

THE  
CAMPAIGN,  
A Poem;



IN COMMEMORATION OF THE GLORIOUS  
BATTLES OF VITTORIA & THE PYRENEES.

BY JOHN G WILLIAM, *K*

Author of "*The Battles of the Danube and Barrosa*,"  
"*The Bower of Bliss*," &c.

All tremble now, but not on all,  
Poison'd with equal woe, shall fall  
The shaft of destiny: to some  
The dreadful tale of ill shall come  
Not unallayed with good;  
And they, with mingled grief and pride,  
Shall hear that in the battle's tide  
Their darling soldier sank and died,  
Died as a soldier should.

TALavera.

DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION) TO THE  
*Most Noble Richard, Marquis Wellesley, K.G.*  
&c. &c. &c.

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**Dedication**

(BY PERMISSION)

TO THE MOST NOBLE

*Richard, Marquis Wellesley, K.G.*

&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

*When I contemplate the great and unexampled difficulties which have presented themselves to the Deliverer of Spain, and see the benefits which the valour and perseverance of his genius have diffused over the people of that and its sister country; when I behold the most intrepid, skilful, and enterprising conquerors of Italy and Germany flying before the banners of those legions, whose*

*souls he has inspired, and whose efforts his stupendous combinations have crowned with success, there is no Individual to whom I can so properly inscribe the following Poem as to your Lordship.*

*To expatiate upon the innumerable advantages which his heroic achievements have produced, and are calculated to increase; to enumerate their glorious results for the welfare of those whom Oppression had fondly marked as her prey, would only serve unnecessarily to engross your Lordship's invaluable time, and detain you from the relation of those events which have filled all Europe with admiration, and which cannot but excite your Lordship's fondest regard.---To those resplendent deeds, however, all praise must prove inadequate; they are such as few have ever equalled, and it is the greatest compli-*

*ment that History can bestow to say, they are such as have never been surpassed.*

*The people of this country, my Lord, have now felt with becoming propriety the great and permanent benefits which have been so nobly and strenuously recommended, and which must accrue from those enlarged and vigorous associations, which have so constantly marked your Lordship's political career: from such extensive views alone can real and lasting superiority be acquired: from such alone can SPAIN look forward to a firm and honorable repose; and blessed with talents like those of the illustrious Wellington in the field, seconded by the spirit which animates those of your Lordship at home, what are not the prospects she may contemplate! what the fortunes not already acquired!*



*To your Lordship's comprehensive understanding, and to a grateful nation, whose eyes are busily occupied in the contemplation of such united intellect, I leave the inspiring prospect of the future ; and looking forward to the consummation of those extensive views which have already marked the towering intellect of your Lordship's illustrious Brother, I have the honour to remain, with sentiments of the most profound consideration and respect,*

*My Lord,*

*Your Lordship's most obedient*

*and very humble servant,*

**JOHN GWILLIAM.**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IN laying the following Poems before the Public, the author feels a more than ordinary confidence as to their success.--- To commemorate the glorious toils and achievements of those who fearlessly devote their lives and their fortunes to the welfare of their country, and the relief of the oppressed, is, at all times, a source of infinite satisfaction to those in whose bosoms the strains of TYRTEUS have aroused the flames and sentiments of patriotism.

That our language possesses an energy suitable to the character of military conflicts,---that it possesses all those finer touches and brilliant qualities so necessary to the just delineation of "the pomp and circumstance of war," and that the British muse can turn with advantage from her

pastoral and amatory avocations, to commemorate the gallant exploits of our countrymen, must be obvious, from the many martial productions which, of late years, have made their appearance ; but, among these the *TALAVERA* of Mr. Croker holds a most conspicuous situation, and is a Tribute worthy the fame of the illustrious and indefatigable *WELLINGTON*. At the sound of that name every Englishman feels a secret pride, and every son of *ERIN*, in the contemplation of his career, seems wrapped in the most enthusiastic visions. Towards Him, indeed, the eyes of *ENGLAND* ARE UNCEASINGLY DIRECTED, and *EUROPE*, even amidst the successes of her own renovated spirit, looks towards the south with a most prophetic confidence. That confidence will not be disappointed, and the world at large will have to bless the hour that gave the cause of Spain and of Freedom to his care and direction.

THE  
**CAMPAIGN.**

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**BATTLE OF VITTORIA.**

The Hero's breast still swells with great designs,  
In every thought the tow'ring genius shines:  
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,  
Through Gaul's proud realm his mighty march extends;  
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,  
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;  
If to the fight his active soul is bent,  
The fate of Europe turns on its event.  
What distant land, what region can afford  
An action worthy his victorious sword,  
Where will he next the flying Gauls defeat,  
To make the series of his toils complete?

ADDISON.

THE  
CAMPAIGN.

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BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

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I.

THROUGH many a sign, the weary sun  
His unrestrain'd career had run,  
Since Spain had taught the foe to fly  
The vengeance of her scowling eye ;—  
But now, with azure radiance crown'd,  
He triumph'd o'er the gloom profound,  
That held the laughing skies in thrall,  
And darken'd every rustic hall,  
Each woodland haunt, and valley fair,  
And all the circumambient air :—

And now the Spring, in all her bloom,  
 Shone lovely o'er the flying gloom,  
 Her presence scatter'd wide the clouds,  
 Where Autumn's fell Destroyer shrouds :—  
 On every side the nymph was seen  
 In all her wonted glory sheen,  
 The joyous skies proclaim'd her sway,  
 And every mead, and valley gay,

And many an am'rous bow'r,  
 While all the landscape round display'd  
 The conquest of the lovely maid,—

And every blushing flow'r,  
 And every thicket's bursting shade,  
 Where Love his warm devotions paid,

Her renovating pow'r :  
 Light was the Spaniard's martial breast,  
 When first he saw his mountains dress'd  
 In all the rainbow's varied hues,  
 And water'd with the fragrant dews

Of pleasure-beaming heaven ;  
 To mirth, and dreams of future fame,  
 To fields, where, yet, his sword shall tame  
 The foes of his romantic land,

His sanguine thoughts were given,—

While in his strong and swarthy hand,  
 The sword of Freedom's favor'd band,  
     Exultingly he bore,—  
 That check'd the rebels, when they came  
 To blast his meads with death and flame,  
     And rivulets of gore !

## II.

But not inactive was the soul,  
 That long had curb'd the Gaul's controul,  
 And turn'd his utmost skill to nought,  
 By prompter and profounder thought,  
     In Spain's devoted clime ;—  
 That bold, and all-inspiring mind,  
 Like Heaven's own spirit, warm, refined,  
 Amidst each pressing danger great,  
 Look'd forward thro' the glooms of fate,  
     In confidence sublime,  
 Collecting all its various might,  
 To put the Boaster's hordes to flight,  
 And give, at last, to suffering Spain,  
 A peaceful and a prosperous reign,  
     Releas'd from woe and crime :  
 That mind its noblest air assum'd,  
     With Hope's predictions warm,—



Survey'd the host where Freedom bloom'd,

And smil'd upon the storm;—

And when the red, unseemly star,

That glows on Evening's dusky car,

Rose o'er the southern convent's spires,

A thousand strong divine desires,

A thousand hopes, and dreams sublime,

The birth of Spain's romantic clime,

Possess'd the warrior's soul ;

He wish'd the day of trial come,

He long'd to hear the martial drum

Its charging numbers roll :—

And many a cymbal, trump, and fife,

Give grandeur to the mortal strife,

And check the hopes and fears of life,

And all the hideous views

That Fancy, in her calmer hours,

Pourtrays, in her sequester'd bowers,

In Terror's darkest hues.

### III.

Time brought, at last, the day of joy,

That call'd forth every soul's employ,—

The shouting legions left the field,

That gave a respite to their shield,

And saw the three united bands,  
 Of Freedom's three united lands,  
     In safety there repose,  
 Whose prowess, zeal, and daring will,  
 Have stemm'd the most consummate skill

    Of their inveterate foes :

They left the field, and few shall tell  
 How bright their banners seem'd to swell

    Beneath the laughing sky,  
 As thro' the warm and blushing air,  
 They caught the sun's expanding glare,

    Descending from on high :

It needs a master's glowing hand,  
 To sketch the long and glorious band,

    Careering down the vale ;  
 To paint the intermingling hues  
 Of those, who trod the morning dews

    In Valour's iron mail.

Here, marshall'd into many a square,  
 Of dauntless heart, and ruthless air,  
 As if Destruction's self were there,

    The column'd horsemen rode ;

On either flank, calm and serene,  
 The lighter bands of foot were seen,  
 Veering across the level green,  
     To Slaughter's dark abode;  
 While many a banner's foldings sheen,  
 Illum'd the long and dusty scene,  
     That cover'd half the road:  
 And many a trumpet's vaulted strain  
 Resounded o'er the sunny plain,  
 Where all the sanguine hearts of Spain,  
     With desperation glow'd!

## IV.

Long was the march;—for many a day,  
 Since from the field where late they lay,  
 Their dull and undelighting way,  
     The mighty cohorts held:  
 A brighter scene,—a nobler view,  
 The painter's genius never drew,  
     Or poet's eye beheld.  
 At length Margina's heights were won,  
 Glowing beneath the noon-day sun,—  
 Here Britain gave her legions rest,  
 On many a mountain's iron crest,

On many a meadow's verdant side,  
Where Summer's hand had scatter'd wide

Her all-attractive hues;

While, by the numbers undismay'd,  
That Gallia's length'ning lines display'd,  
Exulting Erin's son survey'd

The ground he meant to choose,  
And where the Gauls their choice had made

To meet the bloody fray,—

Each rugged pass, each dusky shade,  
Where France her ambush'd wrath had laid  
To turn the doubtful day.

# V.

But France, e'en in her wretched plight,  
Maintain'd her national delight,  
And sung, amidst the gloom of night,

Her native roundelay—

Still fondly hop'd to check the force,  
That follow'd her disastrous course,  
And with her overwhelming horse,

Their confidence allay:

Night still roll'd on in thicker shades,  
And total darkness now invades

The horizontal bound;—

Yet, as the sluggish zephyrs stirr'd,  
 The rumbling waggons oft were heard,—  
     And oft the trumpet's sound,  
 That broke amidst the flying rear,  
 By sudden pauses smote the ear,  
     From many a scene profound:  
 But Britain still pursued her aim,  
     Upon the fleeting band,  
 And rushing forth in smoke and flame,  
     Laid hundreds in the sand;  
 No respite gave she to the foe,  
     Till every sound was fled,  
 And darkness hid the vale below,  
     And every mountain-head.

## VI.

And now the night's imposing air  
 Subdu'd the Evening's rosy glare;  
 Upon each mountain's towering peak  
 No longer slept the solar streak,—  
 The languid breezes seem'd to sigh,  
 And darkness cloud the distant sky,—  
 No sound was heard, save when the cheer  
 Of martial voices smote the ear,

Or from the vale, that lay below,  
 The Spaniard's song was heard to flow,  
 That told of other deeds and days,  
 That all might hear, and all might praise.  
 Now silence reign'd; and o'er the green  
 Nought but a glimmering light is seen,  
 And Nature, thro' her mighty reign,  
 Seems in a breathless trance again :  
 It is a pause that bears the sign  
 Of many a vast and deep design,  
 Of feats, that may from History claim  
 The pencil of immortal fame,  
 And live for other times to shew  
 How Britain crush'd Iberia's foe,  
 And hurl'd him backward from her shore,  
 In rivers of his country's gore.

