

Felicia Hemans, *England and Spain; or Valour and Patriotism* (1808)

ING 001

Felicia Hemans

*England and Spain; or Valour and
Patriotism*

[selecciones]

1808

PROYECTO OLE 11
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)
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...

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How had thy soul indignant mourn'd her shame,
Her sullied trophies, and her tarnish'd fame!
When Valour wept lamented BRUNSWICK's doom,
And nurs'd with tears, the laurels on his tomb;
When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,
Invok'd his spirit to descend and save;
Then set her glories—then expir'd her sun,
And fraud achiev'd—e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms, that smil'd with plenty gay,
Has desolation spread her ample sway;
Thy blast, oh Ruin! on tremendous wings,
Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings!
Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force,
With dark destruction marks its whelming course;
Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain,
Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!

Rise, Freedom, rise! and breaking from thy trance,
Wave the dread banner, seize the glitt'ring lance!
With arm might assert thy sacred cause,
And call thy champions to defend thy laws!
How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain?
How long shall despots and usurpers reign?

3

Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled?
Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?
Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell,
No patriot WALLACE, no undaunted TELL?
Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand;
Once more 'tis thine, invincible, to wield
The beamy spear, and adamantine shield!
Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows,
Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes;
Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquer'd fires,

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Thy look sublime the warrior's heart inspires:
And while, to guard thy standard and thy right,
CASTILIANS rush, intrepid, to the fight;
Lo! BRITAIN's gen'rous host their aid supply,
Resolv'd for thee to triumph or to die!
And glory smiles to see IBERIA's name,
Enroll'd with ALBION's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam,
Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme:
So when two radiant gems together shine,
And in one wreath their lucid light combine;

...

8

And, as the pyramid indignant rears
Its awful head, and mocks the waste of years;
See her secure in pride of virtue tow'r,
While prostrate nations kiss the rod of pow'r!

Lo! where her pennons waving high, aspire,
Bold victory hovers near, "with eyes of fire!"
While LUSITANIA hails, with just applause,
The brave defenders of her injur'd cause;
Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise,
And swells th' exulting pæan to the skies!

And they, who late with anguish, hard to tell,
Breath'd to their cherish'd realms a sad farewell!
Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,
Still fondly linger'd on its deck, and sigh'd;
Gaz'd on the shore, till tears obscur'd their sight,
And the blue distance melted into light;
The Royal Exiles, forc'd by Gallia's hate,
To fly for refuge in a foreign state;
They, soon returning o'er the western main,
Ere long may view their clime belov'd again;
And, as the blazing pillar led the host
Of faithful Israel, o'er the desert coast;

9

So may Britannia guide the noble band,
O'er the wild ocean, to their native land.
Oh! glorious isle! oh! sov'reign of the waves!
Thine are the sons who "never will be slaves!"

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See them once more, with ardent hearts advance,
And rend the laurels of insulting France;
To brave Castile their potent aid supply,
And wave, oh Freedom! wave thy sword on high!

Is there no bard of heavenly power possest,
To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast?
Like Shakespeare o'er the secret mind to sway,
And call each wayward passion to obey?
Is there no bard, imbued with hallow'd fire,
To wake the chords of Ossian's magic lyre;
Whose numbers breathing all his flame divine,
The patriot's name to ages might consign?
Rise! Inspiration! rise, be this thy theme,
And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam!

Oh, could my muse on seraph pinion spring,
And sweep with rapture's hand the trembling string!
Could she the bosom energies controul,
And pour impassion'd fervor o'er the soul!

10

Oh! could she strike the harp to Milton giv'n,
Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean heav'n!
Ah! Fruitless wish! ah! pray'r preferr'd in vain,
For her! the humblest of the woodland train!
Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise
Thy hymn of liberty, the song of praise!

