



## **Cantar de mio Cid: Clásicos de la literatura**

*Anonymous*

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## **Cantar de mío Cid: Clásicos de la literatura** Anonymous

Este ebook presenta "Cantar de mío Cid" con un sumario dinámico y detallado. El cantar de mío Cid es una obra épica y se supone que fue escrita alrededor del año 1.200. Se considera como la primera obra narrativa extensa de la literatura española en una lengua romance y relata hazañas inspiradas libremente en la vida del caballero castellano Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar. Los versos de esta obra se encuentran divididos en dos hemistiquios, cada uno de entre 4 y 13 sílabas, separados por cesura. No presenta división en estrofas; en cambio, los versos se agrupan en tiradas (series de versos con una misma rima asonante). La obra está dividida en tres cantares: - Cantar del destierro (despedida y campañas militares contra moros). - Cantar de las bodas (las hijas del Cid se casan con los infantes de Carrión, conflictos posteriores de los infantes por su cobardía). - Cantar de la afrenta de Corpes (escarnecimiento y abandono de las hijas del Cid por parte de los infantes. El Cid pide justicia al Rey. Reto de adalides y reparación final de la honra del Cid.).

## **Cantar de mío Cid: Clásicos de la literatura Details**

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## **From Reader Review Cantar de mio Cid: Clásicos de la literatura for online ebook**

### **Miquel Reina says**

This is undoubtedly, one of the great classic poems of Spanish literature of medieval chivalry. I read it during my school days but I still remember it as one of the most well designed stories of the medieval society. The poem tells the story of a knight who has been banished and all the stories and adventures that he will force to live for it. It's a good book to understand much better the Middle Ages, their customs and values, entrenched the concept of honor and the importance of recovering it as one of the most precious things. I recommend it for all fans of the medieval poetry and tales of chivalry.

Spanish version:

Éste es sin lugar a dudas uno de los grandes poemas clásicos de la literatura Española de caballería medieval. Lo leí como lectura obligatoria en mi época escolar pero aún así lo recuerdo como uno de los relatos más bien trazados de la época. El poema nos cuenta la historia de un caballero que ha sido desterrado y todas las historias y peripecias que deberá vivir por ello. Es un buen libro para entender mejor la época medieval, sus costumbres y sus valores, muy arraigados al concepto de honor y de su recuperación como el bien máspreciado. Recomendable para todos aquellos aficionados a la poesía medieval y a los relatos de caballería.

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### **Xime García says**

Enough said.

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### **Walt says**

This book would have benefited from a greater analysis of the historical characters, rather than some cursory observations about the historiography. King Alfonso is generally remembered as a conniving treacherous lord and the Cid was something of a rogue warrior often at odds with this kingdom. Some of this is evident in the story as the banished Cid (no clear reason why "good Alfonso" banished him) wanders across Spain raiding and fighting Christians and Muslims, Spaniards and Catalans. His only quest appears to be warfare. That makes him little better than a drunken soccer hooligan.

Full of warfare and glory that is difficult to believe, there are some interesting observations. There is a great amount of fighting between cross and crescent, but there is no discussion of politics, religion, economics, or society. It is just something Spaniards do. The crux of the story was the weakness of the princes of Carrion, Christians. Consequently, the poem itself seems to showcase societal rivalry between the nobility and the lower classes. There may be some geopolitical rivalry too as the Cid was from Castille, and the princes were from Leon. The role of women is also shown in stark reality as property, not individual human beings. It is certainly strange to people in 21st Century America reading that the Cid appears to be more outraged that his sons-in-law had kept his prized swords - which he gave to them as presents - than he was in their treatment

of his daughters. Weird.

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### **Ben says**

This book has it all! Swords! Dancing! And beards! All tangled up in an epic "historic" poem. The Cid--a gallantly bearded knight banished by his king for crimes he did not commit--goes smiting and smashing all over Spain, killing Moors like flies and creating a kingdom of his own by the sweat of his beard. And oh what a beard it is! The Beard of The Cid manages to become arguably one of the greatest sidekicks of all time. I myself am growing my own beard in solidarity with the Beard of the Cid. And, someday I hope to clutch my beard, giving it a dramatic shake, when ere I speak. But, until then I must content myself with brushing it three times daily and allowing plenty of rest and sunshine. But someday! Oh! I shall read the whole of the Song of the Cid aloud, beard in hand, and then I shalt know happiness in full.

