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NAPOLEON I
—IN—
The Island of Elba.



A POEM
THAT COMPREHENDS NAPOLEON I IN THE ISLAND OF
ELBA ; HIS ENTRANCE TO PARIS ; THE FLIGHT
OF LOUIS XVIII ; THE RELATION OF THE
BATTLE OF WATERLOO AND THE
ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON
BEFORE THE CONGRESS
FROM FRANCE.

BY
DR. SERAPIO OROZCO.
Bay View Hotel, 529 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.

AUGUST 28, 1901.

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MAIN

INTRODUCTION.

THE great interest that inspires to humanity the actual fight between the Saxon and Latin races for subduing the world has inspired to me this poem. Known is the fight of the past century, between France, with Napoleon I on one side and England and its allies on the other. Napoleon, to the favor of his military genius, pretended to subdue the world. He was accustomed to say that the world would be Latium, or Cossack, that were the greatest powers of that epoch over the face of the earth. When Napoleon saw that he could not gain the victory, he had an interview in Tilsit with Emperor Alexander, of Russia, for agreeing in division of the world but fortunately Alexander did not accept the proposition. I said so, because if Alexander would have agreed the Saxon race would have fallen completely, and it is so important to the civilization of the world. Alexander and Napoleon would have established in the world an absolute dynasty, with its slavery and court of crimes. Thus is revealed the character of Washington and Napoleon. Washington was a great man, who desired the felicity of the people. Napoleon proclaimed himself emperor, imitated Cæsar, and clothed himself with that authority. I hope that America will not forget the doctrines of Washington.

The only peril that I see is the situation of the Chinese Empire. If Russia takes any great part it is possible with time a Tartar invasion.

I hope my poem will be well received, not for its sublimity of thought, but the opportunity and truth.

SERAPIO OROZCO.



98824

NAPOLEON IN THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

[*Translated from the Spanish by the Author.*]

Oh! Which is the inexorable decree of the doom?
Which are the changas of the lot?
Yesterday sowed of flowers my road,
To-day sentenced to inhuman death.

When I was proclaimed Emperor—
And I have not suffered, nor changed, nor misfortune;
Vain adulation, incense in my environs,
Every city humbled itself to my feet.

The sun it seemed to be shiny,
The seasons without cold and without clouds;
Any one by presage, crossed for my meaning,
The king of worlds it believed me crowned.

Durable seemed to me the glory,
All men I see very little;
Courtesan the lauds of the history,
Living reality, the problem of my sleep.

Cæsar I judged was despot and coward,
Relapsed and dwarfish to Charles Magno
Foolish to the Greek Menelas,
Stupid to the generous Trojans.

Horizon it had not my ambition,
Inexorable was the edge of my sword,
That it cut with fury, without compassion,
Without victory it never displayed.

But come Soult and loss the Spain
Ney evacuated Torresvedras,
Arrived the implacable rage of the hurricane—
My dreams changed myself in chimeras.

I was obliged to make war with Russia,
The formidable enemy and very terrible;
And I shall see with indifference the Prussian,
Believing that the triumph was infallible.

I marched in the cold season,
Without attending in the force of the ice,
And was such the harshness of the heaven
That all seemed to me divine chastisement.

The Russians, advised by Moreau,
 By Dumories and other criminals,
 They kindied to Moscow
 His chapetels, and refuges hymenals.

And afterward that Cutusoff was driven,
 And my army was victorious,
 The fire it spread on all sides,
 Producing the dread awful.

And in spie of my honor and of my glory,
 I ordered a retrogade movement,
 Between conflicts that there is no memory,
 Nor I suffered them in other circumstance.

Ney, that he behaved himself, how valiant !
 I ordered him the necessary retreat,
 Uniting to his orders all gents,
 With constance, care and courage.

And to the favor of rapid sledges,
 I save myself of turning out a prisoner,
 And remaining in the Caucasus as Prometeo,
 I saving the distance the sooner.

And were as supreme the struckens,
 As extraordinary the stormy of the heavens,
 That were buried many thousands Frenchmen
 In the cold tympan of the coolness.

I lost the best of my soldiers,
 Captains and Generals of the best,
 The prestige also of the great warrior,
 The enthusiasm and affection of my allies.

Italy denied to me the support
 Its army changed itself in the battle;
 Everywhers I mct spring-hidden rock;
 The laugh loud and long of the rabble.

It make me treason Angereau and Talleyrand,
 Bernardote and the perverse of Macdonald,
 Helping so the hosts from Alexander,
 And changing my device by the royal.

I suffered the most cruel undecieving,
 The most sad and bitter deception;
 The time it teaches with the years,
 Which inconstant are the illusions.

That they have not bases in the justice,
 In the sight, the virtue and fidelity,
 Nothing worth the skill and strategy,
 Against the sublime sentiment of liberty.

I arrived in Paris full of affliction,
 To procuring, if it was possible, myself to defend,
 Lamenting, as gloomy obstructions,
 Without guns, munitions nearly disarmed.

And Louis. Bourbon's descendant,
 Protected him for extrengers bayonets,
 Turned to France one thousand fragments,
 Violating his ground and his flags,

And subdued, and not being possible to resist,
 Abandoned to a miserable impotence,
 They despoused that I was to exist,
 In this island reduced my existence.

From which they made myself sovereign,
 As bloody sneer of the doom,
 As aspiration of delirium human,
 For spreading innocent blood in my road.

I, pretending from the Europe her dominion,
 With the iron, the fire and conquest,
 Without respecting the right that is divine,
 Looking of the glory the only piste.

And nevertheless of my life, so retired,
 Louis and Talleyrand lived with fear,
 Believing that one ambuscade I contrive,
 Is my name and my glory his dread.

And they pretend that the Europe exile me,
 To the regions shady and unknown,
 That it forgot my glories and struck down
 My name, and my exploits themselves may be buried.

But I cannot to my lot resign myself,
 Neither run over this sad road;
 Nor that my enemies may do irision
 No their amusing of the sad end of my doom.

I account always with the noble France
 That never humbled her the misfortune
 He shall give to me her resources with constancy,
 Forgetting her stirukens one by one.

I account in this island with good servants
 With brave generals and champions
 That helping myself in all my designs,
 Hoisting as always my standards.

In the Bric that I have in the bay,
 I shall carry munition and cannons
 And working the day and the night with care,
 I will surprise careless garrisons.

And assisted with the prestige and enthusiasm
 With I account in the city and the borders,
 I shall take down the garrisons with spasm
 Changing very soon the standards.

With the same that I subdued the Prussian
 That I shivered at Gena and Tilsit,
 With that I conquered in Moscow the Russian
 And Austrian in Marengo y Austerlits.

