

Sir Oscar of the Hill, whose sire
 Had left him half of Devonshire,
 He was a man of six foot three,
 And broad to match his height.
 His brawny arms, you'll all agree,
 Ideals of strength and might,
 Were formed of muscles firm and sound,
 And harder you could not have found.
 His handsome face and graceful air
 Would well become a lady fair.
 His brow was lofty, did express
 A true idea of perfectness.
 His curly hair in clusters fell
 On shoulders that had borne so well
 The weight of armour gleaming bright
 And dazzling in the sun's clear light.
 His eyes, ah! there I'll fail, I'm sure,
 They were so bright and gay, nay more,
 They sparkled, not like Champagne's wine,
 But in a way far more divine,
 Which very seldom can be seen
 Save in a few young maids, I ween,
 As Bessie, Clara, Constance and
 Some pretty girls from Spanish land.
 So huge he was in every limb
 That nothing that formed part of him,
 Seemed framed of aught but wood and stone,
 And very iron seemed each bone.
 In form and feature, he was all
 A maid could wish to hold in thrall.

His sword—I deem it were a sin
 To liken it to anything:
 If Rodgers, cutler to the Queen,
 Lived at that time, its edges keen
 Most likely made by him had been.
 His lance—'twas longer by three feet
 Than any he had chanced to meet:
 The massy head surmounted clear
 The ashen handle of this spear.
 The point was sharp, and sure you'd wonder
 How many shields it burst asunder.

His shield, for so the heralds say,
 Was *gules* and *chevron or*,
 And that you know's the only way
 The heralds speak. It is a bore—