

ING 020

‘Hispanicus’

“Elegy to the Memory of the Marquis  
de la Romana”

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 020**

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Hence with silver harp, the dulcet sound  
Of Lydian lyres, infusing softness round,  
Well may they suit the melancholy tomb  
Of some pale damsel wither'd in her bloom,  
Some beardless boy's, some cringing courtier's grave,  
But ill befit the manes of the brave;  
For them, far different let the trumpet raise  
A warrior's music in a warrior's praise,  
Its boisterous breath be soften'd to complain,  
And taught a manly, yet mournful strain;  
Not the hoarse peal that rang by Tajo's side,  
When its green waters to crimson dyed,  
When the bold hero now for ever gone,  
Like bursting thunder led the battle on;  
The strength of Spain, her shield, her guiding star,  
Her nerve in council, and her sword in war,  
Deplor'd Romana, bulwark of her host,  
Snatch'd from her aid, when then she needed most;  
For whom, far different from their wonted tone,  
By brazen trumps are funeral dirges blown.

As sinks, by some rude shock compell'd to fall,  
The strongest column of a ruin'd hall,  
So fell the warrior, so dismay'd around,  
Shook the sad country to its utmost bound,  
A gen'ral woe overwhelm'd th' unhappy land,  
From rich Navarre, to Cadiz' crowded strand;  
Prophetic horrors seiz'd the hearts of all,  
And millions trembled in Romana's fall.

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For him the virgin rends her lovely hair,  
And mothers trembling for their infant care;  
Opprest with sorrows, yet forbid to die,  
For him the aged pour a feeble cry,  
For him the hardy heroes of the land  
Dissolve in tears, a melancholy band:  
Mourn! Mourn! ye virgins silent in the dust,  
No more he shields you from the spoiler’s lust;  
Ye frantic mothers, well may you deplore  
Yourselves, your babes, your homes, he guards no more;

Dream not ye sires, your venerable age,  
Your silver hairs can soothe the despot’s rage;  
Gone is the hero, who his force withstood,  
And now those hoary heads shall set in blood;  
Ye warriors, tear the laurel from your brow,  
The gloomy cypress suits you better now;  
Hence from the plain, resign your swords and fly,  
Romana dead, ye have not souls to die;  
Or dare ye fight, who now your rank shall lead,  
Who teach you now, to conquer or to bleed?  
For he your gallant chief to earth restor’d,  
Nor waves the banner now, nor lifts the sword,  
Unnerv’d by death, who erst your battle led,  
Like fire from heav’n, and triumph’d at your head;  
Untimely wither’d, like some sturdy oak,  
In all its vigor, by the light’ning’s stroke;  
Life’s lively hue is vanish’d from his face,  
And death’s pale yellow has usurp’d its place;  
No more that arm the shock of fight shall bear,  
No more that tongue shall warm the brave to dare.

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Cold is that bosom which so oft has bled

Where vengeance prompted, and where glory led.

Still first in fight, for ever there engag’d,  
Where the thick war with double fury rag’d,  
There the fell foe soon found his numbers vain,  
And chac’d in terror fled along the plain,  
Like clouds of dust the raging wind before,  
Or driving sands upon the stormy shore;  
Tremendous scene! There death with loosen’d rein,  
Before him rag’d, and scour’d along the plain;  
Confusion there, and horror stalk’d around,  
And frantic fury purpling all the ground;  
There pallid terror chang’d her hue to red,  
And vengeance gloried o’er the countless dead.

If valor, virtue, or if worth could stay  
Unpitying death a minute from his prey,  
Kind heav’n had lengthen’d out thy span to see  
The tyrant humbled, and thy country free;  
But wrath divine for crimes pursues the state,  
And Spain is punish’d in her hero’s fate;  
For death alike regardless nor reveres  
The brave man’s courage, nor the coward’s fears,  
Sees undistinguish’d, youth, and age expire,  
And oft the son before the hapless sire.  
Fix’d is the term for all the race of man,  
Whose days were number’d ere their lives began.

Lamented chief! If spirits can receive  
The grateful incense of the world they leave,  
If glory lasting, as thy actions great,

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Can please thee now beyond the bounds of fate;  
‘Tis all thine own, for while this globe shall last,  
While the blest sun diurnal rays shall cast,  
While black’ning clouds obscure the blue serene,  
While comets blaze, and nightly stars are seen,  
Shall pious fathers to their sons proclaim  
With awful rev’rence, their defender’s name;  
If Spain at length be freed, if heav’n’s high hand  
Mean not to ruin but correct the land,  
And will in mercy, that in destin’d time,  
The baffled tyrant curse his fruitless crime,  
At length decree him, chac’d in blood away  
To warn his hell-hounds from rescu’d prey,  
By grateful Spain for ever shall be paid  
Unfading honors to thy sacred shade,  
Whose bold example kindled into flame,  
And bad her heroes know no fear but shame;  
Taught the proud tyrant to the wrongs they bore,  
Their courage equal, and their virtues more.

If, when cold death have chill’d the vital flame,  
The free unfetter’d mind remain the same,  
Unchang’d, uninfluenc’d, if ‘tis true the love  
On earth that warm’d us, actuate above,  
Tho’ crown’d with saints in endless joys, e’en there  
Thy country still shall be thy chiefest care,  
Still shalt thou fire her sons, and still shalt shine,  
Her guardian pow’r, and lend her aid divine,  
Shall share her joys, participate her woe,  
In heav’n her genius, as her shield below.

FINIS