

To tell thee thou should'st win at Stamford bridge.

Come yet once more, from where I am at peace,

Because I loved thee in my mortal day,
To tell thee thou shalt die on Senlac hill—
Sanguelac.

Vision of Wulfnoth. O brother, from my
ghastly oubliette

I send my voice across the narrow seas—
No more, no more, dear brother, nevermore—
Sanguelac.

Vision of Tostig. O brother, most unbrother-
like to me,

Thou gavest thy voice against me in my life,
I give my voice against thee from the grave—
Sanguelac.

Vision of Norman Saints. O hapless Harold!
King but for an hour!
Thou swarest falsely by our blessed bones.
We give our voice against thee out of heaven!
Sanguelac! Sanguelac! The arrow, the arrow!

Harold (starting up, battle-axe in hand.)

Away
My battle-axe against your voices; Peace!
The king's last word—"the arrow!" I shall
die—

I die for England then, who lived for Eng-
land—

What nobler? men must die.
I cannot fall into a falsar world—
I have done no man wrong. Tostig, poor
brother,

Art thou so anger'd?
Fain had I kept thine earldom in thy hands
Save for thy wild and violent will that
wrench'd

All hearts of freemen from thee. I could do
No other than this way advise the king
Against the race of Godwin. Is it possible
That mortal men should bear their earthly
hearts

Into yon bloodless world, and threaten us
thence

Unschool'd of Death? Thus then thou art
revenged—

I left our England naked to the South
To meet thee in the North. The Norseman's
raid

Hath helpt the Norman, and the race of
Godwin

Hath ruin'd Godwin. No—our waking
thoughts

Suffer a stormless shipwreck in the pools
Of sullen slumber, and arise again
Disjoined: only dreams—where mine own
self

Takes part against myself? Why? for a
spark

Of self-disdain born in me when I swear
Falsely to him, the falsar Norman, over
His gilded ark of mummy-saints by whom
I knew not that I swear,—not for myself—
For England—yet not wholly—

Enter Edith. Edith, Edith,

Get thou into thy cloister as the king
Will'd it: be safe: the perjury-mongering Count
Hath made too good an use of Holy Church
To break her close! There the great God
of truth

Fill all thine hours with peace!—A lying
devil

Hath haunted me—mine oath—my wife—I
fain

Had made my marriage not a lie; I could not:
Thou art my bride! and thou in after years
Praying perchance for this poor soul of mine
In cold, white cells, beneath an icy moon—
This memory to thee!—and this to England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope,
from age to age,

Till the sea washed her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Aldwyth. O Edith, art thou here? O Harold,
Harold—

Our Harold—we shall never see him more.

Edith. For there was more than sister in my
kiss,

And so the saints were wroth. I cannot love
them!

For they are Norman saints—and yet I
should—

They are so much holier than their harlot's son
With whom they played their game against
the king.

Aldwyth. The king is slain, the kingdom
overthrown!

Edith. No matter.

Aldwyth. How no matter, Harold slain?—
I cannot find his body. O help me thou!

O Edith, if I ever wrought against thee,
Forgive me thou, and help me here!

Edith. No matter!

Aldwyth. Not help me, nor forgive me?

Edith. So thou saidest.

Aldwyth. I say it now, forgive me!

Edith. Cross me not!
I am seeking one who wedded me in secret.
Whisper! God's angels only know it. Ha!
What art thou doing here among the dead!
They are stripping the dead bodies naked
yonder,

And thou art come to rob them of their rings!

Aldwyth. O Edith, Edith, I have lost both
crown

And husband.

Edith. So have I.

Aldwyth. I tell thee, girl,
I am seeking my dead Harold.

Edith. And I mine!
The holy father strangled him with a hair
Of Peter, and his brother Tostig helpt;