

England and Spain; or, Valour and Patriotism

Felicia Dorothea Browne Hemans

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ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

TOO long have Tyranny and Power combin'd,
To sway, with iron sceptre, o'er mankind;
Long has Oppression worn th' imperial robe,
And rapine's sword has wasted half the globe!
O'er Europe's cultur'd realms, and climes afar,
Triumphant Gaul has pour'd the tide of war;
To her fair Austria vail'd the standard bright;
Ausonia's lovely plains have own'd her might;
While Prussia's eagle, never taught to yield,
Forsook her tow'ring height on Jena's field!

Oh! gallant Fred'ric! could thy parted shade,
Have seen thy country vanquish'd and betray'd;
How had thy soul indignant mourn'd her shame,
Her sullied trophies, and her tarnish'd fame!
When Valour wept lamented BRUNSWICK's doom,
And nurs'd with tears, the laurels on his tomb;
When Prussia, drooping o'er her hero's grave,
Invok'd his spirit to descend and save;
Then set her glories then expir'd her sun,
And fraud achiev'd e'en more than conquest won!

O'er peaceful realms, that smil'd with plenty gay,
Has desolation spread her ample sway;
Thy blast, oh Ruin! on tremendous wings,
Has proudly swept o'er empires, nations, kings!
Thus the wild hurricane's impetuous force,
With dark destruction marks its whelming course;
Despoils the woodland's pomp, the blooming plain,
Death on its pinion, vengeance in its train!

Rise, Freedom, rise! and breaking from thy trance,
Wave the dread banner, seize the glitt'ring lance!
With arm of might assert thy sacred cause,
And call thy champions to defend thy laws!
How long shall tyrant power her throne maintain?

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How long shall despots and usurpers reign?
Is honour's lofty soul for ever fled?
Is virtue lost? is martial ardour dead?
Is there no heart where worth and valour dwell,
No patriot WALLACE, no undaunted TELL?
Yes, Freedom, yes! thy sons, a noble band,
Around thy banner, firm, exulting stand;
Once more 'tis thine, invincible, to wield
The beamy spear, and adamantine shield!
Again thy cheek with proud resentment glows,
Again thy lion-glance appals thy foes;
Thy kindling eye-beam darts unconquer'd fires,
Thy look sublime the warrior's heart inspires:
And while, to guard thy standard and thy right,
CASTILIANS rush, intrepid, to the fight;
Lo! BRITAIN's gen'rous host their aid supply,
Resolv'd for thee to triumph or to die!
And glory smiles to see IBERIA's name,
Enroll'd with ALBION's in the book of fame!

Illustrious names! still, still united beam,
Be still the hero's boast, the poet's theme:
So when two radiant gems together shine,
And in one wreath their lucid light combine;
Each, as it sparkles with transcendent rays,
Adds to the lustre of its kindred blaze.

Descend, oh Genius! from thy orb descend!
Thy glowing thought, thy kindling spirit lend!
As Memnon's harp (so ancient fables say)
With sweet vibration meets the morning ray,
So let the chords thy heavenly presence own,
And swell a louder note, a nobler tone;
Call from the sun, her burning throne on high,
The seraph Ecstacy, with lightning eye;
Steal from the source of day empyreal fire,
And breathe the soul of rapture o'er the lyre!

Hail, ALBION! hail, thou land of freedom's birth!
Pride of the main, and Phoenix of the earth!
Thou second Rome, where mercy, justice, dwell,
Whose sons in wisdom as in arms excel!
Thine are the dauntless bands, like Spartans brave,
Bold in the field, triumphant on the wave;
In classic elegance, and arts divine,
To rival Athens' fairest palm is thine;
For taste and fancy from Hymettus fly,
And richer bloom beneath thy varying sky,
Where Science mounts, in radiant car sublime,
To other worlds beyond the sphere of time!
Hail, ALBION, hail! to thee has fate denied

