

“And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

75

“And I conjure thee, Demon Elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thy errand here!”

“’Tis merry, ’tis merry in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

80

“And gaily shines the Fairy-land —
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

85

“And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

90

“It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And ’twixt life and death was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

95

“But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould —
As fair a form as thine.”

100

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.