

Spain: Cadiz
The Girl of Cadiz 2
Lord Byron (1788–1824)

But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
And who, when fondly, fairly won,
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

The Spanish maid is no coquette, 25
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold,—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely; 30
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'T will love you long, and love you dearly.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;
For every thought is bent to prove 35
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger. 40