

Their nation's blood coursed through his veins,
 His ancestors, of Leidon's fame,
 And in their struggle for the right,
 To Albion's sacred Island came.
 Two brothers fled from that famed spot,
 Upon a holy mission there,
 And when they saw pure freedom's homes,
 They loved to breathe her balmy air,
 Would not return but fell in love,
 With two fair maids and married well.
 Of all their deeds it serves me not,
 Into my humble song to tell ;
 Suffice to say that Oswald Grey
 Was Grandson to that painter rare,
 Whose famous pictures early spread,
 Through English homesteads every where.

His soul of beauty filled the land,
 Albion did with his genius ring,
 From Palace to the humblest cot,
 From Peasant to the Royal King.
 His brother Charles outshone him once,
 With music from his gifted soul,
 With strains of loftiest poetry,
 That did in even numbers roll.

And all their seed were gifted much,
 In law as pleaders for the poor,
 Or more as gifted orators ;
 Unfolding all the gospel's store.
 Oswald had all the mental powers,
 To Scale the heights his race had flown,
 And pride, and strength of purpose had,
 To reach where none of them had gone.