

ING 019

‘Hispanicus’

“Eclogue III: Fernandez e Isabella”

1811

PROYECTO OLE 11
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 019

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O'er Murcia's plains, ere yet the spoiler threw
His lawless legions, or his eagles flew:
Ere yet its cities rang with near alarms,
Or shrieking virgins heard the clang of arms,
Ere one wide carnage o'er its valleys spread,
Had stain'd their verdure to a bloody red;
A youthful warrior whom his country's woes
Impell'd indignant of her hated foes,
Thro' scenes yet blooming sought the deadly plain,
Where patriots struggled for the cause of Spain;
Still wav'd the groves, and still in wonted pride
The valley grac'd, or deck'd the mountain's side;
As when enraptur'd thro' their conscious shade,
The ardent lover led the trembling maid;
But in vain her beauties! For the frighted swain
Had fled already from the threaten'd plain,
Had thrown confus'd his useless crook away,
His flocks forgot, and left his fields a prey;
He seeks the town, and frantic with his fears,
In fancied shouts the noise of battle hears,
But all around a gloomy silence reigns
O'er groves abandon'd, and dispeopl'd plains;
Delicious scenes! There yet the orange twin'd
With verdant olives, and perfum'd the wind,

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The crocus there its flaming tints display’d,
And purple hyacinths enrich’d the shade,
and soon to crimson with a deeper red,
The modest rose there rear’d its blushing head;
The scarlet jasmine flourish’d by its side,
Its darker fow’rets seem’d already dyed.

Here linger’d long, fo love oppos’d his way,
The youthfulk chief unconscious of delay;
Strong as the sturdy oak that braves the storm,
He match’d the poplar in its graceful form;
His piercing eyes spoke ardour and desire,
The lover’s passion, with the hero’s fire;
Fix’d as he was, and resolute to part,
A sudden softness seized his manly heart;
A beauteous damsel lovely as distrest,
In deep despair a moving suit address,
Her tears fast streaming, to the youth she clung
With frantic force, and on his bosom hung,
So some young olive stretch’d upon the plain,
By winter storms, lies drench’d with floods of rain;
Fair was the damsel as the cloudless sky,
Bright as the silver orbs that roll on high,
Sweet as the breath the fragrant zephyr yields,
Which seeps o’er spicy banks in Indian fields;
Faultless her form, her face unmatched, tho’ care
Had early rear’d its pallid standard there,
As sun-burnt myrtles in the falling dew,
Refresh their verdure, and their charms renew,
So sorrow’s self increasing every charm,
Attack’d a beauty which it could not harm:
Scarce could the youth his fix’d resolves obey,

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While thus the beauteous maid adjur’d his stay.

ISABELLA

Stay, frantic youth! Forgetful and unkind,
Deaf to our pray’rs and to our sorrows blind,
What daemon fires? What frenzy bids thee fly
To meet those toils which are already nigh?
Too soon e’en there, when blood pollutes the lawn,
The hated falchion must per force be drawn,
But now what rage, thro’ wilds and ways unknown,
Impells thy course, unaided and alone?
Ah too unthinking! Kow’st though not how great
The threat’ning dangers, and what toils await?
O’er all around, the murd’rous foe is spread,
And their tents whiten every mountain’s head,
Inur’d to blood, the prowling bandits stray
For spoil around, and thou must be their prey;
Depriv’d of ev’ry joy, then think what woe,
Thy friends, thy parents, and thy love must know;
But love thou hast not, for unkind you break
That tender passion when you make me forsake;
Regardless youth! If love or pity sway,
Or filial duty move thy bosom, stay,
Oh! Think how soon to ruffian bands betray’d,
Thy native valleys may demand thy aid,
How soon the matron here may shriek in vain,
And reeking blades the blood of infants stain;
How soon the mother madden as the breath
Of brazen trumpets yell the notes of death;
Then when indignant from a grasp abhorr’d,
The virgin rushes on the welcome sword;

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When none to aid, thy Isabel in vain
Shall call her hero, from the distant plain;
By thee deserted, when in blood expire
Thy doating mother, and thy aged sire;
To madness stung, to matchless grief a prey,
Thy conscious soul will curse this fatal day;
When all in vain besought a father’s fears,
A lover’s anguish, and a mother’s tears,
When mindless flying in the hour of woe,
You left them friendless to so fell a foe.

So said the maid, and sorrow touch’d the chief,
His bosom wringing with excess of grief,
Swift to his heart a tide of softness ran,
And sunk awhile the hero in the man,
War, fame, and duty, for a moment flown,
Resistless passion rul’d his breast alone,
Sad as he was, the lover strove to hide
His inward anguish, and thus soft replied.

FERNANDEZ

Oh! More than glory, more than being dear,
Forbear to wound me by so false a fear;
To me far dearer than the friendly shore
To storm-tost sailors when the tempest roar;
Oh! Witness heav’n, what anguish wrung this heart,
What sorrows tore it, ere I will’d to part;
E’en now reluctant, how o’erwhelm’d with woe,
Where duty summons I prepare to go,
There where the spoiler rends my native land,
And dyes with kindred blood the blushing sand,

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My country’s dangers to her rescue call
Her sons aloud, and she requires them all:
When ruin threatens, what infamy were mine,
Her sacred cause unmanly to resign;
May heav’n forsake me, when so vile a shame
Shall blast my honor, or attain my name.

But rest secure in Murcia’s walls, nor fear
The distant foe can stretch his havoc here,
I go to check him, and preserve entire
Our vales from blood, our peaceful towns from fire;
Soon heav’n, I trust, shall clear our sacred plain,
And sweep his legions from the face of Spain,
And cloth’d with honor, shall again restore
Thy constant lover to depart no more.

So said the hero, but to woes resign’d,
A sadder prospect fill’d his boding mind;
Nor stood her more reply, but to his breast
Convulsive thrice the fainting virgin prest,
With frenzied ardour and despairing, cast
A parting look around, perhaps his last,
Then broke away, and thro’ the valleys sped,
And well-known paths he never might retreat.