you are leaving, go with God’s grace!’

Take a courier, I deem he'll be useful to you,
And if the ladies go with you, serve them well.
Do their every bidding, as far as [Medinaceli](#),
The Campeador will care for them thereafter.'

Lines 1387-1407: Minaya leaves court, and travels to San Pedro

Minaya Álvar Fáñez now left Alfonso's court,
Accompanied by the infantes of Carrión.
At the border they said: 'Excellent in all things,
Be likewise in this, and greet El Cid de Vivar,
Saying that we would hope to have his favour,
And that he will lose naught by befriending us.'
Answered Minaya Álvar Fáñez: 'That I shall do.'
Minaya departed, the infantes returned to court.
He rode to San Pedro to join the ladies, there.
Great was their joy at Minaya's appearance.
He dismounted and entered [San Pedro](#), to pray,
And, when he had finished, turned to the ladies:
'I bow to you Doña Jimena; the Lord protect you!
And I bow to your daughters, the two infantes.
My Cid sends you greetings from where he dwells,
I left him well, and assessing our wealth of spoils.
The king, of his grace, releases you to my care,
As your escort to Valencia, which we now hold.
When the Cid sees you there, well and unharmed,
He will be wholly content, his mind untroubled.'
Said Doña Jimena: 'May the Lord desire it so!'

Lines 1408-1441: He prepares to escort the Cid's family to Valencia



‘The king has placed your wife and daughters, in Minaya’s care’

Minaya Álvar Fáñez chose three of his knights,
As messengers to El Cid in Valencia:
‘Say to the Campeador: “May God protect you!
The king has placed your wife and daughters
In Minaya’s care, and provisioned their journey,
If God keeps all from harm, in fifteen days,
He and your wife and daughters will be here,
And the kind ladies-in-waiting who are theirs.”’
The knights departed to execute his orders;
Minaya Álvar Fáñez remaining in San Pedro.
Many a knight came there from distant parts,

Seeking to join El Cid de Vivar in Valencia,
 And begged Minaya to seek favour for them.
 The latter replied: 'Most willingly, I'll do so!'
 Sixty and five the knights that joined Minaya,
 To add to the hundred that rode in company;
 A splendid troop had he to escort the ladies.
 Five hundred marks he handed to the abbot.
 I'll tell you what he did with the other half.
 He provided Doña Jimena and her daughters,
 And the other ladies serving them diligently,
 With the best attire to be found in all [Burgos](#),
 (This the kindly knight now set himself to do)
 And with palfreys and mules, to honour them.
 Once the ladies had made their preparations,
 Our good Minaya wished to take to the road.
 Lo, Rachel and Vidas came to kneel at his feet:
 'If you please, Minaya, worthiest of knights,
 We will be ruined if the Cid should fail us.
 We'll forego the interest; return the capital.'
 Said Minaya: 'If God wills, I'll tell El Cid.
 You'll win fine compensation for your deed.'
 Said Rachel and Vidas: 'May the Lord so will it!
 If not, we'll quit Burgos and go seek him out.'

Lines 1442-1456: Minaya and his company leave San Pedro

Minaya Álvaro Fáñez, then, was in San Pedro.
 Many had joined him there, ere he rode forth.
 He was sad to part from the kindly abbot.
 Said the latter: 'The Lord aid you, Minaya;
 Kiss the hands of the Campeador for me!
 May he never forget the monastery here,
 And aid it, throughout his life, to prosper,
 For such will profit the Campeador greatly.'
 Said Minaya: 'That shall I do, and willingly!'
 They said their farewells, he set forth to ride.
 The king's courier was there in that company,
 To conduct them through Alfonso's realm,

And provide for them as the king commanded.
Within five days, journeying from San Pedro,
Minaya, with the ladies, reached Medinaceli.

Lines 1457-1491: El Cid sends a hundred riders to Medinaceli

I'll speak of the knights that bore his message.
As soon as El Cid de Vivar heard their tidings,
Filled with delight, he revealed his pleasure;
And these were the words that the Cid uttered:
'From good messengers, we expect good news!
Now, Muño Gustioz, and you Pero Bermúdez,
And Martín Antolínez, true citizen of Burgos,
And you Don Jerónimo, most worthy cleric,
Take a hundred men, equipped for warfare,
Go, pass by Santa Maria in [Albarracín](#),
And ride to [Molina](#), that lies further north.
Avengalvón holds it, my friend and ally.
He'll accompany you with a hundred more.
Ride to Medina as swiftly as you're able,
Find my wife and daughters, with Minaya,
For they will be there, as his message says.
Escort them with honour; bring them to me.
I'll stay in Valencia, which has cost me dearly;
Foolish indeed would I be to leave the city;
I'll stay in Valencia, which is now my own.
Once he had spoken, they prepared to ride.
And rode as far as they could, without rest,
Passed Albarracín, and halted at [Bronchales](#),
And on the next day they lodged in Molina.
Avengalvón, the Moor, when he heard of this,
Came to greet the knights with words of joy:
'Do you come from my dearest friend?' said he,
'Then be my guests, and so grant me pleasure!'
Now, Muño Gustioz spoke first, hesitating not:
My Cid greets you, and asks that you arrange
An escort of a hundred fine knights to aid us.
His wife and daughters are now in Medina,

And you shall escort them; and bring them here,
Nor part from them till they reach Valencia.’
Said Avengalvón: ‘I’ll so do, and willingly.’

Lines 1492-1537: Minaya rides out to welcome them

That night, the Moor gave a feast for all his guests,
At dawn, on the next morning, they rode forth.
He led out twice the hundred men requested;
They passed the mountains, rugged and high,
They passed Mata de Toranz, without alarm,
And descended the valley of the [Arbujuelo](#).
In Medinaceli, all precautions had been taken.
Minaya Álvaro Fáñez had sent two scouts ahead,
Full of courage, who met the advancing party.
One stayed with them; the other knight returned.
‘My Cid has sent forth his men,’ he told Minaya,
‘Pero Bermúdez, Muño Gustioz, who love you,
Martín Antolínez, worthy citizen of Burgos,
And Bishop Don Jerónimo, that loyal cleric,
While the alcaide, Avengalvón, brings others,
For love of the Cid, and to show him honour.
They ride forth together, and will soon be here.’
At once, Minaya called aloud: ‘Let us ride!’
They did so swiftly, for he brooked no delay.
At least a hundred fine-looking men, departed,
On decent mounts, with breast-straps, harness bells,
Neck-armour, and caparisons of taffeta.
Lances the men bore, with fluttering pennons,
To let the Cid’s troop know it was Álvaro Fáñez,
Who’d come from Castile, bringing the ladies.
The scouts who were ranging far, riding ahead,
Raised high their lances, and shouted their joy;
Close by the Jalon, they all sported in delight.
The party El Cid had sent bowed to Minaya;
Avengalvón arrived and, once upon the scene,
Smiling broadly, he rode forward to greet him,
Kissing him on the shoulder, as was his custom.

'Fair the day when I see Minaya Álvar Fáñez,'
 He cried, 'You honour us with these ladies,
 The Cid's wife, and the daughters of his house;
 And we honour you. Such is his good fortune,
 There is no way we'd ever seek his harm,
 For in peace or war, he claims our allegiance,
 And I hold him a fool that thinks otherwise.'
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez greeted him with a smile:
 'Ah, Avengalvón, you're a friend without fail!
 If God brings me to the Cid, and I see him well,
 You will lose naught for all that you have done,
 Let us ride together, and supper will be served.'
 Avengalvón replied, 'My thanks for the pledge;
 And I'd grant as much again the very next day.'

Lines 1538-1563: The combined escort journeys to Valencia

They entered Medinaceli, as guests of Minaya.
 All were pleased with the supper they received,
 Which the king's courier paid for, as promised;
 Honouring El Cid, who'd stayed in Valencia,
 With the splendid feast served in Medinaceli.
 The king paid for all, and Minaya owed nothing.
 When the night was done, and the morning came,
 And Mass had been sung, they mounted and rode.
 They left Medinaceli, and crossed the Jalón,
 Then ascended the Arbujuelo, spurring their steeds,
 Before swiftly traversing the plain of Toranz,
 To reach Molina, where Avengalvón commanded.
 Bishop Don Jerónimo, that unflagging Christian,
 Watched over the ladies, by night and by day.
 A fine steed, beside him, bearing his weapons,
 With Minaya Álvar Fáñez he rode in company.
 They entered Molina, a fine town and wealthy;
 Avengalvón, the Moor, served them without fail.
 Whate'er they desired, naught there was lacking,
 Even the horseshoes he'd ordered them paid for.
 Lord, how he honoured the ladies, and Minaya!

They rode forth once more, the very next morning,
As far as Valencia, he served them without fail;
The Moor paid for all; of them he asked naught.
In a state of joy, bearing tidings full of honour,
They neared Valencia, but three leagues away.

Part IV: The King's Favour

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Lines 1564-1623: The Cid welcomes his wife and daughters to Valencia

To my Cid, who was born in a fortunate hour,
To [Valencia](#), the fair tidings were brought.
Ne'er happier in life was the Campeador,
To welcome the news of those he loved dearly.
He ordered two hundred knights to ride forth,
To greet the fair ladies, and likewise Minaya,
While he stayed to guard and defend Valencia,
Knowing that Álgvar Fáñez would be watchful.
Lo, how the band of knights greeted Minaya,
The lady, her daughters, and their companions!
My Cid now ordered those of his household
To guard the towers, above all the alcázar,
And all the gates, all the entrances and exits,

And bring Babieca, his steed, but lately won,
Of which my Cid, born in a fortunate hour,
Knew not its full speed on loosening the reins;
At the gates of Valencia, where he felt secure,
He would joust, before his wife and daughters.
The ladies were welcomed with every honour,
While Bishop Jerónimo rode on past them,
Abandoned his steed, and sped to the chapel.
With as many as were there gathered to pray,
In white surplices, bearing crosses of silver,
He returned, to greet Minaya and the ladies.
Nor did he that was born in a fair hour delay;
Babieca, saddled, now received its caparison;
The Cid rode forth, and took up his weapons,
Clad in his surcoat, and wondrously bearded.
He ran a fine joust, with extraordinary skill,



‘He ran a fine joust, with extraordinary skill’

Upon that fine horse that was named Babieca.
At the speed of his charge all there marvelled;
From that day, the horse was the wonder of Spain.
When the jousting was over, the Cid dismounted,
And moved to re-join his wife and daughters.
Doña Jimena, on greeting him, knelt at his feet:
'In a fair hour you bear the sword, Campeador!
You have saved me from many a shame and ill.
Behold me now, Sire, with both our daughters,
Aided by God, and yourself, they will prosper.'
He clasped his wife, and his daughters tightly,



'He clasped his wife, and his daughters tightly'

As tears of joy streamed forth from their eyes.
All his knights expressed their perfect delight,
Wielding their weapons, and tilting at targets.
Hear now what he said, the famed Campeador:
'My dear honoured wife, and my daughters too,
The treasures, indeed, of my heart and soul,
Come, enter Valencia's walls now, with me.
Enter the heart of the realm I've won for you.'
His wife and daughters kissed El Cid's hands,
With exceeding honour, they entered Valencia.
My Cid made his way to the fortress beside them,
And directed them to the highest battlement.
Those beautiful eyes now gazed on all sides,
They viewed the countless roofs of Valencia,
And, in the opposite direction, beheld the sea.
They viewed all the orchards, leafy, immense,
They lifted up their hands, in praise of God,
For all this wealth, its richness and grandeur.
My Cid enjoyed life now, with his companions,
As winter passed by, until March drew near.

Lines 1624-1660: The Moroccan army of King Yusuf approaches the city

I will speak of ill news, from o'er the waves,
Of King Yusuf, who ruled there, in Morocco.
Morocco's king was displeased with El Cid:
'In my lands he's entrenched himself deeply,
And gives thanks to none but Jesus Christ.'
The King of Morocco gathered his warriors;
Fifty thousand, in sum, completed his army.
They boarded his vessels, and set out to sea.
They sailed for Valencia, to fight my Cid.
They disembarked, and forth went that army,
And reached the city my Cid had conquered.
The unbelievers pitched tents, and made camp.
To my Cid, in Valencia, these tidings came.
'Give thanks to the Lord, and the Holy Spirit!

All the good that I have here, I see before me.
 I hold Valencia I gained with much trouble,
 And while I yet live, I shall ne'er depart her.
 Give thanks to the Lord, and his Mother Mary,
 That I have my wife and daughters beside me!
 Great joy has come to me now, o'er the waves;
 I must take up my weapons, I can do no other.
 My wife and my daughters will see me in battle,
 They will see how, in exile, we win us a home.
 They will see, indeed, how we earn our bread.'
 His wife and daughters he led to the fortress,
 They raised their eyes and saw the pitched camp.
 'What is this, my Cid? May the Lord protect you!'
 'Do not trouble yourself, my honoured wife.
 Great and marvellous wealth lies there before us;
 To mark your arrival, they offer us presents;
 Dowries they bring, for our daughters' weddings.'
 'I give thanks, my Cid, to you, then, and the Lord.'
 'Wife, stay in the palace, or this fort if you wish,
 And don't be afraid if you see me advancing;
 By the grace of the Lord, and his Mother Mary,
 My courage is greater because you are present.
 With God on my side, I shall conquer in battle.'

Lines 1661-1685: El Cid's forces engage the Moors

The tents were deployed, the dawn light appeared;
 There came the loud noise of the beating of drums.
 My Cid, overjoyed, cried: 'This day's a fine day!'
 His wife thought her heart would burst, in her fear;
 And, likewise, her daughters and ladies-in-waiting,
 Since the day they were born had ne'er trembled so.
 The good Campeador, El Cid, stroked his beard:
 'Fear not, for all this can but work to our good.
 Within fifteen days, if the Lord but desires it,
 The drums set before you, you'll see their use;
 For then they'll be granted to Bishop Jerónimo,
 To hang high on the church walls, in Santa Maria.'

