

PROYECTO POETRY'15
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS
TEXTOS POÉTICOS INGLESES, FRANCESES, ALEMANES, ITALIANOS Y PORTUGUESES
SOBRE LA REVOLUCIÓN LIBERAL ESPAÑOLA (1820-1823)
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ENG 126

'B.', "To the Martyr of Spain" (1823)

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FROM THE SPANISH

RIEGO! Riego!—and can it then be
That the sword of thy valour is sheath’d in the grave?
Ah! why must the root of young Liberty’s tree
Thus ever be fed with the blood of the brave?

Yet, oh! when we think how the blossoms will flourish,
When life-drops so pure and so precious as thine;
That exotic from heav’n in its infancy nourish,
E’en they who most loved thee will cease to repine.

For the tyrants will find,—who have let fourth the soul
From thy one single bosom, in thousands to burn,—
That they safelier far might have crush’d the dread bowl,
At the poison-tree fill’d for the culprit’s return.

Than have thus let escape from its prison of clay
That electrical spirit, a spark of whose flame
Were enough to light cowards themselves on a way,
O’er the necks of oppressors to freedom and fame.

In despoiling the fruit, they have scatter’d its seed
Wide, wide through the land, to spring up and to thrive,
When, of all that are link’d with this merciless deed,
Not a name, save in infamy’s page, shall survive.

And in fast-coming years when Hispania shall see
The abyss which had well nigh entomb’d her o’ergrown,
She will turn, with a boast and a blessing, to thee,
As the Curtius who rescued her life with his own.

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Not to *her*! whose affections to thee haply nearer—
Not *firmer*—than e’en to her country, must cling;
Who must feel that one flow’r in the bosom is dearer
Than all that yet slumber, unwaked by the spring.

Not to *her* shall the pitying tear be denied,
(Which it shames us o’er thee in thy glory to shed)
Till the first madding tumult of sorrow subside,
And she learn that not *vainly* her loved one hath bled;

Till we roam thro’ our vallies, unchain’d, but by all
The blue hills where the olive-branch waves to the gale;
Till we bound o’er our mountains, unconscious of thrall,
Save the loveliness luring us back to the vale;—

Then ev’n the lone mourner will joy to behold
Her own birth-land as blest as its hero desired,
And each true Spanish heart, with the same loving, bold,
And high soul which, in *him*, she could worship inspir’d.

B.