

Then, on thy fall, the whole Satanic brood  
That watch for thee, will seize the hellish food  
Of thy black soul, and, midst the raging flame,  
Purge it of blood but get no drop of shame.  
Live on, thou ever-shifting vengeful eyes,—  
Thy knightly life, 'tis but a book of lies.  
Oh, may the avenging power of fate  
So stamp my words upon thy withered soul,  
No jot or tittle ever shall abate.  
Live thou, and reach thy Royal fort : the goal  
Attained this day, now flees thy varying sight ;  
For soon a sterner foe, with certain tread,  
Will in thy parchèd soul stir up such fright  
That thou wilt shriek for pity, and in dread  
Wilt call upon the Christ. E'en as the blood  
Of this dead garrison will drown your soul,  
That Christ Himself turn not to stay the flood,  
So will the rush of Fundy's tide enroll  
And wrap thee round.  
Useless thy sword, thy strength of no avail,  
Thy craft in vain ; no lies will save thee now —  
The rocks alone will hear thy weakening wail,  
Ghosts of the murdered ones thy spirits cow,  
In vain thy hands clutch at the slippery kelp,  
The far-off breakers dash with sullen roar,  
No soul to pity, not a hand to help,  
Thy lifeless form lies spurned upon the shore.