Once the Cid had uttered this sacred promise,
The ladies were happy, their terror vanquished.
The Moors from Morocco advanced, without fear,
They rode with vigour, and entered the orchards.
The guards rang the warning bell, on seeing them.
So, alerting the ranks of the Christian army,
Who, rousing their courage, sped from the city,
Met with the Moors, and tackled them swiftly,
And drove them, viciously, out of the orchards,
While slaying more than five hundred that day.
As far as the foe's tents, their swift pursuit lasted,
Then, with much achieved, they thought to retreat,
Though they left poor Álvar Salvadórez a prisoner.

Lines 1686-1744: A dawn attack

Those who ate his bread returned to my Cid,
And spoke in person of the deeds they'd seen.
My Cid was most pleased with all they'd done:
'Harken, my knights, this is how things will be.
Today went well, but tomorrow will go better.
In the morn, ere daybreak, when we have armed,
The Mass will be said; then, be ready for war.
Bishop Don Jerónimo will grant us absolution.
We strike in the name of the Lord and Santiago;
For it's better to charge ere they take the field.'
As one, they cried: 'For love of God, willingly!'
Minaya spoke then, who ne'er brooked delay:
'My Cid, if that be your aim, let me do more.
Grant me a hundred and thirty fighting men.
You strike from one side, I'll take the other,
And God will aid us, on both sides or on one.'
'Willingly!' cried the Cid, without hesitation.
The night passed by, and morning was come,
And the Christian forces brooked no delay.
Amidst the cock's crowing, ere daylight broke,
The bishop, Don Jerónimo, chanted the Mass,
And when it was done, he granted absolution:

‘The man that dies here, fighting face to face,
I pardon his sins, and God shall have his soul.
For you, Don Rodrigo, I’ve chanted the Mass,
You who donned the sword in fortunate hour.
So, I ask this boon, and may it be granted,
That the first blow struck here, shall be mine.’
Said the Campeador: ‘Henceforth, it is yours.’
From Valencia’s walls, armed, they rode forth,
In well-ordered ranks, as my Cid commanded,
Leaving prudent men, there, to guard the gates.
My Cid sallied forth on his steed, Babieca,
Well-prepared, and equipped in all his armour.
From Valencia, banner raised, they rode forth.
Thirty men short of four thousand, with El Cid,
Rode towards fifty thousand to rout them;
Álvar Álvarez, and Minaya Álvar Fáñez,
Came upon them, meanwhile, from the other side;
It pleased the Lord above to destroy the foe.
My Cid shattered his lance, and drew his sword.
He slew the Moors, his victims beyond counting,
Till to his very elbow the blood dripped down.
He dealt three great blows against King Yusuf,
Who hastened from the blade, on his fast steed,
And sped to Cullera, his palatial stronghold,
While my Cid of Vivar followed, in hot pursuit,
With others of his fierce followers chasing after.
From there, he that was born in fortunate hour,
Turned back, pleased with all that he had gained;
Babieca had proved worth his weight in gold;
Many the spoils that remained in El Cid’s hands.
The fifty thousand were counted, man by man;
No more than a hundred and four had escaped.
My Cid’s men plundered all their encampment,
Found three thousand marks, in gold and silver,
While the other spoils proved beyond counting.
Happy was my Cid, and likewise his vassals,
That God’s favour had seen them gain the field.

Lines 1745-1775: El Cid re-enters Valencia, in triumph

With the King of Morocco now defeated,
He left Álvaro Fáñez to complete the count.
With a hundred knights he entered Valencia,
Showing his dust-stained features, un-visored.
Thus, he entered, on Babieca, sword in hand.
The ladies, awaiting him, gave him welcome.
There, my Cid reigned in his steed and halted:
'I bow to you ladies; a great prize I've gained.
With you guarding Valencia, I won the field;
For it was the will of God, and all his saints,
That upon your coming such a gift be given.
A blood-stained sword, a sweat-stained steed,
See, this is how a field of Moors are conquered.
Pray to the Lord that I live a length of years,
And you'll be honoured, they'll kiss your hands.'
Such were my Cid's words, while he dismounted.
Once the Campeador's feet touched the ground,
The ladies, his daughters, and his honoured wife
Bent the knee before my Ruy Díaz de Vivar:
'We bow thus to your grace; may you live long!'
Together, the company now entered the hall,
And seated themselves on richly-wrought benches.
'Doña Jimena, my wife,' said El Cid, 'you asked
That the ladies with you might wed with my vassals,
As they've served you well, and such is my wish.
Two hundred in silver marks I'll grant each lady,
So Castile will know whom they served so well.
Our daughters' marriages may take a while longer.'
The ladies rose, and kissed the Campeador's hands,
While great was the joy that filled the whole palace.
All then was performed, as the Cid had commanded.

Lines 1776-1802: The aftermath of the battle



‘Álvar Fáñez was still with his men, upon the field’

Álvar Fáñez was still with his men, upon the field,
Recording their tally of spoils from the fight,
Which, with the tents, weapons, and rich garments,
Amounted to a quite rare, and tremendous, haul.
And I'll tell you of something as worthy of note,
That the number of horses was beyond counting,
Many yet running loose, so none could catch them,
The Valencian Moors gaining a few themselves.
In spite of this, the famed Campeador obtained
Fifteen hundred of the best and swiftest steeds,
While his followers could not but be satisfied.
Many a rich pavilion, with its ornate tent-posts,
Fell to my Cid, and many more to his vassals!
The King of Morocco's tent far outdid the rest,
Its twin supporting posts were wrought of gold,
And my Cid commanded that it not be harmed,

Nor any Christian seek to take it for his own:
'This tent the king has brought from Morocco;
I desire to gift it to King Alfonso, in Castile,
So, he may credit the wealth that we have won.'
With all these spoils they re-entered Valencia.
As for Bishop Jerónimo, that worthy cleric,
Once he'd rested his body, after the fighting,
Wherein he lost count of the Moors he'd slain,
He found that what fell to him was immense,
For my Cid, who was born in a fortunate hour,
Gave him a tithe of the fifth that was his own,

Lines 1803-1834: Minaya offers a gift to King Alfonso from El Cid

How happy the Christians were, in Valencia!
How rich they were now, in weapons and steeds!
Happy too were Doña Jimena and her daughters,
And all the other ladies, now destined to be wed.
The Cid's beneficence, too, knew no bounds:
'Where are you, loyal friend? Come, Minaya,
You need thank none but yourself for your spoils.
Take what you wish from my share, without fail,
Take all that you would, leave but the rest for me.
Tomorrow, in the morn, you shall take the road,
With steeds drawn from my share that remains,
Saddled and bridled, a sword strapped to each,
And lead a full two hundred to King Alfonso,
To mark the love for my wife and daughters I bear,
Whom he saw escorted here, to their lasting joy,
And so he may speak no ill of Valencia's lord.'
Pero Bermúdez he ordered to go with Minaya,
And the next morn they took their leave swiftly,
With a full two hundred more in their company,
And a message: 'El Cid kisses the king's hands,
And sends a gift of two hundred steeds he's won,
And seeks to serve the king, as long as he lives.'
These two left Valencia, and began their journey,
Leading such a gift as needs be well-guarded.

Night and day they rode, unerring in their route,
And passed o'er the mountains twixt the realms,
Enquiring then where King Alfonso might be.
They crossed the mountains, woods and rivers,
And reached [Valladolid](#), where lay the king.
Pero Bermúdez, and Minaya sent a message,
Requesting that he receive their company,
And a gift from my Cid, the lord of Valencia.

Lines 1835-1882: King Alfonso receives El Cid's gift

Alfonso was more joyful than e'er was seen,
He ordered his knights to ride forth swiftly,
Himself amongst the leaders, as they sped
To view these envoys from the Campeador.
The grandees of [Carrión](#), be sure, were there,
And Count Don García, El Cid's enemy.
Good news it seemed to many, to others ill.
They soon beheld the Campeador's party,
Appearing unannounced, like some cavalcade.
King Alfonso even crossed himself in fear!
Minaya and Pero Bermúdez lead the troop.
They leapt from their horses to the ground,
And fell to their knees before King Alfonso,
Kissing the soil, and then the monarch's feet.
'God's grace to Your Honour, King Alfonso!
We kiss your feet as would the Campeador,
Who calls you his lord, himself your vassal,
And values greatly the honour you show him.
A few days past, Sire, he won a mighty battle.
Against Morocco's king, Yusuf by name.
Fifty thousand men he routed from the field,
And, his own vassals having rendered wealthy,
And, gaining a harvest of rich spoils, thereby,
Sends two hundred steeds, and kisses your hands.'
Said King Alfonso: 'I receive them, most gladly!
I thank the Cid for the rich gift he sends me.
Come the day when he'll be likewise pleased.'

This delighted many, and they kissed his hands,
 But it troubled Don García, who was angered;
 With ten of his kindred, he communed aside:
 'Wondrous it is, how El Cid's honour grows!
 By the honour he gains we shall be shamed.
 For by such ready conquest of kings in battle,
 Who fight like corpses, he thus gains horses,
 And by what he does diminishes us the more.'
 King Alfonso answered him in these words:
 'Thanks to the Lord, and San Isidro de León,
 For these two hundred steeds the Cid sends me;
 May he serve the realm still better in the future!
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez, and you, Pero Bermúdez,
 I order that you be well-served, and adorned,
 And equipped with any weapons you desire,
 So, you may look fine before Ruy Díaz, my Cid.
 I give you three fine horses too; choose the best,
 For, as my heart now tells me, it would seem
 That these same tidings speak of future good.'
 They kissed his hands, entered the town to rest,
 And were well-served with all that they needed.

Lines 1883-1918: The grandees of Carrión seek to wed El Cid's daughters

I would tell you of the infantes of Carrión,
 Speaking, thus, in counsel together, privately:
 'The news suggests El Cid's affairs go well,
 Let us request our marriage with his daughters;
 Such will increase our honour and advance us.'
 They sought audience with the king in private:
 'We wish a favour, of our rightful lord and king.
 We seek to pursue a thing, with your consent:
 That you ask, for our honour and advancement,
 That we might wed the Campeador's daughters.'
 The king pondered the matter for some time:
 'I banished the Campeador from my realm.
 Though I did him harm, and he still serves me,
 Yet I know not if such a thing will please him.

But since you wish it, I'll enter on the matter.'
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez and Pero Bermúdez,
 Were, at once, summoned before the king.
 Who drew them aside into his chambers:
 'Hearken to me, Minaya, and Pero Bermúdez;
 My Cid, the Campeador, has served me well,
 And, therefore, he more than merits my pardon.
 Let him come and greet me, if he so wishes;
 And bear him this message from my court:
 Diego and Fernando, the infantes of Carrión,
 Have expressed a wish to wed your daughters.
 Be true messengers, since it is I that ask it,
 And bear those tidings to the Campeador,
 He will gain both in wealth and in honour,
 From close ties with the infantes of Carrión.'
 Minaya spoke, and Pero Bermúdez nodded:
 'We'll bear your request to the Campeador,
 Thenceforth it falls to him to say if it pleases.'
 'Tell Ruy Díaz, that was born in a fair hour,
 That I will meet with him where'er is fitting,
 Whatever place he chooses,' said the king.
 'I seek the Cid's advantage, in this that I do.'

Lines 1919-1960: The marriage offer is relayed to El Cid

They sought leave of the king, and returned.
 To Valencia they rode, that whole company.
 The famed Campeador, on hearing the news,
 Took to his steed, swiftly, to welcome them.
 My Cid smiled and embraced them warmly:
 Come, you are here Minaya, Pero Bermúdez!
 Few such men as you exist in any country.
 What news bear you from my lord, Alfonso?
 Has he received my gift; did it please him?'
 Said Minaya: 'He welcomed it, heart and soul.
 He was pleased, and expressed his love for you.'
 Said El Cid: 'Give thanks to the Lord above.'
 At this, they then revealed to him the matter

Of the request, conveyed from Alfonso de León,
 That El Cid's daughters wed Carrión's grandees,
 Thereby adding to the Cid's wealth and honour,
 He commending it, with all his heart and soul.
 On hearing this, my Cid, the great Campeador,
 Pondered the matter, for some length of time:
 'For this news, I give thanks to Christ the Lord.
 I was banished from my land, my honour lost,
 Only gaining with great labour what I hold.
 I give thanks to God I've earned the king's favour,
 And he'd wed my daughters to the lords of Carrión.
 Those men are proud, and play the courtier's part;
 I would not myself have chosen this same match,
 But since our master now commends the thing,
 Let us ponder the matter together, privately,
 And may the Lord above grant us best counsel.'
 'Also,' Minaya added, 'Alfonso chose to say
 That he'd meet with you, where'er you wish,
 Would like to greet you, and show you favour,
 So, you both might agree what would be best.'
 Said El Cid: 'That brings me pleasure, truly.'
 'This audience, will be, where'er you choose,'
 Said Minaya, 'judge then what is most fitting.'
 'It would have been no wonder,' El Cid replied,
 'If he'd have had us seek him where he lies,
 To honour him as our own lord and master;
 Yet, if this be his desire, we shall obey him.
 Beside the banks of the mighty river Tagus,
 Let us meet our lord, whene'er he wishes.'

