

to the summit of the castle-wall. The Duchess May observes this strange spectacle, inquires its reason, and finding that her lord is resolute to ride to destruction off the castle-wall, nobly declares herself his companion :—

“ So the sweet saints with me be ! ”

(Did she utter solemnly.)

(*Toll slowly.*)

“ If a man, this eventide,

On the castle-wall will ride,

He shall ride the same with *me*.”

Sir Guy gently repulses her, but she reiterates her resolve and beseeches his acquiescence. On a sudden the breach ‘yawns into ruin.’ Sir Guy shakes the bridle-reins impatiently, but Duchess May clings wildly and mutely to him. Her heart is heroic as his, her courage fixed, unwavering, is unquenchable even by *him*. Help or retreat is now no longer possible,

“ For the horse, in stark despair,

With his front hoofs poised in air,

On the last verge rears amain.

“ Now he hangs, he rocks between,

And his nostrils curdle in ;

(*Toll slowly.*)

Now he shivers, head and hoof,

And the flakes of foam fall off,

And his face grows fierce and thin ;

“ And a look of human woe

From his staring eyes did go ;

(*Toll slowly.*)

And a sharp cry uttered he,

In a foretold agony

Of the headlong death below.

“ And, ‘ Ring, ring, thou passing-bell,’

Still she cried, ‘ i’ the old chapelle ! ’

(*Toll slowly.*)

Then back-toppling, crashing back,

A dead weight flung out to wrack,

Horse and rider overfell.”