

the handsome prisoner were keenly felt by *Aben Hamet*, who deplored equally with him the loss of his country. Solicited in his turn to take the guitar, he excused himself, saying that he only knew one romance, and that one not over palatable to Christians.

"If it be the grans of the Infidels over our victory," sneered *Don Carlos* contemptuously, "you may sing. Tears are permitted to the vanquished."

"Yes," said *Bianca*, "and 'tis for that our fathers, formerly under the Moorish yoke, have left us so many plaintive ballads"—

Aben Hamet then sung this romance, which he had learned from a poet of the *Abencerrage* tribe:

THE SONG OF ABEN HAMET.

Don Juan of Castile with a prancing cavalcade,
Once saw o'er distant hills the towers of bright *Grenada*
Then sudden crossed he him, and by the road he swore
That, in th' *Alhambra* halls, the Moor should reign no more.

Thou fairest town, he cried, thou art my joy and pride,
My heart is thine for aye, and thou shalt be my bride,
With priceless jewels I'll adorn thy halls, until
Thou shadow e'en the far-famed glories of *Seville*.

Thus wooed the King but the city scorned
By a Christian base to be so adorned;
The city scorned—but, O treachery vile!
Now *Grenada* basks in the Spaniard's smile!

Sons of the desert! gone is thy heritage;
The Spaniard sits now in the halls of *Abencerrage*;
Our daughters shall weep, and our sons shall hate;
Allah il Allah! 'twas thus written in fate!

Oh, home of my fathers! lovely *Alhambra*,
City of fountains bright, palace of *Allah!*
The base Christian reigns in the halls of the great;
Allah il Allah! 'twas written in fate!

The simplicity of these strains had touched even the heart of *Don Carlos*, despite the imprecations pronounced against the Christians. He wished to have declined singing, but, through courtesy to *Lautric*, he yielded to their entreaties. *Aben Hamet* handed the guitar to the brother of *Bianca*, who sang of the exploits of the *Cid*, his ancestor—

THE SONG OF DON CARLOS.

In his armour bright, the warrior dight
His sword girt on his thigh;
His proud steeds wait at the castle gate;
His parting now is nigh.

His heart beats high at his fair bride's sigh,
He takes his light guitar,
And to *Ximene*, his weeping dame,
Thus sang the bold *Bivar*.

In the first array of the battle fray, I
Shall *Rodrigo* ever be!
And his war cry proud shall echo loud
For honor, love, and thee!

The turban'd Moor shall bend before
My falchion's flashing might:
And many a foe shall lay full low,
Crushed, quenched in endless night.

In after days, when the bard shall raise
The song in strains of war,
And the tale is told to young and old,
Of *Rodrigo* of *Bivar*.

By cottage small, in bower and hall,
Shall the minstrel sing again
How my battle cry rang loud and high,
For honor, love, and Spain!

Don Carlos had looked so proud whilst singing these verses, with his manly and sonorous voice, that he might well have been taken for the *Cid* himself. *Lautric* partook the warlike enthusiasm of his friend, but the *Abencerrage* turned pale at the name of *Bivar*.

"That Cavalier," said he, "whom the Christians termed 'The Flower of Chivalry' amongst us is called *cruel*. Had his generosity equalled his courage——"

"His generosity," interrupted *Don Carlos* with vivacity, "surpassed even his valor, and 'tis a Moor alone who could calumniate the hero to whom my family owes its origin."

"How say you?" said *Aben Hamet* springing from the seat on which he was half reclining. "Do you count the *Cid* amongst your ancestors?"

"His blood flows in my veins," answered *Don Carlos*, "and I recognize myself of that noble race by the hatred which burns in my heart against the enemies of my God."

"So then," said *Aben Hamet* regarding *Bianca*, "You are of the house of those *Bivars* who after the conquest of *Grenada*, invaded the hearths of the unhappy *Abencerrages*, and slew an old cavalier of that name who wished to defend the tombs of his ancestors from desecration."

"Moor," shouted *Don Carlos* inflamed with rage, "know that I permit no one to interrogate me. If I possess to-day the spoil of the *Abencerrages*, my ancestors acquired it at the price of their blood, and owe it only to their sword."

"Yet a word," said *Aben Hamet*, still more moved, "we were ignorant in our exile that the *Bivars* carried the title of *Santa Fé*, hence my error."

"It was on that *Bivar* the conqueror of the *Abencerrages*," answered *Don Carlos*, "that this title was conferred by *Ferdinand* the Catholic."

Aben Hamet hung his head on his breast. He stood up in the midst of the three, *Bianca*, *Lautric* and *Don Carlos*, who were astonished to see two torrents of tears flowing down either cheek to his girdle.

"Pardon," said he, "men I know ought not to