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### **A.U.C. says**

Aunque me sienta culpable, ya que creo que estoy siendo muy injusta con la primera obra literaria conocida escrita en castellano, me siento incapaz de otorgarle algo más que una estrella.

En mi opinión, antivalórica (para los valores de hoy en día, eso sí) y hasta estúpida. No me gusto la "poesía" ni tampoco el estilo.

Y me da lo mismo si es una obra maestra para la época. Me cargó.

Y, honestamente, no veo el valor de la obra. Tal vez podría ser valor histórico, pero en ese caso el Ministerio no obligaría a miles de niños a sufrir con ésto y más encima adquirir un resentimiento con la literatura. Si el valor fuera histórico, se podría hacer un resumen de lo que *El Mio Cid* nos enseña sobre la Edad Media. Porque, reitero, no creo que tenga valor literario alguno.

Puaj.

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### **Roy Lotz says**

This book has been sitting around my bookshelves for a long time, ever since a friend from college gave it to me on a whim; and because of my impending trip to Spain, I finally decided to pick it up. It is a quick and light read; and I was pleased to find out that this is the oldest extant epic poem in Castilian, and a foundational work of Spanish literature. So I've done my homework.

The poem tells the story of Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar (1043 – 1099), a medieval Spanish nobleman and military leader of great skill. (By the way, the honorific title "Cid" is a Spanish loan word from the Arabic *sîdi*, meaning "lord.") Perhaps unsurprisingly, the poem has mythologized El Campeador's life considerably. ("Campeador" is another honorific for the man, meaning "battlefield master." I'm getting all this from Wikipedia, by the way.) In this story, after being exiled by King Alfonso, the Cid spends his time conquering and slaying Muslims, bringing glory to his king and to Christendom. In reality, the Cid spent this period fighting for Muslim rulers, and even defeated several Christian forces. Nevertheless, it is quite true that he

was a military leader of great skill and success.

This poem displays all of the earmarks of an oral poem: a repetitive structure, formulaic expressions and epithets, “flat” and extraverted characters, a simple and straightforward narrative. It was committed to paper several generations after the Cid’s death; and before being written down, it benefitted from being told and retold at public gatherings. The first two of the three cantars mainly concern the Cid’s heroic deeds, his triumphs in battle over all who opposed him. The third departs from this and tells of the mistreatment of the Cid’s daughters and the resulting negotiations and trial by combat.

Although I admit I found the poem a bit dull, it does provide a fascinating glimpse into medieval Spain. Quite interesting to me was the heavy value placed on winning booty. (I mean “booty” in the pirate, not in the hip-hop sense.) After every one of the Cid’s victories, it is emphasized again and again how much money he gained. He constantly promises his followers riches and finery and wealth; and this martial pursuit of lucre seems to be regarded by all as honorable and right, a fit pursuit for God-fearing men.

Also instructive was the glimpse into the medieval justice system. After the Cid’s two daughters are literally beaten and left for dead by their husbands, the Cid seems more concerned with his damaged honor than by the fact that his daughters were almost savagely murdered. And even though the perpetrators were obviously guilty and in the wrong, a trial by combat is held—during which the Cid doesn’t even fight—to decide the question of honor and shame. To me, the whole proceeding seemed to miss the point, but of course that’s neither here nor there.

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### **Mike says**

I've wanted to read *The Song of My Cid* since the age of 16, when I visited Toledo, Spain, and saw El Cid's (alleged) sword Tizona on display. Our local tour guide told us of Toledo's place in the story, but it was the memory of Tizona that stuck with me, and I told myself that one day I'd read the epic. I can't believe it has taken me sixteen years (literally half my lifetime), but I finally got around to reading it. The experience was well worth the wait. In fact, I'm glad I waited and had a chance to read most of the other major medieval epics just so I could realize how great this one is in comparison. Also, I'm at a point in my life where I'm beginning to take an interest in my Spanish heritage. (My mother's side of the family comes from the Spanish Canary Islands, and before that, the Extremadura region just west of the setting for El Cid.)

While the beginning seems like merely a list of battles and riches won, the middle section soon turns into a surprisingly emotional account of a just, unselfish knight who regains his honor. The truly great part of the epic, however, is the final courtroom climax in Toledo. It was surprising to me, given that I hadn't read anything remotely like it in medieval literature. (Granted, my knowledge of medieval lit is limited.) It added a sense of rising tension and realism to the final duel. In those final 30 pages I was as enthralled as if I were reading a modern legal thriller. Ultimately, this epic was a wonderful mix of legend, history, political machinations, and bloody battles. A great read!

