

Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a
post.

With his white hair unbonnetted, the stout old sheriff
comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the
drums;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample
space;

For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal and gaily dance the
bells,

As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho, strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight! ho, scatter
flowers, fair maids!

Ho, gunners, fire a loud salute! ho, gallants, draw your
blades!

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

Then follows the story, in detail, of how
the news of the approach of the monster
fleet was flashed by bonfires from St
Michael's Mount,—