

Rebels

By Doreen Tamminga

"Forward, men! And charge the wall!"
The forceful call is heard.
With sabers drawn and faces fierce,
The rebels forward surge.

Whose castle this? Whose walls so fair
The angry men dare storm?
Their faithful King's who for their lives
Has cared since they were born.

Hark! Hear the portcullis cranked up,
The drawbridge starts to drop!
Will thundering hooves cross castle moat,
These angry rebels stop?

Knight upon knight streams through the gate
Unnumbered in their ranks.
The ragged group of rebels flee
To yonder riverbank,



But circled round are soon o'erwhelmed
By forces of the King,
And, captured, brought to give account
Of senseless uprising.

Sent to the gallows? Or the block?
What verdict gives the King?
Nay, see one stand and take the blame,
The guilt for everything.

It is the Prince! The King's own son
Who punishment will bear
That rebels—freed!—may be restored
And life in castle share.