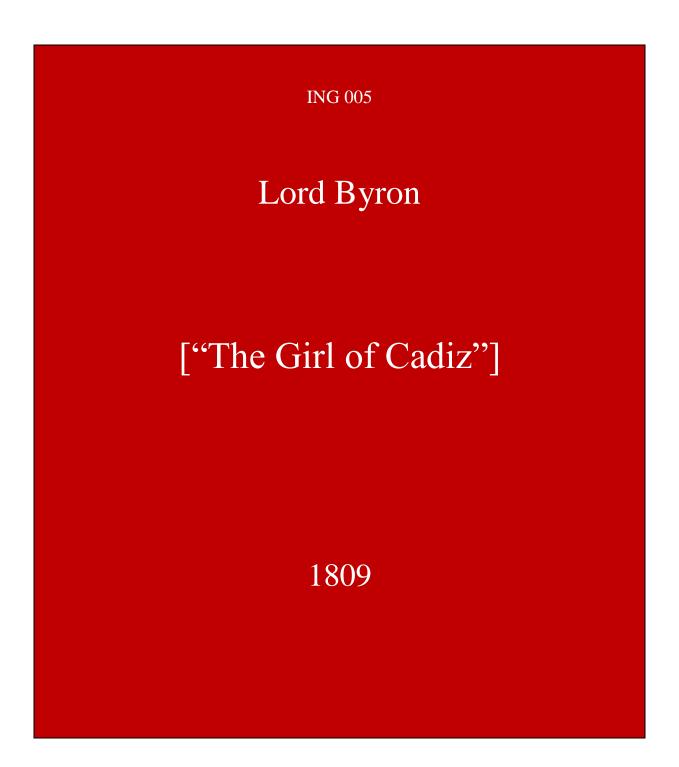
Lord Byron, "[The Girl of Cadiz]" (1809)



**Cítese como**: Byron, George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron. "[The Girl of Cadiz]". 1809. Edición Proyecto OLE 11, 2012. Archivo Electrónico de Fuentes Primarias, Cód. ING 005. http://www.uniovi.es/proyectole11/index.php

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.

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

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.

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

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;---

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

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!