

DAILY SENTINEL.

MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1862.

THE GREAT WILL CASE.

The following lines were found in a lady's album, and are thought to have been written by one of the Counsel for the Will, in the great case referred to. We publish them, simply on account of their humor, — supposing that no offence can be taken at a mere jest of sport, which is at once so happy and so witty:

Songs Home's day, messages say,
In every clime and tongue,
Great battles have in line lay
But ours are won;

And ours are won by valiant men,
Whose hearts are true, whose eyes are fair,
Have demanded slain, and often them
Beneath the woman's eye.

It is fitting to sing, in especially,
A battle of worth,

And ours are won by one time,
Remembered to the heart;

Once a thousand strings, I'll sing
Not quite a thousand more,

And when the admiring gaud will bring
Lovers to scenes and song.

Close by the shore of an island sea,
One whose I shall not tell,

There was not like the Zephyr Zee,
There is not even bale;

And yet there is a bale,

And where her eyes are bright,
An overhanding mountain rises.

Of poor shamed night—

A rich man here, as rich men will,
And a noble Will he had,

And some few of his own crew,

Because his wealth he had not placed
At their own door, but command;

But he had, a strong mind,

He had a strong mind,

And when he died, he had no crew.

He died, but did not sleep alone—

And they said, his very plain

The Will's a nice person;

That we should lose, and others gain,

I am told, in the Will's case,

And therefore, we are sorry,

This distinction drawn by Little Moors

Was fierce due and due.

Two valiant Knights, in Chevy chace,

Did form a party,

And as his side in great need,

Seven famous soldiers met,

Who sought no blood, but risk to bleed,

And then he fought the valiant knight,

With gaudy and gaudy were armed.

Sir Henry first did march along—

His gaunt fighting corps,

Whose sound of life or limb or eye,

Then came the valiant knight,

Armed cap-a-pe with lance,

Reckless rest, straightening Barts,

And red of Rose.

He William now, with rising ire,

Such aids of gods are rare,

Great never stand appalled;

Then Warre, Bright and Valiant Graham

All in the ranks appear,

Armed cap-a-pe, and lance,

And ready guides the host.

Al! valiant may I try to tell

How the great warriors rage,

How tame, how low, how swell,

How fierce, how bold, how bold,

How low, and bold the valiant knight,

The eye was bold, all o'er the field,

How white and less water,

Castile's knight was stricken sore,

The eye was bold, all o'er the field,

And Barts' eye was bold, all o'er the field,

Strikethrough the iron,

Forcethrough the iron,

Then came the valiant knight,

With lance, and shield, and iron,

With hands as a token,

With hands as a token,