

Now turn your gaze to where the fire
 Its ruddy glowing glauced;
 On face of many a sturdy squire,
 On habit of the sombre friar,
 Its fancy flick'ring danced,
 On the projecting cliffs above,
 And on the waves below,
 On ev'ry object in the cove.
 Around the fire, in various pose,
 Were seated those, whom Norman foes
 Had left to pain and woe.

That sturdy yeoman, who is drest
 In homespun cloth, is Oscar's best
 And bravest of his fighting men—
 But warriors ev'ry one was then—
 Will Carpenter the Bold, the same
 Who shared Sir Oscar's brightest fame,
 And now his dark and bitter shame.
 He to his right—another Will—
 The squire of Oscar of the Hill,
 Who, to distinguish from his friend,
 Is called Will Cumes, for places lend
 Many a name, as Hill, or Forl,
 Hall, Ashton, Dunn, or Broo's, or Ward.
 Around are scattered others, who
 Have followed Oscar's fortune—Hugh,
 And Rolf, and Ulf, and Steve, and John,
 And Alva, Luke, and Allan strong.

Then spoke Will Cumes—

“Since that dread night,
 When so much Saxon blood was shed,
 When Oscar taught the French to fight
 By splitting shield, and helm, and head,
 Since that dread night the cliffs above,
 Which overhang the cove, have turned
 From pearly white to fiery red,
 Red as a bar of iron burned.
 So did the stones in Lympstone's grove,
 When our bold comrades freely bled
 To save Sir Oscar's cherished head,
 And save his sweet and pretty wife
 From endless pain and wretched life,
 If she should share a Norman's bed,
 And then you see yon pointed rock,
 Which is so like a cross-bow stock?
 D'ye know how that became so red,
 As if its very heart had bled?”