

### 1: The Spanish Gypsy: A Poem - George Eliot - Google Books

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Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love  
A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines  
On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,  
And on the untravelled Ocean, whose vast tides  
Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth.  
This river, shadowed by the battlements  
And gleaming silvery towards the northern sky,  
Feeds the famed stream that waters Andalus  
And loiters, amorous of the fragrant air,  
By Cdrdova and Seville to the bay  
Fronting Algarva and the wandering flood  
Of Guadiana. This deep mountain gorge  
Slopes widening on the olive-plumed plains  
Of fair Granada: 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 Bedmdr: What times  
are little? To the sentinel That hour is regal  
when he mounts on guard. The Moslem faith,  
now flickering like a torch In a night struggle  
on this shore of Spain, Glares, a broad column  
of advancing flame, Along the Danube and the  
Illyrian shore Far into Italy, where eager monks,  
Who watch in dreams and dream the while they  
watch, See Christ grow paler in the baleful  
light, Crying again the cry of the forsaken.  
So trust the men whose best hope for the world  
Is ever that the world is near its end: Impatient  
of the stars that keep their course And make no  
pathway for the coming Judge. Europe is come  
to her majority, And enters on the vast inheritance  
Won from the tombs of mighty ancestors, The  
seeds, the gold, the gems, the silent harps  
That lay deep buried with the memories Of old  
renown. No more, as once in sunny Avignon,  
The poet-scholar spreads the Homeric page,  
And gazes sadly, like the deaf at song; For  
now the old epic voices ring again And vibrate  
with the beat and melody Stirred by the  
warmth of old Ionian days. The martyred sage,  
the Attic orator, Immortally incarnate,  
like the gods, In spiritual bodies, winged  
words Holding a universe impalpable, Find a  
new audience. The maimed form Of calmly  
joyous beauty, marble-limbed, Yet breathing  
with the thought that shaped its lips,  
Looks mild reproach from out its opened grave  
At creeds of terror; and the vine-wreathed  
god Rising, a stifled question from the  
silence, Fronts the pierced Image with the  
crown of thorns. The soul of man is widening  
towards the past: No longer hanging at the  
breast of life Feeding in blindness to his  
parentage, - Quenching all wonder with  
Omnipotence, Praising a name with indolent  
piety, - He spells the record of his long  
descent, More largely conscious of the life  
that was. And from the height that shows  
where morning shone On far-off summits  
pale and gloomy now, The horizon widens  
round him, and the west Looks vast with  
untracked waves whereon his gaze Follows  
the flight of the swift-vanished bird That  
like the sunken sun is mirrored still Upon  
the yearning soul within the eye. Give me  
three caravels to find a world, New shores,  
new realms, new soldiers for the Cross. The  
sacred places shall be purged again, The  
Turk converted, and the Holy Church, Like  
the mild Virgin with the outspread robe,  
Shall fold all tongues and nations lovingly.  
But since God works by armies, who shall  
be The modern Cyrus? Is it France most  
Christian, Who with his lilies and brocaded  
knights, French oaths, French vices, and  
the newest style Of out-puffed sleeve,  
shall pass from west to east, A winnowing  
fan to purify the seed For fair millennial  
harvests soon to come? Or is not Spain  
the land of chosen warriors? Through all  
the seven patient centuries Since first  
Pelayo and his resolute band Trusted the  
God within their Gothic hearts At  
Covadunga, and defied Mahound; Beginning  
so the Holy War of Spain That now is  
panting with the eagerness Of labor near  
its end. What Spanish knight is he Who,  
living now, holds it not shame to live  
Apart from that hereditary battle Which  
needs his sword? Castilian gentlemen  
Choose not their task, - they choose to  
do it well. Born de la Cerda, Calatravan  
knight, Count of Segura, fourth Duke of  
Bedmir, Offshoot from that high stock  
of old Castile Whose topmost branch is  
proud Medina Celi, - Such titles with  
their blazonry are his Who keeps this  
fortress, sworn Alcayde, Lord of the  
valley, master of the town, Commanding  
whom he will, himself commanded By  
Christ his Lord who sees him from the  
Cross And from bright heaven where the  
Mother pleads; - By good Saint James  
upon the milk-white steed, Who leaves  
his bliss to fight for chosen Spain; -  
By the dead gaze of all his ancestors;  
And by the mystery of his Spanish  
blood Charged with the awe and glories  
of the past. See now with soldiers in  
his front and rear He winds at evening  
through the narrow streets That toward  
the Castle gate climb devious: His  
charger, of fine Andalusian