We will sail out in the bric the Ynconstant,
 With guns, baggage and ammunitions
 And without loss of the time nor an instant
 We shall embark our cannons.

We shall freight the boat "Ster"
 And other boats mercantiles selecting,
 Profiting ourselves the next tide
 With secret without being perceived.



II.

Embark of Napoleon, taking his twins.

There in the clear horizon
 Where shining splendid sun,
 We see between clouds and resplendent rouge
 How any fleet that her cannons mount.

There the point of the earth that I born
 Where my infancy the first light I saw,
 From Corce, with precious history I gave,
 Of that blue ocean that inspire to mind.

This is "Velpomene" or terrible flower of Luse,
 That is the ould distentive of the Bourbons.
 That bruiled it elevated the infamous Louis,
 With cabalas, intrigues and treasons.

And if my departure would be known,
 And the fleet showing obstruct our travel,
 With courage, heroism and energy bold,
 We run up with a ray on board.

The courage is the only hope,
 In the conflicts and great afflictions,
 It is Hercules, that inspire the trust
 In the victory with its beautiful ovations.

Lastly, I don't see other signs,
 That they reveal in the boat great wickedness.
 Her standards commercial, it seem to me,
 We wond profit ourselves her stupid silliness.

And we going with the wind favorable,
 And we will hoist the bowsprit and all sail
 That the readiness in the march may be probable,
 The victory in all enterprise it reveal.

III.

The General Bertrand refering the march over Paris.
 The third of March in the afternoon,
 The little fleet anchored in the gulf Juan
 Napoleon lands without much boastful
 With his serene face as giant.
 And in bulky and shady wood,
 Were its jumble the cedars and olive tree,
 He harangued with great lustre to his troop;
 How in the time of the triumphs positive.
 And there it arise the more robust (olive),
 That serve of sign to the history
 Which it shall be from Napoleon's only bust
 That the time conserve in the memory.
 And the Antibes satisfied, he passed to Cannes,
 Between the more great enthusiasm
 Of the neighbors, citizens and countrymen,
 They deliberating of loving and spasms.
 And in the vales, country and cities,
 Was such the delirium of the gents
 And so great the febrile anxiety
 That sooner caused to the sense.
 And the army that sending the Bourbons,
 They would make any opposition
 In the mass it overflowed the batallions,
 Proclaiming with pleasure to Napoleon.
 And the seven battalions named of Grenoble
 To the orders of the Colonel Labeyodere,
 He not resisted the sentiment noble
 That would inspire the prisoner of the Island of Elba.
 And his Chief paid with his precious life
 The surprise of that ardent delirium,
 After the war was conquered,
 By recompense they would have the martyrdom.
 By last he met to the Marshal Ney,
 The brave General, between the brave,
 That caused him the enthusiasm that do one so reign,
 That he would carry the victory to his soldiers.
 He embraced him with enthusiasm and effusion,
 With pathetic emotion they saluted themselves,
 Remembering the time that they passed
 Between the smoke of the fusil and the cannon.
 He offered him the powerful nerve of his arm,
 His hearth and the shine of his sword,
 Faith, and not believing in one downfall,
 Contending with heroism in the road.

But, there is that advertising that this great fame
That in mass show carry the people in multitude;
I was caused to the proclamations
That the emperor gave in road.

He spoken to the Frenchmen of liberty and duty,
To put on them, with courage and delirium,
And would they forget by complete the misfortune,
That caused them frequently the comics.

To the delicate fibre is the mystery,
The spring that strikes the ambitions,
To turning him in shady cemetery
And in desert his garthen delicious.

Are the grand and brilliant looking glasses
That blinded to Rome to the Latiums,
Barbary conquest rude fanaticism,
Inheritance of miserable madness?

The world shall fall down thousand pieces,
Its center it shall lose with storms,
Sickness the Frenchman with teorys,
And never will enjoy of liberty.

We take all as gnaw,
The duty, the country and justice,
The truth is greatness in the Saxon,
That she canonize with respect and without malice.

And last we go in Paris without battle,
To the Emperor is have him to the heavens,
Nobles, employers, bib and rables,
They protected him with enthusiasm and without dread,

And Louis escaped with his court,
Fretful, melancholy, without soldiers,
Disposed to touch the same support,
The favor otherwise of his allies.

For restoring in the power that denied him,
The force and the opinions efficiency,
Honors and richness he cries,
Destroying the hearth of his country.

III.

Flight of Louis XVIII and Talleyrand—His Last
Interview.

TALLEYRAND.

I, versed in diplomatic science,
In the cabala, the craftness and intrigue,
I prognosticated that this great fanatic
Never would forget his ideas.

Of subduing to the Europe and the world
 With the power of the cannon and his sword,
 Spreading his command couraged,
 Abolishing the duty and the rate.

He protested, by the people of the France.
 With spirit warrior and martial,
 That he expand to the intrigue at all instance,
 Already to well or to evil.

Already to Robespierre that is the same,
 To Mirabeau and Felipe of Equality,
 He supports in his crown optimism,
 Persecuting the right and liberty.

And firing in the sanctuary of his temple
 His history, with clamor and with brilliancy,
 Of fire spreading bad example
 That it conduce to the road of the anguish.

His genius inherited of the Romans
 That created the absolute dynasty,
 That never they were sovereigns,
 They lived in war and in fights.

The Potences not heard my advises,
 They believing this were vain illusions,
 I accustomed to see from fare
 I look with splendor the commotions.

And if in time they would have separated
 From the shores from France to Napoleon,
 We would have the power yet conserved
 Without being in this gloomy affliction.

V.

LOUIS XVIII.

Yes, Talleyrand, thou saidst very well,
 You was Minister from Napoleon;
 I suspected as well
 That he would do ourselves treason.

But by God and for Minerva
 I signed with my own hand,
 I would give to him the Island of Elba
 With duties soverbigns.

And I, descendant of Saint Louis,
 I owed to maintain my promise,
 Already that we carry ourselves flowers of Luse,
 How standards of highness,

And though Napoleon overcome to me,
 And he turned to the empire otherwise,
 I shall maintain my promise
 It may be anywhere the bak sid.
 Though the fortune we would furnish ourselves
 In this eternal fight,
 And implacable it would deny ourselves
 Submitting ourselves to the same misfortune.

The France he has converted
 To one great military power,
 In which Napoleon has submerged her
 For his own comforts.

There is that finishing with that evil,
 That has caused Napoleon
 Killing the military
 That he treason the nation.

We shall departure to England,
 To Austria, Italy and Prussia,
 We will bring of new the war
 With the support of the Russians.

For Napoleon is impossible
 Continuing this torrent,
 Even he believed himself invincible,
 He not account with much gent.

The beautiful star is eclipsed,
 Anywhere no believe in his fame,
 The genius military is finished,
 Already his enthusiasm not inflame.

Already it trouble his fanfaronade
 It results so dear his glory
 Already no shine his sword
 The France desire other history.

They want also his repose
 That do so much time, her bercft
 That tartarean ambitious
 Audacious and inconsiderate.

Very soon we come back triumffants
 With enough importance
 Them, shall see the actress
 How it govern the France.

VI.

Departure of Napoleon from Paris with his army. Re-
 lation of the Battle from Waterloo by the General
 Montholon.

To Waterloo I myself supposed
 With any immense mountain
 That it has direct its road
 By the side of oceans.

There Napoleon founded his tomb
 In this pride slope
 And astonishing assisted the world
 The battle more strong and bloody.

That would have assisted the times
 With its hairs sovereigns
 And its infinites prodigious
 In its evolutions profanes

There demonstrates England
 That was king of the seas
 Also sovereign of the earth
 To spite of spites

Her genius incased in Arturo
 Afterward duke from Wellington,
 In renumeration of his solid arm
 With which subduing to Napoleon.

The tempests of fire
 Touching till his feet
 An serene with calm and right
 Never he thought in back side.

Then began the decadency
 Of the historiuous latin races
 That in Rome acquiring influence
 With the mixture of the Sabinas.

The great Cesar Frenchman
 Afterward of several battles
 He suffered the last misfortune
 By the means of wave of case shot.

The battle was well sought
 With tactics and stratagem
 In retarded dispute
 For avoiding one tragedy

Napoleon in proper person
 He owed to attack Blucher
 As soon as his should appear
 In convenient towns

And as soon of being him conquered
 Greuchy owed to trouble him
 And to reach him well tired
 And completely subdued him.

To avoiding that he would organize himself
 And otherwise could present action
 And which his army would not help
 To brave General Wellington

In effect Napoleon
 He executed his promise
 And with opportunity and occasion
 He did him to flight with fear.

But Greuchy without submission
 He lost himself in the road
 And he did not execute his commission
 With opportunity and prudence

Blucher prepared himself
 Doing his retired
 Near the height of vaterloo
 In good rule and very satisfied.

In the meanwhile Ney the grand Marshal
 He owed to occupy Cuatrebras
 With rapidness and aspect martial
 Without leaving the artillery backwards

But Ney himself mistakes
 Believing that there is Wellington
 And by such thing he not executes
 The orders of Napoleon.

By anywhere Gruchy
 With thirty thousand soldiers
 He ordered do arrive there with opportunity
 With marches to rapid

But nor Gruchy, neither Derlon
 That they were his right arm
 By error or by spite
 Not obeyed to Napoleon

Notwithstanding of their disappointment
 Napoleon not terrified himself
 He prepared his encampment
 And to his soldiers harangued

He gave the orders of the battle
 To Ney, the brave of brave,
 That would do eco the grape shot
 And the soldier's fight.

In the meanwhile he prepared himself
 With the battalions of his command
 And wiolents and ready he occurred
 Confiding in the vanguard,

In the star of his genius
 In his military sense,
 Without thinking that his gremium
 It does not wish to fight.

That all it eclipse in the world
 And in the life is contingent,
 The luminous body, the terrible hurricane,
 The glory, the pain of the gents,

He began the battle
 At 10 o'clock in the morning,
 He ran himself over the wall.
 To pace very redoubled.

With such fury and great valor,
 Which by moments he believed himself
 Owner of country of honor
 How St. Martin in Maypo.

But thousands of cannons
 They fling the death and grapeshot
 It opening great larges drains
 In the line of battle.

Wellinnton would remain impassable
 How any rock in the sea,
 He believed himself invincible
 In that strategic place.

And throwing over his battalions
 How wave that frizzle the ocean
 Embracing rocks and island
 How in the sunner the hurricane.

In the meanwhile the Frenchmen
 They resisted with heroism,
 With enthusiasm and fanaticism,
 Singing the "marseilles."

Napoleon moved his cannons:
 Improving one serene moment,
 But gun carriage and garrison
 Fall down in the muddy.

Wellington then saw the movement
 And the conflict of the cannon,
 How ray and small clouds of wind
 Threw the cavalry that cut only the leathers.

But milhaud with his dragoons,
 He established heroic fight,
 And he could save the cannons
 (this exploit, there is no fable.

But Wellington believed opportune
 Of nerve throw over the cavalry,
 But afterward, one by one,
 the dragoons retroced from.

They was well repelled
 By the French dragoons,
 that with splendor and courage
 they believed to subdue the Englishmen,

Also sent Napoleon
 to flank the cavalry,
 But in the abyss of Huguemont
 It fall down by fault of guide.

The situation was alarming
 To Wellington and Napoleon,
 Both of the belligerents
 Believed themselves owners of the action.

Then Napoleon judged
 that the time perjudged him,
 And France's standard he rising,
 Lanced himself over the barricades.

That was one infernal noise,
 Of the dying, the complaint,
 that seemed the final judgment
 the cannons with its crack.

The cracker of the grape shot
 The noise of the shot of the fusil,
 The battle's shock.
 The victims of the projectile.

And when body with body,
 The army it striked,
 And the victory seemed uncertain,
 Ney and Cambrone exclaimed.

Sublime, said Ney,
 Devil, said Cambrone,
 That looked himself king,
 This soldier in person,

And between the frenezy
 Napoleon opened the eyes,
 Hoping if arrived Gruchy
 Or saw him into the calhops.

The same Arturo Wellington
 Ordered prepared himself the carriage.
 Thinking that if not arrived Blucher,
 Retired himself in the night.

But there in the longest
It saw great clouds of dusty,
Was the great spem
Of the fight, the end.

Napoleon believed was Gruchy,
Wellington that was Blucher,
But that remained out of meaning
When saw that was the latter.

The General Normando,
Strong enemy from Napoleon,
He had sworn that persistent,
Should bury the conqueror.

He arrived with soon violence,
Spreading his directions,
With his great experience
He directed well his cannons.

And thinking in his misfortune
For taking the revenge,
He fell against the Frenchman,
How any greatsweep.

He diriged terrible rows
Of fire, guns of grapeshots,
Against the chastised legions
In the bloody and terrible battle.

The Frenchmen hapless,
They could not resist the charge,
With his battalion annihilating
In one fight so large.

And they were obliged
To retire themselves with pain
For that the army's allies
Would occupy the place of honor.

Wellington remaining victorious,
In force of constance and firmness,
And with glory and eminence
He subdued the Frenchmen.

