

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—