

Thither, were excommunicated there,  
For curbing crimes that scandalised the  
Cross,

By him, the Catalonian Minorite,  
Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who believe  
These hard memorials of our truth to  
Spain

Clung closer to us for a longer term  
Than any friend of ours at Court? and  
yet

Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd  
with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my  
bed,  
And I will have them buried in my grave.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are  
God's  
Own voice to justify the dead—perchance  
Spain once the most chivalric race on  
earth,  
Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm  
on earth,

So made by me, may seek to unbury me,  
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,  
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.  
Then some one standing by my grave  
will say,

'Behold the bones of Christopher  
Colón'—

'Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean  
—the chains?'—

I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain  
Who then will have to answer, 'These  
same chains

Bound these same bones back thro' the  
Atlantic sea,

Which he unchain'd for all the world to  
come.'

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls  
in Hell

And purgatory, I suffer all as much  
As they do—for the moment. Stay, my  
son

Is here anon : my son will speak for me  
Ablier than I can in these spasms that  
grind

Bone against bone. You will not. One  
last word.

You move about the Court, I pray you  
tell

King Ferdinand who plays with me, that  
one,

Whose life has been no play with him  
and his

Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers,  
fights,

Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at, and  
condoned—

That I am loyal to him till the death,  
And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic  
Queen,

Who fain had pledged her jewels on my  
first voyage,

Whose hope was mine to spread the  
Catholic faith,

Who wept with me when I return'd in  
chains,

Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,  
To whom I send my prayer by night and  
day—

She is gone—but you will tell the King,  
that I,

Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd  
with pains

Gain'd in the service of His Highness,  
yet

Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,  
And readier, if the King would hear, to  
lead

One last crusade against the Saracen,  
And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.