In a little time fell
The highness of the conqueror,
And the French remained without vigor,
Submitted to victorious.

That he imposed her low sovereign
To any nation innocent
That was victim of misbehaviour
Of any one insolent conqueror.

And Napoleon with great pain
 He subjected him to the victorious
 That put in prison in Santa Elena
 Where died of anguish

With Prometeo in the rock
 Crucified to his sad lot
 His ambition not was a few things
 Caring the death, the world.

After being of any inspired worner
 And being of the world pretender
 Looking with proud lure
 To the powerful and beggar

In that solitary and rock mountain.
 A few men gone out with him
 He had not more friend
 That Bertrand and Motholon.

For giving one eloquent lesson
 The conqueror that in rich buskin
 He dream shall give him the cannon
 After the begining, till the end

Not knowing that the justice
 Is a goodness invincible
 Yet would be combated by the son of Leticia
 Or by any one giant inonosible

And here in this sad history
 Napoleon was very bad served
 How in any war there is memory
 That exist so much deceit

His orders, not executed Derlon
 Gruchy lost himself on the road
 It not known if would have treason
 Or was black work of the lot

Ney also he not executed
 With all and to be marshal
 The lot himself changed
 In elegy funeral.

And until the celebrated calvary
 In one abyss fallen down
 By the fault of any one guide
 Near it all perished.

Because God not wished more ruins
 To civilized France
 And would be victims of more craziness
 Of one conquerer souless.



VII.

(Abdication of Napoleon before the Congress of France).

Before yours that signifies the sovereignty nation's
 I present myself humble, and subdued.
 With object of doing certain abdication
 Of the firth impire that yours would have conceded.
 More than fifteen years I've fought without truce or repose
 By yours the head of the world,
 I provoked strong stormys and ocean never soft
 Of the universe I met him, always brave and furious.
 They accused me of having done mean treason
 At Robespierre, Marat and Girondins
 Of having falsed sacred revolutions
 Of ambitions, errors and reeling.
 Of having spread uselessly
 The blood precious of the Frenchmen
 Of having left in the country illustrious people
 In battles, retireds and misfortunes.
 Of having assassinated a Hocke or Desaix,
 For ending my exaggerated ambition
 By finishing with the rites of the faith
 Of changin to the France his divine religion.
 Of extinguishing the recourses of the France
 His felicity, its industry and treasure,
 Of pulling out of the motherly womb beautiful infancy,
 Of filling my purse with his gold.
 Of having killed the Duke of Enghein
 By infamy, for rancour and perbercity,
 Of leaving to my enemies in want
 Of expelling and discrediting likewise.
 The tribune the print it united at insults,
 Throwing myself great charges and maledictions;
 Mire, and muddy, how the man more mournful,
 How any devil that it lodged the more trouble passions.
 All I received with patience and calm,
 All in sacrifice of my beautiful thought,
 That I have coserved rought in the intimate of my soul
 And clear it has been reveled with time.
 I should desire that France would subdue the universe,
 And with the triumphs of the Latin race,
 Advancing myself the time that with hair terse,
 It would not take ourselves unforeseen in the road.
 I wished to improve the historic moment
 In which boiled the ideas of the French revolution,
 That shining, how the more previous thought
 And its lodging in all human head.

And when the triumph seemed to me impossible,
 With Emperor Alexander wished divide myself the world
 I have thought that my thought it done visible,
 And the same Alexander turned myself brave.

Because he aspired which the rasa slavs
 It would spread over the world and it would subdue,
 Turning the precious liberty in Slava
 To Western Europe in Tartarians Scandinava.

But God no permit iniquities,
 Nor which reign the injustice anywhere,
 And without punishment itself perpetuate the weakness,
 Neither the liberty unjustly should it perish.

The liberty is the Godness that divine
 It shining with rays powerful,
 Passed the time of our race, the Latin,
 Not is time nor its influence, neither its Gods.

Greece and Rome they left us the paganism,
 The force, the circus and inhuman fight,
 The torments, the barbarism and despotism
 The corruption, the infamy and the luxury.

It enervated our blood with the breath
 It was lasted in our veins the perfidy
 Victims always of inseparable tyranny
 They it have turned chronic beyond the time.

Necessary is that the modern civilization,
 It casts roots with other men and other races.
 That nor would it detain the torrent this hurricane,
 That the world regenerate with that weary.

The liberty is proclaimed by the christening
 In the Golgota in the tree of the cross,
 That finish to the man the despotism
 that the force turns out in brilliant light.

The triumph not was of Wellington,
 Nor has been different the skill and the courage.
 Nor faults have been Grouchy and Derlon,
 Is God that now desire more anguishes.

the world is from Washington and Burke,
 that they known the liberty and duty.
 Who always desire that the tear not plough
 In the eyes, nor the pain in the chest.

Conform us with sentence of the destiny;
 No more fights, nor fraternal's blood,
 Separate ourselves -he thorns of the road,
 All firmness, is crime parricide.

I decline into yours the empire,
 Felt eternally our glory;
 The Saxon world shall be our hemisphere
 It finished to ourselves our history.

And I would favor myself under England's standard
 Thrusting in his greatness and loyalty,
 Nevermore that would ourselves done strong war.
 Is elevated his character and his suavity.

And in this moment it advise to me
 That is ready the boat Belerephon,
 Where without lose time and very hurry,
 Shall set out the subdued Napoleon.

And I take leave from yours with great pain,
 England send to me to retired country,
 Nothing less than the rock of St. Helena,
 Where I shall suffer mournful torments.

And I present us my brilliant sword,
 In other time with glory and splendor,
 All in the world it reduced to dust,
 Durable only the right and liberty.

NAPOLEON EN LA ESLA DE ELBA.

Oh! Lo que es el fallo inexorable del destino,
Lo que son los cambios de la suerte,
Ayer de flores, sembrado mi camino,
Hoy sentenciado a inhumana muerte.

Cuando yo era proclamado emperador
Y no habia sufrido, ni cambio, ni reves,
Vana adulacion, incienso, al rededor,
Los pueblos todos prosternavane a mis pies.

El sol pareciam e esplendente
Las estaciones, sin frio y sin nublado;
Ningun presagio cruzaba por mi mente,
El rey del mundo me veia coronado,

Eterna pareciam e la gloria
A los hombres los veia mui pequenos
Cortesano el laudo de la historia
Realidad viviente el problema de mis suenos.

A Cesar lo juzgaba un despota menguado
Relapzo y pigmeo a Carlo Magno
Ynsensato al Griego Menelao
Bonachon al filantropo Trajano.

Horizonte no tenia mi ambicion
Ynexorable era el filo de mi espada.
Que cortaba con furia, sin compacion
Sn exito jamas se deshojaba.

