

Lord Byron, “[The Girl of Cadiz]” (1809)

ING 005

Lord Byron

[“The Girl of Cadiz”]

1809

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**PROYECTO OLE 11**  
**ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS**  
**POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)**  
**TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 005**

Lord Byron, “[The Girl of Cadiz]” (1809)

1.

Oh never talk again to me  
Of Northern charms and British ladies;  
It has not been your lot to see,  
Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz  
Although her eyes be not of blue,  
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,  
How far its own expressive hue  
The languid azure eye surpasses!

2.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole  
The fire, that through those silken lashes  
In darkest glances seem to roll  
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:  
And as along her bosom steal,  
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,  
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,  
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

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3.

Our English maids are long to woo,  
And frigid even in possession;  
And if their charms be fair to view,  
Their lips are slow at Love's confession:  
But born beneath a brighter sun,  
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,  
And who, ---when fondly, fairly won,---  
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

4.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,  
Nor joys to see a lover tremble,  
And if she love, or if she hate,  
Alike she knows not to dissemble.  
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold---  
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;  
And, though it will not bend to gold,  
'Twill love you long and love you dearly.

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5.

The Spanish girl that meets your love  
    Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,  
For every thought is bent to prove  
    Her passion in the hour of trial.  
When thronging foemen menace Spain,  
    She dares the deed and shares the danger;  
And should her lover press the plain,  
    She hurls the spear, her love's avenger!

6.

And when, beneath the evening star,  
    She mingles in the gay Bolero,  
Or sings to her attuned guitar  
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,  
    Or counts her beads with fairy hand  
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,  
    Or joins Devotion's choral band,  
To chaunt the sweet and hallow'd vesper;---

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7.

In each, her charms the heart must move

Of all, who venture to behold her;

Then let not maids less fair reprove,

Because her bosom is not colder:

Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam

Where many a soft and melting maid is,

But none abroad, and few at home,

May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz!