

**George Galloway,
The Tears of Poland, 1795**

From: George Galloway, *Poems. The Tears of Poland, to which are added, songs...* (Edinburgh, 1795), pp. 7-11.

THE TEARS OF POLAND, &c,

Of comfort no man speak -
Let's talk of graves of worms, and epitaphs;
For in the hollow temples of a crown,
Keeps Death his court.

—Shakespeare

Warsaw, July 1793

Each Polander a gloomy aspect wears,
Mourning - his hapless country all in tears,
Tears, tideless as the Baltick, ne'er shail dry
Till veng'ance burst on abject tyranny;
Till Poles, in concert, sweetest strains shall sing,
Till hills and dales their Liberty shall ring,
Her people's choice, "Lords, Commons, and their
King."

As o'er fair Poland's blooming fields we range,
Eyes stream,--heart sickens at the gloomy change:
Here strays her Prince, who Royaltv adorns,
Whole brow's environ'd with a *crown of thorns*.
Pale and dejected, prostrate on the ground,
While rainy eyes the dust his sorrows wound:
Lear, of old, his ancient mein bespeaks,
Since grief and woe's bewreck'd his furrow'd cheeks.
King—Father of his People, one and all;
Paternal knit must hasten to the goal.
O Thou! Sweet *Freedom's tow'r*, brave Washington,

Hear Poland's fate, and plaintive piteous moan,
O Thou! whom heav'n hath form'd a heart to feel
For Poland's Prince, oppress'd by Prussianⁱ *hearts of steel*.
O! deign to hear the brave oppressed Poles;
Whose eyes flow tears, swift as the Ganges rolls;
O'er gorgeous fetters dragging on the plains:
Where Frozen-hearted tyrants hold their reigns.
Where weeping widows, maids, and mourning brides,
Are ravished by ruthless Pagan tribes.
Their Prince enslav'd in his declinging years,
While wailing Warsaw weeps, like Nibo all in tears.
Mourn! mourn! Europa cries, in mourning weep,
For Poland's sons are wrapt in sable deep:
For Royal Stanislaus, O drop a tear,
Who wrung his hands, and tore his silver hair.
Degraded thus, when parting with Warsaw,
His tears bedew'd the banks o' th' Vistula;
When King and Diet parted, Poland's cries,
With hideous wail did rend our Northern skies.
Thus Poland lawless was asunder torn!
Thus Elbing fell, Dantzick, and blooming Thorn!
Thus Denmark, Sweden, wept, and Norway o'er,
Laments, Since Europe's granary sings no more.
But say! who first conceiv'd brave Poland's woe's,
Unveil! the faithful page of Hist'ry shows.
Say! who did coin out the infernal dargⁱⁱ?
None but the Prince of Despots !—Brandenburg.
To-day—brave Poland's rights he guarantees,
To-morrow—Fraud and guile cement in lies.
Accursed talk! Infamous with reproach,
When Crown'd Freebooters Poland's rights did poach.
But see! the Gods with thunder in a cloud
To blast the wicked, and to damn the proud

To scourge vile F—k who conjur'd the storm,
The sacred Liberties of Poland to deform.
Far to the North, where frozen Zemblo bounds,
The Northern States, to Denmark's chilly sounds,
Where pinning frost grasps an eternal hold,
Dark Lap' and Finland, in ice chains of cold;
'Tis here resides th' Herculian Jezebel,
Who's mouth breathes war, hot as th' flames of hell:
For since she slew her husband,—the just Czar,
'Gainst *Adam's Race* she's wag'd eternal war, -
Thundering peals of destruction dart around,
Till Poland's dying with her mortal wound.
See! bounding Baltic pours a crimson flood,
From coasts where human carcasses are strew'd
See! Poland's streams, their 'fertile banks run o'er
Luxuriant fields! now dy'd with human gore.
Ye deaf'ned Kings to good Augustus moan,
This Cleopatra holds you as her own;
And Courts no more now deem their State secure
From this arch Amazonian, Babylonian whore.
View in our maps, and mark her monstrous strides,
From the Levant, to Greenland's icy tides.
Whole Empires tremble, Kingdoms, Kings, and States,
South from New Holland, north to Bearing Straits,
On Europe's isles her awful feet she treads,
While in her fist she grasps the Danes and Swedes
And panting Poland in her lap is hurl'd,
While silent stands a wond'ring timid world,
Th' Imperial Eagle wings with lust of pow'r,
Wallows in blood, fair Poland to deflow'r:
But sure th' Omnipotent blasts th' unnat'ral league,
For what's not seal'd in heav'n is null and vague.
Ev'n hell itself yawns at the curs'd partition,