## VII.

The vale of night on every side  
 Had dropp'd, and o'er the Ebro's tide,  
 Now rolling in majestic pride,  
     The shades of darkness fell ;  
 Nought of the flying foe was seen,  
 Whose polish'd arms and banners sheen,  
 Had lately grac'd each mountain green,  
     And every wood and dell :—

Yet, though unseen, the busy band,  
 The scourge of Spain's romantic land,  
 Full oft was heard, as zephyr fann'd

The undulating air:

And oft the bugle's distant clang,  
 Along the rugged mountains sprang,  
 Till proud Zadora's valley rang,

And told the foe was there:

But little now avail'd their speed,  
 Now driven to their utmost need,  
 Submit they must, or nobly bleed,

To check the danger near;—

For pressing on the Britons came,  
 (Despoilers still of Gallic fame,)  
 And arm'd in thunder and in flame,

Assail'd their harass'd rear.

But now the darkling woods between,  
 Far to the left, across the green,  
 Moving in columns, might be seen

A various host :—and hark!

Strange voices load the feverish gale;  
 And now, of aspect stern and pale,  
 A mingled force glides down the vale,

Unmindful of the dark:

And all again seems hush'd in sleep,  
 All but the murmur, slow and deep,  
 Of famed Zadora's distant flow,  
 Or, on the crowded plain below,  
     The centinel's reply;  
 Or ever and anon, the sound  
 Of his dull foot, as o'er the ground  
 He takes his slow and measur'd round  
     Beneath the dreary sky.

## VIII.

I need not say the British breast,  
 When with some darling scheme possess'd,  
 Enjoys in Slumber's arms no rest,  
     No solace or repose;  
 Nor how much care He\* must sustain,  
 The Friend of Portugal and Spain,  
 Whose efforts never prov'd in vain,  
     Against their deadly foes—  
 How much He must have felt that night,  
 When, pond'ring on the morrow's fight,  
 Beneath the morning's early light,  
     He sketch'd the vast design;—

\* Lord Wellington.



And with his wonted sapience told  
 What heights to shun, and what to hold,  
 And where the centre ranks unfold,

And where compress the line.

Methinks I view that soul of fire,  
 That eye which mighty deeds inspire,  
 Burning with valour's noblest ire,

Along the valley stray,  
 Catch at a glance—one single glance,  
 All the united strength of France,

For this portentous day :

Now here, now there, with lightning speed,  
 Active as grows the pressing need,

It darts—and still serene,  
 In conscious dignity it shines,  
 Sees where the foe his power combines,  
 Views all the changes of the lines,

Commanding all the scene :

And every Chief, intent, around  
 Observes where fate has mark'd the ground,  
 'Till by one gen'ral impulse sway'd,  
 With darkling eye and naked blade,  
 Obedient to his charge they fly,  
 Resolved on death or victory!

## IX.

Awakening from her eastern sphere,  
Aurora bless'd the fight,  
All nature felt her influence near,  
All watch'd her heav'n-illum'd career,  
And hail'd her rosy light ;  
Far as the keenest eye might gaze,  
Creation wore a general blaze,  
Propitious to the sight,—  
Beyond the Poet's verse to tell,  
Beyond the Painter's skill to yield,  
Each woodland height, each humble dell,  
And many a blooming field,  
On which the bard might fondly dwell,  
At which the Artist's soul might swell,  
In grandeur stood reveal'd !  
Wood, meadow, copse, and convent spire,  
Each stately hall, and lowly shed,  
All, all partook the heavenly fire,  
And gladness mark'd each mountain head !  
All seem'd to bless the coming hour,  
And hail it from afar,  
When Lusitania's martial pow'r  
Shall drive its overwhelming show'r  
Of slaughter thro' the war !

Proud look'd the morn ! a lovelier day,  
Ne'er smil'd upon a nobler scene,  
BRITANNIA led the vast array,  
Beneath her red-cross flutt'ring gay,  
And pennons richly sheen :  
Onward the mighty cohorts bend,  
Their arms and hearts together blend,  
Their wills but to one object tend,  
Their soul one common cause inspires ;  
'Twas not the mean, unworthy prize  
Of rapine that inflam'd their eyes,  
'Twas their's to quell the nation's cries,  
And gain what suff'ring man desires :—  
Thus prompted, arm'd, and well array'd,  
They grac'd the British rear,  
Long was the martial cavalcade,  
And oft the glorious sun display'd  
Full many a bayonet and blade,  
And many a flag and spear ;  
And often from the woodland shade,  
The bugle's thrilling notes invade  
The keen enraptur'd ear.

## XI.

Onward they went, and every heart  
Was panting to be free;  
All long'd to make their tyrants smart,  
And proffer'd with their lives to part,  
To reap the victory :  
With cymbal clang, and martial fife,  
Companions of the soldier's life,  
To meet the battle's utmost strife,  
In firm heroic tread,  
Across the level green they veer,  
Beneath the sun-beams bright and clear,  
And down the valley spread;  
While loudly on the charmed ear,  
The drums their music roll,  
Chasing the very shape of fear  
From every soldier's soul.  
It were a vain, delusive hope,  
To think the muse's utmost scope  
Could paint the brilliant scene ;  
In various hues the troops were dight,—  
Blue, yellow, green, and red and white,  
Alternate met the wond'ring sight,  
And Scotia's tartan sheen :

While, ever and anon, the eye  
 Th' artillery's flying troops could spy  
     Across the dusty green,  
 That quickly shall their vengeance ply  
     From many a wood unseen,—  
 Hurl thro' the fight their horrid fires,  
 Till line succeeding line retires,  
     And France be forced to yield :  
 Leaving the dying and the slain,  
 The scourge of Portugal and Spain,  
     Extended o'er the field.

## XII.

Throbb'd every soldier's heart with glee,  
     Burnt every man to meet the foe,  
 Whose active lines the eye might see  
     Stretching along the vale below :  
 Proud Lusitania's swarthy pow'r  
 Long'd for the dread eventful hour,  
     To mingle in the strife,  
 When charging on the adverse band,  
 With pennons rais'd, and sword in hand,  
 Britannia rocks the conscious land,  
     For freedom and for life,—

When trumpet-shout and clashing steel,  
 The din of modern battle peal,  
     With coming slaughter rife,  
 To bar the soldier's soul from fear,  
 To check the warm and manly tear,  
 That flows for them he holds most dear,  
     His children and his wife,—  
 When sulph'ry clouds the troops conceal,  
 And o'er the plain th' artillery deal  
     Their momentary death,  
 And Expectation looks in vain  
 For succour o'er the misty plain,  
     And flies, and pants for breath,—  
 While doubt, and fear, and hope excite  
 Alternate misery and delight,  
     And set the soul on fire,—  
 When shadows of the past return,  
 That prompt the coldest heart to yearn,  
 And all the kindling passions burn,  
     Though thousands round expire,  
 For whom their distant friends shall mourn,  
     For whom their lovers pine in vain,  
 Whose fate the ear shall dread to learn,  
     Though seal'd on Glory's honor'd plain.

## XIII.

All marshall'd,—forth the warriors trode,  
The red-cross o'er their bayonets glow'd,  
And thro' the air the pennons rode,

Beneath the heavenly light ;  
Band after band, in close array,  
Wound o'er the hills their awful way,

In varied beauty dight,  
And thro' their arms the sun-beams play,—  
A scene the eye might long survey

With rapture and delight :  
Loud roll'd the drums;—the cymbals' cheer  
Now faintly died upon the ear,  
And seem'd to tell the hour was near

Of havoc and dismay ;  
When, bravely led, Iberia's line  
Must mingle in the fray,

And Lusitania's sons combine  
To check the venturous Gaul's design,  
And share the glorious day,—

When charging on the adverse ranks,  
That lie along Zadora's banks,  
The British bands, in all their pride,  
Shall seize the flags with slaughter dy'd,  
And lust and rapine crown'd,—

While from Puebla's lofty side,  
 Th' artillery send their prowess wide,  
 And spread destruction round.

## XIV.

Still busied was the distant foe  
 To lay the hopes of Britain low,  
 Of Portugal and Spain :  
 The heart was in its loveliest glow,  
 And burnt to give th' avenging blow,  
 To see the blood of Gallia flow,  
 From thousands of her slain ;—  
 It long'd to crush those banners dread,  
 That wav'd exulting o'er the dead,  
 When Saragossa fell,—  
 Those lofty emblems, that display  
 The traits of murder and dismay,  
 The deeds of many a bloody day,  
 The muse may never tell,  
 Such as would make the heart to grieve,  
 The warrior's ardent soul to heave,  
 And every vein to swell ;



For still those banners, flaming high,  
 Threw their broad foldings to the sky,  
 And spread to every soldier's eye

Full many a crimson stain,  
 Suck'd from the corse of the brave,  
 Who fought, and bravely died to save  
 The liberties of Spain !

## XV.

O, WELLESLEY, could my venturous lyre  
 Display to thee the joy—the fire

That thro' the nations glow,—  
 A thousand years of toil were light,  
 To one who shares the guerdon bright,  
 Their million tongues bestow :  
 Far to the North thy fame expands,  
 And Russia's proud exulting bands

Thy splendid feats shall know,—  
 Smile on their Moscow's ruin'd seat,  
 And from its crumbling temples greet  
 The vision of the Gauls' defeat,

And speedy overthrow.  
 Here, gallant soul ! thy deathless name,  
 Emblazon'd on the rolls of Fame,  
 The musing eye delights,

While on the moving breeze we hear  
The story of thy late career

On Puebla's rosy heights,  
Till every heart, with joy sincere,  
Already deems the period near

When France herself shall know  
That vengeance, which the heart holds dear,  
From one she made her foe.

# XVI.

Now had the morning widely shed  
Her rays on every mountain-head,  
And to the neighb'ring scenery lent  
The smile of hope and gay content,—  
The hills, the woods, the sylvan ways,  
For miles enjoy'd the heavenly blaze,

Each high and warded post,—  
The busy camp, where Spain unfurl'd  
Her banner to the shouting world,

Amidst her patriot host,  
Down to the meadows soft and green,  
(A rich and multifarious scene)

That skirt Zadora's coast :  
While many an olive grove between,  
The rosy beams of morn were seen,—  
And o'er the distant lands

All nature look'd refresh'd, and wore  
 A grandeur seldom known before  
 To Britain's hardy bands.

## XVII.

Slow on the breeze, the convent chime  
 Announc'd the sluggard march of Time,  
 And Echo, from the distant bow'r,  
 Had mock'd the eighth aspiring hour,—  
 All nature seem'd to hold a pause,

Save where the bugles sprang,  
 Or, glowing in the sacred cause  
 Of Freedom, and her hallow'd laws,

The Spanish trumpets rang:  
 Anon was heard along the wood,  
 And near Zadora's rivulet flood,

The trampling of the horse;  
 While, here and there, of warlike mien,  
 The busy bands of France were seen  
 To veer along the distant green

Their calm and steady course:  
 While, shelt'ring Puebla's heights between  
 Unheard, and by their foes unseen,  
 Repos'd her veteran force:

But, though unseen, the adverse pow'r  
     Was brooding many a vast design,  
 To foil, e'en at the onset hour,  
     The Lusitanian line ;  
 They mark'd the ground where Britain spread  
     Her standard to the gale,  
 And where the proud Castilians led,  
 Of dauntless heart, and manly tread,  
     Their march above the vale :  
 And brilliant was the course they held,  
 As ever warrior's eye beheld—  
     Their banners stream'd with gold,  
 Their dauntless air and savage mien,  
 Gave grandeur to the martial scene,  
     And high achievements told,  
 Such as detraction shall not screen,  
     Nor honest praise withhold.