IBERIAN bands! Whose noble ardour glows,
To pour confusion on oppressive foes;
Intrepid spirits hail! 'tis yours to feel
The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal!
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,
Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain;
No cruel rapine leads you to the war,
No mad ambition, whirl'd in crimson car;
No, brave Castilians! your's a nobler end,
Your land, your laws, your monarch to defend!
For these, for these, your valiant legions rear
The floating standard, and the lofty spear!
The fearless lover wield the conquering sword,
Fir'd by the image of the maid ador'd!
His best-belov'd his fondest ties, to aid,
The Father's hand unsheaths the glittering blade!

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For each, for all, for ev'ry sacred right,
The daring patriot mingles in the fight!
And e'ven if love or friendship fail to warm,
His country's name alone can nerve his dauntless arm!

He bleeds! he falls! his death-bed is the field!
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield!
His closing eyes the beam of valour speak,
The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek;
Serene he lifts to ehaven those closing eyes,
The for his country breathes a pray'r-and dies!
Oh! ever hallow'd be his verdant grave,
There let the laurel spread, the cypress wave!
Thou, lovely Spring! bestow, to grace his tomb,
Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy earliest bloom;
There let the tears of heav'n descend in balm,
There let the poet consecrate his palm!
Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground,
And shades of sainted heroes watch around!
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling knell,
Thy chief, oh Thebes! at Mantinea fell;
Smil'd undismay'd within the arms of death,
While Victory, weeping nigh, receiv'd his breath!

12

Oh! thou, the sovereign of the noble soul!
Thou soure of energies beyond controul!
Queen of the lofty thought, the gen'rous deed,
Whose sons unconquer'd fight, undaunted bleed,
Inspiring Liberty! thy worshipp'd name
The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame;
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony,
Thy charms inspire him to achievements high;
More blest, with thee to tread perennial snows,
Where ne'er a flow'r expands, a zephyr blows;
Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,
In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign;
Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove,
The green savannas, and the spicy grove;
Scent the rich balm of India's perfum'd gales,
In citron-woods, and aromatic vales;
For oh! fair Liberty, when thou art near,
Elysium blossoms in the desart drear!

Where'er thy smile its magic pow'r bestows,

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There arts and taste expand, there fancy glows;
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,
And ev'ry chord to swelling transport lives;

13

There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace
The soul of beauty, and the lines of grace;
With bold, Promethean hand, the canvas warms,
And calls from stone expression's breathing forms.
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its bound,
Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands,
And rich profusion clothe deserted lands!

Immortal FREEDOM! daughter of the skies!
To thee shall BRITAIN's grateful incense rise!
Ne'er goddess! Ne'er forsake thy fav'rite isle,
Still be thy ALBION brighten'd with thy smile!
Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,
While proudly triumph'd thine insulting foes;
Yet tho' a cloud may veil Apollo's light,
Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight:
Once more we see thy kindling soul return,
Thy vestal-flame with added radiance burn;
Lo! in IBERIAN hearts thine ardour lives,
Lo! in IBERIAN hearts thy spark revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted band!
Still sure to conquer, if combin'd ye stand:

14

Tho' myriads flashing in the eye of day,
Stream'd o'er the smiling land in long array;
Tho' tyrant Asia pour'd unnumber'd foes,
Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose:
For ev'ry state in sacred union stood,
Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood;
Each heart was glowing in the gen'ral cause,
Each hand prepar'd to guard their hallow'd laws;
Athenian valour join'd Laconia's might,
And but contended to be first in fight;
From rank to rank warm contagion ran,
And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van:
Then Persia's monarch mourn'd his glories lost,
As wild confusion wing'd his flying host;

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Then Attic bards the hymn of victoty sung,
The Grecian harp to notes exulting rung!
Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record,
The high achievements of the conquering sword.
Thus, brave CASTILLIANS! thus, may bright renown,
And fair success your valiant efforts crown!

