

ING 024

Richard Pearson

The Battle of Salamanca

1813

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POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 024

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

SAY, furious GAUL, could not thy hand refrain
When Science pleaded for her peaceful fane?
Could not the silent grove, and solemn spire,
Command respect, nor yet thy soul inspire?
Alas! from thee not even Learning's seat
Can hope for safety, or indulgence meet.
But SALAMANCA'S day shall teach her foes,
That profanation not unpunish'd goes;
For, on the dreadful banks of TORMES' wave,
Full many were assign'd a condign grave.
Hail! SALAMANCA, bail thy blood-stain'd plains;
Whilst mem'ry is, or hoary Time remains,
So long thy name shall live; thy sacred name,
The dread of tyrants, and the Briton's fame.
'Tis there I hear BRITANNIA'S thunder roar,
And add to honours that she won before:
The prancing charger listens to the sound,
Champs the strong bit, and proudly treads the ground.
There brave LE MARCHANT heads his valiant train,
And steeps with hostile blood th' ensanguin'd plain;
Tries every nerve the doubtful cause to save,
Or, with its downfall, to ensure a grave.
The despots tremble as the chief draws near,
And conquer'd GALLIA sinks beneath his spear.
Cease! Triumph, cease! and, Vict'ry, droop thy head,
For thy LE MARCHANT numbers with the dead.
In all the wishes of his country blest,

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His honour'd head now seeks a glorious rest:

His envied soul, dislodg'd from mould'ring clay,

To realms immortal shapes its halcyon way.

Here aching Pity drops the gen'rous tear,

And wrongly thinks his blissful fate severe.

On earth -in ALBION- thy eterniz'd name

Shall stand exalted on the rolls of fame;

Succeeding ages shall, with rapture, tell

Their rising children how LE MARCHANT fell.

Enjoin'd by thee to bear no base control,

Thy doom shall fix this precept on the soul;

When trampled freedom and their country call,

Britons resolve to vanquish, or to fall.

Nor yet shall Fame, amaz'd, forget to state,

How nobly BOWLES* submitted to his fate;

And, as she tells, inflam'd with gen'rous pride,

Each breast shall burn to die the death he died.

And thou! On whom the hopes of ENGLAND rest

Receive the transports of a grateful breast;

For prudence fail'd, and plans that cheat the foe,

Success in arms to WELLINGTON we owe:

Foremost in battle, and in council wise,

Thou art the spring from whence our glories rise:

Thro' the long annals of revolving time,

Transcendant chief! renown'd in every clime,

Thy splendid feats shall dart their glitt'ring rays,

Scare usurpation, and the world amaze.

* This brave soldier did not fall in the battle of Salamanca, but was killed, a few days after, whilst storming the castle of that city. The author could not, however, in mentioning Salamanca, rest satisfied, without paying some tribute to the memory of so distinguished an officer [n.del autor].