

Or who may dare on wold to wear  
The fairies' fatal green?

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“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
For thou wert christened man;  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For muttered word or ban.

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“Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye;  
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
Nor yet find leave to die.”

’Tis merry, ’tis merry in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have stilled their singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is faggots bringing.

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Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf  
Before Lord Richard stands,  
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,  
“I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,  
“That is made with bloody hands.”

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But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman void of fear,—  
“And if there’s blood upon his hand,  
’Tis but the blood of deer.”—

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“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly<sup>1</sup> blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand.”

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Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,  
And made the holy sign,—

<sup>1</sup> **Kindly**—Of your own kin.