Argument.

This story tells how a certain knight fell into the hands of Venus, who made him her love, and then he repenting at last, journeyed to Rome, that he might be shriven of that sin, also how he being rejected by the Pope, dreamed once, for all the Scaurus, of Venus and her God showed him representations of the heart hereto that brought this about.
The Hill of Times.

I saw a forest once, in Germany,
Set in a lordship called Thuringia,
Wherefrom midmost a mountain rose so high
That on the top thereof the sea clouds lay.
When rain or thunder brooked o'er the day
Which from the brow a man could scarcely know
So thick about it did the oak trees grow.

And there I followed up a certain glade,
That went unto this hill on every side.
Grew an oak grove, that spread of greenness made
In years long passed away the hill to hide,
The mighty branches spread so far and wide.
Underneath, which no brushwood could I see.
But all with smooth green was spread clarity.

Now first at the end thereof a place I found
Where the scarped hill side of all life was bare
And showed black rocks that gave a ringer sound.
I smoothen my staff: and in the midst I saw there
A curious cut-leaved thorn, or man's care
In days her chance while little was their fate,
In following art or thence for good or ill.
Nurse I sat a while in thought, and then I would have entered, but I heard me say behind me, “Art thou weary yet of men or lokest more to see the light of day that in such loss thou throwest life away? What showest yet her chance to die such a lass? How wistest here to die before thy time?”

Turning round straightway, I saw Comfort. Right from behind, an old man and a little was his house but wore | all, all. He was, his hair strain and wan | and | staff he went as such-like can. While my master, there was young now, with golden curls heaped up above my brow.

“Nay,” said I, “good man, what thing is here? That you cry out as though this were to hell. Have some much in thing that all men fear? Nay, of words!” “Nay, hereby goest thou to the wall. For ever come again thereof to tell.” The old Corle said, “Now listen if thou wilt. Then if thou still art wifful, therefore Dulf.
Yet better were it first thou camest with me
To test the blood some evil spell be cast.
So at his word I turned round silently
And slowly with him from the place I cast
Till being thence a furlong more, at last
He spake, and said: "You errily, and well
In that mount, for there do the Venus dwell.

Once and again have I heard tell of this
First young man sent by mighty decree,
Have entered there, and cast away their bliss,
And in reward won endless misery.
That happy for a short while they might be,
Yet remember of a corpse cast forth,
Of one who entered there; whom on the coast.

Because while was the son of a great man,
Our persons buried many years ago.
For whom let mass be now do what they can.
And if thou doubtest yet these things are so
Dreadful, thou shouldst fear more than this.
Throughout these woods I go
Fearing the snake that feed here on the wood.
And sometimes high with out-stretched head...
By night; time, but unwillingly now. And so it Chanced, that on a certain night, I think it is a twenty years since now, there lay I, naked, and in evil plight. Because I must not crawl there in the daylight, for wounded by a ranser had I been (a while ago), and yet the wound was green.

So through the night I lay, and trembled there. Because as helpless in the brake I lay, most terrible I saw both foul and fair; neither have I been able yet to say what thing they were, no not until this day. But this I say, there did I hear and see the God of Heaven mocked most horribly.

By things that coming out from yonder hill, In uncountless dales and ditches of the herbs and green; And with sweet songs they did the forest fill; And she who in the midst of them was Queen, SWrinking closer, fearful to be seen, knew well for virtue, by what I saw, I came to wean a beard.
In siege and skirmish.
So he being done, I set him on my way, thanking him for his tale, and thought of it as long as I was quite alone that day. And through my mind, reverberating thoughts, I saw how in some forest, spine, there Queens wouldn't throng in the unknown of the hill, and in my heart was left a longing still.

And so in turn I came to Ratisbon. And there I met a certain ancient knight, who in his days both gifts and fame had won. In many a tourney and fair stricken fight to whom I told as shortly as I might the tales that from the old carle I had heard. From bow of that place he was so sore afraid.

"Perfay," he said, "he told but truth to thee; for myself such tales there of could tell, what things had happened there by sorcery that none wouldst think that some herril sprig to stop thee at the going down to hell."  "Now," quoth I, while the wind blew through this Summer morning, tell me one of these."
Aode a young.
For we were linked in a garden new
Hard by the minster at an hostelry.
And from outside the sound of many mew
Swoot on our ears but soft and pleasantly,
While from the steeple came the jackdaw's cry,
Between the chimneys. So there the ancient man
This story of the sorceress began.

Throughtout the forest where you were that day
Rode a knight to bring the boar to bay?
All his folk were scattered far and wide,
And he about the failing of the day
Had come alone unto that broad green way,
And toward the mouth of the black caunm do.
Thereof full many a wondrous tale he knew.
So as he rode along he thought of these,
And sought but fair things therein could he find.
In outward seeming: ladies and the trees
Playing about with some unfeathered kind.
Or listening, with their gentle lips and kind
Scarcely open, to the stories of old time,
Half saddened, by the lashing of the lyre.
said among flowers by flashing fountain cold
Or crowding wondrous halls with sport or dance
Forgetting these careless of all mischance
All this set in the forest, but within
The hollow hill, the vaporous stories told
Still out the air lies. Glad to do without three
Or treading naked in the fountain's cold,
While fierce, strange sun streamed through them,
And sold into the program's task in dance
To make a road from illusion to France.

And on his mind were crowded thereupon,
The thoughts of the women he had known aye;
Their tragic beauty, scent and hardy loom,
Their Guiding faces drawn like fate and felt,
Their hard, light hearts, so ready to forget,
Till all that glory, to the world outside,
Seemed like the thought of June in winter's ex
If till he drew reins at last
And now by this at last, being fully come
Unto the opening of the cavern black,
I thought I should make this place my home
What good things must the content to lack,
Because I deem hence is no turning back
It grew must I dwell until the Judgment day
Shall come at last, and play out all the play.
The Knight going into the Snow
(No. 1)
And yet again he said, 'Need it be so? Within this world of strange things, if I dwell
Need I do more than look upon the show,
And coming back thereof, great marvels tell.
When Tanwold, and so at last Cape Hele.'
Yea in his heart he thought, but durst not say
Till is a doubtful thing, and far away.

He passed, as from his good horse straight he lighted down,
And with his naked sword into his hand,
And covered the wood-keg in his hide from
Then looking back into the autumn land
Over his shoulder, doubtful did he stand
One moment, then with whirling dizzy head
The unknown darkness slowly encloze.