Pero vino Soult y perdio la Espana
Ney se retiro de Torresvedras
Llego el turbion de implacable zana
Los suenos parecianme quimeras,

Vime obligado a declarar la guerra a Rusia
Enemigo formidable y mui temible
Hacienda poco caso de la Pruoia,
Creendo que el triunfo era infalible.

Marche en lo crudo del invierno
Sin parar mientes en lo fuerte de los hielos
Fueron tales las inclemencias de los cielos
Que aquello parecime grande inferno.

Las Rusos aconsejados por Moreau
De Dumories y otros criminales
Hecieron que incendiaran a Moscow
Sus cuarteles y refugios invernales.

Y despues que Cutussoff fue rechazado
I mis armas salieron victoriosas
El fuego invadie por todo lado
Produciendo temores pavorosos.

Y a despecho de mi honor y de mi gloria
Ordene violenta y completa retirada
Entre conflictos de que no hay memoria
Ni los tuve en ninguna otra jornada.

Y a Ney que se porto como un valiente
Encomendele la, ingente retirada
Reuniendo a su lado toda gente
Con valor, constancia y con cuidado.

Y al favor de rapido trineo
Salveme de volverme prisionero
Y quedar en el Caucasó Prometeo,
Salvando la distancia yo el primero.

Y fueron tan supremos los reveces
Tan grave la tormenta de los cielos
Que quedaron sepultados miles de Franceces
En los tempanos frios de los hielos,

Perdi alli lo mejor de mis soldados,
Capitanes, Generales, de lo primero
El prestigio tambien de gran guerrero
El entusiasmo y lealtad de mis aliados,

Italia me nego completo apoyo
Su ejercito cambiose en la batalla
Do quiera encuentre espinoso escollo
El reir y carcajar de la canalla.

Traicionaronme Angereau y Teillerand,
Bernardote y el bribon de Magdonal,
Ayudando a las huestes de Alejandro
Y cambiando mi divisa, por la real.

Sufri los mas crueles desenganos
Las mas tristes y amargas decepciones
El tiempo ensena con los anos
Cuan, inestables son las iluciones,

Que no tienen por base la justicia,
El derecho, la virtud y la lealtad
No vale la estrategia y la pericia.
Contra el sublime sentimiento de libertad.

Llegue a Paris lleno de pesares
 A ver si podía defenderme
 Lamentando tan lugubres azares
 Sin rifles, municiones, casi inerme.

Y Luis descendiente de los borbones
 Le apoyaron ballonetas extrangeras
 Haciendo de la Francia mil girones
 Violando su suelo y sus banderas.

Y vencido, sin poder ya resistir
 Entregado a mi micera impotencia
 Dispusieron que debiera yo existir
 En esta isla reducida mi existencia.

De la cual me hicieron Soberano
 Como burla sangrienta del destino,
 Como espacion de delirio sobrehumano
 Por regar de inocente sangre mi camino,

Pretendiendo de la Europa su dominio,
 Con el fuego, el hierro y la conquista,
 Sin respetar el derceho que es divino
 Bus cando de la gloria unica pista.

Y sinembargo de vida tan aislada
 Luis y Telleirand viven con miedo
 Creyendo que maquino nna celada
 Es mi nombre y prestigio su recelo,

Y pretenden que la Europa me destierre
 A regiones sombrías e ignoradas
 Que se olviden mis hazanas y se aterre
 Mi nombre y mis hechos sepultados,

Pero no puedo a mi suerte resignarme,
 Ni recorrer este funebre camino.
 Ni que hagan mis enemigos gran a larde
 Ni se burlen del triste fin, de mi destino.

Cuento siempre, con la ilustre Francia
 Que no la abate nunca el infortunio
 Me dara sus recursos con coustancia
 Olvidando sus reveces uno, a uno.

Cuento en esta isla con leales servidores
 Con bravos Generales y campeones
 Que me ayuden en todas mis labores
 Tremolando, como siempre los pendones.

En el brik que tengo en la bahía
 Cargare pertrechos y canones
 Y caminan'lo con cuidado noche y dia
 Azastare descuidadas guarniciones.

Y auxiliado del prestigio y entuciasmo
 Con que cuento en ciudades y fronteras
 Tomare los puestos con espasmo;
 Cambiando de momento las banderas.
 Con las mismas que venci a la Prucia
 Que tremole en Tena y en Tilsit
 Con que venci en Moscow a la Rucia
 Y a Austria, en Marengo y Austerlits.
 Zarparemos en el brik el Ynconstant
 Con rifles, bagages y municiones
 Y sin perder del tiempo, ni un instante
 Embarcaremos tambien nuestros canones.
 Fletaremos tambien la barca Estrella
 Y otros buques mercantes escogidos
 Aprovechando la proxima marea
 Con cigilo, sin que seamos percibidos.

II.

Embarque de Napoleon, con su tropa, municiones y
 bagage; tomando sus gemes los dice.

Aya en limpido horizonte
 En que brilla esplendente sol
 Divisase entre celages y fulgido arrebol
 Como una flota que sus canones monta.
 Hacia el rumbo de la tierra en que naci
 Donde mi infancia la luz primera vio
 De Corcega, cuya preciosa historia yo le di
 De aquel azul Oceano que a mi mente el inspiro.
 Es Velpomene e imponente "Flor de Lis"
 Que es la insignia tradicional de los Borbones
 Que enterrada restauro el infame Luis
 Con cabalas, intrigas y traiciones.
 Y si mi marcha hubiese sido rebelada
 Y la fiota impidiese nuestro viage
 Con valor heroismo y energia denodada
 Nos lanzaremos, como un rayo al abordaje.
 El valor, es la unica esperanza
 En los conflictos y grandes aflicciones
 Es un Hercules que inspira la confianza
 Es la victoria, con sus bellas ovaciones.
 Pero al fin no veo otras senales
 Que rebelen en los buques gran malicia,
 Sus banderas parecen comerciales,
 O aprovechemos su estolida estulticia.
 Y marchemos con el viento favorable
 E izemos el vaupre y toda bela
 Que la destreza en la marcha hace probable
 La victoria en toda empresa se rebela.

III.

El Teneral Bertrand, refiriendo la marcha sobre Paris-1815.

El tres de Marzo por la tarde

La escnadrilla fondeo en el golfo Juan

Napoleon desembarco, sin mucho alarde

Con su rostro sereno, cual titan.

Y en bosque espeso y mui umbrio,

Do se mecen los cedros y Olivos

Arengo a su tropa con gran brio

Como en tiempos de sus triunfos positivo.s

Y alli se destaca el mas robusto

Que sirve de senal a nuestra historia

Cual si fuesa de Napoleon unico busto

Que el tiempo conserva en la memoria.

