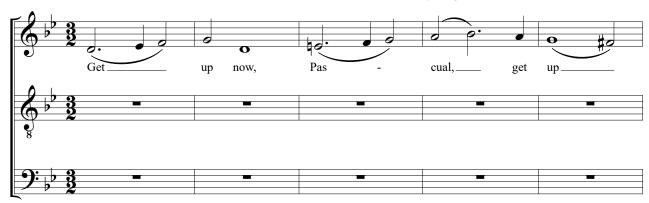
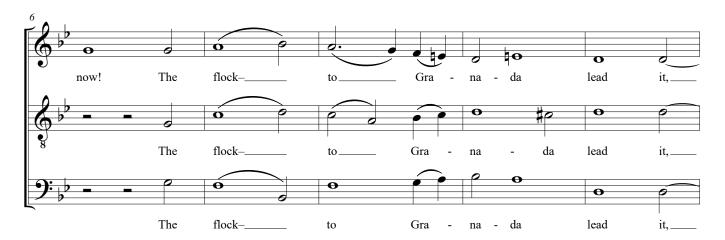
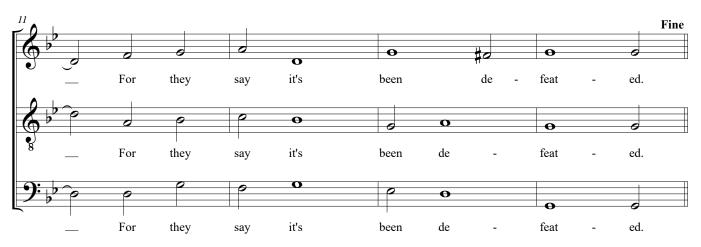
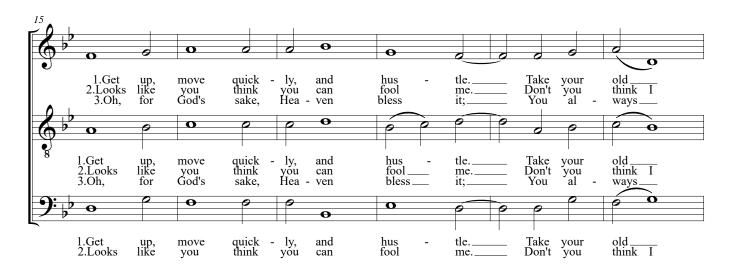
Levanta Pascual

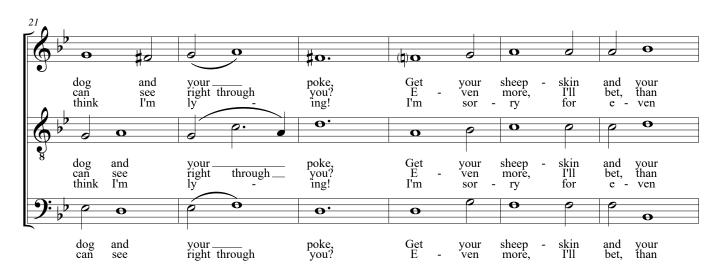
Juan del Encina (1468 - 1529 or 1530) Trans. Carol Anne Perry Lagemann (SCA Kasha Alekseeva)