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Peruvian mines and rich Hindostan's pride;
The gems that Ormuz and Golconda boast,
And all the wealth of Montezuma's coast:
For thee no Parian marbles brightly shine;
No glowing suns mature the blushing vine;
No light Arabian gales their wings expand,
To waft Sabæan incense o'er the land;
No graceful cedars crown thy lofty hills,
No trickling myrrh for thee its balm distils;
Not from thy trees the lucid amber flows,
And far from thee the scented cassia blows!
Yet fearless Commerce, pillar of thy throne,
Makes all the wealth of foreign climes thy own;
From Lapland's shore to Afric's fervid reign,
She bids thy ensigns float above the main;
Unfurls her streamers to the fav'ring gale,
And shows to other worlds her daring sail;
Then wafts their gold, their varied stores to thee,
Queen of the trident! empress of the sea!

For this thy noble sons have spread alarms,
And bade the zones resound with BRITAIN's arms!
Calpè's proud rock, and Syria's palmy shore,
Have heard and trembled at their battle's roar!
The sacred waves of fertilizing Nile
Have seen the triumphs of the conquering isle!
For this, for this, the Samiel-blast of war
Has roll'd o'er Vincent's cape and Trafalgar!
Victorious RODNEY spread thy thunder's sound,
And NELSON fell, with fame immortal crown'd!
Blest if their perils and their blood could gain,
To grace thy hand the sceptre of the main!
The milder emblems of the virtues calm,
The poet's verdant bay, the sage's palm;
These in thy laurel's blooming foliage twine,
And round thy brows a deathless wreath combine:
Not Mincio's banks, nor Meles' classic tide,
Are hallow'd more than Avon's haunted side;
Nor is thy Thames a less inspiring theme,
Than pure Ilissus, or than Tiber's stream.

Bright in the annals of th' impartial page,
Britannia's heroes live from age to age!
From ancient days, when dwelt her savage race,
Her painted natives, foremost in the chase,
Free from all cares for luxury or gain,
Lords of the wood, and monarchs of the plain;
To these Augustan days, when social arts,
Refine and meliorate her manly hearts;
From doubtful Arthur, hero of romance,
King of the circled board, the spear, the lance;

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To those whose recent trophies grace her shield,
The gallant victors of Vimiera's field;
Still have her warriors borne th' unfading crown,
And made the BRITISH FLAG the ensign of renown.

Spirit of ALFRED! patriot soul sublime!
Thou morning-star of error's darkest time!
Prince of the lion-heart! whose arm in fight,
On Syria's plains repell'd Saladin's might!
Edward! for bright heroic deeds rever'd,
By Cressy's fame to BRITAIN still endear'd!
Triumphant Henry! thou, whose valour proud,
The lofty plume of crested Gallia bow'd!
Look down, look down, exalted Shades! and view
Your ALBION still to freedom's banner true!
Behold the land, ennobled by your fame,
Supreme in glory, and of spotless name;
And, as the pyramid indignant rears
Its awful head, and mocks the waste of years;
See her secure in pride of virtue tow'r,
While prostrate nations kiss the rod of pow'r!

Lo! where her pennons waving high, aspire,
Bold victory hovers near, "with eyes of fire!"
While LUSITANIA hails, with just applause,
The brave defenders of her injur'd cause;
Bids the full song, the note of triumph rise,
And swells th' exulting pæan to the skies!

And they, who late with anguish, hard to tell,
Breath'd to their cherish'd realms a sad farewell!
Who, as the vessel bore them o'er the tide,
Still fondly linger'd on its deck, and sigh'd;
Gaz'd on the shore, till tears obscur'd their sight,
And the blue distance melted into light;
The Royal Exiles, forc'd by Gallia's hate,
To fly for refuge in a foreign state;
They, soon returning o'er the western main,
Ere long may view their clime belov'd again;
And, as the blazing pillar led the host
Of faithful Israel, o'er the desert coast;
So may Britannia guide the noble band,
O'er the wild ocean, to their native land.
Oh! glorious isle! oh! sov'reign of the waves!
Thine are the sons who "never will be slaves!"
See them once more, with ardent hearts advance,
And rend the laurels of insulting France;
To brave Castile their potent aid supply,
And wave, oh Freedom! wave thy sword on high!

