

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 001

'B.', "Some Passages in a Celebrated Speech" (1823)

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We’ve been long naughty boys, and to Europe we owe it,
As atonement for our *escapades*, now to shew it.
What blessings have followed the full restoration
Of legitimate rulers and rule to the nation.
The country is prosperous—that is, the KING is—
La Charle’s torn to pieces, and that sort of thing is
Gone quite out of fashion —all, all love my sway,
For if any one grumbles I instantly say,
Like the *King in Tom Thumb*, when the people frowned, “Down with
Their heads, that the frowners may have none to frown with.”
France first led the way in those base revolutions
Which set up iniquitous, *free*, institutions, —
And (worse than all) shewed to plebeian beholders
That Royal heads *can* be divorced from their shoulders.
It is, therefore, for us to abolish the reign,
Which is lately established, of Freedom in Spain;
And the Cortes no longer permit to make *her* vile,
For Kings *shall* be absolute —people be servile.
So ten times ten thousand of Frenchmen have orders
To march to the army encamped on the borders.
To command these brave fellows, the Gen’ral I’ve sent is
One to whom my heart puts me in *loco parentis*.
As Commander in Chief he must sure play his part well,
He has seen so much arduous service —at Hartwell.
(The Duke here arose —laid his hand on his hilt,
In token of oceans of blood *to be* spilt—
Like the *Joe Miller* jest of a certain Lord Mayor,
Who, when hunting, was told, “My Lord, here comes the hare;”
When he valiantly drew forth and brandished his blade—

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“She’s coming! –Well, let her come –Zounds, who’s afraid?
The GOD OF ST. LOUIS I pray on my weary knees
To carry them all safely over the Pyrenees,
To prevent the descendant of old HENRI QUATRE,
My good cousin FERDINAND, being a martyr.
For, of course, you all know that this Virgin’s man-milliner,
Who embroiders chemises to make her look killing, or
To shew his fine stitching to all those who visit her–
This bigot of bigots –this grandest Inquisitor,
Who is all we despise joined to all that we hate,
Is the true-born descendant of HENRY the Great.
This Regan of *our* sex –this father’s betrayer,
The prisoner, exiler, even the slayer
Of the faithful and brave, who, in ill-omened hour,
By their valour restored this warmed viper to power –
This stone-hearted ingrate– this thirster for blood,
Is the lineal descendant of HENRY the Good!
This time-serving truckler, who abjectly licked
The dust from the foot by which he was kicked;
This traitor –this tyrant– this sycophant slave
Is the worthy descendant of HENRY the Brave!
Then, Oh! Let us fight for this Stateman –this hero–
This new DIONYSIUS –this pupil of NERO;
Let us crush the promoters of *all* Revolutions,
Let us fight to put down all *imposed* Constitutions;
They should always, you know, not be *taken* but *given*,
And come from the Throne like the soft dew from Heaven.
This smile is so exceedingly like, you
Must see it at once –it can’t fail to strike you.

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Till this is accomplished the DUKE gives his word,
That he never –no never will put up his sword;
He once drew it before –but not in the field, it,
As perhaps you remember, was only to yield it.
To arms, then, to arms! Such a cause must unite
The hearts, hands and swords, of all Frenchmen to fight.
In a quarrel like this who would think of the cost?
No matter what treasure, what lives will be lost,
Let Conscriptions and Taxes work France to her poor bones,
‘Tis all for the glory and good –of the BOURBONS!

B.