stock, An Indian beauty, black but delicate, Is conscious of the herald trumpet note, The gathering glances, and familiar ways That lead fast homeward: A goodly knight, A noble caballero, broad of chest And long of limb. So much the August sun, Now in the west but shooting half its beams Past a dark rocky profile toward the plain, At winding opportunities across the slope Makes suddenly luminous for all who see: For men who make obeisance with degrees Of good-will shading towards servility, Where good-will ends and secret fear begins, And curses, too, low-muttered through the teeth, Explanatory to the God of Shem. Five, grouped within a whitened tavern court Of Moorish fashion, where the trellised vines Purpling above their heads make odorous shade, Note through the open door the passers-by, Getting some rills of novelty to speed The lagging stream of talk and help the wine. The souls are five, the talkers only three. No time, most tainted by wrong faith and rule, But holds some listeners and dumb animals. Warranted Christian, - else how keep an inn, Which calling asks true faith? But infant awe, that unborn breathing thing, Dies with what nourished it, can never rise From the dead womb and walk and seek new pasture. And Lorenzo Would have all lives made easy, even lives Of spiders and inquisitors, yet still Wishing so well to flies and Moors and Jews, He rather wished the others easy death; For loving all men clearly was deferred Till all men loved each other. Such mine Host, With chiselled smile caressing Seneca, The solemn mastiff leaning on his knee. His right-hand guest is solemn as the dog, Square-faced and massive: In speech not silvery, rather tuned as notes From a deep vessel made of plenteous iron, Or some great bell of slow but certain swing That, if you only wait, will tell the hour As well as flippant clocks that strike in haste And set off chiming a superfluous tune, - Like JUAN there, the spare man with the lute, Who makes you dizzy with his rapid tongue, Whirring athwart your mind with comment swift On speech you would have finished by and by, Shooting your bird for you while you are loading, Cheapening your wisdom as a pattern known And spun by any shuttle on demand. Can never sit quite still, too: Has a queer face: Thin-fingered, lithe, And as a squirrel noiseless, startling men Only by quickness. I3 For Juan was a minstrel still, in times When minstrelsy was held a thing outworn. Spirits seem buried and their epitaph Is writ in Latin by severest pens, Yet still they flit above the trodden grave And find new bodies, animating them In quaint and ghostly way with antique souls. Such Juan, the third talker, shimmering bright As butterfly or bird with quickest life. His party-colored vest, tight-fitting, and his hose, Are dulled with old Valencian dust, his eyes With straining fifty years at gilded balls To catch them dancing, or with brazen looks At men and women as he made his jests Some thousand times and watched to count the pence His wife was gathering. This little PABLO has his spangles too, And large rosettes to hide his poor left foot Rounded like any hoof his mother thought God willed it so to punish all her sins. I said the souls were five, - besides the dog. A misanthropic monkey, gray and grim, Bearing a lot that has no remedy For want of concert in the monkey tribe. We see the company, above their heads The braided matting, golden as ripe corn, Stretched in a curving strip close by the grapes, Elsewhere rolled back to greet the cooler sky; A fountain near, vase-shapen and broad-lipped, Where timorous birds alight with tiny feet, And hesitate and bend wise listening ears, And fly away again with undipped beak. We see them all, And hear their talk, - the talk of Spanish men, With Southern intonation, vowels turned Caressingly between the consonants, Persuasive, willing, with such intervals As music borrows from the wooing birds, That plead with subtly curving, sweet descent, - And yet can quarrel, as these Spaniards can. JUAN near the doorway. You hear the trumpet? No bray but his can shake the air so well. He takes his trumpeting as solemnly As angel charged to wake the dead; thinks war Was made for trumpeters, and their great art Made solely for themselves who understand it. The Duke has finished reconnoitring, then? We shall hear news. Naught, I say naught. Here comes the Duke. They give but feeble shouts. And some look sour. That spoils a fair occasion. Civility brings no conclusions with it, And cheerful Vivas make the moments glide Instead of grating like a rusty wheel. Best treat your wasp with delicate regard; When the right moment comes say, "By your leave," Use your heel - so! Live, live, Duke Silva! His smile is sweetened by his gravity: Breaks from the calm, - a sudden opening flower On dark deep waters: Sit, be good company. Nay, but I marked his spurs, - chased cunningly! A duke should know good gold and silver plate; Then he will know the quality of mine. For, let me tell you, when a mosque is cleansed The demons fly so thick from sound of bells And smell of incense, you may see the air Streaked as with smoke. Why, they are spirits: You may well think how crowded they must be To make a sort of haze. I knew not that. Ay, your Duke