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Is there no bard of heavenly power possest,
To thrill, to rouse, to animate the breast?
Like Shakespeare o'er the secret mind to sway,
And call each wayward passion to obey?
Is there no bard, imbued with hallow'd fire,
To wake the chords of Ossian's magic lyre;
Whose numbers breathing all his flame divine,
The patriot's name to ages might consign?
Rise! Inspiration! rise, be this thy theme,
And mount, like Uriel, on the golden beam!

Oh, could my muse on seraph pinion spring,
And sweep with rapture's hand the trembling string!
Could she the bosom energies controul,
And pour impassion'd fervour o'er the soul!
Oh! could she strike the harp to Milton giv'n,
Brought by a cherub from th' empyrean heav'n!
Ah! fruitless wish! ah! pray'r preferr'd in vain,
For her! the humblest of the woodland train!
Yet shall her feeble voice essay to raise
The hymn of liberty, the song of praise!

IBERIAN bands! whose noble ardour glows,
To pour confusion on oppressive foes;
Intrepid spirits hail! 'tis yours to feel
The hero's fire, the freeman's godlike zeal!
Not to secure dominion's boundless reign,
Ye wave the flag of conquest o'er the slain;
No cruel rapine leads you to the war,
Nor mad ambition, whirl'd in crimson car;
No, brave Castilians! your's a nobler end,
Your land, your laws, your monarch to defend!
For these, for these, your valiant legions rear
The floating standard, and the lofty spear!
The fearless lover wields the conquering sword,
Fir'd by the image of the maid ador'd!
His best-belov'd, his fondest ties, to aid,
The Father's hand unsheathes the glittering blade!
For each, for all, for ev'ry sacred right,
The daring patriot mingles in the fight!
And e'en if love or friendship fail to warm,
His country's name alone can nerve his dauntless arm!

He bleeds! he falls! his death-bed is the field!
His dirge the trumpet, and his bier the shield!
His closing eyes the beam of valour speak,
The flush of ardour lingers on his cheek;
Serene he lifts to heaven those closing eyes,
Then for his country breathes a pray'r and dies!
Oh! ever hallow'd be his verdant grave,
There let the laurel spread, the cypress wave!

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Thou, lovely Spring! bestow, to grace his tomb,
Thy sweetest fragrance, and thy earliest bloom;
There let the tears of heav'n descend in balm,
There let the poet consecrate his palm!
Let honour, pity, bless the holy ground,
And shades of sainted heroes watch around!
'Twas thus, while Glory rung his thrilling knell,
Thy chief, oh Thebes! at Mantinea fell;
Smil'd undismay'd within the arms of death,
While Victory, weeping nigh, receiv'd his breath!

Oh! thou, the sovereign of the noble soul!
Thou source of energies beyond controul!
Queen of the lofty thought, the gen'rous deed,
Whose sons unconquer'd fight, undaunted bleed,
Inspiring Liberty! thy worshipp'd name
The warm enthusiast kindles to a flame;
Thy look of heaven, thy voice of harmony,
Thy charms inspire him to achievements high;
More blest, with thee to tread perennial snows,
Where ne'er a flow'r expands, a zephyr blows;
Where Winter, binding nature in his chain,
In frost-work palace holds perpetual reign;
Than, far from thee, with frolic step to rove,
The green savannas, and the spicy grove;
Scent the rich balm of India's perfum'd gales,
In citron-woods, and aromatic vales;
For oh! fair Liberty, when thou art near,
Elysium blossoms in the desert drear!

Where'er thy smile its magic pow'r bestows,
There arts and taste expand, there fancy glows
The sacred lyre its wild enchantment gives,
And ev'ry chord to swelling transport lives;
There ardent Genius bids the pencil trace
The soul of beauty, and the lines of grace;
With bold, Promethean hand, the canvas warms,
And calls from stone expression's breathing forms.
Thus, where the fruitful Nile o'erflows its bound,
Its genial waves diffuse abundance round,
Bid Ceres laugh o'er waste and sterile sands,
And rich profusion clothe deserted lands!