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### **Jandro says**

It is our Odyssey, our Iliad. If most English/American authors can be traced back to Shakespeare and Homer,







## Chris Duval says

The first half of this tale speaks of the successful marauding of the exile, El Cid, who attacked one civilized place after another. It reminded me of a passage in Gibbon about the Normans: “his Norman followers, excluded from their native and their promised land, wandered among the hills and valleys of Italy, and earned their daily subsistence by the sword.” (Chapter LVI of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.) Later on, the (ahistorical) mal-treatment of the hero's daughters reminded me of the brutality related in the George R. R. Martin *Fire and Ice* books.

This medieval barbarism is relayed in fluid, translated English courtesy of Burton Raffel. My only gripe, an idiosyncratic one, is that he modernized the place names (and a few terms). Thus “...Mio Cid el de Bivar/ e pasó a Alfama, la Foz ayuso va,/ pasó a Bovierca e a Teca...” becomes “my Cid, the Warrior from Vivar, moved on,/ Passing Alhama, then La Hoz,/ Then Bubieca and even Ateca...” (I.26). And “un moro Latinado” becomes “a Moor who understood Spanish,” (III.126) a choice that hides the acknowledged linguistic debt to Roma. This connection to the past, brought out in a footnote, resembles how today the various mutually unintelligible languages of the Maghreb, Mesopotamia, the north Levant, Egypt and Arabia all say they speak Arabic.

The introduction by María Rosa Menocal explores the origins of the text. Interestingly there is quite the dispute as to whether it arose from oral tradition, or from high culture. The scholar Ramón Menéndez Pidal had insisted on the former, and his opinion was embraced by Franco's Nationalists. This fascist bias towards the unwritten, and thus towards the pure (in their minds) starts for national treasures was elucidated well in another context by Martin Bernal, in his *Black Athena*, Vol. I. Nazi theory held the Greeks to be the child-race from which Aryans sprung, and thus it was important to them that Homer was uninfluenced by the nearby literate Afro-Asiatic cultures.

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## Javier says

¡Ah! ¡El Cantar del buen Cid! ¿A quién se le pudo ocurrir obligar a un niño de 14 a digerir esta joya? ¡No tiene ni boca ni sesos para hacerlo!

Ahora a mis 32 en cambio, he sonreído y sonreído, acariciando la misma copia de páginas amarillentas que compre allá en 1993 so pena de Rojo en la libreta... A diferencia de mis años mozos (o mozárabes), no he sido infiel o indiferente al texto esta vez; al contrario, he apreciado el terruño de historia que nos ha reconquistado del ya olvidado breviario escolar; los colorescos panoramas y curiosas costumbres de la Edad Media, y de la Reconquista específicamente. ¿Quién imaginaria que los duchos y lóbregos caballeros médiévaes se besaban en la boca como muestra de afecto? Además del cúmulo de costumbres y raíces idiosincráticas de la madre España que aún ahora retumban en los modos y las mentes de los Peninsulares (y también en las ex-colonias de la América Latina). También esta la convivencia pacífica (bueno, casi) entre Moros y Cristianos; interacción interesante de ver a estas "alturas" de la Historia.

Si, El Cid es para disfrutarlo en madurez, como a un vino; especialmente cuando degustamos del lenguaje;

arcaico pero robusto y de fácil comprensión (por lo menos en la edición que yo poseo)

Cabe recalcar que también es sumamente entretenido, a diferencia de "El Cantar de Roland" Francés que no supo agradarme en su día.

Definitivamente recomendado a aquellos que aman la literatura en Castellano; El Cid bienhadado no defraudara, y seguro que os regalara uno que otro refrán como regalo para que practiqueis cuando convenga.

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### **Suzannah says**

The Song of the Cid, like The Song of Roland, is a story from the Spanish frontier, set amidst the wars between Christians and Moors. The opening of the poem has been lost, but by this chance we are dropped straight into the action. The Cid, already a legendary warrior in the service of King Alfonso of Castile, has been given nine days to leave the kingdom. We find him in tears, leaving his home at Vivar. Then it's into the saddle and away into exile in the Moorish borderlands between Toledo and Valencia. Forced to part from his beloved wife and daughters, no money to take with him, a following of only a small band of faithful friends, and no chance of finding safety and rest except in whatever towns he can conquer, the Cid faces annihilation.

Still, the legend is not for nothing, and bit by bit the Cid fights his way into wealth and a kingdom, even regaining Alfonso's good graces through his loyalty and generosity. But it's when a pair of unscrupulous fortune-hunters set their eyes on an alliance with his family that the Cid proves his true worth.