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Sat well: I can judge, - Of harness specially. I saw the camp, The royal camp at Velez Malaga. And torches carried by the score at night Before the nobles. But you seem to say The people love him not. Ay, you mean the wind The antipathy in full to Ishmael. But I know We made a stir in Saragossa - we: The men of Aragon ring hard, - true metal. A lapsing Jew or any heretic May owe me twenty ounces: The Jew is stripped, his goods are confiscate; Now, where, I pray you, go my twenty ounces? God knows, and perhaps the King may, but. How was I to know? I could but use my sense and cross myself. Christian is Christian, - I give in, - but still Taxing is taxing, though you call it holy. I speak too bluntly. But, for Holy Church, No man believes more. Nay, sir, never fear. Good Master Roldan here is no delator. You speak to me, sirs? I perform to-night - The Playa Santiago. Twenty tricks, All different. And the boy Sings like a bird. I crave your patronage.

### 2: Literary Encyclopedia | The Spanish Gypsy

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### 3: The Spanish Gypsy - Wikipedia

*Mary Ann Evans, known by her pen name George Eliot, was an English novelist, poet, journalist, translator and one of the leading writers of the Victorian era. She was born in at a farmstead in Nuneaton, Warwickshire, England, where her father was estate manager. Mary Ann, the youngest child and.*

Plot summary[ edit ] Act 1. The noble Roderigo sees a beautiful young girl Clara walking one night with her family. Declaring himself bewitched by her beauty, he kidnaps her with the help of his friends, Diego and Lewys, then takes her back to his residence and rapes her. After the fact, Roderigo feels remorse and lets her go. Clara studies the room and manages to steal a crucifix before she is returned to town; these are her only clues as to the identity of her attacker. Later, Lewys realizes with horror that the girl he helped kidnap is the very woman he has been courting. He confronts Roderigo, who lies and tells him that he let the girl go without harming her. There is a group of gypsies in Madrid lodging in the house of Juana Cardochia. One of them is a gypsy girl of unusual beauty and intelligence, named Pretiosa. Despite the difference in their social stations, Don John asks Pretiosa to marry him. Pretiosa agrees only if Don John consents to live as a gypsy for two years. Meanwhile, Clara returns to her mother and father Maria and don Pedro de Cortes and relates her misfortune. Her family urges secrecy for the moment. Lewys arrives to court Clara, but she is reluctant. Alvarez has been living in exile ever since, though no one knows his whereabouts. Sancho returns home and is scolded by his guardian Don Pedro. Sancho and his servant, Soto, decide to run off and join the troupe of gypsies. Roderigo, now wracked with guilt for his crime, meets Sancho and Soto and decides to turn gypsy as well. Clara recognizes the room where she was raped, and asks don Fernando if he has any children. Fernando replies that he has two: Clara reveals her rape to Fernando, showing him the crucifix as proof. Fernando is horrified, and vows vengeance upon his son. Don John becomes a gypsy and is formally betrothed to Pretiosa; he is renamed Andrew. Fernando pretends not to recognize his son Roderigo, and asks him to play the lead role: Seeking revenge, the spurned Cardochia has accused Andrew of stealing the jewel she gave him. Andrew is arrested and taken away. Don Fernando confronts his son Roderigo and tells him that the play is real: Roderigo refuses and expresses his desire to marry the beautiful woman who had been watching the play that evening. The woman is Clara, though Roderigo seems not to recognize her from the rape. Fernando agrees to the marriage. Roderigo has married Clara offstage. But Fernando then stages an elaborate interrogation, first telling his son that he has been punished by marriage to a wanton, then pressing him to confess his crimes. Roderigo eventually breaks down and admits to the rape, adding that he wishes he could have married the woman he wronged. Clara and her family then emerge from hiding and explain everything. Roderigo vows to love Clara and redeem himself. Lewys finds he cannot kill the older man, and the two are reconciled. Soon afterwards, the gypsy girl Pretiosa arrives to beg Fernando for the release of her betrothed, Andrew. Cardochia confesses her plot, and is promised to Diego as penance. Don John and Pretiosa are married. Performance and Historical Context[ edit ] The Spanish Gypsy was licensed for performance by Sir Henry Herbert , the Master of the Revels , on 9 July ; the text includes two mentions of the camels and elephant that arrived in London for exhibit in that month. The play was performed at Court on 5 November that year; Prince Charles attended. From "La fuerza de la sangre" it takes the idea of a nobleman who rapes a well-born girl; the girl eventually discovers the identity of her attacker, and he is made to repent and make amends by marrying her. Problems of Authorship[ edit ] The London stationer i. A second quarto was issued in The assignment of authorship was unquestioned till the 20th century. Dugdale Sykes was the first modern scholar to dispute the attribution to Middleton and Rowley; he favored John Ford as the author, judging on a range of stylistic and textual features. Joan Sergeaunt noted the strong resemblances between the gypsy scenes in this play and similar materials in the works of Thomas Dekker. Later scholars, perhaps most prominently David Lake, have refined and confirmed these studies. The Spanish Gypsy dates from the early s, a time when Dekker, Ford, and Rowley were certainly working together:

### 4: Short Gypsy Poems - Examples

*Page 6 - For now the old epic voices ring again And vibrate with the beat and melody Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days, The martyred sage, the Attic orator, Immortally incarnate, like the gods, In spiritual bodies, winged words Holding a universe impalpable, Find a new audience.*

No more, as once in sunny Avignon, The poet-scholar spreads the Homeric page, And gazes sadly, like the deaf at song ; For now the old epic voices ring again And vibrate with the beat and melody Stirred by the warmth of old Ionian days, The martyred sage, the Attic orator, Immortally incarnate, like the gods, In spiritual bodies, winged words Holding a universe No good is certain, but the steadfast mind, The undivided will to seek the good: A spirit framed Too proudly special for obedience, Too subtly pondering for mastery: Born of a goddess with a mortal sire, Heir of flesh-fettered, weak divinity, Doom-gifted with long resonant consciousness And perilous heightening of the sentient soul. Our marriage rite Is our resolve that we will each be true To high allegiance, higher than our love,â€™ Our dear young love, â€™ its breath was happiness! But it had grown upon a larger life Which tore its roots asunder. We rebelled,â€™ The larger life subdued us. Day, the mighty Giver. Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds, Melted rubies sending Through the river and the sky, Earth and heaven blending ; All the long-drawn earthy banks Up to cloud-land lifting: On one he leans: Memory yields, Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp Our angel Eason holds. I choose the ill that is most like to end With my poor being. Hopes have precarious life. They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness. But faithfulness can feed on suffering, And knows no disappointment. Shall men bequeath The fancies of their palate to their sons, And shall the s. Why will it not? Then all the valley would be pink and white And soft to tread on. They would fall as light As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once! Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go, Will it rain roses? It never will rain roses: Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines On the Mid Sea that moans with memories, And on the untravelled Ocean, whose vast tides Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth.

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### 7: Spanish Gypsy - Poem by Mark J. Halliday

*Editions for The Spanish Gypsy. a Poem. by George Eliot.: (Paperback published in ), (Kindle Edition published in ), (Paper.*

### 8: The Spanish Gypsy by Eliot, George

*The reader conversant with Spanish poetry will see that in two of the lyrics an attempt has been made to imitate the trochaic measure and assonance of the Spanish Ballad. MAY, Page [unnumbered] Ã~.*

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### 9: The Spanish Gypsy

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