Immortal FREEDOM! daughter of the skies!
To thee shall BRITAIN's grateful incense rise!
Ne'er, goddess! ne'er forsake thy fav'rite isle,
Still be thy ALBION brighten'd with thy smile!
Long had thy spirit slept in dead repose,
While proudly triumph'd thine insulting foes;
Yet tho' a cloud may veil Apollo's light,
Soon, with celestial beam, he breaks to sight:

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Once more we see thy kindling soul return,
Thy vestal-flame with added radiance burn;
Lo! in IBERIAN hearts thine ardour lives,
Lo! in IBERIAN hearts thy spark revives!

Proceed, proceed, ye firm undaunted band!
Still sure to conquer, if combin'd ye stand:
Tho' myriads flashing in the eye of day,
Stream'd o'er the smiling land in long array;
Tho' tyrant Asia pour'd unnumber'd foes,
Triumphant still the arm of Greece arose:
For ev'ry state in sacred union stood,
Strong to repel invasion's whelming flood;
Each heart was glowing in the gen'ral cause,
Each hand prepar'd to guard their hallow'd laws;
Athenian valour join'd Laconia's might,
And but contended to be first in fight;
From rank to rank the warm contagion ran,
And Hope and Freedom led the flaming van:
Then Persia's monarch mourn'd his glories lost,
As wild confusion wing'd his flying host;
Then Attic bards the hymn of victory sung,
The Grecian harp to notes exulting rung!
Then Sculpture bade the Parian stone record,
The high achievements of the conquering sword.
Thus, brave CASTILIANS! thus, may bright renown,
And fair success your valiant efforts crown!

Genius of chivalry! whose early days,
Tradition still recounts in artless lays;
Whose faded splendors fancy oft recalls,
The floating banners, and the lofty halls;
The gallant feats thy festivals display'd,
The tilt, the tournament, the long crusade;
Whose ancient pride Romance delights to hail,
In fabling numbers, or heroic tale:
Those times are fled, when stern thy castles frown'd,
Their stately tow'rs with feudal grandeur crown'd;
Those times are fled, when fair IBERIA's clime,
Beheld thy Gothic reign, thy pomp sublime;
And all thy glories, all thy deeds of yore,
Live but in legends wild, and poet's lore!
Lo! where thy silent harp neglected lies,
Light o'er its chords the murmur ring zephyr sighs;
Thy solemn courts, where once the minstrel sung,
The choral voice of mirth and music rung;
Now, with the ivy clad, forsaken, lone,
Hear but the breeze and echo to its moan:
Thy lonely tow'rs deserted fall away,
Thy broken shield is mould'ring in decay.
Yet tho' thy transient pageantries are gone,

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Like fairy visions, bright, yet swiftly flown;
Genius of chivalry! thy noble train,
Thy firm, exalted virtues yet remain!
Fair truth, array'd in robes of spotless white,
Her eye a sunbeam, and her zone of light;
Warm emulation, with aspiring aim,
Still darting forward to the wreath of fame;
And purest love, that waves his torch divine,
At awful honour's consecrated shrine;
Ardour with eagle-wing, and fiery glance;
And gen'rous courage, resting on his lance;
And loyalty, by perils unsubdued;
Untainted faith, unshaken fortitude;
And patriot energy, with heart of flame;
These, in IBERIA's sons are yet the same!
These from remotest days their souls have fir'd,
"Nerv'd ev'ry arm," and ev'ry breast inspir'd!
When Moorish bands their suffering land possest,
And fierce oppression rear'd her giant crest;
The wealthy caliphs on Cordova's throne,
In eastern gems and purple splendour shone;
Their's was the proud magnificence, that vied
With stately Bagdat's oriental pride;
Their's were the courts in regal pomp array'd,
Where arts and luxury their charms display'd;
'Twas their's to rear the Zehrar's costly tow'rs,
Its fairy-palace and enchanted bow'rs;
There all Arabian fiction e'er could tell,
Of potent genii or of wizard spell;
All that a poet's dream could picture bright,
One sweet Elysium, charm'd the wond'ring sight!
Too fair, too rich, for work of mortal hand,
It seem'd an Eden from Armida's wand!

