



DAWN ON THE SIERRA OF GREDOS

By

ROY CAMPBELL

Dedicated to Francisco Ligarga

WHILE those of us by Tagus stray
Whom careless Valkyries forgot
Or stayed behind with, on the spot—
(Your hair the night, your face the day!)
And others ride the Milky Way
Whose hearts with "greater love" were shot—

In what new Tercio, what battalion,
Serves now our recent Alferéz,¹
The Legionary angel, Death,
The rider of the pale grey stallion,
Who paid the godless hordes their tallion,
And made their wrath a waste of breath?

The last of four tall shades, he's ridden,
Along the eastward mountain-track,
Their faces in sombreros hidden,
Through their four great horses known—
The riders of the White, the Black,
The Colorado, and his own.

He will return, but not to harm,
Rather to rest us, and relieve.
He will come back, but as on leave
Or visiting some friendly farm—
No more in the thunderclouds to sleeve
The lightning of his strong right arm.

¹ Pronounced "Alferéth."

*dispensa la
manilla de
buen vino &
Collares que
bajo a tu
salud.*