

ING 023

Richard Pearson

*The Battle of Talavera*

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 023**

Richard Pearson, *The Battle of Talavera* (1813)

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt."

VIRG.

SHALL I, unskill'd to sweep the vocal lyre,  
To sing thy praise, great WELLINGTON, aspire?  
In loftier strains, on Pegasèan wing,  
Sure nobler Poets shall thy glories sing.  
And yet, tho' unadorn'd my humble lays,  
Shall I be silent in the Warrior's praise?  
Forbid it, *Gratitude*, that tells the wise,  
'Tis not the gift; but the intent, we prize.  
Strike, lovely Seraph! strike the trembling lyre,  
My soul transport, and every verse inspire.  
Come, tender *Sympathy*, in robes of grey,  
Come, honest *Praise*, to worth your tributes pay;  
And thou, fair *Vict'ry*, wreath'd with verdant bays,  
Imperial dignity, exalt my lays.  
Ambition! thou insatiate fiend, accurs'd,  
How hard to gratify thy fev'rish thirst!  
The satisfaction of thy lawless fame,  
Like fuel added to the raging flame,  
But more increases thy unbounded aim:  
Nor would the universe, by thee possess'd,  
Content the wishes of thy craving breast.  
This urg'd the haughty MACEDONIAN's hand  
To vanquish ASIA, and enslave her land;  
And, 'having gain'd whole worlds, in tears deplore,  
That, conq'ring all, he could not conquer more.

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'Twas this that fir'd the mighty CAESAR's soul  
To subject BRITAIN to unjust control.  
'Twas not enough for his all-grasping hand  
To check the insults of the Belgic land;  
To form the glories of a CAESAR'S name,  
And bound the wishes of a tyrant's aim,  
Whole nations must consent their rights to yield,  
And millions perish in th' embattled field.

    This bade the Ruler of misguided FRANCE  
Invade HISPANIA with an impious lance.  
'Twas not sufficient to usurp a throne,  
And seize one kingdom that was not his own;  
To crown the wishes of his phrenzied spear,  
Whole nations must at once in chains appear.

    But say, HISPANIA, shall thy freeborn land  
Obey the dictates of a tyrant's hand?  
Not so-fell Despot! for the Sons of SPAIN  
Shall curb thy passions, and their rights maintain,  
Altho', with rapid flames, thy fiery brands  
Should raze their cities, and despoil their lands,  
What imports this? Among the wasted plains  
The Spirit of the People still remains.  
Tho' thick the rampart, and secure the gate,  
Not these alone can fortify a state:  
It is not these that have the pow'r to save  
An abject People from a shameful grave.  
What then, HISPANIA, has thy breast to fear  
From all the boastings of a tyrant's spear?  
Thy Sons determine to relinquish all,  
To save their country from the chains of Gaul.  
Resolv'd, for this, to conquer, or to die,  
How many thousands to the standard fly!

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Each peasant now forsakes his native nook,  
His peaceful cottage, and familiar crook,  
To grasp the falchion with avenging hand,  
And fight the battles of his much-lov'd land.  
Nor shall ye stand alone in such a strife  
Whilst BRITONS hold a share in human life;  
For know, when tyrants would the yoke impose,  
'Tis not their nature to enjoy repose.

On TALAVERA'S plains, in bright array,  
The sacred host their awful front display.  
The fight begins; nor can the Gallic band  
Resist such efforts, or the shock withstand.  
But long and doubtful was the bloody strife;  
Nor yet, till many chiefs were robb'd of life  
Did SPAIN subdue her foes. That many fell,  
The purple waters of ALBERCHE tell;  
For thousands perish'd on thy fatal shore,  
And stain'd thy currents with lamented gore.  
The TAGUS, too, with which ALBERCHE's flood  
Unites her waters, thus imbued with blood,  
Shall, till her streams desert their wonted bed,  
Record the chiefs that mingled with the dead:  
To future worlds, with exultation, tell,  
How FORDYCE perish'd, and a GARDNER fell;  
How LANGWORTH sought his grave; with noble pride  
How brave MACKENZIE bled, and BECKETT died.