Lines 1961-1989: King Alfonso sets out for the meeting by the Tagus

They wrote a letter to the king, and sealed it,
 Saying El Cid would do as the king desired,
 And sent two knights as messengers to bear it,
 Who set the letter there before the monarch,
 Who, in turn, on reading it, was truly pleased:
 'Greet him that donned his sword in a fair hour;

Let the meeting take place within three weeks,
And if alive then, without fail there I'll be.'
Without delay, the messengers now returned.
On both sides, they prepared for the meeting,
Who had e'er seen such fine mules of Castile,
Or so many palfreys, bred for gentle riding,
Or so many speedy and unfailing chargers,
So many pennons fluttering from their mounts,
So many shields embossed with gold and silver,
So many furs, so many fine silks from Andros.
The king ordered many a rich provision sent
To the shores of the Tagus, for their meeting.
Many the companies that rode with the king.
The grandees of Carrión made a fine showing;
Part of the cost they'd paid, and part they owed.
For they yet thought to see their wealth increase,
Despite the gold and silver, they now displayed.
The king, Alfonso, rode on his way, swiftly,
With counts, potentates and bands of knights,
The infantes of Carrion, their large company,
And a host of troops from León and Galicia.
The Castilian force alone seemed numberless.
They loosened the reins and sped to the meeting.

Lines 1990-2018: El Cid rides to join the king

Within Valencia, my Cid brooked no delay,
And made the preparations for his audience.
Many were the mules, and the fine palfreys,
Many the weapons, and the swift chargers,
Many the fine capes, and furs, and mantles!
The great and the small were richly dressed.
Minaya Álvar Fáñez, Pero Bermúdez,
Martín Muñoz, Martín Antolínez of Burgos,
Bishop Don Jerónimo, the finest of clerics,
Álvar Álvarez, Álvar Salvadórez,
Muño Gustioz, that most distinguished knight,
And Galindo García, who was of Aragon,

Readied themselves to ride with the Campeador,
And lead out all the others that were there,
But Álvaro Salvadórez, and Galindo García,
Were ordered by my Cid, the Campeador,
To guard Valencia, with heart and soul,
And all that were under their command,
The castle gates to be barred day and night.
His wife and daughters would remain there,
Those three who were his very heart and soul,
With the other ladies who served their wishes.
He that was born in fortunate hour decreed,
In his wisdom, that none of them should leave,
Till he had, once more, returned to the city.
He departed Valencia, spurring on his steed,
Many a man on many a charger following;
Swift horses my Cid had won upon the field.
He rode to his audience with King Alfonso.

Lines 2019-2053: Alfonso and El Cid meet

Now, Alfonso had arrived the preceding day,
And he, on seeing the Campeador approaching,
Rode out to welcome him with every honour.
When he that was born in a fair hour saw this,
He commanded all his company to halt,
Except for those who were closest to his heart,
And he himself, with those fifteen, dismounted,
As he, my Cid de Vivar, had planned to do.
He then bowed, on all fours, on the ground,
The grass of the field brushing his very lips,
And with tears of joy falling from his eyes,
To show his deference to his lord, Alfonso!
In this humble way, he fell at his master's feet,
To the great distress of the king, Don Alfonso:
'Rise to your feet, my Cid, the Campeador!
Seek to kiss my hands now, but not my feet.
Try to do otherwise, you'll lose my favour.'
But the Campeador chose to remain kneeling:

‘Grace, I ask of you, Sire, by right my master.
May you yet show me favour as I kneel here,
Such that all who are present may know it.’
Said the king: ‘That I will, in my heart and soul.
Here, I pardon you, and grant you my favour.
And a part in my kingdom from this day forth.’
Replied the Cid: ‘Thank you, my lord, Alfonso.
I give thanks to the Lord above, and next yourself,
And then I thank my comrades here behind me.’
While kneeling yet, he kissed Alfonso’s hands,
Then rose to his feet, and kissed the king’s mouth,
All who were there were pleased with this,
All but Álvaro Díaz, that is, and García Ordóñez.
My Cid said: ‘I give thanks to the Lord above,
That I receive my lord Don Alfonso’s favour,
For God shall be my help, both night and day.
Come, be my guest now, Sire, if it pleases you.’

Lines 2054-2074: The king honours El Cid, as do the grandees of Carrión

The king answered: ‘On such a day, tis not fitting.
We arrived last night; you come but today,
My guest you’ll be, my Cid, the Campeador,
And tomorrow we shall do as it pleases you.’
He sought to kiss his hand, and my Cid allowed it;
The infantes of Carrión bowed down before him:
We bow to you, el Cid, born in a fortunate hour!
We would favour you in whatever way we might.’
My Cid replied: ‘May the good Lord will it so!’
My Cid, Ruy Díaz, who was born in fortunate hour,
Upon that day, was the guest of King Alfonso,
Who tired not of him, for he loved him dearly,
Nor ceased to admire the Campeador’s full beard!
Those that were there all marvelled at El Cid.
The day was soon sped, and the night passed by,
And on the next morning the sun rose brightly.
The Campeador ordered those in his company
To prepare a great feast for all that were there.

My Cid, the Campeador, wished to serve all so,
And all were pleased, and on one thing agreed,
They'd not dined as well for many a long year.

Lines 2075-2118: He ordains the marriages of El Cid's daughters

Next day, in the morning, as the sun rose,
Bishop Don Jerónimo chanted the Mass.
After the Mass, all left the church together,
And the king did not delay in speaking so:
'Hear me, my followers, my noble counts!
I would ask this of my Cid, the Campeador,
May Christ ordain it be in his best interest:
That his daughters Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,
Be given in marriage to the lords of Carrión.
Such seems honourable, and of great benefit;
They request it of you, and I so command it.
Between both the companies that are here,
Let both my vassals and yours ask it of you.
Grant this, my Cid, by the Lord above us!'
'I would not have them marry', said El Cid,
'For they are yet young, merely children,
Yet the lords of Carrión are noble men,
And, indeed, they might wed even higher.
I bore my daughters, yet you raised them,
And they and I, therefore, are in your debt.
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol are in your hands;
Do as you wish for them; I am content.'
'Thanks be to you,' replied King Alfonso,
'To you and to all the company about us.
Thanks be to you,' King Alfonso declared;
The infantes of Carrión stepped forward,
And went to kiss the Campeador's hands,
Exchanging swords before their monarch,
While he, with royal beneficence, spoke:
'I thank you, El Cid, and the Lord above all,
For giving your daughters to these infantes.
I take the hands of Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,

And hereby wed them to the lords of Carrión.
I grant them your daughters, with your blessing
May it please the Lord that you are also pleased.
I place in your hands the infantes of Carrión,
Let them go now with you, for I turn back.
Three hundred silver marks I grant as dowry,
Towards the weddings, or to use as you see fit.
Once subject to you, in Valencia the mighty,
They and your daughters are both your children;
Do as you'd wish for them, my Campeador.'
The Cid received them, and kissed his hands:
'I thank you truly, Sire, as my lord and master,
Though it is you gives them away, and not I!'

Lines 2119-2163: The king prepares to depart

The companies agreed that next day, by sunrise,
All should have returned whence they came.
My Cid's munificence now was all the gossip,
So many were the mules, and the fine palfreys,
My Cid gave to whoever would accept them;
So many were the fair and precious garments,
He granted all that asked, while denying none.
He gave sixty of his fine horses too, as gifts,
So, all were more than pleased with the event.
They wished to leave then, for night was falling,
King Alfonso took the infantes by the hand,
And placed those noblemen in El Cid's power;
'Behold your sons-in-law, new sons of yours,
From henceforth do what you wish for them.'
'Thank you, Sire,' said El Cid, 'I so receive them,
May the Lord above reward me for doing so.'
The Campeador mounted his steed, Babieca:
'This I would say, before my lord, Alfonso:
Who'd go to the wedding, and receive a gift,
Let them ride with me, I think they'll profit so.
And I ask a favour of you, my lord and master,
As it pleases you to give away my daughters,

Name a proxy to whom I may commend them,
 Since they may not say I did that same myself.'
 'The king replied: 'Look you here, Álvar Fáñez,
 Take their hands, and lead them to the infantes,
 As if it were I myself walking beside them.
 Act as their father throughout the ceremony,
 And tell me how all transpired, when we meet.'
 Said Álvar Fáñez: 'Sire, I am happy so to do.'
 All this was said, with due care to tradition.
 'King Alfonso, my honoured lord,' said El Cid,
 'Accept a gift to mark my audience with you.
 Receive these twenty palfreys, all equipped,
 And these thirty well-saddled chargers too,
 From out the steeds I have; I kiss your hands.'
 'I am pleased indeed by this,' replied the king,
 'And so, receive the gift that you have offered.
 May it please the Lord and all his saints above,
 To reward the pleasure that you thus grant me.
 My Cid, Ruy Díaz, you do me great honour.
 You do me good service; I am well content.
 While I yet live, expect great favour from me.
 To God, I commend you, and depart this place,
 May the Lord above see all come to fruition!'

Lines 2164-2182: El Cid and company leave for Valencia

Now my Cid took his leave of his lord, Alfonso.
 Not wishing for any escort, he rode aside.
 Many were the knights, many the fine warriors,
 Who kissed the king's hands then, and sought leave.
 'May it please you', they cried, 'to grant this favour,
 'We would ride with my Cid, to Valencia the great.
 To view the marriage of the lords of Carrión
 With Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, El Cid's daughters.'
 It pleased Alfonso then to release them all;
 The king's company shrank; El Cid's increased.
 Many were those who rode with the Campeador,
 Towards Valencia, that he'd gained in a fair hour.

He placed Don Fernando and Don Diego in the care
Of Pero Bermúdez, and of Muño Gustioz,
For none better served in El Cid's household,
So, they might learn the ways of the infantes.
With them rode Asur González, the boisterous,
Greater, perchance, in speech than other things.
Vast honour they did the infantes of Carrión.

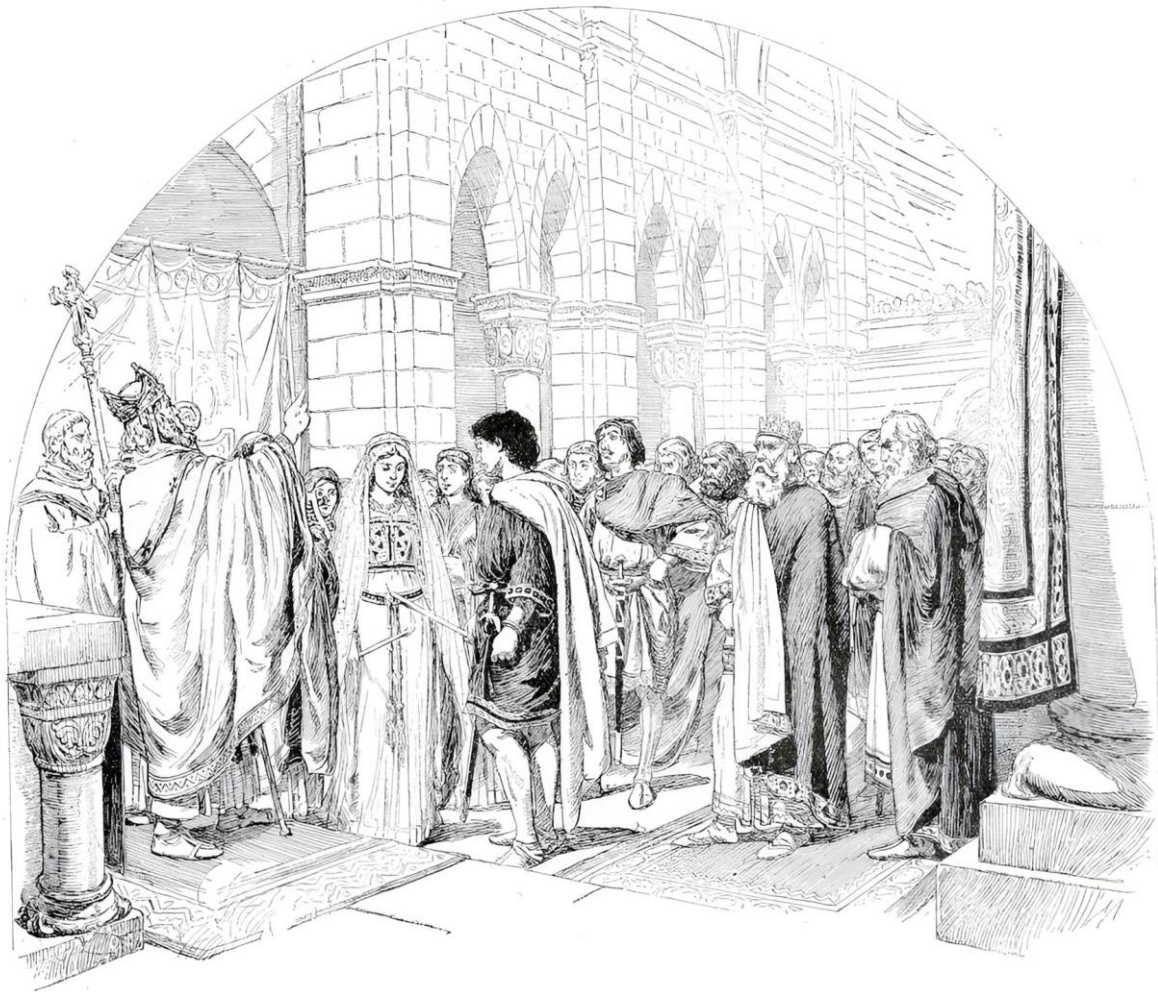
Lines 2183-2212: Their arrival in that city

Behold them now in Valencia, won by my Cid;
When they appeared, great was the people's joy.
Said my Cid to Don Pedro, and to Muño Gustioz:
'Seek fine lodgings for the infantes of Carrión,
And remain to serve them; such I command you.
When morning comes, and the bright sun rises,
They may meet with Doña Elvira and Doña Sol.'
All present sought their lodgings for the night.
My Cid, the Campeador, entered the alcázar,
To be welcomed by Jimena, and their daughters.
'You are here, my Cid, may we e'er behold you,
You, that girded on your sword in a fair hour!'
'Thanks to the Lord, I am indeed here, my wife,
I bring you sons-in-law, to increase our honour.
Thank me, my daughters, you shall be well-wed.'
His wife, and his two daughters, kissed his hands.
As did the ladies-in-waiting who served them.
Cried Jimena: 'Thanks to the Lord, and you, my Cid,
For all that you do e'er works to their advantage.
As long as you are alive, they will not be poor!'
The daughters cried: 'We will surely be richly wed!'
'My wife,' said the Cid, 'and you my daughters,
Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, give thanks to the Lord,
By these marriages, we shall increase in honour,
Yet, to tell you the truth, I did not arrange them,
My lord, Alfonso, sought them, so insistently,
And requested you wed so full-heartedly,
That I was left with nothing to say against it.