(Detailed review available now at [Vintage Novels!](#))

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### **Bill Kerwin says**

*The Poem of the Cid*, the first great work of Spanish literature, tells the story of the 11th century military leader Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, his unjust exile, his rehabilitation through military conquest and tribute, and his search for justice following the humiliation and abuse of his two daughters at the hands of their husbands.

I wanted to like this better than I did. After all, it is the first known production of a great nation, the heroic expression of a people, and I had prepared myself to love it and embrace as I do *The Iliad*, *Beowulf*, and *The Song of Roland*.

Perhaps the fault is with the translation. I chose Paul Blackburn because I have always admired his plain colloquial language and his spare imagery, and I like the fact that he produced a translation to be read aloud. But although there was dignity and poignancy here, there was no real majesty or epic darkness. Later, I picked up the W.S. Merwin for comparison. I found more dignity and more poignancy in Merwin's verse, but less joy, less narrative purity. And the majesty and epic darkness eluded me here as well.

I came to see *The Poem of the Cid* not so much as an epic, but as a series of something akin to three very long ballads, similar to the "Robin Hood Cycle" of English tradition: the first ballad is about the Cid's exile and early victories, the second about his conquests and rehabilitation, the third about his search for justice

and the restoration of honor.

One I got used to *The Poem* not being an epic—at least according to my definition—I began to see that it possessed compensatory virtues. Since it dispense with the supernatural machinery usually found in the epic, it concentrates instead on a realistic portrait of the time, an innocent delight in battle strategy, the bravery of warfare, the magnificence of treasure won on the field, the clear imperatives of honor.

I recommend it. No, it's not Homer. But it has down-to-earth enthusiasm and a narrative purity all its own.

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## Caroline says

Another 'well, no wonder it's a classic' from my project of reading from Philip Ward's *A Lifetime's Reading: Five Hundred Great Books to be Enjoyed over 50 Years*.

But *Poem of the Cid* can be two different types of experience. I read two translation side by side. I started with Paul Blackburn's modern verse translation, when I found it at the library book store. I had just read Blackburn's translations of troubadour poetry and liked them very much, so I thought I'd continue. But then, once in and discovering that Blackburn's version no doubt employed his artistry in bringing the poem forward in time, I found that I wanted to see the original medieval Spanish. Blackburn being of the 'it won't help you so we're not printing it' school, I plucked the TBR ratty paperback copy of W.S. Merwin's translation of the same poem from my shelves. It's got the original en face.

Merwin chose to hew more closely to the original. He couldn't hope to reproduce the exact music of the original if he kept the meaning, so he chose the latter. However, he did stick to the simple declarative style and line length of the poem, with caesurae indicated by spacing. It works well, but leaves more to the reader to imagine. Originally the poem would have been recited by a jongleur, so the rhythm would have been managed by someone who knew the poem intimately. This version preserves the medieval feel of the poem, and is well done.

Blackburn chose to imbue his poem with more explicit evocation of the sarcasm, humor, action, and comradely slang. It comes to life, albeit a modern American life. I don't think he mangles or alters the poem materially, rather he renders it in a way the events would be conveyed by a good storyteller if they happened last week. In his forward he is emphatic that it is meant to be read aloud. Line lengths vary greatly, with enjambment replacing the caesura as a tool. Thus Blackburn's has an onward momentum that the more regular original makes up for with traditional rhythm.

An example:

Part One, verse 35

*Enbraçan los ecudoes delante los coraçones  
abaxan las lanças abueltas de los pendones,  
enclinaron las caras de suso de los razones,  
ívanlos ferir de fuertes coraçones.  
A grandes voces llama el que en buen ora nació:  
“!feridlos, cavaliers, por amor del Criador!  
Yo so Roy Díaz, el Çid de Bivar Campeador!”  
Todos fireman en el az do esta Per Vermudoz.*

*Trezientas lanças son, todas tienan pendores;  
señor moros mataron, todos de señas golpes;  
a la tornada que fazen otros tantos muertos son.*

Merwin:

They clasp their shields over their hearts,  
they lower their lances swathed in their pennons,  
they bowed their faces over their saddletrees,  
with strong hearts they charged to attack them.  
He who in good hour was born cried with a great voice:  
“Attack them, knights, for the love of the Creator!  
I am Ruy Diaz, the Çid, the Campeador of Bivar!”  
All rushed at the rank where Pedro Bermudez was.  
They were three hundred spears each with its pennon;  
all struck blows and killed as many Moors;  
on the second charge they killed three hundred more.

