

capped Picos de Europa. More twisting roads lead to Oviedo, the 9th and 10th century capital of the Kingdom of Asturias. From this time dates the Camera Santa of the cathedral, and on the mountain side overlooking the city the churches of San Miguel de Lillo (c.848) and Sta Maria de Navanco (c.842), the latter built as the audience hall of the royal summer palace.

Before returning to France by Santander, Bilbao and San Sebastian our final visits were to the Caves of Altamira with their marvellous prehistoric wall paintings, and the small town of Santillana del Mar. The monastery and later collegiate church of Sta Juliana has yet another of the marvellous series of Romanesque cloisters we had seen in Spain, the capitals rich in carvings of foliage, animals and biblical scenes. The whole village is protected as the Spanish equivalent of a conservation area, but not so far with the stultifying effect of a museum. Though there will be many tourists on occasions, the villagers go about their work without concern, cows being brought to water in the main street, with milk and gingerbread offered to visitors. Balconies filled with plants and flowers, a restaurant for lunch tucked away down an alley, and good Spanish wine is not an inappropriate note on which to end this account of our Pilgrimage.

### Camino de Santiago

*Whan that April with his showres soote  
The droughte of March hath percèd to the roote,  
From Englande, Irelande, Wales and eke Scotlande  
There gathered pilgrims, ah, a happy bande,  
Who would to Santiago wend theyre waye,  
With Michelin and Zodiaque als wa,  
To gaze at divers kirkes Romanesque,  
And seke shrines auncien and pittoresque.*

*With Lisabeth and Susanne fair and wyse  
They found delites to plesse theyre myndes and eyes;  
Oft-tymes Diana smoothèd theyre passage  
For in Espagne men spoke a strange laungage;  
And faithful Daniel—était magnifique  
When bends were tyght or parts were far to seke.  
Lyke Roland's Oliphant his horn would calle  
to summon strays from choro, apse or halle.*

*But now Great Bretayne beckons; we must saye  
Oure heartiest thanks to those who led the waye,  
Described the rute and learned the bookish lore,  
For this oure pilgrimage of eighty-four.  
True 'tis, we'll fain remember long and well  
The year we bore oure scrips to Compostelle;  
My muse is weak the many peaks to showe,  
But in a word—it was fantastico!*

*Margaret Gerrard*