

His horse shot dead. His feet are caught  
And hang still in the trappings ; see,  
His waving plume goes floating down ;  
His bright cuirass shines through the waves ;  
He cries, he struggles to get free,  
And beats to foam the waters round,  
Then, choking, sinks to rise no more.  
But hark ! The fortunes of the fight  
Are, notwithstanding, on his side ;  
Brave, fearless men have scaled the walls,  
And hand to hand have fought their way  
Till now the keep is in their hands,  
Its brave defenders pris'ners all,  
And Cromwell master of the place !

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### Beautiful England.

O, BEAUTIFUL England ! my thoughts love to dwell  
Among thy green mountains and scenes I love well ;  
The home of my childhood is dear still to me—  
O, beautiful England ! my heart clings to thee.

'Tis long since I wandered where fancy beguiled,  
Among thy deep valleys, when I was a child :  
Those days of past pleasure remember'd shall be—  
O, beautiful England ! my heart clings to thee.

Thy flora so lovely, thy shrubs rich and rare,  
Thy landscapes of beauty surpassingly fair ;