## XVIII.

Now shook the splendid vault of heav'n,  
 As if the central skies were riven,  
 Along the void the trumpets' clang,  
 In wild tumultuous echoes rang,

The drums their awful music roll'd,  
 And long the knell of battle toll'd,  
 Bright wav'd the pennons through the air,  
 Beneath the sun's triumphant glare,  
 As o'er the plain the martial crowd  
 Advanc'd—their ensigns waving proud  
     In every breeze that blew;  
 In all their awful splendour dress'd,  
 Swift o'er the hills the legions press'd,  
     And to their stations flew;  
 And, ever and anon, the light  
 Burst o'er their flaming jav'lines bright,  
 Their banners and tumultuous plumes,  
 Now glittering thro' the woodland glooms,  
     That skirt the distant plain;  
 While o'er the circumambient scene  
 Broad streaming floods of light were seen,  
     The eye could scarce sustain,  
 Seeming the verdant hills between  
     To rise and fall again.

## XIX.

Along the vale the trumpet's swell  
 In loud convulsive echoes fell,  
     The awful hour was near,

When Nature fills the stoutest heart,  
 With feelings I may ne'er impart,  
     Of mingled hope and fear :  
 Then Erin ! mounted high the zeal  
     Of thy immortal son,—  
 Naked was every Briton's steel,  
 And Spain already seem'd to feel,  
     As if the day were won :  
 But England form'd no idle schemes—  
 Indulg'd no visionary dreams,  
     For well the foe she knew ;  
 Her Chief beheld the coming tide,  
 And casting every doubt aside,  
 Along the lines in conscious pride,  
     His rapid charger flew ;  
 He saw, he felt the instant need,  
 Nor dreaming France would soon recede,  
 Swift as the lightning's winged speed,  
     He pass'd the columns by,  
 Resolv'd, should in the fight he bleed,  
     In Glory's arms to die :  
 Headlong amidst the ranks he sprung,  
 Short were the charges of his tongue,  
 For now the Gallic trumpets flung  
     Their death-notes to the sky,

Whilst o'er the vale the shadows hung  
Of France's destiny.

## XX.

Exulting Britain smil'd with joy,  
And look'd like one inspir'd;—  
No dubious thoughts her soul employ—  
Iberia's hopes no fears destroy,  
But fresher force acquir'd :  
With dreams of future conquest warm,  
Calm and serene she view'd the storm,  
Beheld the Gallic squadrons form,  
Their banners blazing high,—  
And as she spur'd her charger o'er  
The hills, unclotted with the gore  
Of her oppress'd ally,  
She, Britain, all estrang'd to doubt,  
Heard voice on voice, in mingled shout,  
Cry—" Onward ! to the mortal rout,  
" Or Freedom yet must die !  
" They come, they come with all their powers,  
" Advance ! or quickly fly !  
" They come, the fiery tempest lowers,  
" Rush, Erin ! o'er the plain,

"For see! from yonder ambush'd towers,

"They spread their devastating showers,

"And Lusitania bleeds in vain:

"Charge, charge them home! the day is ours,

"Drive, drive them through our olive bowers,

"Or yield the rights of Spain!"

He heard, and felt the gen'ral zeal,

He bade the lines their force reveal,

The charging trumpets loudly peal

Their summons thro' the skies,

And, grasping his victorious steel,

To every point he flies,—

Tells where the Cuirassiers will deal

Their vengeance, and their force conceal,

And where their arts disguise,—

Strengthens the lines where most they need,

Where Gallia's arms may best succeed,

Their fury most display,—

This done, to every Chief his eye

Spoke more than tongue could then supply,

And now the trumpets shook the sky,

Prophetic of the fray;

And as he pass'd, the Spaniards cry,

"On, onward! or we quickly die,

"Beneath the cloud of infamy,

"The scandal of the day!"



## XXI.

Needs it to tell what passions rul'd  
His manly genius, deeply school'd

In her nefarious ways,  
Who led the bold heroic train,  
Of Britain, Portugal, and Spain,  
Beneath the morning rays?

Who saw with instantaneous glance,  
The dark and ambush'd schemes of France,  
Beheld her wary bands advance,

To flank the allied host;  
Who felt his kindling soul aspire,  
As nearer seem'd the Gallic fire,  
As nearer to his eagle view,  
Their proud exulting banners flew,  
Along Zadora's coast?

Who, as the danger darker roll'd  
From their tremendous line of gold,  
Look'd forward, confident and bold,

On Terror's savage crew,—  
Till, rous'd to its sublimer height,  
He sketch'd the fierce gigantic fight,  
And headlong down the valley's right,  
His flying regions threw?

## XXII.

It were in vain to paint the zeal  
Which now his every pulse inspires,  
Which every Briton's heart can feel,  
And every conscious tongue reveal,  
Alive to great desires:  
But as the dreadful numbers claim  
Superior skill, the Hero's flame  
For glory doubly burn'd,  
And sweeping down the left were seen,  
Of daring eye, and heart serene,  
Whom France on that devoted green,  
Already thought were turn'd—  
Those, whom their Leader's watchful eye  
Had summon'd to the field, to try  
Their prowess with the foe,  
Who still, where'er their banners play,  
Are Gaul's remorseless foes for aye,  
Her victor in unequal fray,  
Her terror and her woe—  
E'en where her doubling tribes display  
The feats of many a bloody day,  
And Freedom's overthrow.

## XXIII.

Now all was fixt, and every breast  
Seem'd with the liveliest hopes possess'd,—  
Each aspect wore the calm that told,  
    It glôried in the scene,  
Where, clos'd in death, the young and old,  
The weak, the timid, and the bold,  
To Fame's bewitching flatt'ries cold,  
    Shall crowd the battle green.  
Thus while they paus'd, in order good,  
Forsaking now Zadora's flood,  
    The flying myriads came,  
Facing the point where Britain stood,  
    Observant of their aim;  
Beneath the sun, as on he roll'd,  
Their hovering eagles, wing'd with gold,  
The dread approach of battle told,  
    From many a rosy hill;  
And Britain from the vast array  
Had now recoil'd, but that the day  
Call'd all her prowess into play,  
    And bade her sons fulfil

The promise she had firmly sworn,  
 When from the brow of Spain was torn  
 The laurel she so long had worn,

Sole mistress of her will,  
 Ere yet the desolating cloud  
 Of vengeance swept her temples proud,  
 Darkening with its barbarian crowd,  
 Each height and lowland rill.

## XXIV.

Quarter'd along Puebla's side,  
 All glittering in their sumptuous pride,  
 And near Zadora's silver tide,

The light battalions shone:  
 And many a smart and quick design  
 Gave to the long and brilliant line,

A grandeur rarely known;  
 Floating amidst the sultry air,  
 Their pennons rode in many a pair,

White, yellow, red, and blue;  
 The rainbow's varied tints were there,  
 Which, ere the parting eve, shall wear,

But one distinguish'd hue!  
 On either side the cymbal clang,  
 The trumpet's hollow yell,



Along the mountain summits rang,  
 And down the valley fell:  
 In square, and column, closely press'd,  
 Stealing above the mountain's crest,  
 With fancied honours all possess'd,  
 The daring Gauls appear;  
 While troop on troop, superbly dress'd,  
 Were following in the rear,  
 Whose myriad-swords, like ocean-spray,  
 Glitter'd beneath the solar ray,  
 Their waving plumes between;  
 While, here and there, the streamers gay,  
 Dancing beneath the orb of day,  
 The strength of Gallia's host display,  
 For this eventful scene.

## XXV.

While now indignant France survey'd,  
 From many a hill and woodland shade,  
 The features of the allied host,  
 The Spaniard's martial air,  
 And all Zadora's warded coast,  
 Each tow'ring height, and secret post,  
 And all the valley fair;

Far on the right her bands were seen,  
Stealing the minor hills between,

Beneath the sunny glare,  
That, playing o'er their bayonets sheen,  
Gave grandeur to the martial scene,  
And told they meant to lurk unseen,

And shroud their vengeance there :  
And thus, but that the project fail'd,

Britain had lost the day,  
And France, in all her strength, prevail'd,  
While Spain, by doubling tribes assail'd,

Had ne'er surviv'd the fray :  
Yet, ere her patriot-youth had fell,  
France scarcely had remain'd to tell  
How many of her sons were left,  
Of every friendly aid bereft,

On that disastrous plain—  
How many, lock'd in death's embrace,

Had felt the wrath of Spain,  
Mingled with those, whose steady arm

Repell'd the flying show'r,  
Who backward, confident and calm,  
Hurl'd all the fury of the storm

On Gaul's exulting pow'r.

## XXVI.

But, WELLESLEY saw the daring scheme,  
Beheld Puebla's summits gleam,

With many a pennon gay—

Caught at a glance the mighty force,  
Artillery, infantry, and horse,

All marshall'd for the fray:

Oh, great, and greatly-daring Soul!

Thy martial fame, from pole to pole,

By every tongue is spread;—

But for thy prompt, efficient zeal,

Spain now had been compell'd to feel,

The ruin France attempts to seal

On her devoted head:

But thou, immortal man! could'st turn

The sweeping tide, and make her learn

The Tyrant's angry threat to spurn,

To cast aside the chain,

Which he, deluded upstart! brought

To curb each bold aspiring thought

Of Liberty and Spain.

## XXVII.

Oh! how the mind delights to dwell

On thy resplendent deeds,

Where France in triple numbers fell,

Whence still in fear she speeds:

Whether to Salamanca's plain

The contemplative eye we strain,

Whether to proud Alberche's shore,

Damp with the Tyrant's brightest gore,

Or Talavera's field, or where

DALMATIA felt his soul despair,

The raptur'd eye we turn—

Still, still on every spot we scan

The genius of th' immortal man,

Who taught the foe to learn,

That valour's arm is nerv'd to save

Spain and her children from the grave

Of woe and infamy,

That men, if so resolv'd (in spite

Of all the deadly arts of night)

Will conquer and be free!

## XXVIII.

O, WELLESLEY! could my harp recall

The vigour of departed days,

When many a bright and banner'd hall

Re-echoed to the Poet's lays,



When every heart throughout the land,  
 Rejoic'd to think that Britain's band  
     Had crush'd the daring foe,  
 And with a firm intrepid hand  
 Foil'd all the efforts he had plann'd,  
     To lay her greatness low;  
 Oh! could I but again restore  
 The spirit of the days of yore—  
     That universal glow  
 Which warm'd our rude, but hardy sires,  
 And kindled more than mortal fires  
     In many a rugged breast—  
 Then would the heart with rapture thrill,  
 And tell that Britain's children still  
     With virtue are possess'd.

## XXIX.

But, WELLESLEY! let not Faction's horde,  
     Nor Envy's vulgar sneer,  
 Restrain thy joy-inspiring sword,  
     Or damp thy bright career!  
 Prompt in thy country's cause to fall,  
 Prompt at her loud and earnest call,  
     Thou fled'st where'er she bade—

Turn'd'st with thy arm the mortal toil,  
Where proud Iberia's martial soil

Rose weltering with the dead!

