

And only talk in Latin tongue,  
 And never enter into fun,  
 And never drink a social glass,  
 And never kiss a pretty lass,  
 And never fight, and never swear,  
 And from all dancing must forbear,  
 A sober pious man am I,  
 And so I seek your charity."

That night, not once, tho' often tried,  
 Could he get near to Ella's side.  
 And so, at early dawn, he met  
 His gallant band, who 'gan to fret  
 Because they had no work as yet.

That fickle Goddess, Fortune, seemed  
 To turn her wheel once more;  
 For when next morn in splendour beamed  
 Upon the earth, which slept and dreamed  
 Of Nature's bounteous store,  
 Sir Oscar saw the Norman knights  
 With men-at-arms, (whose many fights  
 Helped the strong wine to brutalize  
 Their features fierce, and blear their eyes,)  
 Set out upon their pillages,  
 To sack and burn the villages,  
 And murder all, both man and maid,  
 They chanced to meet upon their raid.

Sir Oscar then, in minstrel's dress,  
 So well disguised, that none would guess  
 In that old man a Saxon knight,  
 That that weak arm knew how to fight,  
 Those tottering legs could press a horse,  
 And that broad chest had felt the force  
 Of many an encounter fierce,  
 Where spear's sharp heads where apt to pierce  
 The shields of the opposing foe.  
 And wherefore should they think them so?  
 For Oscar seemed a man, whom Age  
 And Grief conducted on,  
 To finish up Life's pilgrimage  
 On earth. But to my song!  
 He gained the court, where loit'ring stood  
 A number of the kitchen brood,  
 Cooks, scullions, pages and  
 Some waiting maids from Norman land.