Groping he went, and found no stop or stay,
For underfoot the floor was smooth snow,
Though full of swiftly windings was the way.
And though in going at first the stopped down low,
For fear his head might chance to catch a blow.
Yet soon he stood upright and touched nothing,
Not just the roof did his outstretched wood ring.
Thus three hours through darkness did he go, 
Straining no sound, till thought began to rise 
Within his fearful mind, things were not so 
As those tales told, but all were phantasies, 
Besotted of gross hearts and lustful eyes. 
Yet loved will I so he thought, and buy 
How far within this mountain I must die.

So as he was low, soon he saw a face 
Something that shone事先 faintly like a light, 
Then as the ship seeing the pole star 
After a leader day and lasting night, 
He mourned, and pressed on to his delight 
And ever greater that light to him 
Till with strange daylight his dazzled eyes 
Did shine.

And in a strange new country was he now 
Where a fair vale was spread before him wide, 
With pleasant meads, and blossoming trees crow, 
And wonderful ripe fruit on every side, 
And yellow flowers that the beaten earth did 
Warm was the air, as in some mom of day, 
Where strange scenes with us if it would USSR.
Coming out into the new land
So as his eyes joined strength, he looked to see the husbandman, with sickle, or slow walk from rest to meadow-moving painfully to the horn; lead crawling back again. But there he saw no labour and no pain. Though through the trees white sables rose on high and mid the meadows fair folk he could see there with he sheathed his sword; and yet he saw down in the valley where a city lay. Almost there from, pure white, without a flaw, a temple rose, built in the ancient way and fairer than the tongue of man can say; for to this city was there gate or wall. least for defence, or sign of fear at all.

There he turned, and on the way he met full many a lovely youth and sweet lady, with fragrant flowers on their young heads set, clothed in the fashion of a day four years past for the finest place; place; and sunny sky made bright with slender flowers and soft and thin and yet with suns and pearls set thick therein.
And they saluted him in smiling toise
As he past by; yet some where he was gone
Toward, and jaked after him with wonderings
And one stout thing he met, going alone,
Singing a happy song in a low tone
Yet as the last, a red rose in his hand
And bade him welcome to that happy land.

So on he went, and being now well again
To the beginning of the city fair
He turned about, and looked toward his old
And saw the mighty mountains rise up there
Plit all of black rocks slippery and bare.
Thereat he shuddered, and turned back again
To that fair city, and long floweing plain.

And truly as I said above, could he see
A wall or dyke, or bastion tower built here
For defence; yet notwithstanding, daintily
Within the gardens, walls not built for fear
Stood vines about with fruit, and many a
Edged the curt flowres, here and there bright
With hanging of bridges, paved with silver floor.
Whereas by the west o'ertake feit might have
to hide amid the fair flowers of the meads
or shine themselves like silver in the seas.
Or sometimes mid the flowing river weeds
swung piled boats, or moved among the reed
seaward to and fro. While on the water loan
sanguid and light there floated many a scene

But when he well beheld he saw so fair
yet more and more was he amazed thence!
So wonderful and rich the work was there.
From story up to story now he raised
his wondering eyes, and still thence the eyes
for they had scarce carossed all o'er with his tons
of things long done, in lands beyond the seas.

There statues of the ancient Gods he saw
and images of kings long passed away.
The Wolds, the Sun and Moon with all their

Render of the whole year, day by day;
All ways of men in Earnest both in play
And all things brought in such a marveling
My might have drawn a look from dying ey
Some waded quaintly with jut up fours
Some mid the roses inside their fleeting crowns
And some were laid half sleeping in the boats
resting white feet feet
And jumbled spires and bays were borne aloft
from the fair walls by carousal turrets high
And doves and jesses in their fluttering soft
with bright unknown birds thereabout did fly
And from the windows came melodiously
The sound of music that made all things sing
Half dim and fleeting like a happy dream.

Year too, amid the gardens did the see
Damsels too beautiful for night and dreams,
Under the green trees lying enwrapped
Hecked with sly, shadow, and fleeing, faint shadows
Or dipping their white arms into the stream,
Amid the frightened fish or wandering
Through flowering meadows, bare of every thing,

On, weaving gently with slip-flap sounds
Along the shallow edges of the moat,
With the rose-scented fleeting breezes,
And as sleep amid the golden boat,
In white feet upon the taper coat
Of steely tip-y Cato, deep in the shade
With flowers slipped from loosened hand were laid.
four waded claintly with jet up fowrs
four mid the roses made then fleeting crowns
and four were laid half sleeping in the boats
resting white feet felt
And piled. Spires and barks were borne aloft from the fair walls by carved turrets high.
And doves and pigeons in their fluttering soft.
With birds unknown: birds thereabout did fly,
And from the windows came melancholy.
The sound of music that made all things seem half-dim and fleeting like a happy dream.

Year too, amid the garden did he see
A dam so too beautiful for ought but dreams,
Under the fig tree lying carelessly
Treckled little grey shadow and fleckling faint sunbeams
Or dipping their white arms into the streams.
Amid the frightened fish, or wondering
Through flowering meadows, bare of sorrow's thief,

And leading gently, with foot of sound
Along the shallow edges of the moats,
Amid the roses, making fleeting corners,
And asleep amid the golden boat,
With white feet upon the tender coats
Of yellow lilies. Cots deep in the shade
With flowery slips from loosed hand were laid.
The Knight in the Street, girls passing him (the strolling...)

LAST PAGE
DUPED + Duped
Shut her fault.
Slowly therefrom he turned and as with feet still lingering, giddily with new delights he went, there passed a band of ladies; sweet with trembling hand he touched the dress other that passed him highest in the press.

And when she turned and smiled, took heart to "A sweet and fair where go all these to-day?"

Then from red lips she answered him again,

"Though I none but damsels so with in this tide,
Yet follow stranger, if thou wouldst fair to see the temple fair: sit thou wide,
And our sweet lady, sitting turned inside,
And have no fear of her: Counsel thee,
For me is tied to rich man as ye see."

Now, stranger this once for good tidings,
For you shall have to carry in handless this, and see more wonderful and lovely things
Than that you have ever dreamed of about this.
So on the lips the fair girl did he kiss,
Who straight her ankles from her sound set free
Then in haste to join her company.
Then the good knight, that Lawrence had to name,
Followed a fair, a fruitful, face and flow,
And wondered much to see no weat or lane
And no sick man, or any fearful show.

In any place, by signs that he could know
Nor hidden faces. Such as of time meet,
In any place of this fair city, streets.

