

Fling back the arras\* wider still. Rememb'rest thou that glance,  
When he was the Most Christian King, and thou a Child of  
France?

Ay! leprous soul! 'tis he—thy sire; his pilgrimage below  
Shortened by thee, his son—his son, yet most relentless foe.

When pealed the tocsin's hateful call to foul seditious strife,  
Who raised the standard of revolt against a father's life?

Who, pardoned by a father's love revived the Praguerie?  
What skills to ask thee who: thy dastard heart impeacheth thee.

Beneath yon grey embattled walls there sleeps, till doom,  
beguiled,  
Armagnac's ill-starred consort and her butchered unborn child.

Lectour! No darker tale than thine on history's tarnished page;  
A ravished truce, a poisoned cup, and a king's insatiate rage.

And one with blood-stained mitre lends this hour a crimson hue,  
Whose solemn accents brand thee with the hireling Flemish  
crew.

Bourbon, Prince Bishop of Liége, loved prelate of "The Bold,"  
Lays his dark murder at the door of Louis' secret gold.

Hark! Blending with the voice of prayer, and the chapel  
organ's tones,  
There comes from 'neath these very walls the wail of captive  
groans.

There, hopeless ones in gloom still pass their nigh forgotten  
lives.

(Peace! suffering hearts! a despot's death shall rend your rust-  
ing gyves).