

## SEARCH FOR THE PHŒNIX FEATHER.

"COLD and clear as diamond stone,  
 Clear and cold as wintry star,  
 Cold as Alp's most crystal cone,  
 Clear as ice-crest seen afar,  
     Is my Lady,  
     Is my Lady,  
 Is my Lady Oriant, the splendor-eyed.

"Not to me in douce regard,  
 Not in kindly warmth look down,  
 Not unbend her heart so hard,  
 Not unbend her eyes of brown,  
     Would my Lady,  
     Would my Lady,  
 Though I prayed her by the love of Christ that died."

Thus Sir Guyon made his moan  
     To the haughty, cold douzelle;  
 Then the lady, cold as stone,  
     To the knight who loved her well:  
 "Lov'st thou me? By May above,  
     Never man my hand shall grasp,  
 Never man shall win my love,  
     Never man my zone unclasp,  
 Till he bring me feather of the Bird of Fire!"

Stricken Guyon bowed his head  
     To the flinty-hearted dame;  
 Guyon steed from stable led,—  
     Sought the place from whence he came;  
 Not her hest would he gainsay,  
     Not with wrath his heart was stirred,  
 But he humbly rode away,  
     Rode away to seek the bird—  
 Bird that rises from the ashes of his pyre.

To the hill-men told his quest:  
     "Have ye here the Bird of Fire?"  
 Answered they: "On mountain crest  
     We have but the lammergeyer,