But all was beautiful and true and neat
After the fashion of an ancient day,
And music sounded soft in every street.

As toward the temple he toiled on his way
Which soon he reached by what seemed there
That in the world outside was lost midnight
For there all light was dark, and dark was light.

There saw he still full many a history
Shewing the triumphs from the ancient time
Who mistrew so many a mean while be,
Under time and sin, the empty place and clime.

And some thereof have well been writ in year.
Some their date are unrecorded, yet written.
With fair young figure did they hide the long.
Eaton's Factory

Observations of the face's

So when their heads bent from the Rock stores

And their soil was their own, of the face's

And they had come so far without grass, of the face's

For when the faces of the land of the face's

After the rains

Bathed, their heads

Great God...
Lady, where art thou now We are faint with waiting now We think thou hast forgot us Our feeble hand and pitie

Patience yet a little while Haply from her lovely face The coming in some ships Distressing us, where the shipmen for her sake Shall have many a happy dream Of sweet meadow and sweet stream Where the maidens play In the hottest of the day Lynd with cheeks and eyes aflame For the sweetness of their rhyme All of their new-born desire; Newly conscious of the fire That their love lines doth sour Their wise children conspire They to sail to sail the seas

Haply in the northern breeze
Of the hurrying world without,
She is ta'lested neid the rout
Of Diana, and they go
Eor slower, and more slow,
Careless of the fleeting hart,
Each one thinkin' for her hart
That her sum'mer slips away,
And no hope has she by day,
And no happiness by night.

O'neath the chandelier light,
Stand she by some torchlit door,
Where across the rose-stream floor;
With her trembling teardrops,
In known delight to meet,
Goes the pale new-wedded bride
Slowly letting her s螺丝 slide
To the roses of the floor.

So our Queen is at the door,
Gold-clad, yet her hair is wet
With the washing of the Sea.
O sweet Queen, I will kneel to thee.
Of rest, sweetest Jesus Christ.
Pray for a little more
Of thy beauty. Almost face.

So clear the music, and a murmuring
Heard, that sounded like the noise of doves
That in some far wood sit and soothe,
None could learn their tongue, of perished love;
Or helply mourning, that the swift year moves
From spring to autumn, and so surely
Unto the famine, bringing time and sorrow

Doubtful he stood a little while, then soft
He raised the veil and entered, and saw there
A throne of gold and emeralds raised aloft,
And round about a crowd of ladies fair,
Whereof some attired in their white armors,
Some rose-breasted harps, and some round wreathes.
But all with reverence looking toward the

Trine
Erigi

Yer in her temple, (cloth'd) Chorne affords
And when at last his dazzled eyes turned that way,
There did he see the great Enchantress stand,
No worse than when on an unhappy day,
She charmed the apple from the shepherd's hand,
And brought new woe on many an happy land.
Though now a golden sword the limbs did hide
That trembling Paris saw so cold and distasteful.

Then swiftly ran the blood through, osy, osy swin,
His sight grew dim, and Swynzyg to and fro,
Well might he fell, and to his heart a pain.
Not suddenly, and all that shining show,
The burning arms, the fair hair falling low,
The fine limbs gleaming amongst all and gold
Like matters in a dream did he behold.

So as he sat at in sty by, some word
Came from his lips, which yet he heeded not.
New casting, rainbut, freezing him in heart;
And dimly saw the Cadesse leave that part,
And therewithal his fearful heart grew hot.
When with the Queen be there was left alone,
And softly she called to him from the mirror.
"A Knight Come nigh, and have no fear,none
By changelast come into my land,
And wouldst be gone, thennone will bare me.
But if thou come here, to kiss my hand,
And find me well, obeying thy Command,
Then can I the more & kind than thou couldst tell.
And thou shalt most that gentile noise hear.

And in my city, yea in mine own house,
Shalt thou dost all now with manifold delight,
Amid fair flowers with music danc'd,
With love, with damsels play'd in your sight,
Or telling tender tales far into night,
While from their eyes half keeping tears full dim.
And in the gardens sing the small bird's brown.

And so when thus a whole month past gone by,
Within a fair green meadow shall I be,
And then with all my kinsmen Knight company.
And do me honour buckling on the knee,
Then also thou shalt forth wear utterly
The worship of all things, but me alone,
And that day shall thou see me on my throne.
As when from out the green Sea first I came
Hidden of mought; yea too fair Sir, know this,
That I a Great Queen, nowise think it shame
Unto my Knights to give the greatest bliss
That in our lies: will thou then win my tie?
Then for my sake be a good man that day,
In my sight. Now hold me a tourney.

Therewith she smiled on him, and he, longing
For my love, said, "O my mine own lady,
Is pleasaeth thee to mock this in this thing?
So low I am, and them far off my high.
And yet for thy love gladly would I die;
But why should I speak of it more or les?
To give mine Lady this my foolishness."

"Nay, Sir," she said, "This is no mock at all,
And by my beauty. This I swear to thee,
That on that day of tourney it may fall,
When now my look amongst all men (may be)
And now farewell, nor will they more see me
Until that day: but I will send thee one
To lead thee forth since here thou art alone."
Therefore adown the marble steps she went and turned to go; and all about the place floated a strange, unnamed and balmy scent. As she passed by him at a gentle pace, while he his trembling body did abuse before her feet, that foamy soft and slow to him passed swiftly as the April snow.

So on his knees in after she was four still he abode, until a fair damsel sent him by Venus came, being that same one that of the temple, as the new did tell, who smiled on him, and cried out, "Said I well tonight, when of my happy lot I told, or hath thou by some chance been overbold?"

