

# Mozart – O Calpe

lyrics by Robin Willow 10/8/2007 copyright

Verse 1

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Oh Calpe! There's thunder at your feet,  
But your ancient peak calmly looks upon The world around her  
Look! Clouds are forming across the western waves, Growing wider and full of promise

Calpe, oh Calpe, there's thunder at your feet,  
Your ancient rock looks calmly on  
Your foolish foe's defeat.  
Your ancient rock in regal glance  
Surveys the western waves  
The distant clouds are growing large / dark  
With promised rain perchance

Verse 2

It flutters, Oh Calpe! Clouds of sail! Wings of salvation!  
How grand flies Britannia's flag, your faithful Calpe!  
But night is falling, she covers mountains, plains, sea  
And bay and cliffs with her blackest unholy raven wings  
Where the pale sailor's death lives, smashing hulls. Go on! Thousand howling throats!

Calpe, oh Calpe, the fluttering clouds of sail  
Britannia's flag, salvation's wings  
Will never Calpe fail.  
The black unholy raven wings  
Cover with falling night  
The pale sailor's death & broken hulls  
The howling throat that sings

Verse 3

The waves are rising to the sky, Bursting they crash against the rocks.  
Already the debris of the enemy's broken ships Is floating hither. Onward, onward!

Calpe, oh Calpe, waves rising to the sky  
The debris of their broken ships  
Our foe now cannot fly  
Waves bursting crash, the swell now dips  
And onward, onward roars  
To crash again with anger fierce  
And bruise their battered lips

Verse 4

The shore is covered by a mighty army Proudly showing their fiery mouths.  
A sea squadron, large in number, Spain and France united,  
With banners high are swimming in the bay; Go forth, go forth, go forth! [onward, onward, onward]

Calpe, oh Calpe, a mighty army stands  
Now covering our sacred shore  
Fiery mouths and cruel hands  
Spain and France join'ed as before  
Banners high swim in the tide  
This terrible squadron in the bay  
To wound us to the core [To bind us with iron bands]

Verse 5

Night! Storms! Enemy ships! They come,  
Masters of the sea, their breasts are cold, Without fear, They are Albion's offspring

Calpe, oh Calpe, the night is filled with storms  
They come these masters of the seas  
Cold breasts and fearless forms  
Again they come to see us freed  
They are Albion's offspring  
With deadly power they approach  
To aid us in our need

Verse 6

You strive in vain, oh envious night! With your blackest ravens plumage  
To cover [hide] the high, daring venture!  
Will you hold out against the glimmer, which The bard's song pours over the high, daring venture?

Calpe, oh Calpe, vainly strive envious night  
The shadows of your raven plumage  
Can't hide proud Calpe's might  
Nor stop the bard's glimmering message  
Which tells our great venture  
To beat this fearless enemy  
Their cold cruel visage

Verse 7

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You cry in vain, oh wind's bride! In vain you rage,  
Oh wave mountains! Up on the rocks, down on the rocks!  
Raging, the glory in her plumage carries Howe,  
The tamer of floods, his squadron of heroes through the world!

Verse 8

And you, mighty army on the shore!  
And you, threatening forest of France's and Spain's masts!  
In vain – they land, the Brits! They land!

Calpe, oh Calpe, vainly cries the wind's bride  
Raging mountainous waves now roar  
Let Howe the tamer ride  
His hero squadron this world o'er  
Is known and feared by all  
This forest of masts, France and Spain  
Yet cannot hold our shore

Verse 9

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With renewed strength stands the unbroken Rock And the fearsome Rock of rocks,  
He, the hero of Fingals land,  
In the gruesome work of death always human And humane, Eliott!

Calpe, oh Calpe, your fearsome strength renewed  
Elliot, hero of Fingal's land  
Is still as human viewed  
While fearsome fires of war are fanned  
The rock of rocks stands firm  
And in the gruesome work of death  
He'll soon victorious stand

Verse 10

And now all friend in the embraces of similar [like] brothers  
Sent by the caring mother, after long absence,  
kissing the brother hero for strength. Oh, how they surround the glorious man,  
Rapt in admiration. He did this – he suffered this – Through years – for the fatherland

Calpe, oh Calpe, as brothers now embrace  
Our hero brother's strength to share  
Gladly to see his face  
Our absent mother yet with care  
Sent us aid in our need  
And now [surround] declares the glorious man  
You'll win if you will dare  
[Who did not fear the race / Who turned not from the race ]

Verse 11

Hold on, oh song! These feelings sing I, the bard, Not out in mortal strings!  
But I, the man, want to take joy in my strings  
So that the big tree of humanity, which shades the Earth,  
In my day too, with such shimmering eternities of Valued fruit, glows.

Calpe, oh Calpe, the bard now hopeful sings  
Of this great tree which gives Earth shade  
Yet not as mortal strings  
Eternal fruit that does not fade  
Will glow and give Earth light  
To remember with gratitude  
The price that has been paid