

Mio Cid

Dark Moor

Cid! Cid! Mio Cid! Mio Cid!
Hero and honoured great warrior
who serves without treason;
he guards both Islam and Christ
in what he thinks in reason.
Knight who, elected by God,
is determined to glory,
after the moment of death,
he could succeed in war.
His dust. Mio Cid!
His must. Mio Cid!
His sweat. Mio Cid!
His threats. Mio Cid!
His steel. Mio Cid!
His zeal. Mio Cid!
Mio Cid! Mio Cid!
Tied to his horse,
Mio Cid Campeador,
Remains stable
Pouring his gore,
Only this vision
Spreads fear and fright,
Foes indecision
Gives him the fight.
After expiring
Great feat he did,
His foes are choiring
O, Mio Cid!
Both armies loudly call
O, Mio Cid!
Mio Cid!
Cid! Cid! Mio Cid! Mio Cid!
As his force was always inner,
no matter his dying,
Mio Cid's again the winner
and his troops outcrying.
Loud and keen, the clamour
runs among the field,
this sounds like a hammer
battering a shield.
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Mio Cid!
Cid! Cid! Mio Cid! Mio Cid!
En el fragor,
el Cid Campeador
es como un rayo
batallador.
Su alma es una
fuente de luz,
bajo la Luna,
o bajo la Cruz.
Cabalga yerto,
y gana la lid,
después de muerto,
¡Oh, Mío Cid!
Después de muerto,
¡Oh, Mío Cid!