

ING 044

William Thomas Fitz-Gerald

"The Battle of Barrosa, and  
Massena's Retreat"

1811

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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 044**  
William Thomas Fitz-Gerald, "The Battle of Barrosa, and Massena's Retreat" (1811)

To our gallant heroes in Spain and Portugal

WHILE ruin'd Nations heave the inward groan,  
And waste their blood to prop a TYRANT's Throne;  
They see BRITANNIA in that awful hour,  
Foe to his Crimes, but Rival of his Power!  
Where'er her Gallant Sons the falchion wield,  
The GALLIC Legions, vanquish'd, quit the field;  
IBERIA's plains the glorious truth attest,  
Where VICTORY plumes her wings on GRAHAM's crest!  
Numbers, in vain, oppose his valiant bands,  
Who hold their Country's honour in their hands;  
Resolv'd to die, or conquer, they advance,  
And tear the EAGLE from presumptuous FRANCE,  
Through hosts of foes they cut their glorious way,  
And Fame immortal marks BARROSA's Day!  
To those who fell let grateful tears be shed,  
For Glory crowns the Living and the Dead.

On every side the Patriot turns his eye,  
And sees his Country's Flag triumphant fly!  
Near TAGUS' banks, on LUSITANIA'S shore,  
THRICE LAUREL'D WELLESLEY gains one Trophy more;  
One Trophy more! to those so nobly won,  
From Orient Regions to the Western Sun!  
The baffled CHIEF must now forget his name,  
The favour'd Child of Fortune and of Fame!

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His flying troops no more our Hero face,  
But seek, by flight, their safety in disgrace.  
France will not now her usual boast maintain:  
That BRITONS *only* conquer on THE MAIN:  
Then let her TYRANT'S Vanity subside--  
His ships are strangers to the Ocean's tide!  
While on the Seas he dares not trust his slaves,  
The MAJESTY OF ENGLAND walks the Waves!

March 28th, 1811