Yet vain their pride, their wealth, and radiant state,
When freedom wav'd on high the sword of fate!
When brave Ramiro bade the despots fear,
Stern retribution frowning on his spear;
And fierce Almanzor, after many a fight,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, confess'd the Christian's might.

In later times the gallant Cid arose,
Burning with zeal against his country's foes;
His victor-arm Alphonso's throne maintain'd,
His laureate brows the wreath of conquest gain'd!
And still his deeds Castilian bards rehearse,
Inspiring theme of patriotic verse!
High in the temple of recording fame,
IBERIA points to, great GONSALVO's name;
Victorious chief! whose valor still defied
The arms of Gaul, and bow'd her crested pride;

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With splendid trophies grac'd his sov'reign's throne,
And bade GRANADA's realms his prowess own.
Nor were his deeds thy only boast, oh SPAIN!
In mighty FERDINAND's illustrious reign;
'Twas then thy glorious Pilot spread the sail,
Unfurl'd his flag before the eastern gale;
Bold, sanguine, fearless, ventur'd to explore
Seas unexplored, and worlds unknown before:
Fair science guided o'er the liquid realm,
Sweet hope, exulting, steer'd the daring helm;
While on the mast, with ardor--flashing eye,
Courageous enterprize still hover'd nigh:
The hoary genius of th' Atlantic main,
Saw man invade his wide majestic reign;
His empire yet by mortal unsubdued,
The throne, the world, of awful solitude!
And e'en when shipwreck seem'd to rear his form,
And dark destruction menac'd in the storm;
In ev'ry shape, when giant--peril rose,
To daunt his spirit and his course oppose;
O'er ev'ry heart when terror sway'd alone,
And hope forsook each bosom, but his own:
Mov'd by no dangers, by no fears repell'd,
His glorious track the gallant sailor held;
Attentive still to mark the sea--birds lave,
Or high in air their snowy pinions wave:
Thus princely Jason, launching from the steep,
With dauntless prow explor'd th' untravell'd deep;
Thus, at the helm, Ulysses' watchful sight,
View'd ev'ry star, and planetary light.
Sublime Columbus! when at length, descried,
The long--sought land arose above the tide;
How ev'ry heart with exultation glow'd,
How from each eye the tear of transport flow'd!
Not wilder joy the sons of Israel knew,
When Canaan's fertile plains appear'd in view;
Then rose the choral anthem on the breeze,
Then martial music floated o'er the seas;
Their waving streamers to the sun display'd,
In all the pride of warlike pomp array'd;
Advancing nearer still, the ardent band,
Hail'd the glad shore, and bless'd the stranger land;
Admir'd its palmy groves, and prospects fair,
With rapture breath'd its pure ambrosial air;
Then crowded round its free and simple race,
Amazement pictur'd wild on ev'ry face:
Who deem'd that beings of celestial birth,
Sprung from the sun, descended to the earth!
Then first another world, another sky,
Beheld IBERIA's banner blaze on high!

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Still prouder glories beam on history's page,
Imperial CHARLES! to mark thy prosperous age:
Those golden days of arts and fancy bright,
When science pour'd her mild, resplendent light;
When Painting bade the glowing canvas breathe,
Creative Sculpture claim'd the living wreath;
When rov'd the Muses in Ausonian bowers,
Weaving immortal crowns of fairest flowers;
When angel-truth dispers'd, with beam divine,
The clouds that veil'd religion's hallow'd shrine;
Those golden days beheld IBERIA tow'r,
High on the pyramid of fame and pow'r:
Vain all the efforts of her numerous foes,
Her might, superior still, triumphant rose.
Thus, on proud Lebanon's exalted brow,
The cedar, frowning o'er the plains below,
Tho' storms assail, its regal pomp to rend,
Majestic still aspires, disdaining e'er to bend!