O! if there be a warrior's name

To generous Albion dear,

One that may long, and justly claim

Her fond, unfeigned tear,

'Tis, WELLESLEY, thine! 'tis thine, above

All others, that excites her love,

Her never-ceasing pride—

For 'midst the many glorious stars,

That guide her memorable wars,

And spread her conquests wide,

To thy renown, there's none so bright,

In spite of envy's sneer,—

Or beams through Spain's tumultuous night

Of woe, more promising delight,

Or clearly tells to Europe's sight,

Her great deliverance near.

### XXX.

France still pursued her daring hope,

And, bent with England's bands to cope,

Thro' many a pass her columns slope

Their deviating way,—

In dreams of future glory warm,  
 She mock'd the dark and low'ring storm

Of Britain's bold array :

But soon her dire mistake she found,  
 And soon withdrawn to fairer ground,  
 Concentred all her various might,

Of line and solid square,  
 And, brooding o'er the coming fight  
 That soon must cloud the rosy light,

And shake the yielding air,  
 Long'd for the Britons to assail

Her veteran legions there,—  
 And thence along the dismal vale,  
 Her flying showers of iron hail

Had scatter'd pale despair,  
 Had soon destroy'd, on every side,  
 Britannia's hope, Iberia's pride,  
 And Lusitania's banner fair.

### XXXI.

Foil'd in her scheme, her pride depress'd,  
 No longer able now to wrest  
 The laurel from the British crest,  
 Which every aim defied,

And humbled in her bold emprise,  
 Along the hills she swiftly flies,  
 Still many a secret effort tries,  
     To spread her ruin wide ;—  
 And rushing headlong down the plain,  
 Attempts her station to regain,  
     To turn the adverse tide,—  
 And thus, at one convulsive blow,  
 The plans of England overthrow,  
     Her own misfortunes hide,  
 And urging on her dark career,  
 Assail the Lusitanian rear,  
     And crush Iberia's pride,—  
 Till Freedom yield the wreath of bay,  
 The worth of this exulting day,  
     The havoc of the plain,  
 And forfeit to a tyrant Crown,  
 The high reward—the bright renown  
     Of Liberty and Spain.

## XXXII.

From many a field and rugged pass,  
 Like locusts sweeping o'er the grass,  
     Her veteran lines appear'd,—

Troop following troop of varied hue,  
 Across the plain in haste withdrew,  
     With hope's allurements cheer'd;  
 Crowding upon the startl'd view,  
 Yellow and white, and green and blue,  
     A thousand pennons glare;  
 While cymbal-clang, and fife, and drum,  
 Tell that the horrid strife is come  
     Of terror and despair:  
 That fearful strife, where man and man,  
 Reversing nature's social plan,  
     Each other's blood shall wear:  
 And those who never met before,  
 (Who soon, perchance, shall meet no more,)  
 Linger amid a sea of gore,  
     Lie stretch'd upon the green,  
 Where memory dwells, with soul distress'd,  
 On better days, when comfort bless'd  
     His cot's romantic scene,  
 On Thames's shore, on Harrow's side,  
 Or where the summer scatters wide  
 Her fragrance and her flowery pride,  
     Along the Loire and Seine.

## XXXIII.

Now roll'd the drum its awful note,  
The pennons thro' the red air float,  
And from the trumpet's brazen throat,

The war-notes smite the ear :  
Threat'ning Zadora's guarded coast,  
The horsemen, in a mingled host,  
Bursting from many an ambush'd post,

In flying troops appear,—  
And hurrying with their bayonets bright,  
Like meteors flashing through the night,  
The footmen from each cloudy height,

Careering far and near,  
Salute the long-impatient sight  
Of those, who view with high delight,  
The glories of the martial fight,

From some secluded sphere.  
And now the sun with stronger beam,  
Silver'd afar the azure stream,  
Flash'd on the banner's varied pride,  
As o'er the dusty plain they ride,

Now hidden—now unveil'd;

Flam'd on the murderous blades that wore  
 The stains of many a Patriot's gore,  
 Where France had conquer'd oft before,  
     And tyranny prevail'd,—  
 Of many a widow's pious tear,  
 That dropt for him she held most dear,  
     Where love his triumph hail'd.

—XXXIV.

It was a sight, on which the mind  
 Might ponder free and unconfin'd,  
 Where man, to secret passions blind,  
     Might chain his reasoning powers,—  
 And ask for what stupendous cause,  
 Heav'n gave the world its hallow'd laws,  
     While war his ruin showers.

It was a scene as grand and bright,  
 As ever met th' enthusiast's sight,  
 Beyond the muse's art to tell,  
     The painter's skill to yield,—  
 When o'er the plain, and through the dell,  
 The Gallic lines were seen to swell,  
     All marshall'd for the field :

It was as fair, as vast a scene,  
 As ever grac'd a battle-green,  
 As ever met the raptur'd eye,  
 Of Heaven-illumin'd poesy ;  
 Here clustering rose the bayonets—there  
 The banners cleave the sultry air,  
     And darken half the plain ;  
 While floods of intermingling light,  
 Burst on the long-distracted sight,  
     And every eye detain—  
 As when across the vault of night,  
     The northern glories beam,  
 Casting abroad their radiance bright,  
     In many a starry stream.

## XXXV.

Nine times the clouds, with dismal sound,  
     Return'd the battle's knell,  
 Darkness invested half the ground,  
 The Sun appear'd from Heav'n to bound,  
     And bid the world farewell :  
 Nine times the clock's unseemly note  
 Was heard upon the breeze to float,  
     The distant hills between,



Where not as yet the cannon's roar  
     Had marr'd the rural scene,  
 And not a sabre drank the gore  
 Of those who bravely fought before,  
     On Talavera's green :  
 Nine times from many a convent tower,  
 Murmur'd the dull and sluggard hour,  
 Brake, wood, and glen, and mountain way,  
 Where many a lurking squadron lay,  
 Return'd the slowly-measur'd sound,  
     Upon the wearied ear,  
 And told the storm was gathering round,  
     The gloom of battle near;—  
 That giant combat dark and dread,  
 Where Havoc, stalking o'er the dead,  
 And waving high his pennon red,  
     And blood-encrusted spear,  
 Smiles on the valiant, as they tread  
 O'er many a cold eternal bed,  
     To Valour's spirit dear.

## XXXVI.

Flush'd with the sanguine hopes that ne'er  
 Gave entrance to the fiend Despair,

And arm'd with Slaughter's lev'ling power,  
 Across the plain th' artillery scour,  
     In terror's dark array;  
 Sweeping beneath their iron rage  
 The works of many a blooming age  
     Ere Tyranny held sway.  
 In heavier clouds, on every side,  
 The black and dusty whirlwinds ride,  
 And tumult, shout, and horrid song,  
 Resounding o'er the murd'rous throng,  
     The startling ear assail;  
 Now right, now left, afar they sweep,  
 Now, closer knit, their way they keep  
     Along the smoky vale,—  
 Scatt'ring, as when the rolling deep  
     Before the monsoon flies,  
 From many a mist-envelop'd shore,  
 The dark and distant country o'er,  
     Death, terror, and surprise.  
 So round the plain Gaul's iron force  
 Maintain'd its all-repelling course,  
 Till half the heavens were wrapt in fire,  
 And Havoc in his gloomiest ire,  
     His howling thunders spread,

Scatt'ring on many a distant post,  
 Above the mountain's head,  
 On Lusitania's and Iberia's host,  
 But on the sons of Albion most,  
 Its devastation red;—  
 While, shrouded from opposing might,  
 Gaul mark'd the dark and dubious fight,  
 And saw, from many a warded height,  
 The meadows strown with dead.

## XXXVII.

But, WELLESLEY, undeceiv'd, foresaw  
 The error France had made,  
 And scorn'd from her attempts to draw  
 His martial cavalcade:  
 His keen and all-discerning eye  
 Beheld the banners floating high  
 Of enterprising Spain:  
 And saw, beneath the low'ring sky,  
 The Britons cross the plain,  
 To check the Gauls as thence they fly,  
 Now flying thence in vain!  
 Fierce and incessant was the fire  
 That smote the distant wood,

Now rolling deep, now mounting high'r,  
It spread its devastation dire,

Where Spain unshaken stood;  
Where hundreds, unperceiv'd, expire,

Whom other bands succeed,  
Who for their country's fame desire  
No brighter, worthier meed,  
Than, 'midst the battle's darkest ire,

In Glory's arms to bleed.

But harass'd with the pealing wrath

Of Gallia's ambush'd skill,

The Spanish bands broke nobly forth,  
(Fierce as the tempest of the North,)

To gain the distant hill;

Thus they,—while jealous of the foe,  
The footmen from the grounds below,  
Assail'd the heights with rapid tread,  
And there the cross of Albion spread,  
Amidst the remnants of the dead,  
Of many a dark and swarthy son,  
(Already with the toil foredone,)

Of Portugal and Spain;

Men who, by honor warm'd, defied  
 The Tyrant and his upstart pride,—  
 Who to no fear, no lust allied,  
     Oppression dare disdain ;—  
 Who, burning with the ancient zeal  
     That crush'd the Moorish band,  
 Feel as the virtuous ought to feel—  
 And rather die than basely seal  
     The glory of their land,  
 To all the foul inhuman deeds,  
 Where France presides, and Freedom bleeds  
     Beneath her Despot's hand.

## XXXVIII.

Yes, on those heights the Gauls had won,  
 Lay many a dark and valiant son  
     Of terror-breathing Spain;  
 Many who, as the morning rose,  
 Survey'd, rejoic'd, their distant foes,  
 And fondly hop'd, ere evening-close,  
     Upon Vittoria's plain  
 To see them scatter'd far and wide,  
 Their corseS stript of all their pride,  
     The Ebro's current stain;

Whose overthrow the heart shall learn  
 With rapture, and, exulting turn  
     To where they fought in vain:  
 But ere upon those hills they fell,  
 Their bosoms own'd the joyous swell,  
 And all those passions warm and high,  
 That heave the breast, and fire the eye  
 Of those, whom Freedom's voice inspires  
 With daring hopes and great desires:  
 Their closing eyes discern'd in death  
     A rapture all men feel,  
 Who live where Freedom sheds her breath  
     On Valour's beaming steel,—  
 Who die, the smile of heaven beneath,  
 Upon the gore-encrusted heath  
     Where Glory's banners play,  
 And Honour scorns the sword to sheath,  
     While Tyranny holds sway.

## XXXIX.

'Twas glorious in that dreadful strife  
 Where Fame was wrestling hard with life,  
 To see in native ardour strong,  
 The Britons sweep the plain along—  
     The Spanish squadrons stand,—

Meeting on many a low'ring height,  
 The charge of Gallia's bayonets bright,  
     A firm, unshaken band !

Crushing beneath their steady rage,  
 The terrors of this coward age,

Whose swords with murder glare:  
 Who o'er Germania's plains have trod,  
 The puppets of an upstart god,  
 Waving th' inexorable rod

Of slaughter and despair.  
 Blasting beneath their sulph'ry feet  
 Each heavenly bliss—each prospect sweet,  
 The virgin kiss—the tender sigh  
 Of love, and heav'n-born sympathy,—  
 The rapture of affection's glance,  
 That holds some kindred soul in trance,  
     To Lovers only known ;  
 That tells their inward joys, their fears,  
 And gives to all their glowing tears,  
     Bliss—felt by them alone.