My daughters, I placed you both in his two hands,
It is he, believe me, who gives you both away.'

Lines 2213-2285: El Cid's two daughters are married

From that moment, the preparations now began.
The palace was adorned with rarest tapestries,
Carpeted, hung with purple silk and cloth of gold.
All would have loved to dine midst those fair halls.
All of El Cid's knights swiftly gathered together,
And then they sent for the two lords of Carrión.
Those grandees rode forth, heading for the palace,
The pair most richly dressed in finest garments;
How solemnly and fittingly, on foot, they entered!
The Cid, amidst all his vassals, received them,
As they bowed to the Campeador, and his wife.
They were seated, upon a richly-carved bench.
All of my Cid's men behaved most circumspectly,
Their attention on him that was born in fair hour.
Then the Campeador, Ruy Díaz, rose to his feet:
'Since this thing must be, why delay it longer?
Come, Álvaro Fáñez, you whom I love so dearly,
Behold, my two daughters I place in your hand.
Such was, as you know, my promise to Alfonso,
I would not fail in aught that we both agreed.
Hand my daughters now to the lords of Carrión;
Let them receive their blessing, and have done.'
Minaya replied: 'I'll do so most willingly.'
The daughters rose; he gave them into the hands
Of the lords of Carrión, to the latter he spoke:
'You stand before Minaya, two noble brothers,
By the wish of King Alfonso, who so ordered.
I give you now, the hands of these noble ladies,



'I give you now, the hands of these noble ladies'

To be your honourable and lawful wives.'
 They received them willingly, with pleasure,
 Then kissed the hands of my Cid, and of his wife.
 Once they had done so, they all left the palace,
 And went swiftly to the church of Santa María.
 The bishop, Don Jerónimo, donned his robes,
 And greeted the celebrants at the church door.
 He gave the blessings, and then sang the Mass.
 On leaving they church they rode swiftly forth,
 Speeding o'er the flood plain of Valencia.
 Lord, how the Cid and his vassals jousted!
 Three horses he wearied, the Campeador.
 El Cid was full pleased with all he viewed,
 For, the infantes of Carrión both rode well.

They and the ladies now returned to Valencia,
Rich the wedding celebrations, in the alcázar.
The next day seven mock castles were erected,
Which were shattered to pieces, ere they dined.
Fifteen whole days those celebrations lasted;
On the fifteenth eve the guests took their leave.
My Cid, Don Rodrigo, the famed Campeador,
Between the mules, the palfreys, and the chargers,
Gave away a hundred mounts, and beasts of burden,
With a host of capes, furs, and other garments,
While the wealth of coins he gave was endless.
My Cid's vassals were all in such true accord
That each of them gave his own fine gifts away.
All that wished to profit there, were well content.
All the Castilian guests returned home wealthy.
And bade farewell to El Cid as they departed,
He that was born in a most favourable hour,
And to all the ladies, and all El Cid's nobles,
And were well pleased as they thus departed,
Speaking well of them together, as was fitting.
Diego and Fernando were more than happy,
That were the sons of Count Don Gonzalo
Who'd gone to the court of Castile as guests;
Now, as sons-in-law of El Cid, in Valencia,
They dwelt there, the infantes, for two years,
While great was the favour they were shown.
The Cid was content, as were all his vassals.
Let us pray to Santa Maria, and to the Lord,
That these marriages please him thereafter,
And all who wished them; of this I make an end;
And may the Lord and all his saints bless you.

Part V: The Revenge of the Lords of Carrión

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Lines 2286-2351: The Moroccan army besieges Valencia



‘A fierce lion had, it seems, escaped its cage’

My Cid was there in [Valencia](#), with his vassals;
With him his sons-in-law, the lords of [Carrión](#).
The Cid lay on a bench, one day, slumbering,
When an incident, full of danger, took place.
A fierce lion had, it seems, escaped its cage,
Striking fear in all the members of his court,
Who, drawing their mantles close about them,
Had encircled the bench, to defend their lord.

Fernán González, seeking some place to hide,
Crawled beneath the bench, such was his fear!
Diego González, his brother, leapt for the door,
Crying: 'We're like to ne'er see Carrión again!'
He plunged behind a wine press, in his terror,
Thereby soiling his fine mantle and his tunic.
He that was born in a fair hour now awoke,
And found his followers close about the bench:
'What means this, my friends, what wish you?'
'Oh, my lord, the lion's escape has alarmed us.'
He leaned upon his elbow; El Cid rose to his feet,
Gripped his cloak, and moved towards the beast.
The lion, upon seeing him, lay down on all fours,
Lowered its head before my Cid, and hid its face.
My Cid, Don Rodrigo, then grasped it by the nape,
Dragged it away, and thrust it back into its cage.
Every follower who was there, much amazed,
Then returned, via the courtyard, to the palace.
My Cid looked about, seeking his sons-in-law,
Yet, though he called for them, neither replied.
When they, at last, appeared, with pallid faces,
Such mockery ne'er was known as filled the hall!
My Cid ordered his men to cease their laughter,
For the lords of Carrión seemed most offended;
Great the pain they felt at all that had happened.
Now, as this shameful episode was unfolding,
A Moroccan force had advanced on Valencia.
Fifty thousand warriors had pitched their tents,



‘Fifty thousand warriors had pitched their tents’

Led by King Búcar, whose name you may know.
 El Cid, and all his friends, rejoiced to see it,
 For, with the Lord’s help, spoils were to be had,
 Though it troubled both the infantes of Carrión;
 Seeing so many Moors brought them no pleasure.
 The brothers went aside, and spoke together:
 ‘We foresaw the gain, but not the loss,’ they said,
 ‘Now we’ll be involved in the coming fight,
 And we’re like not to see our Carrión again.
 The Cid’s daughters are destined to be widows.’
 Muño Gustioz overheard their murmurings,
 And told my Cid, Ruy Díaz, the Campeador.
 ‘Behold your brave sons-in-law, in all their fear!
 Faced with a battle, lo, they long for Carrión.
 For the Lord’s sake, go and comfort the pair.
 Grant them peace; let them play no part here;
 With you, and the Lord’s aid, we’ll conquer!’

My Cid found them and, gently smiling, said:
‘God save you, sons-in-law, my lords of Carrión.
You that embrace my daughters, bright as the sun.
I long for battle, while you long for Carrión.
Stay in Valenica then, if tis to your liking,
I am one who knows all about these Moors,
And with the Lord’s aid, I’ll soon defeat them!’
‘May we see the day you repay us twice over!’
They said, and then both returned to the field,
Fernando boasting yet; Don Pero confirmed it,
Which pleased my Cid and his companions:
‘For, if God, and our Lord on high, so wish it,
Both of these, my sons-in-law, will fight well.’

Lines 2352-2375: El Cid prepares for battle

As they were speaking, the hosts gathered,
While the drums sounded in the Moorish army.
Many Christians there were filled with wonder,
Being new recruits and such unknown to them.
Even more so the lords Diego and Fernando,
Who’d not have been there were it left to them.
Hearken now to what the Campeador declared:
‘Come, Pero Bermúdez, my dearest nephew,
Look after my sons-in-law Diego and Fernando,
While I pursue the thing that I love most dearly,
And sweep this host of Moors from the field.’
‘I say to you Cid, in all charity,’ Pero replied,
‘I would not chaperone that pair, this day.
Let some other do so; I may not be involved,
Since I and mine will attack in the vanguard,
While you and your forces must hold the rear,
And, if needs be, act as our reinforcements.’
Minaya Álvaro Fáñez cried: ‘Ah, Campeador,
The Lord will determine this battle’s fate,
With yourself, worthy of joining with Him.
Command us to attack in the way you wish.
Every man here this day will fulfil his duty,

By the will of God, and by your good fortune.’
‘First things first, my friend,’ El Cid replied.

Lines 2376-2399: The bishop, Don Jerónimo, leads the attack

Behold the well-armed bishop, Don Jerónimo,
Halting before the ever-fortunate Campeador:
‘Today I chanted the Mass of the Holy Trinity,
For this I left my land and came to seek you,
Urged by the wish to slay a Moor or two,
And thus honour my strength and my Order.
So, in this fight I long to lead the first attack.
Pennon and shield bear the roe-deer emblem,
If it pleases God, I would like to blood them,
So that my heart may be filled full with joy,
And you, my Cid, take pleasure in my deeds.
If you grant not this favour, I must leave you.’
Said the Cid: ‘What you seek does please me.
The Moors are in sight; go now, assail them.
We’ll watch from here how our abbot fights!’
Bishop Don Jerónimo now spurred to the attack,
Assaulting the Moorish camp from the front.
By his own good fortune, and God’s favour,
He killed two Moors with blows of his lance.
When the lance-shaft broke, he took to his blade.
The bishop strove hard; ah, how well he fought!
He slew two with the lance, five with the sword.
The Moors were many, and ringed him round,
Dealing great blows, failing to pierce his armour.



‘When the lance-shaft broke, he took to his blade’

Lines 2400-2436: El Cid joins the battle and routs the Moors

He that was born in a fair hour, watched closely.
He raised his shield, and then lowered his lance.
He spurred on Babieca, who flew like the wind,
And attacked at speed, with all his heart and soul.
Into the Moors’ front line rode the Campeador.
He struck down seven, and he slew full four.
God favoured him, for his was the final blow.
My Cid and his forces charged on in pursuit,

Breaking the ropes, dragging out their stakes,
Toppling the tent-poles with their adornments.
My Cid chased Búcar's troops from their camp;
Hunted them from the tents, and then pursued.
Many the mailed arms the pursuers severed,
Many the helmless heads hurled to the field,
Riderless horses scattering in every direction.
For seven full miles that fierce chase lasted,
My Cid in pursuit of the fleeing king Búcar:
'Turn back, Búcar, you that rode o'er the waves,
For you must meet El Cid, and his full beard!
We'll greet each other, and forge a friendship.'
'Confound your friendship!' the king replied.
'You choose to attack me, naked sword in hand.
It seems to me you rather seek to fight me,
Yet if this steed of mine avoids a stumble,
You'll not reach me ere I reach the shore.'



‘You’ll not reach me ere I reach the shore’

Said the Cid: ‘Well, let’s see if that be true!’
Búcar had a fine steed; fast that charger flew,
But my Cid’s horse, Babieca, overhauled him.
He reached him three arm-lengths from the shore.
El Cid raised Colada, and struck a mighty blow,
Shearing away the garnets from the helmet.
He shattered the helm, and left the head exposed.
His sharp blade cleft the monarch to the waist.
He slew Búcar, the king from o’er the waves,
Won the sword Tizón, worth a thousand marks,
And gained the battle, wondrous and immense,

Adding to his honour, and that of his company.

Lines 2437-2472: The aftermath of the battle

With these rich spoils the warriors returned,
After plundering the battlefield, thoroughly.
They reached the camp, where El Cid rested.
He that was born in a most fortunate hour,
My Cid, Ruy Díaz, the glorious Campeador,
Had returned swiftly through the slaughter,
With two swords now, both highly prized,
With furrowed brow, his hood thrown back,
The cap that covered his head a little dented.
Once there, my Cid saw something pleasing,
He raised his eyes and, gazing straight ahead,
He saw his sons-in-law, Don Gonzalo's heirs,
Diego and Fernandez, returning from the field.
My Cid rejoiced, and smiles wreathed his face:
'Is it you, my sons-in-law, now sons of mine?
I see you're pleased with your performance.
Good tidings of you both will Carrión hear,
And of how we, here, defeated King Búcar.
'By the Lord in whom I trust, and his saints,
Filled full of joy we'll depart this battlefield.'
Minaya Álvar Fáñez at once approached,
The shield that hung at his neck, much dented.
Countless the mighty lance blows he'd received,
But those that dealt them had felled him not.
Blood dripped from his armour to the elbow,
For twenty Moors at least the man had slain.
From all sides El Cid's vassals now returned:
'Praise the Lord, and the Father there on high,
And you, our Cid, one born in fortunate hour,
Who, having slain Búcar, have routed our foes.
All these spoils are for you to share among us;
While your sons-in-law have won their spurs,
Come from fighting Moors midst their camp.'
Said my Cid: 'Indeed, that pleases me greatly;

If they can fight, they will be worth something.’
The Cid meant well, but they received it badly.

Lines 2473-2522: The distribution of the spoils in Valencia

All the spoils swiftly arrived in Valencia;
My Cid and his companions were joyful.
To each man fell six hundred silver marks.
When El Cid’s sons-in-law received their share
Of this wealth that was gained from the rout,
They thought ne’er to be poor in all their lives.
My Cid and his comrades were overjoyed,
Well-dressed and re-equipped in Valencia,
With mantles and furs, and fine provisions.
A great day it was at the Campeador’s court,
After their battle-success, and Búcar’s death.
El Cid raised his hand, and stroked his beard:
‘Thanks to Christ, who is Lord of all the world,
I witnessed what I wished on the battlefield;
My sons-in-law joined with me in victory.
Good news of them will reach their Carrión,
How they’ve honoured it, and will do more.
Wondrous great are the riches we have won,
A fifth is mine and the rest shall be yours.’
My Cid, the great and mighty Campeador,
Commanded them to take their rightful share
Of those spoils they’d gained from the battle,
Nor was his own fifth share of them forgotten.
This all did; all was concord and agreement.
The Cid’s fifth included six hundred steeds,
A host of pack-horses and full many camels;
Countless were the lines of beasts of burden.
All this wealth of his the Campeador had won:
‘Thanks be to God, the Lord of all the world!
Though I was poor before, now I am wealthy;
Rich in spoils, in land, and gold, and honour,
While my sons-in-law are lords of Carrión.
The Lord is pleased to witness me a victor;

Moors and Christians live in fear of me now
 There in Morocco, in that land of mosques,
 Lest I choose to attack them one fell night.
 They fear it, though such is not my thought.
 I'll not seek them out, but rest in Valencia.
 By God, they shall pay me endless tribute,
 Pay myself, or some other whom I'll choose.'
 All Valencia showed their joy, with the Cid,
 Great his comrades' joy, and all his vassals',
 And great the rejoicing of his sons-in-law
 In a battle where they'd fought full bravely.
 Five thousand marks El Cid gave to each,
 And those lords of Carrión felt rich indeed.
 With the others, they gathered at his court.
 There beside my Cid, was Don Jerónimo,
 Álvaro Fáñez, that knight, so true in battle,
 And many another raised aloft by El Cid.

