

You never can make out at all
 The tongues they use in Herald's Hall.
Gules, chevron or, between three deer,
 Upon his shield depicted were.

Sir Oscar, so our hist'ries say,
 Had fought the Norman band,
 Which disembarked one autumn day
 To conquer England's strand.
 At Harold's side, on Hastings' field,
 Sir Oscar's rich emblazoned shield
 Was noticed by the knights, who thought
 It best with William to have fought.
 For fighting 'gainst him William had
 Outlaw'd our knight, and all
 The lands he owned gave to Conrad,
 The Count of Epinal.

Count Conrad sent to claim the land
 A chosen number from his band;
 But Oscar did not understand
 Why Devon thus should leave his hand.
 So, arming a few vassals, he
 Set out to meet the men,
 And soon compelled them all to flee
 Back to their lord again.

Count Conrad swore, and well he might,
 At this unseemly show,
 And arming all for instant fight,
 With sword, and spear, and bow,
 Rode forth to meet Sir Oscar's troop,
 And clear his way by one fell swoop
 Of those bold Saxons, who had dared
 Oppose a knight, who'd bravely shared
 Duke William's fortunes and success.
 His troop, as near as I can guess,
 Two hundred men-at-arms are so,
 And Oscar had two score, I know;
 But Oscar's were of Saxon kin,
 While Conrad's were all Frenchmen thin.
 The knights met near where Lympstone stands,
 Unequal were th' opposing bands,
 But Oscar fought for home and lands;
 And tho' 'twas five to one, I'm sure
 The Saxons wished there had been more.
 Sir Oscar on his charger rode