#### XL.

It was a goodly scene to view  
 The rebel-force, as they withdrew  
     Beyond the guarded height,—

Those Vandals, whose usurping arms  
Have fill'd the world with vain alarms,

And shaken nature's might ;

Deforming all her lovely charms,

Adopting wrong for right :

Black'ning the features of the mind,

And changing day to night ;

Who sever all the ties that bind

The nobler feelings of mankind,

By fate to mortals given :

Those ties that warm the gen'rous heart,

And to the kindling soul impart,

A foretaste sweet of heaven :

To see the daring bands of Spain,

The fiercest of the fight sustain,

Foiling the rash impetuous spear

Of France, in all its mad career,

Of those, whose foul destructive breath

Has scatter'd Europe o'er with death,

Breaking the statutes that had stood

For ages, undefil'd with blood,

Each calm delight—domestic joy,

That steals the soul from care's alloy,

And makes the wretched strong ;



All that the tender soul desires,  
 All that the Painter's eye inspires,  
 Or prompts the Poet's song.

XLI.

Indignant France, thus timely foil'd,  
 With more than human ardour toil'd

The Britons to subdue ;  
 And, harass'd in the net she made,  
 Full many a thriftless feint essay'd

The combat to renew,—  
 'Till finding all attempts in vain,  
 To lure the victors o'er the plain,  
 And, burning to retrieve the field,  
 Whence lately she withdrew,

In wrath her clanging trumpets peal'd,  
 As down the hills her columns reel'd,

And from destruction flew ;  
 Thus, in her most vindictive mood,  
 She rush'd,—an overbearing flood  
 Of terror, desolation, blood,

Till every thicket near  
 Return'd the long and dismal shout  
 Of her discomfiture and rout,  
 On the affrighted ear :

And many a banner riding high  
 Beneath the gloom-invested sky,  
 'Announc'd the dreadful combat nigh,  
     Which every soul might fear,—  
 That horrid and disastrous strife,  
 Where honour's barter'd oft for life,  
     And life for honour's bier.

## XLII.

Tumult and noise, and death and woe  
 Began on every side to grow,  
 And from the misty vale below,  
     Destruction seem'd to frown ;  
 But, WELLESLEY, still serene, survey'd  
 The havoc Britain there had made,  
 Still saw the pride of France allay'd,  
     Her laurels trampled down :  
 Undaunted soul ! thy honest zeal  
 Might teach the coldest heart to feel,  
 Might bid the croaking tongue conceal  
     The Tyrant's black renown,  
 When o'er the plain and many a hill,  
 Thy genius foil'd e'en JOURDAN's skill,  
     And humbled JOSEPH's crown :

What tho' the battle round thee press'd,  
 What tho' the clouds of fortune low'r'd,  
 Thy presence every fear suppress'd,  
 Thy genius every soul empow'r'd!  
 So when the Gaul, in angry mood,  
 Bore headlong to Zadora's flood,  
 Collected, firm, and undismay'd,  
 Thy judgment every post survey'd,  
     Upon the plain below;  
 Saw all the schemes that France design'd,  
 The dreadful chances all combin'd,  
     That might avail the foe,  
 Or prove, as he was taught to find,  
     His dreadful overthrow.

## XLIII.

Fierce and more fierce, from left to right,  
 Now roll'd the black and sulphury fight,  
 Rank upon rank, in rash advance,  
 By turns assail'd recoiling France,  
     (France struggling now in vain),  
 'Till down the heights the crimson stream,  
 Reeking beneath the sun's warm beam,  
     Rush'd onward to the plain:

And now the clash of sword and spear,

Reviving, smote the tortur'd ear,

And, holding on their dread career,

    The swarthy sons of Spain,

Sent ruin thro' the Gallic rear,

While Britain, to her trust sincere,

    Her thunders peal'd again :

Crushing at each tremendous blow,

The flying columns of the foe,

Till half the plain was wrapt in smoke,

Save where the fainting sunbeams broke

    The dun and misty air,

Giving the long suspended sight,

A glance of that destructive fight,

    And all the tumult there :

While, long and deep, the mingling cries

Burst thro' the fire-encircled skies,

And terror, havoc, and surprise,

    And ruin, and despair,

Rush'd hideous on the startling eyes,

    In one excessive glare :

Such as the Muse may never tell,

    Such as would only shock the sight,

And cause the feeling heart to swell

    With terror and affright.

## XLIV.

Tho' hid in gloom, the warriors met  
(Confiding in their prowess yet)

The charges of the bayonet,

Unshaken and serene :

Nor shrunk they on that gory height,

Till rushing on the shudd'ring sight,

The rugged cliffs between,

Appear'd the sanguinary tide,

And havoc round his vengeance plied,

And blew his battle-yell,

Which all the neighb'ring rocks reply'd,

As round the bleeding warriors sigh'd,

Or bade the world farewell :

Few, few shall sketch the varied woe,

Those dark disastrous summits show,

Where, overwhelm'd in Stygian gloom,

Full many a soldier met his doom,

Unpitied and unknown—

Save when the sun's expanding ray,

Scatter'd the sulphury mist away,

And made the havoc known :

But scarcely had the Gallic bands

Attain'd those high romantic lands,

Than Britain's wary Chief,

Commanding all the various scene,  
Threw his bold legions o'er the green,

To make the conquest brief:

Now o'er the distant hills he flew,  
And thence his spreading vengeance threw—  
Bore headlong o'er the dusty plain,  
Pealing the battle-blast again,  
And leading Portugal and Spain,

Rush'd thro' the woodland shade;

But e'en in that propitious hour,  
France smote with all her thund'ring pow'r,  
And in a dark and fiery show'r,

The bold achievement stay'd:

#### XLV.

Here, WELLINGTON! if aught could tame  
The ardour of thy patriot flame,  
That glowing thirst for honest fame,

Thy prowess has display'd—

Here might, awhile, exulting France  
Have hop'd to check thy bright advance,

Thy courage here allay'd:

But equal to the pressing need,

Thy giant mind can soar,

And with the lightning's utmost speed

The darkest fates o'erpower ;—

So when thy soul-inspiring eye

Beheld the Spanish columns fly,

— Whence France had fled before—

The lines of Portugal recoil,

Already bleeding from the toil,

As if the fight were o'er,—

“ On, onward HILL,” resounded deep,

Along Puebla's summits steep,

“ Destruction broods on every side,

“ And France, in Fortune's daring pride,

“ A conquest now has made ;

“ While Spain beneath her eagle bleeds,

“ And Portugal, at length, recedes,

“ Confounded and dismay'd :

“ On, WALKER ! on ! for see, the foe

“ Already scours the plain below,

“ And from the mountain's gory height,

“ Commands the fierce uncertain fight ;

“ On, on CADÖGAN ! on and tear

“ The banner Gaul has planted there,

“ And crush her sweeping fire ;

"Or Britain must ignobly yield

"The glory of Vittoria's field,

"And on her mutilated shield

"In agony expire!"

XLVI.

Quick, quick as was the summons heard,

The manly charge was given;

Havoc his foaming war-horse spurr'd,

And thunder shook the Heav'n;

But what can move the stubborn rock

Which centuries have bound,

What, but an earthquake's sudden shock

Can root it from the ground?

So France, secur'd by various skill,

Maintain'd awhile each dark'ning hill,

Raking the line from left to right,

That peopled half the plain,—

Where Havoc saw, with high delight,

The swift, but temporary flight

Of Portugal and Spain:

So Britain, finding France prevail,

Drove forward from the dusty vale,

With all her prowess to assail

The rash presuming foe.—



For since nor Portugal nor Spain,  
Thus handled, could their posts maintain,  
Britain must strive, perhaps in vain,

To lay the rebels low:—

A mightier conflict must be fought,  
A more gigantic power be brought

To fix their overthrow:—

At such a crisis, Britain knew  
What scheme her sons must then pursue;  
Her footmen from the mountain-crest,  
Now gain'd, in hurrying legions press'd,  
And Gallia's swarms defied,  
And link'd with Spain's and Lusitania's might,  
Turn'd the disasters of the fight

On proud Zadora's tide.

#### XLVII.

Oh! 'twas a most stupendous scene,  
When tearing from the mountains green,  
Stern Scotia's veteran bands were seen

The daring foe to meet;

When, as the flying thunders peal'd,  
They sought the foe the clouds conceal'd,

And forc'd him to retreat:

—The next morning 1805—



But while on every side they swarm,  
With Hope's sublimer pictures warm,  
France, in a dark and iron storm,

Laid hundreds at her feet ;

And Britain paus'd—the pause was dread—  
France, from another mountain's head,  
Had strewn the battle-field with dead,

And thought her scheme complete ;  
While Spain beheld her dauntless bands  
Scatter'd, as are the drifted sands

Before the tempest's heat.

#### XLVIII.

But vigorous still, and undismay'd,  
The doubtful chances all were weigh'd,

By Erin's darling son ;

And though the fight were long delay'd,  
And France full many an effort made,

The field was yet unwon ;

Then onward, in a firm phalanx,  
Spain led again her swarthy ranks,

And down upon Zadora's banks

The Lusian heroes tread ;

While Britain, still intent to wrest  
 The eagle from the mountain's crest,  
 Her charging squadrons swiftly press'd,

And there such ruin spread  
 As fill'd the most determin'd breast

With pity and with dread:  
 Thus Britain still her aim pursu'd,  
 And in her dark and angry mood

Ascended every height,  
 Turning, as all her foes she view'd,

The long precarious fight;  
 Still hoping on the distant coast,  
 Where Gaul display'd her varied host,  
 And on Vittoria's heights, to raise  
 The standard of her earlier days,  
 And thence with spreading ruin sweep

The rebels from the plain;  
 Where now their secret furies sleep,  
 And Death and Pain their vigil keep,

Revolving o'er the slain—  
 Scatter'd in many a smoky heap,  
 For whom the kindred heart shall weep,  
 But weep, alas! in vain.

## XLIX.

But Heaven, as if to crush the scheme,  
 Withdrew the morning's golden beam,  
 And from Zadora's silver stream,

And all the neighb'ring lands,  
 In phalanx firm, and bold array,  
 Like eagles pouncing on their prey,  
 The Gauls maintain their furious way,

To turn the Spanish bands :  
 Lost in the thick, unfriendly shade,  
 France found her daring sons dismay'd,  
 While Britain, with her awful blade,

Sent thousands to the tomb ;  
 Hid in the glowing atmosphere,  
 In vain they shun her fleet career,  
 In vain for refuge far and near,

Elude the spreading gloom ;  
 The more they fly the barbed spear,  
 The more the secret charge they fear,  
 Closer the Britons press their rear,

The battle to resume.  
 Strange and discordant were the cries  
 That echoed thro' the sulphury skies :—  
 And where the gloomy woodlands rise,  
 Beyond Zadora's tide,

You might have heard the horrid shout  
 Of those who flew the coming rout,  
     Resounding far and wide ;  
 Till, startling at the hideous yell,  
 England withdrew beyond the dell,  
 And thence arriv'd on fairer land,  
     By Gallia undescried,  
 O'erturn'd with her impetuous hand,  
 The daring projects she had plann'd,  
     To circumscribe her pride.