"Said", he said "I know not; this I know that with me was she standing face to face, speaking sweet words a little while ago, who now has left me lonely in this place, now shall I sit the crow for a long space, as she said herself, and certainly before that day comes do I fear to die!"
"Nay sir," she said, "And this, I say to thee
As myself, be happy a few days
With us who wish right well your friends by
Not to go downcast at our merry play,
For this time past, I doubt not you shall see
In her fair body, as a lover may
You will there be a soul to say you may

"Come now," she said, "Surely shall all be well,
Come forth with me and see the merry land
And all the fair folk that there it do dwell.
Therewith she took him gently by the hand,
And he found both upon his feet did stand,
And turning toward her smiling face and fixed
Smiled also, and with fingers interlaced

They passed two lovely hearts from out the place
The manner of that land is so
That if a man of our may not have grace,
In his days there is no sorrow to know;
Nathless for little sorrow doth he know;
Because the great enchantress for her part
With just so much of longing fills his heart
Moving limbs is lithe.
Rounder arms
As makes him happy past what words can tell
when she be lover, and she him still doth stay
And loose him too, and ever thing goes well;
But if she loses him not or is away
Then certainly she sues it on that day
Shall N he be happy with some other one.
For in that case shall no man be alone

Which will may he; for though in all bodis there
Are not a like for beautey cerinly
And though is this one be unmatched for hair
Yet hath that other better lips than she,
And this, is tellur, that one when you see
Her body stripped, too white, and his feet
Have full extent, and looke in soft feet,
Yet are all fair; and though herself indeed
Is far the fairest yet of others there
Full hard it were for one to give the heed
To this or that, if all arrow they were
Before another Paris standely bare;
Such lowe or hath the might decree
With fleeting joy men's foolish hearts to thee.
A marble palace built deviously Could Sir
So with this damsel Angot fora while
Forgot all things, as loonyly they passed
From wonder into wonder, till at last
Midmost the town she brought him to at last
And they went over a drawbridge cast
Across the moat, and Angot saw there
A wonderful House set in a garden fair.

And through in the open windows of that house,
And in the fair pleasure that edged the next
Ladies he saw, and fair folk amorous,
And on the water maiden a jaded boat
Taken with lovers mid the waves did float.
And there he heard the sound of chinking bells
To different men in such different lutes that tell

So sad it seems to some, to some so joy.
This to a Chamber came he with his mate,
And there they pass ed the dreamy time away.
And there toether daintily they ate
And drank strong wine until the time grew
And night came, that the Keys fell all doth keep.
Both high and stiff, then so fell asleep.
Girls selling out their best.

And glittering through the leaves the hot sun shone on belying linear things with its insouciant, jewelled girdles met for those alone that wore them, wondrous arts from India they to which the world done life was but bought. Brooches and Chains fastened sandals mild in my
And mantling vines, spring from the face
Came to a garden made Meret's own,
Where passing through full many a fragrant
Oft-trellised rose, and white like his hair,
The sun sets into a bath made cunningly
Midst of a green lawn, with four granite trees
Surrounding, and four ways into these
Through marble troughs as trickled the water
From out the bath, where midstmost effuere gold
A fountain stood, and therefrom rose raw
Four plashing streams of water, clear and cold;
And round about the bath might you behold
At that same hour, great wealth of dainties laid:
Gold fleurs and fitches with full strangely made
And tattered linen things with long stream
Of crimson stuff with gold, sumptuously piled: you could step
Nowhere but in some fair and happy dream,
And frizzled shoes, most fair, but all unknown.
To hide the fair ones of the utmost feet:
Brooches and chains, others and somber rings.
Scattered about with nameless dainty things.
The shining gold did those that owned them play.

Sleep upon the daisied grass they lay.
Which yet what! eye would look at for within
The flashing water did their owners play,
But little hidden by the water then,
A fisher with his shiner and stripped the laugher
On the raised grass all day,
Or with their feet dipped in the water sat
Upon the brine and talked of this and that.

So looking on them, did fair Venus smile,
And said her sweet damsel, on this afternoon
Would I be lonely here a little while,
To hear my turtle doves Complain & Croon,
And see the sea, until the pale round moon
Has thrown black shadows over Earth and Sea
For many a thought thought would I think, Eberly.

And swift she ran the girls from rose side
Until sheaped-up rainment lying there,
And soon again did she and ly ee hide
The stories of their Laced bodice fair
And there wearing in a mist of the wet hair
And lacing of gold shone on little feet
Until all gold was so cold & tossed.
And yet,

Smythris

And let her sweet feet to the ground be cast,
Shewing her bosom to the lovely land,
And kneeling down amid both high and low
All about her feet, and hint her shoes away,
Smiling to feel the heavy end of day.
The wind was murmuring, and in little space had vanished twist the thick home plant trees.
And Byno stood alone in that fair place.
With locks of hair falling low on her knee, she played about her in the rising breeze.
That blew the locks across her bosom sweet and lifted the light raiment from her feet.

Thoughtful she stood lift fell the wind again.
And everything about was glowing still,
Because the sun was setting, and the plain made grey by the great shadows of the hill.
But that the brown thrush had not yet his fill of rushing fry, or the small nightingale
Cought hold upon the shoes of the hill.

So as the sun shine on her golden head
Into her shoulder clasps she raised her hand,
And loosed her raiment to the jirdle head,
And so half naked for a while did stand,
Then, turning down under the scrabbled band
That bound her shoes, and made her white feet
Smiling to see how beautiffel they were.
Now growing high, that would be seen. Soon
That would be high & turn'd to silver soon

beauty
Then did she rise again, and looked aloft,
And soon both with whirring wings to her lovely
And round the edge of her golden head her feet.
And soon her golden feet crept into
Her pearled breast, and nestling there she lay,
And, soon about her lovely feet did play.

So long she stood thus, that the sun was set,
The Nightingale was heard above the crown
Of her fair bosom, shivering & pale as yet
The star's fine crest set, the thought low golden moon
Cast her faint image in the silver pool,
And round her blew—till night wind soft & cool

Then did she lose her sires of fine gold
And let her sires slide down her body soft,
And sprinkle them that body, could be beheld
Unhindered, that the fair Grace's feet did meet,
As from the sky in fine she drew her feet—
And murmuring faint words of all unharrow
Into the moonlit pool she stepped adown—
Venus by herself naked in the bush, then naked walking in the garden (moon)

And

A soldier
And what strange rites within that place were. I know not, but yet surely this I know:
That hit the moon again, grey twilit night,
Naked about the garden did she go,
Then, naked, to her house she drew into
And so about the middle of that dark day
Unto her island did she take her way.

Part 3.

Meanwhilie dwelt Aryst in joy and ease,
Forgotten all things past, both good and bad;
Whom that fair damsel praised herself to please.
With many a pastime did she make him glad;
And many a new delight from her he had:
Gentle she was and to her lady true
And all the core of Love full to her knew.

But as the time drew near unto our end,
Dowd, forgetting nothing for her part,
New memory of her lost love did fluke,
And caused the unhealed wound again to smart;
So that, a vague longing grew up in his heart;
And his soul damns the hand she oft would tear,
And midway of his amorous taking too.
9. The Knight in Garden with Lady
So changed he grew, that nothing now he cared
To feel her arms about his body twined,
To kiss her shoulders, for him bared,
Or note her legs made naked by the wind.
He left unuttered her gentle voice and kind,
And till he stood, as though no while he heard
Her sweetest song, and her most loving word.

