

ING 033

[Anónimo]

“Ode. The Deliverance Of Spain”

Written for the Museodean Society, and read by the Author
at their first meeting at Freemasons’ Hall

1808

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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 033
[Anónimo], "Ode. The Deliverance of Spain" (1808)

Her sons beneath the ruthless blade
 of Gallia's Legions, drench'd in gore
Expiring lay; when thus for aid
 Iberia hail'd fair Albion's shore;

 "O land of sacred freedom hear!
Grant to my woes the pitying tear!
Tho' late thy foe--the truly brave
Love less to conquer than to save.

Thy gallant sons in godlike mercy send
To fight a patriot's people cause, to shield us and defeat."

 Britannia from her sea-bound isle,
 The mourner's plain with pity heard;
Her visage beam'd with a triumphant smile,
 While to her willing veterans the word
 Aloud she gave: --" 'Tis honour calls!
 My conqu'ring Sons, arise! arise!
 Man with a thought your wooden walls,
 An in jur'd land now bleeding lies!

Your's be her cause, assist the Patriot bands;
With glowing hearts join your avenging hands!

 "From Gaul's tyrannic pow'r,
 From her fell despot's gripe,
O snatch them in the needful hour;
Be you their shield, their hopeful tow'r,
 Till Fate's dark plans be ripe."

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In defence of their altars and homes,
They arm and prepare for the field--
See, the foe in firm phalanx insultingly comes
To the trumpet's hard clangor, and death-rousing drums;
But will patroits dastardly yield?

No--in the hottest of the fight
Plunge the indignant son and sire,
To claim a martyr's glorious right--
A seat in the seraphic choir.

See the Eagles of Gaul, who, with direst dismay,
In the field of Marengo, on Vistula's banks,
At Jena, and Austerlitz, broke the array
Of a hireling army, for fear chilled their ranks.

But to Iberia's braver sons,
The roaring of the hostile guns,
And all the battle's dread alarms,
Rouse but the vengeance of their arms.

"We fight," they cry, "for our dear homes and wives
Our babes, with lisping tongue, demand
That dauntless we expose our lives,
To guard from them the midnight murderer's hand.

"NAPOLEON, thou hast yet to feel
The valour which the sacred fire
Of hallow'd Freedom, in each breast of steel
Has lighted--and but with us shall expire!

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"Thy glory, now, alas! too high,
Exalted by the Widow's sigh
 And Orphan's groan--
Tho' seated on a tott'ring throne,
 The purchase base of ev'ry crime,
Shall have a dreadful fall, in HEAV'N'S appointed time.

 "The elder-born of Liberty,
Fair Albion's Sons, at her command,
 Their aid extend--their cohorts see!
They line with eager haste our strand."

 Can these--united fall?
 Never! --oh! never!
 Union at Freedom's call
 Shall flourish ever!

From the eternal hills of light
 Enthron'd in glory where he reigns,
Th' Omniscient views th' innequal fight,
 Inspires each soul with added might
To hurl on the Invaders--Death or chains.

Immortal laurels crown each Patriot brow;
 Consign'd to everlasting fame
 Is ev'ry virtuous hero's name--
While to the Lord of Victory in humble praise they bow.