## L.

Fierce rag'd the fight:—a darker scene  
 Ne'er lay upon Vittoria's green,  
     Or met the warrior's eye :—  
 Peal after peal was echoing loud,  
 Destruction loaded every cloud,  
 While death, in one tremendous shroud,  
     Seem'd pouncing from the sky,  
 As if intent to sweep the crowd  
     Into eternity!  
 Then trump and cymbal, fife and drum,  
 Mingling their music with the hum  
     Of voices on the plain,

Announc'd the dreaded hour was come,  
     France shunn'd, but now, in vain :  
 Darkness and light alternate sway'd  
 The field, where Britain stood display'd  
     With Portugal and Spain—  
 Where neither they nor Gallia wore  
 A plume unclotted with the gore  
     Of heroes nobly slain.  
 O ! 'twas a grand terrific sight,  
 When 'neath the sun's precarious light,  
 The eye discern'd the distant fight,  
     Where Gallia's banner shone;  
 Men, horses, helmets, swords, and spears,  
 The wounded, struggling with their tears,  
 Distract the eye, while on the ears  
     The long and lingering groan  
 From many a woodland covert broke,  
 Whene'er the gale dispers'd the smoke  
     From Slaughter's gory throne !

## LI.

Though round the field the carnage grew,  
 And Death's exulting trumpet blew,

Till all the clouds return'd the strain,  
 And earth announc'd it o'er again,  
 Gaul seem'd to mark with high delight  
 The havoc of the wavering fight,  
 For still, where'er her vision roll'd,  
 Array'd in suits of plunder'd gold,  
 Her cuirassiers their lines unfold,

    Encount'ring Britain still;  
 While Poland, trampling onward, told  
 The dread career she meant to hold,

    From many a shrouded hill :  
 And she had swept her barbed train  
 Remorseless o'er the blushing plain,  
 And crush'd the gallant bands of Spain,  
 And harass'd Albion's line ;

But that their Leader's mighty soul,  
 Above Misfortune's dark controul,

    Foresaw the arch design ;  
 And promptly, as the needs requir'd,  
 The pausing bands with hope inspir'd,  
 Till France with rapid steps retir'd

    From Britain's gory shield ;—  
 While o'er Zadora's silver tide,  
 HILL saw his shouting horsemen ride,  
 To gain the distant field,—

Where, glitt'ring in their golden pride,  
 The Gauls, on rich Alava's side,  
     Were taught at last to yield.

## LII.

Puebla ! thine it was to feel  
 The weight of Britain's awful steel,  
 To hear her trumpet's solemn peal  
     Along thy mountains flow—  
 In streams of mingling blood to tell,  
 How Lusitania fought, and Gallia fell  
     Upon the vale below:  
 And many an age must pass, ere yet  
 That overthrow shall France forget—  
 For there, in hundreds strewn, they lay,  
 Tyrants of men, the world's dismay,  
     (Tho' now compell'd to know  
 The strength of Valour's nervous arm)  
 Whom none can sooth, whom none can charm,  
     Where Freedom is their foe;  
 For whom, on this eventful day,  
 France fondly pluck'd the laurel gay,  
     To form a victor crown,



Which they had worn, in all its pride,  
 With Spain's and England's life-blood dy'd,  
 But that their bands the scheme defied,  
     And tore the chaplet down,  
 That distant nations yet might see  
     The glory and renown  
 Allied to men who dare be free,  
 Whom heaven-descended Liberty  
     Delights to call her own.  
 Thine too it was to hear the cry  
     Of Valour's darling son,  
 When Britain saw her lightnings fly  
 Along her meads and mountains high,  
     And JOURDAN's skill undone;  
 'Twas thine to yield his rapid glance  
     A transient view of madd'ning France,  
 As from the battle-field she sped,  
 With terror whirling round her head,  
     To shun the pressing fire,—  
 'Twas thine to yield the hero peace,  
 Ere Nature gave her last release,  
 Ere yet her functions seem'd to cease,  
     And every hope expire!

## LIII.

But here the muse awhile might pause,  
 And give to him her just applause,  
     Whose name shall ever stand  
 Emblazon'd with the wreath of bay  
 He won on this immortal day,  
     On Spain's devoted land;  
 O! gallant soul! thy daring zeal—  
 Thy ardour in thy country's weal,  
     Has met its brightest meed:  
 For such reward how many sigh!  
 How many to the field would fly,  
 Like thee to conquer and to die—  
     In Glory's arms to bleed!  
 Light be the turf that shrouds the frame  
 Where Valour lit its holiest flame;  
 But what shall circumscribe the fame  
     Thy tow'ring spirit won,  
 Ere yet on Britain's firm array  
 The smiles of Heaven began to play,  
     Or half the fight were done?  
 Methinks I hear that voice of thine,  
 Than Lydian music more divine,  
     Amidst the battle, cry,

"Transport me to yon hill, ere Death  
 "Seize on the last expiring breath,  
     "And bear my soul on high ;—  
 "Transport me hence, tho' fate has spread  
 "Its cypress round my drooping head,  
 "That I may see, in wild affright,  
 "France and her legions put to flight,  
     "By Desolation driven ;—  
 "Then will my warm and trembling heart,  
 "With life and all its pleasures part,  
 "Look proudly forth to days of bliss,  
 "Remote from such a clime as this,  
     "And wing its course to heaven."

## LIV.

Why dwells the heart on lengthen'd years,  
 O'erclouded oft with anguish'd tears,  
 When centuries, once departed, seem  
 Like the frail semblance of a dream ?  
 Who would not die the death of those  
     In Glory's arms who die,—  
 Who bravely face their country's foes,  
 Whose relics on the plain repose,  
 Where late the glorious planet rose  
     Of heavenly liberty ?

O! CADOGAN! to thee the hour  
     Of dissolution came,  
 Arm'd with no rude, unseemly pow'r,  
     Destructive of thy fame!  
 What tho' the battle round thee glow'd—  
 What tho' the fate which Heav'n bestow'd,  
     The shaft by Gallia sped—  
 Drank from thy breast the blood that flow'd,  
     And rank'd thee with the dead;—  
 Thy years of glory here were bound—  
 Thy brows with Victory's laurel crown'd—  
 Thy mortal days had had their span,  
 Thy full career of fame was ran,  
     And ages could not spread  
 A wreath more lasting, more divine,  
 Than that which Valour lov'd to twine  
     O'er thy devoted head!  
 Oh! hadst thou liv'd to share the fame  
 Which He\* and all the valiant claim,—  
 Which He and all the brave shall find  
 Where Freedom lights and warms the mind  
     With her expanding ray,—

\* Lord Wellington.

It would have warm'd thy daring soul,  
 It would have re-illum'd the whole  
     Of thy illustrious way :  
 But why should Nature thus bemoan  
 Thy genius fled,—thy spirit flown  
     From life's precarious scene,  
 When, crown'd with all that honour gives,  
 In yonder blooming heaven it lives,  
     Like heaven itself, serene ?

## LV.

Methinks I view that boundless eye,  
     Where courage held her seat,  
 Casting its rapid glance on high,  
 Where proud Puebla sought the sky,  
     And heard the Gaul's defeat.  
 In that warm eye what glory shone,  
     In its warm glance what magic beam'd !  
 It had a beauty all its own,  
     By every soul belov'd, esteem'd :  
 His ardent look, his martial air,  
 Were strangers to the fiend despair ;—  
 No doubts, no fears could e'er molest  
 The iron courage of his breast ;—

His was the soul resolv'd and calm,  
 That knew no sick, or feverish qualm,  
 For Hope had fir'd his eye, and spread  
 Her halo round his laurel'd head,  
 Warm'd every pulse, and largely given  
 His soul the confidence of Heaven.  
 And when he fell, his spirit smil'd  
 As Victory's most distinguish'd child,  
 Looking beyond this mortal strife,  
 To Heaven's eternal rock of life,

    Its worldly labours done ;—  
 While Britain, pondering o'er the fight,  
 Beheld the meed with high delight,

    His energies had won—  
 Till from its earthly seat, the soul,  
 Above destruction's rash controul,  
 Hurried from nature to the goal

    Of its eternal rest;  
 And, smiling at the future, sought  
 The source of everlasting thought,  
 Where all the brave are blest.

#### LVI.

How shall the muse describe the fight,  
 When from Zadora's strand,

Broke forth, in overwhelming might,  
The horsemen, with their streamers bright,

    Upon the adverse band,—  
When on the Gallic lines they hurl'd  
Their sabres, and their flags unfurl'd,  
Until the empyréan sphere,  
Trembling at their sublime career,

    For miles was heard to rock,—  
As when the rolling thunders peal,—  
As when the flashing lightnings deal  
Their vengeance, and the mountains reel

    Beneath the giant shock!  
Thus, driving from Zadora's shore,  
(Their pennons dripping still with gore)  
Down to the plain the Britons tore,

    In one tremendous line,  
Where Gallia stood, of dauntless heart,  
Throwing, in movements quick and smart,  
Her column'd horse and foot apart,

    To frustrate their design;  
But useless now her wary art,  
    The combat to decline,—

For now, the dusty clouds between,  
She saw th' artillery cross the green,  
Her legions to confine,

Till sulphury smoke destroy'd the scene,  
 And darken'd all the air,  
 As when the elemental roar  
 Spreads death on many a distant shore,  
 And ruin and despair.

## LVII.

As Albion to the conflict sprang,  
 Thy lowland woods, Alava! rang,  
 And to the trumpet's vollied clang,  
 The distant groves replied;  
 The stream that flows on Nanclaus' shore,  
 Retain'd the long, tumultuous roar—  
 While on Puentes' side,  
 Loud, and more loud the battle fell,  
 As when the vaulted thunders swell,  
 In summer's sultry tide;  
 And heaven's ethereal fires dispel  
 The glooms that in the concave dwell,  
 As thro' the void they ride:  
 In vain did JOURDAN aim to throw  
 His vengeance on the pressing foe—  
 In vain attempt to check the bands,  
 Now swarming from Mendonza's sands,  
 With pennons flaming high;



PICTON, and HILL, and DALHOUSIE,  
 Beheld his veteran legions flee,  
     His guarded horsemen fly,  
 And many a form, from trouble free,  
     In death's embraces lie.

## LVIII.

Where'er the astonish'd vision roll'd,  
 Array'd in glitt'ring suits of gold,  
     And helmets gleaming bright,  
 The column'd horse and foot were seen,  
 Rushing impetuous o'er the green,  
     To mingle in the fight ;—  
 And many a square and triple line,  
     Lay quarter'd on the right—  
 For from that point the Gauls design  
     To lavish all their might ;—  
 And thence along La Bayas' banks  
 To throw their wide extending ranks ;—  
 To hurl the iron wrath, that lies  
 Ambush'd on yonder woodland rise,  
     Upon the plain below—  
 Where many a bleeding sufferer sighs,  
     And death and ruin glow.

Thus Gallia, glorying in her art,  
 Plied all her vengeance quick and smart,  
     On centre, flank, and wing;—  
 And when the plain was hid in smoke,  
 Th' artillery from their covert broke,  
 And as they charg'd, the giant stroke  
     Made all the heavens ring :  
 But tho' the massive lines of France  
 Crush'd hundreds in their swift advance,  
     As from the hills they swarm ;  
 Repuls'd—on every side they fly !  
 While Britain's red-cross, flaming high,  
     Shines dreadful thro' the storm :  
 Breathless, in many a sandy grave,  
     The daring rebels bleed,  
 While studious still her force to save,  
 France, proud, indignant, warm, and brave,  
     Resum'd her wonted speed ;—  
 And, rapid, as the fleeting wind,  
 Guarded the open grounds behind,  
 And there her secret arts combin'd,  
     To meet the hour of need :—  
 But JOSEPH's zeal, and JOURDAN's skill,  
 Must crouch to Britain's sov'reign will,  
     And from her bands recede.

