

Full thrice their count, that dauntless crew.
 But soon the fight began to tell,
 For Oscar's men had fought so well,
 That scatter'd far and wide they run,
 That host, reduced to fifty-one,
 And each bold Norman bore somewhere
 Some mark of plucky Saxon cheer.
 Count Conrad yields him with bad grace,
 While terror's painted on his face;
 He thought of tortures, dungeons cold,
 The same the Normans used of old,
 And begged and prayed his Saxon foe
 In mercy not to treat him so.
 Sir Oscar laughed in merry strain,
 And said, "Does't think that we would deign
 To soil our hands with tort'ring thee;
 A Saxon is too much a man
 To torture foes when'er he can,
 Whoever they may chance to be."