When GALLIA pour'd, to Pavia's trophied plain,
Her youthful knights, a bold, impetuous train;
When, after many a toil and danger past,
The fatal morn of conflict rose at last;
That morning saw her glittering host combine,
And form in close array the threat'ning line;
Fire in each eye, and force in ev'ry arm,
With hope exulting, and with ardour warm;
Saw to the gale their streaming ensigns play,
Their armour flashing to the beam of day;
Their gen'rous chargers panting, spurn the ground,
Rous'd by the trumpet's animating sound;
And heard in air their warlike music float,
The martial pipe, the drum's inspiring note!

Pale set the sun the shades of ev'ning fell,
The mournful night-wind rung their funeral knell;
And the same day beheld their warriors dead,
Their sovereign captive, and their glories fled!
Fled, like the lightning's evanescent fire,
Bright, blazing, dreadful only to expire!
Then, then, while prostrate Gaul confess'd her might,
IBERIA's planet shed meridian light!
Nor less, on fam'd St. Quintin's deathful day,
Castilian spirit bore the prize away;
Laurels that still their verdure shall retain,
And trophies beaming high in glory's fane!
And lo! her heroes, warm with kindred flame,
Still proudly emulate their father's fame;
Still with the soul of patriot-valour glow,
Still rush impetuous to repel the foe!
Wave the bright faulchion, lift the beamy spear,

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And bid oppressive GALLIA learn to fear!
Be their's, be their's unfading honour's crown,
The living amaranths of bright renown!
Be their's th' inspiring tribute of applause,
Due to the champions of their country's cause!
Be their's the purest bliss that virtue loves,
The joy when conscience whispers and approves!
When ev'ry heart is fir'd, each pulse beats' high,
To fight, to bleed, to fall, for Liberty;
When ev'ry hand is dauntless and prepar'd,
The sacred charter of mankind to guard;
When BRITAIN's valiant sons their aid unite,
Fervent and glowing still for Freedom's right,
Bid ancient enmities for ever cease,
And ancient wrongs forgotten, sleep in peace;
When firmly leagued, they join the patriot band,
Can venal slaves their conquering arms withstand?
Can fame refuse their gallant deeds to bless?
Can victory fail to crown them with success?
Look down, oh Heaven! the righteous cause maintain,
Defend the injur'd, and avenge the slain!
Despot of France! destroyer of mankind!
What spectre-cares must haunt thy sleepless mind!
Oh! if at midnight round thy regal bed,
When soothing visions fly thine aching head;
When sleep denies thy anxious cares to calm,
And lull thy senses in his opiate-balm;
Invok'd by guilt, if airy phantoms rise,
And murder'd victims bleed before thine eyes;
Loud let them thunder in thy troubled ear,
"Tyrant! the hour, th' avenging hour is near!"
It is, it is! thy Star withdraws its ray,
Soon will its parting lustre fade away;
Soon will Cimmerian shades obscure its light,
And veil thy splendours in eternal night!
Oh! when accusing conscience wakes thy soul,
With awful terrors, and with dread controul,
Bids threat'ning forms, appalling, round thee stand,
And summons all her visionary band;
Calls up the parted shadows of the dead,
And whispers, peace and happiness are fled;
E'en at the time of silence and of rest,
Paints the dire poniard menacing thy breast;
Is then thy cheek with guilt and horror pale?
Then dost thou tremble, does thy spirit fail?
And wouldst thou yet by added crimes provoke,
The bolt of heaven to launch the fatal stroke?
Bereave a nation of its rights rever'd,
Of all to mortals sacred and endear'd?
And shall they tamely liberty resign,
The soul of life, the source of bliss divine?

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Can'st thou, supreme destroyer! hope to bind,
In chains of adamant, the noble mind?
Go, bid the rolling orbs thy mandate hear,
Go, stay the lightning in its wing'd career!
No, Tyrant! no, thy utmost force is vain,
The patriot-arm of Freedom to restrain:
Then bid thy subject-bands in armour shine,
Then bid thy legions all their power combine!
Yet could'st thou summon myriads at command,
Did boundless realms obey thy sceptred hand,
E'en then her soul thy lawless might would spurn,
E'en then, with kindling fire, with indignation burn!

