

And when the rich repast was spread,
There, like a Nabob at the head,



Columbus sat installed, between
The grateful King, and gracious Queen,
With barons, dukes, and ladies fine,
To drink his health in royal wine
And many a reverend monk and priest,
To ask a blessing on the feast.
In such a circle leave we may
Columbus on his happiest day.

E X O R D