

Saw the cavalcade departing
From the castle's southern tower.
With dim eyes, she watched de Spenser:
And her heart sank in her breast,
As the morning sunbeams glistened
On his helm, and snow white crest.

And the summer breeze unfurling
Nodding plumes, and banner's fold,
While the glowing sun ~~transmitted~~ *transmitted*
Shield, and coat of mail, to gold.
Midst the strains of stirring music,
With broad flags, and pennons gay,
Bound to join the brave Crusaders,
These bold warriors rode away.

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At the first, Hugh's parting token,
Gleamed and shone with radiance bright,
And the brilliant, undimmed colours,
Burned and glowed with cheering light.
But one weary night, fair Edith
Strove for rest, and sleep, in vain,
Fearful dreams, and scenes of terror,
Filled her wildly throbbing brain.

To her fevered mind, the phantoms,
Seem to beckon from afar,
And from burning plains of Syria
Sounds the fearful din of war.
Midst the clash of arms, and tumult;
Battle axe, and culverin,
Strike down in the fierce encounter,
Many a haughty Paladin.

Waving proudly in the sunlight,
As the noble hosts advance,
Floats St. George's flag of England,
And the Fleur de Lys of France.
As she gazes, with rapt vision;
In the thickest of the fight
Struggling near the Royal Standard,
Edith sees her gallant Knight.