

COUNT HILDEBRAND.

 WRITTEN FOR THE 66TH MESS.

Count Hildebrand mounted his berry-brown steed,
 The King of his valorous arm stood in need.
 The Saracens landed, he sought them with speed
 And swore that he'd conquer or perish !
 His Lady so lovely, his Lady so true,
 To weep and to pray in her turret withdrew,
 For the Knight from her sight when he sped well she knew
 Had sworn that he'd conquer or perish !
 Chorus—bis,
 Had sworn that he'd conquer or perish !

Count Hildebrand rushed on the Saracen horde,
 Wide gleamed in the battle the sheer of his sword ;
 The Paladins hastened to rival their Lord,
 And swore that they'd conquer or perish !
 Around them the Paynim fell ghastly and grim,
 Some cleft to the chine, and some lopp'd of a limb,
 For a lane of the slain opened wide before him
 Who swore that he'd conquer or perish !
 Who swore, &c.

Count Hildebrand fell by the Saracen glaive,
 His King mourned the loss of a warrior so brave,
 And the tears of his country still fall o'er his grave
 Who swore that he'd conquer or perish !
 Like the hero let each as his goblet he drains—
 In defence of our Queen and the Land where she reigns ;
 Whilst the flood of warm blood courses free in our veins
 We swear that we'll conquer or perish !
 Chorus,
 We swear that we'll conquer or perish !