Lines 2523-2590: El Cid's sons-in-law seek leave to return to Carrión

When the infantes of Carrión appeared,
 Minaya welcomed them on El Cid's behalf,
 'Come, brothers, you've enhanced our glory.'
 El Cid was pleased on seeing they were there:
 'Sons-in-law, behold, my wife and daughters.
 Here are your own Doña Elvira, Doña Sol;
 May they embrace and serve you faithfully.
 We've routed the Moorish army in the field,
 And slain our treacherous foe, King Búcar.
 Good news will reach the folk in Carrión.
 Thanks to Santa Maria, mother of our Lord,
 From your marriages you'll gain great honour.'
 At his words, Don Fernando chose to speak:
 'Thanks to the Lord, and you, honoured Cid,
 We have gained, in battle, countless riches.
 Through you we fought and gained honour;
 Think now of other things; we are content.'
 El Cid's vassals smiled amongst themselves,

(Those who'd fought the hardest, in pursuit,
 Yet failed to see Diego or Fernando there!)
 And due to the mockery, they encountered,
 That shamed them so vilely night and day,
 The two grandees counselled themselves ill,
 And, like true brothers, they conspired apart;
 Let us seek no more of their speech than this:
 'Let us to Carrión; we linger too long here,
 For the wealth we have gained is enormous;
 More than we could spend in all our lives.
 We'll seek leave from El Cid to show our wives
 All their estates and properties in Carrión.
 So, we'll escort them from Valencia's realm,
 And let them view their lands in Carrión;
 We'll remove them from the reach of El Cid.
 Once on the way, we may do as we please,
 Ere they rile us with that business of the lion.
 Are we not of the line of the lords of Carrión?
 Of great worth are the spoils we take there;
 We'll spurn the daughters of the Campeador.
 We shall be not merely noble but wealthy,
 Fit for the daughters of emperors and kings.
 We're descended from the counts of Carrión,
 And will set aside the daughters of El Cid,
 Ere they rile us with that business of the lion.'
 With this, they returned to join the others.
 Fernán González' words silenced the court:
 'May God aid you, El Cid, the Campeador!
 May it please Doña Jimena, after yourself,
 Minaya Álvar Fáñez, and all that are here,
 To grant us care of the wives we have wed,
 So, we may show them our lands in Carrión,
 And hand them all their estates, the dowry
 That's theirs, and let them view all that we own.
 That will pass to the children they will bear.'
 Said El Cid: 'I grant you care of my daughters,
 And a share of my wealth (he'd not be shamed!).
 Give them your dowry of estates in Carrión,

And I'll add to it three thousand silver marks,
And strong mules, palfreys in fine condition,
With many a charger, strong and swift of foot,
And many garments in silk and cloth of gold.
I'll give you the swords Colada and Tizón,
Both of which, as you know, I won in battle.
You are both my sons; wed to my daughters,
You pluck from me thus my very heart-strings.
Let them know in Castile, Galicia, and León,
Of the riches I send with my sons-in-law.
Serve my daughters well, now your wives;
Serve them well and, equally, I'll reward you.'

Lines 2591-2625: They and their wives depart Valencia

The grandees of Carrión agreed they'd do so,
And received the daughters of the Campeador,
As well as all El Cid had pledged to them.
Content now, with all they'd been promised,
The lords of Carrión had their goods loaded.
Great the event, in Valencia's mighty city.
All took up arms, and pranced here and there,
To send El Cid's two daughters on their way.
Both ready to ride, they said their farewells,
The two sisters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,
On their knees before El Cid, the Campeador:
'God aid you, father, we seek your blessing;
You engendered us, and out mother bore us,
We stand before you both, our Sire and Dam,
Ere you send us far, to the realm of Carrión.
It's our duty to comply with all you ask,
Yet, from both of you, we seek this favour,
That, oft, news you'll send to us in Carrión.'
My Cid now embraced and kissed them both,
Then their mother did the same twice over:
'Go forth daughters; may the Lord aid you!
You have mine and your father's blessing.
Go to Carrión and, there, view your estates,

For I've seen you thus well-married, I believe.'
They kissed their father's and mother's hands,
Who blessed them, and gave their approval.
My Cid and all his friends were set to ride,
Fully-equipped, with horses and weapons.
The infantes, upon leaving fair Valencia,
Said their farewells to the ladies-in-waiting;
Armed, they rode through Valencia's orchards;
Forth went my Cid, happy with his company.
He that was born in a fortunate hour foresaw
These marriages would scarce go unblemished,
But naught could he do; the four were married.

Lines 2626-2673: The brothers conceive a treasonous plan

'Félez Muñoz, nephew, where are you,' cried the Cid,
'Cousin, tied, heart and soul, to my two daughters?
I command you to escort them both, to Carrión.
View the estates granted my daughters there,
And return with news of them to your Campeador.
Said Félez Muñoz: 'With all my heart and soul!'
Minaya Álvar Fáñez then rode beside El Cid:
'Let us return now, my Cid, to fair Valencia;
If it pleases our Lord, and the heavenly Father,
We'll go visit with them both, in Carrión.'
'Doña Elvira, Doña Sol', said the Campeador,
'To God, I commend you; e'er seek to please us.'
Said the sons-in-law: 'May God ordain it so!'
The father and his daughters wept profusely,
So profound was the sorrow at their parting;
The tears fell from the eyes of his companions.
'Hark, my nephew, Félez Muñoz,' said the Cid,
'Ride to [Molina](#), and rest there for the night,
Greet my friend the Moor, there, Avengalvón,
Have him offer fair welcome to my sons-in-law.
Tell him I send my daughters to visit Carrión,
And to serve them, and meet their every wish,
And accompany them, for me, to [Medinaceli](#);

I'll reward him well, for all that he so does.'
 As painful as a fingernail's parting from the flesh,
 Was their parting; El Cid turning for Valencia,
 While the infantes now set out on their journey,
 Resting that night at Santa María de Albarracín.
 Every hour they could, the infantes travelled.
 Behold them in Molina now, with Avengalvón,
 The Moor being greatly pleased at their arrival.
 He came to greet them most ceremoniously;
 Lord, how well he catered for their every wish!
 Next morn, he accompanied them on their way,
 With two hundred horsemen as their escort.
 They were set to cross the mountains of [Luzón](#).
 The Moor gave El Cid's daughters his gifts,
 And two fine horses for the lords of Carrión.
 They crossed the Arbujuelo, reaching the Jalón,
 And camped in a place they call [La Ansarera](#).
 All the Moor did was for love of the Campeador.
 On seeing the gifts, the Moor had brought forth,
 The two sons-in-law chose a treasonous course:
 'Since we'll soon desert the daughters of El Cid,
 If we can bring about the death of the Moor,
 We can also take his riches for our own,
 As much ours as all our wealth in Carrión.
 El Cid would ne'er win a claim against us.'

Lines 2674-2696: Avengalvón thwarts the plot against him

As the sons-in-law were plotting wickedness,
 A Moor, who spoke Ladino, overheard them,
 And he told Avengalvón of their secret plan:
 'Alcaide, my lord, beware of those two men,
 Those infantes of Carrión plan your demise.'
 Now the Moor, Avengalvón, was a warrior.
 He first gathered to him his two hundred men,
 And then rode out, armed, to seek the infantes.
 What he had to say greatly displeased the pair:
 'How have I harmed you, my lords of Carrión?

I've served you honestly, yet you plot my death.
Were it not I refrain for love of my Cid de Vivar,
I'd do that to you they'd speak of everywhere.
Ne'er would you return to your own Carrión,
While I'd escort his daughters to the loyal Cid.
I now part from you, as from sinful traitors.
By your leave, I go, Doña Elvira, Doña Sol;
I prize them but little, your lords of Carrión.
May God, who rules the world, so order things
That your marriages please the Campeador.'
And having spoken so, the Moor turned back,
With weapons at the ready, crossed the Jalón,
And, like a man of sense, returned to Molina.

Lines 2697-2764: The affront in the oak-woods

The infantes of Carrión left La Ansarera,
And continued to journey day and night.
On their left they passed the hill of [Atienza](#),
Then made the crossing of the Miedes range,
And spurred on through the Montes Claros,
By Griza on the left, that Álamos founded,
And the caves where he imprisoned Elfa,
By [San Esteban de Gormaz](#), on the right,
And then entered the oak woods of [Robledo](#).
The hills tall, the branches reached the clouds,
And wild creatures roamed there, all around.
They found a clearing with a limpid spring,
Where the infantes of Carrión pitched camp.
With all the rest, they slept there that night,
Their wives in their arms, like men devoted.
Yet such came but to ill, when the sun arose!
They ordered the pack-horses loaded high,
Striking the tents in which they'd stayed;
Then their household was sent on ahead,
As those infantes of Carrión had intended.
Not another man or woman now remained,
But their wives, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,

For they wished to treat them as they chose.
The rest had gone, leaving these four alone,
And the infantes of Carrión wrought evil:
‘Hark well to us, Doña Elvira, Doña Sol,
We desert you both, here in this wilderness,
For we shall depart, abandoning you here,
You’ll have no part of our lands in Carrión.
This our message to El Cid, the Campeador:
We take revenge for the business of the lion.’
They stripped them of their furs and their robes;
They left them in their silk shifts and tunics.
Those vile traitors took up, in their hands,
The strong and solid straps to their spurs!
When she saw this, Doña Sol cried aloud:
‘In God’s name, Don Diego, Don Fernando,
You bear two swords, sharp and strong,
One blade’s Colada, Tizón is the other,
Sever our heads, we beg you; martyr us.
Moors and Christians alike will tell of this,
That we have not deserved what we incur.
Make not of us so shameful an example;
Beat us and it will be to your dishonour.
You’ll be denounced in every hall and court.’
Yet the ladies’ pleas failed to sway them.
Those lords of Carrión began to thrash them.
They laid on with the strap-buckles so hard,
And their sharp spurs, savage was the pain.
They tore the shifts, and the fair flesh beneath,
The crimson blood staining the silk tunics,
Till the pain was felt in the very marrow.
If only it had pleased the Lord above us
For the Cid to have appeared at that hour!
They beat them so hard they both fainted;
Crimsoned were their shifts and their tunics.
Both the villains grew tired of their labour,
Of their urging each other to strike harder.
Doña Elvira, Doña Sol could no longer speak.
Left for dead in the oak-woods of Robledo.

The villains seized their mantles and their furs,
Left them there in their tunics and their shifts,
Left them to the wild beasts, and birds of prey;
They left them for dead, now barely breathing.
What good fortune had been theirs, if only
The Cid had been there at that very hour!
Those vile lords of Carrión, had abandoned
El Cid's daughters in the oak-woods of Robledo,
And neither lady could, as yet, rouse the other.



'Left for dead in the oak-woods of Robledo'

Lines 2765-2819: Félez Muñoz rescues the daughters of El Cid

The infantes boasted as they quit the woodland:
‘We have taken our revenge on those we wed,
Whom we’d not have married without urging,
For those brides were in no way our equals.
The shameful business of the lion is avenged.’
The infantes thus journeyed onwards boasting.
But let me tell of the deeds of Félez Muñoz,
That was the nephew of El Cid, the Campeador.
They’d sent him on ahead, which annoyed him;
He’d felt pained at heart as he took to the road,
And had swiftly drawn aside from the others.
Félez Muñoz took cover in a grove of trees,
And waited there for the ladies, his cousins,
To see how the lords of Carrión behaved.
He saw them pass and heard their boasting,
Though they thought not of him nor saw him,
For he’d not have escaped death if they had.
The infantes rode by, and spurred onwards;
Then Félez Muñoz turned back upon the trail,
To find the women, lying there, half-dead.
Crying: ‘Cousins, my cousins!’ he dismounted,
Tethered his horse, and then hastened to them:
‘Oh, Doña Elvira, Doña Sol, my poor cousins!
Those villains have shown their wickedness!
May God, and Santa Maria, see them punished!’
He drew his cousins to him, and embraced them.
Neither was in a state where she could speak.
He felt his very heart-strings strained within.
‘Oh, Doña Elvira, Doña Sol, my poor cousins!
For the Lord’s sake, cousins, rouse yourselves,
While the sun still shines, and there is light,
Ere wild beasts seek their prey in the woods!
Now Doña Elvira and Doña Sol soon revived,
Oped their eyes, and saw it was Félez Muñoz.
‘For the love of God, raise yourselves, cousins,’
He cried ‘for, when they notice I’m not there,

The infantes will both strive hard to find me,
And, if the Lord aids us not, here we'll die.'
Doña Sol, with much pain, spoke these words:
'Dear cousin, may the Campeador reward you!
Bring us water, and may the Lord defend you!'
Félez Muñoz now brought the women water,
That he collected in his hat from the stream,
(A brand-new hat he'd worn since Valencia!)
Which eased them; both were badly bruised.
He beseeched them both, till they sat upright,
While encouraging and comforting the pair
Till they could move, and then he raised them,
And swiftly set the two ladies on his steed,
Wrapping them both about in his wide mantle.
Grasping the reins, he led the charger on;
They threaded the oak-woods of Robledo,
Three alone, till, at dawn, they quit the trees,
And reached the waters of the river Douro.
In the [Tower of Doña Urraca](#), he left them.

