

" Good news, indeed, my honest lads,  
 Good news to cheer my drooping heart;  
 But tell me all, that she is well  
 As when it was our fate to part!  
 And tell me where she is! and where  
 That dastard thief has hidden her!  
 And where's the Count? and does he woo  
 His captive as he used to do?  
 Or has he yet compelled my wife"——  
 " Stay, stay, Sir Knight, upon my life,  
 You ask for more than I can tell.  
 Your bride is with the Count; is well;  
 And though the wretch doth often strive  
 To gain her love and make her live  
 A mistress to his vicious will,  
 He's found that Oscar of the Hill  
 Is so much in her thoughts and mind  
 That all his love, like idle wind,  
 Doth pass unheeded by, while she  
 Will answer with a homily.  
 Count Conrad, with his captive fair,  
 Is staying with Sir Charles, his friend,  
 At Okehamptstead, indeed the pair  
 Of knights to Nick I'd like to send.  
 With pillaging the villoins round,  
 And burning homesteads to the ground,  
 This pretty pair drag out the day  
 And then they say all Saxons should  
 Be rooted out, because the brood  
 Is only fit for French to slay.  
 And so each night the blazing skies  
 Re-echo forth the piercing cries  
 Of murdered men and ravished dames,  
 Who fall by sword, or by the flames,  
 Or are in rows hung on the boughs  
 To form repasts for hungry crows.  
 Redress our wrongs, most noble knight,  
 Take up our cause in honest fight;  
 Let not the coward Norman crew  
 Say that no one, not even you,  
 Took up the cause of Saxons slain,  
 That no one thought to ease the pain  
 Of Saxon maidens in distress,  
 Or children rendered fatherless."

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