

' In at the window, in at the door',  
 Sir Oscar's men in swarms now pour,  
 And Oscar from the Count soon tore  
 His pretty Ella, while brave Will  
 Cries out, " Ne'er mind a sharp cold chill  
 Of steel just killing you, ha, ha!  
 The grave-yard is not very far."  
 And, as he cries out, through and through  
 He runs Count Conrad, while bold Hugh  
 A flaming brand tears from its place,  
 And plunging it in Conrad's face,  
 Cries out, " Now, dastard, call to mind  
 The castle you so very kind  
 And thoughtful set on fire,  
 In hopes to make a funeral pyre  
 For those bold Saxons, who held out  
 Against a coward Norman rout."  
 Then setting fire to bed and chair,  
 And to the curtains hanging there,  
 The tables, stools, embroid'ry frames,  
 Where soon enveloped in the flames.

The Normans rushed out from the place,  
 And found themselves stand face to face  
 With those, whom they had thought to kill  
 With brave Sir Oscar of the Hill.

