

THE
Battle
OF
Talavera;

OR,

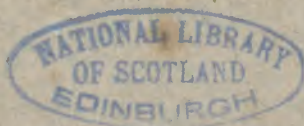
The Soldier's Threnody.



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THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA

OR,

The Soldier's Threnody.

Ye scourges of mankind, diffusers of sorrow,
Behold these sad ends of the Victims of War; —
Ah! *think*, ere the loud roaring cannons do rattle,
Before hostile armies in close combat meet.

Soldiers Wife.—Stanza

NEAR Tal'vera's heights where the battle
 the rag'd fearless
As when wolves with lions in combat
 contend;
From the brave British allies a soldier stray
 cheerless
The ground where they strove Spanish
 rights to defend;
As with rage 'gainst the foe his bosom was
 burning,
While the wrongs of the patriot's he true
 was mourning,

He sigh'd for himself, thinking ne'er of re-
turning

To his dear native Island that sits in the sea

That day we embark'd, I shall ever remember;

For this cheerless country we left much-
lov'd home;

My wife sobb'd aloud with a heart the most
tender,

My mother wept too but not for me alone;

Or on a sick-bed my poor father was lying,

While brothers and sisters around me stood
crying;

Alas! cease cruel Mem'ry, my heart rends with
sighing.

Sad was the day of departure to me!

Yes my poor parents in peace at their
home now,

Children and wife with all dear bosom
friends,

Health and content can they call it their
own now,

Perhaps heavy trials still on them por-
tends:

Yet, even now, lone ideas suppreſſing;
Which ever life my poor boſom diſtreſſing
Now, I'll ſuppoſe Fortune's favours can
reſſing

Them, far in the Iſland that ſits in the
ſea.

“ No more ſhall I climb o'er the wind
beaten mountain,

Where mem'ry the track of my home ſtill
can trace;

No more ſhall I drink from the pure glaſſ
fountain,

Which oſt has reflected content in my
face;

Yet who can ſorſee the events of to-morrow
Tho' now on my head lowers the chill blaſt
of ſorrow,

Perhaps joy's bright ſunſhine may gladden
my ſtory

Once more in the Iſland that ſits in the
ſea.

“ Yet now I exiſt to taſte life's bitter an-
guish,

Where the battle bled moſt, ſure I ſough
for the foe;

My comrades who fell thro' for hours they
did languish,

Inseparable now to the changes below.

Thrice o'er my head glanc'd the sabre vic-
torious!

Thrice might I finish'd my career so glo-
rious

When cannons sublime roar'd aloud in full
chorus,

Far from the Island that fits in the sea."

Thus the foldier lamented, despair mark'd
his feature;

And hope for a moment, was fled from
his soul;

When he heard a soft voice; exclaim
"wretched of creatures,

Here surely your fate from these monsters
that prowl.

When a female he saw, her steps quickly
bending

To where the new rais'd turf the slain was
defending,

As from her stain'd garments the blood was
descending,

In mad strains she utter'd this sad Thre-
nody.

" Thy daughter is wretch'd, sleep softly my
 mother,
 Kind heaven reliev'd thee from this rend-
 ing scene,
 Beneath this green turf lies my husband and
 brother,
 Perhaps my brave father is now 'mongst
 the slain :
 Demons! 'twas brutally, in spite of my scream-
 ing,
 To murder my babe with pure innocence
 beaming,
 Soldier's 'twas mad while this wound still
 was streaming,
 To take the last Treasure of poor Mal-
 vonic."

Thus the poor Maniac rav'd, till exhausted,
 expiring,
 She sunk to the ground, all assistance was
 vain ;
 Now fast from her body the soul was tran-
 spiring,
 The soldier advanc'd but to see life's last
 scene,

For a bandage she'd tore, which her bosom
had bound,

That scarce stem'd the flow of a large gash-
ing wound;

The last feeble accent her pale lips did
sound,

Was "Oh! my dear mother, I come
unto thee."

"Ah! sad was thy fate," said the soldier,
"poor woman,

The sight of thy woes has made mine less
appear;

I blush at myself now, 'twas so unbecoming
To droop with despair when Hope offer'd
to cheer.

A fresh stream my tears! these sad scenes
deploring,

Tho' distant the fire-balls of battle were
roaring.

Yet the widows will suffer, the fatherless
mourn,

Afar in the Island that sits in the sea.

Ye natives of Britain, how happy your fate
now,

Unknown to you the ravages of Spain ;
How many this poor Maniac's tale could re-
late now,

Whose dear bosom friend's have been
crank'd 'mongst the slain :

But happy secure, while thy son's are re-
pelling

The foe from afar off thy much-esteem'd
dwelling,

To thee, war is just like the storm's distant
yelling

Far from the Island that sits in the sea.

FINIS,