Whereat within her heart she laughed, and said,
"My lady is at work, though far away,
And of my labour shall the cost paid;
Yest have we two been merry ere today,
And now farewell to love; yet ne'er shall stay
Perforce, as but his Handmaid by his side
And through all things my lady's true friend!"

And now the day of trust being come at last
She brought him forth and arms, and so being clad
In steel again, into the streets they passed
All filled with gay dressed folk and glee clad.
Till by was and flushed, and that day had
Upon her body, filleted flower red, tread
And, going off, after the good knight forth did lead
10 Knights led down to the treacherous ladies
But he unheeded, upon his horse did sit,
Pale and distraught, and if on any thing
Its set his eyes, he look no more on it.
On whose shield, was there wrought bent in a ring
A Serpent round about an Eagles Wisp,
And on his head a red Rose breathed he had
And in the fair set Golden arms was clad.

And down the street rode other Knights with them
Allarmed most richly, led by Daniel's fair,
With crowns gold wrought in silver Pear and them,
And crowns and sabled set upon their hair;
And joyed the laughing people at them there,
And in the silk shrouds windows up above
Was many a lady sitting with her love.

And to the town at last being left behind,
Unto fair lists they came, all set around
With lodges whose carved pillars were intoned
With woodbine and red roses, and the ground
Strown too with roses: There a place they found
Whereon Sir Amyot bearing of that day
Was set, and thitherward they took their way.
None of a (known) kind. girls singing from sin.
wherefrom the incense floated in a cloud
far up into the bluest and windless sky.
Then soon there came into the lists a crowd
of pils rose wreathed, about whose heads did fly
Unnumbered doves, and rushed was every
In rose in their midst upon a car of blue
Wasborne the unmatched body of the Queen.

So when they came o'er against the throne,
The car was stayed, and from it the host being
Stood down, and twxt the damsels went alone
Amid the cloud of incense vanishing;
Whereon the damsels straight began to sing,
With swinging of their Censers keeping time;
Into the intemperate lapsing of the song.

Before one lady came on Earth,
Little there was of joy and mirth;
About the borders of the Sea
The folk would wonder hearily;
About the Winter rose side.
The dreary folk would stay aside.
Seemed foolish things that wasted deals
As hopeless as the flowers beneath
Their wasted feet the weariness of unloved feet
The why did all the world so lie
So long without felicity
Alone within the weaving room
The girls would sit before the loom,
And sing no song, and play no play;
Alone from dawn to dark midnight.
From midnight unto evening,
The weavers afield would work; no sing,
Nor pour out wine to any God.

Alone the weary Traveller stood
At morning on the darkling way
Took and hourly in the brimful cup
When Night Came, and the town was near.

Untressed, The Knight went out to war,
Untressed, the Minstrel came home
Untressed, the minstrel's folly did I saw.

O'er by the stream the damsels fair
Untressed, made their bodies bare;
Their yellow locks, and bosoms white
Their limbs so all unproportion for all delight.

Yea, how so fair that the might be
From head to foot made faultless?
No circle was there upon an arm or wrist
Nor on her fingers had she any ring.
Upon the ground the chain lay that had kept
Her bosom, and the sandle used to clasp
About her loins, neither did any thing
The sight of her fair loins upon that day,
And neither feet her jewelled sandals lay.

There at the feet of her, a mighty cry
Part the warm summer air, but scarce
Stood with breath whirling round deliciously,
And beating heart, and cheek were flushed redly,
And said his damsel, fair knight at her feet,
But told me, so up to thee golden throne,
That she may see thee standing there alone.

And take these praises of me cause in thine hand,
And when thou compost need to the desire
A moment in the altar shall thou stand,
And hast thou quickly in the cedar fire,
Then after to the queen maggot thou draw nigh;
And kneeling down her fair feet, maggot thou kis.
For quite for set me, when thou hast told.


Venus receiving the Knight.
New forth he sprang, and ran and quickly came
Into the altar, where he stood awe-hile
And cast the incense up, and a scene flame
Sprung quickly thereon from the cedar tree,
Then looking up he saw fair Venus smile
And fell upon his knees before her foot
And soon his Ears lips her flesh did meet.

Well might he shudder for those feet to fair
Upon the roses now, so fresh and soft,
That bed of men to me a dart some fair
Of death, and then made red full oft.
Yet many a King by there has lost his crown
And many a wedded heart been trodden down.

But he and she, but her did well forget,
And for mere love indeed he trembled there,
And long he lingered, to that kiss, but yet
When he arose and saw her body fair
Bending toward him till her golden hair
Again fell forward, and in her eyes clear
A tender smile, there shot a pang of fear.
And the hound roused, and hounding, rode clear, 
Crying his name, as he went to his place:
Not on that day could any sword or spear 
Do harm to him, and no man saw his face:
Unarmed in fight, tall in a little space,
Throughout the lists by ladies was he lead,
With the Victor's crown, of long up in his head.

But now in the flush of victory,
And midst bewildering hopes of great delight,
Wonders sized on him: now all this night he,
That he upon that day in fate, despite though a little proved, nor 600 wise in fight,
Had put so many warriors to the worse.
There with the sky darkened with a curse,

And in his mind again the ill thought came
That all those that he saw, were but shadows,
Stormed him but to keep his heart a-flame.
To mingle folk, the peaceful girls in rows,
His death Ak, and the bodies of his foes,
All wore but deadly meshes of her net,
About his flattering soul in order set.
But how shall the doomed soul escape when now, whose fair hand before the thron was bough, whose Eres Stooping, kiss'd him on the brow, and all his lingering terrors felt to woe, and he grew haply from all hope or thought, as from the golden place she did descend, and saying on him, said, "O sulter friend, too many eyes are looking on us here, nor far away, my pleader ceas'd from this, when, for that you are grown to be so dear, thou to bring ever into perfect bliss, But to me sweet friend, such a love there is that neither chaste love nor wise must, So, my soul, the never, dancest thou, That you know shall bring your; nor a long time Shell you wait and find to see me, coming thither, touch into a little garden nigh the gate, where mid the flowers shall thou will desern a temple, where a fire shall never burn before mine image; there I wait for thee, there shall thou know how happy man, maybe,
So thin was brought along her royal train
And as the happyplead did{ how fee
Upon his face her loving lips again
And turning he beheld her very heel
Just vanish as the bells rang out their Peal
The trumpets blew, the censers from away
So from out the lists was borne triumphantly

But as with streaming eyes he there did stand
There came again to him the damsels bright
Who said, as oft the to and him by the hand,
Come now without delay to thy delight
We will to know before the contest to night
Now wilt forget that I have ever seen
Now that my lady's body now has seen

So thence they went at a fast pace.
And turning from the dusty thorough-highway
Through a fields and lanes, They came but a little afield.
Where a thick wood stood high. Fret out the day
From hill to hill in a long valley lay
And midst of this a slight clear space the found.
Wherein a house stood, well walled all around
And through the walls a little river flowed
While from inside birds sang melodiously,
And on the wall-tops creeping flowers moved,
And whatso of the house the view could see
With gold and gems was wrought so cunningly,
Turned to a crypt like unto a shrine
That over some great martyr's bones doth shine.