Y de Antibes contento, paso a Canes

En medio del mas grande entuciasmo

De vecinos, ciudadanos y paisanos

Delirantes de afecto y de marasmo.

Y en valles, villas y ciudades,

Era tal el delirio de la gente,

Tan grandes las febriles ansiedades

Que deliquios causaban a la mente.

Y las fuerzas que mandaban los Borbones

No hacian ninguna oposicion

En masa se desbordaban batallones

Saludando con delirio a Napoleon.

Y el 7 batallon llamado de Grenoble

Al manda del coronel Labedoyere

No resistio el sentimiento noble

Que le inspira el prisionero de la isla de Elba.

Y su jefe pago con su preciosa vida

Los arrebatos de ese fervido delirio

Despues que la guerra fue vencida

Por recompensa tuvieron el martirio.

I por ultimo encontro al Mariscal Ney

El bravo Teneral, entre los bravos

Causole el entuciasmo que hace un rey

Que conduce a la victoria a sus soldudos.

Le abrazo con entuciasmo y efucion

Con patetica emocion se saludaron.

Recordando los tiempos que pasaron,

Entre el humo del fucil y del canon.

Ofreciole el nervio poderse de su brazo

El corazon y el brillo de su espada

Confianza y no creer en un fracaso

Luchar con heroismo, en la jornada.

Pero hay que advertir que esta gran fama
 Que en masa a los pueblos condujo en torvellino
 Fue debido tambien a las proclamas
 Que repartio el emperador en su camino,
 Hablo de derecho y libertad a los Franceces
 Para ponerlos exitados, delirantes
 Y olvidaran por completo sus reveces
 Que les causan con frecuencia los farsantes.

Es la fibra delicada, es el misterio
 El resorte que aprietan ambiciosos
 Para convertirla, en sombrío cementerio
 Y en yermos sus jardines deliciosos.

Son los grandes y brillantes espegismos
 Que facinaron a Roma, a los latinos
 Barbarie, conquista, rudo fanatismo
 Es herencia de incurables desatinos.

El mundo caera hecho mil astillas
 Su centro perdera con tempestades
 Enfermos los francesces con teorías
 Y jamos gozaran da libertades,

Nosotros lo tomamos todo a broma
 El derecho, la patria y la justicia
 La verdad, es grrndeza en la zajona
 Que consagra con respeto y sin malicia.

En fin entramos a Paris, sin mas batalla
 Al emperador le subieron a los cielos
 Nobles, empleadcs, pecheros y canalla
 Le aco gieron con entuciasmo y sin recelos.

Y Luis salio huyendo con su corte
 Mohino, cabizbajo, sin soldados
 Dispuesto a tocar igual resorte
 El apoyo otra vez de sus aliados.

Para restaurarse en el poder que le negaban
 El influjo y eficacia de la opinion
 Honores y riquezas le alhagaban
 Destrozando de su patria el corazon.

III.

Huida de Luis XVIII y Telleirand—Su Ultima Entrevista,

TELLEIRAND.

Versado en la ciencia diplomatica,
 En las cabalas en la astucia, en la intrigua
 Pronostique que este gran monomaniatic
 Sus ideas jamas olvidaria.

De dominar a la Europa y al mundo
 Con el poder de su espada y el canon
 Estender su domino furibundo
 Aboliendo el derecho y la razon.

Apollado en la fuerza de la Francia
 En su espiritu guerrero y mui marcial
 Que se presta de la intriga a toda instancia
 Ya sea para el bien, o para el mal.

Ya sea a Robespieore que es lo mismo
 A Mirabeau y Felipe de Ygualdad
 Apoya en su cronico obtimismo
 Perseguiendo el derecho y libertad.

Y arde en el santuario de su templo
 Su historia con estruendo y con fulgor
 De fuego esparciendo mal ejemplo
 Que conduce al camino del dolor,

Su genio lo heredo de los romanos
 Cue crearon las dinastias absolutas
 Que nuca fueron soberanos,
 Viviendo en guerras y en luchas.

Las potencias, no oyeron mis concejos
 Creyeron que eran vanas iluciones
 Yo acostumbro ver desde mui lejos
 Diviso con claridad los nubarrones.

Y si a tiempo hubiesen separado
 De los costas de Francia a Napoleon,
 Habriamos el poder aun conservado
 Sin estar en esta tetrica affliction.

V.

LOUIS XVIII.

Yes, Tsleirand, tu dices mui bien
 Fuisters ministro de Napoleon
 Yo sospechaba tambien
 Qen habia de hacernos traicion.

Pero por Dios y por Minerva
 Firme con mi propia mano
 Se le diese la Isla de Elba
 Con derecho soberano.

Y yo descendiente de San Luis
 Debia mantener mi promesa.
 Ya que llevamos flor de lis
 Como insignia de grandeza.



Y aunque Napoleon me vensa
 Y vuelva al imperio otra vez
 Yo mantendre mi promesa
 Sea cual fuese el reves.

Que la fortuna nos depare
 En este eterno luchar
 E implacable nos negare
 Sometiendonos al mismo azar.

La Francia se ha convertido
 En un gran poder militar
 En que Napoleon la ha sumido
 Por su propio bienestar.

Hay que estirpar ese mal
 Que ha ocasionado Napoleon
 Fucilando al militar
 Eue tracione a la nacion.

Yremos a Ynglaterra
 A Austria, Ytalia y Prucia
 Trairemos de nuevo la guerra
 Con apoyo de la Rucia,
 A Napoleon le es imposible
 Contener ese torrente
 Por mas que se crea invencible
 No cuenta con mucha gente

Su hermosa estrella se eclipse
 Muchos no creen en su fama
 Su geino militar se agoto
 Ya su entuciasma no inflama.

Ya fastidian sus baladronadas
 Sale mui cara su gloria
 Ya no brillan sus espadas
 Quiere la Francia otra historia.
 Quiere tambien su reposo
 Que hace tiempo le ha quitado
 Ese infernal ambicioso.
 Atrevido y desatentado.

Pronto volveremos triunfantes
 Con grande y suma importancia
 Entonces veran los farsantes
 Como se gobierna la Francia.

VI.

Salida de Napoleon con su ejercito de Paris. Relacion de
 la Batalla de Waterloo por el Jeneral Montholon.

A Waterloo, me lo imagino
 Como una inmensa montana
 Que tiene recto su camino
 Por el lado del Oceano,

Alli Napoleon encontro su tumba
 En esa soberbia pendiente
 Y atonito presencio el mundo
 La batalla mas recia y sangrienta.

