

"I crave to see your lady fair,"—
He told the porter old,—

"I've travelled many a lonely mile,
I'm weary, faint and cold."

They brought him to the lady then,
Who looked so wan and pale;
She kindly gave him welcome sweet,
And waited for his tale.

With lowly reverence bending there,
"From battle field," he said,
"I come, with message from true Knight,
Who lies in blood-stained bed.

"He bade me bear his parting words,—
The soldier bravely fell,—
Dost thou remember them? they were;
'I've loved thee long and well.'"

The lady clasped her hands and cried
"Too late! I know his worth,