

(4)

The Dirge of Bourbon.

When the good Count of Nassau
Saw Bourbon he dead, -

"By Saint Barbs and Saint Nicholas!
"Forward!" he said.

II-

"Mutter never prayer o'er him,
For little we'er halt;
But round lo'd the trumpet -
Sound, sound to assault! -

III

"Bring engine, - bring ladder
You old walls to scale;
All Rome by Saint Peter
For Bourbon shall wait!"

June 14th 1845.

W. Harris in ~~the~~ *the* ~~the~~ *the*