To hurl these tyrant demons to perdition.
How chang'd! —how alter'd! —are thy scared walls,
Where God was worship'd now the heathen calls;
No more they magnify the saviour Lord,
For nought but stocks and stones are now ador'd.
No more they at the name of Jesus bow;
But kneel to Molach, or the idol Foⁱⁱⁱ,
Turks, Jews, and Pagans, unmolested roam,
Where Lydyard^{iv} once 'mongst Christians found a home.
Here you may stray though canibals you be.
If you depress fam'd Poland's Liberty,
Hail Hopkins^v and those worthy lib'ral souls,
Who op'd their store to aid the wretched Poles:
The nymphs on Neiper, Neister, and the Bog,
To Hopkins sing a grateful Ecalogue:
While Grodno's thanks rings o'er their fertile grounds,
'Till Caparinian mountains Hopkin's name resounds,
They sing, that "Heav'n may down its blessings pour.
And add ten thousand thousand to thy store,
When going t' enjoy a Heav'nly crown when time shall be no more."
The generous English, and the feeling Scot,
Weep Sorrowful unhappy Poland's hapeless lot.
The nymphs on Forth, and the imperial Thames,
Makes eyes to flow, On their respective streams.
Ireland on Lissy, Shannon and the Boyne,
In strains melodious melancholy join.
The lib'ral, free, and brave American.
Tears, briny tears, o'er checks, lank, pale, and wan.
Ev'n the slow Spaniard, mourns thy Liberty,
The Dutch, dull Portuguese, and Italy,
Heaps curses on the vile infernal she.
Oh! how the feeling heart must heave a sigh,
When we view o'er the acts in History

See! Beleslaus, and brave Casimir.
And Sobieski^{vi} fam'd, the plumb of war.
When Europe was o'er-run by Infidels.
All Christendom was light in Mars wide scales,
'Till Royal *John a Samson's hand* he lent,
Who's arm bore down Mahomet's vile crescent.
Methinks I fee brave Sobieski rise,
And utter these words with streaming eyes:—
"Thy crown's subjected to foreign yoke;
Thy sword is blunted; and thy sceptre broke,
And thou'rt become, who once was deem'd so brave,
To those who hate thee, an eternal slave."

S. Robertson

"Oh! Heav'ns inspire a Douglas^{vii} or a Tell,^{viii}
Those curs'd Muscovian furies to repel;
The Liberties of Poland to restore,
As I fair Europe's freedom rais'd in days of yore."

ⁱ Prussia, who in the year 1769 first projected the partition of Poland, first disclosing to the Emperor that partition of this unhappy country, readily accepted; and the Empress of Russia immediately acquiesced, as her thirst for territory is unbounded.

ⁱⁱ Work.

ⁱⁱⁱ Two-thirds of the Russians are Pagans.

^{iv} The great Traveller, Lydyard, who died at Grand Cairo.

^v Lord Mayor of London in 1792, who collected £ 30,000 for the King of Poland.

^{vi} Sobieski, who raised the siege of Vienna in 1683.

^{vii} Douglas, a Scotsman, who relieved Dantzic; by which every Scotsman is free in that City.

^{viii} The Deliverer of the Swiss Cantons from the Austrian yoke.