So to a saloon, in the wall being fast,
The damsel said, "Take up the horn and blow,
That all my hopes may be fulfilled at last;
Know the height of love how soon shall know;
But since away from thee I need must go,
I pray thee first to give one and one more kiss.

And though there be now full of happiness
And wilt forget all this day, to thee
Thou wilt well will, yet hearken nonetheless;
If thou shouldest chance, outcast from hence to be,
Dispair not therefore but remember me
For sooth alone, wrapped up in cold disdain
Who once has given thee joy may again.
Knight brought the hammer into place, girl going away through the trees.
And little heed in sooth he gave her words
Though in his ears the sound of birds
As in the Summer, rose the song of birds
To urge him on in his bed she sat;
So then she dropped his hand, and with a sigh
Lifted her face for him to kiss, and he
Kissed the red lips and turned round dreamily.

So hardly noted from his face she went;
But ere she vanished wholly from the trees,
A mighty blast throughout the house she sent,
And in the door straight heard the sound of her
Which pressed to him and three fair ladies
Gave him good welcome as he entered
And to the garden straight she was he led.

And there they left him, who with heart aflame
Went through the gate, and mid the flowers did
That pleasant stream, going whereby he came
With a brow strowed with daisies by the bee
Dotted about with many a little tree,
Through which the streams ran and bridged with marble
Bridged by two little golden bridges bright.
14 Knight coming into garden finding Bruzas outside garden
And by the side of it a temple stood
Whose roof was borne by pillars tall and thin,
Half snowy white, and half agred as blood,
And her fair image was set there within,
Crowned just as when the apple she did win
And saw the fatal gift of that fair may
By whom it came that Troy town last away.

And by her regal feet a little flame
Burnt on a little altar night and day.
Therefore he knew the place, and up she came
And saw how on the grass that body lay
The marble mocked in such a lonesome way
Naked no more, for how upon her head
Great pearls she had, and was apparelled

Francesca fashion, for a golden sieve,
Cist neath the breasts round the rising sun,
That from her shoulders oft slipped adown
Making the heart of the beholder glad,
And in such amorous rain but was she clad
That as the west it fell from off her thighs
Bringing delight into her lovers eyes.
The Hill of Venus. (continued)

As upon the fresh grass she was laid,
You might have chance'd to seek her lovely side,
Because with clumps of sweetly fair, sweet
Flowers, arm to thigh, her bosom, fair and sloping,
Her girdle was fastened. On her feet were tied
Thin Sandals with rich jewelled silken strings.
And on her arms were chaste golden rings.

So being Amazot, she rose up to him,
But stood still, blushing red for joy, and loo'd,
Letting the light wind part from arm and hand,
The golden raiment, but scarce more did move.
Then moved her image, and arm above
The hidden stories of her beauteous breast,
Where the rich clasp of her four did rest:

The other, on her scudded belt was laid,
As though she would her raiment straight and tidy,
Light'ning she not, and Amazot hear'd
Stifled and turned pale, and doubted what to do
Thrice had hoped that with some word or two
She as she spoke to him, that other side
She would have singly called him to her side.
But Sisig she moved not and turned pale also
And spoke no word, she soon forgot his fear
And crossed the bridge and turned her face to go;
There she lifted up her grey eye-veil,
And smiled on him, and as he drew near,
She opened wide her arms, while Shamefasted
Over her face and neck and bosom spread.

Then did he fall before her with a cry,
And clasped her knees, and passionately
Bent upon her knees, from foot to head,
Until she drew him up upon his feet,
Lip to lip the Goddess he did meet,
And the lying in a low soft voice she said
Come sit with me, and no more be afraid,

In from my temple all are gone away
And silence thing have I bid them do so far,
And there no more shall be we know right friendly
For in my temple all is bright and clear
Though in despite of him were both naked
And that white Goddess of the moon
To hot sun is there, and no maddening sun.
15: What will it be?
Part 4.

Yet ended not his plea sojourn on that day;
Within her temple, and that garden green
With many, asport they passed the time away
Or in the golden house, so well her saw.
And sometimes would she go and should she stay
And would hearken naught but their own love song
And in her purer senses he simplest.
16 playing in Sweden (like sketch of girls)
17 same but like Romance of Rose
And sometimes would the valiant pass, meantime
Heartening jest and merry mockery;
For one would say some jest and sorrow playne,
On the green grass laynd, would she lie
And hear the music breth, melodiously
Then thoughts past telling: or sometime would she
Where the Shire run into the Scaled flow,

To many a damsel, who upon the sands
And stop the dainti from their bodis white
...in the breakers dancit with joined hands:
Sometimes would she be wey for his delight
And browser best with his sight,
Beside of Thebes, the setting forth of Greece
Begyn from Cholchis backe to the Golden Tree.

Far off mountains would they see,
And envied to their rugged lot, alone,
Since they could see the fair meads layng low
And wonder at the rugged waste of stone,
Yonder the way herd fished lines, would she know,
Here was she stop to wash the little feet
And bear in willing arms the body sweet.
18 in boat
or she would bring him through the untried woods
To watch the merry folk pass to and fro
Singing and careless, starting from the reeds
The mournful herons, and with footsteps slow
Through the beech woods at midnite would
Their silent green place mid the beech wafts blown
O'er by the doves would they cloven

O'er down the river sweet would they drop
While yet the cool mist on the water lay
And as the sun rose high at some sultry noon
And there with song and story pass the day,
O'er in the shallow places wade and play,
Or let her swim and row a willow boat
drown the striped perch from out the frizzly foam.