Blackburn:

They bring their shields in front of their chests  
lower their lances into position flying their pennons, bend  
their heads low over the fronts of their saddles and  
charge to the fight, their hearts bursting with courage.

In a great voice, he who was born in a good hour cried:  
“Cut them down, gentlemen, for the Creator’s love! I  
am Ruy Diaz de Bivar, the Cid Campeador!”

They charge into the column where Pedro Bermudez is,  
300

lances, each with its pennon,

each struck through its mark,

each took a Moor with it.

Rode out, turned and charged again,  
300 more were dead.

(nice ‘Moor’/‘more’ at the end of both translations)(note: Goodreads makes it really clunky to HTML the mid-line caesura in the Spanish and Merwin, so insert it in the logical place).

It should be noted here that even though this particular battle is against the Moors, there is no Crusader zeal in evidence. This poem is all about booty. King Alfonso of Leon has thrown the Cid out of his kingdom, and the guy needs a constant stream of income to feed his entourage. It just so happens that all the land to the south, where the Cid can be out of reach, is held by the Moors. The land they travel through is pretty barren, so after every victory they need to move on to find a green pasture. A pasture that happens to belong to the Moors. Thus, many lively battle scenes.

Once ownership is settled, he's perfectly happy to make friends, live and let live. He's also generous, spreading the captured wealth with the gang, and sending some back to Alfonso in hopes of making peace. Finally they take Valencia, and the Cid figures he's rich enough. The Cid has Moorish allies, and he doesn't hesitate to attack Christians who offend him. Of course the Moors aren't happy and the ruler in Morocco tries twice to retake Valencia. Fifty thousand Moors to four thousand of the Cid's men: no problem: "only 104 [Moors] escaped". Eventually he gives enough to Alfonso to win forgiveness, but he stays in Valencia; it probably seems safer to keep an eye on the Moors than risk the politics of the Spanish court. And the climate is nice.

The second half of the book is quite different, although still, in form, holding to Medieval models. There is a romance thread, great swords, long journeys with carefully articulated routes, and a tournament. But they are just the structure for wonderful character studies of the brave and clever Cid, the incredibly stupid and cowardly braggart aristocratic brothers who wed his daughters, and the enigmatic Alfonso. The highlight is the trial, in which the Cid hornswoogles the brothers and their clan by deceptively feinting his full intentions, step by step.

Underlying the whole book, however, is the powerful force of honor. Everyone is quick to take offense, and adamant about defending his honor. This can become highly ridiculous, to us. During the trial scene, for example, the Cid has tied up his long beard so no one can pull it, which would be a great dishonor. Through all my reading in subsequent Spanish literature honor stays foremost, a great waste of energy and a debilitating preoccupation for a country, it seems to me.

So, as far as which translation, I come down on the side of Blackburn. Plus there are his occasional tongue-in-cheek notes. At one point the Cid's strategy rests on attacking as the enemy comes downhill, with their cinches loose and riding a different form of saddle than the Cid's men use. The Cid's men rout them of course. Blackburn, in the notes at the end: "It was those low cantles on the Catalan horses. Always use a Galician saddle."

And finally a line which I bet has become common in Spanish. The Cid has set up the cowardly brothers and their dastardly uncle; they have to do combat with three of his trusty knights, over an insult to his family. He entreats his men to fight well (he won't be at the tournament). One of them replies:

*Dixo Martín Antolínez: "Por qué lo dezides, señor!  
Preso avemos el debdo e a passar es por nos;  
podedes odir de muertos çde vencidos no."*

Martín Antolínez said, "Why do you say this, lord?  
We have accepted the charge, it is for us to carry it out;  
you may hear of dead men but not of vanquished."

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## **Ivan says**

Si uno es capaz de retrotraerse a aquella época y entender qué es lo que les importaba a aquellas personas y lo que quería transmitir el autor del Cantar, es una lectura muy interesante. Soy capaz de entender qué se representa aquí, pero me es imposible no aburrirme ante tanta enumeración de conquistas y riquezas e idas y venidas de personajes demostrando X cosa a otro. No dudo que es interesante como relato de una época, en ese sentido es un 5 estrellas, pero si me baso en mi experiencia lectora no es tan gratificante como, por ejemplo, la lectura del Cantar de Roldán, mucho más interesante a nivel formal desde mi punto de vista.

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