

Towards the fuming Count Conrad,
And, while with dignity he strode,
He swayed the flag of truce he had.

"Count Conrad, why this armed array?
Come ye to feast, or come to slay?
Come ye in peace or war?
Come ye here to brave my scorn?
Or come to blow the hunting horn?
Come ye in peace or war?"

"Sir Oscar, since the king's bestowed
These lands upon me, here I rove
To claim mine own from thee;
An outlaw art thou on the earth,
And as a Saxon by thy birth,
'Twere best to yield to me."

"Yield! yield! and pray, is that your cry?
Sir Count, I think you'd better try
To part me from mine own.
On, Saxons, on, and let him know
That Britons never yield them so,
But fight for hearth and home."

With shield on arm, and lance at rest,
Sir Oscar spurred towards the Count,
Thro' armour bright and thro' his breast
The spear unhorsed him from his mount.

"Ha, ha! ha, ha!" thus loudly laugh
The followers of the knight,
He never does a thing by half
When once he draws to fight!"

Dismayed, alarmed, the Normans rushed
Upon their dauntless foe,
While Conrad groaned, and gripped the dust,
And screamed with pain and woe
Tho' wounded sore, he watched the fight,
Where Saxon pluck and Norman might
Waged deadly war, but, to his sight,
The number of his men that bite
The dust, before the shades of night
Wrapped up the earth, was direst blight
To his fond hopes, for well he knew
No Norman host could fight those few,
And vict'ry gain, before they slow