

ING 047

'Anna'

"Liberty; a Dream"

1812

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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 047
‘Anna’. “Liberty: A Dream” (1812)

In the visions of night, when fancy was dreaming
On the sad desolation, and horror of war;
I saw, 'midst the carnage, a glorious light beaming,
And its bright shining lustre was spreading afar.

A torch, by the hand of a female supported,
Extended around her these gleamings so bright;
To her in amazement, and joy I resorted,
'Twas Liberty's self that was holding this fight.

The shouts of delight in the air were resounding,
And transport pervaded each Patriot's arms;
No chains ignominious, the heroes surrounding,
They fought for their Country, and felt they were blest.

The altars to Liberty, ev'ry where blazing,
Excited their hope, and forbade them to fear;
Their actions courageous, the Tyrant amazing,
Proclaim'd that both honour and freedom were dear.

Fair Liberty smil'd on the valorous nation,
She joy'd to behold them arous'd once again;
And as she gaz'd on them with fond admiration,
'Twas thus that she spoke to the heroical train:--

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"Arise, noble Russians! your country defending,
To the foe be your valour invincible shown;
The smoke from my altars in columns ascending,
Shall weaken *his* courage, and strengthen *your own*.

"Too long has fair Europe been sunk all inglorious,
And been dragg'd as a slave to the Corsican's seat;
But honour triumphant, and valour victorious
Shall hurl the proud Despot himself at your feet.

"Oh, follow th' example Iberia has shown you,
Refuse to bow low to the scourge of your race;
As brothers in glory the Spaniards shall own you,
Disdaining to yield to a servile disgrace--

"And you, Vassal Nations! Low sunk in subjection,
To the Monster whose throne is cemented with gore;
Do you feel no remains of patriot affection?
Nor sigh for your countries existing no more?

"Brave Polanders! shake off the chains that surround you,
For those fetters with honour can never agree;
Let the glory of liberty beaming around you,
Proclaim to all Europe your nation is free.

"Oh, Prussians! sunk low from your former high station,
Could your FREDERICK awake from the slumber of death,
Surveying the scenes of your sad desolation,
He would wish that again he could yield up his breath.

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"Awake, proud Italians! awake from long sleeping,
For the dream of delusion and terror is o'er;
Oh, look at the widows and orphans there weeping,
And own you can fight for the Tyrant no more.

"And thou! abject Gallia, debas'd as a nation,
Will you still bow your neck to to the Corsican's yoke ?
Behold all around you the great devastation,
And the oath of allegiance for ever revoke.

"Oh! Look at the thousands that daily are falling,
Oh! Think of the Sons from your arms torn away;
At once burst asunder those fetters so galling,
And the Monster of Jaffa no longer obey."

Thus LIBERTY spoke--and the lustre around her
Became of a vivid and bright shining hue;
The flags of all nations approach'd to surround her,
And the freedom of Europe first dawn'd to my view.