

ING 040

[Anónimo]

“To the memory of those who fell in  
the defence of Saragossa”

1810

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**POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)**  
**TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 040**  
[Anónimo], "To the memory of those who fell in the defence of Saragossa" (1810)

PEACE and renown to the mighty dead,  
Who, at Honour's awful call,  
For their injur'd country bled  
By Saragossa's wall!

The shepherd's evening hymn shall bless  
The spirits of the parted brave;  
And Spanish maidens yearly dress  
With olive boughs each hallow'd grave.

For not inglorious is their sleep;  
Nor yet unblest their bones shall lie;  
Though Ruin o'er their country sweep,  
Though Freedom o'er their ashes sigh.

The good man's blessing is a meed  
Beyond the gift of sons of earth;  
The gift of Heav'n for those who bleed,  
To save the land that gave them birth.

In future times, the aged seer  
Shall call the youngster to his side,  
And check his mirth awhile to hear  
How Saragossa's warriors died.

There shall he point the ruin'd tow'r,  
The mould'ring rampart battle-riven,  
Where stood the gallant Spanish power  
When back the Gallic host was driven.

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"And there they fought --the war-cry rose:  
Their wives and children fought beside;  
And heav'n frown'd blacker on their foes,  
When husbands, children, mothers died.

Boy, mark this cross, this heaving mound!  
Here let thy ruder sports be staid;  
The spot we tread is holy ground,  
A patriot's relics here are laid:

And swear, at early matin bell,  
Their mem'ry shall not pass unblest;  
And swear, at vesper's solemn swell,  
Thou'lt breathe a blessing on their rest."

When fades thy beam, and Heaven's vengeance deep,  
Tyrant, shall thy soul appall,  
Thou shalt envy those that sleep,  
By Saragossa's wall.