## LIX.

It was to Fancy's listening ear,  
A pleasing sound, when, strong and clear,  
The clash of bayonet and spear,  
    The dying murmurs wild,  
And all the music shrill and loud,  
That echoed thro' the darkening cloud,  
And all the prayers of the crowd,  
    Whom flatt'ring Hope beguil'd,  
And all the fierce, tumultuous roar  
That shook Zadora's utmost shore,  
    Along the welkin flew,  
When "charge!" thro' all the Gallic force  
Resounded deep, and thro' the horse  
    The brazen trumpets blew:  
But not for long did Fortune shine  
On Gallia's multifarious line,  
    That fought but to retreat,—  
Soon, soon the trophies they had won  
    Lay in the clotted dust,—nor one  
Remain'd to greet the morning sun,  
    Or tell of their defeat.  
Scatter'd themselves, like those who felt  
The devastating flames they dealt,

Beneath the fires they fade away,  
 As when before the morning ray,  
     The nightly vapours fly,—  
 Heap'd with the wreck themselves had made,  
 'Midst flags and many a shiver'd blade,  
 Despoil'd of all their vain parade,  
     The slaughter'd cohorts lie :  
 Thus check'd—the hopes of Gallia fled—  
 She seem'd to every project dead  
     That confidence inspires,  
 E'en while around her dread array,  
 The, vollied thunders fiercely play,  
 And every hill, and mountain-way,  
     And all the neighb'ring spires,  
 Envelop'd in the fierce affray,  
     Glow'd with the flashing fires.

# LX.

From flank to centre, fierce and strong,  
     The showery tempest flew,—  
 Thick and more thick the Britons throng,  
 And as they sweep the plain along,  
     Destruction round them strew :  
 Nor aught they saw, nor aught they knew,  
     Where lurk'd the treacherous foe !

Save when the secret bugle blew,  
Or, on the ear, the whirlwind threw

Its murmurs from below :

Clash answer'd clash, and as they fought,  
By starts their sullen traits were caught,  
(Dark as the fiend of lowly thought),

No sooner caught than fled :

They fought and fell, while Gaul, with skill,  
Pour'd down her warriors from the hill,  
Each favouring post and space to fill,

Occasion'd by the dead :

Hollow and dismal was the sound,  
When, crowding o'er the tangled ground,  
And thro' the dark and low'ring glooms,  
That overspread a thousand tombs,

The burning armies met,—

And bugles, drums, and clarions broke  
Their chorus in the tow'ring smoke,  
Serving the reeking plain to choke,

With human carnage wet :

But here not half the battle rag'd,

Nor half its horrid woes,—

For now the brazen tubes engag'd  
The stubborn ranks, that nobly wag'd  
Their fury with the foes.

From Al'va's tow'r to Maior's height,  
 Like meteors blazing thro' the night,  
 Burst forth upon the startled sight,

The momentary fires,—

Leaving their streams of azure light,  
 On proud Vittoria's summits bright,

And Abechuco's spires,—

Till o'er the dark ensanguin'd heath,  
 Still deeper roll'd the cloud of death,  
 And Havoc, faint with-toil, declin'd

The empire of dismay,

Where mangled thousands slowly pin'd

The lingering hours away,

And thousands, now to glory blind,

Crush'd and forsaken lay.

# LXI.

Though faint and weary with the fight,  
 That wrapt her fondest schemes in night,  
 And from her temples tore the crown

Of fortune and of fame,

France saw her eagles bearing down

In thunder and in flame,

While, pouring on from side to side,  
     To save the bleeding flanks,  
 The charging horse their sabres plied,  
 Till many a sword was newly dy'd,  
     From their disorder'd ranks:  
 On every path that cross'd the wood,  
 Lay scenes of cruelty and blood,  
     Of havoc and despair;  
 And, mingled with the dust, were seen  
 Men, pennons, swords, and helmets sheen,  
     In various ruin there:  
 And now the sun's declining ray,  
 Had ting'd Zadora's silvery spray,  
 And every wood and mountain way,  
     Forsaken by the foe,—  
 Where thro' the long disastrous day,  
 France fondly dream'd, at last, to lay,  
     The pride of Albion low.

## LXII.

It were a thriftless task to tell,  
 How many fought, where thousands fell,  
     Or how they met their fall;

Stretching afar, the British mass  
 Stood like a solid tower of brass,

Collected one and all !

Thus they, while from the mountain-head,  
 France still her secret fury spread,  
 Scatt'ring upon the delug'd plain,  
 The corpses of the reeking slain,

Where dark Iberia stood,  
 In all her ancient pride serene,  
 Revolving o'er that hideous scene,

Of carnage and of blood :

And various were the moans and sighs,  
 The tedious shrieks, the fitful cries,  
 That on the startling ear arise,

In that disastrous hour,  
 When many a father lay, and pin'd  
 For those he fondly left behind,

The sport of fortune's power ;—  
 To whom, in vain, his eye he turns,  
 For whom, in vain, his bosom burns,  
 Whose fond embrace, whose kisses sweet,  
 His parching lips no more shall greet,

On earth's unhappy shore ;—



Whose voice they shall not hear,—whose form,  
 Shatter'd beneath the fiery storm,  
 They shall behold no more.

## LXIII.

Now faint and weak, on either side,  
 Their mutual rage the warriors plied,—  
 In vain their subtle arts they tried,

Now wearied one and all ;  
 Yet oft the scouts, refresh'd and light,  
 Seem'd anxious to maintain the fight,  
 Intent to check the rapid flight

Of terror-breathing Gaul ;  
 And many a daring scheme was tried,  
 Till Havoc saw his pennon ride,

On proud Alava's wall,—  
 Till darkness, from the west, unfurl'd  
 Her curtains o'er the troubled world,  
 And from the mountain's reeking head,  
 Where lay the bodies of the dead,

No hollow murmur broke,  
 And nought was heard remote or nigh,  
 Save, when from Maior's turrets high,  
 As when a forge-flame mounts the sky,  
 Envelop'd in the smoke,

The rushing fires were heard to soar,  
 Giving the neighb'ring fields of gore  
 An aspect never known before,  
     Of terror and affright—  
 On which Reflection's eye might pore,  
     And curse the savage sight.

## LXIV.

But who shall paint the various grief,  
 Where none was near to yield relief;  
 The cutting thoughts that crowd the mind,  
 (For wives and children left behind,)—  
 Of those whom Hope had left a prey  
 To dark Suspense, and pale Dismay?  
 Who, fighting for their country's weal,  
 Had fallen beneath a Despot's steel?  
 Who, conscious of their fate, discern'd  
 Their worldly prospects all o'erturn'd—  
 Their children crush'd beneath the storm  
     That clouds their azure sky;  
 And, weltering in the carnage warm,  
     Unhear'd, unpitied, die!  
 Say, who shall paint that various scene—  
 The horrors of Vittoria's green?

Who tell the woes where many fought,  
 And glory with their life-blood bought;  
 The wreath, adorn'd with every charm,  
 That nerves the Warrior's potent arm?  
 Who shall describe the falling gloom,  
 Suspended o'er the Warrior's tomb,  
 When, sword to sword, the Champions met,  
 And sabre clash'd with bayonet?  
 When, round the field, the cymbal clang,  
 In wild and wilder echoes rang—  
 The moans, the cries, the fires that swept  
 The shatter'd forms of those who slept—  
     The sleep that never ends;—  
 Where courage long and loudly wept,  
 And still her awful vigil kept,  
     Amidst her slaughter'd friends?

## LXV.

Although the bloody day was o'er,  
 And every meadow damp with gore,  
 Where nature lately bloom'd before,  
     In all her charms array'd:  
 And all the circling heavens no more  
     Their favouring light display'd;

Still active, vigilant, and calm,

Amidst his overwhelming swarm,

The daring WELLESLEY shone !

He gave the routed foe no rest,

But still upon the legions press'd,

His arm, from many a mountain crest,

Had often overthrown :

Along the dark and dusky lands,

He still pursued the flying bands,

And, listening to the rumbling wheel

That's heard upon the road to steal,

And many a bugle's gathering peal,

That dies, by fits, away,—

And, still observant of the light

That marks the vain Pretender's flight,

He ponders well their way,

And, following close their rapid course,

O'ertakes, at length, the rearward force

Of their forlorn array :

At every pause the night wind made,

The clash of horsemen, blade to blade,

In dubious fight was heard ;

Anon, 'twas still on every side,  
 Upon the ear no murmur died,  
 Save when, by fits, yet undescried,

The distant waggons stirr'd :

Then in a loud and louder peal,  
 Remotely clash'd the shivering steel,  
 Then like a thunder-stroke, afar,  
 Burst forth the renovated war,  
 Sweeping its dark and angry cloud,  
 O'er myriads of the brave and proud,  
 Destin'd to feel its iron shower,  
 Upon their flaming banners pour,  
 Till death, in all his terrors roll'd,  
 And nature's shuddering features told

The various dangers near,  
 That even Albion's heart, tho' bold,  
 Might now have cause to fear.

#### LXVI.

But different now appear'd the scene  
 The evening shadows threw,  
 To that the morning's beams serene  
 On many a field, and mountain green,  
 Discover'd to the view !

Thousands that hail'd the rising day  
 With glowing eyes, and hop'd to lay

Their proud opponents low,  
 Weak, and disabled with the fight,  
 Or stretch'd in everlasting night,

Cover the plain below ;—  
 Nerveless, for ever overthrown,  
 Lost, left unfriended there to moan,  
 As if by all the world unknown,

The quick and slaughter'd lie !  
 Those who beheld the morning sweep

His pinions o'er the sky,  
 Now drink the cold, oblivious sleep  
 Of dark eternity!

There neither sun shall greet the sight,  
 Nor moon illume the horrid night,  
 That reigns for ever hush'd :

Ambition, pause ! here check the zeal  
 That nerves thy desolating steel,  
 With human slaughter flush'd.

#### LXVII.

Still'd in that horrid noise, no more  
 The distant river's hollow roar  
 Assail'd the listening ear ;

But, though unhear'd, that rapid stream  
 Murmur'd beneath the moon's wan beam,  
     Thro' regions dark and drear :  
 'Twas only mute in fancy's dream,  
 For, on its shore, the hideous scream  
 Of those the bloody day had left  
 Of every friend and hope bereft,  
 By sudden starts, disturb'd the night,  
 And fill'd the traveller with affright,  
 And o'er the distant hills he flies,  
 To shun the field where terror lies,  
 And blood, and desolation bloom,  
 Around the warrior's laurel'd tomb :  
 Many were they who join'd the roar,  
 Many whose tongues shall never more  
     Their bright achievements tell,  
 How, thro' the mountains, high and steep,  
 They laid the Gauls in endless sleep,—  
     And down the verdant dell,  
 Crippled beneath the iron wrath  
 That cross'd the mountain's rugged path,  
     Their charging columns fell.

