

Has done its work ; naught now remains  
But those far-reaching outer walls,  
And this old tower on which we stand.  
Beneath we view the dungeon deep  
Where royal Barnard three full years  
Was kept in chains ere pardon came.  
Sick with the horrors we are told  
Of barb'rous treatment, rapes and deaths,  
Again we seek the open air,  
Thankful for peace and sylvan shade.  
Hard by us runs the murmuring Tees,  
Whose moor-stained waters lashed to foam  
Have rushing leaped full many a fall,  
And now, at Barnard's rocky feet,  
They pour their wealth of rippling song.  
Fair, lovely stream ! But erst thou flowed  
Incarnadined with warriors' gore,  
When Cromwell, proud, victorious, strong,  
Beleagured, fought and conquered here.  
His guns this ruin wrought. His men  
Those ramparts scaled, and with a shout  
That rent the air, "Surrender !" cried.  
Yet ere proud Barnard's men fell back,  
Full many a noble bit the dust,  
And rolled impetuous down the steep  
To add his life-blood to the stream—  
Already red ; for man and beast,  
Who fell while fighting at the ford,  
Together mingled in the tide.  
Behold yon warrior as he falls,