

And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,  
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,  
That he should do what pleased him with his own

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read  
The proclamation of the King ; then said :  
' Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,  
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;  
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,  
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !  
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear  
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.  
What fair renown, what honor, what repute  
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?  
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more  
Than they who clamour loudest at the door.  
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed  
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take  
          heed

To comfort his old age, and to provide  
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.'

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all  
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.  
The King heard and approved, and laughed in  
          glee,

And cried aloud : ' Right well it pleaseth me !  
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;  
But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more :  
It cometh into court and pleads the cause  
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;  
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,  
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.'