## LXVIII.

Now, faint and fainter, from afar  
Sounded the night's precarious war,  
The trumpet's clang of woe and fear,  
Now scarcely smote the pausing ear,  
Darkness her sable veils had thrown  
Around the moon's exalted throne,  
And many a star had ceas'd to shed  
Its beams upon the field of dead,  
As if disgusted there to see  
The wreck of those that dared be free.  
But who shall sketch the woe, the pain,  
That JOSEPH felt, nor felt in vain,  
When WELLESLEY from his temples tore  
The laurel, dripping with the gore  
Of this disastrous day,—  
That laurel, by the victor won,  
On which the evening's smiling sun  
Bestow'd its golden ray?  
Few, few shall trace the woe, that press'd  
Upon the vain Pretender's breast,  
As from the battle field he flew,  
Beneath the night's unseemly dew,  
The Gallic realms to seek,





Of every hope and solace left,  
 Which Fancy's flattering dream had left,  
     Discomfited and weak,  
 With doubt, despair, and pale dismay,  
 The fruits of this important day,  
     Impress'd upon his cheek :  
 Lo! stripp'd of all his regal power,  
 Beneath misfortune's spreading shower,  
     The upstart Monarch flies,—  
 To meet the dark, and withering look  
 Of Him, who no reverse can brook,—  
     Whose terror-flashing eyes  
 Might strike a braver man with dread,  
 Than ever rear'd, or hid his head,  
     In JOSEPH's mean disguise.

# LXIX.

Here clos'd the fight; and o'er the scene  
     A heavier darkness grew,  
 And all was hush'd upon the green,  
 Where late the haughty Gauls had been,  
     And many a bugle blew.  
 Still'd was the stormy drum, and Death  
 Revolving o'er the dusky heath,  
     His harvest keenly ey'd;

That harvest many help'd to reap,

Who now in everlasting sleep,

Lie welt'ring at his side.

But now, how chang'd the laughing view

Morn usher'd to the sight,

When, cloth'd in all her lovely hue,

France hurried to the fight ;

When from the vales, and mountain lands,

She urg'd, but vainly urg'd, her bands,

A dark, destroying host,

Whose martial air, whose lofty pride,

Lie, in their native crimson dy'd,

On yonder twilight coast !

### LXX.

Crush'd are the boisterous tongues that swore

To drench the battle-field with gore,

Their vaunting threats are fled ;

Like noisome weeds, extended round,

The rebels lie, while o'er the ground

Their sable shroud is spread !

But not alone doth Gallia feel

The horrors of the fight,

Britain has still to curse the steel  
 That made her dauntless legions reel,  
 And Lusitania put to flight.  
 'Tis not upon the Seine alone,  
 The wretched heart is heard to moan,  
 When evening decks the distant sky  
 With many a well-remember'd dye;  
 For in that soft, ambrosial hour,  
 Grief shall resume her awful pow'r  
 On Thames's side, on Avon's shore,  
 Or where the Ebro's billows roar,  
 On Guadalquivir's silvery sand,  
 And where the Tagus leaves the land  
 To mingle with the sea;  
 On these, and many more beside,  
 Shall long be heard, at evening tide,  
 The voice of misery !

## LXXI.

Here let the philosophic eye  
 That ponders on eternity,  
 That loves to search, in age and youth,  
 The works of all-subduing truth,  
 When nature and her scenes are calm,  
 And evening sheds her gales of balm

Thro' many a field, and woodland gloom,  
 Its long and deep research resume :—  
 The eye that loves, remote from folly,  
 To scan, with pensive melancholy,  
 The chequer'd scene of mortal life,  
 Its dangers, and its endless strife,  
 Its prospects, stretch'd beyond the reach  
 Of all our classic Schools can teach,—  
 That lovely spot, where blest at last,  
 The soul, exulting o'er the past,  
 Cloudless and free, as Heaven sublime,  
 Sits pond'ring o'er the wrecks of Time,  
 Or proudly turns her eye, to see  
 The seat of her eternity !  
 That bright abode,—that glorious sphere,  
 Whence CAMPBELL mark'd Her\* bright career,  
 Whose syren voice beguiles our feet  
 Thro' many a sad and dark retreat,  
 To prove, at last, that Happiness  
 Is but the haggard fiend, Distress—  
 And that our dreams of glory tend  
 But to one poor, one common end !

\* Hope.

Yes, let that proud, aspiring eye,  
That loves beyond the stars to pry,  
To trace some hidden cause, and scan  
Th' abode of transmutable man,  
The motive of his birth to learn,  
And all his actions there discern,  
For what stupendous cause on earth  
Creation gave the shadow birth,  
And why it leaves its relics there,  
To fly, alas ! we know not where :  
Yes, let that richly-cultur'd eye,  
Intent on themes of mystery,  
That loves, at midnight's lonely hour,  
To trace the great Creator's pow'r,  
From some secluded spot, unseen,  
And ponder o'er the boundless scene,  
To wing its rapid vision through  
Those tranquil realms of azure hue,  
Where touch'd by his unerring hand,  
The skies their glorious hosts expand,  
Millions of intermingling stars,  
Souls hymning to their soft guitars,  
All tending to confirm his rule,  
And prove that boasting man's a fool !

Ay! let that richly-cultur'd eye,  
 Here pause, and ask the reason why  
 One fiend remains of 'Terror's band,  
 To scourge and desolate the land,—  
 To fill the world, where'er he goes,  
 With death, and pestilence, and woes,—  
 To send his hungry bloodhounds forth,  
 Thro' the dark regions of the North,  
 To seize on Nature's shivering form,  
 And all her loveliest works deform,  
 And damp in every clime the zeal  
 Which genius had been taught to feel?

## LXXII.

Here come, thou bliss-inspiring eye!  
 Here come, and calmly tell us why  
 One man, all nature's foe, remains  
 To load the shudd'ring world with chains—  
 With havoc, tears, remorse, and groans,  
 Convulsive shrieks, and hollow moans?  
 Wherefore his hand, to mercy dead,  
 From whence all sense of feeling's fled,  
 Still lays th' aspiring genius low,  
 And slaughters myriads at a blow,—

Spirits that might have soar'd on high,  
 On wings of immortality,  
 And taught those mysteries refin'd,  
 That fire and elevate the mind,  
 And bear it to that calm abode,  
 Where nature kneels before her God,  
 Where all our worldly tauntings cease,  
 And all our sorrows end in peace?  
 O! hither come! and view the field,  
 Where late the doubling clarions peal'd,  
 From whence the victor force is fled,  
 On other fields its fires to spread,  
 Where none remains to comfort those  
 Whom reason never meant for foes,  
 Whose mangled forms in thousands lie,  
 Casting their putrid stench on high,  
 Till all the heavens appear to shun  
 Th' approaching presence of the sun;  
 O, hither haste, thou soul of fire!  
 And let me still of thee inquire,  
 For what great cause this ruthless man  
 So long his slaught'ring course has ran?  
 Glance o'er that corse of livid white,  
 If mercy can support the sight,

That shatter'd arm, which once could throw  
 Destruction on the flying foe,—  
 That wither'd cheek, so lately flush'd  
 With hopes, alas ! for ever hush'd,  
 With hopes that bade the future smile  
 Delightful o'er his warrior toil,  
 And spread along his stormy way  
 The promise of a lovelier day,—  
 Then tell me why one ruffian man  
 Survives to frustrate Nature's plan—  
 To strip her of her loveliest bloom,  
 And make the world one common tomb ?

## LXXIII.

Unpitying man ! tho' far the hour  
 Of retribution seem to lower,  
 Though fortune, with a lavish hand,  
 Hath stript for thee each prosp'rous land,  
 And all their various riches thrown  
 Around thy black and guilty throne ;  
 Tho' heaven, in mercy, may have view'd  
 Kingdoms and states by thee subdued,  
 Burning beneath thy cursed power,  
 Still, Tyrant ! shall the heavy hour  
 Of retribution come,



And seal, in some disastrous night,  
Amidst thy hopes and visions bright,

Thy sublunary doom?

Then, then in spite of all thy art,  
Shall Truth's tremendous voice impart,  
(Truth whom the Tyrant cannot crush,  
Whose stubborn voice no threat can hush,  
Truth, who shall live in other times,  
To paint thy foul and impious crimes,)  
That thou and peace were never meant,  
To reign beneath one firmament,  
But that a pest to all the world,  
Amidst thy bloody bans unfurl'd,  
Thou shou'd'st not know a moment's rest,  
With all thy worldly pelf possess'd,—  
One moment unreleas'd with care,  
Distrust, and fear, and fell despair!  
Yes, Tyrant! thou shalt keenly feel  
The wrath of mercy's slumb'ring steel,  
And, reft of all the pomp and pow'r,  
Call, in misfortune's darkest hour,  
On heaven to sooth the pangs that start  
The sinews of thy lab'ring heart:  
But thou shalt plead in vain,—nor see  
The hand of mercy stretch'd to thee!

None, in that dark and pressing hour,  
 None, Tyrant, then shall have the pow'r  
     To mitigate thy woe :—  
 Thy cohorts then shall lose their might,  
 Thy flatterers curse the hideous sight,  
     And shun thee as their foe !

## LXXIV.

O, WELLESLEY ! when I think of thee—  
     Of all the laurels thou hast won  
 In yonder land of Liberty,  
     From whence the daring rebels run,  
 How glows the heart to praise thy name,  
 To spread the glory of thy fame  
     From pole to pole,—and tell  
 How, smote by thy superior might,  
 The stubborn Gauls were put to flight,  
 Till darkness and the shades of night,  
     Upon their banners fell,—  
 Shrouding the forms of those who kept  
 Their watch, while others soundly slept  
     The sleep that knows no morning,—  
 Whose bones the summer heaven shall bleach,  
 Whose fate their friends shall never reach,  
     Their fond inquiries scorning !

Intrepid Soul! but, but for thee,  
 Spain had not seen her smiling land,  
 From rapine, death, and misery free,  
 And violation's murdering band!

But for thy prompt, puissant arm,  
 That broke, at length, the mystic charm,  
 And re-inspir'd the drooping heart,  
 In danger's needy hour,

She now had sunk beneath the art

Of Gaul's relentless power:

Now may the Guardians of our Isle  
 On all thy great achievements smile,  
 Look forth with pride, and bless the hand  
 That crush'd the Tyrant's savage band,  
 Where proud Vittoria's columns stand,

Unshaken by the storm  
 That rent Zadora's bloody strand,  
 And all the circumambient land,

With desolation warm:

Yes, they may learn from all that's past,  
 That GENIUS triumphs to the last,  
 When Resolution marks her way,  
 And drives each dubious thought away,

And points to the rewards that bloom  
Beyond the midnight of the tomb.

## LXXV.

Then, WELLESLEY ! still pursue the road,  
That leads thee on to Fame's abode,  
Where Heaven reserves a seat for thee,  
And round thy brows the wreath shall spread,  
The wreath of immortality,  
All worthy thy illustrious head :  
As for thy Country, she, whose name  
Stands foremost on the lists of Fame—  
IMMORTAL ERIN ! lovely, brave,  
The sweetest Isle that drinks the wave  
Old Father Neptune pours ;—  
She, dauntless nymph ! rejoic'd, repeats  
The story of thy martial feats,  
Along her sounding shores !  
From south to north, from east to west,  
By every gale thy fame's express'd ;  
The rugged hills, with rapture, hear  
The story of thy late career,  
And hearing, bravely cry—



"He fought, he conquer'd, ere the sun  
Its bright and daily course had run,  
And saw the pride of Gaul undone,  
In proud Vittoria's Victory."

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