Que hayan presenciado los tiempos
 Con sus cabellos soberanos
 En sus infinitos portentos
 En sus evoluciones profanas.

Alli demostro Ynglaterra
 Que era reina de los mares
 Tambien soberana de la tierra
 Apesar de los pesares,

Su genio encarno en Arturo
 Despues duque de Welington
 En premio de su brazo duro
 Con que vencio a Napoleon,

Las tempestades de fuego
 Llegaban hasta sus pies
 I frio con calma y luego
 Poco penso en un reves,

Aqui comenzo la decadencia
 De las historicas rasas latinas
 que en Roma adquirieron acendencia
 Con lo mezcla de las sabinas.

El gran Cesar Frances
 Despues de muchas batallas
 Sufrio el ultimo reves
 Mediante olas de metrallas.

La batalla fue bien pensada
 Con tactica y estrategia
 En discucion dilatada
 Para evitar una tragedia.

Napoleon en propia persona
 Debia a Blucher atacar
 Tan luego, como el asome
 En oportuno lugar.

Y luego de ser derrotado
 Gruchy debia perseguirlo
 Alcanzarlo ya bien cansado
 I completamente batirlo.

Para impedir que se organizara
 I de nuevo presentara accion
 I con su ejercito auxiliara
 Al insigne Jeneral Wellington.

En efecto Napoleon
 Cumplio lo prometido
 Y con oportunidad y ocasion
 Lo hizo huir espavorido.

Pero Gruchy, sin sumicion
 Se estravio en el camino
 I no cumplio su comision
 Con exactitud y tino.

Blucher se preparo
 Haciendo su retirada
 Hacio la cima de Waterloo
 Mui en regla y mui confiado.

Mientras Ney el gran Mariscal
 Debia ocupar Cuatrebras
 Con violencia y aire marcial,
 Sin dejar la artilleria atras.

Pero Ney se equivoco
 Creyendo que estaba Wellington
 I por eso no ejecuto
 La orden de Napoleon.

Por otra parte Gruchy
 Con treinta mil soldados
 Debia llegar oportuno alli
 A marchas mui esforzadas.

Pero ni Gruchy, ni Derlon
 Que eran su brazo derecho
 Por error o por despecho
 Obedecieron a Napoleon.

Sin embargo de estos contratiempos
 Napoleon no se arredro
 Alisto sus campamentos
 I a sus soldados arengo.

Dio la orden de batalla
 A Ney, el bravo de los bravos
 que hiciera eco la metralla
 Y la lid de los soldados.

Mientras el se preparo
 Con la fuerza de su mando
 Y violento pronto ocurrio
 En la vanguardia confiando.

En la estrella de su-genio
 En supericia militar,
 Sin comprender que ya su gremio
 Aun no queria pelear.

que todo se eclipsa en el mundo
 Y en la vida es contingente
 Los astros, el huracan furibundo
 La gloria, el dolor de la gente.

Se comenzo la batalla
 A las diez de la manana
 Lanzandose sebre la muralla
 A paso mui redoblado,

Con tal furia y gran valor
 que por momentos se creyo
 Dueno del campo de honor
 Como Sn. Martin en Maipo.

Pero millares de canones
 Vomitaban muerte y metralla
 Abriendo grandes zanjones
 En las lineas de batalla.

Wellington permanecia impacible
 Como una roca en el mar
 Se creia siempre invencible
 En aquel estrategico lugar.

Y lanzando sus batallones
 Como olas que encrezpa el Oceano
 Arrazando rocas, farallones
 Como huracan en el verano.

Mientrastanto los franceces
 Resistian con heriosmo
 Con entuciasmo y fanatismo
 Cantando la Marcelleza,

Napoleon movio sus canones
 Aprovechando un momento sereno
 Pero curenas y guarniciones
 Se atascaron en el cieno.

Wellington que vio el movimiento
 Y el conflicto de los canones
 Como rayo, o rafaga de viento
 Lanzo su cavalleria que corto, solo las arciones,
 Por que Milhaud con sus dragones
 Entablo heroica pelea
 Y pudo salvar sus canones
 De esa hazana, no hay idea.

Pero Wellington creyo oportuno
 Lanzar de nuevo su caballeria
 Pero despues, uno a uno
 El dragon retrocedia.

Fueron bien rechazados
 Por los dragones franceces
 Que con brio y denodados
 Creian vencer a los ingleses.

Tambien mando Napoleon
 A flanquear su caballeria
 Pero en el abismo de Huguemont
 Se hundio por alta de guia.

La situacion era alarmante
 Para Welington y Napoleon
 Ninguno de los beligerantes
 Se creia dueno de la accion.

Entonces comprendio Napoleon
 Que el tiempo le perjudicaba
 Y levantando de la Francia el pendon
 Se lanzo sobre las barricadas.

Aquello fue un ruido infernal
 Del moribundo el quegido
 Parecia el fucio final
 El canon con su crugido.

El crugir de la metralla
 El silvar de los tiros de fucil
 El choque de la batalla
 Las victimas del proyectil.

I cuando cuerpo a cuerpo
 Los ejercitos chocaron
 Y el triunfo parecia incierto
 Ney y Cambrone esclamaron.

Sublime decia Ney
 Y un ajo lanzaba Cambrone
 Aquel parecia rey
 Este soldado en persona.

Y en medio del freneci
 Napoleon pelaba los ojos
 Viendo si llegaba Gruchy
 O se veia entre los abrojos.

Tambien Arturo Wellington
 Ordeno le alistarán su-coche
 Pensando que sino llegaba Blucher
 Se retiraria en la noche.

Y alla en lontananza
 Se veia gran polvareda
 Era la gran esperanza
 Del exito de la pelea.

Napoleon creia era Gruchy
 Welington que era Blucher
 Pero aquel quedo fuera de si
 Al convercerse que era este ultimo.

El Jeneral Normando
 Enemigo acerrimo de Napoleon
 Habia jurado que porfiando
 Enterraria al conquistador,

Llego con suma violencia
 Desplegando diviciones
 I con su gran esperiencia
 Derigio bien sus canones.

I pensando en sus reveces
 Para tomar la revancha
 Cayo sobre los franceces
 Como una gran avalancha.

Dirigio terribles andanadas
 De fuego, rifle y metralla
 Sobre las legiones diezmadadas
 En sangrienta y terrible batalla.

Los tranceces desconsalados
 No pudieron resistir la carga
 Con sus batallones aniquilados
 En una lucha tan larga.

Y se vieron obligados
 A retirarse con dolor
 Para que los ejercitos aliados.
 Ocupasen el campo de honor.

Welington quedo vencedor
 A tuerza de constancia y firmeza.
 Y con gloria y esplendor
 Supo vencer a los franceces.

