

PROYECTO OLE 11  
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS  
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)  
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 016

Sotheby, William, *Constance de Castile. A poem, in ten cantos* (1810)

ING 016

William Sotheby

*Constance de Castile. A poem,  
in ten cantos*

[selecciones]

1810

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XXV.

The Hermit's Prophetic Ode

...

XXVIII.

“Change the song and martial measure

“To notes of joy and nuptial pleasure:

“War's blood-stain'd path with flow'rets hide;

“Lead to Lancastría's lord the bride.

“Long o'er thy realms, exultant Spain!

“In peace their sceptred race shall reign.

“Yet---stay!”---

Why pause, prophetic Seer?

Why bursts th' involuntary tear?

The fire, that glow'd thy cheek, why flown,

Why silenc'd, joy's triumphant tone?

“Return”---he cried---“thou vision bright!

“Fall'n is the banner that, unfurl'd

“By conquest, claim'd another world;

“The flag that wav'd o'er Pavia's fight.

“Spaniard!---Iberia's glories fade.

“Ah!---what art thou,---gigantic shade!

“Terror of earth, enthron'd sublime,

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“Who, crown’d by horror, fraud, and crime,  
“O’erlook’st the world, an idol god?  
“O’er Gaul, th’avenger lifts the rod,  
“Shivering the sceptres of the globe,  
“And dies in blood of kings his robe.  
“Thou, too, my hapless country! thou  
“Shalt at the idol’s altar bow;  
“Thou, by thy native sons betray’d,  
“By scepter’d vice and folly sway’d:  
“Thy nobles slav’d, thy princes sold,  
“Thy ruler under yoke of gold,  
“Thy warriors on the frozen main  
“Fetter’d beneath the Gallic chain.

“What now shall save a sinking land?

“I see in arms a people stand,  
“Stand where their great fore-fathers bled,  
“While Rome and all her legions fled,  
“And o’er their consecrated grave  
“The rescu’d flag of Freedom wave.

“Hark! ‘tis the empress of the main  
“Speaks, as she casts her shield o’er Spain:  
“ ‘Beneath my trident strike the blow,  
“ ‘And boldly grasp the Gallic prow.  
“ ‘Beneath my trident free thy host,  
“ ‘Unyoke their strength on Funen’s coast,  
“ ‘Assert the birth-right of the brave,  
“ ‘Conquer, or claim a patriot’s grave!  
“ ‘With thee his sword the Briton draws:  
“ ‘Freedom is thine and Britain’s cause.

“ ‘Spain! though the ruthless fiend of war  
“ ‘Wheel o’er thy realm his scythed car,

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“ ‘Level with iron mace thy tow’rs,  
“ ‘And waste with flame thy peaceful bow’rs:  
“ ‘Though smoke with blood thy untill’d ground,  
“ ‘Palace and altar blazing round,  
“ ‘All is not lost: yet, yet remains  
“ ‘Valour, that slavery’s yoke disdains,  
“ ‘Honour remains, that nurs’d thy sires,  
“ ‘Vengeance that rous’d Saguntum’s fires:<sup>1</sup>  
“ ‘To want, to woe, to death resign’d  
“ ‘Remains th’ unconquerable mind:  
“ ‘The rocks, th’ eternal rocks remain  
“ ‘The bulwark of Pelayo’s reign:  
“ ‘The starry cope, the cold bleak sky  
“ ‘Sheltering the sons of liberty.  
“ ‘On every mount the weapon lies  
“ ‘That gain’d the Gothic victories,  
“ ‘Freedom!---to man in birth-right giv’n,  
“ ‘Guard it---the rest confide to Heav’n.’ ”

He spake, and led the mail’d array  
Through Ronceval’s dark winding way,  
Nor sought his peaceful cell again,  
Till Navaret, on her conquer’d plain,  
Saw Edward hang his banner high,  
And seathe the sword of victory.

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<sup>1</sup> The inhabitants of Saguntum, (near Murviedro, in Valencia,) besieged by Hannibal, preferred perishing in the flames with their wives and children, rather than submit to ignominious terms. On referring to the account in Livy, it is impossible to resist the insertion of a passage which equally describes some features of the resistance that has immortalised, in our days, the heroic defenders of Saragossa ... [Nota del autor, *Constance* 191].