

From cottage, hall and bower—
The peasant rough, the baron proud,
And beauty's fairest flower?

To celebrate Coimbra's fall
Those ceaseless joy-bells ring,
Those loyal hearts are thronging all
To welcome back their king.
Lo! within Compostella's wall
The conquering host they bring.

Straight to San Jago's ancient pile
Proceeds the armed array,
For happy ending to their toil
Adoring thanks to pay;
And choir and transept, nave and aisle
Echo their holy lay.—

“ Hail Supreme One! All-adoring,
“ Lo! Thy servants bend the knee,
“ Ev'n as late with voice imploring
“ They besought Thy clemency.

“ Faithful art Thou, and unfailing
“ Every promise by Thee given;
“ While man's efforts unavailing
“ Perish at the breath of heaven.