

From Almería's purple-shadowed bay  
 On to the far-off rocks that gaze and glow—  
 On to Alhambra, strong and ruddy heart  
 Of glorious Morisma, gasping now,  
 A maiméd giant in his agony.  
 This town that dips its feet within the stream,  
 And seems to sit a tower-crowned Cybele  
 Spreading her ample robe adown the rocks,  
 Is rich Bedmár: 'twas Moorish long ago,  
 But now the Cross is sparkling on the Mosque,  
 And bells make Catholic the trembling air.  
 The fortress gleams in Spanish sunshine now  
 ('Tis south a mile before the rays are Moorish)—  
 Hereditary jewel, agraffe bright  
 On all the many-titled privileges  
 Of young Duke Silva. No Castilian knight  
 That serves Queen Isabel has higher charge;  
 For near this frontier sits the Moorish king,  
 Not Bobadil the waverer, who usurps  
 A throne he trembles in, and fawning licks  
 The feet of conquerors, but that fierce lion  
 Grisly El Zagal, who has made his lair  
 In Guadix' fort, and rushing thence with strength,  
 Half his own fierceness, half the untainted heart  
 Of mountain bands that fight for holiday,  
 Wastes the fair lands that lie by Alcalá,  
 Wreathing his horse's neck with Christian heads.

To keep the Christian frontier—such high trust  
 Is young Duke Silva's; and the time is great.  
 (What times are little? To the sentinel  
 That hour is regal when he mounts on guard.)  
 The fifteenth century since the Man Divine  
 Taught and was hated in Capernaum  
 Is near its end—is falling as a husk  
 Away from all the fruit its years have riped.  
 The Moslem faith, now flickering like a torch  
 In a night struggle on this shore of Spain,  
 Glares, a broad column of advancing flame,