

ING 012

Eyles Irwin

Ode to Iberia

[selecciones]

1808

PROYECTO OLE 11
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 012

Eyles Irwin, *Ode to Iberia* (1808)

WHAT swelling sounds of martial note,
 To bold FINESTRE's strand,
Along IBERIA's mountains float?—
 Touch'd by oppresion's wand,
Those sounds from breasts indignant broke,
Which nobly spurn'd a foreign yoke.
 And not, in vain, her genius calls—
From fam'd SEVILLE, the MOORISH seat,
To arms! to arms! the sounds repeat,
 And CALES' sea-girted walls!

In ports, that guard his eastern coasts,
 On bleak MORENA's steep,
Where DIAZ scatter'd turban'd hosts,
 The peasant starts from sleep,
To fell defiance GAUL to brave,
And look for victory or a grave!
 As when his ancestors of yore,
Rose sudden, with accordance dread,
Defac'd the plains with the sable dead,
 Or crimson'd floods with gore!

Search'd, Freedom! by thy ray divine,
 What miracles surprise!
Slaves on the throne, or near the shrine,
 From abject torpor rise.
This gave to LUSITANIA's race
Vigor to tempt the stormy space;
 And, crossing the Atlantic wave,
To their oppressor's scourge a bound,
Beneath auspicious skies to found
 An empire for the brave!

To *this*, sublimer scenes we owe,
 While SPAIN for vengeance burns;
By fraudand treason trampled low,

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Like *Hydra* feign'd, she turns!
Behold! she rears her threat'ning crests,
While majesty her form invests!
Her venom'd fangs! her eyes of fire!
Her strength, redoubled by despair.
The fiend of anarchy shall scare,
And make his hordes retire!

Respondent to the patriot's claim,
Which meets his willing ear.
The BRITON fosters freedom's flame,
Still, like the Vestals', dear!
And, ardent, quits his peaceful plains,
To burst a kindred people's chains.
Congenial with the impulse proud,
A monarch, pious, just, and wise,
Who views them with paternal eyes,
That impulse has avow'd!

O Liberty! how great thy power!
From low sensations free,
That 'bove the lust of gold can tower,
To force refuse the knee!
Conflicting nations instant bind
In ties of amity refin'd!
Inspire the outlaw's daring soul
To rush, resistless, from the height,
And, 'mid the carnage of the fight,
"To make the sinner whole!"

If ever tyrant, steep'd in blood,
Thro' conquest's splendid reign;
On JAFFA's sand, or NILUS' flood,
JENA, or FRIEDLAND's plain,
Was 'circled in the toils of fate,
'Tis NAPOLEON, term'd falsely great!
His sand runs out, his glories pall,
And nations, SPANIARD-like, deceiv'd,
Of every hope, but death, bereav'd,
Press round, to grace his fall!

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Methinks, from rude CALABRIA's shores,
 By BRITISH spirit nurst,
Resistance, like her mountain, roars,
 Ere fires, convulsive, burst:
Thence, sweeping o'er CAMPANIA's sands,
It snaps an injur'd PONTIFF's bands!
 While round HELVETIA's heights forlorn,
Once seats of happiness and peace,
Supprest, the softer passions cease,
 'Till drains revenge his horn!

And shall a crisis so sublime,
 Rouse not the northern world?
The RUSS abjure not TILSIT's crime,
 That glory's banner fur'd?
Nor haste t'o'ertake th' heroic SWEDE,
In EUROPE's ranks, combin'd, to bleed!
 Nor AUSTRIA snatch the thirsty lance,
And, with a populace in arms,
By deeds, inspire the TURKISH swarms,
 To spurn apostate FRANCE!

Then tremble, thou! whom wrath divine
 Deluded with a throne;
Stop—ere the pageant's gift be thine,
 Who, puff'd with pride alone,
Saw o'er his head, in vacant air,
The sword, suspended by a hair!
 Hark, JOSEPH! save deep curses, nought
Thy monstrous usurpation greet—
Each echo warns thee to retreat,
 If life be worth a thought!

Fly, minion! ere th' occasion's past
 Just vengeance to elude;
CASTANO's triumphs load the blast,
 He strides, with clutches rude,
To hurl thee from thy stolen state,
And eternize a spoiler's fate!
 Fast sets in blood the CORSIC star!—
While patriots, worthy of the stake!

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A CARO shall emerge, and BLAKE,
SERTORII of the war!

IBERIANS! with a cause so just,
If to each other true,
Your lawless foes shall bite the dust,
The land its fame renew:
Obedient to your CORTES, fly
Or free to live, or nobly die!
So, from the towers that TAGUS crown,
Enfranchis'd by his country's sighs,
Some new BRAGANZA shall arise,
To share in your renown!

No more, oppos'd in war's array,
The bordering nations meets;
Their hands one principle obey,
Their hearts congenial beat!
Great rivals in the race! proceed,
The wreath of liberty, your meed!
FOR BRITAIN, to the favouring wind
Her flag invincible display'd,
To quell the VANDALS, who invade
The rights of human-kind!

Thus, while the Bard o'er MALVERN steals,
Musing on fields of death,
Strong sympathy, that, hunted, feels
A knell in every breath,
Shall o'er the local charm prevail,
And rob of interest! EV'SHAM's dale!
Ah! far remov'd from PHOEBUS' hill
Be sounds of tumult, pain, and strife;
Save, where the keen air teems with life,
With health, the struggling rill!

So, shall the lover hang his lyre
On MALVERN's hallow'd Peak,
Should Beauty's orbs resume their fire,
Its rose, her pallid cheek,
As up the steep his LUCY toils,

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To deck her in HYGEIA's spoils!
 So, would the parent bless the hour,
If, haply, from these healing wells,
SELINA's harp regain'd its spells,
 Her eyes, their modest pow'r!

FINIS.