

ING 036

‘A Young Lady’

“The Spanish Mother”

1809

PROYECTO OLE 11
ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS
POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)
TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 036
‘A Young Lady’, “The Spanish Mother” (1809)

Go, Carlos, go, thy Country calls thee,
Nor must she call her Sons in vain;
And, oh! whatever fate befalls thee,
Forget not thou'rt a Chief of Spain.

Those sighs I heave, those tears I shed,
Prove how I prize the life I gave,
Yet would I rather know thee dead
Than see thee live of France the slave.
But Hope, sweet Hope! amid this parting pain
Whispers, "in happier hours we'll meet again."

This glaive be thine; it once was wielded
By an arm well known to Fame;
The foe it crush'd, the friend it shielded,
And thousand blest the Hero's name.

Then be my Carlos like his sire,
Lost, sainted object of my love,
In war, a swift consuming fire.
In peace, mild, gentle as the dove.
So look'd he once, so smiled he on me—
My Son, my Son, how can I part from thee!

Thro' long, long years of pain and sorrow,
A beam of joy—thou'st been to me,
And Hope still pointed to to-morrow,
And pictur'd all my Boy would be.

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And when my griefs were near forgot,
And when my cares were almost past;
If—oh! it is a fearful thought;—
If I should lose thee, now at last—
My Son, my Son, when perils round thee wait
On thine, remember, hangs thy Mother's fate.

Last of a line well known in story
Whose valour was their Country's pride,
Who for that Country fought with glory,
And in her battles nobly died;
Let sad, yet high remembrance dwell
On those who're laid for ever low—
And now a fond, a long farwell;—
My Son, to Conquest proudly go—
Thy Mother bids thee—all her weakness o'er—
Return a Hero, or return no more.