

Silver Bow

Spoken

***This is the rime of the Silver Bow and the Lord Stenbury
Whose name and fame will live for ages in Island history.
The health to the bow and the archer bold and the bolt of the ashen tree
The bow that laid the Frenchman low and set our island free.***

**They've gathered them at Honfleur, full thrice a hundred score
They've landed - horse and footmen - down by the Yarmouth shore.
With sword and spear and banner they're marshalled on the strand:
War's flame lights up the heavens, red ruin rules the land.
Three towns laid stark in ashes betoken the advance
Of pitiless invaders, grim soldiery of France.
They've swung the Newport provosts above their Meeting Hall,
And sworn to seize the Castle and raze its circling wall.**

**De Heyno, lord of Stenbury, a wondrous bow had he,
All wrought and laid with silver in patterns cunningly.
He stood a famous marksman among the archer men;
Could dint a silver penny at three score yards and ten.
Due noted he their leader at morn and vesper bell.
Draw near to scan the curtain and marked the distance well.
A shaft should reach yon Frenchman if well and truly laid:
Stout patron saint of archers, Good Hubert, be my aid.**

**From belt he plucked a quarrel and fitted it to bow
'And give me leave, Sir Captain, I'll lay that braggart low.'
'Ay, certes,' answered Tyrrell, 'A fair and famous deed,
For, could we smite their leader, 'twould help us in our need.
I'd bid thee shoot, sir Archer, all's fair in Love and War
But by the hail of Crecy, the range is over far.'
For answer sung the bow-string and sped the bolt amain
St George! The Frenchman's fallen Fair stricken in the brain.**

Spoken

This is the rime....