In all ways must she keep his heart a-flame
For love of her, and on a merry day
Her blest sight chance she would not think it were
How in glad body on the grass to lay.
O'er let him with her limbs and bosom play,
Shrinking and pangs from her one by one.
The world looker on the smooth while stone
To let him see her rosy feet therein
In the water cold she stepped so down;
Sometimes rather would she sit upon
Her needle's body before embroidered soon.
That might have or bought a great realm, field, town,
And she arrayed little done old Solomon Queen
That little of her fair plea should be seen.

Yet none the less, what said was her array
His heart upon her beauty yet was set
How was he weary of the any day,
Or ever in sleep his love could he forget
Nor for her heart would Venus leave him yet,
And might more a happy day not last
And old who was indeed it it might last.

Which it could do, much as the light mock down
While the summer, or the apple bloom
Make no haste in, the April tide to go,
Or golden sunset shine be it nights bloom,
Of flushed forgetful youth old and the tomb
Or see the summer come for so sit
And the red rose refuse to go away
And over the Sea mist with its shifting shape

Cape to Cape.
In now our storm, we drew I was fully come
Newoke, and fell a longing for the sea,
And the broad yellow sands of her old home,
There by their black boat, fisher people be;
And longed to hear the wind sing mightily
With little changing song from point to point,
And in its compass her body to amount.

She rose from off the bed
And took her gown and shoes and bell off old
And turned her loosely head
Her length of rippling hair she tightly folded
And so set out into the morning cold.

She took no heed of him, Who keeping there
Her treasure of mought but of her body fair.

Then pressing through the close and darkly wood
To the open land came presently
And by the Sandy babbling river stood,
And having bathed there is her fair body
The clad herself, and passed down to the sea.
And sue that day the true was risen high
Within the press of Cyprus did she lie.
20 he Courc out of praeece with in des lance
But scarcely had the sun, and yet the moon
Vesearce before, ere Auyest woree and found
That his lore there war be left forlowe,
Rising up and looking all around
He consider herRaincoat, that whose the ground
He hands the night before had light cast,
When toward the bed the loveli Queen had passed.

And in his heart there worke a sudden dread,
In the bed meere left him thus before
Since to that pleasure was fruit led,
And she began to teach him all her lore,
And now being sore sick saw his heart therefore
And he arrose, and being clad went out
And thorough the wood, and gardens round about
Whirpely till the sun arose, and all grew
Toward the town he went, and on the way
Felt more and more increased on him that pain
And in and through the town the thought again
Yes! once hoped never things he said
And now when all the rest are for ever dead.
And this thing fail, and bring again to me
Embrace of the things I hoped to have
like other men; stay andVictor,
A happy life on this side of the grave,
And in the other world my soul to save,
That was the heir of such great promises;
What am I now without the hope of these,
Left all alone within this wicked place;
Left naked of her love, and growing old
With evil looks still growing on my face;
In mockery of God with setting bold
And gathering in my heart unfinish untold,
G triple fear, and maddening set despair,
'ed and scorn of all things, foul and fair."

So midst their thoughts u
to the town he came,
Where first he saw those gardens, and the Game
Thick with many a merry and fair dame
And lit up by the golden morning beam;
But there was no one now, and all did seem
To be by the wind, and blotted by the rain
That scarce he knew the loo,
place again.
No one he saw at first, but as he stood
from the bridge, and with his eyes all dazed
with welched tears, looked down in weeder mood,
he felt one touch him, and his head he raised,
and turning found that damsel on him said,
that hard by there he met that other side;
so morning did he turn himself aside.

But she spoke to him soft and pitying,
saying, "To day all this must with hand been;
but think there of what I spoke to thee
that day I brought thee through the forest green;
and now though surely thou hast lost all grace,
shalt thou become a welched man and cold?
All men a day there is ere they grow so cold."

"Behold," she said, "there speak the is loot,
for them no think that their being fast away
for which I wroght, I think upon the cost
with, for that instant evil I must stay;
what art I but a damned soul from this day?
O fool! How knowst thou'st lost my bliss
here and hereafter for such gift as this..."
"Any way," she said, "forbear such words as these, for scarce know we their meaning in this place. Come once again, and taste me on my trees, and with my kindly breezes frame my face, nor will thou find my body in worse case than when thou first my naked limbs didst kiss.

And so with our once more would to die, hast thou pass on thy happy day; neither shall thou grow old. Suddenly these charms to behold from old and beget our lives shall pass away, bearing nought, and if we know no hope, most content for no vain things to show, thou shalt see.

Nor in doubt, for the fair ones come with me, and with fortune with the drifting snows, and all the things we left them with in vase, and with a thousand balance with I keep."
Though my cheeks are wet with many a tear,
Then she brought up her lips unto his face,
Not with his eyes full filled of deadly fear
Therefore her boot, and straight from the place
He rowed toward the hill at a swift pace.
And she turned sobbing round toward the town,
And on her breast the great tears rolled adown.

And as for him he made no stop nor stay,
And when the crossing he had reached at last
Therein he plunged, nor back into the day
In the valley any look he cast,
But swiftly through the winding place he past
And in the woods remained wooded wood came soon
The evening rain with the newly risen moon.

He made no stay, he made, but at a hurried pace
Went through the forest, without looked around,
Seeking to see the old familiar place,
Thick grove, and grass, and blanket covered mound
Where he of old so many pipes had found;
And so at last into the broad highway
He came at the beginning of the day.
And behold it was dark and brown.
And now needs must he pass his ancient home;  
That he behold, for there dark and brown,  
Stayed for a moment, wondering who was come  
To hold his place, and then with eyes cast down  
Bent on his way until he reached the town,  
And with the country people there did wait  
Till the time came for opening of the sale.

And as he turned abode he heard them say  
That this year was the year of jubilee,  
And many a pilgrim was upon the way  
The Holy Father at Rome town to see,  
That from all sins they might be straight before  
Who ate their day long upon that Easter tide  
In Peter’s Church, to see them would abide.

'And,' said they, 'And whatso a man may sin  
Free from that place shall he go away,  
And pardon for his trespass shall will  
Here in Rome he shall come that day  
Remembrance for his sinful life shall pay.'  
'The poor and honest, hear ye there,  
Lest henceforth this some day the pilgrims so
Sorrow the gate being opened they went in;
And thought, Can I get pardon for my sin
Who surely would softly now be laid
By her soft side, not sorrow nor afraid
If I had pleased with to abide with me.

Yet for as much as God made her doubtful,
Of angels only, and unto her gave
And left off stranger unchanging loved ones,
And unto her a heart that still will crave.

