

To that effect a sacred Bull was given  
Which o'er his head held forth the wrath of Heaven.  
To William's envoys, with this sanction grave,  
These sacred emblems of the Pope they gave ;  
Few days elapsed, ere Rouen they regained,  
Elate with all their mission had attained ;  
The Norman Prince absorbed in anxious thought  
O'er all the schemes his hate, his dreams had wrought,  
His envoys welcomed with exulting soul  
And words of hope he sought not to control ;  
He kissed those emblems of a feudal right,  
O'er future conquests won by warlike might.  
Approved by God and by religion blest,  
His vast ambition all its fire possest.  
This final judgment of the Pope went forth  
To all the known, the Christian lands of earth.  
Sentence of wrath which shook the western world,  
And soon the banner of the church unfurled,  
O'er warlike chivalry of many a land,  
And brought stern warriors 'neath that dread command ;  
To wreak deep woes of desolating years  
On generations bowed with chains and tears.