En pocas horas cayo
 La grandeza del conquistador
 I la Francia exanime quedo
 Sometida al vencedor.

Que le impuso su ley soberana
 A una nacion inocente
 Que fue victima de desmanes
 De un ambicioso insolente.

Y Napoleon con grande pena
 Se sometio al vencedor
 Que lo aprisiono en Santa Elena
 Donde murio de dolor,

Como Prometeo sen la roca,
 Aspado a su triste suerte
 Su ambicion, no era cosa poca
 Llevar al mundo la muerte.

Despues de ser de un imperiodueno
 Y ser del mundo pretendiente
 Y mirar con orgulloso seno
 Al poderoso y al ingente.

En aquel solitario penon
 Pocos marcharon consigno
 No le quedo mas amigo
 Que Bertrand y Montholon.

Para dar una elocuente leccion
 Al conquisrador que en rico botin
 Suena le dara el canon
 Desde el principio hasta el fin.

Ignorando que la justicia
 Es una Diosa invencible
 La combata el hijo de Leticia
 O un gigante inconocible.

I aqui en esta triste historia
 Napoleon fue mui mal servido
 Como en ninguna guerra hay memoria
 Que exista tanto extravio.

Su orden no cumplio Derlon
 Gruchy se perdio en el camino
 Se ignora si hubo traicion
 O fue negra obra del destino.

Ney tampoco cumplio
 Con todo y ser Mariscal
 La suerte se le cambio
 En elegia funeral.

Y hasta la celebre caballeria
 En un abismo se hundio
 Por fatto de un infeliz guia
 Casi toda perecio.

Es que Dios no quizo mas ruinas
 Para la Francia civilizada
 Ni que fuese victima de mas desartinos
 De un conquistador desalmado.

VII.

Abdicaciou de Napoleon Ante el Congreso de Francia.

Ante vos que representais la soberania de la nacion

Me presento humillado y vencido

Resuelto a hacer franca abdicacion

Del primer imperio que me habias concedido.

Mas de quince anos luche sin tregua ni descanso

Por que fueseis el cerebro del mundo

Provoque recias tempestades y el oceano nunca manso

Del universo le encuentre; siempre bravo i furibundo.

Me han acusado de haber hecho vil traicion

A Robespierre, a Marat, a los Girondinos

De haber falseado sacrosanta revolucion,

De ambiciones, de errores y desatinos.

De haber deramado inutilmente

La sangre generosa de los franceses

De haber dejado en los campos ilustre gente

En batallas, retiradas y reveces.

De haber asesinado a Hoche i a Desaix

Por colmar mi exajurada ambicion

De conclufr con los ritos de lafe

De cambiar a la Francia su excelsa religion.

De extinguir los recursos de la Francia

Su bienestar su industria y su tesoro

Da arrancar del seno materno bella infancia

De llenar mi bolcillo, con su oro,

De haber fucilado al duque de Enghien

Por infamia, por rencor y por bajeza

De dejar a mis enemigos en pobreza

De desterrarlos y desacreditarlos tambien.

La tribuna, la prensa, se desataron, en denuestos

Lanzaronme enormes cargos y maldiciones

Cieno y lodo, como el hombre mas funesto

Como el ogro que alberga las mas bajas pasiones.

Todo lo recibí con paciencia y calma,

Todo en holocausto a mi bello pensamiento

Lo he llevado escrito en lo intimo del alma

Y que claro se ha revelado con el tiempo.

Quería que Francia dominara el universo

I con ella el triunfo de la raza latina

Adelantondome al tiempo que con su cabello terso

No nos tomara de improviso en el camino.

Quise aprovechar el historico momento

En que bullian las ideas de la revolucion francesa

Que deslumbraban, como el mas bello pensamiento

Y se albergaban en toda humana cabeza.

Y cuando el triunfo se me hacia imposible
 Con el emperador Alejandro quise repartirme el mundo
 Sospeche que mi pensamiento, se hizo vicible
 I el mismo Alejandro, se me puso furibundo

Por que el esperaba que la raza esclava
 Se extendiese por el mundo y dominara
 Convirtiendo a la libertad en esclava
 A Europa occidental en tartara escandinava.

Pero Dios no permite las iniquidades
 Ni que reine la injusticia por do quiera
 Y sin espacion se perpetuen las maldadas
 Ni que la libertad incensata pereciera.

La libertad, es la Diosa que divina
 Alumbra con sus rayos poderosos
 Paso el tiempo de la raza nuestra, la latina
 No es tiempo de su influencia y de sus Dioses.

Grecia y Roma nos legaron el paganismo,
 La fuerza, el circo y la inhumana lidia
 Los tormentos, la barbarie el despotismo
 La corrupcion, la infamia y la lascivia.

Gangrenaron nuestra sangra, con su aliento
 Ynyectaron en nuestras venas la perfidia
 Victimas siempre, de imprescindible tirania
 Cronicas se han vuelto, al traves del tiempo,

Necesario es que la moderna civilizacion
 Eche raices, con otros hombres y otra raza
 Que no se contenga, ese torrente, ese turbion
 Que al mundo regenere con su lazo.

Que es la libertad, que proclamo el cristianismo
 En el golgota y en el arbol de la cruz
 Que concluya para el hombre el despotismo
 Que la fuerza se convierta en radiante luz.

El triunfo, no ha sido de Wellington
 Ni ha faltado la pericia y el valor
 Ni culpa han tenido Gruchy i Derlon
 Es Dios que no quizo mas dolor.

El mundo es de Washington y Burke
 Que comprenden la libertad y el derecho
 Los que quieren que la lagrima no sulque
 En los ojos, ni el dolor en nuestro pecho.

Conformemonos con el fallo del destino
 No mas luchas, ni sangre fratricida
 Apartemos las espinas del camino
 Todo empeno, es delito parricida.

Declino pues, ante vosotros el imperio
 Cayeron para siempre nuestras glorias
 El mundo Zajon sera nuestro hemisferio
 Concluyo para nosotros nuestra historia,

I yo me amparo a la bandera de Ynglaterra
 Confiando en su grandeza y su lealtad
 No importa habernos hecho cruda guerra
 Es supremo el caracter, su bondad.

Y en estos momentos, se me avisa,
 Que esta listo el barco Bellerofhon
 Donde sin perdida de tiempo y mui de prisa
 Debe embarcarse el vencido Napoleon.

I me despido de vosotros con gran pena,
 Se me manda a lugares solitarios
 Nada menos que al penon de Santa Elena
 Do espero tormentos funerarios,

Y aqui teneis mi flamigera espada
 En otros tiempos con gloria y brillo
 Todo en el mundo se convierte en nada
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