Genius of chivalry! Whose early days,
Tradition still recounts in artless lays;

15

Whose faded splendors fancy oft recalls,
The floating banners, and the lofty halls;
The gallant feats thy festivals display'd,
The tilt, the tournament, the long crusade;
Whose ancient pride Romance delights to hail,
In fabling numbers, or heroic tale:
Those times are fled, when stern thy castles frown'd,
Their stately tow'rs with feudal grandeur crown'd;
Those times are fled, when fair IBERIA's clime,
Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sublime;
And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,
Live but in legends wild, and poet's lore!
Lo! where thy silent harp neglected lies,
Light o'er its chords the murm'ring zephyr sighs;
Thy solemn courts, where once the mistrel sung,
The choral voice of mirth and music rung;
Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,
Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan:
Thy lovely tow'rs deserted fall away,
Thy broken shieldis mould'ring in decay.
Yet tho' thy transient pageantries are gone,
Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown;
Genius of chivalry! thy noble train,
Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain!

16

Fair truth, array'd in robes of spotless white,
Her eyea sunbeam, and her zone of light;
Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,
Still darting forwardto the wreath of fame;
And purest love, that waves his torch divine,
At awful honour's consecrated shrine;
Ardour with eagle-wing, and fiery glance;
And gen'rous courage, resting on his lance;

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And loyalty, by perils unsubdued;
Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude;
And patriot energy, with heart of flame;
These, in IBERIA's sons are yet the same!
These from remotest days their souls have fir'd,
"Nerv'd ev'ry arm," and ev'ry breast inspir'd!
When Moorish bands their suffering land possess,
And fierce oppression rear'd her giant crest;
The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,
In eastern gems and purple splendor shone;
Their's was the proud magnificence, that vied
With stately Bagdat's oriental pride;
Their's were the courts in regal pomp array'd,
Where arts and luxury their charms display'd;
'Twas their's to rear the Zehrar's costly tow'rs,
Its fairy-palace and enchanted bow'rs;

17

There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell,
Of potent genii or of wizard spell;
All that a poet's dream could picture bright,
One sweet Elysium, charm'd the wond'ring sight!
Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,
It seem'd an Eden from Armida's wand!

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and radiant state,
When freedom wav'd on high the sword of fate!
When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,
Stern retribution frowning on his spear;
And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, confess'd the Christian's might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,
Burning with zeal against his country's foes;
His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintain'd,
His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gain'd!
And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,
Inspiring theme of patriotic verse!
High in the temple of recording fame,
IBERIA points to great GONSALVO's name;
Victorious chief! whose valor still defied
The arms of Gaul, and bow'd her crested pride;

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E'en at the time of silence and of rest,
Paints the dire poniard menacing thy breast;
Is them thy cheek with guilt and horror pale?
Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail?
And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke,
The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke?
Bereave a nation of its rights rever'd,
Of all to mortals sacred and endear'd?
And shall they tamely liberty resign,
The soul of life, the source of bliss divine?
Can'st thou, supreme destroyer! hope to bind,
In chains of adamant, the noble mind?
Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear,
Go, stay the lightning in its wing'd career!
No, Tyrant! no, thy utmost force is vain,
The patriot-arm of Freedom to restrain:
Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine,
Then bid thy legions all their power combine!
Yet could'st thou summon myriads at command,
Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand,
E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn,
E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation burn!

Ye Sons of ALBION! first in danger's field,
The word of BRITAIN and of truth to wield!

25

Still prompt the injur'd to defend and save,
Appal the despot, and assist the brave;
Who now intrepid lift the gen'rous blade,
The cause of JUSTICE and CASTILE to aid!
Ye Sons of ALBION! by your country's name,
Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame,
Oh! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,
By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who bled;
By honours gain'd on Blenheim's fatal plain,
By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain;
By the bright laurels WOLFE immortal won,
Undaunted spirit! valour's fav'rite son!
By ALBION's thousand, thousand deeds sublime,
Renown'd from zone to zone, from clime to clime;
Ye BRITISH heroes! may your trophies raise,
A deathless monument to future days!
Oh! may your courage still triumphant rise,
Exalt the "lion-banner" to the skies!
Transcend the fairest names in hist'ry's page,

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The brightest actions of a former age;
The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,
And bid oppression fall—to rise no more!
Then, soon returning to your native isle,
May love and beauty hail you with their smile;
For you may conquest weave th' undying wreath,
And fame and glory's voice the song of rapture breathe!