

The Ride of El Cid

Em **Am** **Em** **Intro: Em D Em D**
Rodrigo Diaz, called the Cid, of Castile,
G **D** **Em**
Defended the right and brought rebels to heel;
Em **G** **Am**
His blade won a city, or so the bards sing,
Em **D** **C** **D** **Em** **D**
But Honor demanded he humble the heart of a King.

Em **Am** **Em**
And so he is banished—his King has betrayed him--
G **D** **Em**
And Death is the sentence for any who aid him.
Em **G** **Am**
The people lament for the loss of their sword;
Em **D** **C** **D** **Em** **D** **Em** **D**
“Oh what a good vassal, if only he had a good lord!”

“Farewell, my Ximena, my most perfect wife,
The shame of an exile shall not be your life.”
As the nail from the flesh they have parted their ways,
And humbly to Heaven Rodrigo most fervently prays,

“Oh Glorious One, in your mercy, protect me;
Send me your guidance and do not reject me.”
And God gives him help, as Our Savior redeems,
The Archangel Gabriel comes to the Cid in his dreams, and says...

Chorus: **G** **F** **E**
Ride, Cid! Blessed the hour you were born!
F **E**
Blessed the moment you girded your sword!
F **E**
Christian and Saracen call you their lord;
F **E**
The Army of Heaven has sounded its horn,
F **E** **F** **G** **D**
And Gabriel calls you to ride!

And so, out of Spain Don Rodrigo will ride,
The flower of chivalry staunch at his side—
Knights seven score ride with three hundred lance,

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Swords of the Crown become soldiers of Fortune and Chance.

In al-Andalus they are striking and raiding
With hopes of a service in honor fast fading;
From far Zaragoza, a King calls in need,

“Command well my forces and take up the name of El Cid!” Em D Em D

For King Mutamin, for his rich and his poor,
El Cid was defender from Christian and Moor;
Soon all Zaragoza is safe and serene,
And fair Barcelona pays tribute to King Mutamin.

Now the Cid seeks a home that has long been denied him,
Valencia’s rule with Ximena beside him;
His siege breaks the City, the judges convene,
“Come live as our liege-lord and crown your Ximena as queen!” CH

For five years the Cid has a glorious reign,
And Valencia’s wealth floods the coffers of Spain;
Rodrigo is welcomed again by his liege
‘Til Berbers from Africa lay the Cid’s kingdom to siege.

Hunger and heartache cannot overtake him;
His son falls in battle, but grief cannot break him.
He goes to the people to rally their pride—
“Tomorrow we sally to meet them in one final ride!” Em D Em D

But mortal is he, and in deeps of the night,
The soul of the Cid from his body takes flight.
Ximena a marvelous plan will contrive—
“My husband will ride at your head whether dead or alive!”
In armor on horseback his body they settle
To conquer the ultimate test of his mettle;
He rides down his enemies, deaf to their screams,
And rides out of sorrow and death into legend and dreams! CH

Words by Lisa Theriot

Music by Ken Theriot

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