

XVII. To Eleanor, that lady fair,
Sir Evan's beauteous bride,
The crafty monk gave jewels rare
To win her to his side.
At Granville, in the pleasant land
Of France, Sir Evan sought her hand,
Nor was his suit denied.

XVIII. Near the Archangel's Castle then,
Upon a rising ground,
Sir Evan camped – our countrymen
Sore refuge there had found,
Bregard, in hopes to increase his store,
Advances to the Castle door
And bade a parley sound.

XIX. He counselled them to yield forthwith,
But brave Sir Edmund Rose
Declared he'd sooner meet his death
Than bend to foreign foes,
But to the Abbot should they yield
A double tithe on every field,
He would it not oppose.

XX The Abbot to Sir Evan went,
And soon a bargain closed;
The simple peasants gave assent
To all the monk proposed
And bound their lands a sheaf to pay,
Beyond the tithes, and thus, they say,
The Champart was imposed.

Part the second

I With spoils and presents not a few
Sir Evan sailed once more
Tow'rds le Conquet, his ships with new
Supplies of food to store;
Before Belleisle (so goes the tale)
They burnt a fleet of thirty sail,
The crews being gone on shore

II The south wind rose, and on the coasts
Of Brittany they passed,
An English fleet to stop their boasts
Appeared in sight at last:
Full sixty men a footing found
On board Sir Evan's bark, and bound
His crew in fetters fast

III. Sir Evan to the mast they tied,
And then before his face
Insult his young and beauteous bride
And load her with disgrace;
They take him to Southampton town
And on his head, in guise of crown,
A red-hot morion place.

IV. They dragged his men out one by one,
And hung them up in chains,
And now not one of all the crew
Save Eleanor remains.
A beggar's scrip her only store,
She roams about from door to door,
And scarce a living gains

V. How fared the rest of Evan's fleet?
Methinks I hear you say,
When raging winds for ever beat
The strongest towers decay;
To bend these ships before the breeze,
And sinking 'neath the briny seas,
In vain for mercy pray.

VI Our holy island's shores at last,
One Tuesday morn they reach;
But - on the Hanois rocks are cast,
And soon on Rocquaine's beach
The waves their lifeless corpses threw,
That vengeance still will guilt pursue,
Their dismal fate may teach.

The Ballad of Owen Of Wales



Part the First.

I. Draw near and listen, great and small,
Of high and low degree,
And hear what chance did once befall
This island fair and free
From warlike men, a chosen band,
Who roamed about from land to land,
Ploughing the briny sea.

II. Evan of Wales, a valiant knight,
Who served the King of France,
In Saragossa's city bright
Hired many a stalwart lance:
One Tuesday morn at break of day,
To land these troops in Vazon Bay,
He bade his ships advance.

III. At early dawn from quiet sleep
John Letoc rose that day,
To tend his little flock of sheep
He took his lonely way,
Then lo! upon the Vazon sands
He saw, drawn up in warlike bands
The foe in fierce array.
"To arms, to arms, my merry men all,
To arms, for we must fight,
Hazard your lives, both great and small,
And put the foe to flight;
Hasten towards the Vazon Bay
Hasten our cruel foes to slay,
Or we shall die this night."

VI. Evan of Wales, that vent'rous knight,
Led the foe through the land,
But pressing forward in the fight,
Upon s foreign strand,
He won s garter gay, I ween,
'Twas neither silk nor velvet sheen,
Though crimson was the band.

VII. For near the mill at La Carriere,
With halbert keen and bright,
Young Richard Simon, void of fear,
Attacked the stranger knight.
And gash' full sore his brawny thigh,
Then smote his right hand lifted high,
To check the daring wight.

VIII Above Saint Peter Port 'tis said,
The conflict they renewed, .
Of friends and foes five hundred deal
The grassy plain bestrewed:
Our ladies wept most bitterly,
Oh! 'twas a dismal sight to see
Their cheeks with tears bestrewed

IX, Thoumin le Lorreur was in truth
Our leader in the fray,
But brave Ralph Holland, noble youth,
He bore the palm away;
Yet was he loomed his death to meet,
The cruel foes smit off his feet,
He died that dismal day.

X. Hard blows are dealt on every side,
The blood bedews the plain,
The footmen leap, the horsemen ride,
O'er mountains of the slain.
A deadly weapon, strongly bent,
Against the foes its missiles sent,.
And wrought them death and pain.

ZI, But eighty English merchants brave,
Arrived at Vesper-tide,
They rushed on shore the isle to save,
And fought on our side;
Our foes fatigued, began to yield,
And leaving soon the well-fought field,
To Heaven for mercy cried,

XII. To'ards Galrion they bend their course,
And range along the bay,
In hopes to make by fraud or force
Into the town their way,
But now the gallant Englishmen
Return, and on our foes again
Their prowess they display.

XIII. But rallying soon, 'th'adventurous band
Cornet's strong towers attack,
With ebbing, tides, across the sand,
They find an easy track,
. The beach is strewed with heaps of dead,
The briny sea with blood is red,
Again they are driven back.

XIV. Many are, killed, and wounded sore;
Meanwhile the, hostile fleet,
Coasting along' the southern shore
A warm reception meet
From peasants bold at La Corbiere;
At Bec d'la Chevre the land they near,
And aid their friends' retreat.

XV. But Evan's troops were mad with rage,
Like lions balked of food,
Swear that their wrath they will assuage
In floods of English blood;
Then suddenly their course they steer
Towards Saint Sampson's port, and there
They land in angry mood

XVI Saint Michael's Abbey soon they seek,
Friar Bregard there had sway,
Who, full of fear, with prayers meek
Meets them upon their way;
With presents rich and ample store
Of gold, and promises of more
Their fury to allay.