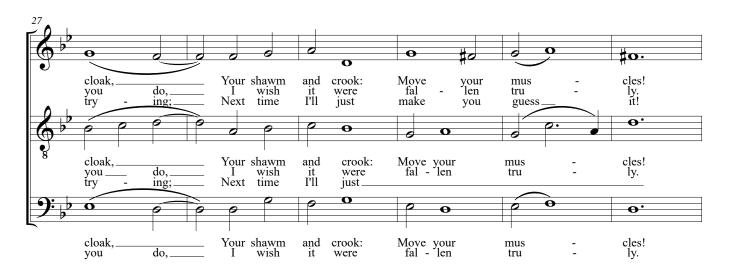




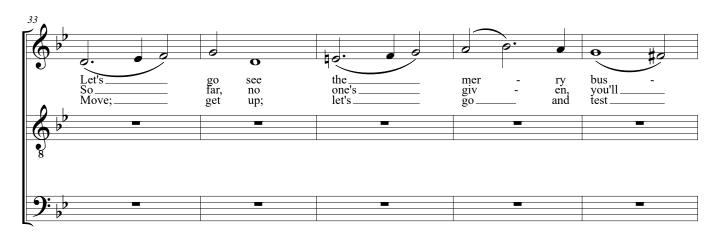


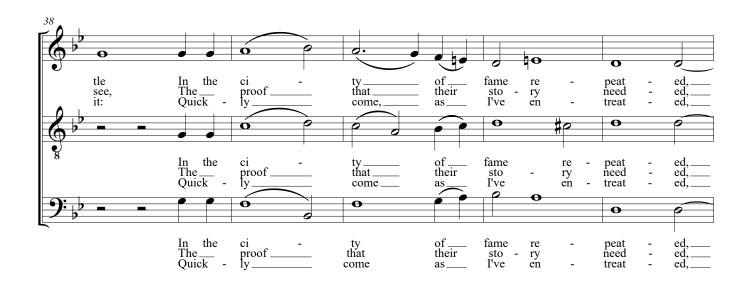


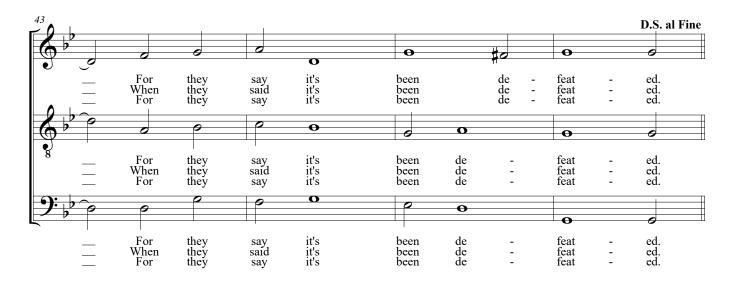




Levanta Pascual 3







Levanta Pascual

- 4. Oh, for God's sake, Heaven bless it; You always think that I'm lying! I'm sorry for even trying; Next time I'll just make you guess it! Move; get up; let's go and test it: Quickly come, as I've entreated, For they say it's been defeated.
- 5. Better to think of our duty:
 We'd better tend to the cattle,
 Or they'll wander toward the battle,
 And turn into Moorish booty.
 Let's pipe up a tune of beauty;
 All this gossip should go unheeded,
 Though they say it's been defeated.
- 6. Well, let the livestock go wander; Let them go wander a ways. It's safe already to graze; In quiet peace they can maunder. Look now toward the sky out yonder: See the smoke that climbs to meet it. As they say, it's been defeated.
- 7. Queen and king of faith undoubted! Come on, let's go, for I perceive it, And I already believe it. Let's go now, just as you've shouted, To trade our goats to the routed And buy gold spoils that they've ceded, For they say it's been defeated.
- 8. O cow-man, listen neatly, I will tell you of a wonder: How that famous town went under With force shattering and speedy. Oh, who's seen such a great treaty As when city and victors treated, For they say it's been defeated?

- 9. Hearing this, I'm feeling giddy;
 Tell me the details I can treasure,
 But I will not loaf in leisure
 Till we've arrived at the city.
 Young man, you are prudent and witty!
 We thank God Spain has succeeded,
 For they say it's been defeated.
- 10. Really it happened this way:
 Our queen and our king, shining gold
 Like stars in the faith we hold,
 Both rode out from Santa Fe.
 They rode forth in early day;
 Dawn from the highway they greeted,
 And they say it's been defeated.
- 11. With all our host in massed collection The city now must teeming be, Filled with great solemnity And songs and joyous connection. The Gothic line's perfection, Sovereigns with glory completed! For they say it's been defeated.
- 12. To our eyes, what consolation:
 On each turret and each tower
 Is raised the Cross of power!
 What a relief! What elation!
 The Court in splendid formation
 Through Granada's gates proceeded,
 And they say it's been defeated.