

ING 022

Laura Sophia Temple

The Siege of Zaragoza

1812

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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 022

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INTRODUCTORY LINES

On Spanish plains, by pale moon-light,
Was heard the sound of soft guitar,
While youth in gallant trim bedlight,
Danced to the tinkling minstrelsy.---

And often did that beam of night
Behold the blushes of the Maid,
The Maid who listen'd with delight,
To Love's fond tone of ecstasy.---

The Peasant's cot in safety smiled---
He till'd his field---he pruned his vine---
The mother lull'd her sleeping child,
And all was peace and harmony.

But lo! the loud drum beat to arms;
"To arms!" each Spanish heart replied---
From song, from dance, from beauty's charms,
They rush'd to wild-war's anarchy.

The Spoiler came---and o'er their land,
His vulture-grasp of ruin spread;
And call'd his grim, and ruffian band,
To deeds of murderous revelry.

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But not, as wont, did Fortune's tide
Smile on that stern and ruthless pow'r;
For ne'er till them the Demon vied
With arms of so much bravery.---

Pale, ---but undaunted---all the flower
Of Catalonia firmly stood;
And in the battle's darkest hour
Oft rais'd the shout of Victory.

And old Galicia flung the yoke
From off her proud indignant neck,
Yea---like a starting Giant broke
The galling chain of slavery.---

Abandon'd, and alone---she rose---
And gazing on the reeking plains,
Rush'd desperate on her tyrant foes
And stemm'd the flood of misery.---

But who shall sing *Thy* deeds of might,
Fair, fallen City?---who shall tell
How Zaragoza met the fight,
Her watch-word---Death or Liberty?

Return, thou dark, and evil hour!
To Fancy's rapt, enthusiast view;
Again the storm of battle lours,
“And flash the red artillery.”

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Wizard of Song! ---awake---awake!
And hover o'er my wild-harp's strings!
And bid my hand such music make
As suits this glorious history.

“Wizard awake!”---the wizard came---
But frown'd on the presumptive hope,
Which deem'd *my* numbers, weak, and tame,
Might reach this tale of Chivalry.

“Yet wave the lay”---that Wizard cried---
“O sing! Till nobler bards arise.”
My falt'ring hand the cadence tried,
And roused this humble melody.

THE SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA

Fierce blazed the war!---o'er sad Iberia's land
Was spread Destruction's dark and giant hand,---
Now on her plains the bold invader trod,
Sack'd her fair fields, defaced each household God,---
Rent with his blastments ev'ry tender tie,
And basely proffer'd---Death of Slavery.---
“Rouse, Spaniards, rouse!”---they heard the wakening call,
And swore to vanquish, or to greatly fall,
Youth---Manhood---Age---all felt the patriot glow,
And rush'd indignant on the vaunting foe;
Rush'd o'er the plains where ruthless slaughter stood,
Gloating with drunken joy on scenes of blood;
And pledged themselves a ravaged land to save,

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Or die---unbranded with the name of slave.---

...

Brave Zaragoza!---though thy sun is set,
Yet ne'er shall Spain thy noble deeds forget!
While, on her sad and desolated plains,
One hireling slave of guilty France remains,
In the red combat's wildest, direst hour,
When reigns around each fierce and vengeful power,
From every tongue may thy loved name be heard:
Thou be the Soldier's proudest battle-word!---
Brave Zaragoza! Thou hast done thy part!
Long shall thy mem'ry live in ev'ry patriot heart---
In years long hence---when this disastrous day,
With all its tempest-clouds, hath roll'd away;
When the dark history of this age is told
And wonder'd at---like many a tale of old;
When heroes now unborn, shall hear with pride,
How their bold Ancestors have fought and died---
Thy wrongs shall live in many a warlike strain,
To bid the flame of valour blaze again;
Oft as the Minstrel-harp repeats the theme,
Shall Youth's warm eye with wilder radiance beam,---
Shall Youth's romantic bosom heave the sigh,
And which, like *Thee*, to struggle, and to die:---
When his firm step shall seek the battle-field,
His arm the sword of Freedom stoutly wield,
"Brave Zaragoza!" ---will the Warrior cry!
"Thy Mem'ry nerve my soul---For *Death or Victory*."