

"Give thee welcome, holy palmer,"  
Said the warder at the gate,  
"In the Hall of our brave Baron,"  
"Food and shelter, thee await."

"Nay then," said the weary pilgrim,  
"By the holy Rood, I swear,"  
"Not to enter Hall or Castle,"  
"Save that of the Lord St. Clare."  
"For I came with news of import,  
"From the land of Palestine,"—  
"And a holy vow compels me,"  
"Your kind favours to decline."

"This is the fair Hall thou seekest,"  
Quickly then, the warder cried,  
"Enter, and find warmth and welcome"  
"By its cheerful fireside."  
Then made answer the pale pilgrim,  
"Grievous news, and sad, I bring,"  
"For the noble Hugh de Spenser,"  
"Fell, while fighting by his King."

"And a solemn charge he gave me,"  
"As he breathed his final prayer,"  
"Hie thee to my dear loved England,"  
"Seek ye, for my lady fair."  
"Take this crucifix of silver  
"As my parting gift of love,"  
"Bid her pray for faith and courage,  
"Till we meet in Heaven above."

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Need I tell how Lady Edith,  
Crushed beneath her load of grief,  
Sought and found in holy service,  
Comfort, balm, and sure relief.  
Sought and found in convent cloisters,  
Heavenly peace—, while fervent prayer  
Soothed and calmed her troubled spirit  
In the Abbey of St. Clare.