

El Cid The Champion

Folkodia

The whispering winds
Promise solitude to me;
The open steppe is the
Blessing of the free!

My horse's riding wild
Underneath the sky;
With sword held up high
I embrace eternity!

I long for my queen,
For the days in Castile:
To breathe again the air
That filled my heart with hope...

To stand against the moor,
With his scimitar to clash
My destiny lies revealed
Here on the bloody battlefield!

My horse's riding wild
Underneath the sky;
With sword held up high
I embrace eternity!

El Cid Campeador,
Mighty Alférez of old
Stand and deliver
Thy land from these dogs!

Rodrigo Díaz, in our hearts
You will never die!
A hero, A symbol,
Immortal champion:
Bear far thy standard
On that foundered shore!