

" Spain's fainting chivalry,
" For I am sent their fierce despair
" To quench in victory.

" To-morrow, ere the tierce-bells ring,
" My sword shall turn the scale,
" And wide Coimbra's gates shall fling
" The conqueror to hail.
" Sure is the promise which I bring—
" His word can never fail.

" But first I come before thy sight
" Thus arm'd with mail and sword,
" That thou may'st know *I am a knight*.
" *The Champion of the Lord*,
" *Ready to arm, and mount, and fight*
" *And conquer at His word.*"

Scarce had the vision ceased, when lo!
A proud and princely steed
White as the pathless mountain snow
Two angel pages lead.
San Jago mounts,—the knight, I trow,
Of JESUS CHRIST indeed.

Oh! wherefore peal the bells so loud
From every town and tower?
And whither streams that motley crowd