

- " Long our wasted ranks were lying
 " 'Neath Coimbra's rebel wall.
" Weary, hopeless, faint and dying,
 " Dark despair was over all.
- " Morn, at length, the tierce-hour bringing,
 " Call'd us to renew the fray,
" Like a knell the trumpet's ringing
 " Broke upon our ear that day.
- " On we went with hearts despairing
 " To possess our gory graves,
" Or once more, destruction sparing,
 " To submit fell Famine's slaves.
- " On we went, Coimbra nearing;
 " On we went, to bleed, to die;
" When a white-plumed knight appearing,
 " Fixed each wondering heart and eye.
- " With celestial radiance shining
 " Golden mail his limbs arrayed.
" On his breast a Cross reclining,
 " While a Crown his shield displayed.
- " Like the snow o'er desert driven
 " Spotless was the steed he rode,
" And the majesty of Heaven
 " In his form and features glowed.