Ye Sons of ALBION! first in danger's field,
The word of BRITAIN and of truth to wield!
Still prompt the injur'd to defend and save,
Appal the despot, and assist the brave;
Who now intrepid lift the gen'rous blade,
The cause of JUSTICE and CASTILE to aid!
Ye Sons of ALBION! by your country's name,
Her crown of glory, her unsullied fame,
Oh! by the shades of Cressy's martial dead,
By warrior-bands, at Agincourt who bled;
By honours gain'd on Blenheim's fatal plain,
By those in Victory's arms at Minden slain;
By the bright laurels WOLFE immortal won,
Undaunted spirit! valour's fav'rite son!
By ALBION's thousand, thousand deeds sublime,
Renowned from zone to zone, from clime to clime;
Ye BRITISH heroes! may your trophies raise,
A deathless monument to future days!
Oh! may your courage still triumphant rise,
Exalt the "lion-banner" to the skies!
Transcend the fairest names in hist'ry's page,
The brightest actions of a former age;
The reign of Freedom let your arms restore,
And bid oppression fall to rise no more!
Then, soon returning to your native isle,
May love and beauty hail you with their smile;
For you may conquest weave th' undying wreath,
And fame and glory's voice the song of rapture breathe!

Ah! when shall mad ambition cease to rage?
Ah! when shall war his demon-wrath assuage?
When, when, supplanting discord's iron reign,
Shall mercy wave her olive-wand again?
Not till the despot's dread career is clos'd,
And might restrain'd, and tyranny depos'd!

Return, sweet Peace, ethereal form benign!
Fair blue-ey'd seraph! balmy power divine!

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Descend once more! thy hallow'd blessings bring,
Wave thy bright locks, and spread thy downy wing!
Luxuriant plenty laughing in thy train,
Shall crown with glowing stores the desert—plain;
Young smiling hope, attendant on thy way,
Shall gild thy path with mild celestial ray.
Descend once more! thou daughter of the sky!
Cheer ev'ry heart, and brighten ev'ry eye!
Justice, thy harbinger, before thee send,
Thy myrtle—sceptre o'er the globe extend:
Thy cherub—look again shall soothe mankind;
Thy cherub—hand the wounds of discord bind;
Thy smile of heav'n shall ev'ry muse inspire,
To thee the bard shall strike the silver lyre.
Descend once more! to bid the world rejoice,
Let nations hail thee with exulting voice;
Around thy shrine with purest incense throng,
Weave the fresh palm, and swell the choral song!
Then shall the shepherd's flute, the woodland reed,
The martial clarion, and the drum succeed,
Again shall bloom Arcadia's fairest flowers,
And music warble in Idalian bowers;
Where war and carnage blew the blast of death,
The gale shall whisper with Favonian breath!
And golden Ceres bless the festive swain,
Where the wild combat reddened o'er the plain!
These are thy blessings, fair benignant maid!
Return, return, in vest of light array'd!
Let angel—forms, and floating sylphids bear,
Thy car of sapphire thro' the realms of air,
With accents milder than Eolian lays,
When o'er the harp the fanning zephyr plays;
Be thine to charm the raging world to rest,
Diffusing round the heav'n that glows within thy breast!

Oh! thou! whose fiat lulls the storm asleep!
Thou! at whose nod subsides the rolling deep!
Whose awful word restrains the whirlwind's force,
And stays the thunder in its vengeful course;
Fountain of life! Omnipotent Supreme!
Robed in perfection! crown'd with glory's beam!
Oh! send on earth thy consecrated dove,
To bear the sacred olive from above;
Restore again the blest, the halcyon time,
The festal harmony of nature's prime!
Bid truth and justice once again appear,
And spread their sunshine o'er this mundane sphere;
Bright in their path, let wreaths unfading bloom,
Transcendant light their hallow'd fane illume;
Bid war and anarchy for ever cease,
And kindred seraphs rear the shrine of peace;

England and Spain; or, Valour and Patriotism

Brothers once more, let men her empire own,
And realms and monarchs bend before the throne;
While circling rays of angel—mercy shed
Eternal halos round her sainted head!

FINIS.