Lines 2820-2848: El Cid sends out a company to escort them to Valencia

To San Estaban, then, came Félez Muñoz,
And found Diego Téllez, Álvaro Fáñez' man,
Who felt pained at his heart to hear the story.
He gathered clothing, led forth two palfreys,
And sought out Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,
Ere escorting those ladies to San Estaban.
Where he honoured them, as best he might.
The San Estaban folk were more than kind,
And the tale they heard grieved them deeply.
They gave their encouragement to the ladies.
And kept them there till they were quite well.
The lords of Carrión boasted of the matter,
Though it weighed heavily on King Alfonso.
The tidings of all this had reached Valencia,
And were related to El Cid, the Campeador,
Who mused for a long while and, pondering,

Stroking his beard, then lifted up his hand:
 'Thanks be to Christ, Lord of all the world,
 That those infantes show me such honour!
 By this, my beard, that none ever plucked,
 (Not even these same grandees of Carrión),
 I'll make sure my daughters are well-married.'
 The business troubled my Cid and his court,
 Álvaro Fáñez was grieved in heart and soul.
 So Minaya rode forth, with Pero Bermúdez,
 And Martín Antolínez, nobleman of Burgos,
 And two hundred cavaliers, El Cid's men,
 Whom he commanded to ride day and night,
 And bring his daughters to Valencia the mighty.

Lines 2849-2877: Minaya takes charge of the ladies

They obeyed their lord, and did not linger,
 But galloped swiftly, by day and by dark.
 They came to San Esteban de Gormaz,
 And lodged in that strong castle for the night.
 To San Esteban there now came the tidings
 That Minaya would come for his two cousins.
 Those in San Esteban, being worthy folk,
 Welcomed Minaya, and all his company.
 They offered Minaya a tribute that night,
 Which he refused, with a show of gratitude:
 'My thanks to the wise folk of San Esteban!
 My Cid, the Campeador, is most grateful
 For the honour shown us on this occasion.
 He is as grateful, where he now is, as I.
 May the Lord above reward you fittingly!'
 They thanked him, expressed their gratitude,
 And returned to their homes for the night.
 Minaya, though, went to seek his cousins.
 When Doña Elvira and Doña Sol saw him,
 They cried: 'Tis as if we saw Our Saviour;
 Give thanks to Him indeed that we yet live;
 Some quiet day to come, we'll tell our story.'

The ladies wept, and Álvaro Fáñez with them,
As did Pero Bermúdez for all their suffering:
‘Doña Elvira, Doña Sol, be comforted,’ he said,
‘You’re alive and well, and free of your ills.
Husbands you’ve lost, yet you’ll find better.
May we see the day when you gain revenge!’
That night they rested there, filled with joy.

Lines 2878-2908: Minaya escorts El Cid’s daughters to Valencia

Next day, all their party took to the road,
Accompanied by the folk of San Estaban
As far as the Duero, in a show of kindness,
Bidding them farewell there, then returning.
Minaya, with the ladies, rode straight ahead,
Traversed the Alcoceba, to the right of [Gormaz](#),
Intending to rest at a place called [Vadorrey](#).
And found lodgings in the town of [Berlanga](#).
The next morning, they took the road again,
To find lodgings, thereafter, at Medinaceli.
From there, in a day, they reached [Molina](#).
Avengalvón, the Moor, was pleased indeed.
He sallied forth with a will, to greet them,
And feasted them well, for love of my Cid.
From there they rode directly to Valencia,
And of this the Campeador heard tidings.
He rode swiftly at once to receive them,
While flourishing his weapons in his joy.
He hastened to embrace his two daughters,
And kissed them both, filled with delight:
‘Ah, my daughters; God keep you from harm!
I dared do naught but endorse your marriages.
But may it please the Lord, who dwells on high,
That I see you wed more fittingly in future.
God grant vengeance on the lords of Carrión!’
His two daughters kissed their father’s hands.
Brandishing his weapons, he entered the city.
Doña Jimena greeted her daughters, joyfully.

He that was born in a fair hour, lingered not,
But communed with his closest companions.
Seeking to petition King Alfonso of Castile.

Lines 2909-2960: El Cid petitions King Alfonso

‘Where are you, Muño Gustioz, worthy vassal?
Fortunate the days when I raised you at court!
Bear this message to King Alfonso, to Castile.
Kiss his hand; give him my heartfelt greetings,
And repeat that I am his vassal; he, my lord;
Yet I’m dishonoured by these lords of Carrión,
Which should trouble his very heart and soul.
He gave away my daughters; it was not I.
They have been most shamefully abandoned,
Thus, whate’er the dishonour that falls to me,
Whether great or small, is shared by my lord.
They have been granted much wealth by me,
The loss of which is as vile as the dishonour.
Let them be brought before court or council,
That I may have justice from these infantes,
For great is the rancour that pains my heart.’
Now Muño Gustioz took to the road swiftly,
With two knights to serve him at his pleasure,
And two squires, also, of El Cid’s household.
They left Valencia as quickly as they might,
Resting neither day nor night upon the way.
Muño found the King of Castile at [Sahagún](#),
That monarch being the King of León also,
Of the Asturias, south, as far as San Salvador,
Of the land to the west, including Santiago,
While the Counts of Galicia held him their lord.
As soon as Muño Gustioz had dismounted,
Bowing to the saints, praying to the Lord above,
He made for the palace where the king held court.
With him went the two knights, his defenders.
As soon as they reached the midst of the court,
The king saw, and recognised, Muño Gustioz,

He rose, and welcomed the three, courteously,
Upon which Muño Gustioz knelt before him,
And humbly kissed the monarch's feet, saying:
'Your Grace, Alfonso, monarch of many lands,
The Campeador kisses your hands and feet.
For he is your vassal, and you are his lord.
You gave his daughters to Carrión's infantes
In noble marriage, for such was then your wish.
You must know of the dishonour we suffer,
How these lords of Carrión have harmed us,
Insulting the daughters of the Campeador,
Beating, and shaming, the half-naked pair,
Abandoning them, in the oak-woods of Robledo,
To the ravages of wild beasts, and birds of prey.
Now El Cid's daughters are safe in Valencia.
He kisses your hands, as a vassal with his king,
And asks that the lords of Carrión be summoned,
His dishonour great, yet he deems yours greater.
It should trouble you greatly; as you are wise,
Grant justice for my Cid against these infantes.'



‘Grant justice for my Cid against these infantes’

Lines 2961-2992: King Alfonso responds

The king mused on all this, silently, awhile:
 ‘Indeed, it troubles my very heart,’ he said.
 ‘And all that you say, Muño Gustioz, is true;
 I married his daughters to Carrión’s infantes,
 Intending well, wishing to show him favour.
 Now, I wish they had ne’er been married so!
 El Cid and I are both pained in heart and soul.
 By the Lord above I’ll help him, as I should,
 A thing that I’d not expected I’d need do!
 My envoys will ride through all the kingdom,
 And announce that I’ll hold court in [Toledo](#),
 And that my counts and nobles must attend.
 I will summon there the infantes of Carrión.
 To render justice to my Cid, the Campeador.

He'll have no complaint, if I can prevent it.
Tell that man, that was born in fortunate hour,
To take seven weeks to prepare, and ride,
And come to me in Toledo, with his vassals.
For love of the Cid, I'll convene my court.
Greet the ladies for me; peace be with them.
They'll gain honour, despite what befell them.'
Muño Gustioz took his leave, and so departed.
Alfonso did as he'd said, and without delay,
It being the Castilian king's main concern,
And sent his envoys to León, and Santiago,
To the Galicians too, and to the Portuguese,
The Castilian nobles, and those of Carrión,
Declaring that he'd hold court, and in Toledo,
And, in seven-weeks-time; all must be there;
For he that was not, would be no vassal of his.
All the nobles were possessed by one thought:
None must fail to do as the king commanded.

Part VI: Justice

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[Lines 3681-3702: Muño Gustioz defeats Asur González.](#)
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[Lines 3721-3742: The poet ends his tale.](#)

Lines 2993-3022: The nobles gather at the court in Toledo

Now, the lords of [Carrión](#) were greatly troubled
That the king had summoned them to [Toledo](#),
Fearing the presence of my Cid, the Campeador.
They took counsel, with their wider family,
And petitioned the king for an exemption.
Said the king: 'God save me, I'll not grant it!
For El Cid, the Campeador, shall be there.
He's a claim against you, and seeks amends.

Any that refuses to attend when summoned,
 Let him quit the realm, for I know him not!’
 The lords of Carrión knew what they must do,
 And so took counsel, with the wider family.
 Count, Don García, was part of that discussion,
 The Cid’s enemy, that ever sought him ill,
 And who now gave the grandees his advice.
 The time arrived; the nobles sought the court.
 Among the first, accompanying the king,
 Were Count Don Enrique, and Count Don Remón,
 (The latter father of Alfonso ‘El Emperador’),
 With Count Don Fruela, and Count Don Birbón.
 Many a legal expert from the realm was there,
 Midst the greatest, and the noblest, of Castile.
 With Asur González, and Gonzalo Ansúrez,
 Came Don García and the lords of Carrión,
 Diego and Fernandez; for they both were there;
 With the rest of their clan, they came to court,
 Seeking to bring further trouble on El Cid.
 From every part they gathered to that court,
 Though he that was born in a fortunate hour
 Delayed, which failed, in truth, to please the king.

Lines 3023-3060: King Alfonso VI rides out to greet El Cid

On the fifth day, my Cid the Campeador arrived,
 Having sent the faithful Álvar Fáñez on ahead,
 So as to kiss the hands of the king his master,
 And inform him that he’d arrive that night.
 When the king heard this, his mood softened,
 And he rode, with many a knight, to meet him,
 To greet the one that was born in fortunate hour.
 The Cid came with his company, well-armed;
 Fine is the company that has so fine a leader.
 When he came in sight of the king, Alfonso,
 My Cid, the Campeador, leapt to the ground,
 Wishing to bow, and honour his true lord.
 When the king saw him, he cried out, at once:

‘By San Isidro, you’ll not do the like today!
Mount and ride, Cid, or you’ll displease me.
We must greet each other, heart and soul;
For that which grieves you, pains me also.
God make yours the honours of this court!’
‘Amen to that,’ said my Cid, the Campeador,
And he kissed the king’s hands, and his lips.
‘Thanks be to God that I see you, my lord,
I bow down to you, and Count Don Remón,
Count Don Enrique, and all the nobles here.
God defend them, and you more so, my lord!
My wife, Doña Jimena, this virtuous lady here,
Kisses your hands, as do both my daughters.
May that which befell them grieve you, lord.’
‘God save me, and it does!’ the king replied.
The king turned about then, to enter Toledo.
That night my Cid would not cross the Tagus:
‘By your grace, my lord, and God save you,
Re-enter the city, as it seems you intend;
But I, and mine, will lodge in [San Servando](#).
All my company will reach it by nightfall;
I will keep vigil there, in that holy place.
Tomorrow, at morn, I’ll enter the city,
And shall be at the court, before midday.’
‘That pleases me right well,’ the king replied.

Lines 3061-3090: El Cid selects his companions for the court

King Alfonso made a swift return to Toledo;
Ruy Díaz, my Cid, remained in San Servando.
He ordered candles to be placed on the altar,
As he wished to keep vigil in that sanctuary,
Praying to the Lord, and communing there
With Minaya, and the good friends about him.
They all reached agreement as morning came.
Matins and Prime had been chanted near dawn,
And a Mass had been said ere the sun arose.
They made a fitting and a generous offering.

‘Minaya Álvaro Fáñez, my right hand,’ said El Cid,
‘You, and Don Jerónimo, shall accompany me,
With Pero Bermúdez, and with Muño Gustioz,
And Martín Antolínez, good citizen of Burgos,
Álvar Álvarez, also, and Álvaro Salvadores,
And Martín Muñoz, born in a fortunate hour,
And Félez Muñoz, since he’s my own nephew,
And Mal Anda, who is one that knows the law,
And Galindo García, who’s the best of Aragón,
And a hundred fine warriors of the finest here.
Let all wear padded tunics beneath their armour,
Under coats of mail, shining bright as the sun,
And o’er the chain-mail, ermine and other furs.
Let your weapons be hidden, tightly secured,
Well-honed and sharp, beneath your mantles,
For, in this manner, I’d have us go to the court,
There to plead my cause, and demand my rights.
If the infantes of Carrión are spoiling for a fight,
I need have no fear with a hundred to back me.’
And all there replied: ‘Such is what we desire.’

Lines 3091-3111: He adorns himself fittingly

As he had declared so all clad themselves,
For the fortunate-born now brooked no delay.
His legs were covered in fine cloth hose,
His feet were clad in well-wrought shoes.
He wore a linen shirt, white as the dawn,
Made to order, tightly-fitting at the wrists,
And all its fastenings were gold and silver.
Over this, went a doublet of the finest silk,
Embroidered brightly, with gleaming thread.
Over all this went a coat of crimson leather,
Fringed with gold, that El Cid often wore.
A fine cambric cap he set upon his head,
Fit for the purpose, embroidered with gold,
So not a hair on that head was out of place.
His beard worn long, tied back with a cord,

Sought to display its fullness, in his honour.
The whole was set off by a priceless mantle,
So that all would take note of his presence.
With the hundred or so, under his command,
He mounted swiftly and left San Servando.
Thus, so adorned, my Cid rode to the court.



