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ING 053

Matthew Gregory Lewis

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**Cítese como:** Matthew Gregory Lewis. "Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore."  
1809. Edición Proyecto OLE 11, 2015. Archivo Electrónico de Fuentes Primarias, Cód. ING 053.  
<http://www.uniovi.es/proyectoole11/index.php>

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**ARCHIVO ELECTRÓNICO DE FUENTES PRIMARIAS**  
**POESÍA PATRIÓTICA PROESPAÑOLA EN INGLÉS, FRANCÉS, ALEMÁN Y PORTUGUÉS (1808-1814)**  
**TEXTO INDIVIDUAL DE OBRA ING 053**

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FROM sad Iberia's coast, while Gallic fires  
Pursued his bark, and shook Corunna's spires,  
A British Chief, as plunged in grief he eyed  
The shores, where Moore had fought, where Moore had died,  
Dashed from his cheek the manly tear, and paid  
This parting tribute to the hero's shade.

\_\_\_ "When first, Oh! Moore, that truncheon of command,  
You swayed so ably, graced your martial hand,  
Who that had seen you, had forborne to say,  
\_\_\_ 'Favoured of God and mortals, speed thy way!  
'If man there breathes, to whom by lavish Heaven  
'Unbalanced bliss and cloudless skies are given,  
'Alike with partial love, sure thou art he"\_\_\_  
For who with Moore in Nature's gifts could vye,  
Or when did Fortune richer streams supply?  
His person formed the coldest maid to move,  
His hand for friendship, and his heart for love,

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Frank in his language, polished in his mind,

Was none so firm or generous, true or kind.

Exalted courage shone o'er all his face,

And manly beauty lent that courage grace;

Health his brown cheek with glowing roses drest,

Strength knit his limbs, and life was at its best,

E'en Fortune's self his merits seemed to feel,

For him unveiled her eyes, and fixed her wheel:

No chilling clouds obscured his morn, and bade

His youthful talents languish in the shade;

So clear his passport to the shrine of fame,

All owned at once the justice of his claim,

Nor dared e'en Envy's self deny through spite

That Moore had merit, or the sun gave light.

He mourned no slanderous tales, no jealous hate.

Nor paid that common tax for being great!

With steps so firm he trod his even road,

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So pure from soil his lurid current flowed,  
  
That Slander quite despaired his life to stain,  
  
Nor wasted efforts on a task so vain.  
  
His earliest *youth* was gilt by glory's rays;  
  
Year followed year, and praise was heaped on praise:  
  
How bright the scenes, which round his *manhood* rise!  
  
Still brighter prospects beckoning Times supplies!  
  
All Thought desires, all Men of Heaven implore,  
  
All these are his.....alas! are his no more!  
  
Health, virtues, talents, glory, rank, and power...  
  
The wealth of years is spent in one short hour:  
  
Fate guides the ball to strike the Hero low,  
  
And England's bleeding bosom shares the blow.  
  
    "And could'st thou, Moore, ere fled thy soul away,  
  
Doubt, Britain to thy worth would honours pay?\*"   
  
And could *he* value trophies raised by art,  
  
Whose fame must live stamped on his country's heart?

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\* Alluding to his being said to have expressed a dying wish, that his country would bestow some mark of approbation on his memory.

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Oh! In yon martial bands, with gashes seamed,  
  
Saved by thy prudence, with thy blood redeemed,  
  
Behold a monument of prouder praise,  
  
Than head can fancy, or than hand can raise.  
  
Each anxious mother and each tender wife,  
  
Who trembled for a son's or husband's life,  
  
Shall bless thy name, while to her breast she strains  
  
Her warrior, rescued from yon dangerous plains,  
  
Rescued from death, or (worse than death) from chains.  
  
"Twas thine to bid the mourners cease to mourn;  
  
Thine was the balm, which healed their bosoms torn;  
  
In grateful tears thy noblest triumph know,  
  
'Tis more than kings or senates can bestow.  
  
"Yet ere Corunna's walls in distance fade,  
  
(Those fatal walls, where Moore at rest is laid,)  
  
Brothers of arms, with me your voices join;  
  
Bend o'er your swords, as I now bend o'er mine,  
  
And swear –by that pure blood, whose glorious tide

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The cap of weeping conquest richly dyed,  
  
That day at length shall come (a day of dread)  
  
When France shall wish the Hero's blood unshed.  
  
Grief for his loss and more than mortal ire  
  
Nerving our arms, and doubling all our fire,  
  
Shall make the oppressors think, in turn oppress,  
  
The soul of Moore inspires each Briton's breast.  
  
That sword, which triumphed in Vimeira's field,  
  
His brother-hero soon again shall wield;  
  
Wrath, generous wrath shall make his victory sure,  
  
And Wellesley's life avenge the death of Moore