

Anna Maria Porter, “A War Song: Written in the Summer of 1808” (1808)

ING 013

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PROYECTO OLE 11
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)
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[It is possible that some of my readers may have met with these verses in Spanish, and may therefore pronounce the original writer a plagiarist. She thinks it right to mention, that soon after they were written, she gave them in MS. to Sir Thomas Dyer, through whom they became known to many persons; they were afterwards translated, and set to music by the Spanish General Moretti.]

Wake, Spaniards, wake! or Freedom falls!--

On you, your country's Genius calls;

Her cries are heard from Madrid'd walls,

Mourning your doom of Slavery.--

Rouse each bold heart! nerve each strong arm!

Let patriot fire your bosoms warm;

Be War's fierce voice like Music's charm,

When raised for godlike Liberty!

O! call to mind, those days of yore,

When Glory's hand your standard bore

O'er Guadalhara's steepy shore,

Mid bands of dauntless chivalry!--

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On, gallant men! assert your cause,
Armed for your faith, your rights, your laws;
In vain the foe his faulchion draws,
Threatening a bloody rivalry:

What, tho' from every gushing vein
Your life's blood float each battle-plain,
O! still the glorious fight maintain,
And snatch bright Immortality!--

Lo! host of anxious angels lean
From Heaven, to view the awful scene,
While crowns of Eden's deathless green,
They grasp for righteous Victory.--

Then haste on wings of triumph move!
Wave your bright swords! those swords shall prove
Avenging lightning from above,
Blasting the blow of Tyranny!