'All would take note of his presence'

Lines 3112-3152: King Alfonso addresses the court

At the outer gate, he dismounted, fittingly,

And entered prudently, amidst all his men.
When they saw him arrive, the fortunate one,
And he in the midst of his men all about him,
Good king Alfonso rose quickly to his feet,
As did counts Don Enrique and Don Remón,
Then all the other men by rank, of the court.
And greeted the Campeador with much honour,
All, that is, except for El Crespo de Grañón,
The Lords of Carrión, and all their company.
Said the king, to El Cid: 'Sit here, Campeador,
Upon this bench that you once gifted to me;
Though it annoys some, you are their better.'
He who'd won Valencia thanked him kindly:
'As our lord and master, the bench is yours,
I'll remain here, with those who are mine.'
With El Cid's words the king was most pleased.
Thus, my Cid was seated on an ornate bench,
And his hundred men were seated about him,
While all those at the court gazed upon him,
At his beard, worn long and tied with a cord,
At the fine man he was, in his handsome attire.
But the lords of Carrion looked away in shame.
Then good King Alfonso rose to his feet, again:
'Hear me, my followers, may the Lord aid you!
I have held such a court but twice in my reign.
One was at Burgos, and one was at Carrión,
Now a third, in Toledo, I hold here, today,
For love of my Cid, he whom fortune favours,
Since he makes a claim against Carrión's lords.
A grave injustice, we deem, has been done him;
Counts Don Enrique and Don Remón shall judge,
And those other counts, not of Carrión's faction.
All of you, my experienced lords, pay attention,
And judge what is right; for I brook no injustice.
And respect the peace now, both of the parties.
By San Isidro, I swear, he that troubles my court,
Shall forfeit my favour, and forsake the realm!
I'll favour that party that proves in the right.

Now, let the Campeador set forth his claim,
And we'll hear how the lords of Carrión reply.'

Lines 3153-3182: El Cid sets out his claim; the infantes respond

My Cid rose to his feet, and kissed the king's hand:
'As my king and master, I thank you, profoundly,
For convening this court to judge of my claim.
Now justice I seek, from the lords of Carrión.
It was not myself, by deserting my daughters,
They dishonoured, but he who decreed they wed.
When they led my daughters from fair Valencia,
I loved both these lords, with my heart and soul.
I gave them my swords, named Colada and Tizón,
Those two blades that I won as a warrior in battle,
So, they might gain honour thus, and serve you.
Abandoning my daughters in the woods of Robledo,
They turned against me, and forfeited my love.
Let the swords be returned, by my ex-sons-in-law.'
The judges responded: 'All that seems but right!'
Count Don García said: 'This we must discuss.'
The lords of Carrión, with their clan, drew aside,
Talking together, and with all their company,
So, agreeing swiftly how to end the matter:
'The Campeador acts generously towards us,
By not claiming we dishonoured his daughters,
While we can reach agreement with the king.
Let's yield the swords, so he may rest his case.
Once he has them, the court will be dissolved,
For El Cid will withdraw his claim against us.'
Having agreed this, they returned to the court.
'Your Grace,' they said, 'Alfonso, our lord and king,
We can't deny that El Cid gave us the two swords,
But since the Campeador desires to regain them,
We wish to yield them to him, in your presence.'

Lines 3183-3243: El Cid reclaims his swords and more

They produced the swords, Colada and Tizón.
 And placed them in the hands of their master,
 Who drew them forth to brighten all the court.
 For the pommels and the guards were of gold,
 And all the noblemen there marvelled at them.
 El Cid received the swords, now, from the king,
 Kissed his hands, and then returned to his seat.
 He held them in his hands, and gazed upon them,
 Knew them well, and swiftly verified the pair.
 His frame shook with joy, his heart was light,
 He raised his hand, and took hold of his beard:
 'By this beard, whose hairs none ever plucked,
 Doña Elvira and Doña Sol have their revenge!'

He summoned his nephew, Don Pero, by name,
 Held out his arm to him, and gave him Tizón.
 'Take it, nephew, for it gains a better master!'

To Martín Antolínez, brave citizen of Burgos,
 He held out his arm, and offered him Colada.
 'Martín Antolínez, my most worthy vassal,
 Take Colada, which I won from a great lord,
 Count Remón Berenguer of mighty Barcelona.
 I give you this sword; now, care for it well.
 For with it you'll gain great praise and honour.'

Martín kissed his hand, and received the blade.
 My Cid, the Campeador, rose from his seat:
 'Thanks be to the Lord, and you, my king!
 I am happy with the blades, Colada and Tizón,
 Yet I've a further claim against these lords.
 When they led my daughters from Valencia,
 I gave three thousand marks, in gold and silver,
 To these infantes, yet they committed treason.
 Let them return them now, my ex-sons-in-law.'

Behold, how the lords of Carrión protested!
 Count Don Remón said: 'Answer, yes or no!'

The lords of Carrión, with one voice, replied:
 'We returned his swords to the Campeador,
 To end the case, avoiding a further claim.
 This is what we say: if it please the king,

Reply, yourself, to the Cid's new demand.'
'I grant the claim,' king Alfonso answered.



'I grant the claim'

El Cid, the Campeador, rose to his feet:
'Yield me the monies that I granted you,
My lords, or, if not, give me a reason why!'
Once more, the lords of Carrión drew aside,
But failed to agree, the monies being great,
And the best part having been already spent.
They returned in a decided frame of mind:
'He that won Valencia seeks far too much

In finding our little wealth so attractive;
We might pay him in goods out of Carrión.’
Once this was conceded, the judges spoke:
‘If the Cid agrees, we shall not oppose this,
But our judgement as to how it’s concluded
Is that you transmit the goods, at this court.’
With this King Alfonso, rose and spoke:
‘We know the truth about the sum involved,
And the Cid is most exact in his demand.
Of the three thousand, I hold two hundred,
Gifted to me by the infantes of Carrión.
I’ll return the coins, since they are so poor,
And hand them to El Cid, the Campeador;
Since they must be repaid, I release them.’

Lines 3244-3278: He presses his claim regarding the affront

Fernán González said: ‘We yet lack the rest.’
Count Don Remón then gave him this reply:
‘Since you have spent all the gold and silver
Before our king, Alfonso, we give judgement:
Pay in kind; let the Campeador receive it.’
The lords of Carrión now had little choice.
They committed to El Cid many a charger.
Many a good mule, many a fine palfrey,
And many a good sword and suit of armour,
My Cid received, at the court’s valuation.
The brothers added more than the two hundred
They’d had returned to them by King Alfonso;
Others gave them loans to complete the sum.
The felt the harm done them by the judgement.
My Cid received the sum, in coins and kind,
And his men took further care of all he’d gained.
But, once agreed, El Cid renewed his claim:
‘Justice yet, your Grace, for mercy’s sake!
My greatest grievance I cannot pass by.
Hear me, all this court, and feel my pain!
How can I let the lords of Carrión depart

Without challenge, having so dishonoured me?
Tell me how I've offended you, infantiles,
Whether in deed or jest, or other manner?
In this I'll bow to the judgement of the court.
Why did you pluck at my heartstrings so?
On leaving Valencia, you had my daughters,
I honoured you; I granted you much wealth.
If you sought my daughters not, traitorous dogs,
Why take them from Valenica, their home?
Why strike them with your straps, and spurs?
You left them in the oak-woods of Robledo,
To the wild beasts there, and the birds of prey.
Scarce worthy were the deeds you performed.
If you own an answer, let the court now hear it.'

Lines 3279-3299: García Ordóñez opposes El Cid

Count Don García next rose to his feet:
'Justice, my king, the greatest in all Spain!
El Cid comes all adorned to this, your court,
Flourishing a beard, which he grows long!
Some dread him, the rest he scares away.
The lords of Carrión are of such lineage
They need not seek his daughters as concubines,
Much less as their wives, and their equals.
They did rightly in abandoning the pair.
We think nothing of all this that he says.'
The Campeador gripped his beard tightly:
'Thanks be to God, who rules heaven and earth,
This beard, trimmed with care, grows so long.
Who are you, my Count, to scorn my beard?
Since it first grew, great the care it's received,
Nor e'er was tweaked by any born of woman,
By no son of a Moor or of Christian lady,
As yours was, by me, in the town of Cabra.
When I took Cabra, and you, by the beard,
Not a lad there but pulled forth a few hairs;
That which I tweaked still grows unevenly.'

Lines 3300-3361: Fernán González is challenged by Pero Bermúdez

Next Fernán González rose to his feet,
Hear now what he declared in a loud voice:
‘You should forego your claim, Campeador,
Your gifts have been repaid by one and all.
Don’t aggravate the argument between us.
We are of the line of the counts of Carrión
Who wed with kings’ or emperors’ daughters.
Daughters of lesser nobles are not for us,
And so, we were but right to abandon yours,
And we view ourselves more highly, not less.’
My Cid, Ruy Díaz, looked to Pero Bermúdez:
‘Speak now, Pedro the Mute, man of silence!
For these, my daughters, are your first cousins.
They address me, but your ears are ringing!
If I reply, you’ll lose your chance to quarrel.’
Pero Bermúdez opened his mouth to speak,
But being so tongue-tied scarce could utter,
Yet once begun there was no stopping him:
‘My Cid, what a way you have of speaking;
Always calling me Pedro the Mute at court!
You well know it’s a thing that I can’t help.
Yet in what I have to do, I’m never lacking.
You lie, Fernando, in all that you have said!
It’s the Campeador made you men of worth.
I know all there is to tell of your vile ways.
Recall when we all fought before Valencia.
You sought for El Cid to deal the first blow.
You saw a Moor, and rushed to attack him,
And then, before you met with him, you fled!
He’d have done you harm if I’d not helped.
I sped by you, and then charged the Moor,
And downed him with my very first blow.
I handed you his horse, and kept all secret.
And never a man I have told, till this day.
Before my Cid, and everyone, you boasted

You'd killed the Moor, wrought a mighty deed.
All believed it, since they knew not the truth.
Handsome you may be, but a mighty coward!
Tongue without worth, how dare you speak!
And tell me, Fernando; admit to this now;
Come, bring to mind that lion in Valencia,
The lion that won free as the Cid slumbered.
And you, what did you do, in fear, Fernando?
Didn't you hide behind the Campeador's bench!
You hid Fernando, and so are of lesser worth.
We surrounded the bench to defend our lord,
Until my Cid woke, he that gained Valencia,
Rose from his bench and approached the lion,
Which bowed its head, and waited for El Cid.
He grasped it by the neck, and then re-caged it.
When he returned, the valiant Campeador,
He found his vassals gathering all about him,
Looked for his sons-in-law, and found neither.
I challenge you here, as a traitor and ill-doer,
And will fight you, before our king, Alfonso,
In the cause of Doña Elvira and Doña Sol,
Whom you deserted, in your worthlessness.
They are women; you are considered men,
And yet, in every way, their worth is greater.
When we fight, if it pleases the Lord above,
You will but prove the traitor that you are,
While I'll maintain the truth of all I say.'

Lines 3362-3383: Diego González is challenged by Martín Antolínez

There the dispute between those two rested,
But hear what Diego González had to say:
'We are of a line of counts, of purest blood.
The marriages should ne'er have taken place,
That connected us to the Cid, Don Rodrigo.
We repent not of abandoning his daughters,
Though they sigh their whole lives through,
And are scorned for all that we did to them.

I'll maintain this against the boldest fellow:
We two abandoned them, but not our honour.'
At once, Martín Antolínez rose to his feet:
'Silence, you villain; seal your lying lips,
And recall that sorry business of the lion!
Out of the door you rushed, into the yard,
Then you fled, and hid behind the wine-press;
Neither tunic nor cloak did you wear again!
I'll fight you, for it can end no other way,
Since you two abandoned El Cid's daughters,
Who in all ways are worth far more than you.
And when our duel is done with, you'll admit
You're a traitor, and you lied in all you said.'
There the dispute between those two rested.



'I'll fight you, for it can end no other way'

Lines 3384-3402: King Alfonso seeks an end to the dispute

Asur González now entered the palace hall,
Trailing his ermine mantle behind him,
And red in the face, having dined but lately.
There was little of prudence in what he said:
'Ha! Friends, who ever heard the likes of this!
What do we care about El Cid de Vivar?
Let him grind his millstones by the Ubierna,
And collect his pay, as he's used to doing!

Who'd wish his daughters wed with Carrión?'
Muño Gustioz leapt, immediately, to his feet:
'Silence, you villain, treacherous evil-doer;
You that would eat before you seek to pray!
You insult those you ask to hold their peace!
You utter untruths to both friend and master,
False to us all, and most to the Lord above.
I want no part in what you call friendship,
Rather I'll make you own my words as true.'
Cried Alfonso: 'Enough of this dispute now!
By God, those who were challenged here, shall fight!'

Lines 3403-3438: Navarre and Aragón seek to wed El Cid's daughters

As he was putting an end to their quarrelling,
Behold, two knights made entry to the court;
Ojarra was one, the other Íñigo Ximenez,
This the infante of Navarre, that of Aragón.
They kissed the hands of King Don Alfonso,
For they sought to marry El Cid's daughters,
And make them queens of Aragón and Navarre,
So, honourably, sought the monarch's blessing.
With this, the noise ceased, the court fell silent,
And my Cid, the Campeador, rose to his feet.
'Your Grace, King Alfonso, who are my lord,
I give thanks to the Lord who reigns above
That Navarre and Aragón seek thus to wed.
Since you gave them away, before, and not I,
Behold, my two daughters are in your hands.
I can do naught unless you command it so.'
The King rose, and silenced any murmurs:
'I beg of you, my Cid, worthy Campeador,
If it pleases you, then allow me so to order.
Let the marriages be endorsed by this court,
And may they add to your wealth and honour.'
El Cid kissed the king's hands, and replied:
'Since it pleases you my lord, then I agree.'
Then said the king: 'May God reward you!