For she is she, he yet may choose to save
By fallen soul, that presently alas
From out her bonds can scarcely wish to pass.

Soh the holy father with I go,
And all places are alike to me,
And there the worst part I know shall cease;
And if I yet may come God's face to see
Forgew of my sins and once for all set free
From this my earthly heart, that yet so they
To be with them who works God daily wings.
Then didst learn from our beloved way,
Within the pilgrim would depart that tide.
And the next afternoon of that same day
Within a little wood did he abide.
Waiting there coming by the highway side:
Whereby at last their long train singe came,
Showing new with women, old men and slaves.

So from the wood he came, and there did stand
With folded hands and down cast hanging head.
Before the shining leader of that band.
One old man priest, righteously appareld.

Who unto Angist and a mild voice said,
God save thee, sir, and wouldst thou so with us,

Whose God's mercy yet is plentiful.

Although on no day were forgot to sin,
That my wish that the noble be day die,
And made their lot, thenceforth shall never turn
That as it be," said Angist earnestly.

Please go, and yet make hope have.
When ever I do to scape at last from hell.
But to the Holy Father would I ste.
22 stopping the drains of juleytime, 7 tomo & sato in all time.
My unmatchèd sin, to none man else alive.

"If it, son," he said, yet said
I might be, I my burdened soul could strive,
And from my troubles set thee somewhat free;
My son, a year have I wrought painfully in serving God; and now behold (my son),
I saw have I beheld full many a one

Who saith would think he has sinned worse than
Since he may not the first in righteousness. All
Each were hath pride, whereby did Adam fall
And all God's angels lose their happiness.

"Alas," said, "Alas! What thing have I to do
This day within my heart than any pride?"
"My son, my son with us shall thou abide,

And thou shalt go with this good company,"
The old priest said; "Hereinward did they go
With feet turned to Rome full soberly,
And Angus worked with them full filled of joy
But as they past fresh hope began to grow
Within his heart; beholding every where
The holyly folk, the women fresh and fair
The children sat in their play
And hoped the afternoon would pass
But the afternoon was long and slow.
And the children were restless and bored.

The sun went down and the day was done.

The children sat in their play
And hoped the afternoon would pass
But the afternoon was long and slow.
And the children were restless and bored.
And the wonders there he noted, thought,
Nor of those temples took he any heed.
Nor of the mighty buried Caesars thought
Nor of the strong men in their strange used.
Yea, thought was almost dead in him indeed,
And like a beast he felt, driven by pain
Whereby he could not reason nor complain.

Within some score the pilgrim lay that night,
Before the morrow morn rose up to go
Toward the great church where in the angels' sight
The Pope, should stand with every saint's law.
And thus all those who offer her sins would show
But in beyond, all there was his case
Who should have come unto the vise, to that place.

Therefore the holy father said that they
Who becond all the folk were burdened sore
Shoulde come to him and prayed him right humbly
Their life, both good and bad, forevermore.
Such love unto all men the good God bore
That all sins indeed there were but few.
Wherein his mercy he was cold to them.
So now the priest took Antony by the hand, and led him by the marble palaces. I found him by an old man he did stand, who in his frail hand held Peter's keys. Then humbly, did he fall upon his knees, and cried, "O holy father, grant I pray for the most sinner in this place to-day." He said, the Pope, be of soon, cheer, and tell Whiter in those last hidden in the heart. Many a great sinner is there shall escape me, and many a good dore on his part. When he last from out his face shall start, shall now to find himself fitter, but danna at despite of all his doing's or speech."

Then began Antony with many a lieu To tell unto the holy man his tale. But in the midst he often stopped for fear That not yet his coming thither would avail For speechless. Into above the Pope and pale, Until at least when Antony finished And so the learned by sheeck trembling with fear, head
From off his golden Chair arose the Pope;
"Wretched," he cried, "Whom no more Sante!
My Son, so hence thou hast no grain of hope;
Know thy Soul Can be no more fall...
You sinner now that's the wife of all
Shone on me with his precious flesh and bone
Blew flowers and fruit springing out from his dry

"That mystery, Son," So saying hastily,
I sat him down, and about him he stood up and a while did he,
Then rising said to me, "The sun up per
With vacant eyes; muttering "And is he gone,
And with God shall no other Lord to me
The his last fire shall dry up the sea.

And with what sort of thing shall I seek then,
What body then for such shall I have,
Who now are grown indeed of many men
Numbered while I live who have nothing new can I see;
And yet the first I feel the first was;
Little in that County will I reach,
That looks like it knows if it is but thele.
Here will I try what pleasure I can feel, and stifle thought a while, before I die; and it may be that she may find me yet, whose fleeting love so dearly I did buy. Ais alas! the time for present, and all is at the worse, they sure to him, who on the wheel is broken, limb by limb."

So going from the palace he passed out, and through the crowded streets went hurriedly, not heeded by the trumpets and glad shouts as passed the Pope, nor ought his eyes could see, except the bed where he was wont to be. So he took horse, and rode away from Rome. But went not by the way that he had come.

So night and day, he journeyed, till he came unto the hill of Venus, and for knight entered there calling upon her name. And vanished straight, so more from all view. And if poor Venus took him for her knight, again I know not; or what else befell unto him as he journeyed on to Rome.
25. The Red Building.
In listen, sir, one word there is to come,
That poor man was driven forth from
A clerk came yelling in to him to say,
That was seen in a wonderous case
For where they went to take out from its place
His crooked staff, strange flower of mist for
That no man, whatsoever was his hand,
Had seen upon the earth before.
Therefore came one who bore it in his hand
Which was where the Pope saw, straight he did command
That in his treasury it should be laid.
And many a prayer upon that day did he said
Both for himself and that unhappy man.
And through the city and the country round,
In search of him his own house people saw,
But nowhere in that land could he be found.
Nor any where at all above the ground,
And heavy was the Pope for that sad case
Until he too was called into his place.
Therewith the old Knight ceased, and I sat in thinking of all the story I had heard; and, wondering at the that unmatched dreadful, I deemed that 'twas only the old Swinebeard had spoken to unto me a timely word: yet in my heart there lingered none the less Repentful longing for that goodness.

And thinking of the joy that I had had To hear the tale, I said, Men's miseries Are sometimes chance to make their fellow Know the shadow of their in likeness Will bring the happy tears into our eyes Life too sweet music too soon passed away. Therewith the minstrel chips, sang out Midd

End of the Tate of Renes