

While rose the prayer as mass at noon was sung,
 Or vesper song at even filled the air,
 As bell, thrice tolled, most solemnly was rung,
 Did rite, religious, augur dark despair ?
 If Holy Christ down on your altar came,
 Making its tabernacle throne divine,
 How dared the passion of heretic fame,
 By weapons carnal, grace like this outshine ?

So strange it seems while looking at you now,
 That with such presence effort all proved vain ;
 Eternal strength and yours, so joined, allow
 Such misdirected circumstantial train,
 To culminate in climax of such doom,
 As, scarred and broken, left you desolate ;
 Of perished love and cherished hate the tomb
 As well as monument ; alas ! the fate !

Yet, better was it, after all, that change,
 Through struggle, costly, came at weary length.
 Which mingled in a peace, both great and strange.
 The elements, which, blended, made the strength,
 That needs not, now, protector's help from you,
 But on your great decrepitude can look,
 And feel from former terror freedom true,
 And you as harmless as the near-by brook.

More lovely in your ruined fallen state,
 Than when in pride your cruel cannon roared,
 In hurling forth their sanguinary fate
 On hearts as true as ever wielded sword :
 The drowsy kine, asleep upon your floor,
 Young swallows, peeping forth from many a nest,
 Make truer beauty, than when warrior bore,
 Within your walls, in pride of rank, plumed crest.

Hard by, in yonder mound, now sleep the dead,
 Through whose veins swiftly coursed the martial fire ;
 And worthy foemen, who of each had dread
 Have long forgotten their unholy ire :
 Their dust together rests, so well combined
 That none could tell that they had ever fought
 Against each other, nor can be defined
 Relic of friend or foe in that green spot.