To you Ojarra, and you, Íñigo Ximenez,
I now give El Cid's daughters, in marriage,
Doña Elvira, here, and her sister Doña Sol,
To be your noble queens, with my blessing.'
Then the infantes of Navarre and Aragón,
Ojarra and Íñigo Ximenez, rose to their feet,
And kissed the hands of King Don Alfonso,
And then those of my Cid, the Campeador,
Paid them homage, and swore their oaths
That all should be as was agreed, and more,
Which pleased all the nobles that were there,
All those, that is, but the lords of Carrión.

Lines 3439-3476: Minaya issues his challenge; Gómez Peláez responds

Then, Minaya Álvar Fáñez rose to his feet:
'Your Grace, the King, I ask your indulgence,
If it displeases not my Cid, the Campeador.
I have held my patience through all of this,
But now would seek to say a word myself.'
The king replied: 'Do so, with all my heart;
Speak whate'er you wish to utter, Minaya.'
'I ask, of you and all this court, a hearing,
For I've sore grievance against these infantes.
I gave my cousins to them, as commanded,
The king required it, and gave his blessing,
My Cid the Campeador made them wealthy,
And yet they abandoned them, in spite of all.
I challenge them, as traitorous ill-doers.
You are of the line of the Beni Gómez,
Of counts most excellent, and great in valour,
While we know the ways of these infantes.
I give grateful thanks to the Lord above,
That the infantes of Navarre and Aragón
Seek my cousins Doña Elvira and Doña Sol.
(Before they were but your equals to possess,
Now kiss their hands, and call them your ladies,
And prepare to serve them whate'er the cost).

Thanks be to God in heaven, and King Alfonso,
That my Cid the Campeador's honour grows!
The matter is, in all respects, as I have said.
If any wishes to respond, or would deny it,
I, Álvar Fáñez, am full ready to meet the best.'
Gómez Peláez was next to rise to his feet:
'What are all your menaces worth, Minaya?
Plenty are they who'll face you, in this court;
Whosoever doubts it will be made to feel it.
If the Lord wills that we emerge victorious,
You'll know if your boasts were good or no.'
Cried the king: 'Enough of this quarrelling!
Let none other here indulge in accusation.
Let the morrow view these duels, at sunrise,
Twixt the three pairs who addressed the court.'

Lines 3477-3502: A time and place are appointed for the duels

The lords of Carrión then rose to their feet:
'Grant us time, Sire; it cannot be tomorrow.
The Campeador's men have swords and steeds.
We should hold these duels in our Carrión.'
The king now consulted with the Campeador:
'Let the duels take place where'er you desire.'
'No,' replied El Cid, 'I would not have it so,
'E'en though I'd prefer Valencia to Carrión.'
'Indeed, yet let it be the latter,' said the king,
'Give me your three champions in full armour;
Let them go with me, I'll be their guarantor,
I'll assure their safety, like a vassal for a lord,
And prevent attack by count or nobleman.
Here in this court, I now shall set the date,
At the end of three weeks, and in Carrión.
Let all this matter be resolved before me.
He that proves absent, shall forfeit his claim,
And flee in defeat, and be named a traitor.'
The lords of Carrión acclaimed the judgement.
My Cid kissed the monarch's hands, and said:

‘The date and time are acceptable, my lord.
These, my three warriors, are in your hands,
I commend them to you, my lord and king;
All three are ready to fulfil their mission.
For the love of God, return them to Valencia!’
The king, at once, replied: ‘God will it so!’

Lines 3503-3543: El Cid takes leave of the king

From his head the Cid then removed his hood,
And his linen cap, that was white as sunlight,
And freed his beard, after loosening the cord,
While all the court could do nothing but gaze.
The two counts, Don Enrique and Don Remón,
He embraced warmly, begging them, earnestly,
To accept what they wished of all he owned.
Both them and those who supported his claim,
He encouraged to accept what they desired.
Some received his gifts, while others said no.
The two hundred marks returned to the king,
While El Cid retained the rest that he needed:
‘For love of the Lord, my king, I request,
Now that all of our business is concluded,
That by your leave I might kiss your hands,
And seek Valencia, which my efforts gained.’
The king raised his hand and crossed himself,
Said he: ‘I swear by Saint Isidro of León,
There’s not such a man as this in all my realm!’
The Cid mounted then, and paraded his steed,
Before seeking to kiss the monarch’s hand:
‘You ordered me to ride Babieca the swift,
Who’s unequalled midst Christians or Moors.
I hand him to you, as a gift; accept him Sire.’
At once, the king replied: ‘I’d not have it thus.
For, if I did so, he’d lack so good a master.
Such a man as you, needs such a horse as this,
To defeat the Moors in battle, and pursue them.
May God deny his aid to those who’d win him.

For both the steed and you add to our honour.’
They uttered their farewells, then they parted.
The Cid gave good counsel to those who’d fight:
‘Martín Antolínez, Pero Bermúdez, Muño Gustioz,
Stand firm; act like men now, upon the field.
Let me hear brave news of you in Valencia.’
Martín Antolínez answered: ‘Why so, my lord?
We made this our duty; ours it is to accomplish.
Tidings of death you may hear, but not defeat.’
He that was born in fortunate hour was pleased.
He bade farewell to all that were his friends.
The king sought Carrión; my Cid, Valencia.

Lines 3544-3578: The contending parties arrive on the field

The three weeks grace allotted were now past.
Behold, the Campeador’s men arrived on time,
Wishing to do their duty as their lord desired,
And protected by King Don Alfonso de León.
Two days they waited there for the infantes,
Who came well-mounted and clad in armour,
With all their many kith and kin beside them,
Hoping to draw aside the Campeador’s men,
And slay them in the field to El Cid’s dishonour.
The conspiracy was most vile, yet stillborn,
For they lived in fear of Alfonso de León.
That night they kept armed vigil, and prayed.
The night passed away and the dawn broke,
And a host of great noblemen met together,
To view the duels, as they much desired.
Above all, the king, Alfonso, had appeared,
To uphold the rules, and disallow all wrong.
The Campeador’s men donned their armour,
All three of one accord, owning one master.
Elsewhere, the infantes of Carrión prepared,
With Count García Ordóñez counselling them.
They issued a late request to King Alfonso,
That Colada and Tizón, the swords, be banned,

And denied the Campeador's men in the fight.
They regretted that they'd returned the blades,
And so petitioned the king, though he refused:
'You uttered no objection before the court!
If you've fine swords you may employ them,
The others may serve El Cid's men likewise.
Sally forth to the field, my lords of Carrión,
It's time for you to fight, and fight like men,
For El Cid's champions ne'er fail to do so.
If you fight well, the greater is your honour,
But seek not to blame us if you're conquered;
All here know you brought it on yourselves.'

Lines 3579-3605: The king appoints judges to maintain the rules

Now the lords of Carrión repented greatly,
Both filled with regret for what they'd done.
They'd have given all in Carrión to retreat.
The Campeador's three champions had armed,
And King Alfonso was moved to visit them.
Said the Campeador's men: 'We kiss your hands,
For you are our king, Sire, and our master,
And one that shall judge fairly between us,
Uphold the right, and brook no wrongdoing.
The lords of Carrión are here in company,
We know not whether in good faith or no.
Our lord, El Cid, has placed us in your hands,
For the love of the Lord, protect our rights!'
The king replied: 'With all my heart and soul.'
Their horses were brought, fine and swift ones.
They blessed the saddles, mounting with vigour,
Their strengthened shields hanging at their necks.
They grasped sharp-pointed lances in their fists,
And each of the three spears showed a pennon,
While beside them rode many a fine horseman.
They issued to the field, now clearly marked,
All three of El Cid's champions in agreement
That each would strike his adversary hard.

Behold, on the other side, the Lords of Carrión,
Well-accompanied by their host of kith and kin.
The king appointed judges to uphold the rules,
Brooking no dispute as to what was right or no.

Lines 3606-3633: Alfonso initiates the contest

Once they were in the field, King Alfonso spoke:
‘Listen to what I say, now, my lords of Carrión,
You might have fought at Toledo but refused.
These, my Cid the Campeador’s three knights,
I’ve brought safely to the field here, in Carrión.
Uphold the right now, seek to do no wrong,
For if any seeks so to do, I forbid that same,
Nor shall any such be welcome in my realm.’
Now the lords of Carrión looked most troubled,
While all those about the knights left the field.
The king and his judges pointed out the marks,
And showed the six the layout for the duels;
Whoever strayed outside would know defeat.
All of the onlookers kept clear of the ground,
Six lances’ length beyond the nearest marker.
They drew lots for position, in sun or shade;
The judges stepped out, left them face to face;
Then El Cid’s men charged those of Carrion,
And the lords of Carrión El Cid’s brave three,
Each one among them intent upon his target.
They clasped their shields before their chests,
They lowered their lances, pennons fluttering,
They bowed their faces o’er their saddlebows,
And each spurred on his charger to the fight.
The very earth shook as the steeds sped by,
Each of their riders, intent upon their target,
Until three met with three, with such a shock
The onlookers thought all six must have died.



‘Each spurred on his charger to the fight’

Lines 3634-3656: Pero Bermúdez defeats Fernán González

Pero Bermúdez, who’d issued the first challenge,
Now met, face to face, with Fernán González.
Without fear, they struck one another’s shields.
Fernán González pierced that of Bermúdez,
But his lance-tip slid by, not touching the flesh,
While the shaft broke clean apart in two places.
Pero Bermúdez held firm, not losing his balance,
Receiving the blow, and then dealing another.
He shattered the shield boss, he split it in two;
The lance, it passed through Fernán’s defences,
It reached the chest, passing Fernán’s defences.
Three layers of chain mail came to the rescue;
Two gave way, yet the third stopped the lance.

Padded-doublet, shirt, and fragments of mail,
Were driven a hand's-breadth into his flesh,
While a spurt of blood shot out of his mouth.
His saddle-straps broke, now rendered useless;
O'er his horse's croup he flew, to the ground,
The onlookers thinking him fatally wounded.
Pero dropped his lance, unsheathed his sword,
And when Fernán González saw it was Tizón,
He cried: 'I am vanquished!' ere the blow fell.
The judges acknowledged this; Pero withdrew.

Lines 3657-3680: Martín Antolínez defeats Diego González

Now, Martín Antolínez and Diego González
Struck each other so hard that their lances broke.
Martín Antolínez then drew out his sword;
So bravely it shone it brightened all the field.
He dealt a blow, but the blow glanced aside,
Though it sliced the top of his enemy's helm,
It cut through the straps of Diego's helmet
Tore off the mailed hood, reaching the coif,
So, the cap and hood were both ripped away,
And shaved hair from his head, piercing the flesh.
Half the helm was left; half fell to the ground.
The sword Colada had dealt that fierce blow,
And Diego González now feared for his life,
So, he turned his horse to face his opponent,
But Martín Antolínez dealt him a second blow
With the flat of his sword, not the blade's edge,
While Diego's sword ne'er attempted a strike,
But rather the knight cried out, in a loud voice:
'Defend me, great God above, from that blade!'
He reined in his steed then, evading the sword,
Passed the barrier; Martín Antolínez remained.
The king called out: 'Come, join my company.
By your own skill you have gained the victory,'
While the judges all confirmed that it was so.

Lines 3681-3702: Muño Gustioz defeats Asur González

His friends having won, I'll speak of Muño Gustioz,
And how he now fared against Asur González.
They dealt great blows upon each other's shields.
Asur González, both strong and courageous,
Struck hard at the shield of Don Muño Gustioz.
Piercing the shield, he shattered the armour,
But struck there in vain, not finding the flesh.
And now Muño Gustioz returned him a blow;
Piercing his shield, he shattered his armour,
Breaking the shield-boss, in driving inwards,
That failed to resist; he shattered his armour,
Striking his left side, some way from the heart,
The lance and its pennon thrust through the flesh,
Until they emerged, a full arm's length behind.
He twisted the lance, pushed him from the saddle,
So, when it withdrew, his foe fell to the ground,
The shaft, the tip and the pennon now crimsoned,
Such that all thought the man wounded to death.
Recovering his lance, Muño halted above him.
Cried Gonzalo Ansúrez: 'For God's sake, strike not!
For the field is won, and the contest is over.'
The judges then cried: 'And that we confirm!'

Lines 3703-3720: The contest is concluded.

Good King Alfonso ordered the field cleared,
The arms and the armour left there were his.
The Campeador's men departed with honour.
Thanks be to God the combat they had won.
Great now was the grief in the realm of Carrión,
And the king sent El Cid's men forth by night,
So that they might ride without fear of attack.
As men of prudence, they rode night and day,
Till they reached the Campeador in Valencia.
They'd left the infantes in shame and disgrace,
And fulfilled their task as their lord demanded.

My Cid, the brave Campeador, was delighted.
Great now the dishonour to Carrión's grandees.
He that first scorns, and then deserts, a lady,
Let e'er such dishonour fall to him, or worse!
Let us leave the affair of Carrión's grandees,
Now bemoaning the shame they'd suffered,
And speak of him born in a fortunate hour.

Lines 3721-3742: The poet ends his tale

Great now was the joy in mighty Valencia,
That El Cid's warriors had won such honour.
Their lord, Ruy Díaz, took hold of his beard:
'Thanks to God, my daughters have vengeance!
Let them be free of those lands in Carrión!
They'll wed without shame, who likes it or no.'
Navarre and Aragón pursued their request,
And held counsel with King Alfonso de León,
Who gave away Doña Elvira and Doña Sol.
Their first husbands were lords, these were greater;
More honourable were their second marriages.
Behold how his honour increased, the Campeador,
His daughters were brides of Aragón and Navarre,
To them, the monarchs of Spain are now related,
And honour descends to all of them from El Cid,
That departed this life on the day of Pentecost.
Christ pardon him, and all, righteous or sinner!
Such were the deeds of my Cid, the Campeador.
Here's the place where the tale makes an end.
God grant him that wrote it Paradise, amen!
Per Abbat, he penned this, in the month of May,
In the year one thousand two hundred and seven.