

Art History 331  
Muslims, Jews, and Christians in Medieval Spain  
Prof. Stephen Clancy

MISCELLANEOUS QUOTES: JEWS UNDER MUSLIMS AND  
CHRISTIANS

**Deuteronomy 11:20-21:** "And you shall inscribe them on the doorposts ("mezuzot") of your house and on your gates, so that your days and the days of your children may be prolonged upon the land which the L-rd swore to give to your fathers for as long as the heavens are above the earth"

**Medieval streets and "ordinances":**

"There is a tale that St. Louis, on his way to early morning services at the Eglise des Cordeliers, had the contents of a chamber pot emptied on his head from the window of a student's living quarters. As a result, the municipal officers of Toulon strongly recommended that nothing be thrown out of upper-story windows – not dirty water, not urine, not "luizava" (wash water)." (Jean-Pierre Legguay, *La rue au moyen âge* (Rennes, 1984), 42 (trans. Stephen Clancy))

**Some poems of Samuel ha-Nagid** (from *Hebrew Poems from Spain*, trans. David Goldstein (New York, 1996), quoted at <http://www.humanistictexts.org/samuel.htm>)

My friend, tell me,  
When shall I pour you my wine?  
The cry of the cock woke me,  
And sleep has deserted my eyes.  
Come out and see the morning light  
Like a scarlet thread in the East.  
Make haste, give me a cup,  
Before the dawn starts to rise,  
Of spiced pomegranate juice  
From the perfumed hand of a girl,  
Who will sing songs. My soul  
Revives and then dies

Man's wisdom is at the tip of his  
pen,  
His intelligence is in his writing.  
His pen can raise a man to the rank  
That the scepter accords to a king.

I look up to the sky and the stars,  
And down to the earth and the  
things that creep there.  
And I consider in my heart how their  
creation  
Was planned with wisdom in every

detail.  
See the heavens above like a tent,  
Constructed with loops and with  
hooks,  
And the moon with its stars, like a  
shepherdess  
Sending her sheep into the reeds;  
The moon itself among the clouds,  
Like a ship sailing under its banners;  
The clouds like a girl in her garden  
Moving, and watering the myrtle-  
trees;  
The dew-mist—a woman shaking  
Drops from her hair to the ground.  
The inhabitants turn, like animals, to  
rest,  
(Their palaces are their stables);  
And all fleeing from the fear of  
death,  
Like a dove pursued by the falcon.  
And these are compared at the end  
to a plate  
Which is smashed into innumerable  
shards.