

ING 018

John Gwilliam

*The Campaign, a Poem;  
in commemoration of the glorious battles  
of Vittoria & The Pyrenees*

[selecciones]

1813

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PROYECTO OLE 11  
**ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS**  
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)  
**TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 018**

John Gwilliam, *The Campaign, a Poem* (1813)

...

And now the Spring, in all her bloom,  
Shone lovely o'er the flying groom,  
Her presence scatter'd wide the clouds,  
Where Autumn's feel Destroyer shrouds:--  
On every side the nymph was seen  
In all her wonted glory sheen,  
The joyous skies proclaim'd her sway,  
And every mead, and valley gay,  
    And many an am'rous bow'r,  
While all the landscape round display'd  
The conquest of the lonely maid,--  
    And every blushing flow'r,  
And every thicket's bursting shade,  
Where Love his warm devotions paid,  
    Her renovating pow'r:  
Light was the Spaniard's martial breast,  
When first he saw his mountains dress'd  
In all the rainbow's varied hues,  
And water'd with the fragrant dews  
    Of pleasure-beaming heaven;  
To mirth, and dreams of future fame,  
To fields, where, yet, his sword shall tame  
The foes of his romantic land,  
    His sanguine thoughts were given,--  
While in his strong and swarthy hand,  
The sword of Freedom's favour'd band,  
    Exultingly he bore,--

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That check'd the rebels, when they came  
To blast his meads with death and flame,  
And rivulets of gore!

II.

But not inactive was the soul,  
That long had curb'd the Gaul's control,  
And turn'd his utmost skill to nought,  
By prompter and profounder thought,  
In Spain's devoted clime;--  
That bold, and all-inspiring mind,  
Like Heaven's own spirit, warm, refined,  
Amidst each presser danger great,  
Look'd forward thro' the glooms of fate,  
In confidence sublime,  
Collecting all its various might,  
To put the Boaster's hordes to flight,  
And give, at last, to suffering Spain,  
A peaceful and a prosperous reign,  
Releas'd from woe and crime:  
That mind its noblest air assum'd,  
With Hope's predictions warm,--

...

Yes, she exults! And from the PYRENEES,  
The glorious day of her deliverance sees,--  
Ages of glory bursting on the right,  
And France involv'd in anarchy and night;  
Sees ancient rights and liberties restor'd,  
And Terror sheath her mutilated sword,  
Gaul's splendid dream of universal sway  
Dissolv'd like mists before the rising day.

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Her daring eye, thence turning, views the ground  
Where Britain fought, and conquer'd the renown'd,  
To save from violation and from pain  
The sons and daughters of romantic Spain:  
There lie the trophies of their sev'ral fames,  
Towns laid in dust, and villages in flames,  
As from the Britons they retir'd, to shun  
The wrath of ERIN's memorable son!

Hill of romantic Spain! aspiring lands!  
That saw the remnant of the Tyrant's bands  
Sundu'd, and crippl'd on ZADORA's shore,  
Stripp'd of the laurels they had won before;--  
Hills of romantics Spain! ye heard, at last,  
The cannon's thunder, and the trumpet's blast,--  
Ye saw their legions, thro' the misty air,  
Shun the pursuit of murderous Despair,  
Upon their flanks increasing terrors press,  
And on their centre comfortless distress;  
Ye heard the dismal story of their fall  
On MAIOR's heights, and fam'd ALAVA's wall,--  
Rais'd your exulting heads, at length, to mark  
Immortal Freedom bursting from the dark,  
Spain's daring genius rising from the tomb,  
In all its pride, and renovated bloom,  
To check the progress of the Gallic line,  
Its force to lessen, and its flight confine!

Vain was the course her boasting cohorts held,  
Whence late her bloody symbols were expell'd,  
Swift through her flight, a thousand dangers rush  
On every side, her sanguine hopes to crush;

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Not half the horrors she was doom'd to know  
Had met her legions on the plain below,--  
Dark, and more dark, o'er her devoted head,  
From heaven the bolts of retribution fled,  
And Fate, still prescient of the future, sees  
Her faint, last effort crown the PYRENEES.