

ING 030

[Anónimo]

[““Mid the tempest that o’er
her horizon is spread”]

1808

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ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 030
Anónimo, [““Mid the tempest that o’er her horizon is spread”] (1808)

‘Mid the tempest that o’er her horizon is spread,
 ‘Mid the bolts that around her in thunder are hurl’d,
Behold where BRITANNIA raises her head,
 And stands like a Tow’r, the last hope of the world!

The Nations of Europe, ah! Where are they gone,
 They that shrunk from fighting, or bow’d to the blast?
Still nearer and nearer the deluge rolls on,
 High swol’n with the ruins o’er which it has past.

But mark where at length a new promise of day
 Breaks right in the East, and bids Anarchy cease;
And it rises in splendour, the gloom shall give way
 To Freedom’d calm breeze, and the sunshine of Peace.

The sons of IBERA, boldly you arm,
 Your homes and your altars from Robbers to save,
While Beauty excites you, and mingles her charm,
 Even in Chilvalry’s land, to inspirit the brave.

‘Tis in proud Usurpation’s and Tyranny’s spite
 ‘Gainst Ambition most lawless, ‘gainst Treason most foul:
‘Tis for Loyalty, Laws, and Religion, you fight,
 For all that can rouse or ennoble the soul.

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And shall you not conquer? Oh hear us, kind Heaven,
 (Thy aid we invoke, as in Thee is our trust)
To Spain be the Harvest, to us be but given
 The Glory of aiding the Cause of the Just.

Then think not in idle profusion we feast,
 While our hearts with our toasts in pure unison flow;
New hopes shall inspire each illustrious Guest,
 And the story they tell shall prove death to the foe.

Henceforward false int’rest shall sever no more
 The Queen of the Indies and Queen of the Waves,
They sing their King, their Creator adore,
 And of tyrants the scourges, will never be slaves.