

OSWALD GREY.

Assist, my native muse, to tell
A tale of mingled joy and woe,
That happened to a gifted soul
Known to thy friendship years ago.
Thy noble friend young Oswald Grey,
Was born upon the rocky brow
Of that famed hill where Oswald the King,
Chanced once in death's embrace to bow.

Where Roman arts and arms did bloom,
When Roman Kings ruled Britain's Isle,
Where famous deeds did touch his ear
And move his spirit void of guile.
'Twas on a time when all the stars
And planets favoured the glad hour,
That nature with her skilful hand,
Enrich'd him with true mental power.

Venus, and Mars, and Jupiter,
Were curious wrought in bright array,
They'd never been in such a form
For many a long and hoary day.
Each in their happy moods would join,
To form his attributes of mind,
And when they brooded on the heart,
They touch'd it tenderly and kind.